

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 461

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#Chapter 461 – Confessions

Ella

Calvin nods to me, just once, and then stands, moving his hand from mine and going to speak to the waiter, nodding towards the terrace. As he does I turn to Conner, who raises his eyebrows at me. I know he heard, and now he's asking if that's what I really want.

I hesitate, but then I nod and he does as well, putting his phone back into the pocket.

Calvin's at my side then, gesturing towards the terrace, and as I move with him I hear Conner walking up behind me. As we step outside, Conner moves to take a seat at the table we just vacated so that he can keep his eyes on me with this change of venue.

I send him a little smile, and Conner gives me a wink, as Calvin and I step out into the fresh night air.

“Your man,” Calvin says, leaning against the balustrade and glancing in at Conner before smiling at me. “He keeps a close eye on you.”

“Conner is a friend,” I say, smiling at the waiter who comes and brings us two cocktails. “As well as one hell of a fighter. He’ll kick your ass if you try anything.”

Calvin laughs at this, shaking his head. “Well then he’s going to have a boring night,” he murmurs with a bit of a sigh. “You’re safe with me. Not that your mate the King hasn’t already made his own assurances.”

“What?” I ask, pausing with the drink on the way to my lips.

Calvin nods over the balustrade down to the street.

“Six men,” he says, “on the street and in front of the restaurant.” Then he takes a moment to turn and peer upwards. “Probably more on the roof.”

“Really?” I ask, turning and peering up, though I can’t see anything. “A bit of overkill,” I murmur, scowling a little. Sinclair so overprotective. Somehow, instinctually, I know that Calvin has no ill intentions towards me honestly, I knew he was my friend before, but tonight really solidifies it for me.

But Sinclair? Well. I suppose he doesn't know it the way I do.

"Nah, it's not overkill," Calvin says, sipping his drink and smiling at me. "With you as his Queen? I get it." I smile at the compliment, but I also narrow my eyes a little. Because that? That was...a little closer to hitting on me than he's ventured all night.

"And what about you," I say, a little tart, because if he wants to talk about Sinclair then I'm definitely bringing up his wife. "How many guards did you leave at home with the mother of your children?"

"Oh, thousands," he says with a casual sigh that makes me laugh. But when he grins at me I realize that he's serious.

"Thousands!?"

He laughs a little. "She lives in the palace," he says with a shrug, "with my entire extended family. She is...very well protected there."

"What's her name?" I ask, my voice soft.

"Margaret," he replies, looking out over the streets, his voice flat like he's simply reporting facts.

Noting by his body language that he very much does not want to talk about this, I change the subject, looking down at my drink.

"And what is this?" I ask.

“It’s called Spirenbreau,” he says, nodding towards it. “I had it brought from Atalaxia to share with those I hoped would be my new friends. It’s a traditional summer drink. Try it,” he says, giving a little shrug. “I think you’ll like it.” And so I take a little sip, pleasantly surprised at the rich taste and the crisp little bite of the chilled liquor. It tastes like melons.

“I do like it,” I say, smiling at him and placing the drink down on the stone balustrade against which he leans. Then I lean on it too, staring at him as a quiet minute passes between us.

“Calvin,” I say quietly, leaning closer towards him, gazing at him seriously.

The smile drops from his face a little, his expression matching mine. “Why won’t you tell me about your wife?”

He drops his eyes then, looking down at the drink in his hand and I think taking a breath. “I’ll tell you all you want to know about her, Ella,” he murmurs.

“But why do I have to ask?”

He lifts his eyes to mine then and something...something passes between us, even without us touching. Almost unconsciously, he takes a step closer to me.

“I don’t want to speak about her with you,” he murmurs as I stare up into his face, into those violet eyes.

I nod a little, grateful for his honesty but... “Why?” I ask, my voice breathy, a little stunned. Because this man stunning, his entire presence consuming. And something about him – it draws me.

“Because,” he replies, a little growl in his voice now.

“It is not right, Ella. Not with...not with you.”

“Why?” I ask again, pushing, shaking my head and not understanding. Because...

“Do you seriously not know?” he murmurs, staring down into my face, I swear a little angry now.

“Because if you’re just toying with me, Ella, making me say it when we both know –

“What are you talking about?” I say, flinching back a little.

He blinks at me, surprised, and then he leans forward, closing the distance I created in moving back. We’re not touching, no part of us

But the air between us, I swear it glows.

My eyes widen as energy crackles in the air, like static electricity, or tiny bits of lightening.

“What...what is this?” I ask, my voice starting to tremble a little in fear.

“I don’t know,” he murmurs, shaking his head, though his eyes don’t leave my face. “It has never nothing like this has ever happened to me before and I’ve never heard of it – ” “Heard of what?” I ask, begging now, a little scared. “Ella,” he says, his voice earnest, and he reaches out a hand to wrap around my arm and I gasp, because even though he doesn’t even touch my skin, this thing between us it intensifies.

I feels – god, it feels like a spark in my soul, like a thousand tiny flares of light But I don’t have any time to explore it, because Calvin presses forward, his eyes on mine. “She’s not my mate, Ella,” he says all in a rush.

“What?” I ask, confused overwhelmed “My wife,” he says, shaking his head at me. “Our marriage – it was arranged, expected. We didn’t even have a mating ceremony because we’re not even chosen mates – she was selected for me, so we could have strong children -” I shake my head, a little horrified at the idea. And then something within me makes me reconsider my judgment, because honestly didn’t I do something similar the day when I selected my human sperm donor? I, too, picked someone because I

thought they would give me a happy, healthy baby
But I mean, I didn't marry them-
I shake my head, seeking to clear it as Calvin takes
another step towards me so that there's just a breath
of space between us
now. I tilt my head to look up at him, frightened and
fascinated.
"She's – she's not your mate?" I ask, my voice
choked.
"No, Ella," he says, raising a hand to cup my cheek.
He hesitates before he places it there, but then he
gives in almost as if he
can't help himself. And I gasp a little at the surge of
something of power, perhaps? – that passes through
me.
"Then -" I whisper, my whole body starting to tremble
with the force of it of whatever this is.
"Ella," Calvin says softly, almost an apology,
because he knows that this could wreck both of our
lives, "I think you are my mate."

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Chapter 462

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Chapter 462

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#Chapter 462- Back to my Mate

Ella

Immediately, I tear myself away from him. “What!?” I gasp, appalled at the idea.

His face falls in horror, in disappointment. “Ella, I – ”

But I don’t say another word to him. Instead, I spin and hurry back into the dining room as fast as I can.

Conner, seeing me

coming, is immediately on his feet, a growl in his throat.

“What’s wrong,” he snaps as I press myself to his side, his arm going instinctually around me, protecting me. “What did he do?”

“Nothing,” I breathe, glancing back at Calvin who looks at me with a hand over his mouth, as if he could cup the words he just said into his palm and shove them back down his throat. “Can we just...can we go home?”

“Did he touch you!?” Conner snaps, looking at me, appalled.

“No, Conner!” I say, my voice breaking as I look up at him a little desperately. “It’s fine – it’s all fine! Can we just go!?”

His eyes sweep over me as his growl intensifies, but when he sees that I really am all right he’s immediately in action, moving

me quickly to a fire exit next to the elevator and hastily pushing open the door, ushering me quickly down the set of stairs as he lifts his phone to his ear, calling the car and telling it to be ready right now.

The hostess gasps a little as we burst out of the staircase, but Conner ignores her as he ushers me out of the restaurant and over to our car, which immediately pulls up to the curve.

My whole body is still shaking with the intensity of the last few minutes. It might even be trembling harder now, because while I started to tremble because of whatever thing is between Calvin and I, I'm starting to shake harder now as I try to work through the implications of this.

"Luna," Conner says, his voice worried as he helps me duck into the car and then climbs in after me, shutting the door. "Are you all right!?"

"Um," I say, looking up at him, wrapping my arms around myself.

His eyes go wide when I don't immediately say "yes."

Frantic, he barks at the driver to go and then slips off his jacket and wraps it tightly around my shoulders, using his hands to

chafe at my arms, trying to warm me up. And while honestly it does nothing – I mean, I'm not actually cold.

– I appreciate his efforts, his desire to help.

I lean into my friend a little just a little, murmuring a thank-you as I pull the jacket tight around me and tumble into my thoughts.

Because...

Mate.

Mate!

Honestly, it's not possible – Sinclair is my mate

But...

I shake my head, trying to figure it out. Because Sinclair – I know he's my mate, my fated mate, and that what we have is so

much deeper than just a chosen mate. I mean, our connection, our finding each other, our family – it was fated, envisioned for us

even as I was a child. He's not at all just some guy I met and liked by chance-

We are – I know it in my bones, we are fated mates, in our own way.

But...

I bite my lip because...Lydia.

Sinclair already had a fated mate before me. And it hadn't been a good fit but they had been sure: the bond was there, she was

his fated mate, and wolves – we're only supposed to get one.

So...if Sinclair can have two...

Wouldn't it make sense that I could too?

I moan a little at the agony of the idea, leaning my head against Conner, who wraps a tight arm around me.

"If you don't drive faster," he growls at the driver, "I'm going to rip your damn head off and carry the Luna back myself. So

DRIVE!"

The driver glances back at my bodyguard with wide eyes, but he does indeed step on it. And I close my eyes and pray that he does get me home fast.

Because I need to be home, with my mate and my baby.

Right. Now.

Conner stays pinned at my side as he gets me home, helping me out of the car in the garages below the palace and escorting me through the halls. But as we approach my door I lift a hand, placing it flat on his chest.

"You should go," I murmur, stopping and starting to shrug off his jacket.

"What?" he asks me, baffled, looking at the very short space between us and the door to my suite as if a thousand assassins

could leap out in that tiny distance.

“Conner,” I say, looking up at him seriously. “I am so grateful for how good you’ve been to me tonight -”

“Of course, Luna,” he says, frowning down at me.

“You’re well, you’re our Luna, and our Queen – I’d do anything for you -”

“And I’m very grateful for that,” I say, handing his jacket back to him. “But Sinclair is going to

be...volatile this evening,” I say, my

lips pressing into a thin line. “And considering that your scent is on me now...”

He frowns at me, confused, but then realizes that I’m probably right, because he was so nice and

comforting to me in the car,

putting his arm around me.

Conner puts his face in his hands, letting out a deep sigh before looking up at me. “What did that asshole

do to you, Luna? I’ll kill

him for it -”

“Nothing,” I insist, shaking my head.

“Seriously, Conner, he didn’t do anything bad – just...just let me handle Sinclair, all right? And

maybe...make yourself scarce for twenty-four hours or so.”

Conner laughs a little, but he also goes a little pale.

“All right,” he murmurs, nodding. Then he looks again at the door to my

room. “Are you sure you – ”

“I can walk ten feet by myself, Conner,” I say, rolling my eyes a little, and I hear him laugh as I wave over my shoulder. I pause with my hand on the doorknob, watching Conner disappear down the hall, and then with a deep sigh I press the door open and step inside.

The room is dark, which makes sense, because it’s very late now, and the baby is asleep –

“Ella?” Sinclair asks, and I don’t even jump as my eyes move to where he’s sitting in a chair by the window, fully dressed, clearly waiting for me. He stands, already intuiting that something’s wrong.

And I sigh, pressing the door shut behind me and leaning back against it.

“What’s wrong,” he growls, taking a step towards me and I hang my head and shake it, tears pricking at my eyes.

Because as much as I held it together on the rest of the car ride home, not wanting Conner to see me fall apart as we walked

back to the room, now that I’m here?

I start to completely unravel. Sinclair gasps a little when he realizes how upset I am and he’s before me in a moment, reaching for me.

And I throw myself into his arms, wrapping my own
around his waist, pressing my head against his
chest and sobbing as I take a
deep breath of his comforting scent, as I feel his
arms wrap around me, as he lowers his face to my
hair and presses a kiss
there.

He lets me cry for a moment, I think shocked
But then that moment passes and I feel him start to
go tense with fury.

“What did he do,” Sinclair growls, already livid.
But I tighten my arms around him and shake my
head.

Because Calvin – honestly, he didn’t do anything.
It’s my stupid mother this time again.

Because the Goddess is the one who deals out
mates – and did she seriously do this? Did she give
me a second mate, when

I’m finally, finally happily settled with my first?
What the hell is she playing at?

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Chapter 463

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Chapter 463

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#Chapter 463- Rampage

Ella

“Ella,” my mate growls as my tears start to subside a little bit. And I look up at him with a sniff, into his face that is terribly dark

with his anger. His whole body is shaking – not trembling like mine was, but honestly shaking as if he’s trying very, very hard to hold himself back.

“You need to tell me, right now,” Sinclair continues, his voice thick with the effort of not bursting from the room and hunting down the Prince, ” what the hell just happened. I need to know whether or not I need to go murder someone.”

A dark little laugh bursts from me at this – at the casual way my gorgeous mate threatens murder – and his growl intensifies

because he is perfectly serious. Hastily I shake my head no as I look up at him.

“No, Dominic,” I say, doing my best to pull myself together and stand up straight. “It’s not like that – it’s...” and I sigh, my eyes

going wide. “I mean, it’s a lot – but he didn’t do anything really bad.”

To my surprise, Dominic snarls, his head whipping towards the door.

“Dominic, I just said that – ”

“You said not really bad,” he snaps, implying that he did something bad.”

I reach a hand up now and place it on his cheek, something about Sinclair losing his temper allowing me to fortify myself, to pull

myself together for both of us. “I’m going to need you to contain all of this,” I say quietly, making him look at me. “Because you are not going to like what I have to say. But you have to hear it.”

“Please, Ella,” he murmurs, dropping his arms from their tight place around me and taking my face in his hands. ” You’re killing me. Please, please tell me what is going on.”

“Not until you promise not to murder anyone,” I say, dead serious.

And he sighs, but then he nods, agreeing to my terms.

And then I take my mate’s hand and I lead him over to the bed. I take a moment just the briefest one peer into my baby’s crib, my

heart filling with joy at the sight of my sweet, darling baby boy. I send him a very tiny pulse of happiness and joy down the bond,

hoping it gives him sweet dreams, and then I turn to my bed, and I pull back the covers, and I kick off my shoes and climb in fully

dressed. to

“What the hell?” Sinclair asks. “Ella, you’re -”

“Just get into bed,” I sigh, reaching for him. “Come on bed is...it’s where we are just us, where we have all our best talks.”

Sinclair sighs but, seeing that I’m serious, he does as I say, crawling over me to get to his side of the bed and then slipping

himself under the covers. I immediately curl up next to him, tucking my head beneath his chin as he wraps his arms around me.

“All right, trouble,” he murmurs, again kissing the top of my head, and I smile at the nickname, because it lets me know that he’s

in a better emotional place to hear news that I know is going to wreck him. “Tell me everything.”

And I do as my mate says.

I start at the beginning and I don’t hold anything back.

I tell him all about how much Calvin and I were instantly drawn to each other from the moment I saw him, about the pulses of

energy between us whenever we touched. I tell him about the genuine friendship I feel for the man and our instant connection –

how it feels, immediately, like talking to an old friend.

And then I tell him about what happened tonight – the glow between us, the

spark within me that I'm pretty sure he felt within himself, the very literal energy that passes between our bodies when we're close.

Sinclair goes tenser and tenser as I speak, but he doesn't interrupt. I wind my arms closer around him not only because I'm grateful for him, but also because I think he needs it, needs to feel my body close so that he doesn't race out of the room and hunt this man down.

But he breaks when I finally tell him Calvin's last words.

"And he said...Dominic, he says he thinks that I'm his mate."

The snarl that rips from Sinclair when I say the words even I draw back in fear as he pulls himself from my arms and throws himself out of bed, his chest heaving, his eyes on the door. His whole body is trembling again, harder now, and he very obviously holds himself back from shifting into his wolf and tearing through the palace – looking for this man Rafe starts to cry in his crib at the sound and I think the insane emotions that are pulsing from Sinclair at this moment, but I can't even look over at my baby, my eyes only on my mate.

“Dominic!” I cry, reaching for him, ” don’t -”

“What the hell am I supposed to do, Ella,” he growls, and I see his body start to shift as he loses control, his shoulders hunching, his nails elongating to razor-sharp claws. “Just let this man live after he’s tried to take you from me!?”

“He didn’t -”

“He did!” Sinclair barks, and then he loses it, letting out a roar as he transforms fully into his wolf and sprints for the door. He

bashes the handle with his paw, breaking it and ripping the door nearly off its hinges as he wrenches it open

And then I’m alone, my jaw hanging open, sitting in bed in my black gown as my baby screams in the crib next to me.

It takes me...a long moment to pull myself together as I stare at the open door to the bright hallway, as I consider.

Well, that my mate is probably out there hunting a Prince, adding more fuel to the fire of war.

But then I turn my head towards my child, who still screams with fear and shock and sadness, and I know that there’s absolutely nothing I can do.

And so I slowly stand up, and move to my child, and gather him into my arms and shush him lightly as I move to the door,

pushing it shut as best I can with my foot as I concentrate on my baby.

My heart feels like it's been torn to shreds, honestly. I'm livid, I realize, because I need Sinclair with me tonight I need to talk this through with him, and as much as I realize that he's upset I can't believe that he just did that just burst from the room in a murderous rampage.

But as I look down at my child, and I stare at his poor crying face, I force myself to slow my breathing and start to feel...centered.

Because as much as Calvin may think he's found his mate, and Sinclair might be rightly flipping out because he thinks someone tried to take me from him...

Me?

I'm steady.

I made my choice long ago, and as I look down at my little Rafe – who looks so much like his father that it breaks my heart – I have no doubts at all.

I pass calm and feelings of safety down my bond to my baby and he settles a little in my arms, though he still fusses, unnerved by the noise and the surge of emotions that woke him. So, I continue to bounce him a little, shushing and murmuring comforting

nonsense. As I keep my attention to my baby, I move towards the window and turn to my wolf inside me.

Well? I say to her, a little pissed off. You've been awfully quiet throughout all of this.

She whines a little, guilty, torn, and turns in a confused circle.

Is he our mate? I ask, a little tremulous, considering that she's perhaps been quiet because I've been pushing her away, not wanting to know.

She sits back on her haunches, lifting her nose to the sky and letting out a confused howl. I don't know, she says, hanging her head and then laying down with her snout between her paws. He is ...he is something to us. But

Dominic is our mate. This other one...he is important, but I don't know what he is. I sigh in frustration, passing it to my wolf who again whines, feeling guilty that she can't help me parse it, that she doesn't know.

And then I turn my face up to the sky, my eyes immediately finding the moon hanging exactly where I knew it would be.

"Well, mom?" I ask, shaking my head at her. "Are you happy now?"

But of course she doesn't reply, even though I continue to stare at her for a very, very long time.

I don't know how much time has passed before Rafe falls back asleep and I turn away from the window, heading back to my bed.

I take Rafe with me, because I'm exhausted and far from sleep and I want his company. I curl up in my bed with my little baby, staring down at his beautiful sleeping face.

Don't do anything you'll regret, I say to Sinclair down our bond, hoping he's close enough to hear it.

And honestly hoping that my advice is not too late.

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Chapter 464

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#Chapter 463-Fated Mates

Ella

Dawn lights the horizon when the door creaks open and Sinclair comes back into the room. My eyes go immediately to him from my place sitting up in bed where I've spent way, way too many hours alone gazing down at my little baby.

Sinclair pushes the broken door shut and sighs before he raises his eyes to mine. "I'm sorry," he says, his voice thick with guilt.

"You'd damn well better be," I murmur to him, because honestly? I'm pissed.

He moves closer to me now and I can see that he's absolutely exhausted, but my eyes rove over him, looking for blood. Because

if he killed Calvin, surely there would be –

"I didn't kill anyone," he murmurs with a sigh as he sinks onto the bed next to me, burying his head in his hands. "Though I wanted to, and I would have."

"He didn't do anything, Dominic," I say, my voice determined.

"He did, Ella," Sinclair snaps, glaring at me. "I get that we're in uncharted territory here with the possibility of both of us having two fated mates, but honestly? It's not like there isn't some precedent. If a couple are chosen mates and one of them meets their fated mate? There's a protocol to be followed."

I pause for a moment, a little shocked. "Really?" I ask, curious. "What is it?"

"Well it's damn well not keep it a secret from everyone and take her out on a romantic date where you touch her face –"

And I can't help myself from laughing a little at this, a dark, angry little laugh.

He turns to glare at me but I just shake my head.

"Dominic, if the man thinks that he's my fated mate and all he does is touch my face – is that honestly a crime worth his death?"

"Yes," he growls, completely sincere, "when it's my mate it sure as hell is."

"Did you find him?" I ask, because I have a lot I want to say to this man, but I need the details first.

"I did not," he murmurs.

"Did you try?" I ask, pushing him.

"For...about fifteen minutes I did, yes," he confesses. "And then I came to my senses and realized that I cannot kill an Atalaxian prince without dire consequences."

"So, you realized that you were overreacting -"

"I was not overreacting

"Fifteen minutes in," I continue, ignoring him, letting my sharp tone let him know precisely how I feel about this. "And then you just...stayed out all night? And left me here, all alone, even though you knew I was upset and needed you?"

He pauses now and I see his shoulders slump with guilt. "That's why I apologized."

"Not because you hunted a Prince."

He snaps his gaze to me now. "I don't regret that, Ella," he says, his voice low with anger again. "He is very lucky I didn't find him, and if he's a smart man he'll never step foot in my presence again."

My eyes go wide as I realize that he's dead serious. "So what did you do all this time?" I ask, my voice soft.

"I went to Conner and...kind of ripped his door down."

"What!?"

"I could smell him on you," he growls, and I groan because I knew that was going to happen.

"Was he there?"

Sinclair nods. "I...owe him an apology too. I frightened him, but I just... confirmed the details you told me."

"Did you think I was lying!?"

He turns to give me a glare. "I just worried that you missed something, Ella – I wanted another perspective. All right?"

I clench my teeth a little, unhappy, but I nod. "Then what did you do with the hours you were gone?"

"I just...ran," he says, shaking his head. "I needed to sort my mind, burn out my energy and my anger. But," my mate continues,

turning to look at me, “I do regret leaving you here all alone. I honestly don’t know how I could have stayed, Ella – I’m not...I

wasn’t strong enough of a man to find a way to stay at your side when I wanted to tear the world to shreds.”

He drops his gaze again, guilt in every line of him. And my heart wrenches to see it because – I mean, because I know we’re

going to get through this, and I understand that he was completely overwhelmed by the idea that I might have another mate, that he could potentially lose me

But still. I was so baffled, and so confused, and I needed him to hold me and talk to me last night – and he wasn’t here.

“You have to find a way to be that stronger man, Dominic,” I say quietly, shaking my head at him. “For me, for your children,” I

shrug, looking down at sleeping Rafe. “Because this isn’t going to be the only challenge we face, and your only solution can’t be to shift into your wolf and go out to murder the world when fate crosses you.”

He sighs again, and he nods, because he knows that I’m right.

I let him have a moment to sit in it, clenching my teeth against my own instinct to comfort him. When I can't bear it any longer, I speak.

"So, are you done?" I ask, my voice quiet.

He turns to me, confused. "Done what?"

"Done flipping out? Can we finally have the conversation that we should have had hours ago? Because I have just been sitting here, wondering, and worried..."

And damn it, even though I tried to be tough, the tears come back to my eyes now and my lower lip starts to tremble.

I hear Sinclair's tongue click as he shifts towards me then, reaching out across the bed and cupping my cheek in his palm.

Instantly, wanting his touch, I press my face into his hand. "Yes," he says quietly, moving now to climb fully into the bed with me.

"I am sorry, Ella you're right. You needed me and I left. I am...very ashamed."

I nod down at the bed, telling him silently to lay down. He does as I say as I sniff back my tears and we both lay down on our soft mattress, the baby between us.

"It was very difficult for me," he murmurs, trying to explain. "To hear that another man...could have some kind of claim on you."

“And how do you think I felt?” I say quietly, staring into his eyes, “the first time I heard about Lydia? And then when she came back into your life?”

He frowns a little. “Lydia – that’s different – she’s – ”
“Your fated mate, Dominic,” I say, shaking my head at him. “So if you don’t think that I understand the jealousy you felt when you heard that Calvin – ”

He growls a little even when he hears the name, which makes me smirk just a little bit. But I press forward.

“That he even just claimed that he thought I could be his mate?”

Sinclair takes a moment to think this through. “All right,” he murmurs. ”

Then you may have some inkling. But Ella – is he?”
I open my eyes wide and shrug. ” Dominic, I have no idea!”

Sinclair sighs, closing his eyes for a moment and getting his thoughts and emotions in order. I wait quietly, studying his beautiful face, and when he opens his eyes his expression is newly determined.

“All right, trouble,” he says, his voice now a deep purr. “Let’s get some things straight.”

He reaches for me then and I scooch closer so that Rafe is pressed warmly between us. Sinclair slides an arm easily around me, his palm pressed warmly around my lower back, and I reach out my own hand, my fingers tracing up and down along his ribs. I

nod then, letting him know that I'm ready.

"Even if he is your mate," Sinclair says, closing his eyes as if he can't stand to look at me as he says those words. "Would you leave me for him?"

"No," I say instantly, frowning, a little appalled. And then, angry, I give Sinclair a little smack on the ribs that makes his eyes fly open. "Why would you even ask that!?"

"I just wanted to have it said," he growls, giving me a half-hearted glare. "So that we're on the same page, all right? It's not unheard of, for someone to leave their mate when they meet someone they're fated to -"

"I'm your fated mate, Dominic," I growl, raising my hand to stroke my fingers over the stubble on his cheeks, my heart breaking to think that he'd even considered me leaving him as a possibility. "I love you, and I'm in love with you, and I'm not going anywhere. Okay?"

“Okay,” he murmurs, pressing his eyes shut for a moment and taking a deep breath. “Then the next order of business is...to

figure out if he’s actually your fated mate.”

“Well,” I say softly, frowning at him. ” How...would I know?”

Sinclair frowns at me, confused. “Ella ...I mean...you would just know.”

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Chapter 464

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha Chapter 464
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Chapter 465

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Chapter 465

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#Chapter 465 – Dedication

Ella

I frown at him, starting to get angry again. “What does that even mean, Dominic!? You just know – well obviously if I just knew, then I’d have told you definitively yes or no!”

“Well, maybe you do know and you’re trying to spare my feelings!”

My eyes go wide then and I lean forward, staring at him, a little appalled. "I am trying to figure out a very important question about my life and my identity, Dominic," I growl. " So no, I am not trying to spare your feelings I am asking you to help me. So please, tell me how it is that a person would just know."

Sinclair sighs in frustration, his eyes narrowed at me before he shuts them and does his best to think.

"Sometimes I forget," he murmurs, " that you've only had your wolf for a few months. Please, Ella, forgive me. I – there must be

some things that are instinctual to me, and to Roger, that to you and Cora are...harder."

"Yes," I say, nodding, agreeing. "So ." I hesitate now, because I'm about to ask him for details that I'm honestly not sure that I

want. But I steel myself, knowing that I need them.

"How did you know...that Lydia was your fated mate?"

He sighs a little and opens his eyes to look steadily at me, a question in his expression. I nod seriously, letting him know that I

understand what I'm asking. So, he sighs again and begins.

“It was...instant,” he explains, his eyes going a little distant with the memory. “The intensity of it was like my attraction to you –

because I was always attracted to you, Ella, even when you were just the human nanny that lived down the road. But with Lydia?

When I saw her after I reached my majority, the bond was instant.”

I think back to when I saw Calvin for the first time and – well...I did notice him, didn't I? And when he looked at me, I couldn't look away? Was that...

“Can you tell me more?” I push, needing more details. “Like...what did it feel like?”

He nods, continuing though I can tell it is hard for him. “I was just fucking sixteen. She was...god, she was Roger's lover, his

girlfriend, and they were very serious. But the first time I met her again after I'd reached my maturity, I felt her come into the

room. And though she was across it, and in a group of people, my eyes went instantly to her, and I was immediately aware of

what she was to me. The bond – my wolf instantly knew, I instantly knew, and there was no doubting it.”

“And then for two years?” I prompt. ” You just...knew?”

“It was more than just knowing,” he says shaking his head at me. “It was my wolf pining for her, and having very strong, carnal, bodily reactions to her presence whenever she was around. And she felt the same way – but Roger, we all thought, was dad’s heir. And that,” he says with a shrug, “was more important to her than the bond. At the time.”

“So, she was able to...deny the bond?”

“Not really,” he murmurs. “Her wolf, I’m sure, was as crazy for me as mine was for her. But Lydia was a very determined, calculating woman. She had a great deal of willpower, when properly incentivized.”

We both lose ourselves in our thoughts for a moment, and I have to admit that jealousy coils in me even though I know that Lydia is dead, and that our own fated bond is stronger than theirs ever was. Still...it’s not easy to think about Sinclair loving anyone else but me.

It really does make me want to defend my claim on him in a very real, bodily way.

So, on some level, I suppose I do understand his reaction last night – his very real need to end the threat to our relationship.

But as I think about it further... honestly, I’m not sure that there is a threat at all.

“What?” Sinclair asks, and I look up to see him studying me.

“I don’t know,” I say, my frown deepening.

He makes a sound low in his throat, urging me to speak, and I take a second to collect my thoughts before I cock my head to the side.

“And there was nothing like...physical in the air between you? No...literal sparks, or anything?”

“No,” he says with a frown, shaking his head. “But you’re...goddess-born, Ella, who knows what the hell goes on with you.”

I sigh, shrugging, recognizing that as a possibility. But I press forward. “And you instantly...wanted her? Like, sexually?”

Slowly, he nods, but I’m grateful he doesn’t go into detail. “It was all I thought about for two whole years, Ella. It was consuming.

And I’m sure she felt it too and every mated pair that I’ve ever talked to about it has felt the same. The sexual connection is... intense.”

I’m quiet for a long moment before I speak again.

“Honestly, Dominic,” I say quietly, “I don’t feel at all like that about Calvin.”

“What?” he asks, confused.

“I mean, I like him a great deal,” I say, giving a little shrug, “and he’s very handsome-”

Sinclair growls at this and I swat at him, scowling a little. “Would you stop?” I scold, “again, like with what I said about Roger

being hot, it’s just an observation – it is a fact that Calvin is a very good looking man – ”

The growl deepens and I can’t help it – I laugh.

“Stop!” I say, swatting at him again.

“You stop!” he orders, frowning at me. “”This man put his hand on you –

he told you he thinks he’s your mate, and you expect me to sit calmly while you say you think he’s handsome!?”

“Okay, I take it back,” I say, sighing and rolling my eyes. “He’s very ugly – complete trash, face-wise. A toad – ”

Sinclair groans, burying his face in the pillow, because he knows I’m lying. But I smack him again, because I want him to listen to me.

“Seriously, though,” I say, sitting up a little and shaking my mate’s arm until he looks at me.

“Honestly, Dominic, I think there’s some connection with Calvin but what you said about like, knowing instantly? Or like...pining for him, and your wolf going crazy, or anything carnal?”

Sinclair stares at me and I shake my head slowly.

“Dominic, I don’t have any of that.”

My mate sits up now, staring at me eagerly. “Are you serious?” he asks.

“I promise,” I say, my face sincere. “I even asked my wolf when you were gone, and she said she didn’t know

“She would know, Ella – ”

“Well then,” I say, giving a little shrug. “Dominic...I don’t think it’s right. I don’t think he’s my fated mate.”

My big, scary, sweetheart mate gives a heavy groan then, falling back on the mattress and covering his face with his hands in

relief. A huge smile finds my face as I study him, as relief sweeps through me. Because honestly – until Calvin said the word

mate? I hadn’t been thinking it at all.

It was only him that put the idea in my head, that made me freak out. Because I figured he would know.

Sinclair pulls his hands down his face a little, studying me. “You’re not just saying that to make me feel better?”

I roll my eyes at him. “I swear on everything that matters, Dominic,” I say all in a rush, eager for him to believe me. “I’m serious –

if that’s how people feel when they meet their fated mates? I do not feel that way about him, and neither does my wolf.”

My mate moves faster than I can see and I give a happy little shriek as he pulls me over the baby, tugging me tight to his chest and wrapping me up there like he'll never let me go. I laugh a little when I realize what happened, snuggling my face against his chest and breathing in his warm, delicious scent. "God, Ella," he murmurs on a sigh. "I was so fucking scared -"

"I know," I murmur back, pressing my hands against him. "I'm really glad you didn't kill him now."

"I'm not," he growls, and I laugh a little. "He still made a move on you, Ella. And even if you're not into him, he's definitely into you."

"Okay," I say, admitting it a bit now and biting my lip.

"I guess...he is. But Dominic, he's not completely to blame here, all right?"

There is something between us and even if it's not a mating bond...it's something."

Sinclair peers down at me and I look up at him for a long moment and then he nods. "I can deal with that," he murmurs quietly,

accepting it. "As long as you and me?"

"We're good, Dominic," I murmur, resting my head against his chest. "I'm very in love with you and nobody else. You're my mate."

“And you’re mine,” he says back, finality in his voice as he holds me like he’ll never let me go. “I love you so much, Ella. If I lost you...”

And I nod, understanding the sentiment even if he doesn’t finish the thought out loud. I take a deep, relieved breath and peering over my mate’s body to look at my little sleeping baby. Pleased, contented, I reaching out a hand to trace a soft finger down

Rafe’s belly.

Because nothing, nothing exists that can tear our little family apart.

And quite suddenly, after all of this?

After the stress of a sleepless night, and these insane questions, and this reaffirmation of our dedication to one another?

As I feel my mate breathing softly beneath me, and stare at my sleeping baby...I realize that I’m ready. Even with war on the horizon, and this new looming question of what the hell is between me and this Prince of Atalaxia...

I know, without a doubt, that I’m ready for baby number two.

And I smile and turn my face to my mate, because there’s no time like the present to get started trying.

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Chapter 466

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#Chapter 466 – Home and War

Cora

Roger and I are quiet the next morning as we go through our breakfast routine in the kitchen. It's not an awkward sort of quiet, just...us thinking our own thoughts while staying very close to one another.

We stayed up late last night, first attending to the baby. Roger was heartbroken, too, that our barely-formed child was already worried about something – and that it's all our fault. So we spent a good long time passing him comfort and happy thoughts down our bond, letting him feel reassured. When he finally drifted off to what we call sleep even though, honestly, it's probably not an accurate term Roger and I took a deep breath and finally got back to the real conversation: what the hell we're going to do.

But, of course, we didn't come up with any solutions. Because our past experiences in the last, barely-finished war have already made it clear to us that trying to make plans? It never works.

So we eventually fell asleep holding each other close, whispering promises to put each other and our family first, even as the nation and its people ask us for more.

"That's weird," Roger murmurs, flicking through his phone as he leans against the counter, a cup of coffee in hand.

"What," I ask, turning to him and blowing on my tea to cool it, "the fact that you're actually reading your messages? That you

know where your phone is? That it's charged?"

He flicks his eyes up to me and smirks, but shakes his head. "No," he murmurs. "Sinclair sent me a message telling me not to come in until this afternoon. Says he needs to sleep."

My eyebrows go up in surprise. "Wow, slacking on the job, so early in his reign."

Roger laughs a little and tucks the phone away in his pajama pocket. "Nah, something's up," he says. "He wouldn't take a sick

day unless he needs it. Do you think it has something to do with Ella? That crazy dinner she went to last night?"

My eyes widen as I consider it. " Maybe," I say, reaching for my own phone, hoping maybe she texted to fill me in. But I scowl when the screen comes up empty. And then I turn my head to the side a little, curious...

Because it's not like Ella to not send me ten texts in the morning – general greetings, pictures of Rafe, selfies of her with bed-hair with her gigantic mate walking around in the background of the picture.

"Hmm," I say, looking up at Roger. " Sis is being very quiet too."

"Well," he says, smirking and putting his coffee down, stepping closer and wrapping a hand around my waist to pull me close.

"Either way, it means I have the morning off. What ever shall we do?"

"Oh, I've got some chores in mind," I say, grinning and putting my tea down before standing on my toes so I can wrap my arms around his neck. "Some tile in the shower needs to be regouted

"That bathroom is brand new, Cora-

"Or the garbage disposal keeps making this really weird noise -"

“You’re imagining that,” he murmurs, pulling me sharply closer. ” Or it’s haunted, which is also something I can’t do anything about.”

I laugh, nudging his nose a little with mine. “Well then, there is a problem with the bed -”

“Oh really?” he says, bending a little and wrapping his hands around the back of my thighs before standing up straight and taking me with him. I grin and wrap my legs around his waist, leaning back a little so I don’t crush the baby between us.

“Mmhmm,” I say, a low and throaty affirmation. “It’s actually a problem with the sheets, underneath the blankets – ”

“Well,” he says, starting out of the kitchen and heading for the stairs. ” This sounds serious – we’ll have to investigate this right away -”

And I laugh as my gorgeous mate carries me upstairs, and into the bedroom, and slams the door shut behind us.

Roger and I thoroughly enjoy our morning off, so much so that we’re still laying in bed chatting hours later, all wrapped up in each other. I slip my fingers through his hair, only half listening as he tells me more about his and Sinclair’s plans to create an

Alpha Academy to train young wolves to be officers in the war, staring at the shape of his moving lips and marveling at how good

looking he really is

When suddenly, we hear the front door downstairs creek open and then slam shut below us.

Roger is instantly alert, his arm wrapping around me as he pulls me beneath him a bit, his lips peeling back over his teeth as he

growls at the door, tense and waiting for more hints about exactly what

“Cora!”

Roger’s body slackens as soon as Ella’s voice rings up the stairs, accompanied by her pounding feet.

I sigh, putting my hands on Roger’s chest and giving him a little shove. ” Come on,” I say, “we’re going to want to get dressed

before she -”

“Speak for yourself,” he murmurs, leaning back against the pillows. ” She’s the one bursting into our house it’s her own fault if

she sees something she doesn’t want to see – ”

But I just stand up and throw his pajama pants at him before moving to the closet and pulling on a robe. I’m barely covered when

Ella bursts into the room, Rafe perched on her hip.

“Cora!” she says, scowling at me, annoyed, one hand still on the door handle. “What’s wrong with you – why didn’t you answer any of my texts!?”

I shrug at her, frowning a bit. “I don’t know the phone was downstairs!”

“I needed you, Cora!” she says, hoisting the baby a little higher and frowning at me as Sinclair appears in the doorway behind her, looking sleepier than Ella does, but equally serious. Still, I ignore him for now, a little annoyed at my sister.

“I’m not at your beck and call, highness,” I say, rolling my eyes and looking around for more clothes. Because even though Roger is just languishing naked in the bed, barely covered with the sheets, I am not wolf enough yet to have that little immodesty.

“Would you mind giving me a minute of privacy to get dressed?”

“This is important, Cora!” Ella protests, frowning at me and crossing her arms.

“Five minutes, Ella!” I snap, glaring at her as I turn into the walk-in closet.

“Fine,” she mutters, turning away back towards the stairs, clearly intending to meet me in the kitchen or the living room.

“Hey, Ells!” Roger calls after her retreating form.

“Hey, Dominic! So nice to see you and have you acknowledge my presence in my own home!”

“Sorry, Roger!” Ella calls from the stairs. “We love you too! We just need Cora’s magic for a minute!”

Roger frowns at me as I come out of the closet with a set of clothes in my hands and start to get dressed for the day. “Your

magic?” he asks. “What, do they need a sudden storm or something?”

“Who knows,” I murmur, shaking my head, and then I glare at him. “Would you please get dressed? This family is weird enough,

we don’t need to have chats about magic while one of us is naked.”

“I prefer the term ‘tastefully nude,’” he says, smirking at me as he gets up and comes to my side, giving me a sweet, thorough

kiss before smacking my ass and heading towards the closet to find some clothes.

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Chapter 467

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#Chapter 467 – Asking Mom Cora

“All right, Ella!” I call as I troop down the stairs, dressed for the day, Roger following behind.

“In here!” she calls, peeking out from the living room and giving me a big smile. “Also, sorry,” she adds, grimacing a bit. “We were

very rude, bursting in here like that, weren’t we?”

“I’ll forgive you as soon as you give me my little nephew to hold for a few minutes,” I say, smiling and reaching for Rafe, who my

sister happily hands over to me. I’m instantly gratified when he gives a squeak of happiness and reaches out his own hands,

clearly recognizing me and wanting to see me as much as I want to see him.

“Yes,” Ella sighs, crossing her arms as she observes me with the baby.”

Rafe makes everything better.”

“That can be his slogan,” I say, grinning at the baby, “when he’s King.”

Ella laughs and I turn to smile at her as Roger comes into the room after me. I shift my gaze to Sinclair, who stands behind Ella, quiet with his arms crossed over his chest.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, looking between the two of them. “First you tell Roger not to come to the palace this morning, and then

you’re bursting in here this afternoon? What’s up?”

“We had kind of a crazy night,” Ella says with a grimace, moving to the couch and sitting down on it.

Sinclair moves to stand by

her, clearly tense and still not adding anything to the conversation.

“Oh?” I ask, sitting across from my sister. Roger sits behind me on the arm of the couch, paying close attention and sending a

little pulse of wonder and curiosity down our bond.

He, too, is very intrigued by this.

Ella sighs and then begins to tell me all about her evening last night – first the dinner with Calvin, and then his claim to being her

mate, and then Sinclair turning into a wolf and bursting out the door, seeking to hunt him down.

My eyes go wider and wider as Ella continues.

“But,” Ella says with a shrug. “Honestly, I don’t think he’s my mate, Cora. I am not...into him, in that way that mated pairs are supposed to be.”

“Really?” I ask, turning my head to the side. “I mean, he’s really good looking Ella – ”

Roger scoffs behind me and Sinclair glowers, which makes me and Ella burst into laughter.

“No,” she says, shrugging and reaching across the couch, clearly seeking her baby. I hand Rafe back to her and she pulls him into her lap, clearly deriving a lot of comfort from having him near. A little excitement twists in me, because I can’t wait to hold my baby just like that. “It’s not like that, Cora – I mean, I feel a very interesting pull towards him? And there are like, literal sparks in the air between us whenever we get close or our skin touches?”

My eyes dart up to Sinclair now, who growls behind Ella to hear her say this detail. But she just rolls her eyes and ignores him.

“But Sinclair says that...when you meet your fated mate, your wolf knows it, and you’re like...very attracted to them. Like, tear your clothes off attracted to them.” She pauses for a moment, her eyes moving between me and Roger.

“Is that what it...was like? For you?”

“Well,” Roger says, his voice unusually serious. “We have a bit of a different story because Cora’s wolf was so tucked away for so long. But as soon as her wolf...woke up? For the first time?” I look over my shoulder to see him nodding vigorously. “Yeah,

Ella. We knew. Immediately we knew. I mean, I knew before because of the intensity of my feelings and my attraction to her, but when our wolves found each other..."

"There was no denying it," I finish, giving my sister a little shrug. "But Ella," I say, frowning a little, "why did you come here? I

mean, it's a crazy story and I'm glad to know it. But why rush across town when you've clearly had a rough night and very little sleep?"

"Because," she says, biting her lip a little. "We were kind of hoping that you could...ask mom."

"Oh!" I say, blinking in surprise a little. "How...how do I do that?"

She shrugs a little. "You just like...call to her."

"What," Roger says, and I look up again to see him smirking. "Like, she just puts her hands to the side of her mouth and hollers?"

"Would you take this seriously?" Sinclair snaps, drawing all of our eyes to him.

"All right," Ella murmurs, narrowing her brows at her mate and scooting forward on the couch. "You come sit here with me. It was just a joke, Dominic."

Roger just grins but Sinclair scowls, clearly stressed, and slips in behind Ella, wrapping his arms around her. My heart goes out

to him as I watch him tuck his head against hers, because as much as Ella says Calvin is not her mate? I can tell that he's stressed and wants a definite answer.

"Okay," I say as I breathe out a steady breath, reaching my hand up for Roger's. He gives me his, not asking why I want it, but I just want him close. "So, like, inside? Where the gift is? I just...call to her?"

"Yeah," Ella says, giving me a little smile as she leans into the man who is undeniably her mate. But...well, Sinclair had two. I

guess it's possible, would even be...symmetrical, for Ella to have a fated mate as well.

"I'd ask myself," Ella says with a shrug, "but I burned up the bond when the priestess tried to take Rafe."

Ella hugs her little baby closer and I give her a sad smile, thinking about everything that my sweet sister has gone through in the

fight for her family. And suddenly, all I want to do is contact mom even just to give her a piece of my mind for giving Ella such a

tough path. So, I squeeze Roger's hand, and I sink inside of myself, searching... reaching...

And it takes a few minutes, but suddenly I come to a very steady place within myself, where my gift glows with a warm lavender

light. And then I call out without words...

Mom?

There's a pause, and then a pulse within the gift, and then it burns brighter. And when I open my eyes...she's suddenly there.

The goddess, transparent, incorporeal, in my living room.

"Oh," I say, jumping a little in surprise.

Because she's just there.

"Hello, Cora," she says, giving me a delighted smile.

"Hey, mom," I reply, my voice quavering a little.

Because she's so beautiful, and I can feel the love she has for all of us radiating from her, so much so that it brings a little bit of a tear to my eye.

"Um," Roger says, and I glance up at him to see him looking at me like I'm a little crazy.

I frown at him and then look around at the rest of my family. "You can't see her?" I ask, a little surprised.

"Nope," Ella says, grinning at me and laughing a little, hugging Rafe tight. "From our perspective, it looks like you just called the armchair mom."

I laugh a little and gesture towards her. "Well, she's right there," I say with a shrug.

"We believe you," Roger says, giving my hand a little pulse.

“Time is short, Cora,” my mother says, turning her head to peer at me. “I cannot appear consciously like this to you for long, or frequently. But I could tell by your request that you needed my help.”

“Yes,” I say, sitting up a little straighter. “Um, do you know what happened with Ella? Or do I need to tell you?”

A little humor passes unintentionally down the bond between me and Roger, and I can tell that he thinks it’s very funny that I look like I’m talking to the armchair. But I just roll my eyes and ignore him.

“I know everything, Cora,” she says, her smile beatific.

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Read Accidental Surrogate for Alpha by Caroline Above Story Chapter 467

Read Accidental Surrogate for Alpha Chapter 467
The Read Accidental Surrogate for Alpha series by Caroline Above has been updated to chapter Chapter 467 .

In Chapter 467 of the Accidental Surrogate for Alpha series, Ella, a woman who has been trying to conceive for years, is devastated to learn that she has very few viable eggs remaining. She rushes home to tell her boyfriend, Mike, the news, but upon entering the house, she discovers that he is in the bedroom with her best friend, Kate. She overhears them discussing how Mike has been secretly feeding her emergency contraceptives to prevent her from conceiving. Ella pulls the smoke alarm to scare them and flees to her surrogate sister, Cora. Cora, who works at an exclusive sperm bank, helps Ella choose the best donor for artificial insemination, as she no longer wants to take any chances after Mike's betrayal. Ella, is eagerly awaiting the results of her recent insemination while also dealing with her ex-boyfriend's betrayal. Ella works as a nanny for a wealthy family and takes two children, Jake and Millie, to a science museum. When they pass the home of the intimidating, wealthy and handsome Dominic Sinclair, Jake's new toy airplane flies into the street. Jake runs after it, but a car is coming,

and Ella is frozen with fear. Dominic quickly saves Jake and scolds him. Ella is grateful and impressed by Dominic's superhero-like reaction..... Will this Chapter 467 author Caroline Above mention any details. Follow Chapter 467 and the latest episodes of this series at .

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