

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 213

#Chapter 213 - Tattletales

Ella

"Four broken ribs." The doctor assesses grimly, "and with all the exercise you've done since the initial brakes, they haven't been able to set or heal. I have an injection I can give you to fuse the bones quickly, but it's painful, and we still need to set them first."

"What about his other injuries?" Henry inquires anxiously, novelxo seated on the other side of me.

"I'll do a scan to assess the exact placement of his ribs, and I can extend it to the rest of his abdomen to rule out internal injuries. I don't see anything else of concern." The doctor shares with much more optimism.

"He's got a good size lump on the back of his head." I inform the physician, still running my hands through Sinclair's hair.

"Then you two will match." Philippe interjects, reminding us all of the way I headbutted his chin in my attempts to reach Sinclair. novelxo "When you're done with him, you ought to check her for a concussion."

"I hardly think that's necessary." I complain, reaching back to see if the area is tender, then reflexively wincing when my fingers graze the swollen knot at the back of my skull.

"It is." Five dominant voices assert, the loudest and most forceful coming from my lap. I send Roger, Henry, Philippe and Gabriel mutinous glances, much good that it does me.

"I was already planning on examining her." The doctor relates, having the unbelievable nerve to look at Sinclair now, rather than me. "From the sounds of it she's been much too active following her collapse."

"What collapse?" Sinclair demands fiercely, his eyes pinning me with a suspicious glare. I turn my indignant gaze on the doctor now, but my mate catches my chin and returns my attention to him. "Don't blame them for telling me what you should have told me yourself."

"And when should I have done that?" I argue, feeling truly overwhelmed now. I can't believe they're all ganging up on me when Sinclair is injured and needs our attention most. "You've been back ten minutes and you're in much worse shape than I am. Rafe and I are fine, you're the one we need to worry about."

"What happened, little wolf?" He asks, his voice gentle, for I'm sure he can sense my genuine distress.

Taking a deep breath, I force the words out in a rush, speaking as quickly as I can in the futile hope that he might not catch all the details. "It wasn't a big deal. My blood pressure spiked when Gabriel's drones found the wreckage from the bomb, that's all. I passed out and they sedated me. I slept for three whole days, so I'm much better rested and healthy than you are."

Sinclair's pupils contract, and his irate gaze swings to the King. "You let her watch you search for the wreckage?"

Gabriel shifts uneasily from foot to foot. "Well, we didn't know what we would find. Besides, Ella is the only reason we knew something had happened."

"And did none of you consider the possibility that you would find us dead?" He sits up, power rolling off of him in heady waves, "It was sickening for me to see that scene and I've been in battle. What the hell were you thinking?" A flash of the gut-wrenching horror Sinclair felt when he woke from the bomb blast slips through our bond, and my wolf whimpers in my head. 1

"Dominic, it's okay, come back to me." novelxo I encourage, trying to guide his shoulders back down. He obeys, but I suspect he only does it to settle my wolf.

"It's not okay." Sinclair tells me, his voice like gravel. He reaches up to cup my cheek. "I'm sorry you had to see that."

"It might have upset me, but it wasn't enough to convince me you were gone." I remind him, leaning down to kiss his pillowy lips, "My faith in our bond kept me from believing the worst."

"So much so that she didn't eat or bathe, novelxo or sleep again after she woke up." Philippe offers, his arms crossed over his chest. "She just kept trying to escape."

I tear my attention from Sinclair, truly outraged now. "Would you stop this?!" I exclaim, feeling as though I might scream. I'm so sick of my pack of overbearing babysitters that I could honestly throttle them. And for once, I don't give a single damn that they're tattling on me, I care that they might further upset my mate when he's already hurt and grieving. "Do you have any idea what he's been through! He doesn't need to be worrying about me right now. What is wrong with you all!?"

A tender purr begins to vibrate in my lap, and I can feel Sinclair's wolf reaching out to mine. "Don't be mad at them, baby." Sinclair murmurs, sliding his hand to my nape and massaging my tense muscles. "I know you don't like seeing me hurt, but they're telling me exactly what I need to know - what I want to know."

I shake my head defiantly. novelxo "No, you need to come first this time." I reply thickly, wondering how they can all be so blind. "You almost died... you lost Hugo and your men." 3

"And if I had died, they would have been doing exactly what I wished - taking care of you and Rafe when I couldn't." Sinclair croons.

"What, by being intrusive, overbearing bullies?" I sniff, hating the very suggestion of him truly being gone.

"Is that so different from me?" Sinclair asks with a crooked smile.

"Of course it is - because you're my mate." I reply fervently. "You're only do it because you love me."

"Well why the hell do you think it's different with us, Ella?" Philippe grouses, pulling my attention away from my mate.

"Because Dominic would disembowel you if you let anything happen to me." I answer easily, my wolf feeling a bloodthirsty thrill at the thought of our mate's prowess.

Roger rolls his eyes, sarcasm heavy on his tongue. "Guess again genius."

Gabriel clears his throat, diplomatically adding. "I think what Roger means is - why would we have to fear that if Dominic was dead? If that's the only reason we were doing it, why did we continue when we thought he was gone?"

I look between them, slowly piecing together the clues. When the realization strikes, I turn to Sinclair for confirmation. Do they mean what I think they mean? I mean I know Henry is fond of me but...

"Of course they love you, Ella." He says, novelxo assuaging my doubts and making me feel extremely guilty for giving them such a hard time.

"We've been trying to take care of you because we would be heartbroken if anything happened to you." Henry contributes, "And that's why we're telling Dominic what's been going on - because we want what's best for you, and he's the only one to whom you'll truly respond."

"That and you won't tell him yourself." Roger mutters, but there's only humor in his voice.

"Roger." Henry bites, shooting the wolf a scowl before stealing one of my hands and squeezing it. "I'm sorry we didn't listen to you, Ella. But I'm not sorry for the rest. We were doing the best with the information we had. But never doubt that we acted from a place of love." 1

My lower lip quivers, and I stare up at the men apologetically. "I didn't realize... I'm sorry." I try to fight back my tears, but my hormones are unrelenting. I swear once this baby comes, I won't cry again for a year. I vow to myself, wondering if this is a promise I can keep. The tears come all the same, but I try to keep my voice steady, "I mean, not for disobeying you or smashing you in the jaw," I tell Philippe, who chuckles good-naturedly. " But for misunderstanding... I assumed the worst, and that wasn't fair to you." It takes a moment to work myself up to the next part, but I manage. "I love you all too."

One by one, the alphas return the sentiment, and Sinclair sends me a rush of affection which warms me inside and out. "Poor little mate, dealing with all these big mean wolves all on your own. It's no wonder you're in such a state." I can see Roger, Gabriel and Philippe making exasperated faces out of the corner of my eye, but I don't care.

"It's okay." I tell him conspiratorially, not bothering to hide my devious grin. "I still got the better of them."

"That's my girl." Sinclair praises, pulling my head down for another kiss. It's soft and tender, and with his pride and amusement, comes a rush of delicious dominance. "Just as long as you remember that you won't be getting the better of me - even if I am weak and injured."

My wolf shudders happily, and I kiss him again. "I still look forward to trying."

His wolf gleams in his green eyes. novelxo "And I look forward to catching you."