

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 197

Ella

When I wake up the next morning, I feel better rested than I have in weeks. For the first time since I started hypnosis, Philippe hasn't had to charge in during the middle of the night to wake me from my night terrors. Simply being able to connect with my mate did wonders for my state of mind, and even though our lovemaking was reserved for our dreams, my body is sated and satisfied.

Even though I just saw Sinclair, my heart leaps when my phone rings a moment later, and I pull the device from its charger.

"Good morning my love." I greet him, beaming.

"Good morning, gorgeous." His handsome face fills the screen, still drowsy from sleep. "How are you feeling?"

"A thousand times better." I admit, because not only did he save me from my nightmares, but the weight of my lies are finally off my shoulders. I run my hand over my belly, checking in with our pup.

Rafe is happy too, he's been missing you as much as I have"

"I'm glad you're both feeling better," He rumbles, " though I have to tell you, you're not going to be happy with me in a moment."

"Why?" I ask nervously, sitting up. A thousand possibilities run through my mind, though I have a sneaking suspicion I know where this is going.

"Because I've called a meeting with your co- conspirators." Sinclair reveals, a note of foreboding in his deep voice.

"But Dominic, it wasn't their fault." I object. "I'm the one who convinced them and to be fair, without you here I outrank all of them.. except Gabriel." I amend. "So they were just following orders."

Sinclair gives me a sardonic look. "I hate to break it to you trouble, but as incredible and strong as you are, your wolf has only been awake for a month – there are children with more experienced animals. As far as I'm concerned, you don't outrank anybody yet."

"Im their Luna." I counter defiantly, deeply affronted that he's undervaluing my agency in my own scheme.

"You are, and you and I are going to have our own reckoning when Im home." He promises ominously, "But for now, we all need to get on the same page.

Muttering mutinously, I slide out of bed. "When is this meeting?" I snap after a moment, deciding not to voice some of the more colorful insults in my mind aloud.

"Half an hour, in Gabriel's chambers." Sinclair shares, a familiar glint in his green eyes. "Now, would you like to spend that time grumbling at me, or would like to sneak in some fun before the day gets away from us?"

"That depends." I huff, thinking that I'd quite like to continue grumbling. "What kind of fun?"

"Well, I've been thinking of the show you gave me the other day," Sinclair shares, sending a crimson blush to my cheeks as I recall pleasuring myself on our last video call. "And how beautifully you lost control, even if you were defying me every step of the way."

I smother a shiver, "And?" I squeak, already excited and having to clench my thighs together to relieve the ache at their center. My annoyance and trepidation about the meeting is gone, replaced only with erotic interest – which is exactly what the wiley wolf intended.

"And since I'm such a generous mate, I thought I might give you the chance to redeem yourself."

Sinclair bares his fangs, all predator now. "By doing exactly what I tell you to do, no matter how scandalous it sounds.." His words trail off into a low growl, and I swear my se.x spasms as if it's already on the verge of climax. "You'll follow my orders exactly, so that even though it will be your own hands, it will feel like I'm the one playing your sweet body like a fiddle – and I'm going to watch every moment."

"Okay," I gulp, trying to get control of my pounding heart.

"Good girl. Now prop the phone on the table by the bed and make sure I can see you." He instructs, his voice like rough velvet.

"Then take off your nightgown, and lie down."

"And then?" I breathe, already obeying.

"Then wait for my instructions.."

Forty minutes later I careen into Gabriel's chambers, freshly dressed but still weak kneed from our video call. Sinclair was as good as his word – unsurprisingly – and spent nearly the full half hour before the meeting ordering me to pleasure myself for his enjoyment, and Goddess was it hot! I never thought I would enjoy that sort of thing, but I'm wondering if I don't have a small exhibitionist streak when it comes to my mate.

I'm sure the wolves in this room can sense my over -excited vital signs, not to mention smell my lingering arousal. Part of me wonders if Sinclair doesn't take some sort of twisted pleasure in showing off his se.xual prowess this way, or if perhaps this is just part of my punishment. Either way, I veer into the meeting ten minutes late, and take a seat at the table.

Sinclair's face is already on a large computer screen, and his hawkish eyes follow me the moment I enter the room. They linger on me for a long moment after I sit down, before he turns his attention to my companions. "So, I'll get straight to the point," He begins gruffly. "I know that you've all been helping Ella continue to do hypnosis sessions. I know about the second memory she uncovered, and that she hasn't slept in weeks because of the nightmares."

Henry, Roger, Gabriel and Philippe all exchange wary glances, before turning their attention to me.

I sink down in my chair, feeling like a child sent to the principals office – only there are four principals and they're all lethal predators. "I didn't know about any nightmares." Henry states in concern. Roger and Gabriel murmur in agreement, and Philippe glowers as I confess that only he knew.

"No, only Philippe knew and I swore him to secrecy." Their gazes swing to my guard, full of accusation, so I add, "I didn't give him a choice."

"There's always a choice." Henry says gravely, and guilt fills me as I see the shame in my guard's eyes.

"This isn't about blame." Sinclair interrupts. "Ella and I have talked and well sort matters between us when I come home. I also know it wasn't easy for her to convince you, and I know why you agreed." he reveals, sounding resigned. "Im more concerned with how we move forward."

I look up, not quite believing my ears. It almost sounds as though he's going to let us continue, but that can't be right.. can it?

"I know my mate well enough to realize that once she's set her mind on something there isn't any stopping her – at least not when I'm so far away."

He adds with a note of warning. "So I want to make sure that the future sessions are safe and healthy. I want to know when they're happening and how they go, as well as any new information that's discovered."

"Dominic," Henry sighs, "Im sorry we kept this from you, and though we did feel it was worth the risk, I'm sorry we didn't pick up on how badly it was troubling Ella." He reaches over and squeezes my hand, looking at me with obvious worry.

"Thank you," Sinclair nods, and I realize that though he certainly blames me for not speaking up about my bad dreams, he also blames them for not noticing what was obvious to him from thousands of miles away.

"But son, you have enough going on without adding these updates and reports to your plate.

Henry continues. "I can assure you that we'll keep a sharper eye going forward and relieve some of the other stresses Ella is dealing with. Then we can update you with everything when you're back."

Not for the first time, I feel a bit indignant to have all these men talking about me as though I'm not in the room, but I also understand this is part of being a she-wolf. All these bossy Alphas view me as part of their pack, and though the independent woman in me feels offended, the orphan who grew up with no one giving a damn about her feels oddly touched. "No." Sinclair counters, not willing to budge an inch. "Im not happy about any of this, so I'll be damned if I'm going to stay in the dark about it."

"That's fair." Gabriel acknowledges. "And I think I speak for us all when I say that we do regret the subterfuge, and for not taking better care of your Luna." The others mumble their agreement.

"There's another thing." Sinclair continues, "Ella, I expect you to go through Leon's suggested therapy after your sessions, and I want you all to make sure she does it."

My jaw drops, "What?"

"You heard me, little mate." He rumbles. "That point is not up for debate. If you're going to do this, you're going to do it safely."

If I could shoot daggers with my eyes, my mate would certainly be dead. Still, he stares me down and growls until my wolf is trembling and tucking her tail between her legs. "Fine."

"Good." Sinclair approves, "Now, I'd like a word with Philippe in private."

My heart sinks as I look at my guard. "Dominic -"

"No." Philippe, objects, holding up a hand to stop me. "It's okay, Ella. I answer to my Alpha, and I knew what I was risking."

"But -"

"Come on, Ella." Henry encourages, leading me from the room. Still, I can't help but look back over my shoulder at my guard. The door closes behind us, and the last thing I see is my mate's enraged face scowling out of the computer screen.