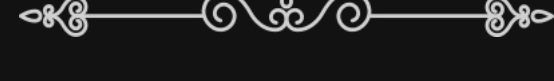


Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 337



#Chapter 337 – Explode

Ella

I gasp, my hands again flying to my mouth –

—

His pup his –

“Oh my god,” I murmur, my eyes flashing to Cora’s shocked face

But before I can do anything, say anything else, Roger leaps forward, grabbing Cora hard by the arms. She screams, terrified, and I can see the very real shock and fear on her face as Roger shakes her once, hard.

“How, Cora!” he yells, his eyes wide- so wide I can see the whites all around them –

I gasp, realizing that Roger is completely flipping out – realizing that he’s he’s turning

—

Sinclair sees it the moment I do and bellows, crossing the room in two steps and grabbing Roger around the waist, tackling him to the floor as Roger’s body changes swiftly, flashing into his wolf form in the blink of an eye. I move to reach for Cora, wanting her by my side, but Sinclair and Roger are between us.

I move, fast, grabbing Rafe’s carrier and dashing along the wall to the back of the room, watching Cora stumble backwards towards it as well. Rafe starts to wail with the shock and the noise of it

all, but we reach the back wall at the same time as Cora.

Snarls rip through the air as I take Cora’s hand. As I snap my attention back to our mates I see that they’re both in their wolf forms, snapping at each other, wrestling on the ground, each seeking dominance –

“Oh my god,” Cora murmurs, her hand shaking as she raises it to her mouth, unable to take her eyes away from her mate fighting mine.

“It’s okay,” I assure her, reaching out and taking her hand, hoping that I’m right, “He was just – he was just really freaked out Cora –”

She turns her eyes to me, scared, but I squeeze her hand, willing her to believe that it’s all right. I open my mouth to say something, but my words are drowned out by a mighty roar and we both spin our heads back to the wolves to see Sinclair standing over Roger, pinning him down beneath his paws, Sinclair’s mouth open and with all his razor teeth on display.

Next to me, I feel Cora tremble and realize that while she’s lived amongst wolves for a while now – and while I’ve had time to get used to this kind of ferocity as part of my life and my own identity

That, well, this is perhaps the first time she’s experiencing it for herself.

And that, perhaps, it’s not the best moment for her to have this experience.

Even though he’s crying, and even though it goes against everything in my mother’s heart to put Rafe’s carrier down and ignore him, I do just that. And then I wrap my arms around my sister and let her tuck her face against my shoulder, crying her heart out in fear, and grief, and shock, and

surprise

And whatever else it is she’s feeling.

As she does, I look over her head at Sinclair, who I see is stepping away from Roger now, some of the intensity going out of them. All right? I ask him, mind-to-mind.

Yes, he replies instantly, looking at me with his fierce wolf’s eyes. He flipped out – it was a purely bodily reaction to the shock, stress, and surprise. Fight or flight, and his body

unfortunately-picked fight. I needed to pin him down so he could take a second and realize that he’s being an ass.

I nod, understanding, and I feel my mate smirk as he transforms back into his human body. And in a flash of light, he’s there, that smirk right on his face where I knew it would be. Sinclair tucks his hands into his pockets and nudges Roger’s wolf with his toe.

“He’s embarrassed, now,” he says, his voice light. “He knows he’s behaved badly, and he doesn’t want to face you all.”

I feel Cora lift her head from my shoulder, surprised as she watches Roger’s wolf get to his feet hanging his head a little but looking directly at her. Slowly, she uncurls herself from me and

stands on her own, looking into his face.

“Come on, Roger,” I urge softly, kneeling down to attend to my own baby boy, lifting him up into

my arms and bobbing him, hoping he settles. “It will be all right.”

And then there’s a flash of light, and he’s standing there in front of us, devastated.

“Cora,” Roger breathes, shaking his head, his face full of grief. “Cora, I’m so sorry

“It’s okay,” she murmurs, her hands still shaking.

He crosses to her in a few steps and takes her face in his hands, staring down into her eyes.

You’re you’re all right? God, Cora, if I hurt you I’d kill myself ”

—

—

”

“I’m okay,” she stumbles out, laughing a little and looking up at him, and as I stand with Rafe in my arms I can feel my heart in my throat to see the love she has for him written plain on her face.

“I’m a little shaken, Roger – you scared me –”

“I’m sorry,” he whispers again, shaking his head, earnest apology written in every line of him. “ I’m so sorry, Cora:”

And then he takes a step back, his hands sliding to Cora’s shoulders as he looks down at her stomach, marveling.

“Is it...” she says, her hands going to her stomach as she likewise looks down at herself. “Is it really...”

“Yes,” he breathes and they look up at each other again. “It is I can smell it, can sense the bloodline – Cora –”

And then laughter bubbles out of her shocked, relieved, delighted laughter

—

And Roger stares at her face for a second, and then he’s laughing too. And he grabs her again different this time, with no fear, no aggression – just sweeping her up in his arms and spinning her around in a circle as they marvel at themselves, at this impossible thing they made –

I tear my eyes away from them, just for a second, a huge smile on my face as I meet Sinclair’s. eyes beyond them. I see the same expression on his face as he and I stare at each other.

—

Because whatever this is however it happened

It’s a miracle. And it’s good. take a step towards Cora as Roger places her back on her feet, but Sinclair nudges me in my mind. Come on, trouble, he urges. Give them a minute.

But – I gasp, looking at him with pleading in my eyes. Sinclair just cocks his head at me and narrows his eyes. I scowl, realizing that he’s right. I glance again at Cora and Roger and find them totally lost in each other, their faces hardly an inch apart as they whisper whatever it is they’re whispering – how much they love each other, their future plans, speculations about what the hell is going on.

And I sigh, desperately wanting to be in on those conversations, but I pout and move to my mate’s side instead, my still-crying baby in my arms.

“Give him to me,” he says, and I do, settling Rafe into the baby-whisperer’s arms and leaning my head on Sinclair’s shoulder as we walk out of the room and shut the door behind us.

“Unfair,” I sigh, looking over my shoulder at the closed door as we walk down the hall towards the conference room. “Cora got to be there when all the drama went down when I got pregnant. But now she’s the human pregnant with a wolf baby and it is deeply unfair that I have to give her privacy.”

“You’re right,” Sinclair says, not meaning it, but humoring me. I can tell by the smirk I still see

on his face as I look up at him. “But hey,” he says, grinning down at me. “At least, in recompense, they’re giving Rafe a little cousin to play with.”

And I gasp as I look down at Rafe in my mate’s arms, a little chagrined to see how easily he quieted there but filled with excitement none the less.

“Hear that, baby?” I whisper to him. “A new cousin to play with!” 1

But Rate doesn’t really seem to care, frowning and turning his face away from me and towards his dad, clearly wanting to sleep.

“He doesn’t get it,” I say, smiling up at my mate.

“He will,” Sinclair says. “A new baby Sinclair. This one as much a miracle as the last.”

“But no where near as cute,” I whisper, grinning up at my mate. Sinclair doesn’t commit to a side, but he gives me a wink, and I know that he, too, knows it’s true. And so I kiss him, and the two of us settle in to wait until Cora and Roger are ready to come out and tell us everything.