

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 449

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#Chapter 449 – Borrowed Trouble

Ella

I feel the poor human woman's shoulders shake and I take a deep breath, remembering my duty to her as well.

“Come on,” I say,

trying to keep my voice light as I turn her and her daughters away. “I'm so sorry about this – let's get somewhere more peaceful.”

And as we begin to walk away, I leave my faith in Sinclair to settle this as he will. But I hope to hell the Atalaxians know what's good for them, because my mate?

He won't hesitate to fight, if they push him to it. And if they do? I shake my head, considering how fast each of them will lose.

But I put this out of my mind, chatting lightly with the woman as we move away, asking her name. The woman introduces herself

as Tempest Bowers, a journalist and the wife of an elected official of one of our eastern provinces. Genuinely pleased to meet

her, I begin to ask more questions about their lives as we move to the head table, where I know for certain that there is plenty of candy for the girls to take.

But before we can get there, someone hits my shoulder – hard as they pass, making me stumble. My ankle twists in my high

heel and I lose my balance, threatening to fall, gasping and holding Rafe tight to me.

Tempest grabs my arm just in time.

“Oh my goodness,” she says, her eyes wide as she helps me regain my balance. And then both of our eyes move to follow the

hateful old man my uncle, of course who hit me hard with his shoulder on his way out. He does not bother to look back and apologize.

Of course, why would he? He did it on purpose.

“He’s a hateful old creep, isn’t he?” I ask, frowning after the man, and the woman to my surprise – bursts out laughing.

“He is certainly a piece of work,” she says, nodding along and dropping my arm. “Do you...know him?”

“He’s my uncle,” I say with a grimace, making her laugh again, harder this time.

“I have some in my family,” Tempest says, looking after him as he storms from the room, “who are...less pleasant too. So, I can emote with that.”

I smile genuinely at her then, liking this woman very much. We finish crossing to the table where Sinclair and I had our dinner

and I hand the girls as many candy bars as I can find left on the table, knowing no one will miss them. The girls begin to grin as their hands fill, excited at their bounty.

“Okay, enough!” Tempest says, putting her hands out and laughing. “Go find dad, all right?” she says, nodding to them.

“They’re beautiful girls,” I say as I watch them run away.

“Thank you,” Tempest replies, reaching out to run a finger across Rafe’s sleepy cheek. “Your own is a very handsome little guy himself.”

“Oh, he flatters himself so,” I say on a happy little sigh, looking down at my kid with a smile. “And I agree, but I am biased.”

Tempest glances over her shoulder, seeing Sinclair striding towards us. ”

I’ll leave you to this,” she says, gesturing towards him.

“But it was very nice to meet you, your highness – and thank you, very

much, for your help over there. I apologize for any trouble – we really didn't know – ”

“Please,” I say, my eyebrows going up. “You did nothing wrong. And please call me Ella,” I say with a grin. “After that? We have to be on a first name basis.”

Tempest laughs and nods, stepping away from me with a little wave just before Sinclair gets to my side.

“Are you all right?” he asks, his voice worried. Then his eyes follow my new friend as she walks away. “Is she?”

“She seems well recovered,” I say, pleased, “though I wish it hadn't happened at all. I mean honestly, why would the Atalaxians

even come to a party of mixed humans and wolves when they despise the idea so much?”

“I sense,” Sinclair replies with a grimace, “that they were looking for a bit of a fight. Or, at least that Xander was.”

“Really?” I ask, my eyes going wide.

“I'm starting to wonder,” Sinclair murmurs, his eyes on the door where Xander just left, “if the Atalaxians brought him to have

someone to pick their fight for them. I mean, come on they had to know he's at the end of his rope and wasn't going to just come along for the ride.”

“Clever,” I say, stepping closer to him and likewise looking towards the door. “Bringing someone who they knew would force you

to show your cards.”

“And it may not be done,” he sighs. I look up at Sinclair to ask why, but we’re both distracted when the bride and groom come to our sides.

“Is everything okay?” Cora asks, stepping close to me and I think unconsciously reaching for the baby. I smile a little, handing

him over to her, pleased to see how much Rafe’s auntie loves to have him close by. “What was all that?”

Roger stands solidly next to Sinclair and I turn my fond gaze to him now. He’s not as familiar with human wedding traditions as

Cora and I are, but I have to admit – he makes quite the handsome groom, and I think he’s been enjoying the party.

Still, as he stands there listening to Sinclair recap the events? He’s every bit the King’s responsible second, eager to help.

I take a deep breath, so grateful again for my family, but I’m distracted from this pleasure by Roger’s next words.

“I don’t know, Dominic,” Roger says, his hands on his hips as he, too, looks towards the door. “I don’t trust this.

If he was publicly

embarrassed and his new nation didn’t stand up for what he believes to be his rights, as you suggest, I’m not sure a man like

Xander is going to be content with just going back to his room to pout.”

“I have to agree,” a voice chimes in, and Roger and Sinclair part to reveal Calvin standing there behind them, his own face

worried. “I came to let you know that trouble is brewing, but...I think you’ve already figured it out.”

“Really?” I say, taking a step forward, my face falling. “Is he...do you know what he has planned?”

“I don’t think he has a plan,” Calvin says, his eyes immediately on me and only on me. “But he believes himself to have been

insulted. I don’t think he’s going to take it lightly. And quite frankly, I think he was egged on by some of our constituents tonight. I

think...” he sighs, looking down at his shoes, ashamed, “honestly, I’m sorry, but I think they wanted to set him off like this.”

I sigh deeply, suddenly worried, but I don’t miss Roger and Sinclair carefully assessing Calvin as my mind races, trying to figure out what to do.

“Let’s go,” Cora says, nodding towards the door and taking my hand. ” There’s no point in standing here worried. Let’s go back to the room where we know we’re safe, where we can find out what’s going on and regroup – ”

“Cora,” I say, frowning up at her. ” We’re not going to drag you away from your wedding reception – ”

“Oh,” she says, waving a dismissive hand and rolling her eyes. “Don’t get me wrong, Ella, this has been amazing but come on,

you know that none of this really mattered to me. I’d much rather get the baby back to the room, where we can feel safe.”

I bite my lip, hesitating, but Roger is at her side in a second. “She’s right, Ella,” he says, glancing around at the party. I look

around too and see that Sinclair is having a private word with Calvin, thanking him for his help. My eyes stick to them, worried,

but I pull my gaze away with a sigh.

“You’re sure?” I ask, honestly thinking that it would make me happiest.

“This party is going on all night with or without us,” Roger says with a grin. ” Honestly, no one will notice that we’re gone.”

“All right,” I breathe as Sinclair comes back to our side with a sigh. ”

Everything okay with the prince?” I ask.

He nods to me and looks around at our little group. “To the rooms?”

“War command,” Roger says, giving a firm nod. I’ll get dad and meet you there. And with that, the four of us put the wedding

behind us and head out, ready to take on whatever Xander is bringing for us next.

Because we all know it – Xanders’ got something up his sleeve.

He didn’t come here to celebrate.

He came to take his last shot.

And the Atalaxians? They’re letting him.

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#Chapter 450 – Grasping at Straws

Ella

Sinclair walks Cora and I swiftly back to our suite of rooms, Rafe still bundled safely in Cora's arms. When we get there, Sinclair

gives me a swift kiss on my head, already looking down the hall.

“I'm going to catch up with Roger,” he murmurs. “We'll send dad to you whenever we find him -”

“Why,” I say, grabbing his hand, worried. “Why don’t you all just come here?”

Sinclair shakes his head as he looks down at me. “We need eyes on Xander we have to talk to the staff, see if anyone knows

where he went. I promise – we’ll both come to you as soon as we have more information. All right?”

I bite my lip but I nod, not liking it but trusting him. With his own nod of assurance, Sinclair strides away.

“Come on, bride,” I say, pushing the door open to my room and allowing Cora to sweep through with my baby and her long train.

“Let’s get you changed into something more comfortable.”

“Oh, thank goodness,” Cora sighs. “I mean, this dress is fantastic, but it’s heavy.”

“Oh, you poor thing, in fifty pounds of silk and satin,” I murmur sarcastically, kicking off my heels and leading all of us into the

closet. Before I do anything, though, I take my sweet baby from my sister and lower him down into the wheeled bassinet that’s

waiting there for him. I’ll transfer him to his real crib later, but he’s perfectly happy taking a little nap here before I change him.

“He’s such an easy baby,” Cora says with a sigh as I move behind her and start to un-do all of the buttons that run down her

back. “How did you get so lucky?”

“He’s just an angel,” I say, my voice overly doting, making us laugh. “But seriously,” I say, “I think wolf babies are just different. A

lot less crying, a lot more understanding between parents and child even when they’re that young. It’s incredibly convenient.”

“I hope that’s true,” Cora says, her hand absently going to her own stomach. “I don’t have as much patience as you, so if this kid

isn’t as easy as Rafey here? We’re going to have trouble.”

“You’ll be great,” I say, grinning at her as I finish with the buttons and she starts to shimmy out of the dress. As she does I move

to lift the soft white sweatsuit I had made for her off the shelf. Cora gasps when she sees it. “Ella!” she says, hands on her hips.

“You didn’t!”

“It says Mrs. Sinclair on the back,” I say, grinning and handing it to her.

“It’s too much,” she says, sighing and waving her hand.

“Honestly, Ella, you keep it – you’re Mrs. Sinclair too! And you’ve given

us too much already with all of this -”

“Oh stop,” I say, rolling my eyes and grinning, pressing it into her hands. “If you don’t think I had my own made just like it, you’re crazy.”

She laughs at that, taking the outfit and starting to pull it on. “Well, it’s very soft.”

“I know,” I say, unzipping my own dress and reaching for some soft clothes myself. “Plus, we get to have the same name now, officially. Isn’t that cool?”

“Oh,” she says, going a bit still, realizing it. “Oh wow, for the first time in our lives,” she says, laughing.” Sisters in name in addition to genetics and friendship.”

I grin at her, glad she thinks it’s as cool as I do, and we both laugh with the pleasure of it.

When we’re both changed, I change Rafe into his own pajamas – he fusses a little, wanting to be left in peace, and I murmur my

apology before tucking him in again and wheeling the little bassinet into the bedroom with us so that we can wait for Roger and Sinclair to come back.

“What do you think Xander’s planning?” I ask, sitting down next to my sister on the new little loveseat that Sinclair and I put at the end of the bed. Considering that we use this room more than we thought we would to entertain our siblings, we needed more places to sit.

“I don’t know,” Cora says thoughtfully, curling up on her side of the little couch and facing me. ” Nothing good, obviously but...”

she turns her head to the side, considering. “Well, if you were Xander, what would you do?”

“Go for Rafe?” I posit, glancing down at my peacefully sleeping baby.

“Nah,” she says, shaking her head, clearly lost in thought.

“I mean, yesterday Sinclair made a very definite move in marking Rafe

as his heir. It kind of makes that option null to Xander.”

“What do you mean?” I ask, frowning.

“Well,” she says, looking at me evenly, “even if he were to...take out Sinclair,” she says slowly, and I my eyes go wide even at

the hypothetical thought. She moves on quickly. “Either way,” Cora continues, “Rafe is already Sinclair’s heir to his throne.

There’s no way for Xander to really claim Rafe as his own now as part of Xavier’s line. Rafe’s thoroughly a Sinclair, just like us. If

Rafe inherits, the people who would be his obvious guardians would be you, and Henry, and Roger.”

“And you,” I say, reaching out a foot to nudge her on the knee, insisting she include herself.

She waves a hand at me, dismissing the idea, but I grin and nudge her again, letting her know that she’s in this whether she likes

it or not.

But still, I take her point. “So,” I say softly, “you think he’s doing something else?”

“I do,” she says softly, her eyes unfocusing a little as she accesses the strategic part of her mind. “I think that while Xander

hasn’t made it easy, the Sinclairs have successfully countered every move that he’s made. We’ve got him on the run, and now

he’s embarrassed himself in front of everyone at a public event.”

I nod, understanding that Xander really has been worked into a corner. He’s got very few resources left, and if he’s realizing as

we perhaps have that the Atalaxians have brought him here less as an important player and more as a pawn that they can use to

spark a war?

Xander may be realizing that his time and power is running short.

So, he’s scrambling.

“So, what would he do?” I wonder aloud, considering it.

“I think he’d...grasp at whatever straws are left to him,”

Cora says softly, clearly thinking it through as she speaks.

“He’d grab at

whatever he thought was rightfully his, whatever he can hoard to make himself stronger.”

“But he’s lost his home here, and his rights – we’d have him arrested, if the Atalaxians weren’t claiming him.”

“So, what does he have left...” Cora says on a sigh, looking up at the ceiling as she racks her brain.

And I think hard as well, considering all the things that Xander has lost. I mean, he was once in Roger’s position the Duke, the

brother to a powerful King. And he lost all of that. He made an bold play to get it back – planning to get me pregnant and steal

the child, using Rafe to retake the throne but...

Cora’s right. We turned away his plan there. And then he lost his connection to the Dark Lord’s priests when Sinclair and Roger

killed them all, and his home when we made him run from it, and his servants when...

But suddenly, I go quite, quite pale.

“Cora...” I breathe, my eyes going wide as I look up at her.

“What,” she says, her breath starting to come quick as she realizes that I’ve figured something out. I shake my head.

“Jessica,

and Sarah,” I say, starting to panic myself.

I mean, we haven’t seen them for days as soon as I found out that Xander was here I told them and Sarah let me know, politely,

that they wouldn't be attending any of the events to which they were of course invited, but instead sticking to their little suite of rooms to avoid seeing him.

But me – of course, idiot me – threw it in Xander's face that I knew them, that I helped them

And – and it probably wouldn't take much at all for him to have done a little searching, a little casual chatter with the staff to learn

that a young woman and her sister, refugees, were staying here in the palace

“We have to tell Roger and Sinclair,” Cora says, jumping to her feet immediately, striding for the closet so she can get her phone

and call her mate-

But before she can get there, a scream splits the air outside.

My head whips towards the window, my mouth falling open.

Because that was high pitched, shrill –

The sort of sound that would come from an eight-year-old girl.

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