

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 14

Chapter 14- Purchase

Ella

For a moment I don't know how to answer the strange woman. Am I ready to begin learning how to be a queen? Is anyone ever? That's the kind of job that takes a lifetime of preparation, and I still don't even recognize half the words these people are using.

"Am I supposed to know what a beta is?" I whisper to Aileen, watching Sinclair stride out the door with an unreadable expression on his face.

"A beta is like a second in command." She smiles warmly, coming forward and taking both of my hands in hers. Now that we're alone, she looks me over with an approving nod. "Well you are a stunning little thing, I have to say. When Sinclair explained the situation to us I wasn't sure what to think, but now that I see you it makes a bit more sense. Any man would be lucky to have your genes passed down to their pups."

I bristle at this statement. I don't mind the compliment, but after what happened with Mike, I'm not overly fond of people commenting on my looks. I've already had one man reduce all of my value to physical beauty, so I'm definitely not crazy about an entire society of werewolves looking at me through the same lens. Luckily if we pull this off, they'll all believe I'm a shifter, but I suspect there will still be some questions. I'll have to talk to Sinclair about giving me a good backstory.

"But being a beta is more than just a job, isn't it?" I say, pushing past the awkwardness of the abrupt subject change.

"It's something you're born into?"

Aileen seems to notice my discomfort, and takes her hands away. "Well yes, all wolves are born as alphas, betas or omegas."

"And what do those things actually mean?" I press, not understanding.

"You can think about it like a class system, though it's more complicated than that. Every wolf is born into their role, and there isn't any way of changing it. Alphas are the strongest both physically and in personality. That's why they lead our packs, they are the only ones dominant enough to rule a lot of very powerful beings." Aileen shares.

"But not all Alpha's rule, do they?" I wonder aloud.

“No, only the strongest of the strong actually take control.” She clarifies patiently.

“So Sinclair?” Why does his name feel so electric on my tongue, why does the mere thought of him send a shiver down my spine?

“Is the most powerful of the pack leaders. That’s why he’s campaigning to be king.” Aileen reveals.

“But why is it a campaign?” I inquire. “If it just comes down to brute strength.”

“Well in the old days they would just fight, but we’re more evolved now. Now we don’t just want a ruler who can beat the competition into the ground, we want someone intelligent and compassionate.” Aileen explains.

“I have a hard time thinking of Sinclair as compassionate.” I admit. He was certainly ruthless when it came to our dealings. Then again, a little voice says in the back of my head. He did hold you when you cried. Aileen looks as though she’s reading my mind. “Don’t let Dominic fool you.” She advises. “He’s had a rough go of it with his mate. Trust me, once you get past all his walls and sharp edges, there’s a very loving man underneath.”

“I don’t think I’ll be the one to get past those things.” I murmur doubtfully.

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” She muses. “You’re giving him a pup – after all this time.”

I don’t know what to make of this statement, and before I can consider it, Aileen is forging on ahead. “Now betas are born mediators. They aren’t so bossy as Alphas, so they don’t butt heads with the leader vying for control. They’re more mellow and even-tempered, they balance the Alpha out. That’s what my husband, Hugo, does for Dominic.”

“And omegas?” I ask.

“Omegas are on the bottom of the food chain, literally and figuratively. They’re smaller and weaker, and they have naturally submissive natures. They’re followers, not leaders.”

“So compared to a human,” I probe, “where would an omega stand?”

Aileen’s lip twitches, “All wolves are stronger, faster and have sharper senses than humans, no matter their rank. We’re different species, even

the weakest wolf will be stronger than
248 Vouchers.

you.” She pauses thoughtfully. “I wonder how Dominic will cope with that.”

“What do you mean?” I question anxiously.

“Alpha’s are very protective, very possessive. He’s not going to like the idea that you’ll be so vulnerable among our kind.” She surmises, still halfway in her thoughts.

I can’t focus on this at the moment however it’s not exactly news that Sinclair is bossy, and I’m still trying to wrap my head around the fact that magical creatures are real. “But how do shifters even exist?” I burst out. “I mean, do we have some common ancestor?”

“No, the goddess created us separate from humans.” Aileen corrects gently.

Well this is new information. “The goddess?”

“The moon goddess, she rules over all creatures.” Aileen informs me, as if this should be common sense.

“Why haven’t I ever heard of her?” I ask, holding my hands to my head in confusion.

“Humans are more distant from the divine. You don’t know about her, because you can’t feel her magic and influence. We can.” Aileen states matter-of-factly.

“Gosh that’s a lot to take in.” I mutter, trying to imagine what it would be like to feel celestial power, to commune with the g*ds of creation somehow. I never believed such a thing was possible. I never even believed in a g*d – how could I? My life hasn’t known manly blessings. It’s hard to believe in a higher

power when all you know is suffering. While I’m lost in my thoughts, a young boy comes running through the door and Aileen catches him in a hug even as she scolds him.

“Naughty boy!” There was a huge smile on her face, and the child resembles her so clearly I know he must be her son. “You should know better than to enter a closed door without knocking!”

There’s pure maternal joy shining off her face, and I have to wonder whether it’s the first time they’ve seen each other that day, but when she

speaks, it becomes clear that this is not the case. “Where’s your father, I left you with him only ten minutes ago!”

“I know but I missed you.” The boy grins up at his mother, and my heart melts in my chest. What must it be like to love someone so completely, to have such a powerful bond to another being? I want it so badly it hurts.

It’s still so surreal to think I’m really pregnant after all this time, that it takes me a moment to remember I don’t have to long hopelessly anymore. I’m going to have that kind of love soon. I press my hand to my belly with excitement. I can’t wait until my next check up, until I can hear that tiny heart beat again, and see the baby in a sonogram. Sinclair is taking me this afternoon to a shifter doctor this time and I’m

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counting down the minutes now more than ever.

Thump thump thump.

Has there ever been a more beautiful sound than my baby’s heartbeat? If there has, I’ve certainly never heard it. This appointment is so different from my last one. Instead of Sinclair towering over me lobbing threats and accusations, he’s by my side, staring at the ultrasound screen with the widest smile I’ve ever seen on his face – completely transfixed.

I know exactly how he feels. These last few days I’ve felt like a higher power myself. I’m creating life inside me and it’s nothing short of a miracle. In the moments I can forget my troubles, I’m giddy with happiness. I didn’t realize how low my hope had fallen until I felt such disbelief at finally becoming pregnant.

“I never thought this day would come.” I didn’t mean to say the words, but they fall from my tongue as fresh tears burn in my eyes – tears of joy this time.

Sinclair’s face turns away from the screen for the first time, his brilliant green eyes landing on my face as a tender smile takes over his features. His massive hand slides around my crown, gently cradling my head as he lowers his brow to mine, until they’re resting against each other.

“It’s real.” He whispers to me, and I nod happily, taking comfort in his

protective hands.

“Hmm.” The doctor mutters, breaking our revelry.

“What, is something wrong?” I ask anxiously. Sinclair’s thumb immediately begins brushing back and forth across my hair, instinctively soothing my fraying nerves.

“The baby’s just a bit small for my liking.” He tells us, making my heart race with worry.

Both men hear it immediately on the machines surrounding

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us, and Sinclair shushes me softly. “That’s not necessarily bad, is it?”

“Well babies develop at different rates, but for a man of your size and strength, I would have expected a larger fetus.” The doctor shares.

My hands are shaking, but Sinclair doesn’t seem bothered. He snorts, “They told my mother the same exact thing when she was carrying me, and I turned out fine. She was little, like you.” He adds warmly, “your body is doing it’s best, it needs to fatten up a bit before it can support a bigger baby.”

I have to fight the urge to laugh, and instead bat my lashes at him. “Then you should let me have all the ice cream I want.”

Sinclair tosses his head back and laughs, “You are incorrigible.” He remarks wryly. “What am I going to do with you at the campaign dinner tomorrow?”

“Campaign dinner?” I repeat, confused.

“Yes, didn’t I tell you?” He looks genuinely surprised, or I might be more upset. “Tomorrow it’s out of the frying pan and into the fire for our plan. I need you by my side. “

