

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 210

#Chapter 210 - Ella Breaks Out

Ella

Isabel stares after me with her mouth gaping open in shock, not moving from the bed. I don't pause to put on appropriate clothing or even don shoes, instead sprinting to my door and pressing my ear to the wood. After a moment Isabel recovers and comes to stand beside me. "What are you doing?" She whispers, her pretty eyes wide.

I lead her back from the doorway, pressing my finger to my lips. The feeling of my mate is growing stronger by the second, and his voice calls out again. Ella!

I hear you! I send back through our bond, praying he can hear me. I'm coming, Dominic. The baby is fluttering excitedly in my belly, and I have a feeling that when Sinclair isn't calling to me, he's calling to Rafe. Still, when his voice sounds again he says only my name, Ella! Through the distance I can sense his exhaustion and worry, the nearly unhinged determination of his wolf. There's pain there too, and I know he must be injured. He's trying to get back to us, but he's too worn down and depleted to communicate beyond these simple calls.

"I have to get out of here." I tell Isabel, speaking as quietly as I can. "Dominic is... I can feel him, he's calling me. But he's hurt, I have to reach him."

Isabel blinks, "Are you sure?"

I cut my eyes to her, "Of course I'm sure, I know my mate better than I know myself."

"Alright, I'm sorry," Isabel replies, "I was just surprised. What can I do?"

"Can you distract my guards?" I request, wondering if she'll actually agree. This feels like the first true test of our friendship, but Isabel only sets her jaw and nods.

"I'll go out this way," She tells me, pointing to the bedroom door. "You exit through the sitting room. I'll keep them occupied as long as I can."

I nod eagerly and dash to the far door, watching as Isabel slips outside. Her voice echoes down the hallway, "Excuse me, can you all help me? The Princess requires some items from the kitchen but our phone doesn't seem to be working. Would you mind terribly going down to fetch a few things for us?"

I roll my eyes at her use of my surreal title, but I open the door as quietly as I can, peeking my head out even as the guards gathered around Isabel exchange uncertain glances. "We can't leave our post, Miss. Philippe's orders."

"Well I promised the King I wouldn't leave her side." Isabel frets, wringing her hands like the perfect damsel in distress. "Maybe just one of you could go? I'm sure you're all more than strong enough to carry even the heaviest tray."

I slink away on tiptoes while the guards puff up their chests and debate which one of them should get to be her knight in shining armor, and I have to bite back a laugh when I catch Isabel batting her eyelashes at the guards. I disappear around the corner, trying to remember which of the secret passages Gabriel described to me is closest. I know there's one on the floor below, but I'm worried someone might see me before I get there.

Ella, Ella Ella. Sinclair chants through our bond, filling me with all the courage I need to take this risk.

I'm coming, my love. I send back, moving as swiftly as I can. Suddenly I'm regretting my urgency to get out of the room without pause. I call attention on the best of days, and scampering through the daylight palace in my current state is not exactly discreet. I can only imagine how I must look: barefoot, wearing only a long silk nightdress, novelxo hair unwashed and disheveled.

Thankfully I make it to the passage entrance without difficulty, though I do have to hide behind a large statue until a pair of servants rolling a laundry cart pass by. For a split second I consider asking them to help me, but I don't want them to risk their jobs by defying Gabriel's edict to keep me in the palace. I know the King is worried about my wellbeing, not to mention outside threats like the bomb that intercepted Sinclair's delegation. Still, I don't appreciate his high-handed orders. So I move through the passages on my own, following the fresh scent of the outdoors to guide me around corners and through intersections.

By the time I make it outside, Sinclair feels as though he might be right around the next corner. His calls have grown loud and constant, but no matter where I look, I cannot see him. Ella, Ella, Ella. I open my heart to him and follow the path our bond illuminates, throwing caution to the wind as I reach the palace gates. The guards' backs are facing me as they search for outside threats, completely occupied with keeping unwanted guests out, not holding anyone inside.

I dart out past them, ignoring their cries of surprise, and take off into the city. Within moments I hear footsteps pounding the pavement behind me, and I smell Philippe's familiar aroma at my back. I curse in my head, there's no way I can outrun the guards - I can barely manage a jog, cradling my belly and wincing as my swollen breasts bounce uninhibited. People stop and stare as I pass by, but I don't give them a moment's notice.

I know I'm caught a second before it happens, novelxo when Philippe's voice is growling in my ear and his footsteps sound as though they're right on top of me. He practically tackles me, racing up behind me and gripping me as gently as he can, infinitely conscious of my delicate condition. His arms come underneath my own as he pulls me to an abrupt stop, and I go limp in his grip, hoping my weight will drag him down.

It doesn't. He supports my body easily, then scoops me up into his arms.

A crowd has formed around us, but the other guards keep them at bay, holding their arms outstretched and backing them out of the square. I'm not sure if it's for my safety or to keep them from witnessing the ensuing scene, but I don't care. novel.xo They can all watch, as long as I get to Sinclair, they can do whatever they like.

"Let me go, Philippe!" I command, raising my voice and kicking my legs as he hitches me closer. I thrash and fight as he tries to drag me back to the palace, wrenching his arm close enough to sink my fangs into his wrist. He hisses and reels back, but he doesn't release me.

Philippe snarls impatiently. "Damn it Ella, this has to stop!"

"You will never stop me from going after him!" I cry, returning his snarl with one of my own, "I will never give up, as long as he's out there I will always try to find him."

"He's not out there!" Philippe insists, giving me a small shake, "You've got to accept it, Ella!"

"You're wrong!" I combat, thrusting my elbow into his ribs, "You don't know! None of you can feel him like I can."

"You think we weren't bonded with him too?" novel.xo Philippe demands angrily, dragging me up into his arms, no matter how frantically I squirm. "That we didn't love him?"

"It's not the same!" I counter furiously, willing my body to shift. My wolf is right at the surface, every bit as desperate and outraged as I am. Still, I'm weak from the lingering sedatives and the lack of food, and I suspect the doctor's anti-anxiety medicines are keeping her from coming out. "I can hear him! He's calling me, he needs me!"

"You're delirious." Philippe sighs, sounding resigned now. novèxo "You've got to get some rest or you'll make yourself sick."

"I'm not!" I explode, throwing my head back and slamming my skull into Philippe's chin. I instantly regret it as stars burst in my eyes and pain blooms through my cranium. "Just because you all don't have any hope left, doesn't mean I'll let you steal mine." I moan feebly.

"That's it!" Philippe grumbles, pain lacing in his voice. "I've had enough. You are coming with me now, whether you like it or not!"

"You can't make me!" I challenge, a rush of adrenaline overwhelming my pain. nvèlx.o I throw myself against the cage of his arms, but I can't break through. Philippe holds me fast, and then his fingers dig into my neck, triggering a pressure point which I didn't know existed. My vision starts to black out, but at the very last moment, Philippe pulls back. I don't understand why at first, not until I realize that the sound of Sinclair's voice is no longer ringing in my head... but I can smell him, as strong and potent as if he were right next to me. I look around, my heart soaring, but I don't see him.

Suddenly a deafening growl sounds behind us, and my soaring heart takes flight. "Take your hands off my mate."