

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 214

## #Chapter 214 - Uncooperative Alpha

Ella

After we make our amends, the doctor makes short work of his scans and treatments, even the terrible injections into Sinclair's bones. Before long, my mate looks a thousand times better than he had when he arrived, and I'm still marveling at the Vanaran's state of the art medicines. The physician checks the goose egg on the back of my head and takes my vitals, but Sinclair is so exhausted that he falls asleep right there in my lap. Philippe and Roger move to pick him up, but I beg them not to disturb him. Instead I wave them away so we can be alone, and Henry promises to have some food sent up to us.

Once the crowds are gone, there's only my pup to wrangle. Now that things have calmed down again, he's eager to take up his game with Sinclair again, kicking his tiny foot against the wall of my uterus, just on the other side of Sinclair's cheek. Easy now, munchkin. I say through our bond.

Daddy needs to sleep.

I feel a wave of drowsiness from my womb, and send my support for the idea of a nap. That's it, rest together, angel. Soon both of my boys are quiet, and I'm free to gaze down at Sinclair and marvel at his beauty and strength, even in slumber.

As overjoyed as I am, my heart also aches for my mate. Sinclair might not have said it or let me feel more than a hint of his grief, but I know he's going to need as much support as I can give him after losing his Beta and friends. Part of me is still frustrated that the other alphas turned the focus onto me, though I understand they were doing what Sinclair preferred. He would never have been able to relax unless he knew the truth of my situation and appreciate that they helped him do that. But he's going to need me when he wakes - even if it's only to help him feel in control. I can't let him be distracted by my needs.

I run featherlight fingers over his stubbly jaw as he dozes, wondering if any she-wolf has ever loved her mate more than I love this man. What would I do without you, Dominic? I think reverently. I might be able to survive losing you, but I wouldn't want to. There will never be anyone for me but you.

Not for the first time, I wish I could fantasize about our future without worrying about the war ahead. But it looms too large in my consciousness to overlook, and a new determination takes hold in my heart. We have to get through this. I'm going to do whatever it takes to make sure our family stays whole and overcomes the battles ahead. I fall asleep stroking his hair and pondering the daunting possibilities, so happy to be reunited with him that I don't even feel my exhaustion until it has pulled me under.

I wake a while later, to the sensation of a gentle finger tracing the bridge of my nose. When my lashes part I find Sinclair gazing lovingly down at me, his emerald eyes like liquid in the dusky evening light. "I'm sorry to wake you, baby. I just thought you might like to have a bath with me?"

I'm still very drowsy, but as soon as the words are out of his mouth, I realize how disgusting I feel. With four days of accumulated dirt on my skin, I'm amazed I don't smell like hot garbage. I nod sleepily, and before I can say a word to stop him, he scoops me up into his arms. As he carries me to the bathroom, I notice an abundance of room service clothes waiting on the table, and my stomach growls loudly in protest. Sinclair chuckles. "Don't worry trouble, I'll bring you some snacks." 2

He's as good as his word, depositing me in the swirling bubbles and delivering a plate full of my favorite dishes to the wide rim of the tub. The gears of my mind are turning much too slowly, but I spy a bacon-wrapped fig and can't focus on anything else until it's in my mouth. Gradually I realize that the plate only bears enough for one, and none of the delicacies are Sinclair's preferences. "What about you?"

"Are you worrying about me, little wolf?" Sinclair asks, a knowing look in his eye.

"You need to eat even more than I do, and I know your father didn't only send my favorites." I answer, trying to look imposing so that he'll take me seriously. Of course, this is difficult when I'm still only half awake.

Sinclair kneels down in front of me, his mouth quirking upwards, "To be honest, I was so starving that I ate before I woke you."

"Oh." I breathe, disappointed but struggling to remember why I should feel this way.

Sinclair chuckles, "don't look so sad, in fact you should be glad you missed it - have you ever seen the appetite of a wolf who's been running for four days straight? It isn't pretty." He rumbles "I had to take a shower just to wash off the culinary carnage."

I giggle half-heartedly, my thoughts finally clicking into place. "I'm not sad," I correct him. "But I am worried about you, and I want to help you."

"You are helping me." Sinclair replies, sinking into the steaming water and pulling me into his arms with a low rumble.

"How?" I demand, "by letting you carry me around and pampering me?"

"I happen to like doing those things." He answers, kissing my neck. "Besides, this way my hands are free."

"Oh, going to grope me while I eat?" I inquire saucily, reaching for the plate.

"No, actually I thought I'd feed you." Sinclair corrects me, intercepting my hand. A moment later he dangles a second fig over my head, tempting me terribly. It smells absolutely divine, and as much as I'd like to resist, my stomach is growling demands again. It seems my first bite woke a monster, and now I'm ravenous. I close my lips around the morsel, nipping Sinclairs fingers for good measure. Just you wait, Mr. I say through our bond, trying to smother a delighted moan as the flavors explode over my tongue. As soon as I'm full these tables are turning and you're going to let me indulge you.

Is that so? Sinclair counters, arching one dark brow in warning. Clearly I've been gone too long, if you're already so eager to challenge me.

Not challenge you, just make you prioritize yourself instead of me. I clarify, taking a bite of the sumptuous tart my mate is currently holding to my lips.

He chuckles, offering me the tart again. I lean forward to accept it, but just as I'm poised to take another bite, Sinclair replaces it with his lips. Silly mate, don't you know that's one in the same.

I whimper as he devours me, suddenly wondering why I'm so determined to argue when this incredible man is intent on wining and dining me. A moment later, I realize his own wolf is silently putting these very suggestions in my head, and I wrench myself away from him. "That's cheating." I accuse, narrowing my eyes at the sly wolf.

"I know." He sympathizes, catching my nape and pulling my mouth back to his, "I'm a bad, bad man." For a few delicious moment, I let him kiss me senseless, heat pooling in my core as my wolf grows increasingly eager to reunite with her mate in the most intimate and sacred manner.

Eventually I return to my senses and wrench myself away. "Dominic!" I complain, pushing my lips into a pout and crossing my arms over my breasts.

Sinclair flashes his fangs, his hungry gaze glued to my mouth. "You better put that pout away unless you want to get bitten, gorgeous."

I purse my lips, glowering, but when I try to speak he presses more food onto me, and I have no choice but to accept the offering. I moan as a delectable, warm mouthful of rare steak rolls over my tastebuds, and my lashes fall shut as I swallow the bite. When they part again, I find my mate waiting with another bite, but I don't trust that he'll actually feed me rather than stealing another kiss. When Sinclair sees my uncertainty, he purrs with satisfaction, and I realize he intended on throwing me off balance in precisely this way.

The uncooperative Alpha doesn't seem to care that I only want to take care of him, he's enjoying teasing me, overturning all my best laid plans. At a loss, I try to scramble off of his lap, but his arms lock around me, "And just where do you think you're going?" He rumbles ominously, eyes glowing.

I squirm helplessly, unable to decide whether I'm hungry, turned on, or angry with my mate. I glare up at him, and the fire in his eyes sparks hotter. Stop fighting me, little wolf. My mate's inner animal speaks directly through our bond, reaching out to my own wolf, calling to her instincts. This is what I need. I know you want to take care of me, this is me telling you how you can. Just let go, and trust me.

My body goes still, and my lips part on another silent gasp. Suddenly I feel like a fool - his playful behavior wasn't teasing at all, it was simply Sinclair showing me what he needed from me, and I've been too preoccupied trying to give him what I thought he should have, rather than listening. He doesn't need cuddling and pampering. He needs to feel in control, because everything is spinning out of control - only I can give him that.

"There." He croons, taking me cheek in his hand, "now you see."

I nod, leaning into him for another kiss. Instead he places more steak on my tongue, shaking his head with that same ravenous expression. His message is clear: he makes the rules, and I hang on for the ride.