

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 441

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Chapter 441- A King, A Queen Ella

The aids go pale as they see me hurry back to the door, their eyes going wide. This is not protocol

“Ella!” Cora gasps, her eyes moving quickly over me as she bounces Rafe in her arms, trying to calm him.

“What are you doing!?”

“He wants me, Cora,” I breathe, hurrying to her side and reaching for my baby. Cora doesn’t hesitate, handing him over to me, even though she rolls her eyes.

“He’s going to be fine!”

“Well, he is now!” I say, already turning back to the door, my baby beginning to calm, though his face is still red and a few tears stand out on his cheeks.

The aids wave to me frantically and I nod to them, mouthing my apologies as I again head through the door and hurry towards the aisle.

The crowd, which had gone quiet in their confusion, suddenly bursts into the loudest cheer yet, a great deal of laughter and joy in

their noise now. I laugh along with them as I head down the aisle, shrugging my apology and hoping that they understand.

Because as much as I'd love to be their dignified queen?

I'm always going to be a mother first.

There's a huge smile on my face as the crowd cheers for Rafe and I, as I coo to him and wipe the tears from his face, as I see

him look around at everyone in wonder and surprise. He's not scared anymore not with me holding him.

Someone in the crowd

shouts his name and I swear he turns when he hears it, making me laugh.

And then when I'm about halfway down the long aisle – I finally glance towards the throne and see my mate standing at the end

of the aisle, waiting for us. And my smile deepens as a thrill runs through me from head to foot to see him there, waiting for me. I

swear, my feet start to move faster of their own volition, eager to carry me to his side.

And – even though I didn't mean for them to see it – the crowd loves it, and cheers harder. I laugh at this too, reaching out a

hand for Sinclair when I come to the end of the aisle and climb the three short steps up to him.

“I’m sorry,” I say, still laughing as he takes my hand and pulls me to his side. “I tried to be dignified – it didn’t work

“It’s all right, trouble,” he murmurs, kissing my hair. “This was better. It was you.”

I almost purr with happiness then, pressing my face briefly to his chest and letting him hug me before taking a deep breath and standing straight at his side. Because he’s right – as much as I thought the people of this nation wanted me to be their dignified queen...

Well. They’ll just have to make do with regular old me.

And maybe that’s all they really want anyway.

I’m smiling, warm and happy, as I watch my sister and her mate come down the aisle, walking slowly behind Henry, who really

does manage to look strong and dignified as he makes his way towards us. When he reaches the end Henry makes a short

detour up the little ramp that we had built for him as Cora and Roger come up to stand at our side – Cora next to me, and Roger

next to his brother, presenting a united front.

The next bits go as fast as the previous meeting was slow.

The mayor of our fine city – a human – comes forward along with the head of the largest pack – a wolf – to together perform the ceremony. Sinclair and I turn towards them and he goes to one knee, reciting an oath to dedicating his life to protecting this nation and its people.

I smile, watching him make his vow, especially the words that we had changed, which promise explicitly to protect and serve both wolf and human kind together. One that is done the mayor hands Sinclair a scepter that marks his sovereignty, and then the pack leader comes forward to reverently place a crown on his head, declaring him King.

When Sinclair stands, the crowd roars their approval. He faces them all and looks around smiling, nodding deeply to let them know that he accepts his new position with the gravity that it is due. The cheer goes on for a long time and I send Sinclair a little pulse of joy. He turns to me then, taking my hand and beaming his own happiness at me.

It takes a few moments, but when the crowd dies down Sinclair turns towards the throne, accepting from one of the aids another crown from atop a blue velvet pillow.

I find my face settling into serious lines now as I see it, finally, in his hands.

Because while I've joked about wanting to wear this crown and it really is very pretty – I'm well aware that it's not a piece of

costume jewelry to be played with. That it is, instead, a very real promise that I'm making to the people of this nation to care for

them, and protect them, and fight for them.

And I intend to live the rest of my life making that promise come true. I tilt my chin up to my love, my mate, holding his gaze as

he lifts the crown above my head with both of his hands.

"I crown you, Ella Sinclair," he says, his voice booming through the room. "As my mate and my Queen. You are my whole heart,

my conscience, my peace, and my will. You are the greatest joy of my life and the best gift I can give to my people is to have you

by my side. Do you accept?"

Slowly, I lower my head and bend my knees, just a little, impulsively pressing a hand again to my heart that I hope shows how

much his words have meant to me. And then, as I

bow to my King, my mate, and before my people

I feel the crown come to rest on my rose-gold hair.

And the crowd cheers again.

I stand, beaming out at all of the people who shout my name, a few tears coming to my eyes as I realize that their support is

genuine – that maybe... maybe they're starting to see how much I love them, and love me back.

Overwhelmed, I wrap an arm around my mate's waist, leaning into him.

"A little more, trouble," he murmurs into my ear, and I look up at him, surprised. Because whenever we've practiced this before

that was the end of it. Just a little procession back down the aisle and then the party

"What?" I ask.

"A surprise," he murmurs, and then his face bursts into a grin as he turns away from me. I follow the direction in which he

reaches, turning backwards to see-

And I gasp when I see another velvet pillow, and on top of it-

A teeny tiny golden crown, just a little precious circlet unadorned by any jewels, just big enough for a baby's head-

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Chapter 442

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Chapter 442 – A Prince

Ella

I can't help it, not at all. I burst immediately into tears. The crowd, when they realize what's going on and when I think they see my over-emotional reaction to it – begin to again shout their approval. Sinclair laughs when he sees me crying, shaking his head at me as he returns to my side with the little crown in his hands.

"Well, if you didn't want me to cry!" I say, stamping my foot lightly, "you should have told me!"

"Nah," Sinclair says, smiling at me, his voice soft but somehow still audible over the cheers of the crowd.

"This is way better. It was worth it to see your face."

"Okay well," I say in a rush, wiping hastily at my cheeks before raising Rafe a little so that he's sitting straight up in my arms, looking up at his father with a happy smile. "Get on with it! I want to see how he looks!"

Sinclair laughs at me, shaking his head, and the crowd quiets, eager to hear what their King will say. "Rafe Sinclair," my mate says, looking seriously at his son. But Rafe frowns and waves his hands at him, confused by the seriousness of his voice, which makes Sinclair instantly laugh and have to start over.

The crowd laughs along with us, pleased, I think, to see their serious King look so human, to see how much he loves his son.

"Rafe Sinclair," my mate tries again, his voice lighter this time, and Rafe lets out a little squeal of joy that threatens to make me cry again. Sinclair grins, leaning over a little. "I crown you as my Prince and my heir, to ascend to this throne when it is your time to rule. I promise to raise you to understand this responsibility, to grow to be a good man, and to deserve it."

And then, when I think my heart will burst with love, Sinclair gently places the little crown on Rafe's tiny head.

I watch eagerly to see what Rafe will do and then I burst into laughter when he reaches his pudgy hands up touching it experimentally, trying to get a grip on it so he can pull it off.

But I move his little hand away and the crowd again bursts into cheers, charmed – I know – by their little Prince, who deserves every moment of their adoration.

I step close to Sinclair, turning my head up to him, and he bends a little and kisses me, warm and real and true. I lose myself to the kiss, loving him so much I can hardly bear it, and I have no idea, really, if the crowd cheers to see us because I'm lost in him.

The next thing I know Sinclair has his arm wrapped around my shoulders, and he's leading me back down the aisle, and we're waving to our people.

Before I know it, we have left all the people behind, and we're back in the private little room at the front of the great hall, and

Henry and Cora and Roger come in smiling and laughing behind us.

But I have no eyes for them – instead, I can only look up at my mate, my Alpha, my King, my love for him shining and beaming down our bond.

"I love you, little Queen," he murmurs, an arm around my waist pulling me close, Rafe snuggled between us. Sinclair uses his other hand to tilt my chin up towards him. "You look just as good in that crown as I thought you would."

“Wait till you see me later,” I murmur, feeling a mischievous.

“Later?” he asks, quirking an eyebrow at me.

“I believe,” I say quietly, wanting to keep it between us, “that I promised to show you what I look like in nothing but this crown.”

A growl reverberates in his chest, and my King lowers his head, and he kisses me. And I stand on my toes and kiss him right back.

The party that night is a big one. The guest list isn’t completely open the majority of our citizens are celebrating out on the street

– but there are certainly hundreds of people here.

Everyone from each of the foreign delegations were invited to celebrate with us, along with many of our most honored citizens.

I admit that I’m nearly overwhelmed by all of the guests and the attention. Sinclair and I spend hours turning to each new person

who comes forward to greet us, to congratulate us, to shake our hands and tell us about their excitement for the future of the

nation. I do my best to give each of them my full attention and to match their enthusiasm.

The result, of course, is that after three hours of the party I’m totally exhausted. But the ballroom is still packed with people, and

our job isn't nearly done, so I squeeze Sinclair's hand, and kiss Rafe's head, and turn to the next person who claims our attention.

"Hey!" A familiar voice shouts, and my face bursts into a grin as I turn to see little Benny from the human refugee camp rushing towards me at the head of about five children, some of whom I recognize from the same place.

"Hey, Ben!" I say, not needing to force my enthusiasm this time as I crouch down and open an arm to welcome him into a hug.

"I'm so glad you could come!"

I sent an invitation to the children's home about a week ago encouraging some caretakers and children to attend, but I hadn't received any word back. I look over Benny's head and smile warmly at the other children and at the caretakers who brought them, who each give me a shy wave.

"I didn't know you were a Queen," Benny says, frowning up at my crown after he pulls back from my hug.

"Well, that makes sense," I say, wrinkling my nose at him. "Considering I just became one today."

"I thought you had to be born a Queen," Benny replies, turning his head and studying my crown curiously. Then he turns to look

at Rafe, who is dozing a little, his own little crown still perched on his head. "Like him."

"Well," I say, considering. "I guess it happens all sorts of ways."

"So, can I become a king?" Benny asks, curious.

"Is someone already trying to take my job?" Sinclair asks, coming up behind me, and I laugh, looking up at him.

"I think you've got some stiff competition," I reply, and then I stand up, gesturing towards Benny and the other children,

introducing them to their King, who graciously leans down and shakes each of the orphans' little hands.

Afterwards, we greet the caretakers warmly, telling them how much we appreciate their work.

"I know that Ella intends to be more deeply involved in the future," Sinclair says, smiling at me. "If you'll allow her to."

"Oh, we'd welcome the help," one of the caretakers says.

"Then I'll come visit," I say with a big smile. But Sinclair squeezes my hand, letting me know that while he recognizes that I could spend all night with these important guests, we have more to see. So I sigh and crouch down again, telling the children about the

huge table of deserts in the next room that they're welcome to raid to their hearts' content.

Thrilled, the children rush off.

"We'll have some more desert sent home," I say to one of the caretakers as she passes, touching her arm on her way. "A whole truck load – enough for all of the children. Would that be all right?"

She nods, thanking me, and then moves on.

"You like them," Sinclair murmurs in my ear. "You like that little boy most of all."

"Yes," I sigh, glancing up at him. "Am I so obvious with my favorites?"

"Only to me," he whispers, giving me a kiss on the forehead as we both turn to look at our next guest. But when we see who it is, all of the joy leeches from both of us.

Because standing there, in front of us, ready to congratulate us on the happiest day of our lives, is my uncle Xander.

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Chapter 443- A Private Chat

Ella

My face falls into stern, cold lines as I see my uncle step forward. He was invited to this party, of course, as part of the delegation

– but honestly, after our stern message to the Atalaxians about how he was not welcome, I'm surprised that he was willing to attend.

I look up at Sinclair and follow his hard gaze towards his security team, which nods to him, assuring him that they fully vetted

Xander, ensuring that he held no weapons or means of hurting us.

And considering that my mate is a weapon himself and could tear this man to pieces as easily as breathing, I suppose that

there's nothing to worry about either way. Still, I tighten my arms around my child and feel Sinclair bristle behind me, his hackles rising.

Inside me, my wolf has her teeth fully bared, snapping, eager to sink her teeth into this terrible man.

I don't bother to calm her. Her rage is justified.

Perhaps sensing the effect he has on us, Xander smiles a little smugly and steps forward just one step, giving us a deep bow.

“Your highnesses,” he says, his voice clear and precise. “I come to offer you my congratulations on your ascension to the throne and the naming of your heir. It is...quite an accomplishment.”

“Not without its obstacles, of course,” Sinclair says, a bit through his teeth. ” But yes, it is a wonderful day – though one darkened

by your presence. I’ll ask you to leave now, Xander. You are not welcome here, despite the protection of the Atalaxian

government. If you refuse, I’ll have you removed.”

“I’ll go,” he says, straightening, his eyes going immediately to Rafe in my arms. “I merely wanted a chance to see the child I

arranged to bring into the world. He is...as handsome a specimen as I hoped he would be.”

“But no desire to see me, or acknowledge my presence?” I snap, riled despite myself. “Your own blood? Your brother’s child?”

“My brother’s daughter,” Xander corrects, not bothering to be vicious with his words or to look at me, his eyes still on Rafe. “My focus rests on the male line.”

Slowly, I turn and pass my child to his father, who takes him willingly. Then I take two steps forward, interposing myself between myself and Rafe so that Xander forced to look at me. When he bends to try to look around me I shift my weight so that he cannot.

“No.” I snap, my voice as cold as ice. ” You will look at me, Xander. I am your Queen.”

“You are not my queen,” he hisses, his eyes finally meeting mine, flinty and dark. “I am Atalaxian now.”

“It does not matter to me,” I say, dismissive, and then – without really realizing what I’m doing – I access my gift. I don’t close my eyes to do it this time, instead allowing the lavender calmness to radiate from me, to reach out towards him. I can see it, the lavender tint that the air around us takes, but I’m not sure if everyone can. Not that it really matters.

“What,” Xander breathes, hissing as my gift touches him, as he feels it begin to work, to sweep through his body.

I don’t let it heal, merely seek. And I see...all of it, inside of him.

“You will die,” I say, quietly and calmly. “No matter who your Queen is, or what country you call home. I can see it within you –

the cancer is taking hold, spreading throughout. Even if you had gotten Rafe away from us, you wouldn't have lived long enough to enjoy any real time on your throne."

"Lies," Xander hisses, taking a frightened step from me. "You are a witch – like all women -"

"Enjoy the rest of your short life, Xander," I say with a sigh, turning away from him and returning to Sinclair's side, taking my child back into my arms. "We need not bother killing you. You'll be dead soon."

"You have cursed me – "

"I didn't need to," I interrupt, my voice bored. "Now go away. We have celebrations to attend. I'll tell Sarah and Jessica you said hello,"

Xander stiffens at this, his eyes flashing as he looks between Sinclair and I. "My property – "he growls.

"You will return them immediately – "

"People aren't property, you horrible old fool." Then I sigh and turn my eyes to Sinclair's guards and nod. Instantly, they come forward and grab Xander by the arms, dragging him away. He makes a fuss, drawing some gazes, but he's removed from the room quickly enough that the disturbance largely goes unnoticed.

I sigh then, letting my shoulders slump for a moment as I turn towards Sinclair, resting my head against his chest. "Are you all right?" he murmurs, running a comforting hand down my back.

"I am," I say, nodding and taking a deep breath. Then I look up at him. "I'm sorry – did I...I don't want to cause an international incident. I hope I did right there."

A little smile turns up his lips. "You did perfectly, Queen," he says, running his knuckles down my cheek. "Do you need a moment?"

"Would you mind?" I ask, looking towards the open door to a small balcony nearby. "Just to...collect myself."

"Not at all," he says, reaching for the baby. But I hold Rafe close.

"I want him with me," I say, grimacing a little.

"Of course," Sinclair murmurs, dropping a kiss to my lips and pressing a hand to my back, urging me to take what time I need. "I'd come with you, but-"

"No," I say, smiling up at him. "The people need their King. We won't keep them waiting."

He nods, proud of me, and I whisper again that I'll only take a moment before heading directly for the balcony and the fresh air it

promises. I hear footsteps behind me and look curiously over my shoulder, a smile lighting my face when I see that Sinclair has sent Conner to keep an eye on us if we need him. Conner smiles back at me, giving me a little nod, and feeling more peaceful already I step out into the dark of the little balcony. It is instantly quieter the moment I step through the doors and I take a deep breath of the fresh night air, closing my eyes for a second as I let the breeze rush over my skin. Rafe burbles a little in happiness, and I laugh, looking down at him. “Do you like the peace and quiet too, baby Prince?” I ask quietly, and he grins and waves his hand, telling me he does. I laugh again, lifting him a little to press a kiss to his face before stepping to the edge of the balcony, leaning against the rail and letting my body relax. My mind turns, predictably, to my horrible uncle – and all of the terrible things that he said to me just a few moments ago. I mean, none of them were a surprise – Henry has long suggested that Xander would feel that way about me, about Rafe. But still – hearing it from his own lips? It was still a blow, to hear someone be so horrible, so callous.

I scowl a little, considering that I perhaps shouldn't have mentioned Sarah and Jessica at all that that was a slip and a mistake that I tripped into because I was so mad But I don't get very far into the consideration as a shadow peels itself from the wall, clearing its throat awkwardly. I jump and give a little shriek as the shadow steps forward.

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Chapter 444- A Drink

“Please,” the shadow says, his voice awkward and apologetic.

I’m still rigid with fear when Conner storms out onto the balcony, his hand smacking the shadow-person in the chest, slamming him against the wall. ” Who the hell are you!?” Conner demands.

“Please!” the shadow says again, “I’m so sorry! I was just standing out here, also getting fresh air! This is a complete accident!”

And suddenly, the voice snaps into place in my memory. “Conner!” I call, Rafe fussing in my arms, not liking the sudden change in my energy and the fear spiking through me, though I’m calmer now. “Please – it’s the Atalaxian Prince. He is – I don’t believe he means us any harm.”

And even though something about that concept doesn’t match up – an Atalaxian? Not meaning us any harm? Especially after the meeting I just had with my uncle?

Still, somehow, I know the truth of it down in my bones. He doesn’t.

Conner glances at me and then backs up a little, removing his hand from the Prince’s chest. “Should I escort him out of here, Luna?”

“No,” I sigh, shaking my head. “Not unless he wants to go, of course. But the night air is for everyone. I can’t have it all to myself just because I’m the Queen.”

The prince looks between Conner and I for a moment, stepping further into the light so I can see his pale features and the details

of his chic black suit. "I would...stay, for a moment, if that's all right? Have a quiet word with you, so that we don't leave this evening on bad terms?"

"That's fine," I say quietly, somehow a little pleased that he will stay. I'm still terribly curious about him, perhaps despite myself.

"Would you mind?" Conner says to the prince, his voice tight. "If I performed a body check? To ensure that you don't have..."

"Be my guest," the prince says, spreading his arms wide and allowing Calvin to pat down the sides of his body, and then his legs.

When Conner stands up and nods to me, his face quite serious, I nod back to him and give him a smile, grateful for his protection. "I'll be just inside the door, Luna," Conner says.

"Thank you," I say, genuinely meaning it, hoping that he hears the sincerity in my voice. Conner nods again and steps to the door, standing with one foot in the ballroom and the other out on the balcony, a constant threat to Calvin should he make one wrong move.

"Protective of you," Calvin says, glancing at Conner and taking a few steps closer to me not too close, but close enough to be

conversational. “As he should be. Your men are loyal.”

“As loyal to me as I am to them,” I say with a little shrug, studying Calvin’s face carefully. As I do, I wonder a little how did he blend so seamlessly into the shadows? It’s not that dark out here was I just so distracted that I missed him?

Or is something else going on?

“Congratulations,” Calvin says, dipping into a little bow. “The ceremony today was very moving, as was the vote. It is inspiring to see how much your people support you – the wolves and the humans both.”

“Is it?” I ask, turning my head a little. “Do you...not get this kind of support from your own people?”

“I’m afraid it’s not a question we ask them,” he says, his voice a little chagrined. “My father’s policy is instead to...tell the people how they feel about the royal family. And then punish them if they show any evidence to the contrary.”

I raise my eyebrows, genuinely surprised that he’s being so candid with me.

“I can’t say that I think this policy is wise,” I murmur, wanting to shout from the rooftop that his father is a tyrant, but working very, very hard to be a diplomatic Queen.

“You can be harsher than that if you wish, Queen,” Calvin says, smirking a little as he takes a step closer at me and studies my face for a moment before dropping his gaze to Rafe in my arms. ” I certainly won’t tell anyone.” He’s quiet for a moment and I

adjust the baby so he can see my son better.

A smile comes to Calvin’s face. “Your son is a very handsome boy,” he says, smiling at Rafe. “I’m sure he’ll grow to be a strong King, like his father.”

“Thank you,” I say quietly, looking proudly down at Rafe myself. Then I look up at Calvin, curious. He’s young, I think my own age – certainly younger than Sinclair – but, well, I’m a parent, aren’t I?

“Do you have children of your own, Calvin?” I ask. I find myself surprised when he nods and smiles, bringing his gaze up to mine. “Two,” he says, his smile growing as he thinks of them. “My Luna gave birth to our son just a few months ago – he’s just barely older than this one here.”

I grin broadly at him, liking him even more now that I know he’s a father. There’s something about that – the alliance between

parents who love their children. And damn it, even if I was determined to hate the Atalaxians... well, I can't hate all of them now, can I?

Which, I suppose, is perhaps what this prince wanted.

But something about what he said...I turn my head a little, curious. Something about his words strikes me as...wrong. And I can't put my finger on it just yet.

"And your other child?" I ask, curious.

"My daughter just turned three," he replies, his smile increasing. "She is...well, she makes me laugh more than I thought anyone ever could. She's a joy to me."

"That's wonderful," I say quietly, smiling up at this man who is such a surprise. Because he seems – honestly, he seems like he could be a friend. "Dominic and I hope to give Rafe a little sister at some point, to torture him a bit."

Calvin laughs at this, shaking his head. "No, little girls are always a gift. I'm sure Rafe will treasure her."

"Calvin," I say softly, almost a sigh, taking another step closer and taking a risk, unable to hold back my words any more.

“Considering your country’s policies on women and girls – you have to realize that what you’re saying comes as a surprise to me.”

He nods slowly, sighing a bit through his nose. “Well perhaps it is less of a surprise to you then,” he says softly, his words barely audible as he glances towards the door. “That the father of a very beloved daughter might want a stronger alliance with a nation that feels very differently about girls and their futures.”

I look up at him and see true honesty in his eyes, and I’m struck and moved by it. I open my mouth to make him that promise of friendship on the spot when suddenly I realize... That while Calvin has mentioned twice how much he loves his daughter and wants more for her...he didn’t include her mother in that sentiment. And when he mentioned her before, he referred to her not as his “mate,” but as his “Luna.”

I frown now, confused, staring up at him.

“What?” Calvin asks, taking another step towards me, concerned I think to see my concern. He reaches out a hand, I think instinctually, seeking to press it against my own arm to help where he can-

And as he leans closer, suddenly his scent hits me in a wave-

My eyes go wide as I breathe in the crisp winter scent of him – starlight on snow, and frost, and bergamot – my nose even tingles

the way it does when I sense snow in the air –

And – something moves within me I don't know what, because it's not...it's not big enough to be truly real, but it is something that feels remarkably like

Like...a bond.

A bond, between me and this strange prince.

And as I step away from him the prince's eyes go wide as he senses it too.

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Read Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Story Chapter 444

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Chapter 445

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#Chapter 445- Into You Ella

“Ella,” Clavin says, his voice thick with emotion. His hand continues its path, reaching for me, his fingers brushing the velvet sleeve of my gown before I can pull away.

“What,” I whisper, taking a few steps back, wanting space between us. “What was that?”

“I don’t – ”

Before he can finish though, we both turn towards the darkened doorway to the balcony. I instantly recognize the silhouette I see there as my mate’s and breathe out a breath of relief.

I mean it’s not that I think that Calvin or I did anything wrong, or that Calvin was going to hurt me, but whatever passed between us? It was strange.

And suddenly as I remember the pulse that happened last night, when Calvin touched my hand – I want my mate here, now, at my side.

“Is everything all right out here?” Sinclair growls, his voice low and full of the threat that his words don’t carry.

He takes a step forward into the darkness as Calvin takes a step away from me and bows to him, both a formality shown to a

king and a display of deference to an Alpha who thinks he might sense a threat to his mate.

“Everything is fine, Dominic,” I say, holding out a hand to him, doing my best to keep my voice light though I suspect I’m failing a

little bit. "Prince Calvin was just telling me about his children. Did you know that he has a son just older than Rafe? And his daughter is three."

"I did not know," Sinclair says, prowling to my side, his eyes fixed on the Atalaxian prince. "Your family keeps such information close to their chest, do they not?"

"We do," Calvin confirms, his voice formal and quiet now. "Though, we do share it with our closest friends. And I very much hope that after this trip that I will be able to tell my children about my new friends in Moon Valley."

"I hope so as well," I say, hoping my words assure Calvin that I'm on his side, and to persuade Sinclair that no matter what he sensed, Calvin has not done or meant me any harm.

"I don't know if this is going to be possible," Sinclair says quietly, his voice grumbling and stern as he stands close at my side, pressing his hands into his pockets and looking Calvin up and down. "Especially after the stunts your delegation has been pulling with Xander. He upset Ella very much tonight. Were you aware of this?"

Calvin sighs and looks at me, his face genuinely pained. "I was not, What did he do?"

Briefly, Sinclair informs Calvin of Xander's approach, his refusal to look me in the eye. Calvin sighs deeply as he listens, lifting a hand to rub at his eyes in frustration and I think embarrassment.

"I'm sorry," Calvin says, dropping his hand and looking first at me and then at Sinclair. "It is...please, I beg you to consider that there was and is dissent within our nation. While I'm sure that some of our delegation encouraged Xander and support his disgusting ideas, some of us want better."

"Well," Sinclair says slowly. "Then I'd look forward to speaking further with those persons."

"If you'll allow me to set it up," the prince says quietly, "I will do so."

"Please," Sinclair says. And then he shuts his mouth, clear that that's his final word on the subject this evening.

Calvin bows again, to each of us, and then says he'll put the wheels in motion before stepping towards the door. When he reaches it, he clasps Conner on the shoulder and bids him a good night as well, a move that adds another tick in his favor as far as I'm concerned. I quite like it when persons of power make a point to acknowledge people in positions of service.

But, knowing that's less important at this particular moment, I look up at Sinclair. "Is everything all right?"

"I thought I'd ask you the same," he says, looming over me a bit, clearly displeased.

"What?" I ask, frowning, confused. "What did I do?"

"What are you doing out here, Ella?" Sinclair says, shaking his head at me a little. "Having private conversations with a member of our enemies' royal family?"

"You heard him, Dominic!" I say, waving a hand towards the door. "He wants to make a change!"

"Or he's just telling you he wants a change," Sinclair growls, "to get you on his side. He knows you're soft hearted! He told you

about his children who we don't even know exist – in order to soften you up!"

"Hey," I snap, pointing a finger up into his face. "I may be soft-hearted, Dominic, but that's something you value about me. You can't have it both ways – you can't love that about me and then use it as a reason to discredit me when it's convenient for you."

Sinclair sighs and then nods his head. "All right, that's fair," he murmurs. "But Ella, we agreed that you'd let me take the lead on these things – that you would allow me to take care of you, to set our path."

“I still agree to that,” I say gently, stepping close to him now and dropping my hand, looking up at him with wide and loving eyes.

“Dominic, if you tell me never to see him again, I won’t. But last night you told me to trust my instincts, and they’re telling me to trust him. Prince Calvin – he speaks to me and if this is an in with the Atalaxians? A way to create an alliance, to avoid war, to perhaps even help some of the women within that nation? Wouldn’t we want to accept that?”

“He speaks to you,” Sinclair growls, ” because he’s into you.”

I burst out laughing at this and Sinclair’s growl deepens, which – I mean, it’s probably not good – but honestly it just makes me laugh harder.

“Dominic!” I say, giving him a little shove on the shoulder. “He is not-he has a Luna! And two children! There’s absolutely nothing to suggest that his interest in me is anything but friendly and political.”

“You don’t see the way he looks at you, Ella,” my mate growls, jealousy in every thrum of his voice.

“I’m used to watching Alphas approach a she-wolf they desire – it is distinct -”

“Dominic,” I sigh, raising a hand to press to his cheek. “Just because you’re into me doesn’t mean that everyone is. Some men just want to be friends.”

Sinclair laughs at me then, roughly, shaking his head. “Ella, my love, every man that meets you wants you. I think that you’re just so used to being looked at with desire that you fail to see the signs.”

“Well,” I murmur, stepping even closer now, letting my body press against his as I look up at him between my lashes. “I don’t miss it when you look at me that way.”

My mate pauses for a moment, his breath hitching, and then he growls anew, grabbing me into his arms and pressing me close, though he is of course careful not to smush the baby. “That’s not fair, Ella,” he murmurs. “You can’t end every argument by seducing me.”

“Says who,” I whisper, my voice throaty and low. He laughs, then, dipping his head and kissing me like he can’t help it. Which, considering how much I want that kiss, if he feels anything like I do right now perhaps he can’t.

“Come on,” he murmurs as he pulls away. “Let’s get back inside. We still have guests to greet – it’s going to be a long night.”

“I know,” I say, lifting the baby a little higher as I allow my mate to direct me back towards the ballroom. “And then, tomorrow, another big day.”

“A wedding,” he confirms, looking down at me. “A big day, and a happy one.”

“I know,” I say, grinning up at him. ” I’m so excited for Cora and Roger. It’s going to be lots of fun.”

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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