

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

111

111-The Matched Energy

Madeline:

“You know, I’m really sorry, Madeline, and I truly am. I know you’re probably thinking I said the same thing last time, but trust me, it’s not that I like hurting you. It’s just that the way you speak to my mother, it hurts me,” Yuvonne commented, carrying a fake smile on her lips.

We’d finished dinner. The kids were already in bed, and now we sat in the living room, sharing a glass of wine.

Sawyer sat right next to me, holding my hand so tightly that I had to keep the wine glass in my left hand.

Baxter, on the other hand, barely spoke the entire evening.

He had eaten silently, and now he sat alone in the big recliner with his glass of wine, staring out the window at the road instead of joining the conversation.

Yuvonne was the only one who seemed excited, sitting on the edge of the couch across from us, holding her glass in both hands, her elbows and forearms resting on her thighs, her hands stretched forward.

“So you’re justifying your mother’s actions then?” I asked.

I hadn’t even wanted to speak to her after what she’d done last time.

I hadn’t wanted to invite her to sit and dine with us either.

But after Sawyer told me to stay calm and let him handle getting the chocolates tested first, I decided to let him

deal with it.

I knew Sawyer. He was calm and collected, but he also knew how to get things done.

You could never predict him, he was always unpredictable, even now.

He acted like a good brother-in-law, charming but a little rude, maybe because of Baxter's absent-mindedness.

Baxter continued to talk only with the children during dinner and avoided the rest of us.

"No, of course not. But yeah, I think both of you were pretty out of line during my engagement announcement at dinner," Yuvonne remarked.

She placed a hand on her chest, holding the glass in the other before taking a sip, blinking innocently as she let Sawyer know her engagement dinner had been ruined because of me and my stepmother's bickering.

"No, your mother brought up my past, trying to shame me in front of Baxter's parents and to rub salt in my wounds."

I only stood up for myself. Even when I pretended to accept her apology, I still couldn't help defending myself.

I noticed Yuvonne's smile faltered slightly.

"Yeah, let's just say I was the only one who suffered. Not only was my dinner ruined, but, well, Baxter broke up with me." She laughed lightly, trying to appear like the perfect victim.

"Then you should have told your mother to behave properly." Sawyer's voice broke the air, and I was sure he shocked her, her smile vanished instantly.

"Of course, I should have. Anyway, what are your plans now?" she asked quickly, shifting the topic as if nothing had happened.

1/3

To The Mach

+25 Bonus

There was someone openly calling her out on her mistakes now, and she clearly didn't like it.

"Some things," he replied briefly, his words vague and distant.

He didn't even bother to explain, leaving the room filled with quiet confusion.

“What about you two? After the engagement ceremony, when are **you** getting married?” Sawyer asked calmly.

My eyes moved to Baxter, and I noticed how little he cared about what was happening, almost as if he wasn’t even part **of** the conversation.

But then he slowly turned, and our eyes met before I hesitantly looked away.

“Yeah, we’re thinking about doing it soon. Probably a month after that,” she replied, then leaned back.

There was a smile on her face when she met my eyes, and all I could think about was how taunting it looked.

“Great, then I’ll be back by then,” Sawyer remarked.

Yuvonne began to nod.

“I think we should head out now. It’s getting late.”

Baxter finally broke the silence, and it was the longest he had stayed quiet, at least in my presence.

I knew that’s how he was with others, but whenever I used to be around him, he was always talkative. I guessed those days were gone.

“Yeah, sure. It was really nice having dinner with you guys. And thank you so much, brother-in-law. You reunited us,” Yuvonne continued, her voice full of cheerful sister-in-law energy as she tried to build a bond with Sawyer.

“Of course. I mean, until now, I didn’t even know I had a sister-in-law. I think we will. Our energies match. We’ll make a good team. And we can gang up on these two whenever they don’t listen to us,” Sawyer joked. It was so unlike him, and I knew he was pretending to match her energy, but it was working.

She looked thrilled, rubbing her palms together, probably thinking she could get close enough to fool him about

me:

That was always her way, especially whenever any of my friends came around.

And by any, I meant the three alphas.

“Yeah, that’ll be great! Oh my Goddess, Madeline, **you** have the perfect husband. Okay, guys, have **a** good night,” she said, standing up and walking over to give me a hug.

But when I didn't move from the couch, she must have realized it wasn't going to happen. Instead, she awkwardly tapped my head with her hand before walking away with Baxter.

Once they were out of the mansion, Sawyer exhaled deeply and slipped back into his usual cold, callous demeanor.

"So, you match her energy?" I taunted, though jokingly.

"I get **it**," he remarked, making me turn toward him on the couch.

"I get why you hate her. She's very hard to like," he added, sharing a glance with me before a faint smirk **crossed his lips**.

We both stared at each other in silence before bursting **out** laughing.

2/3

!!! The Matched Energy

+25 Bonus

"What are you two laughing about?" Nina arrived. While I still had a smile on my lips, Sawyer seemed to lose his. "Nothing that you would find funny. Our energies don't match," he said, side-eyeing me.

We laughed again, referencing Yuvonne. But I felt like Nina didn't understand, and she might have taken offense.

The way her face fell made it clear.

Ruby Walker

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112

112–The SideChick Wants His Time

Madeline:

“I need to speak with you about some things because I’ll be leaving early **in** the morning,” Sawyer uttered.

“When I came here, I didn’t think I’d stay this long, but it’s been days, and I have to go back to check on a few things,” he continued as he started to take off his wrist watch.

“But I want you to be wary of some stuff before I go.” he finished.

I stood up, setting the glass down and nodding.

“Can you please get me my file from the bedroom?” he requested.

I walked away to grab it. There was an orange folder filled with papers and notes he had written.

I picked it up, and as I was walking back, I noticed Nina already standing in the living room with him.

“What is it, Nina?” he asked, not realizing I was watching them.

–

“It’s just the whole day has passed, and I didn’t get to spend any time with you,” I heard her say softly, asking him for a moment of his attention.

It always bothered me how she could be so friendly with me during the day or whenever Sawyer wasn’t around, but would act so differently when he was in sight. However, this was the first time I had seen them interact so closely. Sawyer turned to her with a cold look on his face.

“And I was missing you. Can’t we just go back to bed now? It’s late, and I’ve been staying awake for you,” she urged, making a chill run down my spine.

“Nina, have you lost your mind? What are you suggesting? When have I ever promised you time? Do you think I made you my responsibility?” Sawyer snapped.

The file nearly slipped from my fingers. I knew they weren’t romantic in front of me, but I had never seen how they behaved when alone.

I used to think they were affectionate, lovey–dovey, even, but seeing him speak to her like that, and her pleading for his attention, made me wonder if there was trouble in paradise.

“No, you didn’t,” she responded immediately, not in the way a lover would.

She could have been upset by his tone, by how he reminded her she wasn’t his responsibility, but instead she tried to calm him.

“It’s just that I was missing you,” she repeated, her voice softer now, sounding tender.

“Nina, please step out of my way. I’m waiting for my wife so we can discuss some business.

Nobody asked you to stay awake. Go to sleep,” he said casually, pulling a cigar from his pocket and lighting it.

The way he blew smoke toward her, and the way she stifled a cough to avoid offending him, made me **feel** both angry and sorry for her.

“But you’re leaving tomorrow. Are you not even going to give me an hour?” she asked, still clinging to whatever dignity she had left.

“Nina, I have to work on something important with my wife. I won’t repeat myself,” he warned, his tone carrying

1/3

112 The Siret fict Wants His Time

+25 Bonus

a hint **of** threat.

She finally stepped back, bowing slightly.

“I’ll leave the door open, just in case,” she murmured in a shaky voice before retreating to the side room.

As promised, she left the door open.

Taking a deep breath and putting on a neutral expression, I walked back into the living room with the file in hand.

The moment Sawyer saw me, he quickly stubbed out the cigar and waved his arm to clear the smoke.

I did the same the minute I stepped in.

“Why the hell do you smoke in closed places?” I complained.

I wasn't the kind of woman who begged for attention or stayed silent out of fear he might take offense.

"We can sit on the terrace upstairs," I suggested, circling the table toward him.

As I passed, he placed a hand on my back. The slow, gentle motion of his fingers made goosebumps rise along my skin.

"Yeah, upstairs would be a good idea," he agreed.

I quickly gathered the files and hurried toward the stairs.

I knew the door to Nina's room was still open, and I didn't want her eavesdropping on us.

From the way Sawyer was acting, I could tell he was craving something more than just conversation.

Once we reached the second floor, we sat together on the terrace couch.

A small table stood before us, and I placed the files on it.

He started talking about a gun he was planning to leave behind.

He mentioned showing it to the werewolves when he first arrived and explaining that he would be carrying it.

They had let him keep it after he obtained permission from the council. But he added that he was going to leave it here with me.

He explained where he had stored it and said there were other documents in the file, notes on how to conduct interviews with the victims.

Surprisingly, it was very detailed and thoughtful. I hadn't expected him to take such deep interest in the sickness.

He'd hardly ever talked about it.

But as I flipped through the file and saw page after page describing how I should question the victims, what signs to look for, and what to record, I was stunned, and, more than anything, grateful.

While I was busy arranging the papers, I suddenly felt his hand again on my back.

His fingertips moved slowly up and down my spine, making my body tense.

“Come here,” he whispered, wrapping his arm around me and pulling me back against his chest.

I didn’t protest. He had done too much for me, too much for my children, for me to completely reject his touch.

2/3

I remembered how much he had given them, how much he had given us.

Even when he was emotionally distant, he still ensured they had a good life.

He protected them from the darkness of both the human world and the others.

He gave them safety, something I could never have guaranteed, even if I had worked ten more years.

Because of Sawyer, my children had everything from the day they were born.

As I leaned back against him, I felt his hand rest gently on my stomach.

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113

113-Get Intimate

Madeline:

He rubbed his other hand up and down my arm before removing it from my stomach to push me so that he was behind me, my back facing him.

His fingers then touched the zipper of my dress and he began to slowly pull it down.

As his fingers made contact with my bare back, I jumped and straightened up.

He chuckled softly behind me but continued to caress my exposed skin.

With a mesmerizing touch, his fingers reached my bra clasp and effortlessly unhooked my bra.

I gulped hard as my breasts felt free. His hands rolled down the straps of my dress, revealing my bra to the fresh air before he straightened up on the couch.

He pulled me back so that I was leaning back and he sat on the edge of the couch, his eyes staring into mine.

“I have missed you so much,” he whispered, his brows furrowing as his eyes locked onto mine.

“I know you didn’t miss me. You have no reason to,” he commented, his gaze slipping down to my lips before his hand touched my naked stomach.

My dress was hanging down to my waist, and the cups of my bra were hanging low too.

His eyes then traveled down to my neck before he leaned in and nuzzled his face into my neck. His warm breath caused my eyes to roll back.

He began to place gentle kisses on my neck, and his fingers reached the middle of my bra, snatching it away.

Now I sat topless before his hungry eyes.

My hand moved up and reached his hair, running through his silky strands.

He kept staring at my breasts, gulping like a hungry lion.

Then he leaned down and kissed one of my breasts, causing my breath to hitch in my throat.

His one arm was now wrapped around my back, and the other reached for my breast.

The way his hand tried to cup my entire boob made me yelp.

His lips parted, and he sucked on my nipple, his fingers playing with my other nipple.

The sensation of his mouth on my breast started to make me feel wet between my legs.

As he became more excited, a scream broke us apart.

We both stared into each other’s eyes before another scream echoed through the house.

This time, we knew it was the scream of one of my children.

Gina!

I quickly stood up, grabbing my clothes and fixing myself as best as I could.

“Something’s going on downstairs. Can you please come?”

1/3

13 Get intimate

+25 Bonus

Nina had rushed upstairs but froze when her eyes landed on me in a compromised state.

Turning my back to her, I put on my bra and pulled up the zipper of my dress. Sawyer had already run downstairs.

“What’s going on?” I asked once I turned around, now fully dressed.

But Nina just stared at me, her eyes fixed on mine like something was wrong with me.

“Nina, what happened?” I almost yelled to pull her out of her daze, already running past her toward the stairs to check on my kids myself.

“I don’t know, they’re fighting!” she finally answered, snapping out of it and following me down.

A heavy silence followed us as we reached the first floor.

The front door was open, and Sawyer appeared, carrying Gina on his shoulder.

He gestured for me to go inside.

I did.

The moment I stepped in, I saw Elara standing beside her bed, her fists clenched.

Nina had said the kids were fighting, but why? I remembered putting them to bed.

None of this made sense.

“Elara, why are you up?” I asked gently, stepping closer.

The look she gave me stopped me in my tracks. It felt like she might lash out if I took another step.

“What’s going on?” I tried again, softer this time.

“I don’t like Gina,” Elara hissed.

My eyes widened in shock and confusion.

“What? What are you talking about?” I asked, staring at her, completely lost.

“You love your sister. **You** two are best friends. I’ve never seen you act like this. Come on, what’s going on? Tell me. You know you can share it with Mommy,” I told Elara as I got down on my knees, trying to get closer to her.

It seemed that Bodhi had already run out of the room to the living room, probably with Sawyer.

“I said, I don’t like the two of them! Why won’t you get rid of them?” Elara yelled.

Her voice didn’t sound like a child’s. It sounded older, almost like someone else was speaking through her.

My heart began to pound in my chest.

“Elara, what’s going on?” I asked, my eyes filling with tears.

I couldn’t bear seeing my kids like this.

“Elara? What is happening? Elara?” I called again, this time as Sawyer arrived. Relief flooded me when I saw him.

He stepped past me and sat beside her **on** the bed. He moved with such calm that she didn’t react right away.

“I don’t like my two siblings. Take them **back** to the human world. They’re not needed anymore,” Elara repeated, her tone eerily steady.

2/3

113 Get Intimate

+25 Bonus

I gasped, covering my mouth. There was no way my daughter could hate her siblings.

This had to be the sickness, and this time, it seemed worse than ever.

“Okay.”

As soon as Sawyer said the word, I looked at him in disbelief. But then I saw Elara’s face soften.

“Okay. I’ll get them away from here. Would that be okay then?” Sawyer asked gently.

Elara’s expression slowly changed. Her smile returned for a brief moment before confusion settled over her face.

“Where is everybody else?” she asked, her voice now back to normal.

She looked around for her siblings, worry replacing whatever had taken over her before.

I knew then, I had been right. It was the sickness.

“Come here,” I whispered, rushing forward to pull her into my arms.

I held her tightly, crying softly against her shoulder.

A hand patted my back. It was Sawyer, giving me a quiet, reassuring gesture that said I had done enough, and that he was here.

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114

114-Their Stepdaddy Cares **For** Them.

Madeline:

I could already tell that Sawyer was a very calm and collected person.

He had single-handedly taken care of the kids, putting them back to bed, while I sat in the living room sniffing and drinking wine.

I was losing my mind, thinking my children needed me and I couldn't do anything for them.

"They're asleep," Sawyer informed, arriving into the living room.

I noticed he didn't have his coat on, his sleeves were rolled up, and his hair was messy.

He looked exhausted because all the kids had requested to be carried on his shoulders and walked around the room until they fell asleep, and he had done it for each of them.

"You've had enough," he said, snatching the wine from my hand.

Then he leaned back on the couch, resting one foot over his knee, forming an open V with his legs.

He took a drink while I sat upright on the edge of the couch, staring out the window at the road.

"It's okay. They're fine now," he said, and I heard the click of the glass as he set it down.

I turned toward him and noticed he was looking at me, two fingers resting near his temple and his thumb next to his chin.

"What are you thinking?" he asked, as if he knew me too well.

"I need to hurry up, but I feel like there's no lead. Every time I interview a kid, they give me so many vague answers. I don't even know what to do with that," I complained, wiping tears from my cheeks.

"I'll be in my room," I heard Nina say. Sawyer hadn't let her take care of the kids, he had insisted on handling

them himself.

"Hmm," he said, dismissing her with a hand gesture.

"You're already doing a great job. Don't beat yourself up. But instead of focusing on interviewing other children, why not do your own?"

His quick focus on me made Nina pause for a moment before she briskly walked into the room and slammed the door behind her.

Sawyer remained unbothered,

“What do you mean?” I asked, turning toward him.

“You’re struggling with the other children because you don’t know them. But you know your kids. They’re also dealing with the same sickness, and it seems worse because there’s a pattern. They’re experiencing something different from the others,” he explained, making me turn fully on the couch to watch his face.

“How so?” I asked in confusion.

“The others are having nightmares, sickness, pains, all of that. But our children-” He paused. “-they tell a story. Like Gina mentioned before, it’s about a man. Others have experienced it too. But with Bodhi and what Elara is saying, our kids are experiencing much deeper effects of the sickness than you realize.”

1/3

114 The steps Cops For Tham

+25 Bonus

As he explained it, I realized he wasn’t wrong. **Of** course, my kids were having a different experience. “I’ll start interviewing them then. Thank you so much,” I said, rushing to hug him.

I noticed his heartbeat skip slightly, and I quickly pulled away.

“I’m so tired. Do you mind if I just go rest?” I asked.

I could see the hint of defeat in his expression.

He probably suspected something might happen between us tonight, it had been a while since we’d been intimate.

“Yeah, sure. Of course. Rest well,” he said quietly.

I got up and walked away but paused in the doorway of my bedroom, turning back to look at him.

“And thank you for calling them our kids,” I commented before closing the door.

I woke up early this morning because today was the day Sawyer was leaving.

I had been worried over nothing, his arrival wasn’t that bad.

But that was only because he didn't have enough time to pry into my life and gather much information about what was happening here.

When I walked out of the room in gray pants and a black high-neck top, I found Sawyer sprawled on the couch, his legs dangling off and arms all over the place.

He seemed to have fallen asleep in the same position I'd left him in when I went to my room last night.

I woke him up, and he went to take a shower while I prepared breakfast for him and the kids myself.

Nina had been in the kitchen with me, helping silently. But the way she kept stealing glances at me told me she wanted to speak.

"What is it, Nina?" I finally asked when she still hadn't found the courage to speak her mind.

"Why was Sawyer sleeping on the couch outside last night?" she questioned, walking to the other side of the counter to examine my expression.

I was kind of taken aback by her question.

"I'm sorry, did you just ask me why my husband was sleeping on the couch?" I had to confirm with her, just to see how confident she had grown, thinking she could question me about my personal affairs with my husband.

"Let's not act like he's only your husband," she commented.

That was when she hit me with the truth, and I felt my jaw clench.

"All right, you want **me to remember** how you're sleeping with my husband?" I asked, finally addressing it.

We had never spoken about it before, and one would think she'd be grateful it wasn't something to be proud of. But she surprised me by pushing **me** to react.

So, I was going to have a talk with her.

"Yes, I am asking you about the man I'm sleeping with. Let's not talk about this and focus on his comfort. He was up with your children."

2/3

Before she could continue, I raised my finger to stop her.

“You do know that my kids are his kids too, right?” I asked, my tone stern this time. How dare she?

She didn’t know that the babies didn’t belong to Sawyer.

So how the hell did she think she could use something like that to remind me that I needed to care for my husband?

In her mind, these were Sawyer’s children too, his biological children. Her audacity really upset me.

Ruby Walker

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115

115—Making Out And Others Are Jealous

Madeline:

As I kept staring at her, I guess she realized she had said something wrong.

“What I meant was that he’s a man. He needs comfort too.”

She changed the topic because she knew she had messed up.

“And you’re not enough to give him that comfort,” I taunted.

Every time I said something like that, she looked shocked.

Which kind of shocked me in return because she wanted to have this conversation, so of course I was going to use words like that.

Did she expect me to just praise her for sleeping with my husband and giving him attention?

“Okay, I think I know what’s going on. You’re upset with me because he spends time with me,” she uttered.

And then Nina hit me with the most ridiculous response ever.

I’m not sure what made her say it, I had never once suggested I was bothered.

So I dropped the knife again and focused on her.

“Nina, you know very well I’m not bothered. And if I were, trust me, you’d be out of his life by now.”

The confidence in my tone made her clench her jaw and then look down, forcing herself to straighten her posture before speaking again.

I could see she was about to continue complaining, so I held up my palm.

“Please stop. You don’t need to keep talking about my husband. Just because you sleep with him doesn’t mean you have the right to question me.”

The shock on her face was obvious.

“What is going on?” Sawyer’s arrival seemed to catch her off guard, she flinched slightly, then forced a smile.

“We were just preparing breakfast for you and the kids,” she said in a cheery tone.

“Actually, we were having an argument,” I commented, watching her eyes widen as she glanced at me. “She was upset that I let you sleep in the living room like a bad wife.”

“No, of course not. I would never,” she said, fumbling for excuses.

I had already said what needed to be said.

“You don’t need to worry about what’s going on in our relationship, Nina. Perhaps you’re forgetting your place,” he warned her in a harsh tone.

“Right- I guess I was just worried about you. But I’m really sorry. I’ll go take care of the kids. They must be waking up,” she spoke softly, keeping her eyes on the ground as she sped out of the kitchen.

“Well, she’s not wrong,” Sawyer commented once she was gone.

I lifted my head and watched Sawyer place his hands on the counter opposite me, leaning forward to look into my

1/3

115-Making Out And Others Are Jealous

+25 Bonus

eyes.

“I do deserve your care,” he said, his voice husky.

“Anyway, you should get ready. The cruise will leave soon. There’s a storm coming, so it will be much harder later on,” I informed, changing the topic.

“Sure,” he murmured, his tone dull this time, perhaps annoyed that I didn’t respond to his flirtation.

Once he left the kitchen, I prepared breakfast and served it.

The kids had woken up, but so far, they were very quiet.

They hadn’t interacted much with Elara, from what I could see.

I wanted to deal with it properly, so I had left them for the moment.

We all drove together to the shore, and the kids did what they always do, they clung to Sawyer, not even letting

him breathe.

But he carried them like he wasn’t bothered, even when they tucked their fingers into his hair or tried to peek into his pockets.

He barely ever pushed them away.

Sawyer had this thing about him. He was eerily calm.

If I was busy and the kids started screaming and jumping around, I would get extremely anxious. But not Sawyer.

He would continue his work, even through a storm. I wanted that kind of patience.

“Okay, my wife. Take care of yourself. I’ll be back soon.”

Once his bags were loaded, he walked over to me and wrapped his arm around me.

Elgin was the only one there, standing at the shore, watching us interact intently.

And, of course, since someone was watching, Sawyer decided to be even more playful.

He leaned in and planted a kiss on my cheek.

And then he moved from my cheek to my lips.

There was a pause where he deepened his eye contact with me before crashing his lips against mine.

My body froze for a second before I began to react.

He sucked in my upper lip and held my back, pulling me in so tightly that there was no room left between our bodies.

I let out a small moan in his mouth, and I could tell it excited him.

But he had to pull away when our kids came running back and hugged our feet.

I laughed awkwardly, responding to my children's gleeful laughter while Sawyer gave them a warm smile.

"Take care," I said to Sawyer, who finally departed. We watched the cruise leave.

My children seemed upset for a moment before they started playing with the balloons he had bought them on the

2/3

115-Making Out And Others Are Jealous

way here.

+25 Bonus

"So, the cheater just left, and you're teary-eyed?" Elgin's voice made me turn and watch his face in disbelief.

Before I could scold him, he continued.

"Well, don't just act like you successfully fooled me the other night. I know what I saw. I saw your man cheating on you, and I'm not sure if you know, or if you're just pretending

to be clueless. The fact that he joined you later but you said he was already with you, proved you were trying to save his face.”

Elgin’s words shocked me. He was an alpha. I should have known that a few words wouldn’t satisfy him. But I didn’t need to satisfy him.

“Well, you’re free to speculate. I know the truth, and I trust my husband,” I said confidently.

His chuckle made me clench my jaw.

“Seems like someone else is even more upset than you.”

As he spoke and looked behind me, I noticed who he meant.

Nina was standing straight, hands tied in front of her, eyes fixed on the empty spot left by Sawyer.

Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

“You should’ve seen the look on her face when you two were making out,” Elgin added, scoffing at me for hiding my husband’s infidelity. “Did she look more jealous than you?”

I hit back immediately, and I watched his smirk fade.

“Just because someone is jealous doesn’t mean they’re sleeping together.”

I stomped my foot and turned around, gesturing to my kids. “Let’s go.”

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116

Madeline:

We arrived home after dropping off Sawyer, and as the news had said, the storm settled in.

I sat with a coffee mug in front of me, my hand in my hair and my eyes on the files.

“Alpha Graham is here,” Nina informed as she walked upstairs.

I did not understand why Graham had come, so I told Nina to let him in.

I was sitting at the table on the second floor, working, when Nina went downstairs.

After a while, Graham stepped up. He looked worried.

I started to wonder if something new had happened with the sickness.

“I had been thinking about the case myself,” I mentioned it to Graham as I watched him wander toward me.

I was out on the terrace because I wanted fresh air while I thought about the case.

“I had been thinking about talking to you for a while but I kind of talked myself out of it. But when your husband showed up, I knew I had to do it,” he stated, already making me tense with the way he spoke.

“Okay, go ahead. What is it?” I replied, leaning back on the sofa and watching him settle across from me.

His eyes were on the floor, and his hands were held tightly together, as if he truly needed to have this talk.

“I know,” he uttered.

“Okay, I do not understand. What are you trying to say?” I wondered, noticing how anxious he looked.

“I heard about Sawyer cheating on you,” he told me.

As soon as he said that, I dropped the pen on the table and leaned back, giving him an exhausted look.

“Why are you all focusing on my and Sawyer’s relationship?” I remarked as he adjusted himself in the seat again.

“So you know that he is cheating on you?” Graham questioned, this time not hesitating to give me a firm look.

“No, Graham, Elgin had a misunderstanding,” I replied through my clenched teeth.

“Well, the fact is that Elgin is an alpha, and I am sure he did not see it wrong. Anyway, the point is that I cannot imagine my daughter staying under the same roof with a man who is such a cheater,” he stated.

That was it.

Graham finally spoke what had been bothering him, and I clicked my tongue, letting him know immediately that I did not like his tone or the way he talked about my family.

“Well, it has nothing to do with you, Graham. Sawyer is an amazing husband and a better father than any of you could have ever been. If I had known you would come here and talk about him like this, I would not have even let you in,” I responded bitterly, making it clear he could not step into my home and speak poorly of my husband.

“I gave you a choice, Madeline,” Graham retorted, which made me twitch my eyes in confusion.

When I could not remember what choice he meant, he began to explain it.

1/2

116 The Guest Who Hurt Me

+25 Bonus

“I told you I am ready to take full responsibility for you,” he stated, making me shake my head to be sure I heard him correctly.

“What did you just say?” I asked softly, trying to understand where he was going before I called him out **for it**.

“You heard me. Madeline, I want to accept you in my life. You and your children, our children. Why do you want to tolerate that man who is openly cheating on you in your own home?” he replied, shocking me with his bluntness.

“I do not think you understand what you are saying. I am a married woman. You are a married man. And what made you think I would want to go back to you?” I demanded sternly. “Before you say you had a reason to shut me out of your life last time, it is the past now. I have no such feelings for you. I do not want to be in a relationship with you,” I continued, taking a clearer stand.

I watched him. His jaw clenched visibly as he nodded and tightened his fists before releasing them.

“So I sacrificed myself for you and you just fell out of love with me?” he questioned.

His voice sounded like he was trying to pressure me, as if he wanted me to take my words back.

“Graham, I was never in love with you. It was a foolish crush. And I am not upset about it because I did get beautiful children out of it. But that is all. I do not want you. I do not want you in my life like that,” I replied, making myself clear.

But it seemed he had more to say, because the moment I gave him my decision, he let out a sarcastic chuckle.

There was pain in his laughter.

“No, seriously, you are right. So you betray me, you take keys from me, explore my father’s office, steal files, and then I pay for your crime with a five-year punishment of being stuck in a marriage I did not want. And now you get to tell me that you are just over me. Marvelous,” he commented.

The pain in his voice made my heart skip a beat.

“And before you say it was just a crush, what do you say about our mate bond? Does that not mean anything to you either?” he asked.

His fingers tapped on the hard surface of the table.

I did not know what he wanted to hear, but I was becoming very uncomfortable with the conversation.

It seemed he noticed, because he started to laugh again.

“Wow, Madeline. Fine. So here is what is going to happen. I am going to need my daughter.”

For a moment, I did not even understand what he meant. It felt like I was hearing a distorted melody.

I squeezed my eyes shut and shook my head.

I was having a hard time swallowing his threat that seemed brutal and unhinged at the same time.

Comments

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

117

117-Threatening To Take Away My Baby

Madeline:

“Repeat that again. Are you threatening me by saying you will take my daughter from me?” I asked, staring at him in disbelief.

“It will be shared custody. You already have two of your children. I want Gina,” he continued, sending chills down my spine.

“How dare you? I took care of my daughter alone-” I began, until he slammed his hand on the table.

My body jolted on the sofa.

“You have no idea what I am capable of. This is nothing. You have already driven me out of my mind by getting intimate with that man on this very couch. But now I will take my daughter from you. It is either you come into my life or I take my daughter from you.”

He stood and leaned over the table, making my eyes widen as he pointed his finger at me and threatened me.

Then he straightened, tugged at his jacket, and wandered off, making it clear he had seen our moment on this

terrace.

Now he was using it to threaten to take my daughter from me.

For a few minutes, I did not move. I was bewildered and shocked.

After what happened last time, when they misbehaved with me back when I was pregnant and went to them asking about the pregnancy, I had almost forgotten how rude they could be.

When I met them again later, they acted like completely different people.

But today, I saw a glimpse of the same man from five years ago.

And one question surfaced in my mind, something my wolf spoke about.

“Why did you not ask him what he did in five years?” she wondered, and I froze.

It was not easy for me to listen to her. I guessed it was probably the first time she had spoken in a long while.

“What do you mean what he did? He said he was trapped in a marriage,” I responded to her.

“Come on, Madeline, you really believe that? Did you not hear him speak warmly to his wife and defend her at the first dinner? He did not seem guilty when he met you. It was as if he was angry with you. Why would he be angry with you? You had to leave because you had no other option,” she explained, making me tap my pen on the pages.

How do I get in contact with Sawyer now? That was my first thought.

I stood and stepped downstairs because I needed to speak with one of Graham’s friends and ask them to stop him.

If he talked about a DNA test, it would be strange for him to ask for only Gina.

He would expose my wolf that way. And the angrier he was, the more I realized he was not thinking clearly.

“Is everything okay?” Nina voiced.

She was sitting among the kids on the couch while they watched TV and played with Legos at the same time.

“Yeah, there was advancement in the case. Are you in contact with Sawyer when he is in the human world?” I

1/3

117 Threatening To Take Away My Baby

+25 Bonus

asked, swallowing my pride.

She paused briefly before smiling.

“No,” she replied.

It felt like a reminder that even though I claimed to be his wife, I still relied on her for many things.

I still had to ask her for pieces of him that I did not have.

“All right, I will be back in a minute. I just need to go across the road and speak to the alphas at the guest house,” I stated, turning around and swiftly stepping out of the house.

However, the weather outside was worse than I expected.

I hurried toward the guest house. The storm was overwhelming. The wind blocked my ears.

Even walking across the road felt like pushing through misery.

There was so much fog and so much dust that I began to wonder if a fast-moving car came crashing toward me, I would not even see it coming.

Thankfully, I managed to cross the road and reach the guest house.

I pressed my finger against the doorbell and waited anxiously. I knew that I was walking into a house full of people I could not trust.

“Um, who is it?” Kaylee opened the door, and the smile on her lips faded when she saw me.

“Madeline, what are you doing here?” she questioned, positioning herself with her hands on both sides of the doorframe to show I was not welcome.

“I need to speak with the alphas. Can you please move aside?” I stated, keeping my tone steady so she would not intimidate me.

“Sure, of course. I mean, who can stop you, right?” she remarked, pulling her hand away with exaggerated drama before gesturing inside.

As soon as I stepped in, I spotted Graham sitting with his father and stepmother at the dinner table, coffees placed in front of them.

The moment Graham noticed me, his eyes narrowed.

“Oh, the researcher is here. What brings you today?” Lord Eldon inquired, and I gave them all a brief glance before heading toward the stairs.

“I need to speak with the alphas,” I replied, continuing upward.

“Did she not look like she came with a secret agenda?” I heard Kaylee comment, but by then I had already reached the second floor.

Once I arrived, I took a deep breath and walked toward the first room, wondering if Elgin was inside.

I knocked and then picked up my phone, realizing I could simply call him.

I dialed his number, and he answered almost immediately.

“What is it?” he asked. There was a coldness in his tone, and I assumed it was because I had dismissed him earlier when he spoke about Sawyer.

2/3

117 Threatening To Take Away My Baby

“Where are you? I need to speak with you,” I said, tapping my **foot** on the floor anxiously.

“What is it about?” he questioned. I rubbed my forehead.

“Graham has lost his mind. I need to speak with you,” I stated, pacing the empty hallway.

It was clear he was not here because I could not hear his voice from any of the rooms.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

118

118–The Difficult Talk

Madeline:

*Actually, I've gone back to my pack. I need to take care of some work I'll speak to you once I'm back," he replied before hanging up.

I let my head fall back in frustration.

When I looked down again, I saw someone coming up the stairs, wearing brown pants, a white shirt, and a brow jacket.

He seemed in a hurry until he noticed me and frowned

"Madeline, what are you doing here?" he asked

His tone lacked the anger and coldness the others had shown

"I came here to speak with you and Elgin," I replied, avoiding his eyes.

"Okay, I don't think he's around, but you can speak with me," Batter responded

He placed his phone in his back pocket and gestured for me to follow him upstairs.

"Is Yuvonne here?" I asked, slowing my steps.

"No, she left early this morning to see her mother, and then the storm settled, so she couldn't return. Why? Was it about her?" he replied, his question softer than I expected.

The calmer tone made me feel oddly hopeful

When we reached the third floor, he guided me toward one of the rooms.

Once I reached the door, he opened it for me.

I stopped in the doorway, nervously playing with my fingers while glancing around.

I did not want any rumors, and a bedroom felt too intimate.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to start touching you once you're in my room."

The way he expressed it sent goosebumps across my skin, and I shot him a disapproving look

"Come on, I'm serious. You'll be safe here," he added, so I stepped inside.

He entered after me, and the moment he closed the door, my heart began to pound loudly.

I sat uncomfortably in his room on the chair next to the window.

I had not realized how clearly **my** terrace and entire front yard could be seen from there.

I began taking deep breaths as the memory of Graham seeing me with Sawyer returned.

I wondered if Baxter had seen me too, and if he had, whether I should expect him to treat me the way Graham had

“What is on your **mind**?” he asked, as if he had heard my thoughts.

He walked over and settled on the other chair. A small circular table stood between the two coffee chairs.

“It is quite a view from your window,” I remarked, keeping my eyes lowered.

1/3

118 The Cat Olt Talk

+25 Bonus

I noticed he had started preparing tea on the table, mixing the ingredients calmly.

“But it is a pretty bad storm, so that is why I am keeping the window closed,” he replied, not mentioning anything about seeing me with Sawyer.

“Here, take some tea, relax, and then tell me what is going on,” he suggested, handing me a teacup.

I accepted it and took a sip. The moment I did, a familiar feeling washed over me.

I remembered the times he had taken me on picnics and made tea for me.

A smile began to form before I opened my eyes and noticed him watching me, and I reminded myself it was all in the past.

“What is up?” he inquired, leaning back, placing one leg over the other, one arm stretched out while the other rested with his fingertips touching his temple.

“Graham came over, talking about knowing that Sawyer is cheating on me,” I explained, setting the cup down uneasily. “Well, first of all, Sawyer is not. Second, Graham is asking me to choose him.”

I looked up, waiting for Baxter’s reaction.

“Choose him, as in what?” he questioned.

“As in divorce Sawyer and marry Graham,” I clarified, watching a few veins move near his temple.

I could not be sure of my interpretation, though, because otherwise he looked calm and still.

“And you do not want to do that?” he asked, raising his eyebrow.

“Of course not,” I retorted quickly.

“Why not? Is he not someone you wanted for a long time?” Baxter remarked, lowering the hand from his temple and pretending to adjust his watch even though it did not need fixing.

I assumed he only wanted to avoid looking at me.

“Baxter, what made you think I wanted Graham for so long? I stopped wanting him after that night when he told me he would not give my child his name,” I stated.

Baxter began to nod his head.

“Then do you want to be with Elgin?” he questioned.

I did not understand what was wrong with these alphas, but they were behaving strangely,

“Where did Elgin even come from?”

I almost raised my voice in frustration but forced myself to breathe deeply, close my eyes, and calm down.

If he was having a civilized conversation, I needed to do the same.

I was the one who had come here to speak with him.

“No Baxter. I do not want any of **them**. It was just a crush. I was young,” I tried to explain, watching Baxter shrug lightly.

“Why? You do not believe me?” I asked, watching him pick up his cup and take a sip from the hot tea.

2/3

+25 Bonus

“It is just that when you were pregnant and told them you were conceiving, the two of them had a valid reason to not hold your hand. Does that not change anything for you?” he questioned carefully.

It was the right kind of question, and I needed to put the matter *to rest* once and for all.

“I understand that Graham did a lot for me, and I am grateful that because of him I survived. Because he did not accept me, I got to live. Then there was Elgin. Fine, he had been wronged by his parents and Silver, but that did not change the fact that both of them were not able to protect me. Even when they were young, they were still alphas. Either one of them could have spoken up and said the children were theirs and accepted me. But no one did,” I managed to speak in a calmer tone.

Even mentioning that night always made me emotional.

“Do not say nobody offered,” he tried to correct me.

I lifted my finger to silence him.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

119

119—Baxter Wanted To **Be** The Father Of **My** Children

Madeline:

“I’m just saying that if they knew their parents hated me so much, they shouldn’t have slept with me and definitely should have used protection,” I muttered.

“Don’t say no one offered you safety,” however, Baxter seemed to be sticking to his point.

“This is the truth. None of you wanted children, and now that you are all adults, you want one. That is what makes me uncomfortable. Besides, five years is a long time for someone to grow out of loving anyone, even if they said everything for a purpose. It worked. They

carved the love out of me,” I said, anxiously rubbing my palms and blinking hard so I would not picture that night or get emotional.

“Well, it is not like you were not making up stories just to be with them too. You even lied that you were not pregnant,” he explained.

I shut him down again.

“I said that because none of them wanted me. None of you wanted me.”

The moment I corrected myself and included him, I saw him click his tongue confidently.

“That is not what you said to me that night.”

As soon as he said it, my expression must have changed because he raised both eyebrows, as if waiting for me to defend myself.

“I told you so. From what I remember, I went to all of you that night and told you I was pregnant. Then, one by one, the three of you told me you did not want me. So I am not sure what you are talking about,” I stated firmly. I remembered that night clearly.

It did not feel like years had passed, because I had relived it so many times that it felt recent.

Baxter uncrossed his leg and leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees, looking straight into my eyes.

“No. That is not true. You told me specifically that you did not want me to be the baby’s father,” he insisted.

He repeated something I had no memory of ever saying, and I began to wonder why he was lying so boldly.

“No, I told you I was pregnant and you said you did not want the baby,” I started, ready to defend myself.

He scowled at me.

“And here you are making up lies about me. Is that because the other two had excuses and you had nothing? Nothing to fall back on? You were just being a jerk, saying nonsense that night,” I muttered, finally calling him **out** for all his lies and behavior.

But the way he confidently chuckled and shook his head sarcastically stunned me.

Maybe in these years he had built a new story for himself, one where he was the innocent one.

“I am trying to understand, Madeline. Do you truly not remember? Or are you pretending?” he asked. The confidence in his tone gave me goosebumps.

“I do not remember what? I remember that night clearly. I remember you told me you knew someone who could help me get rid of the baby,” I said, watching his face change color. He was finally exposed.

1/3

119 Baxter Wanted To Be The Father of My Children

+25 Bonus

“That was a lie,” he claimed.

“Sure. And you have no proof to show it was a lie,” I grunted. “Besides, I am not here for this. **I came** to talk about what Graham has been saying.”

I managed to calm myself, but he was still the same Baxter, the one who never stopped arguing until he won.

But now I was different. I would not let him win again.

“Madeline, you told me that you did not want me, so stop including me in the list of the men who wronged you that night.”

This time he snapped hard, and I was stunned. He looked so confident that I had to ask.

“When did I ever say that to you?” My voice came out harsh because I was exhausted.

With a calm and steady tone, he grunted and added,

“When I texted you. I texted you, and you responded, saying...” He trailed off when I began to raise my finger.

“You texted me? When? What did you say?” I questioned.

A strange feeling rose inside me. The air grew thick with tension as the conversation shifted.

This information was new to me, and it made me uncomfortable.

“That day when you left. That day when you told us you were pregnant and then lied that you weren’t. After you left, I waited two or three hours and then texted you. I told you I wanted to be the father of your children, but you told me that you would rather abort the baby than be the mother of my child.”

This time he did not stop. He explained everything in a stern, calm voice, as if he remembered that night clearly

too.

The issue was, he remembered it wrong.

“There is no way I responded to you that night,” I said, smiling through my anxiety.

“It’s okay. I’m not going to question you for it,” he replied gently, probably because he sensed my anxiety.

“No, Baxter, it’s not okay. There is no way I could have responded to you,” I repeated, watching him slap his forehead. He looked upset until I added,

“Because I was long gone before your message would have arrived, and I did not even have my phone with me.” When I finished, he jerked his head up and stared at me with nothing but horror and panic in his eyes.

“It’s true. I never received a text from you,” I teared up, wondering why he would lie and put me into a position where I had to recall that night and be tearful again.

“Madeline! I had a talk with you. Your text came—wait, look at this,” the minute he watched me tear up, he began to explain with panic in his tone.

Then he brought his phone out and showed me the screen.

Sure enough! There was a whole ass conversation between us.

“I never deleted it all these years,” he spoke softly, and when our eyes met, there were tears in both of your eyes. 2

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

120

120–The Storm

Madeline:

+25 Bonus

“It is true. That night, after speaking with you all, I went home and discovered that the doctor had already informed my family. Yuvonne had turned my parents against me, and they were beyond enraged. I’m not putting all the blame on her, but she was among the people who started to abuse me. They even threatened to kill my baby.”

I took a deep breath to continue going.

“However, somehow, I grew protective enough of my child to speak up for myself and for him. That was when I ran upstairs to my room,” paused, noticing the way Baxter seemed to be struggling with the truth.

“What happened then?” he asked, his hands clutched together, eyes on the ground.

“I heard the footsteps, but none of them tried to come inside,” I stated.

Baxter briefly lifted his head, his eyes meeting mine. He didn’t seem like someone who doubted me.

It looked as though he was feeling more than the truth, he was feeling my pain from that time, which gave me strength to keep going.

“I heard my stepmother formulating a plan.” I took deep, heavy breaths.

“What kind of plan?” he forced out, closing his eyes and leaning back, waiting for the plan to be revealed.

“That when everybody would leave to sing Alpha Ron happy birthday, and the entire Omega neighborhood would be empty. They planned to push me down the stairs.” I managed to say that much before my voice cracked, and his eyes shot open.

“It’s true. They were going to push me downstairs to get rid of the child so that by the time the council arrived, there would be no baby.”

I watched him silently, his face frozen in shock.

But the intensity of his gaze made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

“How did–how did you–” He paused, rubbing his face with his hands. “How did you survive?”

Compassion was all I could hear in his voice, but there was something else too, it was guilt.

“I snuck out the window,” I said. “Then I went straight to the docks where they were loading the trash.” I mumbled, mentioning those who didn’t have the wolf trash, including myself.

“I guess I just fit in,” I added that none of the warriors could detect the wolf on me, so they let me pass and board.

“Now you tell me, what do you mean by we talked via texts?” I asked him.

“We exchanged texts that night. After you left, I texted you. You read the messages. I basically just told you my plan.”

At this point, he spoke softly, avoiding **eye** contact, staring outside at the storm.

The wind was picking up, but more was happening inside than what the storm outside showed.

“I don’t get it. You told me you didn’t want the baby in front of everyone, so why did you text me? What game were you trying to play with me?”

1/3

1911 to rate

As soon as I asked, he gave me his full attention, even making eye contact.

“I wasn’t playing any game with you,” he snapped.

+258

“Then why didn’t you say anything in front of the others when I came to tell you about the pregnancy?” I asked, my voice tinged with bitterness because I didn’t want them to take him from me again.

He rushed over his words until the last part, and my body tensed.

“What do you mean by ‘again’?” I questioned, my lips curling slightly.

That was all we could speak of before it became too much.

Suddenly, the door slammed open. Both **of** our heads snapped toward the arriving figure.

Graham stormed in, eyes narrowed, face wrinkled.

“What is going on here?” he asked, looking at **me**, then at his friend, as if we had done something wrong by sitting here and talking without including him.

“Don’t come to my room acting like you have any authority to question me, Graham,” Baxter hissed.

I guessed all the anger from finding out the truth was bound to come **out** somehow.

Even for me, just looking at Graham made me angrier. I rose from my seat to face him.

“Did you tell him? Did you complain to him?” Graham asked, briskly stepping toward me.

I raised my palm to stop him in his tracks.

“Even if I did, do you think you have the right to ask me not to?” I muttered.

Graham turned to look at Baxter instead.

“And what is that?” Graham instantly reached for Baxter’s phone, aiming for the open text conversation.

I guessed he had only caught a glimpse of it before Baxter snatched it back.

Baxter, however, despite wanting to argue with Graham about coming here or anything else, still seemed in pain from discovering the truth and from knowing I had made it clear I wasn’t the one who texted him.

The texts, though, were still repeating in my head. They were horrible.

The things said under my name by someone else were just horrible.

“You guys are sitting here talking about the past. Why?” Graham complained. “Did you come here to complain to him and he told you he wants you to?” His ignorance shocked me.

“No. You’re the only one who started it. And the fact that you still have the nerve to come here, stand in front of me, and question me just makes me wonder if I ever really knew you at all,” I muttered, watching him slowly realize how much less likable he had made himself with his earlier stunt.

“Okay, I see what is going on. You **are** only seeing my aggression, and you’re unwilling to see the love I have for **you**. Because if you had seen my love, you wouldn’t be getting angry with me,” he complained, focusing on my reaction instead of how much he had disappointed me with his threats.

“Wait. You cannot just come to her and tell her to divorce her husband and marry you when she doesn’t want to and you already have a wife.” Finally, Baxter shook out of the trance and took a firm stand for me.

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