

## Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

# We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

## 21

### 21-He Found Out Bodhi Is His Son

Madeline:

I was going through a mixture of emotions. The last few hours had been odd. Not only had I heard my wolf speak up, but I had also briefly gone into transition mode before returning to my human form.

I had even felt the mate bond with the man who had abandoned me in the past. It was a lot, way too much.

And then there was the fact that my wolf couldn't even transition properly. I began to wonder if I had a crippled wolf or something.

When I was walking out of my room, I noticed Bodhi sitting on his bed. I instantly reached over and held his hand to walk him out.

He still seemed half asleep, so I helped him all the way to the living room and sat him down in front of the fireplace. He was still shaking, his eyes distant and unfocused.

"Bodhi, look at me," I told him, gently touching his cheek.

He slowly raised his head, and our eyes met.

"What happened?" I asked, running my hand through his hair.

It was such a sad feeling that I couldn't even tell him not to follow anyone, because, honestly, it wasn't his fault. It wasn't like he was aware of what he was doing.

It seemed like he had been sleepwalking, and I could tell why. The sickness was making him do it.

“I just keep seeing this man in my dreams. He asks me to follow him, but he’s so big and tall, and he’s always so angry,” Bodhi whispered, his voice breaking and filling me with pain.

“Is it the same man who came to the mansion the other day?” I asked.

Bodhi nodded slowly.

Why was he seeing Baxter in his dreams? Of course, it was because he was his father. Usually, in these dreams, the parents would lead their children into the woods or other strange places.

“Why do I keep seeing him?” Bodhi asked, pouting. And why is he always so angry?” he added.

I ran my hand through his hair again and gently cupped his face.

“He’s not angry with you, okay? So don’t worry. You’re not doing anything wrong,” I tried to reassure him, though I knew no amount of comfort could help him in this kind of situation.

“I’m also feeling a little itching around my ankle,” he mentioned, trying to bend down and show me where he felt uncomfortable.

I noticed it was the pendant I had wrapped around his ankle.

“Oh, it’s okay. You don’t have to wear it when you’re home alone,” I told him, realizing it wasn’t fair to make him wear it all the time. I knew how uncomfortable it could be.

“Really? Can I take it off now?” **he** asked, looking up at me with those beautiful eyes glistening with tears.

“Of course. Let me take it off for you,” I replied, unwrapping the pendant from around his ankle. I noticed a few red rashes left underneath it. Guilt washed over me, even though I had only done this for his safety.

1/3

21 He Found Out Bodhi is His Son

+25 Bonus

“Now, do you feel better?” I asked, gently touching his cheek.

“I do,” he murmured.

But suddenly, a cold wave of shock ran through me, like my soul had left my body. I slowly turned my head toward where my son was looking. He lifted his gaze and stared behind me.

“What is it?” I asked, forcing a small smile, thinking he might be remembering something he needed to mention. But the way he kept staring made my stomach twist. It felt like there was someone behind me.

Very slowly and carefully, I followed his gaze and turned around.

Behind me stood Baxter, holding my bracelet.

“You dropped this in my car,” he said, looking lost.

My attention shifted back to my son almost instantly, and I grabbed the pendant, trying to wrap it around his ankle.

But Baxter got there first. His hand clamped around my wrist, his body hunched forward; eyes locked on Bodhi.

“Let go,” I hissed at him, demanding that he step back so I could fasten the pendant.

But it was already too late. His reaction said it all. He had figured it out, the reason I’d been so protective, the thing I’d tried to hide from him for so long.

Baxter kept staring at Bodhi, then reached toward him.

But Bodhi shook his head and tried to lean back, sinking into the seat.

“You’re scaring him,” I snapped, trying to pull him away from my son.

He ignored me and placed his hand on top of Bodhi’s head. I froze. I knew exactly what he was doing. He was sensing the connection.

And the second he gasped, I knew it was over for me.

He stumbled back and threw my bracelet onto the couch. That was his way of showing his anger at the revelation.

I jumped to my feet and turned to face him.

“Not in front of him,” I said, my voice barely steady, almost pleading.

I didn’t expect him to listen, but strangely, he did. Still, his clenched jaw and fists were a sight to fear.

“Bodhi, go upstairs and lie down in your bed,” I said, turning to my son. My voice cracked.

Bodhi nodded quickly, desperate to get out of Baxter’s sight, and rushed upstairs.

As soon as he was gone, Baxter grabbed my arm and spun me around, forcing me to face him.

“Is he my son?” he demanded, shaking me.

“**Tell** me! Is he my son?” he yelled, gripping both my arms.

His grip on me tightened.

I finally grabbed his shirt and screamed back at him, “Yes, he is! Yes, Bodhi is your son!”

2/3

21-Ha Found Out Bodhi is His Son

**+25 Bonus**

I yelled **as** loud as I could, finally letting the truth out.

He suddenly released me and stepped back, gasping in shock, surprise, and disappointment all at once.

“But how? Elgin said they were his children. He said he felt the connection with them,” he asked, his tone sounding nothing like before.

He didn’t look angry or upset that Bodhi was his child, just confused that If Bodhi was his son, then why had Elgin lied?

“Because Elara is his daughter, but Bodhi is your son,” I said through a clenched jaw and big tears left my eyes.

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# We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

## 22

I felt like my head was going to explode. Baxter didn't say another word and stormed out of the mansion. After Bodhi fell asleep, I went back into the living room and poured myself a glass of wine.

I sat in front of the fireplace and drank the wine while tears rolled down my face. Everything was starting to fall apart.

My truth was coming out, my lie was being exposed, and I hated every minute of it. This wasn't how I wanted my life to be. I never wanted to return, and to think I came back only to find that these alphas were even messier than before, it crushed my heart. 1

"I should probably sleep now," I told myself, getting up from my seat. It wasn't like they ever wanted the children.

"I am tiring myself for no reason," I said, staring at the fire. I guess there was a blessing in disguise then, them not wanting my children after making sure they didn't want me. It was only good for me, so I wasn't really upset anymore.

I took a deep breath and went back to my room, not wanting to think about anything else. But I guess the worry about the shadowy man and my children's sickness stayed with me, because I was still awake after two hours before finally succumbing to sleep.

When I woke up in the morning, after showering and getting ready in a brown shirt and grey tight office pants with a white shirt, I tied my hair in a high ponytail and sat by the living room window with all the files spread in front of me.

I wanted to work hard to find the cure. So far, these alphas hadn't given me enough medicine, the medicine to delay the sickness.

And I wasn't really sure if they would after finding out these were their children. I had a very negative impression of them. But after Elgin made it clear that he didn't want anything to do with Elara, I worried about them getting rid of the babies might be the only way to prevent their past from catching up with them.

I growled, throwing my pen away when nothing made sense. This sickness, why was it only affecting the children? And why were they having nightmares of their own loved ones, making them run around in the woods? There had to be a meaning behind it.

“Ma’am, have some coffee,” Nina said, putting it down in front of me.

“You don’t have to call me ma’am, Nina,” I replied, giving her the same look I had when we first met years ago. She was only a year older than me, and she had been sweet to me from the very beginning.

She was the one who had told me not to take her father’s words to heart because he could be brutal. Well, he was, until I gained power over him and he could no longer bully me.

“But you’re still my ma’am. Anyway, the kids are still sleeping. Do you want me to prepare breakfast for you? You haven’t eaten anything,” she insisted, holding her cup of coffee and taking a sip.

However, I noticed her attention drifting toward something outside the window.

“Oh, that’s odd. Were **you** informed of anyone’s arrival?” she asked, and I followed her gaze to see three cars pull up in front of my house.

The first person to step out was Baxter. I already knew I was a fool to think he would just let it slide. His body language, the way he paced, it all looked intense.

1/2

22-All The Baby Dockin’s Are Here

+25 Bonus

Right behind him was Elgin, completing the deadly combo. And when the last door opened, I didn’t even need to guess. I knew the devil had arrived in three. Graham stormed out of **the car**, hastily approaching the door.

“Nina, why don’t you go and rest a little? I’ll call you when I need you,” I told her, gently pressing her elbow to sway her away. The alphas wouldn’t care, and I didn’t want the secret getting out.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to prepare something for the guests?” she inquired hesitantly, and my heart thumped louder with every passing second.

Then I heard the doorbell. It sounded like someone had slammed their entire fist on it and forgotten to take it off.

“They’re going to wake my children,” I grunted angrily, my fist clenching.

Nina was trying to look between me and the door, probably trying to figure out as much as she could from the little I was giving her.

“No, Nina, thank you so much. Can you please go to your room now?” I requested, and the urgency in my voice must have reached her because I was being too hasty.

“Sure,” she finally agreed and began to walk away. I noticed her turn around a few times before she disappeared from sight. I then rushed to the door, trying to stop them from causing chaos so early in the morning.

The minute I opened the door, I saw Baxter finally remove his hand from the doorbell. So it was him.

I angrily started walking toward him, making him step back instead of coming inside. I didn’t even open the door entirely, just enough to show them they weren’t welcome inside.

As soon as I stepped out of the mansion, I closed the door behind me. The look on their faces told me they were here for a good argument and a confrontation.

“So, are you going to explain to us what Baxter is saying?” Elgin started, his eyes red with anger. I could feel the audacity in their nerves to confront me.

“Only **if** you do not step into my mansion where my children are sleeping and we have this conversation like civilized people, with no insults thrown at each other. Because if I start, I swear to the moon goddess you pray to, I will make you leave here feeling naked and utterly humiliated,” I hissed, finally taking a stand.

The tone I used made them exchange a glance, it seemed realization had struck them.

I wasn’t gonna let them manipulate me into thinking I was at fault.

P

Comments

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2/2

Sara Lili

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# We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

## 23

### 23-I Ran Away To Save My Babies

Madeline:

Baxter had been taking a stroll in the garden, pacing back and forth, fisting his palm. Elgin constantly shook his head, rubbing his face with his hands while Graham sat across the table, right **in my** sight, his eyes fixed on me and his eyebrows furrowed.

I sat comfortably, leaning back in the chair, arms folded over my chest, one leg crossed over the other.

“Say what you want to ask me,” I finally snapped, piercing through the silence. I guessed it was a much-needed conversation; after all, the truth had finally been exposed.

“Is it true?” Elgin stopped pacing and faced me, asking in the softest tone.

“That you’re only Elara’s father?” I helped him, since it seemed too difficult for him to say it out loud.

“How could that be?” Elgin asked, and I shrugged while my eyes moved to Baxter, who had stopped pacing and came toward me, a bit too aggressively. That was typical Baxter.

“How could you lie to me? How could you call him Bodhi’s father when I am his father?” Unlike the other two, Baxter didn’t understand rules and never followed them.

But he would learn to behave from now on, because I wasn’t his subject, his people, or his friend, **or** people who took his blows and acted kindly just because they knew he had anger issues.

“Do you not remember what I said? We will only talk if you behave, if all of you behave,” I reminded him, keeping my posture firm.

“You think you have the ability to make commands?” Baxter hissed, walking from the side of the chairs to face

1. me.

“Baxter, please sit down. We need to have this conversation. We cannot deal with your tantrums right now, Graham finally screamed at him, making Baxter straighten his back and look at his friend.

“}

The rise and fall of his muscular chest showed he was struggling to swallow the information.

I couldn't pinpoint what exactly angered Baxter so much. He was always a mystery wrapped in an enigma. Even when he was angry, either he couldn't express what it was about, or he was just good at hiding the real reason and picking up on minor disagreements as excuses.

Finally, after getting harsh glares from his friends, Baxter backed down and sat on the seat. The three could barely fit on the chairs. Now that they were facing me, waiting for me to open my goddamn mouth, I began to prepare to speak.

“I came to you guys to tell the truth about my pregnancy that night, but I changed my mind once I heard how you reacted. And before you say you were young, not ready, I was younger than you. I was just 18. I was scared too. And when I realized that you three weren't going to protect me, or at least the baby, I decided to leave. And I watched the way you celebrated when I told you I had my periods,” I/stated, clenching my jaw but forcing a smile on my lips.

I noticed the anxiety in my body starting to return as I spoke about the past.

“Well, you already answered, we were too young to react properly,” Elgin stated coldly, the others probably agreeing because they didn't have any other excuse. However, it was funny coming from him.

“Alright, how old are your children? The ones you have with your wife—the alpha wife?” I asked. My smile was

1/2

23-4 Ron Away To Save My Babies

**+25 Bonus**

genuine this time.

I was really happy to catch him in a lie. The way his eyes dropped and shame plastered across his **face** proved he didn't have a response.

“Forget about him. I wasn’t ready at that time, and I was afraid my father would be angry at you,” Graham took the stand, leaning forward in his seat, almost as if trying to draw attention to himself.

“You did not say that. You did not want the baby. None of you did, actually. So stop with this nonsense and let’s talk about the real deal. Yes, I carried each of your children. Elara is your daughter, Elgin. Bodhi is Baxter’s son.”

I paused, watching Graham’s eyes widen. Tears started to form in them, turning them red.

“And Gina is your daughter.” The minute I said that, Graham buried his face in his hands and started to cry loudly. It was the most unexpected reaction of the three.

He then uncovered his face and got up.

“I had a daughter all this time. I had a child all this time. But you took the chance from me to be a father.” 1

However, his response soon turned more toxic as he began to point fingers at me.

“It’s not only you. She did the same to me,” Baxter added, clenching his fist.

“And me. I didn’t even know. She lied to me. And when I found out the truth, she lied again and told me all the babies were mine, just so I’d feel guilty,” Elgin added, making me unwrap my leg from the other and lean forward in the seat, studying their faces to see if they were genuinely spewing all this nonsense.

And it seemed like they were. They looked furious, angry enough that I had to lean back again just to make sure this was truly happening.

“You guys seriously believe I deprived you of children?” I asked, pointing at my chest.

The way Graham grunted and kicked the chair away gave me my answer. They were really holding me accountable for not being with their children. And I honestly lost it.

“Let’s say it,” I hissed. “You wanna know the truth? The truth is, you three were fucking cowards. You just wanted to sleep with me, and after that, you tossed me aside. You ruined my friendship, my life—everything.” I hiccupped.

“I went home that night only to find out the council was going to kill my baby. That my parents were going to kill the babies. So I left—ran far, far away from all of you. From all of you who didn’t care about me and never would have cared about my children.”

I screamed, watching their jaws hang low.

Sara Lili

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 24

#### 24—Our Best Friend Was Shattered

Baxter:

She screamed, saying things that gave me goosebumps. Although I wanted to argue with her and point out her discrepancies, I could not.

The pain **in** her eyes silenced me. I just did not understand. Some things made **no** sense.

“So, is there anything else you want to talk about before we end this conversation forever and all move on?” she hissed, a big tear rolling down her cheek.

None of us could say a word. I guess we were also guilty of many things. I mean, the others were.

I was a victim of her games too, but I kept silent.

Right now, she was talking about her trauma and what she had been through.

In that, my friends and I had become part of it.

“Now that this conversation has ended, I am going to ask you for the medicine. My children want it. As for custody, it will remain with me,” she uttered confidently.

“None of you were there when I gave birth alone. None of you wanted these children. You all have your lives. How about you don't disrupt mine, and I won't interfere with yours?” She proceeded to make new rules.

“We will work like professionals. Even the other night, Elgin, Baxter told me you didn't want anything to do with Elara. So why are you making a whole scene here?” she continued, exposing me.

Elgin turned to look at me, and I only clenched my jaw, not even meeting his eyes.

But I wasn't lying.

He did say he didn't want anything to do with her. So what if I told her that?

"Anyway, children are dying. I was called here with the promise of better treatment and the arrival of my reason to find the cure. So let's stick to that," she finally finished.

Then she sassily wiped the tear from her cheek with one finger, flicking it away as she got up from her seat.

The same nerdy girl who couldn't speak a word against anyone. The same Madeline who had been teased, bullied,

and called mad Madeline.

She had grown into such a strong woman. But why did she risk it all?

Were my friends really worth **all** the trouble she went through?

"Now we will meet at the office," she hissed, stomping her foot before leaving for the mansion.

We three sat together, just staring at her as she left. The same Madeline was now a very powerful mother.

"Why did you tell her that I did not want to do anything with Elara?" As soon as Madeline left, Elgin turned to question me,

"Because that is the truth, isn't it? You told us you did not want to do anything with her or the child. I only delayed the information to her because **I** thought it would be awkward for you to say it," I hissed back at him, lying, because that was not what I intended.

1/3

24-Our Best Friend Was Shattered

+25 Bonus

I maliciously used that information to hurt her, to remind her that the man she picked that night did not even want her or the baby. 1

"And am I lying? You told **us** you did not want the baby, but right now in front **of** her, you are acting like you are hurt that she did not include you in the child's life," I hissed back at him, adding more so he could not act like **he** was **a** victim.

His body language proved that he knew it very well because, once again, he looked down embarrassingly.

“I said it just in front of you two,” Just as I had expected of Elgin.

“Forget about it. Guys, this is crazy,” Graham stood up, hands on his waist.

Now we were all just standing around in a circle, looking at each other and realizing the mess we had created many years ago.

“She gave birth to my child. I have a child. I have been going crazy wanting to hold a baby all these years, and to think I have one... You guys don’t understand what it means to me,” Graham explained.

However, I believed he was only crying now because his own partner could not conceive.

Previously, he did not want a child with Madeline, he just wanted a one-night stand.

“Yeah, because he is your heir, right?” I stated, watching him turn to look at me almost in a threatening way.

“Really, what’s up with you, Baxter? You cannot act like you were any different than us,” Graham hit me with his response, and I started to chuckle, laughing at him for still trying to manipulate me.

“But isn’t it the truth? I told you we should not do it. But don’t you remember the night? Don’t you remember the conversations we had that ended up with us sleeping with her that night?” I closed my eyes and clenched my fists.

The two were staring at me blankly.

The sad part was that it all started because they read her diary. Where their hopes rose, mine drowned.

Then I realized she did not only have a crush on me, she had feelings for all of us.

All the time I felt special, it crumbled in front of me.

2

“It doesn’t matter what happened in the past. We **all** acted the same. Right now, we need to figure out...” Graham suddenly shut up once he slipped on a few words.

We watched his face in silence.

-

“I, I don’t know. I mean, of course, Elara is my baby, but but Madeline made it clear. She just wants to help with the cure. I think we should stick to that,” Elgin uttered, stealing his eyes from us.

Of course, he already had two babies and was married, and he would never do anything to upset his overly obsessed mother and crazy wife.

Sadly, there was nothing we could do. Madeline had made up her mind and the rules. Our egos were so high. Our crimes were so big. We could not question her anymore.

“While we are all moving on, just remember that she ran away because that night her life turned upside down, that she was going to lose her babies, and that they, her family, the council, they were threatening to kill her and the children,” Graham uttered defeatedly, his voice cracking.

2/3

24–Our Best Friend Was Shattered

25 Bonus

That part silenced us all. While I looked at the others’ guilt-ridden faces, I knew mine wasn’t carrying any other expression either.

P

Sara Lili

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 25

25–Heading Back To My Pack

Madeline:

After that day, they didn’t appear before me for two days straight. When they finally did, it was after I had interviewed my children.

I had done it myself, and I was glad they didn't try to intervene.

Now, I was sitting in Graham's office, where the other two had arrived as well.

It was even more awkward than before, because we were all acting like nothing had happened between us, as if they were meeting me for the first time.

"There's something all my children confirmed," I said, mentioning my three kids.

The thought of all three of them being sick was already too much for me.

The Alphas watched my face intently, holding their pens, ready to write everything down.

It had come to the point where any new information was too much for us, too significant to ignore.

"My kids said that whenever someone takes them to the woods, there's this one place they're always led to. It's a purple autumn tree," I explained, watching them exchange confused glances.

The moment I mentioned the purple autumn tree, Baxter lifted his head sharply, locking eyes with me.

"Where the heck could that be? Do you think it's a fictional place?" Graham wondered, suggesting that maybe the dreams didn't have any real meaning and that we were going in the wrong direction.

"Could be. Because what the heck is a purple autumn tree?" Elgin continued, siding with Graham on the idea that it might be a made-up place.

"It's a place in the woods of the Majestic Claw pack," Baxter spoke up, grabbing both Elgin and Graham's attention as he mentioned my previous pack.

"It is? How come we never knew about it?" Graham complained, looking between Baxter and me.

I tried my best not to make eye contact with Baxter, but whenever I looked up, I found him staring at me.

The reason was simple, the purple autumn tree used to be our place. That was where we met and hung out, just the two of us.

Somewhere along the line, Elgin must have put two and two together, because he snapped his head toward Baxter, then at me, almost looking upset that we hadn't included them in our secret hideout.

Thankfully, I was long past the phase where I felt the need to answer them.

“Anyway, this is the place my kids have been seeing in their dreams. I was thinking maybe—just maybe—we might find some clues there,” I said, focusing on what truly mattered rather than any old tension that didn’t

anymore.

“Well then, we should start packing. We’ll be heading to the Majestic Claw Pack and staying there for a while,” Graham stated in a cold, restrained tone.

Both Graham and Elgin suddenly looked drained of energy.

My friendship seemed to mean nothing to them, yet every time they realized I was closer to one of them, they

1/3

25-Headed Back To My Fack

+25 Bonus

reacted so strongly and I could only guess why.

It was their Alpha ego.

They wanted to be better, to have more than the others.

Sadly, I hadn’t realized that before, but now I knew it had nothing to do with me.

Their possessiveness and aggression were never about me.

“Why would you want to leave your pack behind? I’m already headed to the Majestic Claw Pack, so I’ll accompany her,” Baxter added softly, once again stealing everyone’s attention.

“Sure,” Graham agreed without resistance, and Elgin simply shrugged, not arguing or questioning it.

I had already told them I didn’t want any arguments.

I wanted them to take this matter seriously and focus only on saving the children’s lives.

Although I didn’t want any of them to accompany me, I guessed it was the right thing to do since they were part of the reason I was in the werewolf land.

These three Alphas were the ones who paid for my residence, handled everything, and convinced the council that they had done their research on someone from the human land who could help.

Hence, one of them had to accompany me, and sadly, it was Baxter.

I didn't like his aggressive energy. Hoping he would behave this time, I packed my children's bags and loaded them into the car.

When Baxter's car arrived, I noticed his warrior starting to take out my bags.

"Excuse me, I can drive myself," I said, holding on to the strap of my bag from one side while the warrior held the

other.

Baxter jumped out of his SUV, walked around, snatched the bag from me, and handed it to the warrior.

"The world has changed a little. Werewolves aren't the same as before. Sometimes, when they see an Omega or someone weaker, they attack. Mostly the rogues do. They're out of control now, and I need to make sure you and the children are safe because you're my responsibility for this trip," Baxter explained without looking at me while his men continued loading our bags into his SUV.

"What happened to never wanting rogues around? Seems like all your plans failed," I taunted bitterly.

Even though I was the one who once suggested working in a peaceful environment, I could never stop myself from being toxic whenever I was around them.

"Yeah, it seems like that. Anyway, take the kids and sit in the car," Baxter replied.

For someone like him, he was eerily calm and didn't match my bitter tone.

But his eyes gave him away, he did a double take when Bodhi stepped out of the car.

He stared at Bodhi for a little too long before I stepped in front of him, forcing him to break his gaze and look up

at me.

"Anyway, come quick," he muttered, walking away toward his SUV.

I took my kids to his car, strapped them in the backseat, and then sat in the passenger seat beside Baxter.

2/3

25-wooding Back To My Pack

+25 Bonus

I knew I would feel something the moment I stepped back into that pack.

So many memories would rush back, and as for my house, I had no idea what to expect, only that seeing any one **of** them again would be too much.

“Mommy, where are we going?” Bodhi asked from the back, making me shift in my seat.

“We’re going to a pack where your mother grew up,” I replied, instantly turning to look out the window and biting my bottom lip as a distant memory resurfaced.

“Oh, is that where your parents are? Are we going to meet them?” Bodhi asked excitedly, and the others cheered

too.

I couldn’t respond, because how could I tell them that their grandfather was the one who wanted to kill them?

“And no, we’re not meeting any of those assholes again,” I muttered under my breath, **too** silent for them to hear it.

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3/3

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# We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

## 26

26–Catching Me Naked

Madeline:

By the time we arrived, it was already a new day. We had been traveling all night, and my kids had fallen asleep in

the car.

I'd heard it wasn't safe to stop in any of the rogue areas, so we just kept driving until we finally arrived.

The minute we crossed the border, my heart started pounding in my chest, but I forced a calm expression because I knew my kids were watching me.

"Mommy, are we going to stay at the grandparents' house?" Elara asked this time, and I took a deep breath to respond straight forward.

"No, we'll be staying at a hotel," I replied and noticed Baxter turning in his seat to look at me.

"Why?" he questioned, making me frown.

"Because I don't want to," I hissed, keeping my tone low.

My kids were watching cartoons on their tablets, so I knew they weren't really paying attention to us anymore.

"They're your parents, and your kids are asking you, bombarding you with questions, but you're reluctant. Why?" Baxter continued to press, and I clenched my fists.

"I guess I told you why the other day," I replied, keeping my calm and biting down on my tongue.

"Yeah, I heard. You said they were asking you to abort the baby," he mumbled, but I started shaking my head.

“They weren’t asking me to abort the baby,” I corrected him, noticing him turn slightly to question me. “They were going to push me down the stairs to get rid of the baby.”

I finished and turned to watch his face for a reaction, since he wanted to know so badly why.

“Are you sure? Maybe you misunderstood,” he questioned, adjusting his shoulders.

I kept staring at him in disbelief. If he were someone who had just met me, the idea of my parents being that evil might’ve been hard for him to believe.

But Baxter wasn’t new in my life.

He had been around for a while, and he knew the truth. So hearing him ask me that really took me by surprise.

“Well, I’m not going to prove myself to you, Baxter. But I’m also not going to stay with them,” I said, turning my head away.

This time, when I folded my arms over my chest, my fists were clenched tight.

I wished I **could** open my heart to him and show how blackened it was because of them and everyone else around.

But finally, we were there.

The alpha of the pack was waiting. He had been informed of my arrival, and I’d heard he was pretty excited to see

PP.

Alpha Ron.

I remembered him from before. Back then, he’d been cold toward me, like he was with any other omegas,

but he

1/3

never bullied me the way others did..

He just kept his distance, busy with the cheerleaders and lils other shenanigans.

As I stepped out of the car, I saw Alpha Ron move forward.

This time, he looked really good, wearing a gray suit, looking fresh, with his warriors standing around him, holding bouquets for my arrival,

“Madeline Sawyer,” he greeted with a smile, already knowing who I was. “I can’t believe such a gem came from my pack.”

That was how his instincts responded to me. At least he didn’t act rudely toward my arrival like the others had

It was kind of shocking that my own friends were upset to see me, but he didn’t look upset at all.

“Alpha Ron. How are you?” I greeted, accepting the bouquet from him.

“As good as I can be. How do I look?” he asked, spreading his arms so I could get a full look at him.

I had to **admit**, he’d grown more **confident**, and flirtatious.

But just like everyone else who hadn’t paid attention to me before, once I got hot, suddenly everyone noticed.

“Oh, I see you brought your kids with you. I didn’t know you were married,” Ron continued to flirt, smiling at my children as they stepped **forward** to introduce themselves.

While they did, Baxter finally approached **me** from the side,

“Don’t forget you’re married. Don’t go flirting around.”

It was a subtle comment he threw at me before walking ahead to greet Ron.

He didn’t even give me a chance to respond.

I didn’t like it.

He had no reason to remind me how I should act or behave, but I kept quiet and swallowed my anger.

We were taken to the hotel suite where I was going to stay, and I noticed Baxter’s room was right next to mine. **to** play, and I noticed Baxter’s room was right next to mine.

oing

It was already late when we arrived, and I didn't want to stay at Alpha **Ron's mansion** for dinner.

My kids were fussy, and I knew they needed some quiet time.

So I took them to the suite, ordered food, and once they were done eating, I put them to bed.

Then I took a shower, wrapped myself in a bathrobe, and stepped out to have a glass of wine while looking out the big window.

I in the **past**

Sitting on the comfortable chair with the glass in my hand, I found myself lost in

Flashback

"Tell me, come on, don't be like this," Baxter said as we **sat** under the big purple autumn tree.

It was a beautiful tree with autumn leaves that were all shades of purple, some lavender, some darker.

The gentle wind **would** blow them around us and over us, and we loved it.

**+25 Bonus**

"I don't know what you want to know," I tried to divert the topic while focusing on my sandwich.

**We** used to come here for little picnics, and it was always Baxter's idea.

He'd show up outside my house, text me to come out because he'd planned a picnic, then take me to the woods, to the same spot where we'd sit together and read books.

"Do you have a crush on someone?" he asked again, insistent as ever.

He was only a year older than me, but sometimes he felt so much older.

Mainly because he was so tall, broad, and strong, while I was timid and short next to him.

"I don't know," I replied shyly.

"Well, I hope you don't have a crush on anyone, because you know your friend is very possessive and protective of you. So your crush will have to pass through me, remember that," he said, trying to sound playful.

I laughed back then because I thought it was funny.

End of flashback

I tilted my head and **took** a sip from my glass, remembering his words.

He'd always been that way with me, but today, when he made that comment about me flirting with Ron, it took me back to that moment and reminded me of what he'd said.

While I was lost in thought, my phone beeped. I checked it and saw a message from him on the screen.

Baxter. If you're free and not sleeping, I'd like to discuss the sickness with you.

I stared at his text for a moment before deciding to reply.

Me: Fine. You can come to my suite.

I had just sent the text and stood up from the chair, my bathrobe slightly loosened as I reached for the dress hanging on the rack.

Before I **could** even touch it, the door beeped, the sound of a key card sliding through.

The lock clicked open, and Baxter stepped inside.

I froze, my hand still hovering midair as his eyes met mine in an awkward silence.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

# 27

27-Like Father Like Son

Madeline:

I panicked and instantly turned my back to him, pulling my robe shut and hugging myself.

I was pretty sure he saw it. He saw my entire front. I closed my eyes awkwardly.

“I’m so sorry,” I **heard** Baxter murmur.

When I slowly turned around to check on him, I noticed he was facing away, anxiously running a hand through his hair.

“I promise I didn’t see anything. No, no, no—I don’t promise, but I didn’t see anything,” he stammered, trying to explain to calm me **down**, but only made it worse.

What did he even mean by not wanting to promise?

“It’s okay. I was wearing undergarments anyway,” I lied, quickly tying the bathrobe.

“Yeah, right,” he replied with a hint of sass.

I guess he didn’t really want to make me feel better, otherwise, he wouldn’t have questioned me.

He was calling out my lie, but what could I do now?

I awkwardly clicked my tongue and lightly slapped my forehead.

I **had** almost forgotten that he had keys to my room, and I had keys to his, just in case of emergencies since my kids were still sick, I didn’t want him waiting if I called for help.

“Anyway, I’m covered now,” I said, and he turned around.

My eyes immediately darted to his pants, noticing the clear bulge. I looked away again.

“Are you fucking serious, Baxter?” I snapped, folding my arms over my chest.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him look down and place a hand over his pants.

“It’s nothing, it’s a calm situation. I’m just not wearing underwear,” he blurted out, trying to make an excuse twearing underwear, he blurted out trying **to** make an excuse

I almost smiled, remembering how bad he was at lying especially in moments like this.

But my smile faded quickly when I saw him notice it.

“Anyway, you were going to talk about the sickness,” I said, clearing my throat and sitting at the table in the middle of the suite.

It was a luxurious high-rise, I could see the city buildings through the window.

Baxter walked in and sat down, holding a file in his hand.

He opened it and showed me a list of **names** submitted by parents of the children suffering from the sickness.

“The names keep adding up, Madeline. It’s not looking good,” he muttered, anxiously tapping his pen against the

paper.

“I know. Is that what you came here for?” I asked, thinking maybe he just needed moral support.

1/3

#25 Bonus

“No, actually,” he said, scratching the back of his neck before pointing to one particular **note**, a statement from a child.

“The child said he was led into the woods. He was picked up and placed on a swing, and someone **was p** him. And it hit a nerve because I remember having that dream when I was a kid, Madeline.”

As he s

pushing

spoke, the **hair** on the back of my neck stood up.

“The same place. The same feeling of being lifted, placed on a swing by someone tall whose face I **couldn’t** see. The purple autumn leaves, everything was the same.” he paused.

“All of it, Madeline. I don’t understand. And you know who mentioned it?” he went **on**, giving me one shock after another.

But this time, I wasn’t surprised. I already knew.

“Bodhi did,” I whispered in a broken voice.

“Yeah. My son did,” he admitted.

At that moment, we just stared at each other helplessly.

“I think I’ll go and sleep now,” he said suddenly, breaking the silence.

The way he shut the file **was** gentle, like someone who had accepted defeat.

He placed his hands on the table, pushed himself up, and straightened his posture, showing how exhausted he

**was.**

I kept watching him the entire time.

Then he slowly picked up the file and gave me a look, a look filled with sadness and longing.

At that moment, I felt like he might be feeling lonely in his room, maybe even wanting me to ask him to stay.

But I didn’t. I stayed silent.

He began to walk away, dragging his feet.

He moved slowly, turning around a few times to give me a small nod, as if to say he was leaving now, but I could tell he was waiting for me to stop him.

I didn’t.

I had taken care of him before. I knew exactly why *he* was so tired and sad. I knew it all.

But this **time**, I didn’t want to help him. Taking care of him in the past had only left me feeling uncared for.

v suite.

And just like that, he walked out of my

For **a** few seconds, I felt guilty for not asking him to stay, but then I reminded myself, he hadn’t cared for me before.

Why should I care now?

I went to bed and woke early the next morning to visit the place with the kids,

They were all excited, thinking it was going to be a picnic.

+25 Bonus

And I guess that was fine, because if I told them the truth, they wouldn't understand. They'd only be scared.

Baxter was the one driving us to the woods, with Alpha Ron following in his own car.

"He didn't have to stick with us, though," Baxter complained, knowing full well I wasn't responding to his whining.

"I'm okay with him coming. It's his pack anyway," I replied.

"Did you ask him to come?" he asked **again**, making me roll my eyes and shake my head while I stared out the window, avoiding his gaze.

Finally, we arrived. I carried Elara, while Gina and Bodhi held hands, happily **walking** into the woods.

Elara seemed a little scared for some reason.

We led the kids straight to the tree with the purple autumn leaves. And when I say I gasped, I truly gasped.

Even Alpha Ron **and** Baxter turned to look at me.

It was still the same beautiful tree, holding so many memories, but this time, something was different.

The tree was starting to wilt and die from the top, not the bottom. Somehow, that made it even eerier.

"I've seen this tree in my dreams," Bodhi whispered.

And to make things worse, my kids confirmed it, running toward the tree and touching the swing beneath it.

The same swing Baxter and Bodhi had seen in their dreams.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free for you

you

Comments

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 28

28—Riding With Him

Madeline:

We wandered around the area for a while, noticing there wasn't anything unusual except that the tree seemed to be dying in a strange way.

Other **than** that, everything looked **normal**.

The kids played around, but every time one of them sat on the swing, I felt awkward and uncomfortable.

Baxter wouldn't even agree to push any of the swings. He was clearly uneasy.

I noticed him clearing his throat **and** scratching the back of his neck the whole time.

As for Alpha Ron, he stood there cluelessly, wondering why this place was important.

After the inspection was over, we returned to our cars.

"Madeline, I've arranged a dinner for you and the kids, and I was hoping you'd like to join me and my family," Alpha Ron uttered.

I nodded, accepting his offer.

"Baxter, please come along, okay?" He patted Baxter's puffed-up biceps before walking away to his car.

"His family?" I asked.

Baxter got into the car, adjusting his seatbelts,

“He’s not married. He lives with his grandmother now. The rest of his family passed away, but he’s very close to **Lady Riva**,” Baxter explained, turning around to check on the kids.

“Why? Were you upset that he’s married?” he teased in a rather bitter way.

I ignored the comment. Every time he said things like that, I completely avoided them.

He eventually stopped making such remarks when he realized I wouldn’t respond.

“Anyway, I’ll see you at dinner then,” he said as he drove me to the hotel.

I spent the rest of the day taking care of the **kids** while also trying to study the interviews with the children.

Some of the others had said strange things too, but I couldn’t piece it all together.

What was going on?

Why were only the kids affected?

After working for a few **hours**, I finally decided to get ready for dinner.

Elara wore a beautiful black dress, looking like a little fairy!

Gina wore a green one, and Bodll wore blue jeans with a white **shirt**.

He looked adorable with his hair parted to the side and slicked back.

My kids were honestly the sweetest little dolls.

As for me, I put on a black dress that fit like a glove, tight at the waist, wide at the hips, and with a deep V-neck

that showed my collarbone and the curve of my chest.

I added a diamond necklace that hung perfectly, though it slightly caught between my breasts.

After curling my hair, I applied brown lipstick and matching eyeshadow.

When I stepped out of my room, my kids were the first to shower me with compliments.

They were my biggest fans, always talking about how beautiful my hair looked and how stunning the lipstick was.

Bodhi said brown suited me because of my hair and eyes.

According to them, the color made my green eyes stand out even more.

While my kids were hyping me up, the door opened and Baxter walked in, dressed in all black.

For a moment, everything stopped. My eyes fixed **on** him and the way he moved, so confidently and smoothly.

His damp hair was styled perfectly, with a few strands falling over his forehead.

His beautiful gray eyes narrowed, and his jawline looked even sharper than I remembered, framed by a faint beard and mustache.

He walked over and glanced at the kids.

I noticed the way his **eyes** softened and a small smile tried to form on his lips when he looked at Bodhi, but I knew he didn't **want** to interact.

I had asked him not to.

When he lifted his head to look at me, he quickly looked down again, then looked back up.

It was the strangest double take. His eyes traveled from my hair to my eyes, then to my lips, and finally to my neckline.

They lingered there for a moment before he passed me a brief glance and looked away.

"If you're ready, we should go," he said, running a hand through his hair and to the back of his neck.

"Yeah, we're ready," I replied, clicking my heels as I walked beside my babies. Baxter let me lead.

Once we settled in the car, I noticed him adjusting the rearview mirror so it angled **toward** the passenger seat.

I didn't know why he did that. Then he tilted it again until our eyes met through the **mirror**, and he didn't shy away from holding the gaze.

I was the one who looked away **first**, breaking the contact.

Neither of us spoke to each other. When the mansion finally came into view, my body tensed again.

The last time I was here was when I came to speak with the Alphas and tell them about my pregnancy,

I sighed, tired of the constant trippers.

When Baxter parked the car, I didn't get out right away. I sat there, staring at the exit, the place I'd once run out of

in tears.

After a few minutes of **silence**, I **finally** stepped out of the car.

2/3

My kids were half-asleep, so I knew I had to get through dinner quickly so I could take them home to rest.

I held Elara and Bodhi's hands while Gina walked ahead of me.

Once we entered the mansion, the kids immediately started paying attention to all the pictures and frames on the walls, mostly of werewolves.

It was new to them, so of course, they got excited every time they saw one.

Alpha Ron and his grandmother were already waiting for

They greeted us warmly, and the grandmother asked me to come closer.

I stepped forward, and she placed her hand gently on my head before smiling at me.

You have lovely children," she remarked, glancing at them.

Elara, Bodhi, and Gina stepped forward, sweetly introducing themselves just as I **had** taught them.

"I've got you gifts," said the old woman, Lady Riva.

She was known for fighting in the wars and was the only female warrior who had stayed active throughout the years.

From what I knew, no other woman had taken part in the wars, which made Lady Riva an epitome of strength.

"**Oh**, you didn't have to. They already have so many toys," I said, feeling a bit awkward as her warriors carried the gifts forward.

“Oh no, nothing is ever enough for children, right kids?” she said with a gentle smile.

I was surprised that she didn’t look anywhere near a hundred. Maybe in her late seventies, or **even** early seventies.

“Anyway, I’m glad you’ve arrived. Someone has also come to see **you**,” **she** added.

It caught me off guard because I thought it was just going to be us. Who would come to see me?

Comments

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 29

29—Such A Betrayal.

Madeline:

Baxter had already excused us to attend a call from his royal beta. While he walked out, I was confused, wondering who had come to see me?

Was it the council members, maybe?

However, once I was taken to the living room for a little talk before dinner was served, I found out who exactly was here to see me, and honestly, it was a completely unexpected arrival.

Seeing her again filled me with anger.

It was my half-sister, **Yuvonne**.

She sat on the couch waiting for me, and when she saw me, she stood up with a wide smile plastered on her lips.

Wearing a blue knee-length dress and a sleek black bob, she looked polished.

Her clothes were all **branded**, and her whole appearance screamed wannabe models.

But how did her life turn out so well after she had been so horrible to me all these years?

The fact that she was right in front of me shocked me the most.

“Mommy, who is she?” Elara asked, tugging at my arm.

Yvonne’s attention shifted from me to her. She smiled almost too widely. The way she kept flashing smiles made me uncomfortable. She had never been like that before.

“I’m your mother’s sister,” she said, already realizing they were my children.

“Madeline, it’s such a surprise. Honestly, I couldn’t stop myself from coming here after hearing you’d returned. And look at you—you’ve grown so much, and you have children!”

She spoke with her hands on her chest, giggling softly in a tone completely unlike her old self.

It seemed like the same person but with a completely different personality. Nothing about her felt familiar

anymore.

“She’s our aunt?” Gina asked, looking up at me with her neck bent all the way back.

“Hello, I’m Bodhi,” my **son** said.

**As** soon as Bodhi stepped forward and offered his hand for a handshake, my body stiffened.

I had a desperate urge to stop my children from interacting with her, to pick them up and walk away. But Lady Riva was watching me, and so was Alpha Ron.

There was a problem in facing my half-sister.

I was **afraid** she would cause trouble and mention that when I ran away, I was pregnant, and that I had fled because I didn’t want to go through with the abortion and also **reveal** who the father of my baby was.

So I stood there, my face tight and my body rigid, just waiting for her to **leave**.

“Such a reunion,” Lady Riva remarked, smiling. “It’s a matter of pride that this intelligent and talented woman’s family comes from our pack,” she added, making it clear why she was eager for me to meet my half-sister.

1/3

+25 Bonus

She wanted recognition among the other packs, to proudly claim that I was born and raised in hers.

Still, I didn’t say a word, even as my sister crouched before my children, shook their hands, and then stood to wrap her arms around me. I didn’t hug her back. I didn’t move at all.

“Well, why don’t we let them talk, and in the meantime, open your gifts?” Lady Riva suggested to my children, who danced up and down before joining her in the side room.

Where has Alpha Ron gone?” I wondered. “Probably to check on Baxter and see what’s taking him so long

In the meantime, my throat felt tight. I was **annoyed**.

“I can see a little hostility from **you**. You don’t have to say it,” she said with a pout. “But trust me, I’ve changed.”

She tried to make me believe that someone like her could change. I just stared at her silently, arms folded across my chest, my foot tapping the floor.

“Listen,” she began softly, “I was very insecure growing up. You know our mother—well, my mother. Of course, she was never one to act like a mother to you. She had this habit of making everyone insecure, then making me hurt you to gain her attention and approval.”

She pouted **as** she waited for my reaction.

“It made me bitter because the only time she appreciated me was when I was rude to you. So I grew up thinking that as long as I bullied you, I wouldn’t face her wrath. I didn’t realize how wrong it was until you left. But trust me, I’m a changed woman now.”

Her voice was gentle, completely different from before. I still just stared at her.

I could have forgiven anyone who **hadn’t** laid their hands on **me**, but not the ones who plotted against my children.

But then again, she was never the one who tried to push me down the stairs, that was her mother. All I could do was be polite to her, but I could never trust her. She didn't need to know that.

"It's alright," I said. "I had a miscarriage anyway."

Her **eyes** widened at that.

"Yeah," I continued quietly, "when I was leaving, I was under so much stress that I lost the baby. Leaving was just my way of starting somewhere I was worth something. Then I met my husband, got married, and now I have three children."

I let all of that spill out at once, terrified someone might put two and two together.

"Oh, congratulations. Can I **have** a hug now?" she asked, pouting.

The way she accepted everything I said so easily made me feel lighter.

Just for the sake of getting rid of the tension and keeping her from suspecting anything, I nodded. She hugged me again.

This time, I gave her only a small pat on the back, hoping she'd be done and leave. But I didn't know she wasn't

here to leave.

As she pulled away, her eyes drifted past me, **and** a soft, flirty smile appeared on her lips. Her cheeks flushed pink with shyness.

"Baby, I knew you were coming," she said, tucking her chin into her shoulders before rushing past me toward the

2/3

+25 Bonus

man she called her baby.

I turned and watched her wrap her arms around Baxter, who stood there staring at me.

Suddenly, it all hit me, her branded clothes, her changed demeanor. She was dating an alpha, not just any alpha, but my ex-best friend and the father of my child.

The same man who didn't want to be with me because I wasn't up to his standards, yet went ahead **and** started dating my half-sister, the one he knew had abused me throughout my childhood.

目

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 30

30-He Is Dating My Half-Sister

Madeline:

“How are you? I’ve been missing you so much. The moment I heard you were coming, I canceled all my meetings and rushed straight to see you,” she uttered happily.

Yvonne wrapped her arms around him, smiling warmly as she looked at his face.

I noticed a hint of hesitation in Baxter’s posture, probably because he knew what he had done.

“How are you?” **he** asked awkwardly, struggling even to greet her properly. He must have realized that I had already met her, and it seemed he was caught off guard to see her here.

“I’m **fine** now that you’re here,” she replied happily.

The more I watched them interact, the more it felt as if my entire body was on fire and my skin had been burned

**away.**

The only reason for that feeling was simple, he used to be my best friend.

I remembered how my sister used to get annoyed that he was closer to me than to her. He would often come home angry with her whenever she was rude to me.

But suddenly, he was nothing to me and her boyfriend instead?

I swallowed hard, trying to hold back my tears as I remembered the night he slept with me and then shut me out

of his life.

In that serious moment, I started to wonder if something was wrong with me. Why else would everyone be fine being around others but not me?

With Baxter, it was even more confusing. It's not like my sister came from a different background, she was just like me, an omega.

**So what made her so special that he chose her over me?**

"Anyway, let's start dinner. The kids seem really tired," Alpha Ron said, breaking his attention to the dinner as he arrived again.

I noticed Baxter looking at me. I didn't understand how things had turned out this way. But I was willing to hide my emotions and act like I wasn't bothered, **even** though I was.

We all sat at the dinner table, **and** I spent most of the time feeding my kids. Although they were well-trained to eat on their own, I insisted on doing it that day, and they seemed happy about it.

My intention was different. I was avoiding eating too much myself because I couldn't stomach **food**.

Baxter sat very close to Yuvonne, and every once in a while, she would giggle and nudge him, even though he hadn't said a word.

She was the only one **making** jokes and getting close to him, but I guess it didn't matter. He had chosen her, so even if he didn't act like he was enjoying her company now, he had clearly enjoyed it in the past few years.

Halfway through dinner, I received a text from Baxter. I glanced up just in time to see him sneakily put his phone down while Lady Riva was busy talking with Yuvonne.

From their conversation, I gathered that Baxter had helped Yuvonne at the pack house workshop.

1/3

#25 Bonus

Her main job was to enter the daily number of weapons being made, a task given only to trusted **people**.

I didn't know why I felt so jealous. Probably because he hadn't **done** the same for me in the past, the one who was his best friend.

I realized I was never special to begin with. I swallowed and picked up my phone to check his message.

Baxter: What's up? You're not eating.

I read his message, feeling anger rise through me. Instead of letting it go, I replied.

Me: You don't have to worry about me. I'm fine.

I noticed him instantly pick up his phone, but it was on silent. Of course, why would he let his beautiful Yvonne know he was texting me?

Baxter: Is something bothering you?

I read his next text.

Then, in one **plain**, simple answer, I replied.

Me: Yes. It's you.

That was all I said as I set my phone down.

I watched **him** frown and type something quickly. But I didn't respond. I watched him try again and again. Each time, I ignored him, and eventually, he gave up.

Lady Riva kept asking if I was enjoying myself. I reassured her that I was, but she kept insisting I was too quiet and that I **never** spoke about the sickness of the children with her.

I didn't know if she was really that clueless, but she should have known that ever since my sister arrived, my entire mood had shifted.

Still, I guess it didn't matter.

She was either too naïve or just loved my sister a little too much, because they seemed to share a great connection. And thanks to Baxter, that bond had grown stronger.

"Madeline, how about we meet again? Why don't you come home? You know, it's not okay to stay upset with your parents for too long," Yvonne suggested, her tone dripping with manipulation, just as I had expected.

She knew how much our parents despised me, yet she had the nerve to invite me back to the same house where I'd been bullied endlessly.

That apology she gave me had been completely fake. She knew she was about to crush me with the truth about her and Baxter.

my face.

“I’ll see. I really don’t have time,” I replied, aware that Lady Riva and Alpha Ron were both watching my

“It’s okay, you can always make time for your **parents**. They worked hard to send you to school and take care of you,” Lady Riva insisted, repeating the same rumors my mother had spread **years** ago.

She’d painted herself as this loving stepmother desperate to help me study more. And because I hadn’t been able to defend myself back then, everyone believed her version of the truth.

“Yeah, sure, I’ll see,” I repeated, hoping they would just leave me alone at this point.

2/3

gy

+25 Bonus

Just as it was time for me to leave, I noticed Baxter coming out carrying Bodhi on his shoulder. Bodhi seemed to be fast asleep.

He must have dozed off while waiting for us to leave the living room after dinner. Something about it made my heart stop. Bodhi’s eyes were completely closed.

Gina and Elara walked beside Baxter. Leaving everyone mid-**conversation**, I lunged at him and snatched my son from his arms. I’m sure everyone noticed how aggressively I did that.

“I’ll go home now,” I said, sprinting off with my two babies and Bodhi **in** my arms. I no longer cared who saw my behavior.

But Baxter did. He came right after me, complaining, “What the heck was that?”

I was putting my son in the backseat and fastening his seatbelt when I turned to face him.

“Exactly. What the fuck was that, Baxter?” The moment I asked, my eyes began to well up, and I noticed his frown deepen. He probably realized what I meant.

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Ruby Walker

**Ruby Walker** is a rising voice in the world of romance and spicy fiction. With a gift for weaving deep emotions, sizzling chemistry, and unexpected twists, her stories are a blend of passion and drama that captivate readers from start to finish. Ruby's writing style is bold and irresistible—perfect for those who crave intense, addictive love stories.