

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 421

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#Chapter 421 – Thanks, but No Thanks

Ella

I'm quite tired when evening approaches in the refugee camp and Cora comes to my side, placing a hand on my back and telling

me that we should probably head home. I sigh, looking around, knowing that I can do more but...

"I get it, Ells," she says, looking around with me. "But there's only so much we can do. And you're a queen and a mom as much

as a healer now. You've got to find a balance."

"Is it normal to feel guilty?" I ask my sister, who has been working to heal people for much longer than I have. "When you

prioritize yourself, and other things, even though you know you can help people who are suffering?"

"It is," Cora says with a little sigh. "

But you, my big-hearted sister, probably feel it more keenly than most.

“Yeah,” I say, glancing over at Hank. ” He, for instance, compartmentalizes well.”

“Don’t count Hank out,” she says softly, shaking her head. “He’s got a big heart too. Maybe just...hides it better.”

I turn my head a little, considering him, considering her point. And then my heart aches for him again as I think of how

disappointed he was when Cora left him for her mate – because as much as he loved her, we know now that he never stood a

chance. Cora and Roger were written in the stars.

But is there someone out there for Hank too?

I hope, quite desperately, that there is. He’s so good, and he deserves that, like the rest of us.

“Ready, Luna?” Conner asks, coming over and bringing my baby with him, who reaches for me with his little grasping hands.

“Sure am!” I say, taking my baby and cuddling him close. Cora laughs and leans in as well, fussing over Rafe and I can see

thinking about her own little baby, who will be here so much sooner than she realizes. Together, we start to walk out of the tent,

but as I turn I hear a little voice calling me back.

“Hey, wolf lady!” a little boy calls, and I turn and laugh to see little Benny running for me.

“Well hey,” I say, falling to one knee and wrapping him in a hug as he runs over. “How are you feeling, Bens?”

“It’s Benny,” he corrects with a little frown, making me smile as he adjusts a set of glasses on his nose. Then, he peers down at Rafe. “Is this your baby?”

“Yup,” I say, turning Rafe a little so Benny can see him better. “What do you think of him?”

“I think he’s fat,” Benny murmurs, reaching out a hand to poke Rafe’s belly. I burst out laughing at this, honestly charmed. “He’s not fat, he’s a baby! They’re supposed to be chubby so that they can grow big and strong.”

“Well,” Benny says, his eyes going wide as they’re still fastened on Rafe. ” This one’s gonna be real big and strong, then.”

I laugh again, harder this time as Cora crouches down next to us. “Who are you?” Benny asks, looking Cora up and down.

Cora introduces herself as my sister and Benny narrows his eyes at her. ” Oh,” he says. “Are you the human one?”

“Yes,” she replies, her eyebrows going up. “Does my reputation proceed me?”

“Um, I don’t know what that means,” Benny replies, blinking at her and making me laugh again, “but she told me she has a

human sister,” he continues, nodding towards me.

“So, you can’t turn into a wolf?”

“Unfortunately not,” she says, giving a little shrug.

“But I’m going to have a baby soon,” she says, her hand settling on her

stomach, “and he’s going to be able to do it.”

“Oh,” Benny says, his own eyebrows going up now.

Then he takes a moment to think before speaking again. “Does that mean

he’s going to be fat too?”

I burst into real laughter at this, falling back a little with the force of it so that Cora has to reach out a hand and steady me as she grins between us.

“I don’t know,” Cora says, grinning at Benny, as delighted as I am. “I guess we’ll just have to see, won’t we?”

“Hey, Benny,” Isabel says, coming to stand by his side and offering her hand. “You know you’re not supposed to sneak out of bed

– Dr. Hank said two more days of bed rest before you’re cleared to go to the children’s home.”

“Dr. Hank is fulla soup!” Benny says, crossing his arms and frowning up at Isabel. The sincere disbelief and frustration in this kid

set me off laughing again and Benny turns to grin at me. He takes Isabel’s hand, though. ” I don’t feel sick at all, since the lady

came yesterday!" he protests, pointing at me. "I should be allowed to go and find my mom!"

My laughter dies a little as he mentions his mother again, but I do my best not to let it show in my face.

"I know, kid," Isabel says, grinning down at him and giving me a wink. " Maybe we'll have Dr. Hank come and look at you again,

see if you can't go tomorrow."

Satisfied with this, Benny nods and consents to be led back to bed, calling his goodbyes to us over his shoulder.

I stand up with Cora, sighing and watching him go.

"He reminds me of you," she says, and I look over at her in surprise to see a big grin on her face as she watches the little boy get tucked back into his bed.

"Really?" I ask.

"Yeah," she says, turning to me with a smile. "So full of life, ready to question everything even though the world has delt him a

tough hand. He's got Ella Reina vibes for sure."

I purse my lips together, trying not to let my sincere pleasure show on my face at the compliment.

Because even if Cora meant it

as a compliment for Benny...well, he's just so damn cute, and vivid, and determined that I can't help but be pleased with the idea

that I am anything like him.

“Oh geeze,” Cora says, wrapping an arm around my shoulder and turning Rafe and I towards the entrance to the tent.

“What!?” I protest, confused.

“Let’s get you out of here,” she murmurs. “Before you start adopting kids.”

And I laugh but...I don’t really protest.

Because, as a former orphan myself? I know how important it is for these children to find homes and families that love them. And

I certainly have enough love in my heart to make that a reality for a kid like I used to be, a kid like Benny.

I just...wonder what Sinclair would think of the idea. Even just hypothetically. I’m still wondering on it when Cora nudges me with her elbow as we pass through the gates of the camp.

“Hmm?” I ask, inviting her to tell me what she’s thinking.

“I know we’ve kind of left it off the table for a bit, Ella,” she says, looking over at me seriously. “But...I wanted to talk to you about all of this wedding business.”

“Oh!” I say, my eyes going wide and eager. And then I laugh, shaking my head as Conner opens the back door of the car for me.

I murmur my thanks to him and begin to strap Rafe into his car seat as Cora goes around to the other side. “Honestly, I’m glad you remembered, Cora – because I honestly keep forgetting to talk to you about it amongst everything else that’s been on our plates the past few days. But Sinclair is really excited about it! He thinks it’s important!”

Cora bites her lip a little as we close our doors and buckle ourselves in.

“Oh no,” I say, seeing her expression and reaching for her hand over top of Rafe’s carrier. “Oh, Cora, you don’t want to do it?”

“It’s not that I don’t see the importance of it, Ella,” she says, shaking her head a little as she takes my hand. “Or that I’m not grateful for you and Sinclair for offering this to us but...” she sighs and I hold her gaze as Conner begins to drive us home. ”

Honestly, Ella, I know I’ve never talked about getting married before, and that this whole idea of a mating ceremony for me is incredibly new, but...it’s more important to me than I thought it would be.”

I nod, understanding, listening.

“And,” she continues, “I...I want something that really reflects me and Roger. That’s small, and intimate, and feels...special to us.

Not...like a spectacle for the whole nation.”

“I understand,” I say, softly. Because as wonderful as my own big ceremony was for me, it really was just for me. And Cora, I know, has been waiting for just the right moment for Roger to give her his mark – she really wants it to be right.

“But I don’t want to disappoint you,” Cora says, looking up at me with worried eyes.

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Chapter 421

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Chapter 422- Bath Time

Ella

“Cora,” I scold, frowning, “you know I don’t feel that way – ”

“Well I know you’d never say it,” she protests, sighing. “But I do get that this union between a wolf and a human that, symbolically, it’s important. And even if you’re not disappointed that it could be...disappointing.”

“I want you to have the mating ceremony you want, Cora,” I reply, steady in my truth here. “Especially in the case of something as important as this.” I give her hand a little squeeze before pulling mine away. “But if you’d like to consider a middle path... maybe you could let me show you what I was thinking?”

She turns her head to look up at me, surprised.

“You’ve been...planning?”

“Just a little,” I say, unable to keep the eagerness out of my voice. “Just late at night when Sinclair is asleep and I can’t sleep, or I get up to feed Rafe – ”

“You’ve been loosing sleep over this!?”

“No!” I protest, but then I hesitate. ” Well, not much.”

“Ella!”

“Just – can I show you what I was thinking!?” I plead, “sister to sister!? And then, if you hate it, you can say no.” A wide grin comes to my face then. “But I think you’re going to like it.”

Cora gives a big sigh, leaning back into her seat and closing her eyes. ” Fine, Ella,” she says. “But this is not a yes.”

“I didn’t think it was!” I say, newly excited. Because honestly...it’s gorgeous, and I can’t wait to show her my plans.

When I come sighing into our rooms that evening, Sinclair immediately looks up at me from his casual position on the bed –

looking down at his tablet, still doing work, as usual – and immediately laughs.

“What?” I ask, frowning, my baby strapped sleeping to my chest. I put my hands on my hips. “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing,” he says, gracefully unfolding his gigantic self and standing up from the bed. Then he slips his hands into his pockets

and smirks as he looks me up and down. “I just didn’t realize I was mated to someone who spends their days toiling in the mines, is all.”

“What?” I ask again, confused, and Sinclair, laughing, nods towards the bathroom. Both irritated and interested at once, I hurry in

and gasp when I see myself in the mirror. “Oh my god,” I murmur, leaning in to get a good look at the very real layer of dusty dark

brown grime that’s covering me from head to foot.

“Honestly, why did they let me into the palace looking like this!?”

Sinclair, still laughing, comes to stand behind me. I groan when I see our contrast in the mirror – him the perfect Alpha King,

clean-shaved and pressed – and me, a messy ball of dirt with crazy hair –

And then I gasp when my eyes light on little Rafe, who is likewise covered in a light layer of brown dust. “Oh my god!” I exclaim

again, immediately beginning to ruffle his hair and moaning as a little puff of dust explodes into the air.

“Ohhh, little baby!

Mommy’s sorry!”

“A little dirt won’t hurt him,” Sinclair chuckles, reaching out to unstrap the baby from me. “Dirty in those camps, is it?”

“It’s bad, Dominic,” I murmur, helping him take the baby from my arms. “Honestly, if this is what we look like after just an

afternoon, imagine how those people are living...”

“Well, we’ve diverted a lot of attention to it,” he replies, holding the baby away from him a little as he carries him over to his little

baby bath. “Hopefully all of the people will be out of those terrible camps and in better situation in a month’s time, though of

course some cases will take more.”

Rafe, waking a little now that he’s away from the warmth of my body, starts to cry a little in protest.

“Oh,” I say, my heart going out to him. I hesitate, wondering if I should just take him and let him sleep dirty honestly, I can’t stand

to hear him cry like that –

“Keep going, Ella,” Sinclair murmurs, smirking at me and laying the baby down in his bath. “Let him cry a little for once he’s the happiest baby in the world, it doesn’t mean you’re doing anything wrong.” Then, as I begin to strip out of my clothes, Sinclair takes off Rafe’s little outfit as well, tossing it into the hamper.

“You know,” I sigh, watching the little pieces of baby clothing disappear into the basket, “he’ll probably be too big to wear those by the time they’re clean. He grows like crazy.”

“Damn straight he does,” Sinclair says, tickling Rafe’s naked belly, proud, as he turns on the warm water and prepares to start bathing him. Rafe still fusses unhappily but reaches for his father’s finger, wanting to hold it.

My heart breaks with how damn cute it is, seeing them together, before I turn and start the water in the shower for myself. I

continue talking to Sinclair as I climb into the hot stream, relishing the feel of it against my tired muscles.

“I talked to Cora about the wedding,” I call over my shoulder, starting to shampoo my hair. “I don’t think she’s into it, Dominic. I’m sorry.”

“That’s disappointing,” he replies. ” But yeah, Roger told me pretty much the same thing.”

“Are you mad?” I ask, turning to see his reaction, and Sinclair shoots me a little look of disbelief.

“Of course I’m not mad, Ella – ”

I laugh a little, shaking my head and turning away to rinse the shampoo from my hair. “That’s not what I mean I know that you’d

never be mad at them for wanting a different kind of mating ceremony. But...does it mess up your plans at all? For the

coronation, and the coronation weekend?”

“It does a little,” he calls to me. As I soap my body, I smile to see him taking a washcloth and using it to gently clean the baby,

making soft, warm noises to little Rafe as he does.

Rafe, tired, lets his father know his protest, but my heart swells with the

patience I see in my mate as he washes his baby, explaining softly to him that he’s sorry he has to take a bath so late at night,

but mommy got him all filthy doing her humanitarian projects –

I laugh when I hear Sinclair’s commentary and flick a little water from the shower at him, which makes Sinclair turn to me with a grin.

“Will you be able to fill the time at the coronation?” I ask, soaping up my loofah and beginning to clean my body. “With some other activity, that might convince the humans and the wolves that we’re united?”

“Probably,” Sinclair says to me, giving Rafe a final rinse. “But...let’s see if she can’t be persuaded, Ella,” he says, reaching for a towel and then lifting the baby out of his tiny tub and wrapping him up and turning to me. “I have a feeling that when Cora sees what you’ve got planned for her, she’s going to be swept away.”

I grin at him as I, too, rinse myself off and wrap a towel around my body. “How do you know what I’ve got planned?”

“You’re not the only one up late at night,” he murmurs, carrying my warm, clean baby over to me. “Sometimes I see what you do.”

“And sometimes,” I say, grinning up at him as I take Rafe from him, wanting him close again. Rafe immediately quiets when he’s in my arms again, which pleases me to no end. “Sometimes you just snore endlessly, keeping Rafe and I up for hours – ”

“Lies,” he snaps, smiling a little as he takes my chin between his thumb and forefinger and turns my face up to him.

“You like it when I snore. Reminds you that a strong, powerful Alpha is sleeping next to you, ready to rip your enemies to shreds

—”

I bite my lip a little, grinning up at him because...well, honestly, I do like that. I like that quite a bit.

“I’m not sure I need the snoring to remind me of that,” I murmur, stepping closer to him, feeling a little heat build in my core as I stare up into his beautiful, rugged face.

“And what would remind you of that,” he murmurs, his eyes flashing with hunger.

“Oh,” I whisper. “I have an idea. Or two. Or ten.”

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Chapter 423

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Chapter 423 – Wedding prep

Cora

“Ella,” I sigh, turning to my sister, who is standing behind me with her hands clutched together, tears rimming her eyes, not breathing because she’s trying so hard not to burst into tears

“You look so beautiful!” she squeaks, and I can’t help but laugh because she looks like a little cartoon character, standing there, completely undone by the sight of me in a wedding gown.

“Ells!” I laugh, taking a few steps towards her and reaching out my hands. “You can’t do this for every new dress!”

“But you look so differently beautiful in each one!” she shouts, and then a sob breaks from her and she buries her face in her hands, letting loose. I burst into laughter at this, raising my own hands to my cheeks and taking a deep breath.

“I’m sorry! I can’t help it!” she cries and I just shake my head, pulling my hands away and smiling as I turn to look at myself in the mirror.

I mean, she’s not wrong – I look damn good in this sparkling white gown that hugs my body all the way to the floor and then

spreads out behind me in a beautiful beaded train. But honestly – Ella is so much more sentimental than me. She has gotten choked up at every single one I've tried on so far – and they're all beautiful but ...I'm just not having the same reaction as she is.

"You don't like it?" she gasps, scurrying to my side and meeting my eyes in the mirror. "But Cora – you look amazing – you look so romantic-

"I know, Ella!" I say, turning and putting a hand on her shoulder. "But I think the problem is that I'm not I'm not very romantic! You are, for sure, but-"

"Ohhh," she says, frowning and swatting my hand away, "you are too romantic. You confessed your love for Roger in a rain storm! He swept you off your feet and carried you inside! You – "

"Okay," I say, raising my hands as I give in, "I will admit that that part of our story is romantic – "

"And you conceived your little baby that very night!"

"Okay! I'm a romance novel heroine! You've got me!"

I laugh, "But Ella! I never craved any of that – I've never, ever been the girl who thinks about her wedding day, or what her first dance would be. This just...means less to me, than it does you."

“But then why do you care if we do it?” she asks, wiping away her tears. “Why don’t you just throw you a wedding, if it doesn’t matter?”

“Because the mating does matter,” I murmur, turning back to smile at myself in the mirror. My wolf raises her sleepy head inside me and gives a little yip of confirmation, making my smile deepen. I run a mental hand over her fur, letting her know not to worry that I’m not giving in.

“Okay,” Ella sighs, standing close to me and putting her head on my shoulder as we both stare at me in the mirror. “But you should keep this dress anyway. Roger is going to flip when he sees you in it.”

“I know, right?” I murmur, turning and admiring the way the dress hugs my curves.

My sister squeals a little, throwing her arms around my shoulders. “See! You do like it!”

I laugh with her. “I always liked it,” I shrug. “I just...”

“I get it,” she says, nodding. “But let’s keep the dress. Just in case. And... maybe the ballgown too?”

She gives me a big grin in the mirror, because I know that one was her favorite, even if this one is mine.

“Whatever you want,” I say with a sigh and a shrug.

“It’s on the Sinclair dime anyway.”

“Yeah, let’s bankrupt ’em” Ella says, grinning and hopping away from me to move towards one of the poor stylists in the corner who has had to put up with her new queen’s hysterics while watching me try on twenty gowns. But while Ella speaks quietly with the stylists, probably purchasing four or five of the gowns just to have options, I turn to shake my head at myself in the mirror.

Because this...this just isn’t right. And suddenly, quite suddenly, I know precisely what I want to do. Before Ella can come back, I slip behind the little dressing screen and take off the dress, folding it carefully and putting on the outfit that I came in. When I come out one of the stylists comes over to take the gown from me.

“Um,” I say softly, glancing over at Ella, who is still consulting. “Can you have this one sent to me, at my house? And...not tell her?”

“Uh,” the woman says, hesitant, because she knows it’s Ella paying not me.

“I promise she won’t be mad,” I say, assuring her.

“And if she gives you any heat about it, you can tell her it was me. I promise it will be all right, but...could you please do this? Just between you and me?”

The woman hesitates but then lets out a sharp breath and smiles at me, nodding. “Sure,” she says. “I...I can do that.”

And then, with a new spring in my step and an idea in my head, I go to give my sister a kiss goodbye. Because I’ve got work to do.

Roger exhales with exhaustion when he comes through the door that night. He hangs his head as he presses the door shut and takes a deep breath, clearly transitioning from work to home life and having trouble clearing his mind. I suddenly feel very, very guilty and take a step back, trying to like...melt into the shadows or something. I don’t know.

But Roger – with his wolf hearing – instantly snaps his head to me.

“Cora?” he asks, cocking his head to the side as he sees me standing in the living room, fully dressed with my shoes on, standing next to two tiny suit cases and a certain white box wrapped in a silver bow. “What...what are you doing?”

“Um...” I say, hesitating and trying to come up with an excuse. Because he’s so tired we don’t have to do this tonight, we can just wait until tomorrow

God, I'm so dumb, I should have texted him before – I should have checked to see if he was up for it – “Can't a girl just...stand in her living room?” I finish lamely, tucking my hands behind my back and giving him a too-innocent smile?

“No,” he says, smirking and advancing slowly towards me, his shoulders rolling back like the predator he is. “She can't, when she's you, and you're always tucked up in bed watching Greys Anatomy at this hour. And when you've packed two suitcases.”

“Those are just decorative,” I say dismissively, raising my chin but unable to resist smiling too. God, he's just so good looking.

“I'm trying something new. But what I'm getting from you is that it's not working as a style concept, suitcases in the living room.

Notes taken! I'll fix it in the morning.”

“Cora,” he growls, coming close enough to snatch me by the waist and pull me tight against him. I laugh as he does, loving it loving him. “What are you doing? What's going on?”

“Nothing,” I murmur, smiling as I look down and place my hands on his chest. “It doesn't matter – you're so tired – ”

“Hey,” he says, putting a finger under my chin and lifting my face so he looks into my eyes. “I want to know.”

“Well,” I say, biting my lip and looking up at my gorgeous mate, who I love so, so dearly. And I tap the little bond inside of us, the one that’s just between his heart and mine. And I let him see my love, and my excitement, and that I’m...I’m ready.

I see his face change in a minute as he begins to understand.

“Well, Roger?” I say, grinning up at him. “What would you say if I asked you to elope with me tonight?”

He stares at me for a moment, shocked and thrilled, and then he gives a whoop of happiness as he moves faster than I can see, sweeping my legs out from under me and making me laugh recklessly as he spins me in a circle.

“Hell yes, Cora,” he whispers down to me after we’ve turned three times, his face bright with his smile.

“Absolutely. Let’s go.
Right now.”

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Chapter 424

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Chapter 424 – Run Away Bride

Cora

As Roger drives down the dark highway, I type out a quick message to Ella on my phone: Hey! I'm going to be MIA for a couple

of days. Roger and I are taking some time to ourselves. I'm sorry to leave you hanging with all the work we have to do at the camps will you forgive me?

I bite my lip anxiously when I press send and stare at my phone, waiting for the reply.

"Quit that," Roger says, glancing at me.

"What?" I ask.

"Worrying about it," he says, giving a little shrug.

"She's not your boss, Cora."

"Yeah well, Dominic is your boss," I point out, raising my eyebrows. "Did you even text him?"

"Nah," he says, grinning broadly. "I'll let Ella break it to him and just face his wrath when we come back."

“If we come back,” I say, sufficiently relaxed by his encouragement and leaning back against my chair.

“Who knows. Maybe we’ll like eloping so much that we just...stay.”

“I encourage this,” Roger says, laughing.

“Thoroughly. We can probably assume new identities, just completely abandon our lives and our responsibilities.”

I laugh at the idea and look at the window, the thrill and excitement of elopement still rushing through me. “Yeah, but then we

won’t get to see Rafe grow up. And little no-name here won’t have his best friend.” I run my hand

passively over my stomach,

sending a little pulse of happy down the bond to the baby so that he can feel my excitement along with me. But he doesn’t send

anything back – probably asleep. Or whatever.

Who knows, with these magical mystery babies Ella and I have. “About that,” Roger says, glancing at me

again. “Do you have ideas? For names, for the baby?”

I turn to him, surprised. “Do you know? I actually...don’t.”

Roger laughs at me, shaking his head. “Let me guess. Ella had her names picked out from childhood, and you never thought about it once.”

“Hit the nail on the head, Sinclair,” I say, winking at him, making him laugh. “It’s almost like you’ve met us or something... uncanny.”

He laughs again and then we let the moment sit for a while before he speaks again. “Well, I have some thoughts,” he says quietly.

“Really?” I say, sitting up straight and looking at him eagerly. “You have ideas?”

“I’m not stone, Cora,” he says, smirking and tossing me a little glare. ” I think about our child, and his future, and what I’d prefer to call him. Or not to call him.”

“Okay,” I say, grinning. “What names are off the list, then?”

“Edgar,” he says, immediate, and I burst into laughter.

“Why Edgar?”

“Because,” he says, serious. “Any name with ‘gar’ in it is mean to a little kid. And I knew someone named Edgar growing up and he was...a dick.”

I laugh harder at this, agreeing. “All right, Edgar’s off the list. What’s on it?”

He hesitates for a second and I reach out, shoving his shoulder a little. “Tell me!”

“No,” he says, sitting back and putting on his most stubborn expression. “You’ll accuse me of being sentimental. I want this to be a discussion, so you have to come up with some too. And then we’ll decide together.”

“Roger,” I say, rolling my eyes but unable to keep myself from smiling at my secretly-sweet mate.

“That’s the most sentimental idea I’ve ever heard so much more sentimental than just telling me the names you like.”

“Well then give this discussion to me as a mating gift,” he says, nodding. “I get to make that request at least, don’t I ?

“Oh, sure,” I say, sighing happily. ” Whatever the groom wants on his wedding day – that’s what they say, isn’t it?”

He glares at me a little, making me laugh, and then we continue our journey into the night. Roger reaches out and takes my hand as we drive quickly towards the coast, giving my palm a squeeze and passing his excitement to me along the bond.

And I pass it back to him, letting him know that I’m just teasing – and that I’m all worked up about this too, feeling sentimental and excited and thrilled. Even if I haven’t been looking forward to this evening for my whole life? I can’t wait for it now.

“What do you think?” I whisper as Roger and I step out of the car and look at the tiny little beach cottage sitting before us. It’s lit

from within by warm yellow light – I had the owner come and open it up for us so that it would be cozy when we got here. The

whole house is probably as big as our living room and kitchen put together, but when I saw it online it was just so adorable that...

Well. I knew it was perfect.

“It’s perfect,” Roger says, turning to grin at me over the roof of the car. I smile right back at him, so pleased that he feels precisely as I do.

Then, without another word, we both spring into action – Roger going to the trunk to get our bags and me moving to the door of the little bungalow with the white box under my arm, punching in the code to unlock it. When Roger joins me at the threshold, I push the door open and we step inside.

“Oh,” I say, my hands going immediately to my mouth as I stare into the prettiest, tiniest little beach house that I’ve ever seen.

There’s a little kitchen space off to our left, and a sofa off to the right, but the majority of the house is the bedroom directly ahead.

“Wow,” Roger says, and I look up to see him blinking in surprise. I grin and follow his gaze to the beautiful bed decked out with white linens and beyond it the wall of windows that looks directly out onto the beach, and beyond that, the ocean. “Wow, Cora,” he says again, and I look up to see him smiling down at me.

“Do you like it?”

“I love it,” he murmurs, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. “Do you know what it reminds me of?”

“Yes,” I say, laughing a little.

He lowers his face to mine, nudging my nose with his, urging me to say it.

“My dreamscape,” I whisper, my face breaking into a big smile. Because even though that bed was directly on the beach with no house or facilities around it...well. We’re corporeal now, and we need a kitchen and a bathroom and a roof.

But everything else? I knew it the moment I saw the pictures. It’s so precisely like I dreamed it would be that you’d think I’d created it myself.

“Come on,” Roger says, leading me into the house so we can have a better look around. He peeks into all the corners his Alpha

training of course immediately going into protection mode, making sure we're safe – as I go directly to the back wall and press the windows open. To my delight, they turn out to be not windows but doors that fold completely open so that the whole wall opens directly onto the beach.

Eager, I press them all back and then lean against the wall, looking out over the sand at the ocean stretching out before us.

A few moments later my mate comes up behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me back against him,

lowering his face to my hair and inhaling my scent. I reach one arm up behind me and wrap my hand around the back of his neck, feeling the softness of his skin against my palms, loving the way the short hairs at the base of his head brush against my fingertips.

“So, is it everything you were looking for, Mrs. Sinclair?” he murmurs to me and I smile, a little shiver going through me to hear the name. My name.

“It’s everything I never knew I wanted,” I whisper back, feeling so happy and complete that I can hardly bear it. And then I turn in

my mate's arms, and tilt my head back to look at him, and I smile.

And my mate bends down a little, shifting his arms so that they move from my waist to just below my rear, and then he tightens his arms and stands up straight, taking me with him. I laugh then, running my hands through his hair and kissing him. After a long moment, he pulls back, just half an inch. "To bed?" But slyly, I shake my head and wiggle. "Put me down. I want to...do something."

Curious, Roger puts me on the ground and I grab the white box off the bed, grinning. Then, I point to the little iron fireplace next to the bed. "Will you light that?" I ask.

He nods to me, just once, and then watches me as I disappear with the box into the bathroom.

Because I might be a wolf in my soul, but...I want one part of this to be human. So as Roger lights a fire I untie the silver ribbon on the box.

And lift out my wedding dress.

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Read Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Story Chapter 424

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Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 425

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Chapter 425 – The Mark Ella

“Well that’s weird,” I murmur, looking through my phone as my mate sits shirtless beside me, finishing up the last of his paperwork before bed.

“What’s weird,” he asks, though I can tell he’s only half paying attention. But I frown, looking at the message from Cora. “Cora says she’s going away with Roger for a few days.”

“What?” he asks, his head swiveling to me, his voice instantly more alert. Then he snatches his own phone off the bedside table.

“That can’t be right,” he says, flicking through his messages. Roger didn’t say anything to me.”

“Well, whatever,” I say, giving a little shrug. “They can take some time for themselves –

“Ella,” Sinclair sighs, and I look over at him in surprise. “We’re planning a coronation and trying to run a country. I’m depending on him to be here!”

I frown at him and shake my head a little. “Don’t be so unromantic, Dominic,” I scold. “They’re in love, they’re going to have a baby. Plus, Cora looked amazing in the wedding dresses today – I think I’m going to be able to talk her into that wedding. If they do that for us, why wouldn’t we let them have a few days away?”

“Did she say that she was going to do it?” he asks, raising his eyebrows at me.

“Nope!” I say, smiling as I start to type a reply on my phone. “She said to forget about it.”

“What!?”

“Don’t stress,” I say, laughing and glancing at him again. “I know her! I think she’s gonna say yes. We should move forward with the plans.”

Sinclair just groans and shakes his head, typing his own message out probably to his brother. I concentrate on my own.

That’s fine, Cora! Take whatever time you need. Don’t worry about the camps Isabel, Hank, and I can hold it down. Will fill you in whenever you get back xoxo.

That done, I look quickly over at the baby to make sure that he’s still sleeping – and I smile to see that he is before curling up

next to my mate, resting my head against his chest and giving him a little kiss there as he finishes his message to Roger and presses send.

“Did you yell at him?” I ask.

“Yup,” he replies before tossing his phone aside and wrapping his arm around me. “Okay well don’t yell at Cora,” I murmur, getting sleepy. “That’s my job.”

“You got it,” he replies.

We’re silent for a long moment before Sinclair clears his throat. I open my eyes, surprised, before looking up at him. “What is it?”

I ask. Because I know him – I know that he’s exhausted, and that we both need to catch what sleep we can.

So, if Sinclair is clearing his throat, wanting to talk about one last thing before bed?

Something’s up.

“Ella...” he says, hesitating. “I want you to trust me when I tell you what I have to say.” I sit up fully now, frowning down at him.

“Tell me,” I demand, getting suddenly anxious.

“Right now.”

“Come back down here,” he says, pulling at my shoulder. But I just shake my head at him, frowning, my anxiety getting worse.

“Not until you tell me.”

“Ella,” he says, his voice low with warning.

“Dominic!”

He just glares at me for a long moment before he realizes that I’m not going to give in, and then he closes his eyes for a second, steeling himself. ” Ella, we got word from the Atalaxians today. They...they want to send a delegation to the coronation.”

“What!?” I gasp, appalled.

“All the other neighboring nations are coming,” he says quickly, “sending a delegation if not their royals themselves. It would be an incredible insult not to invite the Atalaxians as well.”

“Wait,” I say, putting out a finger to stop him. “Am I hearing you right? Not only are they coming, but you invited those bigots!?”

Into our HOME!?”

“Ella,” he growls, snapping his eyes open and swiping at my finger, knocking it away. “We had to extend the invitation – it would have been such an obvious act of aggression if we didn’t – ”

I scoff, thinking that perhaps the Atalaxians need a little aggression in their lives, and start to move away from Sinclair, kicking

away the blankets. But before I can get far, I hear him snarl and then feel him wrap his arm around my waist and tug me, hard, back to him.

I let out a little yelp of surprise as Sinclair levers himself over me, swiftly gathering both of my wrists in one of his hands and lifting them over my head before using his body to pin me to the mattress.

“What!” I gasp, and then I frown up at him, angry.

“What are you doing!? Get off of me, Dominic!”

“Not a chance, little queen,” he murmurs, glaring down at me, a little darkness in his eyes. “I’m starting to think that you need a little reminder of who is the Alpha in this relationship, and the King in this nation,” he says, firm.

I glare up at him, wriggling a little beneath him, but he holds firm. “I’m allowed to have my opinions!” I snap, starting to get pissed. “I don’t have to agree with everything you say and do!”

“You do not have to agree with it,” he growls, bringing his face close to mine. “But you do have to support it, little mate. We need to present a united front.”

I open my mouth to protest but he silences me with a look. Bitter, I close my mouth.

“There,” he says, slow, satisfied. “I listen to you, Ella,” he continues softly. “I appreciate your input, but this is serious. I cannot have you second-guessing my decisions. I am doing what I know right for both of us – for our family. And you need to trust me.”

I clench my jaw as I stare up at him for a second, but then something in me gives. I turn my attention to my wolf then, seeing her pressing herself close to the ground even as a little grumble rolls in her chest – because even if she doesn’t like it, she respects our mate’s dominance.

And she trusts him. Trusts that he will fight for us, and care for us, and never make a decision that will put us in jeopardy.

And as I see her submit, I know that it’s right. I lift my chin, staring directly into my mate’s eyes, letting him feel my submission

down the bond even as my face tells him that I’m not happy about it.

Just the corner of Sinclair’s mouth pulls into a tiny smile as he lowers his face and brushes his lips briefly against mine. And then

he takes his other hand, the one not pinning my wrists above my head, and runs it down the length of my flank, dipping down to grip my ass in his palm.

“See? When you do as I say...there are rewards.”
I can’t help it then when my eyes flutter shut when I feel him squeeze my ass, taking control of my body. My head falls back a little bit, baring my neck to him. Sinclair takes immediate advantage of this, pressing his mouth eagerly to my pulse, licking my skin, letting his teeth rasp sharp against my flesh. And I moan as he lets his body press closer against me, letting me feel the weight of him pinning me down. He growls at the sound of me moaning, hungry for it, loving it. And I love it too – because as stubborn as I can be, there is something so good about it – something perhaps biological about submitting to my Alpha that makes me want to cede him complete control.
“Say it,” he growls, moving his hand slowly up the length of my body, over my breast and across my neck until he takes my face in his hand and turns it towards him so that I can feel his breath against my lips.
“I submit,” I groan, feeling pleasure shudder through me as I feel the length of him straining against the fabric of his underwear,

pressing hard and insistent against my entrance. “I trust you, Dominic – I – I know you’re doing this for us. For all of us.”

And he growls his assent before slipping his free hand down his own body, pressing his boxer briefs down so that he can free himself. Then, when I’m panting for want of him, he presses himself into me, filling me so completely that a moan breaks from my throat when I feel him slide against all of the aching parts inside of me that want all of him, more of him, all the time.

“Good girl,” he murmurs before pressing his mouth to mine and claiming me – claiming all of me as his before we lose ourselves to each other. And I give myself willingly, trusting him completely, as I know he does me. My Alpha, my mate.

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