

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 201

Ella

I'm staring at Sinclair in utter shock, wishing I could unhear the words that just came out of his mouth.

You're saying that my father is King Xavier?" I gape, all the joy from the last hour slipping away.

The King who died without an heir and led to your father's campaign against Damon's? The one who killed your mother?"

(We don't know for sure that he killed my mother.)

Sinclair soothes, "And even if he did, it's not as though that changes anything."

"It means that my father is a murderer – a dead murderer!" I cry, feeling my stomach rise into my throat. It means he ruled over the city where I grew up in terrible conditions and never... never did anything to make sure I was alright."

It hadn't even occurred to me that the Goddess's tale essentially made me a Princess. I'd latched onto the fact that my parents wanted me and glossed over everything else she said- like the fact that my father was a King and that I was chosen to unite humans and wolves. Now that I remember it feels like the entire world is crashing down around me. Baby, we don't have all the answers yet." Sinclair quickly gathers me back into his arms, sensing my quickly fraying nerves. "This was only your third session and for all we know, your parents never knew where you ended up. Servants of the goddess might have taken you and given you to the orphanage, just like they handled binding your wolf and... whatever the incident in the forest was about."

But he's dead." I repeat, hating that this fact bothers me more than the rest. "I always thought that if I found my parents I'd get to meet them... and now I never can."

"Xavier is dead." Sinclair confirms, turning my face up to his. "But your mother lives, Ella. Queen Reina left Moon Valley after Xavier died and the last I heard, she dedicated herself to the Goddess. When this is all over we can find her."

"Reina?" I murmur realizing I'd never heard the Queen addressed by her name. That's the surname they assigned me at the orphanage. I always went by Ella Reina. "

"Maybe that was her gift to you... a clue to find her when the time came." Sinclair suggests.

"And the Goddess?" I ask, feeling suddenly so overwhelmed with emotion that everything seems numb, too convoluted to identify any single feeling from the tangled mass. "She called herself one of my parents too... and she knew all of it, she sent those wolves to bind me, like you said."

She also said it all happened for a reason." Sinclair reminds me tenderly. "I know it feels like no reason could ever be worth such terrible trauma, but she must have thought it was necessary. I can't believe she would have done it otherwise."

"So you're taking her side?" I sniffle, burying my face in his neck.

Never." He retorts, stroking my spine. "From now until eternity, your side is the only one I will ever take... and if I ever come face to face with that bitch I'll punch her right in her beautiful face. We'll just see how long she stays prettier than me once I get my hands on her."

I hiccup a laugh, sliding my arms around his neck.«

Thank you." I whisper, tilting my face up for a kiss.

He doesn't disappoint me, and we sink down onto the bed together, determined to make the most of the time we have left in the dream.

3rd Person

Roger was lying in his suite, trying to wrap his brain around the day's events when a knock sounded at his door. He rose and crossed the room, his nose picking up on his new favorite scent, though he could scarcely believe it was real.

But sure enough, when the door swung open, Cora leaned in the doorway, her dark eyes wide and vulnerable. "You still wanna have that drink?"

"of course," He ushered her in and took her order, preparing the requested cocktail without a word – waiting for her to take the lead.

"Don't turn this into something it's not," Cora warned as he handed her the glass. "I've just had a really long day and I just need to decompress a bit."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Roger inquired, certain she would turn down the offer.

But she surprised him again, "I think I might be a terrible person." She admitted dolefully.

"Why do you say that?" Roger asked, fixing his own drink.

"Ella thinks if she doesn't tell me about all the secrets she's uncovering, then I won't find out... she doesn't seem realize that she's a celebrity here."

Cora shook her head. "It's all over the palace already, the long lost daughter of King Xavier, of the Goddess herself- however that works."

"Okay?" Roger asked, knowing better than to guess what was bothering her.

"The point is that if anyone deserves to be happy... it's my sister." Cora groused, trailing off.

"But?" Roger prompted.

"But we were always each other's only family." Cora shared bleakly. "Sure, when we were little, we hoped and prayed that our parents would come for us... that's a hope that never really goes away. But the older we got, we were bonded by the fact that we never knew where we came from and never would.

We chose each other to be our family. And now she might find her real one and I.. I'm angry at her. I'm angry that she's getting answers that I never will.

"Are you afraid that she won't need you anymore if she finds them?" Roger inquired gently. "Because that's not going to happen."

I wish it were that – that would be easier than the truth." Cora confessed miserably. "Fear is forgivable. Jealousy is just selfish and petty... But I am jealous. It feels like this is just another way that the world revolves around Ella. It was hard enough when she was just my brilliant, beautiful little sister. No matter what happened to her, she never fell apart, and even though she was good at everything, she was never prideful about it."

"I became a doctor, thinking a prestigious job might even be the playing field... but she could have been one too, she just didn't want to. She only ever wanted to teach children and have a family. Then I got the job at the sperm bank and learned this huge secret about the world, I was doing science unlike anything I could have hoped for and I didn't mind keeping the secret about shifters because I felt special for the first time in my life." Cora revealed, her eyes shining. "Then Ella turns out to be a wolf.

And now.. she's an actual princess, a gift from the Goddess.

Roger sighed, understanding only too well. "You know, sometimes I find that when I have a horrible, unconscionable thought. Something so terrible that it shames me to my core, that sometimes saying it out loud can help, because then at least I can acknowledge it and let it go."

Cora nodded slowly. "It's wrong and cruel of me to feel this way, after everything she did for me, after everything she's been through. I know that... But," Cora professed, taking a deep breath. Ella shouldn't get to find her family too... I want to win, just once."

Roger watches as she buries her face in her hands. Why can't I figure out how to define myself outside of her? This is my life, not hers, so why does our relationship have so much power over me? Why can't I figure out how to be my own person?

"If anyone understands that, it's me." Roger assured her, resting a gentle hand on her shoulder.

Hell, I plotted against my brother with his enemy, I actually helped attack his mate ->

Wait, what?" Cora interrupted. "Are you talking about Lydia, or Ella?"

"Why, Ella. That night behind the club." Roger paled as he realized his mistake, "I thought you knew."

"No." Cora hissed slamming her drink down. "I did not. Explain – right now."