

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 251 – Mating Ceremony

Ella

If I thought the dress my dishonest friends designed on my back was dazzling on the hanger, it's nothing compared to the way it looks on me. I've never seen anything like it. The pearly fabric hugs my curves, the cleavage plunging between my breasts and thin straps leaving my back and flanks almost completely bare. The skirt ripples in a cascade of shiny chiffon, with a modest tail flowing behind of me as I walk.

Of course, my threat to spoil my makeup with tears is soon fulfilled when my eyes they fill with tears and I reach out to Cora and Elizabeth, babbling thanks and declarations of love for both. Then calm me down for a few minutes, before my sister puts her down.

"Enough." Cora says after my third outpouring of thanks, "no let's waste all this beauty on us. Your companion is waiting."

My heart is pounding as we leave the suite, and I stroke my belly amazed. Your daddy did it again, I tell my puppy. Be sure to pay close attention to his romantic instincts as he grows up and simply ignore it Mom's. You'll definitely want to follow your example when it's time to choose a mate. Even as I think about the words, I realize how deeply I believe in them. I couldn't ask for a better example for my son, and I almost start crying again just thinking about the kind of man we're going to raise together.

I don't even care about walking into the unknown anymore, not when I know Sinclair is pulling the strings behind it all. I lift my skirts as we leave my room, smiling insanely at the white heels lace peeking beneath my belly. I expected Cora and Isabel to take me to the ballroom, instead I found myself following them towards the palace gardens, my breath gasping for breath as we approached. When the balcony doors open, I have a moment of startled panic when I fear that my knees can really give up – and the last thing I want to do is fall off my ass before even taking a step down the hall.

Still, if anyone is to blame for my vertigo, it's surely the palace elves who are working their magic to create the scene before we. It must have taken days, but I managed to lose everything. The neatly landscaped flower beds and familial topiaries carved were concealed by a vision directly from a fairy tale. An enchanted forest spreads out where once there was only a labyrinth of hedges, shrouded in fairy lights and wildflowers. Lanterns cast bright amber light upon the petal-path scattered at my feet, which descends into an arch of tall trees. And in the center, of the

All the Alpha delegations, the Vanaran courtiers and dozens and dozens of refugees became lined up in the spaces between the trees. I feel your manifestation of support and affection as a tangible hug, and I can only laugh and smile with incandescent happiness. The nursery puppies are all dressed in formal dresses and small tuxedos, and Isabel leads them down the hallway as they scatter more flower petals whenever they can.

Ethereal music floats in the air, though I can't decipher its origin. As the music changes, my sister turns to me. "Are you ready?" She asks, cackling and wiping away a tear that escaped my cheek. "Are you handing me over?" I sob, wondering how I can stay serene enough to through my vows.

"Of course not." Cora laughs. "That's a human tradition. Wolves believe that nothing can break family ties, and finding your mate certainly can't it means giving up on your family. I'm just here to show you the way."

"What if I want you to walk with me?" I ask, feeling – I am strangely vulnerable. It's not like Sinclair hasn't already claimed me, or that this is changing anything. However, at the same time, I can't help but feel the magnitude of this ceremony. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that we've been through so much time of our relationship stuck to secrets, and now everything is open. Maybe it's because dedicating ourselves to each other in particular feels so intimate and meaningful, but to do so before the whole world confers an inevitable gravity to the case. Maybe it's simply the visceral magic in the air, like an electric current pulsing around us and within us – in a way that makes me wonder if the Goddess can be looked at for us right now.

"Well, only a monster would refuse such a request. Cora smiles, moving – moving to my side and wrapping her arm around mine. "I've got you, little sister."

My vision blurs and I look at my sister with trembling lips, "I Love You".

Cora lowers her forehead, resting it against mine and swallowing mine his chocolate gaze. "I love you too. A wave of Alpha power hits us as we take this moment, and I understand that my companion is feeling impatient..

"We'd better go." Cora laughs, before he comes here and decides accompany him personally. As we begin our descent, Sinclair's expression goes from devotion to voracious and possessive, then comes back again at least three times. I can't take my eyes off him, and I can feel his passion for me so intensely how much I feel my own desire.

I am amazed to feel so much joy as the war progresses, when we still have so many challenges ahead and we will part ways in a matter of days. And yet I am. I feel like we've stolen a moment in time – like this night and the celebration of our love would go on forever – even if only in our hearts. And I suppose so, because no matter what happens in the future, always We'll have that moment together. we will always be able to look back and remember, from Find constrength and consolation in our scandalous joy. It's an amazing gift, and I want nothing more than to savor every second.

I think Sinclair can feel the direction of my thoughts, both that his patience finally ran out. He walks to greet us at the end of the tree-lined path, pure love radiating from his pretty face.

"You built a forest for me. I say foolishly, smiling at him. He knows how much I missed the landscape of our homelands, how desperately my animal interior fought in Vanara.

"I would build a thousand if I could, little wolf" He tells me reverently, caressing my cheek.

I shook my head, fighting back tears. "I don't know what I did to deserve you."

"Well, it helps that you're the sweetest creature that has ever walked the earth." Sinclair jokes. "It is only right that you be rewarded with my perfection."

I can't help but laugh, knowing how critically my companion sees himself. "At least you're finally starting to recognize how wonderful you are. I joke in response, leaning in to kiss him.

"Oh – ah," he scolds, "not yet, problem. We have to do the ceremony first."

"Are you really going to make me wait?" I pout, looking as miserable as possible.

He chuckles warmly, giving me a final squeeze before situating us to finish the procession. "Trust me, mate, it'll be worth it. Sinclair's arm snakes around me in a protective cage as we continue over the tender grass. Cora is gone ahead, and is now standing next to Isabel in the altar.

When we finally reach the end of the hallway, we say our vows under the full moon and the stars, reaffirming our commitment to love and value each other for the rest of our days. – Part of me wants to complain that Sinclair had time to write and essay your speech, but when I open my mouth the words come on their own own.

"Dominic, until you found me, I didn't even know I was lost. I start, looking into his bright green eyes. "I thought I knew who I was and what I wanted out of life... I thought I was at the end of a Chapter, until you me showed that it was only the beginning. I pause to try and steady my trembling voice. "When I was young, I dreamed of a life free of fear. But now I see that such an existence must also be free of meaning. Because there can only be fear if we have nothing to lose. Now, there are a lot of things I haven't worried about since I met you. I don't mind losing my way, because I know you'll always find me – even in my dreams... I don't mind being hurt, because I know you'll protect me as you can, and share my pain when it can't be avoided. I don't even mind facing the unknown, because no matter where life takes me, I know as long as you're there, that's where I'm supposed to be."

"But I'm also terrified, because of how much you've given me. How much you and this puppy have added to my life. I never knew it was possible to be so happy by being afraid, but I am. "I sob. "I'm so thrilled to have so much to lose, and I promise never to take a single moment with you for granted. I may be scared, but I know deep in my soul that it doesn't matter what challenges may separate us, we will always find our way back one towards the other. I take a deep breath once more, gathering strength to the finalization. "You may be my destiny, but you are also my choice. I swear to always do everything in my power to make your life so full and glorious as you made mine; to always love and support him, share his burdens and ease them whenever you can. I promise to be a true partner and friend in good times and bad, and in any titles I may win in the future, be Luna, Queen, or even Empress – the only one who matters to me, is companion."

"My Ella," Sinclair purrs in response, holding my cheek on his excessively large hand. "You're not the only one who's gotten lost, little wolf. And you're not the only one who's scared. Every day I wake up in fear of the Last few months have been a dream miraculous And, as much as I desperately pray to be wrong, I'd rather dream of you for a thousand years than to live without you. "Your wolf blinks behind your eyes, and I know he speaks the truth. "But you're better than any dream, Ella. So much so that at Sometimes I find it hard to believe that you're real— not because you don't have flaws or not. have flaws, not because I have mistaken you for a fantasy – but because you makes the fantasies that lonce held for a mate sound shallow and empty in comparison. " Sinclair admits with a wry smile. "When I was a boy, I imagined that love was one-dimensional, that it was only sunshine, rainbow – iris and destiny. I thought I wanted nothing more than passion and adventure, preferably with someone handsome and intelligent." He reveals shyly.

"But life isn't one-dimensional, and now I know I don't just want to passion, I also want compassion. I don't just want adventure, I want an anchor to keep me anchored in the seas more stormy and remind me of what is truly important in life. I don't just want intelligence, I want friendship and support. And as far as beauty is concerned, I much prefer good humor and a brave spirit. Sinclair continues, his voice hoarse. "You are all that, and more—my greatest weakness and my greatest strength. I am a much better man with you, than without you, and you make the worst moments of my life a blessing – because at least if I am fighting, I'm fighting with you. So, I swear to honor you and protect you forever. I promise to keep growing and learning, to always be by your side and for our puppies. I swear I'll always find you, no matter how much distance is between us, or what trials we face. "I swear each kiss will be filled with more love than the last," and that our days together will only grow in love and devotion."

We're kissing before anyone can declare our full vows, and when Sinclair finally sinks his fangs into my neck, a deafening joy ascends to the heavens. The stars themselves begin to fall, triggering a wave of oohs and ahs from the crowd as they they look up at the sky. I can't drag myself away from my mate to look, but everyone seem to come to the same conclusion as Sinclair and I remain locked in the shelter of arms from each other – the Goddess is looking at us, after all.