

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 308

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#Chapter **308** – Between a Brother and a Mate

Sinclair

I know it's a little perverse, but, as I look down at my furious little spitfire mate, glaring angrily between my brother and I who outweigh her by three or four times...

God damn it, but I get a little hard.

She's just so passionate, and when she's all worked up like this all I want to do is grab her, carry her upstairs and redirect that anger to-

"Ella," Roger sighs, looking down at his feet. "I'm – I don't know what to say."

"Damn right you don't," she growls, spinning on him and starting to advance on him again.

"Enough," I

groan, reaching for her arm – the one without the baby – and wrapping my hand firmly around it. She turns and looks up at me, a little snarl on her plump lips, but when she sees the coolness on my face and in

my eyes Ella hesitates, just a little. And then she huffs, relenting against her will, her expression reflecting the words she sends directly to my mind:

Fine. But you're going to pay for this later.

I smirk at her, letting her feel a little of my arousal down the bond. Oh baby, I say back, I'd

better.

I see her lips twitch with amusement, but not enough to quell her anger totally. She turns back to Roger then and I let go of her arm, trusting her to contain herself.

“I’m sorry, Roger,” she says stiffly, making him look up at her in surprise. “I meant what I said but...I understand it’s complicated. And this wasn’t the time or the place.”

Ella gives a little shrug then, clearly communicating that she’s sorry that she’s really not very sorry, but still ending the fight.

“Okay,” Roger says awkwardly. “Um,” my brother looks up at me, shame and regret in his eyes. “I think I’m going to go...”

“Stay,” I say, meaning

it, taking a step towards him. “Stay overnight, at least – we’ve got plenty of room –

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“No,” he says, giving us a little half-smile as he looks between us. “It’s all right – I’m not far, and all I really want to do is be in my own bed.” He gives a fake yawn, stretching his arms over

his head.

“All right,” I say, putting my hands in my pockets and studying him. “Thank you, brother, for everything.”

“Anytime,” he murmurs, coming forward to give me a hug and then dipping down to give **Ella** an awkward kiss on the cheek and to chuck baby Rafe under the chin. “See you guys around,”

he murmurs, clearly lost in his thoughts as he heads for the door.

Noticing that both of the godparents are gone now, the rest of our guests quickly get the message and

spend the next few minutes saying their goodbyes. I see the last few out the door as Ella takes the baby upstairs to lay him down.

I stand at the bottom of the staircase after everyone is gone, sighing and delaying going upstairs as long as possible. Because I know that the minute we get up there? We're going to have to have this fight.

Sighing, shaking my head, I start up the stairs.

She's ready for me when I come into the room.

"How could you not back me up on this, Dominic," Ella says, standing next to the baby's bassinet with her arms crossed.

"Ella," I say, leaning against the door frame and covering my eyes with my hand. "It's not that I don't back you up ((

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"But you didn't!" she insists, and I can hear in her voice that she's still furious. I sigh, tired, but I try not to let her see my frustration. She's entitled to her emotions on this point, and I don't want to invalidate how she feels. "You told me to stop," she continues, "you took his side!"

"No," I disagree softly, evenly. "I didn't take his side – I just asked you to stop, because we had other guests, and I didn't want to make Roger and Cora's business everyone's business."

"Is that what you're saying I was doing?" Ella asks, getting steamed again. She opens her mouth to say more, but I cross the room to her quickly. (1

"Ella," I say, placing my hands evenly on her shoulders and looking into her face. "Please. I know you're upset. But please, you know that's not what I meant. Right?"

She pauses a moment and I see her check herself. I can't help but smile at her, loving the ferocity with which she protects the people that she loves. I open this feeling to her down the bond, letting her see how I really feel, that I don't hold it against her.

Ella bends, then, a little bit, sighing and tripping forward to lean against me. I wrap my arms around my angry, hard-loving little mate, holding her close, curling my body around her protectively. As much as she loves and fights for those she loves, I'm there, right with her, protecting her just as fiercely.

"You know I've always got your back, Ella," I murmur, tucking my face against her hair.

"I know, Dominic," she sighs. "I just got...mad. I'm sorry I took it out on you."

"I can take it," I reply, smirking a little. "Plus, you're really sexy when you get all worked up like that."

"What!?" she replies, looking back at me with shock and a little bit of pleasure on her face.

Seriously?"

"Sure," I say, running a hand over her pretty rose-gold hair. "The sight of you taking on two Alphas like that, looking like you were ready to take us both out at the knees with a baby on your hip? Damn, girl." My last two words are a lusty snarl. "I'm going to be thinking of that look on your face for a loooong time."

Ella smiles at me and presses her body against mine, pulling me close and turning her face up towards me. "Okay, now tell me I was right. That's what will get me all worked up."

"You were right," I whisper, hoisting her up into my arms. She laughs and wraps her legs around my waist.

"Oh baby, say it again," she murmurs to me, her words a throaty whisper. But I just laugh and kiss her neck, running my lips down her shoulder and over the mating mark I left there not too long ago. I feel a little shiver travel through her as I run my tongue over it as well.

"How long to we have to wait?" she asks, her voice a little breathy.

“Doctor Hank said three weeks. Half the time as the wait after a human pregnancy.”

She sighs. “So, one more to go. But still, thank the goddess for this wolf biology. I don’t think we’d have made it to six.”

I shrug, smiling at my little mate and letting my hand rove over her ass. “We’d have found ways to be creative.”

“But I don’t want to be creative,” she whispers, smiling at me and nudging my nose with hers. “I just want you. Pure and simple.” 1

I kiss her again, slowly, deliberately not giving her all of myself. I don’t think that I could stand...well. Let’s just say, I don’t want to get myself all worked up, when I know I can’t get her all worked up as well. Then, I carry her over to the bed and sink down into it, laying down with her on top of me.