

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 31

31—Fighting With Me For Her

Madeline:

After I came home and put my kids to bed, I sat in the recliner holding a glass of wine, tears still burning my eyes as I stared out the window at the lonely moon.

The clouds were thick, and even the stars didn't seem to want to accompany it.

I sighed, watching the clouds try to hide the moon, but it kept appearing again, looking more beautiful each time.

"So, I was the problem," I muttered, remembering their reaction when I got pregnant.

They all said they weren't ready, or that I was just an omega to them.

It turned out the ones who claimed they weren't ready already **had** someone else pregnant.

And for the others, I was simply an omega to them. Yet, one of them went on to date my omega step-sister.

So yes, I guess I was the problem. They didn't want me in any way. ↑

All these years, I thought that when I saw them again, I would be strong. I told myself I wouldn't care, that I wouldn't be hurt watching them with their mates or girlfriends.

I expected they would have moved on by now, started new relationships. But I never imagined it would hurt this much.

Ding!

A text alert came through, and I tiredly lifted my hand to check the screen.

Baxter: I'm coming to see you.

I instantly sat up, staring between the wine glass and my phone, deciding which one to deal with first.

I took a long gulp of wine, then started typing furiously on my phone.

Me: I don't want to talk to you or anyone right now. Please leave me alone.

I sent the message, hoping **he would** back off. I stood up, setting the glass and the phone down, then slipped on my black silk robe over my thigh-length nightgown.

The moment I heard the key card click, I realized he hadn't taken my words seriously.

I stood in the living **room**, watching him open the door and walk in. His body looked tense, his shoulders drawn tight.

Baxter was always easy to **read**. When he got angry, his veins would bulge, pulsing visibly as he clenched his fists until his hands looked **larger** and rougher,

mine.

He was wearing a thin white shirt and white shorts as he strode toward me like a bull, eyes locked on me. Neither of us broke the stare as he approached.

The large window cast a pale light over us, while the rest of the suite sat in silence and darkness.

"What was wrong with you at the dinner table today?" he demanded.

He had the audacity to come here and press me about it, as if he didn't **already** know what had upset me.

+25 Bonus

And even if he did know, why ask? It wasn't something that could be fixed anymore.

Not that I wanted him to do anything for me.

I clenched my fists and pressed my lips together, forcing myself to calm down so I wouldn't let my emotions spill

out.

Weak women like me are always easy to manipulate.

"Let's just say," I replied after swallowing hard and steadying my voice, "I was surprised to see my bully there."

"Yuvonne isn't a bully," Baxter immediately defended her before adding, "The childhood bullying was her following her mother's orders. Everyone deserves a second chance."

He spoke with his eyes locked on mine, clearly showing that he didn't like me calling his girlfriend a bully.

“I’m glad you think that way, because you did give her a second chance. But why the hell am I being pressured to sit in her presence?” I shot back, calling him out for thinking that just because he forgave her, I had to forgive her

100. 100.

“Because you’re being a child,” he argued.

I quickly raised my finger and **shook** it in **refusal**.

“You’re not going to tell me how I should respond to the people who hurt me, Baxter.”

I kept my

voice low even though it hurt deeply. The thought that I would never have done that to Baxter tore me apart. It felt like they had **never** truly been good friends to me.

So why did they keep me around? Why protect me, defend me, all those years before they finally left me? It didn’t make any sense.

“She apologized to you, and she told me you forgave her. It seems like your anger came back when you saw her with me,” Baxter said, pointing at himself.

He was referring to that apology my sister gave me, one I forced myself to accept because I didn’t want to cause a

I **scene** or dig up old pain.

“I guess you’re right,” I replied softly, my voice cracking a little. I paused, swallowed hard, and steadied myself before continuing

“Seeing you two together made me realize that I haven’t just been manipulated in the past. People still think they can get away with hurting **me**.”

My voice cracked again slightly on the last **word**.

“If

you think she’s going to hurt or bully you, then I give you my word, she’s a **changed** woman now,” he tried to explain again, defending her.

I just nodded, clenching my jaw. Why would I expect him to feel bad for me when the woman against me was someone he loved?

“You can leave now.” I stepped back and pointed toward the door.

I couldn’t fight him anymore, and I didn’t want to, because that would mean lowering myself even more.

He followed my hand to the door, then shook his head.

23

- 25 Bonus

“No, we’re not done yet. You’re running away from the conversation again.”

As soon as he said that, the rage rushed back, the same rage that came every **time** they accused me of running

away.

They made it seem like it was my weakness when, in truth, it **had** been my only option.

“Well then, let’s just say I’d rather run away than let you lower yourself in my eyes any further,” as I said that, I watched his muscles twitch.

His eyebrows pulled together, **and** a frown appeared on his forehead.

“Why are you acting like you have a problem with me dating her?” he hissed.

I mirrored his expression, **shock** flashing across my face.

“Get out!” I repeated, my voice rising.

This time, he shook his head stubbornly.

“No,

I’m your mate. I won’t leave until I have my answers,” he demanded

His words hit me like a **slap**. He called **himself** my mate.

In a calm but firm tone, I replied, “I don’t care if we felt the mate bond. I’ll never call you my mate.” 7

Comments

Ruby Walker

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32—My Stubborn Mate

Baxter

I kind of knew **when** I saw Yuvonne in the living room that Madeline would give me a hard time for it.

I knew she would confront me harshly. Previously, she would have let it slide. Probably questioned me softly.

But she's a changed woman now, more firm and, simply put, stubborn. The moment I saw Yuvonne out, I knew

that was it.

Madeline didn't eat anything after that. She kept pretending she was busy with the **kids**, but who was she really fooling?

Only the others who **didn't** know the history between us. And when she snatched Bodhi from my arms, it felt like she had hit me with a fire arrow.

I couldn't go back **to** my room and rest, not with my mind stuck on how she had acted toward me. So, I decided to confront her.

When I arrived, the sight of her surprised me. She looked hurt. She tried to hide it, but I could still see the pain in her eyes.

Why, though?

She had never cared before that I was dating her stepsister. In fact, she wanted me to be with her. So why was she suddenly looking so betrayed with the idea It made no sense.

Then she threw the harshest words a mate could ever throw at another.

“Why do you look so sad? It’s not like we’re ever going to accept each other as mates,” she taunted.

She had seen my expression change the moment she said I’d never be her mate. Her words were true, yet they still

stung.

“I’m not shocked,” I hissed through clenched teeth. “And I’m not affected, Madeline. It’s not like I’d ever want to accept you into my life. If I did, I would’ve done it before, wouldn’t I?”

Now I was saying the words I knew would hurt her because that’s who I am.

I’m a disaster. 1

The kind that strikes back when provoked. You try to hurt me, and I’ll hurt you worse.

With Madeline, it was more intense. I **had** relied on her in the past, and she had broken my heart in the worst way possible.

“Then what are you here for?” she asked, folding her arms across her chest, looking more confident now that she had gotten a reaction **from** me.

“What you did—snatching Bodhi from me—that was uncalled for,” I said, changing the subject because I **wasn’t** even sure why I had come here.

Why did I want to see her hurt? Why did I care about her reaction to me dating her sister?

“What do you mean? He’s my son,” she shot back. “Are you forgetting that I made it clear that you’re supposed to forget about the babies? They’re not yours. None of them.”

1/3

+25 Bonus

She said it with that same sharp confidence she always used when laying down her rules she never **asked** our input

1. on.

“Well, let’s just say I don’t follow those rules anymore,” I replied. “Bodhi is my son **too**, and I’ll decide who he spends time with.”

That hit her. A frown appeared on her forehead, her beautiful eyebrows drawing closer.

Her eyes softened with concern, and I caught myself noticing her face again, like someone starving for something they shouldn't want.

"You want my child to be around Yuvonne?" she asked, her voice carrying disbelief.

"Yuvonne isn't a monster," I said quietly. "She took care of me when I had no one else."

As soon as I mentioned the past, Madeline stepped back.

"Really? She took care of you?" she asked, her tone urgent rather than mocking. "When was that? Where was I when she was doing it?"

"Probably busy with your other best friends?" I threw that in her face, and I watched her eyes go **cold**.

Her lips pressed into a tight line before she pointed at the door again, then at her own chest.

'Or maybe when I was getting abused by your girlfriend?' she snapped back, throwing that at me again.

That one hit me. It was the only part that ever made me feel guilty.

Every time she mentioned it, she reminded **me** of her past with Yuvonne. I remembered how much she used to cry.

But things had changed.

I couldn't satisfy her anymore by breaking up with Yuvonne.

Yuvonne had been a child back then, too.

"Her mother manipulated her. Do I need to remind you of this over and over again?" I said sharply.

As soon as I said it, she started laughing, clapping her hands together in disbelief.

Sometimes, I just didn't understand her. In the past, she was clear as day that she wanted me gone and wanted me to date her sister. But now that I actually was, she was furious.

"Now, can you please leave? I need to rest," she hissed.

This time, I could tell she **was** really done with the conversation. She turned away and started walking off.

She didn't even care that I was still standing in her living room. She just went into her room, closed the door, and locked it.

I stood there for a few seconds, watching her disappear. Then I finally returned to my suite and sat down, feeling

frustrated.

My phone buzzed.

Fiancée: Are you okay? Is she really upset with us? I hope she won't take it out on the research. If I knew she would react like that, I wouldn't have come.

I stared at Yuvonne's text for **a moment**, then typed back tiredly.

2/3

+25 Bonus

Me: It's nothing. She's fine. I talked to her. She wasn't bothered.

I lied. Straight up.

Yuvonne: Okay, that's great. I really hope she comes around soon. Maybe she can meet her parents.

I zoned out for a moment, reading that text. Then Yuvonne started calling me.

"You didn't respond to me," she said when I answered. "Don't you think she should come and meet her parents once?"

"Weren't your parents abusive toward her, Yuvonne?" I reminded her in a skeptical tone.

"I understand that you've changed," I said softly. "And that you were little back then. But the others, they were full-grown adults. And I know what your parents were going to do when finding out about her pregnancy? It rubbed me the wrong way."

I tried to sound calm, but deep down, the thought of them ever trying to hurt my baby made my blood boil.

"You believe her?" Yuvonne said quietly. "Baxter, their response was just like any other parents'. My mother was worried for her future, that's all. You believe me, right, Baxter?"

Then her voice softened, the kind that always made me want to close my eyes and forget the argument.

And in that moment, I realized I didn't want to fight with her over Madeline anymore.

"I can only suggest that she go meet her parents," I finally said. "The rest is her decision."

I said it just to please her.

But I knew things were going to get messy in the morning, after the way Madeline had reacted to my engagement

with Yuvonne.

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33—Madeline's Diary

Graham:

Flashback

"What is she doing here?" I asked my father. My fists clenched, and my eyes narrowed at the young woman standing beside him.

As I stood there alone, my father wrapped his arm around that **woman**, and my fists tightened even more at the sight. Penny was much younger than my **father**, and was greedy. Not only **that**, she was the woman my mother had caught him in bed with before she ended her own life.

Back then, I was very young. My mother was still alive, and this woman was probably only nineteen. It was disgusting, and it left a scar on my heart. Hearing that my father was introducing her again **in** such **a** way was too much for me.

“What are you trying to say?” I demanded, anger rising in my chest.

“All I’m saying is that I am marrying Penny,” my father replied.

As soon as he said that, heat rushed to my head and anger consumed me. He had called me to meet him in an emergency only to give me this terrible news.

I **had** been having an amazing night for the first time in years. I felt good, like I had **a chance** to move forward, to become a better version of myself, or maybe to have someone I could finally cherish.

But that was taken away from me by my father’s selfish **desires**, which he threw right in my face.

“I thought you had stopped seeing her after Mom died!” I shouted, tears burning my eyes.

The woman stepped aside, looking completely bored. She had stayed as my father’s mistress in secret then. And now, she had finally managed to **secure** herself a position that would earn her a crown of respect she didn’t deserve.

“Why are you acting like this so out of the blue?” my father asked. “I thought your friend must have told you, the minute my dad mentioned Madeline, I lost it.

I stepped closer to grab my father’s collar, but he inched back, pointing at me. His warriors were already prepared to attack. After all, he was still the ruling Alpha

“Your friend knew, and she didn’t tell you?” my father questioned again, his tone cold enough to freeze my blood.

“There’s no way she knew and didn’t tell me,” I hissed, defending her.

That was the first time Penny laughed, **and** her laughter made my father chuckle too.

“Well, it seems like you don’t know her at all then,” he sneered.

“Madeline knew about us, and I told her not to tell you anything. You can even check the security footage. You’ll see her standing in front of me and Penny while I’m all over Penny. It’s not my fault she chose to stay quiet.”

He smirked and continued, “It seems Madeline knew that if she told you the truth, she’d lose my support. Then I would never let her hover around you. So she chose her own comfort instead of the truth.”

The taunting tone in my father’s voice, mixed with Penny’s laughter, shattered me completely.

It wasn't just that he had lied for so long or that he didn't care about my mother's death, it was also that my best

1/3

+25 Bonus

friend had helped him hide the truth from me.

End Of Flashback:

"Um, Your Highness, here's the file."

A maid left the file on my table before walking away.

"You're not bringing work home, **are** you?" Kaylee asked, stepping out of the bathroom. Her gaze shifted from the file to the maid leaving the room.

She hurried to the door and slammed it shut, making sure no one else would come in to hand me more **work**.

I grabbed the file tiredly and stared at it blankly. It was just an excuse to avoid engaging with Kaylee.

"What is going on? Why are you so indifferent toward me?" she questioned, sitting on the edge of the bed in a tiny silk nightie.

Even her panties were visible beneath it. Normally, that kind of sight would drive me wild, but things were changing,

"Kaylee, it's nothing. I'm just worried about this sickness. There are children dying," I replied.

Maybe my tone came out too defensive, because the moment I spoke, she raised her eyebrows and shook her head slightly, as if to confirm she'd heard me right.

"I know, but what is this behavior?" she pressed, making me roll my eyes.

"What? I'm just existing. Can you stop finding issues in everything I do?" I complained, watching sadness settle in her expression

I didn't know why I was doing this. She meant a lot to me. So why was I ruining **our** relationship **over** something that had happened in the past?

"Well, I want a baby," she said suddenly, placing her hands in her lap.

I slammed the file shut and rolled my **eyes**.

“What? I can’t even ask you for intimacy now?” she protested, her voice cracking.

Our relationship wasn’t like the usual ones between Alphas and their mates. For us, it was more of an arranged marriage, **a** decision made by my father.

At the time, he was fascinated with his best friend, Mr. Robinson, the man who had helped him hide his affair from my mother.

Mr. Robinson probably thought my father would always have his **back**. But Mr. Robinson didn’t know he was pledging loyalty to a man who didn’t understand loyalty at all.

Once my father gained more trusted men and realized that Mr. Robinson no longer held any leverage over his secrets, he grew tired of him.

Meanwhile, my father’s constant pressure on Kaylee and **me** to give him a grandchild began weighing on Mr. Robinson too. Every time his daughter cried to him, it broke him a little more.

“I **know** what’s going to happen, Kaylee,” I said sharply. “We’ll try, then take a test. It’ll come out negative, and you’ll fall into another depression. I don’t **want** that.”

2.3

+25 Bonus

I hissed the last words, slamming the file onto the table before **standing** up.

“Really? Are you sure that’s the reason you don’t want intimacy? Or is it because she’s back?”

Her words hit me hard, stopping me mid-step. I had been walking toward the window when the air in the room shifted.

I turned to her, stunned.

“You think I’d never figure it out?” she demanded. “I saw those pages from the diary you tried to hide for years.”

She rose from the bed, glaring at me with fury. Then she turned, opened the bedside drawer, and pulled out two pages I’d hoped no one would ever see.

“It’s Madeline’s diary, isn’t it?” she hissed, holding the papers up. “She talks about you in detail, doesn’t she?”

Her words made my heart pound violently.

“Did you share the same feelings with her?”

As soon as she asked that, I lunged forward, snatching the papers from her hand.

“How dare you go through my things?” I growled, glaring into her eyes as I loomed over her.

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34—Almost Lost Her

Madeline:

I had been focusing more on my illness ever since the whole mess happened.

I didn’t answer any

I received a few calls and probably realized they were from Yuvonne trying to contact me. So, I didn’t

“Gina,

, please keep the TV volume down,” I called out, asking her to lower it.

They had been blasting the TV since morning, dancing to songs and watching movies. They had also scattered their toys around so much that I felt **bad** for the room service.

Most of the time, I cleaned their mess myself because I didn’t want to burden someone else. But now that I was working on the files, I just needed a few minutes of complete focus.

“Mommy.”

After a few more minutes of silence, when I thought I could finally focus on my work, Elara appeared behind me. I had placed a table near the big window so I could look out at the open sky while working.

My back was turned to the bedroom door, and my kids were in the living area. The suite was beautiful, and the view from the upper floor made it even more stunning. If I hadn't been working on such a serious case, I would have enjoyed staying here.

"Yes, Elara. Do you need anything?" I asked, turning around. Her shoulders were tucked in, and I grew concerned right away.

"There's something wrong with Gina."

Her tone, her body language, and even the words themselves made the pen slip from my fingers. The next thing I knew, I was pushing my chair back and rushing out of the room to check on Gina.

As soon as I entered the living room, my eyes landed on the couch and I felt my soul leave my body. **Gina** was lying there, her muscles stiff **and** her eyes rolled completely white.

"Gina!" I gasped, rushing beside her and grabbing her hand to rub it. "Gina, what's going on? Wake up!" I cried, panicking as I placed my hand on her forehead, trying to calm her down.

"Oh God," I grunted, turning to look at my kids. The two of them were staring at their sister with teary eyes.

"Mommy, is she gonna be okay?" Bodhi asked, his small body shaking from shock and fear.

"Bodhi, please go get my phone quickly," I told him.

He started shaking his head.

"There's no time for that. I know where Uncle Baxter is staying," he said, making my eyes widen at how he ignored my instruction.

Before I could question him further, he rushed toward the main door with Elara.

"Bodhi, no!" I shouted.

But he didn't listen. He reached the door, swiped the keycard, and opened it.

"Bodhi!" I caught up, rushing toward him but stopping midway to go back to Gina. I was panicking, and I couldn't leave my daughter alone.

1/3

125 Bonus

As I tried to pick her up to go after the other two, they came rummaging; back.

“Bodhi! What have I told you about leaving the place without my permission?” I yelled.

I was so anxious about Gina that I didn’t realize I was raising my voice at him. But Bodhi didn’t seem to care. He rushed to his sister’s side just as Baxter entered, still buttoning up his **shirt**.

“What’s going **on**?” he asked, squatting beside the couch and finishing the last button.

“I don’t know. I found her like this,” I **said** between heavy breaths and tears.

“Hey, kiddo, look at me,” Baxter urged, patting **Gina’s** cheek to wake her up.

“Okay, we need to call the hospital,” I said, standing up and rubbing my palms anxiously.

“The hospital won’t be able to help. Some of the kids have shown this symptom, and none of them got help from the **hospital**,” Baxter explained, still trying to wake her.

“Then what, am I just supposed to let her stay like this?” I cried.

He gave me a quick look, gesturing toward the other two kids standing beside me, watching their sister in pain.

“Get me cold water—ice, even better,” Baxter instructed.

We had a small fridge nearby, so I rushed to grab some ice and handed it to him. He started rubbing it on the back of Gina’s hands, so I took more and began rubbing her feet.

The little ones wanted to help, too. They held pieces of ice in their tiny red hands, rubbing their sister’s hands and feet.

Then I saw Gina start to relax. Her body softened, her eyes slowly closed, and her breathing evened out. I broke down as I watched her recover.

“Hey, look, she’s okay now,” Baxter said, grabbing my elbow and pulling me closer. He was kneeling beside the couch while I was near **Gina’s** feet.

When he drew me near, his arm wrapped around me, and I rested my head on his chest, my face buried in my hands.

The pain of seeing my daughter like that was so strong **that**, for a moment, I forgot all our personal differences.

After a **few** minutes, I lifted my head from his chest, and our eyes met. He had been watching me, and I quickly pulled **away**, sniffing as I wiped the tears with the back of my hand.

¶

‘Mommy, is Gina okay?’ Elara asked, squeezing in between us and wrapping her arms around me.

I gently cupped her face and gave a small nod.

‘She’ll be fine,’ I replied, though I wasn’t sure how true **that** was. For all I knew, I was completely lost. My children were suffering and I **wasn’t** able to help them.

‘Are you okay, Bodhi?’ Baxter asked, shifting his attention to him **and** raising his hand for Bodhi to take it.

I noticed Bodhi looking a little hesitant.

‘It’s okay. I’m that uncle you came for, remember?’ Baxter reminded him softly.

I had noticed that Bodhi would often lean toward Baxter. In the beginning, Baxter was a stranger who had appeared from those dreams that **scared** Bodhi, but now Bodhi knew he was a friend,

2.3

+25 Bonus

I watched as Bodhi raised his small hand and placed it in Baxter’s. The way the two smiled at each other made my

heart ache.

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35—He Wants His Son Now

Madeline:

“Are they okay?” Baxter asked.

I walked out of the kids’ room and headed toward the terrace where he was waiting.

“They’re taking a **nap**,” I replied tiredly.

I could only imagine the pain the other mothers were feeling, especially **those** who had no idea how to get help for their children.

“We’ll find a cure. Don’t worry,” Baxter said, trying to comfort me even though we had no idea how we were **going** to do that.

“Don’t you think we’re a little late? It’s been days, and all we’re doing is interviewing the kids, making them relive the dreams and then what?” I asked hesitantly as my eyes filled with tears. “I nearly had a heart attack seeing my daughter **like** that.”

“And then we’ll put all the pieces together and figure out what’s going on. I’m sure the dreams play an important role in this illness,” Baxter reassured me, leaning back slightly against the railing of the balcony with his arms folded across his chest.

It was a small balcony with a view of the mountains and the buildings beyond.

“I don’t know, Baxter. My kids are my everything. Just the thought of them in pain is killing me,” I said, gripping the railing tighter as I tried to hold back my tears.

Baxter stood across from me with his arms still folded while I faced the mountains.

“I **know**,” he replied softly. “And I’m really sorry for what I said the other **day**. You’ve done an amazing job raising them. They’re great kids.”

Hearing Baxter say that made me turn my head toward him.

“I mean it,” he continued. “You’re a good mother. You came back to the place you never wanted to return to—all for your **kids**,” he added, trying to lighten the tense atmosphere with a faint smile.

“About our earlier disagreement, I’m sorry if I made you feel a certain way by dating your sister,” he you were gone, and she was really there for me.”

He kept mentioning her, and my body twitched. Still, I forced myself to act indifferent.

"It's okay. I'm not mad that you're dating her," I said, lying through clenched teeth.

I didn't **want** him to break up with her. It was their life, **and** what's done was done.

e began. "But

He had already made it clear that she meant a lot to him. As for me, I'd been through the pain alone. I guess there was no going back to our friendship anymore.

"Actually, for what it's worth, I'm reassuring you, she's changed," he added.

Once **again**, he brought up how different she was now. I didn't know why it angered me so much every time he

said that.

Maybe because he never faced her cruelty or her bullying. I was the one who did. So every time he spoke like he understood, it hit a nerve.

+25 Bonus

But I ignored it.

"I'm not asking you to break up with her," I said quickly.

I must have sounded sharper **than** I meant to, because he shot back just as fast.

"I'm not breaking up with her either. In fact, I'm getting engaged to her," he stated.

I turned my head, staring at him in silence.

"I thought you guys were already engaged," I asked, and he shook his head.

"I used to call her my fiancée, but she's just my girlfriend. For the past few months, we've been planning an engagement ceremony," he explained, glancing away. His head was down, and he only lifted his eyes slightly to gauge my reaction.

"Well then, congratulations," I replied, and the bitterness slipped through.

"Will you be a part of the engagement if we invite you?" he asked.

It was like every time I thought there might be a little hope, just a small chance that any of these alphas could act reasonably, they proved me wrong. They were all idiots.

“No, Baxter. You have my wishes, but that’s it,” I stated bitterly, crossing my arms over my chest.

“I don’t understand why you’re acting this way. I mean, I’d want my child to be a part of my engagement,” Baxter said.

And then it slipped out of his mouth. My head snapped toward him.

“Just repeat that one more time. I guess I didn’t hear you right,” I demanded, almost like a challenge.

He tilted his **head** slightly, shaking it in disbelief.

“Oh my God, Baxter, you’re just unbelievable!” I hissed, emotions rushing back as we started arguing again.

“What? I don’t care about the rules you made!” he fired back, unfolding his arms and straightening his back as his voice rose. “What the hell does that even mean—that I can’t call my child

my child?”

“Because you never wanted the child! You were the one who was going to offer me a lady to help with an abortion. What the hell do you mean you want to be called a daddy?” I screamed at Baxter.

His eyes **widened**, anger filling them. He wasn’t just offended, he was shocked that I was questioning him.

‘Because I want to be a part of my boy’s life! I don’t care what I said in the past!’ he shouted, making my mouth fall open.

“No, that’s not going to happen. That’s never going to **happen!** You didn’t want the baby. You hated the idea of being a father!” I yelled back

The wind suddenly began to whip across our faces. He **had** the same furious look I was sure I had on mine.

“You came to us suggesting that one of us was the father, you weren’t even sure which one! How did you expect an alpha to feel about that? I wasn’t even certain the baby was mine! And then I told you the final choice would be yours!” he shouted.

I was ready to hit him back. I had replayed that whole conversation so many times over the years that I remembered every word.

+25 Bonus

“And you said the decision was mine but that you’d never give the baby your name. The same name you’re crying, over now,” I fired back.

The guilt on his **face was** immediate. His shoulders **relaxed**, his arms twitched, and his eyes lowered for a few seconds before he looked at me again.

“Well, I lied, okay? I wanted to be a part of the baby’s life,” he hissed, his hands on his waist **again** as he faced me.

“It’s too late for that,” I muttered.

As my voice lowered, his hands slipped from his waist.

“I want to be a part of his life, Madeline. I want to be.” This time, he **didn’t** shout. He spoke softly.

“Well, sadly, there’s another person in your life who didn’t want the kid to live. And I don’t care how many times you say she’s changed. As a mother, I have every right to keep my child safe. And since I’m not even here permanently, I don’t know what you expect thinking you could be part of Bodhi’s life,” I said quietly.

A single tear slid down my cheek.

Ruby Walker

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 36

36—He Confessed His Feelings For Me

Madeline:

We were both staring at each other when someone’s arrival shifted Baxter’s energy. He straightened his back, turned around, and rubbed his face with his hands.

I spun toward the small balcony where little Gina stood.

“Mommy!” she called out, and as soon as I heard her voice, I smiled through my tears and rushed over to pick her

1. up.

“You okay now?” I asked with a wide smile.

“I’m fine. I just had a dream,” **she** said with a pout.

Baxter pivoted on his heel, his gaze meeting mine.

“What kind of dream?” I asked her as I carefully sat her on the railing, keeping my hands behind her back while she clung to me.

“I saw a man in a cave. An old man. He was blind, and he was doing something with his hands,” she said, recalling the dream in vivid detail.

I swallowed hard before I could ask another question.

“What was he doing with his hands?” Baxter asked.

He must have noticed I was having a hard time holding myself together, so he took over.

“I don’t know. He was starting a fire with his hands somehow. Then he started hissing and pulling his hands back. After that, little **kids** started to come. There were so many of them. Even I was there.” 3

As soon as she said that, my eyes widened beyond measure. Goosebumps prickled across my skin.

“And that’s it,” Gina said with a small shrug, signaling that she wanted to be put down so she could go play with her toys while her siblings were still resting.

Sol did.

Once she went back inside, I turned to Baxter.

“Do you think that means something?” I asked.

He ran a hand through his **hair** anxiously.

“We’ll **need** to keep an eye on it,” Baxter said as he finally faced **me**. “Someone has to watch the kids when they’re sleeping.”

His words hit hard. This was what I had been afraid of, things getting too serious.

“Don’t worry, I brought the pills. We can give them now,” Baxter added, and I felt a wave of relief wash over me.

“Does **that** mean they won’t suffer?” I asked.

The moment he looked away, I already knew the answer.

“It will stop the symptoms from reaching the extreme stage for a year, maybe two,” he admitted quietly.

1/3

+25 Bonus

But that wasn’t enough. My kids needed to be free of this sickness as soon as possible.

Something was in the air, something that only attacked children.

As we talked, my phone started beeping. I lowered my head and looked at the number. I didn’t remember saving it, so I **frowned**.

Baxter must have noticed, because he stepped closer, glanced at the screen, and said, “That’s Graham’s number.”

I looked up, a **crease** forming on my forehead.

“Maybe it’s something important,” I said, answering the call. “Hello?”

There was nothing but **rapid** breathing on the other end.

“Hello?” I repeated, tapping my fingers against my chin as I turned **toward** the suite,

My two little ones came out of their room, rubbing their eyes. When Baxter saw them, he started walking over, probably wanting to spend more time with Bodhi.

I wanted to stop him, but I didn’t. Soon, I would find the cure and leave. Baxter would have to say goodbye to Bodhi, no matter what.

For now, I just wanted my kids to stop suffering. And if someone was willing to help me take **care** of them, I was grateful.

The call cut off, and I stared at my phone in confusion. Then, **Graham** called again.

I answered, calling his name several times, but only heard the same rapid breathing and faint shuffling before the line went dead once more.

When the phone rang a third time, I put it on speaker.

“Hello?”

Finally, a voice came through.

“Graham? You’ve been calling me. Is everything okay?” I asked as I walked back into the suite and headed to the room to grab the files.

Since Baxter was already with the kids, I felt a small sense of relief for Gina, at least for now.

“Are you okay?” I called out again. I could hear Graham’s breathing on the other end. His breathing was loud and

uneven.

“I miss you.”

Everything around me stopped. Even I froze. It took me a moment to pull myself together and respond.

“**Graham**, you’re calling **the wrong** person,” I said with **a small**, awkward laugh as I sat down at the table, resting my **hand** on the file.

My fist clenched slightly. It felt **cruel** of him to call and say something like that when the call was clearly meant for Kaylee, his wife.

“I can’t live without you,” he went on in a slurred, drowsy voice, and another realization struck me.

He was drunk. Of course, he had dialed the wrong number.

+25 Bonus

“I just don’t know why we’re not together, but I want **you** here right now,” he hiccuped, sounding as if he was crying

“Graham, I feel sorry for you, but you’re calling the wrong person. Maybe you should call Kaylee,” I told him, already ready to hang up.

“I’m calling the right person, Madeline.”

When he said my name, my heart stopped in my chest.

“What?”

My voice rose in disbelief. I stared at the screen in silence.

this some kind of joke?” I demanded, my voice hardening.

“I miss you, Madeline. I really do. I want you in my life,” he continued, shocking me **even** more.

“You’re not in your right mind right now. Talk to me when you’re sober,” I said sharply, my voice trembling.

Then, before I could change my mind, I hung up on him.

My fists clenched, and my eyes filled with tears. After all these years, now he decided to confess that he wanted me?

I groaned under my breath, shoving my phone aside and slamming my hands on the table as I stood.

When I turned around, Baxter was standing in the doorway. The look of shock on his face said it all, that he’d heard everything.

Comments

Ruby Walker

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37–Taking Back My Love

Graham:

I snatched the pages out of **Kaylee's** hands, realizing how badly I was shaking with anger.

The thought of her touching something that once belonged to Madeline filled me with rage. It drove me to the edge.

“And look at yourself! You’re not even telling the truth. You’re hiding it from me. You never told me that little piece **of** shit **had** a crush on you!” she **screamed**, mentioning Madeline’s **name**.

Of course she knew who Madeline was. Back when Madeline **and** I were friends, she often stayed with me or we spent time together.

That's when I'd see Kaylee with her father. She always tried to befriend me, but we never connected.

I only had one best friend, and she meant the world to me.

“Don’t you ever use those words for her again,” I warned, pointing a finger at her face, my eyes wide.

I could feel fire rushing through my body, as if my mind would explode at any moment.

“Where did you get these pages from?” I hissed.

At that point, she must have realized that the more she argued, the angrier I became, especially when she insulted Madeline.

“Tell me! Where did you get these pages from?” I shouted.

She jolted, stepping back to put distance between us.

“Your—your father gave them to me,” she stammered, exposing him.

I stormed out of the room to confront my father. Kaylee rushed after me, trying to grab my arm, but I pulled away and kept walking toward his room.

When I got there, I realized he wasn’t home. Lucky for him.

I turned around to head back to my room, and Kaylee was still trailing behind me.

“What’s going on with you? Why are you acting like I’ve killed you? This isn’t a personal attack, I just want **to** know is Madeline back for you?” she asked, following me with relentless questions.

I'd already heard it all in the last few minutes, from her asking if I still felt something for Madeline, to whether anything had ever happened between us, to suggesting that Madeline had come back for me.

I didn't respond to any of it.

Instead, I grabbed my bag from the closet and started stuffing clothes into it.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her tone shifting from tears to concern.

"I don't need to respond to **you**," I said bitterly, walking over to my desk to grab a few files.

"You do! You're responsible to respond to me. Graham, we're married, don't forget that!" she shouted, rushing between me and the closet.

She grabbed my collar, shaking me, though her effort barely moved me.

1/3

+25 Bonus

I stared down at **her**, my eyes cold and steady. She must have noticed it because she gasped and tightened her grip on my collar.

"You're not leaving," she demanded, a tear rolling down her cheek.

I hated seeing her cry, but it didn't change anything.

This house didn't feel like home anymore. **There** was somewhere **else** I needed to be, someone I needed to be with.

"I'm not leaving," I said calmly, forcing control into my tone. If I lost my temper, she'd never move aside.

"Then where are you going?" she asked, her voice breaking.

"I'm heading to a nearby **town** where a few reports came in," I lied.

That wasn't where I was going. I was heading straight to the woman I wanted to be with more than anyone else.

"I was going to start packing later, but this argument, it made me think leaving **now** might be a good idea," I uttered, thinking it would be enough of an excuse to get her off my back.

“No! I don’t think so. When two people fight, they should stay together and deal with it instead of running away. **Distance** only causes more differences,” she **argued**, insisting that I stay.

“It’s important for me to leave right now. If you don’t want this matter to escalate, let me go.” I clenched my jaw as I spoke, trying my best to sound convincing, like parting ways was the only reasonable choice.

“Why? Are you that upset because I said her name with disrespect?” she asked, hitting the nerve dead-on.

I was upset. Madeline’s diary pages had been compromised, and my father had used them to fill Kaylee’s ears with poison against her.

I knew I had hurt Madeline in the past, but deep down, I also knew she was innocent, too innocent and pure.

Whatever had happened between us was our fault, all of ours. We got greedy, blind to the circumstances that left

her alone.

There were many reasons I’d cut off communication with Madeline back then, but now I was free. I was an Alpha myself, and I could finally make my own decisions.

“No,” I said, shaking my head. “I’m angry because Dad tried to put distance between you and me.”

Still, my words were nothing but a cunning attempt to ease her mind and get her to step aside.

And just as I expected, her hands slipped from my collar, **and** her face began to soften.

“If you really care about our relationship and don’t want this argument to escalate, you’d let me go. You’d let me calm down and cool off,” I told her, watching her nod in agreement.

Thankfully, I managed to get her off my back.

I grabbed my bag, zipped it, and stormed out of the room. I knew exactly where I was going to see Madeline.

My first stop was a motel, where I planned to stay for the night because I desperately needed to rest.

As I drank, I immediately called someone Madeline.

For the first few attempts, **I couldn't speak**. My emotions were too heavy. When I finally did, **she** didn't seem to believe me and hung up.

2/3

It didn't change the fact that I was determined- determined to see her.

I finished the last of my drink and went into the hotel room to rest.

Once the alcohol wore off, I planned to take back Madeline, the one I had to **give** up because of my father's manipulation in the past.

Ruby Walker

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38—My Desperate Friend Wants My Mate

Baxter:

Ever since I heard the **voice** call between Madeline and Graham, I had been deeply unsettled.

Even though I had to stay in her suite because I signed up to check on the kids while they slept, I couldn't stop thinking about Graham and what he'd told Madeline.

Even when Madeline was feeding her kids or having dinner alone in the room, I kept wondering what was going

on in her mind.

Was she thinking about Graham and what he had said to her? And why would he say those things now?

I remembered our previous conversations, and not once had he ever confessed to having feelings for her.

Maybe there had been a little jealousy from Graham now and then, but I never thought it was something serious,

at least not until now.

I groaned as I rested on the couch.

“You don’t have to lie here. If you want, you can sleep in my room. I’ll stay with the kids,” Madeline said as she came out, carrying a big blanket and a pillow.

The couch was a big one, but it was still too small for me to get comfortable.

“No, it’s okay. I want you to rest. You haven’t been able to sleep,” I told her, assuring her that I wouldn’t even be sleeping throughout the night.

“Why? You’ve been awake too,” she replied. Her voice was neutral.

I wanted her to show concern, to show some emotion, because I needed to know what she was feeling.

“You don’t have to worry about me. I usually stay awake for days,” I said, glancing at her from the corner of my eye to see if she was listening.

“Well, okay then. Wake me up whenever you’re tired. Don’t force yourself to stay awake,” she murmured, placing a cold glass of water on the table for me.

But that was it. She didn’t ask what I meant by staying awake.

It stung more than I wanted to admit.

I wondered how much we had hurt her for her to be so afraid of showing emotion toward me now.

Before, **if** I had told her I hadn’t slept, she would come over, take care of me, and cook all kinds of comfort food.

I was distraught watching her walk away to her room.

She closed the door, **but** I didn’t hear a lock click.

Of course not, she wanted me **to be** able to wake her **if** I needed her.

I sighed, still staring in the direction of her room.

“Why don’t **you** go and tell her that **you** need her?” my wolf teased, waking up with a hint of mischief.

He had always been there for me through my pain and suffering, but when it came **to** finding a mate, we'd never **had** any **luck**.

1/3

38—My Desperate friend Wants My Mote

+25 Bonus

We hadn't talked about it, because we both knew things would get messy with everything involved.

"Well, that's not true, no matter how many times you say it," I told him, cutting him **off** again.

That's **what** I did. Even when he was calm with **me**, I knew the truth—that he would disappoint me after staying awake for more than a few minutes.

So it was better if we didn't communicate at all.

"Really? Is it not? Well, I hope you realize soon that she's our mate and that you need her," he said before going

silent.

Now, I just stared into the distance. I groaned and shifted on the couch, then quickly grabbed my phone to check on Graham.

A whole day had passed, and I had a bad feeling. When his response came, I already knew my intuition had been right.

"I'm headed over anyway. We'll talk there."

It was a voice note from Graham that made the ground drop from under my feet.

I instantly started calling his number, worried about why he wanted to come here.

"Hello?"

As soon as he answered, I hurried away from the couch, moving to the corner of the living room to make sure Madeline couldn't hear our conversation.

"Why are you coming here? You're not needed. We're taking care of everything. Don't worry," I told him, the urgency clear in my voice.

"Dude, it's not for that. I just need to come there. I'll speak with you later," he replied.

And without explaining anything, he hung up.

Anxiety was driving me crazy. I kept calling again and again, but he never answered.

Eventually, I gave up. I sat on the couch, getting up every few minutes to check on the kids.

Finally, I left the door open and stayed awake on the couch, keeping an eye on them.

All night, I anxiously tapped my foot or cracked my knuckles, worried that Graham might show up in the morning.

He must have taken a flight.

And just as I feared, when morning came, the door opened to reveal the devil. I was still sitting on the couch.

I hadn't even had my morning coffee when my friend rushed in, looking anxious and exhausted, like he'd been through hell.

"Hey, hey!" I said quickly, jumping up and rushing toward him.

"I'm so sorry. Where's Madeline?" he asked, his tired eyes showing how sleepless he'd been.

"She's sleeping. Why don't **you** rest a little first?" I said, gesturing toward the couch.

He glanced at the couch, then looked at me.

2/3

38—My Desperate Friend Wants My Mate

+25 Bonus

"Have you two been sharing a suite?" he asked.

I rolled my eyes. He had just arrived, and already he was acting like I was going to answer his questions.

"The kids have been in pain, especially Gina," I mumbled, glancing down to adjust my shirt.

I lifted my brow slightly and stared at Graham through my eyelashes, **not** raising my head.

The frown on his forehead deepened at the mention of Gina, his daughter.

“What? Gina’s been in pain? Why? What happened to her?”

The anxiety in his voice made me step in front of him like a wall.

“She’s sleeping right now. You can’t wake her up. Let her rest. She’s a child, Graham. What’s wrong with you?”

The defensiveness in my tone came from fear—fear that Graham was here to claim either the child or Madeline.

And I wasn’t going to let that happen. Not while I was still standing.

“What are you here for, Graham?” I asked firmly, refusing to dodge the main question.

But instead of avoiding it, he surprised me by being honest.

“I’m here to tell Madeline how I really feel about her.”

As soon as he said that, my ears perked up.

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39

9—I Want My Daughter **To** Call Me Dad

Graham:

Seeing Baxter in her suite with the couch unmade as if he had gotten **too** comfortable, I felt the same jealousy I used to feel back when Madeline was friends with me.

I remembered how much it annoyed me that others always took up her time.

There were moments when I wanted to ask her, 'Why can't it just be the two of us? Why do you have to spend so much time with others?'

But I never asked, and she never noticed.

Now that we are grown, I wonder what would have happened if I had asked her to choose back then.

I shook my head and looked at Baxter, who had asked me a question and was waiting for my response.

"Your feelings? What do you mean by your feelings?" Baxter asked in a sharp, almost mocking tone.

"Baxter, I'll talk to her about it. But since you're so curious, I'll just tell you—I love Madeline. I've always loved her. I've always had feelings for her." 2

Saying it out loud after so long felt like breaking free from a weight that had been holding me down for years.

But the look on my best friend's face showed that he was just as shocked as I was.

"Whoa, wait a minute. What do you mean you love her? That's a big word to throw around," Baxter said, exactly as I'd expected him to.

He immediately started to argue, and I understood why.

While I had kept my feelings to myself, he had always been an open book.

He was jealous.

"Baxter, you don't need to worry about it. I love her, and I can't live without her. I'm going to tell her how I feel, and she's going to understand and respect that. That's all," I said firmly, making it clear that no argument would change my mind.

I wasn't going to back down. I had come this far to tell Madeline how I felt, not to be questioned by Baxter.

"You're married, remember?" Baxter reminded me of something I didn't want to discuss.

"Well, that's my problem, and I'll deal with it. You don't need to worry. You're happy with your life, right? So what's bothering you? Why are you asking me all these questions?" I snapped, hitting back by pointing out his own situation.

“I heard you’ll have a ceremony soon, so focus on that. You’re happy with Yuvonne, and congratulations for that. But I’m not happy with Kaylee, so let me handle my life without you interfering,” I said irritably, moving my hands as I spoke.

“What’s going on? What are you doing here?”

The voice came from behind us and we went silent.

The door to the side room opened, and out walked Madeline. Her hair was wet, and it looked like she had just taken a shower.

1/3

30-1 My far to Ch

She wore skinny blue jeans and a purple top.

For a moment, it seemed like she hadn’t come out of the bathroom but out of heaven itself.

It took me a moment to recover from the shock of seeing her and compose myself.

“Why are you here?” she asked.

The hesitation on her face told me she wasn’t expecting me after that call I had made.

“Actually…” I started, scratching the back of **my** neck.

My attention shifted when I noticed the kids’ door open, and Gina woke up in bed.

Forgetting everything else, I rushed toward my daughter.

But the moment I stepped into the room, she flinched and moved back.

“Uncle Graham?” she asked, her expression confused.

For a moment, my heart broke. She called me uncle. I didn’t want that.

She was **my** daughter, my blood. I wanted her to know me as her father.

“Gina, Uncle Graham came here to check on you. Remember you were sick yesterday? That’s **why** he’s here,” Madeline explained, stepping in quickly to help calm her down.

Her voice was gentle, but I could tell the sickness had frightened Gina.

She had always been social, but now she seemed distant. It worried me.

Then she suddenly got up, walked toward me, and held out her small hand for a handshake.

The gesture melted my heart.

I knelt down, forcing myself not to cry. She must have been such a beautiful toddler.

I had already missed half of her childhood, and I didn't want to lose any more of it.

"Hi," I greeted softly, shaking her tiny hand.

I wanted to kiss it, but since she didn't know me as her father, I held back.

I didn't want to overwhelm her.

"Let me check your fever," I said, using it as an excuse to touch her.

I placed my hand on her forehead, then gently pinched her puffy little cheeks.

"Oh, it seems like you're doing better," I stated with a smile,

"I'm fine. I just had a little sleep without being fallen asleep," she mumbled, rolling her eyes at her own confusing words.

Her sass made me smile.

"Okay, Gina, why don't you go freshen up first while I talk to Uncle Graham, okay?" Madeline said, stepping forward and giving her daughter a gentle look.

Gina nodded right away, obedient as always, and walked off toward the bathroom.

2/3

39-1 Want My Daughter To Call Me Dad

+25 Bonus

I watched them and felt proud of Madeline for how well she had raised the kids.

I could hardly believe that the same Madeline who used to be so messy and nerdy had not only given birth but had taken care of her children all on her own.

When I stood up, I noticed her eyes fixed on me steadily, almost searching.

I knew then that she had questions waiting for me.

Once Gina went to the bathroom and the others began waking up, Baxter stormed in, pretending he was there to help with the kids.

But I knew what he was really doing, he was eavesdropping.

“Uh, are we only going to talk? Don’t you humans welcome a guest with some food?” I joked, trying to avoid Madeline’s sharp gaze and the conversation I knew was coming.

“Sure, I’ll call the service and ask them to send something up,” she replied, her voice stern.

Madeline gave me a quick, cold glance before turning to walk back to her room.

That was when I knew I needed to speak with her alone.

I started to step out of the kids’ room, but when Baxter tried to follow, I raised my hand to stop him.

“Baxter, I’d like to speak with her alone,” I said firmly before following Madeline to her room.

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40—**Someone Is Calling My Daughter**

Madeline:

“I’d like to eat in my suite,” I said on the call after placing a large order.

It felt like everyone had started gathering in the suite.

At that point, I wanted to be furious with them because Graham’s arrival had caught me completely off guard.

I also **felt** awkward facing him after his little confession the other day.

None of it made sense. From what I knew, he was married, and I couldn't understand how he didn't remember

that.

Just as I set the receiver down and turned around, I saw him standing there in the room with me.

The look on his face said it all, he was waiting for me to start the conversation.

"What the fuck was that, Graham?" I demanded.

The moment I used a harsh tone, I watched his shoulders drop and his confidence fade.

Well, good thing I wasn't here to comfort him.

"You're angry with me," he murmured, stating the obvious.

"Of course, I am. What was that call about?" I kept my tone sharp, reminding him that just because he'd called and said some foolish things didn't mean I'd gone soft on him.

He must have sensed it because he straightened his posture, rolling his shoulders back.

"The call?" he repeated, genuinely surprising me. I thought he knew exactly what he'd done, but he suddenly looked confused.

"Yes, the call you made," I reminded him, crossing my arms and tapping my foot on the floor.

"I made a call?" he muttered, scratching the back of his neck.

I honestly didn't understand what was going on.

"You called me and said some things," I tried to explain, keeping my words vague.

But how could I? I was too anxious now.

"I don't remember calling you," he mumbled, making my throat tighten. "What did I say on the call?" he asked, putting me on the spot.

How was I supposed to tell him that? I just stared at his face.

"Tell me, what did I say, if I really called you? What made you so angry?" he pressed, stepping closer.

I started to lose my anger. If he didn't remember, maybe it was better not to talk about it.

I would have rejected his feelings anyway.

"Some stuff. You were mumbling. I didn't understand what you were saying," I lied quickly.

But the way he nodded made it clear he was lying too.

1/3

40—Someone is Calling My Daughter

+25 Bonus

Otherwise, he would've asked why I was angry if I hadn't understood a word.

Still, we both seemed eager to drop the subject and I gladly accepted that.

"Anyway, if it wasn't a big deal, then I think we should move on from it. When is the food arriving?" he asked, changing the topic.

"When it's prepared," I replied anxiously, rushing past him to get out of the **room**.

Being in the same space with him after that call made me feel uneasy.

The fact that he didn't have the courage to repeat what he'd said only made it worse.

That was typical of him. He would say something reckless and then pretend it never happened, just like the others had done after they slept with me.

I'd learned not to take their words too seriously.

As soon as I stepped into the hall, I heard knocking at the door and a bit of commotion outside.

"No, please, I need to speak with her! I know she's here!" a woman's voice shouted.

"The human—the human researcher! She's in there!" the woman continued.

Baxter was in the lounge when I came out, so now it was the three of us, Baxter, Graham, and me, staring at the door.

I quickly started toward it, but both alphas moved ahead of me and blocked my path.

“You stay back. Let us make sure it’s safe for you to go outside,” Graham instructed, motioning for me to step aside as he opened the door.

Baxter immediately rushed out, and Graham shot him an irritated glare.

The moment the door opened, the woman pleaded again.

“Please, no, I need to speak with her!” she begged.

Her desperate tone made me step forward.

I reached the doorway and gently patted the back of Graham’s hand.

His skin was warm, and when he turned, his reaction was almost startled.

I quickly pulled my hand away and cleared my throat.

“What does she want? Let her in,” I said.

Graham gave me a puzzled look. Baxter returned and, instead of scolding me like I expected, simply said, “This is the woman whose child was sick.”

He gestured for the warriors to move aside and let her enter.

The woman rushed in, leaving the door wide open, and dropped to her knees at my feet.

“What are you doing?” I asked, startled, trying to help her stand.

Baxter and Graham hurried over, each taking **one** of her hands to lift her up.

2/3

40—Someone is Calling My Daughter

+25 Bonus

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“No, please please help my son! He’s sleepwalking! He says he has to go to the cave to help the old man!” she cried, clasping her hands together in desperation.

Everything she said sent a wave of anxiety through me.

“What do you mean he’s sleepwalking?” I asked, glancing at the others to let her go.

As soon as they released her, she stepped closer again.

Before she could drop to her knees once more, I held her by both elbows to steady her.

“I don’t know,” she said shakily. “He just started sleepwalking and he keeps saying he needs to meet the old man at the cave.”

Her words echoed something my daughter had told me the other day.

While we were focused on the woman, I suddenly heard a small scream behind me.

It came from Bodhi.

“Mommy!” he shouted.

Everyone went silent. Even the woman’s eyes widened.

“You have children,” she whispered.

I looked at her, then turned and sprinted toward my kids’ room.

As soon as I entered, with the others right behind me, I saw Gina on the floor.

Her eyes rolled back before they started to close.

“Gina!” I cried, rushing to her, pulling her into my arms and carrying her to the bed.

Graham hurried over and sat on the other side of the bed. Together, we tried to wake her up.

“I have to go and meet the old man. He needs to be saved,” Gina murmured in her small, trembling voice, repeating the same thing the woman said her son had done before he started sleepwalking.

Then Gina sat up, her eyes still closed, ready to follow the other children.

Ruby Walker

Ruby Walker is a rising voice in the world of romance and spicy fiction. With a gift for weaving deep emotions, sizzling chemistry, and unexpected twists, her stories are a blend of passion and drama that captivate readers from start to finish. Ruby’s writing style is bold and irresistible—perfect for those who crave intense, addictive love stories.

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