

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 332

Chapter 332 – Red in Tooth and Claw

Ella

"NO!" I scream, but the word is transferred instantly to a roar as I transition into my wolf, my

but I barely bones and body shifting in a flash. It hurts – less than it did the first time, of course – notice it because I shake myself out of my captor's hands and am halfway across the room at once, leaping for the man who holds Rafe, my jaws gaping. He goes a little pale, taking a step

backwards and putting out a hand towards me to stop me –

But that hand, it disappears into my mouth. And I snap my teeth down.

The man's scream pierces my sensitive ears as my teeth meet together around his wrist, as I wrench my head to the side, tossing his torn hand aside, savoring the taste of his blood in my mouth. He screams again as he looks at the bloody stump I've left behind, as I prowl another step

forward –

But suddenly, I feel a great blow against my shoulder that sends me staggering sideways

And then, almost at the same instant, I hear what sounds like an explosion behind me – I don't

turn to it, my eyes fixed on the man who holds my son in his arms – but I know, through the bond,

through some other wolf instinct, that it is Sinclair.

I don't take my eyes off the man who holds Rafe, instead finding my feet and beginning to prowl

slowly forward towards him again. He backs up, step by step, looking over my shoulders at his

colleagues as they die. I can see the progress of the battle in his expression, in the fear that comes

into his eyes, in the blood that drains from his face as he realizes that he's not getting out of this.

room. That he's going to die here, but not until he watches all of his friends die first.

I hear the ripping sounds my mate makes in his gigantic wolf form, the screams of the masked

men as he takes them down, his snarls and his roars, the rending sound of flesh. And each blow

rings through me like a song as I bare my teeth at the man holding my child, as I stare him down.

It doesn't take long for Sinclair to finish. I didn't think it would.

—

It seems only moments later though surely it was minutes – before I feel a warm human hand

on my scruff, gentle fingers digging deep into my fur until they reach my skin. I'm not scared. I

know who it is. The only other man left alive in this room is my mate, and only he would I let

touch me like that.

"It's all right, Ella," Sinclair says, a growl still resonating in his voice, the fury still pulsing

time to look up at him, at my mate, covered in our enemies' blood. Something soars in me at the sight of him like that – my warrior mate with his barbarian soul.

Our

eyes meet for just a moment, and then he sees the determination in me and nods once.

Then, Sinclair turns back to the man holding my crying child. "Give him to me," he demands, just once. The man does so,

immediately, blood dripping from his trembling arm, knowing that his cause is lost – perhaps looking for some clemency if he obliges us now.

Sinclair takes Rafe safely in his gigantic arms and turns away from the man, from me, walking away from us, shushing our child and bobbing him lightly in his arms.

And then, it's just me, and this man, and my murderous rage.

I prowl another step forward.

The man raises his hands towards me, palms out. "Please," he whispers.

But it's a waste of breath.

I coil my limbs and leap for him, my paws hitting him in the chest first and slamming him back

into the wall moments before I sink my teeth into his neck, ripping out his throat.

The man falls gurgling to the floor with me on top of him, growling down into his face as the life.

leaves his eyes.

And then, when it's done, I turn back to my mate, who stands in the middle of a room covered in

bodies and gore, his mouth curved up on one side into a proud smile.

I shift, then, back into my human body, standing up, the man's blood still covering the bottom

half of my face and running down my neck. And then, with perfect control, I cross the room and

let my mate wrap me in his arms as I stare down at my child, who cries his little scared heart out.

And I relish every scream that echoes in my ears.

Because if I can hear him, it means that he's still here, he's still mine.

And I've done my job. I've kept him safe.

Sinclair

I turn, a little, taking Ella and Rafe with me as Roger bursts into the room, followed by a few

to command them to stay with the priest – to make sure that we kept him, as I delt with whatever was happening up here.

Then, once the priest was secure, they were to come and help.

"Oh my god," Roger says, his eyes going wide as he looks at the blood all over our bedroom – on

all the bedding, all the walls, even the ceiling – and at the bodies scattered almost creatively on

every surface. "What the – how did you –"

"They came for Rafe," Ella explains, and I look down at her, a little surprised at the cool calm with

which she replies to my brother. This is the woman who cried when she saw Rafe's first teddy

bear who once told me that she won't eat chocolate Easter bunnies because it feels too cruel to

bite their ears off. But there is a level of ferocity in my little rose-gold mate that I think many –

including my brother – forget about her.

I smirk down at her, pleased and proud. She has certainly reminded everyone of that today.

"We killed them," Ella says, her arms wrapped around my waist, giving a cool little shrug.

"You....sure did," Roger says, still looking around with wide eyes. But then, his surprise fading,

Roger looks back at me with a grave expression. "Sinclair..." he hesitates.

—

"What?" I ask, my body tensing. I feel Ella go tense beside me as well as she gives half her

attention to Roger, the other half to Rafe, who she takes from my arms, resting her back against

me and allowing me to wrap my arms around both of them.

"The priest..." he says, shaking his head.

"He escaped?" I growl, suddenly filled with rage.

"No," Roger says, his eyes going wide again. "Well, I mean – yes – but Sinclair, he disappeared.

Just vanished."

—

"Fuck," I snarl, whipping my head to the side and staring into space for a moment, trying to

—

decide our next move. Somehow, all of this was tied either the priest allowed himself to be

taken here to coincide with the attempt to kidnap on our child to distract us, or the kidnapping

attempt was the distraction – a sacrifice so that the priest could go free –

—

Or, something else entirely –

—

But damn it, we just didn't have enough information. And as was made clear today, the cult is

beginning to make its moves. And we are simply not ready for them.