

# Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

271

### 271–Staying Over At The Creepy Cabin

Madeline:

At the same time, Elara and Gina burst into tears watching their brother.

They pulled on my sleeves, trying to get my attention and ask what happened to him.

Everything went silent in my head until Baxter stepped in and scooped Bodhi up in his arms.

I carried Gina and Elara to comfort them while Baxter laid Bodhi on the couch in the living room.

He brushed Bodhi's hair away from his forehead and rested two fingers on his neck, checking his pulse.

Then he pressed his ear near Bodhi's mouth and watched his chest rise and fall.

"He's fine. It seems like he's just sleeping," Baxter murmured, glancing up at me after he examined him.

I put my daughters down and got closer to Bodhi, sitting on the couch with him.

"Bodhi, are you okay?" I asked, gently cupping his cheeks.

His eyelids fluttered, and then he opened them, yawning and stretching as if he had no idea that he had passed out.

I let out a breath that had been caught in my throat and looked at Baxter in confusion.

“Do you think the sickness is back?” I whispered.

Baxter’s jaw clenched, and he closed his eyes, almost like he was absorbing the pain of seeing Bodhi like that.

Then he pulled Elara and Gina in and hugged them while I kept Bodhi close.

We sat silently on the couch. A low rumble echoed outside. Rain began pouring down, beating against the cabin walls harder and heavier.

Gina tugged on my hand from Baxter’s lap to get my attention.

“Mom, please let’s stay here for the night. We are really tired. We cannot get soaked in rain again,” she requested, her lips quivering.

“Please, Mommy, we do not want to go out,” Elara agreed.

I looked at Bodhi, who was watching me with sad eyes.

“I think we should stay until the rain stops.”

It was as if Baxter and I were thinking the same thing, because we spoke in unison.

After it was decided that we would stay over for the night, we carried the children to the main bedroom.

Baxter pushed the door open with his elbow while holding Gina and Elara, and I walked behind him with Bodhi in my arms.

The room was small but warm enough,

The bed was placed in the middle with old blankets, but they were clean. The mattress was soft, and the pillows

were cushioned.

“Because we have no idea what made this family leave, how about we all stay in one room for the night,” Baxter

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271- Staying Over At The Creepy Cabin

**+25 Bonus**

suggested, and I nodded quickly, placing Bodhi onto the bed.

I walked to the wardrobe and opened it. A few folded clothes sat on the shelves.

I pulled out small clothes that were the same size as Bodhi, Elara, and Gina, and set them on the edge of the bed

near Baxter.

“We should change them into these or they will catch a cold,” I told him.

Baxter nodded, gathering the clothes.

“Why don’t you change them? I’ll go see if they have anything in the kitchen, and I will also close **all** the windows and doors,” I said to him, while he dried the children’s hair and changed them into dry clothes.

I left the room and walked through the small living room.

I shut the windows firmly and checked the locks on the door. I moved to the back window and shut it, pressing the

latch down.

The storm outside rattled against the window and created a loud noise.

I paused, staring into the darkness. The sky was already losing light, and the trees swung hard.

I wondered what could have happened for that family to leave.

I went into the kitchen. The shelves were filled with canned goods, jars of grains, dried herbs, and vegetables stacked in bowls.

There was also a basket of potatoes and a sack of rice on the counter. I opened a drawer and found utensils neatly arranged.

It seemed like when someone went rogue without committing a crime and they were only removed for not obeying certain rules, they received help from the pack.

For us, they deprived us of everything, and I assumed it was to punish Baxter for taking my side.

I rolled up my sleeves, tied my hair in a messy bun, and set a pot on the stove.

I filled it with water and added rice, then reached for vegetables, peeling and cutting them on the counter.

“Need my help?”

Baxter’s arrival made me shudder slightly. The cabin was still a mystery to me, and his sudden voice startled me.

“Sure,” I replied, handing him another knife so he could help cut the vegetables.

“They were so tired, they fell asleep instantly,” Baxter remarked about the children, and I felt bad.

They had not slept on a proper bed in more than a week.

“I hope they get a good night’s sleep,” I said to Baxter, pouting sadly.

Ruby Walker

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#### 272—Finally Knowing The Truth

Madeline:

“Let’s prepare the food. When they wake up, they will smell the food and feel happy,” Baxter replied, stirring the pot and letting the steam rise.

Then he placed another pan beside it.

I opened a jar of beans and added them in. The scent of the food began to spread across the kitchen.

At this point, I almost forgot how most of the food tasted.

**We** finished cooking together in silence. The rice and bean curry were ready.

The smell was good. We set the table with plates and cups we found in the cupboards.

The storm outside kept pounding at the windows, but inside the cabin it was warmer.

We even started a fire in the fireplace because it seemed like they had collected wood and everything was already

set.

A few minutes later, we heard footsteps and saw our children walk out of the bedroom.

Their hair was messy and their eyes were still heavy with sleep.

I could tell they only woke up from the smell of the food.

They had not had a proper sleep in a long time. Bodhi dragged his blanket with him.

Elara blinked and gave us a weak smile, while Gina rubbed her eyes.

“Come here,” I told them, pulling out chairs.

Baxter helped them climb onto their seats. He sat beside them and I took the chair across so I could sit close too..

We fed them spoonfuls of rice and beans. I noticed how Bodhi ate in small bites and smiled after every bite like it was a treasure.

“Umm,” Gina hummed with approval and kicked her feet under the table.

“This is so good,” Elara leaned her head on Baxter’s arm between bites. She was still sleepy.

When they finished, Baxter wiped their mouths gently with a cloth.

“The rain does not seem to stop,” he remarked. The kids were already getting sleepy again.

“Yeah,” I replied with a low breath. “I think it is okay if we sleep here. The kids will sleep in the main room. I will stay in the room with them on the couch.”

I suggested it, and Baxter nodded his head, itching the skin of his temple as if thinking.

“I will sleep on the couch outside in the living room. I do not think it will be a good idea for all of us to be in the bedroom,” he responded, and I nodded.

It was a fair plan. We did not know what made the other family run away from such a perfect home.

After eating, the children were already tired, so we took them to the bed and tucked them in.

1/2

272 Finally knowing the hum

**425 Bonus**

Once Baxter left to sit in the living room, **I** pulled the blankets over them and stepped back. I watched how Bodhi curled against the pillow and let out a small sigh.

Then Gina wrapped her arms around the blanket and moved closer to her brother.

Elara rested near the edge but held my wrist until her breathing slowed and she fell asleep.

This was the first time my kids **did** not object to getting close to each other. Usually, they needed their own space.

I walked out of the room and noticed Baxter had already taken a shower. His hair was damp.

I walked over with the blanket and placed it next to him. He watched me and then smiled.

I knew he wanted to sleep, but I needed to have a talk with him first. I **sat on** the couch, and he raised his brow.

“**Well**, I do not mind having a session,” he commented playfully, making me roll my eyes and gently slap his chest. 1

“I want to talk about what you said earlier,” I replied.

Baxter turned to me, ran his hand over the backrest **of** the couch, and focused on my face.

“You said you came back. What does that mean?” I asked him.

My hands were stretched out on my knees while I took steady breaths in front of him.

“It is true. I only left that night because I wanted to make your morning special. I was going to come back and ask you to be my girlfriend. I bought a car, roses, jewelry, everything for you,” Baxter explained, speaking as if it was nothing, even though his words made my heart stop in my chest.

I stared at his face with my jaw hanging low. It seemed like I had forgotten to blink, and he noticed because he let out a deep sigh.

“But that is not true. You did not come,” I asked him in confusion.

He nodded his head, almost to himself, before he uttered, “I did.”

He replied, and I frowned once again because I remembered that if he had come that day, I would have met him. I knew that and he had blocked me.

☐

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### 273

273-1 Wronged Him?

Madeline:

“I came, and I heard you. In fact, I saw you talk to your friend about me,” he uttered.

At this point, I began to wonder if he was talking about a different day.

“You heard me talk to my friend? Which friend?” I asked him in confusion, because I guessed if he was my friend, he would have known that I never had a friend apart from him and the other alphas. 2

“Madeline, you should be asking me what I heard you talking about,” he mumbled, sighing and then leaning back.

“What did you hear me talk about?” I asked him.

He turned his head just enough to look me in the eye, and it sent a shiver down my spine.

“Say it,” I demanded.

He gave his head a nod, almost like convincing himself that it was acceptable to tell me what he had heard.

“That I’m a loser. That I’m a weak man, a coward, and you would rather be with everybody else than me. Basically, all that and worse that you have written in the text messages. But this time, it was indeed you.”

I went completely numb for a moment, pointing at my chest. “You heard me or you saw me?” I asked him.

“Madeline, I saw you with my own eyes. You were wandering around in the kitchen. You had your phone next to your ear, and you were talking to your friend. You were talking about my past, the things that I never told anyone. You were mocking, you were belittling me.”

Baxter halted his words and gave me a hand gesture.

“How about we just sleep now?” he demanded, and the sternness in his voice told me that he was still angry about it. “No, I’m not moving away from your couch,” I grunted at him angrily, and he frowned at me, looking upset that I had the nerve to stay stubborn after he told me what he knew about me.

“Don’t look at me like that. I’m not guilty,” I snapped at him and then closed my eyes to calm my breaths.

“Because I did not do any of what you are accusing me of,” I finished as I opened my eyes and watched him.

However, his expression did not change. There was no shock or confusion on his face.

“I knew you would say something like that,” he muttered, rubbing his hands on his thighs and then turning to me once again.

“I had figured out that maybe it is your wolf. Remember when you first transitioned, you did not remember anything. You had blackouts. So maybe your wolf was taking over your body when you turned eighteen, and she was speaking things for you.” He tried to explain, and for a moment, even I began to ponder it.

“It’s okay, though. I have no hard feelings for you,” he uttered, but I felt horrible.

The things he told me, if those were the things he saw me say, then he had every right to leave me there.

And that angered me. If he had seen **me** say all that, **expose** his secrets, call him a spineless man or not even a man, then why did he take care of me?

Why did he step up to marry me?

1/2

27-1 Wrong H

+25 Bonus

“No, Baxter, I don’t understand. I could never say that. My wolf would never say that,” I argued, but his expression remained the same.

It looked like there was no denial in what he had seen.

“Let’s not think about it. Maybe you will get answers from your wolf. I don’t blame you anymore,” he spoke softly but shifted his eyes from me and adjusted his pillow, which was a sign that he needed to rest.

So I began to get up from the couch. I stepped away and watched him lie down and place his arm over his eyes.

I stayed there watching him and then turned to leave for the **room**, but not before **I** heard him say.

“I’ll go out tomorrow morning. I will look around and try to figure out what is happening here and also if there are any more cases of the sickness.” He explained this as if giving me reassurance that I should go and sleep and that there was no bad blood between us, that we were still working as a **team**.

All I could do was nod my head. As I returned to my room, I sat on the couch and watched my children sleep peacefully.

“Lena,” I whispered, getting the attention of my wolf, “you heard what he said, didn’t you?” I asked.

My fingers clutched together, my body hunched over, and my elbows rested on my thighs.

My forearms were horizontal to my thighs, and my fingers stayed clasped in front of me.

“I did,” she replied.

“And do you want to explain anything to me?” I asked her.

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**274-Who Did Baxter See?**

Madeline:

“Huh?” I asked her again. I was breathing slowly to calm my nerves.

It hurt me to imagine that Baxter had been wronged for years. All that time, he must have been so hurt.

Hearing all that, seeing me talk about him, and then those text messages. **It** seemed like he was the real victim.

And of course he took sides with Yuvonne. Because he had told me that after I left, he had trouble with transitioning.

His wolf was coming out very often, but she stayed with him. She took care of him.

And he had every right to date her after I broke him. I could not ask for any friendship code at this point. He did not owe me anything.

“Are you accusing me or asking me?” Lena questioned, her voice eerily calm.

“I want you to be honest with me,” I whispered, closing my eyes because I was scared she would say something that would make me ashamed of myself.

“Madeline, I was not awake all those years. I woke up, and I remember every time I woke up and did something. Even if you did not and you had blackouts, you remembered everything later on, right?” she asked, presenting evidence that it could not have been her.

I opened my eyes and placed my hand on my chest, feeling relieved until the confusion returned.

“But then he said he saw us,” I told her, reminding her of his words.

“Either he is lying or something big happened. Something very sinister,” she explained, and then she fell silent.

“Isn’t it weird that what he saw us saying was the exact kind of things that were said to him in the texts?” As Lena mentioned that, I started to rub my temples, almost massaging them, trying to kickstart my brain.

I would have said that it was something done by that family I used to live with, but I knew that I did not say those things, and Baxter kept repeating that he had seen me, seen my face, and heard my voice.

“How is that even possible?” I asked Lena, hit by confusion again and again.

“I don’t know, but I have a strong feeling they did something. What could that be? I have no clue,” Lena told me. <sup>1</sup>

We talked about things, and then I finally fell asleep. I noticed that Lena was a little upset with Baxter.

She did not say it out loud, and I did not ask her out loud, but I could tell she was not happy that he was accusing her.

The next day, I was the one who woke **up** early. I checked on my children’s clothes, but they were still wet.

It was still pouring outside. I stepped into the living room and noticed that Baxter had been sleeping too.

He had not slept properly in more than a week, so it was understandable that he wanted to relax.

I fixed the blanket around him and then watched his face in silence.

“You fancy him a lot, don’t you?” Lena asked, and I nodded, not hiding it from her.

I watched him for a few more seconds before walking away. I wanted to prepare something for him, a good

1/2

274 Whis Diy Region Be“:

+25 Bonus

breakfast.

An alpha like him, a man with such a big physique, needed good food.

I rubbed my hands together, looking around, and then I set a pot of water on the stove and added oats I found on one of the shelves, stirring them with a wooden spoon while the smell of wet wood drifted through the kitchen.

I mixed in a handful of dried fruit and nuts to make it sweeter for the children.

I cracked a few eggs from the cupboard and cooked them in a pan with a little oil, watching the whites turn firm and the yolks to settle.

This family had done everything to steal around, and I could tell this because they had done it to me also.

They had taken things along with the baskets, and there were some baskets where names were written.

They were a bunch of thieves, but I must say, they had done a great job until karma struck them or whatever happened to them.

The cabin did not have a refrigerator, but I used the powdered milk we found and stirred it into the oats until it thickened.

I kept glancing at Baxter and then checking my children's door to see if they had woken up.

Then I decided to prepare coffee for Baxter because I knew he loved it.

I set another pot to boil and added coffee grounds I found in a sealed tin.

As I waited for the water to darken, the warmth from the stove reached my hands, and I took a deep breath, trying to stay focused while I prepared everything, hoping they would enjoy breakfast despite where we were and the worries we had.

I wanted to be in my present mind now and fix things instead of complaining like a child.

I remembered when I arrived back in the werewolf community, I had been a strong woman.

All the worries and everything I understood had turned me one step back, but I was ready to take action now.

By the time I was preparing everything, I heard a loud knock on the door, and instantly I had a bad feeling.

I rushed out of the kitchen with the plates in my hands, holding the eggs and other food, and I looked at Baxter, who had just woken up and was staring at the door.

Our eyes met, as if we both knew something was not right.

Comments

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### 275

275-My Mother-In-Law

Madeline:

While I put the plates on the table, Baxter opened the door. He was **still** sleepy.

He quickly ran his hand through his hair, but when he opened the door, he became attentive, almost ready to face whatever danger was outside.

When the door swung open, I watched him step back and grunt. I had to move toward the couch to see what made him look **so** uncomfortable.

Right away, I understood why. Standing in front of him was none other than the High Grace, his mother, wearing a black gown and a crown with diamonds shining in it.

The metallic part of the crown also caught the light. She had her men behind her. **Of** course, she would not come to the rogue community without protection.

“Mother,” Baxter greeted her with a small bow.

She did not step in immediately. She stood in the doorway, watching her son and examining him from head to toe as if she could not believe he was in this state.

Her eyes then moved behind him toward me, and I watched her take a deep breath and clench her jaw.

“Come inside,” Baxter told her, stepping out of the way, and as he did, his eyes landed on me. He gestured to me with his hand to let me know that I did not have to stay here.

“Hello,” I said to his mother in greeting.

The only reason I was being polite was because I cared for her son. I was realizing how much I had once loved Baxter.

I was so in love that when I was told I couldn't be with him, I convinced myself it had been a crush and that I had felt the same toward others.

And now that everything was clear and I understood Baxter had no fault in abandoning me, I no longer wanted to hide that I still loved him more than anything.

She only nodded her head before turning to look at her son. Then her eyes moved around the cabin again.

She passed a quick glance before her gaze landed on the food on the table.

She only peeked at it, almost as if checking what was there, and then she looked up at me again.

“You should not have come to the rogue community,” Since she was not speaking, Baxter decided to speak up.

“Why not? My son is here,” she commented, finally speaking

“I'm not a child anymore. I can take care of myself, Mother, but I would not want any harm to come your way,” Baxter told her.

I noticed how he barely met her eyes.

She had a composed posture with her elbows bent near her stomach, slightly pulled outward, while she held her hands like an elegant queen.

“And you do not ever wonder how a mother feels to think her son is in pain?” she asked him.

275 My Mother in la

+25 Bonus

The way she stared at his face made me believe she wanted him to look her in the eyes.

“Mother, I made that decision myself, and I am very content with it. Trust me,” he stated.

This time, he finally looked at her and gave her eye contact.

“Just because you have food and shelter does not mean you are happy. Baxter, you had everything back at home, a crown, and so much respect,” she complained, and then her bitterness spilled. “And then this woman arrived.”

As soon as she said that, Baxter snapped his head toward her and faced her.

“I will not hear anything about my wife. If you have come here to disrespect her, then, Mother, I am sorry, we will not be talking.”

The way he did not let her say a word about me made me watch his mother’s eyes widen, but she composed herself quickly.

“And Madeline, you do not need to stand here and face the glares. **If** somebody does not like you, you have no responsibility to be nice to them either,” Baxter spoke to me without turning all the way toward me.

I understood that he did not like that I was standing there and getting ignored. /

1

I gave him a nod and then walked away to be in my children’s room. However, the door was left open, and I could still hear their conversation.

“I will be very honest with you. I have come here to get you. You do not need to stay here and take responsibility for someone else’s faults. It was Graham’s wish to marry her. And then Elgin stood up. Why did you have to ruin everything?” his mother continued, and at this point she made it clear why she was here.

“Mother, I am married to Madeline. I have children here.”

As soon as he said that, his mother began to grunt.

“Child! Bodhi is the only one who is your child. There is no need to attach the other two to yourself,” she spoke bitterly, and my head snapped toward my children to make sure they were sleeping.

The girls would be so upset if they heard her talk about them like that.

child. “It is strange, Mother, that you do not even respect my choice. And no, Bodhi is not the only one who is my All three are my children. And I will not be going anywhere with you. I have a beautiful wife and children here. And I will stand in front of them like a brick wall. There is nothing you can tell me that will make me stop caring for them. They are my family now. You are asking me to betray my family,” he spoke confidently, making my heart flutter in my chest. 1

This was the Baxter that I knew, the Baxter that I loved. He was still the same, even better.

And even when he had seen me say all those things, he still protected me and respected me.

I was relieved that Graham and Elgin and even Ron had not married me.

Somehow the moon goddess gave me Baxter, the **one** I had always desired and admired.

But his mother was not going to stop there.

“Okay, what about me? What about the pack? Do you know what happened to your fiancé?” The minute she said that, my ears stirred.

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### 276

**276—An Irresponsible Coward**

**Baxter:**

It was as if the moment I had some peace, my mother arrived to ruin it.

It was early morning, too early for her to start reminding me that I had made a bad decision.

The disrespect she had for Madeline had always bothered me, but now it felt like a personal hit.

She was a part of me, my better half. How could my mother not understand that?

she would be upset **if** someone insulted her and my father did not stand up for her. [1

But my mother did not feel the same toward my wife, and she expected me to think about my ex-fiancée.

“Mother, she came here to stay with me, and I sent her back. That is what happened,” I told her, letting her know

that was it.

“And stopping her my fiancée.” I reminded her, my fist clenching.

I noticed that the door was open, and I felt bad for Madeline to hear all this.

“You know who is taking care of your mother and your pack while you are gone?” my mother asked, her tone harsh as always.

I secretly scratched my earlobe, trying to hide the bored expression on my face.

“Your friends, especially Graham, have been coming to help us through everything, while our own son has abandoned us for a woman who does not even see him as anything,” my mother remarked about Madeline. 1

She did it every time. She hated Madeline, there was no secret in that.

“You’re letting Graham and Elgin come into the packhouse and deal with Pack matters?” I asked my mother in confusion.

“I am not asking them. They are offering help,” my mother replied.

“I do not understand. Why are you even letting those two enter our pack? You were talking about your son’s pain, so do you not know that I do not like them anymore? That I am not on speaking terms with them?” As soon as I said that, I watched my mother’s expression shift.

She first looked confused, then she narrowed her eyes as if trying to understand what she was hearing. Then she slammed her palm in my direction.

“And why are you not on speaking terms with them?” she questioned me, folding her arms across her chest.

“Because they were disrespectful toward my wife. They ruined her life.”

As soon as I said that, my mother placed both her hands on hier head.

I knew it was her way of showing me that she thought I was losing my mind.

“Your wife was their mate too. And you are cutting ties with them for her? Friends are for life, Baxter. They still care for you, and you think like that about them?” my mother spoke harshly.

This time her face had started to turn red from anger,

“I do not believe that. I believe family is for life. As for my friends, I would have forgiven them if they had

1/2

276–An expensible Coward

+25 Bonus

apologized to my wife. You cannot expect me to be grateful to them, to meet them again, to talk to them, when I know that they hold so much hostility toward my wife. At the end of the day, I have to come back home and face my wife and face my children. I do not want my children to see their parents fight over my friends.”

I tried to explain to my mother that marriage is not just two people living together or walking down the aisle and saying I accept you.

It is more than that. It is a responsibility.

I cannot force my friends and my relationships on Madeline when none of them has done anything to win her

heart.

They do not show respect toward her, she should not show respect toward them.

And I will not continue to talk with whoever disrespects my wife and upsets my children.

But everything I said seemed strange to her, because my mother kept acting like I was losing my mind.

“You can hate them, but I will not. They are like my sons too. Anyway, I did not come here for all that.” She straightened her posture and changed the subject. 1

I thought she was here to convince me to come back. If she was not here for that, then what else had she come here for?

“Then what are you here for?” I asked her, keeping my voice steady.

“I came here to let you know what happened to Yuvonne.” She repeated the topic and mentioned her again, but this time she did not call her my ex-fiancée.

“You talk about responsibility and respecting the woman who is related to you. Do you have any idea what happened to her?” This time she focused on Yuvonne.

1

My heart started to beat a little louder. The tone and the expression my mother carried did not seem like good

news.

Then she finally spoke. What she said made my mind reel back in time, and I felt like a child once again, the child who could not do anything for his sister. 1

“When you sent Yuvonne back, she was attacked by three rogues. And they,” my mother paused. Then she clenched her jaw before she added, “they gangraped her and left her to die on the road.”

As soon as she finished, everything around me started to shake.

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277

## 277-I Miss My Old Self

Yuvonne:

When a woman is born and she starts to grow, she begins to develop many fears, and there are dreams that come with them.

She has dreams and hopes. Some of them get suppressed by fear. Some fade away.

All my life, ever since I had seen Baxter, I had fallen in love with him. I wanted him.

I wanted him so much that I left the comfort of my home and foolishly went into the rogue community because his mother asked me to and begged him to accept me.

He did not even accompany me back. He sent me with some warriors.

“It has been more than a week. You need to eat. The doctor said your health is declining.” My mother entered the room and turned on the light.

The minute she did, I clenched my fists and hugged myself tighter.

I was sitting on the bed with my knees pulled to my chest, covered in a blanket.

I hated anyone seeing me, and ever since that incident, people had been coming to see me.

I did not want to be looked at. I did not want to interact with anyone. I wanted to disappear.

Every time someone came, they would look at me with sympathy and say it was okay.

They would tell me that even if I had been young and saving myself for my man, things happen and we cannot do anything about it. 1

Those words felt like a taunt. Then they would ask why I chose to go to the rogue community and what I had been wearing, as if that mattered.

They said a woman in the rogue community, wandering around, was an open invitation.

I had to scream at some of them that I was not wandering around. I had been in a car with the warriors. Those men

ambushed us.

“Are you having the same conversation in your head again?” my mother asked, probably noticing how aggressive I was becoming.

I guessed I was losing my mind. She sat with me, holding a bowl of soup in her hand.

“Just please leave me alone,” I whispered, keeping my arms around my knees and my head between them.

I barely lifted my eyes to look at her.

“Everything will be fine. It was not your fault, and you have healed now,” my mother said and I lifted my head.

“I have not healed. I have not. I get flashes of them. You do not understand.” I began to scratch my cuticles and thumb anxiously with my fingernail. It was horrible.

“Those men—I should not have gone to the rogue community. I should not have listened to his mother.” I slapped my forehead hard enough for my mother to set the bowl down and hold my hands.

That memory was going to follow me forever. Those men did not seem to come for desire alone.

1/3

277-1 Miss My Old Geit

+25 **Bonus**

They acted like animals. They did not care that they had beaten the warriors and tied them to a tree.

They made them watch what they did to me. It went on for hours. They left me there to die.

It was the warriors who freed themselves and came to help me. Ever since then, I have been thinking about decisions.

my

life

“Do not worry, Yuvonne, everything will be fine. The tough time is gone. You know, Lady Eugenia called, and she told me that she is going to meet her son, and that she will make him marry you and take care **of** you.”

The minute my mother said those words, I stared at her with disbelief.

“You seriously want me to marry the man I wanted so much that I went into the rogue community and faced all that?” I asked my mother with a smile on my lips.

I could feel the tears burning in my eyes.

“I do not want to believe in Baxter anymore. I want time to go back and for me to be at home,” I screamed, grabbing the bowl and throwing it against the wall.

My mother screamed in fear. My father rushed in with a syringe in his hand.

They had been giving me medication, but every time I woke up, I could not stop thinking about what had happened to me.

As my father started to approach me, I showed him my palm, requesting him to stop.

“I am fine. Do not give me any more. I just miss who I was,” I whispered, slowly tearing up.

My mother walked carefully around the broken shards and came toward me, wrapping her arms around me.

“I really loved him a lot, and I still do, but he will never accept a broken me when he never accepted a version that was perfect,” I cried, hugging my mother.

“No, that is not what will happen. You know Baxter better than I do and better than anyone else does. He will accept you. He will realize his mistake and he will come through,” my mother assured me, gently rubbing my back. “But you will have to make sure that you remind him—”

The minute she said that, I started to shake my head and utter, “I do not want to play games. Please just leave me alone.”

I hated that every time she sat with me, she told me that I needed to get Madeline out of his life.

All those games made me who I was today.

I could have had a perfect life, but I threw it away because I was so foolish to listen to everyone around me.

But ever since my mother told me Lady Eugenia went to speak with Baxter, I could not help being a little hopeful.

Maybe he would be able to save me. And I guessed he was the only one who could save me now. He had to protect

1. me.

He had to help me rise again. 2

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 278

#### 278—Supporting My **Mate**

Madeline:

“What did you just say?” I heard Baxter ask his mother.

Honestly, ever since I heard it, **I** have had the same reaction. It was a reaction **of** confusion, **guilt**, and concern together.

I understood that I did not get along well with Yuvonne, but every time I heard that she had been attacked, **it** made me **feel** bad for her.

I felt like she was the naive girl who had no idea what she was doing with her life, and it was **all** her mother's fault.

She made her do things that Yuvonne did not realize were getting her in trouble.

I could not put it past her mother that she might have been the one to send her to the rogue land the other day.

But how could that have happened? How could the warriors not have been able to save and protect her?

“Three men ambushed them,” his mother continued, making my body twitch with so much concern and fear for her.

“And how is she now?” I heard Baxter ask his mother with a lot of concern in his voice.

“Well, of course she is not doing well. She was in a coma for a few days. She has woken up now, and she is much better, but of course the trauma does not go away like that,” his mother explained, making me place my hand on my chest and feel bad.

“That is all I had come to tell you. And I just wanted to know how you are feeling about it.” And then his mother threw that in there.

“What do you mean? It is not my fault. I mean, I have all the empathy for her.” As soon as Baxter started to say this, his mother started to chuckle, and it was loud and unsettling, and even I felt bad that he had to listen to his mother do that to him. <sup>1</sup>

“Of course. What was I thinking? Anyway, I do not think you will be of any help for her then,” his mother stated, and I had to get up from the bed and step over to look outside.

I was worried for Baxter’s mental health at this point. She knew what he had been through in the past.

I did not understand why she had to come here and inform him of that.

“It’s not that I do not care. You know, mother, I care because I would never, I would never want to step away from my responsibility.” There was a hesitation in his voice.

As I stood in the doorway, I saw him look so anxiously toward his mother.

“Yeah, I hear you. However, do not expect me to believe you, especially when I know how you feel so little for people who are not Madeline.” His mother struck him again with the words that I knew would affect him.

His body was moving so hard whenever she said something like that.

“Just so you know, Yuvonne has loved you a lot. And even in this moment, if there is anyone who can make her feel better, it is you. If you are there with her, if you are there for her, she will heal better. She will feel comforted. But if you want to run away from your responsibilities, I will not judge you. However, I will say I thought you previously made mistakes because you were a child. Well, I guess I was wrong,” she commented.

1/2

278 Supporting My Mate

**+25 Bonus**

And I watched Baxter’s head turn low. It was as **if** every word she spoke was hurting him.

“Do not say all that, mother.” This time he finally requested his mother.

“So, does that mean you will take your responsibility? Go and speak with her?” his mother asked him.

I noticed Baxter stepped back a little, and then his head turned toward the door where I was standing. I **realized** it.

He wanted to help her, probably because of his own guilt. As he remained silent, I walked out of the room.

His mother straightened her back when she watched me come out.

“You must have heard what happened to your sister.” His mother stopped talking as she slapped her forehead very dramatically. “Of course, she is not your sister, and you two never liked each other. So, you must be really happy to know that she is in pain now.”

As soon as she said that, I grunted because she had been speaking nonstop, and we were letting her speak.

I would not have said anything had she not made Baxter so uncomfortable.

“Baxter will go.” As soon as I said that, Baxter turned fully to look at me.

“He knows how to take his responsibility seriously,” I added, while Baxter started to shake his head.

“It does not seem like he wants to go,” his mother commented.

“This is because he is worried for me and my children, but we will be fine.” I spoke harshly and directly to her, and I noticed that her jaw clenched again.

However, I had already turned back to Baxter now.

“I am not leaving you here with our children,” Baxter told me, his voice soft.

“Baxter, I know you want to do it, and I am telling you right now, it is okay,” I said once again while he awkwardly looked away.

I knew he wanted to go and help her. 1

Comments

Support

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

279

279—Another Victim

Baxter:

It was as if Madeline knew I wanted to go. I had promised Yuvonne **once** that I would take good care of her.

That was when Madeline was not back. That was right after Yuvonne had taken care of me.

I could not look away from her when she needed help, especially because she had helped me a lot.

Back when I was alone, Yuvonne would sneak out. There was so much that happened, and she stood with me through all of it.

With that being said, when I heard what happened to her, I felt my whole world crumble.

It was as if another woman had suffered because she relied on me, and I turned out to be someone who was not very competent.

I could tell that Madeline knew I wanted to go.

So for her to come out and make the decision for me, she also let my mother know that I was not the one making the choice and betraying Madeline. **3**

Instead, it seemed as if she made the decision, and that was why I was going.

“Well then, there is a car parked outside. If you want to go, I can take you there right now,” my mother suggested.

I turned to look at Madeline again.

“I will do it once I am sure Madeline and the children are safe,” I said, realizing this place was not safe for them.

Even when this cabin had been the best of all the places we had stayed at until now, I was still not okay with leaving her here.

“Can I speak with you for a moment?” Madeline asked me softly as she gently touched my shoulder.

I used to think Madeline was intelligent and that I would be happy with her.

But the way she reacted in this situation, I realized she was more than intelligent and comforting.

She was very understanding.

I gave my mother a small gesture as I walked away with Madeline to the kitchen.

“Listen, I know you are worried, but this place is where I feel more safe for now. Until you return, you need to go and speak and warn yourself. It will not take you much longer anyway. It is early morning. You will be back by the night, I am guessing. We can stay here till that part. Otherwise, if we go out looking for a place now, it will be too difficult,” Madeline told me, speaking very softly and in a tone that suggested she was not upset with me.

She was just worried for everyone’s sake.

“And Baxter, it is going to rain again. The rain has only stopped for a few minutes. This place seems like the only place feeling like home for now,” she added.

I stretched my neck back and then began to shake my head.

“**No**, I am not taking a risk.” As soon as I said that, I heard a knock on the wide open kitchen door. It was my mother.

1/2

270 Another Victim

+25 Bonus

“She can stay at the motel. Remember that motel? I can pay double the price they ask for, **for** just one night,” **my** mother insisted.

I was not okay with it either, but then Madeline gently touched my forearm.

“I think that will be okay, right?” she told me. “Come on, Baxter, you are making it seem like Madeline is paralyzed and she cannot do anything for her children.” As soon as she said that, I stared at my mother, who cleared her throat and then smiled at Madeline.

“I am sure she is intelligent enough to take care of things, and I will have my warriors outside for the day.” She spoke sweetly to Madeline now that she had seen that I did not like it.

And then it was decided.

We woke up the kids, and I did not want to waste the breakfast.

I noticed how many things Madeline had prepared, and it made my heart melt even more.

We had a rough night where we talked about things that turned out in a way that, instead of cuddling, we slept in different spots, and I was guilty for losing that night.

After we were done with breakfast and the kids were taken, we sat in one car together, while my mother was in a separate car.

We drove back to the motel, and I said goodbye to my children and Madeline.

As they walked out of the car and headed toward the motel room, I kept staring at her through the window of my

**car.**

My mother got out of her car and came straight to sit with me.

Once she shut the door, I was pulled out of my thoughts, and I turned to her,

“What do you think will happen when I see Yuvonne? Do you think she will feel better?” I asked her.

I was not being dragged. I wanted to help her, but I wanted to know how I could be helpful.

“Show support to her, Baxter. In situations like this, women feel like they will never be accepted.” My mother’s words made me clench my fist secretly.

It was going to be a very hard day. I knew that much.

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 280

#### 280-Stop This Suffering

Yuvonne:

“Yuvonne, get ready. Baxter is coming with his mother.” I heard my mother's voice echo in the room as she opened the door with a thud.

I jolted awake under my blanket. Every time somebody made loud noises around me, I got scared.

I hated that I was feeling this way. I missed my old self, but the news itself made me happy.

“Really? He is coming over?” I asked my mother, smiling at her.

It was the same broken smile that my mother said gave her the chills, but I could not help it.

“Yes. He is coming over. His mother just texted me.” She repeated herself quickly, reaching the closet to grab me a new dress.

I had been in one dress, and I had been able to change. I changed out of those clothes.

I could never wear them again, but after that I did not feel like getting ready. If I am honest, I hated my body.

“What are you doing? Do not pick anything too flashy. I do not want to attract attention,” I said gently, sitting up and making sure the blanket was covering me.

“You need to stop saying nonsensical things. That time has passed. You are focusing too much on it. The more you remember and the more you try to think about what happened to you, the more you will feel like a sad little puppy. It seems like you do not want to get out of that mindset either. It is okay if you want to act like that in front of Baxter so you can get his attention, but you do not have to do that when he is not around. Just go back to living your life.” Those words from my mother made me feel horrible.

I did not say it out loud because who else would take care of me?

So I dragged my body out of the bed and noticed that she gave me a white dress.

“This looks like a victim’s perfect dress.” The minute my mother said that, I began to feel disgusted with myself again.

I did not understand why she had to make me look like one. I was a victim.

“I am not going to wear this one.” I snapped at her, and she rolled her eyes.

“Okay, fine, I will not call you a victim again, but then stop acting like one.” She rolled her eyes once more and threw the dress at me before she walked out of the room.

Ever since I returned from the hospital, I noticed that my mother was very judgmental of me.

She did not want me to express my fears. She hated whenever I jolted at even a little noise.

She did not understand my mindset, and it seemed like she did not want to either.

She just hated that I was not my cheery self right away.

She wanted to gossip with me about Madeline, but every time she said her name, I felt like the world was laughing at me and pointing at me, telling me that all this happened because we had been horrible to Madeline all our lives.

After my mother left and I got ready, she marched in to apply some tint on my lips and cheeks.

1/2

280 Stop Im Suffering

+25 Bonus

I did not like **it**, but every time I turned my face away from her, she grabbed my head and put lipstick and makeup

on me.

Finally, she made me walk out to sit on the couch and wait for him.

“If he **is** coming here, who is going to take care of Madeline and the children?” Those words left my lips without my acknowledgement, and my mother let out a loud grunt that made my body shudder. 1

“Why do you care? Do not pretend you are this sweet, naive girl who cares about that vicious woman. Remember, this happened **to** you because of her,” my mother snapped at me, more angrily than ever.

However, I shook my head.

“No. Let’s not put a man’s actions and blame on someone else.” I spoke softly, but it was enough to gain harsh glares from my mother.

“Is that man coming over? Make sure he takes her away with him. We cannot have a victim here. People come here and look at her as if she has done something great.” My father walked past the living room and did not bother to ask me once how I was feeling.

I heard he was upset that it happened to me. He said it ruined his reputation among his peers.

Those men did the deed, but somehow my life was the one that had been ruined.

I could not go out. I could not do anything. My mother reminded me nonstop that I needed to cash this incident out, even though I wanted to forget about it so badly.

Finally, she clapped her hands and gestured to me, letting me know they had arrived.

Then she pointed at her eyes, made a fist, and rolled it in circles.

“Cry. Come on!”

As soon as she said that, I felt something crack inside me.

None of them wanted to help me. They just wanted to use me. 2

Alexis Dee

Author

Your thoughts on Yuvonne, *do you think Baxter should save her from her family? or is it a very brutal plan of hers to win him back?*

107

Comments

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