

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 235

#Chapter 234 - Ella Shares her News

Sinclair

If I'd thought getting out of bed with my mate was difficult yesterday, it's nothing compared to the struggle facing me today. Now that Ella and I have decided to undergo another separation, my wolf is even more on edge than before. All night I slept with my precious mate wrapped so tightly in my arms she couldn't move an inch - a fact which became apparent when she pinched me awake in the middle of the night so that she could go pee. Of course, the moment she returned to my arms I wasted no time making love to her again, but it only appeased my wolf temporarily.

Now, as I watch her snuggle closer to me in the cool morning air, I wonder if I can truly go through with this. Right on cue, Ella opens her glorious gold eyes, and I fall into the bottomless pools. "Good morning." She murmurs, yawning and stretching before leaning in for a kiss. Her lips meet mine with familiar ease, but the taste of my delectable mate sets my wolf to howling, and fire sparks in my blood. It's further proof of what I already know - that no matter how much time passes or how often we come together, my passion for this she-wolf will never dim.

"I changed my mind." I rumble when we finally part. "I can't let you go, Ella."

My sweet mate sighs, frowning deeply as she caresses my muscular arm. "Dominic, we talked about this. It's for the best."

"How can it be for the best when we aren't together?" I posit stubbornly, not caring one bit that I sound like a lovesick pup.

"The same way it was for the best for us to divide and conquer when you went visiting the Vanaran territories and I stayed behind." Ella reminds me, kissing my shoulder and drawing my hand to her belly to feel our pup. Rafe is wide awake and alight with energy, though he clearly senses our tangled emotions. There's an edge of confusion and anxiety in his otherwise content consciousness, and I know the clever minx is directing my attention to this on purpose.

"Stop being so rational." I huff, letting my wolf take over. "What happened to the little hellion who made me feel like a murderer for leaving her behind?"

"She learned from her mistakes." Ella answers steadily. "I didn't understand then, I let my hurt feelings and anxiety blind me - but I know better now." A door opens in our bond, and she lets me feel the pain she's struggling to overcome herself - pain she kept hidden last night. I suspect she did so to prevent me using it as an excuse to stay together, but now she shares it to let me feel how she hates this every bit as much as I do.

"What about Rafe?" I demand, "you remember how angry he was with me when I finally returned? How abandoned he felt?"

"And he recovered, because you're a wonderful father and you showed him that you'll always be there for him - even when he doesn't want you to be." Ella counters in the same gentle tone. "Besides, I'll tell him every day that it's my fault and if he should be angry with anyone, it's me."

"No you won't." I reply sharply. "He can't be missing me and cross with you at once - it's too much stress."

"Alright." Ella agrees. "Then I'll tell him once we're back together so he can retroactively hate me... and we will be back together, Dominic. We're going to get through this."

"I don't want him to hate you." I grumble, running my hand over her tummy as Rafe rolls around inside of her, sending visible ripples over her taut skin. "I just want there to be some way for us to do it all: find your mother and fight this war, and have our pup without ever leaving each other's side."

"It was bound to happen eventually anyway." Ella reminds me, "I know you weren't going to take us with you into battle. You were going to leave us here in Vanara while you went off to save the world, weren't you?"

She's right, and the impossible creature knows it. Her beautiful face is the picture of innocence, but there's a knowing glint in her shining eyes that betrays her calculation. "I didn't think it would be this soon." I grumpily explain, nibbling her mating mark. "And it's one thing for you to be under lock and key with Gabriel, and another entirely to send you out into the unknown without me."

"I know, my love." She croons, running her fingers through my hair - soothing me against my will. I'm well aware that she's giving me a taste of my own medicine, and I have to admit it's rather infuriating. Clever mate, my wolf growls through our bond, though it's not clear whether it's intended as praise or complaint. Naughty, incorrigible little wolf.

Just think about how wonderful our reunion will be. Her wolf answers suggestively. We're not going to have any big scares this time. We're just going to run - or waddle, in my case - into each other's arms and ravish each other until we welcome our little angel.

That's assuming he doesn't arrive before you can find the answers we need, or before I have to go into battle. My wolf sulks. It's not as if we can control his arrival.

Dominic, I promise you that no matter what is happening or where I am, I will come to you before he arrives. Even if I have to turn around and leave immediately afterwards, I'm not going to let this child come into the world without you. A flash of fear seeps through our connection, and I understand that this possibility terrifies her even more than it terrifies me. I couldn't do it on my own, even if I wanted to.

You could. I tenderly chide, there is nothing you cannot do, Ella. You might not want to, but you'll get through it whether I'm there or not.

The point is that you will be there. She insists, because we're going to make sure of it.

I think we both know that this is wishful thinking - pretty words to give our wolves enough hope to go through with the separation. Children have a way of proving that even our best laid plans can and will go awry, and that's when all else is normal - which our lives are certainly not. Even so, these gentle pacifications are enough to calm my wolf, and a few hours later we're sharing our decision with our friends and family.

Dad, Roger, Cora, Gabriel, Isabel, James and Philippe are all gathered in our sitting room, expectantly anticipating an explanation for our mysterious summons. The day's summit events are about to kick off and I'm sure they all assume we're here to talk about that, so it comes as no small shock when Ella declares she's leaving Vanara next Friday.

"What do you mean, you're leaving?" Cora demands, nervously looking back and forth between us.

"Dominic and I have agreed that I need to find my mother, in order to understand the Goddess's plans and my own power." She explains soberly. "It wasn't an easy decision by any means, but the more time that passes, the clearer it becomes that I can't fulfill my destiny unless I discover the secrets of my past... and if anyone has those answers, it's Queen Reina."

"So you're just going to leave?" Isabel demands, surging to her feet. "Just like that?"

"No, not just like that." Ella sighs, "I don't want to go, especially not when everything is so tense. But I don't see another way."

"What about the refugees, the children?" Isabel snaps, cradling Sadie in her arms. "They need you!"

"They might miss me." Ella concedes, too modest for her own good. "But it's you they need, just like the refugees need Dominic and James." Isabel opens her mouth to argue more, but my mate cuts her off, "I'm not doing this for myself Isabel! If I had my way I wouldn't go anywhere, but the pack comes first - our future comes first." Isabel closes her mouth then, looking decidedly sullen as James pulls her down into his lap.

"What about the baby?" Dad inquires, "the doctor is still worried about your stress levels."

I growl in agreement, but Ella speaks over me. "I'm going to be more stressed and endangered if Damon wins because I didn't do this."

"Where exactly are we going?" Philippe asks, already knowing that he'll be guarding her on the expedition.

"I'm not sure yet." Ella confesses, looking towards my father. "Henry, I hoped you might have some insight into the Queen's whereabouts."

"I'll look into it." Dad agrees, watching me closely. I can feel him probing my emotions through our bond, and I let him feel my turmoil and resignation. His wolf purrs in my head, and I'm amazed at how effective this is no matter how old I get.

"I'm going with you." Cora suddenly announces, rising to her feet.

"I can't ask that of you." Ella replies with a sad smile, "you have your work and

"Ella, I'm coming with you." Cora repeats firmly, leaving no room for argument. "If you're going on a quest to find your mother, I'm not letting you do it alone."

Tears well in Ella's eyes, and she beams at her surrogate sister. "I'd love nothing more than to have you with me."

As the women melt into a hug, my own gaze swings to my brother. Roger is staring at Cora with an expression I know all too well - and he is not happy