

## Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 185

Ella

Darkness, terror, pain – my wolf being torn away.

Blinding light, loss... emptiness.

I wake screaming, for the sixth day in a row. It's been a week since Leon uncovered the memory of having my wolf bound, and every night has passed in the same exhausting pattern. I stay awake as long as possible, until I can no longer keep my eyes open, and then there is no time to consider calling my mate. The demons descend the moment I relax my defenses, and I'm helpless to keep them at bay.

Phillippe rushes in, a familiar look of worry on his face. His eyes go straight to me rather than scanning the room for threats, because by now he's learned that the greatest threats are in my head. "Are you okay?" He asks, frowning.

I nod, sitting up in my nest and pushing the blankets away, "It's just more of the same."

My phone rings at my bedside, and I take a deep breath before answering Sinclair's call. "Good morning, mate."

"Good morning, trouble." He rumbles warmly, "You missed another dream date."

"I know," I say regretfully. "I'm sorry, I've just been so exhausted that I fall asleep before I can think about dreams." In truth the nightmares claim me before I can hear my mate's calls, but I'll be damned if I'm going to admit that to the overprotective Alpha.

Phillippe scowls disapprovingly, crossing his arms over his chest in obvious admonition for my lie. I shoot him a warning glare to keep his mouth shut, and he offers me one final glower before retreating from the room so we can finish our call in private.

"Turn on your camera, baby." Sinclair instructs, "I want to see you."

I do as he asks, hoping I don't have dark circles beneath my eyes. "Where are you now?" I ask, leaning back against my pillows.

His handsome face appears on the screen, deep green eyes drinking me in like a blind man who's only just regained his sight. Sinclair is still abed as well, and I can see a hint of his bare chest at the bottom of the feed, his muscles flexing and relaxing as he gets comfortable. "The White Claw territory." Sinclair answers, sounding drowsy still. "

This Alpha is a tricky one – very cunning and difficult to read. He's unpredictable too, and I'm not sure how to best approach him."

"His past politics don't give any hint?" I ask, feeling more awake than my mate seems. "His voting record?"

"It's all over the board." Sinclair explains, "And he's not one for deals and alliances. He votes based on what's best for his pack, but it isn't clear how he decides his priorities."

"You can always play the Damon will set his sights on Vanara once he conquers the continent' card, or point out the resource strain of accepting so many refugees." I suggest, rubbing my belly.

Once again, Rafe had been startled and upset by my nightmares, but hearing his father's voice always works wonders – possibly because it calms me every bit as much as it does him.

"Both good ideas." Sinclair murmurs, "But I don't really want to talk strategy right now, baby."

"Oh, what do you want to talk about?" I inquire slyly, "summit plans? The refugee camp? What color dress I should get for the ball?"

Sinclair chuckles, "Imp. How about we discuss why on earth you're wearing clothes in my bed?"

"Hey this is my nest." I correct him saucily, "And besides, you're not here. Just because you want me naked all the time

"I'd certainly like to see you naked now." Sinclair interjects, his voice low and husky. His arm is moving just out of frame, and from the hungry glint in his eye, I can tell he's stroking himself.

"Hmm, I don't know." I tease, fiddling with the strap on my nightdress. "I seem to remember a certain bossy wolf telling me that my pleasure belongs to him, and forbidding me from touching myself because it's his responsibility as my mate." I pull down the fabric to expose one of my breasts, cupping the sensitive mound in my hand as I admire my mate. "I think if I were naked and I had the sight of such a gorgeous, virile Alpha in front of me like this ... I would be very tempted to misbehave."

"Is that so?" Sinclair inquires darkly, his wolf eyes flashing.

I bite my lower lip and nod. "I can't help myself." I confess, revealing my other breast and shimmying out of my nightgown. I lift the phone so he can see my fingers training down over my belly and between my legs. "It's been so long since I felt your touch, Dominic." I might be doing this for show, but it's only too true. My wolf has been going crazy without affection from her mate, and I wasn't far from taking matters into my own hands as it was. I gently circle my swollen clit with my fingertips, my eyes falling closed with delight.

Sinclair growls, sending a delicious shiver down my spine, "Naughty mate." He croons, "If I didn't know any better I'd think you were trying to earn yourself a spanking. But I'll forgive this much because I'm away, just as long as you don't go any further."

On cue, I sink my fingers into my soaked channel, gasping and moaning at the sensation, even as I wish it were his hands on my body, his hardness filling me. "Oh you're really in for it now." Sinclair warns me, all grumbly and foreboding. My pulse races and my lust spikes as his own movements become more pronounced. He watches me like a starving man as he rubs his hard member, making me feel beautiful and powerful at once. "What are you thinking about, trouble? Hmm, what's got you so worked up that you're willing to risk provoking my wolf this way?"

"You." I confess, wishing I had both hands free so I could give some attention to my aching breasts.

I'm thinking about all the wicked things you're going to do to me when you get back."

"Tell me." Sinclair orders seductively, shifting his own phone so that I can see down below his waist.

Licking my lips, I find myself getting distracted by the heat building inside of me, so much so that my mate has to call my attention back to him with a soft purr. "You'll start slow," I finally answer, my voice little more than a whisper. "You'll kiss me until my knees go weak... and then you'll strip off my clothes and explore every inch of my body with your mouth and hands, discovering the ways my shape has changed and teasing me until I'm writhing underneath you.. and then... and then, ohh." My sheath clenches around my fingers, and my hips rock up into my hand.

I can't continue, so my mate takes over. "And then I won't be able to wait any longer." Sinclair tells me sensually. "It's been too long, and I'll be nearly desperate to be inside you. After all this is only the first time of many, so I won't worry about pacing myself or letting you off easy for all of your mischief while I've been away. I'll drive myself into your tight little pussy in a single thrust and rut you so hard that you see stars."

The phone is shaking in my hand, and I'm fighting to smother my whimpers as I near the edge. "Don't you dare drop that phone, little wolf." Sinclair rumbles, sounding as if he's barely hanging onto his control. "And don't you dare come yet, because I'm not done telling you my plans." I whine needily, and he only purrs with satisfaction. "Do you like being watched this way, Ella? Do you like touching yourself on camera for me?" nod, barely containing a sob. "Please, Dominic.

I'm so close."

"Not yet, baby. I'm enjoying seeing what a dirty girl you are." He declares.

I shake my head, not sure whether I'm trying to deny his words or hold off the wave of rapture swelling above me. Sinclair chuckles knowingly,

No? I'm wrong?" He croons, "you're not loving putting on this show for me, little exhibitionist?"

"Only for you." I gasp, biting down on my lip so hard I draw blood. "No one else."

"Damned straight." Sinclair replies, his voice like gravel. "Goddess, I can't wait to be inside you again. I'll make you beg, just like this. I'll hold my power back from you until you're finally gushing all over my cock, and then I'm going to give you everything I have. I'm going to-

I can't bear anymore, I detonate then and there, crying out into the empty room. I catch a look of triumph from my mate, even as the sight of my defiant ecstasy sends Sinclair over the edge himself and his lusty growls fill my ears as he finds his release in his hand. Afterwards he purrs, scolding me and praising me in equal measure, and I belatedly realize he wanted to make me lose control all along – just so he has an excuse to inflict more sensual torments on me later. I float in the heady afterglow, soaking up his sweet nothings and fighting to stay awake.

"Go back to sleep, sweetheart." He encourages after a while, seeing my valiant struggle.

"No, I wanted to talk to you about my next hypnosis session." I say, forcing my eyes open.

It's been a week. The doctor said I could try again after a week."

"Ella, we decided the next session would have to wait until I'm back." Sinclair reminds me, recalling the conversation we'd had when I mentioned my interest in going back to Leon earlier this week.

"No, you decided." I sigh, "we need answers, Dominic."

"Answers that can wait until you have the support you need to uncover them." He insists.

"I have Henry, and he might not be able to calm me the way you do, but you know it's less painful for him than it is for you." I argue.

"I'm not worried about my pain, I'm worried about your and Rafe's wellbeing." Sinclair states firmly.

"But the damage is already done." I claim fiercely."

There can't be anything worse than having my wolf taken from me."

"We don't know that." Sinclair grimaces, "and I'd hate to find out the hard way."

"Dominic, plea-

"No, Ella." He cuts me off, raw authority in his deep voice. "We do it together, or not at all. Is that clear?"

I swallow my protests and try to quell the rebellion churning in my blood. "Crystal."