

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 309

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#Chapter 309 – the Note

Ella

I sigh and spread my body out against Sinclair's, tracing the lines of his body beneath his clothes. I close my eyes, relaxing, letting myself feel the warmth of him, basking in the joy of having him safe and healthy and near, of the knowledge that our baby boy is asleep on the other side of the room.

"You do agree with me though, right?" I ask quietly. "All jokes aside?"

Sinclair takes a minute to consider and then he nods, his eyes still closed. "I think they should sort it out themselves," he answers quietly. "But I agree, Ella – if he's not willing to take her whether or not she can give him children...he should let her find someone who will."

"Thank you, Dominic," I respond, my voice barely audible, sending a little pulse of sincere gratitude down our bond. He sends love back.

And then we both relax, our bodies falling into a deeper rhythm of breathing that carries us near sleep.

Sleep that's interrupted, suddenly, by the sound of the doorbell below.

I groan, pulling my head up off of Sinclair's chest. "Who the hell could that be?"

"Probably someone who forgot a purse. Or a shoe. Or...whatever," Sinclair mutters, working to

sit

1. up. I rise too, letting him up, smiling at my sleepy mate who is so tired that his words aren't making much sense.

He sighs, rising to his feet, and I get up with him.

"Stay," he says, putting a hand on my shoulder, nodding back to the bed.

"No," I sigh. "I'll come with you. It's probably for me, anyway. A package or something." I'm rueful, suddenly, that we've let all of the staff have the day off after the long night. It would be nice to have someone else to answer the door...

...but then I realize that that's horribly selfish and privileged, and I take my mate's hand, tugging him towards the door and grabbing the baby monitor on the way, switching it on. Who have I become, really, that I'm turning my nose up at having to answer my own door?

Considering some of the conditions I've lived in previously in my life, I should be thanking my lucky stars that I even have a door.

Frustrated with myself, I hurry down **the** stairs, Sinclair following steadily behind.

When I pull open **the** door, though, there's nobody there. Frowning, I look around, and then down at **the** doormat, where there's a little folded piece **of** paper.

"What's this?" I ask, bending quickly to pick it up, **the baby** monitor making little static noises

in my left hand.

I hold it up between me and Sinclair as he frowns at it, looking quickly around the neighborhood before pulling the door shut, obviously on alert.

"Is it addressed to anyone?" he asks quietly, suspicious.

“No,” I say, my curiosity growing with every step. Quickly, I turn the envelope over and begin

to slip my finger beneath the seal when Sinclair grabs my hand.

“Ella “he says, his voice harsh with worry. “Don’t.”

—

“What?” I ask, looking up at him, suddenly worried myself. “Why?”

He shakes his head at me. “I just...it’s strange. Let’s...treat it carefully. All right?”

“Okay,” I say. He holds his hand out and I place the letter in his open palm.

“Come on,

” he says, taking my hand and heading for the kitchen. I follow eagerly, desperate to know, a little knot of anxiety forming in my stomach.

When we get into the kitchen, Sinclair puts a hand on my shoulder, walking me backwards until my back is pressed against the door of the pantry. “Stay here,” he murmurs, still looking down at the letter, and then he crosses swiftly to the butcher block by the sink.

“Sinclair,” I call, holding the baby monitor tightly between my hands. “Why

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“Precautions,” he responds, concentrating on the note. Then, he carefully places it on the butcher block and grabs a knife, moving his body away as far as he can as he begins to carefully slice the sticky seal holding the envelope shut.

“What,” I

say, laughing a little desperately, wanting to make light of it – hoping, needing him to be overreacting right now “do you think it’s going to explode or something?”

He doesn’t answer me, just slowly finishes slicing the seal. When nothing happens, he stands up straight.

“What is it?” I whisper, my anxiety keeping me absolutely on edge. My heart is racing now –

“Just, one more minute, Ella,” Sinclair murmurs, holding up a hand to keep me back. I can’t take my eyes off of him as he steps closer to the envelope, holding it carefully in his hands and turning it upside down, shaking it to see what falls out.

But only a piece of paper falls out of the envelope, clattering lightly against the wood. Sinclair takes a minute to prod at the piece of paper with his knife, flipping it over, making sure there’s nothing strange about it, and then he stands up straight and steps closer to the butcher block, his shoulders relaxing.

“It’s just a note,” he says, looking over to me, confused.

“Oh my god,” I breathe out, relieved, rushing to his side. “You had me going crazy, Dominic,”

I say, glaring at him a little as I wrap my arms around him and peer at it. “What does it say?”

He shrugs a little bit and flips open the note, revealing a hurried scrawl of handwriting inside – just a few lines. We both read it hurriedly.

And then I blink, the blood draining from my face as I read it again, horror racing through my veins.

I’m sorry – This is coming too late – but I had to do what is right

They are coming for him for the little baby –

–

The ones who made him, who planned for him to be born –

They’re coming

I'm sorry

My face snatches up to
Sinclair's, my breathing short – I can barely pull air into my lungs as I panic –

–

Sinclair's face is still with rage as he reads the note again and again and then crumples it in his fist, which he slams down on the butcher block.

"Oh my god," I whisper to him, my whole body shaking. "Dominic – who

"The baby," he growls, spinning towards the door.

And then I gasp, and
look down at the monitor in my hands, clicking the buttons – hearing nothing but static –
but also seeing – seeing nothing

"Oh my god," I wheeze, my breath leaving me completely as I whip my eyes up
to Sinclair's face. "The baby – "

My mate tears away from me, launching himself towards the

SUS

I scurry behind, pulsing my limbs as hard as I can, taking the steps two at a time –

—

But my mate is too fast for me, quickly outstripping me as he pounds up the stairs, a snarl on his lips, death on his teeth for anything – anyone – he might meet that poses a threat to our

child –

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I'm half a hallway behind when Sinclair rips into our room, a roar on his breath as he goes. When I arrive, gasping, at the door, I slam into the doorframe, unable to move any further as I watch my mate dash across the room towards the bassinet –

If anything, anyone has hurt my baby –

I hold my breath, watching my mate bend over the little white basket, looking for our son. (2)