

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 231

231-Looking For A Home

Madeline:

A loud knock jolted me awake. I propped myself up and lifted my head, startled by how close Baxter's chest was to my face.

He got up first, probably waking from the knock on the door.

"It's okay, I'll check it," he murmured to me, gently touching my cheek.

He still sounded half-asleep.

He pulled the blanket over me before getting up and stepping off the couch.

I kept my eyes open, because once I woke, I was not going back to sleep.

Still, I remained still for a moment, confused by how warm the couch had been a second ago.

It had been because of him.

The blanket slipped slightly down my shoulder, and I pushed it back into place.

The knock came harder this time.

Baxter adjusted his shirt and pants before reaching the door.

He opened it and began speaking with someone.

I rose from the couch right away, because now that he was outside, I planned to take a quick shower and then slip back into the coat, since the coat was the only thing I had.

I grabbed it and hurried into the bathroom.

The bathroom was so cold.

My wedding dress was dry now, and I considered wearing it for a moment, but walking around in such a heavy gown would be difficult.

Walking around in only a coat would be awkward too, so I did not have much choice.

The water helped ease my tense muscles, but once I dried off, the problem returned.

I stared at the gown and the coat again.

I chose the coat. As long as I stayed in the room, I could manage with it.

I put it on and buttoned it up to my collarbone.

When I opened the door, I froze. The sight was comforting.

Bags were on the floor. Not just any bags, my bags. I recognized them instantly.

1

They were from back home. I rushed toward them and knelt, opening the first one.

My clothes were folded inside. I covered my mouth to suppress the wide smile forming on my face.

I checked the second bag, and it held kids' clothes.

The other bags had more things for the kids, and the third large one was definitely Baxter's.

1/3

231-Looking For A Home

+25 Bonus

I turned toward him and saw him standing beside the bed.

He had just fixed the blanket around the kids again and was adjusting his sleeves.

"How **did** you get these?" I asked, still kneeling by the bags.

"I texted my royal beta, and he arranged everything. He grabbed whatever he could. It should last for a while," he replied, pointing at another bag that had an aid kit and some snack and cereal boxes.

That was a lot for someone who had been kicked out of the pack.

That kind of help could mean everything.

“Thank you so much.” As soon as I said it, Baxter frowned in a way that looked almost too confident.

“I can gift my wife this much on the first night,” he remarked.

As soon as he said that, I turned my head back toward the bag to give him my back.

Not because I was angry or embarrassed, but because I knew my cheeks would turn red.

Somehow everything he said made me blush.

I touched the fabric of the clothes in my bag and sniffled.

Just these simple things now felt like a luxury, and it was only the first day of us going rogue.

I grabbed one of the black dresses and zipped up the bag.

“I’ll go change,” I told Baxter without looking at him.

I hurried into the room and slipped into the dress.

When I stepped out, the kids were already awake.

“Mommy,” Bodhi called, rubbing his eyes.

“Where are we gonna go from here?” he asked.

I sat beside him and pulled him closer, running my fingers through his hair.

“We will look for a home,” I replied.

Baxter gestured that he would go use the restroom, and I gave him a nod.

By the time he was inside, my kids had all sorts of questions.

Elara rushed to the bags to check if her favorite toys were there.

Even though her tablet was there, I knew it would soon be useless, since she would not get any connection in the woods.

I chose not to mention it.

Life had existed before these things, so I was sure my kids would manage.

After Baxter came out, we gave the kids a quick shower.

Then it was time to fix their hair. Baxter sat with the girls on the couch.

2/3

231 Looking For A Home

He lifted Gina onto his knee and tightened her ponytail while she held one of her little toys. Elara sat beside him, swinging her legs, and he moved her hair tie into place with care.

I watched him for a moment, surprised by how calm he looked with them.

When he noticed me watching, he straightened and rested his arms on his legs.

“We decided something last night,” he told the kids.

“We are going on an adventure. We will stay in the woods. We will build a house, and we will call it home.”

The way he phrased it, the kids were bound to love it.

The girls widened their eyes, while Bodhi looked up at me for reassurance.

I nodded at them, even though I was not sure how any of it would work.

Baxter sounded confident, almost as if he had planned every step.

“Finish brushing Bodhi’s hair, then we will leave,” Baxter remarked as he tied the last strand on Elara.

I did, though my gaze kept drifting toward him.

I wondered if he truly meant everything he had said or if the situation had pushed him into survival mode. Then I wondered if he had really forgotten about his luxurious life.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

232

232–The Man Of **The** House

Madeline:

We had been ready to leave, but that was when a loud knock came at the door.

Baxter was the one who opened it, and when he stepped aside, I saw Lord Eldon standing there. I rolled my eyes at his arrival.

“What do you want now?” I asked him, getting up from the bed and moving toward the doorway.

“I have decided to come here and ask Alpha Baxter to hand over his house keys and everything he owns from his pack,” Lord Eldon replied as he stepped inside without waiting for an invitation. (1

Baxter wandered up behind me with a blank expression. Lord Eldon’s gaze scanned the room.

When he noticed the bags on the floor, he lifted an eyebrow.

“Who told you you could bring any of this with you?” he questioned.

This time, Baxter did not stay beside me. He moved forward, his shoulders tightening.

“I can bring them. If you want to fight about them, then fine. We can go to war over simple bags,” he told Lord Eldon, who raised his palm slightly. 1

“Calm down. There is no need to be hostile,” he remarked, and the bitterness in his tone never faded.

Baxter did not move.

“The keys,” Lord Eldon reminded, clearing his throat and holding out his hand.

Baxter reached into his pocket, took out the house keys and the car keys, and placed them in Lord Eldon’s hand. Watching him do that made my stomach twist. The man had earned everything he owned, and now he was giving it away as if it meant nothing.

“That is not fair,” I argued, which made Lord Eldon raise an eyebrow.

“What was that?” he asked.

“These are his belongings. He worked for them,” I replied.

Lord Eldon followed my words with a short laugh.

“He let go of everything. He should have thought about it before he acted last night. He was warned by his friends, everyone there. Did you think we would be lenient just because you looked happy with him? That is not how it works.”

His words made my back stiffen, but before I could respond, Baxter stepped forward.

“Do not speak to my wife like that. You got your keys. Now leave,” he snapped.

His voice and manner had changed so much that even Lord Eldon looked shocked.

Before he could leave, something else happened, and it truly broke my heart.

“Grandpa!” Gina jumped off **the** couch and rushed toward him to hold his legs.

He pulled back instantly and pushed his hand in her face.

1/3

232-The Man Of The House

+25 Bonus

“Do not call me that. I am not your grandfather.”

As soon as he said that, my daughter’s lips curled downward.

Before I could reach her, Baxter acted quickly, lifting her into his arms.

“Yeah, Gina, some men are just men. They have no relationships, they have no statuses. And why do you care? You have your father. I am your grandpa, I am your grandma, I am your everything,” Baxter told her softly.

He gave her a little bounce in his arms as he spoke, and she began to laugh before hugging him.

I noticed Lord Eldon roll his eyes and then turn around to leave.

As soon as the door shut, I looked at Baxter.

“What are we going to do now?” I asked him.

I guessed I had asked him this question so many times that if it had been anyone else, they would have told me to stop and not stress them out so much.

“You keep saying that, but look at us. We have nowhere to go now,” I complained as I folded my arms over my chest.

“We have somewhere,” he told me. “This is our first night here. They gave us three nights, tomorrow and the day after. So today we will go into the woods and look for a place, a safe place, which we will work on while we are here.”

He replied very casually, but I could tell he was doing it only to make sure I was not freaking out.

“Madeline, we will build something small if we have to,” he added. “There are abandoned cabins too. We can check those.”

“What if the people who owned those cabins come back?” I asked in worry..

“In the rogue community, anything can happen. Even if you build a new one, someone might show up to claim it. It is normal out there.”

The way he explained it did not help me.

His words made my stomach sink, but before I could reply, Elara tugged at my dress.

“Mommy, this will be a good adventure. Do not worry,” she whispered.

“Yes, daddy said we are powerful,” Gina added, and Bodhi began to nod with her.

The word daddy made my breath hitch for a second.

I stared at my daughters and my son and then looked up at Baxter, who was watching them with nothing but undying love.

I wondered how it was possible that while others cared only for their own blood, and that too for a short time, Baxter loved the three of them equally.

In fact, I had noticed he was sometimes more attentive to the girls' needs than to his own son.

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

233

233—Time To Take My Man Back

Yuvonne:

“You need to **eat** something in order to have strength to fight and take your man back from that witch,” my mother grunted as she held the fruit bowl near my mouth.

I kept staring at the wall in front of me in silence. My knees were pulled up to my chest as I hugged them while sitting on the couch.

I could not remember how many hours I had cried. I did not know if I had even blinked or slept last night.

I could not.

Thinking that it was their first night, I had wild thoughts, and every time I imagined her touching him, anger rose in me hard enough to burn anyone alive.

“That is not fair,” I said to my mother, sniffing.

“She does not deserve him,” I uttered, unable to look at her because I knew that the moment I did, I would lose

control.

I started to rock back and forth.

“Well, it is all your fault,” my mother snapped at me once again.

But I kept rocking.

“I know. And you know what, mother, you were right. My friends are not responding to me, none of them checked on me,” I said, feeling my eyelids grow heavier.

“I told you, those are rich ladies, they do not care about anyone,” my mother stated and I began to nod.

“Well, they will have to care about me, mother, or else I will ruin their worlds too. Like mine is ruined,” I hissed, my fist clenching tightly.

“Forget about them. You do not need to fight with them. Remember, you do not have a Baxter to defend you or protect you from these powerful people right now,” my mother reminded.

As soon as she said that, I snapped my head toward her, and tears began to roll down my face.

The realization that Baxter was gone was making me lose my mind.

“You know, she will be filling his ears with poison. I am sure she will have him all riled up about me being the one who leaked those diary pages,” I said as my lips began to quiver.

“I know she will be doing it. Madeline is that way, she is very negative. The entire night she will be speaking about **you**,” my mother agreed.

She then touched my shoulder gently.

“I will say I was the one who leaked it, okay? No blame will come to you,” she told me.

I began to shake my head. Previously, it was my father who took the blame for my actions.

But this time, who was I going to accuse?

If I accused my mother, it would give Baxter a reason to stay away from our family because it was too toxic.

1/3

233 Time To Take My Man Burk

+25 Bonus

That was when my mother’s phone started to ring. She stared at it and grunted.

“Your mother-in-law has been calling you for a while, and now she is ringing my phone. We need **to** answer her. She is our only connection to Baxter right now,” my mother muttered.

She placed her hand on my shoulder, shaking me awake and speaking in a whisper that sounded like a plan.

Lady Eugenia must have found out what her son has done.

And I am pretty sure she will hate the idea, because she does not like Madeline.

I could always tell. She is not very fond of you, but Madeline, she hates her.

I quickly grabbed my mother's phone and put it on speaker, gesturing for her to talk.

"Hello?"

The moment my mother answered, Lady Eugenia began to ramble.

"Where is your daughter? Have I not handed my son over to her? How did she lose him?"

The woman was screaming her head off.

For a moment, I wanted to end the call, but then I saw an opportunity through her.

"My daughter has been crying. She is very sick. She tried her best, but you know your son better than us. He is stubborn, and Madeline, we know her more than you do. She is clever. She used her children to emotionally pressure him into helping her," my mother explained.

Lady Eugenia grunted loudly on the other side.

"And who released those diary pages and those rumors at the exact time of her wedding?" she yelled.

I lowered my head and covered my face with my hands, crying softly.

"And if those rumors were going to go up, why did they not go up after her marriage with Ron? Do you have any idea what would have happened if it had been just an hour later?" Lady Eugenia shouted, continuing to rant.

"It would have been a perfect moment for Ron to get kicked out with her, because he would have been married to her. And then his pack would have been without an alpha. My son would have taken care of the pack."

She kept rambling about something else entirely, but at least it showed me she was just as upset about this marriage.

"What are we going to do now?" my mother asked, nibbling on her bottom lip.

"It seems like your daughter is useless. So I will have to do something to take my son back from that witch's grasp. However, I will use your daughter, and she will not say no."

The moment Lady Eugenia said that, I stared at my mother and gave her a reassuring nod.

“Sure, she will be very happy to be used. I mean, she will be very happy to have Baxter back,” my mother corrected, biting her tongue.

“Fine. Tell her to get ready. My driver will arrive and pick her up. I will keep her with me and prepare her for what comes next,” Lady Eugenia stated.

And I began to have high hopes already. Lady Eugenia did not have a bad record.

2/3

233-Time To Take My Man Back

When she wanted something done, she did it.

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234

234-He Plans To Marry Yuvonne Soon

Madeline:

We left our bags inside the room and stepped out with the children. Baxter lifted both the girls while I carried Bodhi.

We walked toward the line of trees behind the motel. The woods were dark, and the ground felt damp under my boots.

Baxter kept looking around as if he were already searching for a place.

After a long walk, when we found nothing, I realized the woods were not a safe place for us.

“Is there any place besides the woods?” I asked Baxter, and he began to frown.

Then he turned around and pointed toward the mountain path.

“There is a higher area there. We can check it,” he commented.

I began to wonder whether the woods would be better or the mountains.

“Fine, let us go and check it too,” I uttered.

I placed Bodhi on the ground to catch my breath. It was not because I was tired.

My wolf was strong enough to hold him for hours, but I had grown anxious after having no luck in the woods.

Baxter slowed his steps as we reached the steep rise in the ground.

I carried Bodhi again and Baxter adjusted Gina before giving Elara a small jump too.

The two giggled. He kept communicating with the children to keep them involved, while I stayed focused on finding a place.

I was far more anxious than he was.

“This area is usually not used,” he explained, lifting his chin toward the open space above us. “It is too high, and there are rumors about something flying, you know.”

We put Elara and Gina down and set Bodhi beside them. They took out their one ball and started to play.

“Flying what?” I asked him.

He looked at the children, then stepped closer and whispered into my ear, “Monster.”

As soon as he pulled back, I guessed he noticed how wide my eyes were.

“There is a monster here?” I asked him.

He gave me a small nod.

“Okay, kids, let’s go, we have to continue our walk,” he told the children.

They returned to their usual spots, which meant being carried by us,

I picked up Bodhi again, but in my mind I kept repeating Baxter’s words.

I watched his boots press into the dirt and saw how often he glanced back to make sure I was not far behind him.

1/3

234 Hp Pions to Marry Yuvonne Soon

+25 Bonus

When we finally reached the top, I noticed the ground leveled out.

A patch **of** grass spread across the area, it looked lush and full.

But there was a broken cabin near the edge that stole most of my attention.

“How convenient, a broken cabin standing alone waiting for us,” I commented sarcastically, and Baxter let out a small laugh.

One wall of the cabin looked like it needed work. A few places on the roof had also sunk in **the** center.

After putting the kids down, Baxter stepped closer to it and touched one of the beams, checking its strength with a light push. It seemed sturdy enough.

The cabin stood on the highest part of the mountain, so the wind was pretty cold here.

When I stepped closer, I looked around to understand how the place was set up.

Apart from the green grass, there were deep woods far away from the cabin with the mountains from where we had arrived.

One large tree stood near it, only a few feet away from the small porch.

As I moved toward the front of the cabin, I noticed how close the steep drop was, only a few feet from the edge.

It went straight down into the valley. There was no railing and nothing to block a fall.

“Kids, make sure you do not go near the edges!” I yelled, already scared for their safety.

Behind the cabin, the mountain continued upward, the same one we had climbed to reach the top.

Every other side of the cabin was open, with no cover at all.

From where I stood, I could see another long line of mountains in the distance, but they were far from us.

So the cabin had the mountain behind it, and everything else around it was an open drop or open ground.

“Kids, come here!” I called, and they began to walk toward me.

I guessed Baxter noticed how conscious I was, constantly checking on them.

He held Elara’s hand to make sure the kids did not run off.

“I will do something about the edges,” he told me in a whisper before we reached the door.

We stood on the front porch while Baxter swirled the door knob. The door opened easily.

The children rushed inside first, running without my permission.

My body twitched, and Baxter noticed, so he stepped in after them. I followed him inside.

“The place is broken, but the ground here is stable,” he remarked, brushing dirt from his fingers as he crouched and touched the wooden floor. “If we fix the walls and the roof, we can make it safe.”

However, I only looked around, taking in how cold it was....

“I have been thinking,” little Gina remarked as she tapped her fingertip on her chin. Baxter and I smiled at her cute action until she asked her question, “When is Daddy Baxter going to marry that other lady? Will she come and stay here with us?”

2/3

234-116 Plans To Marry Yuvonne Soon

+25 Bonus

As soon as my daughter posed that innocent question, my head snapped toward Baxter.

We had not talked about what he was going to do with her, **because** they were still engaged, and the wedding deal never said he had to leave her.

“It would be her decision.”

The moment he said that, I looked away. He did not deny the idea of marrying her in the future. ↑

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235

235-We Found A Home

Madeline:

“Baxter, do you think it will be safe here?” I asked, looking around the entrance.

He turned to me, and I noticed the way his jaw tightened, as if he was choosing his words.

“It is safe during the day,” he replied, leaning one hand on the doorway. “The problem is at night.”

I raised my eyebrow at him and folded my arms.

“What problem? What flying monster were you talking about earlier?” I asked, shifting my weight onto one leg.

He stepped out of the doorway and stood in front of me.

“They say something big comes after dark,” he explained. “No one knows what it looks like. No one has actually seen it, but the rogues talk about it, and some believe it exists.”

I swallowed and glanced at the big window that showed the open ground outside.

“So the area around the cabin is not safe, that means? The front yard and the backyard?” I asked.

“Listen, it is safe if we stay outside during the day, but once the sun goes down, if we stay inside the house, we will be fine. At least that is what I have heard. The open grounds are the risky parts,” he added.

I looked at my children. Ilara rubbed her arms, Bodhi pressed his cheek against my thigh, and Gina held Baxter’s sleeve while watching him.

They had returned after looking around the first floor.

“We have children,” I reminded him quietly.

He crouched so he could look at all three of them.

“We will fix this place for us, and once we leave the motel, we will come straight here,” he told them.

He stood again and met my eyes. His expression stayed firm, and he lifted his chin a little, as if he wanted me to trust him.

“But it is up to you,” he said. “If you think it is too dangerous, we can go back to the woods. It is said that the thing barely enters areas with a lot of trees.”

I took a slow breath and looked around.

“The rest of the areas are worse. Rogues pass through them without warning. Some steal whatever they want. Some start fights for no reason,” I muttered. 1

“You know what? We should at least look inside,” I said, stepping toward the cabin door.

He had told me earlier that the creature landed on open grounds because its wings were big, so it avoided thick woods.

I still was not sure if woods were safer,

At least the creature came out only at night, and Baxter said it did not attack houses, even weak ones.

We walked inside. I held my children’s hands while Baxter carried Bodhi. He pushed the door open fully.

230-We fourT A HOTA

+25 Bonus

The first bedroom looked simple and warm enough. It was on the first floor.

The living room had a fireplace, and an open kitchen was attached to it, separated by a counter with chipped

corners.

Some cabinets looked fine. Others needed work. The bedroom was small but enough for one bed. We would need a

better mattress.

The windows showed the backyard.

We went upstairs and found two more rooms with large windows.

Baxter told me he would board them so the kids would not run up there without us knowing.

There was another small room on the first floor that I planned to fix for the children.

It was not big, but I preferred them close to me, not upstairs at night.

When we returned downstairs, Baxter looked around the cabin and then at me.

“You think we can stay here?” he asked, letting me decide.

I gave the place one long look before I nodded.

“We can make it work as long as we fix the issues,” I told him.

Baxter smiled a little.

“Do not worry. I will even put a fence around the house so the kids do not wander anywhere,” he replied with a small nod.

At this point, this seemed better than wandering through the woods.

The rumor about the monster could be false. Someone might have made it up so no one came to this cabin.

After everything, we decided to head back to the motel because we were tired.

As we walked back to the motel, I noticed that his phone started to receive a signal again. I wondered why they never took it back.

The minute we were on the road, his phone beeped. His mother was calling.

He looked at the screen and cut the call, then pushed the phone into his pocket.

“Answer the call,” I mumbled.

“I know what she wants to talk about,” he replied with a head shake.

“Well then, speak with her,” he replied. “Are you embarrassed to marry me? If not, then speak with her. You should at least call her. Avoiding her will not help now.”

He looked at me and answered the call.

When he lifted the phone to his ear, the volume was loud enough that I heard her voice on the other end.

“Come back home right now!” she yelled.

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236

236—Against His Dick

Madeline:

His mother started to go on a tangent, yelling at him about many things and reminding him that he had a **pack** he should have thought about before choosing to go rogue.

“I cannot understand what made you think you were making the right decision choosing that bitch over your crown,” his mother screamed.

Her voice was so loud that I gently tapped my hand on my children's backs to ask them to walk away.

I did not like how she spoke about me, and I knew my children would be bothered too.

"Thank you so much for congratulating me on my wedding and for respecting my wife," Baxter responded. "By the way, I was not even going to attend your call. It was that naive girl who made me do it because she was worried you would be upset, but I guess it is time that I make decisions for myself because I know people around me."

His voice was so stern that it shocked me. I did not understand why he took such a strong stance for me, but it surprised me.

No one had ever done that for me.

"Bye," he said as he cut the call. Then he turned and gave me a very upsetting glare.

"Don't ask me again to call her," he reminded me.

I gave him a hand gesture.

"Let's go," he said as he carried Bodhi and Elara while I carried Gina.

By the time we reached the motel, the sky had darkened.

My arms felt heavy from carrying one of my children every few hours. I was confused how Baxter was not sore.

Once we were inside the room, I let out a deep breath because it was much warmer.

Baxter had already moved all the bags to one side and tucked the sheets neatly onto the bed for the children.

We helped the children change, and after feeding them, we put them to bed.

Once they settled, I went into the bathroom, took a shower, and then grabbed my silk pajamas from the bag and changed into them.

When I came out, Baxter was already lying on the couch.,

"I am tired," I whispered as I placed a knee on the cushion.

He just looked at me. His back was against the couch's backrest, and I was in the open space.

Without another word, I crawled onto the couch. I gave him my back and faced away, looking at the bed where my children were sleeping.

Baxter was shirtless that night and I noticed that he did not wrap his arm around me.

I guessed it was because last night he thought I did not want much contact between our bodies.

Tonight I felt different. I was in a lot of pain. By pain, I meant the pain of arousal around him, and I wondered if

he felt the same.

1/2

236–Against His Dick

+25 Bonus

For him it would be worse because I remembered he would feel it through his whole body.

We stayed silent. I noticed that he kept very still.

The silence felt heavy between us before he finally moved.

It was only a small shift as he adjusted himself, and our bodies touched. I closed my eyes.

I was on the very edge of the couch, and I pulled back slowly until our bodies touched again.

He was a large man, and the couch being wide helped us fit on it.

The lower parts of our bodies touched. My hips pressed against something hard and I gasped. I heard him gulp behind me.

After a few more seconds of silence, I noticed he drew closer because I could feel his breath on my neck.

His hand reached toward my stomach and I did not stop him.

“I hope you don’t mind,” he whispered into my ear. His lips touched my cheek and I stayed quiet.

His other hand tried to move under my body and I lifted myself a little.

“I think you are asleep,” I whispered. “People move around in their sleep.”

I said the words and closed my eyes, trying to tell him that we did not need to talk about it.

“And I move way too much,” he whispered into my ear and at that time I realized he was as horny for me as I was at that moment.

But it was enough for

me to know that I was giving him consent, and he seemed to take it instantly.

The next moment, his hand moved under my body and reached over to grab my breast through my silk shirt.

My eyes widened in surprise, but I bit my bottom lip in anticipation.

He began to massage my breast, his touch was aggressive, while his other hand slipped down into my silk pajama bottoms.

He was not gentle as he tucked his hand between my legs, his lips trailing kisses along my cheek and ear, sending shivers down my spine.

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237

237—Ready To Go Inside Me

Madeline:

I began to moan softly, but quickly covered my mouth with my fist to stifle the sound.

My gaze remained fixed on the bed, not wanting to wake up my children.

The blanket draped over our practically naked and connected bodies, revealing my silk PJs pulled down to expose half of my bare ass.

His touch was merciless as his fingers explored my pussy lips, causing me to shut my eyes in ecstasy.

His fingers glided sensually over my swollen lips, parting them gently.

The sensation of his middle finger caressing the inside of my pussy lips sent shivers down my spine.

All the while, his lips trailed kisses along my cheek and ear, causing me to moan inwardly.

I could hear his heavy breathing as my body pressed against his crotch, feeling his arousal growing harder against my exposed ass.

“You are so wet down there,” he whispered in my ear, causing me to bite my lip in anticipation. 1

His finger slipped inside me, penetrating deep and sending shivers down my spine.

As he vibrated his finger, my body convulsed with pleasure. With his other hand, he slowly unbuttoned my shirt, revealing my soft breast.

After undoing a few shirt buttons, his hand eagerly slipped inside, grasping my bare breast. He aggressively massaged my left breast, teasing the nipple and trailing hot kisses along my neck.

The sensation made me grind hard against his dick and make him go crazy.

I never expected things to escalate so quickly, but I couldn't resist the intoxicating pleasure.

My hand quickly moved up and down his arm, urging his fingers to delve deeper.

Yet, my craving for more grew intense. With a swift motion, I seized his hand and guided it away from my throbbing vaginal lips.

He hesitated for a moment, observing my movements as I adjusted myself.

I got up and turned around, facing him, pulling the blanket up to my chest.

This time, I wrapped my arms around him, and he leaned in closer.

Our lips met in a passionate kiss as he raised his leg and draped it over my body.

I could feel his growing arousal pressing against me, giving me goosebumps all over my skin.

He began to suck on my lips, and I reacted by running mine all over his.

His hand moved down to pull down his shorts, revealing his throbbing cock.

He started to rub the head of his cock against my swollen pussy, causing me to moan softly into his mouth.

The sensation of his cock against my wet pussy sent waves of pleasure through my body, which resulted in the craze for sex reaching the roof.

1/3

+25 **Bonus**

As his cock parted my pussy lips and made contact with my entrance, a **surge** of desire coursed through **me**.

I quickly pressed my body against his, urging him to penetrate me **deeper**.

My pussy eagerly enveloped his head, sucking his skin and making him go deep.

A feeling of owning him rose inside me. I felt his head Inching inside me, my pussy pulsating in pleasure.

Breaking the kiss, I trailed kisses along his cheek and down to his neck, feeling his strong arms holding me close.

And in that moment, an urge took over me, compelling me to leave my mark on him as he moved his cock's head in **a** circular movement in my pussy's entrance.

I yearned to feel the rush of power and desire that came with marking him during our passionate session.

As my sharp canines grazed his skin, I sensed a sudden halt **in** his movements.

His hands, which had been caressing my back stopped and he quickly withdrew his cock before his shaft could bless me.

A gentle nudge from him prevented my fangs from sinking too deeply into his flesh, causing me to pause in surprise.

I remained in his embrace, gazing into his eyes as he spoke softly, "I don't think you should mark me."

His words halted all my thoughts instantly.

“What?” I asked in a soft whisper.

“I do not think we should go down that route for now,” he replied.

Then he leaned closer again. This time, I placed a hand on his chest and pushed him away.

The push was forceful. He realized it because he stopped moving and backed off.

“Did I say something wrong?” he asked. 1

His question made me stare at his face in disbelief.

“Seriously?” I asked as I clenched my jaw.

I felt more angry when I saw his reaction, because it seemed like he did not realize that he had hurt me.

“No, of course not. You did nothing wrong. How about we just rest for now?” I hissed as I started fixing my clothes so I could get off the couch.

“Wait, you are taking it the wrong way. Let me explain,” he said, but the damage was already done. 1

I did not understand what I was thinking, believing it was fine for us to be that close.

“Besides, you are going to marry Yuvonne soon, right?” I added without looking at him.

“So how about you keep

all this marking and intimate stuff for your real wife?” 1

I picked myself up with sharp movements, grunting as he stayed where he was, watching me.

Then I grabbed the blanket and slammed it back onto him.

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

238

[940 words]

238-Like Husband And Wife

Madeline:

“Whoa,” he complained, but I did not turn around.

I walked straight into the bathroom and stood under the shower. My body felt tense as the water hit my skin.

“That was a little intense for a reaction,” my wolf reacted, but I pushed her down and ignored her.

I did not know what caused it. Maybe it was how I let him get close without him explaining why he left me before.

Or that he did not want to be owned by me. Or that he was still planning to marry Yvonne. All of it made me stop.

When I walked out, I saw him sitting on the edge of the couch.

He was dressed in his pants, shirt, and jacket. The moment our eyes met, he looked away.

“You should sleep on the couch. I need to take a run,” He uttered as he got up from the couch,

He sounded upset as he walked out of the room.

I grunted under my breath as I kept staring at the door. Then I rushed back to the couch, lay down, and fixed the blanket over myself.

I did not know why I was so angry.

I stayed there for a while before sitting up on the couch, turning so I could look out the window. He was gone.

“Arrogant ass alpha,” I muttered under my breath as I lay back down.

“Why do I care?” I added quietly. “He can go wherever he wants. I will just rest.”

I closed my eyes, but a small sense of guilt settled in me for not letting him explain.

Maybe I would have argued with him even after hearing his explanation.

Either way, it did not matter. He had left me before too, so it was not like he was completely innocent.

With that, I closed my eyes and drifted off.

When I woke up again, the room was very quiet. The curtains were still drawn over the window, and I had to rub my eyes as I sat up.

It felt like I had slept for hours.

What fully woke me was the sound of children giggling and running outside the window.

I rubbed my eyes again and looked toward the bed. It was empty. Baxter was not there.

The children were gone too.

Something inside me shifted.

I rushed to the window and pulled the curtains open. My children were outside, playing with a ball.

Baxter stood with them, guiding them as they laughed.

For a moment, a small smile crept onto my lips. Then I remembered what happened the night before and slapped my forehead.

1/3

239-1std And Wife

+25 Bonus

Could someone really react like that just because of arousal? I was not sure.

I dragged myself off the couch and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

By the time I came out, it was already one in the afternoon. They had let me sleep for so long.

I changed into black pants and a white shirt, then tied my hair into a ponytail.

When I walked outside, my children ran toward me.

“Mommy, look. We made a little map for you,” Bodhi said as he rushed over and held up a page.

He had drawn several lines that he believed showed the area around us.

My eyes drifted to Baxter, who stood a short distance away.

He had changed into clean clothes. He wore black jeans, a black shirt, and a black overcoat. His hands rested on his waist.

He looked at me briefly, then turned away again.

“Really? What else did you do?” I asked as I gently touched Bodhi’s cheeks.

“We freshened up, we ate breakfast, then we had lunch, and we played,” Bodhi explained. “We walked around the whole neighborhood too.”

His words made me smile.

I expected Baxter to give me attitude and start an argument, but I did not expect him to walk over to me once the children ran back to the ball.

“So, feeling better?” he asked casually and he clenched my jaw.

“Better over what?” I asked sharply as I crossed my arms over my chest.

I knew the right thing would be to confront him and ask why he left me before, but I did not. Instead, I chose

sarcasm. 1

“Nothing. You were quite angry last night,” he replied.

I lifted my finger at him.

“We are not going to talk about what happened last night,” I muttered.

He gave a small nod.

“Just so you know,” he started again. 1

I raised my finger at him once more. I could tell it annoyed him, which was why I kept doing it.

“No. Stop showing me that finger and let me speak,” he said.

He gently pinched my finger, and I pushed his hand away, glaring at him.

Before we could continue, a car pulled into the parking lot between the U-shaped motel rooms. We both turned as the door opened and Ron stepped out.

“Oh look, my friend is here,” I said to Baxter with a cheeky grin.

2/3

2 caw Hotsonst And Wil

I noticed his eyes lower at my tone.

I walked away from him and headed toward Ron, doing it on purpose to annoy Baxter.

P

Comments

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

239

239-1 Hurt Baxter

Madeline:

I stepped over to Ron and instantly managed to compose myself.

Of course, I was not going to act overly with him because that would give him the wrong idea.

And also because what I had said to Baxter was said in the heat of the moment and was probably mixed with a little jealousy.

No, I was not jealous of him being with Yuvonne. I did not love him. I had a crush on him years ago, but that was no longer there.

“I’m so sorry for what happened on your wedding day,” I told him.

Ron already looked so guilty that he could not even hold eye contact with me.

“Hey, it’s not your fault,” I replied. “They kind of put us in a situation where you had no other option but to walk out. Besides, remember I told you not to marry me. So it was kind of my decision.”

In order to help him calm down, I gave him reasons, but he started to pout and look around.

It was pretty clear that he looked embarrassed and probably even hurt, too. But it was not his fault.

“I came here to check on you,” he said, and I gave him a nod.

“I’m fine. The kids are fine. We’re looking for a place to stay,” I stated, not completely giving him all the information.

Not because I did not trust him, but because there were people around whom I did not trust.

If he let something slip to his grandmother, it could easily reach other ears. I did not want any more trouble.

“If you can’t find one, let me know. I’ll also help you,” he offered.

“There will be no need. I’ll take care of it,” Baxter’s voice reached my ears like a stern command.

Just when I did not expect it, Baxter appeared behind me.

I did not turn around to acknowledge him, but I knew he was standing there.

“Baxter, that was quite a step you took. Everyone is still talking about you,” Ron remarked.

Ron shifted his attention to Baxter, who shrugged like the king he thought he was.

What a phony man. I hoped he would tell Ron that he was going to bring another woman into this mess when we did not even have a home or money to survive, and now he would have another responsibility of his own.

“And why are you so bitter about it? Hadn’t you said you didn’t love him anymore?” My wolf snapped at me from inside, but I hushed her down and focused on the two alphas in front of me.

“It is nothing. I would have done it in a heartbeat, even if I was going to get thrown to Mars,” Baxter stated, making me roll my eyes at him secretly for being such a dramatic hero. 1

“Anyway, please let me know how I can help you guys,” Ron stated, his hands in his pants pockets, his brown jacket looking a little wrinkled.

It seemed like he had slept in the same jacket and woken up in it. Even his eyes were swollen.

1/2

239 Hurt Gr

+25 Bonus

“**If you** really want to help me, can you please find out more information about my parents?” **I requested**, and I guess even Baxter **was** shaken a little because his head snapped toward me.

I did not **say** it out loud to anyone till now, **but** ever since I found out that that asshole was not **my** father, I had been thinking about who my real parents were.

“That I can do, but I wouldn’t be able to personally visit the brothel,” Ron remarked.

Ron instantly shut up when he said that word, but it was not a surprise that I came from a brothel, so I was not really offended.

“It’s okay. I’ll go and check it out myself. Just get us the address.” Baxter jumped in once again, trying to be a hero.

“Oh yeah, definitely. It will be okay for him to go there. I mean, everybody knows he loves to have unmarked sex, like the ones that don’t own him,” **I** commented.

I did not know why I said it, but the minute I did, I watched Ron look up at Baxter, and Baxter let out a grunt.

“Um, okay. So I also brought some stuff for the kids. I kind of snuck it out of the border because everybody is still kind of angry with Baxter for throwing away his crown. So I managed to get some things for the kids,” Ron explained.

Thankfully, Ron changed the subject because right after I made that comment toward Baxter, I felt very ashamed of myself. 2

“Yeah, that will be nice,” I replied, quickly reaching for the car door to step away from Baxter because the energy he was radiating was intense.

But once I stood next to Ron, I could see Baxter right in front of me.

He had his eyes narrowed at me, his hands on his waist. Of course, I deserved the angry glare for that comment.

“Oh, by the way, the council has been talking about you two,” Ron mentioned.

While bringing up the food boxes and some of the warm clothes, Ron turned to me and stared at my neck, oddly enough that I grew quite conscious of his eyes.

“Um, what are you looking at?” I asked awkwardly.

“The mark. It looks fine,” he stated.

“Of course it does. What did you think? A tree would grow out of it?” I commented playfully.

But then his eyes moved to Baxter, and I noticed the way he stared at his neck.

“Don’t worry. There is no mark. She doesn’t have a wolf like we claimed,” Baxter responded this time, and something shifted inside me.

Why were they talking about a mark? Why was it so important?

Ruby Walker

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

240

240–New People

Madeline:

+25 Bonus

“Yeah, yeah, so even if you do get your wolf, and if you’re **not** ready to show it yet, because I know that since **you** have three mates, your wolf is bound to be a little different, then make sure not to mark Baxter yet,” Ron explained as he turned to me.

I gave him a head shake, silently asking him to explain himself, **to** continue.

“It’s okay. She will not mark me,” Baxter intervened once again.

I opened my eyes to look at him, then looked back at Ron.

“Yeah, because they’re kind **of** going to force you to transition if they find out you have a wolf,” Ron continued casually. “Because, well, if you can mark someone, that means you have an active wolf.”

He then turned around to grab the boxes, and it hit me.

My eyes moved to Baxter’s, and I noticed the way he cockily crossed his arms over his chest, staring at me with nothing but judgment and challenge in his eyes.

“Yeah, so he didn’t let us mark him because he did not want us to fall into trouble,” my wolf groaned softly.

“Did you know about that?” I asked her angrily.

“Of course not. I forgot. But of course, I would have suggested you listen to him explain himself,” she uttered, and I went quiet. 1

Now I felt like such a bad person. The man had been helping me without any benefit of his own, and I had passed comments like that about him. 1

“Here, I’ll help you,” Baxter said.

He approached Ron and took the two boxes from him. It was a lot of food, actually.

My kids jumped forward to take the snacks already.

However, I knew this would be the last time they would be having this kind of luxury.

With the eyes that were on me and Baxter, I did not think any other help would approach us, at least in the initial

months.

“Okay, I’ll try to find whatever I can about your parents, but please let me know if you need anything at all, okay?” Ron told me.

After we placed the boxes inside and talked about the packs and the council’s response to Baxter leaving everything behind for me, he said his goodbyes and drove away,

Now it was just me standing in the parking lot while Baxter and the kids wandered back into the room.

I could not bring myself to go in and face him.

But just when I was thinking about how I would walk in and casually slip in an apology, he walked out again with the children.

They were walking toward the vending machine.

1/3

2411 Now Presseste

+25 Bonus

“They’re asking for cup noodles. Do you want some too for dinner?” Baxter asked casually, not sounding a certain way at all.

That helped. Him acting like that made it easier for me to step toward them with a nod.

“Sure,” I replied.

I stood right next to Baxter while he got us the cup noodles and drinks.

A small shriek from behind me made me turn around to look at the couple arriving.

They had two daughters with them. The man looked to be in his **early** thirties, and the woman was probably in her late twenties.

They were both very good-looking.

She had blue eyes and golden hair that was slightly frizzy. Freckles dotted her face, making her eyes stand out

even more.

Her tan looked perfect. But from her clothes and her husband's clothes, I could tell they were not doing very well.

There were two children with them, carried by a man walking behind them.

He looked similar to the husband, though I could have been imagining it.

For all I knew, they could have been siblings. The man behind them had black hair and brown eyes.

He was taller and slimmer, with a thin mustache, carrying both children as he followed the couple while they dragged their bags.

"Ouch!" the woman cried again, and her husband stopped to check on her.

The moment he placed his hand on her belly, I realized she was pregnant.

Baxter was the first to rush over and take the bags from her, while I stepped closer to ask if she needed anything.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

She lifted her head and gave me a sweet but shy smile.

"I'm fine. Just pregnant and exhausted," she replied with an awkward laugh.

"Oh, you're going rogue too?" I asked and she began to nod faintly.

"I'll take their things to the room," Baxter told me as he helped the men carry the luggage inside. Their room was at the far end of the parking lot, at the corner of the U-shaped building.

As he walked away, I stayed with the woman.

"Hi, I'm Bonnie," she said, extending her hand.

I shook it immediately.

"I'm Madeline."

She studied my face, and her eyes widened.

"Oh, I know you. Oh my Goddess, I'm so sorry. I know what happened at your wedding," she muttered before covering her mouth.

240 Now People

+25 Bonus

I felt awkward but gave her an understanding smile.

“It’s alright. You don’t have to apologize,” I said.

“No, but seriously, that was so unfair. But then again, what do you expect from the council? They never make the right decisions,” she remarked calmly.

Still, there was pain in her eyes that made me want to know more.

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