

# Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 141

Share

### 141-My Defiant Wolf

Madeline:

In any case, I would have said Sawyer if he had been here, but he was not.

The next best person was Baxter.

I knew he was responsible, but there was a small part of me, the part where Lena spoke **up**, saying that if he were sensible, he would not have started dating my half-sister who had been abusive toward **me**.

Still, I had no other choice. I had to say his name.

I was not going to send any of my children to either Elgin or Graham because Graham had begun to side with his father in exchange for the promise of having me in his life.

As for Elgin, I did not even know where he stood. Silver could be brutal, and since Elgin had not checked on the kids in the last few days, I chose Baxter.

However, the minute I said his name, Lord Eldon shook his head.

“Sorry, I just realized something. How about we send the children to their fathers?” he remarked.

As soon as he spoke, I clenched my jaw.

“Then why did you ask me for one name?” I almost hissed at him.

“Yes, because I will have to at least tell someone who you picked,” Lord Eldon replied in front of the others.

They would never call him out for stirring trouble. He was planning to tell my answer to Graham and push him against me.

I knew I would not care what Graham thought of me under normal circumstances, but right now things were different.

He wanted his daughter, and the only thing stopping him from causing chaos was his attempt to convince me he was not as bad as his father.

If that concern for me faded, he would become a monster like his father. That was what worried me.

“So now, I would like to know whose child is whose,” Lord Eldon questioned, and I sadly had to answer.

“Bodhi is Baxter’s. Gina is Graham’s. And Elara is Elgin’s,” I mumbled, folding my arms over my chest.

“Look, we are not evil people. We do not want to separate the siblings, but right now, as you can see from their condition, they do not want to stay together either,” one of the council members explained.

It did not matter what they said. Their actions were what upset me.

“How long will I be separated from my children?” I asked, looking at their faces.

They had not even let me call Baxter myself.

“Just a day or two, or maybe a few hours,” Lord Eldon answered, and a small hope flickered in my chest.

I could not trust this man, but I still felt hopeful.

“Okay then, let us go,” Lord Eldon stated, and I watched three women from the council step forward and carry my children.

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Elara was difficult to separate from me because she clung to me, and when they took her away, she stared at me with big eyes full of tears.

I could tell she wondered why they were taking her from me.

After **all** the accusations they had made about her, I feared she might think they were taking her because they believed she was dangerous.

Once the kids were taken away, a tear rolled down my cheek.

I felt a hollow ache in my chest and realized I should not have come here.

I should have searched for a cure in the human world, but humans could not have a cure for magical beings..

I was taken to the council center. The car ride was silent.

They did not put cuffs on me because they still claimed to hold me in high regard.

Since I had been caring for their children, they chose not to be hostile and said they wanted to find answers before trying to rebuild a better relationship instead of destroying it.

As soon as I arrived at the center, they took me to the top floor.

When the elevator opened, I saw the entire floor had glass windows and a wide hall with chairs in the center.

It was the strangest thing. I could see the sky as if it were too close from this height.

“Sit here. We will start the interview in a few minutes,” one of the warriors instructed as he sat me down, leaving me alone in a single chair.

For the next fifteen minutes, I noticed the cameras around me. They watched me in silence.

“Do you blame me?” Lena asked me in my head, and I tried to act as if I wasn’t speaking with her.

If the cameras saw me zone out for too long, they might suspect I was having a conversation with someone.

“I don’t know, Lena, but if you really want to help me, please tell me who you are,” I urged.

I hoped that if she revealed anything about herself, I wouldn’t have to keep asking others or wonder if the rumors about the grey wolf being dangerous were true.

If they weren’t true, I could simply explain my wolf to them, take my children, and live peacefully.

“I don’t know,” Lena replied almost instantly, as if she were offended that I had asked.

“Lena, I need to know because I have to answer these people,” I said, and I heard her grunt in response.

“Well then, tell them. Why are you hiding it?” she hissed, and I forced myself to remain calm.

I tapped my finger on the table and hummed lightly to show I was fully aware of my surroundings.

“Lena, you are a grey wolf. Do you know anything about yourself or what makes you different from the others?” I asked.

“I know as much as you do. What made you think I would know more? Do you think I go around reading books while you sleep?”

Her tone and defiance made it clear she wasn’t going to be helpful. I realized I was completely on my own.

Ruby Walker

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### 142

**142—My Husband’s Disgusting Mate**

Kaylee:

I had said those haunting words to Graham, words I would never have spoken under normal circumstances.

But I realized that the harder I tried to hold on to him, the further I pushed him away.

Still, the guilt in his eyes told me there was a small chance for us.

After all, he had never cleared up the rumors or the suspicion that he still loved Madeline.

He had admitted it too many times to ignore, yet I refused to believe he meant it.

I always felt that he simply didn't know what he wanted.

The only reason he gravitated toward her was because I couldn't give him a child, and that excuse made it easy for him to fall back into her orbit.

But things were going to change soon, I knew that deep inside.

I stayed in his bedroom with him, watching how he kept himself apart from me.

He lay on the couch after returning from a run, showered and lied down exhausted.

His body probably ached from not being near Madeline anymore.

And I remembered something else, something he had let slip when confessing his love for her. He had called her his mate.

I had overheard it once, during a conversation he didn't realize I was there for.

I hadn't confronted him about it, questioning him would only make him bolder, and I wasn't ready to deal with that.

Then a soft knock sounded at the door.

I immediately stood from the bed, motioning for him to stay down.

I had promised myself I would act differently, not lash out at him, not curse him, not bruise his pride the way I used to.

But when I opened the door, disappointment swept through me.

Lord Eldon stood there, smiling like a man who lived off trouble.

Before I could speak, he gestured for me to move aside, exactly the type of dismissive behavior he had adopted ever since learning I struggled to conceive.

He started walking straight toward his son.

"He's actually resting," I said, hoping to stop him.

Graham heard my voice and pushed himself up from the couch.

"His tiredness will vanish once he sees what I brought," Lord Eldon said, rubbing his hands together and exchanging a knowing look with his son.

Even Graham looked confused. “What did you bring me?”

1/3

“Come with me. I’ll show you.” Eldon held out a hand like he was coaxing a child. Graham didn’t take **it**, but he followed him anyway.

I hurried after them. Their suddenly renewed bond terrified me.

Graham had been emotionally broken before, wounds that created deep abandonment issues, and his father knew exactly how to exploit them.

I knew too, I had used those weaknesses for five years. But things were slipping now.

Ever since Madeline reentered his life, Graham had been healing. And once he healed, he wasn’t mine to influence

anymore.

They stopped near the living room. I leaned to see past Graham’s shoulder and felt my stomach drop.

Sitting on the couch was a tiny, familiar face. A demon-like reminder of Madeline’s existence.

“Gina?” Graham’s voice burst with joy.

He rushed forward, scooping her into his arms and tossing her lightly before hugging her close. But she wasn’t nearly as excited as he was.

“My Gina is here,” he said, beaming.

“How is she here? Why is she here?” The realization finally dawned on him as he set her down.

“It’s a long story. I spent the entire night arranging this. And this is how you thank me?” Eldon’s voice shifted as he turned toward Gina. “Come here, my little grandchild.”

He crouched and opened his arms, but Gina hugged herself and stepped behind Graham.

“Are you upset about what I said earlier about wanting Bodhi?” Eldon asked.

These kids were unbelievably sharp.

One would think a child wouldn't hold onto moments like that, but they were Madeline's children, they remembered everything, and they knew exactly how to twist a mistake into leverage.

"I was only saying it. I actually like you more," Eldon added.

Penny appeared with chocolates. The two of them acted like Gina belonged to them, not to Graham.

Gina hesitated, then started walking toward Eldon, but Graham immediately placed a hand on her shoulder and pulled her back.

The shift in Penny and Eldon's expressions was instant.

"Father," Graham said, "why is she here? Why isn't she with her mother?"

His question stunned me. He had wanted Gina desperately, yet at the first opportunity to have her, his thoughts circled right back to Madeline.

As Graham questioned his father, his eyes drifted to me.

"Kaylee, can you take Gina to the room and make sure she's looked after?" His voice softened, and I instantly recognized the opportunity, my chance to show him I wasn't the villain everyone painted me as.

That I could be a mother, even without being able to give birth.

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I nodded and hurried to Gina's side.

"Would you like to come with me? We can watch cartoons on my phone," I told her gently.

She slipped her tiny fingers around mine, and something inside me tightened, a small, painful spark of longing.

Maybe it was the desire for a child of my own. Maybe it was simply the ache of knowing I would never have one. Either way, the feeling rose sharply.

Ruby Walker

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### 143-A Life For A Life

Kaylee:

I took her to the room, settled her on the couch, and wrapped a blanket around her small shoulders.

“Here! watch this. I’ll be back **soon.**” I stroked her soft cheek as I handed her my tablet.

If she wasn’t Madeline’s child, people would have assumed she was mine.

She was as adorable as I was, fluffy cheeks and all.

I stepped out quietly, stopping behind the hallway wall to listen. I needed to know what was happening.

“You did what?” Graham shouted.

“We had to take Madeline in for questioning,” Eldon snapped back. “She carried children from three men. That isn’t something we ignore.”

My stomach lurched. What did they mean by that?

“And tell me something,” Eldon continued. “Did you, Baxter, and Elgin share her? Is that why she was always around you? You three were using her?”

I nearly gagged. The woman who walked around as if she were the definition of grace had apparently been warming the beds of three alphas.

And then she carried their pups? How? Disgust washed over me.

If I had known what kind of woman she was, I would never have let her near me, wouldn’t have even shaken her

hand.

“Father, it only happened once,” Graham snapped. “And we initiated it. She hesitated. We convinced her. We wrapped her in sweet words, and then we abandoned her. Because of you!” he yelled.

The puzzle pieces fell into place. His father had pushed for our marriage to keep Graham away from Madeline.

It all made sense now, but I was still reeling. Madeline. A whore. Of course it was obvious now.

A woman that opens with her body wouldn't stop at just three men.

I wouldn't be surprised if she had slept with Alpha Ron too. Unlike her, I was decent. Loyal. A good daughter and a

wife.

A horrifying thought crept into my mind, had Graham come to me after being with her? Even recently?

Had he climbed into my bed while carrying her diseases? I felt genuine pity for her husband, oblivious to the woman he'd married.

Eldon's voice changed.

“Fine, I'm not judging. But she will have to explain how she managed all this.” He wasn't insulting her—no, he'd never waste an insult unless it benefitted him.

That alone irritated me.

And Graham- he was still protecting her. Men always defended women like that, the ones easy to use, easy to claim. 1

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They never cared for women like me, who refused to be used.

“Where is she? I'm going to her,” Graham said, his voice frantic and my body **stiffened**.

“You need to take **care** of Gina. She's shaken after what happened with Elara,” Eldon said, speaking **to him** in a tone meant to sway children. “All the kids are with their fathers. Give Gina **so** much love that she convinces Madeline to stay with you.”

Oh, I knew exactly what Eldon was doing. He wasn't protecting Madeline.

He just didn't want Graham interfering with the council's interview.

“Father, you should have talked to me! Now she’ll hate me,” Graham said, panic visible in his tone.

“She won’t,” Eldon assured him smoothly. “That’s why I didn’t take you with me. That’s why I didn’t tell you. You can promise her you didn’t know. Calm down. I’m on your side. But we must make sure she isn’t a monster, **it** could be dangerous for your child.”

As soon as Eldon called her a monster, I watched Graham’s face tighten.

“She is not a monster, Father,” he hissed under his breath.

Hearing him defend her still hurt me, but now everything made sense.

Of course he was on her side, at least as long as she opened her legs for him

Then I remembered something else. Madeline’s daughter was on my couch holding my tablet. I nearly gagged.

The idea that I had called her cute even once made me feel disgusted with myself.

She was a product of sin, of a woman’s filthy desires.

Madeline had lost control of her own body, and this was the result.

No wonder her children were affected by sickness. I bet every mother whose child suffered from that sickness had done something wrong.

Something like that would never happen to my own child. 1

I was a pure woman who had only slept with one man. I had desires, but I controlled them.

As I stood there listening, I realized Graham was too wrapped around Madeline’s finger.

But I needed to return and check on the child to make sure she wasn’t sitting on my bed and spreading her germs.

When I reached the room, my phone lit up with an unknown number. The suddenness of it confused me. I answered without thinking much.

“Hello?” I asked, frowning.

“You want a child, don’t you?” a woman’s voice said. I didn’t recognize her at all.

“Who is this?” I replied.

“There is a way you can conceive,” she continued and I rolled my eyes.

“Who the fuck are you, and how do you know I want a child?” I grunted.

“I know everything. And I know how you can conceive.”

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I let out a sarcastic chuckle at her words.

“Everyone knows how to conceive a child, so fuck off,” I snapped. I was about to pull the phone away when she spoke again.

“You have tried everything and you still couldn’t conceive. But you haven’t tried one thing.”

I didn’t respond. She waited, then added, “You haven’t made a sacrifice.”

The hairs on my neck rose.

“What sacrifice?” I asked, trying not to sound too curious.

“A child for a child. A life for a life. You must end the life of the man’s child. The man you want to conceive with.”

My head lifted sharply, and my eyes landed on Gina sitting on the couch watching a cartoon.

“You kill his child, and you will conceive one of his.”

She hung up.

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## 144-My Child At My Door

Baxter:

Sometimes I could sleep through commotion, especially after I had a good run.

Whenever my wolf came out, it left a heavy tiredness in my body.

After my run, I returned to the guesthouse and my floor.

Madeline had told me she would be taking a nap, so I didn't need to come back.

I went straight to my room and slept through a storm.

I woke to knocking on my door. It was steady and persistent, which meant there had to be an emergency.

I quickly checked my phone, wondering if something had happened and Madeline had contacted me. Seeing no messages or calls eased me a little. Maybe the night had gone smoothly. It was still **early** morning. I got up tiredly, wearing only shorts, and reached the door. When I opened it, I saw Lord Eldon standing there.

I frowned and rubbed my eyes. When I glanced down, I noticed Bodhi with him.

The sleep left my body at once. I moved forward and grabbed Bodhi from him.

"What is going on? What is he doing here? Is everything okay? Is Madeline okay?" I demanded.

I didn't even realize how fast the questions were coming until Lord Eldon began to chuckle, and I hated the way he reacted.

He was a dark man with an awful mentality. I never liked him. No one did.

But he held enough power in the werewolf community to become one of the council leaders.

He shouldn't have, but that was a debate for another time.

Bodhi wrapped his arms around me and held me tightly, and I understood that something bad had happened.

"Something happened last night," the old man started. "Elara attacked the kids again, and while the council and I were at Madeline's home, we had to take the children away from her and return them to their father's custody for now," Lord Eldon explained.

He tried to sound compassionate, but I knew it was all nonsense. I knew this man too well.

“What was the council doing in her home?” I asked, anger rising through my veins.

“Calm down, young man. We had to go there before word spread about the truth of the children. And we also have to find out what kind of creature can give birth to three different children from three different alphas. It is unheard of,” he remarked.

His explanation only made me clench my fists. If Bodhi had not been in my arms, this old man would have ended up dead.

Then I would be in jail, and who would care for Bodhi? Everything felt overwhelming, and I felt completely hopeless.

“Where is Madeline now?” I asked.

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“She is at the council center. I am headed there so we can start the interview. Do not worry. It will only take a few hours if she does not decide to be difficult or attack someone, since we are hoping she is not a monster,” **the** old man continued.

He was already letting me know he had plans. He would push Madeline until she reacted in a way that made them

call her a monster.

He was curious about her identity, and that alone was dangerous.

“Take care of him. He is shaken up,” Lord Eldon told me as he walked away.

I shut the door but forgot to lock it. I brought Bodhi to the bed and sat him down, checking on him.

“Are you okay, man?” I asked, and he shook his head.

“I am scared, and I am upset with Mommy, and I am upset with everyone,” he replied as he began to cry.

My heart crumbled.

I had never been a responsible man. I carried many traumas of my own and had never really taken care of anyone.

Having a child in my care scared me, but I was going to try my hardest.

“Why are you upset with your mommy? She is doing so much for you,” I tried to explain.

“No. She told Elara that she will send us away,” he whimpered. I understood then. Madeline must have said it to calm Elara.

“Bodi, listen to me,” I said as I held his hand. “Look at me.” He lifted his head. “Do you remember when Gina was suffering and your mother did everything she could for her?” He nodded. “This is what your mother is doing for Elara. This is a cure for her, for your sister. Do you not want your sister to feel better? Do you not want your sister back?” I asked.

His eyes grew watery.

“But she hates me,” he whispered.

“No, she does not. Whatever is hurting her is making her talk that way,” I told him, trying to comfort him.

There was a knock on the door. Before I could let anyone in, the door opened and Yuvonne entered.

She was someone I had ignored for hours after learning that someone had texted me pretending to be Madeline and saying hurtful things.

At that time, only three people had been in the home, Yuvonne, her mother, and her father.

One of them had played that dirty game. And if it had been Yuvonne, then she was capable of much more than I had thought.

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Madeline:

Finally the wait was over and Lord Eldon walked in along with two more werewolf leaders.

One was an old woman with grey hair. She looked about ninety-five.

It was hard for her to walk, so they held her by the arms to support her.

The other was a man named William. He looked in his late forties.

He had a thin black moustache and black gelled hair pushed to the side.

He entered with a grumpy look on his face.

I knew this man. He always wore oversized coats and suits.

He also kept his hands straight down, not moving them even when walking.

The three of them sat in front of me across the table.

“So, what is your wolf’s name?” the old lady asked.

Her trembling voice told me she wanted to be at home resting instead of dealing with the shock that a she-wolf had given birth to more than one child at a time and carried different DNA from different alphas.

“I don’t know,” I lied, stretching my hands on the table and gently pinching my finger.

“But you said your wolf has woken up. Your sister confirmed it,” Lord Eldon reminded me.

Since her interview, it became obvious and I signed the papers to stay in the werewolf land.

“I did, but I never got to know her. She doesn’t speak to me and I haven’t transitioned fully either,” I said.

I noticed Lord Eldon’s face. He didn’t believe me, but because this was an interview, he could not call me a liar.

“Okay, tell me about your pregnancy. How did it happen? And how did you find out you were pregnant from different alphas?” Lady Abigail asked.

Lord William did not seem too happy with the questions.

He showed almost no body language, but he was the only one with a pen pressed between his fingers, ready to write on the clipboard.

“Actually, it happened a few years ago when I turned eighteen. The alphas were over,” I said, and paused when emotions rushed back. “They wanted to make my night special!”

I noticed the disgust on Lord Eldon’s and the old woman’s faces.

“And how did they know your night would be special if they slept with you? Have you ever done it before with others?” the old lady asked.

Her purpose seemed to be to make me feel guilty.

“No, I have never. I was a virgin. And ask them why they thought they would make my night special like that,” I said, my voice rising as I began to lose control in the first minutes of the interview.

“No need to be hostile, Mrs. Madeline. These are the questions the werewolf community will ask you if you don’t

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answer them right now in isolation,” the old woman said bitterly.

She came from a time where she-wolves were seen as less than alphas.

+25 **Bonus**

Alphas could have many women, but if a woman demanded rejection, she was seen as a whore and not fit to be a mother or daughter.

“Can we calm down?” Lord William said, gesturing toward the old woman. Then he straightened in his **seat** and looked at me.

“I have a daughter your age. She married her fated mate, and even though she is very troubled in her marriage, she **tries** hard to keep it stable. I know there is trouble, but I never ask because it isn’t **decent** to question our daughters like that. I would not have asked you these questions either, but this is important. So let’s not talk about the past. I don’t care what happened. Let’s focus on the main thing. Your wolf.”

I was grateful he changed the subject.

Even though some of his words bothered me, it didn’t seem like he meant them with intent. He was held back by the pressure of the people.

Instead of talking to his daughter and asking what was wrong, he chose to look away.

“I honestly don’t know,” I said. “As for how I found out, when I gave birth, I saw the distinct features. Every time I looked at them, I felt the connection to their father. That’s it.” I spoke confidently.

“How are we going to meet your wolf? We don’t know if your first transition will be a dangerous one. What if **you** are surrounded by your own children or the other children you take care of? Or the pack members? What if you turn into a monster and attack them? What then?” Lord Eldon asked.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. Even if he was a cruel man, he made a point.

Inside me, Lena whispered.

“Are you calling me a monster?”

I closed my eyes.

“I don’t know who you are, Lena. All I know is that when you transition, we crave blood,” I said.

“Well, since you don’t know anything, there’s not much we can do for now. You can return home until you fully transition and we find out about your wolf,” the old lady said.

I tried not to show my excitement, though they probably could tell. I was happy to go back home.

“However,” Lord Eldon added, “the kids will not be safe with you, so they will stay with their fathers. You will have monitored visitations, and that will continue only until you transition and prove to us that you are safe to have children around.”

As soon as he said that, all the confidence I had felt until now shattered.

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## 146–His Disappointed Aunt

Baxter:

“Oh my god, you have Bodhi with you? How did that happen?” Yuvonne rushed in, smiling widely and startling Bodhi into holding my hand.

The way he clung to me showed he had not forgotten how she had behaved with Madeline at our engagement

announcement dinner.

“What? What happened? Are you scared of me?” she wondered as she tried to step closer to Bodhi, attempting to act pleasant.

Or maybe she was. I could not be certain.

“Uncle Baxter, I do not want to speak with her,” Bodhi requested, and I noticed Yuvonne’s smile begin to fade.

“Why not? I am your aunt,” she replied, sitting on the small stool and dragging it near our bed, where Bodhi and I were sitting.

“You were rude to my mother,” Bodhi told her without looking in her direction, turning his face to the other side.

There was something else that unsettled me. The way Bodhi, with all his energy, kept calling me uncle.

I was sure he had heard the entire conversation the council members had, unaware that the children were present.

Yet he refused to talk about the accusations.

“See, siblings always argue, but that does not mean they hate one another. Do you and your siblings argue?” Yuvonne asked.

I watched Bodhi slowly release my hand.

“We do argue. Elara wants to kill me.” Then, as a child, he continued to overshare.

Yuvonne straightened her back and looked at me.

“What is going on?” she asked. “Where is his mother? Why is he with you? And where are the other children?” She continued questioning me, and I realized she still knew nothing about the situation.

“Yuvonne, his mother is at the council center, having an interview,” I explained, clearing my throat.

“And why is only Bodhi here? What does he mean when he says Elara wants to kill him?” she pressed.

I looked at Bodhi, who was pouting while watching my face.

“Some things related to sickness. You do not need to worry about it. I need to go and take care of Madeline at the center. I wonder what kind of questions they are asking her.” That was all I told her as I stepped up and wandered to the closet to grab a shirt.

“Oh, but why is she there? What kind of interview? Is it the success story type or something else?” Yuvonne questioned.

She was clearly puzzled because we do not call it an investigation unless someone is directly accused.

When it is only suspicion, it is described as an interview.

“I will talk about it later. For now, I really have to go,” I remarked, moving toward the bathroom to take a quick

1/2

shower.

However, I needed to do one more thing before leaving.

“You can come back later.” As soon as I said that, I saw her frown.

“No, it **is** fine. You get ready. I will stay here with Bodhi. What do you say, Bodhi? We will play games,” she offered.

I noticed Bodhi reluctantly agree with a small nod. From his expression, I could tell he did not want to be near her, at least not right now.

“Yuvonne, I think he is tired. He was awake the entire night. He will take a short nap while I get ready,” I explained, hoping she would not push further and force me to tell her directly that I needed to leave.

“Oh, all right. Then I will take care of him while he is napping. You can go ahead and be at the center. You can leave him with me. After all, I am his aunt,” she repeated, giving me a sad smile.

If I had not known about the text messages, and if she had a different relationship with Madeline, something closer to real siblings, and if Madeline did not dislike her, then leaving a child with their aunt would have been ideal.

But things were different. And for Bodhi to be here with me, I realized Madeline must have trusted me deeply to send him. I had some responsibility as well.

“Yuvonne, I do not think it will be appropriate. Things are rough between you and Madeline, and I do not think she will be happy knowing you are alone with Bodhi.” As soon as I said that, I watched Yuvonne’s face lose its color.

“What are you insinuating? You think I am not safe for him?” she questioned, rising from the stool and stepping toward me.

“Yuvonne, I do not want to talk about it right now,” I replied, avoiding her gaze, not because I felt guilty but because I felt conflicted.

“I understand that Madeline does not trust me, but hearing this from you has broken my heart. For everything I have done, for how I took care of you, for you to claim that Bodhi is not safe with me hurts me,” she uttered, her voice beginning to shake.

“And the fact that Madeline would not leave her son with her own sister but would leave him with her ex-best friend makes no sense.” She continued speaking, confused because she only had part of the information.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

147

Baxter:

“I am sorry for hurting you, Yuvonne, but I am leaving, and I will take Bodhi with me,” I confirmed, watching her eyes fill with tears.

She stared at my face for several seconds in silence before she stormed out of the room.

After she left, I looked at Bodhi and noticed how empty his eyes appeared.

“Do not worry, kiddo. I am going to take you to your mother.” As soon as I told him that, I saw him smile a little, and it genuinely broke something inside me.

I took a quick shower, got dressed, and prepared to leave so I could help Madeline, because I knew she would be alone among those hungry wolves.

I had only finished getting ready when I began waking up Bodhi.

I let him take at least an hour-long nap before I woke him.

He was a little tired, so I carried him in my arms, his face resting on my shoulder.

As soon as I stepped out of the room, I was met by Yuvonne once again.

She was outside my room, leaning against the opposite wall with her arms folded across her chest.

It looked as if she had been waiting there silently, too conflicted to knock. But once I stepped out, she chose to face me.

Before she could speak, I raised my palm to stop her.

“Can we please not do this right now? I really need to go to the council center,” I told her, trying to show urgency.

However, she seemed unwilling to understand.

“I just need to know something,” she insisted, pushing herself off the wall and stepping toward me.

“Can it wait?” I questioned, and she shook her head.

“No, it cannot,” she replied.

“Fine, what is it?” I asked, exhausted because I was running out of time.

It was already late, and I knew the interview had begun long ago.

Madeline must have been worried about her children too.

“Something has changed in you. I am not sure what happened or who told you what, but do not tell me that nothing is wrong,” she demanded.

I knew she would figure it out because of my behavior.

She had been around me for years, and in those years she had paid close attention to almost every bit of my

reactions.

“We will talk about it,” I remarked.

As soon as I said that, I realized it was the confirmation she needed. She widened her arms to block my way.

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“No, we will talk about it now. I want to know the truth,” she pressed, making me take a step back from her.

I did not want to have an important conversation in such a **rush**, but it seemed that to get her off my bark for a while, I needed to give her an explanation.

“Who texted me **using** Madeline’s phone that night?” As soon as the question left **my** mouth, I wanned her earice

demeanor shift.

She might have been thrown off by the question, or she might have known exactly what I was tallding font

“What?” she replied, sounding more confused than I expected.

“That night, years ago, when Madeline ran away, I texted her, and I received a response” I had only reached that part when Yuvonne clicked her tongue and wagged her finger at me.

“And you suspect that I was the one responding to you? **Why** would I do that? How do you know the left before texting you?” she retorted, her expression tightening

“Madeline told me she did not take her phone with her, and that she never received any text from me.” As soon as I said that, Yuvonne began laughing sarcastically, breathing deeply enough that the rise and fall of her chest gave her away.

“And you believe her but not me? You started suspecting me because she told you?” she asked, and I noticed tears forming in her eyes.

It was not fair for me to doubt her after everything she had done for me and with me.

But my stubborn heart wanted to believe Madeline.

And it was not difficult for me to confirm whether Madeline had been honest.

“She must have responded to you before leaving, and now she regrets whatever she wrote,” she added, trying to push the blame onto Madeline.

However, she did not know that I had done my research.

“I checked the departure time of the cruise that night. Madeline left on that cruise one hour before I texted her, and her phone was left behind. She did not take it with her,” I stated firmly, watching her face change color.

She knew that even if Madeline had taken her phone, it would not have worked, and she would not have been able to communicate with me.

“I do not know then,” Yuvonne stuttered.

I raised my palm again.

“I will go now, and then we will talk about it,” I hissed, making it clear she had disappointed me by trying to paint Madeline as a liar.

Once I had strapped Bodhi in, I sat in the driver’s seat and sped to be there for Madeline in time.

As soon as I reached the center and stepped out of the car with Bodhi, I headed to the top floor, only to be redirected to the lobby, where they told me the interview had ended and they were having one last word with

Madeline.

When I entered, I heard them speaking to her in a way that made me feel I needed to stand up for her.

So I stepped forward to announce what I intended to do.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 148

#### 148—My Daughter's Custody

Elgin:

I had come to my pack after my mother started complaining a lot about me not taking Silver with me.

I did not return specifically to take Silver, but I went back home for my children.

She was persistent that if I wanted to spend time with my children, I had to take her with me, which was fine.

I did not want my children separated from their mother because they were very attached to her, but the issue was that in order for me to spend time with them, Silver insisted I had to act like her husband, and my mother agreed with her.

It was frustrating and exhausting, but there was not much I could do.

I took Silver with me and decided to go back to Ron's pack, where all the alphas were gathered along with Madeline and my child.

I heard from Graham that he was unhappy about our kids being taken care of by a human like Sawyer.

Graham and I talked, and it seemed he was preparing to do something reckless.

He told me he was going to ask Madeline to choose him because he wanted his daughter.

I did not argue with him because I believed he was not wrong.

Madeline had disappointed us by constantly defending Sawyer even when I knew Sawyer was cheating on her.

And for her to lie that he had been with her the whole time made me think she had simply allowed it because he was rich and her only resort.

But she did not have to worry about that anymore. She had us now. At least I was there. 1

“Okay, kids, remember you will not wander away,” I reminded my two daughters as soon as we entered the guest house, making sure they stayed together.

With the sickness affecting them as well, I was always worried.

The minute we stepped onto the second floor, with Silver behind me using her phone, her long acrylics tapping loudly each time she typed, I saw a warrior waiting at the top of the stairs.

He was not waiting alone. He had someone with him who immediately caught my attention.

I was sure a big smile appeared on my face when I saw Elara in front of me.

“Elara!” I called, hurrying toward her. She clung to me, and the moment she did, I sensed something was wrong.

As soon as I held her and lifted her into my arms, she began crying, hiding her face on my shoulder.

“Wait, what is going on? Where is your mother? Is she okay?” I questioned, gesturing for Silver to take Hailey and Hannah to their rooms.

My two daughters watched Elara, but not with the affection or care I wished they would show their sister. 1

Within the next few minutes, the warrior informed me that the council had gathered at Madeline’s house the previous night and had taken her away for questioning.

He did not explain much, but I at **least** understood that they had taken Madeline and returned all her children to

1/2

148-My Daughter’s Custody

+25 Bonus

their fathers.

At that point, I already knew something was wrong, because for them **to call** me the father of Elara said everything. After the warrior left, I patted Elara’s back to make her lift her head from my shoulder and look at **me**.

“**You stay** in my room, all right? I will make some calls and then tell you what we are going to do next,” I told her.

I did not know why I was giving her instructions when she was just a distraught child who could not understand any of it.

As soon as I walked into my room to set her down on the bed, I heard Silver come in.

“May I have a word with you?” she asked, her voice sharp and taunting.

I had forgotten she had heard my conversation with the warrior.

“Elara, stay here, all right?” I told her.

I stepped away and left the door slightly open so I could keep an eye on Elara while I faced Silver.

“What is that? Why are they calling you the father of Elara?” she questioned, her face tightening. “And what does it mean that the other children are with their father? What is going on? Did you cheat on me?”

Silver continued interrogating me, her hand pressed to her chest, which made me judge her for acting as if there had ever been a real relationship between us to be loyal to.

“I slept with Madeline years ago. At the same time, you claimed to be pregnant from a one-night stand with me. Tell me again, how was it cheating?” I replied, confirming that Elara was my daughter.

The way Silver gasped and stepped back was dramatic in a way that felt unsettling.

“Oh, come on. You knew I was not interested in you. And you also knew that I missed Madeline. So do not act as if this is shocking or that you feel betrayed or heartbroken,” I told her in a stern tone.

I supposed that was what upset her even more. She expected me to look guilty, but I was not.

The only person I felt guilty toward was Madeline.

Ruby Walker **We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin**  
**Pax 149**

## 149–Marry An Alpha

Madeline:

I could not accept their decision. It was a firm refusal from me, and I was ready to fight it.

The moment the three of them started to step toward the elevator, I rushed in with them.

“But that is unfair,” I complained. “My children are used to me. They do not even know their fathers. It will be a huge blow to them.”

They only shrugged, especially Lady Abigail. She looked unusually stern for her age.

One would expect a woman like her to show more empathy toward another woman, but that was not the case.

“You should have thought before sleeping with three alphas. And to make matters worse, you ran away with such powerful heirs. Do not worry about the children getting along with their fathers. These are alphas. They will know how to take care of them,” she remarked.

I kept watching her in disbelief.

“Why can’t the kids stay with me?” I asked. “They can meet their fathers whenever they want to see them. But I am not allowing the kids to be taken away from me.”

The three of them exchanged a glance.

“You are not allowing us?” Lady Abigail retorted. “You do not have the authority to make that decision.”

Everyone went silent, as if she had already said enough.

“You signed a contract with me,” I replied. “There were rules I agreed to. According to them, my life will be my own, and I will make the decisions regarding my children.”

As soon as I said that, I noticed Lord Eldon look slightly confused, maybe even disappointed in himself.

Before I could gather any hope, his smile returned.

The elevator stopped at the lobby on the first floor, and they stepped out, with me trailing after them anxiously.

They halted near a large table, and Lord Eldon turned to Lord Williams.

“Do you have the contract we signed with the human researcher?” he asked.

The way he referred to me made it clear he had thought through everything before dragging me into this.

Lord William opened his file and took out the contract.

“Here. Please read it for us,” he instructed.

For some reason, Lord Eldon handed it to me, and I started to wonder what he was planning. I held the file and cleared my throat.

“I, human researcher Madeline Sawyer-” I had barely reached that part when Lord Eldon snatched the papers from my hand.

“That will be enough,” he stated. “Did you not say you were a human researcher?” He paused, making me frown, then added, “The contract was signed with a human. But you became a werewolf when you found your wolf. So the contract is invalid. You are not even human anymore. No one knows that person now.”

1/3

149-Marry An Alpha

+25 Bonus

A cold feeling spread through my body as shivers ran down my back, but I forced myself **to** stand straight.

“Well, then I am going to demand and fight for my children’s custody until I transition,” I replied.

I looked at Abigail, hoping a woman would understand the urge a mother has **for** her children.

“We are not doing this because we are evil,” she replied. “We are trying to protect the children. It is important because what **if** you transition and the kids are alone with you?”

She repeated what the council members had said when they took my children from me.

“Well, I have my husband,” I explained. “I can **call** my human husband here. He is very rich. He has many guards.” The moment I said that, the three of them scoffed, showing exactly what they thought of the idea.

“A human taking care of powerful alphas’ children?” Lady Abigail snapped. “First, he would not be able to control you. Second, he would never put himself in danger for someone else’s child.”

This time she made sure I understood how foolish she thought I sounded.

“Well, that is not the case. He will do anything-” I replied.

I stopped speaking midway when I saw they were not believing any of it, so I needed a different approach.

“Please tell me, is there any way I can get my children before I transition?” I asked Lady Abigail, but she scrunched her nose and turned her face aside while searching her bag, likely preparing to leave.

My eyes shifted to Lord William, who held a file tucked under his arm while his other hand rested straight at his side.

He was tall, slightly bent, and his shoulders were always slouched.

you marry one of these alphas, you will be able to keep the children,” he explained. “They are alphas, and we hold them in high regards. We believe they will be able to protect you.” He spoke softly, and for a moment, I saw an emotion in his eyes that was rarely found in council members.

“Well then, are you going to request my son for it?” Lord Eldon asked, and I clenched my jaw. My whole body felt as if it trembled with anger.

“But I am already married in the human world,” I continued speaking to Lord William since he was the only one showing me any respect.

“Well then, child, you have to get married here too,” he replied. “The werewolf marriage to a human is nullified here. The only reason we acknowledged your marriage to a Sawyer was because you were a human researcher, and since you were doing so much for us without payment, we allowed it. But now it involves children.” He paused.” You can marry here and remain married in the human world as well.”

As soon as he said that, my heart flipped inside my chest.

“Now all you have to do is convince an alpha to marry you,” Lady Abigail added. Even though the idea was ridiculous, I could not refuse it right away out of fear that they would take that option from me as well.

Before I could respond, a loud voice echoed, pulling everyone’s attention away from me.

“If that is the **case**, then I will marry her.”

All the heads turned toward the alpha who had arrived and stepped to my side.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 150

#### 150-1 Should Be Her Only Chance

Elgin:

“So what now? What is going to happen? And what do they mean by the other children? Are those children **from** the alphas? But they all look the same age. And Madeline had left after getting pregnant from you, **so** I do not understand,” Silver rambled as she began to fall apart in front **of** me.

I started wondering if she would go around telling others, so I needed to be careful.

At the same time, I needed to go to Madeline and make sure the council did not push her into admitting something she should not.

“Well, it does not matter. Even if you are the father, she is married now. Her husband came here, and she was all over him, from what I heard.” She began to shake with anger, saying things that should not have concerned her.

Since our marriage was not out of love, I do not understand why she was acting this way.

“I have already made it clear that it doesn't concern you, Silver, you do not have to worry about any of it. I will handle it,” I replied.

As I turned to enter the room again, she slammed her hand against the door frame to get my attention.

“You should be ashamed of yourself. You have children, and you are thinking about leaving your wife for your old fling,” she accused, making me press my forehead with irritation at her repeated assumptions.

She finally stepped away, and I entered the room to check on Elara.

She was in tears again, likely missing her mother.

“What happened? Why are you crying?” I asked gently as I sat beside her.

“Is what everybody is saying true?” she asked in a broken voice. I wondered if she meant the truth about me being her father, but before I could ask, she continued and revealed what was troubling her. “They said I was trying to kill my siblings. They did not even want to be near me. They were screaming when they looked at me.”

Goosebumps rose along my skin as she spoke. I reached for her hand and felt how much she was shaking.

“No, Elara, that is not true,” I told her, shaking my head. In reality, I had no idea what had happened while I was

away.

“Then why did I push them into the well? And why was I trying to hurt them at night?” she asked, and I began to piece everything together.

It was the sickness. It was cruel for a child to be **ill** to the point where she asked me if she had harmed her siblings.

It truly hurt me to see how shaken she was from the accusations, though others would never understand it, and by others, I meant Silver.

She must have overheard us, because she suddenly slammed the door open and wandered inside, fists clenched and eyes **full** of questions.

“Why are we keeping this murderous child?” she yelled, and Elara jumped from the bed and rushed into my arms.

“What is wrong with you, Silver?” I shouted back, but I noticed that every time our voices rose, her small body trembled, and I hated seeing it.

“Elara, please wait here, okay?” I told her

gently as I broke the hug and cupped her face.

1/2

“No. There will be no more conversations. She cannot stay with us. She admitted she tried to kill her siblings. You have two little daughters. How is it fair to separate her from her

siblings but then hand her **to** someone else with their children around?” Silver argued bitterly, showing no concern for anyone else.

With her words, Elara began to cry even louder.

“You are unbelievable, Silver,” I hissed as I lifted Elara into my arms.

“Where do you think you are going? We just arrived, and you are already leaving? With this killer?” she yelled after me, but I did not answer her.

Her behavior disgusted me.

I stepped away, gently patting Elara’s back.

“Do not worry. I am going to take you with me, and we are going to meet your mother,” I decided.

I hurried out of the guest house and settled her in my car, fastening her seatbelt.

At the same time, I saw Graham step out with Gina, both ready to head to the center.

That was when I realized it had become a competition, and I needed to arrive there before they did.

We raced on the road, both of us pushing forward.

Baxter was in his car as well, but he did not seem to be driving quickly.

I assumed he was trying to present himself as calm because he had Bodhi with him and wanted to appear careful.

I was not going to fall for his act, and I was not going to lose this chance.

Elara was comfortable with me, so I drove as fast as I could until I reached the center.

I hurried out of the car along with the others, though Baxter ended up slightly behind us.

When I arrived, I found the council members explaining Madeline’s only option, which was that she needed to marry one of us if she wanted to keep her children.

It seemed like a solid plan. Now the question was who would speak up first. That was the real competition.

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