

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 219

#Chapter 219 - Stolen Moments

Ella

It isn't easy to extract Sinclair from the nursery, not after he delighted the children with confessions of his soft side and got roped into endless games of tag and hide and seek. When he eventually shifted into his wolf and started giving the pups rides on his back, I thought Isabel was going to have a conniption. Only naptime brought an end to the fun, though I wasn't thrilled when he suggested we go back to our suite rather than snoozing with the pups. Of course... that was before I realized he intended to nap with me - or not nap, as it were.

I waved goodbye to the children as Sinclair carted me out of the nursery in his arms, a delightfully rumbly laugh vibrating in his chest. "Couldn't we adopt some of them?" I inquire, kissing his neck. "Just a couple dozen?"

Sinclair gazes down at me indulgently, "Baby when this war is over we can adopt as many pups as you want, but I think we should hold off on giving our enemies more targets for the time being."

"Fine." I groan, throwing my head back dramatically. I hear an appreciative purr, and belatedly realize the movement has given the wolf an excellent view down my dress. I giggle, attempting to pull the fabric together to cover myself, but my mate arches a threatening brow.

"Don't you dare." Sinclair warns, "We've got limited time and much to do little wolf."

I can guess he's referring to the summit's kick off in the morning, but I'm surprised to see him so early in the afternoon. "Does this mean you finished working?" I ask, licking my lips.

"It wasn't easy, but I made it happen. We've got to steal whatever time together we can."

He kicks the door to our suite closed, and I hear Philippe and the other guards disperse to give us privacy. "Aren't there things we should talk about before tomorrow?" I inquire, not wanting to deal with business but also feeling unprepared for the politics awaiting us.

"As far as I'm concerned, that bomb upended half the work I did on this trip and we'll be entering uncharted territory in the morning whether we talk about it or not." Sinclair replies, tossing me onto the bed. "I would much rather spend our evening this way."

"But

"Ah ah," He scolds, eyes blazing as he strips off my clothes, "I've made my decision trouble."

I shudder as a low growl fills my ears, calling my own wolf out to play. "Bossy alpha." I accuse, wondering when exactly I became so short of breath.

"You have no idea." Sinclair confirms with a lethal grin, "I seem to remember telling you that I'd be keeping a list of all your bad behavior while I was away, but I have to admit I underestimated the extent of the mischief you'd make."

He towers over me, still naked following his wolf's antics with the children. His long, thick cock is already standing at attention, and any hints of the civilized, bubble bath-taking politician are gone. He's pure animal now, and my instincts are driving me to see just how far I can push him.

"I'm sure I don't have any idea what you're talking about." I quip, pouting my fully lips. "I only did what I thought was best for the pack."

Sinclair's corded muscles tense and flex, and he cocks his head to the side. His entire demeanor changes as the playfulness seeps away, replaced only with dark foreboding. "Is that really the tactic you want to choose, little wolf? Because I was going to focus on the small stuff -leave the serious things for later." He pulls in a deep breath, rolling his neck as he considers my prone form. "But maybe it's better we deal with everything now - that way we can put it behind us and start the summit on a clean slate."

I grimace, understanding him at once. I'd chosen the wrong words for our game and cut too close to home. Now Sinclair wasn't merely going to concoct sensual payments for made-up infractions like wearing clothes in his bed, he was going to address the greatest conflicts in our time apart - things that were part and parcel my fault. It isn't a prospect to which I'm looking forward, but I'd be lying if I said I don't feel desperate to heal the rifts between us.

I nod in agreement, dropping my gaze submissively. "I think you're right."

He leans over me, sliding his hand around my nape and pulling my lips up to his. "Good girl." He praises, "I'd thought to wait until things calmed down, but these things don't go away, baby. Best to get it out of the way." I nod again, because I agree. My mate almost dying was certainly a huge distraction, as is my lineage and the war, but the disagreements and fights we had along the way will only fester if left unresolved. No amount of distraction can change that.

"You know I love you with everything I am, and everything I ever will be?" Sinclair inquires, searing me with his emerald gaze.

"You know you're my whole world, and I'd be lost without you?" I counter, blinking back tears.

Sinclair answers me with a ferocious kiss, and then it starts: Every lie, every betrayal of his trust, every scheme and act of neglect for my well being. At times we go around in circles, "You were dead!" I cry, about half an hour into the debate. "I needed to find you, I can be held accountable for a lot, but you can't expect me to have lost you without grieving, or not to fight when I knew you were out there somewhere!"

"Of course I know you would grieve, but I need you to know that killing yourself or our child is the absolutely last thing I would want. I would hope you would move on and

"And what, forget you?!" I interrupt, "because I have to say if the tables were turned I would be pretty offended if you got over my demise in a couple of days!" I can see Sinclair getting ready to jump in, so I add, " Besides it wasn't that serious! I would have been fine!"

"That's not what the doctor said!" Sinclair thunders.

"You went to the doctor about me!" I demand hotly, my cheeks flushing.

"Of course I did - you're my mate and I'm worried about you." He bites back, "So help me Ella, if I do die and you stress yourself into a coma, I will come back from the dead just to spank your impossible behind!"

"Then I would gladly do it if that's what it takes to bring you back!" I explode, throwing my hands up.

"That's not the point!" Sinclair rages, pacing back and forth, any signs of arousal long gone. "Don't you get it, I'm not the one who has to survive this war - you are the one who was chosen by the Goddess, Rafe is my heir. You two have to live, not me!"

A little while later, we've moved onto my hypnosis sessions, a subject which devastates me more than anything else. Tm sorry, I've said I'm sorry and I know it cost me your trust." I cry, "I don't know what else to do, Dominic. I can't take it back, nor would I!"

"You could have told me, even if you knew I wouldn't agree, you could have been honest and told me you needed to do it whether I like it or not!" He combats.

"And risk you issuing one of your Alpha orders?" I accuse, "you and I both know you would have used your power to make me promise against my will - which isn't fair, by the way."

"And we also know that you would have found a way around it because you're too clever for your own damned good!" Sinclair replies gruffly.

"Well that's not the point." I throw his own words back in his face. "The point is not exerting your dominance over me when I don't want you to! Forcing me to follow your orders when I don't agree with them!"

He throws back his head and laughs. "I've got news for you, little wolf - that's my job. If I only did it when you liked it, it wouldn't be real."

"Well maybe I don't want it to be real!" I lash out, snarling and baring my fangs.

Sinclair is on me in an instant, his hands course and wonderful on my body. "Is that so?" He growls, daring me to test him.

"Yes!" I insist, notching my chin up as I finally see a light at the end of the tunnel. I know if I provoke him now, he won't be able to resist taking me in hand, and in my experience this is the only thing that will help me feel better. When there's no solution to our conflicts, we have to find a way to come back together as mates and put the past behind us, and he's the one who showed me how.

"Well then maybe we should put that to the test." Sinclair answers, bending me over the bed. "Get ready, trouble. You're in for a rough ride."