

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 13

Chapter 13 Pregnancy diet

288 Vouchers

Ella

This is confusing.

It was much easier for me to hate Sinclair when he was being overbearing and bossy, I'm not sure what to make of all this kindness. It seems too good to be true, and that's a guaranteed red flag. I learned the hard way growing up as an orphan, if it seems too good to be true, it's because it is.

At the same time, I can't bring myself to pull away from Sinclair. He's still holding and rocking me more tenderly than I ever could have imagined. Has anyone ever held me this way? Mike certainly didn't, and while Cora has always comforted me in times of need, this does not feel like cuddling Cora. I'm aware of Sinclair's touch in a way that is far from sisterly, I feel as though I'm being scalded by his heat, and wonder if werewolves run higher temperatures than humans.

It strikes me quite suddenly that if Sinclair is half this attentive with his children, my baby will have more love than I could have possibly hoped for. He really will make a wonderful father – assuming this isn't some act to make me agree to some new condition on our agreement. Then again, I remember how kind he's always been to Jake and Millie, how obviously he loves children.

I'm not sure where it comes from, but suddenly I feel a rush of jealousy for the woman who will become his mate. She will be very lucky indeed, and it's obvious his sperm wasn't the problem with his past fertility struggles now. They'll probably have many children together, and my baby can have siblings

to love and play with. I might not be able to have a big family, but my child will be part of one- and that's what's important, right? So why do I feel so bitter at the thought of another woman being with Sinclair?

I might suspect that a she-wolf would feel threatened by my baby, because it would prevent one of her own pups from becoming Sinclair's heir, but I know that's not it either. I snuggle closer as my tears slow,

and Sinclair purrs, sending a delicious shiver down my spine. Why is it so hard to pull away from him? Why does the idea of leaving his arms make me so disappointed?

I can't be attracted to him. I can't. It's a recipe for disaster!

"What are you thinking about?" His deep voice sounds in my ear, and I jolt as if I've been shocked. I can feel myself coloring already, and when I look up at him, there's a knowing smirk on his face.

I try to conjure an excuse that would explain my embarrassment, so I confess a half truth, "I was thinking I want more ice cream."

Sinclair frowns now, eyeing the bowl I've just finished. "I think that might be overdoing it. The doctor said you needed a very nutritious diet."

The baby doesn't care for this, and neither do I. My craving hasn't been satisfied yet, and no one has ever deigned to tell -me what I can or cannot eat. "I'm an adult, Sinclair. I can see to my own health."

"I've asked you to call me Dominic." He reminds me, catching me in the crosshairs of his piercing eyes.

288 Vouchers

"My point remains the same no matter what I call you." I state tritely, pulling away from him at last. I slip off his knee and rise to my feet. His collar is soaked through with my tears, and though I'm standing and he's kneeling, he's still almost as tall as I am. I place my hands on my hips, trying not to cower in the face of his stern expression.

"What if I make you something else, what's your favorite dish?" Sinclair questions.

Rolling my eyes, I retrieve my bowl and circle around him, heading for the door. My fingers are inches from the handle when a tree trunk arm circles my middle and I'm lifted off my feet. "Hey! Put me down!"

"Such a naughty little human." Sinclair clucks in disapproval, setting me down on the couch.

"You said I was free to go wherever I wish here." I remind him. "I want to go to the kitchen."

“You may go to the kitchen if you like,” He agrees, “but not if you’re only going to fill up on ice cream. That baby needs more than sugar and fat to grow big and strong.”

The more this goes on, the more I feel like a child. Here I am, demanding sweets when I know it isn’t best for my child, but I can’t help the cravings I’m experiencing. The baby wants what it wants, and there’s no reasoning with my hormones. They are stronger than any PMS or mood swing I’ve ever experienced before, it makes me feel like a different person. I’m a mature adult, I’ve been on my own my whole life – I raised myself and Cora, even though she’s older. So why do I feel like crying again simply because I’m not going to get my way?

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288 Vouchers

I’m still caught up in my thoughts when I feel calloused fingers stroke my cheek, drawing my attention up to Sinclair. “Has no one ever cared for you enough to set limits?” He asks, searching my face. In the wrong tone it might have sounded like a cruel reminder, but he speaks with true sympathy.

“I’m an orphan, remember?” I bite, my voice thick with emotion. “No one has ever cared for me at all – not the way you mean.”

“Well that changes now.” Sinclair proclaimed firmly, leaving no room for argument. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

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I remain in my room, trying to get hold of myself and wrap my brain around this strange new relationship with Sinclair. I feel very confused by his behavior, and my own feelings. My body is responding to him like it’s never responded to anyone – it feels as if I’ve come alive after a very long sleep – but I have to wonder whether that’s only the baby? Surely if there is such a strong bond between Sinclair and the pup that they have a me*tal link, I must be affected too.

I’m so lost in my thoughts that I almost don’t realize it when the man in question returns, carrying a tray. He sets it down in front of me and though I’m feeling contrary enough that I’m tempted to reject it on principle, that impulse evaporates as soon as he raises the cloche to reveal the meal he’s prepared. It’s macaroni and cheese with broccoli,

not exactly healthy, but certainly better than ice cream. Not to mention, it's my absolute favorite dish from childhood.

"How did you know?" I ask, astonished. This is not something he could have possibly learned from his link with the baby. It's not a craving, but a personal fact very few people know.

"I have my ways." Sinclair answers slyly, offering me a fork.

I accept it gladly, and wonder again at this mysterious man... wolf.

There's so much about him I don't understand, things that have nothing to do with being a werewolf, and everything to do with his human side.

"What happened between you and your mate?" I ask, not sure if this is an appropriate question for me to ask, but deciding to test my luck.

"When you said not all fated mates are good fits, were you talking about yourself?"

Sinclair blinks, and at first I don't think he'll answer, but after a moment he sighs and sits beside me. He leans forward and rests his elbows on my knees. "Yes." He admits, watching me take my first bite of food with laser sharp focus. I moan with pleasure when the flavors hit my tongue, and some unreadable emotion flashes in his green eyes. "Lydia was beautiful, intelligent, and incredibly calculated. I don't know if there was ever really love between us, or just the bond. We married because... that's what you do when you find your mate. I knew she'd make a good Luna, and I wanted a family. I wanted to give her everything she desired – that's the way it is with mates, even when the feelings are complicated, you feel compelled to make them happy."

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"Unfortunately what Lydia wanted was a baby." Sinclair continued grimly. "And when I could not give her one, she left me for another Alpha – without a second thought. In the end I'm not sure if she loved me, or my money and power. She was a very materialistic woman, and the status of being a Luna wasn't worth nearly as much if she didn't produce an heir."

"That's awful." I murmur, wanting to reach for his hand, but not feeling quite brave enough. "I'm so sorry."

Before he can respond, a woman's voice sounds on the other side of the

door. “Knock knock!”

When Sinclair rises to open the door, I look at my phone and see a series of texts from Cora. Why did Dominic Sinclair just call me to ask your favorite meal? How are you? What’s going on? Are you with him?

Well that’s one mystery solved. I think. However I don’t have time to dwell on it, because Sinclair is ushering a woman I don’t recognize inside.

“Ah Aileen, come in.” Sinclair invites, showing her into the room. “Ella this is Aileen, she’s my Beta’s wife, and she’s going to teach you everything you need to play the part of a Luna.”

As curious as I am about the role, I’m more curious about Sinclair. I want to keep talking, but he’s already departing, and Aileen is offering me a wide smile. “Are you ready to begin?”

