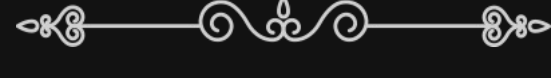


## Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 333



Chapter 333 – Bunker

Ella

"We have to go," Sinclair commands, looking at his brother and then at me, both of our eyes trained on him. "To one of the bunkers. Where we're better prepared for a siege, if need be."

I don't know what he means – not entirely – but I just give my mate a single nod, agreeing to his plan, trusting him. Roger nods as well, and I'm sure he knows more about it than I do. Sinclair shifts his gaze to the team standing wide-eyed behind Roger and nods to them. Understanding Sinclair's command to prepare to move, they turn away, instantly in action.

Roger, however, stays perfectly still. "Cora," he says, looking into Sinclair's eyes, his intention perfectly clear. He won't go without her.

"We'll find her," I answer, my voice assured. "She's coming, Roger. I won't have it any other way."

Roger looks between us for a moment, his mouth tightening, and then nods once before turning

to leave the room to make his own preparations.

"Ten minutes!" Sinclair calls after him. "Less, if we can!" I see the back of Roger's head nod in

understanding, though he doesn't turn to say anything else.

Then, my mate turns his attention to me, loosening his arms around me and the baby and coming

around to look down into my face. "You're a mess, little mate," he murmurs, smiling a little."

Though I have to admit that I rather like the sight of you covered in the blood of your enemies,

"Thanks," I say, tossing my hair over my shoulder and pretending a casual air I don't feel. "I hear

it's the next big thing in fashion. Very chic."

He laughs a little at my joke and shakes his head at me, but still looks down at me. "Are you all

right, darling?" he asks, and something about his voice – the worry in it, the need for me to be

okay, loosens the resolve in me. I feel my face fall then, my knees go a little weak –

Because, really, I can be weak now with him here. My baby needed me before – I don't regret a

moment of it – but I have Sinclair at my side now to keep me safe and I'm free to be vulnerable

again.

"I'm not okay," I say honestly, shaking my head, my voice trembling a little. Sinclair looks

steadily into my eyes, listening. "But I will be."

"You will," he promises, drawing me close and placing a single kiss on my hair: "But we have to

move

"Yes," I say, zipping myself back up a little and squaring my shoulders as I look my mate up and down. "Um – all this blood –"

"There are showers at the bunker," he says, shaking his head a little bit and looking around the

room. "Maybe – baby wipes? To get the worst of it from our faces and hands? But the rest of the

time – we need to pack the essentials and get downstairs."

I laugh a little, heading to Rafe's changing station with Sinclair in tow, tugging a few baby wipes

from the little container and handing them to my mate before grabbing some to wipe my own face. "To think, when I bought

these," I murmur, "this is not the task for which they were intended

"

–

Sinclair's laugh rumbles a little but we both move on quickly, heading together to the closet to

pack two small bags with the essentials – a bit of our clothing, and Rafe's, and then a diaper bag

with as many diapers and changing essentials as we can fit. Neither of us put Rafe down for a

moment, just passing him between our arms when the other needs both hands. It is an instinct, I

think, to keep him close.

As much as we came out of this horrible day largely unscathed, we are both, I know, shaken.

We're done packing in only a few minutes and head for the bedroom door – which I suddenly

realize is shattered off its hinges.

"Do we need anything else?" Sinclair asks, passing through and not even looking at the

splintered remains of our entry.

"Probably," I shrug, following close behind him. "But we can improvise, yes?"

He nods and turns, taking my hand as we hurry down the stairs, not wanting to leave my side for

a second.

Roger's waiting for us at the doorway with a backpack over his shoulder, a group of soldiers next

to him carrying boxes of whatever they could quickly gather from the investigation.

"My phone," I murmur, tugging Sinclair into the living room quickly, where I grab it off the table.

Then, all finished, the group of us move out of the house. Sinclair, the baby, and I move towards

one car while Roger moves towards another. There are second cars behind each of these two,

which the teams fill. I don't ask about the plan, trusting that Sinclair and Roger already have

plans in place for this kind of event.

It has been perhaps...seven minutes, since we executed nine men upstairs in our room? Seven minutes since my entire world

exploded. And I'm so grateful that I have a mate who, seven

minutes later, is already in action to make us safe again.

Because, I think as I pull the SUV's door shut behind me and turn to buckle Rafe into the little car

seat squeezed into the middle seat between me and Sinclair, it hasn't been real, not until now.

Until now, it has just been a strange note and a wild goose chase, trying to find information about who might be coming after our

child.

But today? Today it was very real.

The car begins to move as soon as I click Rafe's tiny buckle over his belly, and then I fasten my own seatbelt and reach my hand

instinctually for Sinclair's, which is waiting for mine over top of Rafe's carrier. I look forward, not at him, a little lost in my

thoughts.

I thank the goddess, honestly, for whoever sent me that note on the morning after Rafe's christening. Because without it...

Tonight may have been a surprise.

And we may have lost him.

I press my eyes shut against the horrible thought, loosing a shaky breath. I feel Sinclair's hand tighten on my own, supporting

me, and a small smile tugs at my lips.

Because I am safe. And so is my mate, and my baby. And with that in mind, I can now work on the next step, which is making

sure everyone else I love is safe too.

"Your dad?" I say to Sinclair, turning to look at him finally...

"Roger's already on it," he says, looking down at his phone. "It's part of the emergency plan — it's been in place for a long time,

and adapted since the moment we found out you were pregnant. I get you to the bunker, Roger goes for dad."

"And..." I say, hesitating. "Who gets Cora?"

"We send a car for her," Sinclair replies, looking me in the eye. "As soon as you find out where she

is."

I nod and then scowl down at my phone as I pull up my contact information, sure that Roger is going absolutely insane right now

at his assignment to fetch his father when I'm sure that all he's howling to do is chase Cora down immediately and ensure that

she's safe.

God damn it, I think, my little wolf inside me prowling around in frustration, of all days for her to be shady evasive Cora...

I scowl as I press the "call" button and wait for her to pick up. When she doesn't, I call again. And

again.