

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 329



#Chapter 329 – Reconnaissance

Ella

“As happy as this is,” Sinclair says, folding his arms over his chest and looking around at the four of us. “And it is happy,” he says, looking at Cora and Roger to let them know that he’s sincere. They nod their understanding. “We do still have a problem on our hands,” he says, nodding to Rafe

in my arms.

“Yes,” I say, looking eagerly up at Cora. “Henry found out some more about the cult – I’ll tell you all about it. It’s...not good,” I say, with a little grimace.

“Oh,” she says, drawing her brows together. “Okay – yes, I want to hear everything.” I nod, tugging at her waist so that she’ll follow me into the house. Sinclair and Roger come close behind.

“Did you find anything else out?” Sinclair asks Roger.

“No,” Roger replies, a little apologetic. “Just what we sent you from the library. Was it useful?”

“Incredibly,” Sinclair confirms, thankful. “But yes, we found out more...”

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My mate and I take Roger and Cora into the little office and tell them everything, seating Rafe in a little swing that we’ve placed there temporarily since we’ve been spending so much time here.

working on this issue. They’re both as horrified as we were to discover that we likely have someone in our midst who is working for the cult, who either has already betrayed us or will soon.

Though both wrack their minds they, like us, can’t come up with a viable candidate for who it is.

“We need more information,” Sinclair growls, thoughtful, as he flips through what paperwork his investigators have produced for the case, as if he might find something else there. I nod, agreeing, but I look at Cora and see her fading a bit.

“You haven’t slept, have you?” I ask, concerned.

She smiles at me, apologetic, but shakes her head. “I’m sorry, Ella,” she says. “I want to help but I think...”

“Upstairs,” I say, my voice definitive, swatting her on the rear. “Immediately, sleep.”

“I’ll take her,” Roger says, stepping forward to take Cora by the arm.

“Noooo,” I say, putting a hand on his chest and shoving him back. Though I’m not actually strong enough to stop him, Roger complies, laughing and falling back a bit. “I said sleep. Not bed.”

Roger laughs, putting his hands up. “I promise,” he says, “I just want to see my mate comfortably tucked in. All right?”

“All right,” I say, narrowing my eyes and then giving Cora a peck on her cheek. “We’ll figure it all out when you wake up, okay?” I say, giving her a little nudge towards the door.

“We will,” she agrees, giving me a steady look. “Really, we will.” And then she takes Roger’s hand and walks out the door and up the stairs with him.

I move to Sinclair’s side as we watch them disappear form our sight. “I’m so happy,” I say, leaning against his chest and sighing contentedly. He wraps his arms around my shoulders, dipping his head to give me a kiss on the cheek.

“Me too,” he says, holding me tight against him. “They’re idiots for not doing it sooner.”

I don’t say anything for a moment, considering all the things that held them back in the first place. “It’s not going to always be easy for them,” I sigh. “Not like it was for us.”

“Ella,” Sinclair says, and I can feel him shake his head against the back of my neck. “You almost died like, four times since we’ve been together. How is that easy.”

“Because,” I say, turning in his arms and looking sincerely up at him. “We always had Rafe. And once we figured out that we loved each other, and especially that I was a wolf too, then...” I shrug, ” at least with us, it was always smooth sailing.”

“I see what you mean,” he says, looking calmly down into my eyes. “But their love is a big love, Ella,” he says, nodding to me. “Like ours. They’re going to work it out.”

“I hope so,” I sigh, resting my head against his chest and closing my eyes. “That’s all I want. For both of them.”

The next five days pass with that seeming like a very real possibility. Cora and Roger stay with us, partially because I keep making up reasons why they can’t go, and it fills my heart with joy every day to see them growing closer. To see the tiny little touches he places on her back when he leans down to say something in her ear, to see the way she turns her face up to him and laughs at one of his dark, wry little jokes.

But then, on day six, Cora takes me by the shoulders and gives me a little shake, insisting that she must go back to the clinic.

“Whyyyy,” I whine, tilting my head back on my neck and groaning. “Just stay here with us. We need you!”

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“You don’t need me,” she says, taking her hands back and folding her arms across her chest.

You’re just trying to keep me in a little love bubble with Roger so that I don’t change my mind or something.”

“Well,” I say, raising my eyebrows at her and giving her a too–innocent smile. “Is it working?”

She laughs, shaking her head at me. “I’m not changing my mind, Ella. I’m in love with him.” I

squeal a little to hear her say it but she holds a finger up, stopping me. “But I have a life. And a boyfriend who I never broke up with. And a job that requires me to actually help people. And I

have to go deal with all of that! Okay?”

“Okay,” I mumble, looking petulantly down at my shoes. “Did you seriously never break up with Hank?” I ask, glancing up at her.

“No,” she says, raising a guilty hand to her forehead and shading her eyes, embarrassed. “I kind of ...ghosted him. But I need to be a big girl and go...do it.”

“Okay,” I say, stepping forward and rubbing her on the arm in what I hope is a comforting way.

Be nice to him, all right? I like Doctor Hank.”

“I like him too,” she says, shaking her head. “I feel terrible, Ella. But...I’ve got to go set it right. Okay?”

Roger comes around the corner then from the kitchen, carrying me a little lunch bag that very clearly says “To Cora from Roger” on it in black pen. I smirk when I see it.

“What is this,” Cora sighs, snatching the brown paper bag from Roger’s hand and giving him a little glare.

“Your lunch,” Roger replies, innocent.

Cora looks into it and then glares at him again, shoving the bag at his chest and forcing him to take it. “There’s nothing in there except an apple and the sharpie you used to write the message.”

“What!” Roger protests, laughing. “It’s nutritious, and doctors are always losing their pens.”

Cora glares at him and crosses her arms. “You’re just trying to make Hank get the message the moment I walk in the door instead of letting me do this on my own time.”

“Um, yeah,” Roger says, as if it’s obvious. I can’t stop the laugh that spills out of me at that. “But also,” he continues, gesturing towards the bag now in his hands, “an apple! For strength!”

“Roger,” Cora says, laughing as well and stepping close to him, lining her body tight against his. ”

You’re sweet, but also a little bit psycho. Can you please let me go do this?”

“Fine,” he murmurs, smiling as he kisses her hair. “But then I’m not saving this apple for you.

Ella will probably devour it, as she does everything else in this house anyway.”

“My apple to begin with,” I mutter, snatching the bag from his hand.

Cora rolls her eyes at both of us and gives Roger a kiss before blowing me one as she heads out the door.

“See you, Coral!” I call after her. “Come back as soon as you can!”

“I promise,” she calls over her shoulder, laughing. I shut the door behind her with a happy little sigh, thinking that I’ll see her that night.

But five days later, she still hasn’t come back.