

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Chapter 315

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#Chapter 315 – Determination

Ella

I gasp and quickly reach out my hand to clasp Roger's. I feel that he is just as tense as I am as we

both sit on the end of the bed, staring at Cora.

Leon flicks his gaze to me and gives me a very subtle shake of his head and a tiny frown. It's a small gesture, but the meaning is clear: I absolutely must not disturb Cora's state. As a precaution, I raise a hand to my mouth and cover it, knowing that in the upcoming moments I may hear details that make me react involuntarily.

Roger squeezes my other hand tightly as Leon continues.

"Cora," Leon continues, curious. "I admit that I am intrigued by this man, this priest. Can you tell

me more about him? What details do you remember?"

"It's...hard," Cora says, and I see her brow ruffle. "He...he didn't want me to remember."

"That's very frustrating," Leon continues, his voice like honey. "Just tell me what you see."

"He's tall," Cora says, her frown deepening. "He has pale skin and dark hair...he's not old, but not

young. His robe is black.” She gives a little shrug and huffs a sigh through her nose. I can see that

she’s frustrated, even in her hypnotic state.

“That’s all right, Cora, that’s wonderful detail,” Leon says soothingly. I hear Roger’s mouth pop

open and snap my head to him, but Leon holds up one finger towards us, begging patience while

he continues.

“What happened next, my dear?” Leon asks.

“He told me,” she says, sighing, “to destroy the sample in my hand – to wash it down the

sink, and then discard the vial. And then, once I did that,” she sighs, almost peacefully again, “he had

me go to the other freezer – the one with the shifter samples and to take out number 7285692. So I did. And then I prepared that, and tested it for motility, and when it was ready,” she shrugs, “I went into the exam room and helped Ella.”

“Thank you, Cora,” Leon says smoothly, smiling at her. “That is wonderful detail. You’ve

remembered it all so beautifully.” Then, he turns to Roger and nods, giving him permission to take control of the investigation.

“**Cora,**” Roger says, releasing my hand and crossing his arms over his chest. “Can **you** hear me?”

“Roger?” she asks, her eyes still closed. “What are you doing here in my lab?”

“I’m just...visiting...” he **says** awkwardly, clearly not very good at the kind of play acting that Cora’s

hypnosis requires.

“You’re not allowed to be back here,” she says, frowning.

Roger scoffs a little, as if remembering that she had no protests about a strange man in black

robes who apparently took control of her will and made her switch sperm samples before

inseminating me. I give Roger a hard nudge with my elbow and when he turns to me I give him a

stern frown, clearly

communicating that he needs to be nice to my sister. This was, after all, not

her fault.

Roger sighs and nods, agreeing to my terms. “Cora,” he continues, “what did the priest say to you

before he left? Did he ask you to...forget anything? Or do anything special with the sample?”

“No,” she says, turning her head to the side and considering. “He simply...took my hands, before I

went, and there was a white light...and then he was gone.”

“And then you took the sample,” Roger asks, “and you didn’t know to whom it belonged?”

“No,” she says, folding

her hands in her lap, looking if anything a little bored. “I thought, at the

time, that it was the right sample. I thought it was the donor.”

“Very good, Cora,” Leon murmurs reassuringly next to her. “You’re doing wonderfully.”
A little

smile comes onto her face.

“Cora,” Roger says again. “Did you ever see the priest again?” he asks, “after that day?”

“No,” she says simply, with a little shrug. But then, a darkness passes over her face, and she

frowns. Leon sits up, peering at her closely, and then looks at me, worried.

“Cora,” I say, intuiting that Roger may have hit on something here but.....perhaps, just asked the wrong question.

“Ella?” she says, her voice a little scared.

“**Yes, Cora**, it’s me,” I say **softly**, quickly standing up and moving to her side, sitting back down on the bed and taking her hand. I’m probably blocking the remote investigators’ **view** of Cora now, but I **don’t** care. My sister is more important.

“Oh hey, Ella,” she says, her voice wavering a little bit, afraid.

“Cora,” I say, as gently as I can. “You said you don’t remember seeing the man in the black robe after that day...but did you ever see him before?”

“Ella,” my sister says, her lip starting to tremble. She turns to me, unseeing, and grasps my hand

tightly. “Ella...”

“Cora,” I say, worried, glancing between her and Leon, desperate.

And then, my sister goes rigid with terror, her eyes flying open, and she tilts back her head and

screams.

Again and again – her screams are unending – she barely draws breath before the next one begins

“The antidote!” I shout, throwing my body across her, working to hold her, to keep her down. Leon,

clearly startled, fumbles with the shot at her side, his hands shaking. But suddenly Roger is there,

snatching it from his hands – leaning over and injecting Cora in the arm where Leon administered

the first shot and all the time she’s screaming, a sound of pure terror

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Roger’s leans over Cora now, reaching for her face, calling her name – and then slowly, so slowly,

her screams subside, and she comes back to us.

“Cora,” I say, raising both of my hands to her cheeks as tears slip down her face. She looks at me,

panting, starting to sob.

“Ella,” she cries, reaching for me, and I wrap my sister in my arms, climbing fully onto the bed so I

can hold her close. Roger, panting with the anxiety of the situation, watches us for a second as the

door behind him bursts open and Sinclair is suddenly there.

“Is she all right?” he gasps, moving briskly into the room, his team of investigators behind

him.

“She’ll be fine,” I murmur soothingly, hoping desperately that I’m right. My sister looks at no one, her **face** buried against my shoulder as I slowly rub her back, rocking her. I make quiet shushing sounds, the same I make to Rafe when he’s having a hard night. It’s all I know to do in a moment like this **just** to be soft, and quiet, and create a safe space for her to deal with whatever just happened.

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“I’m — I’m so **sorry**,” Leon says shakily, “**it** must have been a traumatic memory

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“It’s all right,” I say quietly, both to him and to Cora. “It’s no one’s fault — it’s **okay**.”

Sinclair reaches out a hand and puts it warmly on Leon’s shoulder, nodding to him, letting him know that we don’t hold his practice to blame. Then Sinclair nods towards the door, suggesting that Leon can leave the room if he wishes, an invitation which Leon accepts with a shaky nod. I watch the two of them leave to join the investigators in the hall. Sinclair closes the door behind

them to give us some privacy.

“Cora,” Roger begins, hesitating. I watch him as he puts a hand out to her shoulder, laying it softly there, a gesture which makes Cora flinch at first, but from which she doesn’t pull away. Then, he

pushes. “Cora, what did you see?”

Cora gasps and curls hard against me, and I can feel her whole body go rigid as she turns away

from the memory – whatever it is –

Clearly, she is not ready to share.

“Go, Roger,” I growl at him, holding my sister tighter.

“But we need to –”

“Go!” I snap, ready to tear him to pieces. It’s a bit of an unfair reaction, I know, but when my sister

is upset like this? I’m not going to let anyone push her beyond her boundaries. Not for an instant.

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“Ella,” Roger says warningly, frowning at me as he stands and sinks his hands into his pockets.

He’s desperate, I know, to know more which is his job, I remind myself. He’s trying to help – to

answer important questions that will help me protect our child. I force myself to be more graceful

than I feel like being in this current moment.

“Just...give us a second, Roger,” I say, meeting his eyes steadily, hoping he sees and recognizes the full complications of this moment, how torn I am, along with him. “Just give us a minute, okay?”

He sighs, but then

nods. “All right. I...I hope...” then he sighs again, shaking his head. “I’ll give you **two** a minute.” And then he leaves the room, and I hold my sister until she cries herself out.

