

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 6

Chapter 6 He's a werewolf

Ella

288 Vouchers.

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“Your pup?” I parrot, realizing I must sound like an idiot the way I keep repeating him – but it’s all too strange and surreal. I feel like I’m having a dream – one that may or may not be a nightmare. “What are you talking about?”

I might have been admiring his physical prowess a little while ago, but now I’m back to thinking Dominic Sinclair is just plain terrifying. I’ve known my fair share of bad men, but none of them have ever intimidated me the way he does. It’s like he’s superhuman, giving off waves of energy that make me want to curl up into a little ball at his feet.

“You.” He narrows his eyes at Cora, then gestures to me. “Is this what you did with my sperm, you inseminated your friend?”

“Of course not!” She objects hotly, though there’s a noted shake in her voice. “Yes, I inseminated Ella last week, but not with your sperm. She chose a donor from our client dossier.”

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“You’re lying.” He accuses, stating the accusation as if it’s fact. “Ella clearly knew about the samples – since she came to plead your case -”

“You did that?” Cora blinks at me.

“Yes, but I was only trying to help. I thought he might show you mercy if he realized you would never do anything to risk your career.” I apologize, “I’m so sorry, I just wanted to help.”

“It’s okay.” She tells me gently, patting my hand and turning back to Sinclair. “That doesn’t mean anything... I mean, yes I inseminated her on the same day your sample disappeared but... no – it’s not possible, your sample was in a separate fridge...” She trails off again, looking back at the ultrasound screen with wide eyes. “Oh my g*d...”

“What?” I inquire, beyond confused.

“It’s not human.” She murmurs again, so quietly I can barely hear her.

Suddenly she whirls around, looking up at Dominic Sinclair with true fear. “I swear, I didn’t do it on purpose. I don’t know how it happened!” “Why do you keep saying that it’s not human?” I question, beyond exasperated. “What else could it be – an alien?”

“Don’t pretend like you don’t know.” The infuriated man growls. “Don’t pretend like you two didn’t plan this precisely for this reason.”

Cora’s hand is shaking on mine now. “Ella, when I told you about the samples, I only told you half the story.” She explains. “I had to sign a thousand confidentiality documents, because certain secrets came along with running tests on Mr. Sinclair’s samples.”

“What secrets?” I demand, feeling as if everyone around me is speaking in code.

“He’s not...” She begins, glancing at the huge man nervously. “He’s not human... he’s a werewolf.”

Before I can stop myself, I burst out into laughter. “No really, what is it?”

“Really.” Cora whispers urgently. “He’s a werewolf.”

“Cora.” I tell her, almost certain I’m dreaming now. “Werewolves aren’t real.”

“I didn’t believe they were either.” She confesses, “until I started working here. This lab is as renowned as it is because there’s two sides of the business. Half of our bank is dedicated to shifter samples, in fact very few humans work here, because so few are trusted with the truth.”

I’m starting to truly worry for my sister. “Are you high?” I ask under my breath.

“She’s not high.” Sinclair rumbles, drawing my attention back to his face. Now I’m sure his eyes are glowing. The usually piercing green shade now appears almost neon, they’re so full of light. The evidence is right in front of me, but my brain can’t figure out how to process it. Instead it shuts down. I feel a sudden wave of dizziness, and the next thing I know, everything is black.

When I wake, Cora is gone. I sit up on the exam table, trying to remember what happened. Of course it doesn’t take long for me to recall the strange events that caused me to faint, because Dominic Sinclair is

sitting in front of me, watching me closely. His eyes aren't glowing anymore, but I remember the way they'd lit up from within. I also remember the way he'd moved faster than should have been possible to rescue Jake. At the time I wrote it off as adrenaline, but now I'm not so sure.

"How are you feeling, Ella?" He asks me, much calmer than he'd seemed earlier.

"I think I'm losing my mind." I answer weakly. "This can't be real."

"It is real." He assures me. "Your friend should never have agreed to let you try to entrap me when she knew the truth."

"Cora didn't let me do anything, and I wasn't trying to entrap you. I just wanted a baby." I argue.

"Please." He scoffs, "I've had my men run your background, I know you're bankrupt. Obviously you thought that if you were pregnant with my child I would pay your debts for you. You simply miscalculated – you didn't know what you were getting yourself into, or expect Cora to lose her job for the "mistake." The horrible man has the nerve to use air quotes

around his final word.

"That's insane!" I hiss. "I didn't bankrupt myself – my identity was stolen and I didn't even know about it until after the insemination. I'm not an irresponsible person, or the type of woman who expects a man to solve her problems. I would never do what you're suggesting."

"I don't want to hear your excuses." He answers harshly. "The evidence is against you."

"We don't even know that it's your child!" I remind him. "Maybe it isn't..." I have to give myself a shake before I can continue. "Maybe it isn't human, but that doesn't mean it's yours."

"I know it's mine." Sinclair snarls, making me tremble with instinctive fear. "I can smell it, I can sense my bloodline in your womb."

I can only gape at him. He can smell. it? Sense his bloodline? It's like I've left reality and entered a different universe. "This is crazy." I can feel myself sliding back into denial. "If

werewolves were real, people would know about it!"

Sinclair rolls his eyes and lifts a hand the size of a dinner plate. While I

watch, five claws extend where his fingernails were a moment ago. I stare at the odd and slightly sickening sight with abject disbelief. “How are you doing that?”

“I’m going to give you the benefit of the doubt and assume that’s your shock speaking, rather than your intelligence.” Sinclair drawls.

I glower at him, temporarily forgetting that he’s not only a man twice my size, but apparently a lethal predator. “You don’t get to talk to me like that just because you have money and howl at the moon.”

He arches one dark brow, challenging my defiance. “Is that so?”

“Yes,” I snap, crossing my arms over my chest and tilting my chin up stubbornly. “It is.”

If I didn’t know any better, I’d think he wanted to smile. I swear the corners of his mouth twitched. “You’re a gutsy little thing, I’ll give you that.”

“I don’t want you to give me anything.” I growl, “I want you to leave me alone.”

His eyes flash dangerously, “That’s not going to happen. You’re carrying my pup.”

“Pup.” I say, feeling my stomach churn uncomfortably, “like... four legs and a tail?”

“No.” He answers, not unkindly. “It doesn’t work that way.”

“Well how does it work?” I question, more subdued now. “How does any of this work?”

“Well in a lot of ways werewolves are just like humans.” “Sinclair explains, leaning back in his chair but never taking his eyes off me. In fact, his gaze is so intense I’m finding it increasingly difficult not to squirm. “We come into the world in human form and we live most of our lives the same way. Most shifters don’t make their first transformation until they’re a few years old. It takes some effort and training. The senses are always there – heightened instincts, sight, smell and hearing – but shifting isn’t as easy for little ones as adults make it look. It’s like learning to speak – it’s second nature by the time you’re grown, but it takes some doing in the early years.”

“But how can I be pregnant with one... if I’m not one myself?” I question.

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For the first time Sinclair looks less sure of himself. “I’m actually not sure. I’ve never heard of such a thing happening. Our society exists parallel to your own. A few people your friend – are occasionally let in on the secret, but it’s only in very special cases and they never truly integrate. It’s only when someone has certain knowledge or expertise that’s very valuable to us.”

“So there’s just like... a shadow world full of werewolves that exists right under human’s noses?” I summarize.

“That’s a nice way of putting it, yes.” He confirms.

“And packs and alphas... all the things we read in paranormal novels – is that all real?”

“Well our transformations have nothing to do with the full moon, but other than that many things are correct. We’re much faster and stronger than humans, and our society is divided into packs but they’re very large. You can think of them like provinces or states in a larger kingdom.” Sinclair shares.

“Kingdom?” I ask, “Like with a king and queen and everything?”

“Yes.” His answer seems strangely loaded, as if he’s omitting something very important – but I don’t know what it might be. “Now, if you’re done asking questions, can we finally talk seriously?”

“Talk seriously?” What could be more serious than turning my entire world upside down?

He stares pointedly at my belly. “About this baby.”

