

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 225

#Chapter 225 - Ella's Wolf Takes Over

Ella

I'm exhausted after the feast, but I know our work isn't yet complete. Roger hasn't finished his report about the refugee crisis back home and though I realize the situation is urgent, I'm not eager to discuss it. I feel like my heart and mind are maxed out on thought and emotion, so delving even deeper into these matters might just break me. Only my determination outweighs my dread, because I know I owe it to our people to bear witness to their suffering.

Sinclair is a steady presence beside me, and through our bond I feel his wolf fretting over my wellbeing. Stubborn mate, you should go up to bed. The bossy canine insists, and I see him in the shared space of our minds - nuzzling my wolf's neck and nipping her shoulder.

I want to stay with you. My wolf replies obstinately, leaning into his side and ignoring his foreboding grumbles.

Impossible thing, his wolf croons, offering me pure indulgence until a sidelong glance comes my way. You know there used to be a time when people were afraid of me.

Oh hush, people are still afraid of you. My wolf replies, circling around him and rubbing affectionately against his big body.

You're not. Sinclair growls, his wolf's dark muzzle quirking into a smile. His hawkish gaze follows my wolf as she winds around him, showing off her curves and lovely gold furr. You seem to have forgotten I'm your mate, and not your playmate. His voice is all deep foreboding, and I shiver with delight. My wolf does love it when he gets stern with us.

If it were up to me, his ominous tone and intimidating expression would be enough to still my restless energy. Unfortunately I'm worried about the meeting we're about to have, and my wolf is taking every excuse to distract us both.

I'm just happy you're home. She answers, swiping her tongue over his snout, then nudging her way under his chin.

Though we're still standing quietly side by side, I know Sinclair and I are both keeping a sharp eye on our wolves. They may not need actual space to interact, but if they don't calm down soon we're both going to end up shifting before we can get through this meeting. The next thing I know Sinclair's wolf has pounced in our shared conscience, and my gold fluffball is flat on her back, her little wolf feet dangling in the air. A deep chuckle rolls through my mind like thunder, spurring on my defiant inner animal.

She should be defeated, but my wolf only cocks her head and bats her lashes up at the lethal predator baring his fangs at her. Do you want me to be afraid? She inquires, writhing invitingly on the ground. I can run from you and hide and make a big fuss when you catch me. Flames spark in Sinclair's eyes, and I know he likes the sound of this. In fact this isn't so far from our role playing the other night, when I did all those things naked in a red cloak.

Naughty little wolf, I want you to stop flirting with me and settle so we can get through this meeting without me being forced to drag you out of here like a caveman. His wolf responds, sounding human enough that I know my mate has finally taken control of the feral creature.

And if I don't? I challenge, turning my body into his and trailing my hand up his chest, hoping the others won't see. What happens after you drag me out of here?

A true growl - not a secret rumble through our bond or some passive sound- tears from Sinclair's chest, and I know I've pushed him too far. I don't know what would happen, but I can tell you what's going to happen when we're done here and I guarantee you don't want to make things worse for yourself.

Electricity jolts in my bones, and my wolf finally relaxes, recentered by Sinclairs dominance. He eyes me knowingly as he pulls me into his lap, "come here you." He purrs, settling me on his thighs with a wolfish grin. "Enjoy sitting comfortably while you can."

I whimper softly, leaning into his chest and praying the other men didn't hear him. A hot blush burns on my cheeks as Sinclair strokes my spine, making soft rumbly sounds of contentment. Right on cue, Roger enters with James, and I think back, Thank you, reality - hoping sarcasm translates through our bond.

"Well, how was the grand feast?" James asks, sounding both genuinely interested and apprehensive.

"You'd know if you'd accepted our invitation." Sinclair replies easily, a distinct hint of amusement in his voice.

"I'm a soldier, I don't have anything to talk about with people like that." James counters, shrugging.

"What, rich people?" Roger quips, "I happen to think we're delightful."

"And politicians. They have a way of twisting the truth around until you can't even recognize it anymore. I don't like being told that things I can see with my own two eyes are wrong or don't exist, just because the reality is inconvenient." James answers seriously, his face pulled into a deep frown.

"Not all alphas are like that." Gabriel sighs, sounding unsurprised.

"Oh no? Then your talks went well?" James inquires archly.

"They didn't go much of anywhere." I confess, smiling ruefully.

"That's not true. I think you really got through to them about the humans." Sinclair interjects, ever my cheerleader.

"Worry for their own economies got through to them, nothing else." I remind him coolly, not wanting to let my ego inflate too much.

"Well we still have a week left to bring them around." Henry reminds us." Besides, they're visiting the camp tomorrow, and the nursery. If that doesn't tug on their heartstrings then nothing will.

"That might be more effective if we can actually guarantee everyone entering the hidden territories are refugees." Roger says,

"What are we going to do about the evacuations? How are we going to ensure security?"

"Did you find any suspicious names on the registration list?" Sinclair questions,

"Only five single men have entered the camps since our operations began. Three were elderly, the fourth is a resistance fighter who was gravely injured in Damen's takeover. He lost an arm and was deemed incapable of continuing as a soldier." Roger reports, listing off the details from memory.

"And the fifth?" Sinclair presses.

"At this point we're assuming he used a fake name to register: Drake O'Dell. No one recalled seeing or speaking with him - even the intake team. No one has clocked him since the flight disembarked. He's not in the camp, and even the other passengers on the plane didn't seem able to remember him." James shares, his face drawn and pale.

"So we think this is the guy?" Gabriel assesses, looking pensive.

"Well it's precisely the profile for which we were searching, and it's very concerning that this person came in on our transports then disappeared completely. If our operation were larger it might be expected that we'd lose track of a few people, but everyone else is accounted for." James confirms, still looking wretched.

"So, we don't even know what this wolf looks like?" Sinclair inquires, his hands tightening reflexively on my body.

"Luckily we do - we've taken photos of every refugee to enter the camp, so we can identify him if he returns, and we can send his photo to enforcers around Vanara - that way they can be on the lookout." Gabriel explains, trying to sound hopeful.

"Do we have a copy?" Sinclair demands promptly.

Roger pulls a color image from his files, handing it to his brother. "Here." He offers, "look familiar?"

Sinclair shakes his head, "If I've met this man I don't remember him.

"Who was the pilot?" James asks, an odd note in his voice, "Who brought him here?"

Roger shares a grim look with his brother, answering the question without speaking a word. Neither man say a word, but the damage is done. James curses under his breath, then takes the photo, studying it fiercely. He pales, wincing as he shakes his head. "I really thought I knew everyone I brought here."

"James, that's too much pressure to put on anyway." I tell him, trying and failing to scramble out of Sinclair's lap. "You've brought thousands to safety, and as bad as things have gotten at the coast it would be impossible to notice one man among thousands." i

"My job is to protect our people," James snaps back, "What if he'd decided to hijack the plane? Or bomb the camp?" No offense, Alpha, but we're damned lucky he only went after you."

Sinclair stiffens, and my wolf turns on the guilty pilot. I'm on my feet in an instant, moving so quickly that Sinclair can't catch me this time. A snarl leaves my mouth before I can stop it, and then I'm stalking towards the soldier, my fangs outstretched. "What did you just say?"