

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 336



#Chapter 336 – Cora, How Could You?

Ella

My hands fly to my mouth, covering it in an attempt to hide my shock, but it's not enough – Cora

can see my every emotion in my eyes and my body, which has gone still with shock. And as she

takes me in, seeing that my own thoughts are trending towards her worst fears

That Roger is, indeed, not going to have an easy time with this that it could very well spell the end of their very new relationship, especially as he has not yet given her his mark –

She bursts into tears, burying her face in her hands.

“Oh no!” I breathe, dropping my hands from my face and throwing my arms around her again. I'm so sorry, Cora! I didn't mean it! It's not that bad!”

“Yes it is!” she sobs. “He's the only thing I want I know that now and he's never going to be able to accept this –”

“Sure he is!” I assure her, hoping to hell that I'm right, but then I frown towards the door as if Roger is standing right on the other side of it. And I narrow my eyes, wondering if there's somehow I can force him to go easy on her – maybe even to accept the baby as his own

But inwardly, my wolf turns around with anxiety. Not his baby, not for Roger, she says to me, pacing back and forth, he can't feel that way about another man's baby – his wolf will never accept it

And I scowl, knowing that my wolf is right somehow. She knows Roger well and has intuited that Roger is the kind of wolf who would feel his paternity on a very visceral level, who would need the blood link in order to feel connected to the child.

I know that it's different with me – that adoption would be a very real possibility for me in the future, especially as I was myself an orphan. I understand it and could welcome a child not of my blood as my own. But Roger...

Passingly, I wonder where Sinclair falls along this line – I know that he treasures his biological connection to Rafe but would he –

Quickly, I dismiss the thought, turning my attention back to my poor sister, knowing that she needs my full attention right now. Slowly, I pull away from her and rub her back as she sobs. Then, as her cries start to lessen, I move my fingers to Cora's wrists and pull her hands away from her face, making her look at me.

“Cora,” I whisper, shaking my head back and forth. “No matter what happens, you know I support you. I've got your back. Yes?”

”

Trembling a little, clearly still devastated, Cora nods. But I hold her gaze, communicating as

clearly to her as I can that we are going to find a way through this. To make this right. And I

decide, suddenly, that I've got to get her talking – have to get her out of her grief spiral and onto a plan. It would be best if I could get her a bit angry, determined – but, well, we'll see where it goes.

“Cora,” I say again, taking her face in my hands. “How did this happen?”

And she begins to tell me everything, about how Roger stopped calling her after we came back home and god, I could kill him for that – and then all about the night she spent with Hank after the baptism, about how good Hank has been to her, and kind, and patient, and how she decided that even though she felt so intensely about Roger...

“You thought he was never going to love you,” I murmur, and then I drop my head, cursing myself. Because I was the one who kept hammering that idea in her head – that they should be apart if they couldn't agree on children. I'm the one who drove her into Hanks's arms, resulting in...

this.

“Shit, Cora,” I murmur. “This is all my fault.”

“No, Ella!” Cora disagrees, putting her arms on my shoulders. “It's not. You were just trying to be there for me. And,” she laughs now, low and ironic. “And seriously, if it's anyone's fault, it's mine.

What was I thinking, not using contraception? I'm a fertility doctor, for heaven's sake. If anyone

knows the risks, it's me.”

I whip my head up at that. “Seriously, Cora,” I say, my eyes wide. “What were you thinking?”

And then we both just stare at each other, and, quite suddenly, burst out laughing. And it carries

on, and on – and even though nothing about this is funny, not really, we can't seem to hold

ourselves together. As soon as one of us starts to stop, we catch each other's eyes again and the

peels of laughter start all over – desperate, humorless laughter, as if we're clutching to the edges

of our sanity.

“Oh my god,” Cora says, bent over, clutching her cramping stomach and wiping a tear from her

eye. “It's so not funny, Ella...” she murmurs.

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“I know,” I reply, my giggles still peeling from me. “I feel so horrible. It's just so ridiculous, Cora –

just the incredibly bad luck of it –”

And then, slowly, we come back to each other.

And honestly, like rain, the laughter brought a little peace. I can see it in her face now, that she

believes me, that she knows that whatever happens she still has her sister on her side. And even

at the worst, we'll still find something to laugh at.

“God, Cora,” I murmur, shaking my head at her and taking her hand and giving her a sad little smile. “What are you going to do?”

“I don't know, Ella,” she sighs, holding my gaze steadily, her eyes a little lost.

“Are you going to...keep it?” I ask, and I watch as her hand drifts to her stomach.

“I don't know,” she repeats, shrugging and looking away from me now. “Honestly, I never thought much about being a mom. It was never on the table. And since Roger and I got together...it was

even more of a non-issue.”

“Okay,” I say, not wanting to push her on it. “Have you told Hank?”

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Slowly, looking at the floor, she shakes her head. “I can't be with him, Ella. We – we broke up. I did it, the day I went back to the clinic, after spending all that time at your house with Roger.” She looks up at me then, her expression grieved anew. “It was

horrible. You know how stoic Hank is – he was so upset, but he was trying to hold it together.... I mean, I don't know how I go back to him now and tell him I'm having his kid.’

“I get it,” I say, squeezing her hand, We're silent for a moment before I breach the topic I know that she really doesn't want to address. But I know that it's time. “Cora,” I start, hesitating, “Roger has been...completely flipping out since you've been gone.”

“I know,” she groans, putting her face in her hand. “He has been blowing up my phone. But once I found out I was pregnant – honestly, I just took a test on a whim because I didn't get my period after one day I just...I couldn't...”

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I squeeze her hand. Honestly, it wouldn't have been my choice – I would have run to Sinclair, needing his comfort, wanting his help, even if I'd done something that I knew was going to feel like a knife in his chest. After all, Cora didn't mean for this to happen – and it happened before she and Roger were together. So it's not a betrayal...

But still. I try to imagine Sinclair's face if I had to tell him I was pregnant with someone else's child, even if it was a mistake...

And the pain I feel, just imagining it... I reach out and put a hand on Cora's shoulder, understanding anew.

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Rafe lets out a little chirping cry as I stare at my sister he's not unhappy, just suddenly aware

And the door to the room opens. Cora and I both spin to look at it, our eyes wide –

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Shit, shit I think as I look to see –

But I let out my breath when I see that it's just Sinclair, carrying a tray of food for me.

He smiles when he sees Cora, crossing the room to greet her, but after he takes a few steps he stops as if he hits a wall.

Sinclair's face falls, his eyes going wide, as he focuses on her, staring at her, his gaze flicking fast over her form. And suddenly, I realize that he knows that he can smell her –

“Oh my god,” he says, his voice shaking.

“The door!” I shout, knowing that if Sinclair is here, Roger isn't far behind

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Sinclair goes pale, spinning to slam the door shut – and he almost gets there, almost gets it

closed –

But Roger shoves his shoulder against it before the door can click.

“Hey!” he shouts, cheerful, not yet realizing that Cora is here, clearly thinking that Sinclair is just

playing some kind of game and pretending to keep him out.

Tense, staring at the door, Cora grabs my hand.

Sinclair works frantically to shut the door, but Roger realizes something is wrong and growls, slamming his entire weight against the door so that Sinclair stumbles back into the room.

Roger storms in, worried, intuiting that we're keeping something from him, but his face brightens immediately when he sees Cora on the bed next to me.

“Cora!” he cries, relief and delight chasing each other across his expression as he takes three

steps into the room.

And then her scent hits him.

And he falls immediately into a crouch, his face confused and worried and defensive –

“Roger!” Sinclair snaps. “Calm down! Stop!” \1

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But Roger ignores him, slowly prowling towards Cora, who jumps to her feet next to me, going pale. I stand too, placing myself between them, but Roger continues to slink towards us.

“How...” he growls, his eyes sweeping over her – and I realize suddenly that he's not...he's not mad

He's terrified.

“How?” he asks again. “How Cora? How did you get my pup?”