

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 274



#Chapter 274 – Bonded

Ella

My head feels...so heavy. I groan, trying to move my hands up so I can press them against my temples, but I can't move them.

"Easy," I hear him say beside me and instinctually I turn towards his voice. Where –

"Easy, Ella," he murmurs, his words thick with emotion. "It's all right..."

I peel my eyelids apart, then, confused at the effort. It's like I haven't opened my eyes for weeks...

My vision comes back to me slowly, the room around me coming into focus with effort. I blink rapidly, looking around at Sinclair, and Cora, and Roger all standing around me, peering at me with worried faces. I feel very suddenly like Dorothy, when she wakes up from her trip to Oz.

"What?" I murmur, my voice thick and my throat scratchy. Suddenly anxious, I try to sit up, pushing at the bed beneath me but –

What the hell were all these wires, tied to my arms?

"Easy, trouble," Sinclair whispers, pressing his hand to my shoulder, keeping me down. My body responds to his command, relaxing backwards as I look up at him. But...

"Where am I?" I ask, staring at him, and then I press my eyes closed. It's all just too much.

"You're in the hospital," I hear my sister explain. "After the gift, at the temple..."

But her voice fades, almost as if I can't hear it. I feel my heart start to pound, my breath ratchet up as my memories start to come back to me. Of being on the temple steps of Cora there, and what we learned about each other of Sinclair's warm arms around me –

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And then, nothing – and then clouds – and Sinclair again, and my baby –

Oh my god, where was my baby?

"Rafe?" I gasp, spinning towards Sinclair as my eyes fly open, desperate. "Where is Rafe?" Then I start to look all around me, searching for him – he's here, he has to be, I remember him, my little baby, wrapped in white swaddling, holding him in my arms

"A dream," Sinclair says hurriedly, "it was a dream, Ella – we met him in the dream –"

He puts his hand on the swell of my stomach then, drawing my attention to it, reminding me that he's here – of course he's here, I haven't given birth yet –

"Oh," I breathe, moving my own hands so that they rest on either side of my baby. Then I close my eyes, resting my head back on the pillow, and search for him. And it's hard, it's distant, but...

There. Yes, there. I can feel him, my ties to him. My bond with my baby. I reach out to him, sending all the love I have in my heart down our bond, and feeling a little pulse back. He hears me. He tells me he knows. He's holding on.

"Oh," I say again, feeling my whole body relax. I open my eyes again, feeling a rush of sudden and unexpected joy. I look up to Sinclair and nod. "Okay. Yes. He's here."

Sinclair exhales a huge rush of air, grasping one of my hands and lowering his head so that our

foreheads touch. We stay like that for a long minute as tears start to slide down my cheeks,

unbidden but unstoppable. It's all just...it's a lot to take in in just a few minutes. To come flying back to reality after such a hard few weeks, after days of struggling in the dream state to get here. It is hard on me, on my mind.

But, there's no where else I'd want to be.

"I'll get the doctor," I hear Roger murmur, and then his footsteps move to the door, heading out the room.

"Cora," I call, opening my eyes and reaching my other hand for her. Sinclair straightens at my side, letting us have our moment as I take her hand. "Are you all right?"

"Am I all right," she huffs, laughing through the tears that are falling down her own cheeks. "Are you?"

I smile at her, unable to help myself, and then glance down at my poor beat up little body. "Um, I think so?" I feel so weak but there is also...a warmth, a stillness in me that feels... I frown, looking up at her. "Did you...do something to me?"

"Um," she says, laughing a little and running her hand through her hair. "Yeah? I gave you back mom's the Goddess's – the gift, I gave it back to you," she stumbles, not really knowing how to explain it.

I gasp then, working to sit up straighter in my bed. "Cora!" I scold. "Why?! I gave it to you – it's yours

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"Ella," she chides, "you're being ridiculous – you were dying – of course I gave it back to you I didn't even want it

"You didn't want it?!" I almost shout, frantic and frankly a little mad now. "It's a gift from a Goddess – from our mom – I worked so hard to get it here, the least you could do is take it

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"Enough," Sinclair growls next to me, and my eyes snap to him as I feel suddenly guilty and a little childish, arguing with my sister like this in front of him, especially when I'm clearly so sick. I look up at him, my eyes apologetic, and I see his face instantly soften. "Please, Ella," he begs. "You're so weak – and she saved you with it – it can't possibly matter –"

"Okay," I whisper, nodding up at him and then turning to Cora. "Okay," I repeat, raising a finger to point at her. "But as soon as I'm better, you're taking it back."

"Okay," she laughs, agreeing to these terms, wiping the tears off of her cheeks. "Whatever you say, sis."

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I'm still smiling at my sister, holding my mate's hand tight in my own, when the Doctor comes in, Rafe hot on his heels. It's a man I haven't seen before certainly not one of my normal doctors – but he certainly seems to know me.

"Ella," he says quickly, coming to my side, almost running into Cora in his hurry to get to me. He quickly scans my face, his expression worried. "I have to say, I'm shocked to see you awake –" He quickly grasps my wrist, feeling for a pulse and turning towards the monitors behind them, scanning them for new information. "It shouldn't be possible..." he mutters, his brows drawn together. "Earlier today..."

"It was..." I say, hesitating, looking up at Sinclair. "Not precisely a medical intervention."

He turns then, looking towards us confused, and I just shrug. Sinclair stands stoically beside me, still holding my hand. "An intervention from the Goddess, if you will," he observes, a little humor in his voice. The doctor's face screws up further with confusion but then he simply exhales quickly and shakes his head, dismissing it, moving on.

"Okay," he says, turning back to the monitors. "Whatever it was it is a...remarkable recovery."

"Is the baby all right?" I ask quickly, working to sit up further and wincing as a sharp pain spikes through my back. Sinclair starts at my grimace, leaning closer to me, scenting me, clearly working to figure out what's wrong and how he can help.

"The baby is..." the doctor says, looking at a small monitor tucked in amongst the larger ones. "He's fine," he mumbles, almost to himself. "Better, if anything, than he was the last time I was in here." "Good," I say, almost under my breath, pleased to have my suspicions confirmed. My baby and I... we are going to make it. "Can I go home?" I ask quickly, hoping to heap more good news on top of the pile.

"Certainly not," the doctor scolds, turning towards me and frowning. "You're still incredibly weak. You have days yet in this hospital – tests, monitoring..."

I look up at Sinclair then, my eyes pleading. I know that if I ask him, if I want it enough, he'll pick me up and carry me bodily out of this hospital right now. But he slowly shakes his head too, letting me know he agrees with the doctor. "I want you home as well, baby," he murmurs, "both of you. But he's been good," Sinclair says, glancing at the doctor. "We go when he says we can, and not a moment sooner."

I raise my eyes at this, a little shocked to hear Sinclair passing the power of decision making to someone else. I turn to look at the doctor again, assessing him anew. He really must be good.

"Your mate is right," the doctor murmurs, writing something on my chart, almost ignoring me to concentrate on his work. "I'm the best. And I'm not letting you go until you're ready." He glances at me then, raising an eyebrow, waiting for me to agree.

Overruled, I huff a little laugh and raise my hands. "All right," I agree. "If both of you say so, then I'm sticking around. For as long as it takes. But um," I hesitate, looking up at Sinclair. "In the meantime?"

He frowns down at me, suddenly worried. "What?" he asks hurriedly, "What is it? What do you need?"

"Is there any possibility..." I grimace, a little embarrassed, still looking at him as I twine my fingers awkwardly together. "Of some chocolate cake?"

Sinclair freezes and then bursts into laughter, raising a hand to his forehead. "Seriously?" He asks. "You come back from the brink of death, and the first thing you want is chocolate cake?"

"And ice cream?" I beg, giving him my best smile.

"She should eat, if she can," the doctor says, smiling at little as he glances at me.

"We'll go get it," Roger says, his voice light as he reaches a hand for Cora, who joins him at the door. "We'll go down to the cafeteria

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we'll be back in a second."

They go, and the doctor follows after them, pausing at the door. "I'm going to order a series of tests,

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Ella. You rest, but know that your day is not over yet. All right?"

I nod happily at him as he closes the door and then look up at Sinclair, sighing contentedly. "Chocolate cake?" he teases, smirking down at me, a bright and happy light in his eyes. "Really?"

"It's for the babyyyy," I whine jokingly, laughing and putting my arms up towards him, wanting him close. Sinclair seats himself on the bed next to me, putting one leg up so that he can lean back and rest his head on the pillow next to mine. The poor bed groans under the additional weight of his huge werewolf frame.

We sit there quietly for a moment, a little happy smile playing on my mouth as I stare at him, letting the very sight of him help me to ignore the aches pulling on my muscles and my joints.

"You gave us a scare for a minute there, trouble," he whispers, raising a broad hand to softly stroke my face.

I narrow my eyes a little. "Come on, Sinclair," I quip, teasing. "Did you expect anything less from me?"

"From you?" he smirks, raising an eyebrow. "Never."

And then he kisses me, tucking his hand gently behind my neck to pull my face the few inches closer he needs to press his mouth to mine. And in that moment I feel my future life open to me, warm, and bright, and sweet. After all, we have a baby on the way. And I can't wait to meet him.