

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 341



#Chapter 341 – Reassurance

Ella

We all go a little pale, I think, as we consider the possibility that Cora, too, is an accidental – or not so accidental – surrogate.

“I’m sure that’s not true,” I say suddenly, shaking my head but a little shaken – I admit – by the idea that the baby was conceived during a storm that basically forced Roger and Cora off the road and into an empty room with not much in it besides a bed. It seems...a little too convenient to be chance, didn’t it?

“This is your baby, Cora,” I say with assurance, knowing it to be true.

“She’s right,” Roger says, nodding at Cora without doubt in his eyes. “You are this baby’s mother, and I’m its father, and that’s the end of the story. All right?”

Cora nods, but I can see her hesitate still.

“We’ll get answers, Cora,” Sinclair says quietly. “I agree with Ella and Roger – but if you’d like, we can consult the elders, like we did when we wanted information on how Ella was pregnant.”

“Oh,” she says, her eyebrows going up “Yes, can we do that? That would be great.”

Sinclair nods, giving her a little smile and letting her know that he’ll set it up as soon as can be arranged. I realize something and gasp with excitement, bouncing a little on the bed.

“Maybe you’re a wolf, Cora!” I say, “like me! Maybe you just didn’t realize it! Maybe the same thing happened!”

“No, Ella,” Cora says, laughing at my excitement a little. “Our mother made it very clear to me on the temple steps that day – two daughters, one wolf, one human. I’m the human.”

“Oh,” I say, suddenly disappointed. But I take a deep breath and dismiss the thought, wrapping my arms around my sister’s shoulders and pressing my cheek to hers. “Well, whatever!” I say, cheerful. “Whatever this baby’s genetic makeup is, I’m excited. And we’ll love little ‘it’ so much.”

“I’m inclined to think the baby is a hybrid,” Sinclair says, carefully laying down on the bed and putting his head in my lap, resting the baby on the bed next to him, letting Rafe have some tummy time. “The first of its kind. Which is...very cool.”

Roger looks at him, curious. “Why do you think the baby’s a hybrid?”

“The bond,” Sinclair says, looking him in the eye. “If the baby were half human, it maybe makes some kind of logical sense that you only have access to half of the kind of link you would have with a baby who was genetically all wolf.”

Roger cocks his head to the side, considering. “I wouldn’t mind that,” he murmurs, and then he looks at Cora and smirks. “I have a weak spot for humans. Cute ones, at least.”

She wrinkles her nose at him and I sigh, glad we’re on happier conversational ground again. “I think it’s cool that we don’t know the gender,” I sigh, looking over at my little boy who works to hold his head up.

“You were happy enough to know Rafe’s,” Sinclair reminds me. “I seem to remember you tackling me in excitement when I told you he was a boy.”

“Yes,” I say, remembering it fondly. “But there’s something good about the mystery too. The wait.”

Cora laughs, drawing my attention back to her and I see her looking at Roger, grinning at the clear disappointment on his face. “You wish you knew,” she guesses with a grin

“Well, yeah,” he says, huffing a sigh “It’s not usual for wolves to wait to know the sex. We always

know. It’s like someone telling you that it’s Christmas but then having to wait six months to get the gift.”

My sister laughs again and reaches forward to give him a little shove. “You just want to be

assured it’s a boy,” she accuses, her grin deepening. “You won’t be able to rest until you know.”

Roger smirks at Cora, rueful, but doesn’t deny it.

“You don’t want a girl!?” I gasp, my hands flying to my heart. “A lovely little girl!?”

“You wanted a boy,” Sinclair reminds me, laughing as well.

“Yes,” I agree, shooting him a very tiny glare before turning back to Roger. “But I also wanted a

girl.”

“How can you want both?” he asks, confused but laughing anyway.

“Because!” I declare, “you just can!” Everyone is laughing now and I turn to Cora, nudging her with

my elbow. “Back me up here!”

“Sorry, sis,” she says, quirked a little smile at me. “I’m team girl. If we have a boy I’m handing it immediately off to Roger,” she declares, though we all know she doesn’t mean it as she pretends

to dust her hands off and be done with it.

“Why are you leaning towards a girl,” Sinclair asks, amused and curious.

“Because,” she says to him with a smile. “Girls get all the good stuff. Dress-up and books and imagination and mermaids,” she shrugs. “Boys just get football. And turtles.” She sticks out her tongue to let them know what she thinks of that.

We all laugh at this and I tuck my head against my sister’s shoulder, pressing a quick kiss to it first, so terribly excited for her.

“If the child is hybrid,” I consider aloud. “Do you think you’ll be pregnant for six months? Or nine? Or...something between?”

“I don’t know,” she murmurs, stroking her stomach again and then transferring her hand to Roger’s hair as he bends down to press his ear to her stomach again, listening for the baby, though I don’t know what he’ll hear at this point. It’s probably just an embryo right now.

“Well, you’re probably amongst the few people on earth with the best guess,” I murmur, my eyes on Roger, so excited for him to become a dad alongside my sister. “As one of the very few OBGYN’s in the world who work with both wolf and human populations...”

“Sure,” she sighs, “but I’m not geneticist. We have a lot to learn.”

“That’s okay,” I say, looking over at my mate and my baby as I speak. “But if I have learned anything at all from my own surprise wolf pregnancy... it goes faster than you think. Try to remember everything...”

My mate smiles at me, and I at him, and then I close my eyes with my head still pillowed on my sister’s shoulder.

As I relax the memories of this morning nag at me a little bit, dragging against my consciousness and trying to force me to remember that someone is coming for my child – someone powerful, and determined, and clever.

But in this moment, I choose to dismiss those fears and lean into the love.

Because there is so much of my life that has been so incredibly lucky and I choose, now, to believe in the strength of my family and hope for better times to come.

Because they will come. We’ll make them come, the four of us, for Rafe and little “it.” We will

build the best world for them, no matter what it takes.