

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 312

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#Chapter 312 – Reinforcements

Cora

Hank and I are tangled in the sheets of my bed, talking softly to each other about nothing, when suddenly I hear a pounding on my door – a dangerous, feral, fervent sound.

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“What the hell is that,” Hank gasps, sitting up and whipping his head to look towards the front of

my apartment.

“I—I don’t know “I stutter, fear racing through me. The pounding halts for a moment and we both sit there, frozen, not knowing what to do. Then, suddenly, a voice breaks through the silence.

“Cora!” it shouts, and my jaw drops a little because...well, because I know that voice. “Open the

damn door, Cora!”

“Oh my god,” I murmur, standing up and wrapping my naked body in my sheets – weirdly bashful in this moment. As I do, the pounding starts again.

“Do you know who it is?” Hank asks, hurriedly getting out of bed and pulling his pants on

“Yes,” I breathe, quickly switching the sheets for my robe hanging on the back of my door and

then rushing through the living room. “It’s fucking…”

But Hank, standing at the doorway to my bedroom, sees for himself the moment I pull the door

open.

Roger’s fist is still raised as my door flies open, but he drops it as he glares down at me.

“God damn it, Cora,” he growls, storming past me into the apartment, “don’t you ever check your

pho-

He freezes and goes

silent, though, the moment he sees Hank standing in the doorway to my bedroom, pulling on his shirt. And then Roger turns slowly and looks at me, taking me in from head to toe in my bathrobe. He doesn’t say a word, rendered, apparently, speechless.

“What are you doing here, Roger?!” I hiss, filling the void that his silence left as I slamming the door shut and stalking forward to give him a shove. “You scared the hell out of us!”

“Cora, damn it,” Roger growls, snapping out of his shock and turning his attention to me as he blatantly ignores Hank. “It’s a crisis – Ella and Sinclair have been blowing up your phone for an

hour –”

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“What?!” I gasp, looking all over – and then finally spotting my phone, wedged between the pillows of the couch. I dash to it and grab it and see that Roger is right that Ella has been calling me for the past hour, as well as sending texts. I quickly flick through them, glancing at Roger as I

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“What’s what’s this all about “I stutter in fear, my heart suddenly in my throat. I can’t grasp the whole situation – but there’s something about Rafe, and kidnapping, and a note “I s the baby –”

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“He’s fine for now,” Roger growls, moving close to me and wrapping his hand around my upper arm, “but they need you. It’s something about the sperm bank, they think they want to talk to you about what happened that day –”

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mayo!?

“Yes!” he almost yells. “God, Cora, let’s go – you can ask all of these questions in the car!”

I sense his fury, his worry and his impatience, but all it breeds in me is defiance. “Fine!” I shout. “God, Roger, give me ten seconds! Obviously I’m coming!” I rip my arm from his hand and glare at him as I move towards my bedroom door, giving Hank a not-too-gentle nudge back into the bedroom and closing the door behind us.

“What’s going on?” Hank asks, all steady cool and deliberation. I glance at him, my stomach warming. At least he’s good in a crisis. I hand Hank my phone as I move to my dresser. “Can you give me a summary of Ella’s texts as I get dressed? I can’t do both at once.”

Hank nods, brisk, and does as I ask, reading some of the texts aloud to me, skipping through the ones that he deems less important. Overall I get the gist and my heart wrenches to think of what my sister is going

through as I hurriedly pull on some sporty leggings and a t-shirt. After all that she went through with the pregnancy, I had thought this was **over** for her –

“Cora!” Roger shouts, banging on my door, interrupting one of Hank’s readings. “Seriously!? What’s taking so long! Let’s go!”

“I’m COMING!” I shout towards the door, fed up with his impatience. “God damn Alpha bullshit...” I mutter as I pull on my sneakers, not bothering to tie the laces. Then, I stand up, tucking my hair behind my ears as Hank crosses the room to me and hands me my phone, lifting one hand to my face.

“That’s a pretty good summary of the messages,” he says softly, rubbing his thumb over my cheek and looking into my eyes. “Are **you** going to be all right? Is there any way I can help?”

“No,” I sigh, lifting my hand to cover his and shaking my head a little. “Thank you, Hank, but –”

“Cora!” The yell and a single pound comes again and I realize, suddenly, that of course Roger has wolf hearing and is using it to spy on our conversation.

I glare at the door, hate in my eyes, but then I nod towards it. “Come on,” I say, moving away from Hank. “We’d better get moving before he rips it down.”

“I’m not going to rip it down,” I hear Roger growl, disgruntled, but I just roll my eyes and pull the door open.

“Ready?” I ask, breezing past him.

“I’ve been ready,” he snarls, walking swiftly to keep up with me. We pass through the door together and then awkwardly wait for Hank to catch up.

“Thanks, Hank,” I say, giving him a smile as I lean down to lock my apartment **door**. “For the food and...the nice time.”

“Anytime, Cora,” he replies, and I can hear the smile in his voice even as I concentrate on my **keys**. “You’ll let me know how it goes?”

“Of course I will” I respond, turning towards him, but suddenly I’m almost yanked off my feet by someone grabbing my hand and tugging me with them.

“Oh my god,” Roger groans, hauling me away **from** Hank and down the hall. “Cora let’s go!”

Let go of me!

Ciy, Smackiy at mane, but it aves mommy. I remember **to** tum allu wave to Hank as we turn the corner towards the stairs. Hank awkwardly returns my wave as he watches Roger and I disappear.

Roger, predictably, does not let go of me and I almost have to jog behind him as he strides down the stairs and out to the parking lot where his car is still running.

“Is Rafe being kidnapped right now?” I ask, angry, moving fast towards the passenger seat when he lets go of my hand. “What’s the rush?”

“The rush,” Roger replies, glaring at me as he and I simultaneously sink into our seats and close the doors behind us, “is that our nephew is in danger, and our siblings want us there now.”

“Fine,” I reply, sneering at him a bit as I buckle my seat belt. “Drive on. Try not to get us killed on the way.”

Roger doesn’t reply, just peels out of the parking lot and heads down the dark road at breakneck speed. I’m pinned back into my seat but am surprised to find that I’m not at all scared. Somehow, I trust Roger’s reflexes and his driving skills. I trust that he knows what he’s doing.

“God,” Roger says, rolling down the window and huffing out a breath of disgust.

“What?” I ask, inclined to be angry but curious about what he hell could bother him now. He got me into the car in less than five minutes, didn’t he? What could possibly be wrong?

“You smell like him,” Roger growls, revulsion and...something else thick on his words. “He’s all

over you. Gross.”

I stare at Roger for a second, appalled, and then I can’t help the little smile that creeps onto my lips, despite everything.

“Don’t be jealous,” I murmur, my words barely audible as I turn to look out the window and watch

the scenery pass.

But with that wolf hearing? I know he hears me. And I see the effect of my words in the window’s

reflection as I watch him flinch. **3**