

# Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 342



#Chapter 342 – A Quiet Night

Ella

82

We had dinner a little later, and Henry got to give Cora his shocked congratulations on her pregnancy. His eyes were wet, a little, at the thought of his second grandchild, but it was all for joy. It was a wonderful evening that we all spent together surprising after such a horrible morning.

1

Tomorrow, I know, we have a lot to think about and decide. But tonight? Tonight I just want to sleep in my mate’s arms and get some rest under the knowledge that nobody is going to attack us and try to take my baby.

I’m tired, then, when Sinclair and I head back to our room with little Rafe in my arms, already asleep. A’s Sinclair opens the door for us I give a little wave to my sister and Roger, who are sleeping a few doors down.

“Aw,” I say, looking up at Sinclair as we walk into the room. “I’m jealous. I want to get knocked up.”

“What!?” Sinclair exclaims, laughing as he moves across the room to the little table where we’ve unpacked our clothes, eager to get ready for bed.

I pout as I move to the little makeshift cradle waiting by our bed that Henry instructed Sinclair’s men to make for us this afternoon, laying my sleeping baby down on the thin, firm mattress waiting there for him.

“I’m just a little jealous!” I declare, laughing a little.

“Ella,” Sinclair sighs, pulling his shirt over his head and coming over to me. I turn to my mate, eager, and wrap my arms around his neck, smiling up at him. “You do realize that you just gave birth to our perfect little baby, and that it was an incredibly complicated and dramatic pregnancy. Are you really so eager to be pregnant again?”

“No,” I say, grinning up at him. “That’s not what I said. I don’t want to be pregnant – at least, not right now. Not yet. I just want to get knocked up!”

“Okay,” Sinclair replies, laughing again and smiling down at me so broadly that it brings out all the little crinkles around his eyes that I love. “Please explain, then, my love, the difference between the terms.”

“I just think it would be nice,” I say softly, “to just...” I shrug, “not be trying to get pregnant, and then one day poof! Surprise!” I look up into his eyes, still smiling, “suddenly knocked up!”

“Hmm,” he says, beginning to stroke my hair and, I think, understand. But he wants to hear more. “And why, Ella,” he asks, “does that sound so appealing?”

—

“Because,” I continue, taking a deep breath and resting my face against his chest. “You know I love everything about our story, Sinclair we never would have met, or had our baby, if we hadn’t been thrown into that situation. But there was so much that was stressful about how Rafe was conceived – I had to spend so much money, and just hope that it worked, and frankly the idea that my sister put your defrosted sperm in me when you were just like somewhere else on the earth

”

—

He laughs now and I can feel him nodding. “Yes,” he agrees. “I see. A little, ...less romantic and intimate than it could be.”

“Precisely,” I say. “Roger and Cora...it’s been so complicated for them, but there is something beautiful about them making that little miracle baby because they loved each other so much.”

I feel Sinclairs knuckles graze my face and look up at him again.

“I’ll give you as many children as you want, Ella,” he murmurs softly, “and they will all be conceived in love. Rafe too.”

“J

“I know,” I say, smiling up at him. “I’m excited. It will happen one day.” And a memory flashes in my mind of the prophecy the priests showed me, of our little family of four. Could that really be possible? I mean, the eldest child in that vision was a dark-haired boy just like my sweet Rafe. Would the rest come true as well?

“I mean,” Sinclair says, interrupting my reverie and sliding his hands down my back to grip my ass. “If you’re that eager to get knocked up I’m right here and there is a bed – I am very happy to oblige –

I laugh, biting my lip as I look up at him and pressing my body closer to his. But then I hesitate. Let’s wait, a little,” I say quietly, “before we think about a second child. Until all of this,” I say, waving a hand to encapsulate the bunker and all of the reasons why we’re here, “is sorted. Is that all right?”

“Yes, Ella,” Sinclair says, bending down a little further to get a better grip on my ass and using the leverage to pick me up in his arms. I laugh and wrap my legs around his waist, hands looped casually behind his neck. “You control the timeline. In the meantime,” he growls playfully as he moves his face closer to mine, “we’ll just...practice.”

—

“Good,” I murmur softly against his lips, a little thrill running through me as I remember that enough time has passed. I can take my mate to bed really to bed – anytime I want now. But as I think about it, I pull away for a second, curious. “Dominic, what do wolves use for birth control?”

“Self-restraint,” he murmurs against my shoulder, carrying me the few steps to the bed and

sitting down hard on it, taking me with him. He rolls then and I laugh as he presses me down against the mattress, kissing down my neck. “We’re horrible at it,” he adds, “that’s why there are legions of wolf babies out there...”

I laugh again and lean my head back, enjoying the feeling of him running his lips over me, his hands under my shirt now, warm against my stomach. I idly play with his hair as I force the conversation to continue. “But really, love,” I ask. “If we decide to wait a little bit for another child, how do we make sure that happens? Because, you know we’re not going to be able to practice abstinence. If that’s the only solution we’re going to pop out a kid every six months.”

Sinclair laughs at the idea and then sits up, pulling me with him and then tugging my shirt up over my head and looking hungrily down at my mostly-naked torso. He quickly un-snaps my bra, pulling it off my shoulders and tossing it aside before laying me back down on the mattress. “There are herbs,” he informs me, kissing down my stomach now as he raises a hand to hold my breast, his thumb idly flicking over my nipple and sending a little shiver through me. “But you won’t need them for a while. Wolf bodies are more diligent than humans about making sure that there’s time between pups. It’s very unlikely that you will ovulate at all while you’re still breastfeeding.”

“Oh,” I say, surprised.

“Mmmhmm,” he says, tugging at the waistband of my pants now, getting distracted from the conversation. “Our pups are rare as you know. So the female wolf body is designed to ensure that the pup gets all the nutrients it needs before making a new one. You don’t have to worry about it for a while, but we can talk to Cora if you want —”

“Later,” I murmur, looking down at my mate as he slides my pants and underwear down off my body. Then I’m panting in anticipation as Sinclair slides one of my knees over his shoulders, dipping his head down to give me a long, thorough lick just where I want him to. I moan a little, letting my head fall back on the pillow. “Let’s worry about all of that...later...” I whisper.

My mate murmurs his agreement and then, fully distracted, gets to work.