

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 41

41—Interested In My Husband

Madeline:

“It’s alright. We’re not going to let her walk out of here. Don’t worry,” Baxter spoke to me while holding Gina in his arms as she threw a tantrum, struggling to break free.

Her eyes were still closed, so we knew she was still in that trance-like state.

“Where is your son right now?” I asked the woman, who stared at me wide-eyed in shock.

“He’s in the car in the parking lot,” she replied and I frowned.

“Is he not trying to walk away?” I questioned.

The woman grabbed my hand and tried to pull me toward the door, but I couldn’t leave.

I had to stay with Gina.

“Can you please tell us what to do right now so we can help my daughter—I mean, Madeline’s daughter?” Graham blurted, correcting himself quickly before saying anything else.

“If you want them to stop moving, you have to give them wolfsbane every ten minutes. But remember, that much can be dangerous for any child,” the woman said, tears welling in her eyes.

It made sense. She must have been using wolfsbane to suppress the sleep walk somehow.

But she was right, too much of it could be deadly for a child.

“Graham, we need to give Gina wolfsbane. We can’t waste another second after she takes it,” I said anxiously, rubbing my palms together.

“Got it,” Baxter responded, signaling the warrior to bring some wolfsbane.

I couldn’t bring myself to go inside and watch my daughter cry.

Bodhi and Elara were in another room with the warriors, safe for now. It was only Gina who was suffering.

It took them about five minutes to give her the wolfsbane, and the moment they did, I stormed into the room to

check on her.

She was slowly falling asleep on Baxter's shoulder, and I teared up watching her.

"Okay, I need to go. I have to find the answer before she wakes up again. Every minute counts," I said hastily, running to my room to grab my bag of supplies.

Graham was already getting ready to come with me.

"Wait, are you going with her?" Baxter asked, still holding Gina in his arms.

"Yeah. Somebody has to go with her," Graham replied.

The two of them exchanged a long, silent stare before I impatiently tapped my foot on the floor.

"We can't waste time," I hissed, glaring at Graham to remind him that if he really wanted to come, he needed to

move now.

"Okay. Take care. I'll keep an eye on the kids," Baxter said reluctantly, finally letting us go.

1/3

41-Interested in My Husband

+25 Bonus

Graham and I rushed toward the door and met the anxious woman in the hallway.

Her child must have been close to waking up.

We hurried down the stairs, and honestly, I couldn't even count how many times **I** cracked my knuckles on the

way.

Once we reached the parking lot, her husband was about to give their **son** another dose.

"No! Wait!" I screamed, running toward them.

“What’s going on?” the woman asked, panicked.

I opened the car door and carefully lifted the boy into my arms.

Graham stepped in to help calm him as the child squirmed, half-asleep and trying to leave.

“Where are you going, kid?” I asked softly.

“To help the old man,” the boy murmured in his sleep.

His mother gasped. They were not just sleep talking, but were able to respond.

“Can you tell me where it is?” I asked.

“It’s in the mountains. That way.”

Still in his trance, he pointed toward the dark outline of the mountains behind the woods and began describing the path in surprising detail.

His mother stood frozen, stunned by every word.

As soon as he finished giving us the location, I nodded to his father to give him the wolfsbane.

“You must be wondering why I didn’t ask my daughter. She’s never been to that place, she wouldn’t be able to describe it. But she would follow and that wouldn’t help us,” I explained to the woman.

“It’s okay.” The woman seemed to understand, she nodded without question.

The mountains weren’t far. Graham was already **in** his car, engine running, ready to speed out of the lot.

I left everyone behind and jumped into the passenger seat.

Another car filled with warriors followed behind us. Their job was to find and stop any other children heading in the same direction.

It was becoming clear that the woman’s son and my daughter weren’t the only ones drawn to the call.

Halfway up the mountain road, we started to see them. Children—wandering, dazed, walking toward the woods.

The warriors jumped from their vehicles to stop them, giving them wolfsbane and carrying them to safety.

We didn't slow down. That wasn't our task.

The mission to save the children was in their hands.

Ours was to find the man the one calling to them.

I don't know what happened to Graham, but while driving, he suddenly started to shift in his seat.

2/3

4—interested in My Husband

+25 Bonus

"Does your husband know?" he asked. "Does he know the children are suffering?"

I snapped my head toward him, confused about why he would bring up my husband when I was so worried about the children.

Maybe he was just trying to distract me, otherwise, I'd probably break my knuckles at this point.

"No," I muttered. "I told him I was coming here to help the children, the sick children."

"**So** you're not lying about having a husband?" Graham asked.

As soon as he said that, I looked away, staring out at the road.

"Why would I lie about that?" I hissed, my **voice** low.

"Well then," he continued, "does he love you? Does he care for the children? If he does, why did he let you come here all by yourself?"

His questions were sharp, each one harder to swallow than the last.

I knew he wanted to know more about my life outside of this place, but there was nothing I could tell him.

The truth was too complicated.

"He loves me and the children. You don't need to worry about that," I said, still not turning to face him.

“Well, if he loved you,” Graham replied. “No matter how busy he is, he should have been here with you.”

Before I could defend my husband, he added quietly, “Just like I came for you.”

My head snapped toward him again. I stared in disbelief, trying to understand what he was insinuating.

First the call, and now this. What was going on with Graham?

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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+25 Bonus

42—On A Mission With My Ex Best Friend.

Madeline:

We arrived shortly after, and the first thing I did was ask Graham **if** Baxter had left any messages on his phone.

He checked and told me that Baxter had given Gina another dose of wolfsbane after the last one wore off, and that she was sleeping.

I worried that so much wolfsbane might hurt her, but it had only been half an hour, so I hoped it would be fine.

Still, we didn’t know how much more time we could afford to waste while searching for the right cave, there were several scattered across the mountain.

We started trekking up the slope. It was easy for Graham, but I was already wheezing.

“Do you want to take a break?” he asked, holding out a bottle of water.

I shook my head quickly.

“No, I don’t want to waste time,” I said, though I could barely catch my breath. Even if I wanted to keep moving, my legs refused.

“I’ll go ahead and start looking. By the time you get there, you can check the other caves. What do you say?” Graham suggested.

It was a smart idea. Once we reached the top, there would be too many caves to cover alone.

With his wolf’s strength, he could find something faster than I could.

“Yeah, that’s a good idea. You go ahead. I’ll catch up,” I replied, letting him know it was fine.

The moment he heard me, he took off. His speed caught me off guard, though I shouldn’t have been surprised.

He was an alpha, strong and capable even before, and now, years later, even more powerful.

Within seconds, he disappeared from sight. I kept climbing, stopping only to drink water and make sure I didn’t slow down too much.

It took me about twenty minutes to reach the top. I dropped to my knees, hands on them, trying to catch my breath when I saw Graham stepping out from behind a cluster of tall trees.

“Did you check the caves?” I asked, breathing hard.

“Yeah. I covered most of that area, but there’s one cave that caught my attention,” he replied hastily. “I came back to get you so we can check it together.”

From the look on his face, I could tell he had found something important, or dangerous.

“What do you mean the cave is suspicious? Didn’t you go inside to check?” I bombarded him with questions right

away.

It would’ve saved time if he had just gone **in** instead of coming back for me.

“Actually, that’s the problem,” he explained as we neared the spot. “There’s something you need to see. I couldn’t look inside, and that’s why I thought it was strange.”

The cave wasn't far from where I had climbed. Graham led me there and pointed toward it.

1/3

42—On A Mission With My Ex Best Friend

+25 Bonus

The entrance **was** blocked. Not just that, it looked more like an underground tunnel than a cave.

The narrow opening was sealed **off**, and from the small gap we could see through, it seemed to lead underground.

“Oh. Then maybe that's not it,” I said, confused.

Graham gestured for me to step back so he could move the large rock covering the entrance.

I stepped aside, trusting his strength completely. He started pushing at the boulder.

Even though it was solid and heavy, he managed to shove it aside with force.

The moment the opening was clear, I hurried forward but stopped instantly. There was another wall behind it, just as we suspected.

It wasn't a regular cave, it was hiding another chamber below. The second entrance was sealed too, leaving only a small slit open.

“Oh no,” I muttered. “Maybe there's nothing in there.”

But before my words could settle, a faint, trembling voice echoed from deep within the tunnel.

“Help me,” it was a meek and full of misery tone.

The sound froze me in place, and I saw Graham's ears twitch at the same moment.

Graham and I exchanged a tense glance before turning on our phones' flashlights, trying to see through the small

gaps

in the rocks.

“Who is it?” I called out.

“Huh? Somebody’s there?” a frail voice answered.

Then it came again, the same voice, older this time.

An old man.

Just like the children had said.

“We’re here to help you,” I called back. “You’ve been appearing in our children’s dreams, haven’t you?”

I waited for his reply, my heart pounding. Thankfully, no other children had shown up yet. Maybe the warriors had intercepted them on the road.

“I don’t know,” the man said weakly. “I’ve been stuck here for so long. I’ve been calling for help. How did you find me?”

I looked at Graham, both of us confused and stunned.

“Like I said,” I replied, kneeling and pressing my palms against the cold ground. “You came into our children’s dreams. That’s how I found you.”

“That’s strange,” he said. “I didn’t mean for the children to come. Why would I want them here? How could they possibly help me?”

“How did you get stuck?” I asked, glancing at Graham, who had already started pushing at the larger rocks blocking the entrance.

But unlike before, these wouldn’t budge, no matter how hard he tried. That was the strange part.

2/3

42—On A Miskin With My Es Best Friend

+25 Bonus

“It’s a long story,” the man said, his voice trembling. “But it’s not my fault. I didn’t want to come here, I was lured in. I’m a religious man. I only ever prayed to the Moon Goddess. I’ve done nothing wrong. I don’t know why someone wanted to get rid of me.”

His words made my head spin. Questions rushed through my mind. Was the sickness part of someone’s plan?

Were they trying to destroy all the pure souls?

That would explain why the children were suffering.

But right now, we had to get him out. His voice sounded weaker by the second, and I could tell that was why the children had started to follow him—to help him.

“For some reason, I can’t get it to move,” Graham whispered, careful not to let the old man hear. He didn’t want him to lose hope.

“Maybe someone needs to go inside to help him out,” Graham said quietly.

I frowned, wondering how that would even be possible.

“Do you think that’s why the children were being called? Because they could squeeze through this tiny opening?”

Graham shrugged, looking very concerned as we were running out of time

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43—Tricked Into Helping The Devil

Madeline:

“Is there anything down there that can help you get up?” I asked the old man.

He let out a helpless cry, the sound of it breaking something inside me. It was painful to hear a man trapped and suffering like that.

“There’s a lever here,” he said weakly.

Graham and I exchanged a quick look. Maybe that was it. Maybe these rocks weren’t just blocking the cave, they were part of a mechanism.

The thought hung between us until Graham added, "My wolf can squeeze through. He's pretty flexible, you know. Even if he breaks his bones, he manages to get the job done."

He tried to sound confident, but something about it didn't feel right. A chill crept up my spine.

"Okay, okay, but be careful," I uttered, and it made him turn around and look at me silently.

"Don't worry, I'll be fine," he said softly.

The awkwardness lingered as we kept sharing a glance.

"You be careful out there too." Graham had to shake his head to break the eye contact. Even I awkwardly shifted back.

"Are you going to help me?" being curious and having someone he could finally speak to, the old man continued to call for us.

"Yeah, please wait there. We are trying to find a way to get you out," I called out to him, reassuring him that we were still here and hadn't left.

"Please do it as soon as possible," he urged.

All this time, Graham hadn't looked away from me once. It made me feel awkward and self-conscious.

"Okay, I will take off my clothes and start the transition."

As soon as Graham said that, I realized why he had been staring at me. He wanted me to leave so he could get naked.

I mean, of course, it would be awkward if I just stood there watching him.

So I walked out, waiting outside the cave. And then I heard groaning and grunting.

I looked at the ground in front of me and noticed his shadow growing bigger and bigger.

I had no clue how he was going to pass through that tiny opening because his wolf seemed very gigantic.

But as I was questioning it, I noticed his wolf silently starting to turn smaller and weaker. Maybe that's what he meant when he said his wolf could do this job.

I didn't turn around for some **reason**, not until after I saw the shadow disappearing.

That was when I knew he had gone down. So I hastily turned around and saw his tail slowly drifting inside.

After only a few seconds, I noticed that the latch moved just a bit, enough for the old man to climb out.

1/3

43–Tricked Into Helping The Devil

+25 Bonus

“Can you see me now?” the old man cried out.

“Okay, I can see you inside,” I stated as I knelt down, my hands on both sides of the opening, staring down.

The old man was looking up. He was shirtless, looking so thin. His head was bald, and he started to raise his hands.

There was still not enough light for me to look inside.

As I started to grab my phone to direct the flashlight inside, the old man’s voice came in.

“He is helping me get up. Can you please pull me up?”

As soon as he said that, I put my phone down instantly and adjusted my body weight so I could squeeze my hand down and help the old man up.

I could tell that it was the old man who let me know Graham was picking him up from the ground, helping him reach the opening.

I held his hand, noticing how warm he was, almost to the point that it felt like my skin would come off.

I grimaced in pain, but at this point, I couldn’t free myself from his hand, or else he would fall back down.

And the older he was, the more I could tell that maybe he would break his bones and not be able to transition to heal.

So I was trying my best not to let go, even when I was feeling this excruciating pain from holding his hand.

“Just a few more pushes,” I said, trying to keep him going. “Okay, I’m going to pull you up in one last full force. Got it?”

“Okay, I’m ready,” The old man whimpered in pain.

I could tell he had grown so weak, probably starving. His wolf must have died recently, and that might have been the only reason he’d stayed alive this long.

But now that his wolf was gone, he was growing weaker by the minute.

However, something hit my mind at that moment, but I was in the middle of dragging the old man up, adrenaline rushing through my body too fast to focus on it.

If Graham was pushing him up, wouldn’t he have come up easily? I mean, Graham could move big rocks. Why was I the one pulling this man with all my strength?

And the minute the old man was out of the cave, wearing old shorts that were so loose on him now, tied with a rope around his waist, I began to realize something was wrong.

I had dragged him up, but where was Graham?

“Ah! Fresh air and freedom feels so good,” **the** old man cheered, laughing loudly,

I was happy to rescue him but this uneasy feeling was not leaving me at rest. I kept having this feeling that something was not right here.

As soon as the old man landed on **the** ground and lay down, breathing peacefully in the fresh air, I rushed back to the opening.

Sure enough, I couldn’t see Graham standing. He was lying on the side, naked, in his human form.

My eyes narrowed at his image and goosebumps covered my skin at the sight.

2/3

43–picked tnte Helping The Devil

+25 Bonus

“What the fuck?” I hissed under my breath in confusion.

Before **I** could react, turn around, or look at the **old** man, I felt something wrap around my neck and yank **me** away from the opening.

Comments

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44—Attacked When Miserable

Madeline:

I gasped for air as he kept dragging me until we were out of the cave. For a moment, my mind went blank. I was only human.

My wolf had awakened the other day, but it failed to transition, **so I** didn't have her. I was just a human fighting another human who was supposed to be old and weak.

The strength he showed told me that had been a lie.

I started coughing. My hands gripped whatever he was using to tie around my neck.

I could see my legs dragging across the ground, my back aching.

The old man groaned and finally let go after pulling me far away from the cave, deep into the mountain forest.

As soon as he released me, I gasped and tried to catch my breath. I turned toward the ground, planted my hands, and pushed myself up.

But before I could rise, a sudden kick struck my chin, sending me flying backward. I hit the ground hard and tried to get up to see him.

It was the same old man, but he no longer looked frail. He was strong and solid, and the thing he used to drag me was the same shirt he had taken off earlier.

"What the hell are you doing? We came here to save you!" I shouted as he strode closer.

I started crawling backward, but he grabbed my leg and yanked me toward him again. Then I noticed what he was doing.

There was a circle on the ground with no trees around it, a small cleared space he had chosen deliberately.

And that circle was where he kept trying to drag me.

“Quit fighting, you brat!” the old man hissed.

Once he spoke, I realized his voice still sounded old, even though his appearance had changed. That was when it hit me, his wolf wasn't dead.

That explained why he could fight and drag me so easily.

I tried to pull my leg free and kick him, but I couldn't move him at all.

When he pulled me back into the circle, he briefly let go of my leg to tie me down.

The moment I broke free again, I turned and pushed with all my strength to crawl out of the circle.

He yanked my head back by the hair, slamming me onto the ground again.

This time, I clawed at his face, trying to gouge out his eyes with my thumb, but he caught my wrist and forced me down.

Sitting on top of me, he grunted in anger.

“For someone without a wolf, you're going to hurt yourself with all this struggling. Just quit!” he shouted in my face.

1/3

44—Attached When Miserable

+25 Bonus

For a moment, I stopped moving.

“Why are you doing this? Did I ever hurt you? Why are you calling the kids here?” I asked, my voice trembling with confusion.

“Oh, so you're that human researcher they brought,” he sneered. “I was told you were coming.”

As he spoke in that groggy tone, mentioning someone who had told him about me, goosebumps rose across my

skin.

He noticed and began to chuckle.

“You humans are weak and pathetic as always,” he grunted. “As for the answer, you’ll never know, because I’ll never tell. I was promised freedom if I sacrificed at least fifty of those little ones.”

When he mentioned the children and the sacrifice, my eyes widened, and a gasp escaped me.

“But you ruined it all,” he snarled. “But fear not, I already got my freedom. I never break a promise. Once I get rid of you, I’ll bring those children and finish what I started.”

The more he spoke, the more I understood the cruelty in his words and that someone else was involved.

“You don’t have to do this. You’re already free. Just run away!” I pleaded as he grabbed my wrists and pinned them above my head, trying to tie them with the shirt in his hand.

“Grrraahaaam!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. The man chuckled, still busy binding my hands together.

Once he finished, instead of getting off me, he reached for a large nail and a hammer. That was when I realized what he planned to do.

He placed the nail between my hands, right over the knot made from the shirt, and began hammering it down to pin me to the ground.

“Calling for your beastly friend?” he mocked. “Well, he didn’t understand the assignment very well. When he jumped in, I was already waiting with a needle full of wolfsbane. So don’t worry, he’ll be asleep for quite a while.”

He chuckled, his laughter sending a wave of fear through me.

“You can’t fulfill the promise anyway. Because the kids-“I began to panic, my words breaking into short pauses. “The kids aren’t coming here. There are warriors everywhere and they are stopping them,” I hissed, forcing back my tears.

But he looked completely unbothered. After hammering me down, he stepped back and took a few deep breaths.

“Well, do you really think I’d use the same route?” he scoffed. “No. I’ve already changed the plan. Some of them will slip through. They’re coming from a completely different path. And some of them- they were already in the basement with me. So all I had to do was wait for them to come.”

He paused and gave me a grin.

“And while we wait, I’ll do what I do best.” he laughed and stepped back again.

When he raised his hands, I saw him moving them in circles, and then I remembered my child’s warning.

He waved his hands again, and fire burst from his fingertips, just as Gina had said. He threw his head back and let

out a manic cackle.

“Let me introduce you to alcohol. Where are my manners?” he laughed as he walked back toward the cave to fetch

2/3

44—Attor Fad When Miserable

+25 Bonus

the alcohol he planned to pour on me to set me on fire.

Once he stepped away, panic gripped me. I screamed at the top of my lungs, but it was useless.

“Oh no... once he comes back, I’m dead,” I groaned, kicking hard against the ground. My legs were the only part of me still free.

Then I felt a twitch in my finger. I snapped my head toward my hand, watching as my fingers began to move and my bones started to crack.

“If you’re trying to come out, you better not stop halfway,” I muttered to my wolf.

But as I spoke, I noticed how rough and raw my voice had become.

Then I heard her—my wolf’s voice.

“How could I let you die at the hands of such a disgusting man?” she growled.

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45—My Beautiful Gray **Mate**

Graham:

I started to go down, and when I was halfway through, the old man reached for me. I felt a sharp prick on my skin. It was harsh and painful.

It was so hot down there, and with everything happening around me, I couldn't tell what had just happened until I was fully landing underground.

Once my body was fully lowered, I began to feel uneasy and weak, even.

"Are you okay?" the old man asked, reaching toward me as I got on my knees and shifted back into my human form.

That wasn't part of the plan. I was supposed to help the man up, let him stand on my wolf's back, then get out and transition later.

Why would I shift back, go inside again, and shift once more? It would have been too much trouble, so I avoided it until I was sure I was in the basement.

"It's just—" I muttered, placing a hand on my chest. Before I could say anything else, my body started to collapse.

That's when I realized what had happened. I'd been injected with wolfsbane and not just a small amount, but a heavy dose.

My head snapped up to look at the old man. It didn't make sense unless he was involved. When he smiled, terror ran through me.

I was right.

He was behind the poisoning.

As my body slumped to the side, I couldn't speak, defend myself, or call out to Madeline to warn her about what was happening.

But even as everything faded, the only person in my mind was her. She had no idea what danger she was in.

Unknowingly, she began calling out for the old man, trying to help him up. By then, my body had gone limp, and I couldn't shift or speak to stop her.

In the next few minutes, I was disoriented, still dazed until I heard Madeline's screams. As soon as her voice reached my ears, I jolted awake.

"Just a little more. Madeline is in danger, we need to get out," I told my wolf, trying to make him feel the urgency running through me.

The thought of that man touching her, of him hurting her, drove me insane.

No, I wouldn't let that happen. I told myself that as I pressed my hands to the ground and started to rise. I knew what that meant, using immense power.

"If you give it your all and force me to come out right now, it'll be much harder for me to return next time," my wolf warned, reminding me of the consequences of pushing him too far while he was under the wolfsbane.

"It's okay. Let's just keep moving," I muttered, feeling sorry for him. But the moment he began to fight, I realized he was just as worried for her. He was ready to give everything for her.

1/3

45—My Beautiful Gray Mate

+25 Bonus

I screamed **a** few times as the transition dragged **on**. I knew my wolf wouldn't be at full strength, but at least I could **escape** and give Madeline a head start by putting myself in the old man's way.

When I pushed a little too hard, my wolf finally screamed. As his cry echoed through the air, I felt my body start to

shift.

Everything went silent for a moment, and all I could hear was my heartbeat.

Then chaos took over. Every inch of my body ached, fighting to return to its human form because of the wolfsbane running through me. I kept forcing it until the transition was complete.

My wolf was weak, but it was enough for me to crawl through the narrow space and leap out of the tunnel. Once I was out and back on the ground, I began to shift again.

This time, I didn't hear my wolf's whimpering for nearly two minutes. But I didn't have time to think about it.

I crawled toward my clothes, pulled on my pants and shirt, then stood up and left the cave to find Madeline.

I could hear her screaming, and I followed her voice through the dark.

As I left the cave and stepped into the trees, I saw the old man standing in front of something.

I moved through the trunks and saw Madeline. He had tied her up, and then he went to fetch alcohol.

We must have been so panicked that we missed what was around us.

While we were searching the cave, I had only been looking for entrances, and that was why I didn't notice anything else.

If there were alcohol bottles outside the cave, someone else had left them there. When the old man walked away and I tried to get closer, I saw a sight so terrible that I froze.

Madeline screamed as she began to transition.

I rushed over, falling and crawling across the ground, my body ready to give up at any moment. I reached for Madeline, and she saw me.

"Ugh!" she cried out, a small sound cut off by the transition. She was still halfway through.

I grabbed the nail and started to dig it out, using what strength I had left.

"It hurts so much," she complained.

"Shhh. It's okay. It's your first transition. Your wolf is coming out. We'll be fine," I soothed.

Watching her lie there with so many bruises made me furious. It made me want to attack the old man and kill him.

Then I saw her. As her transition began, I was shocked by her color. She was a gray wolf.

I gasped and fell back, watching her grow into a large, beautiful, yet fierce and deadly wolf.

And then, as if things couldn't get any more frightening, her wolf looked straight into my eyes.

Her purple eyes glowed as she howled loudly, stepping over me and staring down.

Her howl blended with my wolf's from within me, and I heard the most powerful word of all.

"Mate!" (1

2/3

45—My Beautiful Gray Mote

Before I could cherish the moment, the old man returned with two bottles **of alcohol** in his hands.

But he looked just as shocked as I was to see Madeline in her prime. His loud gasp caught her attention.

She turned and stepped aside, and I finally saw the look **of** pure fear **on** the old man's face.

Ruby Walker

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 46

46—Just You And I

Graham:

I watched her step back, probably realizing what we had just felt. Then she howled louder than ever.

Her **focus** shifted to the old man, whose eyes were wide as the wine bottle **in** his hands trembled.

The moment Madeline lunged at him, he threw the bottle. It hit her hard, shattering on impact and splashing

alcohol all over her.

She screamed in agonizing pain, and that was when I understood, the bottles were filled with the alcohol mixed with wolfsbane.

He grabbed another one. As Madeline rushed toward him again, he hurled it at her. The liquid drenched her, but she still managed to claw him and throw him across the circle.

I realized what he was planning. He raised his hands in a strange motion, and I knew, he was going to set her on fire.

Madeline was dealing with her wolf for the first time, and she couldn't control it yet. I needed to distract him and steady her.

While she howled and shook, trying to fight off the pain, the old man sparked a flame with his fingers.

That shocked me, no werewolf should have that power unless they belonged to a certain tribe. But I had no time to ask questions.

I pushed myself to my feet and rushed toward him as he charged at Madeline with fire in his hands.

When he stretched out his arm to ignite her fur, I stepped between them without thinking.

His burning fist struck my stomach. I felt my skin melt, my body freezing in shock as pain consumed me. His hand sank deeper, leaving a gaping wound that made everything stop.

I gurgled in pain, staring into the man's eyes. He looked as shocked as I was.

"Huh! You must be her lover, you foolish alpha, ruining yourself like that," he commented.

Before he could pull his hand out, I gripped his wrist and stopped him. I knew that once he was free, he would attack Madeline, so I had to stall him.

"Are you insane, or do you have a death wish?" the old man shouted.

I couldn't even turn to check on Madeline, but I heard her grunting and howling. Then I sensed her running off.

That was when I released him, hoping he'd strike me again so the fresh pain would keep me conscious. He had already done enough damage to my stomach.

The moment I let him go and he tried to chase after her, I grabbed his hand again. This time, I fought back, though my strength was fading. I felt my soul slipping away.

Then a deep, feral growl erupted. We **both** turned to see Madeline in the distance, sprinting toward us at full speed.

"Let me go!" the man shouted in panic.

I tightened my grip around his fingers, keeping him from moving or summoning the fire again.

1/3

46—Just You And!

+25 **Bonus**

And just like that, Madeline came crashing in, striking the old man and sending them both rolling across the ground. She pinned him beneath her, her wolf in full control.

When the old man tried to lift his hands again, Madeline arched her neck back and sank her teeth into his head.

Her wild scream made me stare in shock. Her wolf was untamed and powerful.

Within seconds, she ripped his head from his neck, shook it in her jaws, and hurled it far away.

As soon as she finished, she howled again and turned to look at me. She began pacing closer.

Her wolf was massive too, just like mine. A small smile formed on my lips, but then I realized I could no longer stand.

As I started to fall, I felt a soft surface catch me. It was her. She had rushed over and lifted me onto her back.

I closed my eyes as waves of pain spread through my body. Then a thought struck me. If I didn't transition and heal myself, Madeline would be left all alone.

She would have no idea what was happening when she returned from her first transition. That's what happens after the first change, especially to the strongest ones.

And seeing her wolf, I already knew she was one of them.

“You have to try a little harder, just once more,” I urged my wolf while lying on top of her as she carried me away from danger.

But we didn’t even know what was waiting for us ahead. What kind of threat was still out there?

My wolf gave a faint howl inside me, letting me know he would do anything for his mate. Then Madeline stopped

when she felt a small movement on her back.

I slid off her body and lay on the ground while she stood beside me, watching closely. And with great effort, I began my transition.

As soon as I transitioned, I felt the connection with her wolf return.

Since we were both in our transitioned form, I guessed an urge to run together must have passed through both of

our wolves.

Before I knew it, my wolf, who could barely shift, was dragging himself beside her, pushing through the pain.

But every bit of strength he used would come with a heavy cost later.

After a while, I reminded my wolf that he needed to slow down. He finally understood and began shifting back into human form.

At the same time, Madeline screamed in pain as she started her own transition back to human.

I watched her suffer through intense pain, and the entire time, she looked at me with sad eyes.

Even after she returned to her human form, her gaze lingered on me in silence before her eyes closed and she collapsed.

It hurt because I remembered how much those eyes must have cried when I betrayed her before.

I quickly took off my shirt and covered her body with it. Then I lifted her in my arms and carried her to the car.

I had some spare clothes inside. But by the time I reached the car, the weather had turned so bad that I hurried to

2/3

48—ust And

+25 Bonus

put her in and sat beside her.

I knew that if I took her back like **this**, her kids would be worried.

All I wanted was **to** take care **of** her because I hadn't been able to **for** so long. She deserved that.

She had **always** deserved someone who would care for her, but no one ever did. Now I was here, and I intended to show her that no one could love her more than I did.

P

Ruby Walker

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 47

47 He Loves Me Now?

Madeline:

I only remembered passing **out**. When I started to wake up, I found myself in a small space. Trying to move my arms, I realized how badly my body ached.

As I grimaced, someone suddenly held my hand and rubbed the back of it.

The warmth of that touch comforted me enough to ease some of the pain. Still, it didn't stop me from trying to wake myself up completely.

When I opened my eyes and saw Graham, my body finally relaxed. Everything was still blurry especially my

memory.

“Where are we?” I stammered, struggling to finish a sentence between heavy breaths.

“We’re in a cabin in the woods,” Graham replied, his tone dramatic enough to pull a faint memory from the back of my mind.

I remembered watching ‘Cabin in the Woods’ with him. I never understood why I liked horror movies when I always ended up so scared that I’d cling to his arm just to get through them.

“Cabin? Why are we in a cabin?” I asked, trying to sit up, but my entire body felt like it was on fire. “Wait—what happened? Weren’t we supposed to—we were on a mission.”

Fragments started coming back, words, flashes, nothing clear. Graham stared at me and then smiled faintly.

“What?” I asked in confusion.

“Don’t worry. It’ll come back,” he murmured.

As soon as he said that, I looked down and slowly lifted the blanket. I gasped, clutching it to my chest.

“Why am I in your clothes?” I asked, shocked. I was wearing black shorts and a gray shirt—definitely not mine. They were men’s clothes. His clothes.

“Because you transitioned, and I couldn’t leave you lying there without clothes,” he said softly, his voice breaking slightly between words.

His explanation made me gasp again.

“Yes, you transitioned. You fought the old man and tore off his head.”

He paused when he noticed my eyes widening, tears welling at the corners.

“I did that?” I asked, completely stunned.

“Yep. You were pretty badass,” Graham said with a small nod.

He was kneeling on the bed, fists pressed into the mattress to steady himself, while I leaned against the headboard, gripping the blanket tightly against my chest.

“Oh.” I covered my mouth with one hand as my gaze drifted from him.

Memories came rushing **back**, Gina wanting to chase the man in the cave, us taking over the mission, realizing the man wasn't who he seemed, my transition, feeling the mate bond with Graham, saving him because his pain tore through me like it was my own.

1/3

47–He Loves Me Now?

+25 Bonus

Everything hit me at once. It felt like the sky had collapsed on my head.

“So, which part of the memory is more shocking?” Graham asked, watching me closely. He could probably see how lost I was in my thoughts.

I looked at him and swallowed hard.

“The mate bond,” I whispered.

The proud smirk that spread across his face caught me off guard. Why wasn't he freaking out? Didn't he have a wife? I was just an omega to him in the past. 1

None of it made sense. And how could I feel a mate bond with him when I'd already felt one with Baxter?

Still, there were too many things racing through my head to dwell on that right now. I pushed myself up onto my knees, facing him.

He straightened his back, meeting my gaze as we both sat on our knees.

“Did you talk to Gina? Is she okay?” I asked, panic rising in my voice.

“Don't worry. The first thing I did was check on my daughter,” he said.

His choice of words shocked me, but the news made me happy.

“She's fine. She woke up right when you killed the old man. His hypnotism wore off, and you saved many other kids.”

He guided me to take slow, deep breaths while explaining that several children were still asleep inside the cave.

“After I brought you here, I called the warriors. They reached the area and rescued all the children,” he continued.

He explained everything clearly, but one question still burned in my mind.

“Why am I here? Why didn’t you take me to the hospital or home?” I asked in bewilderment.

He looked away, his eyes fixed on some distant point, as if even he didn’t know what to say.

“There was a hailstorm,” he finally replied. “And I guess I just wanted to take care of you. Besides, you were talking in your sleep about the mate–bond thing, and how you felt when you saw the old man attacking me. I didn’t want you to wake up embarrassed, knowin

everyone else had heard it.”

His voice was gentle, but his words left me stunned.

“Oh, well, it’s not like it meant anything,” I muttered. “It was just my body responding to its mate. That’s all.”

I forced myself to dismiss the feelings behind what I had said in my sleep. They didn’t matter anymore,

“Yeah, right,” he said quietly, lowering his gaze before getting off the bed.

“Why did you put yourself in danger **for** me?” I asked in confusion.

He walked toward the door, as if ready to leave, but stopped and turned to face me.

“Because I couldn’t stand seeing you in pain. The idea of him hurting you almost killed me. It scared me,” he said, his eyes locking on mine.

I pushed myself off the bed, folding my arms across my chest. “Why?” I demanded, staring at him in disbelief.

2/3

47–He Love Me Now?

+25 Bonus

“Because a world without you in it would be too hard for me to live in.” He held my **gaze**, then added, “Because I love you, Madeline. I’ve always loved you.”

It **felt** like my entire body caught fire when he confessed. Those words could have been beautiful if spoken between true mates.

They could have meant everything. But to me, they sounded like an old, broken song, something I didn't want to hear anymore.

"I don't believe you," I said sharply.

A frown formed on his forehead.

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 48

48—**He Made A Deal With The Devil**

Madeline:

"You want me to believe that after everything that happened, you were in love with me all this time?" I asked, my voice breaking from the pain that crept back into my chest.

"I was. I was in love with you," he said, pressing a hand to his chest as he took a step toward me.

But one motion from me, my palm raised to stop him, silenced him immediately.

"No, you weren't," I shouted. "You're only back because your wife can't conceive, and you want a child!"

He gasped, stepping back.

"You think I'm a fool, Graham? You think I'm still that stupid, Mad Madeline who believes whatever you say?" I hissed, my voice shaking with anger. "Remember, I gave you all one last chance, that night I told you I was pregnant, and you said you'd never speak to me again. I told you then I just wanted to hear it one last time."

I took a deep breath and glared at him.

“Do you really think after everything I’ve been through, I’d still believe your lies? That would mean I haven’t learned anything in all these years.”

I hissed the words through my teeth but felt strangely light when I saw tears forming in his eyes.

Yes, I was that person who smiled when her mate was finally in pain.

“You’re saying all that just to get back at me,” he said, shaking his head. “And yes, you’re right. I made a mistake in the past. But do you know why I did that?”

He started walking toward me, and I stepped back. There was nothing left for us to talk about.

I didn’t understand why he kept insisting on repeating the same past over and over again.

“I don’t care anymore. You are married. You have a wife you’re trying to have a baby with. Come on, Graham. You already lost respect in my eyes. Don’t lose it in hers too,” I hissed.

He shook his head again.

“No. I’m going to tell you today exactly why I did what I did,” he said firmly, still walking toward me until he stopped right in front of me.

“My father threatened me. He used your life, your freedom, and everything connected to you against me.

As soon as he said **that**, my knees weakened and I had to grab the edge of the bed to steady myself.

The mention of his father’s name alone sent a chill down my spine.

“My father was the reason I decided to walk away from you. If I hadn’t, your entire family, along with you, would have been punished severely,” he continued, his eyes filling with tears,

I still couldn’t understand what his father had said to make him so afraid. His father had threatened me before too, but I wanted to know more.

What else did he say that was so terrible that Graham couldn’t even speak to me?

“Your father had always been against our friendship, but that doesn’t change the fact that when I woke up that

1/3

48—He Made A Deal With The Devil

+25 Bonus

morning, you were gone,” I said, meeting his gaze and reminding him of that memory that still haunts me to this day.

And I ask myself every time, why did I fall asleep? Why didn’t I stay awake and see him sneak out?

I wanted to know what they were thinking when they did that to me.

“I was not going to leave you. I intended to stay, but I had to go,” Graham whispered softly as he stepped closer and held my arms.

I placed my hands on his chest and pushed him away, warning him not to touch me. Just because he had something to say didn’t mean I would believe him.

“That night, after everything, I intended to stay. I wanted to ask you to choose me, to be with me,” he continued,

I didn’t know what was more shocking, his words or the fact that he thought I would believe them, but he kept going.

“That morning, I received a call from my father,” he said quietly. “What I heard terrified me so much that I couldn’t even stay beside you.’

>>

I watched him sigh and catch his breath.

“There was a video attached to the message,” he added, his tone heavy with guilt.

A frown formed on my forehead.

“What video?” I asked, my heart pounding in my chest.

“A video of you searching for a file in my father’s office,” he replied. “He showed me that video and threatened to have you punished for sneaking around in the Alpha’s office.”

As soon as he said that, a flash of memory hit me. I remembered it clearly and I instantly knew he wasn't lying.

"I knew the incident happened. I just didn't know there was a video," I said, feeling lightheaded as the thought sank in.

"He was going to send the warriors to your home to arrest you," Graham explained, his tone heavy. "Then he planned to hand you over to the council. At that time, the council gave harsh punishments to young females like you. They intended to sell you to an old man, a forced marriage to a filthy old man."

Graham paused and rubbed his face with both hands. I noticed the veins in his temples twitching.

"I gave up my freedom for you, Madeline," he said quietly.

When he opened his eyes, I saw the redness in them. A tear rolled down his cheek as he pointed at me, his voice trembling.

"Just to keep you away from harm, I signed a deal with the devil. With my father. I gave him everything, my freedom, my mother's promise, everything. I did it for you," he whispered, his voice barely audible.

I stared at him in shock, my mind racing with questions.

"That day when you came to me and told me you were pregnant, I was terrified for you," he continued. "If my father had found out, and he would have because they were always watching you, you would have been gone."

He drew in a deep breath and stepped back, running his hand through his hair.

2/3

48—He Made A Deal With The Devil

+25 Bonus

"I intended to stay as my father's slave, take over the crown, and then come for you. I wanted to tell everyone that I was going to marry you. But that didn't happen, because you were gone. And I was stuck with the deal I made with him," he finished.

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Ruby Walker

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 49

49—Begged Everyone But Nobody **Cared**

Graham:

“Why did you call me home?” I asked my father, irritated.

He had not only told me that he was going to marry Penny but also that Madeline knew and kept it from me.

Still, it wasn't enough for me to hate her, no matter what he believed.

I knew he disapproved of our friendship, and that was why he said those things.

“I know what you've been doing lately,” my father remarked with a grin.

Penny stood beside him, as always, pretending she wasn't paying attention.

If she was so important, why had she stayed with a married man for so long?

“I wanted to show you something,” my father said, scrolling through his phone.

“Was it that important that you had to call me this early in the morning?” I hissed, shaking my head in disbelief.

I had left the most comfortable place I'd ever slept, Madeline's arms, just to come here and deal with him.

It was frustrating.

I wanted to stay there and start something new with her when she woke up.

We had made a deal, the three of us. And with that deal, I was planning to tell them that I wanted her, that I wanted her for myself.

I didn't care if she had lost her virginity to someone else; it didn't matter to me. I wanted her to be with me.

Then we would be exclusive. There would be no one else. That was the plan.

My father ruined it when he started blowing up my phone and sending me things. clips, pictures, videos.

There were images of Madeline in one of his offices. I didn't understand what they meant. Then there was a short clip of her sneaking out of his office.

I knew right away my father was up to something. So I had to leave.

But I planned to go back, fix everything, and apologize for leaving like that by telling her I wanted to be exclusive, that I had always had feelings for her.

"Look at this," my father said, snapping me out of my thoughts,

The world had become such a toxic place. The only peace I found was with Madeline.

But my father always knew how to ruin things for me.

The moment he played the video, my heart began pounding in my temples.

"What is this?" I asked, trying to grab the phone. My father pulled his hand back, laughing,

"There are copies of it, so don't even think about deleting it from my phone. It'll never be gone forever," he said. "Do you know your little Omega friend went into an Alpha's office and tried to steal some files," My father's words sent chills through me.

1/3

49–Begged Everyone But Nobody Cared

+25 Bonus

"I'm afraid the council might think she was stealing the files for the enemy," Penny uttered. "That poor girl **will** face so much now. My heart aches for her."

Penny spoke up for the first time, making me clench my jaw and glare at her.

"Nobody will talk about this video. I'm sure she had a reason for doing this," I said, defending her, angry that my father had sent me the video and spoken about it so harshly.

They didn't know, maybe she was searching for something. It's not like Madeline had ever done anything like that.

She must have had a good reason.

I tried to stand up for her, but I noticed my father shaking his head.

"Well, too late for that. You shouldn't have kept hanging around her. **If** you had stopped, I might have even discarded the video," my father muttered, pouting as if it were my fault.

His words still managed to shake me.

"What are you suggesting?" I asked, my face tightening.

My father met my eyes, nodding slowly as if gathering his thoughts before murmuring, "Stay away from her."

The next few minutes were chaotic. My father told me everything was ready against Madeline, that if I didn't stay away from her, he would not only have her arrested but also pay the council to give her the harshest punishment. 1

I hadn't even been declared an Alpha yet, and I was terrified for her. That day was the worst of my life.

I went through every emotion, even missing my mother, because if she had been alive, she would never have let my father take my happiness away.

But she wasn't there. No one was. I was completely alone.

Warriors stood outside the mansion and outside my room, making sure I couldn't leave, even if I wanted to.

Even if I decided I wouldn't stay away from her, I still couldn't escape.

Then the documents were brought to me.

"What is this?" I asked my father, glaring at him.

"Sign these papers if you don't want her to go to jail," my father said, throwing them onto my lap.

I grabbed the papers immediately and began to read them. I had to stay away from her for five years.

I had to marry the woman my father chose and live with her for five years and give him an heir, or at least try to.

But if after five years I couldn't give him one, I'd be free to leave her and find another woman to give my father a grandson.

I was kept locked in the room, and my father took my phone. The first glass of water I had drunk when I entered had been drugged.

I slept most of the day and woke again to the same threats. I was scared for Madeline.

Then I remembered my best friends. Even though it hurt me to do this, I had to step back and let them protect her.

I knew one of them would, at least Baxter would.

2/3

49—Pegged Everyone But Nobody Cared

+25 Bonus

Or maybe she would move on, find happiness elsewhere, and live a normal life instead of suffering with me, because my father was so vindictive and hated her with everything he had.

I tried to reach out to Kaylee to request her to not marry me, but nothing worked in my favor.

In the end, I sat across from my father, pen in hand, and signed away my freedom, my happiness, for Madeline's

life.

P

Comments

LI

Support

Ruby Walker

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 50

50—Caught Kissing The Alpha

Madeline:

“I kept falling deeper into his prison. I've been repaying that debt for years, but now I'm finally free. I don't care anymore. If they want to arrest me **for** breaking the deal, let them. I no longer care, Madeline, because I cannot live without you. Do you hear me?” he shouted.

My body froze. For a moment, I felt like the same Madeline who used to be too meek to speak up. The emotion in his voice was so raw that it felt wrong to even say a word.

“I don't know what to say,” I murmured, taking deep breaths to calm myself.

“And then he told me that you knew about him marrying Penny, that he paid you to stay silent. We had clips, videos.” He paused, taking a deep breath and rubbing his chest. “Madeline, you must see me as a horrible person and I'm sure I am. For what you went through, definitely, I am. But don't ever say I don't love you. You were the only one I ever loved.”

His confession sent chills down my spine. I didn't know what to say anymore.

His raw emotions gave me goosebumps. Then I noticed the way his bones began to crack. He groaned, falling to

his knees.

“What is going on?” I cried, rushing to his side and squatting beside him.

He groaned louder, his neck twisting back. He gripped my arm for support, and I could feel the pressure of his hold, it was clear he was in pain.

“You should go out and transition to relax,” I suggested, but he shook his head even harder.

“Cannot,” he whispered. “My wolf is in pain.” He threw his head back and lay flat on the ground, squirming in

agony.

“But why?” I asked in confusion.

“I... I forced my wolf to come out to save you when he was on wolfsbane. Now he’s in constant pain.” He hugged his stomach and turned onto his side.

At this point, I didn’t know what to do. As soon as I touched his arm, I realized how cold he was.

“Oh my God, you’re turning cold,” I gasped, looking around for something to warm him up.

I helped him up, struggling to move his heavy body toward the bed. It took me a while to get him there since I still hadn’t spoken one-on-one with my wolf.

I had no idea what was happening. All I knew was that she came out under pressure to protect me.

Once he was lying on the bed, I grabbed a blanket to cover him, but he caught my hand, stopping me.

“Please stay,” he whispered, his lips turning blue.

“Graham, you’re not well. You’re scaring me,” I whimpered helplessly, watching his skin turn pale and blue.

“Stay, and I’ll be fine,” he murmured softly, his eyes closing.

At this point, I felt the need to comfort him. He had saved my life, and the least I could do was return the favor.

He was also Gina’s father, and with everything coming to light, I couldn’t help but feel responsible for his

1/3

50–Caught Kissing The Alpha

+25 Bonus

condition, for whatever he had gone through with his father.

I should have told him about his father's games.

I didn't know what he meant when he said he'd signed a deal with his father, or what kind of deal it was.

But for now, I knew I had to let go of the hatred I felt for him and focus on helping him.

Without thinking much, I placed my hand on his forehead, trying to give him warmth.

But he quickly caught my hand, lowered it, and placed it on his chest.

"This is how you give someone heat," he whispered.

Before I realized it, he rose slightly from the bed and hugged me, wrapping his arms tightly around me.

For a moment, I couldn't move.

I was conflicted, but I placed my hands lightly on his back. His body and scent were so intoxicating that I couldn't push him away.

My wolf needed this. She was fighting hard.

"Thank you," I heard a whisper from my wolf, and my eyes flew open in shock.

Still, I didn't break the hug. A part of me was under her control, and she refused to let go..

We stayed like that awkwardly until I finally began to pull away.

"I understand that a lot has happened," I said softly, "but it doesn't change the fact that I've been through a lot too and that we've both moved on with our lives."

The moment I broke the hug, he cupped my face and leaned closer. This time, his lips met mine.

It felt as if every buried urge had come alive again, fluttering inside me like butterflies.

Even though I knew it was wrong, even though I knew we weren't supposed to be this close, my wolf wouldn't let go.

But I was fully conscious, fighting my wolf.

I couldn't let her make a mistake, she was only just emerging and needed time to accept the truth about our lives.

So, I started to pull away. But just as the brief kiss, barely two seconds long, was about to end, the door slammed open, and a flood of media stormed in.

“And here we have it, the human researcher and the Alpha who saved our children from a suicide mission they were sleepwalking into,” the reporter announced.

I pulled back instantly, realizing they were broadcasting live.

“What the heck are you doing? Do you have no sense at all??” Graham shouted.

As soon as he yelled, the reporter bit her tongue and motioned for the camera to be lowered.

“We’re so sorry, we didn’t know,” she stammered, glancing between Graham and me. “We’ll wait outside. Can you please come out and give an interview? Everyone is really happy about what you both did for the children.”

She continued to speak cheerfully, ready to celebrate their first success. But the way she had barged in, camera

2/3

50–Cought Kissing The Alpha

+25 Bonus

lights flashing, didn’t feel right.

My mind was already spiraling, had the camera been rolling when she walked in?

How many people had seen us? The questions flooded my thoughts until Graham asked her to leave so we could get presentable.

As soon as she stepped out with the crew, I turned to Graham.

“They were broadcasting live, Graham,” I said, fear clear **on** my face.

He didn’t look half as concerned.

“I mean, it’s bad and unprofessional, but it’s not like we committed a crime. You’re my mate. I’ll handle everything. Don’t stress yourself out,” he said, rubbing his arms and cracking his knuckles.

It seemed that just one kiss from me, just a bit of warmth, had already revived him.

What shocked me was his calmness. But he was about to be even more shocked when he heard what I was thinking.

“But I don’t want anyone to know,” I whispered.

He lifted his head, staring at me in disbelief.

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.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.