

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

311

2/4

30-They Insured My Alpha Mote

311-They Insulted My Alpha **Mate**

Madeline:

“Is it like he is upset or what?” I urged, wanting to know more.

+25 Bonus

“I do not know, Madeline. I just know that he is not okay,” she added, causing me to stand up from the bench.

“Okay then. We are looking for him.” I turned around and gestured for my children to grab their jackets.

I could not sit there anymore. I had been too anxious. I should have never let him go alone.

I should not have listened to him, but he had also been right. I could not leave my children behind, and it had been his request that they did not see him being dethroned.

As I hurried toward the cabin to grab our coats and my purse so I could go after him, I heard a noise coming from the side, more specifically from the track. It was a cough, and from that sound alone, I knew it was Baxter.

“Daddy is home,” I told my children, and as all their happiness combined, mine felt even stronger.

I ran forward, almost pushing past my children to reach Baxter, until my steps slowed when I saw him.

“Baxter?” I murmured.

Ron was carrying him, Baxter’s arm draped over Ron’s shoulder as he tried to steady himself while walking.

“Baxter, what happened to you?” My voice cracked as I rushed toward him and wrapped his other arm around my shoulder.

“What is it? What happened to him?” I pressed Ron, who looked upset as well.

Once we guided him to the front porch, we sat him down on the bench. Baxter looked tired and worn down, but I could not fully explain his appearance. There was something missing.

“I am fine. I just need water,” Baxter insisted.

“I will get Daddy water,” Elara shouted, running into the cabin, while Bodhi and Gina stepped closer to Baxter and rubbed his hands.

I watched Baxter’s smile slowly return as his children showed him so much care and concern. 1

“Ron, where did you find him? What happened to him?” I asked again.

Ron’s eyes shifted toward Baxter, and when I followed his gaze, I saw Baxter lift his finger slightly, signaling him not to say anything in front of the children.

I knew I cared deeply about my children and loved them, but Baxter was overly careful around them.

“Please tell me what is going on,” I urged Ron, who gestured for me to step to the side.

As the two of us moved away from the children, my eyes stayed on Baxter.

“Once they gave him the wolfsbane to dethrone him, he lost his senses for a while. I mean, it happens when a huge **amount** of wolfsbane is given,” Ron paused, turning his head ever so slightly toward the side

“And then what happened?” I asked, wanting to know more.

“And then, **you** know, they dragged him out of the pack and left him on the side of the road in the rogue community. **I** arrived late at the dethroning, but I saw him being dragged out, **so** I carried him and brought him

1/3

31—they insulted My Alpha Mate

+25 Bonus

here,” Ron explained, and every word I heard made me crumble like a cookie.

It was unfair how they treated Baxter with so much disrespect.

“Is that even allowed? He did not commit a crime. Why are they treating him this way?” I asked Ron, trying to understand why they were acting as if they hated him.

“Well, usually, no. If an alpha steps down for any reason, they would not be this harsh unless he committed a crime. But in the past, I have seen alphas commit crimes and still not be treated like this,” Ron replied. ¹

As Ron paused again, I raised my eyebrow, letting him know he did not have to hide anything from me. I was ready to hear more.

“So, it has to do with their hatred for you, and more specifically for Baxter. They wanted you to leave the pack world and suffer because, let us be honest, someone’s daughter, someone’s daughter-in-law, someone’s wife, someone’s father, they all hated you. When they could not see you at your lowest because an alpha took a stand for you, they decided to punish the alpha for taking your side,” he remarked.

As he finished, I covered my face with my hands and rubbed it.

“It is okay. We will be fine. You know what? Screw them. These packs have weird rules. We will be fine. He will be fine,” I told him, taking deep, short breaths. ¹

“Oh, by the way, he told me on a call yesterday that you wanted to know what progress was made in finding your parents. Honestly, you should not be surprised that they wiped all the records clean. They want you to be unable to prove anything,” Ron explained.

“Well, then that means they are afraid that whatever they said might be a lie,” I replied.

He shrugged his shoulders. However, his eyes moved quickly toward the cabin, and I noticed why. Yuvonne had come out to check on Baxter.

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312-I Want Madeline As My Sex Slave

Graham:

“It was so much fun to watch that arrogant guy take a fall,” my father said, cheering with Silver’s father.

I had returned home, and everyone had joined me there. My father had thrown a dinner for his closest friends, which included Elgin, his wife, her father, and the Royal Beta.

I had been anxious ever since I returned. I tried my best to act like everything was fine, but every now and then, I could not stop the feeling building inside me. More specifically, ever since I saw Baxter, something had shifted in

1. me.

“His wolf would have been very dangerous for us,” Lord McCarthy remarked, shaking his head as he spoke about Baxter and how powerful his wolf was.

74

“Well, we no longer need to worry about him. He is gone, pretty much fallen from grace,” my father laughed, and Lord McCarthy joined him. 1

Kaylee was tired, so she was resting in her room. My father’s mate, my stepmother Penny, sat beside him, smiling as she held a glass of orange juice.

My eyes drifted to Silver and Elgin. Elgin wore the same look I felt on my own face.

“Excuse me,” Elgin told Silver, then stepped away and sat beside me on the couch.

“You have been silent,” he noted.

“You have been too,” I replied.

“I am not silent. It is just that he is my friend, so of course it was hard to see him dethroned and dragged out like that,” Elgin explained.

At that point, I could not tell if he was truly worried about Baxter or if something else was going on. I knew exactly where my own feelings came from.

I was annoyed.

I was annoyed by what I had seen on Baxter's chest. When the lightning struck him, part of his shirt had torn, and I saw the marks left behind by his mate.

I knew why they were still there. Scratches or injuries heal after a transition, but anything left by a marked mate during intimacy remains. 1

I did not know why it bothered me so much. I knew I should not care.

So why did it feel like this?

Why did I have tears in my eyes? 1

"Did you notice something?"

Thankfully, Elgin spoke up on his own, without forcing me to dig deeper into what he meant.

"Notice what?" I asked, still trying to play dumb.

"**Oh**, come **on**. Do not fool me. **We** have been friends since we were kids. We know each other's looks," he **complained**, clearly frustrated that I was refusing to open up.

ZAWON, MICHEPTE As My sex Love

I honestly had an idea what he was talking about, but I still tried to deny it. He grunted, shaking his head and tapping his hand against the couch's armrest, a little too hard.

"They are having sex?"

It sounded so unbelievable that even as he said it, I could not process it, yet I reacted anyway.

"I know, right? She made it clear to us that after marrying us, she would not let us touch her. But clearly, she changed her mind," I remarked, shaking my leg.

Even though we were not mated to her. I just do not know what happened. Seeing those marks on his chest made me uncomfortable.

"Or you know what happened?" Elgin suddenly shifted closer and tapped my shoulder with excitement.

"What?" I asked, cracking my knuckles.

“Yuvonne did it. Yuvonne is living with them, and she is his fiancée. Maybe Madeline is the wife he chose out of duty, and Yuvonne is the woman he wants.”

As soon as he said that, I turned to him and thought it over.

“You are right. Oh my goodness. What was I even thinking? Of course that is what it is. Imagine his mother and Yuvonne living there, and he is sleeping with Madeline. Besides, Madeline is not someone who would accept him after being dethroned,” I agreed, feeling relieved.

I wished I had spoken to him earlier. It would have saved me a lot of stress.

“So Baxter lost everything for nothing,” Elgin commented as I nodded.

That sense of relief made me feel much better. Even Silver noticed Elgin smiling.

It was not jealousy. I just did not like that Madeline had claimed she would not allow us, yet allowed Baxter. Still,

mood. it did not matter. I was not hung up on her. She could not affect my

What caught my attention was my father speaking.

“By the way, Ron was the one who took Baxter home. I am sure he is forming an alliance with them and helping them. How can we pressure them if Ron keeps supporting them?” my father remarked.

His words made sense. Elgin and I exchanged a look, agreeing with him.

“We need to push them over the edge. Something that breaks them and forces them to come to us for help. Then we can ask for help for the children in return,” Silver suggested.
/1

I nodded slightly.

For a brief moment, an unwanted image crossed asking for help, while I held all the power. I could do anything, and she would not refuse.

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Ruby Walker

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313 Crown Mollers The Most For Her

+25 **Bonus**

313—Crown Matters The Most For Her

Madeline:

I had noticed that Yuvonne was not very clingy. The way she talked and reacted around Baxter was casual, as if she were more related to me than to him. For now, I had no trouble with her.

“What is it?” I asked Ron, noticing how intently he had been looking at her.

“She has not accepted my apology,” he told me.

As soon as he said that, I furrowed my eyebrows before realizing what he meant.

“Oh, she must be angry that you sent the warriors who were not able to protect her,” I asked him, watching his face for a reaction while he kept staring away.

“Yeah, pretty much that. I tried to speak with her, but Yuvonne is going through a lot. Maybe I should speak with her later,” he suggested, looking at me.

“You can try,” I replied.

I noticed the way he took a deep breath before heading toward the cabin.

I began to walk toward the front porch, following Ron. However, my destination was Baxter instead of him.

As soon as I reached Baxter, I sat beside him, watching him interact with the children.

It seemed like he was enjoying their company. They were keeping him entertained, along with their small hands massaging his temples and his hands.

I guessed he was comfortable. It felt like he had not lost everything. He still had his children, who cared for him and respected him more than anything in the world.

“Hello, Yuvonne,” Ron greeted.

I could tell Yuvonne had seen him, but she acted as if she had not.

“Hello,” she replied dryly, holding a cup of coffee for Baxter.

“This will warm him up,” she remarked, handing it to me when Baxter did not accept it from her.

Then I realized why. He was afraid I would feel a certain way. Of course, they had a long past together.

Also, my sister had been very messy in the past, so I had every right to be doubtful.

That was what Baxter had told me, and I believed him.

If he said it was fine for me to be skeptical, it made me feel better. At least he was not judging me outright.

“How are you?” Ron asked her, keeping his tone soft and gentle,

“Alive, thanks to the good people here. Otherwise, your warriors did quite a job trying to get rid of me,” she responded bitterly.

At that moment, I realized what Ron had been talking about. She was harsh with him.

“I told you, I sent my best toward you. They were fooled. Those men must have had a lot of information. That is why they were able **to come** prepared,” as Ron spoke, I noticed Yuvonne’s body twitch slightly.

+25 Bonus

“I do not think you should talk about that incident,” I whispered to him, gesturing toward her body language. She hugged herself and discreetly began scratching her arms. It gave me goosebumps.

“Should we go inside? It is getting cold here,” Yuvonne suddenly suggested.

It was her way of telling us she did not want to speak with Ron anymore.

I understood she was angry and holding him responsible because she could not personally punish those men.

They were already dead. Still, her anger toward him felt excessive.

Then again, it was her trauma. No one could tell her how she should react or whom she should react to, especially those directly or indirectly involved.

“I will take Baxter inside,” I mumbled, signaling Ron to speak with Yuvonne alone.

Maybe she would respond better if they talked privately. I had seen her behave a certain way before, and Baxter had told me that ever since this happened to her, her mother had guided her reactions.

Even now, she reacted the way her mother had taught her.

As we stepped inside, Ron took a few quick steps toward Yuvonne.

“Can we please talk?” he asked her.

I tilted my head, watching them. She did not walk away, which was a good start. At least she was letting him speak. We went inside, and his mother immediately rushed toward him.

“What did they do to you? Did they dethrone you?” she cried, not once asking if Baxter was fine. She began to sob loudly. “Now we will never have our pack back. Oh my goodness. It was my father’s pack, Baxter. You do not understand. It was his legacy. It was given to you so you would take care of it, and you let it go for some—”

She cut herself off when her eyes landed on me. I noticed the bitterness in them. If she could, she would have killed me right then.

I did not say anything. I simply started guiding Baxter toward the room. She suddenly stepped forward and blocked our path.

“Can you please just let him rest for now?” I spoke up because she was not letting him walk toward the room. “Of course, now all he will do is rest, because he no longer has the strength of an alpha to do anything,” she snapped. 1

Comments

Be

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.

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314

314-I Will Be A Friend They **Deserve** \$1

Ron:

Ever since I have been on the mountaintop, I have noticed a few things.

There was something in the air, almost like a reminder that I knew this place, or maybe I had heard of it before.

I could not be sure, and that uncertainty bothered me. Once I got home, I started looking through the details of the

area.

“Can you please get me information on this area, and focus on whether it is safe to live in?” I told my warrior, handing him the file before stepping into the room to meet my grandmother.

She had been waiting for me. She always did. I held my hand out, and the maid quickly placed the bowl of soup into it.

“What took you so long today?” my grandmother asked, watching me with a raised eyebrow.

“I went to see the dethroning of Alpha Baxter,” I remarked with a sigh, feeling bad for him.

When we were friends, I always noticed that he was decent, more decent than the others.

The others were the reason I stopped spending time with him. I could not bring myself to be around them.

He needed to understand that his family and his friends were not people he should be proud of.

But who was I to speak? I was no longer friends with them, so I had no right to intervene.

Today, when I watched them act greedy over the crown instead of helping their friend, I realized that I had been right before.

They were never his friends to begin with.

“Such a sad ending to such a powerful alpha,” my grandmother sighed.

“How was Madeline? How were her children?” she continued.

“That poor girl has been through so much. All these powerful men and older people think taking their anger out on someone so fragile makes them a man,” she added, grunting and waving her hand.

She was not wrong. I thought the same and hated how everyone was against her.

“Grandmother, I want to know the details of her life. I wish I had found out earlier. She would not have had to watch her mate get dethroned,” I admitted, realizing how she must have felt.

2

Knowing Madeline, she would have taken the blame on herself for her husband losing the crown.

“Do not be upset for her. She is a strong woman. I am sure she will help her husband rise again,” my grandmother replied, patting the back of my hand.

She did not know that they had not only taken the crown from Baxter, but his rank as well. They also stripped his wolf of its powers.

I began feeding my grandmother and noticed she was staring at me.

“Did you **feel** sad seeing Madeline with him?” she asked, and I immediately shook my head to show that was not why I had been silent.

314-1 Wit Be A Friend they flashve

+25 Bonus

“No, I am happy for them. She loves him. I can see it in her eyes,” I replied quickly, making it clear I was not like Graham or Elgin, men who looked at things or people that did not belong to them.

“Then what is it?” my grandmother questioned.

“It is Yuvonne,” I answered, watching her tilt her head.

“She is a nice young lady,” she commented.

“Yes, but I feel responsible for what happened to her,” I mumbled, my voice heavy with guilt.

“Don’t tire yourself with all this thinking,” my grandmother advised. “Try to get her out of the trauma, and maybe someday even tell her how you used to have a crush on her back when you were in high school.”

As soon as my grandmother said that, I gave her a hand gesture. *No*, let’s not talk about that.

I mean, I used to like her a lot back when we were in high school because she was so cool and sexy, but I never got to date her.

Then her sister appeared, and I started to realize that Madeline was more my type. However, now that Madeline was gone, jumping back to her would feel so odd.

She would never believe that I used to like her before. She would think I was feeling sympathy for her.

“Well, you never know,” my grandmother remarked, giving me a wink.

I rolled my eyes. I loved my grandmother, and I would do anything to protect her. She was the best woman I had ever known.

As I stepped out, I reminded my warrior to get me any information on the mountain.

If I found out that the mountain was not a safe place, I planned on finding Madeline and her family somewhere safe.

A place where they could survive with the children. I was going to help them through and through.

I had also started an investigation into who had wiped out any data related to her childhood.

I was not going to let these people get away with the injustice they were causing.

It seemed that a few families were taking charge of the werewolves, and I would not let that happen. 1

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315-Name Of Loyalty

Madeline:

Her words made me look at Baxter, who visibly clenched his fists. He suddenly pulled away from me, as if to show he did not need support.

It did not look right. That was not how he usually handled himself. I honestly did not understand what was wrong with him. Losing a crown should not make him feel so much pain.

"Baxter, you should rest," I told him, trying to reach for him, but he raised his palm to me, letting me know he was fine.

"I will go build the fence," he stated.

I hated his mother at that moment because she knew Baxter. She knew exactly how to trigger a reaction from him.

When he said that and started to step away, her smirk made my anger flare.

“Seriously? You wanted to hurt him because he did not listen to you?” I confronted her, unable to stop myself.

“No. I just want him to realize he made a mistake,” she hissed. “And you should think twice before speaking to me,” she warned, pointing her finger at me.

“Or else what?” I asked, facing her with my arms crossed.

She glanced at my posture and stepped back, with a surprised look on her face.

“That is why I wanted a respectful daughter-in-law, someone who could-” she began. 1

I raised my palm, stopping her mid-sentence. Once again, she looked shocked at being interrupted.

“Even if the Moon Goddess herself married your son, you would have driven her away,” I told her. “If you can hurt your own son with your words, I am sure no daughter-in-law would ever be spared.”

Her jaw dropped, and her eyes began to water.

“Do you only care about packs? Do you never see that your son is suffering?” I questioned her.

“What are you saying? I love my son. I have always been there for him,” she replied.

I let out a sarcastic chuckle, and she fell silent.

“You have been there for him to taunt him and tear him down. You are always the first one to criticize him,” I continued. “Do you not see that your son has unresolved trauma? Every time you are angry with him, you use that incident to hurt him again. You and everyone else held a child responsible for what happened to his sister. You accused him of failing to protect her when your grown ass warriors could not do the same. That messes with my head.”

I did not stop speaking. I had never seen Baxter this low before, and something inside me snapped. Anger and frustration surged through me, and I let it all out.

“You think I am not a good mother?” she said, pointing at her chest.

“Can you place your hand on your chest and ask yourself if you are a good mother?” I questioned, watching her lips begin to quiver.

“Anyway, you can go and rest, but do not come out hurting my husband again. I will tolerate anything said about

me and my character, but I will not allow any of you to hurt my husband,” I finished.

When I turned around, I saw Baxter standing in the doorway. I thought he had left. He was still there, holding the wires and tools, watching me with tears in his eyes.

“No, mister. Put all that down and go rest,” I told him, finally taking control. I was not going to let his mother keep pushing him.

“Yes, Daddy, put all that stuff down,” Elara added, coming out of the room.

Thankfully, they wandered away when we were arguing

Then Elara decided to be herself. She placed her hands on her waist and wandered over to **him**, grabbing the items out of his hands.

“Aye, aye, aye, that is so heavy.”

The way she almost tipped over and made that sound made both Baxter and me laugh.

When I glanced at his mother, I saw a small smile on her face, a quiet one, before tears rolled down her cheeks. Without saying another word, she stepped away.

“Kids, do not touch this stuff, okay? Go see what Aunty Yuvonne is doing,” I told my children, patting their backs. I took Baxter’s hand and guided him to the bedroom.

“Did you really mean what you said?” he questioned softly, stepping along with me.

“Do you doubt it?” I asked.

I noticed the way he tightened his grip around my hand, as if asking me never to let go. He had no idea. Madeline was a name of loyalty and stability.

I led him to the bed and laid him down. Something still felt off. He fell asleep almost instantly, not like someone who had just been given wolfsbane, but like someone completely exhausted.

I left the room and headed outside quickly. If Ron had left, I would not feel comfortable leaving my children alone with Yuvonne, at least not until I was certain of her intentions toward them.

When I stepped outside, I saw Yuvonne pointing in different directions while speaking to Ron. He had taken off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves.

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316–Calling Her My Man's Woman

Madeline:

“What is going on here?” I asked, approaching them.

My children stood nearby, giggling with their faces covered.

“He wanted to earn my apology, so I told him to build us a fence,” Yuvonne replied.

“You will,” she added, folding her arms and glancing at my children, who laughed as Ron scratched the back of his neck, looking confused.

These alphas were powerful, but they rarely did chores that got their hands dirty. Except for Baxter. He was good at everything.

“What am I hearing, Ron?” I asked, joining the teasing.

“It is fine. This is easy work,” he replied. “I just need a little help.”

“All the tools are inside,” I told him, pointing toward the entrance.

He looked at me with sad eyes, silently asking for help.

“No. It is your apology. You are going to work hard for it,” I told him, watching him roll his eyes playfully before wandering off.

The rest of the day kept my children busy, mostly teasing Ron. My stress, however, did not ease.

Baxter kept sleeping. It was a deep, endless sleep. Every so often, I checked on him and found him lying there peacefully, still asleep.

When Ron finally said goodbye and left, the kids walked inside with me. The sun was already going down.

As soon as we entered the house again, I saw Lady Eugenia sitting in the lounge, her arms crossed tightly over her chest, looking upset.

“What did we do wrong?” Yuvonne uttered, trying to move past her and go to her room to rest.

Before she could, Lady Eugenia reached out and stopped her. My children went to their room, and I had already told them not to make noise and wake Baxter. Still, even I was starting to feel anxious with him being asleep for so long.

“Yes, Lady Eugenia, how may I help you?” Yuvonne asked her.

I noticed the way Yuvonne’s tone and posture changed around Lady Eugenia. Something felt off.

“When my son sleeps, you bring another man into this house and spend time with him. Laughing and giggling,” Lady Eugenia began sharply.

I noticed Yuvonne lower her head, anxiously rubbing her fingers together.

“Let’s not forget it was men who wronged you. And that man was the one whose warriors failed to save you. Besides, do you not think a woman should not spend time with other men, especially when her man comes home defeated?” Lady Eugenia continued. 1

Her words hit me hard. It took me a moment to understand what she was implying.

1/3

316–Calling Her My Man’s Wesman

+25 Bonus

“What do you mean by her man? Baxter is not her man,” I said, stepping out from behind the couch.

Lady Eugenia knew I was there.

“I am not speaking to you, ill-mannered woman,” she hissed.

I did not move. I stood my ground, folding my arms across my

chest.

“Huh? Answer me. Do you think that is the right thing to do? Do you think a woman of good standing should behave like that? Giggling with a stranger while her man is defeated?” Lady Eugenia pressed.

“She is not his woman,” I cut in. “And second, do not stop her from living her life. If she finds comfort somewhere, she has every right to it. You do not have to act like her mother. Even her own mother would not judge her character for having one good day with someone who made her smile.”

I spoke firmly, defending Yuvonne. I did not understand why these women believed a woman’s entire life had to revolve around men, or why she had to constantly think about them in everything she did.

If a man truly cared, that was one thing. But if he did not, why was she not allowed to move on?

Lady Eugenia ignored me. She had realized I was not someone she could control, so she turned her attention back to Yuvonne, who still had not lifted her gaze.

“I do not want to see you speaking to that man again,” Lady Eugenia said.

Then she raised her voice. “Now go and prepare food.”

Yuvonne’s body jolted, and she immediately rushed to do as told.

“You should not have let me sleep for so long,” a tired voice said.

Baxter stepped out of the room, looking exhausted.

“Baxter, I am glad you are awake,” I said softly. “I checked on you so many times, but you were sleeping so deeply. I did not want to disturb you.”

I gently took his hand and guided him to the couch. Lady Eugenia immediately turned toward him.

“How are you feeling now, my son?” she asked.

Baxter only nodded.

“Are you upset with me?” she continued.

“I am fine. I need to build the fence. It needs fixing so my children can go outside without fear,” Baxter replied, rubbing his chest.

Something felt wrong. I had been given wolfsbane before. It was exhausting, but it did not leave someone like this. “You do not need to worry about that. The fence is already built,” his mother said.

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

317

317–The Best Father

Madeline:

I went to the kitchen to get him a glass of water. While there, I noticed Yuvonne had not turned to look at me even once. Her shoulders were tense as she hurriedly chopped vegetables.

I grabbed the water and returned to the living room. Lady Eugenia was still talking.

“The fence is fixed.” His mother informed him.

“Did Madeline do it?” Baxter asked suddenly, straightening his posture.

“Your fiancée asked Ron for help. They spent the entire day together, laughing,” Lady Eugenia said. “And your wife did not see anything wrong with it.” (1

Baxter raised his hand and touched his ear, signaling her to stop.

“Why do you keep calling her my woman?” he said firmly. “She is not my woman. She is not my fiancée. We *are* done. And I am glad she had a good day. She has been through a lot. I have warned you not to call her my fiancée again. Do not force this on us.” 1

Lady Eugenia went silent. She glanced at me, likely disappointed that his anger was not directed at me.

“Well, did your wife tell you what she did to your father today?” she added.

“What?” Baxter asked, sounding tired.

“Your wife was rude to your father. He has decided not to eat and has not taken his medication either,” Lady Eugenia said.

Baxter’s eyes widened.

Listening to his father’s threats to refuse food until I apologized, and Lady Eugenia blaming my children for eating too much, made something snap inside me.

“She was eyeing our children’s food and commenting on it,” I spoke up, intervening because I did not want her

to control the narrative.

“See? You heard her now,” Lady Eugenia said, clearly pleased, folding her arms across her chest as if waiting to see what her son would do.

“Wait a minute,” Baxter said. “First of all, Mother, why are you keeping track of my children’s eating habits? Second, why is Dad acting like a child? He knows food and medication are important to him. He cannot throw tantrums, refuse to eat, and expect everyone to bow to him. Do you not find that strange?”

He took a breath and continued.

“You should have spoken to him. You should have told him this is not normal. Does he not understand how important food is for his health? Why is that someone else’s problem? And you, instead of making sure he eats so he does not get sick, are supporting him just because you want my wife to apologize for standing up for her children.”

Even with how drained he looked, Baxter still defended me.

317 the Best Fathe

+25 Bonus

His mother threw her head back, raised her hands, then let them drop, looking exhausted, as if she were tired of him always taking my side.

“I will apologize,” I said.

The moment the words left my mouth, Baxter turned toward me sharply.

“It is okay,” I added quickly. “If that is what will make him eat, I will do it. But I want you to know I am not doing it because I am guilty. I am doing it for you.”

“Then you do not have to do it,” Baxter replied firmly. “You know I would never want you to apologize just to satisfy someone’s ego.”

He stared back at me, making his point clear.

“Oh, great. Now she wants to be a hero,” Lady Eugenia scoffed. “Do you not see what she is doing? If she cared that much, she could have apologized before you arrived. She is choosing this moment on purpose.” 1

“Mother, enough. We are already going through a lot, and you are focusing on things that should not even be a topic of discussion,” Baxter snapped.

She grunted, throwing her hands in the air before lowering them again, making it clear she was not pleased with his outburst.

“As for Yuvonne, she is allowed to speak with whoever she wants. Let’s not cage her. And Let’s be clear, I did not bring her here as my woman. I brought her here to help her heal, and if she wants to heal in a way that includes someone else, then I will not let anyone intervene in her happiness,” he hissed at his mother.

She clenched her jaw, then turned away, folding her arms across her chest and shaking her head.

“And what about your father? Is she going to apologize, or are you going to stop that too?” she asked, her eyes widening.

“I said I will apologize, even when I reacted only because you were body shaming Elara,” I replied.

The moment those words left my lips, Baxter got up from the couch and stood in front of his mother.

“You body shamed my daughter? What the fuck is wrong with you?” he shouted.

It was the kind of scream that made even his mother cover her mouth. I never wanted him to yell at his mother, but Elara was his daughter. His reaction was his own, a father’s response to his child being bullied.

“I am just saying you should take a look at her weight. She will grow up into a woman. Nobody will marry her if—” Lady Eugenia began speaking her thoughts openly.

Baxter raised his palm, cutting her off.

“My daughter will not grow up thinking her purpose is to get married. Her goal will be different,” he said firmly. ↑

Seeing him take such a strong stand for our daughter made me feel relieved. It made me feel like I had chosen the right man.

“Yes, of course. You will choose something for her. The man who could not even save his own crown,” mother muttered under her breath. 1

“his

gr Father

+25 Bonus

I gently wrapped my arms around his bicep and squeezed, trying to reassure him before he lost his temper again.

It was strange how his mother never stopped. She did not let go. Then a scream erupted from the bedroom, causing Baxter and me to look at each other before rushing toward the children’s room.

That was where another disaster waited for us. Bodhi was lying on the floor beside the bed, his hands straight against his body, sleeping.

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

318

+25 Bonus

318-The Winged Monster Myth

Graham:

Kaylee had been acting very strange. It had been two days since Baxter had been dethroned. Honestly, I expected Madeline to come straight to my doorstep and beg for food and money, but that did not happen. I wondered what was happening at the top of the mountains.

“Is the myth real, Father?” I asked my father, resting my hands on my waist.

I had come out of my bedroom so anxiously that even my father and my stepmother were staring at me with confused expressions.

“What myth?” Penny questioned my father, who gave her hand a gentle pat on the back of her hand.

Kaylee stepped out of the kitchen and stood in the doorway, glaring at Penny. Ever since Penny gave us the news of her pregnancy, Kaylee had changed. She was not even enjoying her pregnancy anymore, and I had warned her to stop and mend her ways. This was the biggest thing happening in my life right now.

Her pregnancy had made me choose different options, and I expected her to respect my wishes the same way I respected hers. Her jealousy over Penny being pregnant did not make sense to me. Because they were both women, I let them deal with things together, as long as Kaylee was fine and her health was not compromised.

“I’m talking about Madeline and the mountaintop. I want them to suffer,” I stated, then paused when I noticed Kaylee’s attention turn to me.

“Because they are not helping the sick children of our packs,” I quickly explained.

I had been thinking about it myself, wondering why I was so angry. I realized it was because Madeline acted like she cared about everyone, but suddenly, she was not there anymore, and our children were suffering. Every parent’s eyes were on us. The kids were lying about different things, which blurred the line between which child to trust and which one was tricking us into causing fights.

“I do not know. I have tried to find out, but nobody has said they have seen anything with their own eyes. It is probably just a myth. Why do you care? After a few days, she will come begging for help anyway, or we will approach them and ask them to help us. If they refuse, we will make their lives miserable,” my father remarked casually. (1

But I was restless. How many more days before she regretted marrying Baxter? I felt the need to take matters into my own hands. However, before I could say anything, Penny seemed to have something to add. (2)

“Are we talking about that winged monster?” she asked in a gentle tone, which caught my interest.

“Yes, we are, but you would not know anything about it. These kinds of myths are common among people, but only Alphas and Betas know the details,” Kaylee replied as she stepped closer to me and wrapped her arm around mine again, trying to start an argument.

I noticed my father’s eyes shift to her. If I was noticing her hostility toward Penny, my father must have noticed

it too.

“Oh no, actually, I think I know about the monster,” Penny replied. “There is an old lady in my pack who lives in a very old house. Nobody really speaks to her because her family has passed away. She is the only one left, and people say she brings bad news. I think she survived that thing.”

1/3

316- The Winged Monster Myth

+25 Bonus

The moment Penny said that, I pulled the chair back and sat down.

I gave Penny my full attention now. I wanted to know more.

“Can you get me her contact?” I asked, instantly pulling out my phone.

“Actually, nobody really gets in contact with her. Like I said, she is seen as someone who brings misfortune upon people. It is not that she wants to. It is just how she is known,” Penny explained.

I shook my head. I needed to know everything about her, or at least about the mountain through her. “Just give me anyone’s number who knows her,” I insisted again.

Penny started to shake her head once more, turning to look at my father and then back at me. I could tell I was making her uncomfortable, but I needed the contact number, and I was going to get it.

“Did you not hear, Baxter?” Kaylee snapped. “She said that woman brings misfortune to whoever she communicates with. Why would you want to contact her when you have children on the way?” (1

I turned to look at Kaylee and noticed her face turning red. She glanced at each of us before her eyes settled on

Penny.

“And why did you bring it up if you know she brings misfortune? You should not have done that,” Kaylee told her sternly, then turned and walked away.

“I was just trying to let you know that there is indeed a woman like that,” Penny murmured under her breath.

My father quickly wrapped his arm around her to comfort her but I was not going to settle down until I knew how to summon that monster.

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

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319–All I Needed Was An Excuse.

Graham:

I did not get her contact information, but I already knew from Penny’s words that the woman lived in her pack

It would be easy to find her, unless she had died. That would be very bad.

Over the next few hours, I did not tell anyone where I was headed. I took my Royal Beta and my warriors, and we made our way to Penny’s pack.

It was the smallest pack, the one where even the Alpha was weak. When I arrived at the border, the Alpha welcomed me warmly.

I told him I wanted to tour the area to see how many donations I could give them, and he was beyond pleased.

While doing that, I arrived at the exact house I had been looking for.

Sure enough, others had built a wall around her house so she would not come into contact with anyone.

I gently knocked on the door and waited impatiently.

“Who is it?” she replied, her voice old enough to confirm my suspicion.

If I delayed one more day, she might be gone.

“I am Alpha Graham. I need to speak with you about something,” I told her, noticing that she did not open the door.

I assumed people had accused her of bringing misfortune so many times that she was afraid of passing it on to anyone else. I did not believe it.

“Are you sure you should be speaking with me, young man?” she questioned from the other side.

“It is all right. I do not believe in those things. What I do believe in is monsters. You had an encounter with a winged monster when you were a child, which you have spoken about with only a few people,” I said without delay.

There was silence on the other side before I heard quiet sniffles.

“It happened. I was a child, but I remember it clearly. There are a few things that trigger that monster. If you or your loved ones are planning to go to the mountain top, avoid it. That monster will take your loved one from you,” she warned.

The moment she confirmed it, a smile began to form on my lips.” Really, I would like to know what triggers it so we can avoid it,” I asked, my heartbeat rising in my chest.

This could be a huge help for me. All we had to do was frighten Madeline and her family into coming to us for help, or do something so extreme that Baxter realized he was too weak to protect them. 1

“If you do not want to trigger it, do not leave goat flesh with blood on it around the mountain area in the open,” she replied.

The moment those words left her mouth, I smiled and stepped away from the door.

1/3

319 All: Neochec Was An e

+25 Bonus

“Thank you so much. That was very helpful,” I replied. Before I walked away, I turned back to add one last thing. “I hope you pass away soon. Who would want to live a life in isolation?”

The moment I said that, I heard her gasp, and I laughed.

“You are not a very nice man,” her voice suddenly came from the other side, making me stop in my steps.

“Careful. I am an Alpha,” I hissed, my mood shifting.

“I can sense your energy. You are not a good person. Whatever you plan to do, it will backfire,” she warned. 1

Her words almost made me want to break down the door and attack her myself, but I stopped.

I had already gotten the information I needed, and I did not care anymore. I started walking away as she began screaming.

“You will never see happiness. All the people you hurt will remember,” she shouted. 1

I rolled my eyes and reached the car. That was all I heard before I slammed the door shut and cut her voice off.

I hated bitter old women, which was why I never wanted Kaylee to become one.

If she started talking nonstop, it would be hard for me to focus on loving her. I had already done my best. I had let go of so much for her.

All I wanted from her was to trust me and forget about Penny.

The information I got about the winged monster was also going to help me a lot.

I was already thinking about how I could use it to my advantage, making sure the monster did not attack the children or Madeline.

There was a part of me that felt uneasy about her. She thought too much of herself and her power. 2

She believed that because she had a strong wolf who fought some warrior, she was untouchable.

As I approached home, I noticed something else unfolding.

Elgin's car was outside. I rushed in and saw him panicking.

His daughter was sleeping on the couch, lying in a position that made it seem like she had never woken up.

"We need to go ask Madeline for help," Elgin stated almost immediately when he faced me.

320-Grohom At My Door

+25 Bonus

320-Graham At My Door

Madeline:

I held Bodhi in my arms while sitting on the couch, rocking back and forth. I tried to wake him by gently patting his cheek, but he did not respond.

"Baxter, it is getting worse," I told him, noticing that Bodhi usually woke up right away, but this time it was different.

Baxter stared at me, then lowered himself closer.

"I think I know how to wake him up," he uttered, though there was hesitation in his tone.

"Say it. What is it? I will do it," I replied, ready to do anything for my child.

"It might not work, or it might. I am not sure, but let's just try," he whispered.

I was confused about what he meant. Then he suddenly reached up and touched my cheek.

A tear sat at the corner of my eye. I had been holding back my tears because I was tired of crying every time my child suffered.

He brushed that tear over Bodhi's eye. Then he reached for another tear on my other cheek and rubbed it gently over Bodhi's other eyelid. Moments later, Bodhi woke up.

“I do not understand,” I said to Baxter. But as Bodhi got up and hugged me, my attention shifted from Baxter to Bodhi.

“Mommy, is he awake now? He suddenly fell asleep,” Gina asked as she rushed in after hearing Bodhi’s voice.

I put Bodhi down so he could talk to his sisters. They hugged him and asked what had happened, and he gave them the same answer each time.

He said he did not know. He only knew that he had been sleeping. There were no dreams, nothing.

“Baxter, how did you know my tears would work?” I asked, softly standing up from the couch to join him.

“I noticed it a few times. Whenever Bodhi fell down and you were near him, and your tears reached his eyelids, he woke up,” he replied quietly, making sure the kids were not listening.

I knew Bodhi would panic if he thought something was wrong with him.

“Guys,” she called, knocking on the door and drawing our attention.

We both turned to her and noticed she was turning pale.

“What is it?” I asked in a worried tone.

“I think we have a guest,” she uttered, making me rush out of the room and straight to the front door. The moment I opened it, I saw someone standing on the front porch, someone I no longer wanted to see.

“What are you doing here, Graham?” I grunted almost immediately.

1/3

320-Graham At My Dor

+25 Bonus

I did not want to deal with these people anymore. They had caused me, my children, and Baxter pain, and I would never forgive them for it.

“I came here seeking help,” Graham spoke, but the way he sounded felt less like he wanted help and more like he was showing something off. 1

I could not be sure what it was, or if he was just showing himself for some reason.

“And what makes you think I will respond to your request?” I asked, folding my arms across my chest.

“There is a child who is suffering, and I believe that if you are the good person you always claim to be, then you will help her,” Graham replied, spreading his arms and placing his hands on the doorframe, blocking the outside view.

I stepped back instinctively, retreating into the house.

Honestly, I could not understand his body language. Was he really here to ask for help, or was he here to cause trouble?

It felt like the latter, or like he was trying to seduce me. The thought did not make sense.

“Like I told you before, I do not know anything about the sickness,” I said, a hint of guilt in my voice.

I did not want to be someone who refused to help children. If anyone else had come instead of Graham, I would have helped without hesitation. But I had to say no before I began to regret it.

“And who told you I am a good person? I never claimed to be one,” I corrected him.

He nodded, then stretched his neck and stepped away.

That was when Elgin arrived at the cabin, carrying Hailey in his arms.

“Please, wake her up,” he requested. Up until Elgin showed up with his daughter, I honestly thought this was some kind of trap set by Graham, a way to lure me somewhere just to make me suffer. But when I saw the little girl in Elgin’s arms, something twisted inside me.

Then I felt a gentle pat on my back. I turned to the side and saw Baxter standing there, giving me a small nod.

“Fine. Bring her inside.”

Finally, pushing my ego aside, I decided to help the child, but without letting them know how I was helping her. For the first time, the two of them walked into my home, my safe place.

כל

+2

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320—Graham At My Door

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+25 Bonus

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