

ACCIDENTAL SURROGATE FOR ALPHA

Read Novel Accidental Surrogate Chapter 371

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 371-Unleashing the Flame

Ella

I fall into a little daze as I watch Hank work, as I hold my sleeping baby in my arms. It's not that I'm not paying attention –

it's just that...I don't really understand what they're doing or saying, so to me it's all just quiet repetitive work.

I do pay attention, of course, when Hank deems Cora patched up enough to roll her over onto her side so that they can

perform an ultrasound. Cora gives a low moan when the nurses move her, a sound which at once pains me and gives me

a little thrill of hope. Because as much as I hate to hear my sister in pain –

Damn it, at least it means she's alive. I watch carefully as the nurses hold her still, as Hank expertly spreads some clear

jelly on her stomach and then begins to search for a heartbeat. Then I bury my head in my hand a few moments later

when he finds it – a fast, faint fluttering of noise. My little niece or nephew, still fighting for life.

I drag my hand away from my face a moment later to see Hank nodding to his nurses and Cora lowered back on her belly.

Then, Hank turns to me, pulling off his gloves as he crosses the room and falls into a crouch so that we can be almost

face-to-face while I stay seated.

"You saw?" he asks, looking up at me a little from his lowered place on the floor. "Yes," I reply, nodding sharply. "The baby

is alive, but – ”

“Right,” he says, glancing back towards Cora. “It’s – it’s not preferable, obviously, for a mother to be so gravely wounded

so early in a pregnancy. Frequently the body will decide...” he sighs and shakes his head, trying to come up with the right

words. He looks up at me as he finishes his thought, “the body will sometimes decide, Ella, to prioritize the mother.”

“So miscarriage...” I say, looking over at my sister.

“There’s a higher risk of it right now, yes. Ella,” he says again, his voice curious now, drawing my eyes back to him. “Did

Cora ever mention to you the possibility...”

“Yes,” I say, nodding, knowing where he’s going with this. “I can do it, Hank but, the people who hurt us in the woods – “I

shake my head, realizing that he’s not going to understand what I’m talking about if I start babbling on about priests in

dark robes and the God of Darkness. “As we were getting away they they bound my gift and my wolf,” I say, giving a little

shrug. “T tried to heal her in the car, but I couldn’t access the gift.”

“Really,” Hank says, his eyebrows going up in surprise. “So you can – you can actually like, use it to heal people – to heal

wounds like that -”

I narrow my eyes at Hank suddenly, a little disturbed by his curiosity about the gift when we should be concentrating on

helping my sister. What, really, is he asking me here?

“Sorry,” Hank says, putting his hands up in a little plea for forgiveness. “I’m I’m just a doctor, Ella. It’s all I really do, try to

fix bodies. The idea of being able to wield medicine like that – it's a dream. But please forgive my professional distraction."

I let out a little sigh and nod, my eyes moving back to Cora, wanting to move on from it.

"Well," Hank says, standing up to his feet and looking at Cora himself. "It would help Cora, and the baby, a lot, if you were

able to...I don't know, Ella, unbind the gift? I know a lot about wolf biology, but not a lot about the religion or the magic of it

all. Is there anyway to get around this? Perhaps one of the priestesses of the Goddess, your mother? Could they help you

get...in touch with her? Ask for her aid or something?"

My eyes flash to him suddenly as I realize that – that Hank may have stumbled on something here.

"That's...a really good idea, Hank," I say, getting quickly to my feet and looking around the room. "Can I use a phone, please?"

He nods to the computer and the phone in the corner of the room. "Of course, Ella," he says. "The entire facility is at your

disposal." He glances back towards Cora now. "I'm going to run some tests," he murmurs, taking a deep breath and

steeling himself." Let's update each other, if we have news?"

I nod eagerly to Hank and then carry Rafe over to the little computer in the corner, where I open a web browser and begin

to search for the contact information of the temple in the center of our city, hoping to hell the priestesses there can do

something to help.

Sinclair

The priest before us sweeps a fist out in front of him, his teeth bared in determination as he sends a sheet of flame racing

towards us. Roger, in mid-leap, takes the hit first, yelping and turning away as the fire burns him, singeing the edges of his

fur but burning out before it gets deep enough to actually hurt his flesh.

I crouch defensively, my roar of attack turning into one of pain as I turn my back to the fire but feel it curling at my clothes,

my skin, the back of my neck – a deep and searing touch that's gone after an instant as the wave passes me.

Then, cringing at the sound of my men behind me likewise taking the brunt of the flame, I turn back to the priest and stand

again, coming back to Roger's side.

"I'll do it again," the priest says, his teeth gritted as he glares at us. "I will burn you until your charred skeletons are all that

are left -"

"You won't," I snap, taking another step towards him. "Or else you'd have done it by now."

Something flashes in the Priest's eye – frustration, I think, in being caught out. Roger, understanding my point, bares his

teeth and begins to prowl forward now.

"You're weakening," I say, considering the priest carefully as we advance and he takes slow steps backwards away from

us. "I don't know why," I continue, my shoulders hunching now as I prepare my attack. "Maybe you burned out your energy

on that illusion below – maybe your magic was amplified by your connection to the other priests. They're all dead, by the

way."

I watch carefully when I see the priest flinch at this information, wondering at the effect. "It doesn't matter," the priest

snarls." I will take you out, and your men will fall without their leader -"

Slowly, I just shake my head. "No. They fight for more than me," I say, my hands itching to turn into claws now, my teeth

aching to be fangs. But I hold back, wanting to keep him talking wanting to get whatever information I can. "Even if I died,

they'd take you to defend their Luna. To defend their future King."

The priest begins to laugh now, a dirty, hysterical thing. "Wasted," he says, the words ripping victoriously from his teeth.

"Your Luna is dead now, Alpha," he says, "as is yours, and your pathetic little mutt with her," he laughs, turning to Roger

now.

Roger loses it then, crouching to leap, but I grab him by the scruff before he can. Because, while the priest's words make

me want to tear him to pieces as well, we still need more. We need to know about his master.

"And what will happen to you," I say slowly as Roger winds himself back in. "When you are dead. Who will mourn you?

This master to whom you've sold your life?"

"The Master is nothing anymore," the Priest says, his back almost literally against a wall now, and realizing that he's out of

space, he crouches and begins to prepare again, the fires that have never left his hands burning harder, hotter now. "The

Master is gone now = he has his boy, and so our service to him is done. If I die today, it is the will of the Dark God. And I,"

he says slowly now, his face lit from beneath by the light of his flames, "I will relish his gift of death."

And then, with a scream that tears through the hall and makes all of us flinch, the priest unleashes his flames, burning

himself out and willing himself to take all of us with him.

Roger roars, leaping directly for the fire that threatens to consume us all – But I beat him to it, my wolf taking over my

body and surging in front of him in front of all my men brunt of the flame.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 372-Holy Water Ella

Rafe and I are standing behind the counter, staring at the front door of the clinic, waiting for the Priestess to arrive. I shift

anxiously from foot to foot and Rafe grumbles and cries anxiously in my arms, probably picking up on my emotions.

“It’s okay, little baby,” I murmur, tearing my eyes away for a second to glance down at him. I smile a little at his unhappy

little face, unable to help the little surge of love that pulses through me. “We’re going to get you home real soon,” I promise

in a whisper, “wrap you up in a nice warm blanket. Sing you to sleep. And everything will be...fine.”

Rafe calms a little as I do and I let out a deep breath, looking back at the door, hoping to hell that I didn’t just lie to him.

Because all I want, in the whole world, is for this all to be over- I hear the door click and then I stop breathing as it pushes

open. Then, I can’t help my little happy cry as the priestess comes in the door, a little basket slung over the crook of her

arm.

“Oh thank god!” I shout, running for her and throwing my arm around her, careful to hold Rafe to the side even as I pull her

tight.

“Oh!” she says, clearly surprised by my tiny assault. Then, she laughs a little. ” Well, perhaps thank Goddess might be

more accurate in this situation,” she says neatly, pulling away from me.

I smile at her so, so grateful that – she’s here. “Yes, sorry about that – I don’t mean to be rude. I’m just so happy you

came!”

“Of course, Luna!” she says, lifting a gentle hand to my cheek and smiling warmly at me. “We are always happy to help.”

Then she pauses, looking anxiously around the room at all of the people staring at us. “Is there... somewhere we could

go? For greater privacy?”

Enter title...



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And I realize that – especially to the humans in the room – that we might be making a bit of a spectacle. After all, it’s not

every day that you see a woman with dried blood flaking off her clothes hugging a robed priestess.

“Oh, sure!” I say, grabbing her by the hand and tugging her with me to the exam rooms in the back. Luckily, we run almost

immediately into Hank, who is coming out of Cora’s room.

“Hank!” I say, giving him an excited smile. “This is one of my mother’s priestesses – she performed Rafe’s baptism.” I wait

impatiently while Hank nods to the priestess and mumbles a greeting. She says something polite back before I can

continue. "Is there somewhere we can go?" I ask him. "Where she can help me unbind the gift?"

"Sure," Hank says, his eyebrows going up in interest. Then he pushes the door to the room next to Cora's open. "Do

you...need anything?" he asks, looking the priestess up and down with wary eyes.

I think that's a little strange, frankly, but I ignore it in my eagerness to get this done. The priestess sounded pretty eager on

the phone – like she really thought she could help. If this works, I could actually help Cora – get her patched up soon,

make sure the baby is safe-

"I think we'll be all right," the priestess says smoothly in response. Privacy," she adds with a little shrug, might actually be

best.

"Of course," Hank murmurs, taking a step back and watching us carefully as we go into the room. The priestess gives him

a kind smile before shutting the door behind her. Then, she locks it.

"So, do you really think you can help?" I ask eagerly, bouncing Rafe a little in my arms in my excitement.

"Well," she says, turning to the little steel exam table and placing her basket on it. "It's obviously not something we do

every day," she says, giving a little laugh. "But we've worked, before, with people whose wolves are tangled. The Goddess

finds a way to..." she hesitates, searching for a way to describe it.

"Unbind? Or, maybe unwind?" She laughs a little again in a self-deprecating sort of way. "Apologies, Luna, I don't have

the right words for it. But, the Goddess' powers are a mystery to us all."

"I'll say," I murmur, looking closely at the supplies that she has brought, which mostly look like clear jugs of water. "What's

what's all this?"

"It's holy water," she says, taking the last sealed jug out and placing it on the table before tucking the basket away below.

"From the spring where we baptized your child. It provides a greater connection to the Goddess."

"Oh," I say, my eyes going wide. Then, I nod, not really getting it but willing to play along. "Okay. What...what do we do?"

"Well," she says, turning to me. "It would be better if we had...a kind of tub? Or a pool, or a spring?"

I grimace a little and shake my head. "I don't think we have anything like that here, or at least not easily." On the phone

the Priestess had asked if I could come to the temple, but I had been unwilling to leave Cora if at all possible. So the

Priestess had said it was all right, we could probably make do here.

Luckily, she keeps the same sort of spirit even now, when I again tell her we can't accommodate what she needs.

"That's all right," she says, taking up one of the jars and smiling at me. We'll just have to get a little messy, yes?" She

glances over her shoulder at the door. "You don't think your doctor friend will mind, do you? Or... interrupt?"

"No," I say, speaking honestly. "Hank will understand."

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"Okay," she says, taking a deep breath. "We need to saturate you, Luna, as best we can in the water. And then, once that

is done, we will evoke the Goddess and do our best to ask her to unbind you.”

“Okay,” I say. “Um...should I sit on the floor?”

“Probably,” she says with a shrug. “That way you can...well, be soaked, and perhaps sit in a little pool of the water

.” she laughs again then, shaking her head at me. “I’m sorry, Luna – it’s all much more dignified when we do this sort of

work in the temple and we can ask our patients to submerge themselves in a sacred pool. But I promise, it has a very high

rate of effectiveness.’

“It’s okay,” I say, feeling more cheerful and laughing at myself a little bit too. I begin to settle myself down on the floor, but

the priestess hesitates a little.

“Actually,” she says, “it would probably be best if you did not have the child in your arms. He, I believe, is... unbound? As

far as we know?”

“Oh!” I say, surprised and hesitant now. Yes, Rafe is unharmed but...well, I haven’t taken my hands or my eyes off of him

since we got to the clinic. And frankly, I’d prefer not to now. But...I also see where the priestess’s point.

If this ceremony is about unbinding me, perhaps his energy will interfere. I bite my lip a little, looking down at my baby boy.

“Give him to me,” the priestess says quietly. “I’ll take good care of him, Luna. As I did at his baptism. As I have promised to

do all of his life.”

“O-okay,” I say, sighing a little and shifting my little baby over to the priestess’ arms before sighing and settling myself

unhappily on the floor. I wish, quite suddenly and quite desperately, that Sinclair were here. Not only because that would

mean I had him safe by my side, but also so that...well, so that Rafe would have his father to hold him while I do this.

Rafe cries a little in the Priestess' unfamiliar arms as she takes the lids off of each of the jars of water and then begins to

move around me in a circle, chanting softly as she pours the water on each of my sides and then over my body and head

until I am, indeed,

soaked in it. I gasp a little as the last drop flows down my face. By this time, Rafe is crying quite hard and I frown as I look

towards him, wanting him back. Wanting to comfort him.

I shiver a little as I deny myself the desire to hold my baby again. Sacred pool or not, the result of being drenched is

indeed that I am sitting in a rather large puddle of holy water. And even if it is holy...well, it's cold. The Priestess comes to

stand in front of me now, lifting her free hand and beginning to chant again.

But before she can really begin, both of us turn towards the door when we hear the handle shake, and then, a moment

later, we hear the lock turn. We're both quiet as the door slowly opens and Hank quietly enters the room, leaving the door

open behind him.

"Everything okay in here?" he asks, frowning at me when he sees me soaked on the floor. "Ella, what are you doing?"

"It's part of a ceremony, Hank," I sigh, a little exasperated. "Yes," the priestess snaps, frowning at him. "It would be better if

we were left alone."

“Oh,” he says, quietly looking her up and down, an odd look on his face.”
Actually,” he says, cocking his head to the side

as he takes in Rafe’s loud cries. “I wonder if I can help. Here,” he continues,
taking a slow step towards here. “Clearly,

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your hands are full. Let me...hold the baby.”

And the priestess frowns and narrows her eyes at Hank as he holds out his
hands, beckoning, reaching for Rafe.” Give

the child to me.”

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 373-Burn Out

Roger

Less time probably passes than it feels like. Because it feels like hours of
being seared by fire, of the Priest hurling spells

at us.

And it’s not fire alone – it’s flames first, and then slicing spells that cut at us,
and then wind – and ice – and something that

feels like acid in the air that creeps into our lungs and makes us hack –

But slowly, slowly he burns himself out. And our men fall, screaming. But in
the end, it’s me who prowls towards him in my

wolf’s body, ignoring the aches and pains that come with every step. It’s me.

I step over my brother’s limp form, doing my best to ignore the fact that what
breaths pulse from Dominic’s lips are short

and shallow. That his eyes are shut, that whole swathes of his skin are burned
away.

I only have eyes for him, this cornered Priest, at the end of this. Because it is the end. And I have him trapped.

Then, because I want him to see me in a form he can understand, I shift back into my human body, wincing as I do so, as

the pains of my flesh reform themselves on hands instead of paws, on my legs instead of my haunches.

"Tell me" I command, as I stand before him, cowered in his corner.

"I will tell you noth-"

But I roar, allowing my nails to arc into claws that I slash across his face, opening four deep wounds across his cheeks,

his nose, his lips. He shrieks in pain and covers his face before looking up at me.

"You will tell me," I continue, crouching down in front of him, unblinking in my determination and my fury. "Because while

you may be prepared to die for your god," I say, holding up my hands so he can see my weapons there, "I don't think that

your little order prepared you for days, weeks, or months of torture. Little priest."

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And his eyes shift then to focus on my claws as the blood drips down his face. As he realizes what I'm saying. That he is

going to die But when?

That's up to me.

"Tell me," I say again, gentler this time.

"I already did," the priest grinds out, finding a little more courage and hate in himself as he snarls the words at me, as he

winces at the feel of his face shifting when he speaks, at the new pain there. “I told you the master is gone-”

Quickly, before he can see me move, I rip my claws again over his face – raking some in the fresh wounds I just placed

there, but also opening some new ones for good measure.

He screams, then, at the pain of it, his hands flying to cover his wounds. But I slash at those next, letting my claws cut

deep, severing several fingers and slicing deep into the tendons of his hand so that they are useless to him now – for the

rest of his short life.

The Priest screams again, falling flat to the floor next to the curled forms of his sliced fingers, staring up at his mangled

hands.

“TELL ME!” I roar, leaning over him now, “Or by your God’s own name I will do it AGAIN! And I will keep doing it until you

are nothing but SHREDS OF WHAT YOU ONCE WERE!”

The priest trembles as he looks up at me, in so much pain now that I don’t know if his words are shaking in shock or fear

or...something else. But I have every reason to believe they’re honest. He no longer has any reason to lie.

“He’s gone, he has the child – ”

“Where,” I command, but the priest cries out in fear now, working to cover his face again but only succeeding in leaking

blood all over himself.

“I don’t know!” he cries. “He didn’t tell us!”

“What does he have!?” I command, shoving the priest’s hands away from his face so that I can look down on him again.

“More priests? More defenses!?”

“Nothing,” he moans, shaking his head. “We were – we were the last we were supposed to hold you here – “he grits his

teeth now, finding some level. of frustration in this, almost not believing that we found a way to defy his spells. “I don’t

know how you got through it -”

But I don’t let him finish – because frankly, I don’t care. Instead, I raise a fist to shoulder height and then smash it, again

and again, into the Priest’s clenched teeth, reducing his face to a bloody, gurling pulp.

And then, to make sure the job is done, I use my claws to cut his throat, watching as the blood flows quick. And then, as

his hands fall limp at his side, I open the veins at his wrists to hasten his death.

I want to spend no more time with this wretch of a man, who dedicated his life to darkness. For what? For the chance to

wield some spells? To feel, for a moment, that he was powerful in stealing a helpless child?

Disgusted, I turn back to the hall filled with our men. And I can tell the moment that the priest dies. Because there is an

almost audible click as the magic leaves the house. I don’t know what it was – wards to tell him where we were? Further

protections? It doesn’t matter. But I know, instantly, that everything is gone. That it is now, again...just a house.

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At the end of the hall, a form staggers to his feet and I recognize Conor as he moves towards me.

“Sir,” he says, limping a little and holding his left arm close to his body. ” Orders?”

I nod to him, a surge of gratitude pulsing through me for such a dedicated soldier, who wants to complete the mission

even while he’s hurt. “Sweep the rooms,” I command, my eyes already moving to Dominic, my true priority here. “The

priest claimed his master was gone. We need to ensure that it’s true. Take...whoever you can,” I say, moving to Dominic

as I finish giving the order.

“Yes, Sir,” Conor replies, doing his best to salute and then moving towards the handful of men who I can see getting to

their feet. I notice, passively, that it’s... a much smaller number than I would have hoped.

But I don’t have time for that now. Instead, I kneel over Dominic, who is laying on his side. When I push at his shoulder

and turn him onto his back, Dominic gives a heavy groan. I grimace to see that his face has been sliced and burned – so

badly that...god, it hurts even to look at him.

“Dominic,” I murmur, leaning close, wanting – desperately – for him to respond. “Dominic – come on -”

And, to my immense relief, his eyes flutter open.

“Ella,” he mutters, working to sit up, and I roll my eyes a little because – I mean, honestly, all I’m thinking about right now

is Cora too, but obviously I can’t get Dominic to Ella until we assess how badly he’s hurt. I make a soothing noise and

press against his shoulder, obliging him to lay back against the floor.

“Easy,” I murmur. “Let me check you out, all right?”

Dominic, coming back to himself a little, nods, and then groans as it hurts him somehow. I begin my routine survey of his

wounds, checking for the worst, the battlefield medic training we all go through kicking in.

But even with my limited training, I can tell that...it's bad.

It's really, really bad.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 374-Betrayer

Roger

"My phone," Dominic murmurs as I look over his wounds. "Fuck your phone," I murmur, shaking my head and leaning

closer to a deep slice on his stomach that makes me hiss with anxiety.

"Roger," Dominic snaps, and I look up at him with a frown. "The priest – he said the master had Rafe. Check my fucking

phone – Ella will..." his head. I falls back, exhausted. But I interpret his meaning. So, I reach for his back pocket. Dominic

moans loudly as I turn him a little so that I can get behind him, but eventually I get the phone and flick through it, my face

going pale at what I see.

"Shit," I murmur, flipping through the messages first from our father's phone and then an unfamiliar number.

"What?" he asks.

"They don't have Rafe," I sigh, tucking the phone into my own back pocket. "The priest was wrong about that. The baby's

still with Ella and Cora. But..." I sigh, and Dominic opens his eyes to look at me, bidding me silently to tell him everything I

know. "They attacked the bunker when we left. The girls got out through the passage – they had to leave dad behind.

And...Cora's hurt," I say, working hard to get the words out steadily. "They went to Hank, to try to patch them up."

Dominic's eyes go wide now. "Ella's gift?"

"Bound," I say, shaking my head. "I don't know how-"

"Doesn't matter," my brother murmurs, and then to my shock – he curls his body to sit up, almost screaming at the pain it

causes him.

"Dominic!" I shout, putting my hands on his shoulders, but he works to swat me away, so I back off.

"We have to get to them," Dominic says, panting and holding my eyes. We can't – we can't trust Hank..."

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Slowly, I hold his eyes and shake my head. "Let me go, Dominic," I say, shaking my head. "You're in," I hesitate, but when

I look at the blood seeping from his wounds I know that I'm right. "You're in bad shape."

He just glares at me and I sigh, knowing it's a lost cause.

"Fine," I say, giving a little shrug and working to put my arm beneath my brother's shoulder to help him up. "But if you fall

to pieces on the way, don't blame me."

Dominic mutters something in response as we get him panting to his feet, but I ignore it, seeing Conor coming close.

"Nothing, Sir," Conor reports, looking anxiously towards my brother. "No one else here. If the man – Xander if he was

here, he's not anymore. What can I

"Nothing," I snap. But then I rethink the command. "Actually – get the cars close. We need transport, now. You take all the

men – injured and healthy – back to the bunker. They were attacked when we were gone – they'll need reinforcements.

Dominic and I..."

"The Lunas," Conor says, giving us a quick salute. "I understand."

And then, his face serious, Conor turns and starts to give commands to the men. "That one needs a promotion," I murmur

to my brother.

"Later," Dominic sighs, his eyes on the stairs. "Right now, let's just figure out how the hell we're getting me out of this

house."

Ella

My eyes dart to Hank, going immediately wide. And suddenly, Henry's ideas echo in my mind. That we can't trust Hank.

That he's gotten too close to our family too quickly. That he's an ambitious, eager man who has worked suspiciously hard

to work to a place of trust with our inner circle.

And then, today – why was he asking so much about my gift and how I could use it? Did he really really want to help Cora

and her baby? Or was there something else...

"Don't!" I gasp, throwing a hand out towards the Priestess, Rafe still crying loudly in one of her arms while she holds one

of the empty jugs of holy water with her other hand. "Don't give him the baby!"

Hank turns to me then, shocked and confused. "What?" he asks.

“Don’t do it!” I say, ignoring him, my eyes completely focused on the Priestess before me. “Don’t trust him – please! Just –

”

But then, I go pale as Rafe begins to scream in her arms – a noise beyond the normal cries of a disgruntled baby who

wants his mother. A very true, very desperate scream –

As if –

As if Rafe himself intuits something about her –

That’s something is wrong –

My face goes slack with horror as I shift my eyes away from my baby and back to the Priestess who holds him, as I see

now the vicious sneer on her face as she whips up the hand which is not holding Rafe and cracks the jug still held in her

fingers hard across Hank’s skull.

Hank gives a horrible cry of pain and then falls to the ground, his hands immediately going to his head –

I begin to leap to my feet, heading immediately for the priestess, but she whirls on me next, throwing out a hand towards

me and growling some words that have no meaning to me –

But even if I don’t understand them, their effects are immediately clear as the water that surrounds me instantly freezes.

I scream, the cold of the ice burning my skin where it touches, pinning me in place, binding me to the floor. I shove my

arms against it but – somehow – it’s not natural ice. Instead, every time I break it, it re-freezes, holding me ever steady in

my place in the center of the room as the Priestess lets out a dark laugh.

“No!” I scream, trying to reach for my baby, but my arms can’t move at all. Hank moans on the ground beside me, but I

see his feet move- working to get up – see him

The Priestess turns to him, her face turning wicked now, and she delivers a sharp kick first to his ribs – taking his breath

and then to my horror to his head making his moan deepen and 1 his body go slack –

“Thank you,” the Priestess says, turning back to me with a nasty smile. ”

For making this so easy for me. For bidding me come help you once you were separated from that idiot Alpha you call

your mate. For telling me precisely where you are, instead of having to hunt you down. The Master will be...quite pleased

with me, that I was able to complete the job even when you weaseled out of his first and second traps.”

I’m still screaming at her to let me go, to give me back my child, telling her that I’ll kill her – and then, desperate, that I’ll

give her whatever she wants.

She ignores me though. And, as I watch, the Priestess raises one hand over her head and snaps her fingers. A darkness

descends over her then as her robes shift in color from dove to a dark and turbulent grey. And I know, instantly, that she’s

one of them.

One of his.

“So good to be back in my true form,” she murmurs, shaking herself a little in relief. Then she smirks at me. “And so good

to finally be able to get away from those goody-goods who worship your idiot mother.”

Then, taunting me, she comes close to grin down into my face, my baby screaming in her arms. “So good to again serve a

real God. He will reward me much when he sees that it is me who has brought the Master his boy. The Master,” she says,

her voice hardly more than a whisper now – hardly audible over Rafe’s screams, “always gets what he wants,”

And then she laughs, turning away from me, as I scream after her completely desperate, but totally unable to move. And

she takes my baby away.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 375-Frozen

Ella

I scream at the top of my lungs – no words, just senseless agony – the moment the woman turns the corner and I lose

sight of my child. The sound is horrible even to my own ears, but I can’t stop myself as I hurl myself against the ice that

holds me, against which I ceaselessly fight.

A nurse stumbles into view, blood running down the length of her face, and she glances into the room where Hank is

crumpled on the floor – where I’m frozen to the ground and gives a little sob before continuing to run away

Away from the priestess, who must be hurting people in her hurry to get out I stop screaming quiet suddenly when I see

Hank twitch once again on the floor, see him begin to push to his feet-

“Hank!” I shout, desperate. “Please, Hank!”

He moans a little and turns to me, blinking hard, but then he gasps as he seems to put it all back together. Ella!” he

shouts, frantic, turning to me, looking all around –

“No!” I gasp, looking hard towards the door, hoping to hell he takes my meaning. “Go! She she took him! She took Rafe!

Go and get the baby!”

Hank nods once and forces himself to unsteady feet and then rushes to the door, pushing himself out of it. And then I lose

sight of him and let out a little desperate wail of horror. Because there’s – there’s nothing I can do□And the ice that surrounds me, it’s burning me in its cold – and I’m shivering so hard here beneath it but held so

completely still that I can’t even feel myself shake□Desperate, wailing, in complete panic, I press my eyes shut and try to think of something of anything that I can do

But there’s nothing. I’m held still – my son has been stolen 1 my sister is wounded in the next room – mate is out on some

mission that I know, in my heart, can’t be going well if Xander was this many steps ahead of us

There’s nothing nothing I can do – And so, sobbing, I do the only thing I can think of.

I close my eyes, and force myself into that state, and scream inwardly for my mother.

Sinclair

I clench my jaw against the moans and groans that want to crawl out of my throat as we drive. I refuse to allow them the

dignity of utterance. After all they won’t serve any good. Roger knows precisely how bad off I am now, and he’s the only

one here to hear me.

But still, the idea of Ella in danger somewhere, with Rafe –

I can’t stand it. I have – I have to be by their side. Even if I don’t have any idea how I’ll be of any use to them when I get

here. And I know that Roger feels precisely the same.

We're drawing close now – back to the city, back to the clinic – and I force myself to watch the scenery pass as Roger

makes turn after turn, driving as quickly as he can.

It was a terrible decision to make, when we got in the car. Roger hesitated only for a moment, noting that Ella told us in

her text to go to our dad – that there was some kind of attack there.

But in our hearts, we both knew we had to get to them – to Cora, to Ella. To our children. It's what our father would want

us to do. But still, even beyond my bodily pain, the fear gnaws at me. Was our father even alive?

I press my eyes shut only for a moment as we draw close to the clinic, sending a little prayer out for our dad. I'm grateful,

of course, that he got Ella, and Cora, and Rafe out through the trap door – but damn it, why had I been so short sighted in

my design? Why hadn't I made some sort of accessible second entrance so that he could get out as well?

"Steady," Roger says, and I feel the car slow down now. My eyes open as I see that we're approaching the clinic. "

Dominic, what's the plan here? Are we just going to burst in here? Or -"

But as Roger pulls the car towards the front of the building, our plan presents itself for us. Because out of the front of the

building dashes a robed figure, her long hair streaming out behind her. I go tense as I recognize her instantly as one of the

Goddess's priestesses – the one who performed Rafe's baptism.

My eyes sharpen as I realize that she has a baby in her arms, that she's running with him. And as Roger pulls the car to a

short stop and throws it in park, I push my door instantly open.

As soon as the baby's cries reach my ears, I know that it's Rafe.

And as I watch – before I can do anything at all – a second figure dashes out after the Priestess, chasing after her,

demanding that she give him the child And my eyes go red when I see who it is.

Hank.

I roar, pushing myself out of the door, but falling instantly to my knees as my body gives out on me – as my wounds

protest and the pain takes over, shattering through me –

I put my hands down on the asphalt, willing myself to concentrate, to pull myself together –

But as I do, I hear Roger already on the move. With pain and effort, I raise my head. It's all I can do to watch as a snarl

rips from Roger, as he dashes towards the Priestess and Hank, who has caught up with her now. I feel my wolf go wild

when I see Hank punch the Priestess squarely across the face, as he reaches for the baby, who she drops in her pain and

her fear –

But Hank grabs him from the air, pulling Rafe soundly to his chest –

But just as he does, just as Hank gets Rafe secure in his arms – Hank looks up, his eyes going wide as Roger's fist slams

into his jaw.

Hank shouts, moans, and stumbles back two steps as I force myself to my feet, watching carefully. Because something –

something is not right here –

Hank puts out his hand towards Roger, holding Rafe protectively against his chest, as Roger advances on him again,

pulling his fist back and again punching Hank, hard. Hank goes to his knees, but even as Roger reaches down for the

baby, tries to pull my son from his arms, Hank begs him not to –

I take a few shambling steps closer, the best I can manage and I can hear him, then, hear Hank begging Roger not to do it

–

“Please!” Hank shouts. “You don’t understand, Roger – she’s trapped El-”

But Roger isn’t listening, blinded by his rage and his fear for my son, blinded by what is frankly probably his desire to kill

Hank, for more reasons than one –

And finally, Roger rips Rafe still screeching from Hank’s arms.

And that’s when I put it all together.

That Hank he’s not trying to take the baby –

He’s trying to save –

I gasp in a deep breath, but before I can shout, I watch in horror as my brother hands the child back to the waiting

Priestess. “Here,” he growls. “Please, hold the baby while I finish this – ”

“Roger!” I scream as the Priestess with a too-soft smile takes the baby from my brother’s arms. “Roger, no!”

Roger spins to me, confused, as Hank lets out a frustrated shout and points to the priestess.

But Roger is the last to put it all together when he spins again to see her already running, already halfway gone. My baby

in her arms.