

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 211

#Chapter 211 - Reunited

Sinclair

It had all happened very slowly.

I heard the deafening noise, felt the excruciating heat of the blast, but when the explosion struck my body was thrown from the car. I remember sailing through the air, feeling as though I was traveling through water as flames and entropy eviscerated the vehicle where I had just been sitting. I hit the ground hard, my head slamming into the earth and stealing my consciousness.

When I woke, I was lying at least ten meters from the blast radius. My head ringing, acid churning in my stomach, I stumbled back towards the burning cars in a daze. I don't know how much time had passed, but my men were little more than charred husks, and the vehicles nothing more than tangled knots of molten steel.

I vomited onto the ground, emptying my stomach and trying not to let the horror consume me. I'd loved my men like brothers, but if I stopped to process their losses, my own life might be forfeit too. I did not know if the danger still lingered - or even from whence it had come, though I could certainly guess.

I quickly checked myself for injuries, noting the way every breath rattled and tore against my aching ribs, and the blood that seeped through my torn clothes. I shifted, and abandoned all thought of going on to the Storm Forest pack. For all I knew, my would-be assassin was waiting there in case their bomb failed. My phone was lost in the wreckage, and I was in the middle of nowhere, hundreds of miles from any being I knew and trusted. So I took off into the wilderness, letting the sun and moon guide me back towards Gabriel's city, not allowing myself to stop or rest even once.

I was terrified that this was not an isolated threat, that perhaps similar nightmares had befallen my family... my mate. I needed answers, but I needed to get back to them faster. I thought about seeking Ella in my dreams, but I was afraid that if I let myself sleep I might not wake for hours, and the people I love would be vulnerable without me for that much longer. So I forced myself to carry on, until at last the crystalline lake and gleaming outline of the capital came into view.

I started calling to Ella then, and though my heart pulsed and skipped gloriously when she responded, by that time I was so diminished that I couldn't think of any intelligible thoughts other than her name. I tore into the city at top speed, ignoring the gasps and shouts of the shifters I passed. And when I finally saw my beautiful mate, fighting tooth and nail to escape her guards, I shifted back into my human form.

I felt like I was on the verge of collapse, but I unleashed the remaining reserves of power I'd been holding back, and found the strength to stay upright. "Take your hands off of my mate."

I watch as shock reverberates through Philippe's body. His grip goes slack, and Ella takes full advantage, scrambling free and running straight into my open arms.

"Dominic!" She cries, squeezing me so tightly that my broken ribs scream in protest. But I don't make a sound, I swing her legs up into my arms so that I can cradle her against my chest as she buries her face in my neck, breathing in my scent. "I knew you weren't dead! No one believed me but I knew!" She sobs, pulling back only far enough to look up at me. Concern immediately takes over her lovely features, but before she can say a word I claim her lips with my own.

Mine. My wolf sighs in my head. Mine, mine, all mine.

I don't have any control left to spare, so all my love and longing from these last few weeks pours forth, along with all my pain, sadness and fear. Ella takes it all with utter generosity and pure passion, letting me drown her in my feelings and yielding her soft mouth for my feral exploration. She makes the sweetest little sounds as I ravish her with my lips, teeth and tongue, giving back as good as she gets and threatening to rouse my cock in the middle of the public square.

Naughty mate. My wolf purrs through our bond, and Ella only shudders and presses closer to me. Reluctantly, I force myself to drag my lips from hers before we get too carried away. "I missed you, trouble." I purr, wishing I had a free hand to explore her round tummy, and instead sending my love for my son through our bond. Rafe replies with pulses of excitement and affection, though I'm concerned to sense him holding back slightly.

"I missed you more." Ella insists, stroking my jaw with a mischievous glint in her gold eyes.

"Wanna bet?" I chuckle, kissing her again and never wanting to let her go. The last few days have been too horrible to bear- not knowing what I would be coming home to... if there would be anything left for me to come home to at all.

"Dominic?" My father's voice breaks my reverie, and for the first time, I remember we aren't alone. I look up to see Dad wheeling towards us, tears and amazement plain on his face. I set Ella's feet on the ground so that I can fall into my father's arms.

"Dad." I breathe, feeling like a boy again as he kisses my hair and rubs his strong hands over my injured body.

"I thought I'd lost you." He admits thickly, his face twisted into a grimace as he delves into our own bond. "You're hurt."

"I'll live." I reply, tears burning in my own eyes as I feel the grief he'd been battling over the past few days, a grief I understand all the better now that I have a son of my own. "I'm sorry I scared you."

"I'm sorry I didn't listen to your mate." Dad replies, relinquishing his hold on me so he can reach for Ella. Her warm little body snuggles in beside us, and my heart swells to bursting.

"It seems we all should have listened to Ella." A new voice sounds from somewhere above us. "She's been a bloody terror since it happened ... but she was right." Gabriel informs me, though there is no bite in his voice. The King is standing above us with a wide smile, and not even the sight of my sweet mate glaring daggers at him can dull his joy.

I leave Ella in Dad's arms so I can hug Gabriel and Philippe, and then Roger is charging out of the palace gates wearing an expression I've never seen before. "You bastard!" My brother is all aggression, and he lashes out as he draws near, pushing me in the chest and forcing me backward. "You scared the hell out of me. Where the devil have you been!"

"Roger-" Dad tries to intervene, but I beat him to the punch. I duck Roger's next attack, and throw my arms around him, restraining his arms and forcing him to settle as he tries to fight me. He gradually softens, clutching my shoulders and leaning his head against my shoulder.

"Don't you ever do that again!" He sniffs bitterly.

"I'm sorry." I profess, "I won't."

"I love you, you dummy." He adds begrudgingly, and I laugh, though the motion sends pain searing through my abdomen. I hiss, trying not to let the agony pull me under.

At once Dad and Ella drag us apart. Ella nudges her way under my arm, as if she thinks she might support me with her weight. She presses her small hand to my chest, "Your ribs are broken, you should have said!" Her worry floods through our bond, though I can feel her trying to hold it back.

"I'm alright, sweetheart." I assure her, though my wince betrays me.

"You're dead on your feet." Dad corrects, looking to Gabriel. "We need to get him inside. He needs a doctor."

Roger and Philippe move forward as if they might displace Ella and cart me inside like some wounded war hero, but I wave them off. "Call the doctor. But I'm walking in on my own two feet, with my mate beside me."

"Your mate isn't even supposed to be out of bed." Philippe informs me coolly, sending a scolding glance at Ella.

She sends him a ferocious glare and sticks out her tongue, but for the first time I realize she does look a bit worse for wear. She's wearing nothing but a nightgown - her feet are bare and she has dark circles beneath her eyes. Ella said she knew I wasn't dead, but these events have obviously taken their toll on her nonetheless. I feel a stab of guilt for not noticing sooner, as well as an abundance of curiosity for what the clever minx has been doing to put the King and her guard in such a grumpy mood.

I shrug and slide my arm around her back and knees, lifting her off the ground. "Then I'll carry her."