

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 5

5-Am I The Father Of Her Children?

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Alpha Graham:

I sat uncomfortably at the table, watching my father tap his fingers. Even after I had taken over the Alpha title and spent years running the pack, his influence remained strong because he had secured himself a seat in the council's head community.

"When are you two giving us good news?" he asked. My stepmother rolled her eyes, staring at her phone a little too intensely.

"Do you really want to know when we're going to give you an heir, when young ones in our pack are dying?" I shot back, so he wouldn't ask again, so I wouldn't have to tell him that we had taken another test that morning, and once again it was negative.

My wife sat beside me, the fork in her hand barely holding any food. After finding out she wasn't pregnant again, she told me she had lost her appetite. Being a royal beta's daughter, people had placed high hopes on her when we married. Everyone believed our children would be the most powerful, but years passed and all we met was disappointment.

"About that," my father said, clearing his throat. "Some research head woman is coming to our pack today from the human land." I let out a deep breath of relief at my father's words.

"Finally, they've responded," I said, hissing and shaking my head. Ever since humans started doing well, they've acted like they're better than us.

Lately I've been annoyed at everything and everyone. With young ones dying and suffering in my pack, I couldn't sleep or do anything.

And then there was Kaylee, my mate. Every time I tried to make her understand that we could wait, that maybe it wasn't the right time for us to have a child, she would snap at me.

She wanted a baby and she wanted it fast. She didn't even care that it could be dangerous right now, because the young ones' lives were at risk.

“Well, I hope you welcome her well,” my father suggested. “She also sent a list of rules, so make sure they’re followed. As for your best friends, inform them as well. I want everyone to make this woman’s stay welcoming so she’ll take full interest in finding a cure. Remember, son, she’s a miraculous woma;; everyone in the human world talks about her, and the rumors aren’t lies.”

He was obsessed with this research head woman. There wasn’t much information about her; people just called her ‘Miss MS.’

We tried to get information from the human land, but they had stopped broadcasting to the werewolf community years ago. Magazines and newspapers didn’t reach us either. Maybe this collaboration, getting help from them, will finally reopen the doors between us once again.

And probably this time we’ll make sure they don’t fucking try to shun us and that they remember we are above them. That was the plan.

“We’ll make sure we get as much advantage from this lady and fool her into thinking we’ll be nice afterward,” I mumbled, watching my father give me a proud look now that I was speaking his language.

He had shaped me well, transformed me into the alpha I am today. My father did not like weak people.

After breakfast I had no intention of going back to my room to listen to Kaylee complain again. I had a bigger task at hand. I had to meet this woman and see what all the fuss was about.

Was she really that competent? Or was she just hyped up by humans to make us beg them to come help us?

After I changed into a black suit, I left for the docks where she was arriving. It was a strange day, sunny in the early morning, then clouds moved in, and there was an odd unease in the air I couldn’t place.

I didn’t mention it to anyone, but I had been restless. This meetup mattered, so I straightened my back as a boat pulled up.

The door opened and her personal guards came out with her luggage. She had a lot of stuff, even small, cute bags in pink, purple, and blue.

I frowned and my royal beta, Kaylee’s father, stepped closer. I had never displaced him from his spot. After I married Kaylee, Mr. Robinson had secured his position as my royal beta once again.

“She’s a mother of three,” Mr. Robinson whispered in my ear, and I nodded.

I looked down at the file in my hand, the requests she had listed. It said she would not follow werewolf rules. She wouldn't commit crimes, but she wouldn't follow the usual rules. She would not be questioned.

If she wanted to leave at any moment, she would leave without anyone stopping her. Specifically, she wanted a separate house with her own guards and no warriors nearby.

She did not trust werewolves, which was ironic since we were more powerful and could provide better security. I decided not to dwell on it. From her requests I could tell she thought of herself as important. I couldn't wait to get help from her and show her her place.

After all her luggage was off, she stepped out wearing a white dress that fell to her knees and black stilettos. Her hourglass figure was the first thing I noticed. The minute she stepped off the boat, everyone around me gasped, but my eyes stayed fixed on her face in disbelief.

Her chocolate-brown hair was curled at the ends and blew around in the wind. Her brown eyebrows were shaped perfectly, making her green eyes stand out behind long lashes. Her pouty lips wore red lipstick, and she carried a branded purse. Her hands looked gentle, small, and soft. I couldn't look away.

She reminded me of my past, but this time something was different. She didn't look at me the way she used to. She glanced around casually, then straightened her posture.

"Madeline?" Her name escaped my lips, and my breath hitched. I almost asked myself how it was possible. She stood there so confident, so alive, and so fucking beautiful.

Then small figures appeared behind her, rushing out in cute branded outfits. They could have been models on their own, but they were her children.

I gasped as memories from the past came back to me. All I could ask myself was, who were these kids? Who had she conceived them with? Were they my children?

Sara Lili

Sara Lili is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland's breathtaking cold.

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