

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 232

## #Chapter 232 - Revenge

Ella

At Dinner that night, I finally get the chance to check in on my sister. "How are you doing?" I ask, giving her a one-armed squeeze.

"I'm okay." She says, and I'm surprised to see she's telling the truth. "How did the rest of the visit go?"

"It was good." I reveal, not really ready to change the subject. I feel eyes on us, and look up to find Roger watching our exchange. What's more, I realize Cora is staring right back at him, rather than looking at me. Suddenly I understand why she isn't more upset - I don't know what Roger did or said to her after we left, but he clearly worked his magic. "I think we made some progress. More importantly, we finally received a response from one of the human governments we reached out to last week - saying they were open to a meeting - so it seems like we might be gaining some traction."

"But didn't you reach out to a lot of human leaders?" Cora asks, genuinely intrigued. "Just one isn't a very good rate of return."

"One so far." I correct her, hoping that I'm right. Vanara is so far away and these matters so complicated that we always expected any response to take a great deal of time. The humans are undoubtedly gathering their entire parliaments to consider our offer, and political debates are rarely fast. "Besides, even if no one else responds, if we can bring one government on board, then they could become a link to others - vouch for us."

"That's great." Cora smiles, lighting up a bit. "What did the other Alphas think of that?"

"So far everyone but Kieran is playing their cards close to their chests - not that I blame them. Still, I think the camp visit did what we intended. Hearing about a crisis like this is nothing compared to seeing it with your own eyes." I want to tell her about the way some of these puffed-up alpha males had dissolved to tears in the nursery, but unfortunately they're all in hearing range. Instead I say, "Roger even showed them the video of the coast and offered to arrange a visit there as well."

Cora blinked, jerking her eyes back to Roger, "But surely that's not safe."

"We're deploying the first of the security drones tonight, and Dominic is pulling his continental spies and a few resistance forces back to the coast to shield the refugees - now it's obvious Damon knows their location." I reveal, "for now it's the best we can do, and so far Damon's focus isn't on us. He's too busy trying to remain in control of the territories he stole and from all appearances, it's not going well for him." 1

"I don't understand." Cora blinks, returning her gaze to me. "I thought the takeover was complete."

"That was before the secrecy pact broke. Now he's fighting the human armies and resistance forces have been springing up everywhere.

Apparently his initial success was short-lived. He's employed thousands of rogues which he cannot control, and the more shifters he targets, the more enemies he makes. We've even got some rogue-led militia's now."

"Really? But... why am I only just hearing about this?" Cora asked, looking slightly affronted.

"Don't worry, I'm in the same boat," I relate. "These bossy wolves aren't great about sharing information. We're all so busy with our own projects and tasks that it's easy to lose track." In truth, between planning the summit, my hypnosis, work with the refugees, bed rest and Sinclair's near death, I almost forgot about tracking events on the continent. It wasn't

until my mate filled me in that I realized just how much I'd been missing.

"Well I'm glad to hear it - are the delegations going to go to the coast?" Cora questions.

"It's not clear yet," I answer, which isn't entirely accurate. It was obvious the chickens hadn't wanted to take the risk, but I won't be saying that aloud either. "Anyway, we can talk more later, I just wanted to check on you."

"Wait," Cora catches my arm before I've even moved. She glances around at her neighbors to make sure they aren't paying attention. "Do you... I mean ... Ella, when all that happened - earlier you were kind of glowing." She whispers, "Did you realize?"

I purse my lips, "Later." This is the precise word Sinclair had used when Henry and Gabriel brought up the strange phenomenon - which I had been completely unaware of at the time. It wasn't until they mentioned it that I even knew it happened, and I don't know how I did it. Still, Sinclair hadn't wanted to discuss it in front of the delegations.

I return to my seat, and Sinclair promptly slides his arm around me. How is she? He asks through our bond.

Like you couldn't hear. I joke, arching my brow.

It's still polite to ask. He replies, nabbing my hand and bringing it to his lips. The dinner continues without incident, and eventually I tell Sinclair that I'm going to go up to our suite a bit early. Of course, this isn't what I actually want to do. Instead I head for Roger's rooms. He left dinner a little while ago, and I have the sneaking suspicion that he and I are on the same page. When he opens the door, he only smiles, "I had a feeling I might be seeing you."

I walk in without hesitation, "so what are we going to do to that fuck pig?"

"Well, whatever it is, it needs to be something Kieran can't tie back to us. As much as I want to teach him a lesson, if he knows why he's being punished, he might go after Cora." Roger replies, needing no further explanation. "We'll have to keep our distance."novelxo.com fast update

"What does he hate? Other than humans, I mean." I ask, though I realize my brother-in-law knows the wolf barely better than I do.

"Well, I imagine a hyper-masculine ass like that wouldn't appreciate being made to look like a little girl. We could turn all his clothing pink? We would only need to go down to the laundry and slip some dye into the wash." Roger suggests, a devious glint in his eye.

"Oh I like that." I agree. "But I don't want to get any of the castle servants in trouble, and I can tell he'd demand their heads on the platter." I pause, "In fact, I think that we need to keep this out of the palace entirely. If we humiliate him while he's here, it could undermine the summit and our alliance. It would be best if we can hit him on his home turf." I wrack my brains, and after a moment a lightbulb flicks on with a brilliant idea.

"What are you thinking?" Roger questions, easily reading my beaming grin.

"Well obviously the ignorant bastard needs some education and guidance on how not to be a world class prick. So I think we should start sending him some literature and self-help guides. They can be mailed directly to his own mansion in the Storm Forest capital, and we can even space out the deliveries so that it starts small, but over time it will build up into a

veritable library. It would certainly be easy enough to place the orders and conceal our identities so he doesn't know who's sending them." I explain, getting more and more excited about this idea by the minute. "We can even keep it on the theme of things that would completely emasculate the little weasel."

"I'm not sure I follow." Roger confesses, his brow crinkling in confusion.

"Well, just picture it," I instruct, fighting back the urge to giggle. "When Kieran returns home from his trip and starts going through the correspondence and packages that arrived while he was away, imagine how surprised and confused he'll be when he finds an advice book about living with a micro-penis; brochures about resisting the urge to cross-dress; and how-to-guides for fixing impotence." I paint the scene for us both, watching as Roger's face lights up with delight. "He'll try calling the companies which sent the books to find out who purchased them, only to find out that his own name is on the buyer accounts."

"He'll be baffled and angry, and of course he'll throw it all away - but the outrage will pass after a week or so. That's when the next set of packages will arrive." I continue, becoming more animated by the minute. "More self help books about overcoming the things he would consider most humiliating, in conjunction with supplies to help him improve. Adult bedwetting literature with boxes of diapers; books on how to pleasure your unsatisfied lover along with penis enhancement pills; feminization porn along with frilly dresses and sex toys.

"You're a bloody genius." Roger praises, laughing out loud. "And the best part is that you know he's not even going to be the one opening the boxes. His servants will deliver everything to him unwrapped. Before long rumors about his embarrassing problems will be all over the pack."

"Exactly." I giggle, more than a little proud of myself.

Just like that we're off to the races, beginning to make lists and search materials online. We make the final arrangements for the first shipment and agree to meet again, before I finally sneak back to my own room. I'm so pleased with our scheme, and I'm still smiling when I walk into the suite.

"Hello mate." Sinclair's deep voice sends me leaping into the air before the door can even close. "And just where have you been?"