

ACCIDENTAL SURROGATE FOR ALPHA

Read Novel Accidental Surrogate Chapter 343

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 343-Sinclair and I wake up late the next morning and frankly I'm grateful that everyone let us sleep in. We had to get up to feed Rafe, of course, but even with that? It's the most sleep I've gotten in a long time.

"Morning," I murmur, turning over to Sinclair and slinging a leg up over his hip, feeling just... ridiculously relaxed for someone who fought off a pack of kidnapers in her bedroom yesterday.

Sinclair doesn't say anything, just growls a hungry little greeting and pulls my naked body closer to his, rolling over me a little so that I can feel the delicious weight of him on top of me as he kisses my neck, my shoulder, and then my mouth. "We're skipping breakfast," he murmurs, sliding his hand leisurely down the length of my body, "I have different idea for how we can spend

the time

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"Noooo," I moan in protest, my stomach audibly growling in support. "I need foood!"

Sinclair laughs and pulls away from me then. "Am I not sustenance enough for you?" he asks

pretending to be offended. "Here," he says, offering his arm, bulging with muscles, "take a bite. It

will keep you going."

I bare my teeth and lean forward towards it, making my mate laugh, but then I just press a quick kiss to the arm and push him away, reaching for the baby who is starting to fuss in his cradle at

the sound of our voices.

“As delicious as you are,” I call over my shoulder to Sinclair as I lean down to scoop Rafe into my arms, “the baby and I need pancakes.”

“Then pancakes you shall have,” Sinclair murmurs, yawning and crossing to the little metal

bathroom door in the corner of the room. “But I hope that you are aware that these will be bunker

pancakes,” he adds, twisting the knob and pushing his way through, “by which I mean plain toast.”

I laugh, nodding to indicate that that’s fine by me, and then I spend a few sweet minutes alone

with my son, talking softly to him while I feed him his own breakfast, taking my time looking

over, admiring his little face and his thick thatch of black hair, mussed from sleep.

I sigh a little, thinking that this will surely be a busy, complicated day. But with sweet starts like

this...how can it end badly?

Sinclair

A little later in the morning we gather in the conference room at the end of the bunker’s long

impassive as I look around at the men who we have brought with us, but honestly I’m proud of them. Many worked through the night to develop our reconnaissance, to make a plan.

A little pang of guilt runs through me as I realize that they were working, losing sleep, while I was relaxing and...well, doing a bit more than relaxing with my mate. But...

Well, I’m the boss. I built this system, I put in the hours in my younger years to get to where I am. I am allowed to indulge, a little, in some of the privileges of being in charge – even if my constant instinct is to work, and to push, and to keep going. Ella and Rafe need my attention as well, just as much as my

business and political life. And, considering what Roger and Cora went through yesterday, they needed me last night too.

“You’re doing fine, Dominic,” my father murmurs to me as he rolls up to my side, his voice quiet enough that no one is likely to hear.

“What?” I ask, surprised.

My dad gives me a little smirk, just for a moment, before placing some paperwork on the table and beginning to sort through it. “You think I can’t read the emotions on your face, even when you

work to keep it clear? I’m your father, boy. We still have a bond, even if it’s changed with time.”

I smile, then, and clasp a hand on my father’s shoulder, grateful for him. Roger comes over to us and gives us a sharp little nod, which we both return, and then I laugh a little bit as I realize how

much of our bodily movements we all have in common. My dad laughs a little too.

“What?” Roger asks, a little out of the loop, but I shake my head at him a little to let him know

he’s not missing anything big and he just shrugs it off, leaning in front of me to look at the plans

that dad came up with last night.

Roger stands up straight, though, when Cora and Ella come through the door, saying warm

greetings to everyone they encounter, Ella showing off the baby to anyone who wants to come

greet him and Cora handing out little cups of coffee that they thoughtfully made.

“Uh–oh,” Roger says, his eyes wide as he looks at the girls.

“What?” I ask, looking between Roger and our mates, trying to figure out the problem.

“Dominic,” Roger says, his voice tight, “do you not see the issue here?” he gestures towards them.

Frowning, a little disturbed that I don’t, I shake my head.

“Dom,” Roger sighs, scrubbing his hand down his face swiftly in a mix of worry and frustration.

I’m going to forgive you for this, since you’ve been a little...hypnotized by Ella since the moment

she walked into your life –”

“Wha-!” I start, but Roger gives me a significant look and I shut my mouth, frowning and crossing

my arms over my chest but letting him continue.

“Seriously, Dom,” he continues, speaking quickly, “Ella’s amazing, and I love her, but you let her get away with things that you wouldn’t let anyone get away with

“She’s usually right!” I protest, but he continues speaking, cutting me off.

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“She is and I’m not calling your judgement into doubt – but I have had the privilege of getting to know both Ella and Cora without being in love with one of them from the jump –”

I raise my eyebrow at Roger, but he ignores me.

“And,” Roger continues, “I thus am more aware of what they can do when they combine their powers. You have a sweet spot for Ella, you think she’s funny and now Cora’s got me all wrapped

up

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I smirk, and look over at the two girls, realizing that he’s right.

“And,” I continue, speaking his thoughts for him, “with the two of us under their thumbs? If they want to, they’re going to control this meeting.”

“Yah,” Roger replies, sighing and folding his arms as he turns to watch both of them, as I’m currently doing.

“Shit,” I murmur, shaking my head.”

Ella turns to me by chance now, catching both of us looking at her, and her face bursts into a wicked little grin before she replaces it with a sweet smile and blows me a kiss, taking a paper cup of coffee off of Cora’s tray and handing it to another one of our men.

“Oh no,” Roger moans, seeing Ella’s changing expression. “They’ve become aware of their power – they know –”

“Shiiiiit,” I murmur again, shaking my head even harder now.

“This is why,” Roger snaps, turning to frown at me, “we never should have gotten involved with

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sisters what the hell were we thinking – we should have mated with two women who are

mortal enemies so that they can never team up against us –”

“You’re right,” I agree, sighing. “But it’s too late now. Unless you want to give yours up,” I quip, turning to grin at him.

“Not on your life,” Roger murmurs, smirking. “I got the hot one.”

“Whatever,” I laugh, knowing he’s wrong but happy to let him think that he’s right. That’s the way one should love their mate—believing them incomparable. I’m glad he sees Cora like that, the same way I see Ella.

Ready to begin, I clap my hands, loudly, calling the group to order. As everyone shuffles around to take their places at the table, I’m grateful that Roger has made me newly aware that Ella and

say in the plans. Indeed, they take two diminutive seats from us as far away as possible, Rafe bundled warmly in Ella’s arms. But I note, as I see them sit,

that even though the seats they choose are at the end of the group, those seats could also be considered the head of the table.

And they are not going to like, at all, the direction in which we're heading.

I grin a little, preparing for a fight.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 344—"All right," I say, keeping half an eye on trouble and sister-trouble as I look around the room at my assembled team. "We're here today to make a concrete plan regarding our next moves against the Cult that attacked our pack and attempted to kidnap my child. Everyone here has been briefed on the events that occurred yesterday. I applaud your work in coming up with the information we need to make the next best step we can. But now it's time to act. Dad?"

I turn the group's attention to him, eager to hear what he has to say regarding the reconnaissance that we assigned teams to complete yesterday and last night.

"Right," my father starts, leaning forward in his chair and glancing over his papers, though I know he's memorized every word on them. "Our capture of a Dark Priest yesterday morning resulted in a great deal of new information, if not yet definitive answers regarding how to stop these attacks. However, one of the most significant pieces of information that we've gathered came in last night."

I listen while my father speaks but keep my eyes on everyone in the room, wanting to judge my men's physical reactions to the information. I know that we're going to need to put together an assault team at some point, and I'm going to want the best and most engaged on it. At my father's last line, everyone seems to perk up a little, but I spot a few men whose eyes burn with a particular hunger at this turn.

"Last night, there was significant consideration of the fact that, while Ella and Dominic shifted into their wolves to attack the men who came for Rafe yesterday, the attackers themselves did not shift. I want to particularly applaud Conner O'Mally for noticing this particular fact."

All eyes move, then, to a bulky red-haired young man who nods humbly, even when a slight blush at the recognition colors his pale cheeks. I nod at him, marking him mentally as one I might want by my side.

“At least one of the men,” my father continues, “would have had to stay in his human body in order to carry the child, of course. But the others continued the assault without shifting which, as we all know, is unique. And put them at a particular disadvantage.”

Ella catches my eye here and we raise our brows at each other. We were caught up in the moment, of course, but I feel, quite suddenly, a little stupid that neither of us noticed this. It’s true – considering the numbers we went up against, it should have been a more difficult fight and it would have been, had they shifted.

“There was speculation,” Henry continues, “that these men never intended to take my grandson yesterday, that they were, instead, a distraction meant to get Dominic and Roger out of the room so that the captured Priest could escape – which he did.”

My father nods a little, considering this fact and the entire room listens eagerly, on the edge of our seats.

“However,” dad continues, looking now to a slim dark-haired young man down the table, “Simon suggested an alternative. Simon?” Henry invites, “if you would?”

“Okay,” Simon says, leaning forward, I think a little put on the spot but responding ably to the pressure. “The men who came into the bedroom, according to reports,” he nods politely to my mate here and she smiles at him, “moved with incredible speed and were able to break glass that they should not have been able to break, which was installed recently against just such an assault. The obvious conclusion here is that the attackers called upon the magic that the members of this Cult are known for in order to aid them in their mission.”

“Ella,” I say, breaking in and turning towards her now, wanting her input. Does this line up with your memory of the event?”

“Yes,” she says, sitting up and looking around. “It was incredible how fast they entered and how they came through the window. It is difficult to describe but...it was not something the average wolf could do unaided.”

I give her a sharp nod in thanks and she smiles at me in return. I can’t help the little smile that twitches at my lips then, though I usually work hard to keep all of my emotions off my face while I work.

She's just so...cute. Damn, but it's hard to keep a straight face around her. Roger's right – I let her get away with more than anyone else.

I ignore these thoughts and turn back to Simon, giving him a nod and inviting him to continue. As he begins I consider that he's a little too small for an assault team, though he's clearly clever. I make a mental note to assign him more rigorous tasks to see how he does.

“One potential explanation for this,” Simon continues, “the lack of shifting, as well as the use of magic – is rooted in my understanding of how certain priestesses of the Goddess operate. It is not a common practice, but there are certain enclaves where priestesses worship remote ones, monasteries really – where priestesses actually bind their wolves in order to differently access the magic that would allow them to communicate with their wolf and transform into it.”

“Oh,” Cora says, clearly surprised, though she's the only one who responds aloud. The rest of us shift uncomfortably in our chairs. It would be ...incredibly painful, and isolating, I consider, to choose to turn away from the wolf that lives inside me and forcibly bind him. An act of cruel self- flagellation that, I know, every other wolf in this room shudders to consider.

Inside of me my own wolf bares his teeth at the idea, snapping at it. I run a mental hand down his black fur, assuring him that I'd never do it.

“How do you know this,” Roger asks, sharp but curious. “I've never heard of this practice.”

“Um...” Simon says, looking down at the table for a moment, perhaps a little embarrassed. “My mother...lives in one of these communities. I was born there.”

My eyebrows raise in surprise. I hired Simon three years ago, selected him for his intelligence as well as his hard work and potential. We did a thorough background check on him and while I knew he came from a remote region, I was unaware of his unique connections to a priestess of the Goddess. I make a mental note to have a further discussion with him, both about his background and about transparency.

But still, even as part of me rankles at not having all the information, another part of me understands. If practices like this exist, they surely happen in remote communities that would otherwise be shunned. Perhaps Simon kept

his secret because he didn't want to expose his mother, or have his fellow workers mark him as a misfit.

I catch Simon's eye and nod to him, warm enough to let him know that he did right by telling us but firm enough for him to understand that we will be having further conversations about this. Simon holds my gaze and nods in return.

Then, I turn back to my father. "This is significant, if true," I say aloud. I know what I think it means, but I want his opinion before I voice it, so I nod to him, giving my dad back the floor.

"The consideration here," Henry continues, "is that we may have a significant advantage over these priests if we attack in a large force. If we are facing cult members who do not have access to their wolves, even if they do have access to magic, there is a good chance that the sheer physical force of us could be overwhelming. My suggestion would be to move fast, now, before they figure out what we know."

I nod, agreeing, pleased that my own thoughts are aligned with my father's. We move tonight, as soon as we can," I declare. "Roger and I will take lead."

"Absolutely not," Ella growls, and I turn to see my little rose-gold mate standing up and looking at me fiercely. "I will not allow it."

Everyone freezes, awkward, not knowing what to do. Honestly, it's the first time they've seen anyone counter me. But then again, it's the first time Ella's come to the table.

Ella and I glare at each other, locked in a stare from which we are both determined to never back down.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 345-Sinclair

Cora breaks the tension between Ella and I, but unfortunately not in a way that benefits me.

"I agree," she says, standing next to her sister, her eyes locked on Roger's. I sigh inwardly, my wolf grumbling with discontent, as I realize that Roger's warning at the start of this meeting was quite apt. Each on their own is willful, but together they're a disruptive force.

“It’s too dangerous,” Cora continues, shaking her head, “we don’t know enough about this magic to send anyone in like this – people could be seriously hurt.”

She says “people” but I know, of course, that she really only means Roger and maybe me. Cora is not cold she cares about the other team members, but as a newly-mated newly- pregnant woman, I imagine that her main concern is, at this point, quite narrow.

“We have to press the advantage when we can, Cora,” Roger explains, angry but wanting her to understand. “Time is not on our side -” Cora opens her mouth to argue but I interrupt.

“Enough,” I snap, glaring at her and at Ella. Sit, I command Ella firmly, mind to mind. Her eyes flare at the authority in my voice, both audible and internal, but slowly I shake my head at her, communicating as coolly as I can that this is not the time to press me.

I see their concern – I share it, honestly – but this is not the time for me to back down in front of my men. I hold her gaze steadily, not relenting, and slowly Ella sits herself back into her seat. Seeing her back off, Cora hesitates but then does the same.

The tight muscle of Ella’s jaw lets me know that this fight is not over, even if she has consented to sit and, as she settles back in the chair, I give her a deep nod, letting her know that I will hear her. Just Not Now.

Then, I turn back to my men, moving on as if it didn’t happen.

“And where do we plan to strike?” Roger asks, his voice tight but likewise working to get back to business. He looks down at the paperwork our father provided and, I think, figures it out based on the few maps that my father has placed on the table.

“The sewer,” dad says, pointing at some underground schematics of the city which indicate where, precisely, entrances and exits were built for workers and maintenance in the sewer system. “The priest we lost yesterday set up significant shop down there and it’s likely that he cannot operate

without some of the materials he left. If we want to capture him again – and, I propose that that is our best move forward then our best shot is to start there. Best case scenario he is still there, gathering the significant number of

supplies he left, which will take a long time to move out. Worst, we can begin to learn his practices and his scent.”

“Good,” I agree, nodding. “Any opposing suggestions for how to proceed?” I ask, looking at my oldest and most established men to see if there are any other ideas. I deliberately do not look at Ella and Cora. But no one says a word.

“It’s decided then,” I say, standing and crossing my arms over my chest, looking to the side at my brother. ” Roger and I will pick a team and take lead. We’ll give word when we are ready.”

I decidedly refuse to look at Ella and Cora as the men filter out of the room, some coming to have a quick word with me before moving on to their individual team tasks which they already know they must take up. Some move to check the armory and prepare the assault, others gather to discuss the best way to approach the sewers, and still more move to another room to prepare to select members of the team. Those, I know, are the ones who I will be joining in a few minutes.

But before that...

My father gathers up the papers in front of him and tucks them into the side pocket of his wheelchair before looking up at me, giving me a wry little smile. “I’ll see you two in a few minutes?” he asks..

“We’re coming now, dad,” Roger growls, turning away from the last of the men and towards the two of us.

“No, you’re not,” dad replies cheerfully, beginning to spin his chair away. “You boys know that I miss your mother but...” he laughs a little as he begins to roll towards the door. “Not quite as much, in moments like this.”

Dad gives us a little wave and rolls through the door next to which Cora and Ella stand, my baby boy still sleeping happily in my mate’s arms. As soon as dad rolls out with the last of the men, Ella shuts the door and turns to renew her glare.

I fold my arms over my chest again, glaring back, ready to renew our stalemate but Roger interrupts, walking quickly to Cora’s side.

“Cora,” he breathes, shaking his head, shocking me with the apology on his lips. “I’m sorry, Cora – I know you’re upset – ”

“Upset!” she gasps, and Ella spins her head to look at Cora, breaking my gaze. I blink, surprised. I had honestly thought we were going to be locked in that for...I don’t know. Days?

Perhaps Roger knows how to handle them better than me. As they start to argue, I begin to slowly walk over and join the group.

“Upset doesn’t cover it, Roger!” Cora spits, glaring up at him and brushing away the hand he attempts to put on her shoulder. “We find out that we’re having a baby and the first thing you want to do is rush off to get killed!?”

“We’re not going to get killed,” Roger replies, stating it in a breezy way that clearly lights a fire in his mate.

“You don’t know that!” Cora shouts. ”

Damn it, Roger!” She steps closer to him and I can see tears in her eyes now. “How am I supposed to let you walk out of her and put your life on your line! When we we finally -”

And my heart twists when I see Cora relent, a little, closing the distance between them and fisting her hands in his shirt as if she’ll never let him go.

I turn to Ella then, standing a few feet from me, hoping for the same kind of honest communication, but when I meet her eyes they’re still steel.

“Oh no you don’t,” she says, pointing a finger up into my face and setting her jaw. “Just because Cora is crying and is going to let Roger talk her into it doesn’t mean I will.”

Cora gasps and turns to her, “I’m not.

“Yes you are,” Ella snaps, flashing Cora a little glare. “He’s got you all softened up with an apology and now you’re puddy in his hands.”

Cora gasps again, betrayed this time instead of surprised, and steps away from Roger, coming to Ella’s side.” She’s right!” Cora cries. “You softened me up!”

Roger and I both sigh sharply through our noses, turning to look at each other, frustrated, and he gives me a little shrug that clearly says well, it was worth a shot. I nod consideringly, giving him credit for trying. Then, I turn back to Ella and try another tactic: brutal honesty.

“Ella,” I say, sliding my hands into my pockets and meeting her angry gaze. This is happening. There is no other way. We’re not going to send our men out there without us – Roger and I are each stronger than four of them put together, it’s in our bloodline. This is part of our jobs, this is why we’re in charge. There is no other choice.”

Her face falls a little then, and I can see that I’m making her understand. I take a step towards her then, my heart breaking to see her so upset, so worried. But it was the truth: we have to go. They need us.

“Can’t you,” she says, her eyes darting a little as she thinks, “can’t you just delay – by a day or two – just until you get more information – ”

“We will lose the opportunity,” I reply, taking another step closer and reaching a hand out towards her, begging her to see the truth of it. And then, as I look down into the face of my darling mate, I see her lip begin to tremble as she comes to understand. And slowly, she raises her hand and takes mine, and then in a flash she’s pressed against me, her free arm wrapped around my waist, and I wrap mine around her shoulders, wanting to press her tight against me but, of course, not wanting to crush the baby between us.

“I don’t want you to go,” she murmurs, and I can hear a little hitch in her throat. “I can’t lose you. We have so much...we just got safe...”

“You won’t lose me,” I murmur, bending down to kiss the top of her head, meaning every word of it. “I promise, Ella. I promise.”

“So do I,” Roger says, turning to Cora, and I turn a little to watch them, seeing him step towards her as well.

But Cora surprises me by stepping back. “Oh, I don’t need your promise,” she says, holding up a hand between them. “Because I’m going with you.”