

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 285: Spicy Foods, Castor Oil, and...



“Nothing,” she says, shaking her head quickly and realizing her mistake. “I’m so sorry, Ella – I didn’t mean to scare you – he’s just...” she turns again to the monitor, shaking her head at what she sees.

“Cora!” I shout, sitting up fast and grabbing her by the shoulder. “Tell me! Now!”

Sinclair is at my side instantly, a warm hand on my back as he peers down at the monitor. Hank likewise turns his head to the screen, curious.

“The baby is just huge,” Cora breathes, in awe. “If these measurements are right...” she shakes her head, looking up at Hank. “I mean, are you seeing what I’m seeing?”

Hank leans forward, considering, and then his eyes likewise go wide. He stands up and leans back, crossing his arms. “She’s right. That is a big baby.”

My breath starts to come short as I look frantically between the screen, my doctors, and my mate before finally settling on my stomach. Oh my god. Is he really huge? Was my idea that he was as big as a watermelon actually true? Is he so big that he’s going to be too large to come out, and so he’ll have to just stay in there until I explode –

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“Don’t freak out, Ella,” Hank says, drawing my eyes up to his calm face. “It’s nothing drastic yet. Just...a big baby.”

“That’s a little bit of an understatement, Hank,” Cora says, glancing up at him. “Only a man would, say that a twelve pound baby, not even at full term, is nothing drastic

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“I’m just saying,” Hank interrupts smoothly, professionally, keeping his eyes on me, “that the baby’s size is at this point no risk to himself or to you – which is really the important thing. Many women – even petite women, like yourself – have delivered twelve pound babies before.”

“Yeah,” I mutter, glaring down at my stomach. “But I’m sure they didn’t enjoy the experience.”

“She’s not even at full term yet, though,” Sinclair says, and I look up to see a worried frown on his face as he looks between Cora and Hank. “If the baby is twelve pounds now, in a month he’ll be...”

“Godzilla,” Cora murmurs unhelpfully, still staring at the screen and moving the wand around on my belly, assessing Rafe’s condition. I give her a little kick and she tosses a smirk in my direction

I ignore her and bite my lip, worried. “Seriously, if he continues to grow at this rate,” I fret, looking between my doctors, “what does that mean a month from now?”

“Well,” Hank says, considering me seriously. “If the baby gets too large to deliver naturally, we’ll consider a cesarian. But I think everyone in this room agrees that a natural birth would be preferable Cora?” He continues, passing her the proverbial baton. “What do you think?”

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“I think...” she says, giving the screen one last glance and then looking at me and Sinclair. Honestly, guys, I think this muffin is baked. When I look at that screen, everything I see suggests a full-term baby ready to go. I am not as familiar with wolf deliveries as I’d like to be, but if you were a human woman I’d say that you were nine months pregnant and ready to pop at any

moment.”

Hank nods. “I agree. I’ve been reading up on wolf pregnancies and found that six months is more

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of a deadline than an expectation. I think that your child could be born any day now and, from what we see in the exam, we have every reason to expect that it will be a healthy delivery.” He gives us a wide smile and Cora joins him. “Congratulations, Alpha and Luna. You’re about to be parents.”

I sit up straight, a thrill running through me both at the anticipation that I could meet my baby soon and that this pregnancy could be done. “Really,” I breathe, looking at them with shining eyes. “Any day now?”

Hank nods happily. “You’ve done beautifully, Ella – your bed rest these past months has really allowed your body to heal and Rafe to grow. I’d say you’re just about as strong as any mom ready to give birth to her first baby. I think you can look to the next steps with confidence.”

I look up at Sinclair, then, my face alive with my happiness. He puts a broad hand on my cheek, bringing his face down to mine and placing a swift kiss on my lips. “You’re a miracle, Ella,” he

whispers, sweeping his hand back to tuck my hair behind my ear. “I’m so proud of you, baby.”

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My eyes fill with tears at my sudden happiness, my love for my mate, my child, our soon-to-be

family. The entire pregnancy has been so full of anxiety – to be able to come into the final days of it happy, healthy, and confident...

It’s just such a blessing. And I don’t know what I’ve done to earn it. 1

“Congratulations, sis,” Cora says, taking my hand and beaming at me. I give her hand a squeeze in return and use my other hand to wipe the tears from my eyes as Sinclair straightens up next to

me, his hand still confidently on my back.

“Thanks,” I say, laughing my relief. “Thank both of you, so much, for your care. We couldn’t have done it without you.”

“Well, we’re not finished yet,” Hank replies practically, studying me. “Ella, considering that your baby is fully grown and ready to go, you might consider...”

“What?” I ask when he pauses, cocking my head curiously.

“Well, for your own comfort,” he continues, “you might consider some... traditional methods. Of moving the pregnancy along. A twelve-pound baby is a large baby, and if he gets any bigger...” Hank looks to Cora for support.

“He’s right,” Cora says, looking from Hank to me. “We don’t want to do a cesarian if we can avoid it, and we can always induce early if it comes to that, but it’s always best for both mother and child if the mother’s body goes into labor of its own free will. But, there are some folk remedies which can encourage that...” she begins to smirk.

“Like what?” I ask, frowning, trying to remember.

“You can take castor oil,” she suggests slowly, her smile growing. “Or eat some spicy foods. Go for a long walk.”

My eyes light up at the idea of a walk – god, I’ve been on bed rest for so long, the idea now that I could take a walk sounds amazing –

“Or,” she continues, her smile now a grin, “you could...have s*x.”

“What?” I breathe, my eyes going wide. I feel Sinclair tense next to me, his body going perfectly still.

Cora nods slowly, starting to laugh a little as she glances between us. “Yup. It’s perhaps the most tried-and-true method to start labor. And considering that Ella’s body is healthy, and the baby is ready to go,” she shrugs, looking up at Hank for confirmation. “I don’t see any reason not to.”

Hank nods, clearing his throat and looking out the window, apparently eager to avoid eye contact with us. “Yup,” he says briskly, suddenly very interested in a squirrel outside running up the trunk of a tree. “I see no reason to abstain any further, if you’re -”

But there’s no reason for him to finish his sentence, because Sinclair and I are already gone.