

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 19

Chapter 19 – A kiss

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3rd Person

Ella slowly untangled herself from Sinclair's body as he returned her feet to the ground, feeling terribly unsure of herself. The audience was still making a huge racket, but the imposing Alpha was studying her as if she was some sort of curious anomaly – one he was desperate to figure out. Her cheeks were flushed scarlet, but she followed his lead. Sinclair hadn't looked away from her to acknowledge their onlookers – so she didn't either.

Ella couldn't have known how much more meaningful it was for Sinclair to be watching her this way, rather than smiling. Shifters were creatures of raw passion and intense feeling, there were many lighthearted moments of course, but the look of a successfully mated Alpha and Luna was not the lovesick expressions humans so often displayed in relationships. To those around them, Sinclair's laser focus on the little human looked like a devoted lover hungry for his mate, and her anxious energy was only further proof – a she-wolf who had just provoked her mate's lust in public, and was going to have to face the consequences when she got home.

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The tableau only made them cheer louder, and this eased Ella's fears a bit. Sinclair might not be happy with her, but the crowd certainly was. It can't have been a complete mistake, could it?

"How lovely, but not exactly the point of the game." The Prince's drawling criticism finally broke the spell, at last tearing Ella and Sinclair's attention away from one another.

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"Wasn't it?" Ella asked innocently, feeling less intimidated by the Prince than the wolf still holding her in an iron grip. "He told me to kiss him – was I supposed to refuse?"

The spectators laughed and applauded, and Sinclair turned glowing eyes in their direction. "No doubt you'll forgive us taking our leave." He declared rakishly, earning a fresh surge of wolf whistles. "My mate is in need of some attention."

Ella blinked, wondering if he meant what she suspected. Were wolves really so open about sex? Before she could think about the matter any further, the King stood and offered them a toast, "To the happy couple." Sinclair led Ella back through the flood of congratulations and well wishes, past the media frenzy and back into the safety of his limousine.

She slid into the far end of the vehicle, hiding from all the camera flashes behind blacked out windows. When Sinclair slid in a moment afterwards, he zeroed in on Ella immediately. The corner of his mouth tilted up when he saw her sitting as far away as possible. "Is there a reason you're all the way over there?"

"Are you angry?" Ella murmured in reply, wrapping her arms protectively around her middle. She was painfully aware that if she messed up badly enough, it might cost her the baby.

"How could I be angry?" Sinclair exclaimed, truly shocked. "Ella, you saved the day. That was brilliant. None of the Alphas on the council will question me now. Even the King liked you. My campaign is safe because of your quick thinking."

"Oh," she relaxed slightly, feeling silly now. "You looked so severe after the kiss, I just... I thought I messed up."

"Far from it." Sinclair announced as the car slowly began to move. "But I am curious what inspired you to kiss me."

Ella stared at her lap. "It was the first thing that came into my mind. I knew we were going to fail if we actually had to play the game."

"But why a kiss?" He pressed. "You were already feeling ill, you could have easily given morning sickness as an excuse. No one would have faulted you."

"I don't know." She shrugged, fidgeting nervously.

"Did you like it?" He pressed, his deep voice like velvet cloaked steel.

"What?!" Ella chirped, her gold eyes going wide. "Of course not, it was just for show. Besides, I'm not a good kisser. anyway."

Sinclair's brow furrowed. "Why the hell do you think that?" He asked.

"Mike told me, more than once." She admitted, her voice barely louder than a whisper.

Sinclair rose from his seat, having heard more than enough. He migrated over to where Ella sat, kneeling down onto the floor of the car so he could look her in the eye. Is he going to touch me? Ella wondered anxiously. Why do I want to feel his hands on me so badly? She got her answer a moment later, when he took her chin between his thumb and forefinger, and tilted her face up to his. "Your ex was a f*ing idiot." He murmurs. "For more reason than one."

Her heart sank, it hadn't escaped her notice how many people had commented on her beauty that evening, or how proud Sinclair had seemed to have her on his arm. "Because I'm pretty?"

Sinclair shook his head. "You're gorgeous, Ella, but so are lots of people."

He's an idiot because he couldn't see past it – to the force of nature underneath.”

“I'm not a force of nature.” Ella protest. “I'm poor and weak and -”

His finger moves to cover my lips. “You are what I say you are.” Ella bristled beneath his intimate touch and domineering manner. She wanted to challenge him, to insist that she knew herself better than he did. With great effort, she kept her mouth shut because she knew it wasn't an argument she could win. Nodding in approval, Sinclair continued. “And I say you are brave, clever, so sweet I can't stand it, and so much stronger than you know.” He offered her a wolfish grin then, “Not not mention the best kisser I've ever had the pleasure of tasting.”

Ella blushed scarlet, and Sinclair chuckled, taking the seat next to her. He slung an arm over her shoulders, encouraging her to lean into his warmth. “Thank you.” Ella murmured, sinking into his embrace.

“I didn't say it to please you.” Sinclair remarked simply, brushing off her thanks. “I said it because it's true.”

“Bossy wolf.” Ella muttered, earning herself another rumbling laugh.

Before long her eyelids were growing very heavy, and the exhaustion of the stressful evening threatened to take hold completely. She tried to stay awake until they returned home, but the little voice in her head told her not to be silly. Sinclair would make sure she woke up when the time came.

Sinclair watched as Ella slowly succumbed to sleep, feeling a stab of guilt for putting her through so much when she needed her rest. He couldn't help ducking his head to press a kiss to her hair, thinking again of their kiss. For all her flaws, he'd thought he'd been to heaven and back with Lydia when it came to sex – after all the Goddess fated couples together based on sexually compatibility. She'd been the best lover he'd ever had, but kissing her hadn't felt anything like kissing Ella.

She threw herself into the act so freely, without any inhibitions or reluctance. Ella was clearly an incredibly affectionate woman, and it made him even angrier to imagine the world denying her the love she deserved for so many years. He couldn't wait until Mike was finally in front of him. He'd teach that fe*kless human a lesson he'd never forget.

Sinclair breathed in the fragile human's scent, calming his temper with Ella's bewitching fragrance. His wolf purred with approval, his voice rising in the back of Sinclair's head. She smells better and better every day. This one is special.

It's probably just the baby. Sinclair reasoned, knowing exactly what his wolf was talking about. The more time that passed, the more Ella smelled like a

she-wolf. Frankly it had been driving him crazy – pushing him to scent mark her far more frequently and intimately than was necessary, toying with his senses at every turn. He wasn't even sure how to describe her

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aroma one moment it was like fresh rain and wild orchids, the next like sultry summer nights and sweet honey.

Completely different from the pup. His wolf pointed out. You know it's not the same scent.

That's true, but there's no other reason her scent would be changing. You forget this has never happened before, we don't know what happens to humans carrying shifter pups. I'm sure it's just the baby.

Sinclair's wolf rolled his eyes. Fine, stick your head in the sand if you're so determined. The Alpha wasn't sure what to make of this – of any of this.

Why was his wolf being so difficult, arguing and being contrary just to be contrary. This had never happened before. His wolf had been with him from birth, and they'd never butted heads this way.

What on earth did it mean? And why was Ella the one to bring out this side of his inner animal? Was his wolf right? Was there something special about her? Or was it just the fact that she was carrying his baby, making his dreams come true when no one else had been able to do so? Did that alone make her special? Sinclair was not a man who was used to feeling uncertain, and he didn't like it one bit. At the same time, he couldn't bring himself to blame Ella for making him feel this way, even though she was certainly the cause.

Instead he found himself watching her sleep the rest of the ride home, completely transfixed, and perfectly content to watch her do nothing at all.

Chapter 20 – Shower

Ella

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I dream that I'm on a boat, rocking gently in a starlit sea. I stare up at the night sky, bathed in the light of the full moon. My belly is swollen with my pup, and Sinclair is beside me, telling me stories about shifters – all the myths and legends of his people. His voice carries me along the waves, until he begins describing the life we'll have together with our baby. He paints a picture of perfection, a happy life as a family of three- my child and I pampered and cared for while he rules his empire, wanting for nothing. It all seems too good to be true, and it's not until I realize I'm dreaming that I understand why. When I blink my eyes open, I realize that there are tears in them. I really am rocking, but not in any boat. Sinclair is carrying me

inside from the car and clearly trying very hard not to wake me.

I must have fallen asleep. I realize dazedly.

“You don’t have to carry me.” I murmur, hoping the emotion in my voice can be passed off as grogginess.

“Hush now.” He croons, “I don’t mind. You just rest.”

Another time I might argue, but I’m so sleepy, and his arms feel so good around me that I just snuggle in. To my surprise, Sinclair leans his face towards my hair and inhales a deep breath. “You smell more like a wolf every day.” He shares. “The baby must be very healthy.”

This idea makes me smile, “Will I be able to feel it move soon, if pregnancy is so much shorter?”

“After a couple of months, yes.” He confirms.

This is still sooner than human babies quicken, but I feel so impatient.

“Hmph, that’s so long to wait.”

Sinclair chuckles. “Maybe, but it will be so worth the wait, sweet Ella.”

“Do... do shifter pregnancies ever have complications?” I ask, finally feeling brave enough to voice this hidden worry. It’s been on my mind ever since the doctor told me the baby was developing slowly, but Sinclair seemed so confident that I told myself everything was fine.

“Rarely.” He answers. “But it happens. That’s why I’m being so cautious with you – I don’t want anything to happen, for both our sakes.”

I scoff, pressing my nose to his chest and inhaling his own scent. “I think you just like telling people what to do – baby or not.”

Sinclair’s wolf flashes in his eyes, but he smirks; “Keep it up you naughty thing, and I’ll show you what strict really is.” Before I can respond or contemplate what this might mean, he pushes into my bedroom, striding towards my bed as if he intends to tuck me in.

“No, I want a shower first.” I object.

“Are you sure? It’s very late.” Sinclair asks.

I nod, “I hate going to bed not feeling clean.” After a childhood of almost always feeling dirty, it had become a crutch of mine.

Sinclair helps me with the zipper on my dress, and within minutes I’m standing beneath a steaming cascade of water, feeling more and more myself as more of the day washes away. I felt like a different person with all that makeup and finery on, it’s such a relief to be free of it.

I’m rinsing shampoo from my hair when I hear a strange growl – violent and very close by. It isn’t Sinclair, and it isn’t coming through the me*tal link with the baby. I don’t know how I can recognize his growl from anyone else’s, but in my heart, I know that danger is near. Did someone come into the

bathroom after me? I wonder frantically, trying to peer through the fogged up glass, how did they get past Sinclair's guards!?

The snarl sounds again, reverberating around the small space, and I cry out in fear, unable to stay quiet. I don't think ten seconds passed before the door slams open and Sinclair appears, his wolf glowing in his eyes. "Ella, are you alright? What's wrong?"

He comes over to the shower stall, opening the glass door to release the steam, and finds me curled up in a ball in the corner. "I swear someone was in here with me." I confess shakily. "I could hear them growling and snarling, but I couldn't see through the steam."

Sinclair's body, already rigid, tightens even further as he begins scenting the air and searching the room. "I don't smell anything" He tells me after a moment, "but I'll have the guards search anyway, just in case" He charges out of the room only long enough to bark some orders at his guards, telling them to begin searching the grounds. While he's away, I wrap a towel around my naked body, trying to ease my trembling.

As soon as Sinclair returns, he pulls me into his arms. "It's okay Ella, you're safe." He promises.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what's wrong with me." I apologize.

"It's okay, it's probably just all the stress piling up on you." He reasons. "But if you don't feel safe you can sleep in my room tonight."

I nod into his chest, realizing it's bare for the first time. He must have been getting ready for bed himself.

My nerves are so frayed that I don't even object when he swings my legs up into his arms, or think about stopping to grab night clothes, I simply let Sinclair carry me back to his rooms. When he sets me down I realize I didn't bring anything to sleep in. I pause, trying to decide if I want to go back or ask to borrow something, when Sinclair's voice interrupts my thoughts. "Oh no!"

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"What, what's wrong?" I ask anxiously, spinning around and searching for a threat.

However Sinclair's attention is focused on me, and suddenly I'm painfully aware of the fact I'm only wearing a towel.

"You washed off my scent." He frowns, prowling closer.

"So?" I murmur, "I'm only going to sleep. No one is going to be smelling me."

He shakes his head. "We can't take that risk."

"I – what risk?" I murmur, feeling my blood heat up in response.

“Well if I have to wake up early and leave for the office, there won’t be time to mark you before I go.” Sinclair reasons. “I’m afraid my wolf is fairly insistent. It needs to be tonight.”

“Your wolf?” I squeak.

Sinclair nods, “It’s for the baby’s protection, he won’t let either of us rest until it’s done.”

He’s towering me over now, and I can already feel my body getting worked up. The last couple of times he’s marked me have been almost dangerously arousing. “But I’m naked.” I whisper, as if it’s some sort of secret.

His green eyes flash, and a shiver runs down my spine. “Do you want me to go get you some underthings?”

I gnaw on my lower lip. I don’t want him to leave, and the idea of being completely naked with this man is beyond intriguing. Besides, I know it doesn’t mean anything to him. Nudity to shifters is completely normal, and he might think I’m pretty or a good kisser, but at the end of the day I’m still a human. He could never want me that way.

I shake my head after a moment, hoping I won’t completely embarrass myself. Sinclair nods with approval, reaching for my towel. I instinctively clutch the fabric to my skin, backing out of his reach. He arches a brow, “Second thoughts?”

“No.” I respond defiantly, unwrapping the terrycloth and revealing myself to him completely.

His dark gaze rakes over every inch of my exposed skin, and before long I have goosebumps. Sinclair strips off his own clothes, and it takes all my willpower not to look below his

waist. He backs me into the bed, and when my thighs hit the mattress I clamber up onto it, still inching out of his reach, but too afraid to turn my back on such a known predator. I know he would never hurt me, but right now his wolf is in control, and I feel his power deep in my bones.

I’m shifting backwards towards the pillows, and suddenly Sinclair is on the bed with me. He’s on all fours, stalking me with lethal grace until I’m pinned beneath him, feeling more vulnerable than I have in my entire life. A low purr sounds in his chest as his green eyes bore into mine, and somehow I feel soothed, even as he lowers his face to the curve of my neck and breathes me in. His chest is brushing mine, and I’m embarrassed to realize my nipples are already hard.

“Are you cold?” He rumbles in my ear.

I nod, not feeling brave enough to admit how turned on I am.

“Mmm, let’s see if we can do something about that.” He offers, pressing his

limbs flush to mine. The next thing I know his body is undulating against mine as his hands stroke every inch of me. This is like the previous times he marked me, only even more intimate than before. We've never done this naked, and until now, he's always been in total control, now I can feel his hardness pressing into my thigh, and I have to tell myself over and over again that it's just a natural response – just the the pooling wetness between my legs is perfectly normal – considering a gorgeous man is currently rubbing himself all over me.

It takes longer this time, though I don't know why. It seems like Sinclair is determined to be even more thorough than in the past. I'm proud that I'm able to get through it without making a fool of myself, and though I wish it could go on

forever, I'm also relieved when Sinclair finally stops, settling with his ear pressed to my belly, just above our pup. He looks so serene listening to the tiny heart beat, and who knows whatever else is coming through the me*tal link. I actually thought he'd fallen asleep, until of course he opens his eyes and catches me staring. "There's someone I want to take you to meet tomorrow."