

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 233

#Chapter 233- Power

Ella

I clutch my belly in shock, whirling around to locate Sinclair. He's leaning in the doorway of our bedroom, his powerful arms crossed over his chest. Sinclair's glowing green eyes pierce straight through me, a foreboding expression on his handsome face as he waits for my answer.

"Nowhere." I squeak, too surprised to think clearly.

Sinclair rumbles wordlessly and prowls forward, catching my nape in his strong hand. "You told me you were coming back here after dinner, but you were clearly somewhere else, trouble. The question is whether you meant to come back and got sidetracked, or if you lied to me?"

He tilts my head back so I'm forced to look up at him, and though he's wearing his most intimidating expression, my inner wolf only swoons. She flops onto her back and rubs herself against the ground, attempting to entice her mate. I can feel Sinclair's wolf fighting the urge to give in, reasserting his disapproval through our bond. The massive creature towers above my wolf in our minds' eye, his canine features hungry, fierce and utterly irresistible.

Sinclair's free hand travels across my waist and settles over my navel. The baby kicks in excitement, sharing the elated emotions and silliness he'd been feeling through our bond when I was scheming with Roger. For a split second, I think Sinclair might be fighting a smile, "Have you been making mischief, little wolf."

"Of course not." I promise, sliding my arms around his neck and rising onto my tip toes for a kiss, "I wouldn't even know how."

Sinclair chuckles darkly, claiming my lips for an extended interlude that sparks fire in my veins. "Don't make me ask Philippe where you've been, little wolf." He warns when we part, "it will only make things worse."

"I just went to see Roger." I shrug, batting my lashes and trying to look innocent, "I'm sorry if I worried you."

"Thank you. But you didn't answer my question, Ella." Sinclair responds, running his palm over the curve of my bottom and squeezing, hitching me closer.

I gnaw on my lower lip. "Well I was planning on coming straight here... after I stopped to talk to him."

"Uh-huh." Sinclair rumbles, dropping his head to the curve of my neck and brushing his fangs back and forth over my mating mark. He pauses to nibble the special spot, turning my insides to liquid. "And what business did you have with Roger that was so important that you felt it warranted lying to your mate?"

"It wasn't really a lie." I insist, earning myself a scolding growl. I give him a beseeching look as he raises his head again, already knowing I'm fighting a losing battle, "just an omission." Sinclair arches a devastatingly dubious brow, and I sigh. "Fine, we wanted to make Kieran pay for being such a jerk to Cora. It was our fight - not yours."

For the first time, Sinclair looks genuinely wary, "Ella, what did you do?"

Staring at my feet - or more accurately, staring at my baby bump, which now completely obscures my feet - I tell him the details of our plan, wondering just how angry he's going to be. When I finish explaining the plot, I peek up at him from beneath my lashes, only to find him beaming down at me. He cups my cheek in his hand and, feeling emboldened, I offer him a shy smile. "You are the sweetest, most diabolical little imp I've ever met." Sinclair announces, laughing heartily. "He's going to lose his Goddess -damned mind."

Now I can't hold back a grin, "it's good isn't it?"

"It's brilliant, but you're still a very bad girl for going behind my back." Despite his words, his tone is pure affection. "I was worried when you weren't here, and besides your fights are my fights too now. That's how this works."

I nod, "I'm sorry, I should have told you."

"Yes you should have." He confirms, scooping me up into his arms. "And we'll talk more about that later, but for now I'm more concerned about the power you tapped into earlier."

"You mean the glowing?" I guess, not really wanting to discuss this when we're finally alone and his kisses have left me feeling more than a little hot and bothered."Wouldn't you rather do something else?" I lean forward to kiss my way up his jaw, catching his earlobe between my teeth and nipping lightly, "Something that doesn't require any talking at all?"

Sinclair growls with longing, but he holds firm. "We have plenty of time for that, trouble." He answers, settling on the couch with me in his lap. "This is too important to put off. I've never seen anything like it." He shares, caressing my belly.

"Do you think everyone noticed?" I ask, leaning my head against his shoulder. "I mean it only happened for a second, right?"

Sinclair chuckles, cuddling me closer. "Yes baby, I'm afraid they would have to have been blind not to." He explains, "It wasn't just glowing. When you spoke it was like... I don't know, the only thing I can compare it to is casting a spell."

"What do you mean?" I inquire, not sure I like the sounds of this.

"I mean you captivated the entire room so completely that we all forgot everything else. When you spoke, nothing else existed. Now," He flashed a sultry smile, "That might be business as usual for me, but it isn't for other wolves - especially not Alpha's of this caliber. Your words weren't just persuasive, it felt as if you were rewriting my personal thoughts. That feeling faded as soon as you calmed down but it was... well, astonishing doesn't seem a strong enough word."

"But how could I do something like that, without even realizing I was doing it?" I frown, feeling more than a little overwhelmed.

Sinclair thinks for a moment, "Your wolf was bound for so long that you never got a chance to learn how to control your power like most shifters do. And when we met and she started to come out, it was a little like this too, remember?" He prompts, kissing my hair. "We kept seeing flashes of your true nature - flashes of the alpha spirit inside you. The power would flare up and recede so quickly it was easy to mistake it for the baby."novelxo.com fast update

"And you think the same thing is happening now that my wolf is free? The power is there somewhere but I don't know how to use it, so it's just bursting out when my emotions get high?" I clarify, not sure how I feel about this at all.

"That would be my guess." Sinclair confirms.

"But where is it coming from - I've never heard of wolves casting spells or anything like what you're describing. Not that I'm an expert but still." I ramble, feeling more confused by the minute.

Sinclair begins to purr, obviously sensing my unease. "But you're not just any wolf, Ella. The Goddess's bloodline runs in your veins. We may not know how much of herself she gave to you, or what kind of magics that power imparts - but I have to think that's the reason this is happening."

I clamp my eyes shut, I'd been afraid he'd say that. "Do you think it will hurt us with the other Alphas - like they might feel tricked or manipulated?" I wonder aloud.

"On the contrary, I think it will help us. It's one thing to reject me - and another entirely to reject the Goddess's own daughter." He reasons. "Even so, we need to find out what else you're capable of - we need to learn about your power and find you a teacher to help you control it." Sinclair declares, "As soon as the summit concludes, we can restart your hypnosis sessions - and this time I'll be by your side."

"But Dominic... we don't have any idea what other memories I might have suppressed, or if there are any at all." I object, staring at my lap. I've been waiting for the right time to bring this up, and it seems fate has given me the perfect opportunity - through necessity if not grace. "The only way hypnosis is going to answer these questions is if those priests or the Goddess herself came back and taught me about my power - and they certainly can't have trained me because my wolf was bound before my magic even manifested."

"Well, we won't know unless we try." Sinclair sighs, brushing my hair back from my face. "If hypnosis doesn't hold any more answers we'll find another way. But I promise we'll figure this out, Sweetheart."

Taking a deep breath, I sit up, moving to straddle his lap. Sinclair's big hands settle on my hips as he waits for me to work up my courage. When I finally do, I say, "I think there may be another option - but you aren't going to like it." I reveal, watching him closely. "Dominic, I think I have to find my mother.