

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 305

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#Chapter 305 – Sister Talk

Ella

It feels like my sister has been gone with my baby for...hours. But in reality I know that it has been, at best, maybe half an hour. Still, while the rest of us mill around the dark forest, drinking champagne and waiting, I can't keep myself from continuing to glance anxiously into the darkness.

What's keeping them? Why won't they come back?

"Patience, trouble," Sinclair says behind me and I sigh. Without looking at him, I lean back against his chest and raise my champagne flute to my mouth, taking a little sip.

"Those are two words that don't go together, and you know it," I mutter, frustrated.

His warm chuckle resonates against my back as he wraps an arm—around me. "Only you would try to rush a goddess."

"She's my mom!" I huff, looking up at him as I cross my arms. "I'll rush her all I want."

Sinclair laughs again and shakes his head at me. "Let Cora and Roger have this time with Rafe."

It's special for them too."

"I'm dying to know if they'll see anything about his future," I say, looking back at my mate with a wide smile. "Do you think they will?"

“If I had to put money on it?” Sinclair says, contemplative. “Considering who Rafe’s grandmother is? Then...yeah, I think they’ll get a glimpse. But don’t push them too hard on it, Ella,” he advises. “It’s their experience as much as his. If they choose to keep it to themselves, that’s their right.”

“Oh, yeah, whatever,” I say, rolling my eyes. Fat chance I’m letting Cora keep secrets about my son’s future from me. As my mind goes wild with the possibilities, I see something flicker in the darkness. I stand up straight, eager, peering into the darkness. I feel Sinclair do the same behind me.

And then I burst into a little joyous laugh as I see my sister, Rafe tucked happy in her arms, coming through the trees, Roger’s arm warm around her shoulder. Sinclair puts two fingers in his mouth and lets out a sharp whistle as I shout “Cora!” and dash into the woods, happy to see all three of them.

My sister gives me a broad smile as we meet beneath the trees, happily handing my baby over into my waiting arms. I coo a little greeting to him, doing a little check down the bond to see that he’s fine. When I’m satisfied that he’s happy and relaxed I look up at Roger and Cora eagerly. “So?” I ask, a little breathless. “How’d it go?”

“It went well,” Roger says reassuringly. “**No** problems, he did beautifully.”

“Of course he did!” I laugh, smiling down at my baby, who fusses a little in his blankets. He’s tired, I’m sure, even though he’s always up at this time of night anyway. “He didn’t have to do much, after all, just lay out basking in the moonlight.”

Cora laughs and steps away from Roger, putting an arm around me. “Come on, sis,” she says. Let’s go get a glass of champagne and I’ll tell you everything.”

When we return to the little group of family and friends, everyone lets out a little cheer and raises their glasses to us, a gesture that fills me with warmth. It

is so wonderful to see this milestone in my child's life celebrated so. I lean down and give my baby a little kiss on the head as Sinclair hands Cora and Roger glasses of champagne and then comes to my side.

"How is he?" Sinclair murmurs, leaning down to check on the baby.

"Perfect, angelic, magnificent, as usual," I murmur.

"As usual?" Sinclair asks, raising an amused eyebrow at me. "Usually he's screaming like a

banshee."

I blink innocently at my mate. "That does nothing to take away from his perfection. He's just... expressive."

Sinclair laughs and shakes his head at me a little and then turns to Cora and Roger, who come closer to us.

"Soooooo?" I ask leadingly, excited. "Did you...see anything?"

"Ella," Roger says, smirking at me and sinking his hands into his pockets. "Don't you know that it's a private affair, what happens between a child, his godparents, and the goddess on the night of his baptism?"

"I swear, Roger," I warn, narrowing my eyes at him, "if you keep this from me, I will torture

you

for the rest of your life –"

My brother-in-law bares his teeth at me playfully, leaning forward. "Ah, Ella, but don't you see? Now I have the power to torture you, as I have information you want, and I'm going to make you pay through the nose for it."

“You’re dead to me,” I declare impassively, turning to my sister. “Well?” I ask, my question directed only to her as Roger laughs.

“Oh, you know,” she says casually, unable to keep her lips from twitching. “We just saw the normal sorts of things for a little boy. His life is going to be rather boring, actually. Uneventful, dull.”

“What?!” I ask, my face falling, glancing between her and the baby.

“Yeah,” she says with a little shrug. “We saw a **lot** of crossword puzzles in his future. He’s going to get really, really into rock collecting, but not in an interesting way that leads to a career in geology. Just...hoarding rocks. In his bedroom. Through his forties.”

I snap my eyes back up to her and glare, taking in the little smile on her lips. “Liar,” I say, starting to laugh, my sister joining in with me. She glances back at Roger, who wrinkles his nose at her and raises his champagne glass in her direction. I watch this exchange, curious. Did something...else happen in the woods?

But I don’t let myself be distracted. “Come on, Cora,” I push, taking her by the arm and drawing her away from Sinclair and Roger. “Tell me, please, for real. Did you see anything?”

“**We** did,” she says, warm. “He has...a big future, Ella. But it will be a happy one, with love and courage to balance the trials. I know more but...do you want to know?”

And suddenly I realize that...I don’t. I look my sister in the eyes and realize that...well, that I want to be surprised. That I want to watch my son’s life unfold organically, to experience it along with him. I tilt my head to the side, considering it, and realizing that this is perhaps why godparents take the child to this ceremony – because the gift of the goddess is too much for those who love him most. That perhaps the best gift is the mystery.

“No, Cora,” I say, putting out an arm and pulling her close in a hug. “Thank you. That’s perfect. That’s all I need.”

She nods to me, understanding, and turns to rejoin **the** group. But I don’t let her go just yet.

“Cora,” I whisper, pulling her close again, biting my lip eagerly. “When you went into the woods with Roger you were...different than when **you** came out. Did...did something...”

She just gives me a little smirk and a shrug. “That, sister,” she says quietly, pulling me forward, “is a secret I’m keeping to myself. You’re too nosy. Some things are private.”

“So there is a thing!” I exclaim, digging in my heels, desperately wanting to know this mystery, if not my son’s. “If you’re keeping something private, something happened!”

“Come on, Ella,” Cora says, laughing at me. “Come celebrate with us. I’m not telling you a thing.”

“She’s selfish, Rafe,” I sigh, shaking my head down at my son, who is falling asleep. “Cruel auntie doesn’t tell us anything. But you know, and I’ll get you to tell me as soon as you’re big enough to talk.”

He just makes a face and squirms away from me a bit. I narrow my eyes at him, wondering if my baby is taking Cora’s side.

“Come on, little mate,” Sinclair says, wrapping an arm around me and ushering me forward into the group. “Let everyone see the baby, and then let’s go home. It’s time for breakfast.”