

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 9

Chapter 9-Counterattack

Ella

288 Vouchers.

I blink my eyes open warily, knowing I'm not at home in my own bed solely by the luxurious mattress and beddings surrounding me. The last thing I remember, I was in Cora's office with none other than Dominic Sinclair, who was single-handedly offering to save my future and break my heart in one fell swoop.

I was about to sign away my rights to my baby... my baby, I think dazedly, pressing one hand to my belly. Am I really pregnant? After all this time?

The idea that I have to give up my child because life dealt me yet another ruthless blow makes me feel sick to my stomach... in fact, I lurch from the bed and race for the bathroom, feeling my insides roil and clench. I make it to the toilet just in time, emptying my stomach into the porcelain bowl and dropping to my knees with a groan of misery.

I suppose that's all the proof I need. I really am going to be a mother... but for how long? 30 seconds? Five minutes? Will Dominic Sinclair give me the opportunity to even hold my baby before ripping it from my arms? Do I want that torture? Yes, I decide instantly. I have to hold my baby in my arms, even if it's only for a fraction of a second.... Even if we aren't technically the same species.

That particular thought sends my head spinning so quickly I have to clench my eyes shut. Werewolves are real. Not only are they real, but I'm pregnant with one... Dominic Sinclair, who I've mooned over a thousand times, is a creature I

believed only existed in novels and films. And what was that grumbling noise when I passed out, why did it feel like I could hear his voice in my head?

All of a sudden it's just too much to handle. I slip back into the bedroom and climb back into the opulent bed, for the first time realizing I must be in the Sinclair mansion. There's no other explanation. I've never been in a room this beautiful, or with such expensive furnishings. It must all

belong to him.

But why would he bring me home with him? I have a home of my own. Peeking out of the plush covers, I scan the room, my eyes landing on a table by the door. There's a vase of flowers and a folded note, which appears to have my name scrawled across the front. Gingerly regaining my feet, I collect the parchment and open it, my heart beating a mile a minute.

Ella,

Please make yourself at home. I'll be at the office until this evening, but as soon as I return we can finish our talk. Ask the ser*ants for anything you require.

Yours,

Dominic

And if I want to go home? I think defiantly, What then Mr. Bossy?

The suggestion that there's a discussion to conclude between us grates on my nerves. He basically left me with no choice, leveraging safety, stability and my child's wellbeing over my head so that I'd be forced to agree to his terms. It's not as if I really stood a chance against him. He has all the power in the world while I have nothing, and he made it very clear that there was no wiggle room in our agreement.

Maybe passing out was my brain's subconscious way of protecting me, giving me more time to process and think before signing away my baby. Or if not my brain, whatever higher power created shifters and humans – this entire crazy planet. I never considered myself religious before, but if magic is real, who's to say what else is possible?

Tears well in my eyes, and unlike earlier, they have nothing to do with my joy over being pregnant, or my grief about everything I'm losing. These tears are nothing but pure, righteous anger over everything that's happened to me over the last few days. Cora's words ring in my head, "It isn't fair." It isn't fair that I have to lose everything because of the actions and cruelty of other people. It isn't fair that Dominic Sinclair should hold my future ransom when he could fix it with the snap of his fingers. The amount of money it will take to repay my debts isn't even a drop in the bucket to him, and I'm pregnant with his child. He could

easily help me without also robbing me of my baby – as if he has no concept of the value of a mother’s love.

Before I can change my mind, I gather myself and slip out the bedroom door, sneaking through the hallways until I finally find my way out of the maze of a house. Only once does a se*vant try to stop me. I’m almost to the front door when a guard steps in front of me, “Miss, you don’t have permission to leave.”

I notch my chin up and glare at the man. “Are you going to stop me?”

He looks as though he wants to do just that. He frowns deeply, eyeing me closely. I can almost see the thoughts scrolling through his head. Yes he has orders not to let me leave, but he also knows I’m pregnant with his boss’s precious heir. He can’t risk roughing me up if I fight back.

After a moment I decide to test the strength of his resolve, storming past him without another word. When I arrive home a little while later, I head straight for my computer, pulling up the internet browser and typing in Dominic Sinclair’s name. He might have fancy investigators to look into my past, but I’m no simpleton, I can do research as well as anyone.

At first I find only fawning business articles about his genius intellect and cu*ning as a negotiator and investor. It seems like everyone who’s ever decided to look into the man has fallen in love with him.

Nevermind the fact that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, they make it sound as though he’s a completely self made man. The articles lament his difficult childhood growing up without a mother, and a number of interviews actually detail how deeply this affected him. The way they tell it, being raised by a single parent is the worst upbringing a child could have.

After I’ve read through all the financial analyses and rave reviews, I dig deeper, looking into his philanthropic record and secret identity. I’m mildly dismayed to find all his charitable efforts are completely legitimate and he actually does donate half his revenues to those in need (of course, half a colossal fortune still leaves a fortune behind). The internet is chock-full of reports and speeches he’s made, good will efforts to better mankind.

Things are less clear when I try digging into his true status as a werewolf. At first my searches result in little more than illuminati conspiracy theories and nonsense, and I realize keeping an entire species secret must require more discretion. It occurs to me that there might be a dark or parallel web for werewolves, just like there are for illicit activities.

It takes most of the afternoon, but eventually I figure out that I can download a special browser to access the dark web, and before long I've dived deep into the an*ls of werewolf society. Here I find a very different image of the perfect businessman touted in the human media (Don't even get me started on how bizarre it is to discover that there really is a sprawling werewolf society thriving in the shadows of my own).

Apparently Dominic Sinclair isn't just any werewolf, but the Alpha of the Moon Valley pack and prospective King of the entire bl*ody continent. No wonder he'd been so vague and guarded when I asked about ruling monarchs! He's poised to become the next King himself, if he can pull off his upcoming campaign.

There aren't many contenders in the race, but Sinclair's been undermined by his family situation. The last king died without an heir and left werewolf society with a dangerous power

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vacuum — it's the reason they have to select a new king in the first place. No one wants to repeat this cycle with another childless King, and the fact that Sinclair has been unable to produce an heir is only half the problem. He also doesn't have a mate, or Luna not anymore at least.

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I read until my eyes grow sore, learning that Sinclair was once married to a she-wolf who left him when he couldn't give her a child — despite the fact that they were fated mates (another concept I can't wrap my mind around). It's no wonder he was

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so intense about finally having an heir I thought he was just a domineering jerk who believed he needed to pass down his business legacy or something, not that the entire future of his society might

depend on it. The articles made it very clear that werewolves would be in serious trouble if he doesn't take the throne. A few of his competitors can only be described as power mad and unhinged, and they're doing their best to discredit Sinclair.

When I finally finish, sitting back in my chair and dragging my hand over my face, I try to wrap my brain around all this. Sinclair needs an heir, he needs a Luna, and he knows how difficult it can be for a child to grow up without a mother. For all his cu*ning, I now know all his weak spots. If I play my cards right, I just might be able to talk the terrifying Alpha into letting me stick around after the baby is born. Then I can prove how critical it is for a child to be with its mother – I can give us all a chance.

Even as I think these optimistic words, a knock sounds on the door, and somehow I know it's Dominic Sinclair before I can even get up off the couch. Taking a deep breath I stride across the room and pull the heavy door open, revealing one very large, very angry werewolf bearing down on me.

