

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 215

## #Chapter 215 - What You've Done To Me

Ella

We don't spend very long in the bath.

As soon as I'm fed and clean, Sinclair takes me to my nest and lays me out like his own personal feast, and he wastes no time in ravishing me.

I've never been frightened of Sinclair. n.vëlx.o Not at his wildest or grouchiest, not even when he's on the warpath against others, or assailing me with the full force of his magic. If anything, it's been an incredible turn on to know that I can call such a powerful man my own, that I'm the sole soft spot in his impenetrable armor.

But when he makes love to me now, I feel afraid. Not for myself - never that - but for the feral energy I can sense swirling through his body. His wolf is in full control and he's near rabid with desire - ruthless in his affection. He isn't gentle, nor would I ask him to be. I love his rough passion and savage intensity: the way he makes me feel as if I'm the only woman in the world and he'll die if he doesn't have me this instant; the way he drives into me with reckless abandon and earth-shattering skill, drawing sounds I didn't even know I was capable of making from my mouth before he greedily swallows them with his tongue.

Still, there's a dark edge to his carnal hunger, n.ovëx.o as if it's not just sensual release he seeks, but absolution. The dominance he exerted earlier is nothing compared to the chaotic power fueling him now, and while I might not understand everything behind his actions, I realize that as much as he wants me, he's also hurting. I'm seeing the results of everything he's pent up over the last few days, and my wolf is only too eager to submit, to give him whatever solace we can, for however long he needs it.

So I give myself to him completely, letting him claim me over and over again, and trying to survive the endless onslaught of pleasure he delivers. n.ovëx.o At some point it becomes too much, and my vision blacks out as I crest the peak of yet another orgasm. I don't fight the darkness, because I know I'm safe in my mate's arms at long last.

I'm alone when I wake, and instantly I fear Sinclair's return was all a dream.

I jerk up in my nest, my wolf whimpering as I scan the room. However, almost as soon as the sound leaves my lips, a soft purr rises to meet it, and I shift my worried gaze to follow the comforting rumble. Sinclair stands on the terrace looking out on the sleeping city, but now he turns and strides back to the bed, "It's okay, Ella. I'm here." He assures me, wrapping me up in his strong arms.

I cling to him with all my strength, unable to form words just yet. My heart feels as though it just took a plunge off a high dive, without knowing if there was any water waiting to break my fall. Luckily there was, but my pulse is still racing with the fright. Sinclair strokes my spine and kisses my hair, murmuring sweet nothings in my ear. It takes me longer than it should to calm down, but my wolf is seriously on edge after this last week.

"What were you doing?" I finally ask, unable to keep a petulant note from my voice, my inner animal thoroughly affronted that he scared me this way.

"I was just thinking." Sinclair answers, his warm breath fluttering over my ear. "I haven't had a moment to stop since the explosion - I've been so focused on getting home. But now I'm here, everything is hitting me at once." As soon as he says it, he opens the gates and lets the emotion pour through our bond. I'm thankful that he doesn't try to hide his pain from me, but the force of it is staggering. Not only grief for Hugo and his men, but confusion and guilt over how he survived when they did not. More than anything else, I sense a deep well of helplessness, brought on by his inability to protect the people he loves in all this chaos.

I hold him tighter, "They were good men." novelxo I tell him softly. "They loved you, they would have been happy you survived even if they didn't."

"But they shouldn't have had to die." Sinclair replies thickly, burying his head in my neck and breathing in my scent. novelxo "We didn't even see the attack coming. We don't know how Damon managed it, or where the bomber is now." He doesn't say it, but I can sense how badly this grates on his nerves. One more thing he can't control, one more tragedy piling onto his conscience. "I'm so sick of this war, and it's hardly even begun."

"I know." I say honestly. "And I know how badly you want to fix all this, how agonizing it's been for you to see your people suffering. Please just remember that you're not in this alone, Dominic. You don't have to have all the answers. Your family, your pack - we all love you and we're in this together." I remind him, hoping the words don't sound hollow to a man who has the weight of the whole world on his shoulders. "We're all mourning for Hugo, for every wolf in those cars. Don't let our relief that you're okay make it seem otherwise, because we all lost a great deal in that accident. We'll make sure they didn't die in vain. We're going to get through this."

"Thank you, baby." Sinclair sighs, his salty tears feeling hot on my skin. n.vëlx.o "I really needed to hearthat."

I nod, still a bit afraid to trust that he's truly here, while also hating that his homecoming carries such heartache. "I would have told you sooner if those bullies had let me come after you." I quip, only half joking.

"Mmm," Sinclair rumbles appreciatively. "And I suppose that's the only reason you were so determined to come after me? Because you knew I needed comfort?"

I'm suddenly very glad he can't see my face. "Not entirely."

"What else?" Sinclair asks, n.vëlx.o pulling back to look down at me and, as usual, filling me with the sensation that he can see straight through me.

I shrug and lean my cheek against his shoulder, wishing we didn't have to have this conversation, but knowing he won't rest until we do.

"Come on trouble, talk to me." Sinclair encourages. "You kept saying you knew I was okay after the attack, but that's not the way it sounds." He sighs, petting my sides. "You collapsed. You've been neglecting your health, and cutting yourself off from the baby? None of that seems hopeful."

"I said I knew you were alive. But I didn't know you were okay..." I correct him, staring at my lap. "And everyone was telling me I was just in denial. I was afraid to sleep because it might prove them right if you didn't turn up... and I think I was so desperate to come after you because I needed to prove them wrong. I needed to know I wasn't just blindly hoping. The truth is that I was terrified." I confess shakily. "You don't realize what you've done to me, Dominic."

Sinclair takes my face in his hands, his thumbs brushing away rogue tears as they slip down my cheeks. "What have I done, baby?" 1

The concern on his face nearly topples me over, but I manage to stay upright - if only because I need to reassure him. "Before I met you, all I ever wanted was a baby. That's it." I explain, still amazed by how quickly everything has changed. "I would have loved a partner, but you saw what I was willing to settle for with Mike." My mate growls at the sound of the human's name, and as much as I want to smile, I can't. The confession I'm about to make is too grave, too terrifying when our lives are so precarious.

"But you ruined all that... n.ovëx.o you made my old dreams not enough anymore." I share, searching his emerald gaze for understanding. "You opened my eyes to worlds I didn't know existed, a kind of love I never dreamed I might have. You spoiled me... spoiled me for anyone else, nothing but you will ever be enough for me now." The worry dissipates from Sinclair's gaze, and he watches me with such tenderness that my wolf melts into a puddle. "I can't lose you, Dominic. I love this baby with every fiber of my being, but I need you too. n.ovëx.o I don't want to go back to the way things were - living a half life and convincing myself it was enough because I didn't know any better."

"You're not going to lose me, sweetheart." Sinclair promises, and I can tell he believes it, even though this isn't something in our power.

"You don't know that." I reply, thinking of Isabel, or Henry and all the people who have lost mates. "Look at what has already happened."

"Exactly." Sinclair purrs. "Look at what we've already survived, look at the forces that have tried to keep us apart and failed. What can't we do?"

I furrow my brow. "But-" I want to say that this is all still beginning, we still have the summit ahead of us, and who knows what other challenges. But I don't get the chance.

Sinclair's finger comes over my lips, "no buts, no what ifs. You're my destiny, Ella. I'm not going to let anything come between us.