

# Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

251

**251-My Cold Hearted Alpha Is Breaking My Heart**

Madeline:

“Baxter, I’m telling you, I want to build the house there, right next to theirs. That was our spot.”

I approached him to speak with him directly since he kept avoiding me. I did not understand what had I done

wrong.

“Did you ask the kids if they have eaten?” Baxter asked instead, speaking in a soft voice so the kids would not hear.

I realized that what I was doing was causing my children to crave my attention.

When they were not getting it, they became annoyed.

I turned to them, looked at them, then turned back to him, giving him a look.

“I know you must have fed them. I’ll speak with them in a minute. But I’m just trying to understand what is going on. You’re being rude to me. My kids are upset with me. And they stole our home,” I grunted at Baxter while he kept preparing a rope, likely to continue building the house.

“They’re not upset with you. They are devastated,” he replied.

“They lost their home, their comfort, Madeline. They want their mother to tell them it will be okay. But you have been panicking ever since we walked out of that motel room,” he explained without making eye contact.

I finally understood that I needed to go and speak with my children.

I felt defeated, though. I did not know why I kept making mistakes.

“Kids, can I have a moment with you?” I called as I turned to look at them.

They were busy picking up anything they could find to offer Baxter help.

I walked over to a flat rock near the trees and sat on it.

My children came and stood in front of me. Their hands rested on their stomachs, or they stood with their arms crossed.

“I’m sorry,” I began apologizing. “I should have known how much this was affecting you.”

Gina stared at the ground, nudging a pebble with the toe of her shoe

Bodhi kept his eyes on me, his body looking tense.

As for Elara, she avoided looking directly at me, as if she knew that once she did, she would break down.

“But I promise you this,” I continued. “We will find a place. We are not staying without a home, and you will be my first priority.”

I spoke softly and gently touched Gina’s cheek. She lifted her head and looked at me, her eyes wide.

“I was really scared last night,” she admitted in a small voice.

I leaned forward and opened my arms a little.

“You don’t need to be scared,” I replied softly. “I was awake with you. I was taking care of you the whole time.”

She stepped closer, and I wrapped my arms around her shoulders.

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251 My Cold Hearted Alpha Breaking My Heart

+25 Bonus

Elara followed, pressing against me, while Bodhi hesitated before joining us.

I held all three of my children tightly.

Behind them, I glanced past their shoulders at Baxter. He was only a few steps away, clearing branches from **the** ground.

He dragged a fallen log aside, then knelt to drive a wooden stake into the dirt with a stone.

A coil of rope lay beside him, and he measured the distance between two stakes before tying the line tight.

He stayed focused, his steady movements showing he was doing everything he could to build the house as quickly as possible.

“Mommy, we don’t want to build the house on the mountain,” Bodhi said as he pulled back, drawing my attention to him. “Can we build it here? It would take too long up there, and I don’t want to be around those people anymore.” 1 1

He spoke so softly that I felt guilty for not paying attention to them sooner. At least now we were here, and I had realized my mistake.

“Okay,” I replied, giving them a smile.

They jumped up and down happily.

“Mommy, please don’t argue with Daddy Baxter. He’s the nicest one,” Elara told me as I stood up and stepped toward Baxter.

Her words made me smile, and I gave her a small nod.

When your child tells you they like someone, it is a clear sign of who that person is. I decided to go and make amends with him.

“So, are you kids happy now?” Baxter asked the children.

They clapped and jumped up and down. He gave them a smile that showed he was glad to see them happy.

“I’m really sorry if I threw tantrums at you,” I told him softly as I stood beside him, glancing around to see if there was anything I could help with.

“No issue,” he replied. That was all he said, yet I could still sense his discourtesy.

“I would really like to help you,” I added, smiling, hoping he might soften toward me.

He did not respond and continued working without looking up.

I stood there, unsure of what to do. I wondered what I had done wrong.

I questioned whether Yuvonne had said something to him, or if he had decided on his own to keep his distance, just as he had promised to me that he will stay away from her.

I also wondered if I was wrong for thinking this way.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 252

**252—I Know How To Take A Stand**

Madeline:

“If you don’t give me work, I’ll stay here and keep annoying you,” I warned.

The moment I said it, Baxter rolled his eyes. He stretched out his hand and passed me a coil of rope, then handed me a small hatchet.

“Cut thinner branches and stack them near the marked stakes,” he told me in a flat tone.

I did not know where he had gotten the tools from, but I silently thanked Ron. He was likely the one who had brought the toolbox.

I got to work right away, kneeling to snap twigs and trim rough ends, keeping the piles neat.

Elara and Gina gathered fallen branches and carried them over together.

Bodhi hovered near Baxter, holding the stakes steady while Baxter drove them into the dirt with a stone.

“Keep the branches straight,” Baxter instructed without looking up.

“I will,” I replied, tightening the rope around a bundle.

He measured the ground again, pulling the line taut, then cleared more space.

We worked for four to five hours before I noticed Baxter and my children starting to look tired.

“Okay, we’ll take a short break. I’ll see if I can find some meat,” Baxter said

I had seen and heard that many pack members would leave fully grown chickens, goats, and other animals in the woods for rogues to feed on, as a quiet act of kindness.

I nodded at him, though I was not sure how quickly he would find anything.

At the same time, I helped the kids wash their hands and faces by the river, and they took turns using the

restroom.

It was devastating, yet my children were much calmer than I was.

I could tell they saw everything as an adventure, a challenge. I, on the other hand, had too many other worries.

When we returned to our main spot, I saw Baxter coming back with several chickens, at least three of them.

My kids jumped up and down happily. He had already cleaned the chickens, likely knowing that if he brought them back alive, the kids would want to keep them as pets instead.

It was all we could do. We needed food.

“Oh my God, Daddy, you’re such a hero,” Elara exclaimed and Baxter smirked proudly.

“Okay, now we’re going to bring in more wood to start the fire,” Baxter stated, as we realized most of the wood nearby would be used tonight.

“There’s a river if you want to wash your hands,” I told him.

He nodded and set the chickens down near our bags. The kids immediately followed him.

Of course, he did not tell them to stay back. They only wanted to be near us.

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2452-1 Know How To Take A Stand

+25 Bonus

I walked over with them to make sure they were not bothering him while he cleaned up.

Right in front of me, he bent down and washed his face. His hands moved over his body as he splashed water across his chest, rubbing it over his stomach.

I quickly looked away. It was an intense sight, and it made me uncomfortable for more than **one** reason.

My wolf reacted sharply, and I groaned under my breath, forcing my attention anywhere but on him and how distracting he looked.

Things started to heat up when Baxter splashed water over his body and through his hair.

I decided to join him. I needed to wash my hands too, and at least this way I would not focus only on him.

I knelt down and ran my hands through the water, then splashed some onto my face. I did it again, then a third time.

As I rubbed my hands over my face and turned slightly to my left, I caught Baxter looking at me before he quickly looked away.

He cleared his throat and stood up.

His shirt was tucked from the edge into his pants pocket.

“All set. We should go cook the food,” Baxter announced, glancing around.

Why did he have to be shirtless? It made it hard for me to focus on anything else when his abs were on display.

We started heading back together. The moment we reached our spot, I froze.

The chickens were gone. Marks in the dirt led away, as if someone had run off with our food. 1

“Mommy, somebody took our food,” Gina cried, breaking down immediately.

Baxter picked her up and held her close while I stared at the tracks. They led toward the trail, the one that went up into the mountains.

“I know who did this,” I growled.

Before anyone could stop me, I was already moving toward the trail to confront the thieves.

“Madeline, you need to calm down. I’ll take care of it,” Baxter called out, but I did not care.

When I reached the top, there they were. A fire burned outside the cabin, and three chickens were already roasting over it.

“You fucking thieves,” I screamed, rushing toward the three of them.

The uncle. The husband. And fucking Bonnie.

Even the kids stopped playing when they saw me charging toward their mother.

The moment I reached them, I shoved Bonnie’s husband aside and moved straight toward her.

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### 253

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**253**—I Am A **Tattletale**

Madeline:

“What the heck is wrong with you? Why have you come onto my property? Unannounced, acting like a diva,” Bonnie yelled at me.

I wanted to push her so hard, but I stopped myself only because she was pregnant.

“You stole my home. You stole my food. If you dare to steal anything else from me and my family,” I told her, looking straight into her eyes as I pointed my finger at her.

“Hey, step away from her,” her husband shouted, and I could tell he was about to put his hands on me, but that did not happen. Instead, he was shoved away by force.

I did not even have to turn around to know what had happened to him. Baxter had taken care of it. “Now listen to me. Just because you got away with your lies before does not mean you will again,” I warned her, pointing my finger at her.

“Or else, what would you do?”

Then she was the one who touched me first. She tried to grab my finger and twist my arm behind my back.

However, she could not even move my finger. I saw the fear in her eyes when I twisted her wrist, and bent it over her shoulder.

Her eyes widened, her elbow sticking out. She grimaced as I narrowed my eyes and leaned down toward her.

The moment I touched her that way and got so close, I felt something shift. Before I could respond, my wolf spoke for me.

“And who am I supposed to expect honesty from?” I demanded. “The one lying about carrying her husband’s pup? That is not even his child.”

Those words came from me, but they were forced out by my wolf. She gasped, and I let her go, stepping back from her.

“What did she just say?” her husband muttered as he moved toward her, but I knew I had to leave.

“So stay away from us,” I warned her, changing the subject as I turned toward my kids.

They were glaring at Riley and Ronnie, their small fists clenched. It felt real and unsettling, like two families standing against each other.

Her husband’s attention was fixed on her now, and I could tell she kept stealing glances at him while pretending not to look, continuing to glare at me.

Then I turned around and stared at the roasted chicken on the skewers. So they had gotten lucky with supplies, and this was how they were terrorizing others.

Even as the ones with advantages in the woods, that did not stop them from wanting more.

As I stepped away, I grabbed the three skewers, leaving them with nothing.

“What the fuck is wrong with her? I fucking hate her,” Bonnie screamed.

I did not respond and went straight back into the woods where our house was. It was a fifteen-minute walk from

theirs.

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Once we sat down, we roasted the chicken until it was fully cooked. Although we ate well, new fears settled in my

heart.

After the kids were put to rest, Baxter and I sat on the log, staring at the fire.

I knew that if I said anything to him, he would **not** respond, but I could not help myself. I wanted to fix things and work as a team.

“You know, I had briefly thought about helping them once they moved out of the motel. If they had been nice, I would have fetched food for them because she is pregnant,” I remarked softly.

Baxter scoffed, making me look at him with suspicious eyes.

“You do not have to pretend so hard to be kind-hearted,” he spoke under his breath, but I heard it.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked in bewilderment.

He kept stirring the fire with a stick, chuckling sarcastically, his eyes never leaving the flames.

“You need to stop doing that,” he remarked, causing me to narrow my eyes again.

“What do you mean?” I questioned once more.

“Stop exposing other people’s secrets,” he replied, and this was the only time that day he lifted his gaze to stare straight into my eyes.

“Whose secrets have I exposed before that?” I asked, paying close attention to his complaints because something had happened, something that had changed his entire behavior toward me, and I needed to know what it was.

“Forget about it,” he commented, giving his head a firm shake.

“No, I will not. Besides, I was not the one who exposed her secrets. It was my wolf. She spoke up before I could stop her,” I argued, but I noticed the same look of disbelief lingering on his face.

“Have I ever exposed your secret, Baxter?”

The moment I asked with complete confidence, he snapped his head up and threw the stick into the fire, making me glance at the flames and then back at him.

“As if you do not know,” he remarked, and that was when I realized I should have paid attention much sooner.

Something was weighing on him, something he had been unwilling to tell me. Now, the words were slowly slipping from his mouth.

“No, Baxter, I do not know what you are talking about, but I have never spoken about you to anyone else,” I said, standing my ground.

He kept staring at me, frowning as if he no longer knew what to say. Then I stood up and folded my arms across my chest, watching him without blinking.

“Now do you want to tell me what has been bothering you, or what you are accusing me of, so I can at least have a chance to explain myself?” I pressed, watching him continue to stare before he looked down again, and I knew he would not give in.

“There is nothing to talk about. Go to sleep,” he ordered, while I stayed still, staring at him.

After a few minutes, I realized I could not force anything out of him if he refused to talk. I stomped my foot and walked away. 1

Ruby Walker

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## 254

### 254-The Victim In The Woods

**Baxter:**

“Why **did** you not confront her?” my wolf snapped.

I knew **this** would happen. The moment she started to **explain** herself, **my wolf** would be the first to want to believe her.

But I **was** not as emotional as he was. One **of** us had **to** be rational.

“I noticed a few things,” I commented, letting my **wolf** calm down before he pushed forward.

“And what did you notice?” he questioned.

“She spoke about her wolf exposing the truth. What if that is what happened in the past too?”

As soon as I said that, my wolf went silent, likely considering my words.

“Before, when her wolf surfaced, Madeline used to have blackouts. She did not remember what she did during those times. What if her wolf had awakened long before she realized it? And what if all those things had been done by her wolf?” I paused to take a deep breath. 1

“I stopped myself from arguing with her because of that,” I added, making my thoughts clear to my wolf.

“Oh. I did not see it like that,” my wolf replied.

“But what does it mean?” he questioned.

“It means her gray wolf is not as loyal to her as she thinks. Her wolf exposed her secrets, something that made her look bad. Now, her wolf is acting friendly with her,” I muttered, because I honestly had no clear answer.

We had never spoken much about our wolves. Or maybe I had never asked her enough questions.

“Here is a crazy thought. What if her wolf was the one who did not like us? And she did all this because she genuinely thought we were not good enough for her? What if her wolf is just a mean one? So she wanted to make sure we do not end up with Madeline? Or what if her wolf knows deep down what she wants?”

My wolf started listing these scenarios and theories, which made me grunt and turn my face away, even though there was no one there.

“Can you just stop talking?” I told him, cutting him off.

“Yeah, you were looking for an excuse to forgive her,” my wolf snapped, calling out my hypocrisy, even though he was being hypocritical himself.

He questioned why I did not confront her, as if he wanted excuses from her so he could forgive her.

Now he was accusing me of doing the same thing. But I was thinking rationally.

Both of us went silent for a few minutes.

“You know,” I started to speak again, but a loud scream tore through the air, pulling my attention away from the topic.

Another scream tore through the air. I froze, then started looking around again.

Goosebumps spread across my skin because of how frightening the screams were. This time, even Madeline

1/3

254 The Vic tem ty The Worde

+25 Bonus

rushed out of the shelter.

We exchanged a brief glance before looking away.

“What was that?” she questioned, and I shook my head without looking at her.

My eyes scanned the woods, between the trees and as far as my vision would reach.

“It is coming from that way,” I replied, pointing to my left.

“You stay here. I will go check it out,” I told her.

I had only taken one step forward when I felt her fingers tighten around my forearm, stopping me.

When I paused and turned around, she quickly pulled her hand back, looking awkward.

“Just be careful,” she whispered, and the anger I had toward her began to fade.

Every time I looked at her face, my heart softened. That was why I had been avoiding speaking to her and keeping my distance.

With a nod, I rushed away. I pushed through the trees, branches scratching me as I struggled to see clearly in the dark.

When I reached the place where the cries had come from, I stopped in my tracks.

There were no more screams or calls for help, only the whimpering and crying of a distressed woman on the ground.

She tried to cover her legs, her dress torn several feet up. I turned my back to her, my heartbeat pounding in my chest.

“Please do not hurt me, please,” she whimpered, begging me not to touch her.

That broke me instantly.

“I am not going to touch you. What happened to you?” I replied.

I reached for her dress, grabbed it, and stepped backward toward her with my back turned, stretching my hand behind me so she could take it.

I felt her weakly snatch the fabric from my hand, and her crying grew louder.

She did not say a word as she put her dress back on. Once she was finished, she finally spoke.

“You can look now.”

I turned toward her and saw her brown eyes fixed on me.

There were bruises and bite marks on her arms, her neck, and even her face.

“Did an animal attack you?” I asked, crouching to her level while keeping my distance because of how shaken she

was.

Her short black hair was tangled as **if** someone had pulled at it hard enough to tear strands from her scalp.

“I wish it was an animal,” she whispered, her lips trembling as she hugged herself.

I felt something was very wrong.

2/3

254-The Victim in the Woods

“They raped me,” she said quietly. 1

That was when I understood what had happened to her, and anger surged through me.

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### 255

255-The Damsel In Distress In His Arms

Madeline:

Baxter came back carrying a woman who was probably the same age as us.

The moment my eyes landed on her, I felt my heartbeat rise. She was in a very bad state.

She was crying hysterically and constantly talking about how scared she was that they would come back.

It took us a few minutes to calm her down.

However, I could tell she was much more comfortable with me being around her than Baxter, and I completely understood why.

We did not get to ask her many questions. Instead, I put her under the shelter.

She could barely sleep, but eventually she rested. We had a few sheets that we used to cover ourselves.

Most of the time, my kids wore all kinds of warm clothes before going to bed because we did not have blankets or anything else here.

So I had her wear my sweater, and she finally rested.

“Is she okay?” Baxter asked as I stepped out of the shelter.

“She’s sleeping for now, but Baxter, I’m scared,” I told him, and my voice shook as well.

He stared at me for a moment, and I realized that, of course, he was going to ignore me because he thought I was a horrible person.

“You know what? Forget it,” I muttered.

“Hey,” he remarked as he suddenly grabbed my hand, and it was the first time in probably a few days that he had held me like that.

“You don’t have to worry about it. Before anyone even gets close to you, they will meet their demise,” he added confidently.

Then I slowly wriggled my hand out of his grasp, not because I was still angry with him, but because the moment he touched me, feelings began to rise inside me.

“I guess I forgot how scary the rogue community could be,” I said softly, taking a deep and heavy breath.

“What are we going to do with her? She seems pretty traumatized,” I added, watching Baxter rub his chin.

“First, we need to know from her what happened and who did it. If she has any idea, if she could recognize any of those people. What if they were the ones who were kicked out of the pack along with her? Or if they were completely unknown people she found in the woods. Then we will see where to go from there,” he replied.

“Of course we cannot keep her with us, Madeline,” he added quickly once he noticed I was about to open my mouth to suggest something. 1

“What if she has nowhere to go?” I asked, watching him shrug.

“Well then, I will hope that she finds a safe place,” Baxter stated, causing me to stare at his face in disbelief.

“Madeline, have you not learned anything from helping that family?” he commented softly.

1/3

265 The Day Distress in the Arms

**+25 Bonus**

“But this is a different case. She is alone, and you saw the condition she is in,” I mumbled, keeping my voice **low** because we were sitting very close to the shelter, close enough that I could look inside and see my **children** and her.

“I understand your sentiments, but Madeline, we will let her heal and then set her on her way. She **will** have **to** leave eventually,” he added, making a small hand gesture.

“And you need to rest too.”

As soon as he said that, I watched him with my hands on my waist.

“You have not slept once since we left the motel, Baxter. You need to rest,” I told him, noticing how he had been making small plans on the ground with a stick, most likely thinking about what work he would start **in** the morning.

He seemed very hardworking. I did not know much about him, but I had not expected him to be such a hard worker.1

It seemed like he was going to build us a home very soon.

“Then how about we do this? I’ll sleep for two hours, then you wake me up, and then you go to sleep,” he stated, and I gave him a small nod.

I did not plan to wake him up anytime soon. Once he went to bed, he was staying there. I would let him sleep the whole night.

“Okay,” I replied confidently.

Finally, he started to make a place for himself next to the fire.

However, I sat on the log, watching him get comfortable. It felt so odd to see him like this.

An alpha who should have been resting in his mansion, being served by many servants and maids, was here because of me.

That was why I did not question him again about his behavior toward me over the last few days. I knew I must have done something to upset him.

I tend to make mistakes. I let him sleep for at least five hours. He woke up around 4 a.m. and was shocked.

He was even upset. He simply got up from the ground, stared at me, and then pointed toward the shelter.

No words were spoken. I silently got up and stepped into the shelter, lying beside Elara without a sound.

When I woke up again, it was morning, 9 a.m. to be exact.

The kids were awake too.

However, the woman was still in the shelter, sitting with her knees pulled to her chest, hugging them and staring into nothingness.

Sadly, I had to ask a lot of questions.

2/3

25e Min Ho A Guest

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## 256

### 256–We Have A Guest

Madeline:

“It was my first time alone in the woods. I thought monsters and animals would be what I would be saving myself from. But no, those men appeared out of nowhere,” she spoke softly, **not** raising her eyes from the ground.

Every few seconds, she would burst into tears, then bury her face in her hands and shake her head. I felt my heart break for her.

After I woke up and washed my **face** and hands, I returned to the shelter to find her sitting **still**.

I had to ask Baxter to somehow keep my children busy because they were beginning to ask a lot of questions about who she was. 1

Because of what had happened earlier with that family, my kids were no longer very welcoming toward a stranger, and I understood why.

However, her state was fragile too, so I had to make sure I was comforting her.

“What happened then?” I asked her, feeling terrible that I had to be the one to hear all of this.

“They started asking me questions. They made it seem like they really needed help. They asked me where I was staying, if I had any food on me because they needed food. I barely had anything, and I gave it to them, thinking I was helping,” she explained.

Then she stopped speaking. Her body began to shudder.

“The three of them started to touch me,” she mumbled, rubbing her face hard until it turned red.

“There were three of them?” I asked her.

She gulped.

“They looked worse than monsters. There was no emotion on their faces. They seemed like they had been living in the woods forever. They were experienced. They lied to me,” she continued, her voice breaking as she covered her face again and cried.

“And the sad thing is, there are no rules. I know I will never get justice. They just took my innocence and left,” she added, breaking down again.

Suddenly, she began to slap herself.

“It is all my fault. I should not have been alone,” she cried.

I immediately grabbed her hands, trying to calm her down, but she started scratching her face and her body. Seeing her like that terrified me.

My kids suddenly ran in to see what was happening.

“Kids, go outside and bring Baxter in,” I told them, but the three of them stood frozen, watching her struggle.

My heart broke for her, but she was going to hurt herself **if** she did not stop.

Thankfully, Baxter arrived and was able to hold her wrists and pin her down.

I could tell that being held by him caused her even more distress, but it was necessary.

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250 W 4re A Cloust

+25 Bonus

Earlier, he had made a paste of wolfsbane in case anyone attacked us, but at that moment, she needed it most.

I grabbed a small amount of the paste and pressed her cheeks, forcing her mouth open.

Then I slipped a little wolfsbane inside, watching as she slowly weakened and drifted into sleep.

After she had gone to sleep, I worked with my children, with Baxter beside me.

“Mommy, who is she? I do not like her,” Elara stated, mentioning how loudly the woman had been screaming

“Do not say that, Elara. She is distressed,” I told her, warning her with a look and shaking my head.

“But she screamed so loudly. I do not like it,” she grunted, stomping her foot before wandering away.

“Mommy, do not worry. Elara is just being dramatic. That lady seems really upset,” Bodhi remarked.

He acted differently, and he always made me proud of him.

“I will go talk to Elara,” Bodhi stated as he stepped away, acting like the responsible young man he was. Just like his father, Gina followed after him.

After the three of them left, I looked at Baxter.

“What are we going to do? She is in a really bad state,” I told him. He stood with his hands on his waist, and I felt bad for him. He had been working tirelessly to build a home for us.

“And she told me there were three men. She did not know them. They just appeared out of nowhere. It seems like they target new members of the rogue community, or maybe anyone they come across,” I informed him.

Baxter clenched his jaw and nodded.

“Well then, I am going to find them,” he stated, his eyes narrowing.

“I am going to punish them so hard.”

I noticed his face turning red, and I knew why. A distant memory and his own pain had probably surfaced.

I could tell that even though he said he did not want to keep this woman with us, part of him felt responsible for her.

That came from the fact that he once had a sister too.

At that moment, I decided something. I was going to help him get justice for this woman, and I knew how to do it. I had to become the bait to lure them in.

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## 257

### 257-Time To Matters Into Our Own Hands

Madeline:

By the next day, I had noticed a few patterns about her. She seemed very timid and meek.

Even though she was our age, it felt like she had never worked a day in her life.

I asked her about packs, and she said she had never lived in one, which confused me.

I could not ask her many questions because she would break down often.

And of course, the sight of Baxter was traumatizing for her.

At the time, she was hesitant around anyone, and I understood why.

The only thing that seemed to cheer her up was Bodhi's interaction with her.

He was taking care of her and making me proud. As for Elara and Gina, they were giving their father company.

After the woman decided to take a short nap, I stepped outside the shelter to speak with Baxter about a few things.

I noticed the ground no longer looked uneven. Baxter had been working on the base.

He had set thick logs into place, creating a solid surface to build on.

"So, how is she?" Baxter asked, adjusting the support beam while crouching low.

"She is still pretty shaken up. I tried to ask for her name, but I do not think she is ready to open up about anything right now," I replied, helping Baxter as much as I could.

"Hold it there," Baxter instructed, guiding me to keep the log steady.

I planted my feet and held the log in place.

“Yeah, she will be traumatized for a while. What they did to her is hurtful,” Baxter continued, speaking with difficulty.

I knew why this topic was heavy on him.

Baxter was crouched near the base, adjusting the log when I spoke again.

“So I was thinking about why she is angry,” I mumbled, watching him secure a peg into place.

I stood a few steps away, my arms loosely crossed, after he gestured for me not to step back and showed me he had it handled.

The way she kept throwing fits and having outbursts came from the pain they had caused her, but also from the fact that she was not able to get justice.

“What is it?” Baxter asked.

“It is a lack of justice,” I mumbled.

He stayed crouched for a moment longer, wiping his hands on his pants.

“I told you I will look for them. They will not let them get away with it,” he replied sternly, sounding confident.

I shook my head, shifting my weight.

1/2

257 Time To Mutter to Ora Dwn Hands

+25 **Bonus**

“No, I do not think that is how it will work,” I replied.

The tone of my voice made him go still. He turned fully toward me, giving me his full attention.

“What are you thinking, Madeline? Say it,” he insisted, likely noticing the way I kept glancing at him, as if forming a plan in my head.

“We should plan a trap,” I said, then paused as the idea took shape.

“Or we could do something else,” I added, stopping again when I noticed Baxter standing firmly now, his jaw tight.

“What are you thinking about, Madeline?” he demanded, his voice firmer this time.

“I think if I wander around looking like a damsel in distress, they will show up,” I said, then drew in a breath when I noticed the look on his face.

He shook his head and pointed a finger at me.

“No. I am not putting you in danger,” he replied, stepping closer so he could look into my eyes.

“Baxter, you know I can take care of myself. I can defend myself,” I said, then paused, choosing my words carefully.

“What I mean is, if I am strong enough to take them down and you stay nearby, keeping a close watch, it will be easier for us to catch them.”

I tried my best to explain, but his expression did not soften, which told me he was not convinced.

“You think power and strength are all you need to protect yourself?” he asked, his hands on his waist.

“You need a solid plan. You do not know what kind of weapons they have. They know this place well. You do not, Madeline.”

Then he stepped closer and lowered his voice.

“And do not forget you have three children here. What if we fail to catch them? They will come back for the children instead.”

When he said it out loud, I finally understood the tension in his shoulders and why he was so against the idea.

“So you want me to believe that once they are under your watch, they will escape?” I asked, folding my arms over my chest, noticing the surprise on his face.

“Baxter, once you are onto them, I do not think they will have much choice but to surrender. And what makes you think they will not come after my children? Do you really think that us not interfering will keep them at bay?” I continued, pressing my questions.

As I spoke, I noticed he finally began to understand that we could not simply look for them. We had to lure them in.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 258

**258**—The Preys And **The** Predators

Madeline:

It was early afternoon. I wore a white dress and left my hair loose, almost teasing someone, as I wandered through the woods like I had no idea where I was headed.

I did know where I was going. I was not supposed to wander too far, but our targets did not need to know that.

After yesterday, when I convinced Baxter that there was no other way to catch them unless we let them come to us, he finally agreed after a lot of convincing.

He made me promise I would not drift too far and that I would not attack them without warning. I had to wait for him to handle it.

The moment they appeared, I was supposed to leave the area so he could step in.

It was difficult to set this up because we had to convince the girl that we were going out to hunt and that she needed to watch the children.

I was scared, to be honest, because she was not well herself. Still, she told us she would stay with them.

She sat with them inside the shelter, watching as they told each other stories. That was the last thing I remembered before we left.

It had been about twenty minutes. I began to hum loudly, just in case they had not noticed me yet.

I knew Baxter was hiding in one of the largest bushes, waiting patiently.

After nearly half an hour of repeating the same pattern of humming and pretending to search for nothing, I heard rustling nearby.

My heart started to pound. I did not look in that direction at first. Then someone finally stepped out from behind a large tree.

“Are you okay there?”

The voice startled me so badly that I flinched.

“Hey, I did not mean to scare you,” the man replied.

I turned toward him slowly, my anxiety growing. I knew it immediately. This was one of the men.

I could have been wrong, because it was just one man. She had said there were three.

He had dirty blond hair, and his blue eyes were red at the corners.

His lips were chapped, but he wore a jacket, gloves, and shoes, everything to protect himself from the cold.

While I examined him, he examined me in return.

“Wow, they really kicked someone like you out of the pack,” he muttered, already realizing I was a rogue.

A bit of hesitation grew inside me.

Usually, when someone looked at me, they remembered the broadcast, but if he had been a rogue long enough, he might not have seen it.

“Yes,” I replied in a soft, gentle tone, and I noticed the way he smirked.

1/3

258-The Press And The Preck

**+25 Bonus**

“You are so pretty. Wow,” he added, sending chills through me as he stepped closer.

“Do you need help?” he asked.

I nodded slightly, clasping my hands in front of my body. Still, I wondered where the other two were.

“When did you go rogue?” he asked, moving closer.

“A few hours ago,” I replied.

He snickered, shaking his head.

“That explains why you look **so** clean,” he said, stressing the last word, and the hair on the back of my neck stood

1. up.

“If you really need help, I have a shelter nearby with my friends. You can come and stay with us.”

The moment he offered me a place, I remembered what the woman had told me.

She had said they made it seem like they needed help, but now they were offering me help instead.

She must have told them she had been a rogue for a long time, while they thought I was new. They were picking their victims very carefully.

I turned toward the bush and tucked my hair behind my ear.

That was my signal to Baxter, letting him know I was about to take the final step we had agreed on.

“Actually, no, that is all right. I will leave,” I stated. That was our way of showing them their victim was slipping

away.

Just as I expected, the moment I turned to walk off, he lunged at me, grabbing my arm and pulling me down.

“Huh, not so fast. What is the rush?” he remarked.

This time, he did not hide that he was one of the men the woman had spoken about.

He shoved me to the ground and began to unbuckle his pants. He had no idea what was coming.

Baxter stepped out from the bush behind him and stood there, his breathing loud enough that the man froze and lifted his head, sensing someone behind him.

Slowly, he began to turn.

Before our eyes, Baxter started to transition into his large, wild wolf.

“What the hell are you?” the man grunted, stepping back.

However, his instincts kicked in, and I noticed his veins begin to bulge.

His claws started to grow. He was not going to go down that easily.

Just as the two faced each other, ready to fight, piercing screams of children erupted into the air. It came straight from the shelter.

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 259

259—Good People Should Not Suffer

Nala:

Rogues live a terrible life. They say when you go rogue, you are supposed to get wiser, because if you do not, others will tear you open and feed upon your blood.

There are cunning people all around the woods and the mountains, waiting for a newcomer to arrive so they can take advantage of them.

I stared at the water bottle in their bag. The couple had left all their belongings behind, but more importantly, they had left their children behind.

As much as I had never liked being around children, I did not hesitate to try to be kinder and more communicative with them.

Still, it was hard for me. I had never had children of my own, and I could not tell whether these kids liked me or

not.

Then I heard screams coming from the shelter. My heart dropped into my stomach.

My hands trembled as I hurried back, finding the kids standing in the corner, huddled together and pointing toward the entrance.

“What is it?” I asked softly.

There was something about them, a strange sweetness, something that felt like home.

“I saw a bad man out there,” Elara spoke up first.

I had learned their names by watching how they interacted with their mother and father.

Their father seemed like a good man. He was already building a home here.

I had not shared anything about myself, but I had figured out they had gone rogue only weeks ago.

Her husband was already laying a base, but they still seemed naive. Genuine people often are, and others mistake that for weakness.

Still, there was something about him, something quiet and contained

“I was the one outside,” I told Elara. “Remember when you asked me to fetch you a bottle of water?”

She shook her head.

“No. I saw a bad man out there,” she insisted.

As soon as she said that, her eyes widened. Someone standing in the entrance made me realize she had not seen me. She had seen men.

When I turned around, I stumbled back and fell to the ground. My hand lifted, shaking, as I saw the two men from that night.

Everything came rushing back. The way they grabbed me. The way they did not take no for an answer.

The way they stripped off my clothes. Every part of it returned at once.

“Oh look, we finally found her,” the man clapped his hands.

1/3

250-Gond Pope Should Not sifter

+25 Bonus

My body started to shake.

“What do you want? What are you doing here?” I cried, thinking about what they were capable of.

I had thought I had left them behind, that I had escaped them that night, yet they came back.

“What do you mean, what do we want? Do you not know already?” the man with black hair asked, chuckling

He kept playing with his belt, a habit that made me feel sick.

“You raped me,” I screamed, hating that the children had to hear it.

“Oh, come on. Making someone suck their dicks or fingering someone does not mean they were raped. You have no idea what rape is, but we are going to show it to you. That day **you** screamed loud enough to make us run away, but today we will make you scream for a very good reason,” the black-haired man chuckled.

The other man behind him nodded along.

I did not understand why there were only two of them. Where the fuck was the third one?

I started to worry about the couple. I should not have stayed with them. These men must have tracked me all the way to the shelter.

“I will get justice for what you did,” I uttered, even as they claimed they had not raped me. I knew what rape was.

“Oh, we should have killed you when we had the chance, but I guess we had to come back for one more round,” the man with black hair muttered, stepping toward me.

Their eyes shifted to the children, and my heart started to thump louder in my chest.

“Stay away from them,” I warned.

The three men stood there, staring at the children squeezed into the corner, clutching each other and shaking in fear.

“You know what, we can use these to lure some animals,” the man with brown hair remarked, pointing at the children.

I instantly knew what I had to do. I was not going to let them harm these children.

“Take me. Take me and leave them. I’ll do whatever you want,” I pleaded.

I forced myself to stand, gathering enough courage to offer myself in exchange for the children’s safety.

Good people should not suffer for their kindness. Those were my rules, the rules my father had taught me.

“Really, look at her,” one of the men remarked. “Are these children that important to her?”

The two men spoke to each other, laughing, and then one of them stepped toward me.

“Fine. Then we will take you, and you will have to listen to us,” he replied.

As soon as he grabbed my hand and began dragging me toward the opening of the shelter, the other one chuckled.

“How about we take the kids too? We can feed them to the animals.”

My body went rigid, and I realized they were not going to leave the children behind, no matter what. I started to struggle, kicking and screaming while they laughed.

2/3

259–Good People Should Not Suffer

**+25 Bonus**

Suddenly, the man with brown hair **stopped**. His gaze shifted past me. At the same moment, my heart skipped when I heard a low snarl from outside the shelter.

Someone was there.

The man with black hair shoved me toward the entrance, throwing me to the ground as he turned to face whatever was coming.

The fear on their faces told me it was something serious.

I crawled back to the children and pulled them into my arms, covering their faces because I did not know what was waiting outside. 1

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 260

#### 260—Letting The Beast Out

Madeline:

When I heard the loud screams coming from the shelter, I bolted toward it.

Halfway there, I could see two men standing at the entrance terrorizing the woman.

I heard part of their conversation as I reached them, my heart thumping in my chest while I tried to get closer before letting them know I was there.

However, the moment I heard what they planned to do, I could not hold back. I could not keep my wolf **still**.

She started to force herself out, angry that they even thought about taking my children from me.

When she began to surface, I started to howl and snarl. The men turned toward me, and I saw the same look on their faces that I had seen before, disbelief and fear.

Then I did what I knew best. Without giving them a chance, I started to transition right in front of them.

“What the fuck is this monster?” The men screamed while they shifted, trying to fight me, but all I remember is my wolf attacking them.

After a few seconds of beating them, I began to enjoy their blood on my claws.

It felt different, warm blood and the taste of it. It was unlike anything I had imagined. No, that was not the truth.

Every time Lena was out and we tasted blood, it felt fulfilling.

For the next few minutes, I played with my victims. They tried to run, scream, cry, and beg for forgiveness.

I did not stop. Minutes turned into hours. I did not know what was happening back at the shelter, but it remained quiet.

Once in a while, my kids screamed, but then someone calmed them down/Someone who felt warm and comforting.

I made sure to first cut their fingers, I bit them off one by one. Then I cut their arms.

I bit into their bodies, drained as much blood as possible, and then I slashed their heads off.

After two hours of brutality, when the tree trunks and leaves were covered with their blood, I started to transition back, and everything started to hit me.

I dropped to my knees and hugged myself. I knew they deserved what they received, but that was not the point.

The point was how much I enjoyed killing and torturing people and drinking their blood after I transitioned.

These men were bad. What if next time I transitioned, it was good people I attacked?

These questions surrounded me, but then someone rushed to me, wrapping a sheet around me.

I looked up and saw the green eyes of **the** girl staring back at me.

“Are you okay?” she asked softly.

And I was confused. Why was she **not scared** of me?

“I’m a monster,” I whispered. I did not know why those were the first words that came out of my mouth in front

1/3

280-Letting The Best Out

**+25 Bonus**

of her.

But she began to shake her head firmly.

“No, you’re not. You’re a savior,” she told me, causing me to stare at her in even more confusion than before.

“You arrived, and the way you fought those bad people, it was heroic,” she remarked with a small smile on her lips. “You tortured those assholes in a way even the justice system would not have done,” she continued.

I started to wonder if she was only praising me because she thought I was terrified of myself.

“But you heard my kids scream,” I replied.

She gave me a warm and comforting smile.

“Oh honey, kids are going to scream. Seeing two wolves run around is a new sight for them. And of course violence was committed, but for the right reason,” she stated.

“Did you see my wolf?” I asked.

With a gentle nod, she answered, “It was the most beautiful grey wolf ever.”

The way she said it made me wrap my arms around her and hug her. She hugged me back with the same comfort.

“Oh, your husband is here,” she uttered, and I turned my head to the side.

I saw Baxter standing there, shirtless, wearing only shorts, and holding a large stake with the man’s head on top of it. 2

He was covered in blood as well. I did not know why, but in that moment, the way he looked at me did not seem judging.

It seemed like we were the same.

“Why don’t you two go and get freshened up? I’ll be with the children,” the woman remarked.

The same woman who had been so upset and unable to speak suddenly had her voice back.

Seeing the men who hurt her in this state gave her courage. She looked alive again. Her warmth confused me.

How could someone be so innocent at her age?

She ran back to the shelter, while Baxter and I silently stared at each other.

“I don’t know why I brought this as a souvenir,” he commented, gently tapping the stake on the ground.

I got up, still covered in the sheet.

“You watched it all?” I asked him.

He nodded and let out a deep breath. Once again, it did not seem like he was judging me.

“I had come back soon after you left. I was worried,” he mumbled, approaching me and dropping his head to the

side.

His fingers grazed my cheek.

“Why didn’t you stop me?” I asked him, watching him with wide eyes.

2/3

260-Letting the Beast Out

+25 Bonus

“**You** were enjoying it a little too well. I did not want to take away your **toys** from **you**,” he **replied, smirking at me**.

I rolled my eyes and slapped his hand away.

“**So**, are you going to be showering naked in the river?” he questioned.

I stepped away from him. When I was a few steps ahead, I stopped and turned around to look at him.

While maintaining eye contact, I dropped the sheet. I watched him gasp at my naked body.

Then I walked to the river. It was a clear invitation for him, and it seemed like he did not want to miss it, because I heard the rustling, and he arrived quickly.

P

Comments

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Support

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