

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 343



#Chapter 343 – Bunker Life

Ella

Sinclair

Sinclair and I wake up late the next morning and frankly I'm grateful that everyone let us sleep in. We had to get up to feed Rafe, of course, but even with that? It's the most sleep I've gotten in a long time.

"Morning," I murmur, turning over to Sinclair and slinging a leg up over his hip, feeling just... ridiculously relaxed for someone who fought off a pack of kidnappers in her bedroom yesterday.

Sinclair doesn't say anything, just growls a hungry little greeting and pulls my naked body closer to his, rolling over me a little so that I can feel the delicious weight of him on top of me as he kisses my neck, my shoulder, and then my mouth. "We're skipping breakfast," he murmurs, sliding his hand leisurely down the length of my body, "I have different idea for how we can spend

the time

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"Nooooo," I moan in protest, my stomach audibly growling in support. "I need foood!"

Sinclair laughs and pulls away from me then. "Am I not sustenance enough for you?" he asks

pretending to be offended. "Here," he says, offering his arm, bulging with muscles, "take a bite. It

will keep you going."

I bare my teeth and lean forward towards it, making my mate laugh, but then I just press a quick kiss to the arm and push him away, reaching for the baby who is starting to fuss in his cradle at

the sound of our voices.

"As delicious as you are," I call over my shoulder to Sinclair as I lean down to scoop Rafe into my arms, "the baby and I need pancakes."

"Then pancakes you shall have," Sinclair murmurs, yawning and crossing to the little metal

bathroom door in the corner of the room. "But I hope that you are aware that these will be bunker

pancakes," he adds, twisting the nob and pushing his way through, "by which I mean plain toast."

I laugh, nodding to indicate that that's fine by me, and then I spend a few sweet minutes alone

with my son, talking softly to him while I feed him his own breakfast, taking my time looking

over, admiring his little face and his thick thatch of black hair, mussed from sleep.

I sigh a little, thinking that this will surely be a busy, complicated day. But with sweet starts like

this...how can it end badly?

Sinclair

A little later in the morning we gather in the conference room at the end of the bunker's long

impassive as I look around at the men who we have brought with us, but honestly I'm proud of them. Many worked through the night to develop our reconnaissance, to make a plan.

A little pang of guilt runs through me as I realize that they were working, losing sleep, while I was relaxing and...well, doing a bit more than relaxing with my mate. But...

Well, I'm the boss. I built this system, I put in the hours in my younger years to get to where I am. I am allowed to indulge, a little, in some of the privileges of being in charge – even if my constant instinct is to work, and to push, and to keep going. Ella and Rafe need my attention as well, just as much as my business and political life. And, considering what Roger and Cora went through yesterday, they needed me last night too.

"You're doing fine, Dominic," my father murmurs to me as he rolls up to my side, his voice quiet enough that no one is likely to hear.

"What?" I ask, surprised.

My dad gives me a little smirk, just for a moment, before placing some paperwork on the table and beginning to sort through it. "You think I can't read the emotions on your face, even when you

work to keep it clear? I'm your father, boy. We still have a bond, even if it's changed with time."

I smile, then, and clasp a hand on my father's shoulder, grateful for him. Roger comes over to us and gives us a sharp little nod, which we both return, and then I laugh a little bit as I realize how

much of our bodily movements we all have in common. My dad laughs a little too.

"What?" Roger asks, a little out of the loop, but I shake my head at him a little to let him know

he's not missing anything big and he just shrugs it off, leaning in front of me to look at the plans

that dad came up with last night.

Roger stands up straight, though, when Cora and Ella come through the door, saying warm

greetings to everyone they encounter, Ella showing off the baby to anyone who wants to come

greet him and Cora handing out little cups of coffee that they thoughtfully made.

"Uh—oh," Roger says, his eyes wide as he looks at the girls.

"What?" I ask, looking between Roger and our mates, trying to figure out the problem.

"Dominic," Roger says, his voice tight, "do you not see the issue here?" he gestures towards them.

Frowning, a little disturbed that I don't, I shake my head.

"Dom," Roger sighs, scrubbing his hand down his face swiftly in a mix of worry and frustration.

I'm going to forgive you for this, since you've been a little...hypnotized by Ella since the moment

she walked into your life —"

"Wha-l!" I start, but Roger gives me a significant look and I shut my mouth, frowning and crossing

my arms over my chest but letting him continue.

"Seriously, Dom," he continues, speaking quickly, "Ella's amazing, and I love her, but you let her get away with things that you wouldn't let anyone get away with

"She's usually right!" I protest, but he continues speaking, cutting me off.

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"She is and I'm not calling your judgement into doubt – but I have had the privilege of getting to know both Ella and Cora without being in love with one of them from the jump —"

I raise my eyebrow at Roger, but he ignores me.

"And," Roger continues, "I thus am more aware of what they can do when they combine their powers. You have a sweet spot for Ella, you think she's funny and now Cora's got me all wrapped

up

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I smirk, and look over at the two girls, realizing that he's right.

"And," I continue, speaking his thoughts for him, "with the two of us under their thumbs? If they want to, they're going to control this meeting."

"Yah," Roger replies, sighing and folding his arms as he turns to watch both of them, as I'm currently doing.

"Shit," I murmur, shaking my head."

Ella turns to me by chance now, catching both of us looking at her, and her face bursts into a wicked little grin before she replaces it with a sweet smile and blows me a kiss, taking a paper cup of coffee off of Cora's tray and handing it to another one of our men.

"Oh no," Roger moans, seeing Ella's changing expression. "They've become aware of their power – they know —"

"Shiiiiit," I murmur again, shaking my head even harder now.

"This is why," Roger snaps, turning to frown at me, "we never should have gotten involved with

—

sisters what the hell were we thinking – we should have mated with two women who are

mortal enemies so that they can never team up against us —"

"You're right," I agree, sighing. "But it's too late now. Unless you want to give yours up," I quip, turning to grin at him.

"Not on your life," Roger murmurs, smirking. "I got the hot one."

"Whatever," I laugh, knowing he's wrong but happy to let him think that he's right. That's the way one should love their mate—believing them incomparable. I'm glad he sees Cora like that, the same way I see Ella.

Ready to begin, I clap my hands, loudly, calling the group to order. As everyone shuffles around to take their places at the table, I'm grateful that Roger has made me newly aware that Ella and

say in the plans. Indeed, they take two diminutive seats from us as far away as possible, Rafe bundled warmly in Ella's arms. But I note, as I see them sit, that even though the seats they choose are at the end of the group, those seats could also be considered the head of the table.

And they are not going to like, at all, the direction in which we're heading.

I grin a little, preparing for a fight.