

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 297

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#Chapter 297 – Home with Baby

Ella

I hear Sinclair sigh heavily next to me, murmuring “Ella...”

But I ignore him, my eyes fasted on Hank, who blushes a deep red at the door and looks down at his shoes. I don’t say a word, though, or make this any easier on him. Instead, I wait patiently for an answer.

“Cora is,” he murmurs, awkward, “very special to me...”

“I would imagine so,” I reply, my voice harder than I think I expected it to be. “She’s a very special person.”

Hank sighs and raises his eyes seriously to mine. I hold his gaze steadily.

“I’m very serious about Cora,” he says evenly. “I want **to** build a life with her. But we are moving...slowly. We both want to make sure that this is right.”

My heart warms when I hear him say that he wants to build a life with her, but still – what does that mean? I hold my baby closer to me and shift in my seat.

“And do you want to have children?”

“Ella!” Sinclair bursts in, his voice angry, a hand on my arm.

“What!” I cry, turning to him with a frown. “It’s a legitimate question!”

“It’s none of your business!” He hisses back to me, his eyes wide and appalled.

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my sister's business is

My frown deepens as I open my mouth to object to my mate business, after all – but Hank clears his throat, bringing my attention back to him.

my

“If there’s nothing else,” he says, his eyes flicking between Sinclair and I now, clearly hoping that my questioning is at an end. I sigh, nodding, as Sinclair speaks.

“Thank you, doctor,” he says with finality, letting Sinclair know he’s free from my interrogation. “We’ll look forward to seeing you soon.” (1

I scowl as Hank leaves the room, my eyes on my baby.

“Ella,” Sinclair says slowly, admonishing. I look into his eyes, still mad.

“We need to know, Sinclair. She’s not with Roger because she thinks he wants children they can’t have. If Hank also isn’t on the same page with her about kids, **then** what’s the point?”

Sinclair’s eyes go up in surprise as he processes this information. “And what’s Cora’s page about kids?” he asks. “Does she want them?”

“Does Roger?” I ask, still bristling that he didn’t let me get information that I very much wanted.

He frowns a little, staring into space and considering it. “Actually, I don’t know...” He brings his eyes back **to** me, though. “Either way, that’s a conversation between Cora and Roger. Or Cora and Hank. Or...whoever.”

“And me,” I murmur, settling back onto the pillows. “If they’re all too stupid enough to not talk to each other about it, then I am going to talk about it.”

“Trouble is as trouble does,” Sinclair sighs, leaning back on the chair. “I guess I shouldn’t have expected any different.”

“Damn straight,” I murmur in response, smiling down at my baby. Then, I kiss him on his little head. “Don’t worry, baby,” I whisper to him. “I’ll teach you my troublesome ways. And then we’ll torture daddy together.”

Sinclair huffs a little laugh in his chair, but doesn’t bother to counter me. He knows it would be a waste of breath.

Night

has fallen by the time we finally get home, all three of us exhausted by the activities of the day. But Cora finally gave us the go-ahead when Rafe’s final set of tests came back clean and we happily headed out.

When we cross the threshold into our home, I gasp a little when I see the variety of gift baskets and flowers waiting for us. “Oh,” I say, fascinated, moving forward to look at them all. Then I look up at my mate. “Did you do all this?” I ask, my eyes wide.

“No,” he says, his eyebrows also raised in interest as he checks some tags on a few of them. “They look to be presents from friends and well-wishers. See?” He points to one filled with hand-drawn cards set neatly around a fluffy teddy bear. “This one’s from James and Isabel...”

“Oh,” I say, reaching for it, my eyes suddenly filled with sharp tears. “Oh, I miss them...” I bite my lip against the sudden rush of feelings, overwhelmed by all the love in the room when I’ve been so distracted – I haven’t even kept up with everyone as well as I should have

“No no,” Sinclair says quickly, taking me by the shoulders and moving the baby and I towards the stairs. “We’re way too tired for this – if you get into all these cards now, you’ll cry yourself to death –”

“But the teddy bear!” I cry, looking over my shoulder at it as Sinclair guides me up the stairs, a steady hand on my back. “Rafe’s first teddy – we have to get it!”

“It will be there in the morning,” Sinclair says, steady, yawning. “Now? Bed.”

“Okay,” I sigh, nodding to his wisdom and allowing myself to be shepherded upstairs. When we reach the door to our bedroom, though, my eyes fill with tears again as I look up at my

mate.

“Baby,” he murmurs, taking my chin between his fingers, exhausted but wanting to be there for me. “What is it this time? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” I say, my **voice** trembling a little, looking between him and the baby. “Just...we’re bringing him home for the first time, Dominic. Putting him to sleep in his own little bed. It’s just...” I shrug, not really knowing how to put all of my emotions into words. “It’s big.”

Sinclair rests his head against mine, speaking to my soul as much as mind as he confirms this. I know, he says, simply. And so I rest my body against him – against the warm, steady bulk of him, grateful – again – to have a mate who understands me so completely. Who doesn’t think I’m crazy or overwrought.

Who understands, really, that this is all a dream to me. And that every moment of it – even one as simple as this is a miracle.

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“Come on, darling,” he says, after a moment, pulling me further into the room. “Let’s get him settled.”

And so we do. We bring Rafe into our room, and we change him into his tiny sleeping clothes, and we feed him, and tuck him away into the rolling bassinet that I pull close to my side of the bed. And then we each take a shower, and change into soft clothes, and curl up into bed ourselves, one of us always with an eye on our precious, a dorable, wonderful little boy.

Sinclair lays behind me, my body pressed tight against his. He is propped up on his arm as he looks over me and into the bassinet at my side. I, too, look down at the sleeping baby.

"I think he's like, really cute," I whisper, considering him carefully.

Sinclair laughs lightly, careful not to wake him. "Of course he is."

"No," I say, not taking my eyes from my son. "Like, really cute. Like way cuter than most babies. And that's not just me being his mom – I think he's objectively...really cute."

"He takes after his mother," Sinclair says, laughing lightly and letting his head fall down onto the pillow, closing his eyes. I snuggle down next to him, still looking at my sleeping son.

"Yes, after me," I murmur, pleased and a little teasing.

"So he's cute," Sinclair whispers. "And he'll be trouble."

"No," I say, feeling myself drift off to sleep. "He'll be perfect."

"We'll just see about that," Sinclair murmurs, his breathing already deepening as he drifts off.

Fifteen minutes later, Rafe chooses a side.

And, unfortunately for me, he chooses trouble.

And **he** cries.

All. Night. Long.