

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 8

Chapter 8-Compromise

Ella

288 Vouchers

Up until this point of my life, I've hated a handful of people. At the moment Mike and Kate are at the top of my list, but they aren't alone. However Dominic Sinclair is very quickly rising through the ranks and making a play for the top spot. Mike and Kate's betrayal hurt so much because I cared for them both, but Sinclair might be the first person I've encountered who I dislike this strongly after so short a time.

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He's looking me up and down with the bearing of a wolf deciding how to devour the rabbit in its claws, and I realize that's all I am to him. All those intense looks over the last couple of years, every encounter, every smile – the entire time he's been thinking I'm some lesser being, the prey to his predator. Maybe he's like Mike and thought I was a particularly attractive specimen, but in the end they're the same sort of monster.

"There is no offer you could ever make me that would convince me to give you my child." I tell him sharply. "I am not for sale, and neither is my baby."

"Now you're just being stubborn." Sinclair sighs, "digging in your heels because you don't like me."

"What gave it away?" I deride. For the second time, it seems like he wants to smile despite his better judgment, but again he holds back.

"Use your head, Ella." He instructs patronizingly. "Let's say I believe you didn't do this just to cash in on a big pay day."

"You obviously don't!" I interrupt, earning myself a look so stern a shiver runs down my spine.

"Let's say I do. What are your options? How are you going to raise this child? If you try to abort it I will take you to court and I guarantee the judge will prevent you from going through with it – which means you can either keep the baby and try to get by on your own, or let me have it."

“Take me to court if you like.” I challenge, even though my will to go through with terminating the pregnancy has gotten weaker and weaker from the moment I learned it was real. “You forget it’s my body.”

“Which you intentionally inseminated. It’s not like you got knocked up after a one night stand or were assaulted. I’m offering a child a good life and I have more political sway than you can imagine.” He flashes his teeth at me, teeth that look alarmingly like fangs. “Not to mention I’m a donor at every hospital in the city, no physician will perform the procedure and risk me defunding their entire facility.”

Suddenly I can see how this man acquired so much money and power, he has more cunning than I know how to contemplate, with a clear killer instinct. All at once I realize he’s right, the judges and doctors will side with him, whether he convinces them or bribes them – he’ll win.

He’s trapped me and I didn’t even realize it was happening. I have no doubt he’s every bit as ruthless as he seems, which means I’m going to have to carry this baby to term whether I can afford it or not. My best hope is to find some other job in that time, but even then the best life I’d be able to offer my baby is an impoverished one. It’s not like disgraced nannies get hired as CEOs.

Sinclair can clearly read my dismay, because he strikes again. “If you cooperate, I’ll pay off your debts. I’ll help you find a job and cover every last one of your medical and living expenses. If you deliver me an heir, I will also pay you a handsome bonus, and give you anything else you like a house? A car? A business investment? Be my surrogate and you can have anything your little heart desires.”

“But I’m not just a surrogate.” I remind him, feeling as though my heart was crumbling to pieces in my chest. “I’m this child’s mother. It has my DNA and it will be half human. It has a right to that heritage as well as yours.”

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He shakes his head. “This child will be a werewolf, and a powerful one at that my genes guarantee it. It will be raised with its own kind. And it will have a wonderful life, Ella – | promise.”

“Why should I trust you?” I wonder aloud, “you clearly don’t trust me, why do you expect me to give you something you refuse to offer in

return.”

“I have good reason not to trust you, but you have no reason not to trust me. I’ve never wronged you.” He says, as if this justifies everything.

“Bull,” I combat, “you cost Cora her job, you cost me mine even if you didn’t make the call, whoever did reported that I was begging at your gates.”

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“Cora cost herself her job.” He claims firmly. “Mistake or malice, my sperm ended up in your womb – a place it never should have been.” His foreboding expression softens for a moment. “And I truly am sorry about your job – I know how much Jake and Millie loved you. If you want your job back, I

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can make it happen.”

I don’t know what I think of that possibility. I’d love to see my precious charges again, but I don’t know if I can get past their mother’s cruelty.

“Money can’t fix everything.” I reply, “and all your promises – what good is having everything I need if I’ll never have the thing I want most?”

“If it’s a child you want, I can help you adopt a human baby.” He offers, circling me as if he’s some sort of wolfish vulture. He clearly senses he’s closing in on the kill, and he’s not wrong.

I can feel my lip begin to tremble as fresh tears threaten. It feels selfish to say ‘but I want this baby’, especially when I grew up an orphan and know how many children need good homes. In truth Sinclair is offering me the world on a platter – my baby gets to live and have a good life, all my problems will be solved, and I can adopt a child that needs a mother as badly as I need to be one. Am I being silly, holding onto my childhood baggage about wanting to be part of a family bonded through more than just affection, a family bonded by blood? After all, blood is no guarantee of love – how many kids did I grow up with whose natural parents abandoned or abused them?

In the end, I don’t think I have a choice. I have to do this. Knowing my baby will be loved and cared for, will have to be enough. It’s the best

solution for us both, and the fact that it hurts so badly doesn't mean it's wrong.

"Draft a contract before I change my mind." I grind out, hating this man more than I can express.

Sinclair nods, and strides to the door. A little while later one of his men comes in with a heavy stack of documents, which takes me almost a full hour to read through. When I finally close the last page and nod in approval, the lawyer places the contract in front of Sinclair, who promptly turns to add his signatures to all the appropriate pages.

"You're doing the right thing, Ella." He tosses over his shoulder, triumph clear in his voice.

"That's easy for you to say." I gripe, watching him lean over the document brandishing a fountain pen. "Are you proud of yourself? Bullying a weak little human into giving you the only child she'll ever have?" I inquire to his back. "You sent your sperm here because you struggled with infertility too, didn't you? How would you feel if you and your wife finally conceived and someone took the baby from you?"

Sinclair straightens up, going very still but not acknowledging my words. When he turns around his expression is completely closed off.

"Actually I'm not married." He tells me. "Not anymore."

"Way to miss the point." I mutter under my breath, snatching the pen from his hand and moving in front of the contract. Before I can add my signature to the pages, I feel the room begin to spin. I brace my hands against the low table, clamping my eyes shut then blinking them open and trying to clear my vision, which is suddenly very blurry. The blood is rushing in my ears.

"How long have we been in this room?" I ask, feeling as if my body is being slowly doused in warm water. All my senses are fuzzy, and it's not until Sinclair appears at my side that I realize I slurred my words.

"Are you alright, Ella?"

My legs give out, and I suddenly find myself slumping into a very large, very hard wall of concerned werewolf. Powerful arms come around me, and Sinclair's scent fills my nose. It's deep and rich, like being deep in the forest on a moonlit night. "You smell nice." I murmur, sounding completely drunk, before the world goes black for the second time in as

many
hours.

However this time, I hear an odd grumbling noise as I sink into the darkness. At first I think it's Sinclair, but the sound isn't coming from his chest, it almost sounds like it's coming from... inside me?

