

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 131

131-They Are Missing

Madeline:

I slapped my forehead and ended the call.

I guessed Baxter noticed. He let the kids play with the other children while he joined me on the bench.

“I tried calling him, but his wife picked up,” I said to Baxter, tapping my phone on my empty palm.

“Yeah, **Kaylee** is a bit of a control freak. But can you blame her?” he remarked.

I raised an eyebrow at him.

“Listen, I know she forced him into this marriage by refusing to step back, but he was genuinely happy with her. They were planning a family, even though the contract said if he didn’t give a hair, he could move on. And it’s not just that he wanted to create a hair with her. Madeline, he suddenly changed when **you** came back,” he explained.

I nodded, inhaling sharply and releasing it slowly.

“Do you know anything about their relationship? I mean, aside from the contract?” I asked Baxter, tapping my fingernails against my phone screen.

“What exactly do you want to know?” he replied.

“When Graham stepped out of the room earlier, I noticed bruises on him. Does that happen often?” I murmured, keeping my focus on the kids.

They were mingling easily with the other children, laughing and chasing one another.

“To be honest, I never stayed close enough to see them regularly,” he admitted, and I nodded while pressing my teeth into the inside of my cheek. (1

“But I will tell you this,” he continued, “whenever I did run into him, and he had argued with his wife, he would have marks like that.”

His words made the truth settle in.

“So she hurts him?” I whispered.

Baxter lifted one shoulder at first, then gave a slow, reluctant nod.

“From what I’ve witnessed,” he confessed.

“That’s horrible,” I breathed, sympathy washing over me. Poor Graham. First his father, and now his wife too.

The phone in my hand rang again. I realized Graham had probably snatched it back from his wife.

“He’s calling,” I said to Baxter.

“Then take the call and tell him why you are calling,” he suggested, leaning back with his arms stretched across the bench.

“Hello,” I answered, waiting for Graham to finally speak on the other end.

“You called me,” he replied.

“I did,” I said, steadying my breath. “Why are you doing this? Don’t you understand that this request **of** yours is going to cost me so much?”

1/3

“Why should you worry?” he countered. “**Once you become** my wife, my mate, no one will **question** you. My father is the leader of the council. He will be your father-in-law. You will be powerful enough to silence everyone. Even if they learn about your wolf, they will not dare to speak.”

He sounded as if he had never met his own father, defending him without hesitation.

I switched the phone to speaker so Baxter could hear the nonsense he was spilling.

“Graham, do you truly trust your father? You know he despises me. What makes you think he will not take my children away and push me out of your life?” I tried a different angle, hoping he would stop believing every word his father fed him.

“All I know is that he is the only one promising me your company,” Graham insisted.

Before I could respond, Baxter grabbed the phone from my hand.

“So what exactly are you planning, huh? Running tests on Gina to prove the kids are yours? And you think I will let you take them from her?” Baxter yelled in frustration, the veins on his temples showing.

Graham let out an irritated grunt on the other end.

“So this is what’s going on? You’re siding with her, trying to push her toward you? Is that it?”

He kept circling the same accusation, completely unwilling to admit that his father had fed him lies.

“If you have a problem and want a child so badly, then request a DNA test for Bodhi,” he snapped. “Because once you do that, they will all be separated. So if you are such a good person and not an asshole like me, then shut up. Let me have Madeline and the children.”

1

His cruelty stunned me. I barely recognized him.

I exhaled slowly and lifted my head, glancing toward the playground. Panic surged through me when I realized none of my children were in sight.

“Baxter- the kids- the kids are gone,” I whispered, my voice breaking with terror.

“Wait, what is going on?” Graham must have sensed the panic in my voice.

I took the phone from Baxter but hesitated to hang up, my nerves were too agitated to think properly.

We scrambled up from the bench, both of us ready to search for the kids.

“You head that way, I’ll check the other side,” Baxter instructed, gesturing toward opposite paths.

I hurried toward the slides where I had last seen them, but the area was completely empty.

“Have you seen the three kids you were playing with earlier. Where did they go?” I asked the group of children they had been laughing with before.

“They went that way,” one of the kids replied, pointing toward the deeper stretch of the woods.

My breath got caught in my throat.

The warriors weren't even watching the area. That had to be how my children slipped past.

"Baxter!" I shouted, catching his attention. "They went that direction!"

The shock **on** his face mirrored mine. My children were disciplined, careful, and never wandered off on their own.

2/3

He approached the kids I had questioned and crouched slightly.

"Were they with anyone?" he asked.

The children shook their heads.

"No, the three of them went together," a girl answered.

I looked at Baxter, and from the expression he gave back, he could see how terrified I was.

"It's alright. Come on," he murmured, giving my back a gentle pat before tears could spill.

We headed into the woods, moving quickly as every second mattered. Five minutes in, dread twisted in my stomach. Something was wrong. They would never roam this far without a reason and exactly why would they? 2

Ruby Walker

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132-Into The Well

Madeline:

Panic surged through me. We were running around looking for my children, and during that time I felt myself slipping.

If Baxter had not been with me, I would have completely lost control.

I kept crying out for them, screaming, even falling to the ground.

Baxter had to turn back and hold on to me to comfort me.

Then Lena finally decided to do something about it.

“I can tell where they are,” she uttered.

I stopped. My hand stretched out toward Baxter, stopping him because I had been holding his hand. He turned to look at me, waiting for me to speak.

“Really? Can you find them?” I asked her.

“Isn’t that what I said?” she snapped, and I clenched my jaw.

“Lena says she knows where they are,” I remarked to Baxter, informing him of my wolf.

“Okay, tell her. Tell her to take us there,” Baxter insisted.

“You heard him. Please take us to our children,” I requested.

She told me to follow her. I gave her some control, and we started moving along the path she guided us toward.

I guessed she connected well with the children, so she could sense them.

She said something was terribly wrong, and that the energy was too strong for her to ignore.

She led us to a large cleared area with a big well in the distance under a large tree.

That was when I saw my children standing next to the well.

“Kids, step away from it!” I screamed, waving my arms to get their attention. They were still far from us.

“We need to hurry,” I stated.

Baxter was already prepared to sprint. We both began running, but halfway through we witnessed the most horrifying sight I knew I would never forget.

Elara stepped back, placed one hand on her brother's back and one on her sister's, then pushed them into the well right before our eyes.

"No, Elara!" I screamed.

For a moment, I dropped to my knees, but Baxter kept going, and I forced myself up, rushing after her.

Baxter quickly pulled off his shirt before reaching the well, and the moment he did, I saw him jump straight into it without wasting a second.

I ran toward Elara, grabbed her, and pulled her back.

1/3

"Elara, what did you do?" I screamed, shaking her by the arm.

"What? I told you I don't like them. Why didn't you take me seriously when I told you to get rid of them?" **she** replied in a voice that sounded almost demonic, and my heart pounded in my temples.

Everything happened quickly. I pushed Elara back to keep her from jumping after them.

At the same time, I reached the well, and I noticed Elara coming toward me, chuckling.

I held her tightly from behind to keep her secure while I looked down.

"I hope they drown." As soon as Elara said that, I turned her around and grunted at her.

"No. Listen to me. They are your siblings. You will not speak of them like that," I nearly screamed.

I saw her face twist into a scowl.

"Don't make me hate you too," she remarked in a flat tone. I had never seen my children act this way, and it terrified me.

"Elara, what is going on with you? Please tell me," I insisted, shaking her a little as tears kept falling because two of my children were inside the well with one of my mates.

Then a voice rose from inside the well, and my body lost control. I still held on to Elara while leaning forward to look down.

Baxter surfaced with a loud gasp. His arms stayed wrapped around both Gina and Bodhi, keeping their heads above the water.

Seeing them gave me a moment of relief, but the danger was far from over.

The well was deeper than I had expected, and the stone walls looked damp and uneven.

I leaned forward as much as I could, gripping the rough edge while keeping an eye on Elara so she would not attempt anything reckless.

“Baxter, are they breathing?” I called out. My voice cracked as I tried to steady my hands.

“They are. They swallowed some water, but they’re breathing,” he replied, tightening his hold on them while he

treaded the cold water.

The walls had patches where the stones stuck out, forming a narrow path upward. They looked slippery but stable enough to use.

“Is there anything you can use to climb?” I questioned, scanning the stonework for a usable route.

By now, Elara had stopped struggling. Her body went slack in my arms, almost as if she had fallen asleep.

My attention shifted to her, and my eyes widened when she suddenly passed out.

“Elara, Elara!” I panicked, lowering her gently and touching her cheek in an attempt to wake her.

“What is going on?” Baxter yelled from below.

“Elara passed out!” I shouted back.

“Is she breathing fine?” he continued to ask.

“Yes, she seems fine, just sleeping,” I replied.

2/3

“Then it’s fine. Let’s focus on these two first,” he urged, and I forced myself to stay focused.

It was becoming harder to manage all three children at once.

I returned to the edge of the well, making sure Elara lay safely on the ground.

“Okay, I can see a ledge near my left side,” Baxter stated. “If I lift Bodhi up first, can you grab him?”

“Yes, give him to me,” I told him, stretching my arm as far as possible.

Thankfully, the water level was high enough to reach.

If the well had been dry, it would have been nearly impossible for Baxter to climb with both children.

Baxter pushed Bodhi upward, guiding him toward me. I reached until my shoulder throbbed and finally caught Bodhi under his armpits.

Water streamed off him as I pulled him up and rested his weight on the ground before easing him down.

He coughed, but his chest rose with each breath.

I wanted to hold him and wake him, but Gina was still inside with Baxter.

“Baxter, I got Bodhi. Now give me Gina,” I instructed.

133 He Wants Sty Children

Ruby Walker

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133-He Wants My Children

Madeline:

Baxter shifted against the wall, bracing his foot on a stone that stuck out.

He lifted Gina toward me. Her dress clung to her and made her heavier, but I managed to pull her **force**.

When she reached the grass, she let out a weak cough.

“She is okay,” I murmured, brushing her wet hair from her face.

All three of my children now lay on the ground in a miserable state.

up

with steady

Now Baxter had to climb on his own. I watched him place his foot on one of the protruding stones for support.

He pressed his hand against a higher stone and reached for a firm grip.

The stone shifted lightly under his weight, but he adjusted and found another place to hold.

“Please be careful,” I encouraged him.

“I know. I just need to keep my grip steady,” he replied.

He was a large man, and some stones slipped under his weight, but he pushed upward, sliding his foot to another

stone.

Eventually, he got close enough for me to reach him. I grabbed both his wrists and pulled with all the strength I had, even though I knew he didn’t truly need it.

With my help, he climbed up quickly.

As soon as he stood on the ground with me, I pressed my hand to his chest as relief washed through me.

But Baxter immediately moved toward the children to check on them.

However, while Baxter was checking on my children, someone else arrived, rushing toward us with the speed of a bullet.

“What is going on here?” Graham yelled as he approached.

As Baxter was busy trying to gently touch Gina's cheek, Graham came in, pushed him aside, and lifted Gina from the ground.

My body twitched and I reached toward them, but I stopped when Gina began to wake up.

I had not even realized others had come after him, and I could tell they had followed Graham.

It was Lord Eldon and Kaylee.

I stepped toward Graham to take Gina from him, but he raised his palm to stop me while holding her tightly.

She started to wake up, coughing. On the side, Bodhi had also begun to wake, so Baxter moved to comfort him.

"I don't like her."

As soon as Gina woke up, she screamed.

1/3

For a moment, everyone went silent. Elara began to wake as well, so I quickly held her in **my arms**.

She opened her little eyes and looked around, searching for her siblings, then looked **at** me with worry.

"I don't like my sister."

Gina kept screaming, crying loudly. Graham held her close, but she gave me a puzzled look.

"What is going on here?" he asked, his tone demanding.

"Let go of my daughter. I can take care of my children," I told him as I tried to get closer, but because **I was** holding Elara, Gina crawled back into Graham's arms, trying to get away from **me**.

"She is scared of you. What did you do?" Graham remarked, directing his words to Elara instead **of** me because Gina had complained about her.

"Do not talk to her like that," I shouted at Graham.

"Why not, Mommy? She pushed me in the well."

As soon as Gina said that, I saw Graham's eyes widen.

"What did she do?" he asked, and I took a deep breath to calm my nerves.

"It is because of the sickness," I replied, gesturing for him not to react so harshly.

The way he held my daughter and tried to step away while yelling at Elara was making me anxious, and frightening my little girl too.

"You cannot take care of my daughter."

That was what Graham told me.

And all the years I had spent trying so hard to give my children a secure life flashed before me.

"Fuck off, Graham," Baxter finally yelled while holding Bodhi tightly.

"Well, you need to put my grandchild down." It was then Lord Eldon stepped in.

2

She noticed his son speaking aggressively to me, I guessed he thought he had the freedom to reveal his own

colors.

"He is not your grandchild. These are Madeline's children," Baxter yelled, trying to correct the old man.

"No, that is not true. Gina is my daughter," Graham yelled.

"Yes, it is true. Madeline and I slept together a few years ago, and she came to me saying she was pregnant. So yes, I am saying it clearly. I demand a DNA test. And while the test is being done, I am keeping my daughter with me," Graham shouted, leaving my jaw hanging.

Kaylee gasped, covered her mouth, and stepped back while Lord Eldon smirked.

"Well, you heard him. Now put down my grandchild."

I noticed Lord Eldon was strangely focused on Bodhi alone.

"You are seriously going to take my child from me?" I hissed at Graham, and I was sure he could see the tears gathering **in** my eyes.

2/3

“I am not. You are the one taking them away from yourself. All you have to do is accept me if you want to stay in the lives of your children. Our children,” Graham replied, pointing at his chest.

“What are you saying, Graham? What about me?” Kaylee tried to step in, but Lord Eldon gestured at her with his hand, warning her not to interfere.

“You have lost your mind,” Baxter remarked to Graham, who began to shake his head aggressively.

“No, I am waking up now. Either you accept me or I am taking Gina from you,” Graham retorted, once again proving that his rejection in the past had been the best thing that ever happened to me.

Had I found out later how toxic he was, I would have been trapped with him.

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134-Fighting Over My Children

Madeline:

“Why are you focusing on Gina? Ask him to give us Bodhi. If she wants **to** keep the daughters, she **can** keep them,” that was when Lord Eldon spoke, and everyone went silent to look at him.

“What?” Graham wondered, staring at his father in confusion.

“I am telling the truth. It is hard for any father to take care of daughters. They have their own issues, but we can keep the son,” Lord Eldon explained, and Graham began to frown even deeper.

“Father, I want Madeline to stay with me. You remember the promise you made to me,” he told him.

Anxiety filled my veins. My fingers curled into tight fists. Bodhi and Gina were so frightened they hid in Baxter and Graham’s arms, crying.

“I remember your promise, but she is clearly telling you she will not accept you. In that case, instead of taking Gina, why not take Bodhi?” his father complained.

I guessed Graham mentioning Gina made him assume his son only wanted one child to pressure me.

So he chose Bodhi for the most obvious reason coming from a man like Lord Eldon.

“Father, Gina is more important to me than anything in the world.”

As soon as Graham said that, I saw Lord Eldon scrunch his nose.

“Why her? Why not a son? Do you not want a powerful heir? Bodhi could be that,” Lord Eldon insisted.

I turned to look at Bodhi and noticed Baxter share a glance with me.

It was written all over his face that he wanted desperately to tell the old man that Bodhi was his son, and the way he held his tongue made me realize he was far better than Graham.

“You are not taking any child from me,” I hissed, but the two ignored me.

“No, I am taking Gina. I am more connected to her,” Graham explained, biting down on his words.

His father shook his head.

“You are making a mistake. You are not thinking clearly. I will make the decision. And do not worry, I will get you Gina. And if you want, I can get all three of them,” Lord Eldon stated.

It was obvious he wanted Bodhi and wanted to be a grandfather to a boy.

“What is it? You two are bargaining over my children?” I asked, raising my voice until it broke.

I snapped out of my shock and reached over to pull Gina out of his hands.

That was when he began to protest, and Gina started to scream as well.

“I do not want to be near Elara!” She cried, and I paused with one hand holding hers while carrying Elara on my other arm.

“Gina, she is your sister,” I told her, speaking through heavy heartbeats pounding in my temples.

“Then why did she push me? She took me out here **to** see the well, and then she pushed me in. She said she does not love us. She said she will kill us,” Gina cried, and the sound crushed something inside me.

1/2

“**You** heard her. She is scared of Elara,” Graham replied, making me turn my head toward **Elara**, who **seemed** so stunned she could not even speak for herself.

She was still just a baby, and her own siblings were staring at her as if she was something **to fear**.

“Even if you win custody someday, for now, do you not think you should separate the children from your murderous child?” Lord Eldon remarked.

I grunted at him.

“Do not open your mouth and say something like that about my child,” I shouted, feeling pressure build in my

ears.

“Father, please step back. Do not ruin matters for me,” Graham told him, finally realizing he had pushed me too

far.

“Now you want to appear as a hero? You ruined everything for her. Look at her. All she needed was a good friend, Graham, but you used her state for what you wanted, even now,” Baxter argued, still holding Bodhi in his arms.

“I will not listen to you. I know what I am doing. All she has to do is...” Graham started to repeat himself, but I lifted my palm.

“Give me my daughter,” I demanded, holding my hand out for Gina.

“Fine. Then we will take Bodhi,” Lord Eldon countered, and I scrunched my nose at him.

“No, you will not,” I replied, and he began to chuckle.

“Of course I will. He is my grandson. He will live with his grandfather,” he said with pride.

At this point, I wished one of my children would speak up and tell him they did not want to go with him, but they were so afraid of Elara that they did not understand what their silence could cause.

I kept glaring at Lord Eldon while taking steady breaths.

“Father, we cannot take Bodhi,” Graham stated as he stepped up from the ground.

The moment he moved, I did the same because I feared he would wander off with Gina but I was also afraid Graham was finally going to crack.

135-Just The Daughter

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135-Just The Daughter

Madeline:

Flashback:

“Ms. Madeline, you are pregnant with three children,” the doctor stated as she checked my ultrasound.

I felt happier than I had in a long time.

There have been many moments in my life, especially after I had run away from home, when I felt useless, when it seemed like all my fights and struggles to survive would go to waste.

It often felt as if I had been trying too hard for nothing, until now.

“Where is the father of the children?” the doctor questioned.

I fixed my dress and sat on the seat across from her table, swallowing hard.

That question was carved into my memory with painful reminders of the past, and it always unsettled me whenever someone asked who the father of my children was.

“I am sorry I was late,” a voice announced as the door opened.

Someone stepped inside, and my breath caught in my throat.

Sawyer walked in wearing a black suit, clearly coming straight from an important meeting.

“Sawyer, as in the great Sawyer DiCaprio?” the doctor remarked with a smile.

She immediately stood to show him respect. Her mood seemed better when seeing Sawyer in front of her.

“Oh, you do not have to do that. How is my wife?” he asked as he sat down, and I noticed the shine in the

young doctor’s eyes.

“Oh, you are the father. When did you get married? I thought there would be a large ceremony for someone like you,” the doctor wondered, her voice shifting as she tried to appear sweet and attractive.

That happened often. Whoever he met, women would instantly attempt to pull his attention.

Anyone would want a man like him. He was the richest in the human land.

I could hear the disappointment in the doctor’s voice for obvious reasons. She even passed me a full glance to see what kind of a woman he had settled for.

“I wanted a ceremony, but my wife thinks differently,” he told her.

“She decided we should give the money to charities instead of spending it on a wedding, so I agreed.” He looked at me and smiled.

“By the way, how is she?” he asked again.

The doctor drifted off for a moment before she pulled herself back.

“She is fine. She had come to me some time ago, but this is the first time I have seen her this healthy. So I can tell you are taking good care of her,” she replied, and Sawyer lifted his shoulders with pride.

So it was settled. He would be known as the father of my children.

1/3

“By the way, congratulations. You are not only having one child, but you are having triplets,”

she informed him.

The moment she finished, he turned to me, placed his hand on my shoulder, and gave it a gentle squeeze while smiling with happiness.

“We are going to be the most perfect parents. I know you will be the perfect mother,”

he said.

Those were the words I had been longing to hear, and when he spoke them, a smile spread across my lips.

“Do not worry, you have me on your side,” Sawyer added as he leaned in, staring into my eyes.

He held my hand, and without breaking eye contact, he kissed the back of it.

His kiss carried affection and authority. At that moment, unaware of the truth, I felt happier than ever.

A small spark inside my chest told me I finally had something to look forward to.

End Of Flashback.

“Just go for Bodhi instead,” Lord Eldon yelled at his son.

“I cannot,” Graham screamed back, not realizing how much this back and forth will affect the mental peace of my children.

“Why not? And what is your obsession with this daughter of yours? Why not take the boy?” Lord Eldon questioned, gripping Graham’s hand and shaking him to force him into putting Gina down.

“Father, no, I cannot, because...” Graham stopped, and my ears began to ring.

“Why not give this one to her and take Bodhi?” Lord Eldon pressed, stepping toward his son and pulling at Gina to take her away.

Panic rushed through me, and then I saw Gina cling to Graham. In her fear, she sought comfort in her father’s

arms.

“Father, stop it!” Graham yelled.

Behind us, Kaylee began to wail loudly, burying her face in her hands. The two men struggled over Gina and Bodhi.

Baxter hurried over to me and handed me Bodhi so he could step between them and take Gina for us.

However, the moment he gave me Bodhi, the boy tried to throw himself away from Elara.

“Just hold her,” I told Baxter, giving him Elara, and noticed the struggle dying in Bodhi’s body. He no longer was protesting since Elara was far from him.

I decided to try and take Gina again, now holding Bodhi, I reached toward Gina.

“Take your hands off my daughter,” I shouted at Lord Eldon.

Gina looked at me and noticed I was only holding Bodhi. She reached out for me, but Graham lowered her hands and turned his back to me.

“No, I cannot, Father, because only Gina is my daughter. The others belong to the other alphas.” And then Graham shifted the entire atmosphere when he exposed the truth about me to his father.

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136—I Broke **Her** Trust Again

Graham:

Silence filled the air, but it was too late. The damage had been done.

I had been pushed to the edge to speak words I would never have spoken in a clear state of mind.

If Madeline had not reacted this way to my proposal or my request for my child, none of this would have happened.

It was sad, but it was the truth. It was her fault, yet I knew the blame would fall on me because I was **the** one who had spoken the words.

Even after everything, I still wanted to be with her.

“What did you say?” my father asked through heavy breaths. His reaction said everything. He was struggling **to** cope with the truth.

Before I could respond or tell him not to focus on it, I felt someone pull Gina out of my arms. It was Madeline.

She took my daughter, and then her hand struck my face hard enough to almost knock me down, but I held my footing. She had finally taken Gina from me.

Tears filled her eyes, and she looked at me with judgment.

“You have done enough,” she told me as a tear rolled down her cheek.

My father did not say another word. He only tried to swallow and absorb what he had heard.

“I am taking my kids home. You two have done enough to their mental health,” she repeated, pointing her finger at me with anger.

I did not fight back. They simply stepped away. Their silence told me everything, and I already knew Madeline would give me a much harder time now.

Once they were gone, my father stepped forward and struck my chest so hard that I grunted and looked at him.

“Seriously? You shared a womb of a woman with other alphas, and yours came out as a daughter?” my father shouted, and I scrunched my nose at him.

He had been inconsiderate the entire time, and now he was angry simply because my child was a girl.

I honestly did not know how to react to him.

“The fact that you keep speaking about my daughter in this tone makes me realize it was a mistake to even want my daughter’s custody. She will not be safe here,” I warned him, letting him know that his obsession with having a grandson had disappointed me.

My father lowered his head, then rubbed his eyes before shaking it.

“Fine, but do you think Gina will be strong here?” he grunted.

I stretched my neck back and clenched my fist.

“She is an alpha’s daughter, Father,” I hissed, reminding him never to underestimate a woman.

“Tell me the name of a woman who has shown true strength,” my father retorted. I looked at him and tilted my

head.

1/3

“All the women who give birth to children or lived among selfish men,” I argued, raising my **voice**. My father began to laugh.

“Do not get emotional. Tell me **if** any woman has ever fought in a war. Any woman.” he pressed.

“Lady Riva,” I yelled, and he went silent.

“She is a living example of a woman who fought in wars, gave birth to children, and did everything men could not do,” I stated.

He slowly lowered his head and thought about it. Soon, a small smile appeared on his lips, and I already knew he was forming some new idea.

“I mean, our Gina could break Lady Riva’s record,” my father remarked.

The moment he said it, I felt defeated. Was that all my daughter was to him? It was not that he cared more for Bodhi.

He cared for his own beliefs. Anyone or anything that could give him recognition or pride.

“Anyway, so that freak carried three different children? How, and who are the other two fathers? Is it Baxter and Ron?” my father questioned, and that was when I realized what I had done.

“Father, stop it,” I warned my father through clenched teeth.

I did not want him to say things like that in front of anyone. I warned him, but he kept shrugging his shoulders and waving his hand at me as if I meant nothing.

“Don’t tell me how I should live my life and what I need to do,” he snapped.

As he turned to leave, I stepped in his way and stopped him.

“No, I am warning you. If you do anything to hurt Madeline, I will tell the council I don’t want custody,” I told him.

His face tightened the moment he heard it. He always wanted things done his way, but his way would only end badly.

We began to head towards the car after my father did not respond to my threats but there was someone who still needed answers.

.....

“So am I going to get replaced?” Kaylee questioned as we began to walk toward the car.

She tried to catch up with my father instead of me. She already knew I was not in the mood for conversation, so she relied on him.

“No. Who said you will be replaced? We don’t even know if that arrogant woman will accept Graham, just know that

you will soon have a daughter to take care of,” my father told her.

I watched Kaylee’s fists clench. Her head snapped toward me, and she threw a judgmental glare at me.

My father wanted Kaylee to be a stepmom to my daughter?

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137-Two Women, One Heart

Graham:

“That is not happening. I will take care of my daughter alone. None of you will be allowed near her, because I can tell none of you care for her,” I commented.

My father ignored me, climbed into the car, and we drove back to the guest house.

When we entered, I noticed Baxter already standing in the living room.

His arms were folded over his chest while he glared at me.

“How did you feel ruining her mental health?” Baxter questioned.

I tried to look away from him.

“Don’t judge me. I did not do it purposely,” I whispered.

“Why don’t you ask her how she feels about breaking my marriage?” Kaylee stepped forward and argued with

Baxter.

He gave her a sharp and confused glare.

“Are you usually that dumb, or is there nothing in your beta brain?” he yelled at her.

I saw her body shake for a moment. She had been too used to abusing me and shouting at me, forgetting that not everyone would take it.

When Baxter yelled at her, she turned to me as if asking for help. I did not help her. She had brought this on herself.

“She did not break your marriage. She does not even want to be acknowledged as someone who shares a child with your man. Tell your man to stop going after her. She said no, and a no means no,” Baxter yelled at her, pointing at her.

She tried hard to stop herself from hitting him, but Baxter would not tolerate anything like that.

“Well, my husband does not want her. From what I have noticed, he is just trying to fill a void. He wanted a child from me, and since I could not give him one, he decided to go for Madeline,” she screamed. My eyes widened at her words.

“No, don’t look at me like that. You cannot fool me, Graham. You forgot about her, but suddenly you remember that you wanted her and that you wanted a child. Oh, come on,” she groaned, wiping her tears with the back of her

hand.

My father had already stepped away from the kitchen. When he returned, he looked much more relaxed, almost cocky, holding a glass of wine.

“So, are you the father of one of her children?” he asked again.

I watched the veins rise in Baxter’s arms. He slowly turned his head toward my father.

“Father, what did I say about not mentioning it?” I hissed, grunting under my breath, reminding him not to cross that line again, especially not in front of Baxter.

“No, I am just curious. So she turns out to be a freak. How is it possible for a she-wolf to carry pups of different alphas? And does that mean she slept with three men? Was it in one night or different nights? I am assuming it

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must have been one night since the kids were conceived together,” my father continued.

Baxter’s veins began to turn red instead of blue. Even his face reddened.

Then he looked at me, and fear ran through me because I knew what his state meant. It meant destruction.

“Tell your father to keep this inside him. All these questions could lead to a very big disaster,” Baxter warned me.

His voice sounded like a growl, the kind that came from an angry wolf ready to tear the world apart.

“And I will not let any of you take her children away from her. She has been through enough,” Baxter added. After giving us one last look, he stepped away.

I had never felt so guilty. Everyone made it seem as if I was the one who did **not** care for Madeline.

It hurt more than I expected.

When he left, I turned toward my father, who stared right back at me.

“Don’t worry. That alpha cannot do anything. Besides, I give you my word, that woman and her children will be with us,” my father reassured.

I searched for a way to escape the pressure building in my chest.

I needed to be alone in the woods. Everything had become too much for me, just as it had for the others.

As I turned to leave the mansion, Kaylee stepped into my path.

“How could you do this to me?” she asked. Tears streamed down her face. “Did you not care about me once?” she questioned shakily.

“Kaylee, step out of my way,” I requested.

“No. I want you to tell me. Did you never love me, not even once?” she pressed.

I avoided her eyes.

After we married, I had started to feel something for her. It was a different kind of feeling, something close to love.

Eventually, I had fallen in love with her. I cared for her, and I pictured a future with her.

But everything changed when Madeline returned. The old feeling rose back up stronger than anything I had ever felt for Kaylee.

Yet it was still painful to see Kaylee break like this.

If I had to pick between the two, I would pick Madeline. She had my daughter.

She was the mother of my child, and Kaylee could no longer fulfill what I wanted.

“I love Madeline,” I told her.

She lifted her hand to slap me, but it never reached my face. For the first time, I gasped. It felt like something

inside her had vanished.

She stepped aside in silence, surprising me as she allowed me to pass.

“Well you are free to do whatever you want, because my love for you is so deep that I would rather watch you be happy than cry with me,” she uttered in a broken tone.

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My chest tightened at her words.

“Just one request though. Even if you discard me to the servant’s quarter, keep me with you,” she finished.

Then she walked past me to our bedroom.

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138—My Children Hate Each Other

Madeline:

After I took my babies from them and moved toward the car with Baxter, he carried me and the children back home.

Throughout the ride, my kids were crying, yelling, and screaming at one another.

Elara kept complaining about why her siblings were not considerate of her and why they were saying such hateful things.

The others were crying and telling me they were scared of their sister. It was a complete mess, and I sat there feeling like nothing.

My world felt as if it had crumbled right in front of me.

And now there were all the threats I would face.

I began to chew the corner of my nails, rubbing my palms together while glancing around the car.

I could not believe I was sweating in winter.

“Everything will be fine,” Baxter remarked, but as soon as he said it, I shook my head. I no longer believed it.

It had escalated into something very ugly, yet I stayed silent.

Once we arrived, I took two of my children while Baxter carried Elara inside, mostly because the others refused to be near her.

After we stepped into the house, I decided to speak with them.

“I need to speak with you three,” I announced through heavy breaths as I sat them down in the living room.

Bodhi and Gina were pouting. Every now and then, they threw an angry glare at their sister, who had no understanding of why her siblings were suddenly turning on her.

“I know what happened was unfortunate, and you two are scared, but you need to understand that your sister- she is ” I paused as I looked at Elara’s big, innocent eyes.

I knew the werewolf world was different.

Pups were told everything with clarity, but my children had grown up in a human world.

Their minds were not prepared the way pups raised in a werewolf pack were.

It was still too new for them.

“She’s a little sick, okay?” Baxter added, sitting beside me when he noticed I struggled to speak for them.

As soon as he said it, Elara lifted her head, and the other two looked straight at her.

“Remember how, Gina, you were sick before?” Baxter reminded her, and she nodded with small movements.

“Your siblings were beside you. They watched over you and cared for you. Now Elara is sick, and she needs you to understand that she does not hate you. Whatever she says, it is the sickness speaking,” he spoke gently, hoping they would understand they were

directing their anger toward their sister for no reason, but they were still too young to grasp it.

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“And she gets scary when she is sick,” Gina complained, her lips curling downward.

“Mommy, why **can’t** we go and stay with Uncle Graham? He was taking us with him. He said Elara is sick and **that** he will take care of us.”

Of course my kids had no idea what they were asking.

They kept requesting it, not realizing that they were asking to stay with the devils.

“And why does he keep saying we are his children? Are we not Daddy’s children?” Bodhi pouted.

I remembered how, while coming here, they had been upset with Sawyer.

But once they realized their father had not beaten their mother, they became worried about the noise and chaos happening around them.

And then Gina said exactly what I had expected.

“No, did you not hear? That old man does not want me. He only wants you, Bodhi,” Gina stated in her childish tone, and my heart broke apart at her words.

I reached for her hand, trying to hold her, but she leaned back and pulled away.

The rejection in her body language shattered me.

“But I want you. And why would you go and stay with that man? Your mother wouldn’t be there. Do you not want to stay with your mother?” I asked the three of them.

Elara looked at her siblings and then nodded.

“I want to stay with you, Mommy,” she replied with a cheerful brightness, turning toward her siblings and smiling at them, expecting them to agree.

“But you want to stay with her, and she wants to kill us,” Bodhi argued.

I noticed how Baxter stared at his son with a sad expression.

“Okay, kids, that is it. I don’t want to speak about it for now. Mommy has a headache and just wants to rest,” I said, trying to keep my voice calm. I had enough.

With Nina gone, I was responsible for taking care of them by myself, and I was not in a state to process everything. I decided to give them dinner and put them to sleep separately. Bodhi and Gina would stay in their bedroom, and I would sleep with Elara in mine. I set up a baby monitor for Bodhi and Gina.

Feeding them was difficult. They did not even want to sit in the living room with their sister without getting scared every time she moved.

Later, when I was putting them to bed, they told me what had happened.

Elara had spoken to them and told them to follow her into the woods.

She said she had seen their daddy there, so they followed her.

She took them to the well and claimed that their father was down there and that they needed to help him.

When they looked down, she pushed them, telling them she did not want them and that she would kill them.

Baxter was really helpful throughout all of it, though he kept getting calls from Yuvonne, asking where he was.

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She had even insisted on coming here because she suspected something unusual in the guest house.

I could already tell she might have overheard arguments or conversations between Graham, his father, and Kaylee. Baxter reminded her to stay put.

He fed Elara, but I wanted her to be near me for the night. Baxter stayed briefly, but I could tell he was angry.

He had gone to the guest house for a short while and returned fuming.

I knew he needed to transition to release his anger, so I let him go.

After tucking everyone into bed, I returned to my room and found Elara **still** awake.

“They hate me, Mommy,” she whispered, her lips curling downward and her tiny fingers twisting together.

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139—My Kids Are **Not Safe** At Home

Madeline:

“No, they don’t. Your siblings would never hate you,” I said, reaching out to her.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. It stole my attention.

Baxter had gone for a run just a few minutes ago, so it was unusual for him to return so quickly.

I got up and opened the door, and what I saw made my heart stop.

All the council members and many alphas had gathered outside my house. Their faces told me they had come to

confront me.

“What is going on? You cannot just get in here! My kids are sleeping!” I hissed as Lord Eldon tried to step inside.

I slammed my hand against the door frame to stop him.

“We just need to talk,” he said, but the way he stared at me told me everything.

He was judging me. Thanks to Graham, the truth I had been hiding had been exposed.

“Don’t worry about these people. They only came to hear the truth. We are not going to attack you or your children from the alphas,” Lord Eldon said, smirking.

His words only confirmed that everyone present now knew I did not have a child from just one man.

“And you decided to come in the middle of the night?” I hissed at them, furious at their inconsideration.

“We could not risk you running away. You’ve done that before, so we couldn’t let it happen this time,” Lord Eldon explained, and the others nodded.

Many alphas from different packs were here, and it felt as though they had come to drag a witch out.

“Wait! I need to call someone first,” I said, my breathing quickening.

They began marching toward me. I had to step back.

I could let Lena out, like she had tried before, but that would only lead to disaster.

They would call me a bigger monster, and then they might try to slay me.

If I was alone, maybe I could handle it, but I had three children.

I could not afford reckless decisions that might put them in danger. I had to think carefully.

“Ah, come on. Let us inside. It’s cold outside,” Lord Eldon said, smirking and teasing as he stepped forward. I had no choice but to move aside.

“Madeline Sawyer! How did you have three children from three different alphas at once?” one of the council members called as they entered.

She immediately began speaking about why they were here.

“I know what you heard, and it is not true,” I said with all the strength I could muster, trying one last time to defend myself.

“A single DNA test would explain it,” Lord Eldon said, smiling with a wicked look.

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“Well, then we will speak once the DNA test is done,” I stated, trying to buy some time.

“But it is too late for that,” Lord Eldon said, and I noticed how everyone began to gather around me.

“What do you mean by that? Are you threatening me?” I hissed, clenching my fist and glaring at them.

“Of course **not**. We are not bad people. But it is also true that it is highly unlikely that a she-wolf could ever carry three strong alphas’ pups at once. You know what I am trying to say,” Lord Eldon replied, hinting at the fact that he either saw me as a monster or someone special.

Knowing this man, it was definitely a monster.

My chest tightened. I didn’t even know the answer myself, so how could they expect me to?

“Well, I don’t know myself, so I would like you to leave,” I said, panic rising as I pointed toward the door. But they all shook their heads.

“We cannot risk it. Only a freak can have children like that,” one of the council members said.

And then he gave me a name. A name I had been called my whole childhood. My body froze.

The old bullying came rushing back, clawing up my spine, but I refused to let it take over. I was a mother. I had to stand up for my children.

“Thank you for using that term and letting me know what you all still feel about women,” I said sharply. ¹

One of the men tried to counterattack, but I pointed at him, making it clear I was not done.

“You should do your research and let me know why I have three children from three different alphas, instead of coming here and asking me as if I would know. And also, my children are safe with me. I have taken care of them for years. I know what I’m doing,” I stated.

My body was shaking so violently under my clothes that I feared they would see the panic trembling through me.

“It doesn’t matter. We need to report it to the werewolf community. The news will spread, and they will be scared. We don’t want panic. You will have to explain yourself to everyone,” Lord Eldon said, using a much more professional tone now that he knew he was winning.

“Fine, then I will address myself. Now, please leave,” I demanded again, trying to push them out.

The way they stood so close made my chest tighten. At any moment, they could do something reckless.

“Actually, until then, we will have to arrest you,” one of them announced, and then I finally understood what they were here for.

I stared at him in shock, then looked at Lord Eldon.

“No. I will not allow this. I’m not a criminal. Besides, I have children I have to take care of!” My breath hitched as I raised my voice, making it clear that there was such a thing as basic consideration.

They could not just take a mother away from her children.

But as if I wasn’t already panicking, something happened that twisted everything further and gave them even more reason to take my children away.

Screams erupted from their rooms which resulted in a smirk from Lord Eldon’s face.

“Seems like your kids are not safe here,” he commented.

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140—Finally Telling The Council

Madeline:

I shoved past the council members, but they had surrounded me so tightly I could barely move.

I couldn’t even see the bedroom door until the screams grew louder.

Everyone rushed behind me, and when we entered the room, I saw Bodi and Gina clinging to each other **in** the

corner.

On the bed, Elara was red with anger.

“I want to kill them! I don’t want them here!” she screamed, her voice the loudest of all.

Instead of running to me, my children ran to Alpha Eldon, wrapping their arms around his legs.

And in that moment, I realized they did not seek comfort in me because they knew I would never hurt Elara for them.

“Well, I guess it is decided. The kids are not safe with you,” Lord Eldon said in a calm, chilling tone, taking advantage of the chaos my children were trapped in.

“This is the sickness controlling them, the same sickness that had brought me here, and I had helped the children through it in the past. How the heck could you claim my children are not safe with the same woman you brought in to care for your own children?” I screamed, feeling my nerves twist.

The others behind Lord Eldon quietly lowered their eyes because they knew I was not saying anything wrong.

I stepped forward to reach my kids and loosened their arms from around Eldon, pulling them behind me.

“Elara, please calm down,” I stated as I reached Elara next.

Now that I knew there were eyes on us, I started to feel anxious.

I remembered how easily I had been able to calm her in the past by agreeing with her.

“I don’t want them,” she screamed again.

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The only issue was that this time she was not using the demonic voices.

The others were not as disturbed, so they failed to understand the severity of the sickness and how helpless I felt.

“Okay, fine, we will send them back to Daddy. Is it okay?” I asked her, and I noticed Elara begin to calm down.

“You will send us to Daddy, but she is the one hurting us. Why would you punish us? Do you not want to stay with us?” Gina demanded.

As Bodhi started to cry, I turned to him and noticed the shine in Lord Eldon’s eyes.

“What do you mean by punishing you? Does your Daddy hit you?” he pressed, taking advantage of the moment and questioning my child.

Children often struggle to express themselves, and I knew what Gina meant, but they took it as Sawyer hurting them.

“I don’t want to leave Mommy,” Bodhi explained, and that was exactly what they meant. He saw being away from me as punishment.

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“Okay, Elara, please calm down,” I told her.

I felt torn between my children and the people standing around, doing nothing but creating more problems and making it harder for me to care for them.

“You said you will send them away. Will you do that?” Elara yelled, and my heart skipped a beat as everyone stared

at me.

I turned to her and gave a gentle nod, trying to stay vague.

“No. Say it. Say you will send her away. Say you will send them both away,” she screamed, and the more I resisted, the more frantic she became.

“Okay, fine, you are my only daughter. Is it okay now?” I asked, watching her calm again.

“Wow, how can a mother differentiate between her children?” Lord Eldon remarked.

I snapped my head toward him, warning him with my glare.

“What? I am only speaking the truth. Do you not think it is unfair to punish innocent children for the one causing trouble?” he continued.

Elara was no longer under whatever had been possessing her. She clung to me, and I felt her body shaking.

At the same time, I noticed Gina and Bodhi watching me with anger and sadness in their eyes.

“Listen, you stay out of it,” I pointed at Lord Eldon, and everyone gasped.

I turned to the others, the audience who had come to watch a mother’s life fall apart for their entertainment.

“This is what the sickness does. Do you not know that?” I said.

When I began to speak again, Lord Eldon raised his hand to interrupt.

“Tell us who you want the children to stay with,” he questioned.

His words hit me like a stab.

“What do you mean?” I asked, taking a sharp breath.

“Mrs. Madeline Sawyer, we have to arrest and restrain you until we find out how a she-wolf can have three children from three different fathers. And since we have heard there are three different alphas, we need to know about all of them. We also need to confirm whether you are a monster,” one of the council members explained.

All I could think about was what I was supposed to do now.

They looked furious, and if I resisted, they seemed ready to take my children by calling me aggressive.

“So tell us, who are the three alphas who fathered your children?” another council member asked.

I clenched my fists and took a deep breath.

“Alpha Baxter, Alpha Graham, and Alpha Elgin,” I finished.

“And who do you want to care for your children while you are under investigation?” Lord Eldon questioned after expressing the shock by letting out a loud gasp.

I looked him in the eye, understanding whose name he expected me to say, and I refused to give it.

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“Alpha Baxter,” I finished, watching Lord Eldon grow upset with my answer.

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