

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 200

Ella

There are tears in my eyes as I come out of the memory, the heady drug still swirling through my senses. I forget that I'm not alone in the room, trying to wrap my brain around the conversation I just recalled. My mind feels as though it might splinter with the weight of so many astounding revelations. I met the Goddess, and though I'd been too young to understand the things she explained to me, to realize that I was the child in the story, I'm certainly old enough now. I have a family. I think dazedly, the Goddess's own power runs through my veins.

When the heavy silence breaks, I remember I have an audience. "Holy sht." Gabriel utters in amazement.

"Did that... was that..." Roger stammers, looking around at the other men.

"I can't believe it." Henry concludes, looking solemn but reverent as he strokes my brow.

Was that – was that real, or a dream?" I ask nervously, turning wide eyes to my father in law. It felt real, but years of disappointed hopes have trained me never to trust such things.

"No Ella," Leon answers stiffly, as if he's suddenly not sure how to address me. "That was very real."

I clench my eyes shut, and rivulets of salt water streak down my cheeks. They wanted me! Murmur in awe. my parents wanted me.

"Of course they did. Henry clucked fondly, wiping a few of my tears away. How could they not?"

My brother-in-law is watching us as if we're mad, Um...is that all that stuck out to you because-

Put a sock in it, Roger." Gabriel cuts him off with a low growl.

"Sorry, it just seems like she's burying the lead"

Roger answers sullenly, crossing his arms over his chest, "Mean we just found out secrets about the whole dammed universe and -"

And Ella just found out that she wasn't willfully abandoned by her parents," Leon cuts him off this time "Let her have this moment before we start digging into the rest."

You all are being very calm about this" Roger observes grumpily. "But I'm the crazy, insensitive one,"

Henry tums to glare at his eldest son, "Why don't you make yourself useful and call your brother."

Glaring, Roger does as he's told, and a minute later a tablet is pressed into my hand. Dominic's handsome face fills the screen, and I'm introduced to the joys of seeing my mate while in the clutches of the ether. "Hello trouble," He greets me with a wide, though concerned smile, "How are you feeling?"

I met the Goddess." I report dreamily, raking my gaze over the rugged planes of his cheekbones and jaw. They're even sharper under the effects of the drug, and his emerald eyes even more striking. "

You're so beautiful I want to lick your face." Sinclair chuckles, the worry lines in his brow smoothing out. "Well right back at you." He replies warmly, "what's this about the Goddess?"

"Oh, she was prettier than you." I admit reluctantly, recalling the enchanting woman with her starlight hair and cosmic eyes. But not nearly as cuddly... I mean her cuddles were nice but yours are so much better." I stop for a moment, distracted by thoughts of being in my mate's arms. It takes a moment for my thoughts to get back on track. "But you wolves have had it wrrroonngg. I sing, dragging out the word. "She's not even the Goddess of the moon, but of all light – and she has a partner.

Though honestly he sounds like a bit of a downer.

Well, isn't that fascinating?" Sinclair tells me, in the tone of one speaking to a drunk toddler. Then he clears his throat, "Dad?"

"Yeah, she's still pretty high." Henry mutters, and I emit an affronted scoff. "Here dearheart, listen to this while I explain to Dominic." My phone is ready and waiting at my side, with the recording of Sinclair's purrs cued up in case I needed to be calmed down during the session. He presses play, and the sound rumbles to life by my ear, sending ripples of cozy warmth through my body.

In the distance I can hear Henry recounting the entire tale to Sinclair, but I find myself dozing nearer and nearer to sleep, floating on the waves of the drug and my mate's purrs. I hear the far-away sounds of their astounded discussion, about the God of darkness, the unknown history when wolves and humans openly lived together, and my role in this war. There are too many details to focus on all at once, and the conversation flits around erratically. I can only sigh and snuggle deeper into the sofa cushions.

«Can I have a blanket?" I ask after a while, my words soft and slurred. "And maybe a cupcake?"

A warm, heavy weight settles over my shoulders, and I burrow into the coverlet, You can have as many cupcakes as you want when you wake up, angel." Henry promises, even though I can hear Sinclair complaining in the background about such an unhealthy prospect.

"Stop being bossy." I tell him, interrupted by a wide yawn. "Sugar comes from plants... that makes it salad."

Sinclair laughs, and I realize they've brought the tablet back over to me. "Stop sassing me and go to sleep, little mate."

You can't make me..." I mumble weakly, but I'm only met with purrs from both the recording and the video call now.

At some point I hear Leon protest. "What about the therapy?"

"Let her rest." Sinclair's deep voice instructs, "I go after her, and when she wakes she'll come see

The next thing I know, I'm in the dream forest, and Sinclair is walking towards me through the trees. It's the first time I've been able to find my way here on my own since I started digging into my past, and I run into my mate's open arms. "I did it!

No nightmares!" I exclaim, Wrapping my arms and legs around him.

"I see!" He exclaims, hugging me close and dropping kisses over my cheek, temple and hair.

I'm so glad, baby." "Are you sleeping in the middle of the day?" I ask, nuzzling my nose against the bare skin of his chest, that special spot where his scent is the strongest.

I am." He confirms, running his big hands over my body. "I figured it was worth making an exception today."

You should do this every day." I suggest eagerly, nibbling his shoulder and dipping my tongue into his clavicle. "In fact, if we both slept all the time, then we could just be together here the whole time until you come home!"

That might cause a few problems with the summit." Sinclair remarks wryly, reclining on the bed and adjusting my legs so that I'm comfortably straddling him. You know, for someone that was so exhausted a second ago, you're awfully hyper now.

«Because I'm excited!" I announce, sitting up. He reaches for my hands and I thread my slender fingers through his, playfully pushing against his palms and grinning widely. I don't know how much of my euphoric mood is the drugs or the secrets I just learned, but I want nothing more than to be lighthearted and silly right now. "I have a family... one who loved me. I've been dreaming about this since I was a pup."

"I'm so happy for you, sweetheart." I lean down to kiss him, and Sinclair catches me tight, content to explore my mouth with his talented tongue and lavish affection on my body with his expert fingers.

Just before our lips connect, however, I sense him thrusting some unpleasant emotion away, as if putting it aside until later. I only let him indulge me for a moment before I pull back "What is it?"

Nothing." He lies, "Just let me love on you for a while." He catches my lips in another delicious kiss, and my hips reflexively rock against his hardness, but I wriggle free of his intoxicating trap.

No." I insist stubbornly. "Tell me."

He grumbles, moving his mouth to his mark and nibbling the sensitive spot. "Don't you want to enjoy this for a while? Come on, let's leave reality for after the drugs wear off."

"If you don't tell me now I'm just going to build it up even worse in my mind." I declare fiercely.

Sinclair sighs and drops his head back against the mattress. "Alright, I need to tell you something about your family.

I freeze, my instincts going on high alert. "Do you know who they are? My parents?" I ask, not knowing how such a thing would be possible based on the limited information the Goddess shared.

"Baby, the couple the Goddess described in your a powerful Alpha King from an ancient bloodline, with a tender-hearted wife who couldn't bear children... around the time you were born... there's only one couple in the world who fits that description."

Sinclair explains gently.

My heart ceases beating completely, Who?"