

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 2

Madeline:

“Now, either you bring the baby’s father to my office, or I’ll send these reports to your parents and the Alpha. Do you understand me? Now get the fuck out of my office, you filth!”

I recalled the doctor’s harsh words and shivered. I had left her office an hour ago and had been standing on the road in the cold, hugging myself. I couldn’t bring myself to move or speak to anyone. I was embarrassed by how she treated me.

It was my first pregnancy. I was young and innocent. In the pack, I was known as the quiet, shy, soft-spoken girl—the goody-two-shoes who couldn’t stand up for herself.

That was what hurt the most. The very people who had once told me my softness and innocence would never be my weakness had taken advantage of me.

I wanted to cry. I stood outside the hospital, my hair tucked into my hoodie, rubbing my eyes to wipe away the tears that wouldn’t stop. I brushed them away again with my sleeves when they returned.

I wore an old knee-length white dress under a gray oversized hoodie, Graham’s hoodie, the one he had given me. It hurt that after everything they did, I still missed them.

I couldn’t contact them. Summer had started, the academy was on break, and they had blocked me. The training academy was at the border of our pack, where I used to see them every day. With vacation starting, there was no way to reach them.

Then I remembered the doctor’s threat. I had to go to the alphas. There was no other option.

After searching for an hour, I found a post on social media showing the three alphas at the birthday celebration of my pack’s alpha.

I wasn’t invited. No Omega ever was unless they were handling chores or serving drinks.

I stood outside Alpha’s house with difficulty. I convinced the guard to let me in by showing pictures of Alpha Graham, Alpha Baxter, and Alpha Elgin on my phone as proof that I was their friend.

Inside, people stared at me for being underdressed, but I didn't care. I was too worried. I found the alpha of my pack, alpha Ron, who still believed I was close with the three other alphas.

When I said I wanted to see Alpha Graham, he told me to go to the backyard, not wanting someone in old clothes inside his mansion to spoil the party.

And then Alpha Graham came out. He wore a leather jacket, his beautiful eyes shining, but his face showed a harsh reaction. He scowled, clearly unhappy to see me.

"What are you doing here? Did you tell the Alpha you came to see me? Why? When I blocked you, it meant I wanted no connection with you."

The moment he saw me, he started yelling.

Honestly, I was terrified. I had never seen him yell at me like that. Graham had always been hot-headed, rude to others, but around me, he had always been sweet. That made me feel special. But tonight, everything was different. To him, I was just like everyone else.

"I think I'm pregnant."

The moment I said it, his anger seemed to fade. Instead of rage, he looked stunned. He took a step back, then quickly straightened, ready to argue again.

"Why are you telling me? Tell the baby's father," he said harshly, as if he didn't realize he could be the father himself.

"That's why I came—to talk to all three of you. The father has to be one of you." My voice broke, but I forced the words out. I knew it was important to tell them tonight about my pregnancy.

Graham exploded the minute I said that.

"What? Me? How could it be me? Ask Baxter, ask Elgin. Not me. I didn't do anything. I was careful that night."

He lied straight to my face. None of them had been careful. None of them had used protection.

He stepped back, glaring, then pulled out his phone. "Baxter, get to the backyard now. Bring Elgin. You two can deal with this mess—it's not mine," he shouted.

I had never seen Graham like that. He looked monstrous, veins pulsing, biceps straining against his jacket. Terrified, I pressed against the wall, feeling weak in my knees.

Moments later, Baxter arrived.

“What the hell, man? You dragged me out of the party—” He stopped when his eyes landed on me.

“What’s she doing here?” he asked Graham, pointing at me. Both their faces carried the same disgust. The eyes that once held love were gone.

“Tell him what you told me!” Graham shouted and I flinched.

“I’m pregnant,” I whispered while trembling in my body.

Baxter’s eyes widened, matching the shock and fear on Graham’s face.

“It’s not mine. I didn’t do anything. Elgin was pumping nonstop in your pussy that night, ask him!” He suddenly pointed at Elgin, who seemed to have caught half the conversation already.

“Why are you blaming me?” Elgin yelled, rushing out to the backyard and pointing at me. “How do we even know how many men she’s slept with after us?”

Now all three of them stood before me, each towering over six-foot-five, their massive frames surrounding me. I was just one small, trembling girl.

The words and tones they were using for me were like a tight slap against my cheek to wake me up from my delusions. I had a crush on these alphas, what a disappointment I had been.

“You’re questioning my character? You know it was the three of you, only you, and no one before that or after!” I finally shouted, anger breaking through my fear.

Before I could breathe, Graham slammed his fist against the wall beside me. The sound made me freeze, and I pressed against the wall, too stunned to move.

“Don’t you fucking raise your voice at me,” he said, the warning was clear to me, that the next punch could land on my face. Graham leaned in close, pointing his finger at me.

“But what do we do now? What kind of trouble is she dragging us into?” Elgin said, gently grabbing Graham’s arm and pulling him back. Then all three of them stared at me again.

“If you don’t believe me, I can get a DNA test.” My voice was steady, and my confidence in my claim was clear. For a moment, they seemed to realize I wasn’t lying. One of them had to be the father of my child.

The three of them stepped aside for a moment, whispering among themselves. Then they sent Baxter to face me first, the other two following close behind.

He walked up slowly, hands shoved into his pockets, and the words he spoke carved themselves into my memory forever.

“What do you think about an abortion?”

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.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.