

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 335



#Chapter 335 – Sister to Sister

Sinclair

I know the moment that Roger arrives at the bunker because he's loud as hell, making sure that we all hear him pounding through the metal hallways. I wince a little, groaning and reminding myself that though metal is secure, it is loud.

Roger's angry footsteps pound down the hallway towards me, towards the conference room at the end of the hall where I'm strategizing with the members of my team who have arrived. Roger knows we'll be right here and he slams the door open as he strides into the room.

"Where is she" he snarls, looking around, as if he imagines that Cora will be sitting at the desk sorting through the paperwork with the investigative team.

"Oh hey, Roger," I say casually, standing back and crossing my arms. "How are you?" I know that I shouldn't piss my brother off any further – I know he's on the edge as it is – but I'm unable to resist the chance to needle him a little bit. He's being a dick right now anyway. He deserves it.

"Cut the shit, Dominic," Roger snaps, his chest heaving a little bit as he stares at me, his fingers. curved like talons at his side. "Where is she."

"Ella in our room with the baby-

"Cora," Roger shouts, his voice ringing through the room and making the rest of us wince. "Where is Cora!?"

"Damn it, Roger," I say, lifting a hand to cover my ear as his words echo through the room. "Can you cool it? She's on her way."

"Where," he growls, advancing towards me across the room, "where precisely is -"

But as he gets within a foot of me I swiftly raise my hand and smack him in the back of the head like I used to do when we were kids, making him stumble a few steps forward and gasp in outrage

"Would you chill out?" I snarl at Roger, starting to get frustrated with him. "She's fine, she's safe, she can't get here any faster just because you're freaking out about it."

Roger spins to glare at me after he finds his feet again and opens his mouth to retort when our father interrupts

"Boys," dad says, his voice low with the warning we've both been familiar with since we were old enough to be scolded We both react to it instinctually, straightening up and turning towards him like we've just been caught "Enough of that," he continues, rolling into the room and looking at us sternly

"Sorry, dad," we both murmur, and then we look to each other again.

"I'm sorry, Roger," I say brusky, meaning it but eager to move on. "But she's seriously getting here as fast as we can the plan is working. So, can we just concentrate on other things? You standing by the door panting for her like a golden retriever who's been left home alone all day isn't going to help anything."

Roger glares at me but nods once, agreeing to my logic and – I think – wanting something to distract him.

"Good boys," my father says, rolling up to the head of the table. Then he focuses on me. "Roger updated me," he says. "I'm so sorry to hear what happened to your family today. And so grateful that you came through it unscathed."

I nod to him. "I am as well. But now we need to get to work. Are you ready?"

Both of them nod back to me and, together, we focus on our team, coming up with a plan to better. defend against this cult that wants my child and to formulate a counter attack. Because now, after what they did today?

This is war.

Ella

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I look up when my door creaks open, expecting Sinclair and hoping a little that he's brought me some food, but my eyes go wide when I see Cora peeking through..

"Cora!" I gasp, jumping to my feet and almost leaping across the room to her, Rafe still perched, against my chest looking over my shoulder. Cora slides through the small opening in the door and presses it shut behind her as I reach her.

"Oh my god," I say as I wrap my grateful arms around her, "I'm so glad you're safe. Are you all. right?"

Then I pull back a little bit to get a good look at her, to assess her condition. Her body looks fine. health-wise, but her face...

"What's wrong?" I ask, suddenly knowing that something is truly, deeply wrong as if I didn't know it already, from her absence the past five days, her unwillingness to return Roger's calls.

"What's wrong with me," Cora gasps, bringing her hand to her face as she studies me. "Ella – you're covered in blood!"

I look down at myself and blink a little "Oh," I say Honestly, I'd forgotten Then I look back up at her. "Well, none of it's mine," I insist and change the subject. "But seriously, Cora, what's wrong? Don't say nothing. I can tell "

"Nothing," Cora lies, taking my face in her hands "You were the one attacked today – seriously,

me frown. But her words and her face are sincere with worry so I nod, taking a minute to reassure her before I get to my own questions.

Quickly, I pull Cora to the bed to sit down with me and fill her in on the events of the afternoon. I watch her eyes go wide and her face go pale as I continue, telling her all about the priest that they captured, and the men who invaded my bedroom, and how they pulled me away from my baby and grabbed him. And then about Sinclair's intervention, and my own participation in the gory scene.

"And then we decided to come here," I finish with a little shrug. "Almost instantly. Apparently they already had some kind of crazy apocalypse plan, we just had to put it in motion. You were the only wildcard that we had to improvise about, though, and send a car to find you."

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Cora nods, understanding, and glancing away from me now that the conversation has turned back to her.

"Cora," I say, taking a moment to lower Rafe back into his little carrier and leaning forward to take her hand. "What has been going on with you?"

She still won't look at me, though I can see her shoulders start to shake with repressed tears.

"Oh, baby," I murmur, moving closer to her and wrapping my arms around her. "What's wrong? How bad can it be?"

"It's really bad, Ella," she whispers, her voice shaking with her emotions. I hold her tight and feel a few tears spill out onto my arm. I shush to my sister, making soothing sounds and rocking her a little bit.

"I'm here," I promise softly, meaning every word of it. "Whatever's wrong – whatever happened I'm here for you Cora."

A few minutes pass as Cora cries a little bit, but she lets me hold her. Then, when she's ready. she pulls away from me. Just a little bit.

"I know you're here for me, Ella," she says, sniffing and wiping at her face. "But he – he'll never forgive me..."

"Who?" I ask, baffled. She can't mean Roger – he'll forgive her anything – what could she have possibly done that her mate wouldn't forgive her for –

But when she raises her eyes to me, I know suddenly that's precisely who she means.

"No, Ella," Cora murmurs, shaking her head slowly at me. "Not for this Not This"

"What," I breathe, my stomach turning with anxiety as I stare at my sister, desperate to know

Cora releases a shaking breath and then reaches into her back pocket, pulling out a folded piece. of paper that she hands to me. I take it with trembling hands and unfold it, staring at it. But then I

"I'm pregnant, Ella," Cora whispers.

My mouth falls open and I stare at my sister, incredulous. She gives me a moment to put the

pieces together and then I'm like a gaping fish, opening and closing my mouth, trying to force the words out.

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"How "I gasp, still staring at her. "But if you – and Roger can't -"

And then slowly she shakes her head. "No, Ella," she says, her lower lip starting to tremble with her grief.

I snap my mouth shut and stare at her, realizing that if Roger can't...

"Hank," she sighs, her voice quavering. "Hank is the father of my child." 12