

ACCIDENTAL SURROGATE FOR ALPHA

Read Novel Accidental Surrogate Chapter 391

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 391-Conversations with the Goddess Cora My heart is pounding as I follow my mother into the chamber beyond, as Roger shuts the door behind us. My mother crosses the room with ease almost seeming to float. And then I blink in surprise as I realize that...she probably is floating. I mean, she's here – she's corporeal – but it's all a show, isn't it? She doesn't need to walk on her feet if she doesn't want to.

And something about that idea makes me laugh a little, easing my tension. My mother turns when she hears the sound of my laughter and smiles at me, at both of us, before sitting down before a tiny table with a tray of tea on it.

Roger and I cross the short room together, sitting down across from her.

Thoughtfully, Roger pours two cups of tea, which is hot and smells minty and fresh. Then, hesitating at the sight of the third cup, he raises an eyebrow at my mother. She laughs a little too, and I'm shocked to hear that her laugh sounds just like my own – the same rhythm, the same cadence. Something about that makes me smile.

"Yes, Roger," she says, nodding towards it. "I can't drink the tea – but it is nice to have an offering of it." Nodding, Roger pours the cup of tea for the Goddess and slides it across the table towards her. Then he places a sugar cube in my teacup – knowing I'll want it and sits back in his chair, folding his hands in his lap.

"You've had a long journey, Cora," my mother says, looking at me warmly. "In more ways than one." "Yes," I reply, smiling at the understatement in her words. And then I look down at my stomach and place my hands on it, shaking my head. "A journey that has raised...a lot of questions for us." "I understand," she says. "It will bring me a great deal of joy to help you answer those questions, if I can." "How much do you know?" I ask, looking back up at her, wondering if I need... like, do I need to tell her that I'm pregnant? Or... "I know everything," she says, smiling at us. "Your lives are...open to me. As well as your hearts. I'm very pleased that you have found each other, little mates," she says, and I grin to hear her use Roger's pet term for me as if she's heard it before. Then she turns to smile at Roger, "though I'd have preferred to see it happen sooner. I believe it would have saved you both a

great deal of pain.” Roger, to his credit, blushes and looks down. “Cora’s the smart one,” he sighs, glancing at me. “You should have sent her the vision.” “She had other things to worry about,” the Goddess says easily. “You can’t leave everything to your mate.” I laugh at this and Roger’s blush deepens, but he looks up at both of us with a determined look on his face, and we both know that he doesn’t mean to.

My mother turns to me then. “You wish to know?” she asks gently. “About the child?” “Yes,” I breathe, leaning forward, eager. “Do you know? Is it...um...” “Your child is perfectly healthy, Cora,” my mother says, looking down at my stomach. “I can hear the heartbeat now. Your child is strong.” Roger and I both exhale in relief. I mean – we suspected that, but to hear it from a Goddess’ lips... Roger beams a wide smile at me and reaches out to take my hand. I slide my hand into his, palm to palm.

“Is – is my baby a wolf?” I ask, turning back to my mother, clutching Roger’s hand hard. “Your baby is like you,” my mother says, turning her head to watch me, curious.

And I bite my lip, glancing at Roger, who is unable to keep the crestfallen expression from his face. And in my disappointment I realize that we were both hoping very much that our child would be a wolf. Not that I would mind raising a normal human baby- but for him, for the child’s place in our family....

My mother laughs again, snapping our attention back to her.

“No, my daughter,” she says, smiling and shaking her head. “You misunderstand me. What I mean to say here is that...hmm,” she looks up at the ceiling as if thinking it through. “It is difficult to put into words...I do not use them often.” My heart starts to pound again as she sorts through her thoughts.

“I believe the word that you would use for it,” she continues, still looking up, might be hybrid? Your baby is...both human and wolf?” I gasp a little and Roger looks between us both, confused. “Really?” I ask, dropping Roger’s hand as I lean forward in my curiosity. “But you said – like me...” The Goddess draws her eyes back down again and focuses on my face. “Lovely Cora,” she says, a smile spreading across her face, “your child is a cross between a human and a wolf, but it is not the first. You are.” My mouth drops open suddenly as I stare at her, trying...trying to comprehend.

And something about my confusion makes her laugh – not in a cruel way, but in the delighted way of a mother who watches her child discover a great new truth about the world.

“Wha- what do you mean?” I ask, my voice hardly louder than a whisper in my shock.

“You are human, Cora,” my mother says, leaning forward to make sure I understand. “Your body is human – your father was a human. But your mother I am the Goddess of the moon, , and of wolves, among other things.” She smiles at me as I begin to understand. “Your soul is that of a wolf, Cora,” she says quietly. “Can you not feel it?” And I stare at her, shocked.

We’re all silent for a long moment before I stumble out my answer. “N-no,” I say, looking down at myself, and then closing my eyes and searching....searching – But it’s nowhere.

“No,” I say again, devastated as I open my eyes and looking at my mother again. “Are you – are you sure? Is there some mistake?” “I am sure,” she says gently, studying me. Then, she holds out one hand. “Come to me, Cora,” she says, and I stand, going to her, taking her hand, gasping at the tickling, starlight feeling of her skin.

“Close your eyes,” she says softly, “let us see if we can coax your little wolf to show her face.” And – unbidden, but knowing it’s right – I close my eyes, and let my mother’s energy rush gently through me, like a trickling stream, the sound of it in my mind like a calling...a summoning, a welcoming... And suddenly, to my complete shock, I feel a dark corner of my soul shyly uncurl itself, opening one eye and looking hesitantly around, almost afraid to do so.

A little cry falls from my mouth as I recognize her instantly my sweet, quiet wolf, who has been here all along – but who has hidden herself away, confused, not knowing if she belongs, or where she belongs... And I recognize her instantly, instantly as me as my own.

My little wolf raises her dark snout to the air at the continued sound of my mother’s call, and then slowly, half- eager, half-scared, she starts to get to her feet.

Hey, I say within my mind, calling to her, reaching out a mental hand for her, eager for her touch.

She quirks her ears at the sound of my voice, but I see an eagerness slowly come into her expression. Hi, she says to me, awkward but...but wanting it.

Wanting me. And slowly, I reach my mental hand closer to her, and run it slowly over the length of her soft brown fur.

I know you, she says, giving me a wolfish little smile. I like you. Can we run?

She lifts her head and presses into the touch of my hand, letting her mouth fall open in eager joy.

Yes, I whisper back, laughing a little with my own joy. Yes, we can.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 392-Questions Answered Cora My eyes flash open as I gasp, fascinated and thrilled at the having finally, finally met my wolf – who has been here all along – My mother smiles warmly at me, but when I turn to Roger I only see shock on his face as he stares at me with wide eyes.

“Can you – can you sense her?” I ask, thrilled and curious.

“Um, yeah, Cora,” he says, looking me up and down in fascinated shock. ” Can’t you feel mine?” And I feel my wolf turn then, looking for him, and suddenly – frankly, like a slap in the face I feel Roger’s wolf standing right there on the other side of our bond, which snaps instantly into place – I gasp, and my knees go literally weak at the sudden intensity of it – Roger’s up in an instant, catching me in his arms before I can fall to the ground because... Because it feel like gravity shifts, suddenly, and what used to be down is now sideways, and at the center of everything now....

...is Roger.

“Hey,” Roger says, anxious, looking down at me as I stare up into his face, as my shy wolf comes forward to tap her nose hesitantly against his across our mating bond.

Roger’s wolf gives a great bay of joy and leaps forward, making my wolf skitter back a step. But he doesn’t stop, closing the distance instantly and nuzzling his body against her, nipping playfully at her shoulder, burying his nose deep in her fur – My poor new wolf shies again for a moment – not from fear just...just because it’s all so new – and I feel Roger’s wolf respond, prancing around her with joy and letting her know with his body language that he’s thrilled she’s here – And that he’s ready, whenever she is, to play. I can’t

help the tears that pour from my eyes at this, as Roger laughs and hugs me close, as I...adjust myself, as best I can, to everything.

I give myself a few moments to cling to my mate my mate, my fated mate, because I know it to be true now in a deep, physical way – before I remember, of course, that my mother is here.

And that we're being incredibly rude. Slowly, even though I don't want to at all I push Roger away from me just slightly and turn back from her.

"I'm sorry," I say, wiping the tears from my face with the back of my hand. "I'm just -" "It's all right, daughter," she says, smiling up at me from her place in her chair. "It does me good to see you so happy." And then, holding Roger's hand tightly as we move back to our chairs, I do my very best to pull myself together.

"So," I say, hesitating, "um, does this mean that I'll be able to take Roger's mark?" "Yes," the Goddess says, nodding. "It may take your human body longer to heal from it," she adds, giving a little shrug, "but your sister can help with that. And it will do you no harm." "Will other humans?" I ask curiously, thinking suddenly of the vision we had of little baby Rafe, all grown up and finding his true love in a human girl. "Could they take a mark, if they wanted one?" "They could," my mother says with a smile, "though...they might not find the joy in it, as wolves do. Your wolf, though, Cora, will crave it. She probably already does." And inside me I feel the truth of it as wwolf steps closer to Roger's tall my wolf's side, pressing herself against him and looking up into his face. I grin, knowing that my mother is right, not needing to confirm.

Oh geeze, I think to myself, a little chagrined but unable to stop smiling. It is going to be...quite a struggle, trying to convince Roger not to give me his mark the moment we step out of this temple But, as much as I want it, I also want it to be special. Knowing my mate, he'll want to sink his teeth into me in the back of that RV – if not before but.... no. I want something more than that.

Quite suddenly, though, another question crops up in my mind. "Does this mean...um," I hesitate, also trying to find the words. "Will I be able to shift? Into my wolf?" "I'm sorry, my darling," my mother says quietly, shaking her head. "Your spirit is that of a wolf, but your body is still human. It is incapable of the shift." A little shudder of disappointment runs through me, but it's short lived. I've already received so, so much more than I had hoped from this visit.

“What about the baby?” Roger asks, interrupting my train of thought with a very important question. I perk up, curious, and am tickled to find that my wolf perks up too, her emotions reflecting my own. “Will the baby be able to shift?” Roger does his best to hide his anxiety on this point, but I can see it in him as I look at his tense face. Roger wants, very badly, to be able to bond with his child on this point – as he did with his own parents.

“As you are the father of Cora’s child, Roger,” my mother says, a phrasing which I’m thrilled actually also answers questions for me that this is my child, and that no dark god was involved in some kind of strange impregnation scenario, as I had once feared “the child’s body is not entirely human, as Cora’s is. Your children’s experiences with their bodies and their wolves may be unique, but yes,” she says, beginning to smile, they will be able to transform, as you can.” A huge sigh – almost a groan – of relief falls from Roger’s mouth as he hangs his head, his shoulders shaking with the intensity of it. I smile widely at my mate as he looks down at the floor with his eyes squeezed shut, trying to pull himself together – I’m just so pleased that he’ll be able to have this connection with his children, a connection he so deeply wants.

He looks up at me then, apology all over his face – “Cora,” he whispers, and I can see that he feels guilty, “I know it seems – I mean, I will love our children no matter what – but I just – ” “It’s all right,” I say, reaching for his hand, which he gives me. “I get it,” I say, nodding and smiling. My wolf nudges his with her nose playfully, happy. “I really do.” My mate exhales a sigh of relief and then we turn our attention back to my mother, though...honestly, I’m so happy that I feel guilty asking her for more.

“You two have a beautiful future ahead of you,” she says quietly. “It will bring me much joy to see it unfold.” And then, to my great sadness, she stands up. “My time runs short. Is there anything else I can answer for you, before I go?” “Please,” I say, leaning forward on my chair and hesitating because...well, because it feels selfish. She smiles at me, though, inviting me to ask.

Still, I bite my lip. “Ella’s gift,” I say, the words coming out in a rush. “It can ...it can do such wonderful things in this world. I want to do more of that, to heal people, as she does. I know that she’s passed the gift to me before but – could you possibly – could I...” And then I run out of words because... it feels just so, so terrible to ask for such an incredible gift, which should be freely given. I hang my head, ashamed.

But to my shock, my mother laughs, and suddenly I feel her fingertips under my chin, turning my face up to hers." You have your own gift, Cora," she says quietly, "already within you."

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 393-Do You Know what I Know?

Cora "What?" I ask, confused. I – I have a gift? I quickly search for it within myself but...it's not there. I mean, I know how Ella's feels – she passed it to me before, I carried it – but there is nothing in me now that feels anything like that... "Yours is different from your sisters," the Goddess explains. "Ella's soul is that of a healer, and so that is her gift. Yours," she smiles lightly, "reflects you. You've used it before," she says, turning her head to glance at Roger with a little laugh.

"I'm surprised you did not notice it then." "What?" I ask again, still baffled. But she turns to go and I grab for her hand.

"Please," I say, shaking my hand, "I don't understand -" "Perhaps you should ask your sister for help," the Goddess says with a shrug.

"She can guide you to it, I think, as hers is already unlocked. But you already have your gift, Cora." She assures me. She hesitates then before laughing a little, "as does your child." "What!?" I say for the third time, my mouth falling open now as I stare at her and then glance down at my stomach before looking back up into her face. "My child -" "All your children," she says simply, as if it's obvious, "will be gifted, as you are, as Ella is. As you, my daughters, are gifts to me – it is my gift to you, and to all of your children." "Whoa," Roger says, sitting back in his chair and raising a hand to his head in shock. "All...all are kids are going to be magic?" The Goddess laughs a little. "Each will be gifted," she says simply, turning back to me. "And each gift will be unique, and will reflect each child's unique spirit. As yours does, as Ella's does. They'll all have pieces in common but -" she sighs happily now, shaking her head as if it's too complicated to explain. "You will see, Cora. I need not explain it all. Your children will show you." "Thank you," I whisper.

"I love you," the Goddess says, raising her hand and brushing my cheek with her fingertips. "Carry that knowledge your whole life. I will see you again," she promises, and I cling to that prophecy just a little, "but until then carry my love." And then, as Roger and I watch, my mother passes through a door in the back of the room – a door that I swear was not there a moment ago – stare at each other. And then, as I continue to stare at him, he starts to laugh – a low, delighted sound – as he gets up and crosses the small room to me,

wrapping me tight in his arms and rocking me back and forth as he buries his head against my neck.

“I knew it,” he murmurs, still holding me tight. “I knew it was all going to be good news-” “You did not,” I laugh, and finally as the shock leaves my system I feel myself filling with a deep and resounding joy in its place. “You were as anxious as I was!” “Yeah,” he admits, his voice muffled against my skin, “but like... deep down. I knew it was going to be all right. You know?” “Sure, baby,” I say, patting his back, letting him think it. But despite all of it, I can’t stop smiling. Inside me my wolf turns in a happy little circle, prancing around and shaking out her fur, getting used to the feel of her body moving freely.

Roger stands up a little straighter and grins down into my face. “This is so cool,” he murmurs. “The baby is going to be a wolf, and you have a wolf, and we have a mating bond -” he shakes his head, laughing, thrilled at it all.

“I know,” I murmur, smiling up at him and raising my hands to bury my fingers in his hair. “I feel – I feel crazy different, like expanded – ” my whole body has- “Should we do it now?” he asks, interrupting me and looking down at my neck, raising his hand to start to tug at the collar of my shirt.

“Huh?” and then as I see him eyeing that soft place between my shoulder and my neck I burst into laughter and swat him away. “Ew, Roger! No!” “EW?!” He says, his mouth dropping open a little bit – but we’re both too happy for him to actually be offended. We’re we’re just...so connected now 1- that the mating bond has snapped together on both ends. It’s like he can intuit my emotions and my meaning without even having to look at me, even listen to me.

“Why not?” He asks, and I can sense his mild disappointment.

“Because!” I say, slapping his shoulder playfully. “We’re in my mom’s house – there are people that live here! We’re not just going to like, throw down here in the back of the temple- “Why the hell not?” he asks, looking at me like I’m crazy.

“Roger!” I gasp, “Absolutely not! I may be a wolf in spirit, but I was raised human. I have a little more decency than that.” And then as he wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me closer, looking hungrily down at me, I start to laugh so hard that my whole body shakes. It takes him a moment but then he’s laughing with me, and we pass our joy between ourselves down that bond, a cycle of it that makes me so happy I can barely breathe.

“Fine,” he murmurs when we both calm down a little bit, after he presses his lips warmly to my mouth and kisses me, soundly, warmly, so that the love sweeps through me and makes me feel absolutely complete. “But as soon as we’re alone – really alone, Cora...” he snaps his teeth at me, letting me know his precise intentions.

And I nudge him with my nose, just as my wolf does to his in the precise same moment. “You’d better,” I whisper, feeling an intense hunger for his mark that I didn’t feel before.

Slowly, Roger exhales and loosens his arms, his eyes drifting down my body to my stomach as he makes space between us. “So cool that the baby’s going to have powers,” he murmurs. And Sinclair and Ella are going to flip when we tell them that Rafe -” But he freezes, suddenly, unable to finish his sentence. I feel his shock and awe down the bond before he looks up and whispers my name. into my face- “What?” I ask my eyes going wide. It’s not fear – nothing in his reaction tells me I should be afraid. But still...what.

And then, as he looks down at my stomach again, he passes me something down the bond – something I don’t understand, something that doesn’t have words... And suddenly, quite suddenly, I become aware of...a new little connection inside of me. A link that has been there, but which I hadn’t been aware of before... My wolf quirks her head, turning towards it, curious. And then, as we both realize what it is, I gasp and she gambols forward in excitement. Our pup! She shouts in my mind, her heart and my heart both leaping with joy to feel it.

“The baby,” I gasp – because now that my wolf is awake, I can feel the bond – feel it in the same way Roger could. “Is it... is it more for you now?” “Yes,” he murmurs, awestruck, looking back up in my face with wide eyes. “Yes, I can feel it so much more now – I think...I think as much as Dominic did, with Rafe...” And I flush suddenly with joy to be able to give this to Roger, to be able to feel it myself, this wonderful, miraculous new connection... I bite my lip with happiness suddenly as I explore the bod, prod it, connecting with my little baby and saying hello, and realizing... “Do you know what I know?” I whisper, my face alight again with joy. A thrilled grin bursts on Roger’s face.” Yes,” he says quietly, his voice almost shaking with the joy of it. “I think I do.” “A boy!” I shout, laughing, throwing my arms around his neck as Roger catches me, and picks me up, and spins me around laughing and shouting with happiness.

“A little boy,” he murmurs against my neck as I wrap my legs around his waist.

And then I take my mate's face in my hands, and I beam down at him, and I kiss his mouth for the joy of it. We stay like that for a long time, absolutely thrilled and more connected to each other and to our child – than we've ever been.

"Are you happy?" I ask him when I pull away, just an inch. But I smile, already knowing the answer.

"How could I not be, Cora?" he sighs in reply, looking up at me with such love in his eyes that I can hardly bear it. "This is everything. Absolutely everything." And then he kisses me again, and I kiss him back, and with every passing moment I send a message down the bond to him with every beat of my heart:

I love you, I love you, I love you.

And he sends it right back.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 394-Family Reunited Ella I get tenser and tenser as the minutes pass, and I can feel Sinclair behind me likewise desperate to know what's going on behind that closed door. A priestess comes by after a little while, offering us tea or seats, but we decline both because we're very aware that we're definitely not going to be able to relax until that door opens. Which it doesn't do for a very, very long time.

"What are they even doing in there?" I ask, especially when I hear a little muffled shout come through that makes me go quite still. Sinclair chuckles a little and I spin to look up at him, not understanding what he means – But then, when I see his raised eyebrow and the smirk on his face, I realize... "Oh, EW!" I say, swatting at him with my free hand, the one that's not holding the sleeping baby. "They are so not-" "Roger would," he murmurs, smiling at me and still laughing lightly.

"Cora would not," I say, vehement. "This is mom's house." "She didn't seem to mind about such activities outside the RV, where dad could have seen, were he to glance out the window." "Yeah, but that's your dad," I say, rolling my eyes and returning my focus to the door. "It's different." "The Goddess is all-seeing," Sinclair says, and I can feel him shrug. "She'll spy if she wants to – what's the difference between having s3x in her temple as opposed to anywhere else -" But I hiss at him to shut up, looking around anxiously to make sure he wasn't overhead. Chuckling, wrapping his arms around my waist again, Sinclair pulls me back against him. "If the baby weren't here," he

murmurs low into my ear, pulling my hips back against him... “Enough out of you,” I chide, though I can’t help the smile that tugs at my lips.

Because...well, my mate is very difficult to resist. Even in an inappropriate religious space dedicated to my mom.

Luckily, the door opens then, and Cora and Roger come striding out, wide smiles stretching over both of their faces as they speak softly to each other, holding hands, completely oblivious to our tense waiting.

“Cora!” I cry, thrilled and excited. Her head spins to me and her smile widens as I dash over to her. But as I get within three feet of her I sense – What is that? I stop dead in my tracks, raising my nose to sniff the air – but I can’t – Sinclair, coming up behind me, likewise goes stiff and then starts to laugh. “Well, congratulations, sister-in-law,” he says, and I glance back to see a wide grin on his face. “Looks like you’re a wolf after all.” “WHAT!” I shout, completely shocked and throwing an arm around my sister, tugging her to me and holding the baby to my side so that he doesn’t get smushed. “Are you serious?! Are you?” And then I back off a little again, sniffing around her and sensing – Yes – yes – I may not have been able to smell it months ago, before I was immersed in this world – but my sister has a wolf, and it’s awake in her, and prowling around.

Cora laughs, thrilled. “Yes, Ella,” she says, nodding and stepping away from me but holding my hand. “I have a wolf. Um, I’m still human, so I can’t shift? But apparently,” she shrugs, shaking her head still in disbelief, “I have always had a wolf soul, inherited from mom. I just...never knew. She helped me find it.” “Wow,” I say, squeezing her hand and staring at her, baffled and thrilled. “Cora, that’s amazing – I mean, I think it’s amazing. Do you?” Thrilled, my sister nods and then takes her hand from mine, stepping back with her mate. “I do. We both do.” And then she puts a hand on her stomach, still smiling at me. “The baby does too.” “WHAT!” I shout again, laughing and stumbling forward, putting my hand on her stomach as if I could feel the baby too. “You can feel the baby now?!” “Yes,” she says, happy. “I can feel him through the bond.” And then my eyes snap up to her and I feel my eyes instantly fill with tears as her words echo in my mind. “Feel...feel him?” Slowly, grinning, Cora begins to nod. “Him.” “A baby boy!” I shout, ecstatic, and my mate wisely slips my own baby boy from my arms before I hurl myself at my sister, wrapping her up as tight as I can as I cry against her, so happy – so incredibly excited for her, and for me to have a nephew, and for Rafe to have a best friend. Because it’s not optional anymore Rafe and the baby are going to be best friends – “Ella!” Cora laughs, holding me tight and shaking her head. “It’s

all right! You're choking me!" But I have a hard time letting her go, so my sister just laughs and holds me as we rock back and forth, united in our joy.

When I am able to pull back a little and wipe my tears from my face, I see my own mate with his arm around his brother's shoulder, beaming at him as Roger looks down at Rafe in Sinclair's arms, probably considering that he's going to have his own baby just like that in such a short amount of time.

"Do you know?" I ask, turning back to Cora. "How long the pregnancy will be?" She pauses and then lets out a frustrated little groan, turning to Roger. "Roger, we forgot to ask!" "Ask what?" he asks, looking up at her. "How long the pregnancy will be for a hybrid baby," she answers, sighing, and I see Sinclair perk up at this, interested in the confirmation that the baby will indeed be part wolf and part human.

"Well, whatever," Roger says with a shrug. "The baby will tell us when he's ready, or whatever." "Or whatever," Cora repeats, crossing her arms and glaring at him. "Easy for you to say." "Yes," Roger says, grinning smugly at her but also with a great deal of love. I "Yes, it is." And then I laugh and loop my arm in my sister's, tugging her with me as I head for the temple's door. "Come on, let's go tell Henry," I say, smiling at her.

"Okay," Cora says, sighing with happiness as if she hasn't got a care in the world and I suppose she doesn't 1 anymore, not after our mother answered so many of her questions. We give our thanks and goodbyes at the door to the priestess who let us in, who looks incredibly happy for us all, and then we start down the long stone steps just as the sky starts to turn pink with dusk.

"We still have so much to tell you," Cora says, holding my hand as we trot excitedly down the steps.

"Really?" I ask, fascinated. What else is there to know?

"Yeah," Roger says, smirking at his brother.

"Like what?" Sinclair says casually, clearly not really believing that there could be much else beyond the amazing news we've all just received.

"Like, that Rafe's got magic powers," Roger says with a wide grin. Sinclair and I both go dead still in our tracks, turning to our siblings. Then, as one, we both say the same thing: "Wait, what?" And Roger and Cora burst into laughter.

Accidental Surrogate Chapter 395-- By the Light of the Fire Ella That night, again around the fire, Henry leans forward in his chair and rests his elbows on his knees, smiling around at us.

“So, tell me if I’ve got this right,” he says, clearly tickled by it. “My two sons are mated to two sisters, who each have the Goddess’ blood in their veins, which means...” he pauses here, putting his thoughts together, “that all of my grandchildren are going to have mystical powers?” Cora shrugs, grinning at him. “That’s what she told us,” she says, laughing a little bit.

“Well,” Henry says, pleased, leaning back in his chair and shaking his head in disbelief. “This saves me a great deal of worry.” Sinclair turns to him confused. “What? Why?” “Because,” Henry says, shrugging, trying to hold back his grin. “Imagine if just one of you were mated to a Goddess -born wolf, and only half of my grandchildren had magical powers. At least this way, I don’t have to pretend that I like the non-magical ones as much as the others.” We all laugh at this, but I shake my head at Henry’s streak of dark humor.

Because, beneath it, we all know that it’s not true. He was always going to love all of the grandchildren equally, no matter what.

“I wonder what your gift will be, little baby,” I say to Rafe, who is awake and sitting up in my lap, holding my fingers in his little fists and looking interestedly around at our group. I was very intrigued when Cora told me that all of their gifts would vary according to their personalities – I, like her, had assumed that they would be the same. We still haven’t figured out Cora’s gift yet, though we’ve all be thinking.

“Rafe’s will probably be shooting lasers from his eyes,” Roger murmurs, leaning forward to study my son. I shoot a little glare at Roger and he grins at me.

“No, he’s going to be a healer, like mommy,” I say, kissing Rafe’s head and making him look up at me with a little baby smile. I smile back at him, unable to help it.

“Nah, Rafe’s got a warrior’s soul,” Sinclair says at my side, leaning back in his chair and proudly considering son. It will be something to do with that.”

“Nooo,” I say in denial, glaring at my mate now. “Rafe is gentle. His powers will be for peace.” “What about ours?” Roger asks, turning to Cora. “Are you getting any hints down the bond?” “No,” she replies, sighing a little. “I can’t even figure out what mine is, let alone the baby.” She frowns a little in

frustration, even though we're all aware that nothing is going to wipe out her joy today. Everything for her – for all of us – is coming up roses.

“That’s all right Cora,” I say with my own contented sigh, leaning back in my chair. “We’ll figure it out.” “It would be convenient,” she says, putting her chin in her hand and scowling at me a bit, “if my gift had been healing too. Considering that I’m a doctor.” “Yes,” I say with a mock haughtiness, grinning at her, “that would be convenient, but not everyone can be as gentle, and loving, and restorative as me, Cora – it’s in my personality -” And even as she gives me a little false glare, and I laugh, Sinclair nods as if it’s a fair point. But then Cora cocks her head to the side, clearly considering something.

Then, she sits up straight and looks around. “Actually,” she says to the men, “would you mind if Ella and I had a minute out here alone?” Henry and Sinclair immediately agree and start to stand up but Roger frowns just a little. “Why?” he asks.

“Something mom said,” Cora says, turning to him, “about Ella...being able to help. Do you mind? A little sister time, to see if we can sort through it?” Roger twists his mouth a little and I laugh a little when I see that he does mind, just a bit – but I forgive him, because I know he doesn’t want to be separated from her for a single moment right now not with everything they’ve just discovered. But still, when she gives him a little shove, he sighs and stands up “Come on, new papa,” Sinclair says, wrapping an arm around Roger’s shoulders after taking Rafe from my arms so that Cora and I can concentrate on each other. “I’ll teach you how to change a diaper.” Roger groans but Cora and I laugh as the men help Henry onto the platform lift and then head inside the RV.

“So, what are you thinking?” I ask eagerly, moving my chair closer to my sister’s so that we can better see each other in the dim light of the fire.

“Something mom said,” Cora sighs, looking down at her hands and clearly thinking it through as she goes. “She said that you could help me figure it out.” Cora looks up at me now, her mouth twisted to the side as she tries to work through it. “Do you think I’m like broken, or something?” I immediately open my mouth to deny that, but she puts up a hand to stop me.

“No, I mean like, do I need to be healed? With your powers? So that I can access the gift?” “Oh,” I say, curious and sitting up straight. “I mean, that would make sense – I had to go out into the desert to get the gift from mom – or at least to access it.

Maybe...maybe we need to like, do something to get it going. Some sort of ceremony like that." "Worth a try," she says, shrugging." Do you want to...give it a shot?" "Sure," I say, reaching for her hands. And then, quite quickly, I run my power through and over her body. Her wolf raises her nose to the gift as it passes her, giving it a warm little nudge, and I smile as I sense her. Such a pretty wolf – her fur a thousand shades of brown, from the lightest tawny to nearly black..

But as I scan Cora, seeking any places that she's hurt or tied up or anything...I come up with nothing.

"Sorry, Cora," I sigh, dropping her hands and sinking back onto the chair. "You're totally fine, as far as my gift can sense." "Boo," she says, likewise sinking back in the chair and gnawing at her lip. I watch her as she moves on to the next option. "Um," she says, "do you think I could try healing you?" "What?" I ask, my face twisting with confusion.

"Well, mom also said all the gifts were linked. Maybe I can...heal a little? And maybe doing that will allow me to like, access my full ability?" "Okay," I say, and I hold my hand out to her. "I cut my finger this morning on a bottle cap, T say with a sigh, realizing that I've been meaning to heal it all day and just got distracted. " My gift could fix this up in a cinch can you do it?" Cora shrugs and takes my hand in hers, closing her eyes and pushing herself to fall into the meditative state I use when I access my gift. I do my very best to stay very still and, importantly, not to fall into that same meditative state and heal it myself.

After a few minutes, I gasp a little when I do feel a very slight tingling at my fingertip where the cut is. I see Cora push and concentrate, but then, five minutes later, when she opens her eyes and peers down at it, she scowls and pushes my hand away.

"Still there," she says, scowling.

"I know," I sigh, holding it up to look at my hand. "I did feel a little tingling though.

And it does feel better." "Really?" she asks, interested. "Yeah," I say, smiling at her. "It's interesting that they're linked. Maybe we can all do like, a little bit of each other's stuff. But I do think that it's fair to say that healing is not your gift." "Well then what is it -" she sighs, scowling and starting to get frustrated. I tuck my feet beneath me and smile at my sister, who has always been a little more hot-headed than me.

“Do you think it makes sense that I’m a healer?” I ask quietly. “Mom said that our gifts match our personalities.” “Well duh, Ella,” Cora says, rolling her eyes at me a little bit. “You’re the most maternal person I’ve ever met – all you want to do is take care of everyone, especially babies, and fix things- “True,” I say, cocking my head to the side, pleased at the idea. “I’d heal the whole world if I could.” “But that doesn’t help me,” Cora says, starting to lose her temper a little bit. I look up at the sky, where in the distance I hear a tiny bit of thunder roll. I wonder, passively, if we’re going to move our little think tank inside.

“Well, what’s your key personality trait?” I ask, curious. Cora glares at me a little.

“I don’t know,” she answers in a huff. “Being frustrated? Stubborn? Closed off to everything? I mean, I didn’t let Roger even get close to me for months – and he’s my mate -” “That’s not true, Cora,” I say, leaning forward and frowning at her. “You’re... well, you’re stubborn, but you close yourself off because you feel things so intensely -” “Well, what the hell is the good of that,” she snaps, glaring at me a little, even though I can tell she doesn’t mean it and instantly feels bad about it.

I glance upwards at the sky as the breeze picks up, blowing in storm clouds faster than I thought they could move. And my lips part, just a little bit... “Cora...” I whisper.

“No seriously, Ella!” She says, throwing a hand up and heaving a big sigh as she glares into the fire. “What kind of stupid gift matches someone like me – what, can I like, turn things to rock? Can I halt trains in their tracks with sheer will? Can I...can I like freeze people in place, just by glaring at them?” She scowls as she crosses her arms across her chest, “that’s what my previous dating history would suggest, at least,” she grumbles.

And, precisely in time with that grumble, thunder rumbles through the sky. But Cora doesn’t notice.

“Cora,” I say again, a grin spreading over my face.

“Seriously, Ella,” she says, snapping her gaze to me. “What kind of gift matches up with someone who is so headstrong, so constantly agitated, so □ But put out a hand towards her, interrupting her. “So...tempestuous?” I say, a smile spreading wide across my face. Cora goes still when she sees my expression. “What?” she says, frowning at me. “What is it? What did you

figure out?" But I say nothing, just laughing and holding up my hands as the rain starts to patter all around us. And Cora's jaw drops open.