

## **Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 3**

**Madeline:**

Silent tears slipped down my face, my lips trembling.

“There’s no need to be so dramatic,” Elgin said quickly when he saw me crying.

“You’re only eighteen, we’re all still young too. Do you really want us to raise a baby already?” He then added with a confident look on his face.

“He’s right. I know someone who can take care of it. No one will ever find out. You can go back to living your life.” Baxter nodded in agreement.

“It’s for the best, Madeline. If you do this, we can go back to being friends. But you have to get rid of the problem. If my father finds out, he’ll lose it. He’d never accept an omega like you as the mother of my child. Think about it—this is in your best interest.” Graham, his anger now controlled, spoke as if he were reasoning with me.

Listening to them, I burned with anger at myself for ever letting it come to this.

Just then, a message lit up my phone. I glanced down and froze. It was from the doctor,

Dr. Willow: I’ve sent your reports to the Alpha. He’s about to call your family. I cannot allow acts like this in my pack. It’s my responsibility to report any unlawful behavior and make sure girls like you face the consequences.

My hands nearly dropped the phone, but I clutched it tightly and shut my eyes.

“What’s the problem, Madeline?” Baxter cut in quickly. “If you want to keep the baby, you can. We’re not forcing you. We’ll even give you money. But we won’t give this baby our name.”

By then, I knew it was too late. The issue wasn’t whether I could afford to raise the child. The real problem was that the pack’s Alpha and the council would never let me keep it, unless someone powerful claimed the baby. And these three had made it clear they never would.

“I need to use the bathroom,” I said quietly. When I looked up, all three of them were frowning in confusion.

“Fine, take her to the guest room,” Baxter said. I turned from the backyard and started walking back inside, the three of them trailing behind me.

By then I knew they weren't going to let me go easily. Not until I promised to keep their secret, never telling anyone about this baby.

As soon as I stepped into the guest room bathroom, I locked the door and broke down in tears. But even through my sobs, I heard their voices outside.

"I'm not going to be the father of some omega's baby," Baxter complained.

"You think I want to?" Elgin snapped. "I have Alpha's daughters lining up for me, and look at this—she shows up on my doorstep like a curse."

Their words cut deep, making me feel like nothing more than garbage.

"She did this on purpose. I know it," Graham said, throwing all the blame on me.

"So what do we do now? If my mother finds out, she'll kill her," Elgin muttered.

That was the truth for all three of them. Their families were rich, powerful, and arrogant. They would never accept me.

And in that moment, I realized I had only one option left— to lie.

When I stepped out of the bathroom, they were waiting for me, their eyes fixed on mine. Before they could say anything else and sink lower in my eyes, I made it easy for them.

"My period started," I said.

Relief washed over their faces. Baxter and Elgin looked at each other and laughed.

"Really?" Graham asked, his smile wide. The brighter they grinned, the deeper it hurt.

"Then why did you come to us with this news and cause so much stress? You should have confirmed it first. Just because you missed your period once did not mean you were pregnant. Damn it!" Baxter grunted, relief washing over his face, but also frustration.

"I'll just go home now. My flow is heavy, I'll need pads," I muttered. They exchanged glances and nodded.

"Yeah, go on," Graham said with an eye roll.

As I walked between them, one last question burned inside me. I turned to face them.

"You said if the baby wasn't there, we could be friends again. Is that true?"

I didn't ask because I wanted their friendship. I asked because I needed to see what kind of people I had trusted.

"You really think after dodging a mess this big, we'd take you back as a friend?" Graham sneered.

"Yeah," Baxter added, smirking. "We've got better things to do than hang around with some omega."

That left Elgin, who only smirked wider. "Are you insane? It took us this long to finally get rid of you."

Their words cut like knives, but I only gave them a broken smile.

"I knew it. I just wanted to hear it from your mouths."

With that, I turned away. I didn't wait for their reactions. I walked out of the guest room, through the mansion, and straight out the door.

But the nightmare wasn't over.

The moment I reached home, my stepmother was waiting at the door. I already knew the council and the doctor must have called her. No matter what lies I had told earlier, with her, I would be forced to confess the truth.

As soon as I stepped inside, she slammed the door shut behind me.

"She's home!" she shouted, her voice echoing through the house, calling my half-sister and my father, who were already in the kitchen whispering about me.

The second they heard I was back, they stormed out, fury written all over their faces. My father didn't even pause. The moment he reached me, his hand flew across my cheek, striking me so hard I couldn't even tell where I was standing for a few seconds.

"What kind of filthy things have you been doing, Mad Madeline? Are you trying to drag my name through the mud?" my father shouted.

He stood there in nothing but a vest and trousers, a belt twisted tightly in his hands. The way he gripped it made it look like he was ready to whip me at any moment.

"I told you not to give her so much freedom. What was the point of sending her to school anyway?" my half-sister said. She was older than me, but she never tried to guide me or treat me like a sister. Instead, she whispered poison into my father's ears.

"She's turning out just like her mother –a whore," my stepmother snapped.

I took a deep breath to calm my nerves and swallow my tears first.

“I just want to go to my room and rest,” I said.

The moment the words left my mouth, my father stepped forward to strike me again. But this time, I raised a finger at him and shouted,

“Don’t you dare lay a hand on me. Do you understand?”

Their faces drained of color. For the first time, they realized I wasn’t the voiceless girl they could beat down whenever they wanted.

Maybe I still wouldn’t have found the strength to raise my voice for myself, but I had to do it for my baby. Their abuse could hurt more than just me now.

With that thought, I started climbing the stairs to my room on the second floor. But no sooner had I closed the door than I heard my father rushing after me, ready to pound on it.

Then my stepmother’s whisper stole my attention.

“Don’t say anything yet. Soon, all the omegas will be leaving to take gifts for Alpha’s birthday. When the omega side of the pack is empty, we’ll push her down the stairs. No one will hear her scream, and by the time the council arrives three days from now, the baby will be gone. We’ll be spared the humiliation.”

She thought she was speaking softly enough that I wouldn’t hear, but I heard every word. My hands went cold, my legs felt weak. There was only one option left for me now—I had to run away from the pack.

I waited a moment before hearing my family leave through the front door. I knew they wouldn’t be gone long. They were only outside to be seen by the rogues, making sure people could later say they had been present so it would look like I had fallen down the stairs on my own.

As soon as they left, I climbed out the window. My best friends had taught me how during their visits, but the memory now felt poisoned. I never imagined they would betray me.

I carried a small bag with the little money I had managed to save and carefully climbed down the back of the house. It was dark, and in the distance I could hear songs praising the Alpha. Pulling my hoodie over my face, I ran into the woods instead of taking the road.

There was only one place left for me to go: the human world, where werewolves without wolves were cast out.

At the docks, people were loading cargo. Among them were others like me—banished, stripped of their wolves, abandoned by their families. They looked broken, told that werewolf land was too sacred for them.

I slipped into the line, trembling. A drunken guard staggered past, not bothering to check. No one wanted to go to the human world, the stories of what happened there were too grim.

That's why no one watched the line closely. If someone was desperate enough to leave, they were considered pathetic and doomed.

But I boarded willingly.

As the ship pulled away, I looked back at my home, tears filling my eyes.

"It's okay. It doesn't matter who the father is. From now on, I'll be both father and mother to you," I whispered, playing a hand on my belly. I promised myself that I would survive in the human land and prove it could be done.

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**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.

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