

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 302

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#Chapter 302 – Moonlight Baptism

“Well,” Henry answers, hesitating. “Cora and Roger will see the prophecy.”

My

face falls a little when I realize the implications of this. “Really? Unfair,” I declare, pouting.

Henry laughs a little along with me. “It will bring them closer to him, give them a bond.”

“Well,” I sigh, “I want them to have that. What sort of things do you learn, though? Do you share them with the parents?”

“If you choose,” Henry shrugs. “I always did. And Sinclair and Roger’s godparents shared with me, for which I was grateful.”

“What did they tell you?” I ask, curious.

“That Sinclair would be a great leader of men,” Henry says, looking down at the baby again, clearly remembering his baby who looked so like this one. “That was no surprise. But Roger, that was...”

I pause, curious, suddenly fascinated. “What did they say?”

He hesitates and then meets my eye. “I never even told Roger about it. But they told me that his destiny laid less with who he was, and more with the children he would sire. The many children, who would be...” he looks away a bit, trying to sort his thoughts, “it was hard to understand. But something about a set of extraordinary children who would bring much joy to the world.”

My stomach drops at this, though I work hard to keep it off my face.

I guess Cora was right.

Being a father is important to Roger – his destiny, even. And if Cora can't give him children... Henry meets my eyes, perhaps understanding the direction of my thoughts. He takes my hand,

"The goddess gives us many mysteries, Ella," he says quietly. "Don't think too hard on her messages they often present themselves in the most surprising ways."

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"You're right," I say, giving him a little smile, fighting against my own disappointment. I sit up straighter in my chair, smiling down at my baby, who's staring up at me with his wide eyes, which are just starting to turn green. "Besides, today is about this little one. And his future."

"Precisely right," Henry says, peeking over at him again. "And his future is very, very bright. This I know for sure."

Our house is filled with people later that evening, and my heart is full to bursting to see all of them – especially Isabel, James, and Sadie, who I think I hugged for a solid fifteen minutes when they arrived.

Unfortunately, I didn't get to catch up with them as much as I wanted to, as I have to greet all of our guests and introduce Rafe around to his new friends and family. But still, Isabel and I make plans to have a good long talk later this week before Cora comes to stand with her, giving me a wink to let me know that she has our visitors in good hands.

I'm almost breathless with excitement and stress as the time approaches. Anxious, I straighten

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the top of my glittering silver gown, which I picked expressly for the occasion. It's perhaps too much for a trip to the w

oods, but we'll be having champagne later – and then everyone coming back to the house to celebrate all evening – so it seemed right that we be formal tonight

But was it right? God, I don't know. I've never held a midnight baptism before.

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“Calmly,” Sinclair says, coming up behind me, looking gorgeous in his tuxedo. He rests two reassuring hands on my shoulders. “Everything is in order, Ella – you don't need to micromanage everything. It's all going smoothly.”

I laugh and shake my head, grateful that my mate can read my mind in more ways than one. “I just want everything to go smoothly, and everyone to have a nice time, and to make sure that everyone gets enough time with Rafe —”

“Not necessary,” he whispers in my ear, and I can feel him smiling as he does it. “You don't need to be everything to everyone, trouble. They're here to help you. You could have come down in pajamas ten minutes before the ceremony, with baby vomit streaked down your shirt, and no one would have cared.”

“I would have cared,” I say, turning on him with wide eyes. “Ew!”

He laughs, drawing me in for a quick kiss. “What I mean, Ella, is that you should just calm down and enjoy the night. It's for us, as much as for him. The guests are just happy to be along for the ride.”

“You're right,” I murmur, smiling against his lips and then looking down at my happy baby in my arms. “I need to...live in the moment.”

“Right,” he says, putting an arm around my shoulders and moving towards the door. “It's good that you figured that out now, because it's time to go.”

“Oh!” I say, surprised, looking around at everyone who is likewise streaming towards the entrance, towards the two vans waiting to take us all out in the woods. “Oh, Dominic!” I

say, spinning in his arms and looking towards the kitchen. “Did we remember the champagne – and all the glasses –”

“Packed, Ella,” he says, looking down at me with a stern little smile. “Stop. Turn. Enjoy.”

I take a deep breath and look up at him with wide eyes, making him laugh. “I’ll try. I really will.”

He nods and bends down a little to grab Rafe’s car seat, waiting by the door. “You try, I’ll be here to help. We’ve got this, little mate.”

I grin, standing on my tiptoes and turning my face up for another kiss, happy when my mate obliges. “Thank you, Dominic,” I whisper, and then we’re out the door,

Off to the woods.

We arrive about forty minutes later and I’m thrilled to see that our guests are having a good time and that the baby is, miraculously, sleeping soundly in his car seat. I bite my lip, hoping he wakes up for the actual dedication part, though...

Well, I suppose it doesn’t matter if he’s awake or not. Cora and Roger have to do all the work, Rafe just has to...be there.

“Ready?” Cora says, leaning across the aisle of the van and smiling at me.

“Are you?” I ask, raising my eyebrows at her. She nods eagerly. I lean closer, lowering my voice

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further, though I know it’s more of a gesture than an effective way to pass a secret in this van full of wolves with enhanced hearing. “And are you two...” I glance furtively at Rodger.

Cora gives me a happy little nod. “We’re all good, Ella,” she says, smiling. I narrow my eyes and wonder if she’s lying for my sake. My sister reads my mind, though, and laughs at me. “Seriously!” she says eagerly. “All good. We’re here for Rafe, anyway.”

“Okay,” I say, my eyes still narrowed at her as I stand up and begin to unbuckle Rafe from his chair and lift him into my arms. Then, as a group, we all disembark from the vans. A special lift lowers Henry to the ground and, when he gives me a thumbs-up to let me know he’s ready, we all spill out into the woods, preparing ourselves to dedicate my son to the Goddess.