

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above

Chapter 153

#Chapter 153 – Late Night Comfort

Ella “Won’t you come to bed?” I inquire, leaning over Sinclair’s back and wrapping my arms around his neck. ‘You need to rest.’”

My mate is sitting at his computer drafting emails and marching orders, secret correspondences to his allies and spies across the continent. He’s been trying to figure out some way to get a message to the people of the united packs, to let them know we’re alive and will not forsake them. So far the best plan we’ve come up with are for willing rebels to post bulletins and spray paint messages throughout the various cities, as well as antiauthoritarian propaganda. No one likes the idea of civilians endangering themselves in order to get the word out, but we don’t have much choice. This is a whole new world we’re living in.

“In a while.” Sinclair murmurs, rubbing his scruffy jaw against my cheek before turning to kiss me. My wolf is reaching out to his, trying to get a sense of his emotions, but she just keeps coming up against a brick wall.” You go get some sleep, baby.” “But I want to sleep with you.” I complain, not even caring that I’m whining. I know I can’t help Sinclair unless he lets me, and I’ll stoop to any low in order to convince him.

“I know, trouble. I’ll be there soon.” He replies, kissing me again. “I just want to finish a few things up first.”

I begrudgingly agree, and slink off towards the sumptuous bed – my new nest – and climb inside. It doesn’t feel right without my mate, and I realize that I associate Sinclair with safety the same way he does with me. Our wolves don’t feel content unless they’re together. I decide to try to call him to me in a dream, wondering if this will make him fall asleep. Instead I fall into a fitful spell of dreams searching for my mate, only to be let down when I cannot find him time after time.

Eventually I wake again, and as I blink my eyes open and reach for Sinclair, I realize I’m still alone in bed. I glance at the clock, seeing that it’s almost three in the morning – four hours since I went to bed. I climb out of my nest and groggily stumble towards the door. As soon as it opens I hear the distant buzz of a video, though I’m not sure what’s happening in the feed. It sounds like scenes from a war zone, and I follow the sound with growing worry.

Sinclair is sitting on the couch with his laptop on the table before him, his attention focused entirely on the screen. I follow his gaze and see a very grainy video playing, of the Royal Army pouring through the streets of Moon Valley, forcing people out of their homes for interrogations and tests of allegiance to the former Prince... now Emperor. It doesn’t look like high quality news footage, and I slowly understand that this video has been taken in secret.

“What’s going on?” I murmur, rubbing my eyes.

“He’s shut down all the media outlets.” Sinclair responds, reaching out for me. I happily go to him, pouring myself into his lap and snuggling in. “He’s setting up his own state run news agency to spread his propaganda, and the people are risking their lives to get the word out.” As we watch, the shifter taking the video gets the attention of one of the soldiers, who storms over demanding to see what they’re filming. The

soldier raises his fist and then the video turns to black and white static. My stomach pitches and rolls as I realize the implications of this development. My wolf howls with the knowledge that these are members of our own pack, suffering terrible abuses and without anyone to protect them. I can only imagine how much worse this feels for my mate, even though he's shielding me from actually feeling it.

"Please don't shut me out, Dominic." I beg, peering up at his stony face. "I know you're hurting and I want to help. Don't push me away."

Sinclair purrs, dragging his lips over my brow. "I know you want to help, sweetheart. The problem is that there isn't anything to be done. This isn't going to get better until I find a way to make things right, and I'm afraid that won't happen for some time." "You can still talk to me, let me support you." I encourage. "I'm your mate, that's the way it's supposed to be."

Sinclair shakes his head with a low groan. "You've got enough to deal with, without me dumping my problems onto you as well." "But your problems are my problems." I argue. "We're in this together." "Trust me, Ella, I'm well aware of that." I'm surprised by how harsh his tone becomes, even though it isn't directed at me.

"What do you mean?" I inquire anxiously, not liking the dark note in his voice.

"I mean the only reason that you're in this situation in the first place is my fault."

Sinclair growls. "If you'd never met me you could have had a normal life. A safe life."

"Dominic, if I'd never met you I would be back there." I inform him sternly, pointing at the computer screen. "I would be bankrupt, heartbroken, thinking I was barren, with a trapped wolf and nothing but an abusive employer and deadbeat ex-boyfriend – and that would have been before all this chaos happened. There's no telling what might have happened if you hadn't gotten me out."

Sinclair winces, "you also wouldn't have been kidnapped, blackmailed, attacked by rogues, or been forced to flee the only home you've ever known." He counters severely, his jaw clenched with self-fury. "You wouldn't have been in the position of having to choose between your life and our baby's."

#Chapter 154 – Ella's Lesson

Sinclair

Ella is squirming beneath my towering form, and I can sense her wolf's conflicted feelings. She's pleased with herself for distracting me from my brooding thoughts, while also anxious about my intentions and excited by my dominance. She's giving off waves of defiance and desire at once, and since the mischievous little wolf hasn't yet learned how to censor the thoughts and feelings she sends to me, I suddenly hear her sweet voice in my head. Bossy Alpha. Trying to tell us what to do, as if it's his choice and not ours.

Oh but it is my choice, mate. I reply, and Ella's eyes go wide with shock, then accusation when she realizes what happened. You belong to me, and that means I get to decide whether or not you throw your precious life away for someone else.

You shouldn't be listening to my thoughts when you know I can't control them. She tells me indignantly.

If you don't want to get in trouble for them, then you shouldn't be thinking such naughty things. I reply, climbing onto the bed and looming over her on all fours.

Besides, I think maybe you wanted me to hear that. You haven't been projecting all

your other thoughts towards me, only that last one.

Why would I intentionally provoke you? She huffs, and the beautiful creature beneath me tilts her head and exposes her neck to me, rubbing and writhing deeper into the thick bedding. She may not understand what she's doing, but her instincts are driving her to put on a show for me, entice me with her would-be submission.

Very alluring, I praise her wolf, a deep chuckle rolling through my chest like thunder. My adorable mate preens, and I can sense Ella's confusion at her own response. But if you didn't want to provoke me then you wouldn't have been telling me to shut up and rolling your gorgeous eyes at me either. I lower myself between her legs, stroking her silky thigh with my free hand.

I don't know what you're talking about. Her wolf insists, turning her snout up.

Well it doesn't really matter if you intended it or not, the end result is the same, trouble. I declare, dipping my head to nibble the lovely offering of her neck. Ella is trembling with anticipation and barely contained lust, the scent of her arousal floats up to me, reassuring me that I'm not pushing her too far after so much excitement.

Granted, I was hardly gentle when I claimed her the first time after she shifted, but that was before our entire world came crashing down.

Ella moans as my teeth nip her sensitive skin, arching her back and sliding her arms around my back. You might be a tyrant, but you certainly know how to make me feel good. She confesses. I'll never get tired of this.

Oh baby, you don't even know what this is, yet. I reply, shifting off of her. I lean back against the stacked pillow of Ella's nest, then pull her over my lap, moving so quickly that she can't keep up. She gasps with surprise when she finds herself face down with her luscious bottom on display, then quickly tries to squirm free. "Uh-uh trouble, you're not going anywhere." I tell her sternly, keeping one hand on the small of her back, while the other caresses the curve of her lovely backside.

"The first time we did this it was to help you break the dam on your feelings. The second time was just for fun." I remind her, images of our delirious first night together filling my head. "But now I'm going to give you a taste of what will happen if you ever recklessly endanger yourself again, whether you have noble reasons or not."

"Dominic, please don't." She requests, batting her long lashes at me. However at the same time her wolf growls at me in challenge, belying Ella's sweet plea. "I didn't do anything wrong."

"Oh I beg to differ." I rumble, massaging the perky globes beneath my fingers. "Your job is to protect yourself and our pup at all costs. The guards I assigned to you were more than willing to give their lives for you, and your death would only have made theirs in vain. That isn't what anyone would have wanted."

"But-" She protests, wriggling in a way that sends blood straight to my cock.

"And that's nothing to mention the way you disobeyed me today by getting off the plane before it was safe, arguing with me about seeing the doctor, or the way you challenged me tonight." I shake my head. "In fact, the more I think about it, the more I realize I've been going easy on you for too long. You've been pushing your limits with me more and more since your wolf woke, and I haven't been giving her what she needs, have I?" I inquire, still warming the fleshy canvas soon to suffer my itching palm's punishment.

Ella looks up at me with wide eyes, "I'm sorry, I promise I'll be good!"

However her wolf has other thoughts about this. Speak for yourself, why should we follow his rules if he's not even going to enforce them.

Would you shut up! Ella tells her wolf, either not realizing or not caring that I can hear this too. You're only making things worse.

The saucy canine shrugs with disinterest, and I know my instincts were right. Her wolf needs this as badly as my own. "Mmm, I think we might have to make this a nightly routine." I suggest, mostly joking because I want to see her reaction. "With such a naughty wolf at the helm, you're going to need all the correction I can provide."

Ella's jaw drops, but her thighs clench together, trying to ease the ache at their center. You wouldn't dare!

"Mm-hmm." I observe, slipping up her night dress and slowly pulling down her panties. When I see the pool of wetness soaking the cloth, I purr with satisfaction. "I can see how distasteful you find this idea."

When her own scent reaches her nose, Ella presses her hands over her blushing face. "You shouldn't tease me! I don't even know what's happening to me."

"It's okay baby, because I do." I promise, raising my hand to deliver the first of many swats. 'This is the way of wolves, it's only natural that you crave it.'

Ella jerks and cries out when the first spank lands, but her arousal spikes with her adrenaline as if the two are tethered. By the tenth spank she's begging me for mercy, with the twentieth she's lashing out and calling me names, fighting like a hellcat. By the thirtieth she slumps over my legs, crying pitifully even as the well of shared desire between us is all but overflowing.

When it's over I slip my hand between her legs, my fingers sinking into her wetness. I can't help but bring my fingers to my lips and suck her sweet honey from the digits.

"Such a delicious, mate." My wolf croons, hovering at the surface of my skin. Ella moans with embarrassment but rocks her hips into my hand as my fingers return to her center. It barely takes anything to make her come, she's already so turned on.

"Good girl." I praise her, continuing to stroke her tight sheath as she comes down from her high. 'Think you can take some more?'

Ella shudders and nods, and I slide my legs out from under her. I move behind her and pull her up onto her knees. I free my hard member and drive myself to the hilt in my mate with a single thrust, making her cry out with the sensation of being so deeply impaled at the same time as my hips collide with her red bottom.

I take her fast and hard, eventually pulling her back up to my chest so that I strum her clit and sink my fangs into my mark as we both cry out in ecstasy. I spill myself into her body, as she clenches and clamps around me, tears streaming down her cheeks at the overwhelming sensations.

Afterwards, when her tiny body is tucked against mine and my hand rests on her pregnant belly, our son rolls around in her womb, pressing his hands and feet against the wall of her uterus in ways that make her gasp and murmur with something between surprise and discomfort. I suppose he was roused by our activity, but when I reach through the bond all I sense from the pup is tranquility. He likes it when his Mommy is so euphoric and content, and he likes feeling my touch.

I know Ella can feel it too, and as she regains the ability to speak, she turns her head over her shoulder. She grins up at me, overflowing with love and triumph. "I knew I could get you to come to bed."

“Oh,” I beam in return. “Is that what this was? Did you pull one over on me, trouble?” I tease, tapping her red bottom.

Ella hisses and pulls away, her cheeks flushing crimson. “Well, not the way I planned to.” She admits sheepishly. “But it worked all the same.”

“Such a clever, sly little mate.” I praise her, knowing that while she may not have been expecting this particular outcome, but appreciating that she’s right. If she hadn’t come to get me I would still be sitting out in the living area watching that horrible footage. I need my rest to win this war, and my beloved Ella found a way to make sure I got some sleep. My last thought before I fall asleep – is how lost I would be without her, and how fucking grateful I am that I don’t ever have to be without her again.

#Chapter 155 – The Vanaran Capital

Ella

When I walk into breakfast the next morning, I have to try and hide my wince as I sit down. My bottom is sore and stings when it meets the chair, but the bite of pain also sends a pulse of heat through my body, calling up the memories of what came next. I feel my mate’s eyes on me, and when I look up, Sinclair is watching me with a knowing smirk. He looks so wolfish in this moment that I find myself wondering how I ever thought he was anything but a ruthless predator. Is there a problem, trouble? He asks in my head.

I don’t know what you’re talking about. I sniff, turning my nose up at him.

This earns only a smug chuckle in reply, and I have to fight to hide my blush. “Well you two certainly found each other.” The king observes warmly. “You’d think there wasn’t anyone else in the room.”

Feeling a spark of inspiration, I jolt, “Oh, your majesty, when did you get here?” The entire table laughs, and Sinclair slides his hand onto my thigh, sending zings of pure affection through our bond.

“Please call me Gabriel, Ella. There are no formalities in my household.” The King replies, smiling widely. “How did you sleep last night?”

“Very well.” I answer happily, and the steady weight of Sinclair’s hand shifts as his fingers begin to trace circles on my inner thigh.

As we continue making small talk he slides his hands even higher, slipping right up my skirt between my legs. No one would ever know from looking at him that he’s doing anything under the table, but he can barely smother his hungry growl when he realizes I’m not wearing panties. Going commando, you bad girl?

I didn’t intend to, but when I tried putting on my panties the fabric just irritated my... skin. It’s a struggle even to get the words out. I can feel my skin heating with excitement and embarrassment, shocked by my own daring. I can’t believe he’s touching me this way with so many people around us, when we could be discovered at any moment.

Oh come on, Sinclair teases, circling my clit. You can do better than that.

My heart rate is increasing, and I’m sure the others can hear it, surely Sinclair isn’t going to actually continue this teasing. If it goes on much longer everyone will be able to smell my desire. Before I can think to reply, the King speaks again, pulling our attention away from one another. “I do hope you’ll join our tour of the city today, now that you’re off bed rest.”

"I can't wait." I answer honestly. I'd been jealous when he first offered to take our group around today and show us the capital, assuming that I wouldn't be able to join. Now I can't wait. After everything we've been through, we could use some normalcy – even if it's only for a day.

"You'll have to take notes of your favorite things so you can tell me all about them later." He tells me, and I blink in surprise.

"You mean you aren't coming?" I clarify, my wolf whining with unhappiness. He sends back a silent purr, and I lash out at the comforting sound.

"I wish I could, sweetheart." Sinclair frowns. "But I have too much work to do. The news last night... things are even worse than I feared."

"I know everything is terrible, Dominic. I was just excited to spend the day with you." I reply, giving him my best puppy dog eyes. "When was the last time we got to be out together without the campaign looming over us, have we ever?"

Sinclair's wolf groans in my head. "Don't give me that look, baby. I can't stand it." His hand goes still, retreating from my intimate flesh to rest on my thigh. "Every minute counts here. Every second we waste is another moment the people in the united pack suffer. Mere minutes could be the difference between life and death for too many to count."

"But you can't help them if you burn out, Dominic." I argue, recalling the wave of appreciation he'd sent to me last night just before we fell asleep. I'm fully embracing my duty to help my mate decompress and find small ways to feel in control amidst chaos.

"Your mate is right, Dorn." Gabriel echoes, "You all have been through far too much. You need to take a breather so that you can come back for your people stronger than ever."

Sinclair looks as though he doesn't like this idea one bit. His face closes off, and I can feel his stubborn wolf digging in his heels. "I appreciate what you're both saying, and I can even acknowledge that there's some truth in it. But being able to disconnect is a privilege the Moon Valley wolves simply don't have right now, and I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if I did when they need me most."

"Son, you should listen to your mate." Henry sighs. "At the rate your going you'll run yourself into the ground before the week is out."

Sinclair only frowns deeper, and his hands close into fists. "I appreciate your concern but—"

"If you appreciate our concern then listen, Dorn." Roger interjects.

I can feel his frustration rising, and the higher and higher it builds, the more uneasy I become. Sinclair abruptly slams one of his fists on the table before opening and closing his mouth. In the end he pushes away from the table and storms out without another word. I know he doesn't have his wolf in control and he's leaving to avoid lashing out, but I follow him anyway.

"Ella let him go," Hugo advises, "He needs to work through this alone."

I pause in the doorway, looking back at my father in law. "I have to." I shrug, before stalking after my mate.

I find him in our suite, pacing back and forth, breath heaving. I suspect he wants to shift, he came up to our forest sanctuary to try and satisfy his inner animal, so that he wouldn't be forced to take off on a time consuming run. He looks up when I enter, "You

don't want to be around me right now, little wolf."

"Yes I do." I reply, swaying my hips as I glide forward. "I always want to be around you."

"This isn't a game, Ella." Sinclair growls. "I'm this close to losing it." He shares, holding his finger and thumb an imperceptible distance from one another.

"So lose it." I order. "How many times have I lost it around you?"

"That's different." My mate grumbles, "you losing it isn't a threat to me."

"You won't hurt me." I say confidently, moving closer even as he scowls at me. "I can feel your love for me too strongly and I'm not made of glass."

Sinclair huffs, "I know that, but—"

"Lose it." I press, putting some force behind the words now. "Tell me what you're thinking."

I can see it the moment he snaps, the moment his resolve gives way. He snarls and glares at me as the words are wrenched from his lips. "I'm thinking that it's easy for Gabriel and my father and brother to sit there and tell me what to do, when they're not the ones who are responsible for a pack in crisis. I'm thinking that you shouldn't be worrying about me and the fact that you are means I'm failing you! I hate that I can't spend time with you when we're so newly mated, that I'm missing out on seeing you create a miracle." He continues, gesturing to my midsection.

Sinclair continues to vent, getting louder and louder with every word. "I hate everything that led us to this place. I hate having to sit by and do nothing, because war takes time. I'm thinking I should have stayed and fought, even if there was no chance of winning. I'm thinking I'm a traitor for abandoning my people." He pauses, looking so feral I honestly feel a little afraid. "And I'm thinking that if Damon were in front of me now I would rip off his manhood, then rip off his fingers and toes one at a time. And I'd keep going that way until he was just a headless torso, but I'd keep him alive for as long as possible to maximize his suffering."

He throws the last words out in a fit of rage, and after he just glowers at me, heaving in ragged breaths of air. Sinclair's heartbeat is pounding and I can feel his wolf's erratic energy, his worry about frightening me. At the same time, I can feel the tension draining out of him like a valve just opened and sucked out all the toxic energy from his veins. He's watching me closely, waiting for a response, and I slowly approach him. "Feel better?" I ask, knowing very well how cathartic it can be to simply shout your grievances to the heavens, even if nothing comes of it.

Sinclair shakes his head and offers me an exasperated laugh. "Yes, you impossible thing," He confesses, dragging one powerful hand through his hair. His entire mood transforms before my eyes, "I do, are you happy?"

"I'm happy if you're happy." I murmur, sliding closer and wrapping my arms around him, "You aren't failing me. But if you don't give yourself a break, then you're going to end up failing the very people you're fighting for." I profess, and just in case, I add.

"Besides, are you really going to let your breeding mate wander around a strange city without you? Who knows what terrible things might happen to me."

Sinclair chuckles and claims my lips, "Alright trouble, you win – just this once."