

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 313

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#Chapter 313 – Sister Support

Ella

“Ella!” I hear my sister’s voice cry the same moment I hear the front door to the house open. I stand quickly from my seat in Sinclair’s office, Rafe awake and peaceful in my arms, and move to the open doorway.

“Cora!” I call. I see her spin away from the living room where she was looking for me and jog down the hall towards me, Roger closing the house’s main door behind him as he enters as well. Cora takes my shoulders in her hands as soon as she gets close.

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“Are you

– are you all right?” she gasps, looking me over, and then looking down towards the baby. I can see a little relief come into her face the moment she sees us both before her, intact and safe.

“We’re okay,” I say, giving her a little smile. “For right now, we’re okay. Thank you for coming so late at night.”

My sister snaps her eyes up at me, frowning a little.

“What?” I ask.

“I just...” she says, confused, glancing back at Roger, “I didn’t expect you to be so calm.”

“Well, it happened like, eleven hours ago,” I say, raising my eyebrows at her. “We’ve had some time to process and plan

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Suddenly she scowls, turning fully to glare at Roger coming down the hall towards us. “The way this one was pounding on my door, flying around like a bat out of hell –”

“More like a bat into hell,” he mutters, his frustrated expression matching Cora’s. “It wasn’t exactly peaceful heading into your apartment, which smelled like wonton soup and –” 1

“Oh shut up,” Cora huffs, narrowing her eyes at Roger and then turning back to me. Roger opens his mouth to retort but I reach out and give him a little shove and turn to my sister. Clearly in a mood, Roger just shakes his head and goes into the office, where Sinclair is still talking to some of the investigators.

“Ella,” Cora continues when he’s gone, “why didn’t you text me earlier if this happened hours ago? There wasn’t anything on my phone when I woke up from my nap at 9 – and then all of a sudden Roger’s pounding on my door –”

“It’s complicated,” I say, hesitating and looping my arm with Cora’s at the elbow, pulling my sister

close because I know what

I’m about to say is going to piss her off. “Sinclair brought in his team of investigators – the ones who were working on the question of the switched sperm sample before

the war – and they wanted to...clear you. Before I was allowed to text you.”

“Clear me?” Cora asks, confused.

“Yeah,” I say, my mouth pulling into a grimace. “As a...suspect.”

“WHAT!?” **My** sister shouts, her voice ringing out through the house. Rafe flinches and starts to cry, still cuddled in my arm.

i siyni, giving me an exasperated look **as** op my am mers al work to settle we baby, bobbing him in my arms. “Obviously Sinclair and I don’t suspect you! But his team needs to be thorough, and you were the last one who we know had the sample! It makes sense, from an investigative standpoint!”

“I can’t believe I was a suspect! After everything!” Cora says, her voice softer now, but no less angry.

“You were a suspect for like, three hours,” I reply, rolling my eyes and wishing to mollify her because, honestly, it was more like six hours. “And obviously you were cleared! So!” I shrug and look at her pleadingly, “maybe move on from it!”

My sister brings both of her hands to her face and covers it, taking a minute to breathe in deeply and then exhale. Then, slowly, she pulls her hands down her face, tucking them beneath her chin in two fists, a gesture I remember from our childhood when she was truly upset.

“You know I would never hurt you, Ella,” Cora says, her voice as pleading as it is insistent.

“Cora,” I say, shaking my head at her, my eyes wide with apology. “You know that I know you have nothing to do with this just....please, let it pass.”

“It’s true, Cora,” Sinclair says, peeking out from the office. “Forgive my investigators – they were just following process and being thorough.”

Cora sighs and I see that she understands. “Okay,” she says, nodding. “I get it. But, what can I do now?”

“We need to go back to that day,” Sinclair says, his hands in his pockets as he slowly walks over to us. “You have more knowledge of it than the rest of us – you were there. We’d like to see if you remember anything from that afternoon that could help.”

“I mean,” Cora says, running a hand through her hair. “Of course – I’ll tell you everything . But don’t your investigators have the notes?” Cora asks, confused, “from the last time we talked? I told you everything I know.”

I give my sister a wide, too-eager smile. “Well...” I say, my voice wheedling as I pass the baby to Sinclair and take both of Cora’s hands. The baby calms almost instantly in Sinclair’s arms. “How do you feel about...trying a little recreational drug common in Vanara!?”

Cora’s face drops along with her jaw. “Are you serious? Ether?” she asks, awed. “Do you – you want

me to do hypnosis?”

“It’s not bad!” I insist, that too-big smile still pasted on my face. “It just makes you remember! And then you’re just a little hungry afterwards, that’s all!”

Cora opens her mouth but she’s interrupted by a knock at the door. I look up at Sinclair, who nods to me, handing the baby back and going to answer it himself. After all, **if** someone is coming to take our baby they’re going to think twice when they realize that they have to go through my gigantic mate to get him.

And also, they probably wouldn’t knock politely on **the** front door.

Cora and I watch interestedly as Sinclair opens the door and peeks out, and then opens it wide. ‘Leon!’ Sinclair says warmly, inviting the doctor in with a warm handshake. “Thank you so much”

“You brought the hypnotist in?” Cora whispered to me, awed. “From Vanara?”

“He was already here,” I respond dismissively, waving my hand. “Sinclair had him flown **over** weeks ago, he’s on call

“For what!”

“Whatever hypnosis needs crop up,” I say, looking at my sister, surprised at the question. Isn’t it obvious?

Cora crosses her arms. “Do you seriously think that’s necessary?” she asks, raising an eyebrow.

“Well,” I say, waving around at the house, indicating our current situation. “Aren’t you glad he did?!”

Cora groans a little and sighs. “Well, sure,” she says, “I’m glad you’ll get your answers, Ella, but I have to say that I’m not looking forward to having to take drugs to do it. You know I don’t like mind -altering things.”

“It’s okay,” I reply, moving close to my sister and giving her a little nudge with my shoulder. “It’s not so bad. You know I appreciate this, right?” I ask, looking into my sister’s eyes, needing her to understand that I’d never ask unless it was necessary.

“Duh, Ella,” she says, crossing her arms and sighing. “Obviously I’ll do it – anything for you. But I’m allowed to wish other methods were possible.”

“Thank you,” I say, coming close to give Cora a little kiss and then taking her arm and pulling her towards the kitchen. “Now come on, let’s go pick out some snacks for after. I’ve got some really good ones...”