

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 220

#Chapter 220 - Ella and Sinclair

Ella

"Please, please, please?" I beg, resting my forehead on my forearms.

"Hmm," Sinclair rumbles thoughtfully, swatting my raised bottom with one powerful hand, while the other skillfully moves between my legs. He's been at this for more than half an hour, though at first it was only a punishment. He bent me over the mattress and started peppering my behind with soft spansks as he lectured me about honesty, health and safety. Then my legs gave out, and he moved me onto my hands and knees in the nest. That was around the time he started tormenting my poor, neglected sex - no doubt unable to resist the arousal pooled there as the result of his chastisement.

Sinclair leans down to kiss me between my shoulder blades. "I don't know, as naughty as you've been, I don't think you deserve to come yet." He decides devilishly, but he sinks two thick fingers inside my clenching sheath, using his thumb to circle my clit as he curves the long digits into my g-spot.

"Dominic, I can't hold out any longer." I whimper, trying to wiggle away from him and only earning myself a few especially hard smacks. The pain blooms over my heated skin with delicious effect, sending currents of electricity straight to my already overwhelmed erogenous zones. The sting is a perfect compliment to the pleasure my mate inflicts, and his utter dominance has reduced my wolf to a puddle of goo.

"Don't even think about coming before I give you permission, little wolf." He warns, a dark edge in his deep voice. "You've been running wild without me here, and that ends tonight."

I bite down on my lower lip, whining pitifully as I try to keep myself from teetering over the edge despite his expert handling. It's no use, the heady combination of pleasure and pain is too much for me to bear. My mate's fingers are thrusting into my tight channel, stretching me - preparing me to accommodate his huge cock. The anticipation only excites me more, and when he feels me begin to spasm, he pulls his hand free and swats my swollen clit. I moan helplessly as I lose control, not understanding the sensations ravaging my body.

Sinclair returns to stroking me as I ride the shuddering bliss, his hands not gentling, but driving me even higher. He doesn't let me come down, instead forcing me to a second terrifying peak right after the first. I don't recognize the keening cry which leaves my lips, and when I recover the ability to hear and think again, my mate's husky voice is full of triumph.

"Oh you bad girl." He scolds, not sounding the least bit disappointed. Sinclair returns to spanking me, his fingers coated with my wetness and enhancing the burn. "You have a lot of nerve, trouble. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Your... fault." I gasp, tears burning in my eyes from the pure intensity of the experience. "You made me."

The next thing I know I'm lying on my back, and my mate is hovering over me, his eyes glowing. He flashes his fangs in a lethal grin, and I know I'm right - he wanted me to lose control. "Excuses, excuses." He growls, kissing his way down my body. "Greedy little wolf - stealing orgasms that belong to me."

I toss my head back and forth as he nips and licks my thighs, knowing it's no use arguing when he's let his inner animal take over. "Such a pretty pussy," he murmurs, chuckling when I flush an even deeper shade of crimson. He hovers his lips just over my clit and blows cool air over the still -pulsing nub, and I hiss at the slight sensation. "Are you sore already, mate? I'm just getting started."

"Am I done being punished?" I ask in a small voice, unsure of whether I want him to take mercy on me, or continue with his sensual torment. My insatiable wolf is still urging me to ask for more - to provoke him if I must

- but it's my body which must pay the price of her demands. I can feel Sinclair delving into our bond, and I know he can sense this truth. I instinctively realize he won't stop until my wolf is satisfied, but a wave of tenderness assails me all the same.

"Not even close." He croons, crawling up my body to kiss me. It's a rather chaste kiss, given the things he's been doing to me, but when he pulls back he cups my cheek in his hand, his hungry gaze boring into me so intensely I want to look away. "I won't give you more than you can take Ella, but we can always pause if you're overwhelmed." He reminds me. "You're safe, and I love you, just keep the bond open."

I nod, and Sinclair kisses me again, this time taking the time to explore my mouth with his talented tongue. He extracts kiss after kiss from my lips, and I get lost in the feeling of our lips dancing, our breath mingling. I'm drunk on the taste of him, already wondering how long I'll have to wait before he claims me fully. Sinclair chuckles in response, kissing his way down my neck and petting my hip.

"Wait," I object, wanting to pause, but not for the reason Sinclair thinks. He looks up from his lazy exploration of my breasts, giving me his full attention. "I really am sorry for everything that happened while you were away." I whisper, tangling my fingers in his dark hair, "for everything I did."

"Oh sweetheart we're past all that." He purrs, stroking my sides as he sucks one of my beaded nipples into his mouth. This is just for fun now. He continues in my mind, flicking his tongue over the bud and teasing the

other with his fingers. I arch into his touch, relief coursing through me. I'm sure this fight will be one of many disagreements in our future, and I'm sure there will be times that Sinclair is in the wrong and I the right. But that wasn't the case this time, and it is incredibly freeing to feel such catharsis

- as if I've paid my penance and we can move forward together on even footing.

Fun for who? My wolf sasses, apparently ready to run rampant with her freshly clean conscience. As far as I can tell, you're the one having all the fun here.

Sinclair nips my breast with his sharp canines, looking up at me with a devious expression. "That reminds me," He proclaims, in a tone that makes me suddenly wary. "I took quite the journey through your dreams to find you in your nightmares, little mate."

"You did?" I ask, curious about he accomplished such a feat, but also uncertain about why he's telling me this.

"Indeed." He nods, looking more and more predatory with every moment that passes. "Including a very heated fantasy you haven't shared with me."

If I thought his dirty talk made me blush, it's nothing compared to the sudden embarrassment and panic I feel now. "Which one? I gulp.

He cocks his head with interest, as if he hadn't realized there were multiple. "I think you should guess. Start with the one which excites you most - since you're so worried about having fun."

Something about his response gives me pause, and I realize he's fishing - trying to make me reveal sex dreams he didn't actually witness. I narrow my eyes. "Oh no you don't, Dominic." I counter, "I'm not going to let you embarrass me even more

"Embarrass?" He interrupts, frowning. "What is there to be embarrassed about? We all have fantasies, Ella."

"Oh, would you like to tell me some of yours? Or some of the weird dreams you've had that have no basis in reality? I'm pregnant by the way, half of my dreams are crazy!" I remind him, getting more worked up now.

"I remember, baby." He replies, kissing my belly and purring to calm my frayed nerves. "And I'll gladly tell you my fantasies. Though I have to confess that I already have plans to enact them with you when we have the time... and equipment."

The last word makes me squirm in his arms, but his soothing purrs are taking effect. "Just tell me what you saw?" I request pouting.

Thankfully he takes pity on me, "Well, you were wearing a bright red cloak, but otherwise you were stark naked... and

"I remember." I wince, not wanting to look him in the eye.

Sinclair's suggestive purrs pull my attention to him despite my shyness, "We already have this room, which looks like a forest, and I'm sure I've seen a red coat in your closet."

"You mean, you actually want to...?" I trail off, shocked that he seems so eager.

"Why wouldn't I?" He asks, sitting up and pulling me up with him. "I love seeing you turned on, so I'm bound to find anything that gets you excited sexy." When he puts it like that it makes sense, but I can't help feeling uncertain. Sensing this, he adds in a growl, "Besides, it's not as if it would be difficult to get into the role - if I was out in the woods and saw your luscious body flashing at me from under a little cloak, I wouldn't be able to resist gobbling you up. I might even want to make you pay for teasing me."

"I think I would feel silly." I confess, even as a delicious shiver runs down my spine at the image he's putting in my head, "what would I even say?"

Sinclair flashes his fangs, trailing his hand down my body, "That's the beauty, sweetheart. The lines are already written for you."

My sex clenches in excitement, and I take a deep breath, summoning my courage. I begin backing away from him on the bed, making my eyes wide and innocent, "My Mr Wolf, what big hands you have..."