

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 280 – Doctor’s Appointment



Ella

The next morning I’m up and dressed early, eagerly glancing towards the door every few minutes because I know Cora is coming to see me. It’s a social visit as well as a medical one—I run my hand over my belly, eager to hear what she has to say about Rafe’s growth and progress.

A hear someone at the door of my bedroom and I gasp, spinning towards it. But I just scowl when I see that it’s Sinclair standing there, smiling at me, and not my sister. He bursts out laughing when he sees my disappointment

“Really?” he asks, pretending to be hurt as I pick up the television remote and start to flick through the channels. “Days ago you were desperate to see me – have I fallen out of favor so fast?”

“No,” I sigh, looking up at him apologetically. He gives me a warm smile, his eyes flicking over me, making sure I’m okay. “I just can’t wait to see her. And she was telling me some really weird things about her and Roger – actually, has he said anything

Sinclair holds up a hand to me, stopping me and glancing down the hall to where someone is climbing the steps.

“Coral!” I cry, throwing my legs off of the bed and working to hoist myself up. Sinclair moves aside and I see Hank and Cora at the door.

“No no –” Doctor Hank says, putting out a hand towards me, palm out. “Stay in bed, Ella – no need to get up. We’ll come to you.”

I frown at him (for more reasons than one) but stay on my bed Luckily, Cora gives a little shriek of joy and throws herself into my arms, where I get to wrap her up tight. I laugh and tell my sister how glad I am to see her while Hank, also smiling, places his bag on my side table and starts to unpack it.

“How are you feeling, Ella?” Cora asks, pulling back from me and putting a hand on my belly.” How is the baby?”

“Everything feels good,” I respond, smiling and shrugging. I look down at my stomach. “He’s just swimming around in there, giving me a kick or two every once in a while.”

“He should be too small to kick,” Cora wonders, frowning and probing my belly. “You’re only three months pregnant.”

“Three months pregnant is more like five or six months pregnant in wolf biology,” Hank informs us, popping his stethoscope around his neck and giving me a smile. “It’s easy to get the timeline mixed up, especially if you grew up human and are really used to thinking about pregnancy in terms of how human babies grow and adapt.”

“Yes,” I say, nodding and looking down at myself. “I felt about five months pregnant a few weeks ago, in the desert would have sworn it. But now it feels like more? I don’t know. It’s confusing.”

“He’ll grow rapidly from here,” Hank murmurs, leaning forward and pressing the stethoscope to my back to listen to my heart and breathing. “If we can keep you healthy enough to maintain his rate of growth. Deep breath in, please.”

I do as he orders, smiling at Cora and then at Sinclair, still standing in the door. My checkup takes a while, with Doctor Hank focusing on my general health and then Cora performing a check on the baby. She even used a little portable ultrasound machine that Sinclair ordered so that we could do these kinds of checkups at home while I’m still weak.

I hold my breath through the whole process, desperately hoping for a good report. I’ve been quite good lately, even if it’s been boring – no stairs, spending most of my time in bed, really just doing nothing but getting fat on all the snacks Rafe demands and giving him the time and space he

needs to grow strong.

“Well,” Cora says, finishing up the ultrasound and pressing “print” on the little machine so that we can have a picture of it “From my end, everything looks great.” She gives me a big smile.

“My end as well,” Hank says, smiling at me and crossing his arms. “Overall, Ella, you’re doing wonderfully, all things considered. But I have to remind you that you’re still quite fragile, medically, even if you are feeling better. The orders still stand – complete bed rest, as much as possible.”

Even as my heart lifts to hear that the baby and I are healthy, I scowl when I hear about more bedrest. I think, deep down, I was hoping that I’d be miraculously healed and able to be up and about until the baby is born. There’s so much I want to do.

Sinclair has been keeping me informed of what the world is like, and I’ve been keeping an eye on the news. The tentative ceasefire between the wolves and the humans is holding, though there are some humans who are protesting against giving in so easily, and Sinclair as initiated the start of peace talks between our two peoples. Still, there are so many on both sides who are displaced- so many mothers and their children living as refugees – I could do so much good if I could just

“Are you all right, Ella?” Cora asks, looking at me closely.

“Yes,” I say, embarrassed a little to have faded off into my own thoughts there. “Just thinking I wish I could get out of bed.” I take her hand and squeeze it, looking between her and Hank. “But thank you – I understand that I can’t. It’s all for the best, and I can learn to be patient. Will you tell me, though?” I beg, looking up at the doctor who saved my life “When I can get up, or do a little more?”

“The minute you’re healthy for more activity, I’ll let you know. I promise I won’t hold you back He gives me a nod and the start of a smile, which I return brightly. I can tell he is warming up to me and I’m happy about it.

Doctor Hank surprises me, though, by reaching a hand out to Cora next. “Cora,” he says, “I’ll see you tonight?”

I watch Cora take his hand and give him a tentative little smile, accompanied by a blush. A blush. I can’t help my mouth from falling open a little. “Yes,” she says, giving his hand a little squeeze before dropping it. “I’ll see you at 8.”

The doctor nods to her and then heads towards the door, where Sinclair joins him to walk downstairs and further discuss my condition.

“Are you serious?” I hiss, leaning forward and staring at my sister the moment I think they’re out of ear shot. “Are you dating Doctor Hank?!”

“Ella,” she murmurs, looking down and blushing again. “It’s not like that – we’re just having dinner-”

“What about Roger!?”

“What about Roger?” She snaps, bringing up her gaze to glare at me a little.

I sit back in shock. “I just thought…” I reply, hesitating. “You two were doing so well”

“Well,” she shrugs. “He hasn’t called me at all since…well, since after you got out of the hospital, Ella. Complete radio silence. And honestly, I’m not sure it’s the worst possible turnout.”

“But Cora,” I breathe, my heart in my throat. “You two—you love him –”

“Do I?” she asks, her voice a little bitter. “Or do you just want me to love him, sis?”

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