

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 11

Chapter 11 Call me Dominic

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Sinclair shook his head almost as soon as the words were out of Ella's mouth. The idea was intriguing, but it would never succeed. "That's not how it works – we aren't mates. My kind only gets one, and everyone already knows I found mine many years ago." Sinclair informed her co*llly.

"But... you got divorced." Ella's words were tremulous and hesitant, as if she was afraid to bring up the subject. She'd clearly been very busy with her research. He was about to tell her off, when his wolf roared in his head. Enough! Stop this, you know she's right – it's better for everyone this way.

Sinclair was taken aback, his wolf never disagreed with him – they'd always been on the same page about everything. The pup is most important, it needs its mother. His wolf continued, besides, she's not asking you for anything – if she was just a gold-digger like Lydia, she'd be eager to move in with you.

I don't know. Sinclair thought. It's worth taking a second look at Ella's background but –

No buts! His wolf interrupted. Give her what she wants.

Why are you so determined about this? Sinclair demanded, surprised by his inner canine's insistence.

We can't hurt Ella. His wolf proclaimed fiercely. She'll suffer if we take the pup away.

Sinclair had to admit he didn't want the lovely human to be in pain, but he still didn't trust her. His wolf on the other hand was absolutely adamant, and all shifters knew better than to question their animal instincts. Intuition didn't lie – not when it came to the supernatural.

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"Fine." He grumbled. "But only if you help with my campaign. It won't be easy, there's more to being a Luna than standing on my arm and looking pretty."

Ella's face lit up so brightly Sinclair had to fight his smile. His wolf on

the other hand, actually wagged his tail like an excited puppy. What the hell is going on with me? He thought, speaking more to himself than his wolf – who was clearly losing his mind.

“What’s a Luna?” Ella asked curiously, barely able to contain her joy but trying to remain engaged in the conversation.

“It’s an Alpha’s mate.” Sinclair explained, realizing just how much he was going to have to teach her. “And for the record, this little arrangement will only last until I meet a she-wolf who might fill the role for real.”

“But you just told me werewolves only get one mate.” Ella questioned, not understanding.

“We only get one fated mate. Chosen mates are completely different. We can choose as many as we like, but the Goddess only grants us one fated love.” Sinclair informed her. “The bond is different.”

“Different, as in weaker?” Ella clarified.

“No – just different.” Sinclair corrected. “Not all fated mates are a good fit, and some chosen couples are much happier together.”

“So if you find another mate, I won’t be allowed to see the baby anymore?” Ella asked, gnawing on her lower lip.

“We can talk about it if and when it happens.” Sinclair stated after a moment. “But I want to be very clear that this agreement only lasts as long as it works. If we can’t find a way to get along well enough to convince people or if I learn that this is all another one of your tricks–” Ella’s eyes flared with anger, but Sinclair forged on ahead. “The deal is off.”

Though Ella’s cheeks were flushed bright pink, she set her shoulders as if preparing herself to take on a great challenge. “Fine. Have your people draw up the contracts.”

“I will.” Sinclair agreed, “As soon as you pack your bags.”

Ella sent another glower his way, and though his wolf was preoccupied thinking how adorable she was when she was grumpy, Sinclair couldn’t help but take her in hand. He Reached out and caught her chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilting her pretty face up to his. “And Ella – the first rule of being a shifter? The Alpha makes the rules.”

Sinclair watched as his words sunk in. Ella's eyes narrowed, and she was squirming again, positively overflowing with defiance. He had to give her credit, for someone who'd only just learned about the existence of werewolves, she certainly wasn't afraid of him. In fact, she was showing much more bravery than many fully grown wolves did facing down an Alpha. Of course, there were Alphas, and then there was Sinclair- who was strong enough to bring even the most dominant pack leaders in line. Though perhaps it was simply that Ella didn't realize just how dangerous he was.

After a moment Ella settled, looking up at Sinclair from beneath her lashes. "Yes, sir." She ground out, clearly hating being forced to submit. "I like the sound of that." He praised, dragging his thumb over her full bottom lip. "But if we're going to pull this off, you should call me Dominic."

A visible shiver ran down Ella's spine, and Sinclair's wolf purred with pleasure. Her amber eyes were so wide he could see every glimmering shade of gold in her irises. Her dark lashes fluttered as he stared her down, and eventually she lowered her eyes and murmured, "Yes, Dominic."

When Ella arrived back at Dominic Sinclair's mansion, she was beside herself with confusion. She'd started her negotiation with him feeling completely in control, but now it seemed like he'd completely turned the tables on her. She wasn't sure when or how it had happened, but the bossy werewolf had somehow managed to get the better of her. In the moment it had seemed like he had some strange power over her, like she'd been hypnotized by his dark gaze.

Her mind was absolutely overflowing with thoughts, but the moment she stepped into the bedroom Sinclair had prepared for her, her mind went entirely blank. It was the same room she'd woken up in that afternoon, but everything was different now.

The beautiful space was full of candles and music, the air scented with essential oils. Ella felt as if she was walking into a spa, in fact there were even ser*ants running a hot bath in the massive whirlpool tub in the bathroom, just waiting for her to arrive. Ella could barely take in all the finery and amenities Sinclair had brought in, including a craft table and

miniature fridge full of drinks and snacks. There was even a massage table set up along the far wall. “You did all this for me?” Ella
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gaped, staring up at Sinclair’s handsome face in abject disbelief. He blinked down at her, not seeming to understand why she was so surprised. “Pups are more important than anything.” Of course. Ella thought, somewhat bitterly. It’s not for me, it’s for the pup.

“Here.” Sinclair offered Ella a small golden bell. “Ring this whenever you need anything.”

Ella shook her head, trying to push the bell away. “I don’t feel comfortable being waited on by ser*ants.”

“It’s not for the ser*ants.” Sinclair informed her, guiding her to wrap her fingers around the bell, “it’s for me. If you need me for anything, ring that and I’ll come.”

Ella reeled, “But... couldn’t I just come find you, am I not allowed to leave this room.”

Sinclair rolled his eyes. “Of course you can. I’m just trying to make things easy on you – you should be as relaxed as possible for the next six months!”

“Six months?” Ella repeated, feeling as though she was missing something. “Should I be stressed after that?”

“I think that’s unavoidable. Since you’ll have a new baby.” Sinclair quipped, catching sight of her confused expression. “Shifter pregnancies are shorter than humans, around six months – that’s why the baby was so large at your ultrasound.”

“Oh.” Ella was still busy processing that detail when Sinclair excused himself for a phone call. Six months? She thought fearfully. That doesn’t give me nearly as much time to prepare.

Suddenly needing some fresh air, Ella went to the window and pulled it open, heaving in two very large lungfuls. The brisk winter air felt good on her flushed skin, even if opening the window had unleashed a torrent of sound on her ears. In the yard below men or wolves, she supposed –

were sparring on a snow covered lawn. They violently clashed with bare hands and weapons, openly shouting, growling and laughing. The tumult was so uproarious that Ella was tempted to slam the window shut, but she didn't want to lose the refreshing air.

Ella eyed the bell in her hand, curious to see if it really would bring Sinclair to her side – even in the middle of a business call. With a mischievous smile, she rang the bell and waited. Within thirty seconds, Sinclair was in front of her, looking down at her with amusement – as if he knew exactly what she was up to. “You rang?”

“Would it be possible for them to do... that,” Ella gestured at the commotion on the lawn, “somewhere else? It's very loud.”

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Without hesitation Sinclair leaned out the window and told the sparring sentries to go elsewhere, ordering them not to train outside this window anymore. Ella watched in amazement as the men immediately raced to obey – what must it be like to be so powerful that people fell over themselves to do your bidding? It struck her that Sinclair was the most powerful person in every room he walked into, yet here he was, deferring to her – doing whatever she asked.

“Thank you.” Ella murmured.

“You're welcome.” Sinclair answered, still fighting his smile. The more time he spent with Ella, the more endearing he found the little human. In fact, it was enough to make him question everything he'd been thinking the last couple of days. He'd already ordered a second investigation into her background, and he could barely stand the thought of waiting two days for the results. He'd have to keep his distance until then, until he knew whether he could trust her – once and for all.

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Two days. He thought impatiently, That's nothing, you can easily stay away that long... right?

