

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 330



#Chapter 330 – Missing

Sinclair

“Where is she,” Roger growls, pacing through our living room as Ella sit on the couch feeding –

Rafe, watching him anxiously. “I’ve been everywhere looking for her – at the clinic, at her apartment –”

“You must have just missed her, Roger,” Ella says, as worried as he us but wanting to calm him down. “She calls me every morning and night to fill me in. It sounds like she’s just super busy at –

the clinic it got very overwhelmed when she disappeared with us for a few days.”

“He’s keeping her there,” Roger murmurs suspiciously, his anxiety really doing a number on him.

“She broke up with him, and he pretended to accept it, but he’s keeping her trapped in the clinic so she’ll agree to give him another shot –”

“You know she’s not doing that, Roger,” I say, leaning against the fireplace mantle and taking a deep breath. Honestly, I don’t want to be in here handling my brother’s paranoia, but Ella sent me a little shout down the bond letting me know that she needed some help. He’s been worked up for days, of course, but really seems to be going off the deep end now. Not that I wouldn’t be too, honestly, if I was freshly mated to Ella and then she disappeared for five days.

“How do you know,” Roger snaps at me, his eyes flashing with rage.

“Because,” I reply, my wolf responding to the challenge in his voice by raising his hackles. “I know Cora. She wouldn’t do that. You have to trust her.” I stand up straight, my body language communicating to Roger that I can take him, and if he needs someone to pin him to the floor, that I’ll do it. After all, my mate and my infant child are in this room. If he flips out... their safety is my priority. Not his.

“He’s right, Roger,” Ella says, trying to keep her voice even. “Honestly, she sounds fine, she’s just really busy. She told me to... tell you she loves you.”

“But why won’t she pick up my calls?” Roger snaps, spinning on her. “why, when I go to the clinic to see her, is she conveniently not there? Why is she never in her apartment when she says she is!?”

Instinctually, I take a step forward, interposing my body between my mate and my mate and my brother.

“Oh back off, Dominic,” Roger growls, forcing himself to turn away and stalk to the window, looking for Cora, hoping she’ll magically appear in the driveway. “I’m not going to hurt anyone.”

“You’d better not,” I murmur, leaning back against the mantle.

“I’m going to take Rafe upstairs,” Ella sighs, nodding to the baby, who has finished eating. “See if I can get him down for a nap.”

I nod to her, watching her carry our little boy out of the room, my heart surging with love for them. When they’re gone, I turn my attention back to my brother.

“I need you to come back, Roger,” I say, my voice soft. “We need you here.”

“How,” he growls, digging his fingers into the windowsill and not turning towards me. “How can I concentrate on anything when she hasn’t talked to me for days. And I don’t even know what I did wrong.”

“Well,” I say after a long pause, considering. “Did you do anything wrong?”

“What?” Rodger spits, spinning on me.

“It’s just a question, Roger,” I say, shrugging and meeting his furious eyes. “Did you do something to make her question your mating?”

“NO, Dominic!” he shouts. “I didn’t do anything!”

“Well, then there’s your answer,” I reply with a little shrug. “If you didn’t do anything, then it’s all with her. And your only choice is to keep reaching out, and wait for her to come to you when she’s ready. There’s literally nothing you can do now except be patient.”

“You’re ridiculous,” he snarls, turning away from me again, desperate.

“You just don’t like the truth,” I reply, sighing. “Because my answer wasn’t ‘go rip the world apart until you find her, and then sling her over your shoulder so you can more easily carry her home.’”

“Well, yeah,” Roger replies, arrogant and angry. “Obviously that’s what I would do, if I even knew where she was.”

I laugh and move over to him, putting a hand on his shoulder that makes him jump a little bit.

But I don’t move away – I’m bigger than he is, anyway. I can take what he throws at me.

“Trust her, Roger,” I say quietly. “She’ll thank you for it, in the end, if you approach this with faith instead of suspicion. And in the meantime, let me distract you.”

“You just want me to work harder on this cult problem,” he sighs, closing his eyes and hanging his head, giving into my advice a little bit.

“Just think of it as a puzzle,” I say, slipping my arm around his shoulder and giving him a steadying little squeeze, “and when you finish it, your reward is that my son doesn’t get kidnapped! Isn’t that a great prize?”

“Fine,” he sighs, shaking his head and covering his eyes with his hand. “But you get maybe three hours of this,” he continues, “before I’m out there looking for her again.”

“Okay,” I reply, nodding and lying through my teeth. Because there’s no way I’m letting him prowl the streets looking for Cora when he’s like this. He’ll completely freak her out, and it sounds like she’s spooked already. So I turn him, my arm still around his shoulders, towards the door and we head to the office to sort through the evidence we’ve sorted through a thousand times.

We spend hours doing this, wearing ourselves out looking for loopholes that we haven’t explored before, calling our interrogative team together to better speculate about the possibilities, when suddenly, the front door to the house slams open.

Roger is instantly on his feet and moving towards the door, only one person clear on his mind

But I’m more wary, more aware of the possibilities and my muscles bunch as I sprint to get in front of him, pushing behind me as we reach the office door together so that I can get into the hall first, just in case it’s a threat –

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My eyes go dark as I see my reconnaissance team forcing their way in, a black-robed figure trapped in their arms with a sack over his head. I think several things at once, the first being that

they would never, ever come through the first door if they didn’t have to

And second, that they barely have a hold on him.

“Roger!” I shout, my voice deep with the Alpha’s command. “The door! NOW!”

He realizes instantly that it’s not Cora, but he responds ably, seeing the importance of the moment. Roger sprints past the struggling reconnaissance team to slam the door shut behind them while I stride forward, pushing one of my men aside and slipping behind the priest’s back,

wrapping an arm around his throat and cutting off his air so he can’t breathe.

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The priest, who cannot see anything at all, struggles hard against me and even though he’s a small man – he must have some magic working on his side to be able to resist me so well. Still, he’s no match for me, and I get one of his hands twisted up behind his back, yanking it so that he

screeches in pain.

“Enough,” I growl in his ear, yanking his arm again so that he whimpers, his arm almost qualms with breaking each one of your bones before I tear your limbs apart. Am I understood?”

The priest hesitates for a moment but, luckily for him, realizes that he’s been beat. Quickly, he nods. As he does, I nod to the team to let them know I’ve got him. “Ropes, cuffs,” I command, “tasers.” Most of them scatter to gather the supplies I order to interrogate our prisoner as I move forward, pushing the man towards the office where we’ve gathered our intel. Honestly, the basement would be more convenient, but until we have him contained...

“Dominic,” Roger says, coming to my side as we enter the office and then pulling up a chair so that I can sink the priest into it when the team comes back, “Let me take charge on this.”

“Can you do it?” I demand, my voice harsh. “Is your head in the right place?”

My brother looks at me steadily and then nods once. “I need this,” he says and I nod as well, consenting. Honestly, it’s probably better – I’m too close to this, my emotions might get the better of me –

There’s a fair chance I’m going to snap this priest’s neck from rage if I’m in charge, so Roger...he really is the right choice, now.

Luckily, before I can act on it, the team floods the room with supplies and together we get the priest into the chair. He struggles again as my team strap him down but I punch him, hard, across the face behind his hood, warning him without words to stop struggling. He cries out in shock and pain, but we’ve got him now, his arms and legs securely strapped to the chair.

Dominic? Ella’s voice asks, quavering, through our bond. I heard something – what’s going on? Is everything okay?

Stay upstairs, Ella, I command, sending her a feeling of reassurance as well to let her know that I’m okay, Roger’s okay. We’ve got a priest. We’re going to ask him a few questions. I’ll tell you everything – just, stay upstairs. Where it’s safe.

Ella sends me a little pulse of compliance, tinged with fear, and I turn my concentration back to the priest just as Roger whips the hood from the priest’s head, revealing the face of my enemy.