

Accidental Surrogate

Chapter 292: Big Alpha Baby



Ella

I'm gripping my sister's hand, gritting my teeth and groaning through the first of my pushes, when the door bangs open again.I don't open my eyes — can't look - Quite frankly, at this particular moment I don't care who the hell it is - if it's Hank, or Roger, or insurgents coming to kill us — all I care about is the horrible, tearing pain within me as I work to bring my baby into the world.I moan, throwing my head back against the pillows as I pant, feeling the pain subside a little bit.

"How is she?"

I hear Hank ask, and I open my eyes to see him there next to me.I try to give him a little smile, failing a bit.

"Hello, Ella," he says softly, his voice warmer than I'm used to.

"You look like you're doing great." mI murmur my thanks to him as he turns his attention back to Cora, getting a full report, and I shift my gaze to Roger, who stands awkwardly across the room.

"Roger," I say, putting my hand out to him, inviting him closer.

"Hello, Ella!" he calls, awkward.

"Happy...happy birth. Or whatever."

Sinclair starts to laugh quietly.

"Come over, Roger," he demands and Roger sighs, hanging his head and deliberately choosing not to look at me as he comes to stand with his brother.

"What," Sinclair asks him as he arrives at his side.

"More of a cigars in the waiting room kind of guy?"

"Yeah," Roger agrees, giving his brother a little glare.

"I'd say that's much more my vibe."

"I wanted you here," I say to him, giving him a tired little smile.

"I want you to meet the baby."

"Of course I want to meet the baby, Ella," Roger says, his voice kinder now as he meets my gaze.

"Just...when you've cleaned it up a bit. Gotten some of the goop off." I laugh, a little, but groan when I feel the pain start to return.

Cora climbs up onto the bed for this one, cursing a little at the lack of stirrups and the soft surface of the mattress that makes it harder for her to see what's really going on.

Roger tries to muffle his groan as he turns away, which perversely makes me want to laugh in one of the more painful and trying moments of my life.

Hank quickly takes Cora's space at my side, Sinclair solid a solid force next to my head.

"You've moved quite quickly through this, Ella,"

Hank informs me as the contraction ends and I pant, working to catch my breath.

"This is rare, even for a wolf birth. But you should be in the final parts of it now," he says, patting my knee and giving me an encouraging smile.

I smile back at him but note, interestingly, that Cora rolls her eyes at him a little bit when he says this. I have no idea what that could mean - is there trouble in paradise? - but honestly, any of my interest in that question is immediately wiped out when the pain comes again.

This continues for a few rounds, of me huffing and pushing with all of my might during the contractions and then resting, as best I can, in the short spaces between them. I can feel my baby moving inside me, progressing along.

It's hard, agonizing work, but my sister calls encouragement to me and my mate is by my side through every moment of it, steadily holding me together.

After what feels like an endless repetition of this pattern, Cora gives a little gasp.

"Okay, he's almost here!" she says, and the cheer in her voice is a balm to my agonized body.

I look at her with hope in my eyes and she gives me a happy little nod.

"One big push, sis, and his head will be born, and then it's easy after that!"

I take a deep breath, looking up excitedly at Sinclair, happy despite the pain ravaging my body.I wait for the next contraction and, when it comes and Cora tells me to, I push - absolutely as hard as I can, giving a guttural yell while I do in that I hope will help me push through, bring him home.

"Oh, his little head!"

Cora says, smiling at me, "he's here, Ella! Just a couple more to bring forward his body next!" I nod, eager, and begin to push again. And push, and push. I gasp, laying back and panting as I feel the contraction end, and I look to Cora for instructions. Instead of a happy smile, though, I see her exchange an odd little glance with Hank.

"What," I demand, working to sit up and moaning at the pain that shoots through my back.

"What's wrong? Where's my baby?"

"Is something wrong?" Sinclair asks, suddenly tense next to me.

I can tell by his voice that he's working, so hard, to stay still and steady, to let the doctor's do their work. Inaction and the passing of responsibility to another - no matter how much they outstrip him in their expertise - has never been his strong suit.

My mate wants to be involved.

"Um,"

Cora hesitates, "it's okay, Ella - he's almost born - but..."

She and Hank hesitate and exchange glances again, then looking down at the baby. I struggle to sit up, to see the child, but my sister shakes her head at me, leaning forward to press me back to the pillows.

"Please," I beg, my eyes fixed on Sinclair.

"Please, you have to tell us."

Cora sighs as she sits back and I see that her face is worried.

"Ella, he didn't make any progress in the past few pushes. Which is sometimes a sign that..."

"There is some worry,"

Hank continues, "that because he's such a large baby, that he could be...stuck."

"Stuck?" I gasp, suddenly horrified.

Sinclair goes rigid next to me.

"It's common," Hank says hurriedly.

"Lots of women experience this with large babies. It's called shoulder dystocia — we think his shoulder is trapped up behind your pelvis."

"What?" I gasp, confused, baffled, horribly worried.

"What do we -"

"It's okay!" Cora says, though her worried voice belies her words.

"We're trained for this -"

Then, my sister moves across the bed until she's next to my head.

She puts a steady hand under my shoulder, pulling upwards.

"Come on, Ella, you need to change your position before the next contraction comes — I'm going to move you on your side to shift your pelvis, and then —"

"Don't tell me -"I gasp, moving with her.

"Just do it."

I look up into Sinclair's worried eyes, knowing mine are a mirror for his.I nod to him, letting him know that it's okay, and praying - deep inside me - that it's true.I send a little pulse of love to baby Rafe, but he doesn't send anything back.

He is, predictably, distracted. I moan in pain as Cora shifts me onto my side and then begins to press on my stomach just above my pelvis when the next contraction starts.

"Good, Ella, keep going..."

I hear Hank murmur as I pant and push and shout at the pain of it.

And then, a few moments later, "No progress, Cora — I'm going to cut — "

"All right,"

I hear Cora say, her voice shaky, though my eyes are pressed shut. I hear a roar from Sinclair at the same moment that I feel the cold press of metal against me.

His hand rips from mine, but I don't know where he goes, and the metal slices further down by the child, eliciting a slow and guttural scream from my throat.

But then, suddenly, there is a lack of pressure low on my body where there wasn't before and I feel my shoulders collapse and the sudden lack of need to push. I'm still wracked with agonizing pain but I blink and work to sit up as I hear the cry of a baby fill the room.

Rafe.

Rafe is here.

I gasp, looking for him, seeing a little form in Hank's bloody hands.

I reach for him but feel quite suddenly woozy and, before I can hold my child, I collapse back against my pillows.

Hi.Dear readers Thank you for your support and love for Accidental Surrogate.Book 1 of the story has ended at Chapter 292.

But because of your enthusiasm and anticipation, we wanted to present you new stories after Rafe's birth.According to the suggestion of the platform editor, the content of book 2 will be updated in this one, so you can continue reading :)