

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 11

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11—Take A Permission First

Madeline:

It had been a week since I got here. I was mostly working from home. I didn't see the other three assholes most of the time. Usually, I ran into Graham in passing because he was literally everywhere. And when Elgin came around with Baxter, Baxter was the one who pushed back against me the most.

Honestly, it upset me because what Baxter and I had was different from my friendship with the others. With him, it was more emotional. We'd sit together, share our problems. That was the main way we connected. There were good moments too. It was just different. So when he fought me so hard and so negatively, it made me realize what big fuckers they all were. They were only nice to me so they could use me.

"Okay, so what kind of symptoms are you feeling now?" I heard Graham ask the child, and I rolled my eyes. He shot me an annoyed look.

We had finally come to one of the kids to start our interviews, because now we were at the point where we were supposed to talk to them and gather as much information as we could.

"So, I heard you're having dreams. Sometimes dreams are like movies. It feels like you've been pushed into an alternate universe, right?" I asked, trying to smile for the kid.

He was probably only three, and he looked so malnourished. His mother told me he had been having these nightmares for a while.

"No, they're scary," he said softly, clutching his mother's arm and hiding his face.

I sighed. I didn't have luck with these kids. This wasn't just our first interview. Graham and the others had already spoken to plenty of kids in the area, but they weren't very talkative. They were terrible at explaining their dreams, which made sense since they were basically babies. Even the seven-year-olds couldn't string words together. I could tell it was either from the sickness or the curse. Could've been anything.

I sighed again and gave his mother a soft look. She seemed worn out, like she had been waking up with him night after night.

“Okay, do you know what this is?” Graham asked, pulling something from his pocket. It was a small stash of six pills, all glowing red.

“These are going to help, okay? They’ll make you sleep better and give you good dreams, at least for a while.” The last part he said quietly to the mother.

“Give him this pill for the next few weeks. We’ll see if it works on him.” Graham finished. I already knew what the pill was. It was the one I came here for. It would slow the child’s sickness.

“Thank you so much,” the woman said, looking at Graham with nothing but gratitude.

“It’s nothing. I wish I could do more,” he told her in a softer tone. He looked upset too.

I mean, who wouldn’t be. These kids didn’t deserve this kind of life, this torture.

We finally got up and started walking away. It was just Graham and me inside the house. Elgin had been waiting outside in the car. When he saw us come out, he stepped forward.

“So, how did it go? Any other information you got from the child?” he asked, directing the questions straight at Graham instead of me. So I didn’t answer.

“These kids can’t explain anything clearly. And since most of them are already in later stages-” Graham trailed

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off, giving Elgin a sad, displeased look.

“Then maybe we should interview someone in the early stages. That way we’d understand how it starts and where it comes from.” As soon as I said that, both of them turned to look at me.

“None of the kids have ever been able to say anything in the beginning stages. It’s like the sickness stops them. Only when it gets worse are they able to tell anyone,” Graham explained and I sighed.

“Wait a minute. What about your own children? What stage are they at?” Elgin suddenly asked me and my body stiffened.

I couldn’t answer them because I was busy glaring at them down. Then Graham added,

“I mean, Gina seemed to be having it for the first time. Didn’t she say she wandered around the woods for the first time in her dreams? So, it must be Gina’s first time.” He said it calmly, and I clenched my fists because he wasn’t wrong.

The symptoms the others talked about were slightly different. It seemed like it was true. My kids were in the early stages, at least Gina was. As for Bodhi, I’d thought it was extreme. I could tell he was different from the other kids. The other kids couldn’t talk about their pain or their symptoms in the early stages. However, Bodhi had been talking about them to his two little siblings, Elara and Gina. Gina told me about it.

So what was really going on with my kids? Why could they say it so quickly? While I was thinking, Graham was up to something else.

“So it’s decided then. We’ll interview Madeline’s children.” That snapped me out of my frozen state.

“No. I don’t think that will be possible. I don’t want to involve my kids like this,” I argued, feeling bad for saying that instead of immediately being ready to help.

As soon as I said that, Elgin and Graham looked at me with disgust. I know it sounded wrong, but I couldn’t tell them exactly why. I didn’t want those two around my kids. When their looks got harsher, I decided to run away, like I always did. That seemed like a good plan.

“Um, will you please excuse me?” I said, and once I felt like I had no other excuse I sped up, leaving them behind and getting into the car. Thankfully I got home before they could call me or anything. That was odd, they didn’t seem like people who would just let it go, but I was glad they did.

Once I got inside, I found my three babies playing in t

living room with Legos.

“What are you building?” I asked. Bodhi came running and hugged my legs, while the other two were their usual sassy selves so I had to go to them to hug them. I reached Elara, kissed her forehead, then kissed Gina on the cheek.

“So, are we going to have lunch here?” Graham asked. My body stiffened when I heard someone else come in behind me. My eyes widened when I saw Graham and Elgin in my house—without my permission, without even asking if I was okay with the interview. I shot up from my knees, staring at them.

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