

## Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 334



#Chapter 334 – Underground

Cora picks up the third call and I narrow my eyes at her even though she can't see me. I can tell she was screening my calls and only picked up because I'd never, ever triple-call her unless something had happened.

"Ella?" I hear her worried voice say, "what's wrong?"

"Where are you, Cora," I demand, letting my tone tell her not to fight me.

"What -"

"Where. Are. You."

"I'm I'm at the clinic -" she says. "What's happening?"

"We're sending a car for you at the clinic, now," I say, glancing at Sinclair, who nods to me to let me know he's on it. "Get in it immediately, Cora. Don't speak to anyone else. Don't ask any questions."

"Ella," she hesitates, her voice wavering. "I can't-

"This is not a request, Cora," I growl. "They came for him. They tried to take Rafe. We are sending, a car for you, and you are getting in it."

I hear a sharp intake of breath from her side of the line, and then a moment of hesitation, and then she agrees. "All right," she says, and I can almost see her nodding anxiously. "Okay. I'll do it."

I exhale a deep breath of relief and nod. "Okay. I love you, Cora," I say, my voice wavering a little.

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"I love you too," she replies, with I don't know what regret? In her voice?

But before I can ask more, she hangs up.

"The car is five minutes from her," Sinclair murmurs, squeezing my hand again. "We'll get her. It

will be fine."

"Okay," I say, closing my eyes and resting my head back against the leather of my seat.

And then no one says another word for the rest of the hour-long ride away from the city and

deep, deep into the forest.

I'm a little surprised when the car slows down and Sinclair sits up in his seat, looking around in a

satisfied way that lets me know that we've arrived because really, it doesn't look like we're

anywhere.

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"Good," he says as the car comes to the end of what is basically a dirt trail honestly, the past five minutes have been a very uncomfortable ride and Rafe let us all know that he was not happy

"Made it...where?" I ask, looking around at the trees on every side.

"Here," he says, and nods to the driver, who presses a button on the ceiling of the car, one of the buttons usually reserved for a garage door opener. And then my mouth drops open as, in front of us, the earth just...opens, sliding upwards like the jaws of some great creature and revealing beneath it a metal tunnel filled with orange light.

"Oh my god," I murmur, my eyes going wide as I stare into it. "That is so creepy."

"It's cool," Sinclair corrects, shooting me a little smirk.

"I mean, it's impressive," I continue as we drive into the entrance and start to drive down a steep incline into the earth. "But if you're claustrophobic it is...nonpreferred."

"Says my little mate," Sinclair murmurs, turning to the window to hide his smirk, "who ripped someone's throat out not two hours ago."

"Yes," I sigh, shaking my head and putting a hand on Rafe, who stops screeching and looks around in wonder at the sudden change of color, "so imagine what I would have done if he was trying to entomb me."

Sinclair laughs but otherwise we don't say anything else as the car drives a long way down the tunnel before the passage opens out into a wide space, like a large underground car park. There are a few more cars already down here, but the light layer of dust on them suggests that they haven't been moved in a while.

I let out another inhale of breath, feeling suddenly quite safe, if just for the moment. I hadn't realized that I was waiting for that but, perhaps a little bit of me was expecting another blindside on the ride. It is good, honestly, to be here, underground, where I hope no one can find us.

The driver pulls us into the next free space and Sinclair and I quickly unbuckle our seatbelts and prepare to get out of the car. The other car pulls up next to us and I see Sinclair's men likewise on

the move.

"Is it all underground?" I ask, looking around.

"Most of it," Sinclair replies, "for safety. Though there are some living quarters that peek out into

the forest, if we deem it safe to use them."

I nod, understanding, and I lift Rafe's carrier with me as I back out of the car and shut the door

Then, I follow my mate and our two guards through the entry that leads to the bunker itself

I grimace when I see that the entire structure is very military As we walk through the hallway I

peer into some rooms we pass and note that the walls, floor, and ceiling of all of them and the

hallway itself are made with shining metal What sparse furniture there is in the rooms is

likewise rough and utilitarian I sigh a little, wishing for my comfortable little home

But then I remind myself that my bedroom is currently covered in corpses and blood. So. This looks pretty good for now.

Sinclair stops at a door almost at the end of the long hallway and pushes it open. I peer in, seeing a basic little living chamber that, luckily, has a queen-sized bed. I move inside it as Sinclair says a few words to the men who follow us, giving them orders for how to settle in while we wait for Roger, Henry, and Cora. Then, he follows me into the room.

"Is this all right?" he asks, looking around at the very basic accommodations.

"It's perfect," I breathe, setting Rafe's carrier down on the bed next to me and smiling at him as I begin to unbuckle the baby. "It will do just fine. Do you have....a plan? For what to do next?"

"The start of one," Sinclair sighs, running a hand over his hair and staring at the door.

"You can go," I say, raising my eyebrows at Sinclair and holding the baby straight up against my chest letting him look around the room over my left shoulder. "I know you have work to do I'll be okay."

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"I don't want to leave you, Ella," Sinclair growls, turning his eyes back to me so that I can see that they're lit with a fury fueled by anger, and fear, and the knowledge that he came so close to losing us both today.

"It's okay," I whisper, holding that gaze, letting him know I don't fear it. "It's safe – you know it is. Go do your work. And when Cora comes, she'll sit with me. All right?"

He hesitates, so I continue.

"You have to do work to keep us safe, Dominic," I point out. "You can do more to help us if you're strategizing with your men than sitting with me in this metal room."

"Fine," Sinclair growls, hating it but nodding. Then, he points to an intercom on the wall. "White button," he says, "speaks everywhere. You need anything, you call. Yes?"

I nod and smile at him, letting him know that I understand. He gives me one last longing look and then leaves, shutting the metal door behind him with a clank.

"Well," I say to Rafe, holding him back so I can look at his cute little face. "It's just me and you now, kiddo" He gurgles and looks at me, giving me a little smile that makes me laugh. I just shake my head at him a little before returning him to his place on my shoulder.

"And they call me trouble," I murmur, closing my eyes and holding my little boy close "Nobody's come to kidnap me in awhile now Trouble Jr is right"