

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 298

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#Chapter 298 – On Mom Time Now

For **the** next two weeks, Sinclair and I don't get much sleep.

Instead, our precious. Darling. Wonderful. Amazing. Bundle. Of. Joy...tortures us until we're basically mindless

drones, trying to figure out what he wants and giving it to him as soon as possible.

"**Oh** my god," I say to Sinclair one night at three in the morning, desperate with anxiety and lack of sleep. I walk around the room with Rafe pressed close to my chest, trying to comfort him. "He's been fed, changed, burped... he's probably just sleepy! But he's keeping himself up with all this noise he's making!"

"It will be all right," says my ever-patient mate, holding out his arms. I passed the baby to him and... Rafe instantly quiets.

And this is the moment when I simultaneously figured out the best and the worst thing in my life: that my mate is a baby whisperer, and that my child loves his dad more than he loves me.

Of course, I'm so exhausted at this point that I don't really care that Rafe quiets in Sinclair's arms and not mine. I'm just glad that he's quiet. "Okay," I whisper, slowly backing away, as if from a live grenade. "You just hold him...just like that..."

"Ella," Sinclair says, giving me a tiny scowl. "Don't be ridiculous – it's not as if – " but he takes one step towards me and Rafe begins to cry. I freeze like a deer in the headlights. So does Sinclair. Slowly, he takes a step backwards. Rafe quiets.

“Right

there, Dominic,” I whisper, backing away towards the bed. “Just stand there for...two, three hours...” I murmur as I climb into my messy nest, “and I’ll see you both...later...”

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“This is ridiculous, Ella,” Sinclair half-whispers to me, but he doesn’t move. I barely hear him as I almost immediately fall asleep. We’re both completely at Rafe’s mercy. He’s the Alpha

now.

When I wake up a few hours later, the sun is peeking into the room and I raise myself on my elbows, looking around. I see that Sinclair made his way to the rocking chair in the corner of the room and he’s sleeping there now, the baby laid flat in a bassinet pulled close. I smile to see that Sinclair rests a large hand on the edge of the basket, though, ready to respond if Rafe makes a move or a sound.

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I laugh a little to myself and shake my head, wondering at the power this little baby has over us. I pull myself out of bed, though, and go to look at both of them my gigantic mate, my tiny baby, next to each other. They look so alike – their coloring, some of their features, the and yet so incredibly different. My heart wrenches with love to see them there.

same

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I stretch my arms over my head and decide to let them sleep, turning to quickly and silently pad out of the room and go down to the kitchen.

This, oddly enough, has become where I spent most of my time now because I am constantly – constantly – hungry. I had assumed that my hunger would abate after I gave birth and was no longer growing a twelve pound baby within a five—

month span, but I am still voracious. I head straight to the pantry, reaching for the big box of shredded wheat as well as a king-sized candy bar. I peel the latter open as I head to the counter and pour the former into a bowl.

Slowly munching on the candy, I wonder if I'm going to be hungry like this for the duration of the time that I'm breastfeeding Rafe. I look down at myself, considering that I'm relatively lucky – my body has bounced back fast, at least in terms of health, probably because of my wolf biology and my mother's gift. My figure still hasn't returned to what it was before I was pregnant – I don't care about that but health-wise, I feel as fit as I've ever been.

Smiling to myself, I say a little prayer of thanks and go to grab the milk out of the fridge.

"Chocolate?" someone asks, and I give a little shriek, jumping in the air and spinning around – looking everywhere for the intruder. I'm still panting and on edge when my eyes land on Roger, grinning at me from the doorway. "Chocolate for breakfast? What kind of role model are you being for your child, Ella?" he scolds jokingly.

"First of all," I say, brandishing my candy bar at him, "I'm eating this for him, because he demands it. And also, I'm also eating shredded wheat!" I say, gesturing towards my cereal bowl. "So, healthy!"

Roger laughs and comes forward to give me a hug, which I warmly return. "Eat whatever you want, Ella. Just don't bankrupt my brother to the candy company."

"No promises," I return, returning to the fridge to grab the milk and making my way back to the bowl. "Why are you here so early?" I ask, curious. "We don't need you here until nine."

Roger raises his eyebrows at me and taps his watch. My eyes go wide with disbelief and I glance towards the stove, which reads 9:08. "Oh my god!" I say, looking back at my brother-in-law. "I can't believe it! We're so late!"

He just shrugs and leans against the counter. "It's all right, you're on mom time. It's understandable."

"No, it's not!" I say, tossing the milk back in the fridge without pouring it and bolting for the stairs, "If we miss our appointment at the temple, we'll never get another one! And then the moon ceremony won't happen for another month and everything will be ruined!"

Roger follows to watch me sprint up the stairs, calling after me. "I think they'll make an exception for you, Ella! For the woman who ended the war!"

"No excuses for being rude!" I call over my shoulder, pushing through the door into my room. "Sinclair, quick! We overslept!"

An hour and twenty—
two minutes later, we arrive at our appointment at the temple, just barely

on time. Cora is there already, waiting anxiously on the steps. She storms over to me the moment we step out of the car.

"Ella!" my sister hisses. "You're late! You left me here all alone, with all the wolves!"

I screw up my face in confusion as I give her a little glare. "We're not late yet," I huff, reaching into the car to unhook the baby's car seat. "And since when do you care about being alone with wolves? You're alone with wolves all the time."

"Yeah, you, and Sinclair, and Rafe," she murmurs, glancing awkwardly over her shoulder at the temple. "Not...strangers."

I look at her carefully as I straighten, Rafe's car seat handle looped over the crook of my arm. He is, thankfully, quiet and calm. "I didn't know you were uncomfortable, Cora," I say softly. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine," she says, rolling her eyes. "I just...don't like being late."

I nod, but study her a little bit. Only since after the war has Cora felt this way about being a human amongst wolves. Did her breakup – or was it even a breakup? – mess with her mind this much? I'm about to ask, but unfortunately the man in question comes around the car at just that moment.

“Hello, Cora,” Roger says softly, carefully. “It’s nice to see you.”

Cora doesn’t say anything, just looks at him with a little disdain. I raise my eyebrows and look between them. I know that they haven’t seen each other since Rafe’s birth – but they had been fine with each other in the room that night.

What did I miss?