

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 502[860 words]

Madeline:

"She is recovering, but the trauma is a lot for her," the doctor said as we stood outside Yuvonne's room.

They had her handcuffed to the bed.

"She scratches herself, even hits herself at times. And then sometimes she goes completely numb and silent. There is no movement. She barely breathes," he continued.

I had been taking care of her nonstop.

"What about her condition? Is her physical health okay?" I asked the doctor, placing my hand on the door as I realized she was still inside, probably sleeping or just lying there.

I had been taking care of her, but my visits sometimes left me scarred.

It had been a few days, and it seemed like her condition was worsening.

"Her physical health is completely fine. Thankfully, there is no damage to her body. You just need to make her understand that if she wants to conceive, she can again. It was just one bad incident, and it has passed," the doctor said, opening the door so I could go inside and see her for myself.

I walked in and noticed that she was still sleeping, so I stepped back out almost immediately.

I did not want to wake her because I knew she would be in a lot of pain when she did, which she usually was.

"I just wanted to ask, when can I take her home? I think she will feel much better when she is at home with me," I asked anxiously, rubbing my palms as I closed the door behind Yuvonne to let her rest a little longer.

"See, her state is not stable right now, and since you work a lot, I am not sure who will be there to look after her," the doctor began, walking with me down the hallway.

"Besides, the cases against her are being canceled, so by the time that happens, she will be able to go back to her mansion and live like a free Luna again," the doctor added.

Another doctor appeared in my view, the one working on Baxter's case.

"Okay, thank you so much," I said to Yuvonne's doctor before parting ways with him and turning to Baxter's doctor.

"How is Baxter?" I asked.

"I mean, the tubes are working well and everything," he replied, smiling confidently.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath of relief before facing him again.

"I heard there was a fire hazard yesterday," I said, snapping the question out.

I watched him pause before nodding.

"Yeah, I guess somebody triggered the alarm, but do not worry. Baxter's coffin and tubes have nothing to do with electricity. They are connected directly to the powdered herbs," he reassured me with a nod.

He checked his wristwatch, as if politely indicating that he was getting late.

"Oh, please do not let me hold you up," I said, stepping aside.

He let out a small laugh and walked away.

There were only twenty-four days left for me to see Baxter again, and I was highly anticipating it.

As I headed down the stairs to go back home and work on more medicines, I came face to face with someone I had not run into for a while.

Yuvonne's mother.

My so-called stepmother.

The woman who had ruined my life for years.

She was coming to the hospital to see Yuvonne. I had heard she was visiting frequently, but thankfully, our timings had never matched until today.

"You must be so happy," she said as she walked past me.

I slowed down and eventually came to a stop before turning around to face her.

"Were you talking to me?" I asked, not shying away from calling her out.

She turned around and looked me up and down. Her nose twitched, and a look of disgust crossed her face.

"You must feel so proud of yourself for having children," she said.

I had not mocked her. I had not acted confident. I had not even mentioned my children.

And yet, she was projecting her insecurities onto me.

"Which mother isn't?" I asked calmly, maintaining my posture.

"What are you doing in the hospital? I hope you are not wandering around my daughter's room," she snapped.

It was clear she was looking for trouble. Otherwise, she would have walked past me and gone straight to Yuvonne.

"Well, considering your daughter wants to meet me, I cannot say no to her," I replied.

The moment I said that, her jaw clenched.

"It is because she is innocent and foolish," her mother said, mocking Yuvonne's attempt to change.

I knew how strongly she opposed the idea of Yuvonne becoming better.

For a mother, it was disappointing to see her daughter try to improve, only to be held back.

"Anyway, soon my daughter will

recover. Then she will give her heir to Alpha Ron, and you will still

els

remain the wife of a man who i

is in a

coma," she added.

Her bitterness never left her voice.

She turned to leave, but I called out to her.

"I heard you were about to go to prison. You are lucky Graham took the cases back," I said.

I saw her body twitch slightly at my words.

"You should thank me as well. It was

me you shapeshifted into before

You know it is a crime to shapeshift into

Someone without their

permission, or to shapeshift at all," Continued

She did not turn around, but her fists clenched.

Then she walked away without saying a word.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 503[873 words]

Madeline:

"I am counting every day for your return," I said as I stood outside Baxter's room.

I could only see the coffin from afar through the small window in the door. That was it. No one was supposed to open it.

"I do not know what it is, Baxter, but ever since you went inside that coffin, at first I had high hopes. But as time is passing, I do not know why I do not feel very confident anymore."

I paused, placing a hand on my chest.

"I want to believe you will wake up, but why does it feel so empty in my heart?"

I swallowed.

"I do not feel our mate bond anymore. It feels as if you have already..."

I bit my tongue, stopping myself from finishing the thought.

The truth was, I was no longer feeling him, as if he did not even exist. Even thinking about it gave me goosebumps.

"But I am sure that is just a phase. I am sure you are fine in there, and you will wake up soon," I told myself.

I knew I was trying to calm my own thoughts, but the truth was that I was scared.

This feeling, this emptiness where I could no longer feel him, it was wrong.

I had spoken to the doctor about it earlier, and it had not gone well.

He had asked me how I would know, since I did not have a wolf.

I told him it was something deeper, something emotional.

I made excuses. I knew he did not believe me.

He said it was fear, fear of losing him, something that could happen under certain conditions, especially during herb therapy.

He explained that because the mate is kept in a space filled with herbs, the bond can feel distant or suppressed.

I did not know how accurate that was, but I wanted to believe it.

I had no other choice.

The doctor kept insisting that the treatment would work, and I could not risk interfering by opening the coffin or taking him out.

"Only a lucky man would have a wife like you."

The voice came from behind me.

My body jolted, and I turned around.

Byron was standing there, a small smile on his lips.

He had been kind to me. He helped delay the treatments for a while so I could check on Yuvonne and visit Baxter. He also convinced the pack members to begin the first testing themselves instead of waiting for me.

Many of them were still skeptical. They wanted me there with them.

Byron would drive me to the pack himself, and we would finish the work quickly before returning.

That only lasted a day before I asked for more time off.

And now I was here again, standing in front of Baxter's door.

By now, I had cried so much that I had bottles filled with my tears.

Every time I could not feel Baxter, I cried.

Every time I thought of Yuvonne, I cried.

"How are you, Byron?" I asked, giving him a faint smile.

"I am as I always am. What about you?" he asked, gesturing toward Yuvonne's room.

We started walking together.

"I saw her mother walk away, so I think we can visit her now," Byron added, walking beside me with slow steps.

Once we reached the room, I saw Yuvonne sitting inside, staring at the wall. She barely acknowledged anyone.

I walked in and sat beside her, tucking her hair behind her ear. I picked up the fruit bowl from the side and tried to feed her.

"Come on, Yuvonne, you need to get better. We have to go back home remember? They will not let us until you show signs of improvement," I said, trying to be firm.

"By the way, there is news. Madeline, I am not sure if you have heard it," Byron said

from behind me as he walked around the room.

"I hope I am not in trouble again," I replied, watching Yuvonne open her mouth slowly and take a bite.

Her eyes were still distant.

"No, it is about Graham," Byron said.

The moment he said his name, I noticed Yuvonne's eyes shift slightly.

She was still in that phase where she would zone out, cold and numb to everything.

"What about him? What did he do now?" I asked, remembering that he had taken all the cases back.

"Well, his wife, miscarried. Not exactly. She gave birth, but the babies were stillborn. I do not know all the terms but they had to remove all the terms butt

they life, Byrone

her uterus to save her life By

explained. "It is a very sad situation. All three of his children are dead, and she will never conceive again."

The moment Byron said that, Yuvonne suddenly let out a loud cackle.

It was so loud that my body jolted, and I pulled the bowl away from her, staring at her in shock.

Byron quickly moved to the other side of the bed, standing alert in case she did something unpredictable.

After laughing for a while, she looked at Byron and then pouted.

"Really? His children are dead too?" she asked.

The way she asked made Byron and me exchange a glance before looking back at her.

"And she can never conceive?" Yuvonne continued.

Then she turned to me and, with her

open hand, took the bowl from me,

placed it in her lap, and started

eating comfortably a bright smile spreading across her lips.

Byron and I kept watching her, realizing there was far more to this than we had assumed.

Chapter 504

[769 words]

Kaylee:

Ever since I woke up, I have been told that my babies were dead.

I thought it was a prank. I thought it was a joke. How was that even possible?

But then they showed me the three dead bodies of my children. They brought them into the room, and I could not stop bawling my eyes out.

It has been days, and I am still admitted to the hospital.

"I... I do not understand. This is a joke, right? Of course I will conceive again," I kept repeating the same thing over and over.

They were now telling me that they had taken my uterus out.

"Who the fuck gave them permission to do so?" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

Graham turned around and pointed his finger at me.

"Do not you fucking raise your voice," he yelled, stepping toward my bed.

His father tried to grab him to stop him, but he kept coming at me.

Penny stood in the corner, heavily pregnant, with tears in her eyes.

I did not believe she was upset for me. She was probably happy, and her presence made it clear that she wanted me to see that she still had her babies, while I did not.

"And they did not need permission. Otherwise, you would have been left dead," Graham grunted, pointing at me.

"Then they should have left me dead," I yelled back.

The way Graham straightened his back and nodded, his nose wrinkling in disgust as

he looked at me, made whatever strength I had left leave my body.

"Why are you so harsh with me? I lost my babies too," I asked him.

Ever since I woke up, he had not come to hug me or comfort me even once. He had been rude and dismissive of my feelings.

"You want me to come and hug you? Huh?" he shouted.

"Okay, Graham, enough. Step away from her. She is clearly in distress right now," his father finally stepped in, pulling him back.

My father was not even allowed in the room because they knew he would not tolerate Graham yelling at me like this.

That was when the door opened and the doctor stepped inside, glancing between all of us as he noticed the tension in the room.

Graham's attention finally shifted away from me as he turned to face the doctor.

"Tell me what happened," he demanded. "What caused this?"

Every time Graham spoke about our children, his voice broke, and it killed me inside.

I was still trying to wrap my head around everything that had happened to me, and I did not understand how I had let this happen.

The doctor took a deep breath before answering, his expression serious.

"There are several possible factors. It can happen due to underlying conditions but it is also associated with physical strain, trauma, of sudden exertion, especially this late in pregnancy."

As he spoke, I saw Graham turn slightly toward me, as if questioning what I had done.

At the same time, memories rushed back.

I had exerted myself.

I had pushed myself too far before giving birth.

That same night, I had dragged Baxter all the way up the trail, putting too much pressure on my body, too much strain on my back.

"We also noticed fresh blisters on her feet and signs of physical stress on her body," the doctor added.

Penny, Graham, and his father all turned to look at me.

"That kind of exertion at this stage can significantly increase the risk."

The room fell silent.

My heart pounded loudly in my chest.

I remembered everything.

I had brought this upon myself.

I had been so blinded by hate that I had single-handedly killed my three children and

my chances of ever conceiving again.

"Anyway, she will be discharged in a day or two, and I hope she takes

better care ofase do not

let ever take any

ore stress. It will

not be good for her health," the

doctor said, trying to warn Graham.

Graham was glaring at me, his eyes fixed on me as if he could tear me apart.

I lowered my gaze as soon as the doctor left.

Graham turned to me.

"So, are you going to tell me what the fuck you did? Huh?" he shouted.

I clutched the sheet tightly, unable to look up.

"Tell me, what did you do? How did you kill our babies?" he continued, his voice rising.

As Graham kept yelling, his father stepped in and began dragging him away.

"That is enough. This is

inappropriate. She is a mother. Why

would she kill her babies? Use your

الاية

sense his father snapped, pulling

hum back

FindNovel.net

Penny walked toward me and carefully sat on the bed, reaching out for my hand.

I pulled my hand away and kept staring at her belly.

I felt something bitter rise inside me.

She did not deserve to have a child if I did not have one.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 505[894 words]

Madeline:

"It seems like a miracle. Just a day ago, she was barely responsive. She was in a state that made all of us doctors wonder if it would take months before she even showed signs of improvement. But the shocking part is that she recovered. She's doing so much better." The doctor kept talking about it before signing Yuvonne's discharge papers.

"I'm really glad she has healed," I replied, trying to force a smile onto my lips, but something was bothering me.

I was not worried or upset that she was doing well. It was the way it all happened. The way she suddenly became so calm.

It all happened when she heard the news about Graham. I could still chalk it up to the fact that she tried to end her life because she thought Graham was going to open cases against her and get her arrested, but it could not be that simple.

"Anyway, you can take her home, but please make sure she's taking her medicine and taking care of her health. We don't want her to spiral again, do we? We don't, right?" the doctor said with a smile, handing me her files.

I turned toward her room and stood beside the bed. She was still sleeping. I was going to wait for her to wake up so we could take her home.

I had decided to take her to my house instead of taking her back to the mansion. That place was still cursed with memories, and I did not want her to go through all that and suffer again.

"Madeline," Byron whispered from the side, letting me know he had arrived.

"I've been investigating inside the mansion, and there are some strange things I've noticed," he continued, making me turn around and frown at him.

"The cameras stopped working for certain periods of time. Then it seemed like they were completely turned off. Not only that, we could assume the cameras malfunctioned, and since their alpha was not there, nobody was taking care of security anymore. But on one particular day, some footage is missing. That suggests it was not the cameras failing, because that would be too much of a coincidence. Someone deliberately deleted it," Byron explained.

He was holding a laptop and kept pointing at the screen, which meant he had the footage with him.

"Can you show me the footage? I want to know what day it is," I asked, and he nodded, resting the laptop on his arm before opening it.

Then he played the footage.

It was from the night Ron's grandmother died. The entire scene was missing except

for the beginning, when Ron was seen taking food to his grandmother.

"You see, in that video, there is a maid handing him the food. Who could it be?" I asked Byron, confused because there was no footage of her face, only her back and hand was visible.

It seemed as if the video had been cut whenever she entered the frame.

"Yeah, I don't know. It's so weird that the missing footage hasn't raised any alarm bells in Ron's lawyer's head. But look at that mirror," he said, pointing at the mirror on the front wall next to Lady Riva's room.

"We can see her reflection here."

As soon as he said that, my eyes widened, and sure enough, we could see the maid.

"Can we speak with her?" I asked him, and he nodded.

"We can, if we can find her," he replied.

As soon as he finished, I turned fully toward him, watching him put the laptop back into its bag.

"I tried to look for her in the pack records, because usually a maid working at an Alpha's mansion has to be from the pack. And guess what?" he continued, pausing as the suspense built and my anxiety rose.

"There is no record of her ever being a member of Ron's pack." That alone made the hair on the back of my neck stand.

"How is that possible?" I asked him in confusion.

"Exactly. That is not possible. Here is the thing. An empty space has been left where this maid's name was supposed to be. So someone probably made her do this job then helped her feave the pack clearing out any evidence of her existence there," Byron explained.

As he spoke, goosebumps covered my skin. I understood the severity of what he was saying.

That meant someone had let her into the mansion. That meant someone had dared to bribe a woman working for an Alpha, then made her completely invisible to everyone.

"Can't we get old records where her name might still appear?" I asked Byron.

He nodded slowly, as if deep in thought.

"I'm trying to get my hands on that. There will always be one copy that is untouched. But with Ron gone, his pack has been under so much influence from the other Alphas and Council leaders

Co that it is difficu

find anything intact anymore," he explained, gesturing toward Yuvonne, who was slowly waking up.

"We should not talk about this in front of her," I whispered to Byron.

He gave me a quick nod, then leaned toward my ear and spoke softly from behind.

"After you leave her at home, can you come with me to the mansion? I don't think her fall was an attempt to end her life."

He said those words at the worst possible time, because I could not turn around to show my shock. At the same time, I was stunned.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 506[825 words]

Silver:

"Imagine watching your three boys die, only to find out your wife will never conceive again. Your friend must be devastated," Elgin's mother said.

Lady Greta shook her head, still in shock over the news.

It was truly strange. I could only imagine what Kaylee was going through, but at the end of the day, she had been cocky throughout her pregnancy, so part of me thought of it as a lesson for her. Still, I felt sad.

"That is because I told him," Elgin muttered, making my spine stiffen.

Now that we were no longer sharing a room, every time I saw him or heard him speak, goosebumps spread across my skin. It felt as if I had held him for a few seconds before losing him.

"Told him what?" his mother asked.

We were sitting at the dinner table together. Lady Greta, and my father had suggested we have dinner as a family.

They were trying to fix things between us, but I did not know how that would work. I had become a laughingstock. People talked about me and pointed whenever I passed by. I knew many of them had seen the pictures and heard the news about my infidelity.

The problem was that Lady Greta was also dealing with her own marriage issues.

"I told him. I told Graham that Madeline has summoned the Moon Goddess upon us," Elgin continued.

As he repeated those words, everyone at the table exchanged a glance.

"Lady Greta, what about your husband? I haven't seen him in a while," my father asked.

The moment he mentioned Elgin's stepfather, I saw Elgin's face tighten. He called the man his father, but only because of the pressure his mother placed on him.

In truth, the man was the royal beta of their pack, whom his mother had married after his father's passing. Their relationship was strained. They barely acknowledged each other.

"His sister is dealing with some matters. There is a widow in town, and everyone wants their son to marry her. My husband's sister has taken it upon herself to guard the widow," Lady Greta explained.

My eyes remained on Elgin.

Then a message appeared on my screen. The table went silent as everyone looked at me. It had become like this. I suppose they thought I was openly cheating on Elgin.

Elgin scoffed and set his knife and fork down.

"Anyway, I don't see the point of this dinner. Have a good night," he said before rising and walking away.

I checked my phone and frowned at the message. It was from the lab where I had sent the bottle of medicine.

But the result made no sense.

The test report read: It is human tear fluid. No herbal infusion, no chemical compound, no additives.

What the hell did that even mean?

I kept staring at the text before I stood up as well. After excusing myself with a nod

to my father and Lady Greta, I hurried after Elgin, moving briskly.

I found him on the second floor, staring out at the balcony.

"Can't you forgive me for this one mistake?" I whispered, stepping onto the balcony behind him.

"It wasn't a mistake. It was a shame you brought upon me," he grunted.

The way he clutched the railing, his fingers tight around it, told me he was nowhere near over that night. His anger did not seem to be fading.

"I understand

But do you think I am the only one at fault? Have you not done the same? You have put me to shame too," I said, trying to mend things because the more he distanced himself from me, the more I wondered about his next move.

He had my father's pack. The only reason I was still here was because my daughters would throw tantrums if it was not around. But Elgin was working very hard to win them over so that he could get rid of me.

"What are you here for, Silver?" he asked, turning toward me.

I took a deep breath and adjusted my dress before stepping closer.

"I'll help you get your position back."

He chuckled and looked ahead.

With a heavy heart, I continued.

"And I will help you take control of that widow's pack."

The moment I said that, he turned to me.

"She's my friend." I paused.

"I hate to say this, but if she dies, I know how to take control of her pack."

As the words left my mouth, I saw Elgin's ears perk up.

"But you will have to accept me back into your life and fix our relationship."
murmured

The:decision is yours, tamera es

before turning and walking away, leaving him alone with the choice.

As I walked downstairs, my eyes fell on Mathew. I gestured to him with two fingers,

signaling for him to meet me in the garden.

I was not going to let Madeline win. Even if I had to become the most evil person to

do it, I would.

"I want Madeline either dead or to go through the same shame I did," I said to Mathew.

That was the first thing I said to him, and I watched his eyes widen at my demand.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 507[870 words]

Kaylee:

Days were passing, and I had returned home. Graham was not by my side when they brought me back. He had simply turned his face away from me. I tried many times to get his attention, but each time I met failure.

Now it was as if neither sleep came nor death. The moment I began to drift off, Baxter's face appeared before me, and with him, I saw my three children.

I was beginning to understand that that night I had not sacrificed only Baxter but myself. I had put my three children and all my happiness at stake as well.

"Kaylee, come outside and eat with everyone. How long will you sit alone like this?" Penny called gently, knocking on the door.

The door was already open, but Penny had to act as if she were a very decent and kind person.

I only lifted my eyes to look at her, and my gaze fell on her stomach. How wrong it was, wasn't it?

She had taken a husband from another woman, and that woman had fallen so deep into stress that she became ill and died. Yet today she had her twins, and I did not have my triplets.

Why? Why was she granted forgiveness and not me?

"What happened?" Penny asked, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"Is Graham sitting outside too?" I asked, and she gave a faint nod, offering me a very sad look.

There was no sorrow for me. I knew her heart must be full of happiness seeing me in so much pain. I knew she must be enjoying this.

Very slowly, I tried to rise from my bed. Penny hurried over to help me. But when I took her hand, I made sure to press it hard enough to cause her pain.

"Ouch, ouch," she murmured, wincing with a smile, yet she did not pull her hand away.

"Kaylee, how are you feeli

now?" Penny asked, shaking her hands slightly. I knew

I had pressed hard enough that her fingers must have turned red.

"I'm fine. I'm perfectly fine now," I lied, looking at her.

"That's good. We just want you to return to life again," she replied with a smile.

Honestly, anger began to rise inside me. Did she think losing a child was so easy? That after losing a child, a person could simply return to normal?

Swallowing my anger, I walked out of the room. When I saw Graham sitting and eating with his father, tears began to appear in my eyes. As soon as I sat beside him, I noticed his body tense up.

"What's done is done. Now you all need to make sure Kaylee focuses on her life and her health," Lord Eldon suggested.

I was only looking at Graham, but he did not utter a single word. He was busy eating. Even in our room, he slept on the couch. He had not spoken a word to me, not once telling me he sympathized with my grief.

"Yes, you're right," Graham finally responded.

A small smile appeared on my face.

"I think she should go and stay with her father. She'll feel better there," he added.

My heart shattered at his words.

"No. She has already stayed there. She will remain here. This is her home," Lord Eldon said firmly, immediately rejecting the idea.

"Why? She went there before too. She came back sick from there, didn't she?" Graham began to taunt and mock me.

"You shouldn't say that, Graham. Do

you think she doesn't know her health would worsen if she exerted herself? Exertion doesn't always mean that. Maybe her body was already weak, Penny began to explain.

Graham shot her a sharp look, and she fell silent.

"I have not only lost my child. I have also lost the hope of ever becoming a father again. So please, don't give Graham said

me these lectures

rising from his chair.

"And from today, I will sleep in the guest room," he added.

Tears streamed uncontrollably from my eyes. My gaze fell on Penny once again, on the way Lord Eldon was stroking her hand. Honestly, it began to feel unfair. She did not deserve it.

"Graham, have you lost your mind?" Lord Eldon called after him, but Graham had already left.

"Don't worry. He will come around," Lord Eldon said, trying to comfort me.

I remained silent because I no longer had the strength to stop him. It was all my fault.

"I'll come. I'll talk to him myself," I said, getting up.

I realized I should have tried harder. I could not give him any other happiness, so I had to win him back some other way.

Lord Eldon and Penny watched me with very sad expressions as I walked away. When I went toward the guest room, I saw Graham sitting on the couch, busy on his phone.

I had noticed that these days he was unusually absorbed in it. His attention was always on the phone, as if he were constantly doing something.

"Are you talking to someone?" I asked.

Graham slammed his hand hard against the couch and stood up.

"Why have you come here?" he demanded.

"Didn't I tell you I don't want to see your face right now?"

"Why don't you just leave?" he shouted.

As he began yelling, tears poured from my eyes.

"At least think once about how much pain I'm in," I pleaded through my tears.

He simply pointed toward the door.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 508[841 words]

Graham:

My happy world had been destroyed. After such a massive shock, I realized that I had been punished.

Even when I thought about myself, I felt strange. How had I started believing that I was invincible? Whenever that thought came back to me and I remembered my arrogance, I felt angry at myself.

Then my anger shifted to Kaylee. I had told her to stay away from unnecessary tension and pointless drama, but she never listened to me.

Ever since she became pregnant, she had grown extremely arrogant. She had not only ruined herself, but she had killed my children as well.

Everything was spiraling for me.

And then there was Kaylee, constantly appearing in front of me. She had made a fool of me, and now she wanted me to act as if nothing had happened. I was furious because every time I asked her what she had done, how she had ended up with blisters on her feet, she ignored me.

I wanted answers. I had a strong feeling she had done something.

On top of that, I kept receiving text messages from an unknown number. Poetry after poetry, love poems, as if someone thought I needed romance at a time like this. The last thing on my mind was love. All I could think about was my daughter, Gina.

Whenever I thought of her, my head felt like it would burst. Then I would remember Madeline. Those beautiful eyes when she stood alone on the wedding stage, while everything terrible was happening around her.

My daughter was there too. If I had shown even a little courage and saved her, she would be with me today. I would not be childless.

After throwing Kaylee out of the guest room, I picked up my phone and saw more messages. This time, I decided to call the number.

As I dialed, it felt as if the person had been waiting.

"What do you want? Who are you?" I demanded harshly.

"May I have a little of your time?" a somewhat familiar, yet not completely recognizable voice replied from the other side.

"Who are you? And what do you want?" I shot back, even more sharply.

Everywhere I looked, I saw Gina's face. I felt like I was losing my mind.

"You sound very troubled. I am someone who wants to find a solution to your pain," she began.

"Really? What solution?" I said loudly, knowing I had startled her. "Can you bring Madeline back? Can you bring my Gina back to me?"

There was sudden silence on the line.

"If you're some reporter looking for drama, go tell the world that I want my daughter back. Tell them to find her from wherever she is I

screamed until began to hiccup.

"I wish I could do that," she replied softly. "But your daughter is dead, isn't she?"

My fists clenched.

"No. The world killed her. Her body was never found, so how can you say she's dead?" I shouted before forcing myself to calm down.

"You're right. It is strange that

everyone simply believed she died.

Why? Because her sweater was found, and there was a lot of blood.

But after losing so much blood even a powerful alpha fell into a coma. How could a small child survive in the wild?"

As soon as she said that, my knees weakened.

"I want to meet you. I want to be your comfort," she continued, repeating the same nonsense.

My only comfort was Madeline. Being with Madeline and having another Gina. That was the only dream left in my mind.

"I don't want to meet you," I replied coldly.

"Say that if you want," she said

calmly, "but will wait for you. Near

your pack, there is a small cabin

range. In cabin 207 you will be there.

range.

wait for you for two hours. If you are little curious about who I am, will come."

With that, she ended the call.

I stared at my phone in disbelief. Who was this crazy woman chasing me?

At first, I tossed the phone aside, ignoring her words. But when my mind began to fill with questions, I realized I had to do something. I needed to keep myself occupied.

Fine. I would go on this mission and find out who she was. Or perhaps, who was trying so hard to prove she was madly obsessed with me.

I had made up my mind. Without saying anything, I left. I knew it would be midnight by the time I reached there, but I did not care.

I did not even notice my father watching me. As soon as I stepped out, he called and started asking where I was going. I knew everyone was worried about me.

"It's just some important work," I said before ending the call.

Soon, I arrived at the cabin range. Standing outside cabin 207, I looked around. The cabins were beautiful, each set at a distance from the others.

There were dense trees and lovely flowers, as if someone had stepped into another world. A waterfall nearby filled the air with the sound of rushing water.

When I knocked on the door, it opened almost immediately. A woman stood there in a red dress, her hair left open, looking stunning.

None other than the reporter, Sherry.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 509[846 words]

Madeline:

"It's strange, isn't it? Yuvonne took a pregnancy test just a day before," I said as I looked around the mansion. "Why was she holding it in her hand when she fell?"

I had come to inspect the place.

"The maids said that the night she found out she was pregnant, she passed out in her room," Byron uttered. "And when she woke up, her reaction was very strange, as if she were terrified. But Graham claims he told her about the cases that same night, the night she tried to kill herself. So what was he doing at her house before that?"

Byron pointed out the testimonies of the warriors and the maids.

"Yes, I heard that too," I replied. "The warriors said Graham had been visiting her house frequently."

I pouted and looked around.

"What could have happened?" I murmured. "What could he have said to her that made her attempt suicide?"

I asked it quietly, not only to Byron but to myself.

"Yuvonne has kept her lips tightly sealed. She isn't saying anything," I said while wandering through the mansion.

"Isn't it odd that Ron's lawyer is not interested in helping the Alpha of his pack out?" Byron asked.

I snapped my head toward him in shock.

"What? When did that happen?" I demanded, straightening my spine.

"Didn't you know?" Byron said. "His old lawyer quit, he abruptly left saying he did not want to do anything with the case. And so far, I don't know who will step up to work on the case."

He went on to explain everything that had happened since the last hearing.

"That's exactly what I was thinking. Why is this case being pushed forward again and again?" I said as we walked down the stairs. "You know what, Byron? The first thing we need to do is find a good lawyer."

We had already investigated the entire mansion. We had inspected it two or three times. There was no evidence, except for the fact that Graham had made frequent visits.

"And I need to find out why Yuvonne is so terrified of Graham's name," I added. "Do you remember her reporter friend, Sherry? Let's contact her."

I said it while stepping out of the mansion.

As we walked out, I saw the devil arrive. Yuvonne's mother, Karla.

"I was looking for you," Karla snapped the moment she reached me. "By what right did you have to take my daughter to your house?"

People nearby began staring at us. Byron straightened his shoulders and stepped slightly forward.

"It doesn't suit a beautiful woman to be this angry," Byron said smoothly.

Karla blushed and quickly fixed her posture.

"I'm not that beautiful, you naughty man," she uttered. "I'm just worried about my daughter. Isn't it wrong that instead of her mother, a stranger is keeping her in her house?"

Her attitude had completely changed after Byron's comment.

Byron began circling her like a wolf. As he passed behind her, he winked at me. I understood he was playing his charm on her as well.

He could be very naughty at times.

Spending so much time with him, I had realized he was not some quiet, overly decent man. He was mischievous but in a good way. He always managed to bring a smile to my face.

"Your daughter was asked where she wanted to stay," I said calmly. "She said she feels safe with me."

The color drained from Karla's face.

"And before you say it's because she's foolish, well, what can we do? It was her decision," I finished.

"Byron, let's go home. The smell here is starting to bother me."

At my comment, Karla's jaw tightened.

"Yes, let's go," Byron agreed. "Even I'm starting to feel uncomfortable."

His words seemed to hurt her more. She stood there speechless as we left.

As soon as we sat in the car, I glanced at the mansion one last time. Then I looked at my phone and saw Graham's number.

I wanted to call him and ask directly what he had done. What had he said to Yuvonne that frightened her so much?

Then I remembered Graham was a liar. He would never admit anything.

"We should meet Sherry," I said to Byron.

He nodded and called his beta.

During the drive, he arranged a meeting with Sherry. And then I found out she could

not meet us because she was in Graham's pack.

I already felt uneasy hearing that.

After everything that had happened to her friend, she had not visited Yuvonne even once. Yet she was in Graham's pack, writing articles to boost his confidence.

Something was wrong.

It felt like I would have to step back into the game.

When I reached home, I saw Yuvonne sitting silently in the living room, staring at the wall. It was already late. Byron and I had been working all day, and by the time I returned the children were asleep, Lord Jonathand Lady Eugema had gone to bed as well.

"You're still awake, Yuvonne?" I asked, sitting beside her.

She kept staring at the wall. Then she spoke so softly that it sent a chill down my spine.

"I don't think Ron will accept me anymore," she whispered. "I've sinned. I betrayed him."

As soon as she said that, silent tears began to fall from her eyes.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 510[886 words]

Graham:

The moment I saw her, my mood darkened even more.

As I stepped back, she panicked.

"Please, just come inside once. At least hear me out," she pleaded and I shook my head.

"Are you really acting as if I don't know you?" I shot back. "I have never seen a more dangerous and manipulative woman in my life."

As soon as I said that, I saw hurt flash across her face. I had never imagined that the one sending me those love notes would be Sherry. Someone whose face I did not even want to see.

"Just listen to me once," she begged, almost stumbling as she hurried after me.

Her heel got caught in the decorative flooring of the front porch. She would have fallen if I had not caught her. She placed both hands on my chest and lifted her head, locking her eyes with mine.

"Wow. You look even better up close," she murmured.

I pushed her away sharply. She regained her footing, but the embarrassment was visible on her face.

"Don't ever text me again," I warned, pointing my finger at her.

"You can't even sit with me for a minute and talk?" she asked.

"If you don't want to go inside, we can sit here," she added, pointing toward the bench on the front porch.

"What is your problem?" I barked. "Why are you after me? What new game are you playing now?"

"I'm not playing any game with you," she replied. "I actually wanted to thank you for saving me from a huge embarrassment. By withdrawing that case, you did me a favor. I just want to talk. At least hear me out."

She kept insisting, but I had already turned around, ready to leave.

"What if I tell you I can help you get Yuvonne's pack?" She called out and my steps slowed.

"What if I tell you Madeline and Byron are actively handling Ron's case?"

At that, I slowly turned around and faced her.

"It's true," she continued. "It seems the maid who killed Lady Rivaa was hired. If this continues, they will soon prove Ron innocent. He will be released."

She was throwing information at me, trying to confuse me. I tilted my head slightly and chuckled.

"And you think I hired that maid?" I asked calmly. "Is that why you think I'll be scared?"

Her eyes narrowed, as if she were searching my face for the truth.

"Well, I didn't hire any maid. And I have no interest in that pack anymore. I have nothing to do with Ron or his Luna."

My voice cracked slightly. Not because I was lying, but because it felt as if Yuvonne's curse had followed me.

I swallowed hard. I did not want anyone to know that Kaylee was not the only one responsible for my child's death. I had challenged the Moon Goddess. I had crossed every limit.

"So you must want to know that Yuvonne is healing now," she said softly. "You should heal too."

I did not understand what she meant.

She stepped aside and moved toward the door.

"Just a few drinks. Even if you don't want to drink, you can sit and lighten your heart with me."

She tried again to bring that innocence into her voice. I was not falling for it.

It seemed she was about to give up when she added, "I've had a crush on you for a long time. When you didn't notice me, I did what bullies do when they like someone. They bully the person they love."

Her confession sent a chill down my spine.

At that moment, I needed someone's shoulder. I was angry and broken, but I wanted to recover. Without thinking, I walked into her cabin.

Inside, she had created a cozy atmosphere. The fireplace was lit, and a table stood between two comfortable chairs with a few drinks laid out. I sat down and poured myself a drink. She took the seat across from me and began drinking as well.

"I've lost everything," I said. "I can never become a father again."

I do not know why I started speaking

in front of her, even though I knew she was a reporter and could record me was only admitting my stortcomings and my heartbreak Even if she exposed it, no one would blame me for that.

"I understand why you feel that way," Sherry began softly, "but I want to tell you something. Kaylee's life is ruined. She can never become a mother again. Why do you think you can't become a father?"

The truth was on the tip of my tongue, but I stopped. I lifted my eyes and looked at her. In the firelight, she looked beautiful.

"Don't get me wrong," she continued, "I could never bear to see my future husband with another woman either. But think about it. You're an alpha. Whoever you marry will give you an heir. There's nothing wrong with you."

you."

Her words sent a sudden spark through me. I slowly set my glass down. "Women would line up to marry you," she added. "Didn't you see the article I posted about you today? I praised you a lot. I'm truly sorry for the past few weeks. I was jealous seeing you and Kaylee together."

As she said that, Sherry pulled out a bag from under the table. She set the bottle and glass aside and emptied the contents of the bag onto the table.

My heart stopped.

There were my pictures. Magazine cutouts. Everything.

All about me.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 511[803 words]

Graham:

"I don't get it. Why do you have picture after picture of me as if I'm some celebrity?"

I asked, too confused to use the same angry tone I had earlier.

She kept staring at my face before she finally smiled.

It was a strange smile, as if she had accomplished something just by sitting across from me. I never imagined someone would be obsessed with me. She was behaving like a stalker.

"Am I going to get an answer today or not?" I asked.

She nodded, as though even my scolding sounded adorable to her.

"I knew you would ask these questions. I was just afraid you would be so angry that you'd throw everything into the fire," she said, laughing awkwardly and blushing deeply.

But when she looked up and saw that I was not giving her soft, forgiving eyes, she seemed to realize she needed to take me seriously.

"I collected all of this," she admitted. "I was crazy about you. But you never noticed me. And when all this happened to you, I couldn't bear it. I can't see you broken."

She spoke softly, then took a deep breath and nodded.

"I want to help you heal. I want to be a light in your life. Even if you ignore me now, I will keep proving myself until you accept me. I will keep choosing you, because there is no better alpha in this world than you."

Her words began to reach my heart. I had never seen such desire for me in someone's eyes.

Kaylee's desire had been different. There had been aggression in it. She had hit me and argued with me. But Sherry sat in front of me, praising me, calling me the best.

"And I will do everything possible to make sure Yuvonne's pack ends up in your hands," she finished.

"I just want you," she uttered, slowly rising from her seat and dragging it closer to mine.

At that point, I was not even speaking. I let her say whatever was on her mind. When she sat down again, she ran her fingers along the back of my hand.

I noticed how warm and deliberately seductive her touch was.

"You want me to believe that you would betray your friend for me?" I asked, smirking at her as if she could fool me.

"Yuvonne is my friend, not someone I would destroy my world for. She's fine and all, but I'm not betraying her," she replied softly. "It's not betrayal if your friend is not in her right mind, and she isn't. She has lost it. I'm just helping the pack survive. I want the best Alpha to rule."

She ended with a shrug.

I raised an eyebrow and kept staring at her, trying to understand her better.

To be honest, I was determined to learn more about Sherry now. The way she traced her fingers over my hand while holding my gaze was intriguing.

There was something about it that I could almost cherish.

Besides, she was the one who had comforted me. She made me realize that I had not lost my chance to become a father.

It was Kaylee's issue, not mine.

She kept looking into my eyes before leaning in and gently brushing her lips against mine.

A spark ran down my spine, but then a familiar face flashed in my mind, and I hesitated.

Madeline.

Could I ever be with her again?

I had made so many mistakes that could

na

someone deeply infatuat

longer imagine her

forgiving me But for now, there

Was

With me

Sherry tilted her head and softly tugged at my bottom lip, making me tense.

I fought the urge to pull her into my lap. I wanted her to chase me the way I had once chased Madeline.

I wanted to feel wanted and loved.

"I'll leave now. I'm tired," I uttered, rising from my seat.

She stood up immediately, handing me my phone and adjusting my jacket. It was something Kaylee had never done.

The way she catered to me made

me feel special. I stayed still, letting her smooth my hair into place. She even fastened my watch back onto my wrist which had removed earlier during our conversation.

When she was done, she gave me a beautiful smile.

"If you've had too much to drink, call your driver. Please, I don't want you driving like this," she said softly.

I did not respond. I began to walk away, then stopped.

This time, when I turned back to her, I leaned down and pressed my lips to hers.

Even though I wanted her to chase me, I still wanted to taste her.

The moment I kissed her, she responded with a soft laugh against my lips and leaned closer wanting more. But pulled back after a lingering kiss.

Her eyes remained closed for a second longer. Then she opened them and drew in a deep breath.

"Wow. That was amazing," she whispered about what had only been a simple kiss.

The fact that it meant so much to her made me feel powerful.

