

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 239

tfChapter 239 - Hypnosis Part 4

Trigger warning: suicidal ideation - please take care!

Ella

We've all been on a high ever since our meeting with the humans yesterday. No one expected more than one contact to attend, and we certainly didn't anticipate Sabina Kelly. I was prepared to have a knock down, drag out fight in order to convince them to even give us a chance, but Moon Valley's exiled mayor did all the work for us.

We later learned that our initial outreach fell on mostly deaf ears and if it hadn't been for Sabina, no one would have even considered our offer to talk. It's actually rather ironic - if Damon hadn't manipulated the woman she probably wouldn't have come forward, so his lack of scruples have directly laid the groundwork for his demise. Of course, this is nothing compared to learning that Sinclair may have prevented worse atrocities by moving against Damon when he did - I know that suggestion meant the world to him.

Still, it was not all so easy going. Many of the humans had very real concerns about creating alliances with actors who are basically political unknowns, and others seemed to genuinely struggle with fighting fire with fire. In the end the human representatives agreed to review our plans and provide feedback before undertaking further discussions about joining forces, and we're scheduled to reconvene next week. My hope is that they'll follow Sabina's example by spreading the word and encouraging more of their own allies to join the next meeting, but for the time being it's a waiting game.

I wish we had time to celebrate, because even though we didn't quite get a victory, I think it's important to celebrate the good things while we can. Instead I'm beginning my fourth hypnosis appointment. Sinclair and I agreed to try one last session with Leon before I set out to find my mother, and as happy as I am to have my mate beside me, I'm not looking forward to uncovering another painful episode from my past.

"How are you feeling, trouble?" Sinclair asks, stroking my hair as I lay on the sitting room sofa. His wolf has been even more protective and bossy than usual in the face of my impending departure, and it doesn't help that I've been a walking basket case this morning. He's done his level best to keep me calm and relaxed up to this point, and now the ether is taking the wheel. My senses are already dulling beneath the familiar fog of the drug - if it wasn't for the solid cushions around me I might think I'm floating.

"Twirly." I answer with a giggle, petting his scruffy jaw and admiring his beautiful green eyes. The edges of his massive shape are blurring, and the room beyond his broad shoulders disappears completely. His face is the only thing in focus, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

"Twirly hmm?" Sinclair grins, catching my wrist and kissing my palm. He's already purring, and belatedly I wonder if I can convince him to lie down with me. There's not really room for both of us on the sofa, but I could lie on top of him or sit in his lap. The mere thought of feeling his arms wrapped around me sends my wolf into a fit of longing.

"You're too far away." I complain, not answering his question.

"I'm right here, little wolf." He reminds me, his deep voice tender. "I've got you, and I'm not going anywhere."

"But I want to cuddle." I pout, trying and failing to remember what else we're supposed to be doing.

"I will give you all the cuddles your little heart desires as soon as we're done." Sinclair promises, tracing his thumb over my protruding lower lip. I nip at the digit, catching it between my sharp fangs and running my tongue over the salty surface. His wolf rumbles in my head and my inner animal shivers with delight. She's nuzzling and rubbing all over him, but he holds strong, replete with stern amusement.

"I think it may be better if you two had some more space between you." Leon advises from somewhere behind Sinclair. The sound of his voice makes me jolt, as I'd completely forgotten he's here.

"I think you should focus on your job and leave my mate to me." Sinclair counters in a low growl. The nerve of the man. He says through our bond, Telling me what to do with my own, sweet mate. I've killed men for less.

Have you really? I ask, not pausing to wonder why the idea of violence delights me so much.

No, but it is tempting. He answers darkly, flashing his fangs and making me giggle again.

"With all due respect Alpha, Ella needs to be able to focus on the session." Leon replies easily. "Right now she's so caught up in you that accessing her memories will be impossible."

Sinclair grumbles in displeasure, but retracts his talented hands. "Alright sweetheart, you heard the mean man." He tells me regretfully. "We have to focus." I stretch my neck so I can see past Sinclair and stick my tongue out at Leon, and though he doesn't say a word I know Sinclair wants to laugh and scold me for being naughty, i

"Okay Ella." Leon says, clearly trying to take control again. "Close your eyes and let the ether take you back. Forget all your troubles, everything that's happening in the here and now. Clear your mind and let the memories come to you." He speaks in the same soporific tone he always uses, but the addition of Sinclair's steady presence and comforting purrs allow me to fall into the mysterious realm faster than ever. Soon I'm gliding along on a river of consciousness that is neither dream nor reality, strange images swirling through my mind and evoking emotions I can't quite grasp.

Everything seems surreal and yet out of reach, but I'm becoming used to these altered states and I can't find much frightening when Sinclair is with me.

"The last time we met, you recalled meeting a mysterious woman at the orphanage Leon prompts.

"The Goddess." I correct him, my words slurring slightly.

"The Goddess," He agrees, "can you remind me how you felt when you spoke to her?"

"I felt..." I pause, considering the question. "Safe. Loved... like I had a purpose."

"Is that an unusual feeling for you? Having a purpose?" Leon inquires, latching onto the offered information with the demeanor of a tracker on a scent.

I hadn't thought about it before, but now that he mentions it... "Yes." I confirm, my voice suddenly thick with emotion. "That was the only time in my entire childhood that I ever felt as if my life had meaning. As if there was a reason I was put on this earth... I don't know why though, she was just telling me a story."

"Because it was your story." Leon assesses, his voice gentle. "But try not to get too caught up in logic or reason. Just follow that thread... the ether is leading you somewhere, Ella."

"I don't know where." I answer with mild frustration. "It wasn't fun feeling that way... there were times..." I trail off, balking at the morose emotions bubbling up inside of me.

"There were times that what?" Leon presses, "keep going."

And just like that the room dissolves.

I'm 16 years old and it's the dead of night. I'm standing on a bridge overlooking the frozen river, wondering how cold the water would feel against my skin... wondering how long it would take to pull me under... to freeze me too. Is my body even heavy enough to break through the ice?

Would I simply be crushed against the gleaming surface like a big blonde bug?

Cora's face appears in my mind and guilt slams into me for even considering this. I can't leave her alone in the world... but what is there to leave her to? Every day is the same - more pain, more hardship and sorrow. I've become skilled at burying the hurt, but my sister suffers every blow as if it's the first. I can't stand it. People only seem to want to harm us, and try as I might, I can't see any way out. I just want it to stop.

But if it stops for me, it would be a new beginning for Cora - and not the good kind. It would drag her to a new depth of despair and leave her vulnerable to everything from which I've tried to shield her. I can't intentionally inflict that kind of harm... but what if it wasn't intentional...

what if it was merely an unfortunate accident? I could try balancing on the bridge's railing, and leave the outcome upto fate. If I cross the bridge that way and don't fall it would be a sign to keep going, and if I do... then at least I know my pain will be at an end.

I'm going to do it. After all... what do I have to lose