

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 431

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#Chapter 431- Plans in Motion

Ella

“So you two,” Cora says, flicking her gaze between Roger and Sinclair, ” you’re all right now? After fifteen minutes, it’s all cleared up?”

Sinclair shrugs. “We kept it pretty cut and dry. He’s on probation.”

“No, I’m not,” Roger murmurs, dismissive, shaking his head to Cora.

“He is,” Sinclair growls. Roger just leans down, pretending to whisper in Cora’s ear but speaking loud enough for all of us to hear,

“probation doesn’t mean anything. But it made him happy to slap a word on the lack of consequences.”

Cora laughs, her face turned up to her mate, and I bite my lip to stifle my own giggle, wanting to be loyal to Sinclair, who just sighs behind me.

“Either way,” Sinclair says, moving on.

“Congratulations, Cora,” he says, his focus on her now and his voice sincere. “I’m very happy for you – for both of you. It’s a big event.”

“Thank you, Dominic,” Cora says, smiling at him softly and turning her head to the side, clearly touched. I beam at my sister as

well. It’s not that I’ve let her off the hook for keeping the baby name a secret when I want to know so terribly badly – but? Well. I’ll

bug her about it later.

“We are sorry though,” Cora says, reaching up to take Roger’s hand. “I know that...the wedding meant a lot to you, and that it

was going to do good things for the nation. But...”

she bites her lip, hesitating, and I can tell that she feels selfish. I open my

mouth to protest against this but she continues before I can start. “But – I needed it to be like this, to be personal. I hope that you’ll forgive me.”

“There’s nothing to forgive, Cora,” Sinclair murmurs, smiling at her warmly. “I completely understand you’ve done nothing wrong.”

And quite suddenly, something comes to me. “Cora,” I say, turning my head to the side and leaning forward. “Does.. anyone else

know? About your mark, or your little personal ceremony, besides us four?”

She frowns at me, confused. “Well, no,” she says quietly. “I mean, neither of us really have social media or anything -”

“Or any friends,” Roger murmurs, a little chagrined, which makes me laugh. They don’t need friends, they have us!

“Well then,” I say, a big smile breaking out on my face. “Would you consider...doing it anyway?”

“What?” Cora asks, confused.

“Well, if no one knows,” I say, my smile growing – because this could work! “Why not just have the wedding/ mating ceremony publicly, like we thought of before?”

“Oh!” she says, surprised, and then she starts to laugh, I think a little inspired by the idea. But then she realizes that she already has her mating mark and her fingers go to it, brushing it

“We could get makeup artists to cover it up,” I suggest with a little shrug. “I’m sure they can do it – they do magical things in the movies.”

“Um,” Cora says, looking up at Roger, who just gives her a simple shrug, clearly communicating that it’s her choice. And then she

grins, turning back to me. “Really?” she says, “You think it would work? And – and it would help you?” “It really would, Cora,” Sinclair says warmly behind me. “I think it’s precisely the message we want to send to both our people and some of our honored guests: that humans are equals in our eyes, that they’re part of our family. But, if you’d rather not – if you’d rather just keep the memory of it to the beach, because it’s special to you “No,” she says, interrupting with a huge smile on her face. “No, I want to do it – I think...it will be fun!” “I’m going to mark this side this time,” Roger murmurs, drawing a finger down the opposite side of her throat and shoulder. “See if I like how it looks any better...” She scowls and swats his hand away. “Enough of you,” she murmurs, though I know she doesn’t mean it. Cora hasn’t had nearly enough of Roger, and I doubt she ever will. I hug my baby close and grin at both of them, so incredibly excited for their life together. And to throw them a wedding! Time moves quickly once the four of us have made our plans, and my days and weeks quickly fill with tasks. I wake up early

earlier than Sinclair, even to take care of the baby and begin to make my plans. He scolds me for it every morning, telling me I need my sleep or that I should wake him up to help but every morning I brush him off.

Because I feel the same way about him and I'm happy he gets to sleep an extra hour while I take care of things. He needs it.

Sinclair is busier than he's ever been. He reminds me, in some ways, of the cold, brooding, discerning business man I met at the

beginning of all of this. In some ways I lost track of that man I fell in love with in all of our odd adventures in Vanara, and in the bunker, and in the RV, and everywhere else.

But now, as our life comes back together to resemble what it looked like before? Steady days, routines, living in our own home

(even if it is a palace now)? I see flashes of him come back. And it's not that he's lost the sides of him that he's shown to me

over the past months but...well, he's just more complex now, isn't he?

And, if at all possible, I love him even more than I ever have.

Sinclair made his formal claim for the throne a few days ago, and no one contested it. Now all that's left is for the governors to

ratify the claim, and the packs to demonstrate their support by paying fealty at the coronation. It's all gone smoothly, as Sinclair predicted it would, and so we've moved forward with the plans. Delegations from all the neighboring countries are set to begin arriving in our beautiful Moon Valley over the course of the next few days.

Of course, I'm most excited about the delegation from Vanara including King Gabriel – but I'm also very curious to meet our other neighbors.

But the thing I'm most worried about predictably is that the Atalaxians have indeed signaled their intent to attend, and they're bringing a large delegation.

I do my best to spend a little time every day with Sarah and Jessica, usually in the evenings, bringing Rafe with me to chat and play. They're thriving now, and I think that they're happy and excited about the future that they're building for themselves but...

Well, I haven't had the heart to tell them that Xander is in Atalaxia, and that they're sending a delegation. It's not that I'm keeping it from them – if they asked, I'd tell them in a minute, of course. But they're safe here, and moving forward, and I don't want

Sarah to have to worry about the past unless she absolutely has to.

So, I keep putting it off, and she keeps not asking so...we're at a happy little stalemate, I suppose.

"What do you think the Atalaxians be like?" I ask Sinclair one night, laying naked with my belly pressed to his, a little sweaty and still catching my breath after our evening activities.

"Really, Ella?" he murmurs, tracing a lazy hand down my back. "I do my best work, and you want to ask about the Atalaxian delegation?"

I giggle a little and rest my chin on his chest, looking up at him. "If you wanted to keep me from asking complicated questions,

Dominic, you shouldn't have gone and become King, making me a Queen. Should have just stayed a businessman and lived in our old house, kept me locked away in the bedroom as your happy little mate – "

He growls, sliding his hands down my body to grip two firm handfuls of my ass. "Don't tempt me, trouble," he murmurs, and I bite

my lip as I feel warmth pool at my core, again. "But you're right," he sighs, using his grip on me to pull me upwards so that my

face is even with his, so that I can dip my head and press teasing kisses to his mouth. “You’re a Queen now, and these are good questions.”

“So?” I murmur, each of my kisses getting longer and longer. I can’t help it. “What do you think?”

“I think they’ll be strict,” he says, giving me a healthy smack on the ass to illustrate his point, making me flinch and then laugh.

“And?”

“And distant. They’ll want to seem neutral on everything, even though they’re decidedly not.”

“The women too?” I ask, curious, dropping my head further to trail kisses down the length of his jaw as Sinclair’s hands idly explore my body.

“They won’t bring any women,” he murmurs, which makes me sit up in surprise.

“What?” I ask, a little shocked. Sinclair opens his eyes, a little hazy with desire, and blinks up at me.

“This isn’t new news, Ella – the Atalaxians don’t understand women as equal citizens. They won’t see them as useful participants in a party of ambassadors.”

“But even...their wives? Their daughters?”

He sighs, raising a hand to my face and stroking gently at my cheek. ”

Their wives and daughters are those they will seek to protect most. And by protect, yes, I mean isolate. They wouldn't even think of bringing their women out of their homes, let alone allowing them to see the rest of the world."

My mouth drops open in horror and surprise.

"I know, darling," he says, shaking his head as he looks up at me. "It's horrible. But...it's their nation and their customs. We have no control over it."

I sigh then, laying back down on top of my mate and resting my head against his warm chest. "This is going to be difficult for me, Dominic," I murmur.

"I know, sweetheart," he sighs, wrapping his arms tight around me, letting me know that he understands and takes my side. "For me as well. We'll get through it together."

I nod, understanding, believing him but suddenly my earlier jokes about being happily locked away in his bedroom aren't as funny as they were before.

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#Chapter 432- Arrival of Old Friends

Ella

Cora comes early the day that the festivities begin – if they can be called that. Because while the atmosphere is supposed to be festive, I know that simmering beneath it is a great deal of political tension that my mate is hoping goes just precisely right.

I throw my arms around my sister the moment I open the door to my bedroom, letting her in. “Thank you thank you thank you!” I

cry out, the words all mushing together as one.

“Whoa!” Cora says, catching me and laughing, giving me a hug in return. ” It’s fine, Ella – honestly, where else would I be on a day like this?”

“I don’t know, sleeping?” I say, looking at her with wide eyes. “Its 4 am!”

“True,” she says, giving a little shrug and grinning at me. But then she slips a hand to her belly. “Not like I wasn’t up anyway,

though.”

“What?” I gasp, tugging her into the room. Cora is about two full months pregnant now, which isn’t much according to a human pregnancy, but if this is a wolf pregnancy? Then she’s probably just getting into her second trimester. But...is this her second trimester? With a hybrid baby...

She laughs at me, watching me try to do the math in my head as I stare down at her belly, which is juuuust barely starting to swell.

Which is so, so cute

“Yeah,” she says, giving a little shrug. “The morning sickness is starting to hit hard. I got away with it in my first trimester but,” she sighs. “It mostly hits at night for me too. So, I was already up.”

“Poor sister,” I murmur, looking up into her face and meaning every word of it. I reach for her then, wanting to put a hand on her cheek, but she laughs and pushes it away, which makes me laugh as well. Cora isn’t one for coddling or pity.

“What can I get you?” I ask, the smile returning to my face. “I’ve heard ginger tea does good things?”

“Distraction,” she says, nodding firmly. “That will be the best.”

“Well distraction I’ve got,” I say, grabbing her hand and leading her towards my gigantic closet.

She gasps a little when she steps inside because even though it’s 4 am? It’s already chaos – clothes and supplies everywhere.

Even a little cart with coffee, tea, and breakfast snacks.

“Oh, hey, Cora,” Sinclair says, turning and grinning at her as he stands at the mirror, tying his tie for the fourth time. He wants to get it absolutely, perfectly correct. “Thanks for coming early. We’ve got a long day. Did Roger come too?”

“No,” she sighs, sitting down in the poufy arm chair next to Rafe’s littleplay pen, smiling down at him and patting his head to say

hello. “He is lazy, and wanted more sleep. He says he’ll be here at the more reasonable hour of seven.”

“That’s too late,” Sinclair murmurs, shaking his head and reaching for his phone. “I need him here by six...”

“Good luck,” Cora murmurs, accepting the little cup of tea that I hand her.

“It’ll be fine,” I say with a sigh. “Boys are lucky – they have so much less to do on mornings like this. Just throw on a suit! Run a hand through your hair! Gorgeous, ready to go!”

“Oh, come on, Ella,” Cora laughs, sipping at her tea, grinning when she detects that I’ve given her something with ginger in it anyway. “Like it’s so hard for you to get gorgeous.” “She has a point!” Sinclair calls out, tossing his phone back onto a side table after he finishes texting Roger and turning back to his tie.

“Oh, you both flatter,” I murmur, giving them both a pleased little glare and flapping my hands at them. “But we’ve got appointments, Cora – hair, nails, the works. It’s going to be a lot.”

“I’m kind of looking forward to it,” she says, giving me a smile. “I haven’t been pampered like this in a long time. Plus, the outfits you’ve picked out for me for this weekend...” she whistles, impressed. “They’re stunning.”

“Well, you’re the bride,” I say, turning and giving her a grin. “You’re supposed to steal the show.”

“On Sunday,” she says, rolling her eyes, “I’m supposed to steal the show. But tonight? And then the coronation tomorrow? That’s supposed to be all you, Ella.”

“Or him!” I say, pointing to the man who is going to be you know crowned King.

“All eyes will be on you, my Queen,” Sinclair says, coming my side and tugging me close, pressing a kiss to my cheek. I smile when I note that his tie is indeed perfect. “Or,” Sinclair continues, considering and turning to the baby. “On Rafe.”

“He is very cute,” I say, likewise turning my eyes to the baby, who burbles in the playpen, swatting at some toys hanging above him.

Cora laughs at us, taking a sip of her tea. “Guys, he’s very cute, but...you’re looking at him with parents’ eyes. I’m sure people will be much more focused on the two of you.”

“Not when they see his outfits,” I say, bursting into a smile. And I dash over to the little dresser where we keep Rafe’s things, but before I can pull anything out another knock comes at the door to the room.

“Your first appointment,” Sinclair murmurs, moving away from me to answer the door. “Ready?”

“As we’ll ever be!” I sigh, turning to give Cora a wink. “Let’s get started.”

“Gabriel!” I laugh, throwing my arms around the King of Vanara as soon as he mounts the four short steps up to the dais on which Sinclair and I stand, greeting each of the delegations as they arrive.

He laughs, catching me in his arms and giving me a warm, lingering hug.

“Ella,” he murmurs, his voice low and pleased. “It is such a joy to see you we were all so worried when you left. It is a joy to see you again, healthy and happy.”

“And the baby!” I say, laughing and pulling away, reaching to take Rafe from Cora’s arms in a hurry so my son can meet the King who was so kind to me during such a large part of my pregnancy. Cora smiles, handing him over willingly, Roger at her side likewise looking eagerly at the Vanaran delegation, which holds so many familiar faces. Henry declined to attend this part of the ceremony, citing long hours and boredom, though he’ll be at the dinner tonight.

“Oh my goodness,” Gabriel says, laughing and taking Rafe from my hands and cradling him in his arms, staring down at him with true joy. Then he laughs, lifting his head to Sinclair at my side, his eyes crinkling with pleasure at the edges. “Well,” he says, reaching for my mate and giving him a warm hug around the shoulders. “No need to guess who this child’s father is. He’s the image of you, Dom.”

“Ah, he’s got some of his mother in there,” Sinclair says, returning his old friend’s warm hug.

“Lies,” I sigh, reaching to take the baby back and snuggling him close to me. “He’s all Dominic, and it’s taking its toll on my poor

arms,” I murmur, hefting Rafe up. Everyone laughs at my joke, because they can see it’s plainly true Rafe is a big baby for his nearly- four-month age; he’s already wearing six-month clothes, sometimes eight.

But he’s also adorable, so I forgive him.

Rafe’s tired, I know, but he’s being so good. And frankly, I want him here by my side through all of this. Not everyone in this room is our friend, and I can’t bear the thought of leaving him alone even with any of the nannies who we’ve hired even though I’ve gotten very close with several of them. I started out as a nanny, after all they’re some of the people in my new life who I’ve grown closest to.

Gabriel and Sinclair move slightly to the side, exchanging more warm greetings and giving me a chance to greet several of our old friends, including James, Isabel, and sweet Sadie, who have been separated for at least a month while James went back to

Vanara to serve as our ambassador while Isabel and Sadie stayed here so that Isabel could work with me on the camps. We've made incredible progress, which has been a delight to me, but we've also got quite a bit of work still to do.

I grin when I see Thomas as well, the King's rather discreet boyfriend, towards the back of the delegation. I give him a happy wave, which he returns with a little bow, and I make a mental note to get to know him much more on this trip than I did the last one.

Our time with the Vanarans goes far too fast but there's a literal line of people waiting to come and greet us, so we only have

about three minutes with each to greet them and make plans and promises to meet up again soon.

Still, it breaks my heart to only be able to spend moments with the people who mean so much to me

I find myself a little

overwhelmed when they begin to move away, waving and calling their goodbyes.

I'm still waving, Rafe clutched to my side, when I feel Cora step up next to me. I can feel her tension already.

“What is it?” I ask, the smile falling from my face as I look over at my sweet sister. She looks amazing, dressed in a lavender

gown with a little cape draped formally over her shoulders. I’m wearing something similar, but all in white, which makes my rosegold hair shine out like a beacon.

But Cora, even though she’s beautiful, is clearly worried. Serious, she raises her chin at the delegation that’s coming next and I

turn towards them, surprised to see each of the members dressed in serious black clothing, standing in four straight lines of five

people each. They look more like a military formation than a delegation of ambassadors.

And I note suddenly that they’re...all men.

“Are you ready for this?” Cora asks, quiet. I shift Rafe to my other side and reach out to grab her hand. “I guess we have to be.”

Then, Cora and I take a deep breath, moving forward to greet the Atalaxians.

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Chapter 433

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#Chapter 433 – The Delegation Ella

Sinclair steps close to my other side so that Rafe is between us. My hand still holds Cora's on my left as Roger steps to her side.

Together, I realize, we present quite a united front: the Alpha King and his demigoddess Queen standing with their much-coveted child and heir. And then, next us, the Duke and Duchess, likewise a brilliant alpha and a magical goddess-born half -human hybrid wolf.

I find myself smirking a little at the thought of all of our magnificent formal titles when I know the truth: that we're honestly just four people desperately grateful that we've been lucky enough to find each other and build a family. But still, facing this delegation? I'm a little glad that we've got some intimidating credentials to speak for us. Brave little mate,

Sinclair says to me down the bond, making my smirk deepen. I'm glad you're letting them see that you're not scared of them.

Oh, I'm scared of them, I pass back, not bothering to look up at him for support. But you're right. There's no reason for them to see it.

He gives me a warm nudge of support as the first line of five Atalaxians step forward and give a bow. The man at the far left of the line steps forward then, beginning to speak. He introduces himself first – the first and most significant member – and then moves on to each new delegate, who bows his heads to us each in turn.

I turn my head a little as this formal introduction progresses, because this is ...odd. I understand that this reception has a rather official quality, but each of the greetings we've given to each delegation before this has been warm and chatty, with people introducing themselves warmly or greeting Sinclair and I as old friends, if they know us.

The Atalaxians? They don't say a word, instead letting their singular speaker do all the work.

Still, I do my best to follow along as Rafe begins to fuss in my arms, not liking something – I don't know what, though. I hold him

higher, tighter against me, trying to pass a little calmness down our bond so that he can relax, maybe fall asleep. The baby responds to this, resting his head against my chest a little and settling.

The speaker finishes introducing the first line of delegates, which includes the predictable ambassadors and senators who have been sent to witness the coronation and have discussions about the future connections between our two nations.

However, when the first row clears, moving away and revealing the second row, I'm surprised to hear the speaker introduce a

Prince, which makes my eyes raise. Why had he not been included in the first row? Wouldn't he be the highest-ranking delegate?

I study the Prince as he steps forward and gives his bow, though I admit that I do not catch his name, which I kick myself for. I'm a Queen now or about to be. I should be paying attention.

When he raises from his bow I find myself a bit struck by him, if I'm being honest. He's about my age, and tall, with dark hair and a handsome face with eyes such a light blue-violet that they surprise me in his dark-featured face. While he's broad shouldered, he's a great deal slimmer than my own mate, though the power than emanates from him.

I blink, again surprised. He is...not someone to be trifled with. I don't know how I know it, but I do – I'm absolutely sure of it. The prince nods steadily to Sinclair, looking serious but perhaps even a little bored, like he's done this a thousand times. And then turns his eyes to me, but when our eyes meet he goes a bit rigid in the shoulders.

My eyes go wide, surprised at his reaction as he stands straight, staring at me for a long moment. Sinclair reacts instantly, a subtle growl building in his chest as he takes just one step forward.

The Prince comes back to himself in a second, his eyes flicking to Sinclair before he regains his bored composure, nodding to me, and then to Cora, and then to Roger before stepping back in line.

Surprised, confused, I look up at my mate, whose shoulders are stiff with displeasure.

What...what on earth just happened?

That line of delegates is dismissed and Rafe starts to fuss again in my arms, unhappy.

I begin to coo to him, upset that he's upset.

Honestly, my sweet baby hardly ever cries, instead letting us know what he needs

through little taps and pulses down the bond to which we respond as quickly as we can. It's honestly the best part of being a wolf mother – and an aspect of it I never really considered until Rafe came along.

I look up at Sinclair, worried. "I think I have to take him out," I murmur, glancing down at the baby.

A moment, my mate replies, mind-to-mind, though he reaches out a hand behind me to settle on my back. I need us all here, for

this delegation at least. If he cries, he cries. And I nod, understanding and turning back to the crowd.

The third line of Atalaxian delegates disappears, and the fourth moves forward. I watch passively as they each step forward and

nod to us. I nod in turn, though I admit that my attention is decidedly focused on my son, who cries in earnest now, unhappy. I

hold him tight, bouncing him in my arms, worried and wanting him to feel better.

I send a little curious pulse down the line, which has worked before sometimes he passes me an emotion, or has even given me

a brief impression of the thing he wants –

But today, nothing. He's just upset. My eyes are totally focused on the baby, ignoring the final members of the delegation in my

maternal concern for my son, when suddenly the speaker's words catch my immediate attention.

"Our final delegate," the speaker says, "is Duke Xander of Moon Valley, who has been given honorary citizenship in Atalaxia for his services as advisor to the King."

My eyes flash up, going wide as they focus on my uncle, the man who tried to steal my son.

Inside me my gift flares hot with rage, channeling something from Cora's that speaks to heat, and burning, and destruction –

She grabs my arm, sensing it, and I can feel her own fear in her grip, but something about it works – she holds me back from

reacting at all, giving me a moment to reel myself back in. It was the right choice, I see, as Sinclair immediately steps forward for both of us, glaring down at the Duke.

"You should have asked," he growls, violence in every line of him now, and I can feel him holding himself back from murdering

Xander this instant, "about whether this man was welcome upon our nation's soil. Because he is not.

This man is a war criminal,

and wanted for several crimes in Moon Valley –

including the attempted kidnapping of our Prince."

Sinclair takes another step forward, clearly ready to either tear Xander to pieces or take him into custody – I honestly don't know which –

Xander an old, wrinkled man with cruelty in every line of his face – just smirks up at Sinclair, not moving an inch.

But the Atalaxian speaker – a high- ranking senator himself – steps forward then, interceding. “Alpha Sinclair,” he says, his word

heavy with the acknowledgement that my mate is not yet King, “Duke Xander is a protected member of our delegation an

Ambassador. If you harm him or take him into custody, it will be considered an act of war.”

Sinclair's growl deepens as he turns violent eyes on the senator now. “And did you think it would not be war already, when you brought him as a member of your delegation? After, surely, you know all he has done to us, to our family?”

“We had hoped,” the senator drawls, a smug look coming to his face, “that you'd be more reasonable than that, Alpha.”

Rage continues to burn hot within me as I stare at the old man before me who looks fixedly at the baby in my arms, and doesn't bother – not even once to raise his eyes to me.

Rafe wails with displeasure, perhaps feeling my rage and my fear, perhaps... god, I don't know, perhaps sensing some malevolence from this man as well- Cora's hand tightens on my arm and I nod slightly, just once, letting her know that I'm not going to do anything stupid. I feel her hand hesitate, and then loosen, just a little bit. Sinclair, to my surprise, takes a step back. I snap my gaze up to him because honestly, I was looking forward to seeing this man's blood on his claws. But then I remember, of course, that he is a King now or at least, close enough. And damn it, it will be war if we kill Xander now. I settle uncomfortable under the realization that part of the responsibilities of rule mean measuring our vengeance against what is good for our nation. And so I send Sinclair a little pulse of support as he steps back, even though my wolf scrabbles and claws in me to be let loose, to be allowed to rip his throat out. Sinclair doesn't check his glare, or his growl, as Xander steps back into line with the rest of the Atalaxian ranks. And I know that

hatred radiates from all of us as the delegation as a whole moves away. I keep my eyes on them, every step.

And I note that the only one who looks back is the violet-eyed prince.

Who looks directly at me.

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Chapter 434

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#Chapter 434- Catharsis Ella

I barely have time to close the door before Sinclair slams me against it, but I don't feel an ounce of pain, No, because I need this just as badly as he does – and I want him, hard, now Sinclair grabs me low behind my thighs, yanking me up and wrapping my legs around his waist. Eager, already panting, I shove

at the fabric of my skirts, getting it out of the way as he moves one hand between us, fumbling at the button of his pants before shoving them down and freeing himself.

Then he returns his hand to me, a single deft move tearing the delicate fabric of my panties, tossing them to the ground-

Sinclair groans, fierce and feral, as he drives his hard, thick cock deep into me in a single powerful thrust. The moan that rips from my own throat matches his. Because I want him – need him as badly as he does me at this moment, after that horrible surprise.

We spent two more hours in that hall holding back our emotions, greeting delegations, doing our best playing happy King and Queen while all along our emotions were roiling inside

And I could feel it, the whole time, our rage, and our panic, and our desire to end that horrible man and to destroy every single one of the damned Atalaxians, who clearly planned this

We passed the emotions back and forth between ourselves down the bond, unable to help it, until we reached this fever pitch.

When it finished – when we were all done greeting delegations – we both know that we needed this – this, and only this, to work out our rage and our frustration somewhere – on each other

Roger and Cora had walked away with us and Cora had been confused when I hastily passed the baby to her – because of course, of course she assumed that the last thing I would want with Xander in the palace is to be away from Rafe for a single moment

But Roger had taken her arm, and tugged her away with him for a moment, letting Sinclair and I hurry ahead, because he could tell that we needed space.

Space for this, to tear each other apart and find each other again always have as we

My back curves with want, with need, my hips pulsing along with each of Sinclair's steady, long trusts into me. He doesn't hold himself back for a single second, wrapping his fist into the hair at the back of my neck, pulling my head back and exposing my throat. As he pounds himself into me, venting his pent-up rage, I moan my encouragement to him, telling him to give me more, to go harder.

My mate, ever willing, complies, slamming himself into me again and again. I'm as eager as he is, panting, and when my body begins to come to its crest, as I begin to spill over and over, my whole body clenching against him, holding him tight, Sinclair roars, low and deep. And then he lowers his face to my throat and sinks his fangs deep into my mating mark, sending me again into a deep wave of pleasure that makes me moan and shake around him. He finds his own end then, spilling himself into me, so thick and heavy, warm and rich that the sensation makes me moan again as I cling to him, panting, the echoes of my completion running through me again and again. I'm still pressed up against the door with Sinclair leaning hard against me a few moments later when my eyes finally flutter open as I come back to myself. We're both still panting, hard, and I bury my hands in my mate's hair, forcing my breaths to deepen, to come back to myself. When he feels my breathing change, Sinclair shakes his head a little and pulls it back, looking up into my face. "Ella," he says, shaking his head, his voice thick.

“No,” I murmur, sensing the apology on his tongue. I stare into his face, nodding to him, making him see it. “I needed it too. I

wanted it, Dominic. Just like that.”

He murmurs something unintelligible to me, pulling away from the door and carrying me with him to a nearby chair that he sinks into, taking me with him to settle into his lap. His shoulders still shake, just a little, with the aftershock of everything.

We stay like that for a long few moments before he shakes his head again, clearing it, and looks back up at me, more himself now than he was a few minutes ago when we entered the room.

“Are you all right?” he asks, and then his eyes dip to my neck and shoulder, to the blood there. “Shit...” he murmurs.

I laugh a little and close my eyes for a second, placing a hand over my mark. There’s a flare of lavender behind my eyes, but a moment later when I pull my hand away the wound is gone. “I’m fine,” I say, smiling at him. “Goddess-born, remember? And like I said – I needed it too.”

He looks towards the door to the rest of our suite then, worried. “We should get to Rafe – ”

“A minute,” I murmur, turning his face back to me.
“Dominic – I know why I needed that. It...it gives me a great deal of comfort, to pass control over to you, to let you take charge of me, and take care of me. But – how are you? Is it enough? Do you feel...are you all right?”

My mate takes a moment to let a growl rumble in his chest, letting me know how deep his pleasure in me is. ” Ella,” he murmurs, pulling me deeper into his lap so that he can lower his face over mine, nudging me with his nose. ” You are my entire comfort in this world. But yes I was...so angry, and frustrated, and wanted to –

“To kill them all?” I murmur, smiling a little.

“Yes,” he growls before pressing a long and lingering kiss to my mouth. “I shouldn’t have let them get me so riled. But they played their cards precisely right.”

“Well,” I murmur, wiggling against him suggestively, and eliciting a low growl from my mate that makes pleasure streak through me again, ” anytime you need to take that ferocious energy out and avoid creating an international incident...you know where to find me.”

His growl deepens as he runs a hand down my body from shoulder to ass, dipping his head to press a kiss to my neck, and then my chest.

“You joke, Ella,” he murmurs, “but... you have no idea how much you steady me. Because that – I mean, some people might not understand, might think I was just taking out my anger on you, but -”

“No,” I say, serious, placing my hands on his cheeks and turning his face up to me. “I understand, Dominic. I feel...precisely the same. I want to be that for you, as you are for me.”

He kisses me then, a different kind of claiming than the one against the door a moment ago, but still just as powerful. Sinclair

and I – our physical connection has always been more than just sex. It has always allowed us to come together, to be each other’s refuge.

Today was just...a vivid example of that fact.

A little knock comes at the far door.

“Cora,” I sigh, and then my mate gives a little grumble of assent as I stand up and move towards the door, scooping up my ruined panties on the way and tossing them in a trashcan as my mate, behind me, does up his pants.

Then, I pull open the door to see my wide-eyed sister standing with her mate, who smirks knowingly. Rafe, still unhappy, cries in Cora's arms.

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Chapter 435

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“Ohhh, Rafey,” I murmur, reaching for my baby boy as Cora and Roger come into the room. “I’m so sorry, mommy and daddy just needed a minute.”

“Yeah,” Roger says, his smirk deepening. “To talk.” I shrug a little and return his smirk, refusing to let him embarrass me as I

carry my baby over to his little changing table and gather the supplies I use when I feed him.

“What happened out there,” Cora says, a little breathless as she presses the door shut and looks around at us, wide-eyed. “I

mean – is that...okay? For them to just bring a criminal and an enemy back into the nation?”

“It’s not precisely legal,” Sinclair sighs, waving the group of us forward towards our little living room once I’ve got all my supplies gathered. “But it is complicated, and a very... targeted message that they’re giving to us. That they’re on Xander’s side in this, agreeing with his policies and his lineage, not mine.”

Together, we troop into the living room and I settle onto the couch as I begin to feed the baby, hoping that he gets as much comfort as I will from the familiar routine.

“Are you two all right?” Roger asks, looking between me and Sinclair, who settles on the arm of the couch behind me.

“We’re fine,” my mate growls, and Roger smirks a little but nods as he sits in an armchair across from us. Cora looks a little confused, but shrugs, giving up trying to figure it out and sitting in Roger’s lap, clearly wanting to be close. He wraps his arms around her waist, pulling her back against him.

“All right,” Roger says. “Then what’s our plan on how to retaliate?”

“Unfortunately,” Sinclair sighs, “they’ve played their cards well, bringing Xander here on a diplomatic mission. Because I have to be...perfectly diplomatic this entire weekend, or else I risk not being crowned.”

“Really?” I ask, surprised as I look up at him. “It’s that precarious?”

“These are a King’s duties,” he says, giving a little shrug. “If at the first trial of diplomacy – no matter how large the trial – I rip someone’s throat out? I’d say it’s enough to give any nay-sayers a strong argument for why I should not be the one to lead this nation.”

I sigh, shaking my head and looking down at Rafe, my sweet boy. “So. We have to tolerate him.”

* “I’ll send a message to the Atalaxians that Xander is not welcome at any of the more informal events,” Sinclair murmurs. “But yes, when they gather as a delegation en masse? There’s nothing I can do to prevent him, unless I do want to risk sparking war.

Not unless he crosses a line himself.”

“Well?” Roger says, tilting his head a little, curious. “Can we...provoke him into doing that?”

“Do we want to?” I ask, grimacing a little. “I mean, obviously I don’t know him, but this is a man devious enough to plan to get me pregnant and then steal the child. I don’t think he’s someone we’re going to trick into a faux pau that we can use to kick him out of the palace.”

“Ella’s right,” Sinclair murmurs behind me, and I look up to see him shaking his head and crossing his arms over his broad, muscled chest. Something stirs in me again as I look at him, and Sinclair glances at me, the start of a smile down his lips as he senses my arousal, either through my scent or down the bond

I just shrug a little. I can’t help it. He laughs a little.

“What is with you two,” Cora murmurs, still confused and looking between us.

Roger just laughs and tugs her closer. “Don’t worry about it, Cora,” he murmurs, kissing her neck. “I’ll explain it all to you later.”

She sighs, still confused, but gives in.

“It’s unlikely that the Atalaxians are going to do anything to truly provoke war – this was just their gambit, their way of letting us know where they stand.

If we can just...get through the weekend without killing him, they should go away and give us more time to develop a better strategy for getting Xander back and ensuring that he sees justice.”

“Do you think they’ll let him go?” I ask, curious.

“I don’t think that Xander actually means anything special to the Atalaxians,” my mate replies, looking seriously down at me. “I’m

securely in power now, and everyone knows that Rafe is my son and heir. If he tries to claim the throne through Rafe..." Sinclair shrugs, implying that it's not going to go well, internationally.

I smile at Sinclair, glad to see that my clear-thinking mate has returned, pleased to have been able to play a part in that. And I, too, feel so much clearer now after our little...interlude.

"So, he's a bargaining chip," Roger says, nodding, understanding. "They know we want him. Now they want to see what they can get."

"Well," Cora says, sitting up a bit straighter, her strategic mind at work. I smile at her, thinking that Cora has probably the best mind for these sorts of games of all of us – except, perhaps, for Henry, who I suddenly wish was here. Cora could have been a champion poker player, I think, had she not picked medicine.

"I think," Cora continues, "that our best move then is to demonstrate to them that their bargaining chip is actually of very little value to us."

“And perhaps,” Roger chimes in, nodding his agreement, “keeping an eye on him to see if he does make a misstep.”

“And if he does,” Sinclair growls, a sound of vengeance that makes me smile, “we take him.”

I take a deep, contented breath now, smiling around at my family and down at my baby.

“It’s a good plan,” I murmur, nodding my agreement.
“

Now..we just have to put it into action.”

Our little family meeting is unfortunately short-lived.

We spend a few more minutes coming up with the details of a plan, but then the knocks start to come at the door – hairdressers

and housekeepers, stylists and party planners.

Everyone we’ve asked to come and help us get ready for the evening –

Because that formal greeting? That was just the start of the day.

We’ve got dinner and the afterparty to contend with, which I’m sure will present its own challenges.

We all change – Cora and I into more formal gowns, Roger, Sinclair and Rafe into tuxedos. I squeal with delight as I dress Rafe

in his, even though he sleeps through most of it. But he just looks so cute that I can’t stop staring at him.

Cora laughs, coming to my side and looking down at my little sleeping baby. "Is it going to be all right to take him with us?" she

murmurs. "Does he need more sleep?"

"He's getting used to being a busy royal baby that naps on the go," I sigh, lifting him up into my arms."

Besides, Conner is

coming," I say with a grin, "to be Rafe's bodyguard again. And Rafe's used to sleeping in his arms after all these weeks at the

camps."

"True," Cora says, giving a little laugh. "I bet Conner never thought he'd have that title – Royal body guard' slash traveling crib."

I laugh along with her, pleased that the mood has changed so much in the two hours since we left the hall where we greeted all

of the delegations. But I feel bolstered now, ready for whatever comes next. And as Sinclair comes to my side, I can see that he, too, is steady.

"Ready for dinner?" my mate asks, running a hand down the back of my sparkling silver gown.

"Ready for war, you mean?" I ask, grinning in reply.

Sinclair laughs, dipping his head to kiss me once and giving me a nod. "Come on, private," he growls, giving me a light smack on

the a*s. "Time to move out."

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