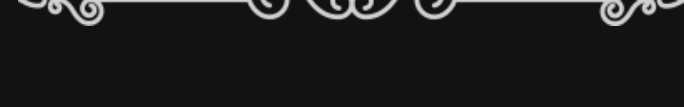


# Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 281 – Sisters in Love



“That’s not fair, Cora,” I scold, narrowing my eyes and sitting back against my pillows as I cross my arms.

“Don’t you want it, though?” she accuses, opening her eyes wider as if she’d like to hear me deny it. “It would be very neat, wouldn’t it? Two sisters matched up with two brothers? Our kids would be so close – they wouldn’t even have another set of cousins!”

“I think that sounds amazing!” I exclaim.

“Ella!” she cries, throwing up her hands. “There can’t be any kids!”

My mouth drops open as my mind whirls and Cora glares at me as I start to put my thoughts together. To begin, Cora,” I say, holding up a finger and beginning my argument. I feel, in this moment, that my hours of television post-hospital have benefitted me here – I’ve watched a lot of law dramas, and I lay out my argument like any lawyer in a court room. “Do you even want kids? Because ever since we left the orphanage, I was always the one who was crazy to be a mom, and you were always interested in building your career

“What,” she snaps, crossing her arms, “just because I have a career means I don’t want kids?”

I take a deep breath through my nose. She’s really starting to piss me off now, like a real sister which, of course, she always has been. “Obviously I don’t think that, Cora, and you’re doing me a real discredit by suggesting that I would. I’m just pointing out that it’s never seemed like children were at the top of your list of life desires! But now you’re using it as a reason to break up with Roger!?”

“There’s nothing to break up! We weren’t even going out!” She blurts out, frustrated and defensive. I just shake my head at her, waiting until she looks at me again, which she does after a moment of breathing deeply and pulling herself together.

“Even if you weren’t officially dating, Cora,” I continue. “You know that there was something between you. That there is something between you! Something big. Don’t insult my intelligence by trying to pretend that there wasn’t.”

Cora sighs, folding her hands in her lap and looking down at them. I wait, my patience running thin.

“All right, Ella,” she murmurs, still not meeting my eyes. “There is something there. Of course there is Roger he makes me...”

She sighs, unable to put it into words, and I lean forward, adding my hand to my sister’s in her lap, letting her know that I hear her. She looks up at me then, tears in her eyes. “I just don’t know what future there is with us. And I’m scared to...to put my time and my heart into this if I know it just has a bad ending. Why even try, if he’s going to leave me for someone who can give him

children?”

“Well, that brings me to my second point,” I say in a hurry, shaking my head at her in wonder. “If you’re so against dating a werewolf because of your biological differences, then why are you dating Doctor Hank?”

Cora’s jaw drops open at this. “Ella...”

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“What?” I demand, leaning forward

Cora bursts out laughing, raising her hand to her mouth and shaking her head at me, a little good-natured pity in her eyes “Ella, Hank is human”

“What!” I gasp, sitting up dead straight. “No he’s not – he’s a wolf—he is a wolf doctor, he knows all about wolf anatomy-”

Cora just laughs harder, falling back on the bed and cackling at me

“She’s right,” I hear, and I spin to my mate who I didn’t hear approaching the room “You didn’t know?” Sinclair asks, leaning against the door frame. “You couldn’t smell it on him?”

“What!” I repeat, looking between the two of them, apparently unable to come up with any other exclamation “What!?”

Sinclair joins Cora in her laughter, shaking his head at me and giving me a fond look. I turn a little red with embarrassment and throw pillows at both of them. “Stop laughing at me! How was I supposed to know!”

Cora sits up then, whipping her eyes. “Don’t you have like, extra senses that are able to tell you these sorts of things?” she asks, smiling at me, I think happy to have the upper hand again

“Well, sorry I was too busy dying to get a good sniff of him,” I grumble, throwing another pillow at her and looking bashfully at Sinclair. “But seriously, if he’s human, why does he know so much about wolf biology? Why is he such a great wolf doctor?”

“He dated a wolf in med school at Harvard, apparently,” Cora explains, calming down and taking a deep breath now. I lean forward to listen, glad that she’s not yelling or laughing at me anymore. She let him in on the secret and he was fascinated. He also saw the opportunity to break into a relatively small medical field and be the top man at the job.”

“It’s true,” Sinclair adds, nodding to me. “While shifters of course have our own medical personnel, not many shifters themselves are drawn to the years’ worth of study and toil that it takes to become a doctor. It’s not that we’re stupid or lazy,” he shrugs, “just we tend to be drawn to more physically engaging jobs.”

“Oh,” I say, curious, my mind drifting towards my baby. Does this mean he’s going to be a jock? I was kind of hoping he’d be a nice quiet nerd, so I could keep him home forever. “So, are a lot of wolf doctors humans?”

“Not a lot,” Sinclair responds. “But enough. I mean, you saw it – in order to get fertility treatment, I had to go to a human sperm bank. It’s a lucrative field, if you can break into it and are quite good at the work. And if, like Hank, you can learn the culture enough to communicate effectively with your clientele. It was helpful to me, when you were ill, that he recognized my Alpha tendencies and was able to respond appropriately.”

“Well,” I say, glancing at him a little ruefully. “Sounds like everyone is team Hank now except for me.”

Sinclair frowns and straightens up. “You don’t like Hank? Did he do something

“No,” I say, holding up a hand and stopping him from chasing the poor man down and baring his fangs to demand what he did to offend me. “He’s fine. I’m just.” I sigh, and tip my head back, staring at the ceiling. “I was just rooting for someone else.” I give Cora a little glare.

“Well,” she says, giving me a prim little shrug. “In this case, it doesn’t matter who you root for, because I’m the referee. And I don’t listen to the fans.”

Sinclair just looks between us, his face screwed up in confusion. “What the hell are you two talking about?”

As one, we turn towards him and give him simultaneous sisterly glares

“Nothing,” I say, snapping my mouth shut.

“Sister stuff,” Cora replies haughtily. “You wouldn’t understand.”

Sinclair just puts his hands up, admitting defeat. “No worries,” he concedes, “I don’t want to know anyway. I’ll go downstairs and get you guys some snacks. Do you want anything in particular? “Oreos!” I shout as he goes. “And hot sauce! Celery with peanut butter on top!”

Cora laughs, leaning forward and poking me in the belly. “This little guy has a weird appetite,” she says, grinning.

“Yeah,” I say, sighing as I look down at my body and wonder what he’s thinking in there. “He’s got my tastebuds all screwed up.”

We’re quiet a moment before I start again. “Cora,” I say, rubbing my stomach. She looks up at me. Just don’t count him out, okay?”

She frowns, opening her mouth to say something, but I put up a hand, asking her to let me finish. Slowly, she pulls her mouth shut and lets me continue.

“I won’t bug you about it, I promise,” I continue. “But just don’t close the door completely, okay? Not until you’re really sure.”

“Okay, Ella,” she agrees, giving me a little smile. “I won’t close it completely.”

We grin at each other for a second, but then I can’t help myself. I lean forward, eager. “So, did you and Doctor Hank kiss yet? Is he good at it?”

“Ella!” Cora exclaims, laughing. Then she grabs one of the pillows I threw at her and swings it playfully at my head.