

# Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 275-Home, Finally



Ella

“All right,” the doctor says, sweeping into the room where Sinclair and I are resting together on my hospital bed, my head on my mate’s shoulder as we watch some daytime soap opera I perk up at the doctor’s entrance, eager to hear what he has to say. Sinclair gives a little groan as he sits up and puts his feet on the ground, standing next to the bed to hear the news. I know that he’s not

tired – instead, I think it’s the opposite. All of these days and hours cooped up here in this little room have made him terribly restless. I reach out and take Sinclair’s hand, thanking him, silently,

for all he’s done for me.

“Well?” Sinclair asks, tucking his other hand to his pocket. He looks levelly at the doctor, who has given me perhaps a hundred tests since I woke up a few days ago. Everything from blood work, CT scans, ultrasounds. I’ve been poked and measured and observed so much I feel like a science

experiment.

The doctor pauses before me, flipping through the pages on his clipboard, double- and triple- checking everything. I smile as I watch him do it. For all his cold bedside manner, he really has shown himself to be diligent and dedicated.

“You’ll be happy” the doctor says, letting the pages drop and tucking the clipboard away under his arm.

“Everything has come back stable.” He looks seriously at me then before he continues. You’re well enough to go home, Ella, but I want to emphasize to you that you are by no means a healthy woman at this point in time. And your pregnancy is still extremely high risk. I want you’ at home. In bed. Relaxing, until this baby is born. Is that clear?”

I nod eagerly, my heart beating faster with joy Home. Home. God, I can’t wait to be home...

“Good,” he says, nodding and shifting his gaze now to Sinclair. “Your home was it damaged during

“No,” Sinclair says, a statement that also gives me a little thrill of joy, despite the fact that I know it already. Sinclair has been receiving steady reports from Roger and others on his team which have set our new

post-war world in a very different light. “By some miracle, my personal residence went relatively untouched during the attacks on the city. The neighborhood is largely abandoned but,” he shrugs as he looks down at me. “We don’t need company.”

I squeeze his hand, smiling up at him. We talked about potentially moving into the palace to confirm to the people that Sinclair does intend to take the throne, but we decided against it until after the baby is born.

And even then, I imagine I’ll delay as long as we can. I like Sinclair’s house – I have lots of good memories there. It would take a lot to persuade me to move away from it.

“No,” the doctor considers, pursing his lips. “No, I don’t imagine you do need company, newly mated as you are.” He takes a deep breath then and levels a glare between us. “I know that it’s awkward, but I want to be very clear about this – when I say that Ella needs to be relaxing...it’s very important that the activities that promote that relaxation are entirely nons\*xual.”

I blink in surprise at the blunt statement and feel Sinclair go still beside me. I try not to show my disappointment – honestly, if there’s one good thing about bedrest, it’s the fact that you’re in bed the whole

time. And putting aside the fact that there’s not much else to do in bed, Sinclair and I...

well, we’ve never been very good at keeping our hands off each other, have we?

“It’s very important that you practice restraint,” the doctor warns, his brows drawn down. “You’ve had surgery on your uterus, Evelyn – it’s very delicate. Even,” he sighs, putting a hand to his forehead and pausing, figuring out how to word this I smile to see how awkward he feels delivering the news “Any disturbance to your uterine or vaginal tissues Just.” He sighs and drops his hand, shaking his head. “Just don’t do it Okay?”

I nod, smiling warmly to let him know that I understand. “Baby comes first, doc,” I say. Sinclair says nothing, but nods his agreement.

“Great,” the doctor says, giving us a little half smile and heading for the door. “In that case, best of luck! Check in with your OBGYN and regular doctor for continued care. I’ve sent them my notes.” He starts to head out into the hall and Sinclair surprises me by striding after him. I cock my head, curious. What on earth is he doing?

“Doctor.” Sinclair’s voice is quiet, almost muffled with the distance, and I lean forward to hear better. “How much do you get paid here?”

The doctor scoffs and tells Sinclair that, quite frankly, it’s none of his business

“It is now,” Sinclair replies. “Because whatever it is, I’ll pay you double to be Ella’s personal physician for the remainder of her pregnancy. And our children’s physician, beyond.”

When I hear the sound of hands slapping together in a handshake, I smile and lean back against my pillows, pleased at this development. With this doctor and Cora on my side, I feel quite confident about my chances in this pregnancy. That is, if Sinclair and I can keep our hands off each other for the next three months...

A few hours later, Sinclair carries me over the threshold of our home, my arms wrapped around his neck. I grin up at him, pleased at the gesture. “Is this a tradition in werewolf mating ceremonies? The carrying of the bride over the threshold?”

“Totally human, I’m afraid,” Sinclair replies, twisting his mouth in chagrin. “If this were a traditional wolf homecoming, I’d be chasing you down in the moonlight, nipping at your heels.... He snaps his teeth at me, making me laugh.

“Well let’s be human then, for today,” I say, putting a hand over my stomach as he takes a few steps inside and kicks the door shut behind him. “Safer for the baby.”

Sinclair heads right for the steps, carrying me upwards towards the bedroom. “How’s he doing in there,” he asks quietly, glancing down at me. “Angry at being jostled around?”

“He’s good,” I say, sending a little question down the bond to my pup and receiving a little ping of happiness and contentment back. “He just says he’s angry to be missing our soaps. Wants to know what’s going on with Tatianna locked in that cell in Leonardo’s basement.”

Sinclair chuckles, carrying me easily down the hallway, as if I’m no more than a feather duvet in his arms. “Tell him we’ll get a TV brought in the room, with all the channels. He’ll have weeks and weeks to catch up.” He carries me through the open door to our room and I smile to see that he’s had someone arrange the pillows and blankets just as I like them.

“Nest!” I cry, throwing out a hand dramatically towards the bed. “How I’ve missed you, nest! My one and only love!”

Sinclair grins as he settles me down amongst the blankets. “Be careful,” he warns “Or I’ll be jealous ”

“Of darling nest?” I gasp, burying my face in the pillows and clutching the blankets close to me. Then, I peek up at him. “Actually, maybe you should be. I’m going to be doing a lot more snuggling with the nest for the next few weeks than I am with you.”

Sinclair glares at the mess of blankets playfully, pretending a jealous rage he doesn’t feel. “Watch out, nest,” he murmurs. “She’s mine. And I can take you.”

I pull the blankets close to my chest, laughing and playing along. “How dare you threaten the nest! Brute!” I raise a hand to playfully smack him but he catches my wrist, pulling it to his mouth and laying a gentle kiss there.

“You keep your nest,” he murmurs, making my stomach tingle. “Whatever makes you happy.” I smile at him and relax my head against a pillow.

“Thank you,” I murmur, turning my wrist in his hand so I can grasp his palm. I smile at him with all the love in my heart plain on my face. “For being good to me. For pulling me through all of this.”

“Only a little further to go,” he says, leaning forward to plant a chaste kiss on my forehead. “But when this is all over?” He pauses and I look up into his face, curious. He gives me a stone-cold, serious look. “I’m going to f\*ck you for a week straight.”

I can’t help the laugh that bursts from my lips, quickly silenced by the press of his own against my mouth.