

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 283: Zoom zoom

Sinclair

A crash sounds upstairs. The second one today. I groan and put my head in my hand, honestly not wanting to know.

“Dominic?” I hear my mate call, requesting my assistance. I press my eyes shut, ignoring her for just...just one minute. “Dominic!”

“Seriously,” Roger murmurs, looking towards the door. “What were you thinking, letting her put this insane plan into action?”

I drop my hand and glare at my brother. “Ask me that again when you’re mated,” I murmur, steeling myself as I head out of the room. Roger doesn’t say anything as I go, though I feel his eyes on me. I ignore it.

“Ella?” I call from the base of the stairs. The seat of her stairlift is at the top, so she must be up there.

“Dominic!” Her faint voice comes to me, sounding relieved. “Can you come help? I’m...stuck.” I sigh and pull myself up the stairs.

Three days. Three days she’s had her wheelchairs and her stairlift, and while I’m pleased to see her spirits raised, it’s been a nightmare for me. Three days of watching her zoom around, crashing into every thing I own. I’ve already imagined six thousand ways this could go wrong – Ella sliding off of the stairlift and tumbling down the stairs, Ella somehow miraculously managing to run herself over with the chair, Ella crashing through the banister and flying through the air like Evil Knievel... 1

And you’d think that I was kidding, or exaggerating, but...

As I get to the top of the stairs, I turn to see her wedged, somehow, behind a potted fern in the corner.

“How did you even...do this?” I ask, exasperated, as I walk over to her.

She gives me a bright, if embarrassed, little smile. “I don’t know,” she shrugs. “I just...went forward, and it was there...”

I sigh again – my three hundredth sigh of the day and lift the plant, freeing her. She zooms backwards in the wheelchair, grinding potting soil from the plant into my carpet as she goes. I sigh again. Three hundred and one.

“What are you even do-” I start, but she’s off already, waving to me as she heads down the hall towards our bedroom.

“Things to do!” she calls, waving over her shoulder. “Go back to work, I’ll catch up with you later!”

I shake my head, following her into the bedroom, eager to put a stop to this. “Ella,” I demand, striding in after her. “This has to stop – I’m going insane with worry –”

“What!” she exclaims, appalled, turning her chair in a little half circle so that she’s facing me. Why are you worried?”

I pause, staring at her, my mouth hanging open a little with my incredulity.

“What?” she demands, frowning her pouty little mouth at me. “Tell me!”

I shake my head. “Ella, in the past three days you’ve broken hundreds of dollars’ worth of ceramics alone –”

“Ceramics” she mutters, waving a flippant hand. “We can buy new pots who cares about that –

“Ella!” I insist and she snaps her gaze up at me. I groan again and wipe a hand down my face, trying to figure out how to say this. “Sweetheart, you know I love you...”

She cocks her head to the side, narrowing her eyes at me, sensing a “but” coming. I oblige her. But,” I continue, “baby, you’re the...you’re the worst wheelchair driver I’ve ever seen. I seriously don’t even know how you ever got a driver’s license, you are just so bad at

“What!” she screeches. “I am amazing at this! What are you talking about?!”

“Baby,” I plead, putting a hand on my heart. “Please, please believe me when I say this – and I love you – but you are awful at this –”

She laughs at me then and I can’t help but laugh with her. It’s so ridiculous. But I’m so grateful that she finally sees my point. Now I can convince her to give up –

“You’re just jealous,” she asserts, giving me a clever, wolfish grin.

My mouth drops open and I don’t even know what to say. Jealousy... has not even come into the equation. “Ella, seriously,” I begin, but she interrupts.

“Seriously!” she picks up. “If I were bad at this, could I do this?”

She spins her chair then in a quick circle that lifts one of the chair’s wheels off the ground. My stomach drops as I lurch forward, desperate to keep her from tipping over, but she just laughs at me as the chair rights itself, zooming out of my reach.

“Don’t do that!” I gasp, glaring at her.

“What!” she counters. “I’m fine- this chair can’t tip over, it’s built into the design

“If anyone can manage it,” I caution, “it’s you. Ella, please.”

“Dominic,” she sighs, shaking her head at me. “Don’t you think you’re being just a little overprotective? I mean, sure, I get stuck behind a potted plant or two.” She shrugs. “So what? I’m fine.” She gives me a bright, happy smile, and I have to say it goes to my heart. It’s good to see her cheerful and engaged again. That’s why I let this go on as long as I did, but honestly? It’s enough.

She thinks I didn’t notice, the past week or so, how miserable she’s been. She thinks she hid it from me to let me go on with my work. But I noticed – of course I did, I could smell her misery on her, could feel it in my very bones. But I could also feel her pride every morning when she sent me off to start my day. In many ways that was the one thing keeping her together – the idea that she was doing this for the baby, and was letting me go for our people. That her misery was, in some way, an act of service for a greater good.

So I went, spending as little time on my work as I in good conscience could, and otherwise spending my time curled up with her, my troublesome little rose–gold mate.

I shake my head a little as I stare at her now, as she smiles up at me. My sweet, clever girl. How do I do this? How do I help her find the balance between misery and keeping herself safe?

“For today, then, Ella,” I say calmly, putting out a hand towards her. “Enough chair for the day... my nerves are absolutely at their end. Please. For me. I’ll come to bed – we’ll watch a movie –”

She pretends to consider it for a moment, tapping her chin as I take a step closer to her, intending to pick her up and carry her to bed. But then, at the last second, a wicked gleam comes into her eyes.

“Nope!” she quips, flicking her fingers over the command board and zooming past me, right out of my grasp.

“Ella!” I cry, growling as I turn to watch her fly out of the room.

“If you want to stop me,” she calls over her shoulder, “you’ll have to catch me!”

Something in me, despite myself, lights up at this little taunt. A growl grows inside of me as I launch myself after her, out into the hallway and to the top of the stairs where she’s already seated herself on the stairlift, buckling herself in.

When she sees me coming for her Ella gives a little half scream, half cry of laughter and delight, pressing the button on her stairlift frantically to make it go faster. Luckily, as it was built for the elderly, it has one speed: glacial. I catch her with ease.

“Oh no you don’t,” I burst out, taking two steps down the stairs so that I’m even with her and pressing the emergency–stop button on the lift. Ella gives another little cry, laughing hard and beating her little fists playfully against me as I unbuckle her belt and lift her up into my arms.

Out of the corner of my eye I see Roger below, peaking out of the office and looking up at us like we’re crazy. But I ignore him, carrying my mate definitively into the bedroom and laying her down on the bed. When she’s settled I climb onto the bed as well, settling over her but holding myself up on my elbows and my knees, effectually using my body as a cage.

“Big brute Alpha,” she pouts, poking me in the chest and wiggling disconsolately into the blankets. “Not letting me have any fun.”

I can’t help it. Looking down at my gorgeous mate, pouting up at me with those full lips, her full breasts heaving, her rose–gold hair spilled out around her...I’m instantly hard.

“You can have fun,” I glower, lowering myself until my face is closer to hers, dragging my nose along the skin of her cheek and taking a deep breath of her incredible scent. “You just can’t reenact Grand Theft Auto in our house.”

“I’m good at it,” she whines, crossing her arms and pretending to be madder than she is.

“You’re terrible at it,” I murmur, mimicking her voice. “And you’re forbidden from using the chair again until I can get my dad over here to give you some lessons.”

“Forbidden?” she smirks, flicking her eyes over me, not failing to note the new hardness she feels pressed against her swollen stomach. “And what will you do to me if I... break the rules?”

“Punishment,” I snarl, bringing my mouth close to hers, “will be swift. And without mercy.” I lift one of my hands and slowly side it down the length of her body, stopping only when I have a full handful of her ass.

And suddenly, her mouth is pressed to mine, gasping, pulling me down to her. She pulls a moan from me and I fall to my side, ever–conscious of the baby and not wanting to crush him though all I want to do is flatten myself against her, pin her beneath me until she’s gasping with want for me.

Our kiss deepens and my mate pulls me against her, wrapping her legs around me and running the sharp edge of her teeth over my lips, wiping my mind of any thought but her – her naked, laid out before me – her soft lips wrapped around my cock – her –

“Sinclair,” she gasps, pulling her face back from mine, and I freeze as I see fear on her face. “I – I think we should stop

Panting, I pull back and take a minute to come back to reality. Suddenly, I’m horrified at myself for letting it go this far. I nod as well. “I’m – I’m sorry, sweetheart –”

“No,” she says, giving me a flash of a bright smile and shaking her head. “It’s okay – it’s wonderful – I just...” she bites her lip. “If we go any further, I don’t know if I’ll be able to stop. And the baby...”

I groan, rolling onto my back and covering my face with my hand, knowing that she’s right. Slowly, I nod my head, feeling guilty. God damn it, but she’s just so... I can’t help wanting to touch her, feel her – hell, wanting to bury myself deep inside her, if I’m being honest, whenever she’s around. Her body, her scent, her being all of it just sings to me.

Ella presses her body up against mine, nestling her head against my chest and heaving a sigh. I feel her relax, though, and work hard to even my breathing, forcing my muscles to ungrip. We stay that way for a few long moments, her tracing her fingers lightly over my stomach, me wishing despite myself, even though I wish I didn’t that she’d let that hand drift just a little lower...

“It’s going to be a long three months...” she murmurs, and I feel her shake her head slowly.

“Two and a half,” I breathe, the words coming from between my teeth. I drop my hand and raise myself to glare at her belly a little. “Two and a half, kid, okay? And then you’re out of there. And then I’m taking my mate back.”

Ella laughs, pressing a kiss to my chest as I rest my head back against the pillow.

Two and a half months, I think. That’s it.

And then all of my dreams would come true.