

## Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 12

### Chapter 12 Investigate

288 Vouchers.

Sinclair was sitting in his office, trying not to think about Ella.

Two days had dragged past at a snail's pace, and the Alpha was finding it more and more difficult to stay away from the pretty human. His wolf was driving him up the wall, constantly suggesting that they go and check on her, just to make sure she was alright.

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It was ridiculous – he knew she was perfectly fine. The mischievous creature rang her bell every few hours, just to see if he'd come to her. In fact, he was starting to think the bell had been a bad idea. He was beginning to crave hearing it, hoping she would ring the da\*ned thing so he could give in to his wolf and go see her. Of course, every time it happened, Ella would scramble for some anemic excuse to explain the call – yet he was never bothered. Sinclair could tell she was just testing her limits and amusing herself, this was probably the first time in her life anyone had taken care of her, and he couldn't bear to spoil her fun.

Ella was so unlike his ex, Lydia, that it made his head spin. Sinclair had loved his mate and wanted to give her everything her heart desired, but she wasn't the most easy-going of she-wolves. Even before she'd shown her true colors and betrayed him, he'd known going through a pregnancy with her would be very difficult. He could imagine her in Ella's shoes now, demanding every unreasonable extravagance she could imagine and complaining non-stop. She would have made a wondrous experience a trial – something not to relish but endure- whereas Ella was sweetly reveling in the magic of creating life, overwhelmed to find herself in comfort rather than constantly struggling.

Sinclair's thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door, and he promptly called, "come in."

His heart leapt when the investigator he'd hired to look into Ella poked his head through the door, "Is now a good time, Alpha?"

"Yes." He agreed, more than eager to hear what the man had discovered.

“Well you were right.” The investigator announced as he entered and plopped into the chair opposite Sinclair’s. “I checked with the police, Ella Reina reported a stolen identity a couple of days after the insemination, and until a few months ago her financial history was perfectly sound.”

Sinclair’s wolf howled triumphantly in his head. I knew it! I knew she wasn’t bad.

“Do the police have any leads?” Sinclair questioned.

“Oh she told them exactly who was responsible.” The investigator shared. “She claimed her ex-boyfriend had opened about a dozen credit cards in her name, and the story tracks. All of the credit cards she opened herself have no debt on them whatsoever. She pays off her balance every month like clockwork, and all the charges are very modest. The new cards were maxed out almost immediately on luxury items which certainly weren’t in her home based on your description. It’s a completely different spending pattern. I think she was telling you the truth, at the time of the insemination, she didn’t know she was in financial trouble.”

“Then how did my sperm end up getting switched with the donor she chose?” Sinclair questioned, beyond relieved to hear the mother of his pup was not another shallow, gold-digging schemer like Lydia.

“I don’t know, but you said yourself she hasn’t asked you for anything other than the right to stay with the baby. Her file at the clinic indicated she’s been trying to get pregnant for years.” The investigator reasoned.

“That doesn’t sound like someone who set out to entrap you.”

Sinclair felt a pang deep in his chest. Like him, Ella had struggled with fertility for years, only to be betrayed by her partner. For all their differences, he was beginning to think they had more in common than they realized. However there was one thing he didn’t understand, and he was tired of going through the investigator. It was time to get the story straight from the source... and this time he’d actually listen.

When he arrived at Ella’s room, he found her curled up in the window seat with a sunbeam bathing her in golden light, sound asleep. She was wearing some of the silk pajamas he’d purchased for her when he saw her shabby sleep clothes on day one, and looked so sweet it actually hurt

to look at her. He was reluctant to disturb her, knowing she needed her rest, and started to retreat. However the sound of his footsteps must have roused her, because a moment later Ella opened her eyes and yawned. Stretching like a sleepy kitten and offering him a welcoming smile.

“Good morning.”

“I think you mean, good afternoon.” Sinclair teased, fighting the urge to brush the hair from her face. “How are you feeling?”.

Ella’s stomach answered for her, growling pointedly and making her flush. “Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize.” Sinclair insisted, “I’ll get you something to eat. What would you like?”

Ella peeked up at him from beneath her lashes, “does it have to be healthy?”

Chuckling, Sinclair strode forward and kneeled down beside her. He pressed one hug palm to her belly, making her flinch. with surprise, then shushing her gently and petting her hair. “Shh, I just want to feel the baby.” He focused on the tiny being in Ella’s womb, trying to pick up on their developing m\*ntal link.

Once he did, he began laughing again, a rich cozy sound that wrapped Ella in warmth. “So, pickles and ice cream, is that it?”

“How did you know that!” Ella exclaimed, her eyes wide.

“All shifter parents have a m\*ntal link with their pups, even in the womb.” He explained.

“Is that why I can hear you in my head sometimes?” Ella questioned.

“Like when I passed out, I swear I could hear you from inside me.”

Sinclair nodded. He was surprised that a human was able to pick up on it, but it was the only explanation. “That’s right. Now, sit tight and I’ll get your snack.”

Ella was surprised that Sinclair planned on preparing it himself. She assumed he’d send a ser\*ant, if he’d even allow her to have something so unhealthy. He’d been so adamant about prenatal vitamins, exercise and care. Apparently

cravings were a different matter though – he must have understood how powerful the hunger was. When he returned, with a heaping bowl of ice cream and a plate of pickles, Ella almost wanted to hug him she was so

grateful. Of course, she put that idea out of her head immediately. Dominic Sinclair was many things, but she seriously doubted he was a hugger.

Ella tucked into the snack, sighing with pleasure and making Sinclair grin... though it didn't last for long. "I hate to ruin your good mood," he began apologetically, "but I wanted to ask – why did you go to a sperm bank to get pregnant, if you didn't know about your boyfriend's betrayal until afterwards?"

Ella blinked, "You've decided you believe me about the debt, then?" "My investigators took a closer look at your situation." He agreed. "I'm sorry I didn't trust you at first... trust doesn't always come easily for me."

"I suppose I can understand that." Ella answered, somewhat cryptically. Working up the courage to tell this intimidating man her story, she took a deep breath. "But I did know about Mike's betrayal beforehand – just not the identity theft. The truth is that he kept me around for years because... well, basically he wanted a trophy in his bed. All the time I was trying to get pregnant, he was sleeping with my best friend and giving me the morning after pill every morning in my coffee. I caught him in the affair the same day I learned that my eggs were so diminished that if I didn't get pregnant now, I never would."

Tears were streaming down her face now, and she couldn't bring herself to look at Sinclair. Setting the ice cream down, she concluded. "So you see, this baby is my last chance... my only chance. That's why I went to Cora – I couldn't risk failing again." Before she knew what was happening, Sinclair had pulled her out of the window and into his arms. Suddenly Ella found herself cushioned by warm muscles on all sides. She was so completely enveloped in his embrace, she wasn't sure where she ended and he began. So much for not being a hugger. "I'm so sorry, Ella." He rumbled against her hair. She nodded pitifully, trying to hold herself together despite the growing temptation to let this strange man comfort her. He smelled so wonderful, and she felt so safe – safer than she could ever remember feeling, though that shouldn't be possible. After all, she barely knew the man and he'd caused her nothing but trouble. "I won't take the baby from you."

Sinclair declared then, astonishing Ella. “If I do find a new mate, you can have visitation rights.”

“Really?” Ella sniffled, not believing her ears.

“Yes. I’m sorry I’ve been so harsh.” Sinclair purred, stroking her spine.

That was all it took. The next thing Ella knew, she was sobbing her heart out into Sinclair’s collar, while he rocked and soothed her. As gentle as he was with the fragile human, Sinclair was furious inside. He couldn’t recall ever feeling so much rage for anyone. His wolf was going berserk with the need to find and punish Ella’s ex-boyfriend. He wanted to destroy the man who had broken her heart. She was the mother of his pup, and no one had the right to harm her.

Even as he held her, a plan formed in his mind. A plan to make Mike pay for his crimes. The police might not be able to help Ella, but he certainly could.

