

## ACCIDENTAL SURROGATE FOR ALPHA

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 366-Assault Sinclair We move quickly through the sewers, getting to our launching point in less time than I had estimated it would take. I glance at my phone, not anticipating that we'd have been able to receive any messages from our home base, but disappointed regardless.

As our men range themselves on either side of the exit to the sewer, which will open directly onto Xander's property,

Roger turns to me.

"Ready for this?" he asks, his face tight.

I simply nod to him, doing my best to ignore my wolf prowling anxiously inside my chest. Then, as one, my brother and I move forward to the front of the line. If there's any unexpected fire, I want us to take it – not our men.

Our men stand tense behind us in two lines as Roger slowly, silently, pushes open the door. And then, with one final glance at him, I'm through.

I pull myself out of the sewer and find myself in a garden with significant cover, which is good. We sent a drone to scope out the landscape, of course, but we hadn't quite been able to discern the height of the plants. I crouch down immediately,

looking around for anything suspicious, but am greeted only by silence – just the cool sounds of a large suburban garden at night.

I turn towards the Tudor house to my left – Xander's home, where he's been living since his brother left the throne. It looks...almost too innocent, too nice, to be housing such a maniacal man – who plots to get unsuspecting women pregnant and steal their babies. I shake my head, hating him anew, and then I turn back to the sewer to gesture my brother and our men forward.

As they filter out of the sewer behind me, I move forward towards the house.

Our father did good work in the past days – we have plans of the house from the city that were updated only ten years ago when Xander, apparently needing more space for his schemes, added a small extension. Those plans

allowed us to identify an entrance to the house's basement through the garden which serves our needs well.

As I slink towards the house, I'm relieved to see that the entrance is precisely where we thought it would be. Nodding to Roger, asking him to wait, I skirt across a garden path and inspect the double doors that will lead to a set of steep stairs that head down into the basement. My eyes flit over the wooden doors, their rusty hinges and chipped paint. When I turn to the handles, I'm surprised to see that they're held shut with only a rusty old chain.

Frowning a little, I reach out and take the chain in my hand, giving it a hard, sharp yank. It falls to pieces.

I turn back to my brother, knowing that he's watching my every move. He frowns at the chain in my hand, and I know that his thoughts are echoing my own. Is this all...

Too easy! My wolf howls, pacing inside of me, his tongue hanging out of his mouth slathered in his stress. Can't be – too easy no-no- – turn around – try again –

I take a deep breath, shaking my head as I study the door. Honestly, it does feel too easy...

But are we going to turn this down? Walk away from the opportunity to infiltrate this man's house with a full stock of healthy men just because it's too easy? Isn't it also very possible that, after twenty-some years of going unnoticed, that Xander has just begun to think of himself as untouchable and dropped his guard?

I sigh, signaling Roger forward. He's at my side almost instantly.

"What do you think?" I murmur, looking between him and the doors.

"I'm suspicious," he says with a sigh, but then he just shakes his head. "But Dominic, I don't know when we're going to have a better chance to do this. If we can get inside...shouldn't we take the chance?"

I nod, agreeing, though my wolf snarls and snaps. I run a mental hand down his ruff, asking him to steady, but he shakes me off. I frown and shake my own head, determined regardless.

“Okay,” I say, yanking one of the doors open and peering down into the basement. “Let’s go.”

Then I haul the other door up and slip down the narrow stone stairs, peering into the darkness with my keen vision and working hard to determine if there is anything waiting for us down here. When I see nothing, I signal Roger forward with me.

We both enter the basement, which is dusty and filled with a bunch of junk, but otherwise largely unremarkable. We sweep the room as quickly as we can, using our hearing and our senses of smell to determine if anything is down here but... “I don’t think anyone’s been down here for months,” Roger murmurs to me when we come back together. “I think...we keep going.”

I nod, agreeing, and signal our men to follow, which they do..

When half are in the room, Roger and I move up the basement steps towards the first floor, listening closely for any noises from the house. But from our position behind the door, we can’t hear anything.

I look down the stairs towards my men. The man in the lead nods to me, letting me know that we’re all in, except for the two who we’ve left guard in the garden. Understanding, I flip on the radio on my shoulder so that we can stay in contact,

knowing that once we go through this final door...

There’s not going to be any need for secrecy. Then, glancing once more at Roger for any reason to stop – he just holds my gaze steadily I press open the door to the main house and slip through.

The house is quiet as if...well, as if it’s the middle of the night, and everyone is upstairs sleeping. Or...I hesitate to think it but the thought pops into my mind...as if nobody’s here at all.

Roger comes to stand next to me, surveying the kitchen for any threats, any reason to hesitate or attack....

But there’s nothing. No one’s here.

Our men start to come up the stairs behind us so Roger and I move through the kitchen towards the living room, looking for the stairway upstairs to the

bedroom levels that I know starts there. But as we move – as our men continue to follow with us – I start to hesitate more.

Because because Xander is not an uncared man. He might be a recluse, and someone attuned to anonymity, but he's also someone who has contracted with priests of a dark god for decades, who had them following my mate and her sister for their entire lives...

So why doesn't he have any guards?

Not even one?

My head snaps back towards the kitchen as I hear a door slam. I see one of my soldiers flinch, looking back at the basement door in surprise, his eyes wide.

The door is shut but I can tell, when he looks at me, that he did not shut it. That the door, for all he can tell, shut itself.

My eyes fly back to Roger's at my side and we both instantly fall into defensive crouches. "Shit," Roger says, looking all around. "I think -"

But before he can tell me what, light flares through the room. And around us, priests materialize from thin air, their hands glowing with spells, their faces lit with wicked grins.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 367-Cora and I pound down the stairs, gasping for breath by the time we reach the bottom. She starts down the dark hall,

holding Henry's phone out in front of her, its flashlight blaring through the darkness, but I cry out a little and grab her hand.

She turns to me, frantic, desperate to get away, but I beg her to wait just a moment. "The carrier," I say, reaching for it, "for

the baby."

Understanding, she hands me Rafe's carrier and I quickly bend down to strap him into it, wanting to ensure that he's ready

to get in the car as soon as we get there. As I work, Cora glances around the passage.

“A lot of spiderwebs down here,” she murmurs, “I don’t think anyone’s been down here for a long time to do maintenance.

I hope the car...” her words fade out as I stand up straight but I grimace at her, intuiting her thoughts and hoping that she’s wrong.

That when we get to the car, it starts without a hitch. I nod to her that I’m ready and together my sister and I start to hurry

down the hall, going as fast as we can without breaking into a run. The tunnel is long – longer than I thought it would be –

and I’m starting to panic a little when we finally reach a door. Cora yanks it open.

The door leads to a very, very small space, with only a nondescript blue sedan tucked away in it. Cora dashes to the

driver’s seat as I open the back seat to the car, lifting Rafe’s little carrier inside and buckling him in. Rafe is crying a little

and I do my best to shush him, to tell him that it’s okay, but I don’t think it helps that my own voice and hands are shaking.

If my baby does intuit my moods, as Sinclair thinks he does, then there’s not a big chance that he’s going to stop crying

anytime soon.

As I buckle Rafe in Cora finds the car’s keys tucked into the visor and quickly turns them in the ignition. We both breathe

out in relief when the car starts and she flashes a smile over her shoulder at me. I pull myself out of the back seat after

Rafe is buckled and

close the door behind me. Then, seeing a switch on the wall in front of the car, I quickly move to it and press it once. A

mechanism starts to grind somewhere in the room but I don't bother to look for it, instead pulling the passenger door open

and quickly slipping into my seat.

"Ready?" I ask Cora as I buckle my seatbelt.

"I have no idea, Ella," she murmurs, but she puts the car in drive and, when the wall before us folds upwards enough to

reveal a steep driveway, she guns the engine so that we quickly climb the rise and find ourselves, to my surprise, deep in

the woods.

When we get on flat ground, Cora pauses, looking around. "Where..." she murmurs, "where the hell is the road..."

"There is none," I say, glancing back at Rafe. "Just drive Cora –"

"There are trees everywhere!" she protests, waving a hand at all of them.

"There's got to be a way through," I say, shaking my head at her. "He – they wouldn't have put this car here if there wasn't

a way to escape. Just go!"

Sighing with anxiety and frustration, Cora does as I say, starting to wind the car through the trees. And, to my surprise, I

start to see a road. There's nothing marking it nothing mystical or magical about it but...it's almost as if someone really did

clear a path here so that a car just this size could squeeze through...

"Okay," Cora says, laughing a little hysterically. "I think I get it now..."

"Look!" I shout, pointing forward to where, after a few minutes of driving, I start to see...asphalt? Something black

stretching out before us. "Cora, is that a road?"

“I think so,” she says, hope blooming in her voice. But just as the little road is starting to become clear before us,

something slams into the car, making us scream in shock and surprise as we fishtail sideways and the back corner of the

car slams into a tree.

I look around, frantic, and – there –

I gasp and go pale when I see, through the back window of the car, a priest in a dark robe standing, glaring at us, with two

men at his side. The priest holds one hand tensed fiercely in a claw at his side, his fingers wreathed in shadow.

Cora looks back as well when she sees the direction of my gaze and she gasps too. “Shit! Ella! Shit!” And then, in

complete panic, she slams her foot down on the gas in an attempt to get away.

But the wheels just spin beneath the car, finding no traction. And, as I watch, the two men and the priest start to move

forward towards us.

Sinclair

“Go!” I scream at my brother as I move forward myself towards the priests, who are already beginning to hurl spells at me,

at Roger, at my men Get out of here!”

Roger just roars and moves forward next to me, advancing on the priests at my side. His answer is a clear and absolute

no.

10/23/23, 6:55 PM Read Accidental Surrogate for Alpha Chapter 367

<https://en.novelxo.com/accidental-surrogate-for-alpha/r1018980.html> 3/4

We take on a set of three priests together, transforming into our wolves and working in a pattern of attack and defense

drilled into us since we were children – one of us advancing while the other holds the back, so our enemies who

outnumber us – cannot slip by and attack our men. Still, even as we concentrate, even as we take on the brunt of the

punishing spells that these priests hurl at us –

I can hear my men's screams behind me. I know that they're going down.

Roger and I work fast, both desperate to get back to the men, to help them. I take one priest by the throat and end him

quickly, his blood dripping from my fangs as I turn to the other two. Their faces are afraid when they see how quickly their

comrade goes down, but they are by no means unprepared. One stands behind the other, taking much the position that

Roger and I are using, hurling spells at me while his comrade defends.

The spells alternately cut, burn, and freeze my flesh – but in the end, I work too fast for them, rearing up to my full height to

pound the substantial weight of my body into the first man's shoulders, knocking him down and trapping the second man

beneath him as well.

Roger comes in for the kill then, ending both with a snarl and tear at each of their throats. They leave this world gasping

for air, their dying breaths bubbling the blood at the holes in their neck. As one, Roger and I turn back to the men, hurling

ourselves back into the fray.

Only two more priests here – our men have taken down one more with their weapons, and with our aid we quickly take



down the other two. As I survey the priests dead and dying forms I note, passively, that none of them is the priest we met

before. The priest who was, comparatively, much more powerful than these men.

Sudden quiet reigns in the room beyond the shrieks and moans of our injured men as Roger and I transform back into our

human bodies, looking all around us for the next threat –

But none comes.

Not yet.

“Roger,” I say, reaching for him, grabbing his arm.

“I know,” he says, shaking his head.

We turn to the men to issue the command, to retreat, but Conor is already at the door to the basement – or, at least, the

space where it used to be. He looks up at us and shakes his head. “It’s gone, sir,” he says, true fear in his eyes. “The door

is just...gone.”

“Fuck,” I curse, running an anxious hand through my hair. “Dominic,” Roger says, making me turn to him. Then he shakes

his head at me, slow. “It’s a trap.”

“What?” I say, not understanding.

“They’ve covered the retreat,” he says, gesturing towards the back door. ”

They’ve sent enough men to stop us, but not to kill us,” he shakes his head at me. “It’s a trap, Dominic. They don’t want us

to move forward. They don’t want us to move back.” “They want us to stay here...” I murmur, trying to piece it together. ”

Why...”

haking his head slowly, his voice low,  
desperate.

“They’re keeping us here so they can get the girls...”

And then I tilt my head back and roar.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 368-“Ella!” Cora screams as one of the men comes around her side of the car and starts to bash at her window with a crowbar,

the glass cracking and then beginning to fall inside the car. But I have no time to respond I’m already – unbuckling my belt

and throwing myself into the back seat towards my child, who screams bloody murder.

My eyes flash to the other side of the car, where another man is approaching, raising his own crowbar to begin bashing

the windows. I panic now- we’re trapped, utterly trapped, no way to get out of the car –

He starts to smash at the back window, working to get in towards Rafe and I, and I make a snap decision, instantly

transforming into my wolf and, as the crowbar breaks through the window, grabbing it between my teeth and yanking as

hard as I can –

The man shouts, pulled off balance so that his arm is fully in the back of the car now, and I drop the crowbar – ignoring the

ringing in my jaw and teeth- and snap again, higher this time, my teeth sinking into the flesh of his elbow and upper arm.

He screams, trying to yank back, but I sink back into my haunches, snarling, letting him rip his arm to shreds as he tries to

pull away from me –

He leaves quite a bit of blood behind as he withdraws his hand and arm from the car, dropping the crowbar as he goes –

and I transform back into my body, turning towards my screaming son but distracted again as I hear Cora scream. I gasp, spinning towards her, and see the man who broke into her window almost fully in the car now – grabbing her a

knife in his hands. And in horror I watch as he raises that knife high into the air and then sinks it, viciously, into the flesh of her back – and

then wrenches his hand to the side to drag it through her flesh –

But before he can get far I am flying for him, my nails turning to talons at the edge of my fingers that I sink first deep into

his arm –

As he shrieks and drops his knife, I rip my claws again over his face, his neck, his shoulders – anywhere I can reach

Screaming in fear, the man withdraws from the window to the left side of the car and I hurl myself out after him, shifting

again into my wolf before leaping for him – savaging him in any way I can –

I don't stop until he stops crying out, stops making noise, and then I turn to see the man with the shredded arm leaning

back into the car-reaching for my son and I leap for him next.

His death is quick, his life's blood running off my chin as I transform back into a woman, as I turn to look for the priest.

I turn to see him standing in front of the car, his dark magic still whirling around his hands and extending outwards towards

the car, working to keep us in place.

"If you leave now," I growl, striding forward towards him, "I will let you live. But you have seconds to decide."

"Come for me, little girl," he laughs, beckoning me forward.

And so I do.

With a feral roar, I let my nails again extend into their talons, let my teeth sharpen into fangs, and then leap for him, ready

to tear his flesh to shreds –

But before I can reach him, he moves his magic away from the car to wrap around me. I gasp, clawing at my throat as the

dark shadows wrap around my neck, my feet kicking wildly as he lifts me into the air. And then, as I watch, he begins to

murmur – begins to say some kind of spell –

And I feel my fangs shrink back – feel my claws retract back into my hands

And then he laughs at me again before lowering me, panting, back to the forest floor.

I stare at him in confusion, in wonder, for a second while he shakes his head at me. “What now, little girl?” he murmurs,

cocking his head at me with a filthy smirk. “What do you have to fight with now that your wolf is gone?”

And I snarl – and try to transform but Nothing happens. I gasp, stumbling backwards a step as I try again

But – nothing –

And then I’m backing away from him, desperate, knowing that I – I can’t fight him if I don’t have my wolf –

And he takes one wicked step towards me when both of us snap our heads to the side at the sound of the car’s tires

squealing, the engine revving hard

And I gasp as the car slams into the priest, making him bend in half before sending him sailing to the forest floor where he

hits his head, hard, against a long grey rock.

“Ella!” Cora gasps from the car and I’m instantly in motion, dashing for her –

I haul the driver’s-side door open and am almost sobbing by the time I set my eyes on her – – blood – so much blood and

my sister covered in it-

“Cora!” I cry, reaching for her – but she’s moving away from me – and as I watch I realize that she’s moving into the

passenger seat so that I can get into the driver’s seat so that I can drive.

“Ella,” she moans, looking around frantically, trying to assess the damage.

“Let’s go,” I growl, throwing myself into her abandoned seat, glancing quickly into the back seat at my screaming child,

making sure that he’s still strapped in. Then, as soon as I slam the driver’s door behind me, we move.

I back up the car a few steps, staring at the priest who suddenly comes into view but who is not moving, a wide red puddle

starting to form on the rock on which he landed. But then I move my eyes back to the road before us, hitting the gas hard

and heading towards it.

We’re out of the forest in the flash, leaving the horrible scene behind. My breath is coming fast, my heart racing, my hands

shaking as I try to at once concentrate on the road and assess my sister.

“Cora!” I yell, looking over at her, seeing her eyes closed. “Cora, talk to me!”

“I’m I’m okay,” she murmurs to me, – a heavy moan next on her lips.

“Tell me for real, Cora! Tell me what’s happening! Don’t try to save me from it!”

I press the car harder, flying down the roads at what is probably a reckless speed, praying to the depths of me that we

don't meet any more priests – any more barreirs –

Cora's eyes flash open and I glance at her. "I'm serious, Ella," she pants, pressing a hand to her back where she's

bleeding. "It was a – a glancing stab. I don't think he hit anything too

important – It would" she gasps when I hit a bump and I grimace when I see the pain flash across her face, see her go

white with it.

"Keep going, Cora!" I encourage, my eyes moving fast between her and the road. "Tell me!"

"I'd be in more pain," she gasps, "if he'd hit a kidney. I think I think it will be okay, Ella – but I have to get to a hospital, now

–"

"No we don't," I growl, whipping the car to the side and making Cora gasp as we pull to the road's shoulder.

"Ella, we have to go!" she screams, there could be more of them!"

"No!" I shout, slamming the car into park and then taking panting breaths as I close my eyes. Cora goes quiet as she

realizes what I'm doing, but even though I can reach that lavender state – even though I can sense my gift when I reach

for it, it...

It slips out of my hands.

"Cora," I cry in agony, my eyes flying open. "The Priest 1 he did something to me – he bound my wolf, I can't reach the

gift."

"It's okay," she says, leaning forward to grasp my shoulder and gasping with the pain it causes her. I shake my head at my

sister, fear and apology all over my face. “Seriously, Ella,” she says, panting a little, “it’s fine. Just – let’s get back on the

road, okay? I need medical attention. And if you can’t get it, we have to go somewhere else.”

“Okay,” I say, gritting my teeth, determined. And then I get us back on the road as fast as I can. Soon, the wind whipping

through the broken windows begins to howl around us. “Okay, Cora. I’ll get you there. I’ll take you to the hospital as fast as

I can.”

“No,” she gasps, gritting her teeth and closing her eyes. “Take me to Hank – he will know what to do. We have to go see

Hank.”

“Okay,” I say, nodding anxiously. We’ll go to Hank. Right now. He will fix you up.”

I turn towards the road with renewed conviction as my sister gasps beside me, as my baby cries in the back seat. And

then, before I lose myself to the

road, I reach beneath me to grab Henry’s phone, which must have fallen out of Cora’s pocket.

“Here,” I say as it bounces in her lap, making her open her eyes. “If you can, Cora – text Sinclair. Tell him what happened.”

And as I concentrate on the road, Cora reaches for the phone.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 369-Sinclair

“We have to get to them,” Roger snarls, moving towards a window intending to bash it to pieces, I know – but I grab his

arm as he goes, pulling him back.

“The priests are not that stupid,

Roger,” I say through clenched teeth. ” If they can make the door disappear, they can make the windows solid – ”

“So what do we do,” Roger growls, frantic, as our remaining healthy men take advantage of the momentary reprieve to

attend to the men who are wounded. I glance around, doing a quick survey and finding that about eight of our men are

down. I grimace when I realize that two are not moving at all, or making any noise. But I look away from them fast, not

needing the distraction.

“We retreat, I say, holding Roger’s eye, “or we move further in. But there’s a reason why they’re not attacking here –

they’re letting us stay in relative peace because they want us to stay here. Which means they don’t want us to leave, and

they don’t want us to go further.”

“What?” Roger asks, frantic and a little baffled, looking around. “Why don’t they just kill us? Why don’t they just -”

“Because they can’t,” I say, nodding as I figure it out. If they had more priests to send – enough to take us out – they

would do it. But the fact that they’re not sending them...

It means that we’ve got enough force on us that they can’t risk it. That we, somehow, outnumber or outmatch them. My

wolf bares his fangs within me, eager now, on more secure ground now that we know more about what we’re facing.

“What?” Roger asks, his brows knitting together, still looking frantically for a way to get out, to get to her to his mate-

“Roger!” I shout, shaking his arm, making him turn to me. “If you think I have any less concern for Ella than you do Cora,

then you need to check



Enter title...

yourself,” I hiss, bringing my face close to his so that only he hears me. “But you need to pull it together. You’re not going

to help them by acting on impulse, all right? We need a plan.”

Roger glances away again for just a second, his jaw clenched, but then he turns back to me and nods so I release his

arm.

“Which way?” I ask, crossing my arms and glancing up towards the staircase and the second level where I suspect more

are waiting for us, guarding.... something. Perhaps their Master?

Perhaps...something else? “They want us to stay here, but they can’t hold us forever. So the only question is – do we fight

to leave? Or to go further in?”

I see the word “leave” on Roger’s tongue, can see Cora on his mind. And frankly, I’m tempted too. The idea that – well,

that they want us to stay here means that they knew we were coming. And if they knew that we were coming...

It means that they know far more about us than we thought they did. That they know that the girls are alone now. Even

Even the location of the bunker. I groan inwardly at the possibility, but I force myself to turn away from it, to focus again on

my brother.

Roger, to my surprise, hesitates, glancing up the stairs with me, putting the pieces together. “If they aren’t sending more,”

he murmurs, meeting my eyes, “it means we’re close.”

“Push?” I ask, steeling myself for his answer.

Slowly, Roger nods his head. "We push."

I turn to my men, giving a loud order to assemble where possible. Those who are able again line up before us, two of our

healthy men falling back – as is part of their protocol – to continue tending to our wounded. I give brisk orders for the men

to press forward no matter what. The men nod, steeled for what's going to come next.

Then, as one, Roger and I turn towards the stairs, determined to continue the attack.

The problem presents itself immediately as we start to climb, considering that there is a blank wall at the top of the stairs

instead of a hallway or a door through which we can pass. When I get to the top, I press a hand against the barrier, which

feels as real as any other wall I've ever touched.

Roger brings his face close, sniffing it. "It's off," he murmurs. "Something... wrong here."

"Magic," I say, crossing my arms over my chest and looking it up and down. "Conjured."

Roger leans back and thinks for a moment before he speaks again, his voice low and considering. "We know, from our

research, that the priest's power comes from binding their wolves. Which means that...whatever they've accessed to

create this kind of illusion...we have access to it too, Dominic."

"What do you mean?" I ask, turning to him, confused.

"I mean," he says, looking at me askance. "That...I mean, we forget it –

or we think that only Cora and Ella have it, but our wolves too are gifts from the goddess. They're magic, as much as we

don't generally describe them that way. That the priests are able to do this because they've denied that gift, darkened it."

I nod, turning back to the wall, considering it. "So," I say slowly, "we can conclude that...we have the tools we need to fight

this."

"I think so," Roger says, turning his head and considering again. And then he reaches out and takes my hand.

"What?" I snap, jerking my hand away from his.

"Don't be an idiot Dominic," Roger grumbles, rolling his eyes at me and then grabbing my hand again. "I'm trying to...do

something here."

And then, as I watch, I see Roger begin to....well, meditate. Or, at least that's the closest thing I can think of to describe it

it's certainly looks like what Ella does when she begins to access her gift. And then as I watch him, I feel a little...tug.

Inside of me, where my wolf lives. And my wolf cocks his head to the side as if he has heard a strange noise. Curious, he

moves towards it, and I urge him to go further.

And then, quite suddenly, I...feel Roger's wolf, there beside mine. And, acting on some impulse, I close my eyes too,

willing myself to calm, to relax. And though I can't see it – can only feel it – I know that our wolves, together, their magic

joined together...they press forward.

And as they do, I raise my hand to touch my fingers against the wall, and I too press.

At first my fingers simply push against the solid wall, but as our wolves move together, the wall beneath my fingers seems

to give – not crumble, or bend, as a wall might, but instead to move inward until.

I almost stumble forward, catching myself at the last minute as there's suddenly nothing beneath my hand. My eyes fall

open to see nothing there before us – and I turn my eyes to Roger in shock –

But I snap my face back forward when I see the snarl on his lips – as I realize that the priest – the priest –

He's standing right before us, his fists wrapped in flames.

"Clever wolves," he murmurs, his mouth lifting in a sneer. "Calling my bluff."

Roger doesn't bother to reply, instead transforming instantly into his wolf and leaping forward, his fangs ready for blood. I

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 370-Dr. Hank

Ella

I stumble through the doors of the clinic with immense difficulty, Cora leaning heavily and moaning on my one side, Rafe's

carrier bouncing against my other.

People's eyes go wide when they see us, but they quickly scatter out of our way to make room, shouting for nurses and

doctors to come and help. I hold my breath, my eyes fastened on the clinic's familiar front counter as I pray to heaven and

back that Hank is here, that he's on duty tonight.

I exhale a that huge breath in a sob of relief when I see him come, wide-eyed, around the corner, trying to figure out what

the big fuss is about. Hank gasps when he sees us, dropping his clipboard and dashing into the waiting room to get to our

side.

To my immense relief, Hank recovers quickly from his surprise and is, quite suddenly, the calm and efficient surgeon I've

come to know and trust.

"What's wrong," he snaps as he gets his shoulder under Cora's other arm. Where is she hurt?"

"Her lower back," I say, my words coming slowly as I try to get my frantic mind in order. "She was stabbed – we were

attacked, Hank – I'm so sorry – "

"Enough," he says harshly, dismissing my apology with a glare as he helps me basically carry Cora into the back, to where

we can help her. "A stab wound?! Why the fuck didn't you get her to a hospital, Ella!"

"It's not bad," Cora mumbles, and Hank's head snaps up, as if he didn't really realize that she's conscious enough to talk.

"Tell me." he says, guiding us all into the first room. Then, as Cora talks to him in some kind of medical jargon I don't

understand, Hank and I help her up onto an examination table where she lays on her belly. Hank hisses when he sees the

amount of blood soaking her shirt and her pants.

I take a step back, holding on to Rafe's carrier tightly in both of my hands, finally taking a moment to glance down at my

son. He's fussing unhappily, wanting to be held and comforted, but I'm so, so grateful to see that he's essentially

unharmd. My whole heart breaks as I watch him cry – but I resist, knowing that – that Hank might need me to help that

Rafe just has to wait –

I turn my eyes back to Cora then, watching as Hank pulls on latex gloves and then begins to peel back her clothing so that

he can see the wound. I see him take a deep breath at first and then slowly breathe it out as he quickly begins to work.

My eyes flick to Cora as nurses come into the room, ready to spring into action. Hank gives them quick demands before

glancing to me.

“She was right,” Hank calmly informs me. “It’s not it’s not fatal, Ella,” he says, turning back to his work. “I mean, it’s critical

– we have to do some work but it’s a relatively shallow stab, and the knife missed her major organs – ”

“Hank,” I say, breathless with worry as I glance between my sister – her eyes closed as she lays on the table, faintly

breathing – and the doctor I know can save her life. The doctor whose heart she broke so little time ago. “Hank,” I

continue, shaking my head, “she’s – she’s pregnant.”

Hank goes perfectly still and pale as he takes in my words, and I can almost see the thoughts passing through his head

Cora, pregnant Roger she left him for she’s human humans can’t get pregnant by a wolf –

His eyes dart back to her as I see him come to the logical conclusion, the same one Cora did –

But I’m at his side at an instant, my hand on his arm. “Hank,” I say again, drawing his attention back to me as I shake my

head, “Roger father.” Roger is the

He frowns at me, confused – “That’s impossible, Ella —“

Slowly I shake my head, willing him to believe me. “We have no explanation,” I say, holding his gaze. “But Roger sensed it

the baby, it’s his blood – ” –

Hank takes another deep breath and roughly scrapes his palm down over his face, putting the thoughts together. Then he

turns away from me, barking something out to the nurses about getting an ultrasound machine in here right away.

He turns back to me. "Do you know how far along she is?" he asks, stern, and I see him tucking his emotions about the

news away, hiding behind his professional identity alone.

"No," I say, shaking my head, "um, not long? Maybe – maybe a week after her missed period?" I shrug, confused, "I don't

know?"

He nods, satisfied. "With a wolf pregnancy..." but then he turns to me again, confused, "wait, is it even a wolf pregnancy?"

I just shrug and shake my head – honestly, we don't know. Hank sighs and stares at her, at my sister who I think maybe

has slipped into a daze as the nurses continue to prep her.

"If it was a wolf pregnancy," Hank says, folding his arms, "then it would be long enough, now, to detect a heartbeat. But if

the baby is...human? I don't know, Ella." Then he turns to me. "Either way," he says, "the knife wouldn't have itself harmed

the child. But her blood loss..."

He sighs again, shaking his head. "I'll do everything I can." "Thank you," I breathe, taking one hand from Rafe's carrier to quickly wrap an arm around Hank's shoulders, giving him a

little squeeze. Then, knowing Hank's not a very huggy kind of guy, I step away, moving to a chair against the wall so that

he can get to work.

Hank nods to me, understanding, and then ignores me for a long time. I watch everything as Hank and his nurses work

quickly but methodically to do what they can for Cora. I only take my eyes away to lift poor Rafe out of his carrier, to begin

to feed him a little, hoping that the warmth of me and the comfort of nourishment will calm him down. And, frankly,

because the familiarity of the routine will calm me as well.

When he's finished, Rafe burps a little and then falls calmly asleep in my arms, which I'm grateful for. Because as much

as I love my baby, I can't...I can't truly attend to him with all of the love I want to give while I'm so worried about my sister.

At some point, a very kind nurse comes to me and asks me if I need anything. Remembering Henry's instructions not to

use his phone to tell the boys where we are – and suddenly very, very struck with worry about Henry, and feeling terribly

guilty that I haven't remembered him until now – I ask her for a phone – any phone.

Grateful to be able to help, the nurse slips her own phone out of her back pocket and hands it to me. Quickly, I type

Sinclair's number into the message box and send a quick text.

It's Ella. Cora's hurt, but she'll be okay. Rafe is okay. We're at the Clinic – I couldn't help her. They bound my wolf and my

gift when we tried to leave. Hank is working. Come when you can – go to your father first. I have no idea if he is okay.

Love you.

"Thank you," I say, handing the phone back to the nurse, smiling at her as much as I can. "Do you need me to tell you if

there's a reply?" she asks, still eager to do something, anything.

"There won't be," I murmur, turning my eyes back to my sister. The nurse nods and goes away. She comes back a little



later with some wet wipes and a blanket, and I just blink at the wipes for a second before laughing as I realize –

As I realize that I'm covered in blood. I laugh a little at the absurdity of it before thanking her and taking a moment to wipe

off the blood that I can from my face and arms. Then, I warp the blanket around my baby and myself, settling back in my

chair to wait.

Because that's all I can do now. Wait. While Hank does what he can to save my sister's life, as well as her child's.