

## Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 304

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 304

#Chapter **304** – The Goddess’s Light

Cora

I’m a little out of breath when I finally catch up with Roger and Rafe, having had to work hard to keep up with his long wolf stride.

“Rude,” I say when I finally come to a stop next to them. “You couldn’t have waited for me?”

“I’m being rude?” Roger says, raising his eyebrows at me in disbelief.

“Cora, you’ve been nothing but unpleasant since the moment we stepped into the forest —”

—

I open my mouth with a little squeak of protest but Roger just rolls his eyes and ignores me, going on anyway. “This is supposed to be a sacred experience for Rafe and for us and you’ve done nothing but moan and complain. So yeah, forgive me if I wanted to get away for a moment and concentrate on the magic of this place

“Oh whatever,” I mumble, reaching out my arms so that he can hand me the baby.

“No

from you

way,” Roger retorts, holding the baby closer to his chest and turning a little away from me. “You don’t get to hold the baby now that we’re at the pool

“Yes I do!” I cry, “the priestess gave him to me!”

“I’m his godparent just as much as you are

—

“(

But suddenly, there’s a flare in the light from the pool, and Roger and I turn to it, surprised, both of our mouths falling open. I don’t know how I know it but...well, somehow, I get the sense that the pool – or whatever magic is in it – is irritated with us.

“Sorry,” I murmur to the pool, taking a step closer, a little embarrassed. Honestly, it never occurred to me that my behavior with Roger right now was being...watched.

Roger murmurs

his own apology, coming closer to the edge. We look at each other, then, united anew at being...well, a little freaked out, suddenly. We’re both very aware that there’s magic in the world, but sometimes when you’re confronted with it so blatantly it can be weird.

I take a deep breath, then, nodding to him, and start to say that words that the priestess taught us as part of the ceremony.

“Goddess,” I

begin, letting my voice ring out across the smooth surface of the silver pool. “We bring t  
o **you**, tonight, this child, so that he may begin to know you.”

“We wish to show him your light, and in doing so, let you see him and bring him into the spirit **of** your grace,” Roger continues, his own resonant voice sending shivers down my spine. The light coming off the pool brightens – slower this time, though, as if she’s listening.

I glance upwards through the trees and am treated by the sight of the full moon itself, beaming brilliantly down on us from above. Hey, mom, I say quietly **in** my mind, my heartrate

suddenly increasing and my stomach twisting with the emotion of the moment. Because she is here, now, with us – ready to meet her grandchild. I can feel it.

Even Rafe begins to open his little eyes and look around. I know that he can't really see anything – his vision hasn't developed well enough yet – but he's certainly curious. I put my hands out for him and this time Roger does hand him to me, letting me take the baby and unwrap his swaddling blanket. Then, when he's free of it, Roger and I slowly walk as close as we can to the edge of the pool and hold the baby out over it.

The moonlight streams down onto the baby, growing brighter as the moments pass. My **heart** fills to see Rafe looking up into the sky, to see the light surrounding him as it falls from the moon above and reflects upwards from the mirrored surface of the pool.

"He is called Rafe Sinclair," Roger says softly, reverent. "His parents, Ella and Dominic, have asked us to bring him here to dedicate him to you. We do so in their name."

I smile as I look at the baby, and at Roger, and at the moonlight. It's a beautiful moment, introducing the child to the world and to all the magic within it. I open my mouth to say something, to tell Roger that I'm sorry, and that I'm glad I'm here with him to do this, when suddenly I can see something in the moonlight.

I gasp, suddenly afraid, but Roger brings a quick hand to my waist, steadying me.

"Don't pull the baby back," he says, peering into the white light of the moon, likewise trying to make it out. "If you do, we won't be able to see ..."

So I keep holding the baby out, my arms trembling a little, and watch the story form in the air.

It's not...not

totally visual. Like, it's not like watching a movie projected into smoke in the air. Instead, it's...felt as much as it is seen, communicated to our hearts and minds as much as our eyes. But suddenly, quite suddenly, it's perfectly clear.

I see a little boy, tall, with warm green eyes bending down to take the hand of a dark-haired little girl who has

fallen to the ground, helping her up and brushing the tears from her face. Then, I see him again – older, but still young.- running across a battlefield, fear on his face but courage

in every line of his limbs as he pushes himself to do what is right. We're passed that quite quickly, though, and I see him again with that girl – though she's older now too – laughing. And though I know

there's no reason for me to know it, I sense – somehow that she, like me, has no wolf.

–

Rafe – he has

a crown on his head, and another in his hands, which he slowly lifts to place on the girl's head as well. She smiles up at him with such love in her eyes and then the door to the room bursts open, his family spilling in

–

There's Sinclair, and Ella, and more of their children – and a light-

haired **boy** I don't know, just about Rafe's age- and more children, so many more and me and...and...

–

Rafe is embraced by his family, who surround him, laughing and hugging Rafe and the girl, their eyes warm and light with hope. And suddenly, I know, that Rafe will be a great leader of

his people, and that he will guide them with love in his heart, a love sustained and made true by this girl. I know that Rafe will meet his mate and that she will be...

Human.

I gasp, my eyes filling with tears, and slowly the moonlight fades, returning to its natural hue. I bring the baby back to my chest, holding him tight, and turn to look up at Roger, who looks at me as well with tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Did you see it?” he whispers.

“Yes,” I reply.

“He will love her,” Roger continues, shaking his head, staring down at me **with** so much love in his eyes. “And it won’t matter to him – not at all –”

I’m crying in truth then, little sobs wracking my chest as I hold my nephew to me. My nephew, with his whole life laid out before him, a great love waiting for him in the future to sooth the great pain he will surely endure as he leads his people, human and wolf alike. I open my mouth to say something to Roger – to say anything –

–

But no words come out. Instead, I just tuck my head against my nephew and let myself cry.

How can this little baby, only two weeks old, already hold so much wisdom? How can he have already have given me such a gift?

I feel Roger’s arms around us then, warm and steady. He brings me close to his chest, tucking me beneath his chin and pressing a kiss to my hair. Then, silent, he lets me cry, lets me process

the experience all I need. A few minutes later, when I am again steady, I take a deep breath and turn my face up to him, ready to give him my thanks.

But before I can say anything, Roger acts, closing the distance between us.

And pressing a soft kiss to my mouth.