

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 486

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#Chapter 486 – The Goddess’ Light Ella

The pool we approach is wide and expansive – more of a large pond, or even a lake, really, shining below the open sky. I tilt my

head curiously at I look at it, remembering Cora describing the pool as small and well tucked away in the forest. This one...

Well. Maybe it’s different every time, for every child, every pair of godparents. I look up at the moon and smile, thinking fondly of

my mother and all the blessings she’s given us. And also how she can sometimes be...a little bit tricky.

“Ready?” Sinclair murmurs.

“Almost,” I quip, stepping close to him and lifting myself up on my toes, tilting my chin up for a kiss.

He smiles and bends his

head, pressing his mouth briefly to mine.

“Ready now,” I say, grinning at him.

Sinclair takes a moment to look at me in the moonlight, running a hand over the length of my loose hair, and then we step forward to the edge of the pool.

“Goddess,” he murmurs, not bothering to raise his voice – he knows she can hear him. “We bring to you, tonight, this child our nephew Jesse. So that he may begin to know you.”

“We wish to show him your light,” I say, repeating the words that Henry taught me as part of the ritual, a little shiver running down my spine as I do. ” And in doing so, let you see him and bring him into the spirit of your grace.”

I smile as the light reflecting off the pool grows brighter, insubstantially at first but bolder as the moments pass. Mom – she’s here, and she’s ready to meet Jesse.

“Here you go, baby,” Sinclair murmurs, holding Jesse out so that I can reach over and quickly untuck his swaddling. Then, with the baby safe in my mate’s broad hands, Sinclair and I step forward to hold Jesse out over the pool, basking in the light of the moon.

I smile as I look down at Jesse, as the moonlight pools over him. He kicks his little feet and fusses for a moment, frowning a bit

up at the sky before giving a little laugh. I can't keep myself from laughing a little bit too, smiling down at my spunky little nephew, loving him so much already.

"He is called Jesse Sinclair," my mate says, his voice a little choked. I glance up to see him gazing at the baby too, his first nephew, the child of his brother and best friend. "His parents, Cora and Roger, have asked us to bring him here to dedicate him to you. We do so in their name."

I grin, tucking myself close to my mate's side, a thrill running through me. How many babies have been dedicated to the

Goddess with these words, been welcomed into wolf culture? How many more will we, my little family, get to bring into the fold?

But there's no time to ponder these questions, because as I gaze at the baby something begins to stir in the air beyond him.

"Oh," I breathe, my eyes going wide. And then I take a deep breath, and am swept away in the vision that my mother gives us, the hint of the fate that she's built for him.

My heart seizes as the first images fly by – a happy childhood, a handsome little boy, full of laughter and pranks. And by his side

at almost every moment is another little boy – dark haired, always a little taller, always laughing and shouting at his cousin's side.

Rafe – Rafe! Happy, and healthy, and Jesse's best friend, as I always dreamed they'd be.

The urge grows in me to reach out and seize each of the moments as they fly past a camping trip,

gathered around the fire with

Roger and Sinclair, slightly older but so happy – a birthday party with Jesse's face brightly lit by eight candles

I want to grab each moment of the vision, to study them each independently, to get the details in full

But tears slip down my cheeks as I give in to the experience, knowing that this – like life – will fly by, and if I spend my time trying

to hold onto the pieces I'll miss it completely.

And so I watch, and my joy deepens when I start to realize that next to Jesse and Rafe, in every vision as they grow older,

there's a little girl too.

A little girl with a heart-shaped face and rose gold hair – between her brother and her cousin at all times, laughing with them, fully

engaged with their games and antics –

And then a vision comes of the three of them, draped over the pillows of a couch, fully exhausted with their arms and legs thrown

over each other like exhausted puppies, sleeping
wherever they landed

And though there's no real proof of it, I know she's
mine – the little baby growing in my stomach right
now. She's there, and she's
every bit as much a part of their little group as I
hoped she'd be –

Jesse – he has a rich friendship with his cousins,
and the three of them... they're a matched set.
I wipe at my face, hardly able to see through the
blurr of my tears but eager to do so because there's
more

The three – they're older now, much older, in their
early twenties, all dressed in black and gathered
around a fire somewhere, in
a room with stone walls that looks out over a dark
landscape. They're chatting and laughing, their
cheeks ruddy and healthy, tired
but happy. Jesse – he's so tall and he looks just like
Roger, with Cora's warm brown eyes. He laughs
easily, tossing a cashew at
Rafe who

God, I almost sob to see it – but who looks like
Sinclair's double

And our little girl! She's there too! I shake my head
at...at how much she looks like me

The three, they're a team, and wherever they are, they're there together. I shake my head, not understanding, because they certainly don't look like they're at college, not dressed like that. But wherever they are ...well, they're happy, and they're together, and it's more than I could ask for.

The vision fades, replaced by the next, and Jesse is alone. The laughter is gone from his face, replaced with determination. He moves through a darkness flecked with stars – a darkness which feels...palpable, and as I watch, I see him grab the darkness, shifting it, moving through it like...like he's pushing silk in water...

And then, when he steps out?

I gasp, because...it's...god, it looks for all things like a different world, a world wrapped in darkness. He looks up into the sky and

I blink to see that there is no moon. Not merely a night without a moon but...an...an absence there that I can feel. He bares his teeth, and pulls a dagger from his hip, and storms forward

I blink then, because – because –

The vision fades. There's nothing else.

“That can’t be it,” I breathe, my voice frantic. I whip my head up to my mate, whose face is likewise pale.

“That can’t be it! He –

we need to know! He has to come back!”

Sinclair looks at me and shakes his head – he just doesn’t know, it’s a mystery –

“That can’t be it!” I shout, suddenly livid, and I stumble forward, my feet sinking into the pool as I spin and glare up at the moon.

“Ella!” Sinclair shouts, reaching for me.

“You can’t leave it like that!” I shout up at the moon.

“You can’t send me back to my sister with that as your final image! I won’t go!”

“Ella please,” Sinclair shouts, seeing me stumble and almost lose my balance as my shoes sink into the mud at the bottom of the silver pool.

“I’m not going!” I shout, waving a hand at Sinclair but not taking my eyes off the moon! “You owe us more than this!”

And as I glare up into the sky, soft words float to my ears – barely audible words, kissed by starlight.

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#Chapter 487- Mothers and Fathers

Ella

“Ella, you can’t just demand

But I glare at Sinclair, slicing my hand through the air and shaking my head as I realize that he can’t hear what I’m hearing.

And the first thing that comes to my ears...

Is a laugh.

“All right, little daughter,” a soft voice says, and I instantly recognize it as my mother. “I stopped there for a reason, but if you get out of my pool, I’ll give you one more.”

I narrow my eyes at the moon but do as the Goddess bids, stepping out of the pool.

“I ended there because I do not know the outcome,” she says, her voice sorrowful. “His mission will be...his own. But, I do know this...”

And I reach out and put a hand on Sinclair’s arm, very tense. I gasp a little as a new vision forms very fleeting, very brief –

But in it, Jesse is an old, old man wrinkles crinkle around his eyes as he smiles down at a child in his arms

His grandchild, or maybe his great- grandchild or maybe not a child of his blood at all, but certainly one he loves very, very much

—

It's gone as soon as it comes, but it's enough.

Jesse – he lives. And it's enough.

“Thank you,” I breathe, my eyes turned up now towards the sky, the tension falling from my shoulders. ”

Thank you.”

“Trust them,” the Goddess says, her words even fainter now than they were before. “Even if you don't trust this world, or me, trust them.”

And I nod, understanding, committing to it.

And suddenly, whatever magic was here lifts, and she's gone.

The light from the pool fades until it's just...a lake, or a pond again.

“What...what just happened?” Sinclair asks, staring down at me with wide eyes.

“Did you see?” I ask, desperate to know.

“See what?” he asks, shaking his head at me. “See you plunge into the pond yelling at the sky like a literal lunatic!?”

“See the last vision!” I explain, and when he continues to stare at me I let out a deep breath.

“Okay. Guess that one was just for me.”

“She showed you more!?”

I nod slowly. “She knew I was upset when the vision ended with Jesse in darkness. So, she showed me him as an old man, holding a tiny child.”

My mate scowls at me and then glances up at the moon, as if he wants to get mad now but he’s a little too scared of her for

blasphemy. “Well, that hardly seems fair,” he murmurs. “Why do you get extra visions?”

“Well, you,” I say, pointing down at his shoes, “have warm dry feet. So. Fair trade.”

He laughs at me almost despite himself, shaking his head as he wraps Jesse up tightly in his blanket.

The baby’s face is peaceful now, his eyes starting to drift shut. “Leave it to you, trouble,” he murmurs, “to bully the Goddess into showing you extra magical visions.”

“I’m his godmother,” I say, grinning and taking the baby from Sinclair’s arms when he offers him to me, probably knowing that I’m upset and want to hold the baby close. “If I’m not going to bully a diety for him, who is?”

“I’ll leave it to you,” Sinclair sighs, wrapping a warm arm around my shoulders. “Come on. Let’s go get you into some warm socks.”

About an hour later, Sinclair makes good on his promise and comes out of Cora and Roger’s closet, tossing a pair of fluffy socks onto my lap.

“All right, Ella,” Cora says, frowning down at me with her baby in her arms, “spill.”

“I told you,” I say on a sigh, “it’s not bad.”

But, of course, she doesn’t believe me. Cora took one look at the wet hem of my gown, my ruined shoes, and Sinclair’s pale face when we came out of the forest and went totally still. We tried to put on a good show, ensuring the group of all the wonderful

things we saw which is true! – but Cora didn’t say much at all, ushering everyone into the waiting vans so that we could all get

back to the house as fast as possible.

She’s a polite hostess of course, and she made sure that everyone was happily settled in the house with food and drink so

Jesse’s celebration could continue, but I could tell: the entire time, she just wanted to get us alone so that she could get the full details.

Roger is just as worried, though he's doing a bit better playing it off.

"They said it's all right, Cora," he says, putting a hand on her shoulders. "

They wouldn't say that if it wasn't true." He looks between us now, a desperate hope in his eyes.

"We wouldn't," Sinclair assures him.

"They would," Cora snaps, glaring at Sinclair and me. "They would say whatever polite nonsense they could until they got us

alone and then they would break the news to us!

So!" she's almost shaking with her anxiety now as I finish pulling the warm

socks over my feet. "Spill! Please!"

"Cora," I murmur, reaching for her, and my sister lets me pull her down onto the bed. I wrap my arms around her shoulders and

she bursts into tears. "No, Cora, really – it's all right!"

"Is it?" she gasps. "Then why are you all wet – why did Dominic look like that when he came out of the forest!? What went wrong?"

"I'll tell you everything," I murmur, rocking my sister back and forth. "But first I need you to tell me how much you want to know."

"What?" she gasps, pulling back and looking at me.

“It’s the same choice you gave me,” I say quietly, looking between her and Roger, “at Rafe’s baptism. You said there were some details that perhaps a mother shouldn’t know – but that it all turned out right. Well, the same thing is true here – it really does all turn out right, Cora. The Goddess – she showed me a vision of Jesse very old, very happy – he lives a long life.”

Cora lets out a long, shaking breath, and then her shoulders begin to tremble as she tucks her head down against her baby and starts to cry tears of relief.

“Cora,” Roger says, his voice breaking on her name. I take my arms from around her shoulders so Roger can take my place, and he sits next to her on the bed, pulling her and the baby into his lap and holding them tight against him. Sinclair comes and stands next to me and I lean against his side, resting my head against his muscled stomach. Very suddenly I want to be holding Rafe but he’s downstairs with Henry, because I knew Cora would need my whole attention for this. I sigh, denying myself the impulse to run down and get him. My sister needs me more.

We stay like this for a long few moments while Cora catches herself. Then, when she's ready, she lifts her head and looks into Roger's eyes. He nods steadily to her. "Whatever you want, Cora," he murmurs. Cora turns her eyes to me and nods, finally ready to know.

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Chapter 488- A Powerful Gift

Ella

Cora wipes at her face with the palms of her hands.

“I’m sorry,” she says. “I just...I kind of flipped out.”

“The vision wasn’t bad,” I say, “I promise it wasn’t.

And we get it – if you came out of the baptism ceremony looking like you’d

jumped into the pool? I'd have freaked out too!"

"Yeah, well," she murmurs, glancing down at my stomach, "maybe I'll just do that out of spite in six months, see how you like it."

I laugh then, the noise surprising me, and Cora's face breaks into a tentative smile.

"There's my girl," Roger murmurs, lifting a hand to wipe at the last of her tears.

"I think we need to hear all of it," Cora says, nodding to Sinclair and then to me. "Please. Just...maybe just for this baby, our first."

"Okay," I whisper, nodding. And then Sinclair and I tell her all of it – of all the wonderful things we saw for Rafe as he grows up, and his happiness with his cousins. And then we tell of the darkness we saw, and the incredible way he moved through it – of the challenge clearly laid out for him in his future.

"Wow," Roger says, a little baffled as he looks down at his baby. "I have...I have no way of really comprehending what any of that means," he murmurs.

"It was difficult to know what we were seeing," Sinclair replies, looking down at me for confirmation. I nod. "Then, Ella got really pissed. That's when she jumped into the pool."

"What?!" Cora gasps.

I give a shrug. "I wasn't going to let her end the vision there. So...we kind of got into a fight, and then she gave me the last image – of Jesse old and happy, so that I'd go away."

Cora bursts into laughter then, looking down at her little baby. "We chose the right godmother for you, baby," she sighs. "Always getting her money's worth."

"Damn straight," I say looking up at Sinclair with a very clear told-you-so expression on my face. "Only the full baptism experience for my baby nephew."

"So, what do you think it means?" Roger asks, looking between us.

"I don't know," I reply, resting my hand on my chin and gazing at the baby, wondering about his very strange and very interesting future. "He's going to be very close with Rafe and with the new baby girl. And the way he handled a dagger, and the way he was dressed – I think he's going to be a warrior."

"That fits," Cora sighs, looking up at me with a little guilt in her eyes. "We saw Rafe was going to be a warrior too. So, at least they'll have each other."

A little anxiety turns in me at that, but I just nod, tucking the information away. I mean, considering who his dad is? I can't say

that I'm surprised. But I can think about how I feel about it another day.

"I think it's more than that, though," I murmur.

"Something mom said

"Wait, what?" Sinclair says, breaking in and stepping away from me a little, looking down at me. "She spoke?"

"Oh yeah," I say, giving a little apologetic laugh and a shrug. "I forgot you didn't hear her. My bad."

"Your bad!?" he says, appalled.

"Yes, my bad!" I return, rolling my eyes and brushing a hand through the air at him, dismissive. I turn my eyes back to Cora.

"Mom said that Jesse's mission will be his own and that she doesn't know the outcome. But honestly, Cora, he seemed...very capable. And very powerful."

I look up at Sinclair, wondering if he felt the same. He sighs as he looks at me and then turns to nod to his brother and my sister.

"That was the impression that I got too. That whatever gift the Goddess gave to him... it's a powerful one."

Cora and Roger are quiet for a long moment, shifting their gaze to their little boy. Sinclair and I sit quietly, letting them process their thoughts.

“You know,” Roger says quietly, thoughtful. “If you’d asked me before he was born if I wanted him to have a weird, cool, powerful gift, I’d have said hell yeah. But now that he’s here? And he’s so...tiny?” Roger takes a deep breath that breaks my heart a little bit, shaking his head as he stares at his son. “I wish his gift was something stupid, like...being really, really good at bowling. Or just being magically kickass at Scrabble.”

“He’s going to get that from me anyway,” Cora murmurs, smirking a little, and I bite my lip to see the humor returning to these two. Because if they’re joking about it...I think it means that they’re strong enough to get through it. “The last thing mom said to me,” I say quietly, and Cora’s eyes flash up to me with a little bit of dread in them – like she doesn’t want any more information tonight – I laugh and shake my head. “No, it’s good!” I say, putting up a hand. “She said to trust them,” I continue, nodding. “Trust our kids. And it felt very true – I mean, we’re all aware that we’re not bringing kids into an easy life. They’re born into responsibilities. We have to raise them to be strong, and then when they’re grown? We have to trust them to handle themselves in the world.”

Sinclair nods slowly, agreeing with me. “And I don’t think the Goddess would have given Jesse a powerful gift if she didn’t think he could handle it,” he says softly, putting a hand on my shoulder. “I don’t think she’s in the business of screwing over her grandkids.”

Cora sighs, nodding too. “Just giving her daughters extreme anxiety,” she mutters, sighing and running a hand over Jesse’s sleeping heads.

“I think that’s probably all moms,” I say, standing up and leaning against my mate, who pulls me tight against him. “But...I mean, I think it’s going to turn out okay.”

“Why do you say that?” Cora asks, looking up at me again, I think hoping for another little hint from mom, who of course knows more than we do.

“I just have faith,” I say, letting my lips turn up into a smile. “These kids – they’re going to be good eggs and we’re going to love them a lot. If they end up with the fate of the world in their hands?” I look up at my mate and shrug. “Then I think the world’s got a pretty good shot.”

Sinclair smiles at me, leaning down to give me a little kiss before we turn back to Cora and Roger.

“You guys coming downstairs?” I ask, nodding towards the door, eager to get to Rafe and give him a snuggle and whisper to him how loved he is if he can’t hear me. even
“In a minute,” Cora replies, giving me a tentative smile that has a great deal of warmth behind it. Because even if she is still spooked a bit – I know she agrees with me. Our kids are going to be great – we just have to have faith in them.
“We’ll be waiting,” Sinclair says, giving them a steady nod, and together we let the new parents have a minute alone with their son.

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Chapter 489 – Cozy Little Nest

Ella

“Kinda wish I knew what Rafe’s power is going to be now,” I murmur as we lift Rafe’s carrier out of the car early the next morning.

Cora and Roger stayed up in their room for a few more minutes, but they came downstairs much more cheerful and ready to celebrate. I watched them carefully a long time, checking to see if they were just putting on good faces for their guests – but honestly? From everything I could see, they really decided to embrace the good news the Goddess gave them.

It was a wonderful night and a brilliant morning. But now? Now I want to go to sleep.

“I already know what his gift is,” Sinclair says, slinging an arm around my shoulders as we start into the palace.

“You do?” I gasp, looking up into his face. But then I scowl when I see his smirk and realize that he’s kidding. ” Oh, you liar.”

“No really,” he says, raising his eyebrows at me. “His goddess-given power is just...handsome.”

“What!?” I squeak, a little aghast, my mouth falling open at this ridiculous idea.

“Come on!” Sinclair says, laughing and grinning down at me. “Look how good looking this kid is!” he continues, gesturing down at our son in his carrier, who is sleeping with a little bit of drool dribbling out the side of his mouth.

“Oh my god,” I groan, speeding up my steps and attempting to move ahead of my ridiculous mate.

“I’m serious!” Sinclair pushes, laughing, easily catching up to me with his long legs. “Didn’t you see him in that vision, all grown up? He is a handsome guy – it’s got to be his power.”

“Stop flattering yourself, Dominic,” I mutter, stepping into our elevator and jabbing the up button with my thumb. ” He looked just like you.”

“Precisely my point!” Sinclair says, wrapping my arm around my waist and tugging me close against his side as the elevator begins to raise, “he’s going to bring nations to their knees with just his smoldering gaze – ”

“Cover your ears, baby!” I call to Rafe, rolling my eyes at Sinclair. “Your dad is going to raise you to be vain and overly pleased with yourself -”

“I want the child to know the full extent of his power! He has to be prepared! He, too, is going to have demigoddesses just falling all over him

I can’t help it at this – I burst out laughing. “Stop it!” I gasp, smacking Sinclair on the chest. “We’re trying to raise a nice boy – not an egomaniac!”

“But you’re not saying that I’m wrong,” my mate says, smirking and cupping my face in his gigantic hand.

“Well, I don’t think it’s his gift,” I say, narrowing my eyes at him as the doors open. I bite my lip though.

“But he really was handsome, wasn’t he? In the vision.”

“I’m telling you, Ella,” Sinclair says, grinning at me as we step into our hall. “If it’s not a gift it’s a curse.

He’s going to have to keep a fly swatter at his side all the time to keep the girls off him – ”

I burst out laughing again at the mental image, leaning hard against my mate as my cheeks and my side begin to ache. We pass

a few staff in the hallway who smile happily at us as we make our way down the hall to our door. Sinclair opens it, pressing a warm hand to my back as I head inside.

“Honestly,” I say with a happy sigh, looking down at our kid, “I think maybe his Goddess gift is...sleeping soundly. Through everything.”

“He’s just used to his loud mom,” Sinclair sighs, dropping a kiss on my cheek before I crouch down to lift the baby out of his carrier.

“Don’t you listen to anything daddy says,” I murmur to my sweet, floppy little baby as I gather him up in my arms. “He is a big ugly liar tonight -”

“I’m not ugly!” he calls from the closet, because of course his alpha hearing caught my private conversation with my son.

“He is,” I whisper, grinning at Rafe as I tuck him against my shoulder and stand to carry him into the closet, intent on getting him changed into some pajamas. “And whatever he says, you get your good looks from me.”

“Well, that I won’t contest,” Sinclair says, grabbing me to his half-naked body the moment I step through the door.

“Wise man,” I say, lifting myself on my toes for a kiss. Sinclair gives it to me a long, lingering one, and then he pats me on the ass before reaching for some pajama pants.

There’s a happy little silence in the closet then as we all get ready for bed even though its about seven in the morning. These

baptisms – they’re exhausting, but there’s something nice about having an entire day of rest afterwards.

Like the baby’s big day

gives us all a little respite to sit back and think about our world, our lives.

When we're all ready, Sinclair and I give Rafe a kiss and then tuck him into his little crib. I sigh after I put him down, crossing my arms over my chest. "Maybe we should take him into the nest tonight," I murmur. "Keep him close while we can."

"You can't sleep with them every night," Sinclair says softly, leaning in to kiss me on the side of my head, just above my ear.

"You just try to stop me," I growl. "Maybe I'll gather all the children with us in bed until they're sixty –" "That's a bad idea," my mate says, wrapping his arms around me and walking backwards towards the bed, tugging me with him so that we both fall back onto the mattress together. "You'll traumatize them."

"Fine," I sigh, curling up with my mate in my fresh, cozy nest. "Just until they're twenty, then."

"Okay," he agrees, tucking his head down against my shoulder and playing with my hair with one hand, the other moving down my side to caress my little baby bump. "How's this one doing?"

"I think she's okay," I say, sighing happily. And then I bite my lip, turning mind fully to my daughter for the first real time tonight. "It was amazing to see her too, wasn't it?"

“It was,” he murmurs. “What a gift it was to be Jesse’s godparent.”

“She’s so pretty,” I whisper, my voice squeaking a little in excitement.

“She looks just like you,” Sinclair whispers, laughing.

“I know,” I say, giggling. “Just think she’ll have Kings falling at her feet, nations collapsing under the weight of her smolder – ”

“Girls don’t smolder,” he murmurs, laughing along with me.

“This one will,” I sigh, putting my hand on top of his on my stomach. “I think she’s going to be really special, Dominic,” I whisper.

“I think so too,” he whispers back. And I smile, and snuggle up against my mate, and wrapped up warm in each other’s arms we fall asleep.

I’m my wolf in my dreams this morning, running breathless through the forest, the wind rippling through my hair. I toss my head back, sprinting for the joy of it. Sinclair is by my side, his own gigantic wolf keeping easy pace with me, and I nip at his side, teasing him, urging him faster.

He snaps his teeth at me playfully and obeys, speeding up to pass me, and at his heels is a little brown pup – yipping his joy as

he chases his father's tail. I laugh inwardly, joy racing through my heart, watching Rafe and Sinclair go.

But I don't chase after them, because pressed close to my own side is my little charge. She's just barely there half visible, half

substantial in the morning light that filters through the trees. But I can feel her – in my heart and down my bond. My own little

twin, a little rose-gold pup, who raises her snout to the sky and howls for joy.

I dip my snout, and give her a quick lick across the head, and she peers up at me with eyes so happy they squint.

And then I run, with my daughter by my side, all morning long.

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chapter 490 – Time Grows Short
Five and a Half Months Later

Ella

There's a strange atmosphere in the palace today and I admit that I don't quite know how to feel, because everything is half dread and half excited anticipation.

At least, that's how it is for everyone else.

For me? For me it's just a great deal of discomfort.

"Ella," Cora scolds as I try to bend over and pick up one of Rafe's socks from the floor. "Let me do that –"

"I can do it!" I gasp, reaching for it –

But then I stumble and almost fall over, and Cora catches me by the shoulders.

"Enough!" she snaps, shaking her head at me. "Back to the nest! Stop getting out of it! You're six full months pregnant, Ella – full term! For heaven's sake, if you fall over I'm scared you'll split like a watermelon and just spill the baby out."

"That might be better," I mutter, glaring at the errant sock and doing as my sister says, heading back for my bed. "This baby is big, and I'm not precisely looking forward to pushing her out."

"Well, what did you expect," Cora says, flipping the sock into a hamper and walking behind me to the bed. "You decided to have babies with the most gigantic man I've ever seen."

“First,” I say, holding up one finger as I sink down on to my bed and start to tuck my legs under the covers, “I did not choose to have children with that gigantic man, I chose a nice slim sperm donor for my first child -”

“Yeah well, you chose to have the second baby,” Cora reminds me, raising an eyebrow at me as she sits down on the edge of the bed.

“And second,” I say, choosing to ignore her logic, “Rafe was a little baby. It’s not my fault that this one is very content to stay in for as long as she possibly can.” I sigh, resting my head back against my pillows and putting my hands on either side of my belly.

“Poor sister,” Cora coos, reaching out to stroke my stomach as well. “She’ll be here soon enough.” What Cora says is true I’ve been in pre-labor for a couple of hours now. I’m having mild, irregular contractions which Cora says is unlikely to be Braxton Hicks at this late stage. So, baby girl is coming soon, even if she’s taking her time about this as well.

“Remember how crazy it was?” I say softly, my mind turning to the past. “When Rafe was born?”

“I do,” she replies. “Do you miss it?”

I peek through my eyelids at her, smirking a bit. “Do I miss almost dying and fearing for my life, having to stop and give birth in a strange palace because the roads to the hospital were blocked?”

She shrugs. “Well, do you?”

“Maybe a little,” I murmur, and then I laugh, shaking my head. “It was all very exciting. Poor baby girl needs a fuss too.”

“We’ll give her plenty of fuss,” Cora says, running her hand comfortingly across my stomach. “Besides, two months from now we get to have her baptism, and then it’s Aunt Cora’s revenge.”

“Cora,” I groan. “Honestly, it wasn’t so bad -”

“I’m going to come back from it soaked,” she says, grinning at me, “covered in mud, with an insane story about your daughter’s future -”

“You know,” I say, sitting up on my elbows and glaring at her, “you don’t have to be her godmother -”

“Oh whatever, Ella,” Cora says, rolling her eyes and laughing. “Like you have any other friends.”

“I have plenty of friends -” -“I protest, my mouth falling open, but our completely unserious fight ends abruptly when the door

opens and our mates come in, our sons in their arms.

Rafe turns in Sinclair's arms and gives a happy little cry when he sees me. "Mama!" he calls, raising his hands above his head

and then leaning over, reaching for me.

"Whoa, kid," Sinclair says, laughing and catching Rafe before he hurl himself to the floor in his eagerness to get to me. When

they're about halfway across the room, Sinclair puts Rafe on his feet and he totters over to the bed, absolutely breaking my heart with how cute he is.

"Hey, Rafey!" I call, reaching out for him. He bangs into the side of the bed and giggles, reaching for me, and Cora obliges him

by lifting him up so that he can crawl over to me and cuddle up in my arms.

"God, when did he get so big?" Cora murmurs, shaking her head at Rafe.

"Don't remind me," I say with a sigh, tugging my little boy close and giving him a big kiss on the head.

He's one now. I cried the entire day of his birthday. Sinclair was honestly a little freaked out.

"He's a show off," Roger says, his voice a little bitter as he sits down next to Cora with Jesse in his lap.

Sinclair moves to the

other side of the bed so he can sit in his spot next to me.

“Roger’s just jealous,” he says, leaning over to kiss me on the cheek. “Because Rafe is faster than Jesse.”

“Jesse’s six months old,” Cora says, rolling her eyes at the dads.

“He could be faster for six months,” Sinclair says dryly, trying to hold his smirk.

“Don’t worry, Jesse,” Roger says fondly to his son, softly petting the silky brown hair that’s started growing on his head. “You’ll beat that meatball someday – you’re lighter and quicker –

I burst out laughing at the ridiculousness of my family, shaking my head at all of them. “I can’t believe you’re debating which kid is going to win a footrace,” I say, “when I’m laying here, in agony – ”

“She’s not in agony,” Cora says, waving a dismissive hand, “not yet at least – ”

“In agony,” I insist, reaching forward to smack her on the arm.

“Sorry, my Queen,” Sinclair sighs, wrapping his arms around me. “But the good news is that everything’s wrapped up for now

Roger and I have cleared our calendars, so now there’s nothing to do but concentrate on you.

“Yeah, so you’d better make it fun,” Roger quips.

“When Cora was in labor, there were drinks – you’ve got to live up to this, Ella.”

Cora laughs and smacks her mate, shaking her head at him. He flinches and then falls back on the mattress in pretend agony,

taking Jesse with him and making the baby laugh, muttering something about an abusive wife and mother.

I laugh at them but turn to put my head on Sinclair’s shoulder. “How’s it going out there?” I ask.

“Everything okay?”

“Nothing for you to worry about,” he murmurs.

“I know that,” I say quietly, watching him closely.

“Doesn’t mean I don’t want to know. It’s my nation too.”

Sinclair gives me a sad little smile and presses his forehead to mine. Then he passes a bunch of information down our bond at

once, letting me see and feel that the Atalaxians have been pressing their advantage. They’re aware that our military is rapidly

getting itself together and the Atalaxians losing the leverage they had. It means that everything is going according to plan, but it

also means an increase in actual fighting along the front.

“I’m sorry, Dominic,” I murmur, putting a hand on his cheek. “I know it’s not easy to send people to war.”
“Nothing for us to worry about today,” he sighs, turning his head and pressing a kiss to my palm.
“Today is about you, and the baby.”

I nod, agreeing, letting us turn to that better thought instead. It’s been harder than I thought it would be, to separate our happy personal life from the trials of war when you’re the King and Queen...in so many ways, the two bleed into each other.

But we’ve been pretty good about celebrating our happy moments when we get them. It’s pretty much all we can do.

“I can’t believe you haven’t named the baby yet,” Roger says, interrupting us with a frown. “Didn’t you have Rafe named like, from the get-go?”

“We did,” I say quietly, running my hand over my stomach. “But he was easy – he told us what he liked.”

“With this one, we’ve got names we like picked out,” Sinclair says. “But we’ve said them to her, like you did with Jesse, and she didn’t indicate any standouts.”

“So, we’re waiting to see what she looks like when she’s born. See if something clicks.”

“I think that’s sweet,” Cora says, smiling at me softly. “Very old-school, very human, when so much about these wolf kids is already known before they’re born.”

“I know,” I say, smiling down at my stomach. “I think it’s kind of cool that she’s so different.”

“Next one we have,” Roger says, laying Jesse out flat on his stomach so that Jesse can practice lifting his head with some tummy time, “we’re just picking the name out of a hat. Keeping it spicy.”

Cora lowers her eyelids a little and shakes her head at me, making me laugh.

But the laughter very quickly ends when another contraction starts. I exhale a long breath, pressing my eyes shut as my body tightens somewhere low within me. It’s not precisely painful yet – but it is intense.

“Time to get the stopwatch ready, daddy,” Cora says, nodding to Sinclair. “I think these are close enough together to start timing them.”

“I’m on it,” Sinclair says, pressing a kiss to my cheek as he hops out of bed. ” And in between, we can put the boys on the floor and use the stopwatch on them, see which one really is faster – ”

“Oh my god,” I mutter, breathing through the pain.

Cora laughs. “We’re not racing the babies while we wait for Ella to go into delivery!” she says, shouting after my mate as he ducks into the closet to find the stopwatch he uses in the gym.

“Oh, baby,” Roger says, sitting up with Jesse in his arms, patting Cora consolingly on the knee.

“Yes...yes we are.”

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Chapter 491- Ella Gets Ready

Ella

I take deep breaths, working to breathe through the contraction. Sinclair is seated on the bed next to me, one hand on my lower back, the other clutching my left hand as I squeeze his fingers, hard.

“You’re doing great, Ells,” Cora says, there on my right, coaching me through it. She was the obvious choice to help me deliver my baby, even though three other doctors wait patiently behind the door to our living room, as well as a small team of delivery nurses.

It’s all overkill, I know – but, well, why not have them on hand just in case. But in the room? It’s just the three of us for now. Roger and Henry are out there too, taking care of Rafe and probably drinking brandy and smoking cigars, for all I know.

The contraction ends and my head falls back as I pant, pressing my eyes shut and working hard to save my energy. Babygirl – she’s taking longer than Rafe, which is fine, it’s just...a completely different experience. While I was physically battered last time, this time I’m just...exhausted.

I can feel Sinclair’s anxiety for me down the line of our bond, even if he tries to hide it. He releases my hand, shakes his out a little bit, and then raises a cool washcloth to my head, patting away the sweat there.

“Thanks, baby,” I murmur, turning my face to him a little bit.

“Almost there, Ella,” he replies, supportive.

“He’s right,” Cora says, bending down low to check on my progress. “We’re going to start pushing on the next one.” She raises

her head and grins at me. “You ready?”

“Are you kidding?” I say, raising my head to glare at her a little. “I’ve been ready for hours.”

My sister’s smile deepens as she stands up, moving over to the door to call the delivery nurses in so that there are some extra hands to help with the baby.

“Little Princess,” Sinclair says, giving me a squeeze. “She’ll be here soon.”

“I’m going to be jealous,” I mutter, glancing at him and working hard for a joke, even though I can feel the next contraction

coming on, “when there’s another girl in your life, stealing all your attention.”

“Never,” he replies, kissing me on the side of the head. “You’re always my best girl.”

“Better be,” I gasp, but then all jokes are put aside, because the contraction comes on in full force. I groan as the pain grasps me

and Cora moves quickly to the bedside, helping me better position my legs as she coaches me through it.

“Okay, Ella!” she says, her voice eager. “Let’s start to push!”

And so I do – I bear down, and put my full force behind it, working to bring my baby into the world. The pain is...agony. My groan turns into a low moan and then a shout as I push, my world turning dark at the edges. I keep

pushing, still hearing Cora's encouragement, feeling Sinclair tense at my side.

But as I gasp a breath back in the contraction fades and my eyes flutter open.

"She's coming fast now," Cora says, her voice excited, "you're almost there, Ella! A few more pushes –"

But her voice fades away and – and the shadows at the edge of my vision, they don't fade –

I frown, blinking, trying to understand. Because, I mean...I'm not passing out. This is not the darkness at the edge of my vision

that I've felt before when I've felt faint. This is – what the hell, it's real shadows curling at the edges of my room...

"Do you..." I ask, my voice panting as I whip my head, looking around the room, "do you guys see that?"

Sinclair's hand is on my face, turning it towards him now, his voice worried. "See what?"

"The...the shadows," I say, pulling my face from his hand, looking around the room again. The shadows – they're growing.

“Ella,” Sinclair says, his voice shaking with worry.

“Cora – what’s -”

“I – I don’t know – ” Cora says, looking at me. “Ella? What...”

But her voice fades out, and the room grows dark as the shadows overwhelm it.

And then, suddenly, Cora and Sinclair freeze next to me, and the room becomes somehow a shadow of itself, looking like...like a room in a dollhouse, or something – only half real in comparison to...

To the man who stands at the center of the room, who looks like he’s made of shadow itself. Except his eyes, which burn bright as coals in his face.

“Hello, Ella,” he says, his voice low and rolling, like thunder.

My eyes go wide as he moves a few steps forward and shadows clear from him, revealing a tall, broad-shouldered man with an angular face, impeccably dressed in rich fabrics, each a darker shade of black. “Congratulations,” he continues, giving me a short, teasing little bow, “on the birth of your first daughter.”

“Who,” I gasp, terrified and still in a great deal of pain, though my birth process is somehow...paused – I’m in the middle of it, but

it's not progressing – I gasp, and my hands fly to my stomach, worried for her.

“It's all right,” the man continues, walking to my side so that he looks down at me with that burning gaze.

” I've transported you,

temporarily, to a pocket realm – only taken a second of your life. When we're finished our little chat, you'll be returned, safe and sound. No threat to your child.”

“Who,” I stutter, starting to get mad, “who are you!?”

“You don't recognize me?” he asks, the corner of his mouth turning up. ” I'm afraid your mother has

neglected you, then, if she

hasn't bothered to teach you to recognize the presence of her husband.”

“Her...her husband?” I gasp out – and then my eyes go wide as I put the pieces together. My mother –

goddess of the light, and

the moon, and wolves frequently paired, rather

unhappily, with her sometimes-paramour, the God of Darkness.

“Well,” he says, with a sigh, “husband for lack of a better term. You wolves with your mates – makes love so simple, doesn't it?”

“No,” I growl, glaring at him, even more afraid now than I was before what on earth is he here for is he -

is he going to try to take my baby!?

He laughs, smiling down at me. “I like your spirit, little wolf – you remind me a great deal of your mother.”

“Why are you here!?” I shout, terrified, still wracked with the pain of labor.

“Because it is my right to be here,” he snaps, leaning down a little, holding my gaze. “You are the child of my beloved, my wife –

you should have been mine, had she not been foolish enough to go choosing those mortal men to sire you. And so, while you are not biologically mine, I have what might be considered...a vested interest.”

I shake my head at him, still not understanding what the hell this has to do with my daughter’s birth.

“I would have been there at your birth,” he says, straightening up, “and your sister’s, had I known you existed. I was denied that

right, and so I am here,” he shifts his gaze now to my stomach, “to witness hers.”

“Wha...” I shake my head, my mind thinking too many things at once, “why not Rafe? Jesse?”

He shrugs. “The sons belong to their fathers. The daughters – they are the true children of the moon.”

My brow knits together at this cryptic statement, but I have no time, really to think on it because the God – he holds out a hand to me.

Instinctually, I flinch away.

He laughs.

“Your mother,” he says, shaking his head with a sigh, keeping the hand outstretched. “She taught you not to recognize me, only to fear me. But not only danger lurks in the darkness, moon daughter. Great beauty is there as well.”

I stare up at him, anger roiling in me now. “It wasn’t my mother who taught me that it was your horrible priests chasing me and

Cora our whole lives trying to steal my son – ”

The Dark God tilts his head back and laughs, of all things. My frown deepens. “Those priests – ” he says, flicking his hand

dismissively, “all mortal politics, Ella. The priests – I gave them power centuries ago before I lost interest. Whatever they’re doing

today is their own business, not mine.”

I shake my head at him, starting to bare my teeth.

“Get out of here,” I snap, “return me to my mate – ”

The God of Darkness smiles so broadly it crinkles the skin around his eyes. “Such fire, little wolf,” he says, chuckling. “I do wish

you had been mine.” He sighs and tilts his head, his calm only stoking my anger further. I open my mouth to issue further

demands but he simply raises his hand again, and I feel – quite obviously under his control – the instant urge to hush.

“Enough,” he sighs. “I will return you to your home and your task in a moment. All that is left is to deliver my gift.”

“A...a gift?” I stumble over the words, horrified at the idea.

“A gift,” he continues, nodding. “For your daughter. From me.”

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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