

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

We Listened to the Darkness 491

Graham:

Seeing that look on her face gave me a twisted sense of satisfaction. She was terrified.

“That’s a lie,” she stammered, her tongue trembling. “There is no such video.”

“Really?” I replied, stepping back.

I pulled out my phone, which was still switched off. The moment I turned it on, Kaylee’s nonstop messages and threats flooded the screen. My mood darkened further.

“You forgot that there were cameras all over your house,” I said calmly.

Of course I knew that. When she had attempted suicide, I had ensured everything was handled. ¹

The realization struck her. Everyone believed she had tried to kill herself and there was no evidence that I pushed her down the

stairs.

“I deleted all the camera recordings,” I continued smoothly. “I am an Alpha. It was easy for me.”

A smile formed on my face.

“But I left one recording.

I turned the screen toward her. The video played.

In it, she was on her knees in front of me. The angle did not show her tears. It only showed me sitting comfortably on Ron's couch.

"**No... you** can't do this to me," Yuvonne cried instantly. "Haven't you destroyed me enough?"

Her hands clutched the bedsheet tightly. She began rocking back and forth.

"There's already **a case** against **you**," I went on coldly. "Because of your statement, your mother could go to prison. And when this video reaches Ron, what do you think he will do?"

She stopped rocking and slowly lifted her head to look at me.

"He might believe the child was never his. Maybe you panicked when you got pregnant and jumped."

I leaned **closer**.

"And Ron might not survive that truth. Alphas in love **can** destroy themselves."

Her breathing became uneven.

"Relax," I added suddenly, softening my tone when I saw her condition worsening. "I won't do anything. I promise this video will be deleted. The case against you will disappear."

"You're lying," she whispered weakly, "You're not trustworthy. **I** didn't cheat. The child was his."

Her lips were turning blue.

I had never seen **such** fear on someone's **face**. **The** humiliation she felt after seeing that video almost amused me.

For a moment, I imagined the world watching it. I imagined the praise I would receive, how powerful I would look, how **others would** see her kneeling **at** my feet. I mean my dick was **big** and **so** hard.

The thought made me laugh under **my** breath.

490-1 Am The God

+25 Bonus

If Ron ever tried **to cross** me, that video could go everywhere. Online. On screens. Everywhere.

He would see her suck my cock like her life depended on it. And he would believe she killed her own child.

I could almost **feel** the weight of the power in my hands.

Perhaps I truly was chosen.

Maybe I was the God, the Moon God. (2

I smiled at her.

Her color drained again.

“No,” I corrected lightly. “I’m smiling because I’m helping you.”

She understood something was moving inside my mind.

“Listen,” I whispered, moving closer.

She shrank back slightly in fear.

“I will withdraw the case. Your mother will not go to prison. These recordings have not reached the council yet. I will not send them.” 1

I sat beside her and leaned in. Wow! I was so powerful.

“I will even say it wasn’t suicide. I’ll say you slipped.”

I studied her face.

“I can rebuild your life. But you have to decide. Open your mouth against me, and remember, you have no proof I pushed you.”

I pouted mockingly.

“**You** speak, and the videos come out. The audios too. Everyone will think you are lying to hide your own sins. My wife may get angry,‘

“I continued dismissively. “But she will calm down. She is giving me sons. My heirs.” I laughed when the mention **of** children made Yuvonne teary eyed.

“No **one could** take them from me. Even if she left, the heirs would remain mine.”

As I spoke, **a** strange satisfaction **spread** through me.

As I turned toward **the** door, I heard measured footsteps behind me.

I straightened my back and softened my voice.

“**There** will be no case against you,” I told Yuvonne gently. “**I** promise you.”

Her lips began to tremble.

“You foolish woman,” I continued in a restrained **tone**. “You should have valued your life more. These cases and all of this are **not** important.”

I **paused** deliberately.

“If I had known you were behind **everything**, I would never have let it **go** this far. I thought some other Alpha was **trying to** damage a reputation.”

I drew in **a** breath and lowered my voice further.

“You are Madeline’s sister. Even your worst sins would be forgiven.”

2/3

400-1 Am The God

+25 Bonus

I delivered the line with calculated drama.

“**So** relax. Continue your life. There will be no case against you. I will handle everything.” I gave her a gentle smile.

“I will speak to Elgin as well,” I added. “It may be difficult for him. He does not really like you or Madeline much.”

I lifted my chin.

“But do not worry about that. Even if I have to risk my crown or my life, I will do it.”

I let the words hang in the air.

“I cannot see tears in Madeline’s eyes,” I said quietly. “I want to redeem myself.”
(1)

With that, I turned around dramatically.

And there she was.

Madeline stood in the doorway, frozen in shock.

It was the exact expression I had wanted to see on her face. The moment of realization that I cared for her deeply, and that Elgin was the worst man. (2

Comments

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 492

Madeline:

When I reached the hospital, I was told Graham was already there. My suspicion felt justified. He had come to see Yuvonne.

One thought kept circling in my mind. He must be here to blackmail her or threaten her.

Knowing Graham, he would never tolerate anyone questioning his character or spreading news against him. He would not let such a person live peacefully.

But when I reached the door and heard him speaking to Yuvonne, I froze.

His voice held warmth. There was affection. There was guilt.

He promised her he would withdraw the case against her. He even said he was doing it for my sake.

That unsettled me.

Was he really trying to redeem himself? He could have used this case to force anything from us. In Yuvonne's condition, he knew I would have given in to protect her.

But he did not demand anything.

Maybe he knew he would not gain anything in the end. Or maybe, because he was about to become a father, he truly wanted to fix things.

I could not understand.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

When Graham turned and saw me, he looked as if he had seen a ghost. He seemed restless.

"I was worried," he said quickly. "When I found out Yuvonne—she tried to harm herself."

He shook his head and looked back at her.

"Explain to her that life is not thrown away over such small things," he scolded.

Yet even in his scolding, there was softness.

I hurried to Yuvonne's bedside. She grabbed my stomach and broke down, crying into me.

I stroked her hair.

"There is no need to cry now," I whispered. "Everything will be fine."

Graham stepped closer and spoke again.

"The **case** against you will be dismissed. The restrictions on you will be lifted as well."

He sat on the edge of the bed. The moment he did, Yuvonne pulled her legs back instinctively.

His reputation had already suffered. And after what he had done before, after the way he had blackmailed me, I understood why she recoiled. 2

She had lost her child out of fear that he would destroy her life.

“Yuvonne, everything will be fine,” Graham said gently. “If the Moon God wills it, I mean the Moon Goddess wills it, you will have another child.”

As he said that, I gently removed Yuvonne’s hands from my waist and knelt in front of her. I cupped her face and looked into her eyes.

“Did you hear that?” I said softly. “All the cases will end. Everything will be fine. Why would you want to end yourself?”

She closed her eyes. It was as if she did not want to see anyone.

She kept crying silently.

“Will you really withdraw all the cases?” I asked Graham.

He nodded confidently.

“There may be some complications with Ron’s case,” he added. “I am not sure what his lawyer is doing. If you want, I can speak to mine and refer him.”

Yuvonne suddenly hugged me again. Her nails dug into my back.

“There is no need,” I said firmly. “I will speak to his lawyer myself. But thank you for withdrawing Yuvonne’s case.”

I thanked him because in the moment, only Yuvonne mattered to me.

“Take care of yourself,” Graham said before leaving. “And Yuvonne, remove every kind of fear from your heart.”

He walked out.

I gently freed myself from Yuvonne’s grip and sat in front of her, holding both her hands.

She looked at me and burst into tears again.

Then I understood something.

The accusation of suicide did not feel right.

The first thing she had said when she regained consciousness was about her child.

“My baby is gone, Madeline,” she cried. “My baby is gone.”

She clung to me again.

My heart ached,

Maybe she had slipped. Maybe it had not been suicide at all. But rumors were already spreading around her.

Now I had to protect her mental health. I was afraid of what those whispers could do to her.

After letting Yuvonne cry for a while, I gently guided her toward the washroom so she could wash her face.

I had already decided I would stay the night with her. a

That decision hardened when she suddenly came out of the bathroom smiling. She held out her empty palm toward me.

“Look,” she **said**.

The way she hurried toward me made my heart race. I grabbed her arm and sat her down on the bed.

Her face was still wet, as if she had rushed out the moment she splashed water on it.

“What is this?” I asked, staring at her empty hand. “What are you talking about?”

“Look,” Yuvonne insisted, pointing at her palm. “The pregnancy test. I’m pregnant.”

My heart nearly stopped.

“Now we’ll have our baby,” she went on excitedly. “Mine and Ron’s baby. You know, since childhood I used to imagine what kind of mother I’d be. I’ll be a good mother. Like you.”

She spoke in one breath, her voice filled with excitement.

But she was speaking about things that were not there. My fear began to grow.

“Doctor,” I shouted. “Doctor, please come quickly.”

The smile faded from her face.

“Why are you calling the doctor?” she asked anxiously. “The baby is fine. I haven’t fallen again. I’m completely fine.”

She was smiling, but tears streamed down her face.

Seeing her like that, my own tears would not stop.

“Doctor, something is wrong,” I told them as they rushed in.

The doctors and nurses entered and gently moved me aside. They tried to calm Yuvonne down.

Eventually, they had to give her a sedative to settle her.

Comments

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 493

493–Going Forward

Kaylee:

She was staring at my face with intensity.

When she finally came out of her shock, she clenched her jaw.

“Think before you speak, Kaylee. What are you saying?” she snapped at me.

Her veins were visible. She straightened her spine as if she were ready to defend herself against me.

“What did I even say?” I replied calmly. “I am only cautioning you. You struggled so much to get pregnant. In such conditions, if there is an abortion, sometimes women cannot conceive again.” 1

I pouted as I said it.

The color began to drain from her face.

“The way you fell that day scared me,” I continued, keeping my voice soft with sympathy. “I am worried for you.”

After every sentence, I studied her face.

She looked as if she might burst into tears.

“Penny, please do not take my advice the wrong way,” I went on. “You know your condition. Medicines do not work on you properly. Think about it. What if you go into labor and there are complications? There usually are. Then what will happen?”

I widened my eyes and covered my mouth with my fingers as if I were shocked.

“Oh no, I do not even want to think about it. Poor you. I hope all your babies remain safe. I hope there is no abortion. I hope you stay healthy. I hope you do not lose the chance to become a mother again.”

As I repeated those words, Penny suddenly covered her ears.

“Enough,” she cried. “I came here to make amends, and you are scaring me.”

Her voice trembled.

One of her **tears** fell to the floor. She looked as though she wanted to break down and cry because **of** what I had **said**.

“I was only speaking casually,” I called after her.

But she walked out of my room.

“Walk carefully. Do not move too fast, or you might fall again,” I called out.

Then I covered my mouth and started laughing.

My happiness faded when I remembered Madeline.

She had too much control over my husband.

After the babies were born, everything would change.

Of **course**, Graham would forget her.

1/3

493-Going Forward

+25 Bonus

This was only temporary. He only wanted to enjoy himself with her.

But I wanted Madeline to feel the same pain I was feeling.

This was wrong.

I was carrying his child. This was supposed to be my special time.

And Madeline had taken it for herself.

My father's house was only a few steps away.

Still, I did not go alone.

When Graham and his father came downstairs from the office, Graham walked straight into the room to pick up my bags.

"Take one bag. Keep whatever you need in it. If you need anything else, just call me. I will be there in a second," he said eagerly, carrying my bag outside as if he were in a hurry to send me away.

I followed him, sniffing.

He noticed that I was still upset.

After handing the bag to the guard, he turned back to me at the exit.

"What is wrong, Kaylee? These are supposed to be happy moments. Why are you ruining them with unnecessary thoughts?" he complained instead of apologizing.

"What did you say on the call that day?" I asked quietly.

His mood shifted.

"Stop bringing up old things," he snapped, placing his hands on his waist and turning his face away to look at the clear sky.

“See? The weather is so nice, and we cannot even enjoy it because your mind is full of pollution,” he added, making it sound as if I were the problem.

“You are going there now, but I do not want you taking any kind of tension, Kaylee,” he warned.

This time he looked stern and irritated.

“Stop this drama. Stop the useless crying and pointless fights,” he continued, pointing his finger at me. “I am warning you. Take care of your health and my children’s health. Your only priority should be staying healthy. And I am loyal to you.” ¹

His finger brushed the tip of my nose as he emphasized his warning.

“Do not worry. I feel no tension at my father’s house. At least there, I do not have a husband who hurts me,” I snapped back.

How dare he suggest that I was **unsafe** there but safe with him?

“I know you will be safe because I said so. And when I say something, it happens,” he replied.

The confidence in his tone unsettled me for a moment.

He chuckled to himself and looked up at the sky.

2/3

403-Going Forward

+25 Bonus

There was a mocking grin on his face, as if he were challenging the moon goddess.

“Take care **of** yourself. I do not want to argue about this again. Do you hear me, Kaylee? I am eagerly waiting for my children. I want them healthy. I do not want children from a stressed mother,” he said firmly.

He stepped aside when his father came out to speak with me.

“Take care of yourself, all right? Do not overthink,” his father advised, repeating the same thing his son had said.

I did not want to argue at that moment.

I nodded and began walking toward my father's house.

Graham walked beside me the entire way.

Throughout the walk, he kept saying strange things.

He would look at the sky and said, "It might rain."

Then he would add, "I do not know if it should or not. I have not decided yet."

It began to feel unsettling.

At times, I wanted to remind him that he was not a weather forecaster who could tell what would happen.

But I chose silence.

I did not want to create another issue with him right now

Comments

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 494

Kaylee:

+25 Bonus

Ever since I came home, I had been sitting on the couch in the living room, waiting for my father.

He finally finished his work and came in, offering me a small smile.

"What has happened to my daughter? Why do you look so upset?" he asked, studying my face carefully.

He clearly knew I was troubled. He was the only one who truly understood me.

“You already know what is going on in my life,” I replied, my voice tired.

Tears gathered in my eyes, then disappeared before they could fall.

All of this was happening because of Madeline. It was happening because of the women who were competing with

1. me.

“You are worried about Graham going to Ron’s pack again and again. I have noticed it too,” my father remarked, reminding me that even when they were just friends, he used to go there to meet her.

This was before they even had a child.

“And then there is Penny and your friend Lord Eldon,” I hissed as I mentioned those people.

“What did they do?” my father inquired, his brows knitting with concern.

“You know Penny fell. She injured her foot,” I began, watching my father’s sharp gaze fixed on me.

“Oh? Then what happened?” he prompted, leaning slightly forward.

“What else? They created such a huge scene out of it,” I continued, pausing as a hiccup escaped me.

“Penny lied and said I saw her but did not help her. First of all, I did not see her. Second, even if I had seen her, how could I lift her from the ground? I am pregnant myself. And then Madeline helped her, so that was enough for

them.”

I clapped my hands together dramatically as I finished.

“What do **you** mean?” my father questioned.

“Penny said Madeline is better than me, that she is so caring and everything else. Then the next day Madeline showed up with medicine. Now Lord Eldon does not even stop his son from meeting Madeline.”

I explained everything to my father, telling him how I was being treated unfairly in that house.

Thankfully, anger appeared on his face. It was the same anger I wished to see on Graham and Lord Eldon's faces.

"What nonsense is this? How can they treat you like this?" he demanded, shaking his head.

"All because **of** that Madeline. That is why I kept telling you to be careful there. These people are like that. Give them **the** slightest chance and their **ego** gets hurt." he hissed.

"**I am** more **angry** at that Penny," **he complained**, clenching his fist in his palm. "What does she even have that makes her think **she** can put you down?"

"That **is** why **I** need **your** help," I said.

173

494-One With An Amazing Plan

+25 Bonus

As soon as I said that, my father tilted his head and looked at me.

"Actually, I want to meet a doctor and speak about Penny's condition. Even if no solution comes out of it, at least the doctor will tell them that I was trying to help her," I uttered.

"You are right. Tell me which doctor you want to meet. I will book the appointment for you," my father responded as he took out his phone.

I cleared my throat and straightened my spine.

"I want to speak to a specific doctor who handles Baxter's case. The one who performs five herb treatment." 1

The moment I said that, my father snapped his head toward me and stared.

"Kaylee, what are you getting yourself into?" my father snapped, his voice sharp as he looked at me.

Of course, he was not a fool.

"Father, I am telling the truth. I just want to help," I insisted. "I want that same doctor to tell them how much effort I am making for Penny. Please, just help me.

Just find out when his clinic hours are and when he will be at the hospital. I only need his schedule.”

As soon as I said that, my father raised both his eyebrows.

“So you do not need an appointment?” he asked, watching me closely.

I swallowed.

“No,” I replied quietly. “I only need to know everything about him.”

When I said that, my father began nodding slowly. He already understood that I was lying to him.

“Please do not ask me questions. Please,” I pleaded.

He finally nodded and took out his phone.

“But you will promise me one thing. You will not get yourself into trouble,” my father warned, his gaze firm on

1. me. 1

He found out the doctor’s schedule for me, and I walked out and got into my car.

“Take care of yourself and come home quickly. If you take too long, I will come after you,” my father cautioned before seeing me off.

After that, there was nothing left to say.

I was mentally prepared to take revenge **on** everyone. 1

When I reached the hospital, I noticed it was exactly the time of the doctor’s very important operation.

I saw him walking toward Baxter’s room to check on his tubes first. I was hiding behind the door, watching everything carefully.

As soon as he went inside, I covered my face and moved quickly to the emergency panel. I pressed the button without hesitation.

Within seconds, alarms began ringing through the hospital. 1

“Fire! Fire!” people shouted as panic spread.

2/3

494-One With An Amazing Plan

Everyone started running. 1

Comments

Support

Share

+25 Bonus

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 495

495-The Empty Coffin

Kaylee:

“Just put him in the **car**,” I ordered the warrior as he dragged Baxter’s body out of the coffin and down **the** hallway **secretly**, without anyone seeing. 2

He exited through the back door of the hospital and loaded Baxter’s body into the trunk. Once he shut it, he turned toward me, giving me a very scared look.

“I hope I won’t get heat for this,” he muttered, anxiously rubbing his palms together.

“Don’t be **a** coward,” I snapped at him.

Then I forced myself to calm down because, well, I realized he was just a warrior at the end of the day. **Of** course, he was **scared**

of losing his job.

“Nobody will say anything to you,” I reminded him.

“There was a fire that broke out, or somebody pulled a false alarm. Do you not remember your other warrior running away as well? Even the doctors left. Nobody would know that you stayed behind. And don’t worry, the cameras were compromised for

that little while.”

I confirmed that everything would be fine.

He gave me a tired look, still shocked, until I pulled out a stack of money and his eyes started to shine.

Money can do wonders. It can turn anyone from loyal into a complete devil within minutes.

I had seen it happen before. And I was seeing it now.

He snatched the envelope out of my hands and opened it, his eyes widening at how much money was inside.

“By the way, we have taken him out of the coffin. That is not a good thing,” he said. (1

I rolled my eyes and gestured for him to go back and join the others and act like he had also run out in fear of the fire spreading.

“Remember, **you’re not** supposed to tell anyone anything,” I warned him, making a gesture with my fingers as if zipping my

mouth.

“I will never. **It would** land me in trouble too,” he assured me as he walked away.

It was easy because I had money and the means to make it happen.

The doctor in Baxter’s room was the key. I knew his entire schedule and routine for the day.

The minute he walked **in** and I pressed the fire alarm, he left without locking the door. He probably thought nothing would happen in such a short while, and he left calmly.

He probably could not take Baxter's coffin because he could not untangle it from all the tubes that were attached. We had made sure to let them stay in, as if Baxter was still inside.

Nobody was going to check it. They would only check whether the tubes had a regular pressure of gases going in, and that would

continue as normal.

But Baxter was in my trunk now.

I sat in **the car** and started to drive away.

In **the middle of the** road, I began **to get** bored. So I opened my phone and checked the messages I had sent to Penny in the morning.

495-The Empty Coffin

+30 Bonus

I had reminded her **to** be careful and told her that I was thinking about her. Then I sent her a few videos of doctors explaining how some women, after having a miscarriage, are never able to conceive again. 1

I watched her read all the texts, but she did not respond to any of them.

I was causing her fear. I knew that because I knew her weaknesses.

She was already scared about why it had taken her **so** long to get pregnant.

Then I drove by myself to the mountain top.

The evening was starting to settle in. All this time, I was aware that I had a powerful man in the trunk of my car. A powerful man who had fallen from grace. 2

So much power, looks, and strength wasted on a man who gave it all away for a woman.

I scoffed, shaking my head in disbelief as I took slow turns along the track,

"Do you know, Baxter, the woman you did all this for has already moved on from you?" I continued, staring at the road ahead.

I had several packets of meat on the passenger seat beside me. I had carefully bought them with the blood still on them because I had a plan.

“**You** know your wife has really gotten out of hand the minute you fell asleep,” I continued, gripping the steering wheel tightly.

“If only **you** could control her. If only you had told her that you would not accept her if she slept around.”

I scoffed, shaking my head in disapproval.

“But of course you didn’t. You gave her so much love that she thought cheating on you was okay. And it is no secret that she cannot stop herself from sleeping around.” I clenched my jaw.

“Hadn’t she done it with the three of you?” I reminded him of the past, the very first time she had conceived their children.

Her body is built this way. She cannot stay loyal to one man.

“One man is never enough for her,” I added as I slowly parked.

I noticed a **tree** had fallen across the track. After this point, I could not drive any farther. The path had narrowed, and my car was

an SUV.

I should have considered bringing a smaller **car**, but I was worried about how I would fit such a large man in the trunk.

Of course, a smaller car would have helped, but still.

I stopped the car and got out, looking **at** the trees ahead.

“Oh my goodness,” I complained, rubbing my stomach.

Then I looked at the trunk before my eyes shifted to the sky.

“Soon, darkness would arrive. I can not risk staying there.”

I told myself that I needed to hurry.

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 496

496—I Left The Alpha **For** A Monster

Kaylee:

I opened the trunk and noticed how Baxter was lying there helplessly.

“Oh, you poor thing. You did so much for her. She did not deserve you,” I commented, looking into the distance **before** staring back at him.

“Well, at least you will come in handy in one form,” I added with a smirk.

“Your departure will leave her in pain, just like I was left in pain during my pregnancy because my husband was missing, busy spending time with your fucking slut of a wife.”

I screamed at him because I could.

He did not even twitch. He did not even wake up.

Then I took a deep breath and rubbed my face with my hands before I started to drag his body out of the car.

It was hard. He was really heavy.

I grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him out. Then I let go, and his body fell to the ground with a thud.

“Oh my goodness, it’s going to take a while,” I muttered tiredly, but I needed to hurry.

I did not want the monster to come and take me instead.

So I adjusted my body so that my arms were under his massive arms, and I started dragging him along the trail, stepping

backward.

The entire time, I could see his face up close because I was bent down, pulling him by the arms.

It took me a while to take even a few steps. He was really heavy, sending pain through my back.

Then I took off my shoes to make it easier, and I started dragging him again.

All that time, as I watched his face up close, I was scared he would open his eyes at any moment.

Calming **my** nerves, I continued, and about half an hour later, I was finally at the mountain top.

That is how long it took me to **drag** his body, and it **was** a very short distance.

I wanted him **at the top** of the **mountain** in clear view of the monster.

Then I left him there and straightened my **back**.

“Oh, well, kids, look what I’m doing for you. Getting rid of the competition,” I said.

Then I sighed because I began to wonder if it was the right thing to do.

What if I was wrong? I wanted Madeline to feel the pain.

She **would** realize **that** if she had just **focused** on the right thing, staying beside her sick husband and taking care of him, this would not have happened.

She would ask herself which enemy she had made through her reckless actions had punished her.

I wanted to wreck her completely, physically, emotionally, mentally.

I started walking down the track again, and when I reached the **car**, I opened the passenger door and **grabbed the meat**.

Then I grabbed some **water** and drank it.

1/3

496-1 Left The Alpha For A Monster

+30 Bonus

“Ah, I don’t have time,” I muttered anxiously, checking the sky.

It was completely dark now.

I was **scared**.

This time I ran up the track, and once I reached Baxter, I opened the bags and threw all sorts of meat on him.

From recent conversations about the monster, about how Baxter had summoned it, I knew he had left meat as a sacrifice.

So this time, I covered him with the meat.

“Goodbye. You did not deserve to die, but you did because you chose the wrong woman,” I said as I hunched down and slapped his face.

This was the closest I could get to hitting this man.

And it felt **so** good.

I imagined Madeline crying, watching me slap him and disrespect him.

Then I spat on his chest and walked away, gently rubbing my belly, feeling my victory.

As I reached the car, I began to hear howls in the distance, and my blood started to rise.

I swiftly got in the car and slammed the door shut.

That is when my eyes moved toward the sky, and I saw something flapping its wings.

It was the monster.

Even from that distance, it looked so fucking big.

Then I noticed it heading down toward the same spot where I had left Baxter.

Fear started to take over me.

My back was already hurting. I had done enough of a workout just dragging that brick of a man who probably weighed more than anything.

Then I had **to** run down and **get** the meat again.

All that workout had finally paid off, but when I saw the monster, I was sweating.

I heard its **screech**, and it made **my** body curl into the seat.

I was scared of the monster seeing me. I was far away in the car, but still.

After a while, it started flapping its wings **again** and rising into **the** sky.

That was when I saw something tucked between its legs.

It was **Baxter's** body, hanging limp. (4)

A smile started **to** cover my lips **because** I realized that once the monster left, I could quickly go back home before it returned for

1. me.

I watched the monster **disappear** into **the** sky with Baxter. (1)

I smiled.

“You know, nobody knows **you're** gone this time. So when it keeps you **with** him for a month, it will eat you entirely. **Nobody** will even know that **you** need saving. And your wife will cry for the rest **of** her life, wondering **why** she **did not** care **enough**, **why**

2/3

496-1 Left The Alpha For A Monster

she did not stay loyal, why she let her mind and body wander to other men.”

I stated that before I remembered the monster would literally come back for me. (1

So I started the car and drove **away**.

Comments

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 497

Kaylee:

I drove the entire night heading back home.

When I arrived, thankfully, nobody else seemed to be awake. It was late at night.

I got out of the car and instantly rushed into the house, finding my father pacing anxiously as he waited for me.

“Kaylee, where the heck were you?” my father demanded.

I gave him a hand gesture to let him know I was fine and that he did not need to make such an issue.

“I’m fine. Everything is fine,” I told my father.

I kept taking shallow breaths and smiling, and my father noticed.

“What did you do?” he asked me, looking concerned.

“I got rid of something that will hurt Madeline **so** much,” I replied, still smiling as tears blurred my vision.

“Oh, daughter, what have you done?” my father said, approaching me and gently holding my arms.

I just kept smiling at him.

“You will find out after one month with everybody else,” I stated.

“Now, I’ll go and rest. I’m really tired,” I added as I walked toward my room.

I could tell my father was still standing in his spot, confused and worried, but I was going to sleep very peacefully tonight.

After taking a shower and getting into bed, I started to smile to myself.

“Madeline, you have no idea what is coming for you,” I whispered, shifting in the bed.

“The pain it will cause you.”

As I said that, I gently rubbed my back.

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“The pain it will cause you.”

As I said that, I gently rubbed my back.

“Ouch,” I complained.

The pain kept increasing.

I shifted uncomfortably in the bed a few more times before sitting up.

I felt as if there was so much pressure in my body that I was going to pass out.

“Ah!” I cried **out**.

“Fuck!” I groaned **again** as my back and body hurt so damn much.

I turned around and grabbed water from **the** side table, then picked up a **sleeping** pill.

Maybe the exertion had just tired me.

I placed the pill in my mouth and drank the water. Slowly, the pain began to fade, probably because I had fallen asleep.

When I woke up, everything around me was pitch black. There was no light, no lamp on.

“Daddy? Daddy, why are the lights out?” I called for my father.

The minute I spoke loudly, thunder crashed and the windows flew **open**. The blankets were blown away, and I watched the

1/3

497 Come Back

+30 Bonus

curtains whip around.

It felt like the worst storm imaginable. But why was it so strong that even the windows had burst open?

“Daddy, what is going on?” I screamed at the top of my lungs as I jumped out of bed and rushed toward the living room.

Halfway there, I placed my hand on my belly and did not feel the bump.

“Wait, what is going on? Where are my children? I was pregnant,” I cried, looking around.

Then I saw Baxter standing in the distance at the main gate.

The only thing lighting the place was the lightning. Every time it flashed and went dark again, he was one step closer to me.

When it turned dark once more, I heard my heartbeat pounding in my ears. The lightning struck again, and Baxter was so close that he wrapped his fingers around my neck.

“You have wished ill upon so many people that you do not deserve happiness either. This is karma coming back to you for **your** evil deed,” he said, staring at me with a monstrous expression.

“No,” I screamed.

I woke up with my hand in the air.

I was covered in sweat and hyperventilating. I realized I had been dreaming.

It was just a nightmare, but there was a storm outside. I could hear it.

It was morning.

My father rushed in to check on me.

“Are you okay? You were screaming so loud,” my father asked.

Concern spread across his face when he noticed how drenched in sweat I was.

Suddenly, my face tightened.

I placed my hand on my belly and looked at my father.

“Ah, Daddy, it hurts,” I screamed in excruciating pain.

“Then let me take you to the hospital,” my father said.

The minute he said that, I shook my head and forced a smile onto my lips.

“Daddy, I’m only eight months pregnant. I’m fine. My due date is still weeks away, so relax,” I replied, forcing a normal tone before clearing my throat.

“It was probably from waking up so abruptly,” I lied, biting my tongue.

I did not want to admit that I was feeling discomfort.

Maybe it was from the exertion from last night.

I did **not** want to rush.

“Oh,” my father sighed, placing a hand on his chest. “Then get ready. Freshen up. We will have breakfast together.

He smiled at me and walked out of the room.

The minute he **left**, I touched my belly and noticed how hard it felt, almost like there were bricks inside.

2/3

497 It Came Back

+30 Bonus

I pressed my palm against it and frowned, thinking about the movement of my children.

I had not felt them move since I returned home.

There had not been much time to notice it, but still.

I was still in pain. It was coming and going.

I reached for my phone, my hands shaking from the pain, and decided to send a good morning message to Penny.

“Penny, I hope you’re having a good morning. I hope you’re not walking around too much. Make sure you don’t put too much strain on your body, or you will lose the children. Just friendly advice.”

As soon as I hit send, I smiled to myself, imagining the look on her face.

The minute she read the text, the pain returned, and this time it was so intense that my face tightened.

“Fuck,” I grunted as I forced myself out of bed.

When I stood up and turned around, my eyes landed on the white sheets.

There were blood spots on them. 1

That was when fear wrapped itself around me.

P

Comments

+2

Support

Share

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P

Comments

+2

Support

Share

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 498

498-1 Own The World

Graham:

Kaylee had left for her home when I realized it had become a little too peaceful.

“You need to keep a check on Kaylee,” my father said as he joined me for lunch.

“Why is that?” I asked, not paying much attention to his complaints about her.

I did not want to be dragged into any family drama.

“Don’t you think she is a little too anxious whenever Madeline is mentioned?” my father asked and I shrugged.

“She’ll be fine. I’ll take control of her, don’t worry. I’m an alpha,” I reminded him.

She was not dealing with some omega or beta. I was an alpha. I would keep her in check.

“Well, you better, because look what she has been sending my wife,” my father asked.

He reached over, took the phone from Penny’s hand, and turned the screen toward me.

I read the messages. They did seem creepy, but then again, it was Kaylee.

I understood that she meant no harm. 3

“So she sends a text worrying about your wife’s health and advising her to be careful, and you turn it against her?” I asked.

Then I looked at Penny and gave her a crooked smile, as if catching her in her bad intentions.

“You do not see anything alarming about these text messages?” my father demanded, pointing at the screen.

“She knows how worried Penny is about her pregnancy. Every waking minute she fears something might happen to her children. And your wife keeps sending her messages like this, reminding her to be scared. That is not alarming to you?”

He sounded aggressive and upset as he kept gesturing toward the texts.

“Father, it is not like she is doing it to harm her,” I replied calmly.

“Kaylee is also very conscious. Every time I sit with her, she expresses her fears of losing her pregnancy too. That is why she is **overly** protective of Penny. She reads articles like that herself. Maybe she shares them because she thinks it is a good gesture and that Penny would appreciate it. She just wants a pregnant buddy.”

I tried to defend Kaylee, even though I had to admit she was very confident about her pregnancy. Still, I had to lie here.

I knew Kaylee was only trying to help Penny because, seeing how Yuvonne had lost her child, Penny could too.

My father did not look pleased with my explanation, **so** I continued.

“Fine. I will tell her not **to care so** much about someone else. Let them deal with it. And if anything bad happens, I forbid,” I raised **my** hands in surrender, “then we will not be at fault.”

When I finished, my father looked very upset with me.

I did not understand what worried them. **They** had me on their side.

I would never let anything happen **to them**.

I would pray for them. I would make sure I held good intentions for them, which was what mattered.

At the end **of** the day, whatever I wanted was what happened. (1)

They just needed to understand that it was all in my hands and nobody else’s. 1

1/3

498-1 Own The World

+30 Bonus

After breakfast, I left for my room to sit in peace.

A moment later, my father walked in and sat beside me on the chairs near the window.

“Are you here to complain about Kaylee once again?” I asked.

He gave me a blunt, upset look.

“She is not important enough for me to discuss,” my father snapped.

I noticed that my father and Penny were slowly becoming jealous of Kaylee.

The closer the due date came, the more concerned they seemed that their children would not be as healthy and powerful as mine.

That was what I hated about Penny being pregnant.

I never told Kaylee because it would worry her, but she was right.

“I want to talk about Yuvonne. Did you get the news?” my father asked.

My ears perked up, and I straightened in my seat.

“It seems she is going through a mental breakdown. They are keeping her in the hospital. She is mostly restrained. They say she is a danger to herself and to others.”

As my father explained, I tried to hide my smile.

Even after she had come after me like a madwoman, trying to ruin my reputation, I forgave her.

I withdrew the cases against her and convinced Elgin to do the same.

Whatever is happening to her now is karma.

“That is karma,” I said with a shrug. 2

“You are right,” my father admitted, nodding.

“Which brings me to the next point,” he continued, adjusting in his seat.

I leaned back comfortably, elbow bent and finger under my chin, watching him.

“Since Ron is in prison, his Luna has gone insane. He has no heir to the throne. I think his pack will be auctioned very soon. You should be ready to take it over.”

As soon as he said that, I smiled.

I remembered how Elgin loved to take packs under his control.

If I took one more pack, I would have three under me.

I would surpass Elgin.

Maybe Madeline would finally realize that Elgin was not the man she wanted.

Maybe this time she would come to me and ask what would happen to her children if she chose me.

But here was the truth.

I was not going to **accept** her children.

I had my own children on the way.

If she wanted to be my side woman, she would be welcome.

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 499

[899 words]

499-I Lost All Because Of My Craziness

Kaylee:

Then I could no longer fake it.

“Daddy! Daddy!” I tried to scream at the top of my lungs, feeling as if the world had collapsed around me.

It probably had.

The pain was unbearable.

I could not even bend down anymore. My belly felt so hard that it did not feel human.

Tears streamed down my face as I placed a hand over my stomach and dragged myself toward the door to get my father's attention.

The entire time, I thought I was screaming as loudly as I could.

In reality, my voice barely came out above a whisper.

That was how much pain I was in.

Once I reached the doorway, my hands started to shake. My entire body trembled, and my lips felt dry.

Small whimpers escaped my mouth as I began to fold in on myself.

Through my blurred vision, I saw Graham sitting with my father, both smiling as they waited for breakfast.

"Oh, there she is. Kaylee, look, your husband came to surprise you with breakfast," my father said as he turned, then did a

double take.

Graham lifted his eyes and stared at me, a frown forming on his forehead.

"I'm not feeling well," I said in a trembling voice.

Before I could collapse, Graham rushed toward me at the speed of his alpha wolf and caught me.

"Oh no, we need to take her to the hospital," my father called out, sensing something was wrong.

"She's giving birth to my children," Graham exclaimed happily, unaware of the pain I was in and how dangerous it could be.

Maybe it was premature labor. Maybe Graham was right.

He carried me in his arms and rushed out of the house.

Within minutes, I was in his car on the way to the hospital.

He held my hand tightly.

“Don’t worry, you’re fine. It’s just a natural process,” Graham said, rubbing my arm.

“But it’s too early,” I whispered, my breath catching in my throat.

“Maybe it’s premature labor. You’re giving birth to an alpha’s children. They must be strong even at eight months,” Graham replied happily, squeezing my hand.

I rested my head against his chest, even though all I wanted to do was scream and claw at something.

That was how much pain I was in.

“You know what,” Graham continued, his voice only adding to my suffering. “You will meet our children soon. Today is the day. You will be completely fine.”

1/3

499-1 Lost All Because Of My Craziness

+30 Bonus

His confidence gave me hope, but it also made me uneasy.

He had been saying strange things lately, acting as if he controlled everyone’s fate, almost as if he believed himself as powerful as the moon goddess. (1)

As another wave of pain jolted through my body, I felt like I was going to pass out.

“Come on, relax. Stay with me. We are almost there,” Graham said.

My body started to go limp.

I could no longer control it.

It felt as if I were falling into a deep abyss, and the pain was not easing.

When they rushed me into the hospital, my eyes began to close against my will.

All I could hear was the doctors shouting around me, and then a nurse saying they needed to perform a C-section immediately. They moved me quickly into the room.

Bright lights burned above me as they wheeled me into the operating room. Everything smelled sterile. Voices overlapped around me.

“Blood pressure dropping,” someone said.

“Prep her now,” another voice ordered.

“Where are the fetal heart tones?” a doctor asked.

I tried to turn my head, but someone gently held it still.

“Stay with us,” the doctor said firmly.

Something cold spread across my lower body. Hands moved over me as fabric shifted around.

I felt tugging and pressure, but no sharp pain.

Still, I was shaking.

“Scalpel,” I heard.

I did not feel anything cutting through me. I only felt heavy pulling.

My body rocked with the force of it.

“Come on. Almost there,” the doctor urged.

My ears rang, but I kept trying to listen.

There were moments when I wanted to hear cries.

But there was only silence.

More pulling. Just pressure.

It continued.

My body felt as if it did not belong to me anymore. It felt far away, out of my reach.

When I heard the doctors say the children were out, I focused on one thing.

There were no cries.

213

499-Lost All Because Of My Craziiness

+30 Bonus

No newborn cries that sound like music to a mother's ears. No reassurance that the pain had been worth it. No proof that my babies were healthy.

I tried to lift my head, but I was too weak.

Then I heard a faint voice.

"Time of death." 1

I could not hear the rest.

My heart pounded in my ears.

I wanted to ask something. I wanted to say their names, to call Graham and ask what they were talking about.

I wanted to touch my babies. I wanted to hold them.

My eyes drifted to the side, and I saw a small shape being carried past me.

Too still.

No sound.

Then darkness pulled me under.

Alexis Dee Author

For those who are upset, you have not seen Baxter's body, have you?

18

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 500

500–Confidence Of A Fool

Graham:

I called my father and everyone in the pack to inform them that my heirs were finally born.

I was extremely happy.

Ever since she was taken into the emergency room, I had been making calls everywhere, informing every alpha personally, **even** Elgin, that I had been given the gift of three sons. (2)

I also ordered gifts and gold coins to be scattered across the pack's main ground for the people **to** celebrate.

The doctor said that because of her condition, they had to perform a C-section.

I did not really care.

As long as she was giving me children, we would take care of her afterward.

She would be fine. She would receive the best care.

My father finally arrived at the hospital with Penny beside him.

“Is she okay?” they asked in unison.

I gave them a reassuring nod.

“She’s fine. She’s going to give us good news,” I said, smiling widely as I watched my warriors walk in with bouquets.

They moved from doctor to doctor and nurse to nurse, handing out treats and flowers.

“What are you doing?” my father asked, glancing at the preparations I was making for the evening.

“Father, an alpha’s heirs are born. Of course I have to make things perfect,” I replied, smiling to myself and placing my hands on my waist.

“Graham, I think you need to slow down,” Penny said carefully.

I raised my hand, signaling her to stop.

She was not going to poison this moment.

“No, I am serious,” she continued, stepping closer. “It is the eighth month. She did not look well. They are performing a C- section. You need to pray to the moon goddess before you start celebrating.”

I let out a soft laugh.

“You are afraid,” I replied, meeting her eyes. “And now you want me to be afraid too.”

“Graham, she is right,” my father said firmly.

Of course he would side with her.

“You both worry too much,” I said calmly. “My sons are strong. Kaylee is strong. Nothing will happen.”

I straightened my shoulders.

“**If you** cannot stand beside **me** during this moment, then go home. I will return tonight with my triplets and we will celebrate properly.” 1

I turned toward the door, dismissing them.

If they could not share my joy, they did not deserve to witness it.

1/3

500-Contience Of A Fool

+30 Bonus

“Too much arrogance is not good, Graham,” my father uttered, and I stared at him in disbelief.

“Just be happy for me. I know what I am saying. I know very well that nothing will happen to my children. That is because **I** control it,” I said.

The moment I confessed, I watched the confusion spread across their **faces**, and I knew it would be worth watching. I was saving the best for last, and I guess it was time to finally tell them that **I** was special.

“Are you saying-” Penny trailed off.

The way her face twisted, the way her nose wrinkled, it was disrespectful. It felt like they were not believing me, **so** I continued.

“I say whatever I want to happen, and then it happens. I order it,” **I** said. 2

I was still speaking when the doors behind me opened. I briefly turned around, then looked back at my father before doing **a** double take.

The doctors had come out.

People around us started to gather happily. At this point, the entire pack knew that the alpha’s children were on the way, **so** everyone was anticipating the news. The nurses who had just started their shift smiled, but their smiles quickly faded.

The two doctors who stepped out did not have smiles on their faces. There was a calmness about them that felt unsettling.

“Doctor,” I said with a smile on my face as I stepped forward.

“My sons,” I trailed off, watching the two doctors share a glance.

They did not answer immediately, and that was the first crack.

“We need you to come with us,” one of the doctors said, his tone heavy enough to send goosebumps across my skin.

“Why?” I asked, letting out a short laugh as I looked around for others to react. The warriors, the pack members, the families,

even my own people.

“Just tell me. Are my children fine?” I insisted.

The doctors remained silent, and something inside my chest tightened.

“I asked you something,” I said, my tone turning firm as I grew tired of their silence.

“Please,” the doctor repeated, his tone softer this time, “come with us.”

Behind me, I felt my father and Penny **move**.

“Graham,” my father called, but I ignored him.

I started to walk forward, each step feeling heavier than the **last**, as if my body was dragging itself under a weight that would soon become too much.

They did not take me to Kaylee. They took me **to** another room, and that was the second crack.

As the door opened and I stepped inside, I saw three small shapes wrapped in blankets. They were too still. There was no **movement**, **no** sound, no breathing.

For a **moment**, I did not understand what I was looking at, or maybe my mind simply refused to accept it.

“This is wrong,” I said, shaking my head slowly.

“No... no... **no**... this is wrong,” I whispered. (

I tried **to** swallow, but **my** throat felt **like it was** filled with needles.

273

500–Confidence Of A Fool

“There were no heartbeats when—”

The doctor’s words faded as my ears started ringing.

Comments

admin

We Listened to the Darkness 501

Graham:

“No,” I snapped, louder this time, my voice echoing in the room.

“They are alphas. They are my sons. They should be fine,” I shouted.

I stepped closer, my hand trembling as I reached out, but I could not touch them. I did not want to, because if I did, it would

become **real**.

“Graham,” my father and Penny called from behind me, their voices heavy with something I did not want to name.

“They are just not crying,” I said quickly, turning around to look at them.

I saw tears in Penny’s eyes, and even my father looked shaken.

“That is all. They are just quiet. They are alpha’s children. They are not going **to cry**,” I insisted, trying to explain it, and the worst part was that no one corrected me, but no one agreed with me either.

I turned back and reached out again, finally touching one.

It was cold. The skin was cold in a way it should not have been.

The world suddenly did not feel the same. It felt as if I had stopped breathing, as if everything around me had begun to close in.

Everything went quiet.

They looked too small for what they were supposed to be. Their skin was pale, with a faint bluish tint, as if life had been taken from them long before they were brought into the world.

I kept staring, tears blurring my eyes.

Their bodies were limp, their chests still. There was no rise or fall, no sign of breathing.

My father approached me and placed a hand on my shoulder, but my body started to shake violently.

There was something wrong in the way my children were lying there. They were just too empty.

Their features were formed, complete, but lifeless. They had never felt warmth, not a father's kiss, not a mother's embrace.

I turned to my father and pointed at them.

“What is wrong with them?” I asked, my voice visibly shaken.

My father pulled his hand away and buried his face in his hands, sobbing, while Penny stepped forward with tears in her eyes and wrapped her arms around him.

My **eyes** shifted to the **doctor**, who took a deep breath and stepped forward, looking like he was carrying sorrow.

“**They** were gone before they were born. There was no heartbeat,” the doctor said, stopping when he noticed a tear rolling down

my eye.

As my posture started to shake, **the** doctor began again.

“I am really sorry for your loss, Your Highness,” **he** said in a soft, sorrowful voice. “Your mate has suffered a severe placental abruption. The placenta separated from **the** uterine wall before delivery. That caused a sudden loss of oxygen supply to the **babies.**”

As **he** explained, **I** stood there without moving. I did not even flinch or blink.

My father approached me again and placed his hand on my arm, gently rubbing it to show support, but nothing **could** warm my

1/3

50)-Tums Out I Am Not A God

+30 Bonus

body anymore. Nothing could bring me comfort.

“They were already gone by the time we performed the C-section,” the doctor continued.

Penny gasped beside me, letting out small whimpers as she cried over the loss of the children lying right in **front** of us.

The doctor glanced briefly at my father and Penny before looking back at me.

“There is another complication,” he said, clearing his throat.

Something in his tone made my chest tighten again.

“What complication?” I asked, barely able to force my voice out.

Right in front of me were my three sons, three alpha sons, lying dead. They were just there, and all it needed was one breath, a little air in their lungs, but it was not happening.

It was easy for Moon Goddess, just one breath but she was not listening to my silent cries.

Just one beat, and I would feel them again, but nothing was working, no matter how hard I wished they would wake up.

“She experienced significant hemorrhaging during the procedure,” the doctor explained.

My father and Penny stood shoulder to shoulder beside me.

“Her uterus failed to contract properly, and she began to bleed heavily. We attempted to control it with medication and surgical intervention.”

The doctor paused again as he watched my jaw tighten and my fist clench.

“Her condition became critical. To save her life, we had to perform an emergency hysterectomy.” **3**

For a second, I did not understand.

I turned to look at Penny, who seemed to understand, because she looked more shocked than I did. Then I looked at my father, and he seemed just as confused.

“What does that mean, doctor?” my father asked.

“**It** means we had to remove her uterus,” the doctor said. “She will never be able to carry a pregnancy again.”

The words landed hard, and I stumbled backward until my father caught me.

This time, they did not pass through **me**. **They** settled, and they hit me in a way that made it feel like I had lost everything in a single second.

“She is stable for now, but she has lost a significant amount of blood. She will remain under close observation,” the doctor continued.

But I was no longer listening.

I stepped away, moving toward the corner of the room, slowly lowering myself against the wall.

I wrapped my arms around my head as I started to break down.

admin