

War Ella The next day, Cora and Roger come over early. Roger and Sinclair head out, their faces solemn, to speak with their aids and their advisors regarding how to respond to the news we know is inevitably coming. Our reconnaissance teams told us that the Atalaxian delegation did indeed return home last night and were apparently in council until dawn.

Which suggests that at any moment now, they'll declare war.

Sinclair, I know, is spending a great deal of time deciding how to publicly respond. I think that he and Roger right now are recording a message that will go out to the nation as soon as the war is declared. But Cora and I?

Well.

We're just...being moms.

"Ella," she says, sighing and holding Rafe out towards me in my closet, wrinkling her nose. "I think you precious future King needs to be changed." I sigh, my sweater only half over my head. "So? Go change him." When I pull my sweater down and settle it neatly over my stomach, I see her grinning at me, my baby still outstretched in her arms. "Nope," she says, shaking her head. "Your baby, your diaper." "You're going to regret that policy," I say, taking Rafe from her with raised brows, "in juuuuust about three and a half months, Cora." "And for three and a half months, I will be diaper free!" she calls after me with a laugh as I carry my smelly baby over to his changing table in the bedroom.

Rafe grins at me, looking honestly a little proud of himself, and I can't help but laugh as I lay him down and quickly change him. "Little Rafe," I coo, smiling down into his perfect face and tickling his belly, "getting so big! Do you want to try an apple today? Or some avocado?" As I finish changing Rafe, Cora

comes out of the closet, changed into a comfortable set of my clothes. She came to the palace today in more formal clothing, but as soon as Sinclair let her know that she probably wouldn't be required to appear or speak she immediately expressed her intention to change.

I smile at her, picking up the baby, my eyes going to where her little baby bump is clearly evident under her sweatshirt.

"I know," she says, rolling her eyes and laughing as she comes over to me. "I'm getting huge." "Oh, no you're not," I say, laughing as we together move into the living area through the next door and settle onto the couch. "Trust me, you'll know you're huge when you can't even see your feet." Cora does look down at her feet as she tucks them up beneath her on the couch, her hands going to either side of her belly. "It just goes so fast, these wolf pregnancies," she says, shaking her head. "Human moms get nine months to adjust; it's kind of crazy that wolf mothers only get two-thirds of that time." "Or less," I say, raising my eyebrows. "I didn't even make it to six months." "I wonder how long mine will be," she murmurs, still studying her belly, smiling down at her little baby-to-be. "No way of knowing, with this hybrid stuff." "Surprises are always exciting," I say, resting back on the couch and holding my baby close to my chest, turning him a little so he can look at his auntie. Rafe giggles a little, the sweetest sound in the world.

"Not when the surprise results in a pup," Cora murmurs, and I laugh at her displeased tone. "I'd like to know, to have a timeline." "Timelines are just you trying to control the chaos, sis," I murmur, resting my head against my baby's. "And with children – and this family?" I shake my head a little. "Maybe it's better to just lean into the unknown. There's no way of predicting or controlling what will come next." "Yeah, well," Cora sighs, looking up at me now. "With war on the horizon? And Roger looking like he's going to be in the midst of it all?" she shakes her head.

“Forgive me, Ella, if I lean into my desire for increased control a little more instead.” I nod, understanding her. Before I can say anything else, though, the door opens and Roger and Sinclair come through, their hands shockingly empty of tablets, phones, paperwork – any of the usual accoutrements of running the nation that I’m so used to seeing them carry these days.

“What,” I say, frowning up at my mate as he comes to stand behind me. ” All done work for the day?” “Nothing more we can do,” he murmurs. “Budge over I want to sit.” I grin, scooting forward almost

halfway across the couch to make room for him to sit down behind me. Cora wordlessly makes more room, going to sit on Roger’s lap and draping her legs over the side of the armchair on which he settles. I lean back against my mate, pleased when he slips an arm around me.

My smile grows when I see Roger press a kiss to Cora’s jaw, and then another on the mating mark he placed high on her neck.

“So?” I say, turning a little to look at Sinclair, finding his eyes already on me. “Is it done?” “It is,” he replies with a little sigh. Then he reaches for the remote and presses a few buttons, turning on the television that hangs on the far wall. The channel immediately turns to a news venue, and words stretch across the screen.

WAR DECARED Not wanting to hear the details he already knows, Sinclair presses mute and wraps his arms more tightly around me. I sigh, pressing myself against him, and then I dip my head again to press another kiss to Rafe’s soft hair.

“We tried so hard to avoid it,” I murmur.

“They know they have the upper hand,” Sinclair replies, and I can feel him shake his head, feel his disappointment down the bond. “It’s a gamble – but if they win? The rewards will be worth it. Moon Valley is incredibly valuable,

both in land and intellectual resources.” “Which means they’ll fight very hard to take it,” Roger sighs. “It’s going to be...a long war.” “How long?” I murmur, looking down at the top of Rafe’s head, so glad that he’s oblivious.

“Long enough,” Sinclair says quietly behind me, “that it’s unlikely he’ll grow up knowing peace, Ella. I’m sorry.” “Don’t be sorry,” I say, my reply instant – because it’s really, really not his fault.

And I bolster myself then, knowing that Sinclair is as worried as I am. Knowing that he needs me to be strong for him, as he is for me. I work to put a smile on my face, to make myself feel the hope that I know lives within me, even though my heart hurts.

“At least,” I say, turning to look up at Sinclair, letting him see that hope, “Rafe’s got a big strong papa to protect him.” “Oh, he doesn’t need me,” Sinclair replies, laughing a little and reaching down to take Rafe’s tiny hands in his own giant mitts, moving Rafe’s hands in quick jabs to make it look like he’s punching. I laugh to see it. “Our boy’s a fighter, Ella.

Born that way.” I bite my lip, because I wanted Rafe to choose his future to decide to be a fighter if he wants to be, or an artist if that speaks to him more. Or both. Or something in between.

But, well. We all grow up in worlds that shape us beyond our own desires. And if our hearts are true... well, they lead us to what was meant for us anyway, right?

Despite all obstacles.

“He’s going to have a beautiful life,” I murmur, stroking my baby’s hair. “No matter what Atalaxia throws at us. We’re going to give it to him.” “That’s right,” Sinclair says, kissing my head. I turn my face up to him and happily accept the next kiss, which he places on my mouth.

“Don’t forget about our baby,” Roger calls, frowning at us. I grin as I turn back to my sister and her mate, curled up in their chair. “His life is going to be even better.” “Really, Roger?” Sinclair says, his voice dry. “We have to get competitive about this too?” “Damn right we do,” Cora says, a wicked grin on her lips that makes me laugh.

“Our kid is going to be even happier than yours.” “Challenge accepted,” I say, pretending to glare at both of them. “Whoever’s kid has the better life wins.” And we all laugh a little, because we know that both boys are winners here, with a family like this to fight for them.

“Whatever happens,” Sinclair says, looking around at all of us, “we have each other. And that’s all that matters.” “Precisely,” Cora says with a nod, her hand tracing idly over her stomach. “Whatever this

world throws at us, we can face it.” And I hold my baby tight, and lean back against my mate, and smile around at my family, knowing in my heart that they’re right.

Because I’ve got big plans for our future – plans I haven’t quite shared with them yet. But I’m so grateful to have such a strong family by my side, through the good times and the bad.

About Accidental Surrogate -

Accidental Surrogate is the best current series of the author Caroline Above Story. With the below Chapter 472

While we spent the rest of the day that war was declared between Moon Valley and Atalaxia quietly together, Henry joining us for lunch and then a peaceful dinner, the three months that followed?

They flew by at a baffling pace.

A lot of it was Roger and Sinclair working their tails off, not only getting our military whipped into shape and handling international relations to make sure that we have a variety of pledged allies, but also dealing with an increasingly mobile wolf baby and a very, very pregnant Cora.

"I hate this," Cora grumbles, flopping back onto my bed and pushing herself up against the cushions, her hand pressed against her ever-aching back." I'm never getting pregnant again." "Well, it's not like you did it intentionally the first time," I say, grinning at her and sitting down on the edge of the bed, Rafe wiggling in my arms. "I doubt mom is going to give you a lot of choice about the second time, it being Roger's destiny to be a father of many hybrids." "Whatever," Cora mutters, leaning her head back and closing her eyes. "We'll get him a surrogate. Six surrogates. However many he wants. He teased me about having seven mates a while ago and I said no way then, but now I'm rethinking this policy." "Birth and pregnancy are beautiful, Cora," I say in a too-reverent scolding voice, and when she opens one eye to glare at me we both burst into laughter.

"Oh my god," she murmurs, sighing and sitting up a little, stroking her hands over her seriously gigantic belly. "I mean, I know I love the kid – but my human body is ready for this little wolf to be born." "I still can't believe you haven't told me his name," I sigh, sitting Rafe down on the comforter and grabbing his leg when he immediately tries to scurry away.

He's nearly eight months now and he's big. And fast. Rafe gives a little squeak of protest but I tickle him as I pull him back, making him laugh. Then I reach for an apple slice on a little plate by the bed and hand it to him. Rafe takes it eagerly, not crawling away anymore because the only thing he's more interested in than exploring is eating.

I smirk at my boy, tickled at the sight of him fascinated by his apple. And then I turn my attention back to my sister.

"Roger and I just want to keep the name to ourselves until he's born," Cora says, smiling. "The whole nation is following my pregnancy, after all," she continues, rolling her eyes, "we at least deserve one little thing to ourselves, right?" I shrug, conceding that what she says is true. In the first months of the war people really have rallied around Cora, excited about the birth of what they've called the Baby Duke as a bright spot in increasingly dark news from the war front.

It's not that we're doing poorly in the war in fact, Sinclair, Roger, and Henry predicted that the first few months would be hard. We, after all, are a nation with new leadership and dwindled military forces after our civil war. The important thing, our men have told us, is merely to hold the line and delay true action until we've had a little time to build our forces.

Calvin, to everyone's surprise but mine, has been a huge help in this. Even though I haven't had any word from him, our reconnaissance has reported

that he's taken a much more active role in Atalaxia, speaking out against the war and delaying forward motion where he can.

A friend indeed, I think to myself, smiling a little as I hand Rafe another piece of apple.

"He's been eating a lot of solids lately," Cora says, and I look up to see her considering Rafe.

"Well, I don't think anyone produces enough breastmilk to feed this little meatball all alone," I say, grinning and leaning close to my baby, sniffing his hair.

"He's so hungry." "Ella," Cora says, her voice dry, "he's not a meatball anymore. He's a meatloaf." "Don't be so mean –" I scowl at her, but I laugh at the same time.

"It's not mean, it's true," she says, laughing with me. "I mean, he's eight months, but he's what...thirty pounds?" "Thirty-five," I say, smiling at my little boy.

"He's a giant!" "You've seen his dad," I say, rolling my eyes and laying down behind my baby so that I can see my sister and use my body as a block to keep Rafe from crawling off the bed. "And it's not like Roger is a little guy. Your own boy is going to be a meatloaf too, eight or nine months from now." Cora laughs at this and grimaces. "So," she says, turning her head, narrowing her eyes at me a bit more. "Have you...stopped breastfeeding?" "Mostly," I say, trying to be casual.

Because I know what she's getting at here and it's not something I'm ready to chat about. I haven't even told Sinclair what I'm trying to do, let alone Cora.

"Sometimes I breastfeed before bed – helps him sleep." It's a lie, though. I stopped doing that a few weeks ago. Cora grins at me a little, seeing through it.

"Ella," she says, laughing and leaning forward towards me. "Why don't you just talk to me about this!? Everyone knows that you're trying to have another baby –" "Cora!" I shout, sitting up and whipping a throw pillow at her, which she swats down, laughing. "Nobody knows that!" "Mom knew it," she says, tucking the pillow behind her back.

"Mom is an all-knowing goddess," I counter, rolling my eyes.

"And seriously?" she says, "Sinclair, who watches you like a hawk, has no idea?" "That honestly surprises me too," I say, leaning back down on the bed and giving in, having this conversation even though I don't think I'm ready for

it. "But he's so busy I think he's distracted and hasn't put the pieces together." "So why don't you tell him?" "Cora," I say, my face falling now a little bit with worry. "You of all people should know why." "What? I " and then her face falls too. "Oh, Ells," she says, shaking her head.

"It's not going to be like that again." And I feel tears prick my eyes as I look down at the comforter suddenly overwhelmed with the memories. Because – honestly, I have done this all before. I spent years trying to get pregnant and it never took. Of course, we didn't know then that I couldn't get pregnant with a human partner, and that's obviously changed now.

But the emotions? And the waiting? And the not getting pregnant?

Because I have been trying for months now... And I'm not pregnant yet.

"It is like that again," I say quietly, not looking at my sister.

"Hey," she says, moving forward on the bed and reaching out a hand to my shoulder. I look up at her, and she points at Rafe. "What's this?" "What?" "What's this?" she says again insistent.

"It's Rafe, Cora – duh, and he's not a this -" "It's your baby," she says, shaking me a little. "And if you want another one, you can have another one, okay? It's foretold! You've had visions about this!" she says as tears fill my eyes as I get precisely the pep talk I need from my no nonsense sister.

"Then why hasn't it happened yet?" I ask, quietly.

"Maybe you need a little help," she says, giving me a shrug and a smile. "I mean, a medical procedure helped you get pregnant the first time – maybe you and Sinclair just need a little medical assistance to get pregnant, like thousands of women do. And hey, that's what I'm for!" "I wanted to do it naturally this time," I sigh, glaring at her, a little jealous. "Like you, when you got knocked up the first time you had sex with your mate." "Yes," she says, looking at me earnestly before glancing down at her gigantic stomach. "And now I am miserable, and can't sleep, and pee every five minutes – " I burst out laughing, shaking my head.

"The grass is always greener!" she says, giving my shoulder a little shake before leaning back against the pillows. "But seriously, Ella, you just finished breastfeeding – and maybe it just takes time. Maybe just...trust the process.

Have a lot of sex. And if in a few months things are still stalled? We'll try something else." "Okay," I say with a big sigh, rolling onto my back and taking my baby with me.

Rafe gives a happy little squeal as I pull him onto my stomach, cuddling him there. “Thanks, Cora,” I add. “I needed that.” “Well, I need a c-section, immediately,” she murmurs, disgruntled. “Can you please arrange that? You’re the Queen.” “Just trust the process, Cora,” I say, grinning as I throw her words back at her, making her groan. “Have a lot of sex – if in a few weeks your baby still isn’t born – ” “Weeks!” she moans, tilting her head back and pressing her eyes shut. “No way, Ella. I’m not making it weeks. This baby has to come immediately or I’m going to lose my mind. Now, preferably, or tomorrow at the latest.” I grin at my sister, feeling sorry that she’s so miserable but also happy and excited.

But if she’d only known then how prophetic that last statement would be

Read Accidental Surrogate TODAY

The novel Accidental Surrogate has been updated Chapter 473

Alpha Academy Ella The door opens then, Roger and Sinclair coming through.

“No!” Cora calls, pulling the pillow out from behind her back and flinging it at Roger. “Not you, who did this to me! The source of my misery!” Roger just grins as he snatches the pillow out of the air. “And how is my gorgeous mate, mother of my child and heir?” he murmurs, quickly crossing to her and wrapping her in his arms.

“Villain,” she growls, grabbing him by the shirt and pulling him closer, pretending to be mad but unable to hide her smile. “You’re going to pay for this!” Roger just snarls and pulls Cora closer, covering her face and head with kisses that make her shriek and swat at him, laughing.

I grin as Sinclair comes over to me, leaning over to look down at me and Rafe.

Rafe squeals happily when he sees his papa, reaching his arms out and asking to be picked up. Sinclair beams as he lifts his baby and swings him into the air, which makes Rafe laugh wildly.

I grin, happiness racing through me as I watch them, and then as I look over at Cora and Roger, who are smiling happily now with him tucked close to her on the bed, asking how she’s feeling. Cora laughs as she lists her bodily complaints, and Roger listens to every one of them, nodding and murmuring his consolations.

“So,” I say, sitting up and curling my legs beneath me, beaming at my mate with his little baby – the tiny mirror image of him – in his arms. “Any news from

the war front?" "Some good things," Sinclair says, sitting down on the bed facing Cora and Roger so that we can all talk – if Roger and Cora ever remember that we're here- and putting an arm around my shoulders to tug me close. "We're making good progress with some of our more ambitious plans." "Like what?" Cora asks as Sinclair extends a leg across the bed and places Rafe down so he can crawl. Without a word, and perhaps without even realizing that he's doing it, Roger extends a leg along the other side of the bed, ensuring that Rafe can't

fall off in either direction. I grin, looking between the Sinclair brothers, so pleased to see them become such dads.

"We officially got the vote to fund and start the Alpha Academy," Roger says, grinning at Cora.

"Oh?" she says, her eyebrows going up as she looks around. "Wow that... incredible..." Sinclair grins at Cora's false enthusiasm. "What?" he says, leaning forward to her. "You don't like the idea?" "Well, it may just be that I'm about to become a mom to a little boy," she says, her hand again stroking over her stomach as she speaks her mind. "But yeah – it gives me a little bit of anxiety to think of an academy that takes young men and trains them to be on the front line of the war." "The military takes men as young as eighteen," Roger says, his voice careful to let her know that he considers her point even as he counters it. "The Alpha Academy starts recruiting at age twenty, and many of the recruits will be as old as twenty-five." "Plus," Sinclair softly points out, "wolves reach their majority at age sixteen." My eyes immediately snap to Rafe, who just seems to be growing so fast. Less than fifteen years and he'll be grown in wolf culture. My stomach turns over at the thought.

"I mean, I get it," Cora says, looking down at her belly with a shrug. "I just... I hate the idea of Rafe and the baby growing up in a world where they're trained to put their lives on the line." "It will be their choice," Sinclair says quietly. "No one would make them go." "Yeah," Cora says, her eyes a little colder now. "But in this family, with all these big tough Alphas swaggering around? And growing up in a nation at war? I doubt they're going to choose to be poets." "You never know," Roger says, tipping his head so that it rests against hers.

"They may surprise us." "We won't take boys into the Academy to teach them how to sacrifice themselves, Cora," Sinclair says quietly, his voice heavy with responsibility. "We would teach them to fight, and to survive." Cora nods, understanding, but still clearly displeased. "What about girls?" I ask suddenly, frowning a little.

“What?” Sinclair asks, turning to me.

“Girls,” I say, looking between him and Roger. “Can girls go to the Academy too?” Their hesitation tells me everything I need to know.

“That’s so sexist!” I protest, throwing my hands up in the air.

“Seriously, Ella?” Roger says, leaning forward to look at me with eyes full of doubt. “You’re telling me that if you had a beautiful little girl with rose-gold hair and a sweet little angel face, you’d want to ship her away to a military academy?” I hesitate, because I know that if I had a little girl... Well. My instincts would probably be to tie her to my side before I let her do that.

But then I look at Rafe and consider – why should it be any different? Why should I have different standards of safety for him, than for a girl?

“Female wolves have different bodily strengths, Ella,” Sinclair says, his voice careful.

“Oh, that’s such crap,” I say, rolling my eyes and turning to him. “I’ve seen my wolf-she’s bigger and more powerful than plenty of men’s wolves out there -” “No one’s doubting you -” “But you’re saying girls can’t go to Alpha Academy because our wolves are weaker?” Sinclair presses his mouth into a line as he looks at me, lowering his brows. “I can concede that point, Ella,” he says softly, his voice hard, “and still insist that the Academy only accept male cadets. At least for now. You’re fighting hundreds of years of male-only wolf military tradition, and while you may be right that we need to ask questions about those traditions, wartime is not the right time for that. No girls.” I scowl at him, narrowing my eyes, but I back off.

“Okay,” Cora murmurs, leaning forward and clearly preparing to get up. “As pleasant as this incredibly tense dead-end conversation is, I want to go home and lay in my bed.” “Oh,” I say, my face falling as I turn to look at her. “I’m sorry – you’re right, I shouldn’t pick a fight. Stay! We can have dinner here.” “No,” she says as Roger stands up. Cora takes his offered hand and accepts his help getting to her

feet. “It’s not your fault, Ells – I’m just...very tired and sore and grumpy and hungry and “The list goes on,” Roger says, smiling down at her.

“Yes,” she says, looking up at him. “And you’re going to spend all night hearing about it.” “Good,” he replies, tilting up her chin and pressing a kiss to her mouth.

I sigh but get up, letting Sinclair catch the baby as he begins to crawl away. My mate playfully scolds our child as I hug my sister goodbye.

"You'll call me?" I say, looking down at her stomach. "If anything happens?" "You know I will," she says, giving me a small smile that falls from her face, replaced by a sigh. "But I think I've still got some time left on this one." "My phone is on regardless," I say, pointing to it on my bedside. "You call." Cora agrees and she and Roger walk out of the room, him already pressing a firm hand to the small of her back where he knows she's hurting.

When the door closes behind them, my mate comes and stands next to me, Rafe in his arms.

"Are you mad?" he asks, looking down at me, ready to hear me out if I am.

"No," I reply, looking up at him and raising a hand to brush my fingers against his cheek. "It's just all very difficult, isn't it? And I shouldn't pick fights about problems we don't have right now. All of that – Rafe training to be a warrior, potential daughters that's all years down the line." "I worry about it too, you know," he murmurs, pulling me close.

"You do?" I ask, my eyes going wide. And suddenly I feel a little guilty – because he's already got so much on his plate to worry about. He should leave worrying about Rafe's future to me, let alone non-existent potential future children.

"Of course I do," he says with a smile. "But..." he shifts Rafe to the side so that he can pull me flush against him, his face growing wicked and hungry as he looks down at me. "I can maybe think of a thing or two that we can do to get our minds off of it. Even just for a little bit." "Oh, yes, Alpha," I murmur, smirking and standing on my toes to bring my face closer to his. "Tell me precisely what you're thinking." But my mate? He doesn't. Instead, he presses his mouth to mine, parting my lips with his, and languidly kisses me, leaving words behind and showing me what he's thinking instead.

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The Accidental Surrogate story is currently published to Chapter 474

I'm groggy, a few hours later, when I wake up because I honestly haven't gotten much sleep. But still, I'm instantly aware that I'm awake because something in my body is...different.

As my eyes crack open, I have absolutely no idea what it is, and no real interest in finding out. Because nothing feels wrong or off...just... different... So, I yawn and snuggle my body back against my naked mate, my spine pressed to his warm stomach. Sinclair gives a deep, sleepy little growl as he tightens his

arm around me, holding me close even as he sleeps. I smile at this, happiness sweeping through me as I think about how lovely it is to have a mate that holds me and protects me even when he's mostly unconscious.

And he's so warm, and the bed is so soft, and the sheets are so smooth under my bare skin that I almost... Almost fall back asleep... But then? My eyes suddenly fly open.

Because there is...there is something new within me.

As I start to put the pieces together, I am instantly, starkly awake – and so is Rafe, I realize, as I peer through the dark over the side of the bed. My sweet baby is peering at me curiously through the slats of his crib – almost as if he can feel it too This new...new thing within me, a bond that wasn't there hours ago – but which is there now, just a tiny silver thread of something new My hands fly to my mouth and my eyes instantly fill with tears because even though I didn't experience this with Rafe – my wolf wasn't awake then, after all, to help me feel it – I suddenly know precisely what it is.

My voice is shaky as I breathe the word, hardly daring to voice it.

“...baby – ” Rafe burbles something, smiling at me and leaning forward, grabbing the edges of his crib, trying to pull himself up so that he can be closer – almost like he knows it too – And suddenly I'm laughing – the sound bubbling out of me, rich with joy. “Baby!” I say again, sitting up in a flash.

“What?” Sinclair murmurs, his voice foggy with sleep, his hand slipping to my waist as I spin to him, pushing him onto his back and throwing a leg over his hips so that I'm straddling him, my hands on his chest- “Baby!” I shriek, thrilled, almost in pieces because of it, completely unable to contain myself, or think coherently, or make any sense Sinclair blinks suddenly awake, his hands tightening on my hips as he stares up at me, confused – worried but one look at my thrilled face makes him realize that nothing is bad is going on so what... “Dominic!” I breathe, laughing and giggling as I lean forward. “Don't you feel it!?” He frowns at me confused for a second – “Ella,” he murmurs, “what...” But then his eyes suddenly go wide and I know, instantly, that he feels it too.

Sinclair snaps to a sitting position as well, shifting me back a little so that I'm sitting in his lap, his arms going tight around me as he stares down into my face.

“Oh my god,” he murmurs, still shocked, still feeling it out- making sure that it's really there – “Ella, it's...” “A baby!” I shriek, throwing my hands in the air above our heads.

"A baby," he murmurs, his eyes suddenly flooding with tears as a mystified smile finds his lips. "Oh my god, Ella, another baby – " And I squeal with delight as I wrap my arms around his shoulders, as he tucks his head against my neck and takes a few shaky, happy breaths, passing all of his emotions to me along the bond Happiness, and sudden anxiety, and joy, and pride, and a thrilled sense of fatherhood- I put my hand on my mate's cheek and pull his face up to mine, grinning at him with abandon and wiping away his shocked and happy tears. "A little baby, Dominic," I murmur, beaming into his face. "A brand new baby!" "The best surprise I've ever gotten, Ella," he murmurs, staring at me like I'm a marvel as he sniffs his tears away, still laughing a little in shock. He pulls away from me just a little bit, looking down at my stomach almost like he will see a baby bump – though of course there's nothing yet I laugh again, pulling Sinclair's face back up to mine and kissing him, passing all my own joy down the bond. Because this moment – I've been waiting for it my whole life. A little surprise baby, much desired and already much loved Sinclair kisses me back with all the love in his heart, holding me close and rocking me back and forth before he lets me go, laughing again.

"Wait," he says, his voice eager and thrilled, "let's check -" "What?" I breathe, suddenly curious and a little anxious – is the baby all right? – is- "Here," he says, putting a steady hand on my cheek. "Close your eyes," he murmurs, his voice excited, if soft. I do as he says, loosing a deep breath and draping my arms lightly around his neck before I close my eyes. I feel Sinclair connect to me down our bond, and then together we turn to the little silver bond that runs between both of us, just as Rafe's bond does so slim, so tenuous and new I feel Sinclair move forward to it, almost as if he puts a mental finger out and strokes it, just gently – And in a glowing rush, I suddenly know...so, so much about her.

Her bond feels a great deal like her brother's, but also has a line of sweetness and determination within it not that that Rafe lacks those traits, but there's just more When I open my eyes they're filled with tears and my lower lip is trembling.

"Did you know all this?" I ask quietly, completely overwhelmed. "When Rafe was still growing? When he was this little?" Slowly, Sinclair nods.

"Why didn't you tell me!?" I ask, smacking him on the shoulder and laughing.

"I didn't want you to be jealous," he murmurs, "which you definitely would have been." I laugh with him, conceding the point as tears slip down my cheeks, as I look down at my flat belly and press a hand over it where she exists, where she'll grow. "She's already...like the start of a whole little person in there..."

"We're born who we are," Sinclair murmurs, "so much of our personality

already intact. It makes sense that it'd be there in the beginning." "Yeah," I say, rubbing my belly absently, and then I burst into a grin again and sniff my tears back as I lift my eyes again to my mate's. "Plus," I say, joy sweeping through me again, "it's a little girl!" I squeal the last word, thrilled, making Sinclair laugh his booming laugh and pull me tight against him.

"I know," he whispers, falling back onto the mattress and taking me with him, turning me in his arms so that we lay side-by-side, our faces close together.

"You two are going to run me ragged." "That's the plan," I say, giggling with my joy, running a finger down his beautiful cheek. "Now the numbers are even. But me and Babygirl are going to get Rafe on our side for the important votes – don't worry – " "Oh?" Sinclair asks, his voice dry, an eyebrow raised. "Is this family suddenly a democracy?" "Oh," I say, pouting and teasing him, "did the poor King think that he was in charge? Get it out of your head, Dominic," I say, laughing and shoving his shoulder with my fingertips. "Me and Babygirl are in charge now." "Is that what we're calling her?" Sinclair asks, his voice soft as his eyes shine, taking in every aspect of my face. "Babygirl Sinclair?" I smile as I gaze back at him, as I feel him connecting with the new baby again, already passing love down the tiny sliver of a bond.

I wrinkle my nose at him. "Just for now," I whisper. "Although Princess Babygirl is very cute." "A Princess," he says, his eyebrows suddenly going up as if he considers it for the first time. "Wow, a Princess..." "Our Princess," I whisper, grinning at him and leaning in for a kiss – But before I get very far, my phone on my bedstand begins to ring.

And I sit straight up Because only one call would come through at this time of night.

Cora.

Read Accidental Surrogate - the best manga of 2020

Of the Caroline Above Story stories I have ever read, perhaps the most impressive thing is Accidental Surrogate. The story is too good, leaving me with many doubts. Currently the manga has been translated to Chapter 475

Sharing the News Ella "Cora?" I gasp the minute I get the phone to my ear, still scrambling out of bed and tangled in the sheets.

"Hey, Ells," she says, her voice somehow both tight and bored at once. "Sorry to wake you up – " "You didn't wake me – " I say quickly, reaching for Rafe in

his crib and scooping him up in my arms. Behind me, I hear Sinclair climbing out of bed too, coming to my side.

"I didn't?" Cora asks. "Why actually." Her voice goes stony. "Don't tell me.

Knowing you and Dominic, I probably don't want to know." A little laugh bursts from me as I shake my head, trying to get back on track with this conversation. "Cora," I say, looking down at Rafe's bright, wide -awake face, "what's up? Why are you calling? Is the baby -" "Yeah," she says on a sigh. "Roger insisted I call. Baby's on its way!" "Oh my god!" I shriek, spinning to Sinclair and beaming at him for the second time this morning. "It's time for the baby! We'll come right away -" "No, take your time," she says on a sigh and I frown at her even though she can't see me.

"Cora, what is going on? Why are you calling in the middle of the night for us to come but then also telling us not to hurry?" "Because my stupid mate made me call you," Cora says, her voice annoyed.

She lowers her voice to a whisper. "He's completely freaking out, Ella, even though everything is progressing totally normally -" "Awww," I say, passing Rafe to Sinclair's waiting hands and smiling up at him.

"Go easy on him, Cora! He's a first-time dad!" "And a last time dad," she mutters, making me laugh again, "if he's this annoying every time I go into labor." "Okay, well, should we come?" I ask, looking up into Sinclair's face, a silent question in my eyes. Can we go? Is there any pressing national business that means we need to stay back? Sinclair nods eagerly to me, letting me know we can.

"Yeah," she says on another sigh. "Do you mind? Honestly, Ella, I don't think my body is anywhere close to ready to push but Roger just wants everything in place." "Okay," I say cheerfully, nodding up to Sinclair who gives me a wink and starts to walk away to the closet to get himself and Rafe dressed.

"Honestly, Cora, if he's freaking out this much how did you ever talk him into a home birth?" "Well now he's trying to talk me out of it - anyway," she sighs, "will you just come?" I grin as I hear Roger yelling something in the background, his voice thick with anxiety though I can't hear what he's saying. My heart swells a little for my secretly-sweet brother-in-law, who I know has his whole heart wrapped up in what's happening today.

"Yup," I say, "we'll be there as soon as we can. And we'll let Henry know too." "Okayyy," Cora says on a sigh. "See you in a bit!" "Excited!" I call through the phone before hanging up and tossing it onto the bed. Then I practically skip into the closet in my excitement, going immediately to Sinclair's side and wrapping my arms around his waist, grinning up at him.

“Is Cora all right?” he asks, cupping my face in his palm.

“I think so,” I say, nodding up at him. “Apparently she’s still got time – Roger’s just freaking out.” “Of course he is,” Sinclair says with a laugh. “Roger’s great under pressure except when it comes to things that are completely out of his control. It’s going to drive him crazy to have to watch Cora have to go through a great deal of labor and pain and not be able to do anything about it.” “That’s so weird, but also so sweet,” I say, nodding and pressing a quick kiss to his chest before flitting off to my side of the closet and selecting some clothes that I hastily pull on. When I’m ready, I turn to take the half-dressed baby from my half-dressed mate and finish getting Rafe all wrapped up in cozy layers.

“Are you ready to meet your little cousin, Rafe?” I coo to him, plucking a little squeeze pouch of baby food off its place on the shelf and sitting down with him in our little arm chair so he can have something to eat while Sinclair finishes getting ready. “And then, in a couple of months, your little baby sister?” Rafe grins at me and I laugh, because the way he looks at me when I talk – god, it’s as if he’s already starting to understand.

I spend a few quiet moments with my son, thinking about how he’s going to react when there’s a little baby around – And quite suddenly my eyes fill with tears when I realize that in my mind I’ve already stopped thinking about Rafe as The Baby That the title has already passed to my little girl “What is it?” Sinclair asks, and I whip my head up to see that I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn’t even notice when he walked over to me.

“Rafe’s not the baby anymore,” I say, sniffing even as I laugh at my own ridiculousness. “I didn’t even think about that.” “Of course he is,” Sinclair says, smiling sympathetically at me and taking Rafe from my arms. “He’s always the baby.” “He’s already so big!” I insist, gesturing towards him. “He was trying to stand up in his crib today! And now that there’s a Sinclair cousin coming today – and another baby on the way” the tears start to spill down my cheeks and I press my hands to my poor mother’s heart. “Oh, he won’t be the baby anymore! He’s the eldest!” Sinclair laughs at me a little, shaking his head. “He’s always our baby, Ella. You know that. He can be both.” I stand quickly, reaching for my baby boy and clutching him protectively to my chest when my mate hands him back to me. I shake my head as I look up at Sinclair. “It’s just all going so fast...” “Life has a habit of doing that,” Sinclair murmurs, stepping close and wiping my tears away with his thumb. “But if it didn’t, you won’t get to live it.” I nod, sighing and looking down at Rafe, who looks up at me with curious and interested green eyes. I can’t help but smile at him and press a quick kiss to his head. Then I look back up at his father. “Let’s not tell anyone

about the new baby yet, all right?" I say quietly, sniffing back the last of my sentimental tears.

"Let Cora have her day." "It's a good idea," Sinclair says, wrapping an arm around my shoulders and pressing a kiss to my forehead. "Though Roger will probably be able to smell it on you." "Do I already smell different?" I ask, my eyes going wide. I am, at best, a few days pregnant – honestly, even if that.

Sinclair sniffs the air around me lightly, experimental. "A little," he says with a shrug. "It's subtle, and Roger will be distracted, but yes, Ella, any wolf who gets close enough to you is going to be able to tell that you're carrying my pup." "Weird," I say, looking down at myself and sniffing. "Why can't I smell it?" "I don't know," he says, his mind already moving towards other things as he starts to look towards the

closet door. "Can you usually smell yourself?" "I don't know..." I say, honestly thinking about it. Seriously, I've known I'm a wolf for a while now, but it's still weird. "Can Rafe smell the baby on me?" Sinclair laughs, tugging me along with him as he starts out of the closet and we cross to the door of our room. "I don't know, ask him." So I do, babbling a little to my sweet baby as we walk down the hall. But of course he doesn't respond with his own words, though he sends a great deal of happiness down our bond and reaches out his hands to me, trying to touch my face and making me laugh.

I'm quite full with happiness as Sinclair and I climb into one of the cars in the garage downstairs, surprising the poor sleepy attendants who rush to get it ready for us. But even with the little delay, we're on the road in a few minutes, heading to Cora's house to help her, and calm her mate, and greet the new little Sinclair baby

[HOT]Read novel Accidental Surrogate

Novel Accidental Surrogate has been published to Chapter 476

"Oh geeze," I say when we pull up to Cora and Roger's house in the pre-dawn morning and see that every light is on. "You ready for this?" "Sure!" Sinclair says, grinning at me as he puts the car in park at the end of the driveway. "It will be a nice role reversal – this time Roger can be the one worried sick and I can be in the background cracking jokes." "Aww, sweetheart," I say, grinning at my mate and putting a soft hand on his cheek. "It's cute that you think you're funny enough to crack jokes." Sinclair's brows knit together as he frowns at me. "What are you talking about?"

I'm very funny." "Okay, baby," I murmur, patting his shoulder as I turn to climb out of the car.

"I am!" he insists as he gets out of the driver's seat and starts around the car.

"Dominic," I sigh, hiding my teasing grin as I lean into the car and unbuckle Rafe, pulling him into my arms. "You have so many blessings. Why do you need to be funny too?" "Because I am funny!" Sinclair says, crossing his arms and glaring at me.

"Okay!" I say cheerfully, not contracting him but moving quickly towards the front door of the house without confirming either.

"Ella!" he scoffs, striding after me.

"What!?" I laugh, knocking on the door for once instead of just striding in because I want to give Cora and Roger their privacy if they're not ready for us.

We did get here really fast, after all the roads were empty this early.

"I make you laugh all the time," Sinclair says, still frowning down at me.

"Yes, sweetheart," I say, grinning with mischief as I gaze up at him, "but I'm laughing at you, not your jokes." He growls at me, starting to get a little miffed, and I burst into laughter. Sinclair opens his mouth

to protest more but both of our attention snaps forward when the door flies open, revealing a harried Roger staring at us with the fingers of one hand already tangled in his own hair.

"Come in," he says, his voice frantic and full of dread. "I need you to talk sense into her – " "No, he doesn't!" Cora calls, and, grinning, I peer beyond Roger to see her starting up the steps, leaning hard against the banister.

"Everything is fine, please come in!" Roger sighs a deep, tortured breath and I pat him on his shoulder as I hurry past him and up the stairs to Cora, taking the plate of toast she's carrying out of her hand, Rafe perched on my hip. Cora smiles her thanks at me and presses her hand to the small of her back as she concentrates on getting up the stairs.

"Why don't you just use the stair lift chair?" I ask, gesturing towards it.

"Because I'm perfectly capable of getting up the stairs, Ella," Cora growls as she continues to lift herself up one step at a time, glaring at me.

"Well duh," I say, rolling my eyes at her. "It's just fun." This makes her laugh a little and she shakes her head at me. "Okay, good," she says. "Someone sane is here. Can you please have Dominic just tie the other one up downstairs until this is all finished?" "Can you please talk some sense into her,

Ella?" Roger calls from the bottom of the steps, and I turn to see him standing at the bottom, looking desperately up at me.

"About what?" I ask, looking between them, baffled. Because honestly Cora looks fine to me just very pregnant and in the early stages of labor. And she would know if anything were actually wrong – she's an OBGYN.

"We need to go to the hospital!" Roger insists as Sinclair closes the front door and stands at his brother's side at the bottom of the stairs, radiating support but unable to keep a little smile from his mouth, clearly enjoying seeing his big brother all freaked out. "This idea of a home birth was a terrible idea – what were we thinking -" "We decided on a home birth months ago, Roger!" Cora calls over her

shoulder, sighing as she does. I grin at her as we get to the top of the steps because I can tell that this is an argument they've been having all night, and one that she thinks is getting old. "We're not changing plans now!" "We were idiots months ago," Roger growls, starting to follow us up the stairs.

Sinclair comes with him as Cora and I walk to the bedroom.

"I think a home birth is a good idea," I say, following Cora into her bedroom and over to the bed, where I place her toast on the side table before lifting Rafe more securely into my arms. Cora climbs into bed and then puts her hands out for Rafe, who I lower for a kiss, though I don't pass him to her. She's already got one baby to worry about.

"It is a good idea," she says with a sigh after she gives Rafe a sweet kiss and musses his hair. "I'm perfectly healthy – there's no reason to not do it at home, and I've got doctors coming to stand by just in case! Ridiculous," she mutters, pulling the blankets up over her knees.

"You'll be safer in a hospital," Roger says, crossing his arms as he comes into the room.

"No, I won't," she sighs, flicking him a little glare as she settles the blankets just how she wants them. "My sister, the magical healer, is here. It'll be fine I couldn't be any safer." "I had a home birth, Roger," I say, turning to him and gesturing to Rafe, who gives a happy little squeak. "Or, well, a palace birth, even if it wasn't our home yet. And everything turned out fine!" Roger's face goes slack as he stares at me. "You almost died, Ella!" "Oh," I say, turning my head to the side as I remember it. "Oh yeah!" I laugh a little, giving a shrug. "Honestly, I always forget that part..." Roger just groans, turning away and covering his face with his hands. "He's watched too much Little House on the Prairie," Cora murmurs, rolling her eyes at me. "He thinks a home birth is all

boiling water and screaming and blood everywhere – ” Roger groans again, louder this time, and I see Sinclair clench his jaw to keep from laughing as he pats his brother’s back.

“It’s going to be fine,” I say, smiling at Roger’s turned back, but I turn back to Cora when I hear her moan a little. ” Contraction?” I ask.

“Yup,” Cora answers tightly, taking a deep breath. “About five minutes apart.” “Did your water break?” She nods, but doesn’t answer, clearly gritting her teeth through the pain. I murmur to her consolingly and reach for her hand, Rafe still wrapped cozy in my other arm.

“Oh my god,” I hear Roger murmur, coming quickly to my side. “Is she...is she all right?” “I’m right here!” Cora growls, lifting her head to glare at him.

“I’m just asking!” “You can ask me!” “Okay!” he says, a little frantic. “Are you all right!?” Cora squeezes my hand and glares at Roger for a long half minute. Then she gives a little gasp as the pain of the contraction starts to fade. She pants a little and turns her eyes to Sinclair. ” Please, Dominic,” she says, shaking her head at him. “Can you please take him downstairs and get him drunk or something? I can’t take this frantic energy.” “I’ll be calm!” Roger insists, whipping his head to look around at us like we’re going to lock him away or something.

“Come on, brother,” Sinclair says, crossing the room to take Rafe from me and then wrapping his arm around Roger’s shoulders, turning him out of the room.

“Seriously, maybe you do need a drink -” “I need six drinks,” Roger sighs, melancholy as he allows himself to be lead away.

Cora sighs and leans back against the pillows as we hear their footsteps and voices travel downstairs. I sit next to her on the bed, smiling at her.

“He’s just going crazy because he loves you,” I say quietly.

“I know,” she sighs, looking at the empty door that her mate walked through a moment ago. “And I love him to. He’s just driving me nuts, and he’s not allowing me to freak out at all.” She pauses for a moment, her hands going to her swollen belly before she looks up at me. “He’s supposed to be the calm one, I’m supposed to be the one freaking out about pushing a gigantic Sinclair baby through a very small opening in a few hours!” “Aww, sis,” I say, leaning forward and wrapping her in a hug as I secretly pass Cora’s words down the bond to Sinclair, advising that he tell Roger that Cora needs him to be calm and collected so that she doesn’t have to play that role today.

My mate sends me back a pulse of confirmation, letting me know that he's on it.

"How long do you think you've got?" I ask, pulling away from Cora and looking her over, seeing the tension and fear on her face as well as her characteristic determination. I smile when I see that – my sweet, tough sister, ready to take this on like she does everything in her life.

"Hard to tell," she says with a sigh, running her hand over her belly. "A few hours, at least. But I'm glad you're here, Ella." "No place I'd rather be," I say, smiling at her and crawling across the bed until I'm sitting in Roger's spot, snuggled up against her shoulder. She sighs and grabs the remote from the table next to her. "We've got about four minutes until the next bout of agonizing pain. Want to watch tv?" "Sure," I say, nodding as Cora flicks it on and puts on some deliciously mindless reality show. And together, we settle in to wait for the baby to be born.

About Accidental Surrogate -

Accidental Surrogate is the best current series of the author Caroline Above Story. With the below Chapter 477

I narrow my eyes at Roger when he comes upstairs about forty-five minutes later. "Are you going to behave better now?" I ask, my voice tense.

"Yup," he says, leaning in the doorway with a lazy smile.

I start to laugh as I look over his too – loose stature. "Is it because you're all drunk?" My eyes shift to Sinclair as he appears in the doorway behind his brother. "Seriously, did you get him all drunk?" Sinclair, Rafe sitting up in his arms, just gives a little shrug, his mouth pulled up at the corner in a secret smile.

"I am only," Roger says, smiling as he steps into the room and holding up a hand with his thumb and pointer finger pressed very close together, "a very tiny bit drunk. Just something to steady the nerves." Ella laughs next to me before she scoots off the bed.

"All right, then," she says, gesturing to me as she moves around the bed and reaches to take Rafe from Sinclair. "Take your spot, Roger. And stop freaking her out, okay?" "I promise," Roger mumbles, giving Ella a sloppy little salute before climbing onto the bed and taking her place.

"We'll be downstairs," Ella says when I turn my eyes to her. "You just call, and we'll be right up. Okay?" I nod to her, smiling a little, grateful that she's here.

Beyond having the power to heal me instantly should anything go wrong, it's just...really nice to have my sister close by.

Roger sighs as he pulls himself into the spot close on my right and tucks his legs in under the blankets. Then he turns to me, his face serious. "I'm sorry, Cora," he says quietly.

"Thank you," I say, my anger fading as I see that he means it. I lift a hand to his cheek, wanting to touch him, wanting him close.

"I just love you so much "I get it," I say, nodding.

He nods too, capturing my hand and pressing a kiss to it. "But I didn't listen to you. And Sinclair made me sit down and listen – which he shouldn't have to do, so I'm sorry about that. But he explained that you need to be the one freaking out today. So, I have to just... be steady. Is that right?" "It's closer," I say quietly, studying him. "I mean, Roger, it's not that you can't feel afraid too – I get that it's a big day-" He nods, agreeing with me. "But I was taking all the air out of the room. I'm sorry, Cora – you're right, we had a plan, we should just trust it. Everything's going to be fine, yeah?" "Yeah," I say, a little smile coming to my lips now as he slips an arm around my back, tugging me close.

"How far apart are the contractions?" he asks, looking down at my belly and stroking it softly with his hands.

"Still five minutes," I answer, my voice quiet. "Or, maybe a little faster now? Four and a half?" "Cool, cool," he says, pretending a calmness that I know he doesn't feel. "That is all very cool..." Suddenly, I start to laugh.

"What?" Roger asks, turning to grin at me.

"You're just very sweet, Roger Sinclair," I murmur, taking his cheeks in my hands and leaning forward to press a kiss to his mouth. "Trying to do everything right." "Well, I have to try, don't I," he murmurs against my lips, kissing me back. "I'm going to be a dad in a few hours." "To a real cutie," I say, leaning back and smiling down at my belly. And I bite my lip, feeling significantly calmer now, starting to get... well, maybe a little excited, alongside being terrified. "Do you think he'll have any hair?" "Nah, completely bald," Roger murmurs, a little thoughtlessly as he tucks his head close to mine and takes a deep breath of my scent, "like an old man." I laugh again, harder this time.

"And what color do you think his eyes will be?" I ask.

"Purple," he replies, making me click my tongue and pull away to glare at him.

"How would that even be possible!?" He grins at me. "These are goddess grandchildren," he says, grinning at me.

"Anything is possible. The baby could have wings." "That," I say, rolling my eyes, "would have shown up on an ultrasound." "But purple eyes," he says, holding up a finger, "would not." "Ridiculous," I sigh, but I'm smiling as I snuggle close to him. Or at least I smile for a second, before the next contraction starts again. "Oh boy," I say, sitting up, a hand moving low on my stomach. "Here we go." Roger goes rigid next to me but does his best to stay quiet, his eyes on me throughout the whole contraction. He keeps his arms around me too until the pain passes.

"All right?" he says quietly when it all fades.

"Yeah," I say, turning my eyes to his now. And then I smile a little, returning my hand to his cheek. "I hope the baby's eyes are just like yours," I murmur.

"Nah," he says, smirking at me. "Big brown ones, like his mom. That would be best." "Well, I guess we'll just have to wait and see," I reply, dropping my hand from his cheek and wrapping my fingers in his instead.

"Maybe we can get the baby to hurry up," Roger murmurs, turning his attention to the bond that runs between us and the baby.

I laugh, even as I focus on the bond as well. "Nah, don't rush him," I sigh. "He'll come on his own time." "Poor kid," Roger says, sighing as he inspects the bond and passes love and comfort and reassurance to the baby, as well as to me. "He's all uncomfortable, cooped up in there." "Well, tell him we've got a nice big crib for him out here," I say, laughing a bit.

"Whenever he's ready to make his appearance." "Come on, kid," Roger murmurs. "Any time you want, we're ready." And honestly, for the first time? I agree. I'm finally ready – completely ready to bring our baby into the world with a nice, calm, maybe slightly tipsy Roger at my side.

Unfortunately, the baby really does take his time. The whole day passes and dusk darkens our windows before my contractions really start to heat up. By then, the house is busy with all the people we've asked to come to the house for the birth our family, but also several medical professionals to really ensure that everything goes smoothly.

Actually, just one person is missing by the time I'm almost ready to push. But I smile when I see him standing, quite suddenly, at my bedroom door.

"Hey, Cora," Hank says, smiling at me with genuine happiness and pride.

"Hank!" Ella says as she turns at my side, her face lighting with a grin.

“Are you kidding me!?” Roger bursts out, kneeling next to me on the bed and looking between Hank and I with an appalled expression.

“Roger!” I gasp, momentarily distracted from the pain racing through me as two nurses bustle around the room, getting everything ready. “You will apologize to Hank!” “Why is he here?!” Roger shouts, his frantic anxiety starting to come out again now that his buzz has worn off and we’re a little closer to the birth itself.

“Hank is the most respected doctor in the city!” I hiss in response, “and our friend!” “And your ex!” “And!” I point a finger in his face, glaring now even as my breath comes short with the next contraction, “he saved Ella’s life like four times! And Rafe’s! So!

He’s here!” Roger growls at me but then sits back on the rubberized sheets that we put on the bed about an hour ago, giving in and glaring around the room.

“Nice to see you too, Rog,” Hank says, leaning against the doorframe now and grinning around at all of us. “Man, I didn’t think I would, but I missed the Sinclair drama – ” Ella laughs and leaves my side

temporarily to go give Hank a hug as I pant through my contractions.

“How far apart are your contractions, Cora?” Hank asks, staying at the door even as Ella comes to my side.

I groan through the pain, glancing at Ella and nodding to her, asking her to speak for me as I cling to Roger’s hand.

“She’s less than two minutes apart,” Ella says, a little too cheerfully considering the amount of pain that I’m in.

“Well, it sounds like you’re ready, but I’m not an obstetrician,” Hank says with a shrug, nodding around to us. “I’m just here in case of an emergency.

Is there somewhere I can...” “Downstairs,” Ella says, sending him a quick smile and a wave over her shoulder. “Go have cigar and brandy with the men.” Hank wishes me luck as he goes but I barely hear anything as I tip my head back onto the pillow, panting as the contraction fades.

“All right, Mrs. Sinclair,” the head nurse says from Roger’s other side. “It’s time to push. Are you ready?” “Ready as I’ll ever be,” I reply, glancing both at Ella and Roger, who I’ve asked to stay. Ella gives me an excited smile and Roger gives me a tense, heartfelt nod.

And then I give an exhale and steady myself as I begin to push.

Read Accidental Surrogate

Novel Accidental Surrogate has been updated Chapter 477 with many climactic developments What makes this series so special is the names of the characters ^^ . If you

are a fan of the author Caroline Above Story, you will love reading it! I'm sure you won't be disappointed when you read. Let's read the novel Accidental Surrogate Chapter 478

"You've got this, Cora!" Ella cheers at my side while I squeeze Roger's hand, panting and shouting as I give what the nurse has told me is one last, final push.

I put everything I have into this final moment, squeezing my eyes shut and pushing as hard as I can, wanting this done – wanting to feel my little baby in my arms And suddenly the pressure lessens, and my eyes fly open as I gasp And there's a little baby's cry ringing out through the room.

"Here!" I gasp, leaning forward fervently, some motherly demand in me needing my little baby now even as I see him in the nurse's hands. "Give him to me!" The nurse hesitates, looking towards her colleagues. I moan a little, still reaching, wanting him now "Do it," Ella snaps suddenly up from my side. She stands and moves towards the nurse, putting a hand on her shoulder and gesturing towards me. "He needs his mother – " Roger is completely still at my side, his eyes focused totally on the baby, who starts to cry his little heart out.

"Please," I beg, reaching for him.

"All right," the nurse says, nodding and bringing him forward. "We'll clean him up in a minute – " And she takes two steps forward, and leans down, and places my little baby in my arms And I burst immediately into tears.

Because the weight of him against my arm-his little head curled against my elbow-my heart just breaks to feel him close to me, so strange and new and yet so completely right.

I stare down at my little baby, tears dripping down my face as I take in every ounce of him, every tiny finger and toe, his wide and crying mouth with its perfect tiny lips – Roger is pressed tight to my side, his arms wrapped around me, staring down at our perfect son.

"I can't believe he's here," I whisper in complete awe.

"I can't believe he's so mad," Roger replies, his voice reverent.

I burst into laughter, glancing at my mate and shaking my head at him, sniffing back my tears, grateful that his strange sense of humor has at least stopped my crying. "You know, Roger," I say quietly, "most new parents say something nice about their kid when they meet him for the first time, like how beautiful he is, or how much they love him." "Well, he's making a lot of noise, Cora," Roger murmurs, still staring at the baby with an expression somewhere between shock and awe. "I doubt he'd even hear me wasted compliment." It'd be a "Ignore him, gorgeous boy," I murmur to the baby, cuddling him close and pressing a kiss to his forehead. "Welcome to the world. You are very, very loved." "See?" Roger sighs. "I couldn't have come up with something that good. He needed you for that." "Well, he's got me," I sigh. "My whole heart, forever, little baby." And though I'm exhausted, and my whole body is aching, I just feel such rich, complete happiness in this moment.

We sit for a few more minutes where it feels like Roger and the baby and I are the only three people in the world. I almost jump in surprise when I feel Ella's hand on my shoulder.

Her own face is streaked with tears of joy when I look up at her. "What do you think, Cora?" she asks quietly. "Will you let the nurses clean him up and wrap him in a blanket? And I'll check you out, see if I can heal you up?" "Oh," I say, suddenly remembering that – yeah, the baby needs to be checked.

And I laugh as the nurse comes close, reaching for him. "I'm sorry," I say, shaking my head. "I didn't mean to yell at you earlier -" "It's okay, you didn't," the nurse says, grinning at me as she takes the baby from my arms. "You're just an excited new mom and the birth went beautifully, no complications, so there's no harm in wanting to hold him first." My eyes follow the nurse as she carries the baby across the room to be weighed and checked out by the doctor. But the nurse is right – everything went well, and the baby looked fine to me. I don't anticipate any problems.

"You lucky thing," Ella murmurs, sitting down next to me and holding her hands out, palm up. "I basically bled out after my traumatic pregnancy, and you get away scot-free?" "Don't be jealous, Ells," I

sigh, placing my hands on top of hers and laughing a little. "I'm sure your next one will be perfectly smooth." She flinches a little, looking up at me with wide eyes, and I turn my head to the side, not understanding her reaction. But then she just grins and shakes her head, dismissing it. "I'm sure it will," she says with a happy sigh. "Now, does anything hurt?" "Aren't I the one who usually

asks that?" I murmur in reply, leaning my head on Roger's shoulder, starting to feel my exhaustion now more than I did before.

Ella laughs and closes her eyes, starting to call upon her gift. I feel it when it starts to sweep through me, and I sit up a little with curiosity. This isn't the first time Ella has healed me, of course, but this is the most conscious I've been for it and I can really feel it this time – the way the gift runs through me, seeking out the parts of me that hurt and sweeping through them piece by piece until... Well, until I feel completely fine.

"There," Ella says, taking her hands away and opening her eyes. "All good?" "Yeah," I say, laughing a little. "Honestly, Ella, it's still crazy that you can do that." "Thank mom, not me," she murmurs, standing up when the nurse brings the baby back. He's not crying anymore, even though he fusses a little unhappily in his swaddled blanket. I see Ella bite her lip and tuck her hands behind her back, and I laugh when I realize that she's actively stopping herself from grabbing the baby because she wants to hold him so badly – "Take him, Ella!" I say, encouraging my sister, who I know will love this child his whole life almost as much as I will. "You can hold him." "No," she says, nodding towards Roger. "His dad should have that honor first." "Yeah, Cora," Roger grumbles beside me. "It's my kid too." "Oh, shut up," I sigh, taking the baby back from the nurse and turning a little so I can see Roger better. "You're scared to hold the baby and you know it." "Well," Roger says, hesitating as he takes his arms from around me and starts to reach for the baby, stopping at the last minute. "He's very small..." "I'll go get Dominic," Ella whispers, slipping out of the room. "Give you two a minute alone." The birthing nurses and obstetrician likewise skirt out, giving us a moment, though I'm well aware that they have work to do over the next couple hours now that the baby is born.

"Are you ready?" I ask, preparing to pass the baby to Roger, who really does look at the infant with wide eyes.

"I'm used to them when they're bigger," he murmurs. "Rafe I can handle..." "Come on, new daddy," I laugh. "You can do it." And then I slip our newborn son into Roger's arms And I swear, I see his heart completely melt.

"Hey, little guy," Roger murmurs, his lips trembling a little as he looks the baby over from head to toe. The baby presses his eyes shut and gives a frowning little mew. "Oh, it's all right," Roger sighs. "It's nice here, I promise. You'll cheer up really soon." The baby yawns in reply, and both of our faces break into ridiculous smiles.

Read Accidental Surrogate TODAY

The novel Accidental Surrogate has been updated Chapter 479

“He’s amazing,” Roger says, beaming as he raises his head look at me in wonder. “I didn’t – damn it, Cora, I didn’t know I could love someone this much -” “What about me!?” “Someone besides you,” Roger says, rolling his eyes. “You’re my mate, Cora, obviously that’s different.” “Damn well better be,” I murmur, bending over the baby and stroking the skin of his perfect, tiny face with the tip of my finger. Roger leans close, giving me a kiss on the cheek.

“Thank you,” he says, his voice so quiet I barely hear him. “You’re amazing Cora. I’m so grateful for you, and for him, and everything you did to bring him into this world.” I smile as I raise my eyes to my mate’s and then I kiss him for real, passing all of those sentiments back down the bond. Because this little baby – he really is both of ours, equal parts of both of us, the perfect embodiment of everything we mean to each other.

And quite suddenly, he’s our entire world.

“So, what do you think,” I say a moment later when I break the kiss, looking back down at the baby. “Does the name still fit?” “Yeah, I think the name still fits,” Roger says, his lips turning up in a smile as he looks the baby over. “I think it’s perfect.” “All right,” I say, beaming down at our kid. “Then welcome, to the world, little J-” But then, the door opens, and I see Ella peeking in.

“I gave you a full five minutes,” she squeaks. “But I don’t think I can bear it any longer-” I laugh, reaching out a hand towards her. “Come in!” When the door opens, I see Sinclair and Henry peering curiously behind her, both eager to set their eyes on the baby. Only Rafe isn’t excited, but he has an excuse because he’s curled sleeping in Sinclair’s arms. My smile widens as the my family starts to troop in.

“Wow,” Sinclair murmurs, bending over to peer at the little baby in his brother’s arms. “He’s beautiful, Cora. Congratulations.” “Roger!” I say, laughing and giving him a little shove. “Let them hold the baby!” “I would,” Roger says, looking over at his family with a big smile. “But I’m afraid to move. I don’t want to

drop him.” I laugh, reaching to take the baby from Roger and then turning to place him in Ella’s waiting arms, which are practically vibrating with their eagerness to hold her new nephew.

“Oh!” Ella squeaks, one hand going to her mouth as she looks down at our perfect little baby boy. “Oh, he’s so perfect! And so little! And so cute – oh I didn’t think he’d be cute like this ” “Excuse me,” Roger says, sitting back against the pillows and crossing his arms over his chest. “You didn’t think my

baby would be cute!?” Ella laughs, shaking her head and not bothering to look at my mate. “No, not like that, Roger, don’t be ridiculous – I just – I expected him to be dark, like Rafe – like you and Dominic -” she grins, studying her nephew. “But his hair is lighter,” she murmurs, running her fingertips over his soft fuzz of hair, “like Cora’s. It’s beautiful.” I beam as I watch my sister fall in love with her nephew, as I watch Sinclair look over her shoulder at him with pride.

“What did you -” Ella says, lifting her head in sudden surprise and looking between Roger and I. “What did you call him? Do we finally get to know?” “Well,” I say, sitting up straight now, feeling quite formal all of a sudden. ” Ella, Dominic, Henry – Roger and I are very pleased to introduce you to your nephew and grandson...Jesse. Jesse Sinclair.” Ella gives another sudden squeak as her hand again goes to her mouth. “Oh my god,” she murmurs, pressing her eyes shut against her sudden tears, ” it’s so perfect – oh, I can’t handle it, Dominic, you have to take him -” Sinclair moves fast now, passing the sleeping Rafe to a laughing Henry and then reaching for Jesse, taking my tiny baby into the crook of his gigantic arm and beaming down at the newest member of the Sinclair tribe as Ella wipes at her tears with the back of her hand.

“What a little tiger,” Sinclair murmurs, grinning at Jesse and running a broad palm over the baby’s head.

“May I?” Henry asks, eager to meet his grandson. And Sinclair smiles, waiting patiently as Ella darts over to lift Rafe out of Henry’s arms so that Jesse can take the place of honor.

“Well well, little grandson,” Henry says, smiling softly at the little baby who fusses in his arms once Sinclair passes him over. “Don’t worry, I’ll send you back to your mother soon I know she’s the one you want. I just want to get a good look at you. Do you know who I am? Grandpa?” Henry smiles and lowers his face to kiss the baby’s head. ” I’ve been waiting a long time to meet you, little Jesse,” he murmurs. “We’re all very glad you’re here.” The next few minutes pass in a haze of happiness with everyone marveling at the newest, freshest member of our family, each of us wondering a little absently about his future, about how much we’re going to love him. Somehow, inevitably, he ends up back in my arms and though I’m glad his family all got a chance to say hello, I admit that there’s a great deal of relief to have him back with me.

“Right here, where you belong, little baby,” I murmur, staring down into my son’s face as he starts to drift off to sleep, frowning a little and making me laugh.

“Here with your family that loves you.” The doctors and nurses come in a little after that and the room is busy, though I admit I don’t catch much of it, too distracted by the sight of my sleeping baby and my own exhaustion. Roger gets up from the bed to go and fill out the birth certificate paperwork and do some other things – I don’t know what – while I stay in the bed, just spending some quiet time with the baby. Eventually, though, I feel a familiar hand on my shoulder.

“Congratulations, Cora,” Hank says when I look up, and my face bursts into a grin. “He’s really beautiful.” “Thanks, Hank,” I say, smiling at him and covering his hand with mine. But then I blink, quite suddenly, to see a familiar face behind him. “Oh, Sarah!” I say, smiling at her too. “Did you come to see the baby?” “Actually,” she says, biting her lip – and then, to my surprise, wrapping her arm around Hank’s. “I came with him. He said it would be all right – is it all right?” “Of course, it’s all right,” I say, laughing a little and looking between them. “I just – I didn’t know – ” “Wait, what!?” Ella says, gasping and coming to my side. “What’s all this!?” Hank, I grin to see, blushes and waves his hand, dismissing it. “It’s not important right now we don’t want to take away from the baby – ” “Hank!” Ella says, laughing and smacking him on the shoulder, “why didn’t you tell us!? Sarah!” she exclaims, stepping forward to

wrap her arms around our friend. “I’m so happy for you two!” “Thanks,” Sarah says, laughing and blushing as well. “But really – I don’t want to distract -” Ella hugs her again as Hank turns back to me, smiling his quiet smile and slipping his hands into his pockets.

“I’m glad I was here,” Hank says, though equally glad my presence was unnecessary. Your doctor said that everything went beautifully.” “It did,” I say, grinning at him. ” Thank you for coming, Hank,” I say, meaning it genuinely.

“Anything for you, Cora,” he replies, giving me a quiet smile. “And for this family.

I’ll miss you all when I’m gone.” “What?” I ask, my eyes going suddenly wide. “Where...where are you going?

Update of Accidental Surrogate

Announcement

Accidental Surrogate has updated Chapter 480

“Well,” Hank says, sighing contentedly as he wraps an arm around Sarah’s shoulders. “With Ella here in the city able to patch up anyone pretty much instantly and cure a variety of diseases just by holding people’s hands, there’s not as much use for me here.” “Oh!” Ella squeaks, and I laugh because I can tell that she feels guilty for making Hank feel a little redundant.

“No, Ella,” Hank says, grinning at her. “Sarah and I just talked about it and I think we can be of more use up in the Northern provinces. There’s a great deal of people there – both humans and wolves – who are without healthcare, and especially without a surgeon.” He shrugs. “I think we can do some good.” “I think that’s really cool, Hank,” I say, grinning at him.

“I think it’s right,” he says, smiling at me. “But still, I’m glad we got to be here for this, and to meet Jesse.” “I’m glad too,” I say softly, smiling at my friend. Because as much as my life is full now, and I have less and less time to spend at the clinic...I will certainly miss him.

Hank leans forward to give me a kiss on the cheek, his own quiet farewell, and then Ella walks he and Sarah from the room, murmuring something about Sinclair wanting to say goodbye.

When he leaves, Roger walks quietly over to me, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the door. “What was that all about?” “Well,” I say, smiling up at him, “you’ll be glad to know that Hank is moving away – up to the northern provinces, actually.” I don’t know much about the kingdom’s territories up there, but I do know that it’s a lot of wild land and a lot of rough living. I wonder, privately, if it will suit Hank and Sarah, who don’t exactly strike me as country folk.

“Oh,” Roger says as he purses his lips and looks towards the door, nodding slowly.

I click my tongue, my face bursting into a grin.

“What?” Roger asks, turning to me.

“I can’t believe you’re not crowing with victorious joy,” I say, laughing and shaking my head at him.

“Well,” Roger says, lifting his chin, though he can’t fight his smile anymore. “My mother told me that if you can’t say anything nice, don’t say anything at all.” I roll my eyes. “Words you’ve never lived by.” “Yeah well,” he says, sinking onto the bed and smiling as he looks at the baby and me. “I’m a role model now. I’ve got to reform my ways.” “Hear that, Jesse?” I whisper to my sleeping boy. “He’s going to reform for you.” “Yup,” Roger says, leaning close to peer at the baby.

"I give him one week," I whisper to Jesse, laughing softly.

"I give myself three days," Roger counters, making me laugh harder. Jesse's eyes flutter open a little and he gives a sad little mew.

"Aww, poor baby," I murmur, holding him closer and rocking him so that he'll go back to sleep.

"He just wants to be in on the fun," Roger sighs, stroking a hand over my hair.

"Doesn't want to miss a single laugh." "Well then he's going to have to get a lot less sleep," I say, lifting my head to grin at my mate. "Because we laugh a lot in this family. And I don't intend to stop anytime soon." Roger nods to me, confirming my thought, and leans in for a kiss.

Ella Sinclair comes to the bottom of the stairs, Rafe tucked still sleeping in his arm, and frowns up at me as I descend with Hank and Sarah, clearly intuiting my emotions through our bond.

Hank is leaving, going to work in the northern provinces! I say to my mate mind to-mind, genuinely upset. Make him stay!

Sinclair blinks his surprise for a second, and then he smiles. And how on earth would I make him do that?

I don't know, I reply, scowling. Some sort of...King edict. Just command him.

My mate shakes his head at me and then turns to Hank and Sarah as they reach the ground floor.

"So," Sinclair says, nodding to Sarah and Hank. "I hear you're leaving. It's a shame – you'll be much missed here." "How did you..." Hank says, frowning at his King, and then he glances back at me. "You know," he says, shaking his head, "I'll never get used to that." "You might have to," Sinclair says, raising his eyebrows. "I've heard the packs in the northern provinces are very tight-knit and have...strange magics." "I've heard that too," Hank says, nodding. "Their healing practices are said to be quite unique. I'm very interested to learn from them." "Well, I hope you'll share with us what you learn," Sinclair says as I come to his side and pout at Hank and Sarah, really not wanting them to leave. "Even just so Ella has an excuse to call you back to the capital every once in a while to throw you a party and see how you're doing." I nod eagerly, letting them know I want that very much.

Sarah laughs and Hank smiles at me. "Thank you both," Hank says, looking between us. "For such incredible opportunities. And for introducing us. Sarah and I are..." he says, turning to smile at her now and making her blush, "well, we're very happy." "I'm so pleased to hear that," I say, tucking my clasped

hands under my chin and beaming at them. “And you’ll keep in touch?” “I promise we will,” Sarah says, reaching out to put a hand on my shoulder. “I owe you everything, Ella – keeping in touch is the least we can do.” “Well, you could stay,” I say, raising my eyebrows, but Sinclair just laughs and tugs me close to him.

“Don’t listen to her,” he says, shaking his head at me even as he smiles. “Your path is your own. Though I hope you’ll let us support your work financially, if that’s appropriate.” “I will let you do that,” Hank says, raising his eyebrows at Sinclair, his face serious. “There’s a great deal of poverty up there, which is part of why we want to go. A little bit of well- financed medical care could go a long way.” “It’s done,” Sinclair says, his eyebrows going up as he reaches out a hand, which Hank shakes heartily. “You’ll send me the particulars?” “I will,” Hank promises, smiling between us.

And then I groan, because I know that’s the end of the conversation, and I hug my friends again before they go, making them promise to send me emails and pictures and texts and whatever else it is they can whenever they can.

When they finally leave the house, I slump against Sinclair’s side.

“I got one new nephew but I lost two friends,” I murmur, sad.

“And you got a new pregnancy,” he whispers into my ear, “so I think it’s actually even.” My face bursts into a grin and I squeak a little – because, well, I didn’t precisely forget. But I did get distracted. Just for a moment.

“How’s she doing in there,” Sinclair murmurs, turning me and looking me up and down, his protective Alpha instincts coming back in full force now that I’m pregnant again.

“I have no idea,” I say, grinning up at him and stepping close. “Everything’s exactly the same as it was this morning.” “Good,” he murmurs, stroking a hand over my hair. “Let her grow a little, our Princess.” I smile so hard that I have to close my eyes, leaning against my mate and pressing my cheek to his chest as he wraps his free arm around me. “This is the greatest day,” I whisper with a sigh. “Even if my two stupid friends did just tell me they’re moving away – not even that can kill it for me.” “Don’t worry, trouble,” Sinclair murmurs, continuing to stroke my hair and hold me close. “I don’t think that’s the last we’ve seen from those two.” “Why do you think that?” I ask, lifting my head and peering up at him.

“I genuinely don’t know,” Sinclair says, shaking his head at me and frowning just a little. “Just a feeling.” “Hmm,” I murmur, giving a little shrug. “Maybe the goddess is sending you messages now.” “Maybe,” he says, nodding. “She

gave me you, after all. Clearly, I am her favorite.” I laugh at this and stand on my toes, begging a kiss from my mate which he gladly gives me.

“Think we should go upstairs and see them?” Sinclair asks, looking up the staircase.

“Nah,” I say, tugging him to the living room where Henry is comfortably settled with a glass of whiskey. “Let’s let them have a minute and talk to grandpa instead.”

Read Accidental Surrogate -