

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 15

15—He Lied About Not Wanting Children

Madeline:

I gulped because it wasn't a good sign, and I didn't want him to sense her scent. I had to distract him, to pull his attention away from her.

"Elgin, you're supposed to take care of the kid when you're with her," I hissed at him.

"I just looked away for a second and she was gone-," he muttered.

The minute I noticed, his attention was back on my daughter. I tried to pull her away, but by this point, it was getting too serious. I could either sit with him or step aside to grab the pendant and put it on my daughter. I decided to go for it.

I stretched my arm, almost falling to the side, grabbed the pendant, and returned to my spot, trying to pull my daughter back from him. As I did, I started to put the pendant around the crying Elara. It broke me because I knew she wanted my comfort, and here I was, focused on a pendant.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Elgin hissed, almost slapping my hand away, and the pendant fell. He noticed it, then looked at me.

Then he looked back at Elara. Panic surged through me, and I reached for the pendant again, but this time he quickly pulled Elara to the side, trying to meet her eyes.

I gave him a harsh look. However, he was still holding on to her. As I tried to snatch her back, I noticed he pulled her away from me, almost looking at me strangely.

But this time, he didn't even let me take her away from him. He was already gasping.

"What is this?" he asked.

I was finally able to take my daughter away from him.

"It's okay. You'll be fine. We'll go home, and I'll check for injuries there, okay?" I told Elara, wiping her cheeks wet with tears while Elgin glared at me non-stop.

I then made her wear the pendant, but I was so low on energy. I was afraid he must have sensed it. The way he looked at me, searching for answers, made me uneasy

“Now let’s go,” I said to Elara, holding her hand and getting up from the ground. As I started to walk her away, I noticed resistance from Elgin.

“Wait, I need answers.” Elgin followed almost instantly. It was no secret he had felt it, the connection between him and his daughter. To think this man had told me in the past he wasn’t ready and that’s why he wanted me to abort the baby, and now he suddenly wanted answers was just bizarre to me.

I had to face him because it was also true that she was his daughter. I felt so frustrated with the world, with myself, and with the unfairness of it. If I could sever ties between their DNA, I would.

“Not right now,” I hissed at him, turning on him slightly. Elara rubbed her eyes, and I could tell she hadn’t received any injuries, thankfully.

“Then when, when will you finally stop running away?” he questioned. I stopped briefly, clenching my jaw at him. It didn’t scare him.

Once I was on the road and had my daughter sit down in the car, he rushed forward and slammed the door shut so

1/3

15. He led About Not Wanting Children

+25 Bonus

Elara couldn’t hear us argue.

“I need answers,” he said, looking me in the eye with both hands on the car, caging me between his arms.

“What answers do you want from me? You weren’t ready back then, now I’m not ready to answer you,” I hissed, watching him gasp and step back.

“So it is true,” he questioned, making me gulp hard.

“These are my children,” he added. The way he said it gave me a new idea. He thought all the babies were his, of course he did.

It had never happened that a mother carried children from different babies at the same time. 1

“Why didn’t you tell me? Why the fuck did you run away?” he started to complain almost instantly, running his hands through his hair.

“Because I didn’t want your shadow on my children. Listen, I don’t see them as your children, and I don’t want anyone to find out either,” I hissed at him, giving him a piece of my mind. If he thought I would beg him to keep the children or give them his name, he was wrong.

“It’s not just that, Madeline. They’re my children. Damn it,” he hissed, slapping his forehead.

“Why do you care? You never wanted a child,” I hissed, arguing back about his hypocrisy and the way he was pretending to act nice.

“Because I was a kid back then, my parents would never have allowed me to get a girl pregnant. It’s not that I hated you or that it was specifically you. I was confused, shocked, and scared in the moment,” he finally yelled, causing me to step back and watch his face.

What was he trying to say? He regretted it in the past, so he doesn’t regret it now? Is that what he was getting at?

“It is true,” he uttered, stepping closer, but I shoved my palm in his face, letting him know I wasn’t ready for him to be that close to me.

“It is true,” he repeated. “I was honestly just scared. It’s not because you were an omega or something. Just forget what I said in the past.”

At that moment, he was saying all sorts of bullshit. He further explained, and I began to zone out a little because it was confusing. If he wasn’t angry about the babies being his, that would mean he would want to be part of their lives, and I didn’t want that.

As I stayed in my spot, confused and lost, another car pulled up with two more behind it. I knew the two red cars had warriors in them, but the one driving ahead of them stopped/suddenly, almost as if in urgency.

Two kids stormed out of the car, rushing toward Elgin. They were the same age as my babies, and the way they hugged Elgin’s legs made me realize he was a liar.

“Daddy,” the kids spoke, and Elgin looked at them before looking up at me, his eyes already telling me he had lied about not being ready.

“So you weren’t ready to accept my pregnancy, but these kids are the same age? You had someone else pregnant back then at the same time as me?” I uttered, disgusted and angry at him.

Sara Lili

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16 He Is Married To My Bully

Madeline:

A young woman stepped out of a car, smiling as she waved playfully at Elgin. She wore a tight black skirt and a low-cut top. Her red hair barely reached her shoulders, but she had curled it so that it hung softly around her neck. Her eyeliner was thick, her eyebrows perfectly shaped, and her lipstick a bold red. Her high stilettos didn't stop her from making her confident walk toward Elgin.

All the while, I stood aside, watching Elgin surrounded by these three people. I kept my eyes on him as he glanced at me, then looked back at the woman. She smiled, greeted Elgin with a head nod, and quickly gave him a peck on the cheek. Elgin stole a glance at me, then smiled at her, nodding at her arrival.

"What are you doing here?" he asked after clearing his throat awkwardly.

"They've been complaining about missing you, so I decided to bring them," she replied, pointing at the babies.

Elara jumped out of the car and held my hand tightly, watching the interaction between Elgin, his babies, and the

woman.

"Oh, I was just heading home anyway, but I'm glad you brought them," Elgin said hesitantly before kneeling down to hug his children.

All this time, while I suffered and his other babies suffered, he had a whole family. I kept my emotions bottled up, hating that I had to stand there and watch it all.

"Anyway, you didn't introduce me to the head of the research facility in Human Land," the lady remarked, clearly noticing me standing right in front of them. But as she narrowed her eyes, her smile slowly faded.

I bet she recognized me just as I recognized her.

“Oh, um, this is Madeline. And Madeline, this is my wife, Silver,” Elgin said, sitting upright as he hugged both his kids in his arms and introduced the woman I never thought I’d see again.

Silver was none other than my biggest bully in middle and high school. She was the one who had made my life a living hell. She and her minions would find me anywhere, just to pick on me.

I remember days when I would hide under tables, in empty classrooms, or inside bathroom stalls, anywhere I could because of her.

But then Elgin and my other friends would arrive, and everything would feel okay. Elgin used to fight for me. He’d argue with her, put her in her place, and defend me in front of her. And now, here I was, realizing that behind the scenes, the two of them had been sleeping together.

She was an alpha’s daughter, of course. He didn’t want me pregnant, but he had gotten her pregnant. It was clear. She had been expecting at the same time I was.

“Oh, I remember, Madeline. You used to be that nerdy little girl who followed Elgin around during school days, right?” Silver’s tone shifted. Even now, after becoming a mother and so many years later, the bully in her still lingered.

I swallowed hard, gathering all the strength in my body to respond to her, but before I could speak, she continued.

“You know, whenever you used to text him while we were together, he’d get so annoyed. It was after your friendship ended with him. You couldn’t leave them alone, right? I mean, they’d block you, and then you’d just show up with a new number or account once in a while. It was so funny.” 1

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16—He is Momed To My Bully

+25 Bonus

She went on, giving me more details about what he had said about me when they were together.

“Anyway, I have to go. My children will be waiting for me,” I said, not willing to stand there and listen to her

nonsense.

“Oh yeah, sure. That’s your daughter?” she asked, looking at Elara, who tightened her hold around me.

“Yes,” I replied.

She began to nod, almost as if she wasn’t impressed.

“Poor girl. Does she have a father?” As soon as she said that, my fist clenched.

“Silver?” Elgin called out quickly, but I didn’t need his pity or his help. I could defend myself.

“She has a father. And siblings too. Thank you so much for caring. And I’m surprised you still remembered me. It took me a while to remember who you were, but the minute you started talking, I recognized you. You still have that awkward way of speaking. Ah, so it’s true what they say, a crown can never bring class,” my voice was harsh and my statements demeaning.

This time, it was her turn to gasp and turn toward Elgin for help. She kept fuming, but she wouldn’t dare treat me the same way she used to.

I wasn’t here by choice. I was begged to come. And she knew the consequences of upsetting me.

My little daughter was the one who broke the tension. She stepped forward, smiling at the two girls in Elgin’s

arms.

“Can we be friends?” she asked them.

My daughter was social. She was loved back in Human Land and had never faced bullying, thankfully. Sadly, she didn’t realize that people here were very different.

“Oh, of course not,” Silver snapped, stepping forward so suddenly that my daughter ran behind me. I glared at her.

“I mean, my kids only stay friends with ones who are like them. Hopefully your child will understand. Find her some better friends. She seems like she needs attention. She lacks friends,” she hissed, making my daughter clutch my leg tightly. 1

“How dare you,” I hissed back, clenching my fists.

“Okay, that’s enough. Silver, go back and sit in the car. You’ve caused enough damage here,” Elgin said sharply.

But it didn't matter. I wasn't going to stand there and talk to him, I carried my daughter past Silver, giving her one harsh, deadly glare before walking away.

"Do you know what you've done? She's helping us with a sickness! What's wrong with you, Silver?" I heard Elgin shouting after her, but their voices soon faded as I walked farther away. 1

Once I sat in the car and it started moving, I turned to look at my daughter, who had tears forming in her eyes. I quickly hugged her and pulled her close, worried about her,

"I'm so sad. That lady wasn't nice. But Uncle Elgin is cute."

As she said that, I pouted and hugged her tighter. My little daughter had no idea that her father was far from cute. He was just as cruel as the lady beside him.

2/3

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17-My Other Children

Elgin:

"I can't believe you did that," I grunted once we were in the car.

"What did I do wrong? I just couldn't hold my emotions when I saw her," she hissed stubbornly.

The kids were sitting in the back seat. I noticed my daughters had already fallen asleep. I still had something on my mind, or maybe someone. Elara. My other daughter. The one who never got to feel my love. And today, when I finally had a moment to hold her for once, it was taken away from me.

"I noticed how you were ready to defend her." Silver's voice snapped me out of my thoughts when she started speaking again.

“Because she’s our guest, Silver! Don’t you fucking know how important it is for us to find a cure to this illness?” I hissed, watching her roll her eyes and lean back in her seat.

“Right. She used to be all over you, and now she’s back. And here I was thinking we’d finally reconcile, but I don’t think it’s ever gonna happen. Because that bitch will keep reappearing, even when she already has a man and children.”

It was typical of Silver to keep talking until she made me lose my mind. I would listen to her for hours, trying to remind her that I didn’t want to deal with it. But she didn’t care. She’d always find a reason to argue with me.

“Why the fuck did you come with the kids?” I demanded as I drove, faster than ever. But the minute I looked at my children in the backseat, I slowed down. I didn’t want them to suffer.

“What do you mean? Of course I had to come with them,” she replied sassily, instantly dismissing the truth.

“I’ve told you a million times, you’re nothing but my children’s mother. And what was that lie about me getting annoyed with her calls? Why the fuck did you keep arguing with her?”

I was losing my mind. With the truth coming out, I didn’t even know how I felt. I’d been upset with Madeline in the beginning for hiding the truth from me. Until I remembered how we treated her. The way we were so rude and dismissive. Of course she didn’t want to tell me about the baby.

“Say something, or are you still thinking about her?” Silver hissed.

I wrapped my fingers tightly around the steering wheel.

“I told you what I have to say. You’re just my children’s mother. Don’t expect anything from me. I’ve told you before, and I’ll say it again, you’re free to leave. But you don’t want to. That’s not my fault.” As soon as I repeated what I’d been saying to her for years, I watched her fold her arms across her chest and grunt stubbornly, looking out the window.

Every time I told her I didn’t want her, she’d just end the conversation as if that would somehow fix things or bring us closer.

This time, I was really pissed off.

When I dropped her off at home, she looked shocked. She tried to stop me, saying the babies wanted to spend time with me. But Hailey and Hannah could wait. I had another child I needed to think about. So I refused to listen to her and left the house.

However, instead of going back to talk to Madeline, I texted my friends, calling them to the shared office. Sure enough, they arrived as soon as they could.

1/2

+25 **Bonus**

“**What** is it? You sounded so anxious on the phone.”

As soon as the **two** arrived, they began questioning me. Graham was vocal, whereas Baxter, as always, just stared at me intently, waiting for me to explain **why** I’d called them in such a hurry.

“Remember **when** Madeline claimed she was pregnant?” I started with the main worry.

The two nodded, so I continued. “It wasn’t a lie.”

As soon as I said that, I watched them both look lost, confused, shocked and all sorts of emotions **until** I added, “ They were my children.”

Baxter almost scoffed and then stepped away from me.

“What?” he asked, trying to confirm. “How do you know? Are **you** just making shit up, like you always do?”

Baxter hissed at me, making me glare at him sharply. The fact that he could hold on **to** something for so long was always irritating. That was why we rarely spoke because he never forgot things. He’d keep bringing them up, and it got too annoying after a while.

“No, I’m not making shit up. And you ask me how I know? Because I felt it. I smelled my scent on Elara. Madeline had been hiding her scent by making her wear a pendant. Today it came off, and I sensed it. Elara is my daughter. Bodhi, Gina, they’re my children.”

I hissed, running my hands through my hair anxiously.

I noticed Baxter looking disturbed. He even stopped responding. He walked over to the big window and stared outside.

“What are you gonna do now?” Graham asked, making me shift uncomfortably and shove my hands into my pockets.

“I know.” Baxter finally spoke up, turning around to face me. “Don’t ruin what you’ve built with your wife. You have two other children as well. Don’t forget, if you accept your new

children, it'll be chaos. And don't forget, she's moved on. Madeline is married to someone else. Let it go. Let it—let it stay the way it is," he said.

And I began to wonder if he was right. Maybe that was the right thing to do, to just silently look away from the truth.

"I mean, your children are being well taken care of by this new man. Do you really want to throw that away?" Baxter added, reminding me how hard it would be to convince my family to accept those children, or Madeline.

"You're right," I said. "I don't want to. I don't want trouble. I don't want my children, the ones who've lived with me to suffer because of me."

I confessed, and Baxter gave me a look of pride. It **was** crazy how he was able **to** comfort me and make me decide so quickly. 2

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2/2

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18—He Has My Son

Madeline:

“Mommy, where did you go with Elara today?” Gina asked, clinging to my legs as I sat tying the pendant around Bodhi’s ankle.

After the disaster with Elara, I had learned my lesson. But I also knew that seeing these pendants again on their necks would raise questions from Elgin. He would ask why I still needed them to wear these when it was already out in the open that he was their father.

So, I had to be clever. I decided to tie them around their ankles, and the excuse I planned to give him was that I didn’t want anyone else to know they had active wolves in the future, because that would become a problem once I went back to my land.

“Mommy, she said she was with Uncle Elgin,” Bodhi uttered, moving aside so Gina could sit and I could tie the pendant around her ankle.

These were light pendants, so I was sure they’d be fine. I briefly thought about tying them inside their clothes and changing the spots every day, but for now, as a quick fix, I would just have them wear them around their ankles.

“And you know uncle Elgin has two babies too,” Elara said, swinging her little legs as she sat on the bed.

“That’s enough about Uncle Elgin. Remember, you kids have each other. Just focus on playing together,” I told them, noticing how much they’d been talking about the other kids.

My children rarely had other friends to play with. Even though they were social, people stayed away from them and made sure their children stayed away too. So whenever my kids saw others, they immediately wanted to spend time with them.

“Okay, now listen. No matter what, you won’t take these off your ankles, okay?” I warned, looking at them one by one. They nodded quickly.

I got up to grab them some fries. When I returned, I noticed they had taken my phone and that Elara had called someone from my phone. Not just anyone.

Elgin.

She had put it on speaker so the others could hear too. I didn’t understand why Elara was so fixated on Elgin. Was their connection really that strong?

I didn’t enter the room right away, I knew that would scare her. But I caught a bit of their conversation.

“Can I be friends with your kids?” Elara asked.

The other two giggled, covering their mouths to hide their laughter.

“I’m sorry, Elara. My kids don’t really befriend others. You have your own siblings to play with. Also, did you tell **your** mother you were calling me?”

The way he dismissed her made **the** smiles vanish from my babies’ faces. It broke me.

“Oh, then I can be friends with you, right?” Elara asked softly.

I began walking into the room.

“Um, I’m sorry. I’m always busy. I don’t make friends either,” he replied.

1/3

18 He Has My Son

+25 Bonus

As soon as he said that, breaking my little girl’s heart, I snatched the phone from her and turned off the speaker.

“There’s no need. I’m sorry she called you and bothered you. Had I known she was going to **call**, I wouldn’t have left my phone unattended,” I hissed, furious at the way he’d spoken to my daughter.

I was glad he didn’t want to get involved, but deep down, it hurt. A father refusing to acknowledge his own child, while showering love on others, it was heartbreaking.

“Madeline, I didn’t know. I was just-” 1

Now that Elgin realized I’d heard him speak to our daughter like that, he tried to explain, but it didn’t matter.

I hung up the call in his face.

Once I cut the call, I faced my children, who looked guilty and ashamed.

“I’m not angry with you, okay?” I said as I knelt down, hugging them all at once. “But don’t ever talk to anyone else. Is your mommy not enough for you?” Tears formed in my eyes because I realized what my kids were lacking.

“I will not talk to that man again,” Elara said, sniffing her tears away.

“Okay, good, as you shouldn’t,” I replied.

The rest of the day, I spent with them. Tomorrow, I was going to focus on finding the cure anyway. But at night, when I had tucked my kids in and sat in my chair next to the

fireplace, I decided to write down some of the important things, mostly about the sickness.

However, halfway through, I began to fall asleep on the chair. The sleep was so strong and sudden that I couldn't keep myself awake.

I woke up to my cell phone ringing beside me. I groaned, checking the screen.

"Alpha Baxter," I read out loud, sitting straight in the seat confused. Why the heck was he calling me? Honestly, seeing his name brought back so many emotions.

I sighed and picked up the call, wondering what could have bothered him so much that he decided to call me at this hour.

But from the start, he had other plans. He wanted to shock me.

"You call yourself a mother? Well, why don't you go and check your room, count your babies, and see if you're missing one?" His tone was harsh and judgmental. 1

Confusion struck me, and I ran upstairs, my phone clutched tightly in my hand. The moment I opened the bedroom door, I noticed Bodhi was missing from the bed.'

I even checked the bathroom, but he wasn't there. With my hands shaking, I put the phone back to my ear, taking deep, heavy breaths.

"How did you know?" I asked.

And in the simplest words, he stopped my heart.

"Because he is here with me."

My body froze at that moment, and I went through all sorts of emotions. I tried to gather my thoughts before I spoke in a broken voice, "What the fuck do you mean by that? How is my baby with you?" I asked, ready to call my nanny so she could stay here while I went to get my baby from him.

2/3

18 He Has My Son

But it didn't make sense. How the hell did my son end up with this monster?

"I'm coming over and bringing him to you." That was all Baxter said before he cut the **call** on me.

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19—My Fated Mate

Madeline:

I had been in tears, waiting impatiently for Baxter to arrive. I had no idea what made my son end up with him, but I was going to wait for his arrival and then question him.

A few minutes later, when his car pulled into my driveway, I was already heading to the door. As soon as I opened it, I saw him carrying my son in his arms. I quickly took my son from him, tears streaming down my face again.

I began to walk away with my child, carrying him to his bedroom and laying him down. I cried a little before stepping out to face Baxter. I had so many questions for him. However, the look he gave me told me he had something to say as well.

"So, you cannot handle your kids," he remarked, the arrogance in his voice making my fists clench.

"How the heck did he end up with you?" I shot back, refusing to let him make me feel bad about it. I knew it was the sickness that had messed with my babies, and it really wasn't my fault.

Things had been happening to every parent, whether they were single or not.

And to think he was asking me this when he knew the only reason I was here without their father was because of them.

I came here for work. It's not like I was a single parent. I had told them I was married.

"He was outside my door, knocking on it. Now seriously, you can't even take care of your babies. And not only that, the fact that you insisted on bringing your own guards,

who are basically useless, just makes me want to laugh at you,” he said, hands on his waist, still looking so tall and blunt.

I kept glaring at him.

“And I found out from Elgin that he’s the father of the children. So you did lie to us that night,” he stated. His eyes held a strange darkness or maybe sadness. I couldn’t really read them. I never could. He was always such a closed

book.

“Why does it bother you all whether I lied or not? Isn’t that what you guys wanted, for it to be a lie? So I gave you what you wanted to hear. Because I knew what you were all going to do to me,” I snapped at him, my voice rising as I fought the urge to push him.

But all I could do was clench my fists, lift them to my shoulders, then pull them back down. I guess he noticed it

too.

“What were we going to do to you?” he asked abruptly.

“Since you forgot, let me jog your memory. You were the one who said you knew someone who could help get rid of the baby for me.”

As soon as I reminded him of that, I watched the folds on his forehead start to ease. I guess he finally remembered his threat.

“And I told you it was up to you,” he stammered, his body language no longer confident.

“It doesn’t matter, okay? It was in the past. You are in the past, and everyone else is too.”

I almost broke down in front of him, and I hated myself for it. But I quickly held myself together, reminding myself that crying before these heartless alphas had never gotten me anywhere.

1/3

19 My Fated Mate

+25 Bonus

“Well, the truth doesn’t change, does it?” he hissed back, shifting the subject because he could no longer explain his own cruel behavior. “You were pregnant with Elgin’s baby. Tell me again, was it worth being pregnant with his children, huh? Because from

what I can see, you're pretty helpless." As soon as he said that, I began to shake with anger.

"It seems like your kids would've loved to have a father, because you're unable to give them the protection they deserve." His words killed me, and I lost control. 1

I raised my hand to slap him, but he caught it, stopping me. Then what he did next shocked me even more. He pulled me so suddenly that my hands landed on his chest.

It was the first time since that night that we'd been this close. Not only that, but we'd never been close like this even before then.

I silently watched him hold my arms, keeping me steady and close to his chest. The thunderstorm outside rattled the windows, but it didn't break the eye contact we shared.

While my hands were still on his chest, I began to hear his heartbeat. I noticed it was skipping quite a few beats fast.

As I tried to pull away, he grabbed me again, tightly, giving a small shake and pulling me even closer this time. His eyes locked onto mine, the stare deepening.

Then even my own heart started to skip beats. It was a different kind of feeling, I had never felt this way before. But the craziest part was yet to come.

I watched him gasp, and at the same time, I heard a small whimper inside me. Then came the words that now felt like a haunting melody,

"Mate!"

My wolf roared, louder than ever, like someone waking for the first time.

I noticed the same look of shock on his face, and I expected him to show his disapproval through aggression, just like he had when I told them I was probably pregnant with them.

But he reacted completely differently and surprised me when he grabbed me, suddenly leaned down, and pressed his lips against mine.

It wasn't a rough kiss though. My body needed it too. My wolf needed it too. But the moment our lips met, something hit me harder.

And it wasn't just the realization that I was mates with someone could have been mates with a long time ago. We had done everything and felt the mate bond in reverse.

Then my knee snapped. I pulled away from Baxter and screamed in pain, collapsing to the floor.

“What is going on?” I cried.

As soon as I looked up at Baxter, I saw the same worry in his eyes for me.

“You’re having your first transition,” he uttered, his voice low enough to make the hair on the back of my neck

stand.

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20—Breaking Her Heart Again

Baxter:

She seemed to be in a kind of pain I could hardly watch her in. She was looking at me with those beautiful, helpless eyes, wanting to know what was happening to her.

When I told her it was a transition, she looked even more surprised and scared. Her green eyes were shining with

tears.

At that moment, I forgot all the anger inside me. I couldn’t leave her like that. She needed my help. I rushed over, grabbed her arm, pulled her up, and carried her in my arms.

As I sped out of her mansion and put her in my car, I called my warriors and told them to come and take care of the place. I didn’t trust the useless guards she had brought with her.

As I drove her away into the woods, I felt her pain every time she groaned and cried when a bone broke. So, she had lied when she said she’d found her wolf before.

If that had been true, the first transition would've happened immediately, but it was happening now.

When we reached the woods, I carried her out and set her down. Thankfully, I knew how to control a peaceful transition, but for her, because her wolf was coming out after so long and hadn't surfaced at an early age, she was still going to be in pain. I did my best to assist her.

"Okay, Madeline, you need to focus on something else and not on the pain," I told her as I knelt in front of her.

"How the fuck do you expect me to focus on something else when every fucking bone in my body is breaking?" she screamed at me, making me lower my head before shaking it.

She had never raised her voice at me before, and it used to annoy me so much.

I remembered when we were friends, I would tell her to scream, to shout, to fight for her rights, but she would always show up with that sad pout on her lips.

It hurt me every time, and I had vowed to protect her. I don't know what happened along the way. Actually, I guess I do.

"Ah!" she screamed, snapping me back to reality.

"You're no help!" she shouted again, and I grunted in frustration.

"Look at me," I ordered, snapping my fingers in front of her face. The look she gave me almost scared me.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm not your enemy," I groaned back.

"Okay, let's talk about something else. About your babies."

As soon as I said that, she grimaced even harder.

"I don't want to talk about my babies in front of you—or with you," she hissed, making it clear that wasn't going to work. The more I talked about her children, the angrier she became.

"Okay, fine. Don't," I muttered, realizing she would only resist more.

"Let's talk about our friendship," I said, and the moment I did, I noticed her snapping her head up again. Her gaze was silent, but it held so much pain.

+25 Bonus

“That night when I told you I knew someone who could help you with the abortion—I lied.” I spoke softly, meaning every word. I noticed a frown forming on her forehead, and she started to look more interested in the conversation than in her pain.

“But you said you knew someone,” she repeated, echoing the same words I had told her in the past.

“I know I did, but I didn’t know anyone, and I was never going to make you get an abortion,” I admitted, looking away. It wasn’t easy for me to confess, but here I was, doing it again because she was in pain.

She kept her eyes on my face, studying me closely. Then I cleared my throat and adjusted my knee on the ground.

“You know, we read your diary where you wrote about having a crush on all of us. Why all of us?” I pressed, watching her, and noticed she had completely forgotten about her pain at this point.

Even as her canines started to show, her fingernails grew longer, her bones cracked, and she began to turn into something else, she kept staring at my face in confusion, as if trying to understand what exactly I was talking about.

Then she screamed one more time before her body began to convulse. Panic struck me. I reached over and pulled her closer to my chest.

It seemed like she was struggling to transition. Her wolf was ready to come out but suddenly went back, and she couldn’t shift again to her human form without even transitioning into a full wolf.

She just passed out in my arms.

For a while, I didn’t even wake her up. I just sat there, holding her and gently patting her back. Her scent was so mesmerizing that I couldn’t bring myself to pull away from her. But then I had to.

I carried her in my arms, put her back in the car, and drove her home. When I carried her inside and was about to take her to her room to lay her on the bed, I noticed she was starting to wake up. I quickly laid her down.

As I turned to leave, I felt pressure on my hand. I turned slightly and saw her holding it. Her eyes were wide open, fixed on me. She got to her feet with difficulty, and then, without any warning, she came at me, crashing her lips against mine.

I knew what was happening. It was her wolf acting up. She was awake, but her wolf had taken more control over her body. The moment she kissed me, even though it tasted better than anything in the world, I had to stop her.

When I did, I noticed she suddenly realized what she was doing. I didn't stop her aggressively. I simply didn't react and gently placed my hands on her elbows to pull her away.

As soon as she fully woke up, she looked at me and then pushed me back.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? Get out of here!" she screamed, pointing toward the door.

I knew she was feeling awkward. She couldn't admit that she was the one who came at me. I had stopped the kiss because I knew that wasn't what she wanted at that moment.

And I did not want to take advantage of her condition and enjoy the kiss.

"Get out!" she screamed again, making me roll my eyes as I started to walk away.

Something inside me snapped again, and I had to ruin it just one more time. I turned around, looked her straight in the eye, and said, "Elgin told us he doesn't want anything to do with the babies."

As soon as I said that, I saw her gasp. Her jaw clenched as she kept pointing at the door, but a single helpless tear

2/3

20—Breaking Her Heart Again

+25 Bonus

rolled down her cheek.

I didn't know if telling her was the right thing to do, but at that moment, it felt like it was. Then I walked out of

her room. 2

Comments

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Support

Sara Lili

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

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