

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 4

Madeline:

Five Years Later:

“And the award for the best research doctor goes to Madeline Sawyer” The crowd erupted in cheers at the announcement.

I smiled as I stood in my office, twirling a pen between my fingers while watching the replay of yesterday’s ceremony. I did not attend the ceremony but I received my award later with gifts and bouquets.

I wasn’t the same Madeline people once knew. When I first came to the human world, I was a hopeless teenager without a home. Now, I carried an empire on my shoulders. Some even called me the queen of the human land.

I wore a gray suit with a pencil skirt and high stilettos. My hair was perfectly curled, my makeup flawless. I kept a stylist and makeup artist on standby both at home and at the office, not out of vanity, but because my schedule was packed with back-to-back meetings. People praised me constantly, and magazines never stopped putting my face on their covers.

My personal assistant, the one I couldn’t fire for many reasons, sat in front of me watching me smile at the TV until I shut it off and gave him my attention.

“What is this, Mr. Bruno?” I asked, pointing at the file on the table.

“There are concerns in the werewolf community. A disease is spreading, and they’ve sent us emails and letters requesting your attention,” he said, adjusting his suit.

This was the tenth time we’d had this conversation, and my answer was always the same.

“And why do you have a file prepared for this? You know we don’t work well with them. They cast us out. Every human here was once from a werewolf land, thrown out because we didn’t have active wolves, because we were too weak to stay. And now that they want our attention, you’re preparing files for them?” I snapped, reminding him how much it angered me.

“Madeline, I’m not saying you’re wrong about their hostility toward those the alphas considered unfit, but there are plenty of those that weren’t as harsh as the Pack officials or the council,” Mr. Bruno said, shifting in his seat.

“So don’t think you’re trying to help the alphas but those helpless creatures, those who were once our loved ones. I’m pretty sure everyone here left someone behind who wasn’t the reason they were leaving.” he took a brief pause.

“Well, I want you to help the werewolf land,” he said, point-blank. “In return, they are offering us a great deal of help,” he added with a smile and I raised my eyebrows.

“Help? What makes them think we want their help? We’re doing far better here than we were there. We don’t need anything from them,” I hissed, staring him in the eye.

“Don’t forget, Mr. Bruno, I’m the head of the research institute for a reason. I know what I’m doing. Take the file and discard it. We will not be sending them any help. Do you hear me?” I slid the file back to him after delivering my decision.

I leaned back in my chair, rocking slightly as I watched his face tighten. He did not understand the simplest thing. The last time they sent help, they sent expired goods that made our people sick. They’d only changed the labels, falsely marking them “safe” and extending the expiry dates.

After that, we refused their help. It’s been three years since we’ve asked for anything from them. Humans have learned to fight back. When I arrived, I realized the stories about human suffering were lies. This place was much better for us, the weak ones, than the werewolf land.

When he finally left, I sighed and stood, straightening my suit. My office was on the third floor, with a private door that connected directly to my condo. I opened it, stepped inside, and hurried downstairs. Someone special was arriving.

At the door I stood with my hands resting on my abdomen, a wide smile on my lips. The maids and staff had gathered, holding refreshments and anything that might be needed.

The door opened and three little children rushed in, their school bags bouncing as they ran toward me, grinning from ear to ear.

I knelt down in my stilettos and spread my arms. They crashed into me and I wrapped them in a tight hug.

“Mom, you look so good in grey,” my daughter said, her bright green eyes shining.

I smiled at them and then looked at all three. For a moment the same hesitation I always felt crept over me. They carried their fathers’ features too clearly.

I didn’t even need a DNA test to know who their fathers were. It was a shock when they were born. Ellara, with her blue eyes, was Elgin’s daughter, Gina’s sparkling green eyes came from Graham, and Bodhi, with his grey eyes, resembled Baxter.

None of that mattered; they weren't their fathers' children, they were mine. I would never tell anyone they were those alphas' kids, they'd be called freaks for being born at the same time carrying different DNA's.

I carried them to their shared bedroom on the second floor. For now I didn't want them to have separate rooms, I wanted them to grow close and build their bond.

The girls' beds were in the corners and Bodhi's was in the middle, each bed beneath a large window. The room was spacious, filled with every toy they could ever want.

After they changed, Bodhi sat while I fixed his hair. That's when I noticed Ellara and Gina standing together, whispering.

"You're not going to share it with Mommy?" I asked, smiling.

Ellara stepped forward. "Actually, Bodhi was in a lot of pain today."

Her meek voice froze me.

"Why, what happened?" I set the comb down and cupped his face. He looked pale, his usual energy gone. Normally, Bodhi was loud, playful, always carrying his sisters' school bags inside.

"He said he kept hearing wolves howling. But Mommy! there weren't any wolves," Gina spoke softly.

The words hit me like ice. My chest tightened, and all I could think about were the emails I'd ignored. The werewolf council had warned me of a strange illness spreading among their young.

Many were hearing howls before their wolves awakened too early, and then dying because of it.

Fear clawed through me. For the first time, I wondered if I had made a terrible mistake by refusing to help them.

I pressed my kids for every detail about Bodhi. After gathering what I needed, I helped them with food, tucked them in for a nap, and rushed back to my office.

After I called Mr. Bruno in with the file, I snatched it from him, shot him a look, and sat down to flip through the pages. The symptoms matched Bodhi's exactly. My chest rose and fell as panic set in.

"There are a lot of children who have died," I said quietly, trying to steady my breath.

“Yeah, many,” he confirmed, taking a seat. “Is that why you’re suddenly interested? Because you’re a mother—” He stopped when I gave him a sharp look. At least he had given me a cover story.

“Did they mention any treatments or a way to delay the deaths?” I asked, watching him closely. He shook his head sadly.

“They’ve found a temporary solution, but they refuse to share it with us unless we help them.”

Terror gripped me because that meant the only way was to help them now.

“Then we will help them,” I said, trying to cover the hesitation in my voice.

Bruno studied me, clearly trying to figure out why my attitude had changed so suddenly, why my face had gone pale, but he had no idea.

My children meant everything to me. If I had to work with the same people who ruined me, I would, as long as it saved Bodhi. I needed their temporary solution so I could create a permanent cure.

“Actually,” Bruno added, clearing his throat, “they don’t want help from here. They want you to visit, stay there, and work with them on their terms.”

I clenched my fists under the file. Bodhi’s symptoms pointed to initial stage. How had I missed it? Tears stung my eyes and guilt hit me hard. What kind of mother doesn’t notice when her child is slipping away?

I took a sharp breath, nodded, and straightened my posture.

“Prepare the ships. We leave in two days,” I announced, taking a bold step for my children.

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