

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 13

13—Fascinated With His Daughter

Madeline:

I had to take Bodhi upstairs and lie him down in his room. After giving him some hot chocolate, I watched him fall asleep.

He was so shaken I couldn't ask him any more questions. But I was still confused about why he reacted that way when he saw Baxter.

Once he was asleep, I left the room. Nina stayed with him. I sighed as I walked downstairs, watching Elara and Gina being overly friendly with the alphas.

I didn't like it. I wanted my kids to have manners and treat people kindly, but not get too close to these assholes. Still, I couldn't say anything. I was too worried about Bodhi.

"May I have a minute with you?" Baxter hissed. He hadn't moved an inch since I left. Even Elgin and Graham looked confused about why a child had screamed so much at the sight of him.

"You guys go ahead. I'll stay with the girls," Graham said, kneeling down to play with dolls.

It broke my heart watching Gina so excited to show him a game. She had no idea that the man she was finding comfort in wouldn't even look at her once he realized she was his daughter.

And Graham, I could tell why he was being so enthusiastic. I'd heard from his father that he'd been trying to have kids. That was the only reason. The second he found out she was his, I'd see his whole mood and behavior shift. And I never wanted that either.

So I had to reluctantly leave Graham behind because if, God forbid, something happened, at least an alpha could handle it. I walked out with Baxter and Elgin behind me.

Once we were in the parking lot, Baxter planted his hands on his waist, pacing before facing me again.

"What have you told your kids about me?" he hissed, already accusing me of something horrendous.

“What? Do you think I keep a photo of you in my wallet and show them every night, telling them if they don’t go to bed the monster will eat them?” I shot back. My fists clenched, my body hunched even though he was too tall for me to need to do that.

“Don’t fucking try to be smart with me. You must have said something. Otherwise, why would a kid scream at me, call me a monster? I don’t think I look that horrible.” Baxter muttered, pointing toward the mansion, toward

where Bodhi had screamed at him.

“I don’t want to interrupt when the argument is this good, and I could really use some popcorn, but you two are missing something important. Something Bodhi said.” Elgin stepped in, pointing at the mansion, but unlike Baxter, he actually used Bodhi’s name.

We both turned to him.

“He said you’ve been coming into his dreams to scare him. Why would you do that?” Elgin asked Baxter seriously.

Baxter lifted his hands near his chest, like asking his friend what the fuck was wrong with me.

“Why would I go into a kid’s dream to scare him? You think I’ve got that much free time? What am I, the Babadook?” he grunted.

His whole body was tense. I didn’t remember him like that. He’d always been mysterious, unpredictable, but not

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+25 Bonus

this intense. Not always ready to fight. At least not me.

I could even tell his friends had split into subgroups now. Elgin and Graham were closer to each other than to him. And honestly, it was his fault. He was a ticking bomb, ready to explode any second.

“I was just joking. Relax. But—could it be from the sickness? Why would Bodhi dream of you? Maybe he just saw a tall guy with brown hair and gray eyes and got confused. Could that be it?” Elgin asked, shifting the tone back to

serious.

And I started to wonder. Not because Bodhi mistook Baxter for a monster, but because there was a real chance it was Baxter. Because he was his blood. I wondered how much I was helping my kids by hiding the truth.

Maybe this could be the key to finding a cure. But I bit my tongue. With how aggressive Baxter was, I was terrified of him learning the truth about Bodhi.

“Maybe,” I said. “Or maybe because he is my blood. Bodhi and I both share a lot of hate for my ex–best friends.”

I muttered it low, watching Elgin and Baxter both do a double take, like they weren’t sure they’d heard me right.

“Seriously?” Baxter asked and I nodded.

“Yes. Seriously,” I hissed back at him.

“Okay, so you two can argue all you want like Tom and Jerry, or go play Tom and Jerry in the garden while we start the interview. Because there’s definitely something wrong here. These kids are way too innocent to deal with this, and you two are way too grown to be arguing like that,” Elgin hissed once he’d had enough.

Both Baxter and I stepped back from each other. I folded my arms across my chest, angry that he had to be the one to remind me I was supposed to be more careful for my kids instead of crying about my ex–best friends. I was too old for this shit.

“So if that’s done, how about we start questioning them?” Elgin asked, but then added, “And I want to be the one to question Elara. That kid is way too cute. She even has my eye color.”

Elgin innocently pointed at his eyes, and I swallowed hard. He was already fascinated with her. Why? Was he already feeling something? Was he too close to finding out? Too close to realizing she was his daughter?

“Whatever. You guys do it. I’ll leave,” Baxter muttered, stepping back. At least one of them was leaving. The problem was the others, they were way too interested:

“And make sure you put a leash on their mother before she attacks you for interviewing them,” Baxter added, pointing at me.

I honestly wanted to go after him and punch the back of his neck, but he was way too big. These three alphas had turned into giants, and I didn’t want to end up squished under their shoes.

“Can I please interview Elara? I won’t make her uncomfortable,” Elgin asked, staring at me with his blue eyes.

And I just felt so strange. He looked so much like Elara, with his golden hair and everything.

“Fine,” I hissed. “But I’ll be there too.”

“Sure. Let’s go. Let’s interview the little angel.” He rubbed his hands together excitedly, and the way he was so intrigued with Elara filled me with stress.

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Sara Lili

Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland’s breathtaking cold.

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