

# Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 291

**291**—Oh, She Hurt Me

Baxter:

Madeline had been tense ever since Yuvonne came with me, and at first, I did not blame her.

I understood she had every right to be upset, and I honestly blamed myself.

But I was put in a situation where I had no choice but to help a victim who was directly asking me for help.

The same victim who had been there for me when I needed help.

In a way, I did not want to come across as someone who took all the help from her, but disappeared when she needed help.

However, things had escalated too much. Madeline was now even taking the children away from me.

I had seen a clear hint of disbelief in her eyes when I questioned Gina's memory.

"I am so sorry this is all happening because of me," Yuvonne said as I stared at the empty spot Madeline had left.

"It is not because of you. We had our own issues," she added.

"I will go and speak with her," I said to Yuvonne without turning toward her.

I was honestly disappointed in Madeline. But then again, she was probably right in her own way.

I had just expected her to speak with me instead of taking her anger out on me every time something happened.

I walked over to the room, and once I went inside, I noticed she was sitting while the kids had found some toys.

They were playing as Madeline sat there, clearly upset. The moment she saw me enter, she grunted.

“What are you here for?” she asked, hands on her waist as she stood up.

“Madeline, I just wanted to speak with Gina and ask her what she saw,” explained, trying to stay calm and not cause any tension around the children.

“Did she not tell you that Yuvonne pushed her?” Madeline asked me.

There was disbelief on her face, likely from the fact that she was surprised I was not believing my own child.

“She did, but she is my child. Let me speak with her and see what this whole situation is about,” I replied. “Without you, I am constantly being intervened.”

I finally snapped at Madeline. Not because she was upset about her own situation, she had every right to be, but because I was not even allowed near my children.

It felt like the moment she decided she did not want me around them, she wanted that decision to stand.

In my mind, they were my children too. I should have been allowed to speak with them.

“Not Gina, just Bodhi,” she said.

I could tell it slipped out because she immediately bit her tongue. But her words had already hit me straight in the

heart.

“I did not mean to say that,” she uttered while I stepped back.

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## +25 Bonus

“No, it is alright,” I replied, clearly bitter.

“You are overreacting. I was just angry,” she started to explain, but I turned around and walked out. She had hurt me too much.

There was too much going on in my head. All I wanted was Madeline to trust me.

I knew I had done the right thing by taking Yuvonne away from her family. I could not explain why, not even to myself, but I knew it in my gut. I just wanted Madeline to trust me.

If she saw me even hug Yuvonne, she would have every right to attack me or hit me, even kill me. But before that,

I needed her trust.

“Is she angry with you?” Yuvonne asked. She was standing near the kitchen, rubbing her palms together anxiously.

“No, it is fine,” I replied, stepping into the kitchen to prepare something for dinner.

“You know, it is not her fault that she is so against the idea of me staying here,” Yuvonne spoke softly as she walked into the kitchen with me.

“Really, why is that?” I asked her, not putting too much pressure on the question. I wanted it to come across as casual.

This was exactly why I wanted her away from her mother. I knew it would be easier to make her open up and expose the secrets that had been going on in the family for far too long.

“My mother has done some things to Madeline. I have too,” she replied, once again avoiding eye contact.

I did not make a big deal out of it, even though it was one.

“I understand your mother used to abuse her. But she has to trust me. That is all I am saying,” I added, pretending to be clueless and choosing my words carefully.

“No, you do not understand, Baxter. It was not just abuse.”

As soon as she said that, I glanced at her from the side. I wanted her to continue. It felt like the answers were within reach.

“I will take a walk,” she said, then suddenly changed her mind.

I knew that would happen. It would take time to make her talk, but it will happen eventually.

Ruby Walker

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**292–It Is Getting Too Crowded Now**

Madeline:

I stepped forward and carried Gina before she could respond to Baxter, and I noticed the shocked look on his face.

“If you do not trust her, you do not have to question her,” I muttered, making it clear that Gina had already told him Yuvonne pushed her.

“Come on, kids. We will be staying in the room for now,” I said, making direct eye contact with Yuvonne.

Then I looked at Baxter, who was getting back on his feet, looking clearly disappointed in me.

Once I took my daughter and left for the room, I put my kids down and waited for Baxter. I knew he would come back, and he did.

We had a short conversation, and I messed up. I said something I should not have said.

He walked out of the room looking upset, and I stayed where I was, staring at the empty space he had left behind.

“What the heck was that?” my wolf complained, snapping me out of my thoughts.

I let out a deep breath and nodded.

“I know, right? And he did not even look guilty for making a mistake. In fact, he just took my words to heart and left as if I am the one at fault,” I complained, grunting.

“I am talking about you. What the fuck was wrong with you? Why did you say that to him?” Lena snapped instead, confusing me as she began to scold me.

“Okay, I made a mistake. I understand,” I told her, anxiously rubbing my palms together.

“Well, then go and fix it. Speak with him. Do not be so stubborn,” she retorted, shocking me.

If she was so sweet, how could she be evil? But then there was another issue. Baxter said that it was Lena. It was not Lena. I could tell that now. It was not me either, so who did he see?

“Okay, stop trying to distract yourself with a conversation this is not about. Right now, it is about you going to Baxter and apologizing to him,” Lena warned.

With a sigh leaving my lips, I stepped out of the room.

The moment I was outside, I saw the kitchen door open. Yuvonne and Baxter were having a casual conversation.

I could not hear them, but it did not look like he was scolding her for what Gina had claimed,

“Well, it seems like your dear husband does not need my explanation,” I told Lena, angry that she had made me come out of the room like a fool.

“Oh my God, that is because you are leaving your place. Just go and be with him. Do not let her take him away from you,” Lena snapped, speaking nonsense.

It was not only my responsibility. I understood that he wanted to take care of Yuvonne because she was a victim, but that did not change the fact that he knew how I felt about her.

It was wrong that he was treating me this way because of her.

If anything, he should have made it clear to her that any behavior that involved hurting my children, or trying to

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292-It is Getting Too Crowded Now

+25 Bonus

hurt them, would not be tolerated just because she was a victim.

Seeing them talk so casually still bothered me.

I decided to turn back toward my room when a loud knock echoed through the hall, making my body jolt.

That was when Baxter turned around, and his eyes met mine. I gave him a harsh look, and he understood why. But the knock at the door was so urgent that we both focused on it first.

Baxter reached for the door as Yuvonne stepped out of the kitchen. She instantly made eye contact with me, then looked away.

While I was staring at Yuvonne, Baxter had already opened the door. When I turned toward him, it felt like the three of us gasped at the same time.

“Mother, what are you doing here now?” Baxter blurted out as his mother walked in with a bag, her husband right behind her carrying another.

“As if you do not know,” Lady Eugenia replied, and all three of us looked at her, trying to understand what the fuck she was doing here.

A small idea formed in my head. Maybe she had brought things for us, for the children, or for Baxter. That thought vanished when she added, “You are getting dethroned in two days. After that, they will send your father and me to the old age home. You know that, right?”

As soon as she said that, I looked at Yuvonne, trying to understand what was happening. It could not be a coincidence that Yuvonne showed up first and then his parents followed.

“But they do not treat the ex-alpha and his mate like that,” Baxter complained.

“Well, they do not treat them like that if their son has been a martyr. But you?” she snapped. “You kicked the crown away. So it is pretty clear they will send us to the old age home. Let’s admit it. Everyone knows us as the ones who could not teach their son the importance of the crown. So yes, I decided that if you are leaving, then I will leave too. I will stay here with you now. If you have a problem with me, you can kick me out. That is fine. Your old father and I will just wander the woods.”

Her voice broke as she spoke, and I turned away and walked back into the room.

I did not respond. I did not say a word. I closed the door behind me, sat on the couch, and buried my face in my

hands.

“What the fuck am I going to do now, Lena?” I complained tiredly.

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### 293

**293–Having Triplets**

Graham:

“She changed her mind at the last minute,” my father told me at the dinner table, and I started to chuckle.

“I knew she would do that. There is no way a materialistic woman would go and live in the woods,” I said, taking a big bite of the lasagna in front of me.

My beautiful mate had wanted lasagna, so I had asked cooks from all over the world to come on this special day and make it for her. She seemed to be enjoying the taste.

“That is why I had to add a little sprinkle of my own magic,” my father remarked, and we both chuckled.

“The council members, especially the council lady, told her that even if she wanted to stay, she could never stay in the pack again. She would be sent to the old age home, and of course, that was not acceptable to Lady Eugenia,” my father added, smirking at me.

Together, we were fire. I wondered why I had been so resistant all this time. I could have had such a perfect life if I had listened to my father earlier.

“Why do you think she left? She could have still had a far better life in the old age home than in the woods,” Kaylee asked in her soft, gentle voice.

Every time she spoke, I could not help but smile at her. I could not wait for her to start showing. I had been going to the hospital with her, and the doctor said she needed a lot of care.

“Well, that is because she decided to give one last try to convince her son to come back, or to ruin Madeline’s life for distracting her son,” my father explained.

My beautiful mate nodded. She was so fucking innocent. She did not understand these kinds of games.

“But my son, I’m proud of you for doing one thing right this time,” my father told me. “When you asked for the important files from her, you knew they would ask all the alphas who are putting their names forward for packs and status for a few details about pack matters. Holding those files will definitely put you one step ahead.”

My father explained this, and I nodded my head. That was exactly what I was aiming for.

I had tried to get her to make me the alpha, and she agreed briefly. But this woman could never give the crown to anyone herself, so we had to take another route.

I honestly could not believe that in two days she would be able to convince Baxter to leave Madeline and come back, so the dethroning was bound to happen.

Now the issue was that I really wanted this pack.

“And guess who has suggested his name?” my father added.

I already knew who he was going to mention.

“Your best friend, Elgin. He is eyeing yet another pack,” my father remarked. 1

I chuckled lightly.

“So let him be. He doesn’t know anything about pack matters. He texted me asking if I could get Lady Eugenia to tell him a little about the internal affairs of the packs, and I told him I couldn’t get in contact with her because she had probably gone into old age.” I paused.

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203–Hoving Inplote

+25 Bonus

“I pretended like I had no clue she was going rogue with her son,” I commented, stepping forward to grab a glass full of wine. “And since my dear mate **is** also going to tell me tomorrow what we’re having, I guess I’ll make a toast in advance.”

My father raised a glass as well, but I noticed that his mate was not drinking today. Usually, she would take a few drinks here and there, but this time there was **an** odd silence from her. I decided to ignore it.

I was going to be blessed with good news **the next day, so** I felt content **just** cherishing the moment, reading through the files, and taking Baxter’s pack.

It would be a huge deal for me to find out the gender of my child, learn more about my child, and also get crowned for another pack. It felt like a complete victory for me.

It was honestly the hardest night to get through. I had been anxiously waiting for the morning, and by the time it was 6 a.m., I dozed off. That was how exhausted I had made myself.

I woke up in the afternoon to my beautiful wife getting into bed with me.

“Is it morning, or are you just coming to bed?” I asked softly.

“I was talking to my doctor.”

She spoke in her gentle voice, her fingers resting against my neck.

“What did she say?” I asked.

Her hand settled on my chest, right where my heart was beating.

She held my gaze for a moment, then leaned closer to my ear.

“I wanted to tell you this the moment you opened your eyes,” she whispered.

I waited to hear what she was about to say.

It felt like my entire world shifted when she spoke her next words.

“We’re having triplets.” 1

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#### 294-My Desired Husband

Madeline:

“I couldn’t kick her out. She was my mother,” Baxter uttered as he sat down on the couch exhausted, after his mother had practically invited herself over.

“Did the kids eat the food?” he asked, pointing toward my children, who were now sleeping.

I hadn't let my children leave the room after his mother arrived. He was the one who cooked the food and brought it for us. My children did eat, but I did not.

"Baxter, I think you should go back home," I mumbled with a heavy heart.

He snapped his head toward me.

"What?" he asked, and I could tell he was trying to read my face, trying to understand what I was really dealing

with.

"It's getting difficult. I don't want you to carry so much pressure," I continued. "As for me and my children, this cabin seems sturdy enough. I can start a good life here."

I remarked without looking at him, but the way he had turned toward me told me he wanted to make eye contact.

"I want you to say that to me while looking at me," he asked, almost demanding it.

"Baxter, I'm not saying this because I feel like it's too much for me. I think it's too much for both of us."

I faced him again while sitting on the same couch.

"So wait, it's that easy for you to ask me to leave?" he mumbled. The way his fist clenched told me he was talking about something else entirely.

"No, don't change the subject." He must have noticed I was about to say something else because he pointed at me. "I want to hear it from you. Is it that easy for you to forget about me, to ask me to leave?"

He demanded it again. This time, it felt like he was not going to give me a chance to lie or change the subject. He had been watching my face closely.

"Do you think," I started to speak again, but he raised his finger and shook it at me.

"I want to know what your feelings are for me, Madeline," he said firmly. "Because these people, I don't care about them. The whole world can come and stay with me, and my priority will still be you."

His words made me gulp and look away.

"You know, I don't really want to answer you right now," I said quietly. "As more people arrive, I know situations will change. I know there will be moments when you'll be asked

to take sides, and even though you say you won't, it will become difficult for me. And when I have to leave you, it will hurt."

I poured my heart out. I felt emotional because I had imagined becoming his wife for years. [1

Even after I left and entered the human world and married Sawyer, there were moments when I dreamed about Baxter, and those dreams broke me every time.

He had been my weakness for a long time, and when I thought he might become my strength, I realized I was

wrong.

1/4

294 My Desired Husband

**+25 Bonus**

He stepped closer and grabbed my hand, turning me toward him again. He placed both my hands in his lap and held them tightly.

"You won't be disappointed," he stated. "I'll ask you this question again, and I swear you'll happily **confess** next

time."

He gently touched my cheek, running his fingertips over my skin before I pulled away.

"I know what you're thinking," he continued, noticing my reaction. "I'd like to speak with Gina, if you allow me."

He mumbled this while watching my face, hope clear in his eyes.

"You don't have to ask me. She's your daughter," I replied. "And you know what? You should have yelled at me and told me I was wrong. They're your children too, Baxter. You've been more of a father to them than their own fathers."

I took a breath.

"So no, I don't ever want this to come between us. And if I ever say that again, you have every right to punish me."

I spoke softly, my lips curving downward. When I lifted my eyes, I saw him smile.

“I know I need to grow up,” I added quickly, closing my eyes in guilt.

“No, you don’t,” he replied calmly. “You’ve already lost your childhood and your teenage years. You can be as childish with me as you want. As for Yuvonne and my parents, how is that any different from me running a pack? Think of them as people I’m responsible for. But you’re the one I have a relationship with.” 1

He looked at the children, then back at me.

“If you’re not comfortable, we can arrange another bed here. And for tonight,” he paused, moving his finger toward me, asking me to come closer.

I lowered my head and followed his finger, moving closer as he hugged me tightly and pulled a blanket over us on

the couch.

He made sure he was holding me close while I closed my eyes, rested my cheek against his chest, and fell asleep listening to his heartbeat.

The morning was hard to get through. Baxter did not want me to go into the kitchen.

In fact, he told his mother that he wanted to cook with her for the first time, and I knew what he was trying to do.

He was trying to make things easier for me because he knew it was a little awkward.

As for me, I decided to talk to Gina myself.

“Gina, come here,” I called to her while sitting on the front porch of the cabin.

Elara and Bodhi were playing with the sand nearby, no longer getting too close to the cliff.

“Yes, Mommy?” Gina replied, standing in front of me.

“I’m going to ask you a question, and you’re going to be honest with me, okay?” I said, pausing as I held both her hands. “Who pushed you yesterday?”

Gina took a deep breath, then uttered, “Yuvonne did.” 1

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## 295

### 295-Meeting Her Again At The Cabin

Graham:

“Congratulations on winning the pack,” Lady Abigail said to me, shaking my hand and smiling ear to ear.

The blood rain pack had always been my dream. I had always thought Baxter was **lucky to** have such a perfect pack. Now, it felt like the pack had been meant for me all along.

“Thank you so much,” I replied, then watched as she and the other council members and leaders left.

My father stood beside me, happily accepting bows from everyone.

“Congratulations, man. I didn’t know you knew so much about the blood rain pack,” Elgin remarked as he approached me. There was bitterness in his tone.

It felt strange yet comforting to sit in the same hallway where all the candidates had been seated.

Usually, physical fights decided who would become the alpha of a pack, unless the previous alpha handed over the crown. My case had been different.

My father’s influence had earned me enough votes that a physical fight was deemed unnecessary. The leaders decided I was the best option.

There were also the files and the confirmation letters from Lady Eugenia stating she did not mind me intervening in pack matters. That only reinforced the fact that even the previous alphas supported me.

“And I also heard you’re having triplets. Congratulations,” Elgin added, hugging me again and patting my back.

I could tell he felt defeated. He looked pale today, unable to answer questions, clearly unprepared.

Meanwhile, I kept winning one argument after another, explaining the plans I had made for the improvement of the pack and pointing out the issues that had been affecting it.

“Anyway, after you’ve celebrated all the good news coming at you from every direction, I hope you have enough time to discuss how we’re going to get the researcher to come and help us this time.”

It felt like Elgin had to ruin the moment for me. The minute he mentioned the new sickness, my smile began to falter.

“You have the biggest pack under your rule now, almost the size of three packs,” he continued. “And then you still have your own. I really hope you come up with a solid plan because the sickness is getting worse by the second.”

I was about to remind him that I had hoped to take a few days to enjoy time with my family when he added, “I’m only saying this because my daughters are being affected. Otherwise, I would’ve let you enjoy this first.”

That explanation helped.

“So what exactly is going on with the sickness?” I asked.

I didn’t have children of my own, and I had been so busy with Kaylee that I’d shut out all the news.

I had even told my warriors and my royal beta not to talk to me about anything unless it was related to my child.

“The kids are being hit with multiple illnesses,” Elgin explained. “One is that they suddenly drop to the ground and fall into a deep sleep. The second is-” He paused, stepping closer and shoving his hands into his pants pockets. “The kids are lying. They’re lying to cause trouble.”

1/4

295-Meeting Het Again At The Cabin

+25 Bonus

That sent a chill down my spine.

“And that’s not normal,” he went on. “If **you** can’t trust a child’s words, how do you know when they’re telling the truth? How do you know if someone is stealing from them, or if it’s another lie?”

He stepped back after saying that, leaving me unsettled.

“It seems like we’ll have to speak with Madeline again,” Elgin said. There was a bored look on his face when he mentioned her name.

Of course, she had left us scarred. We had done so much for her, and in the end, she proved she didn’t really need

### 1. us. 3

She wanted anyone, anyone to save her and warm her bed. That was all.

“Oh, not that slut,” my father muttered.

The comment annoyed me, but I held it in. It wasn’t like he was completely wrong.

“Well, then I guess we should all go together and talk to her,” I decided.

I knew she would be difficult to persuade after what happened at her wedding. She would do everything she could to give us a hard time now. 1

“But when? When should we do it? I can’t watch my children suffer,” Elgin insisted. 1

My father nodded in agreement.

“I think you two should go as soon as possible. Maybe today?” he suggested. “I already know where they are. It’s a cabin in the mountains. Get ready and leave. However, I suggest you take your wives with you. You never know when that woman might try to seduce you.”

My father was right. I knew the moment Madeline saw us, she would feel something. 2

She would probably want us to feel the same. Her husband was no longer an alpha, and I was doing well. 1

She might even grow jealous when she found out my mate was pregnant. I was sure Madeline wouldn’t be able to hide her feelings for me. 3

But I wasn’t in love with her.

That settled it. Elgin and I were visiting Madeline that day.

Alexis Dee Author

Snippet:

“Welcome Back into my arms, my love,”

his voice thundered and so did my heart. I raised my eyes and saw Sawyer stand before me, a mixture of pain and anger in his *eyes* while his lips carried a very fake smile.

13

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#### 296—They Came Wearing Tux

Madeline:

We had been sharing eye contact, both Baxter and I, while he questioned my daughter once again.

“I promise it was her,” Gina replied, pointing toward Yuvonne sitting in the living room with Lady Eugenia.

It was our third day together, and I still had not had a conversation with Lady Eugenia or Baxter's father. From what I knew, Baxter's father did not really have a personality **of** his own.

Mr. Jonah was supposed to be an ex-Alpha King. I had hoped he would at least have some sense of right and wrong and be more active in decision-making, especially when his wife was unable to make proper choices.

But he did none of that. He simply obeyed her like a lost puppy.

Normally, I would have been happy for them, if she had not been making him do strange things that hurt others.

She was also quite demanding. Ever since she arrived, the workload had doubled for everyone. She needed things constantly.

“Okay, Gina, go and play with your siblings, okay?” Baxter told her, gently touching her cheeks.

Gina ran out of the kitchen while I stayed with my back pressed against the counter, arms folded over my chest.

“I’m really sorry for doubting her, but some things just don’t make sense,” Baxter admitted.

I guessed he had been expecting me to argue, but when I turned my head briefly to him and gave him a soft look,

he raised his brow.

He stepped closer and stood beside me, placing his hand on the counter behind me, facing my side profile.

“She said it, and so did Bodhi and Elara. They said they saw Yuvonne push Gina,” I recalled.

We actually spoke to all of our children separately. Yuvonne had no idea we were doing that. “It happened after Bodhi had already fallen asleep.” I explained.

I turned my head toward Baxter, and our eyes met. I hated questioning my children, but things were not adding up.

“That’s what I was thinking,” Baxter agreed.

He looked relieved that instead of reacting the way I had over the past few weeks, I was finally thinking clearly.

“I don’t know what’s going on, but why would Bodhi say so confidently that he saw Yuvonne push Gina when he was already asleep?” I asked, feeling uneasy. “Do you think it’s because they think I dislike her, so they dislike her too?”

“I don’t think that’s the case,” Baxter replied. “I think the way Yuvonne acted toward them before is why they are resistant to liking her.”

The way Baxter explained it made me **feel** better. That was why I felt at ease whenever he was around. He knew how to calm me and clear my thoughts.

“Anyway, we still need to keep a close watch on Yuvonne and the children together. We don’t know whether only Bodhi is lying or if all three of them are,” Baxter explained as he stepped closer and gently squeezed my elbow.

Every time he stood near me, I felt goosebumps spread across my body.

1/3

296–They Came Wearing Tux

+25 Bonus

“By the way, I spoke with my wolf,” I mumbled, straightening my posture.

She had been bothering me nonstop, insisting I tell Baxter that it was not her that day.

Baxter tapped his fingers against the counter, watching me closely.

“It would help if you weren’t looking at me so intensely,” I spoke up, making him chuckle.

He lowered his head, giving me the privacy I was asking for.

“It wasn’t her either,” I told him, watching as he lifted his head and stared at me.

Silence settled between us. The bright smile he had worn moments ago was gone.

A knock on the front door made Baxter and me share a glance. We looked out of the kitchen and saw Lady Eugenia and Yuvonne staring back at us.

It felt as though every knock on the door brought trouble with it.

“What now?” I asked Baxter, unfolding my arms tiredly as I stepped out of the kitchen with him right beside me.

My kids were playing around the house. Lord Jonah was not doing much. He held a book in his hand, one he had been reading since morning.

Then there was Lady Eugenia. She behaved as if she were still a queen of somewhere.

Yuvonne rose from the couch, but Baxter and I continued toward the door.

Baxter opened it, and I expected to see some kind of rogue or someone similar. Seeing my ex-mate instead was not something I had anticipated.

“What are you doing here?” Baxter asked.

Graham and Elgin stood there. I noticed the way they looked. They looked fresh, wearing branded clothes, probably to show off.

I mean, who comes to rogue land wearing a new tux, styling their hair with gel, and even wearing makeup?

At least, I assumed they were wearing makeup, because both of them had some kind of tint on their lips and cheeks.

I did not know what they were trying to prove, but they looked ridiculous wearing tuxes like that.

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207–Burning Deep Within

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297–Burning Deep Within

Elgin:

We had arrived with our wives in the car. Of course, Graham insisted that his wife not come out. Meanwhile, I let my beautiful silver walk the trail with me.

My kids were in the car as well. We were having a great time, but the moment I reached the door, my mood began

to sour.

They had managed to find themselves a better-looking home in the rogue community, and that bothered me.

It was a sturdy-looking cabin. Who the fuck left this cabin here for them? It felt like they did not even have to work hard to find a place.

If I had known earlier, I would have torn down this cabin before they took it over.

But the damage was already done. They were living there as if they had achieved something.

When Graham knocked on the door, Baxter and Madeline answered. Honestly, seeing the two of them together made me scoff.

I noticed how Madeline quickly scanned both of us. Of course she did. Her husband stood beside her in old clothes and a torn shirt, while we looked like models.

could only imagine how guilty she must have felt for not having us in her life.

“What are you doing here?” Baxter repeated.

I did not even want to look at Madeline, but it was not entirely possible to ignore her. We had a history.

Still, I was uneasy because Silver was watching me closely. There were children present, and that made things

worse.

When Graham and I did not respond, Silver spoke instead.

“And who the fuck are you?” Baxter demanded, his tone sharp enough to make my fist clench.

“She’s my wife,” I told him, standing straight and meeting his gaze, giving her the respect she deserved.

Baxter questioned it anyway. Of course, he knew she was my wife. There was something about his arrogance that kept him from behaving properly, even for a moment.

“We need to speak with Madeline,” Graham finally said.

Baxter tilted his head, one hand resting on the doorframe as he studied us. He stepped aside and turned to Madeline.

“Should we hear them out?” he asked her.

She nodded. I noticed how her hand reached for Graham's elbow and touched it lightly.

It was a **casual** gesture, **meant to** signal that they should step outside. Still, that touch stunned me. I froze for a

moment.

Why the fuck was she touching him like that?

The two stepped outside and closed the door behind them, blocking our view of the inside. My eyes lingered for a

1/4

297-Burning Deep Within

+25 Bonus

moment, and I saw Elara in the background.

I was sure she lifted her head and looked at me. However, she did not try to come closer. She simply continued playing.

Soon, we were outside, standing face to face.

"As you must have seen, the kids are showing a new illness," Graham remarked. I did not know what had happened, but his mood seemed sour.

"What do you mean by we have seen? We don't have a television here," Madeline replied, her tone bitter and harsh as she folded her arms across her chest.

It caught me off guard. She had always been sharp like this.

Not before she left, but ever since she returned as someone with knowledge, she had become very full of herself.

"Your kids didn't suffer?" Silva asked her, folding her arms.

"No, they have not," Madeline answered quickly, and I began to wonder how that was possible.

She had three children. Maybe it was because they were powerful alpha kids. Something did not make sense.

“Either way, the kids are suffering. That is the truth. There have been cases, and parents are complaining. If we don’t act quickly, there will be consequences,” I stated, keeping my tone steady.

I had noticed Madeline growing tense.

“Okay, then go ahead and do it. You don’t need my permission,” Madeline replied.

That alone made Graham and me share a glance.

“You’re not going to help us?” I snapped, noticing Baxter flinch beside me,

“How would I help you? I know nothing,” she replied, shrugging.

“Madeline, you are a top researcher. You have helped children before. You have knowledge,” I insisted.

As I spoke, Baxter and Madeline exchanged a look and began to laugh.

It felt mocking, and I did not know why, but **it** hurt. I never expected them to be so close that they could speak without words.

“What is so funny? There are kids who are suffering,” Silver snapped, thankfully stepping in because they were being insulting.

“Well, you heard my wife. She doesn’t know how to help,” Baxter stated, gently touching her back.

It was, once again, a casual gesture, but the fact that her body did not even react stood out to me.

It made them seem intimate with each other. I had not expected that. I thought she would give him a hard time.

Wasn’t that what she had told us? That it was only a marriage of convenience?

“Please think about the children. I know you’re angry and upset with others, but this has nothing to do with me or my children. We didn’t do anything,” Silver continued. “It was the stepsister you’re keeping in your home who leaked everything. If you can help her, why not help children who are innocent?” Silver grunted.

“Isn’t Yuvonne living with you?” Graham asked.

2/4

287–Bug Clemp within

I watched Madeline’s face begin to turn red, likely from anger.

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Comments

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Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 298

**298**—He Should **Not** Touch Her

Graham:

Silver was right to call out their hypocrisy. They wanted revenge, and they were directing it at the wrong person.

I noticed the way Madeline turned to look at Baxter. There was a complaint in her eyes.

“Can you please come with me for a moment?” she said, gesturing for Baxter to step away.

Ever since I came to see them, I had been feeling strange about the whole situation. Madeline had let her guard down around Baxter, that much was clear.

It felt humiliating to witness. Or had it always been this way? Was she the kind of woman who accepted everything after marriage?

That thought bothered me more than it should have. I did not know why I kept thinking about it.

Soon, the two stepped away to talk. That was when I truly noticed them. When they stopped, they stood close, speaking in low voices.

Then I noticed something else. Baxter's hand rested on Madeline's ass. He spoke casually while touching her, and she did not react.

His hand stayed there, moving slightly, while his other hand slipped under her arm, squeezing gently.

Madeline had her arms folded over her chest, her expression tensed up, as if focused on something else.

"What the fuck is he doing?" Elgin whispered to me while Silver moved around, checking the area.

"Let's not focus on that," I muttered, turning my face away.

I was not supposed to feel this way. We had rejected her, so why was this bothering me so much? I did not understand the feeling burning inside me.

Eventually, the two walked back toward us. Silver returned as well, ready to hear their answer.

"So, yeah, I don't think we can help, but thank you for coming to the Rogue community and blessing us with your presence," Madeline smiled sarcastically.

Baxter kept one arm wrapped around her waist, squeezing it now and then. I did not understand what was happening between them.

"You're really going to let children suffer?" Silver pressed, staying on topic.

By then, both Elgin and I had fallen silent.

"We would help if we could, but there's nothing we can do," Madeline snapped at Silver.

"Careful with your tone. I'm an alpha's daughter and an alpha's wife," Silver warned her.

Baxter gave Madeline a light pat on the back, as if encouraging her to continue. She stepped forward and faced Silver, and all of us watched.

"Careful, Silver. In the Rogue community, there are no ranks. So watch your tone when you're begging for help," Madeline said, her voice harsh.

Her words left Silver stunned, her mouth slightly open.

>>

298 Heuk! Net Touch

“Come on, let’s go, honey. We have other things to do,” Madeline added.

She turned, grabbed Baxter’s shirt, and pulled him along as he walked away without resistance. Elgin and I stood there, watching in silence.

“You’re coming over to lose the rank?” I finally shouted, trying to break the moment.

“Sure, I’ll be there tomorrow,” Baxter replied without turning around to look at us.

What the fuck was that?

“How the hell did you ever **care** for **someone** like her?” Silver snapped, grunting as she stomped her foot against the ground. “And you two didn’t even **say** a word. Weren’t you supposed to convince her to help us?”

She raised her voice at Elgin.

I was relieved Kaylee had not come with me. She was waiting in the car. If she had been there and seen me act **this** way, she would have questioned me too, and I would have been embarrassed for losing my composure.

“It is just that Baxter is our friend. Seeing him like that had shaken me more than I want to **admit**,” Elgin quiddly began making excuses, shifting the attention to Baxter instead.

Still, we were alphas. We knew how to lie.

“Well, your friend doesn’t care about you. He heard your children are suffering, and he didn’t give a fuck,” Silver muttered, folding her arms over her chest.

She was not wrong. It was truly disheartening how Baxter had responded.

We walked back toward the car, feeling defeated, until I noticed Silver looking around. Elgin and I both stopped and stared at her. A smile formed on her lips, and then she began to chuckle.

“What is it?” Elgin asked her in concern.

“I remember this place,” she said. “This is where the myths began, right? The one about a monster **coming** from the sky and attacking anyone who’s out at night.”

She mumbled the last part, and I started to look around as well. That was when we realized she was right. **This** was where the flying monster myths had come from.

“Do you think Madeline doesn’t know?” Elgin wondered.

I did not know why it slipped out, since we were not supposed to care about her.

“She would not do anything anyway. But our friend would be in trouble if something happened, because we know Baxter had a habit of stepping in,” Elgin quickly added.

Silver narrowed her eyes at Elgin, and he quickly tried to explain himself.

“Well, you already said it. Baxter is with her, so it’s their problem. Let’s go now,” Silver replied.

There was a strange sense of ease in her voice after realizing this was the so-called dangerous place. Still, they were only myths. There had never been any proof behind them.

Even so, I found myself wondering what would happen if something did happen to Baxter.

Who would take care of Madeline then? Would she start looking for another husband?

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 299

299—Saving His Dignity

Madeline:

“What were the two doing here? Did they come to ask you to come back home?” Lady Eugenia pressed, catching up instantly. I knew she had been watching from the window the whole time.

“They came to talk about the sickness,” Baxter replied casually, not stopping to explain further as he moved past everyone. He headed toward the small storeroom on the second floor.

“They didn’t ask you to come back?” Lady Eugenia insisted, following after him.

I watched her trail behind him, continuing to bother him.

“No, but they did remind me that tomorrow is my dethroning,” Baxter said, stopping briefly.

The way her eyes widened and her jaw dropped made me wonder whether she was pretending to be shocked or truly had no idea it was happening tomorrow.

“Don’t trust her.”

Eugenia’s words made me snap my head toward her.

“What did you just say?” I asked, crossing my arms. It felt like she thought we were on the same side.

“I said don’t trust anything she does or asks you to do,” Eugenia replied, repeating herself.

I lowered my head and smiled to myself.

“Well, I’m not going to trust either of you, so don’t worry,” I replied. “Besides, you can’t stand around whispering with her and then come back and tell me you’re on my side.”

My tone was bitter, but I kept a smile on my face to unsettle her. It worked. She looked annoyed.

Baxter came down with his arms full, wooden posts tucked under one arm, a coil of wire hooked over his shoulder.

This was the material he had gathered over the past two days. Behind him, his mother trailed after him, just like before, struggling to keep up in high heels and a gown.

It was clear she needed to change the way she dressed, or she would end up hurting herself out in the woods.

“You will lose all the power you have,” his mother almost yelled at him.

I had noticed how difficult she made his life. I had always known she was like this, but now that we were living with her, I realized it was worse.

She was constantly in his ear, complaining about one thing or another. Baxter, however, seemed immune to it.

He did not slow down or look at her. He simply adjusted his grip on the wire and kept moving.

When he reached the door leading outside, he nudged it open with his foot and glanced toward the children.

“Kids, come on. You need to get some sunlight too,” he told them.

They grabbed their toys and ran after him. He then turned and tilted his head at me, signaling for me to follow. I

did.

I glanced back and saw his mother standing near the couch, clenching and unclenching her fists, clearly angry.

1/4

200 Saving His Dignity

+25 Bonus

Once outside, Baxter set a post near the edge of the cliff and immediately began working, hammering a stake **into** the ground. I moved closer, picking up the wire and holding it steady while he secured it.

“I was thinking of getting information about the **sickness** from somewhere else,” I said. “Do you think **there’s** someone we can talk to who could help us without letting the others know we’re working on it?”

He slowed slightly, pulling the wire tight and fixing it in place.

“How about Ron?” I suggested.

Baxter paused for a moment.

“I’d rather look through my own contacts,” he replied, making it clear he did not like the idea.

“Your friends are also friends with Elgin and Graham,” I complained, resting my hands on my waist.

“Ron used to be our friend too,” he pointed out.

“Used to be,” I replied. “He’s not anymore, and he might be a better option.”

As I repeated Ron’s name, Baxter straightened and gave a short nod.

“Well, if you’ve already decided, what can I say?” he remarked.

He tied off the wire and reached for the next post. I steadied it, holding it upright as he drove it into the ground.

“But if you have a problem with him, then I’ll skip him,” I quickly added, letting him know that his decision mattered.

He paused, looked up, and then smiled with ease.

“No, it’s okay. Ron would be a good choice.”

This time, when he agreed, there was a smile on his lips. I realized that simply acknowledging someone’s concern mattered. It was a good thing to have in a relationship.

It took us two hours to finish half of the fencing. After that, I decided to go inside to cook a meal, while Baxter told me he would head down to the motel to call Ron.

As I entered the cabin, I saw Baxter’s mother pacing anxiously with a file clutched in her hand.

“Where is Baxter?” she asked.

Her tone was not stern or harsh. It was the first time we had properly spoken since she arrived.

“He left for some work,” I replied, “why is there a problem?” I asked her and she held up the file.

“His dethroning is tomorrow. We were supposed to return this file to one of the northern packs. If we don’t, Baxter will be penalized.”

I knew that alphas sometimes sent important documents to one another for review or assistance, and those files were always meant to be returned on time.

“Before the dethroning, the file needs to

be in the Alpha’s hands, or Baxter will be sent to prison for forty days. That means we’ll be living here without him for forty days,” his mother said.

My heart sank. Not because I was worried about what would happen to us, but because it would be a blow to his dignity to be thrown into prison right after having his crown taken from him.

Ruby Walker

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## **We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax**

### **300**

A Friend Or A Poe

Madeline:

“I don't know if Baxter will be able to make it back in time,” I said and her concern deepened.

“Then can you deliver it to that alpha?” she asked urgently, “If this isn't returned by tomorrow, Baxter will be in serious trouble,”

I took the file from her and nodded.

“I'll take my kids with me,” I mumbled. (1)

She nodded and quickly wrote down an address on a piece of paper, handing it to me.

“Kids, come on, let's go,” I told my children, gesturing for them.

The night would arrive in about two hours, and I was not certain I would be able to deliver the file in time if I did not hurry,

The only good thing was that the pack was only a few minutes away from here.

So I grabbed my children, put their jackets on, and left the house.

I had only stepped onto the track when somebody came like a bullet and snatched the file out of my hand.

“What the heck?” I exclaimed as I turned around to look at the woman.

“I will deliver it,” she stated sternly.

“What?” I replied in confusion.

Of course, she was slowly showing her true colors to me now.

“You don’t need to do anything for Lady Eugenia. She cares for me, and she trusts me, so I will do it,” she hissed again.

I narrowed my eyes at her.

“Who is to believe you will even do it? What if you don’t?” I questioned, noticing the way she turned her back to me to look as far behind as possible, probably toward the ground where the cabin stood.

Then she faced me again, but this time she stepped closer.

“Have you gone nuts?” she whispered, and I felt chills run down my spine.

“Excuse me?” I questioned her behavior, watching her shake her head at me in disbelief.

“Did

you even open that file?” she asked, opening it and tapping her finger under the mentioned alpha’s name.

“Alpha Byron.” I uttered.

“So?” I said out loud, then looked at her in confusion. I had no clue where she was going with this, but she was really wasting time.

“Of course you do

DIN

they have all boycotted,” she explained.

For a moment, I froze, unsure how to react.

“Of course you don’t know this because you were never here. Anyway, Alpha Byron had been a nuisance. Whenever some alpha would send him their file, he would send his back. They would do their research and help him out, but then he would hide important details from their files. He kept doing it until Baxter caught onto it. So Baxter played a plan on him. He sent him a fake file with no important information. When Alpha Byron sent his real file to Baxter, Baxter held onto it. That is how Baxter got praise from the council members for doing a great job. After that, Byron and Baxter could not stand each other. Everyone is forbidden from speaking with Byron or communicating with him. If anyone is seen next to Byron or interacting with him, that person is called a traitor,” Yuvonne explained.

With every word she spoke, my heart started to jump.

“What if you are lying?” I asked, folding my arms across my chest. “What if you are getting me in trouble?” I added.

I did not know who to believe at this point, but what she was saying could be extremely dangerous.

“Well, it is either I save myself or Baxter,” I uttered, looking down.

“No, you don’t have to do that. I am telling you, you don’t want to go to Alpha Byron’s place. If anything happens, I’ll take it on me,” she assured, hiding the file behind her back. “Okay.”

“Huh. It’s not about who will take the blame, Yuvonne. It’s about Baxter going to prison,” I argued.

She sighed, stretching her neck back before looking at me again..

“Just trust me on this, okay? You will thank me for it,” she murmured softly.

“Mommy, don’t believe her. She is tricking you,” Elara uttered.

Yuvonne’s eyes landed on her, and I saw a very sad expression cross her face.

“Kids, when two elders are speaking, you should not talk, okay?” I told Elara softly and very lovingly.

She pouted and folded her arms across her chest, looking sad.

“Anyway, just come back. If it is that important, you can leave with Baxter later on, okay? Even if you want to take this file, I’m not going to let you. So let’s not argue,” she remarked.

Yuvonne shocked me, to be honest, and now I was confused, unsure whether to believe her or take the file.

With the file in her hand, she began to walk away, while I started to look around.

The darkness was going to come soon.

2/4

Sara Lili

**Sara Lili** is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland’s breathtaking cold.

