

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

121

121-Friends Against Each Other

Madeline:

“What is the matter with you?” Graham hissed.

“It has nothing to do with you, Baxter. Step aside. You are getting married **soon**,” Graham said, gesturing for him not to interfere.

But it seemed he had forgotten something Baxter was about to remind him.

“And you are already married, so what is your point? Besides, of course it matters to me. She **is**-my- friend,” Baxter stated, taking a moment to gather his strength.

I imagined it was because of what the texts had said to him. Sometimes, **lies** can shape your entire perception.

“So, you are going to stop me?” Graham asked, arms crossed.

“No, I am not going to stop you. But if she doesn’t want to marry you, you are going to stop immediately. None of us will get involved because that wouldn’t even be a point of tension. The topic will be over.”

As Baxter continued, I realized he didn’t even know the full truth.

“He is not only asking me to marry him, Baxter. He threatened me that if I did not accept him, he would request the DNA and take Gina from me.”

The minute I stepped out from behind Baxter to recall Graham’s words, I noticed the air shifting.

“What did you say to her?” Baxter’s muscles stiffened as he faced Graham.

“So, what did I say wrong? Do you not want to be a part of your son’s life?” Graham replied with an even sharper tone, still not looking guilty.

“I do, but that does not mean I will threaten her or take custody from her. Do not forget you told her you did not want this baby. So, you have no right to come here and threaten her now,” Baxter yelled, and I could tell Graham did not like it, because he looked offended.

“Seriously, you will say that?” Graham hissed before his eyes dropped to the phone.

But the phone was no longer open. The screen had gone dark.

“Oh, of course. I get it now. Because you know you have no chance with her. She has already shut you out in the harshest way possible. So of course you want to jeopardize my relationship with her too. Just the idea of anyone having her seems difficult for you because you could not be with her.”

Graham simply continued to speak nonsense.

“That is not true. I did not send these text messages to him,” I snapped.

For a brief moment, Graham seemed like he wanted to discuss it, but his ego stopped him. He had become greedy.

“I don’t care. All I care about is that she will accept me, whether you or anyone else likes it or not. And if she does not, **then** she will face the worst consequences. Because I will take my daughter,” Graham continued to threaten, while Baxter suddenly grabbed his friend by the collar, 20

The shift in Graham’s body language was disturbing.

He looked shocked, upset, and offended that his friend had put hands on him for me.

1/3

121 Friends Against Each Other

+25 Bonus

“Seriously, Baxter? The woman who left you, who texted you all this, and you are **picking** her over your friend? Even with the possibility that maybe you could also get Bodhi from her? You are **still** trying to impress her?” Graham asked.

He did not shout, but the tone and the words were enough to make anyone feel something. Even I felt hurt.

The way he portrayed me to Baxter made me sound like someone who had wronged him beyond repair.

“All I know is that I will not let you hurt her,” Baxter stated.

The impact of those words hit me hard. I closed my eyes and looked away, trying to hold myself together.

“Well then, I am not like you. I want her. And I am willing to fight for her. Even if she is upset. I know that when she gives me a chance, I will address every complaint and make her realize it was the right thing. That I fought hard. And in the end, she got the best of it. She will be grateful that I fought hard,” Graham continued, making it seem like I did not know what I wanted or what would bring me happiness. 1

Graham then pushed Baxter’s hand away and freed his collar, stepping back while staring at him before looking at

1. me.

“You are my mate, Madeline. I don’t care what I said in the past or why I said it. Since you don’t care, I don’t either. All I know is that you are mine,” he stated, pointing to his chest.

When he turned around, he stopped because someone else had heard his claims.

Kaylee.

“What the fuck is going on here?” Kaylee stood in the doorway, fingers digging into the frame, her voice trembling.

“Let’s go. I’ll explain downstairs,” Graham muttered, trying to hurry her out, but she smacked his arm hard enough to make him flinch.

“What were you saying to her?” she shouted. “She belongs to you? That’s the truth? You wanted her? Is that it?”

Her voice cracked, and I lifted a hand to my forehead, already exhausted

Baxter stepped in front of me immediately, blocking me completely with his broad back, but I could still see the two of them facing off.

Kaylee swung again, another punch to Graham’s arm.

This time he caught her fist mid-air. She froze, eyes wide, like she couldn’t believe he’d actually stopped her.

“That’s enough,” he hissed. “You’re not going to hit me again.”

She gasped at his warning.

“Oh, so that’s what this is? You’re trying to make her think I forced you into our marriage?” She turned her attention toward me. “Let me tell you the truth, Madeline. Forced or not, he was damn happy afterward. He forgot all about you. He slept with me every other day. He planned a honeymoon. He did all of it willingly.”

Her voice was shrill enough to claw at my nerves.

Even when I wanted nothing more than to not be bothered, the mate bond twisted inside my chest at her words, stupid, involuntary pain I didn’t ask for.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

122

122—He Has An Abusive Wife

Madeline:

“**What** the hell, Kaylee?” Graham snapped, clamping his hand over her mouth. “She’s trying to **create distance** between us,” he shouted while dragging her out **of** the room.

The second they disappeared, the room felt too small to breathe in.

I didn’t know where to stand, what to think, or how to **stop** the feeling **of** everything collapsing around me.

“**Do** you want to sit down? Take a minute?” Baxter asked gently.

“I want to get out of here.” I didn’t look at him. I just shook my head.

“**I** don’t care if the wind blows me away, I need to be out of this house.” My voice cracked as I grabbed for the door, but Baxter moved faster, planting his hand against the frame, barring the exit.

“The news said to stay inside,” he insisted. “It’s not just a storm, it’s magical. Weapons, debris, everything’s being thrown around. People are getting stabbed by flying metal. Dozens of casualties already. It’s a curse storm.” His words barely registered. I couldn’t stay here.

Not another second in the middle of these alphas tearing me in different directions.

“No, Baxter, you don’t understand.” I finally looked him in the eyes. “Getting stabbed would feel better than being in here right now.”

He inhaled a deep breath right in front of me. His hand slowly dropped from the doorframe.

“Then I’ll escort you,” he said quietly. “Physically. And I’ll make sure you get somewhere safe.”

He led the way while I followed behind him, walking anxiously toward the town where we would once again confront the disastrous family.

This time, when I reached the stairs, I noticed Lord Eldon standing by the door, arms folded across his chest.

The minute Baxter reached the last step, he pointed at the old man.

“Not a single word,” he warned him.

I noticed the way Lord Eldon frowned at Baxter.

“How are you speaking to me, young lad? Did she make you forget how to respect your elders?” he asked.

“After just a few minutes of conversation with her alone, you are a different man?” he retorted at Baxter.

“Already upset just because you felt a little disrespected? Don’t you think you give her too much credit for everything? she did not ask me to behave toward you in a certain way. These are my words. This is my decision. I don’t want you **to** communicate with her. Your son has already done enough damage to her mental health,” Baxter replied without holding back.

The mention of Graham, however, immediately brought a nasty smile to Lord Eldon’s face.

“Oh, so my son told you the decision? That he finally wants to do a DNA test?” he remarked.

As soon as he said that, my fist clenched. Graham had already taken a few steps ahead.

If he had told his father, it was essentially a done deal.

1/3

There was no way anyone could convince him to step back now. Even **if** he wanted to, his father wouldn't allow it.

"She's not going to speak with you right now," Baxter said, pointing at Eldon.

"But she spoke with Kaylee. I saw her run into the room with her husband, crying," Penny commented

"Is this what you have learned in the human world, Madeline? How to cause division between couples?"

I didn't know what made Penny speak up. She usually never said anything.

But I wanted her silence, because, well, she made me laugh.

Before Baxter could respond to her, I gave him a hand gesture to indicate that I had it.

I stepped out from behind him and folded my arms across my chest.

"You're the one who's going to ask me what I learned?" I said, noticing her cocky demeanor start **to** crumble.

A slight tinge of embarrassment crept across her face.

"No, seriously. I just want to know how. How can someone have the courage to ask such a question?" I continued. "Standing right next to a man whose entire family she ruined."

I taunted her and watched her eyes widen.

"And before you tell me that we are both wrong, let me clarify. I am not the one who asked for a DNA test. Your stepson is ruining my relationship with my husband. Tell me again, who is at fault here? Who is the homewrecker?" I corrected her sharply. Silence never really leads to justice.

No one is kind enough to take silence as someone's innocence.

"You cannot talk to my wife like this, Lord Eldon hissed.

"Well, but can you talk to her like that?" Baxter remarked, putting the old man in his place by reminding him how hypocritical he was.

“And I must say one thing, Penny. It seems Baxter got the homewrecking experience from you. He is stepping right into your tracks. Not only is he ruining his own relationship with his wife, but he is ruining mine too,” I stated as I stared into her eyes. 1

I noticed the way she didn’t blink once, yet her jaw kept tightening and her teeth were grinding.

She wanted to attack me with her little nasty claws.

Baxter standing beside me like a shield was what stopped anyone from reaching me.

She should be glad he was here, because **if** he hadn’t been, I might not have realized what I was doing and probably would have let my wolf out, the grey wolf ready to tear her apart from limb to limb. I knew my wolf was capable of it.

Besides, it seemed Lena wanted to come out, It had been some time since she had tasted blood. I could feel it rising in me.

“Well, Madeline. You said what you wanted to say. Now the DNA test will speak for itself, and we will find out how loyal you were to your husband,” Penny said.

As she spoke, I stepped to my left whi

Graham was coming out of his room.

He was in a state that silenced me for a moment.

2/3

His face was scratched up so badly that none of us responded for the first few seconds.

“I’m not going to stay with Kaylee anymore. I don’t want an abusive wife like her. I am letting you all know, I love Madeline,” Graham stated with his lips split, his nose bleeding, and too many bruises on his face and neck.

His condition, along with his confession, brought silence and caused goosebumps to rise on my skin.

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123

123-What If I Never Left

Madeline:

After Graham's announcement, I didn't stick around.

I had no strength to argue back and forth with them.

It frustrated me that, all this time, everyone's focus remained on what they wanted, not what I wanted.

I understood that he was expressing his undying love for me, but at the same time, he didn't want to take no for

an answer.

How can someone love another yet not let them make their own decisions?

Baxter managed to open the door against the harsh wind because I had told him I wanted to get out.

Thankfully, he didn't pressure me, even though he could tell the wind was fierce outside.

We began walking out of the house. The wind blew in my face, almost blinding me with dust particles.

Soon, I noticed the pressure of the wind eased, and the particles stopped hitting me.

When I opened my eyes, I realized why. Baxter was walking sideways, hands stretched out, making sure his body shielded mine.

Then I heard a loud bang against his head. He opened his eyes, and briefly our eyes met.

In the cutest, softest, and most innocent way, he said, "How the heck did a pan hit me?"

For a moment, I wanted to laugh, he was right. Where did the pan come from?

But then I remembered all the stress and chaos, and we kept moving.

Before long, we reached our mansion and, thankfully, got inside.

I noticed he had some bruises. He had been hit by quite a few things.

“Do storms like this happen often here?” I asked Baxter, taking deep breaths once we were inside.

He began ruffling his hair, brushing away the dust, and I noticed how good-looking he was.

I had to look away.

“Sometimes after you left. Maybe when the moon goddess is angry,” he replied, not commenting on my awkward glance.

“Mommy, what is going on? Why is the wind so scary?” Bodhi asked when he saw me arrive.

He hurried from beside Nina and reached toward me.

At the same time, the others also arrived, acknowledging Baxter, but I noticed they seemed a little restrained around him.

Even though he had spoken with them during the dinner we shared the other night, whenever he stepped away and returned, it took them a moment to respond to him.

I assumed it was because one of those times, Yuvonne had ruined a dinner for them.

1/3

123-Who Never Left

+25 Bonus

“It’s nothing. It happens sometimes here. It’s because we are **so** powerful that the wind knows we can withstand it,” Baxter explained, squatting in front of them.

The three moved closer to him, **so** he wrapped his arms around **them** and carried all **of** them together to the living

room.

“So what was so important? The way you left, I was kind of worried for **you**,” Nina remarked as she approached me, her voice calm and steady.

I knew that when Nina questioned me like that, it usually meant she wanted to **pry** information out of me.

“It’s just that I thought the storm was probably because of the sickness. **You** know how sometimes things happen that suggest the sickness is the reason behind it,” I replied, making up the excuse quickly.

“By the way, which one of the guards is in contact with Sawyer?” I asked her, remembering that he had found out from one of them what was happening here.

It was mainly because there was no phone contact allowed between the Human World and the Werewolf land, so the only way they could contact him was through emails.

And somehow my emails were blocked. I wasn’t allowed to email outside the Werewolf Land, yet one of the guards had managed to do it.

“I’m not sure. I’ll try to ask around, but I’m pretty sure Sawyer must have told them not to tell you or me, or else we would have known by now already,” she explained, and I began to nod in small movements.

“Anyway, now that everything is clear, I’ll be able to get in contact with him because I’ll speak to the council about the rules. I should be allowed to speak with my husband,” I stated anxiously, afraid of what would happen once Sawyer realized he wouldn’t be allowed to come here very often after the cure.

Would he be okay with it? I couldn’t be sure.

“I’ll go prepare lunch for you. Is Alpha Baxter staying around?” she wondered.

My head turned to Baxter.

I remembered the conversation we had in his bedroom, including the text messages he had shown me from the past that had left him bruised, and I began to wonder if his anger toward me had been completely justified.

“Madeline?” Nina snapped her fingers in front of my face, pulling me out of my thoughts.

“Oh. Yeah, sorry. Yes, we’re not going to let him walk out in this wind. This time he was lucky it was only pans and pots hitting him. Next time we don’t know what **else** the wind will bring,” I responded, letting her know how dangerous it was for any of us to step outside at this point.

After she left for the kitchen, I went to lock the door to make sure the kids didn’t run out, because sometimes they did things like that.

When I walked back into the living room and sat down on the couch, watching Baxter try to build Legos with the kids, I couldn't help but think about the impact the texts had on him.

I wondered what would have happened if I had received those messages at that time.

In those texts, he didn't only say he was ready to take responsibility if the child was his, but also that he was ready **to do it** even if the child was not his.

Which meant that if I had received those texts in time, I would have never left the werewolf world.

2/3

How different my life would have been then.

While I kept staring, one question from my daughter brought me back to awareness.

"Are you really going to marry Aunt Yuvonne? I don't like her," Gina said, snapping me out of my thoughts. I turned to Baxter, who was watching me in silence.

Then he steadily shook his head. "I'm not sure myself anymore," he admitted.

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124

124—Spiked Their Wine

Nina:

Ever since Sawyer left, I had been feeling dull and low, and it had only been hours.

This time, though, it gave me a very bad feeling.

Most **of** the time, it seemed like he wasn't even interested in me.

Even when I initiated anything, he didn't really participate.

The other night, when he arrived and needed a bed, he came into my room and asked me to sleep **on** the couch.

Eventually, in the middle of the night, I did manage to seduce him, but we only did a few things before he told me he was tired.

When he went to bed, it really bothered me.

Now I had to watch Madeline move around as if she were the only person capable of capturing his attention.

Not only had he married her, which I didn't think he was capable of doing with anyone, but he also made her feel special in ways he had claimed he never could for anyone.

The emergency landed on me. I saw all the alphas around Madeline and wondered why she needed him on top of them.

Couldn't she marry one of the other alphas?

Then I remembered that they already had someone in their lives.

"Ron doesn't," My wolf snapped, and I began to nod. 2

"Right, why would she stay in a relationship when it would be such a long-distance one, and she knew Sawyer would start sleeping around with other women?" I hissed, letting my wolf know I agreed that Madeline should marry someone from the wolf land.

"Oh, that wouldn't be good. He could only be with one other woman. If he slept with someone else, he would abandon us, which, I could see, had already happened because he seemed bored with us this time." As my wolf reminded me of his distant behavior, my breath hitched.

"No, don't say that." I couldn't even imagine my life without him.

I reached for the kitchen counter and slapped my hands on it. Worried and stressed, "what could I do now?" I asked her.

"Try to make yourself seem more loyal to Sawyer than Madeline," my wolf whispered, and I nodded.

Then I grabbed my phone and opened my email to send Sawyer a message.

“I bet it was clever of you to deny being in contact with him,” my wolf admitted.

I nodded anxiously.

I was the one who had told Sawyer what was happening here.

He used to call me his guard. I was one **of** the guards relaying information from the werewolf land.

Even when I had kept some information to myself, hoping Madeline might become friends with me, I had

1/3

124-5piked The Wine

+25 Bonus

changed my mind.

I didn't need to protect her. She didn't need saving. She already had too many people around her doing that.

I typed the subject line: Your Wife is Cheating on You. Then I began the email.

Hello Sawyer,

I hope you have reached home safely. I just wanted to let you know what's going on here. There is a cursed storm attacking people, throwing things around, hitting them, even killing them. We are all stuck in one place.

Earlier, your wife left in urgency through the storm, reaching the guesthouse. She stayed there for about an hour, then returned with Baxter, who was shielding her with his body. Now she is claiming that he will stay here because she doesn't want him to go out and get hurt.

I'm sorry to say this, but I feel like something is going on, not only between her and Baxter but also between her and Alpha Ron. They had taken walks together before, and it seems he sometimes plays the hero for her.

I hit the send button and took a deep breath and began preparing a meal for them. I prepared something that none of the kids were allowed to drink, wine. After the meal, I planned to offer them wine, not just any wine, but a very special one. After that, when they made mistakes, I would be the one to record it and send it to Sawyer.

I closed my eyes, trying to convince myself that I wasn't making a mistake, that I was doing everything right because it had to be done.

Madeline needed to get out of my way for Sawyer to give me his full attention, and even if I had to stoop low, I was going to do it all for him.

After I prepared the meal, I went out again to let them know.

At this point, I could tell that Baxter was extremely tired.

He sat on the couch alone, arms spread, body leaning back, neck stretched, eyes closed.

Every now and then, he would shake one leg, lift it up, and then rest it down, as if letting everyone know he wasn't asleep.

The kids were still playing, and Madeline wasn't around, so I assumed she had gone to the second floor.

I took the stairs to let her know I was ready to serve the food.

"The food is ready," I said.

"I thought that, since the weather was stormy, I could prepare one of the unused rooms for Baxter so he could rest there," I asked about the small room we had never used before, that was why Sawyer had to sleep on the couch.

"You can stay in my room since I won't be sleeping. Baxter can use your room. The other room will take too much work for now," she suggested, dabbing her pen on the paper.

The way she spoke made her seem so royal.

Even when she wasn't, it was all Sawyer's fault, he had given her so much confidence and attention.

If he had given that to me, I wouldn't just be a nanny today.

"Okay, then I'll serve the food. I also prepared some little drinks for when the kids take a nap," I said. Anxiety was building in me, and a few droplets of sweat started to form and fall from my temple.

2/3

"Okay," Madeline replied, getting up from her seat to help me serve lunch.

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125

125–The Storm And Drinks

Madeline:

“Will we never be able to go out and play again, Mommy?” my kids asked.

Their attention wandered away from lunch and toward the storm.

The loud crashes from objects being flung by the wind against the mansion walls made them flinch and lift their shoulders.

It was so dark outside that it felt like nighttime.

All the warriors had been advised to remain in the back side of the mansion.

That area was a narrow corridor filled with guard and servant rooms.

“Of course not. It will pass, and everything will return to normal,” Baxter told the kids, giving them a small smile.

I was grateful he was here to comfort them because, to be honest, the situation was new for me as well.

Another object struck the wall. It was not as loud as Nina made it seem, yet she still jumped in her seat and spilled her soup.

“Are you okay?” I asked her, noticing how anxious she had been throughout lunch.

“Yeah, I'm fine,” she replied, stuttering as she grabbed a napkin and quickly cleaned the mess.

“After this, kids, you are going to take a nap, okay?” I remarked as I noticed they were almost finished eating.

“It will be hard, Mommy, because the noises will keep waking us up,” Bodhi complained, and Baxter instantly began searching through his pocket.

“You know, I should have remembered this sooner. Here, put these plugs in. They are made with magic. They only work for three hours, but that will be enough for you three to have a good nap,” he explained.

“Oh, amazing. That will be good for the kids.” Nina began to compliment the item.

She even clapped a little, looking more excited than the children.

I noticed her strange energy, yet I still did not understand the reason behind her anxiety.

She had been fine before, or maybe she had held herself together until she realized she could not anymore.

The storm was new to me, but I had experienced other disasters before, so it did not feel entirely unfamiliar.

For her, though, she had lived her whole life in the human world, so anything unusual from the wolf land was likely to affect her.

It would probably take some time before she adjusted.

When the kids finished their lunch, Nina took them to the bedroom while I cleaned the dishes and Baxter helped.

“I will head back to my place now.” After we finished, he dried the last plate and stepped out of the kitchen to let me know he wanted to leave.

“Are you sure? It is pretty bad, even worse than before,” I wondered as I reached for the door and looked outside the small window beside it.

1/3

25 Bo

“I’ll be fine. I will heal if anything happens,” he replied.

“I have prepared my bedroom for you, Your Highness. Why don’t you rest there? Also, ma’am has decided to have some drinks with us.” Nina arrived again, speaking strangely and making it sound like I had planned the drinks.

“No, Nina, it was your idea,” I corrected with an awkward laugh.

“Yeah, but you agreed to it,” she responded softly, anxiously rubbing her palms together.

“Well, let’s go then. Have some drinks if you have nothing urgent on your side of the building,” I told Baxter, who gave me a nod.

We still had some conversations left, and this seemed like the right time.

No **one** from outside, **not** even the other alphas, could come in and interrupt us.

We went to the second floor, and Nina brought in the drinks. When she entered, I noticed how her hands trembled.

They shook so much that she nearly dropped the glasses on the tray.

“Are you alright, Nina? If you are feeling overwhelmed, you can rest. We can drink another time,” I offered because **I** could tell she could not sit and drink with us.

“No, it is okay. I was a little anxious, so I thought the drinks would help, but I think I will just go into your room and sleep, if that is okay,” she asked in one breath, her eyes tightening as if she were trying to hide tears. “You two please carry on. Now that **you** are already here, just have a drink. I do not want to plan something and then ruin it at the same time,” she continued, and Baxter and I shared a glance.

We still had an unresolved conversation, so I understood her point.

“Okay, let me know if you need any help, alright?” I told her, worried about her condition because of the way she trembled.

“Yeah, it is okay. I will take some rest, and hopefully by the time I wake up, the storm will have passed,” she uttered before she swiftly wandered away.

“She is a strange one,” Baxter remarked, and I gave him a look.

“It is strange,” he added.

“What is?” I asked him.

“Elgin said he thinks that since Nina was the only one at the house, your husband must have cheated on you with her. But the way you two react and behave with each other, I do not see it,” Baxter explained.

I fixed my posture on the couch and leaned forward to prepare a drink.

He quickly offered to prepare one for both **of** us, and I let him.

“Yeah, that is because it is not true. But how do you think I would behave with someone like her if she were actually cheating with my husband?” I wondered, trying to act playful, as if I only wanted to hear gossip. In reality, I was curious.

Baxter shook his head while focusing **on** the glass and the wine bottle.

“Knowing you, and the way you were when we were friends, you would have gone wild.”

As soon as he said that, my nose wrinkled.

2/3

125–The Storm And Drinks

+25 Bonus

“What do you mean by that? I was not wild back then,” I responded, surprised by his opinion of me.

“I am serious, I wasn’t bad,” I uttered, looking for his confirmation but it seemed like he did not agree with me.

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126

126–They Stole Me From Him.

Madeline:

The terrace door had been locked, but the windows shook loudly.

I realized the mansion had been built to endure storms like this.

“You were not bad?” he questioned while chuckling.

“You were the worst. If you do not remember, you made things miserable for us. Any time a girl came to speak with us, it showed on your face that you were irritated. You would

stare at the woman until she walked out of sight.” Baxter laughed as he recalled my behavior from the past.

I was stunned because, as he said it, memories returned.

I used to be so jealous of anyone speaking with him. I would physically place myself between them, trying to get his attention.

As everything settled in, I slapped my forehead and lowered my eyes in embarrassment.

“Oh my goodness, I was so embarrassing,” I commented, hiding my face in my hands.

I heard a glass clink, and when I uncovered my face, I saw him place a glass for me on the table.

I accepted it and sighed, glancing at him. My reaction made him laugh, and I found myself not minding it.

“I found it adorable,” As soon as he said that, I tilted my head.

“You did?” I asked, and he nodded.

I began shifting on the couch. My office was filled with files about the case, and it felt discouraging that we had no new lead to discuss.

We were just sitting and drinking, looking outside the window.

The door to my office had been left open, giving us a view of the terrace and the terrace window.

“I did. It was quite cute,” he said.

“If you did not text me, who was saying all those things to me, Madeline?” he asked softly, but the question carried weight.

“I mean, I do not want to alarm you, but is it not obvious?” I remarked as I leaned back on the couch and took a sip of wine.

The taste burned my throat at first, but it felt pleasant. It was a little bitter, yet it relaxed me the moment I drank

1. it.

I could tell he struggled to talk about it.

“My half-sister?” I completed for him, and I noticed the way he looked down before grabbing his glass and chugging the **rest**, then pouring himself another.

“Could it be her?” he wondered, and I shrugged.

“All I know is that my cell phone was left behind. Whoever used it, I have no idea. But it has to be someone from the house,” I explained, and he began nodding.

1/3

“It is in the past, Baxter,” I told him, but as soon as I said it, he shook his head and ran a hand through his hair.

“It is not. You do not understand. It is confusing to me,” he hissed.

“What is confusing to you? It is not like I was there to text you. If anything, maybe the text helped you move on,” I replied, because at this point, dwelling on it was pointless.

The truth was that I had already left by the time someone responded to him.

Still, something about it disturbed him so deeply that he could not focus **on** anything else.

“You do not understand, Madeline. Someone lied to me about you. Someone who, if I am going to marry, I still do not know what they are capable of,” he hissed, and I finally understood his concern.

“I guess you are not wrong then,” I admitted softly.

“Would you have forgiven Sawyer if he had done something like that?” he questioned.

My fingers tightened around the glass as I stared at him.

“Because, Madeline, marriage is not a joke. You do not just marry someone because you have to. When things like this happen, it ruins everything,” he explained, and I began to feel small.

My marriage had not started from love. It began as an arrangement.

Baxter seemed to read my silence and continued.

“How did you meet him?” he questioned, drinking another glass of wine. “And does he know the children are not his?” he added, asking everything that mattered to him.

“I was working as his maid and he knew I was pregnant,” When I answered, his head snapped up, and I noticed his eyes beginning to water.

“But it is alright, Baxter. It was not terrible. Working as a maid was not disrespectful, at least not to me. I did not feel belittled,” I explained quickly because of how strongly he reacted.

“So you were pregnant while working at someone’s home?” he asked, revealing what troubled him.

“There are many single women, Baxter, who are married and still working even until their delivery,” I tried to reassure him.

Knowing him, I knew he could spiral. The fact that everything he had said in the past had been an act made me less bitter toward him.

And I understood that Graham and Elgin had issues, but their issues were different.

They did not have to sleep with me if they were not prepared to handle their families’ pressure.

Graham could have warned me about his father.

Elgin had time. If he could accept an alpha’s daughter, why could he not accept me?

“You are lost again,” Baxter remarked, grunting. His grunting carried weight.

T

“I was thinking about what you said, that you had to act because you did not want them to take me again. What did you mean by that?” I pressed, noticing the way he gave small nods, realizing I would not stop until he explained

himself.

“They knew that I had a crush on you.” He paused at that part and drank another glass.

2/3

Then he added, “And then they read the diary, and they suddenly decided they were interested too. They claimed it was the right thing to give you a choice, even though they knew I had loved you quietly for a long time. It felt like betrayal, but they made it seem justified because you wanted it.” He mumbled, and it tightened something in my

chest.

“Do you think their excuses are genuine?” I continued, because as their friend he would know more than what they had told me.

He started to smile.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

127

127—She Is Missing My Husband

Madeline:

“I do not know. **It** is up to them. I will tell you one thing, because now it is between friends, and you know I will always choose you even when you would not choose me.” The words came from deep within him, and I began to wonder why he was saying any of it.

Before I asked, he continued.

“What Kaylee said was true. Graham was in love with her after you left. As for Elgin, Madeline, he chose to accept the children of an alpha's daughter because he wanted the crown that his parents threatened he would lose. That is all I will say.” He finished.

I took a deep breath. It gave me clarity. Then I straightened my posture and reached for another drink, filling another glass.

“What about you? If you claim to have loved me so much, is that why you left right after that day when we had sex? Were you angry that I had a crush on others?” I asked, not looking away from him because I wanted to see his reaction.

He stared at me for a while.

Then he lowered his gaze in a subtle way, and I understood that his look was personal, almost like he wanted me to understand without him saying it.

“Let us not talk about it anymore. I want to know who texted me all those things.” He shifted the subject, and I understood why.

It had to be about the crush. He liked me, and of course it affected him that the woman he liked had liked others

too.

“I am a little sleepy,” he said as he set the glass down.

“Of course you are,” I commented. “You have been drinking one after another.” I let out a small laugh and put my glass down as well. “You can go rest.”

“What about you?” he asked, giving me a sideways look while tilting his face away.

“I will stay awake and let you all know if the storm stops.” I tried to joke, and he chuckled.

“Alright. If you need anything, I will be in the room,” he mumbled as he walked away.

I watched him until he was out of sight. Then I released a deep breath I had been holding.

“He seems decent. I understand why you had a crush on him more than the others,” my wolf spoke, startling me again.

“Okay, you need to stop appearing like this and scaring me. One of these days you will give me a heart attack,” I said to Lena, who chuckled at my weak reaction.

“Oh, come on. You are stronger than that. A heart attack? Really?” she commented.

“And by the way, it is not as if you had a crush on them all at once.” For the first time, I talked about it.

“What do you mean? From what I can tell from your conversations with the others, you had a crush on all three of them,” she replied, either trying to correct me or trying to catch me in something.

1/3

+25 Bonus

I could not tell which.

“Lena, I liked Baxter,” I said. “That was before I developed any feelings for the others. I was in love with **Baxter**. His small actions when he was with me, his protective nature, his possessiveness, it made me believe we had a chance. Until one day, there was an event, a mate ball in his pack, and he had invited me. I saw how many powerful girls were staring at him, how they surrounded him. Then his mother came to me and told me she would never choose someone like me.”

At that time, I became cautious and insecure. After that night, I promised myself I would not think of him that way anymore.

I told myself it was fine if I developed a crush on the others because they were attractive men around me.

I stopped and closed my eyes. My lips pulled down at the memory of that night at his mansion.

After I finished, I stood up and stepped downstairs.

When I reached the first floor, I did not expect to hear wailing from my bedroom.

I knew Nina was not there, so why was she crying? Was she really that scared of the storm?

I rushed in and saw her sitting in the corner of the room, wailing.

Her knees were pulled up to her chest, and as she hugged them, she looked up at me with wide eyes. I could not read her anymore.

Too much was happening with her.

“Nina, are you okay?” I asked, looking at her while I knelt in front of her and placed my hand on her knee.

She kept staring at me silently.

“I want to go back home,” she whispered in a shaky voice, and a large tear rolled down the corner of her eye.

“Is it the storm?” I wondered, unsure why she was suddenly homesick.

She had been fine a few hours earlier. What had happened?

“I just want to go back home,” she uttered, sniffing.

“I will speak with the warrior and see what Sawyer says,” I replied as she shook her head and took deep breaths.

“You just tell me that you agreed to send me back, then I will find the guard,” she insisted as she began to hyperventilate.

My eyes widened because I did not understand what was happening to her.

“Okay, Nina, calm down. You are going to make yourself sick. Relax,” I said, pulling her away from the wall and rubbing her back.

The way she was breathing, I worried she would pass out.

She suddenly hugged my stomach and continued crying.

I let her stay like that for a few minutes before helping her up and guiding her to the bathroom.

“Wash your face and then **come** out, okay? Do not worry about the storm. I am here with you. Everything will be fine. We are safe here,” I told her as I encouraged her inside. She needed to wash her face and freshen up.

2/3

Once the door closed, I rubbed my nape and wandered from one corner of the room to the other. Her behavior was very unusual.

“Or is she trying to go back because she wants to spend time with your husband?”

I did not expect Lena’s voice. It came through in a low whisper, enough to give me goosebumps even if her words alone might not have.

I stopped in my tracks, wondering if that is what was going on.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

128

128—Her Protective Husband

Nina:

When I made a plan to give the two of them a special kind of wine and catch them in the act, I felt very optimistic.

I had been anxious and nervous throughout the lunch, but at least I believed everything would be fine once they woke up in the same bed the next morning.

Alpha Baxter giving the kids those earplugs was the **best** idea.

They would never wake up from any noises, and the couple would go unbothered for a few hours.

Once I finished tucking the kids in, I received an email from Sawyer. It was a reply to the message I had sent him earlier.

“So, we are going to play a little game,” I told the kids as I sat on the stool next to their three beds.

“What kind of game?” Elara wondered.

“I will see which one of you can keep your eyes closed for longer. The one who does not open their eyes will be the winner,” I explained.

They instantly closed their eyes. I used to do this often.

They were competitive, and they would eventually fall asleep.

With their eyes shut, I checked the email with shaky hands. I had expected a lot from Sawyer.

I thought he would be furious with Madeline, that he would tell me to record everything and send it to him so he could keep watch over them.

I thought he would ask how she could act so irresponsibly and bring a man over just hours after he had left.

None of that happened.

All my hopes drowned when I opened the email and started to read it.

The subject alone made my stomach sink: stop talking nonsense about my wife.

I already understood the tone.

Dear, dear Nina,

Yes, I have reached, fine, like I would. Never heard of a storm like that, but I wish it had hit you so that you have not emailed me this bullshit.

What do you mean my wife went there and that something is going on between her and the alphas? Who are you to keep an eye on her?

I told you to give me news about her, not to make theories.

For her to leave urgently, it could be for anything. What did you expect me to react like?

What were you trying to say, that Madeline felt horny and left urgently to bring in Baxter, as if I would not know

her?

Now listen to me, since you already planted these little seeds, if anything happens because of that, you will be responsible.

1/3

So even if he did come there to plan something with her or to have a moment with her, you are on **guard** duty, make sure it does not happen.

Because if it happens and anything ends up happening between the two, I will come for your throat, point blank period.

So keep a good watch and make sure nothing happens.

And do not disrespect my wife like that again. Just give me the news and information without adding your own commentary, you understand that?

That was all.

By the time I finished reading, I was shaking. Tears kept forming and disappearing in my eyes.

I wanted to whimper and cry loudly, but the kids were still not asleep.

I could see Bodhi's eyelids moving. I looked to the side at the mirror and noticed how red I had turned, from embarrassment, hurt, and disrespect.

I felt miserable that I could not even cry properly.

Then it hit me. If the two of them drank that wine and anything happened between them, Sawyer would kill me.

Not only would he kill me, but he would also question how I managed to record them yet did not stop them.

I rubbed my face with my hands. At least I had emailed him.

At least I found out before going through with such a stupid plan.

If I had shown him a video, he would have come for my throat instead, like he said.

Once I was sure the little shits were asleep, I got up and hurried out of the room, heading straight to the kitchen.

The other two were upstairs already.

I spilled all the wine I had prepared into the sink while tears streamed down my face, tossed the bottle into the bin, and grabbed a new one.

By the time I went upstairs, I was shaking terribly.

I wanted to cry my eyes out, and I had the storm as an excuse.

When I had left the two of them up there, not only did I return to her room to cry, but I also had to make sure nothing happened between them.

And then when I saw Madeline again, I cried my heart out. But I told her I wanted to go home. I truly did not want to stay here.

I never thought I would turn into such an evil person. It had something to do with the fact that I was in an evil land, where wolves were evil.

I had not been this toxic back in the human world.

As I stood in **the** bathroom, holding the edges of the sink and staring at my miserable image **in** the mirror, I could not stop feeling angry at myself.

I should not have stooped so low. I wondered if somehow Sawyer knew what I had been planning. If he did, then he would never feel anything for me.

2/3

After I finished crying, I stepped out of the bathroom and found Madeline wandering around anxiously.

“Can I please pack my bags and leave once the storm is over?” I requested again.

My breath was still hitching in my throat.

“I mean, I cannot force you to stay here,” she replied, her arms folded over her chest in a way that looked like she was hugging herself.

“Don’t worry, I am not going there for your husband,” I added, feeling miserable as my head tilted.

I began to cry in front of her, but very quietly.

She still looked like she felt bad for me, and I hated myself for it.

“It is okay, Nina. Everybody needs a break. You can go back, spend time with your father, be around humans. I understand,” she told me.

When she noticed how miserable I looked, she thankfully changed her tone.

With much more certainty, she let me know that I could go back home.

So it was decided. I was going to take a break from this toxic land and leave.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

129

129–The Alpha Who Betrayed Me Twice

Madeline:

The storm had finally passed.

I gave Nina a sleeping pill to help her relax after I decided it was fine for her to leave, that I was **not** going to make her stay when she felt like she could not breathe in this air anymore. I could see it in her **face**.

I still did not understand what had happened so fast. It could not be the storm alone. **Or** maybe it was.

It was the next day, and I had slept on the couch.

When I woke, I saw that everyone else was sleeping except for Baxter.

The night before had been horrible. The dinner had been silent.

Nina was asleep, and my kids kept asking what happened to her. Thankfully, Baxter being with them distracted them.

Then it was the new morning. We had all freshened up while Nina had already packed her bags. She did not want to stay another hour in this place.

“Wow, look at all this stuff. Mommy, all the trees are broken,” Bodhi pouted as he turned to look at me. His eyes showed how sad he felt for the trees.

“And there are many animals who might not have a shelter too. Where did they go?” Elara asked from the back seat beside me.

Baxter was driving us to the shore because Nina had to leave. She would not stay, like I said.

“Kids, I know you feel bad for the trees, but do not worry. They will grow back fast. It is a wolf land. Things work a little differently here. There is magic in the air,” Baxter explained.

“Well, and also in the storm,” Bodhi added.

As soon as he said that, Baxter and I laughed. I noticed Nina had still not said anything.

She stared out the window. The back seat felt empty because of her silence.

Baxter parked his SUV and got out, helping the kids while I looked toward Nina.

“Come on, Nina,” I said as I stepped out. The air felt fresh.

“And kids, all the birds and animals here are good at hiding and finding places. Look, there is a flock right there. They survived the storm. They always do,” Baxter told Bodhi while pointing toward the flock and the other animals coming out of hiding.

Nina did not react. She looked indifferent. She held her bag in front of her while Baxter brought out the rest.

“Try to spend more time with your family and feel better, okay?” I told her.

She wrapped her arms around me for a hug. Then she went to the children one by one before she boarded the ship and left.

“So, what are we going to do now?” Baxter asked about the plans for the day.

“Mommy, who will take care of us now?” Gina asked for the first time. She had also been quiet.

1/3

“I will find a nanny here. Do not worry,” Baxter said.

“Not Aunt Yuvonne. I hope you are not going to bring her over and introduce her as a nanny,” Bodhi said, placing his hands on his waist like an adult.

Baxter and I looked at him. Then we laughed a little.

“No, do not worry. It will be some

new, someone trusted,” Baxter added.

Before we could get back in the car, another fast car arrived.

I already felt a certain way when I saw Graham sitting there with his father.

The two walked out holding papers. My heart started pounding harder.

“I hope you know what you are doing before you even come here,” Baxter warned him.

But his father kept patting Graham’s back, as if encouraging him.

“I heard your nanny left too. But do not worry. I am not finding one for your kids anymore,” Lord Eldon said with a laugh as he handed me the papers.

He took them from Graham because Graham did not hand them to me right away.

I looked at Graham’s face and saw that he looked slightly embarrassed. He should have been. He should not have come here with his father like this.

“We will see about that,” Baxter muttered.

But I was served papers from the council demanding a DNA test.

The papers stated that I did not have to do a DNA test for all of them.

It said I could do it only for Gina. I guessed it was Graham’s way of trying to show he still cared and was not getting me in trouble.

Also because one child would lead to the same conclusion about the others in the normal world.

“I tried to be thoughtful,” Graham said, which made me roll my eyes.

“Thank you so much. You are so sweet,” I said in a taunting and sarcastic tone.

“What do you mean by that?” his father asked him, but Graham did not respond.

“Anyway, it should be done in a week,” Lord Eldon said before turning and signaling for his son to leave with him.

“What do they want, Mommy?” Bodhi asked, and Lord Eldon’s attention turned to him. He smiled widely, his eyes shining.

“It means we want to find out if you are Alpha Graham’s son,” Eldon said.

I did not expect him to stoop this low. He said it so immediately, before I could stop him.

The minute he spoke, my kids gasped and turned to look at me. I grunted at Eldon.

“Dad,” Graham started, but Eldon shrugged.

“It is the truth. They should be very happy to have a father who is an Alpha, not some human,” he continued, spouting his nonsense in front of my children.

2/3

+25 Bonus

“Okay, that is enough. Just because you are a member of the council- down.

11

—

Alpha Baxter began, but Eldon shut him

“Ah, ah, ah. Don’t say all that to me. I am not just a member, I am a leader of the Werewolf Council. You cannot disrespect me like that, Alpha Baxter. You know all the Alphas would take my side if I told them what was going on here,” he threatened, then turned to smile at me. “Well, I will accept you as my daughter-in-law. I will do anything for my son.”

As soon as he placed a hand on Graham’s shoulder, I noticed the way Graham’s anger toward him for speaking to the kids like this started to fade.

Was this the kind of manipulation Eldon was doing, and was Graham falling for it?

“Let’s go now. We will meet again at this time with the results and the good news,” Eldon said to his son, who sneaked a glance at me before leaving with his father.

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

130

130—His **Wife’s** Accusations

Madeline:

“Is it true, Mommy? Are we Alpha Graham’s children?” Elara asked, and my heart broke for them.

The same man who had not wanted **me**, who had gone on with his life without looking for me, was now demanding a DNA test and trying to take my children.

If Gina’s test came back positive, as it would, he could take all **of** them.

How did he think he was helping me by not asking for the tests for the others?

Did he think my identity as a gray wolf mattered more to me than my children?

After they left, I told Baxter how disappointed I was with Graham.

How dare he assume I would be so scared **of** my identity being revealed that I would let him take

Of course, that would never happen. I would never allow it.

“Don’t worry,” Baxter said, trying to comfort me.

“What can you even do? What will you do now?” I asked tiredly, taking deep and heavy breaths.

We were in the front seat while the kids were strapped in the back, busy with their tablets.

Eventually, they would ask the same questions again.

“Don’t worry. I will find a way,” Baxter said.

my children?

“I’ll go and start working on it,” he whispered. I folded my arms across my chest, feeling the threat in his tone.

“Graham has lost his mind. I’ll get him alone, without his father, and speak with him. I’m pretty sure his father is behind his brainwashing,” Baxter urged as he drove me back home.

I hadn’t been able to speak a word. I was beyond angry at this point.

Graham had really, really disappointed me. I began to wonder if there had been early signs in his friendship that hinted at this behavior.

All I remembered was that he always spoke about not letting go of someone he loved.

He often said he had lost his mother because he hadn’t been attentive enough.

If he fell in love, he would go crazy for that person.

“Can we play in that park for a while?” Elara’s question pulled me back to reality.

“Kids, it’s part of the woods,” I replied tiredly.

“But why can’t we play there? It says ‘park’ over there,” Elara continued, pointing at a sign.

I turned to Baxter and asked, looking into his eyes, what it was.

“It’s actually mostly for kids who want to learn about werewolves. It’s a theme park of sorts. That’s why it’s in the middle of the woods,” Baxter explained.

He then looked at Elara, who was pouting sadly.

“Why can’t we play at the park

she persisted.

+25 Bonus

Baxter glanced at me. He stopped the car when she started asking about the park, not wanting to drive past and trigger tears from the kids.

“Why aren’t **you** saying

Elara then turned to Gina and Bodhi, asking them **to** join her.

“Mommy, please, can we play in the park?” they added, joining her.

I let out a deep sigh. I really hadn’t been thinking about staying outside.

I just wanted to go home and focus on work.

But with the kids bombarding me with requests, I had no choice but to give in.

“Fine, but only for half an hour,” I relented.

As soon as I said that, the kids cheered, and my mood began to lift.

Baxter parked the car, and one by one, the kids got out. They only had a few balls, so that would be their toys for

now.

The park, however, had plenty of swings and slides with various themes.

The swings were labeled alpha swings. The slides were beta slides, and other structures, like monkey bars, were gamma, **or** warrior bars.

We all walked in and noticed that the park was crowded.

“It is quite the hotspot,” Baxter commented, staying with us.

“Alpha Baxter,” someone commented from the crowd, immediately noticing him and.

People recognized him and bowed. He simply raised a hand in acknowledgment and then took the kids to the slides.

He stood at one end, catching each child as they slid down.

Meanwhile, I sat on a bench, phone in hand, anxiously staring at Graham's number.

I needed to speak with him, but I didn't want to. After what he had done, I wouldn't have called unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Hello?" I said once he answered my call.

"Graham, can we please meet somewhere alone, without your father or anyone else?" I began as soon as he picked up.

"Wait, you want to meet my husband?" The voice on the other end was not Graham's.

I pulled the phone away to check the screen, then put it back to my ear.

"Kaylee?" I asked.

"Yes," she scoffed. "His wife, Kaylee. Are you going to tell me why you're calling my husband and requesting to meet him alone? Do you have no shame? Don't you have a husband?"

She began yelling at me. And she wasn't entirely wrong.

2/3

For any wife, it would seem odd to hear her husband's best friend, who once had a crush on him, request time alone with him.

"I just need to speak with him about the DNA situation," I admitted, cornered into explaining myself.

"Oh yes, about that. Is it true? Didn't you say you haven't slept with him? So what is going on?" She began bombarding me with questions just as a commotion started behind her.

"Tell me the truth. Does her husband know she cheated on him? Huh? Have you two stayed in touch all these years?" she shouted at someone else in the background, and I realized it was Graham.

"Give me my phone," he snapped, trying to yank it from her.

Rustling followed as they argued and tugged the device back and forth.

"No. Tell me. Did that woman seduce you again? Is that why you suddenly stopped loving me?" she sobbed.

"How many times have I told you not to answer my phone?" Graham shouted at her.

“Is that because you were cheating on me?” she screamed back.

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