

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 212

## #Chapter 212 - Rafe's Anger

Ella

I loop my arms around Sinclair's neck as he carries me through the palace gates, trying to steady myself even as my concerns for his injuries grow irrepressible. "Dominic no, you'll hurt yourself." I object, sweeping my eyes over his muscular body. He's naked as the day he was born, and his abdomen is swollen with black and blue bruises. His feet are bleeding, and numerous smaller bruises and cuts dot his powerful form.

He doesn't seem the least bit bothered, though I suspect he's using the last stores of his power to stave off the pain. "Hush now, I've been waiting weeks to hold you, you think I'm going to let some sore ribs stop me?" Sinclair quips, brushing his lips over my forehead.

I try to help as best I can, novelxo sitting upright in his arms and using his strong shoulders to support my weight. I'm in the perfect position to explore the curve of his neck, and my inner wolf won't let me pass up the opportunity. I nuzzle his sweat-stained skin, kissing and nibbling his throat - letting him feel how elated I am to have him home, and just how badly I missed him.

Sinclair emits an appreciative purr, turning his lips to my ear. "Do you want to tell me what mischief you've been making to make Philippe and Gabriel so grumpy?"

"Nothing." I reply innocently, giving him my best puppy dog eyes. "They're just mean, ill-tempered men."

Sinclair grins wolfishly, and my heart skips a beat. "Now why do I find that hard to believe?"

"Because she's the most ungovernable she-wolf I've ever met." Gabriel snorts from beside us, also smiling. "Honestly, you'd think I was nothing but a nobody omega for all the consideration she gives my orders."

"I might give them more - if you were half the wolf my mate is." I challenge, feeling thoroughly emboldened with Sinclair's arms around me.

"Ella," Sinclair warns in a half-amused, half-scolding tone, "Is that anyone to speak to the man who has shown us and our people such friendship and generosity?"

"Since he's also the man who tried to lock me up so I couldn't come after you when you were out there alone and clearly in need of help - yes." I reply stubbornly, scowling when the King just rolls his eyes.

"I hate to break it to you baby, but the last thing I would have wanted was for you to be out there looking for me with a bomber on the loose." Sinclair remarks, affectionate but somber as he looks to his old friend. "I know why you felt compelled to come after me, but I appreciate Gabriel looking out for you when I couldn't. He did the right thing." 1

I huff indignantly, "But I was the only one who even believed you were alive!" I exclaim. "None of them were doing anything!"

"They didn't need to." Sinclair soothes, pressing soft kisses to my cheek. "I made it home, sweetheart.

"Besides, I'm not the one who put you on bed rest, Ella." Gabriel adds pointedly, and Sinclair stiffens, looking down at me sharply.

"It was just stress because you were missing." I assure him quickly, "I'll be fine now that you're back." He's still watching me suspiciously, and I'm willing Gabriel not to say more. Luckily the perfect distraction awaits us as we enter the palace itself. Word has obviously spread about Sinclair's return, and it seems as if every shifter in the vicinity has turned out to welcome him.

The halls are lined with servants, Vanaran courtiers and refugees from home. nvëlx.o The servants and Vanarans bow and smile, but the refugees drop to their knees with tears in their eyes, looking as though their prayers have been answered - which they probably have. Sinclair nods to each and every one of them with such respect, compassion and dedication, signaling that he sees and appreciates them, even if he doesn't have the freedom to stop at this moment. I lean my head against his shoulder as my wolf overflows with pride for our mate, letting him feel every ounce of the emotion through our bond.

When we get up to our suite, Sinclair settles on the sofa with me in his lap, at last able to greet our pup properly. He runs his hands over my belly, his eyes drinking in every inch of my changed body. Just look at you. He marvels, his gaze lingering on my ever-enlarging breasts and the sudden protrusion of my popped belly button. I can't wait until I get you alone. His wolf says in my mind. I'm going to strip you naked and kiss every inch of your beautiful body.

And you, my sweet pup. He adds, letting me hear his words to our son. I can't believe how big you've gotten. I wish I could keep you safe in there forever, but I think you're outgrowing your Mommy.

To my surprise, Rafe doesn't respond, except to send a pulse of sullen energy through our bond - a request for my affection instead of Sinclair's. I add my touch and my voice, thinking I might understand the problem," Come on angel, you were so excited to feel your Daddy again." I remind him, "Don't be angry when he's finally come back to us."

Sinclair frowns, realization clicking in his mind. Tm sorry I left, little one. Please believe me when I say that it was the last thing I wanted. nvëlx.o I never want to be away from you."

Still, the baby seeks only my attention, and I can picture our son as if he's already been born. A miniature version of Sinclair in my arms, sulking because his father left - giving him the cold shoulder as punishment. He got angry with me for the first time too. I reveal to Sinclair through our bond. He's getting big enough to feel more complex things now, and he hates it when he can't feel us.

Sinclair purrs sympathetically, and I know that if he were able to take the baby from me and cuddle him directly, he would. He would bombard him with love and affection the same way he does to me when I'm cross, forcing the tiny tot to understand that no matter how far away he goes, he'll always come back. novëxo Of course, for now he can only hold me. Why did he get angry with you?

The same reason. I confess, grimacing. When our call dropped the other day... I was really scared. I wanted to protect him so I tried to shield him from my feelings. But I cut myself off from him completely and... it was awful. I'll never do it again, no matter how bad things get.

I thought you said you knew I survived? Sinclair inquires, frowning.

There's a knock on the door, reminding us that Gabriel, Henry, Philippe and Roger are all witnessing our reunion. Philippe opens the door, and the doctor sweeps in, immediately zeroing in on us. "Alpha Dominic, I'm so pleased you're all right." He sets his bag on the coffee table and opens it, extracting a few tools. "Luna, if you wouldn't mind?" He doesn't directly ask me to move, novelxo but it's clear he needs me out of Sinclair's lap.

I try to rise, but Sinclair's arms tighten around me. You haven't answered me, mate.

Later, I promise, though his wolf growls in protest. Let the doctor examine you.

He can examine me while I hold you. He insists, glowering at the physician who would separate us.

No he can't. I correct him sternly. He needs to see your ribs. Another wordless growl. Please, Dominic, I'll be so worried otherwise. I beg, letting some more of my concern filter through our bond.

Sinclair arches a brow, and his wolf lets me know that he sees right through my tactics, still he must sense I'm speaking truthfully, because he concedes. Grumbling in protest, Sinclair rearranges us so that his head is resting in my lap, the rest of his long limbs sprawled over the sofa. He turns his lips to my belly and kisses my navel, novelxo early a tiny kick in the mouth from our pup. I hiccup with the force of the outraged thump, but Sinclair only chuckles and kisses the same spot again, sending praise through his bond with the baby. My little fighter, I'll kiss that foot as many times as you send it my way.

He does just that as the doctor pokes and prods at him, and soon it's become a game between father and son. Rafe tries to trick Sinclair with his timing and placement, and Sinclair does his best to predict the next kick so he can meet it with his lips. Absolute glee bubbles through my bonds with each, and I can only grin like a fool as I watch them, barely able to focus on the doctor's exam. As simply as that, the hurt and resentment the baby had been feeling amidst Sinclair's absence is healed.

I can't help but reach down and run my fingers through Sinclair's hair— which feels about as dirty as mine after so many days in the wilderness. novelxo You do know that my womb is paying the price of this little game of yours?

I tease. It feels like he's tap dancing on my organs.

Sinclair looks contrite, but also as though he doesn't want the fun to end. Do you want me to stop?

I can only smile, thanking my lucky stars that I found this man. Don't you dare.