

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 2

Chapter 2-Be Fired

Ella

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Six days to go. I think, staring at the date circled on my calendar. Six days until I find out if my dreams are finally going to come true... or if I have to figure out an entirely different plan for my life.

I've thought about nothing else since Cora inseminated me last week, I'm so anxious to find out if I'm pregnant I haven't even begun to process Mike's betrayal.

I'm trying to keep a level head, yet I can't help but imagine my future with this new baby. Try as I might, I catch myself daydreaming about it constantly. I even find myself humming as I get ready for work in the morning.

When I arrive at my employer's estate in the most exclusive neighborhood in Moon Valley – which basically makes it the most exclusive neighborhood in the world, since Moon Valley is one of the most expensive cities on the planet – I'm immediately greeted by two little voices shouting my name in excitement. "Ella!"

The next thing I know, 3-year-old Millie is hugging my legs while her older brother, Jake, wraps his arms around my middle. "Good morning love puddles!" I exclaim, returning their hugs. "Are you ready for the museum?"

"Yeah!" They cheer, racing out the door without even stopping to put on coats. It takes a bit of wrangling to get them back inside and bundled up for the cold winter day, but before long we set out into the snow.

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Jake races ahead of Millie and I, impatient to get to the science museum and not seeming to notice that his sister's tiny legs simply don't move that fast. Chuckling, I lift Millie into my arms and settle her on my hip.

"Goodness, you're getting too big for this, munchkin."

"Nuh-uh," Millie grins, "You're just too little."

She might have a point. At five foot one, I don't exactly have the kind of

build suited to heavy lifting. I'm in great shape, but I've never been particularly strong. "Smarty pants." I tease, laughing with the little girl. When I look back towards Jake, I realize he's stopped a few feet ahead of us. My heart skips a beat when I realize why. We're in front of the Sinclair mansion, and its owner is currently standing in the middle of the sidewalk, his gaze searing me like a firebrand as I approach with Millie. Dominic Sinclair is just about the most handsome man I've ever seen, but he's also one of the most terrifying.

With dark hair and piercing green eyes, chiseled features and a body so muscular I could swoon, it doesn't seem fair he gets to look so good and also be so rich. If I didn't know better I might think it was his wealth or imposing height that makes him so intimidating, after all he's at least six foot four, which means he towers over me and everyone else around him. However it's neither of those things, there's simply an indefinable quality about the man that I can't put my finger on, one which screams danger. He gives off this energy that's so raw and animalistic one forgets there's anyone else in the room.

Taking a steadying breath, I close the distance between us so Millie can say hello. When she greets him, Dominic drags his

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attention from me and offers her a smile so genuine that it tugs at my heartstrings. As I watch him talk to my two young charges, I remember what Cora told me about his infertility struggles. He clearly loves children, and I feel a wave of empathy for him. If anyone knows what it's like to yearn for a family of their own, it's me.

Jake is currently showing Dominic his new toy airplane, pulling the matchbox model from his pocket and demonstrating how far it can fly. With a great heave, he sends the toy gliding through the air, only to land in the middle of the street. Before any of us can say a word, Jake races after it, right into the busy road. "Jake no, be careful!" I cry, watching him dart out into the path of an oncoming car but feeling frozen by my fear. Before I can contemplate putting Millie down to go after him, a blur of movement whirrs past my vision. I've never seen anyone move so fast in my life. Dominic became

little more than a hazy outline of himself, chasing after Jake and pulling him out of the way just before the car slams into them. The vehicle's tires are still screeching when Dominic sets Jake down beside me, his expression suddenly very stern.

"That was very dangerous." He scolds gently. "You should never go into the street without looking both ways first."

Jake hangs his head. "I'm sorry, I didn't want my plane to get runned over."

"You are a million times more important than a toy." Dominic tells him firmly, "and you scared your nanny half to death."

"I'm sorry, Ella." Jake snuffles, looking up at me with wide eyes.

"I know sweetheart, just don't ever do that again." I breathe, cuddling him against my side. "Thank you so much." I say to Dominic, feeling more grateful than I can express. "I have no idea how you moved so fast! It was like something out of a superhero film."

"Must have been the adrenaline." Dominic shrugs, giving Millie another smile before taking his leave. "Enjoy the rest of your day, and stay out of the road young man!"

"Yes sir!" Jake calls after him, pocketing his airplane. "I really am sorry." He adds to me.

"It's forgotten." I tell him softly, though I take his hand so that he can't run off again.

"It all happened so fast." I tell Cora later that night. "I mean the more I think about it, the more amazing it seems. One moment he was there, and the next he was gone. It was like magic."

"Thank goodness Jake is alright." She replies, but rather than looking relieved, her face is twisted into a deep grimace.

Studying my sister's expression, I realize her grim demeanor is not just about Jake's near miss. Something else is wrong, and I actually feel guilty for not noticing sooner. "Is everything okay?"

Cora frowns, "Not really. But you've got so much going on right now, it's not important."

"Cora, don't be ridiculous." I admonish. "What's going on?"

"Well, speaking of Dominic Sinclair," She begins cryptically, "you know that sperm he sent to us for testing?"

“Yeah,” I confirm, wondering where on earth this was going.

“It’s gone missing... and I’m the last person who saw it, not to mention it was in my custody.” She explains, her voice becoming thick with emotion. “Ella, I think... I think I’m going to be fired. And if there’s an investigation I could lose my medical license.”

“What?” I exclaim. “What do you mean it’s missing? A vial of sperm can’t just get up and walk away.”

“I know, I think someone had to steal it, but there’s no way of knowing who’s responsible. And it looks like I’m going to have to take the blame.” She shares, her eyes shining with tears.

“Cora, I can’t believe you didn’t tell me this sooner!” I lament, “They can’t fire you, it isn’t fair.”

“You don’t understand, Dominic is one of our biggest donors.” Cora explains. “And he’s furious, he basically wants my head on a platter.” A week ago I might have believed there was no hope for Cora, but seeing how kind and understanding Dominic was with the kids today makes me wonder if he could really be so heartless. Surely if he understood that Cora would never be so irresponsible he’d show some leniency? I have to try and help her, I would do anything for my sister – even begging a ruthless billionaire for mercy.

