

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 196

Ella

“What do you mean, it was a memory?” Sinclair asks carefully. “I thought the priests came to you in the orphanage? I don’t remember anything about humans attacking you in the woods.”

I stare at my lap, cradling my belly and trying to figure out how to explain my deceit. I knew this conversation was inevitable -I even prepared for it, but these are not the circumstances I expected. I didn’t imagine I would be so emotionally fragile, or that Sinclair would be wrapped around me purring, fresh off of rescuing me from a traumatic nightmare. I thought I would be able to present my case and apologize, acknowledging my wrong doing with confidence and strength of conviction.

Now I fear it’s going to tumble out as a mess of excuses and tangled feelings.

“Ella?” Sinclair presses, his voice taking on a dominant tone.

When I finally look up at him, tears pour from my lashes. “I’ve still been doing the hypnosis.” I confess, my lips quivering with every word. “I went behind your back and convinced the others to help me.”

Sinclair’s glowing emerald eyes bore into me as he says.

Sinclair’s glowing emerald eyes bore into me as his jaw clenches tight, the muscles twitching dangerously. I open my mind to him, showing him everything that happened through our bond, both the lead up to the second session and the events we uncovered through the ether. I even show him the conversation afterwards, not wanting to hold anything back now that the game is up.

Slowly, carefully, Sinclair sets my body away from his, even as I try to cling to him. “No, please don’t leave, Dominic.”

“I’m not leaving.” He assures me gruffly. “I just need to think a minute and I can’t do that clearly when you’re snuggled up giving me those puppy dog eyes.”

I sniffle, and I can feel his wolf’s continued agitation over me tears, even as the possessive Alpha struggles with his temper. I wrap my arms around my knees, clamping my hand over my wrist in a death grip so I stay still. I’m finding it very difficult not to squirm in the face of my mate’s disapproval.

Sinclair paces back and forth, growling wordlessly as he works through his thoughts. He doesn’t let me feel his emotions, but a few slip out, giving me flashes of anger, frustration and... heart wrenching disappointment. I’m shocked at how powerfully the last affects me. I’ve heard people who grew up in happy families say that disappointment can be worse than anger, something I’ve never understood until this moment. I didn’t believe anything could be more horrible than the violence and pain wrought by a person’s rage, I didn’t realize how different things are when love is involved.. when a person is your entire world and you let them down. I start to cry again, and hide my face in my knees so he can’t see my tears.

After a moment his footsteps fall silent, and I lift my face to find my mate looming above me, a cold expression on his face. “What am I supposed to say to this Ella?”

“Whatever you like.” I croak. “Whatever you’re thinking, whatever you’re feeling. I know I was wrong.”

“Do you?” He counters roughly. “Because it seemed to me you were so convinced you were right you were willing to betray my trust. To ask my family, friends and guards to do the same.”

“Not wrong for doing it, wrong for lying about it, hiding it.” I amend softly. Let me out. My wolf begs.

I need to make it up to him. Let me show him how sorry I am.

Not yet. I caution her. We need to have this out first.

“What did you think would happen?” Sinclair asks, crossing his arms over his chest. “That you’d uncover the secret to Winning the war and that would excuse what you did? That you could come to me when I got home, tell me everything you learned and be forgiven?”

I shake my head, absolutely miserable. “I just needed to know. We needed to know. But I don’t believe it excuses anything.”

“You didn’t even give me a chance to agree.”

Sinclair bites, and even though he’s furious, he doesn’t seem to be able to resist touching me. He slides his powerful hand around my nape, applying gentle pressure that somehow steadies and thrills me.

“I did,” I insist, licking my lips. “I tried to talk to you but you wouldn’t listen.”

“You didn’t,” he corrects firmly, stroking the side of my neck with his thumb – pure dominant affection. “Not the way you talked to the others, you assumed I couldn’t be objective about you.”

A flash of defiance sparks in my chest, and I notch my chin up, trying to match his scowl. “Was I wrong?”

I can feel his wolf fighting for control, and in the next moment he’s pulling me up onto my knees.

No, damn you. You weren’t.” He rumbles, dragging me into his arms and claiming my mouth in a searing kiss. I don’t resist, I throw my arms around his neck and let myself be taken. His hands are rough on my body, and so are his lips. Sinclair nips my lower lip with his fangs and takes advantage of my gasp, sliding his tongue into my mouth. His big hand stays locked on my nape, holding me in place for his conquest, tilting my head this way and that. He grumbles and growls, and I shudder in reply, not caring what else happens, as long as he keeps kissing me this way.

Before long I’m breathless and overwhelmed with liquid heat. When Sinclair pulls back, I try to follow him and whimper in disappointment when he doesn’t let me. “I won’t lie to you, mate.” He remarks huskily, our breath mingling. “This has hurt us. How am I supposed to trust you again?”

I shrug, even though this devastates me. “Isn’t that the choice you made when you left? To have me safe and hating you, rather than happy and dead?”

I inquire. “I chose to lose your trust and help the war, rather than keep it and hinder our efforts.”

Sinclair sighs, stroking my spine in long, soothing lines. “Hugo was right.” He says, baffling me.

We’re two sides of the same coin, you and I.”

“Of course we are.” I answer, nudging his nose with my own. “we’re mates. If I have to deal with you being stubborn and impossible and infuriatingly self-sacrificing, it’s only fitting that you have to deal with the same from me. I’m your just desserts, Alpha.”

The corner of Sinclair’s mouth quirks upward. “Are you calling me names little wolf? Don’t you think you’re in enough trouble as it is?”

“I figure that if I’m going to do a thing, I might as well go all in.” I reply, offering him a shy smile.

Though I do have plenty of other names in mind for you.”

“Mhmm, and what are those?” He inquires, sliding his hand over my bottom and squeezing. It’s both sensual promise and threat, but all that matters is the hungry look in his eyes, all signs of anger and distress replaced with desire.

“Bossy,” I begin, pausing to nibble his jaw.

Overprotective, possessive, tyrannical, bloodthirsty, unreasonable...” I kiss or nip a new spot with every word, moving down his neck and over his chest, delighting in the warning sounds from his wolf. Just when I sense he’s about to pounce, I look up at him and let all my love rush through our bond. “Brave,” I offer, kissing his muscular abs, “Noble...” kiss, “cunning,” nip, “powerful...” lick, “passionate,” I unbutton his sleek black trousers. “Gorgeous, sexy, generous to a fault.” I slide his pants down his legs. “My absolute heart and soul. The best man I’ve ever known. The only one I ever want.”

Sinclair catches my hands before I can take his hardness in my palm, pulling me back up to eye level. He kisses me again, and my pulse races with excitement – every bit as feverish and exhilarating as the first time. “Thank you, baby.”

I’m surprised to hear his deep voice hoarse with emotion, and I realize how hard this distance has been on him as well.

“Has it been horrible, waiting for me every night and me never coming?” I ask anxiously.

“I don’t want to talk about that right now.” Sinclair informs me, with pure authority. “As far as I’m concerned we can deal with all that when I’m back.

But right now I just want to be with my mate.” He brushes my hair back from my face with both hands, cupping my cheeks. “Are you recovered enough, from your nightmare?”

I nod, reaching again for the hard member pressing into my tummy. He stops me again of course, giving me a sharp look. I huff “Yes, Dominic. You made it all okay – you always do.”

“Good, because I have some words for you too, trouble.” Sinclair informs me darkly, laying me out on the bed in front of him. He’s got that wolfish look in his eye, the one that tells me I’m in for a long night at my mate’s mercy. The one that tells me he’s barely in control, and all I can do is hold on and try to survive the pleasure. “Let’s start with brilliant...” he strips off my nightdress. “Beautiful...”

He traces the line of my curves. “Courageous...” kiss, “sweet,” nibble, “fucking delectable,” lick, “... and very, very naughty.”