

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 411

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#Chapter 411 Ella Inside the Camp

“You, the future Queen,” Hank says, shaking his head at me, “asked me to be here, and already your friend Isabel is sniffing around me like I’m some kind of convict? Just because I’m a human?”

“What?” I ask, confused, glancing over at her.

“Isabel Isabel is on our side in this, Hank – she wants to help humans too -”

“It’s not about what she wants, or she thinks she wants,” Hank says, shaking his head and catching my gaze, making me listen to him. “It’s about generations of families telling wolves to keep separate from humans, to not tell them their secrets. And then it’s about the very recent shock that humans have experienced, realizing that wolves are real – and having their world absolutely destroyed by that knowledge.”

“So...” I say, frowning, starting to understand. “Do you do you not want to help? Do you want to leave?” “No” he says, surprised, “No, Ella, I want to help very much. I just think you need to be prepared for the kind of reception you’re going to get if you walk in there with fifteen wolves in tow. Especially if they, like Isabel, have good intentions but still see humans as inherently different at best, or at worst as dangerous, or untrustworthy.”

“Isabel doesn’t think that,” I snap, instantly defensive.

“She certainly didn’t trust me,” Hank says, shrugging, his eyes apologetic.” And again, Ella, you asked me to be here.”

I sigh, murmuring that I’ll talk to her, but then something else he said rings in my head. “Wait, fifteen?” I ask, confused and looking over my shoulder. “Where are you getting fifteen wolves from? We only brought four guards...and Isabel...”

Hank sighs and then nods to the two black cars in the parking lot that I didn’t notice. And then, as I look at them, the doors open and men begin to spill out. I groan, realizing that Sinclair sent more ahead of us.

“Okay,” I sigh, looking back at Hank. “I take your point. How do you think we should do this?”

“I think,” he says carefully, looking over at our group, “you should let me and Cora take the lead. And leave the vast majority of your guys at the gate, telling them to come in only in an emergency.”

“Sinclair will flip if I go in without a guard,” I say, shaking my head.

“Two,” he says, holding up as many fingers for me to see. “One for you, one for Cora. And Ella? Pick nice ones, okay?”

And I sigh, and nod, and we head back to our group. Twenty minutes later, after a long conversation and a great deal of negotiation, Cora, Isabel, Hank and I head into the camp with three guards behind us – Conner, Anthony, and a new one named Theo who has a radio line to the men waiting outside the gate open at all times. He also has his phone constantly in his hand and sends Roger and Sinclair text updates what feels like every ten minutes.

“You really don’t have to do that,” I say to Theo, resting a hand on his arm and looking up at him. “My mate is just ... overreacting.”

Theo nods to me and then looks down at his phone. “Alpha Sinclair said you’d say that,” he says with a little bit of chagrin.

“And...he also said you forgot your phone again, so me being in constant touch with him is the consequence of that.”

“Oh damn it,” I murmur, scowling and pulling my hand away, frustrated. “I did forget my phone, didn’t I?”

“Yes you did, Luna,” Theo says, giving me a little smile as he tucks his own phone into the carrier attached to his belt.

“Fine,” I sigh, turning to Hank and Cora, who are consulting with Isabel.” Okay!” I say. “Let’s get started!”

Unlike last time, Isabel doesn’t give us a tour of the camp. When I ask why, she tells me that while she felt it would bolster the

wolves to see me visiting, she worries that it will have the opposite effect on the humans – that they might see us moving through the camp as a kind of predatory prowling.

“We can’t blame them for that,” I sigh as we head directly for the children’s medical tent. “Their world has been so displaced by the secret of shifter existence. Especially these humans.”

“Plus, humans are naturally more wary,” Isabel says passively, “we are predators to their prey, after all.”

“Isabel,” I say, stopping and putting a hand on her arm. “Do you really think that about humans?”

And then Isabel's mouth falls open a bit and she blushes. "Oh my goodness," she murmurs, shaking her head. "I...I just heard what I said. Forgive me, Ella," she continues, clearly contrite and embarrassed, "I...I grew up in a wolf household. I really do understand humans and wolves to be equal, I just spent my entire life with wolves."

"It's okay," I say, cocking my head to the side. "I'm sure you're not alone in that. And that plenty of humans have a lot of ideas about what wolves are like. But..."

"No," she says, interrupting me and nodding eagerly. "I get it. I need to... spend some time thinking through those preconceived notions." She glances now to where Conner, Cora, and Hank are waiting for us at the entrance to the tent. Both of the doctors arms are crossed in frustration, clearly eager to get to work. "And I think I was...not very nice to your human friend there," she murmurs before looking back at me. "I'm so sorry, Ella. Will you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive," I say, smiling at her. "Your heart is in the right place, Isabel. I know you and I know that we can just move forward."

Smiling at me, nodding, Isabel takes my arm and we join Conner, Cora and Hank, the two guards following behind. Without a word, we all pass into the tent and my heart instantly sinks at what I see.

“Oh my god,” I murmur, one hand immediately going to my mouth as another presses my baby closer against my chest.

The tent is loud filled to the brim with crying children and only a very small number of adults working their way around the room. I

grit my teeth with frustration because these poor people they clearly need so much help, and they certainly have not been getting their fair share of it. As bad as the children’s medical tent was at the Wolf Camp?

This one is...five times worse.

“We have to get to work,” Cora says, turning angry eyes to me. I nod, agreeing completely as Hank strides away, already seeking action.

“Same old plan?” I murmur, seeking her guidance, and she nods once before striding off herself, Isabel going with her. One of the guards follows her as Conner comes to my side. “I’m with you, Luna?” he asks.

“You’re with me, Conner,” I say, and then I nod to Theo as well, who is likewise assigned to my duty. And, with that as our final word, we get started.

The hours pass quickly as we move through the tent. We follow our old methods, with Cora and Hank discerning the worst cases and me attending to those first. The guards stay to the side as best they can, letting us consult and heal, and throughout the day

I see their expressions changing. At first they were hesitant, wary, as the humans with whom we worked gave us glares and clutched the children to them protectively.

But then, as our guards Theo and Anthony see the work we’re doing – see the relief we bring to the children, see the change in their parents’ faces as they see their children given new life – an ease comes to my guards’ expressions and their postures.

After I open my eyes and smile down at a little boy named Benny whose breath had been rasping, but who is now smiling and breathing easily, Theo looks at me in wonder and nods, his head bobbing eagerly. I smile at him, glad that he’s truly on the team

now, in spirit as well as assignment. Behind him, holding Rafe in his arms, Conner grins and gives me a thumbs-up.

I move to stand up, smiling at both of my guards, but the little boy catches my hand.

“Hey!” he says, grinning up at me.

“Hey,” I reply, laughing and sitting back down to smile at him. “How are you feeling?”

“Better,” Benny says quickly, obviously eager to move on from that very boring subject. “Hey, are you one of the wolf people?”

“I am,” I say, laughing.

“No, you’re not,” he says, narrowing his eyes at me, still holding my hand.

“Why don’t you think so?” I asked, grinning and cocking my head to the side, charmed by his bold, frank nature.

“Because,” he replies with a frown, “you are pretty. And so small.”

I laugh and wrinkle my nose at him. “Wolves come in all shapes and sizes. My mate is very big. You would believe he was a wolf, if you saw him. But my sister is a human,” I say, pointing over at Cora, who is checking a young man’s vitals in a bed nearby.

“That’s impossible,” Benny says, narrowing his eyes at me. “If your sister is a person, you are also a person!”

I laugh and shake my head. “Not in this case,” I say, grinning at him. “I promise, I’m a shifter.”

“Prove it,” the little boy says, smiling fully at me now and revealing a missing front tooth that’s so cute it breaks my heart. “Turn into a wolf!”

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Chapter 412

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#Chapter 412 – The Writer Ella

“Nah,” I say, leaning in to stroke a hand over Benny’s hair, “I can’t shift right now now. I have to go and help some other kids.”

Still suspicious, the boy takes his hand from mine and crosses his arms over his chest. “Tell me your name. When my mom

comes back, I'll ask her to look you up on the internet. Then we'll know whether or not you're a wolf."

Laughing, I tell him my name, and then I look around the tent. "Where is your mom, anyway?" I ask. "I'd like to meet her."

The little boy is quiet for a moment and then he shrugs. "She'll be back any minute."

"Oh," I say, and then I feel my heart ache a little bit inside of me, though I do my very best to keep my voice cheerful. "Did she

just step away? When's the last time you saw her?"

"Coupla days," Benny murmurs, looking down at his blankets for a second. I glance up at Isabel, who has come close and was

listening. She grimaces and then nods, confirming my suspicions. This little boy hasn't seen his mother for a long, long time.

"Okay," I say, reaching out and stroking a hand over his hair. "I'm going to do some work, okay? But I'll come back and visit you in a little bit, all right, kiddo?"

"Okay!" he replies, instantly cheerful and smiling up at me. "Will you turn into your wolf then?"

"We'll see," I reply, laughing and giving him a wink. Then he waves to me as I stand up and move to Conner to instantly take

Rafe into my own arms, hugging my baby close and passing him all of the love I have in my heart down the bond to him.

Because I honestly feel as if I could spend the rest of the day crying if I allow myself to think too hard about Benny, who was just quietly suffocating in his bed while he waited for his mother to come back.

Hank catches my eye and comes closer, glancing at Benny as he does.

“Will he survive?” I murmur, pitching my voice low enough so that the boy can’t hear me.

“After what you just did, Ella?” Hank asks. “Yeah. He’s going to make it. But he needs more than just medical help,” Hank continues. “You know that.”

“I do know that Hank,” I reply, and then I look sharply at Theo. “I need you to text Sinclair,” I say, my voice taking on more of Sinclair’s command than I’ve ever heard it do before.

“Tell him we need to triple everything. Or more, if we can. All of the medical aid that’s being sent to these people, and the social workers, and...and everything. All right? Tell him I said immediately.”

Theo’s eyebrows go up, but he does as I say. My eyes return to Hank, though I’m very surprised to see him smiling at me.

“Well,” he says, sliding his hands into his pockets.

“Look who’s just become a Queen.”

I laugh in surprise but then roll my eyes at him. “Not yet,” I sigh, straightening my shoulders and starting to look around the room.

” When I’m a Queen, you’ll know- because I’ll be wearing my tiara 24/7. It’s the only perk of the job.”

“Nah,” Hank says, putting a warm hand on my back and guiding me towards the next patient. “The perk is being able to do this.

And to order your mate to send thousands of dollars of supplies at the drop of a hat.”

“Yeah,” I say, smiling at Hank as I hand Rafe off to Conner. Then I get back to work, seating myself in the waiting chair next to a

little girl with cuts and bruises all over her arms and face. “Hi, sweetheart,” I say, giving her a warm smile. “What’s your name?”

The rest of the day and early evening passes predictably. Cora and Hank consult with the doctors and nurses already working here to determine the work that I should do, and I heal, and Conner guards Rafe, and Theo and Anthony guard Cora and me.

By the time I can see darkness beyond the edges of the tent, I am pleased with the day’s work – we’ve helped dozens of

children, and even brought some back from a very dark place. I look around the room, exhaling a satisfied breath, but I blink when I notice a very real change in the people in the tent.

When I had entered this morning, the people – especially the adults – had shrunk away from my team, and had barely noticed me. I am, after all, the smallest person here and had a baby strapped to my chest. The people had watched our every movement with narrow, suspicious eyes, always waiting for the next shoe to drop – for us to reveal the way in which we were going to hurt them, or take something from them.

But now, after a long day of working to help? The narrowed suspicion is gone, and now many eyes are wide with wonder, trained on me as I move through the tent. I blush a little and duck my head, tucking my hair behind my ear as I hold a sleeping Rafe tight against me. “What?” Cora asks, noticing my sudden change in attitude.

“They’re all just... looking at me,” murmur, feeling awkward. I Cora looks around and then laughs. What, did you not expect all of

the hero worship and awe when you decided to come and use your demigoddess powers on a bunch of unsuspecting mortals?”

“Demigoddess powers,” I say, scoffing a little. “Don’t be ridiculous, Cora – ”

“Well, that’s what they are, Ella,” she says, laughing at me again. “I mean, do you need me to start making it rain to prove my point?”

“I’d prefer it if you didn’t,” I say loftily, laughing a little. “But still,” I say, dropping my voice and stepping closer to her. “I mean...I’m just a girl. I’m just helping the best way I can, like anyone else would do -”

“Not anymore you’re not, Ells,” Cora says, patting my cheek with a sigh. ” You’re a part-goddess wolf Queen.”

“Yeah,” I sigh, twisting my lips, but then I glare at her a little. “Well, you’re a weird hybrid soon-to-be wolf mom who is probably like, a duchess or something, once Sinclair gets all the titles figured out.”

“And a doctor,” Cora says, giving me a wink and moving forward on to the next case. “Don’t forget that!”

“I won’t!” I sigh, following after her. ” Because you sure as hell won’t let me!”

We're both still laughing as I give Rafe – cuddled in Conner's arms a little kiss on the cheek and then sit down in the chair

waiting by the bed of my next patient – the one I've been told is the last one of the day.

"Hi," I say brightly, looking at the little girl – probably about eight years old and then up at the woman who is 1 probably her

mother, though she looks a bit young for it. Still, by the affinity between them – both with long, dark brown hair and pale skin – I

know that they're family. "My name is Ella. I've heard you're not feeling well."

"No," the little girl murmurs, moving her hands to her stomach and frowning. "I am sick."

I glance up at Cora, who nods to me. They've briefed me, of course – the girl isn't just sick, she's got some kind of bacterial

infection that's increased to the point where it's threatening the health of her inner organs. Still, I like to check in with my patients

before I get started, to make a connection with them.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I say, offering my hand and hoping that she'll place hers in it. The girl hesitates, but I just leave my open

palm there in case she changes her mind. "I'm going to try to make you feel better, if you'll let me.

Will that be all right?"

The girl glances at the woman with her, who nods, though I note that she's staring at me quite intensely. The girl looks back to me and likewise nods.

"What's your name?" I ask, smiling at her.

"Jessica," she replies, just a whisper.

"Jessica," I repeat, my smile broadening. "Well, let's see what we can do. Just relax." And then I take a deep breath, and close my eyes, and fall into my meditative state.

It's a trickier case than a clear-and-cut wound, since the bacteria has spread throughout her gastrointestinal system. But after the gift has done its work sweeping through her and fixing all the things that it felt were wrong, it returns to me and I open my eyes. About twenty minutes have passed.

I smile at Jessica, my eyes traveling over her face, which already looks better less wan, less pained and worried.

"How are you feeling?" I ask quietly, and to my pleasure she puts her hands in mine now. "Much better. And..." she hesitates, looking at the woman next to her, "hungry. Can I have something to eat?"

"Of course you can," I say, grinning and looking up at Cora, who gives me a thumbs up and turns away to ask one of the passing

nurses about some food. ” Is there anything else you want?” I ask, curious.

Jessica shakes her head no, smiling at me, but the woman next to her clears her throat. Curious, I turn my gaze to her.

“Thank you, Luna,” she says, surprising me a little by using a wolf’s title, which none of the other humans have done. “Thank you so much for helping my sister,” she says, her voice choked. I reach to her with my other hand, smiling at her as the tears drip down her cheeks.

“Of course,” I say, squeezing her hand when she gives it to me. “I’m just glad that I was able to help. What’s your name?” I ask.

“I’m Sarah,” she says quietly, giving me a shy little smile. “But actually, Luna, we’ve...we’re already connected, in a strange way.

I – I know all about you. I’ve been hearing about you my whole life.’

“Really?” I ask, my eyes going wide with surprise.

“Yes,” she says, laughing a little and nodding eagerly. “And actually, um,” she hesitates now, glancing around before leaning close to whisper. “A few weeks ago, I actually... left a letter on your doorstep.”

My eyes fly wide open in my shock and I suddenly clutch the woman's hand tight in mine, knowing suddenly precisely who she is.

Or, if not who she is precisely what she did to save my son's life.

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Chapter 413

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#Chapter 413 – A New Guest

Ella

“You,” I breathe, staring at Sarah in awe as she begins to eagerly nod. But I just shake my head in wonder. “You were the one who warned us – who left us the note that told us that -“.

And my eyes instantly snap to Conner, standing a few feet away and watching us warily, Rafe sleeping in his arms.

Sarah's eyes follow mine. "Is that him?" she whispers. "The little baby?"

"Is that the prince?" Jessica asks, sitting up eagerly in her bed. "Oh – I've heard so much about him-"

But I'm instantly on my feet, moving to Conner to take my child and turning my head to Theo as

Conner transfers Rafe to my

arms. "Call Sinclair – tell him we're bringing someone home -two people. Prepare...whatever gets prepared. I don't know. And –

and record this " I say, pointing to Jessica and Sarah. "I want him to see it. All of it."

"Luna," Theo says, frowning, "I can't do both at once-"

"Figure it out!" I call over my shoulder, quickly moving around the bed to Sarah's side, bringing the baby close so she and

Jessica can see them.

"Yes," I say, tears filling my eyes as I sit on the bed with Jessica on my left and Sarah, still in her bedside chair, on my right. I

lean forward so they can both see Rafe sleeping between them."

This is Rafe – this is the baby, the prince. And you saved him,” I say, shaking my head and staring between them. My voice shakes with the intensity of it – with how much I want them to know the impact they had, how grateful I am for their early warning
Because if if we hadn’t gotten that note –
If we hadn’t known –
Those men who came through my window it would have been a complete shock, and I never, ever would have been able to react in time. And Sinclair wouldn’t have been as wary may not even have been home –
And my baby would be gone – in Xander’s hands-
“I owe you everything,” I whisper to Sarah, the tears starting to streak down my cheeks now.
“It was my pleasure, Luna,” Sarah says, crying now too as she smiles at me, clearly so, so happy to have helped to be able to finally meet me, and Rafe, and see the results of what must have been so dangerous for her to accomplish.
“He’s so big,” Jessica says, her eyes wide as she looks down at Rafe. Her words make me laugh and I look back down at my sleeping baby. “Yeah, he’s my little meatball,” I say, “you should see his dad.”

“He’s beautiful, Luna,” Sarah says, hesitating as she reaches out a single finger towards him. But I hold the baby forward a little, letting her brush his cheek. As she touches him, a huge smile comes to her face. “So lovely, the little prince.”

“What’s what’s going on here?” Cora asks, suddenly standing behind Sarah, her eyes wide with surprise and worry. She had only stepped away for a few minutes, and suddenly everything has changed.

“This is Sarah,” I say, smiling up at my sister and wiping at the tears on my cheeks. “She...well, she wrote the note.”

“The note?” Cora asks, her face twisting in confusion.

“Yeah,” I reply, nodding. “The one.... on the doorstep, the day after the christening. That told us...”

“Oh,” Cora says, and then she gasps as she figures out the true significance of this. “Oh my – oh my god.” Then she crouches down at Sarah’s side, looking up at her. “Are you serious?”

Sarah laughs and shrugs a little, clearly shy and not knowing how to respond. “Yes,” she says.

Cora turns to stare at me. “We have to bring them back!”

“I know,” I say, nodding eagerly. But then, seeing Sarah shrink away from us a little at Cora’s words, I reach out a hand to her, smiling at this new pair of sisters. “Would you like to come to the palace with us? As my guests? We can make you very comfortable there, and we want to thank you -”

Cora turns her head sharply at me, narrowing her eyes a little and letting me know- without words that she expects me to tell them the whole truth.

“And, well,” I say, sighing a bit as I look Sarah in the eye. “My mate will want to meet you too, and hear the story. And he will have questions.”

“Oh,” Sarah says, looking at Jessica, clearly worried.

“But I promise,” I say, reaching out a hand that I place gently on her knee. I withdraw it immediately when I see Sarah flinch. Still,

I persist, leaning forward. “I promise, Sarah – you will not be harmed, and we – we will do everything we can to help you. We just we’d love to know more about you, and that day, and your life...would that be all right?”

Sarah hesitates again, looking between Cora and I.

“You can say no,” I say softly. “Though I very much hope you will trust me and say yes. I...I owe you everything, Sarah.”

And then, with her eyes firmly on Rafe, Sarah nods once. Cora stands up immediately, moving forward to the guards, letting them know to prepare. But I stay with Sarah and Jessica, talking softly with them for the next few hurried minutes while I can hear my team behind me, working in a bit of a flurry. Then, when Theo taps me on the shoulder, I finally turn around. “We’re ready, Luna,” he says, his face again serious. “If you are?”

“I think so,” I say, turning to Sarah and Jessica. “Shall we?”

And the two of them stand up and walk with me out of the tent, and out of the camp, and towards the cars that will take us all to the palace.

About thirty very tense minutes later, our convoy of cars pulls up to the back entrance of the palace and travels into the underground garage that we left from this morning. Cora sits tensely beside me as I look persistently out the back of the car, towards the car behind me in which Sarah and Jessica are riding.

I was very, very unhappy when Theo told me in no uncertain terms – that Cora and I would be riding separately from the

refugees. I had fought him on it, but he was stalwart, holding out the phone to me with the direct order from Sinclair written clearly in a text message.

But, since no one would get into the cars until I agreed to the order, Sarah eventually gave me a soft touch on the elbow and told me that it was all right. Only then did I relent, though I'm still not happy about it.

"Hank texted," Cora murmurs as we pull slowly towards our parking space.

"You still text Hank?" I ask, my eyes going wide as I look towards my sister for the first time this ride.

"He didn't text me," she says, rolling her eyes. "He knows Roger would kill him. But he texted you, through me, because he says you're not answering your phone."

"Clever Hank," I murmur, leaning forward over Rafe's carrier. "What did he say?"

"He said to tell you he thinks you're doing right by Sarah and Jessica," she says, her voice warm, "and that he'll meet us there again tomorrow, if we can."

"Okay," I say, starting to unbuckle Rafe immediately when we stop. "Text him back that I said thanks, and yes, we'll text him in the morning to let him know our plans."

“So stiff,” Cora says, looking up at me and raising her eyebrows. “Where has my sweet sister gone? Don’t you at least want me to include some kind of rainbow or star emojis to lighten that up a bit?”

I pause before I lift my son out of his car seat so that I can glare at my sister. “This is serious, Cora,” I snap.

“Sorry, sorry,” she sighs, turning to get out of the car. I’m not actually mad at her, obviously, but I don’t have time to tell her so. As soon as I get out of the car I head to Sarah’s side.

“Okay,” I say, smiling at the sisters. “Please come inside – we’re going to get you settled in a room, and have dinner sent to you.

Does that – does that sound all right?”

“That sounds fine,” Sarah says, raising her hands to play anxiously with her hair as Jessica presses close to her side, her arms wrapped around Sarah’s hips.

“Okay,” I say, giving them both a warm smile before I see movement at the door that leads into the palace – and then a very familiar, too-tall, too-broad silhouette come through the door. “You two stay right here for a second, okay?” I say, and Sarah nods before I dash away to Sinclair.

“Ella – “He says immediately, his voice worried as he looks beyond me.

“Look at me, Dominic,” I demand and he instantly does as I say, his eyes wide with surprise.

“What is it?” he asks.

“What do you have planned for them?” I ask, bouncing Rafe in my arms, because he’s starting to cry a little- probably picking up on some of my anxiety and a little of the anger that’s starting to curl in me as I anticipate what my mate is going to say.

Because I know – I just know that his Alpha instinct is to treat this woman like a prisoner of war, and not like the savior she is.

And damn it, but there’s no way in hell I’m going to let him do that.

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Chapter 414

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#Chapter 414 – Biding Time

Ella

Sinclair blinks at me in surprised confusion and then sighs as he speaks honestly. “We’ve prepped an interrogation cell -”

“No,” I snap, pointing a finger up into his face that he immediately swats away. “No,” I continue to insist, taking a step closer and frowning furiously up at him. Rafe, in my arms, starts to cry harder. “Those two have been through hell, and they saved Rafe’s life -”

“We have no idea who they are, Ella,” Sinclair growls down at me, “they could be anyone –”

“They are not.” I snap, interrupting him and making him groan and tilt his head back in frustration. “They are refugees – two people who lost everything, if they ever had anything to begin with. I understand that we need to hear their story, Dominic, but we owe them everything. We owe our child’s life to that woman over there,” I continue, pointing behind me to where I know Sarah still stands.

“So, what would you have me do,” Sinclair says, forcing himself to be patient as he lifts his head again and looks at me.

“Treat them as our honored guests,” I reply. “Put them in a guest room – guard it if you have to! Bug it so you can listen to every

word they say, if you're that worried! I don't care! But until we know more, we treat them as the honored guests I know them to be. Feed them, allow them to get clean and warm, let them sleep, and then tomorrow we ask questions. All right?"

Sinclair takes a deep breath, closing his eyes and rubbing them slowly with the thumb and forefinger of one hand. Then, after a moment, he drops his hand and looks at me again. "A guest suite, fully guarded. On a lower level – nowhere near where we sleep. And no one sees them until morning-not even you. All right?"

I nod sharply and he turns away, letting his staff know and coming up with a new plan.

As Sinclair does that, I move back to Sarah and Jessica, who are standing anxiously with Cora. I hurriedly tell them the plan – that we'll let them take the night to relax and refresh, and then we'll see them again in the morning. Sarah lets me know that she understands, and that this is fine, and I take her hand again, giving her a squeeze.

"Thank you, I say, smiling at her. " For everything. And also for your patience – I know that this is...well, that it's weird," I say with a shrug.

“It’s okay, Luna,” she says, giving me a soft smile and running her hand over her sister’s hair. “We grew up in the home of a Duke, after all. We know what it’s like to have to bend to the needs of a royal household.”

And my jaw drops open at the woman’s revelation: That she grew up in the home of my uncle Xander. And she might be the one who has the answers to all of the questions that we have about what he intends to do next.

I open my mouth to ask more when suddenly Theo is at my side.

“If I may, Luna,” he says formally, nodding to me and then at the rest of our little group. “We’re ready for you.”

And I sigh, nodding again to Sarah to let her know that I’m on her side. She nods back, and then, as a group, everyone moves into the palace to figure out our next steps.

Cora and I only caught bare glimpses of our mates in all that came next. Roger nodded to both of us, his face serious, as we passed him in the hall. Cora blew him a kiss and I smirked, a little, as I saw him reach into the air, pretending to snatch it – a gesture that to the Betas to whom he was speaking probably just looked like him stretching.

But it cheers me immensely, in all of my anxiety and sadness for Sarah and Jessica, to see Cora so happy. I bump her with my shoulder as we walk towards mine and Sinclair's personal chambers – as Theo let us know Sinclair asked us to do – and she gives me a little wink, which further encourages me to consider that all is well.

I relax further when we get into the privacy of my rooms. Cora and I don't say much, clearly both lost in our own thoughts a little bit as she hops into the shower and I give Rafe a little bath. Then Cora takes Rafe from me while I take my turn in shower, taking him into the bedroom to see if she can get him to sleep.

When I come out of my closet in a comfortable pair of pajamas, and see Cora likewise cozy in borrowed leggings and a zip-up hoodie, I can't help but laugh.

"What?" she asks, grinning at me as she turns away from Rafe's bassinet.

"I was just so worked up fifteen minutes ago," I say, shaking my head and crossing the room to her, my comfortable slippers barely making a sound on the floor. "I fell immediately into the panic that I felt when we first found out that Rafe was being

threatened. And now...well, now that we're in pajamas, waiting for our mates to handle it, I feel...kind of silly."

I peer down at my baby, who is just barely starting to fall asleep, as Cora puts an arm around my shoulders.

"Nah," she says, "you did the right thing. Sinclair and Roger didn't see them in that refugee center – they wouldn't have realized what delicate people they were working with. Those two needed you to be hard on their side. Like you are for everyone who needs you."

I sigh as I look up into my sister's face. "You're too nice to me," I say quietly. "Too encouraging."

"Well, I think there's a pretty fair chance that Sinclair's going to yell at you soon," she says, wrinkling her nose and squeezing my shoulders. "So, I'm just trying to balance it out so that you get a good night's sleep."

A housekeeper comes then, bringing us our dinner, and Cora and I carry our trays to the bed where we can keep an eye on Rafe once she leaves. We tuck into our food quietly for a second before I take a deep breath, closing my eyes and forcing myself to relax.

What I really need, frankly – before Sinclair comes in and we have to have a big conversation about what we're going to do next, and relive all the drama from those horrible days when we first found out that someone was coming for Rafe – is a distraction.

And quite suddenly, I remember how happy Cora was this morning.

“So,” I say, smirking as I open my eyes and peer at her.

“What is this new expression,” she says, leaning back warily as she takes in my smirk. “I don't like this.”

“I was just wondering,” I say, my smile deepening, “why you were so happy this morning.”

“Oh,” she says, and a huge grin breaks out on her face as well.

“See!” I say, laughing and pointing my fork at her, my eagerness amplified by the fact that I'm using it to step away for a moment

from my worries. “I know that something was up! Spill!”

“Welllllll,” Cora says, gathering her thoughts and picking up a little cup of chocolate pudding that's sitting in the corner of her tray.

She takes a little spoonful and lifts it to her mouth before she smiles and meets my eyes. Roger and I did the whole dream state

thing last night.”

I shriek a little in excitement and Cora laughs but then smacks me on the knee, nodding to my almost-sleeping baby.

“Oh, he’s used to it,” I say, waving a hand at Rafe – who, indeed, does not budge and leaning eagerly towards my sister. “What was it like? Did you see the forest? Did you guys...do stuff?”

“Actually, no,” she says, laughing and likewise eagerly leaning forward. But as she does, I suddenly lean back. “What!?” I gasp.

“You did the dream state and you didn’t get naked!? What even was the point -”

“Ella,” she says, laughing and rolling her eyes.

“Would you just listen?”

And I do, reaching for my own cup of pudding and eating it eagerly as I soak in the details of my sister’s beach dream, my eyes getting wider and wider as she goes.

“Oh my god!” I gasp when she tells me about feeling her bond with the baby for the first time – and the first emotion coming through, and it being happiness. My eyes instantly fill with tears for the fifth or sixth time that day.

“Jeeze, Ella,” Cora says, leaning forward and wiping at my cheeks, though she can’t help her smile. “You must be so dehydrated

all the time – ”

But I smack her hand away, wiping my own eyes and ignoring her comments. “What happened next?” I ask.

And Cora leans forward, eager to tell me the really good part.

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Chapter 415

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#Chapter 415 – Three is Better than TWO

Ella

I'm really sobbing by the time that Cora tells me that her wolf led her to Roger's wolf, and then to her pup – just ugly crying my

little heart out in absolute happiness for my sister, as well as well, as well as in jealousy. Just a little bit.

“Ella!” Cora says, laughing and reaching out to put her hands on my shoulders. “Oh my god, I wouldn’t have told you if I thought you were going to react like this!”

“You’d better tell me!” I gasp between sobs, glaring at her. “You’d better text me every morning after you have a dream with your little pup in it! I want to hear everything! That is so amazing – what did he look like?”

“Well,” she says, biting her lip a little. “He’s still so small, so it’s hard to tell

And I start to cry again, making Cora roll her eyes and smack me on the knee.

“Okay, okay,” I say, taking a deep breath and working to steel myself. “I promise. I’ll keep it together.”

It’s a lie, but still – I will try.

“He had a little pink nose,” Cora says, grinning as I bite my lip. “And dark fur around his muzzle, just like Roger’s wolf has,” I

press my eyes shut and clasp my hands to my chest. “And he has four little white paws – ”

“Okay stop,” I say, putting a hand out towards her and turning my face away. “That’s so cute – I can’t even handle it

She laughs then, and I control myself enough to open my eyes again and look at her, seeing that she’s shaking her head at me.

“I can’t believe that you’re reacting like this, Ella,” she says, her voice awed. “I mean, you told me that you went running as your wolf in your dream and that Rafe was there, behind you! In little flashes!”

“Yes, but I didn’t get to touch him,” I say.

“Yes, you did,” she says, frowning at me. “When you I couldn’t reach Rafe through the bond, you told me that you found him in the forest! A full little baby! And you held him in your arms before he was born!”

“Cora,” I say, sighing and tilting my head to the side.

“Don’t you see how that’s different?”

But she just stares at me, clearly not getting it, so I sigh and look down at my hands.

“Rafe was was sick, or something, and we were so worried we were going to lose him. What you and Roger got last night – you

got to meet your baby, so young, and so healthy!

With only happiness in his heart. All during my

pregnancy with Rafe,” I say,

glancing over at him, guilt running through me anew,

“he went through so many terrible emotions.” I shake my head in my grief,

remembering it. “Sinclair felt them more than I did – because he had his connection to Rafe sooner than me – but...”

When I look back at my sister, I see her nodding in understanding, her face fallen a little in pity.

“It’s good,” I say, reaching over our trays to take my sister’s hands and squeeze them. “I’m terribly envious – I’d have given

anything to have my bond with Rafe as early as you do yours, and to have had him tell me so early that he feels happy, and to have met him as a little pup!”

I take a deep breath as Cora nods along with me, finally getting it.

“But,” I say, leaning forward and smiling at her. “I’m so glad that you got to have all of that, Cora. That is amazing. I want you to do it every night and then come and tell me all about it every day.”

“Done,” she says with a big happy breath, taking her hands from mine and laying down on the bed, propping her head up with her elbow. And then she studies me for a second before her face splits into a wicked little grin.” You know, Ella,” she says, “you could have it all – a second chance at it.”

“What?” I ask, confused.

“Stop breast feeding,” she says, nodding to Rafe.

“Get pregnant. You’ll have the chance to do it all meet the little baby in the

dream state, have a happy, healthy pregnancy – share it all with Sinclair, like you weren't able to do with the first one.”

My breath hitches as I look over at Rafe, and then as I stare off into the distance, I...well, I actually let myself contemplate for

real just how very much I want that. But still, there are so many reasons to hesitate...

“Not yet,” I say, my voice faint as I stare of and...and consider everything that still weighs on my little family.

“Why not?” Cora breathes, and I jump a little as I feel a tap on my knee. I smile when I look back at my sister, realizing that she kicked me. “Come on, we can be pregnant together. Torture the Sinclair brothers even more than we already do. It'll be a blast.”

“Because,” I reply, taking a deep breath and sighing.

“I...I can't be pregnant again with all this uncertainty hanging over my head.

I did it once, and it almost killed me -”

“Literally,” Cora points out, and I shrug, conceding the point.

“I want it, Cora,” I say, definite on that point and suddenly remembering the vision our mother's priests gave me that one time –

of a family of four, with two girls and two boys. And the second- oldest child – it had been a little girl, with long rose- just like mine... e-gold hair, and a face
“But not until this is sorted,” she finishes for me, nodding with understanding, I think remembering the vision at the same time I am.

“Not until Rafe is safe,” I agree, and then I grin.

“Then! We can get me good and pregnant.”

“Well don’t wait too long,” she says, sighing. “I want our first three to be close in age, so they can all take care of each other.’

“Why can’t they do that with just two?” I ask, glancing at her stomach, where she’s carrying the child I know for sure is going to be Rafe’s best friend.

“Because,” she replies, grinning, “these two boys are going to need a girl to keep things spicy.”

I laugh loudly then, leaning forward to grin at her.

“You’re right,” I say, agreeing heartily. “Imagine how bored Dominic and Roger would be without us in their lives.”

And then, as if on que, the door opens and our mates come into the room, frowning at us – and certainly not bored. Seeing their faces, Cora and I burst into laughter.

“What is this,” Roger asks, trying to look stern as he comes over to us but failing to keep the smile from his lips. ” I don’t trust you two when you’re cackling like this.”

“Good choice,” I say, smiling at him and then reaching out a hand to my mate, who surprises me by ignoring my hand and lifting me bodily off the bed, holding me tight against him.

“Oh!” I say, genuinely shocked but certainly not displeased.

“Trouble,” Sinclair growls, tucking his head close against me and taking a deep breath of my scent as I savor the feel of his stubble against my cheek. Feeling his worry down the bond, I press myself close to him, sending apology along down it as well.

“Living up to your name today,” he murmurs, that’s for certain.”

“I’m sorry, Dominic,” I whisper to him, truly meaning it. “I – I got freaked out. But I really think it was the right thing to do – bringing them here, making them comfortable.”

“You did right,” he says, pulling away and nodding to me before pressing a quick kiss to my mouth and sitting down on the bed with me still in his arms. “It was just a big surprise, is all.”

“For us too,” I say, looking to Cora for confirmation. She raises her eyebrows and nods in agreement as Roger clears the trays from the bed and sits down next to his mate.

“How are they?” I ask, eager. “Did you find anything else out?”

“They’re very comfortable,” Roger replies, pulling Cora close as he speaks. “We really did put hospitality on it, making sure they have everything they could want. And the suite they’re in is nice, if indeed guarded. But no, we didn’t find much else out, and we won’t until tomorrow. We’re having dad come we know he’ll want to be in on the conversation.”

“Oh, good,” I reply, leaning into Sinclair and looking up at him. “What do you think?”

“Overall?” he says, looking down at me. “I think Sarah is who she says she is. And if that’s true then...” he sighs, shaking his head, “I think we’re going to hear a very sad story tomorrow. I can’t imagine what life must have been like, for two human girls raised in Xander’s home.”

And my heart sinks to think of it – Of the world from which they escaped, a world in which it’s logical to let your niece live in an

orphanage her whole life and then, when the time is right, to swap sperm samples at her sister's clinic and then try to steal the baby that resulted from that deception.

If I have already suffered so much at the hand of a man I've never met....

What must they have suffered as two humans serving in his home?

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