

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 241

#Chapter 241 - Ella and Sinclair Celebrate

Ella

After Leon leaves Sinclair takes me to bed, though not for the reason I initially hoped. I cling to him as he tries to place me in my nest, "What are you doing?" I inquire indignantly.

"Trying to help you get comfortable." He replies, petting my cheek. "You need to rest."

"You promised we'd cuddle." I remind him, refusing to let go. I wrap my legs around his back, hanging off of him like a very round sloth.

"I did, but I think we both know that's not what you're interested in right now." Sinclair rumbles affectionately, gently detaching my limbs from his big body. I huff and stretch out beneath him, wriggling out of my clothes and enticing him with my lush curves. His emerald eyes rake over my naked skin with open appreciation, and I hear his wolf grumbling with barely contained desire.

He's not wrong about my intentions. This is the ether's doing - a side effect I haven't yet experienced because Sinclair hasn't been with me during the previous sessions. The drug is not only consuming my mind in a haze of dreamy images and surreal illusions, but the euphoric sensations which once seemed like innocent joy now translate into overwhelming lust.

With Sinclair's heady aroma and dominant energy filling my senses, my limbs become deliciously heavy, and a sultry heat radiates from my core. My blood simmers and pulses, accumulating in my breasts and dripping sex, swelling them with carnal need. My love for my mate is so powerful in this moment that I can't even contemplate keeping it to myself. It wants to pour out of me in a great rush, to drown my mate in affection and bring us both to rapture.

"We just discovered something wonderful, Dominic." I state in a voice as smooth as silk. "We should celebrate."

Sinclair sighs, fluffing the pillows around my body and tucking me beneath a weighted blanket. "I hate to say it but I don't think you're in the right state of mind for that." He declares firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument. "Besides, not all of that memory was good, my love. Are you sure you aren't just focusing on the nice part to avoid thinking about the rest?"

"Of course I'm sure." I counter stubbornly, pushing the blanket off of me and sidling closer to him. "The ether isn't making me imagine I want you, Dominic. I always want you." I profess, leaning into his side and kissing his neck. "Are you truly going to deny me just because I'm a little high?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to do, you naughty thing." Sinclair answers sternly, "now stop flirting with me and lie down."

My wolf whines pitifully, and I slump back against the pile of pillows. Sinclair's hungry gaze follows my every move, and I sense his dire temptation through our bond. A flash of devious inspiration strikes, and I part my legs, letting him see just how aroused I am- ensuring my scent assails him at full force.

Sinclair groans, his wolf snarling with frustration and heightening my arousal even further. "Such a brazen little wolf." He croons, towering over my prone body with dark, sensual intent. "You don't have any inhibitions right now, do you, trouble?" He observes, sliding his fingers through my slick cleft, teasing my aching clit with a featherlight touch that nonetheless makes me arch and cry out. "Putting this sweet pussy on display like this... tempting me with all your honey?" He removes his hand only to take his fingers into his mouth, licking my arousal from his long fingers with a rumble of pleasure. The scandalous sight leaves me panting, but then Sinclair captures my nape in his powerful grip, lowering his face until our noses are practically touching. "Do you really believe I'm going to let you get away with it?"

I nod hopefully, but my mate's ominous chuckle makes my heart sink. "Wrong answer, baby." He nips my trembling lower lip. "When the ether wears off I'm going to rut you senseless, but not before I teach you what happens to bad girls who try to top from the bottom."

"But you've done that before." I object, my sex clenching with the memory of the night he finally claimed me.

"Well clearly the lesson didn't stick." Sinclair rumbles, kissing me fiercely. * Lucky for you I'm a very patient wolf."

To my utter dismay, my mate is as good as his word. A few hours later I'm spread-eagled on the bed with Sinclair's head buried between my legs, his talented tongue tormenting me to no end.

"This isn't fair!" I whimper desperately, "I was high!" I've been spanked and worked up into an impossible lather, forced to orgasm over and over again as my mate overwhelms me with more pleasure than I can bear. I never know how Sinclair is going to punish me, and today he seems to have decided to teach me to be careful what I wish for - by giving me too much of it. Frankly I can't decide whether it's worse to be overwhelmed with too many climaxes or denied them until I'm a begging, babbling mess. At this point I'm so sensitive that the slightest touch can send me over the edge again, detonating in a terrifying blend of ecstasy and pain.

"And you were a defiant imp who left me with blue balls all day long." Sinclair replies, guiding me onto my hands and knees. "You're lucky I'm so proud of you, or I might have refused to claim you at all."

I scoff before I can think better of it, "Fat chance, with me leaving in less than a week. I'm surprised your wolf even lets me out of bed."

"Is that so?" Sinclair responds, his deep bass full of foreboding. "Then perhaps we aren't finished yet, after all."

Despite his words, I hear his belt buckle clink and my wolf sags with relief. Finally, she moans in my head, driving me to sway my punished bottom in invitation. As raw as my intimate flesh is, nothing compares to being filled and marked by my mate, and she won't be satisfied until he takes this final step.

Sinclair growls, dragging his hard length through my sodden folds, using my own arousal to coat his huge cock before pressing the thick tip to my back entrance. I jolt slightly, because we've only done this in our dreams. Sinclair purrs and rests his free hand on the small of my back, rubbing my lumbar in soothing circles. "Easy, sweetheart." He encourages, some of the fire fading from his voice. "I'll go slow."

I whine as he presses forward, feeling the foreign stretch of my forbidden channel. My cheeks flush with embarrassment as his thick head finally pops inside, feeling so strange and wrong... so oddly exquisite. "That's it," He praises, reaching down to stroke my overly-sensitized clit. All of my inner muscles clench and a moan escapes my lips as Sinclair eases further inside me. "Good girl, just relax. Remember how much you loved this the first time? How you came to pieces before I could even think about touching your needy clit?"

I shake my head, not understanding why something that sounds so wrong can excite me so much. I know Sinclair loves scandalizing my sensibilities, but that doesn't explain why I enjoy it in equal measure. When he's finally buried to the hilt Sinclair drags my back up against his chest, claiming my mouth as I adjust to his size. My lips part on a silent gasp when he begins to pull out, and he swallows the non-sound with a ravenous purr.

Sinclair withdraws almost entirely before thrusting back inside of me in a single move, and I cry out as his flared cockhead rubs up against my g-spot through the thin walls separating my passages. He does it again and again, and before I know it I'm abruptly thrown over the edge of orgasm. It seems like too much too fast, but my body is strung as tight as a bow after all his expert handling. "You see?" Sinclair growls, all predator now, "Your body was made for me, we fit together so perfectly that you can't help but find pleasure in anything we do."

There's a note of pure elation in his voice, and I understand he was every bit as eager to celebrate our newly fated status as I was - he simply had more patience. A tiny ache I hadn't realized I was carrying eases in my chest, comforted to discover the desire wasn't one-sided. "Mine," He purrs, increasing the pace of his thrusts as his hands work wonders on my breasts and clenching sex. "My fated Ella. I knew you were meant for me. You're too perfect not to be - everything I could ever dream of and more."

At any other time I might try to tell him that I'm far from perfect, but I know there's no reasoning with his wolf right now. If I try it will undoubtedly result in another spanking... though now that I think of it... "I'm not perfect."