

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 4

Chapter 4 Desperation

Ella

288 Vouchers

My hands are shaking as I dial Kate's number. Have I ever been this angry? If I have I certainly can't remember it now:

"Hello?" Kate answers almost immediately, using a sickly sweet tone that screams of fakeness.

"Kate?" I state bluntly. "Are you with Mike right now?"

There's a pregnant pause on the other end of the line, before she weakly responds, "What? Of course not."

"Come off it Kate, do you really think I don't know about your sh*t?" I demand. "I'm not a complete idiot."

"Ella listen-" She begins, obviously gearing up to give me some sort of excuse.

"No, I don't even care about your little affair anymore – but I need to talk to him right now." I declare fiercely.

There's another pause, and then Kate's voice drops its innocent tone.

"You don't care?" She repeats, sounding truly shocked. "You know I'm already pregnant?"

I wasn't prepared for that particular piece of news. I clench my hands into fists, feeling so furious I think I might actually break the phone with my tight grip, "And what, you think that's some sort of victory?" I bite.

"Does he know you're pregnant?" I ask sharply, "because a man who's so afraid of responsibility that he'd poison me for years is probably willing to do it to anyone."

"Well no, but he loves me, he would never -" She tried to explain.

"He loved me too once." I cut her off. "At least he said he did. It's amazing how charming he can be, considering what a batard he truly is. How do you think he's going to support you and your child? He doesn't even have a job."

"Of course he does!" She objects, "He just didn't tell you about it because he didn't want you to bleed him dry. He's a stock broker."

"Oh Kate," I sigh, "Poor, gullible, st*pid Kate. He's as much a stock

broker as I am a wizard.”

“Don’t talk to me like that! He’s got money, he lavishes it on me all the time!” She insists.

“With fraudulent credit cards he took out in my name!” I shout, losing my temper completely.

“What?” She squeaks.

“That’s right. I’ve only just found out he’s completely bankrupted me. I’m calling the police and if I were you, I’d check your own credit rating immediately, because I’d be willing to be you’re next.” I snap.

“No,” she repeats weakly, “you’re wrong, it’s different with me.”

My voice is getting thick with emotion now, but I can’t help it. “And frankly I don’t really care what happens to you Kate, but if you’re really pregnant then your baby deserves better than to be raised in a homeless shelter, and that’s exactly where Mike will land you.”

I hang up before I start crying, not giving her a chance to respond. Why did I buy his lies about looking for work for so long? He crushed me little by little, all the while pretending to be so nice, and I let it happen. Never again. I decide. I won’t ever let myself be fooled that way again. I still want to get my revenge on Mike, but first I’ve got to try and salvage what’s left of my life. I have to go to the police and see if I can resolve these financial issues... I can’t have a baby if I’m bankrupt, and I can only pray the police will help.

“I’m very sorry Miss. Reina, but if your ex-partner has left the area, there’s not much we can do about this.” The police officer breaks this news to me about as gently as he might smash an ant beneath his boot. “I’ll give you the police report to send to the credit card company, but that’s the most help you’re going to get from us.”

Anger fills me to the brim. I guarantee he’d never treat my case with so little consideration or respect if I wasn’t an impoverished nanny. If I was a wealthy man like Dominic Sinclair, he’d be fawning at my feet, offering to go to any lengths to solve my problems. I storm out of the station before I can lose my temper and verbally assault the man,

immediately calling the credit card companies.

One by one they crush my hopes, telling me in no uncertain terms that unless a culprit is arrested in my case, I'll be held responsible for the charges.

As I hang up on the final call, I can feel the earth crumbling beneath my feet. How did it come to this? I literally have nothing. No one will hire me without a recommendation from my previous employer, which means I won't be able to pay rent or keep food on the table. Normally I might turn to Coral in such a time, but I can't burden her with this when she's in the same boat.

Tomorrow I'll finally find out whether or not I'm pregnant, and up until now the strange sensation I've been experiencing the last few days has been a comfort and source of hope. I don't know how to explain it: it's as if I'm suddenly different somehow – even though I can't see any changes, I just have this intense knowing that I'm no longer the same woman I was a week ago.

I thought it was a sign the insemination worked, but now I'm praying that it's my imagination going overboard.

At first I try to distract myself, turning on the TV and freezing when I see Dominic Sinclair on the news talking about all his good will initiatives in the community. "When our work is finished, the Moon Valley children's home will be a place of love and community, motivated to find the best homes for every child in need. Our initiative not only ensures that the permanent residents in the home have the best possible conditions, but that there is continuous follow up with children placed with adoptive families to ensure they thrive in their new homes." So much for the supposed philanthropist, I think bitterly. Turning a blind eye to the lives he's selfishly ruining all the while pretending to be a friend of the downtrodden. A week ago I might have been touched by such a broadcast. I grew up in an orphanage just like the one he's describing, and I know just how terrible the conditions can be. Now however, I see nothing but his hypocrisy. Cora was an orphan too, she didn't do anything wrong – where is his compassion for her? Clearly it's only for the TV cameras. It's a shame.

He's very convincing... then again, so was Mike.

Of course Mike was never as handsome as Dominic Sinclair, nor did he ever have his charisma or imposing presence. I don't know if I've ever met anyone like him. Even while he was refusing to help me, scolding me and having me thrown out the door, part of me was still taken in by his handsome features and pure magnetism.

Shaking myself, I turn the TV off. What the hell is wrong with me? The man is a heartless billionaire and I'm still sitting here mooning over him like a silly schoolgirl.

I end up going to bed early, trying not to think about tomorrow. Of course, I still lie awake late into the night – I know what it means to grow up an orphan, and I can't countenance bringing a child into the world just to abandon it to that bleak existence. The more my life unravels, the more stark my options become.

If I am pregnant... Am I going to abort the child? Even though it's what I've wanted my entire life!

