

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 242

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Chapter 242 – Hope

Ella

Sinclair's heartbeat thumps steadily beneath my ear as his hands move over my body, massaging away all the kinks in my

overworked muscles. I've been fading in and out of consciousness for the last hour, floating in a very different kind of high than

the one induced by ether. Sinclair tells me it's not unusual for she-wolves to enter a heightened plane of consciousness amidst

such an onslaught of pleasure, but I'm still getting used to the violent surge of endorphins holding my body captive.

I feel completely boneless in my mate's arms and I really don't want to move, but my stomach is growling and I can sense Rafe's

hunger through our bond. Sinclair senses this too, gently untangling our bodies so he can rise. I murmur in complaint and he

kisses my hair, promising to return with food. I snuggle deeper into the plush bedding as his footsteps recede, still reveling over

the information revealed in my most recent hypnosis session.

It's not that I find the idea of chosen mates any less romantic or important than fated ones. In fact, in some ways I think chosen mates are more special because they derive from a love which transcends divine power.

No, I think Sinclair and I are simply so happy because this news confirms what we've both felt for some time now: that we were made for one another and nothing in this world can come between us now that we've found each other. Of course it's not merely comforting, it also bolsters our spirits in the face of the war ahead. When Sinclair returns from the kitchens carrying a tray piled high with my favorite foods, I confess just how profoundly the priests' vision impacted me.

"I know it was meant to give me hope back then, but I think I needed to see it now too. I needed to know there's a chance we can beat Damon – that we can be that happy." I say softly, accepting a bite of strawberry from his hand.

"I understand it's only one possibility, but if we can figure out how to win this war then that beautiful family – that incredible future is somewhere in our cards... we just have to play the right ones."

“I needed it too.” Sinclair admits, holding a cheese-laden cracker to my lips. I accept the bite and chew, but I’m surprised to hear my mate disclose such doubts. He’s always so confident and in control, and though it may seem counter-intuitive, it’s a comfort to know he worries about our future just as much as I do.

“Really?” I ask, once I’ve swallowed the tasty morsel.

“You and Rafe are my strength, Ella. Sinclair answers, his voice like gravel. You’re what keeps me going in my darkest moments. When everything else in the world seems wrong, I sleep easy knowing that there are at least two things which are so right it hurts... so much so that I’m afraid I wouldn’t be able to go on if anything happened to you.” He offers me a tender smile. “You’re not the only one whose world was turned upside down when we met, trouble.”

“That’s why it was so hard for you to agree to let me go.” I assess, stroking his cheek.

“That and because I’m a greedy bastard who wants my sweet mate within reach at all times.” Sinclair quips, only half-joking.

But yes, it will be easier to watch you drive away next week knowing that our family has a chance to not only survive, but thrive and grow even larger and more wonderful.” He sighs, reclining next to me and nibbling a piece of chocolate. “And if I’m being completely honest, it helped convince my wolf that finding your mother is the right move.” A wry canine grin flashes over his gorgeous features. “He doesn’t always respond to logic with the same ease I do.”

I chuckle, but my amusement with the ironic statement is short-lived. “I wish you could come with me.” I share, gnawing on my lower lip. “It is the right decision, isn’t it?”

I’m not sure where this sudden rush of doubt comes from, but I do realize why I couldn’t acknowledge it before now. I needed Sinclair to be entirely on board with the plan before wavering, because now that we’re on the same page the stakes aren’t simply about missing one another or safety they’re about strategic value.

“I’m afraid so.” My mate nods, offering me another strawberry. “The Goddess set all this in motion, and so far she hasn’t led us

astray. Everything that has gone right has been part of her plan, so it only makes sense that we continue down that path.”

“Okay.” I nod, feeling the knot in my stomach ease. “I promise I’ll do everything in my power to ensure we have that future together.”

“So will I.” Sinclair vows, “But we can’t let it make us complacent or take it for granted. You remember what the priests said?

There are no guarantees. One wrong move and it could slip through our fingers.”

“I know.” I confirm, knowing Sinclair is only reminding me because he’s so afraid that it won’t come to be. It terrifies me too.

He’s holding up a bite of chicken now, but I ignore it, leaning past his hand to steal a kiss. He cradles my head as we melt into

the intimate act, his tongue teasing the seam of my lips and delving into my mouth. He tastes me with languid ease, running his hands over my belly as Rafe flutters and kicks. The pup has been radiating happiness ever since the session, no doubt feeding off of our own joy.

Of course, when we part Sinclair is watching me with an intensity that goes beyond mere affection. “Do you want to talk about

the rest of the memory?" He asks.

I exhale, snagging the chicken from his fingers and using it as an excuse to delay my answer. When I finish chewing I say, "It's

strange. This morning I had no recollection of ever feeling that way. I've experienced depressions and low points of course, but I

always thought I pulled through because I had no other choice." I frown, not wanting to acknowledge this new window into my

past. "But now that the ether has uncovered it, I remember every detail, every dreadful ounce of that pain and hopelessness."

Sinclair doesn't say anything, simply humming in sympathy and feeding me another bite. "I'm so ashamed that I ever considered abandoning Cora that way." I

confess, already wanting to change the subject again. I can feel tears welling, and I don't want to trade this glowing warmth for

the doom and gloom of my past. Even so, I know my mate won't let me get away with avoiding this conversation. "I spent so

many years wondering what I'd done to deserve my life... why I was being punished. I couldn't figure out what I'd done wrong,

and eventually I did start to tell myself it had to be for some larger purpose... that there was a reason I was suffering.” I pause, swiping at an escaped tear. “I told myself I was being challenged so I could grow up and do great things: help others, prevent other children from experiencing the same horrors.” I shake my head, choking on my next words. “But that day one of the boys I’d considered to be part of our little orphan pack died. He was only 7, and he’d gone to a foster family just a couple of weeks earlier.” I explain, everything rushing back at once. “They killed him after everything he survived at the orphanage... and suddenly it hit me – none of it was happening for a reason, and I wasn’t special. How could I be, when every child around me was being abused in the same way?”

Sinclair starts to purr, and I can hear his wolf whining in my head. I try to pull back on my feelings so that they don’t all flow through our bond, but my mate growls in warning and I surrender. “His death gutted me. It was proof that there was no hope for any of us – a reminder that too many people never make it to a better life... that people are cruel for the sake of being cruel and

some lives are just short and brutal – full stop...” Heaving in a shaking breath, I continue, “That was the one time I considered ending it all, and I’m so glad now that I didn’t.” Sinclair caresses my hair, “They showed you that you’d been right all along... you were being tested.” “That isn’t the reason.” I correct him softly. “Because the rest is still true... the others didn’t have to go through all that. It happened because there are too many broken people in this world, and the vision didn’t change that reality.” I move my hands to my belly, taking strength from the tiny life within. “I hung on because they showed me I could be happy one day. I saw you and Rafe and the babies we could yet conceive. It didn’t matter whether I was being tested... I just needed to know there was hope things could be different in the future... I wish that every person who feels trapped and without a way out could receive such a gift.”

“Ella, you do realize that you’ve given us all that gift today?” Sinclair asks gently, moving his hand to cover mine. I blink in confusion, and he smiles tenderly down at me. “Everyone in this war is struggling to find a light in the darkness, and it’s getting

harder every day. But that vision wasn't just about you and me... it was about the future of the united packs – of our world.” He smiles, gazing at me with so much love my heart feels like it might burst. “Baby, that vision means we can win.” 1

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Chapter 243

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#Chapter 243 – Cora’s Determination
Ella

As per usual the news about my latest hypnosis session is all over the palace by the time Sinclair and I surface from our rooms.

Thankfully not the details about my teenaged despair, rather the premonition of our potential victory. I’ve realized how important it is to give people hope in this conflict ever since my early days visiting the refugees, but it really is remarkable the difference it can make in morale. In fact, the increase in public and political optimism is palpable as we attend the days’ scheduled summit events, the Alphas have even agreed to fly to the coast to witness the continental front of the refugee crisis first hand.

Unfortunately, there's at least one person who isn't thrilled by these revelations: my sister. I'm dressing for dinner when Cora ambles into my dressing room, her feet dragging with exhaustion. She slumps onto the chaise as I try on gowns, watching me with begrudging amusement. "You know, just once I'd like to come home after a long day of surgeries and not discover that my little sister has accomplished some impossible feat yet again. What's next, Ella? Are you going to grow a tail?"

"I think you'll find I've already done that." I joke as my wolf wags her tail in my mind's eye, eager to show off the beautiful rosegold appendage.

"Har har," Cora quips, rubbing her sore neck. "Come on then, tell me all about it."

Sighing, I slip out of the red dress I was attempting to stretch over my belly and exchange it for a green number that will match

Sinclair's eyes. I'm not particularly eager to linger on this particular subject, but if she's going to hear the story from anyone, it

ought to be me. I gradually share the details, stopping and starting as the emotions catch up to me, using my wardrobe

dilemmas as an excuse to delay the inevitable. It's a relief when the tale is finally complete. "So it turns out those priests weren't all bad," I conclude, "for everything they put me through, they also kept me going when I was ready to give up."

I peek at Cora for the first time since I started talking and discover her cheeks streaked with tears. "You never told me." She states hoarsely, and I feel as though I've been punched in the gut. I guiltily search my sister's lovely face, hating the pain in her deep brown eyes. There's a flash of betrayal, but also a deep hurt I understand all too well.

"I didn't even remember myself." I answer, my voice barely louder than a whisper. "I never wanted to leave you Cora, you and the other kids were the one thing that kept me hanging on."

"Is that supposed to make me feel better?" She asks, a bitter note in her melodic voice. "You only got that low because you were bearing the brunt of the hardship for all of us, and now you say we're also the reason you couldn't find peace."

"Because of how much I loved you." I beseech her, taking a seat near her hip. "And it wouldn't have been true peace, because

I'd known I would be leaving so much pain behind for the people I cared about most. I would have missed out on my future – on seeing you become a doctor, on finding my own passion and meeting Sinclair... having this baby, waking my wolf.”

“I understand that.” Cora replies stiffly, “and I understand why you felt like you couldn't confide in me then when you were in the thick of it, but I never knew you got depressed at all. You always seemed to have it all together.”

Wincing, I rest my hand on her arm, gently stroking her soft skin with the pad of my thumb. “I think you're rewriting history a bit there... you're the one who was always cautioning me not to bottle things up, to deal with our past.”

“Yes, once we were adults and I realized that the only way you could have stayed so composed was to repress everything.” Cora explains with obvious frustration. “It took a lot of therapy for me to reach that point – when we were children I truly thought you weren't fazed by any of it. It made me feel even weaker than I already did.”

“I'm sorry.” I profess earnestly. “I never wanted you to feel that way, and I hope you know that I was the weak one for avoiding my pain rather than facing it.”

“Oh don’t say that.” Cora grumbles in typical contrary fashion. “You were in survival mode. It’s not your fault you never felt safe enough to come out of it.” An unidentified emotion flashes across her features, “besides, you’ve been the emotionally brave one lately.”

“Oh?” I inquire, waggling my brows. “I don’t suppose you’re referring to a certain wolf with a sly smile and bedroom eyes?”

Cora glowers at me, “You know smug really isn’t a good color on you.”

“I’m not trying to be smug.” I reply apologetically, leaning my shoulder against hers. “I’ve just never seen you like this.”

“Like what? Annoyed?” Cora bites back, and I wonder if she’s being intentionally contrary or if her emotions are simply so tangled and confused that she doesn’t realize she’s contradicting herself from one sentence to the next.

“At my wits end over how to shake him off?”

“Cora you obviously like him.” I reply in exasperations. “Scowl at me all you like, I’d have to be blind not to notice. The reason you can’t shake him is because you don’t really want to, and you can’t lie to a wolf about your feelings. He’s not going to give up

when you're obviously denying yourself something you need."

"I'm so tired of that nonsense." Cora lashes out, surging up from the chaise. "So I find him attractive – maybe I even care about his well being. That doesn't mean I want to be in a relationship. It doesn't give him the right to overrule my decision."

I observe her for a long moment, trying to decide on the right response. It hasn't escaped my notice that the women in my life seem to be uniquely scarred when it comes to love, and it breaks my heart to see brilliant figures like Cora and Isabel so skittish of being hurt. "How do you know you don't want a relationship when you've never been in one – never even attempted to form that kind of connection with a lover?"

"It's not brussel sprouts, I don't need to try it to know I won't like it." Cora snaps, crossing her arms over her chest. "I'm not like you, Ella. I don't need a partner to feel complete, I love myself exactly as I am."

"I'm glad to hear that." I say, ignoring her barbed comment. "But I'm curious, if you don't want anything more, why did you say

you haven't been brave lately?" Cora freezes like a deer in headlights, and I press, "Did all that therapy you did ever address

why you don't let anyone get close to you?"

"It addressed the fact that I have legitimate reasons to fear intimacy." Cora replies stiffly, neatly sidestepping my first question.

"And I also have legitimate reasons to distrust Roger, in case you've forgotten."

I shake my head as my patience with this game runs thin. "You should have been a lawyer." I remark dryly, pinning her in my

crosshairs. "You started this conversation, big sister, not me. You obviously want to talk about it and it's frankly annoying that

you're being so stubborn and evasive. You say you aren't brave, you say you have reasons to be afraid... so at least do us both

the courtesy of being honest about what you want."

Cora's lower lip quivers. "I want to know what it feels like to love and be loved in return." She answers, staring at her feet. "But I

don't want to risk having my heart broken."

"Then you will never know." I inform her, as gently as I can. "You can't experience real love if you don't ever let yourself fall, Cora.

There is no reward without first taking a risk."

“Well that’s just stupid!” Cora exclaims indignantly, beginning to pace. “Why should I have to expose myself to harm in order to be happy?” She doesn’t give me time to respond, nor does she acknowledge that she essentially just admitted to being unhappy despite her earlier words. Instead she carries on as if she’s having a conversation with herself.

“This entire thing is messing with my head, maybe I don’t even like him and I’m just confused because of everything else that’s going on.” She muses, working herself up further. “In fact, now that I say it, I know that’s right.” She nods, turning back to me.

“This trip is going to be a good thing – I need some time away to clear my head, to get Roger out of my system.”

My eyes roll into the back of my head, but a knock sounds at the door before I can tell her what a blockhead she’s being. “Come in!” I call, scenting my father-in-law.

Henry wheels inside and offers me a broad grin, looking so much like Sinclair that my heart pangs. “I think I’ve found your mother.”

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Chapter 244

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#Chapter 244 – Alliances

Ella

I stare at Henry in utter belief, my conversation with my impossible sister immediately slipping my mind. “You found her?” I gape, instinctively reaching for Cora’s hand. Her warm palm settles in mine, squeezing tightly.

“It wasn’t easy.” Henry admits, moving further into the room. “I reached out to every surviving contact I could think of, to no effect.

Then I tried the news archives from the time, since they reported on the King’s death and Reina’s departure so thoroughly. They all said the same thing – that she was devoting herself to the Goddess, but none seemed to know where she was going to serve.”

“So how did you figure it out?” Cora asks, sounding every bit as excited as I feel.

“I followed the money.” Henry explains, in a statement so vague and cliched I could scream with impatience. “I had one of Gabriel’s computer forensic specialists hack into the royal banking records back home in Moon Valley. Luckily Damon hasn’t destroyed the financial archives dating back that far.” He shares eagerly. “He discovered that Queen Reina purchased a one-way trip to the Altaran islands just before the King’s death.”

“The Altaran islands?” I ask, racking my brains to try and place this name.

“They’re a remote island chain between the hidden territories and the royal continent,” Henry tells us, “so remote that all but the largest island are completely uninhabited. And the big island is only home to one thing: the most sacred temple known to shifters.

It’s considered so hallowed that they don’t even allow pilgrimages to the site, only the most devout and worthy priests and priestesses are permitted to serve there.”

I press my hand to my racing heart, “so Reina wouldn’t be going there unless she intended to devote herself as a priestess.”

“Exactly,” Henry smiles, “and the fact that she was even allowed to go indicates that her journey was Goddess-blessed.”

“So how do we get there? How long will it take to reach the islands?” I ask, my blood feeling positively electric.

“You’ll have to go by ship.” Henry tells us with a small frown. “You can’t fly in the third trimester and I don’t even know if there’s access from the air. Reina traveled by boat, so you will too.” He pauses meaningfully, “I have to tell you that Dominic isn’t going

to like it, though. There aren't any doctors or hospitals, no resources to help you if you encounter trouble."

"Surely there can't be safer hands than the Goddess's," I counter, practically bouncing up and down. "How long is the journey?" I ask again.

Henry chuckles, "If I were you I would try to show a bit more hesitance about the risks when you talk to your mate. But it will take no more than three days."

"That's amazing!" I burst, giving up the pretense of calm and throwing my arms around my sister. "I can't believe you found her! I can't believe I'm going to meet her!"

Cora hugs me back, and I'm beyond moved when she murmurs, "I'm so happy for you, Elle."

"Henry, you should come with us!" I suggest, glowing with happiness. "You know Reina, and I couldn't ask for a better travel companion."

"Hey," Cora objects in an offended tone.

"Except for Cora, but she's already coming." I amend, batting my lashes at my disgruntled sister. To my surprise, Henry's face falls. "Yes, I know Reina." He says in a strange voice. "But if I'm being honest I'm not particularly eager to renew the acquaintance."

At once I remember that my birth father is responsible for the death of Henry's mate. I don't have any idea if my mother was in on the plot, but it's entirely understandable why Henry would want to keep his distance. "Oh Henry, I'm sorry. That was thoughtless of me."

"Nonsense." He waves my apologies away, wheeling forward to kiss my cheek. "Besides, Dominic needs me here – as an advisor. He's already arranged for you to have plenty of protection and company, and I think he's worried about being shortstaffed as a result." This is news to me and I don't entirely understand his meaning, but I can't bring myself to care right now.

"Have you told him the news yet?" I ask, secretly hoping that he has so that the duty doesn't fall to me.

"No," Henry grins, reading my sly expression. "That's up to you, little mother."

I nod, hugging him tightly. "Thank you so much, Henry."

3rd Person

Damon stomped into his war room, raking his gaze over the scale model of the various battle fronts spread out on the center

table. He growled with barely contained frustration, quickly losing control and slashing his arm over the tiny wax figures dotting the Southern border.

His troops had just called to report yet another loss – and to the humans of all people. It was one thing to be routed by the shifter resistance forces, but it was an insult to grievous injury to be defeated by such inferior beings. The furious emperor was ready to murder his war council, convinced that they'd do about as much good to him as corpses as they currently served as advisors.

Ever since the secrecy pack broke the humans had been an unforeseen and shocking complication.

Sure, the same clowns who'd recommended he send his best troops to the Western front had cautioned him about the fallout, but who would have ever believed those neanderthals could mount a competent defense against his elite forces? It seemed the weak creatures had been investing in advanced weapons systems for years without making the information public, and they hadn't hesitated to deploy them when faced with an existential threat.

For weeks Damon had been watching his forces dwindle beneath the two-pronged assaults of shifter and human armies – the only blessing was that the two sides had not united against their common enemy. Now, Damon didn't particularly care about the death of his men – a soldier was little more than cannon-fodder after all – he had plenty more where they came from. The far greater blow was the impossibility of governance amidst the sheer chaos of the collapsing societies. He couldn't get control of any town or city beyond Moon Valley, especially since he'd dismantled every institution and power structure that might impart order.

The fact of the matter was that Damon needed to put an end to the fighting and fast, or the continent he'd seized would be worthless by the time he finally established his rule. Moreover, he needed to do something about that bitch and Sinclair's unborn pup in Vanara. He was thrilled to have Sinclair out of the way, but his widow was still a source of hope for the downtrodden, and his pup would likely grow into an indomitable challenger if given the chance.

Damon had been trying to reinstate contact with his assassin in Vanara ever since Sinclair's death was confirmed, but the wolf seemed to be dodging his calls. Perhaps he'd discovered he enjoyed life in Vanara so much he didn't need Damon's favor any longer. But no matter the cause, Damon needed an ally in the hidden territories. His resources were so strained that he couldn't afford to deal with the refugees on the coast, let alone get another spy over the border.

Instead he decided that it was time to take a page out of Sinclair's own book.

Before they lost contact, his spy had shared that the Storm Forest Alpha, Kieran, was fiercely opposed to allying with Sinclair.

The Alpha clearly had more sense than some of his countrymen, as he understood that humans were worth little more than slave labor, and made no bones about sharing this perspective.

In fact, Damon actually felt a sense of solidarity with the fierce leader. He'd been harboring these thoughts in privacy for some time, but now it seemed as if things were becoming truly desperate. He couldn't continue to bear the burden of this fight alone.

He'd thought Sinclair weak for seeking alliances, but perhaps the late wolf was more clever than he'd seemed.

It was time to make his move.

Damon found the phone number among his late father's documents, practically salivating as he dialed. Damon held his breath as

the line rang, silently praying for Kieran to pick up.

At last the shrill ringing ended in a click, "Hello?" A gruff voice sounded on the other end of the line.

"Is this Alpha Kieran?" Damon asked, trying to keep the excitement from his voice.

"It is," the voice replied, sounding suspicious. "Whom do I have the pleasure of speaking with?"

"This is Emperor Damon." He replied, relishing the sound of his new title. "I have an offer to make you – an opportunity to

increase your power and protect your lands from the scourge of refugees and human scum."

Kieran contemplated this for a moment, but the suspicion was gone from his voice when he finally replied, replaced with avid interest. "I'm listening."

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