

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 512[836 words]

Kaylee:

Graham's behavior was getting worse. I noticed that after everyone went to sleep at night, he would quietly slip out somewhere. I started to suspect he was going to meet someone.

Whenever he returned and changed his clothes, I would sneak into the guest room and smell them. They carried a woman's scent. I knew who had started taking advantage of our state at the right moment. It could be no one but Madeline. This had to be her doing.

I was losing my mind. My head felt like it was going to explode. Even though I had everything, it suddenly felt as if everything had been taken from me.

"You need to take your medications regularly," my father advised.

I had gone to sit with him because I felt terribly lonely in the mansion.

Then there were Penny and Lord Eldon. The two of them tried too hard to be sweet with me. Every time Penny looked at me, she would drop whatever she was doing just to sit beside me and start a conversation.

But I knew what she was trying to do. In hindsight, I understood it even more clearly. She wanted me to see her pregnant belly and feel lonely.

And I did.

Every time she appeared with her big fucking belly, I stared at it and cursed it under my breath.

"What is the use of these medicines? They are not going to fix me," I muttered, staring blankly at the wall in front of me.

Tears gathered in my eyes again.

"Don't think like that. Your health is far more important," my innocent father replied, having no idea what it meant for a Luna Queen to never have children.

"Father, a Luna Queen's mental health means nothing," I murmured, breaking my stare from the wall and turning toward him.

"What matters is that the Luna bears her mate's children and gives strong heirs to the Alpha."

With every word I spoke, my heart grew heavier.

"Well, if he loves you enough, he may overcome that desire and even adopt a child," my father suggested.

As he said that, an idea formed in my mind. I looked at him with renewed excitement.

"That is true. There are many children whose Alpha parents died and who are now in the orphanage. You could convince him to adopt one of them. And if we work hard enough, we might even find a child whose pack is currently unstable. Perhaps a beta or a weaker Alpha took control after the child's parents passed away." he was giving me some really good suggestions.

"If that is the case, your husband could challenge them. He would be taken more seriously because he is more powerful and has more packs under his command than the Alpha currently ruling them," my father continued.

Everything he said sounded like a melody to my ears.

"Do you think he will accept it?" I asked, anxiously watching his face.

"There have not been many cases, but there were a few Alphas in the past who did that. They adopted children because they did not want to replace their mate just to have one," my father explained.

When he said those words, I felt them pierce straight into my heart. How lucky those

Lunas must have been to have a mate willing to adopt for her sake.

"I will speak to him today," I told my father, smiling brightly.

"Finally, my daughter is smiling," my father said, smiling as well.

I returned home and dressed

home

beautifully this time. I stood in front of the mirror, staring at myself and remembering the W

Fonce stroked

my swollen belly. It was only a

memory now, but that was going to

change.

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I would make sure Graham agreed to adoption. That way, we would even be able to bring packs under our control.

I joined everyone for lunch, and right away I noticed Penny and Lord Eldon staring at the smile on my lips.

"We are so happy to see you smiling," Lord Eldon remarked.

Graham slowed his movements and turned his head to look at me. I was sure he noticed how beautiful I looked in the new blue dress.

"That is because I have good news," I announced.

The moment said that, everyone frowned, exchanging glances before looking back at me. Even Graham set his fork down and turned toward me. I knew he was expecting a different kind of good news, but that was never going to happen. Oh, how I wished it were possible.

"I have found a solution to our problem," I continued, smiling widely and watching

their faces carefully so I would not miss a single reaction.

"Our problem?" Graham asked, finally facing me.

Lately, getting his attention had been difficult. So whenever he did pay attention to

me, I wanted to choose my words carefully and not ruin it.

"I mean, we can have a child," I said.

As soon as the words left my mouth, Graham narrowed his eyes. Lord Eldon and his mate exchanged a look.

"Adoption. We can adopt a baby," I added.

The words had barely left my lips when Graham slammed his hand onto the table, making the dishes rise up and fall back on the table.

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Kaylee:

"You want me to bring someone else's child here and let him become the Alpha of the pack one day?" Graham almost yelled.

I felt so embarrassed that I could not lift my eyes for a few seconds. Then I thought maybe he did not understand the rest of my plan. So I began explaining what my father had suggested about adopting a child and challenging the child's pack, so Graham could rule it until the boy turned eighteen and reclaimed his parents' territory.

"Wait. I do not like this idea," Lord Eldon interrupted before Graham could respond.

I wanted to ask who had asked for his opinion, but I kept silent.

"What do you think, Graham?" I asked instead, making it clear that Lord Eldon's opinion was neither needed nor welcome.

Graham stared at me as if he were judging me.

"Why do you think it is not a good idea?" he asked, turning to his father first.

It felt like a slap. As if I had already been dismissed.

"That is because if you want to adopt a child, you should do it because you truly want one, not because you want his pack." his father paused to grunt.

"And you cannot just go around challenging someone for their pack. The other Alphas will unite against you and start a war to bring you down. They will see you as a greedy Alpha who is trying to seize control by igniting unnecessary battles" Lord Eldon stated firmly.

Suddenly, he wanted to act like a man full of morals.

"Exactly," Graham agreed.

My jaw nearly hit the floor. I had thought Graham would think logically. I had thought he wanted a pack.

Penny sat there, giving me sad eyes, as if she felt sorry for me for being dragged into this conversation.

"Then what are we going to do?" I snapped, turning to Lord Eldon instead of Graham.

"What do you suggest?"

I realized then that he was just as much of a problem as his son.

"First of all, do not raise your voice at me," Lord Eldon hissed.

Before he could continue, I scoffed and shook my head mockingly.

"I know why you do not want us to adopt a child," I said, folding my arms across my chest.

At that point, I had nothing left to lose. I might as well fight with whatever strength I had.

"Really? And what do you think that is?" Lord Eldon questioned, narrowing his eyes.

"Because your wife is already pregnant, and you believe that if Graham does not have children, your child will become the next Alpha of the pack," I shot back.

The moment I said that, Lord Eldon's jaw clenched. Penny looked offended.

"Are you listening to this absurdity?" Lord Eldon shouted, urging his son to silence me.

There it was. Their true faces.

It proved how little they cared about me. Those sympathetic looks and forced kindness had only been a show. The closer they stayed to me, the more they could watch me suffer, and they enjoyed it.

"I am. And why are you asking me about her behavior?" Graham said coldly.

"Did you not know she was arrogant? Did you not know she was full of herself?" Each word struck directly at my pride. Tears blurred my vision as he continued.

"You were the one who said she was a better choice than Madeline."

My jaw clenched at that.

Oh. So this is what was happening. They were playing twisted games for their own benefit, trying to prove that Madeline was the right choice all along.

I could not control my anger anymore.

"You are all manipulating this for your own purposes," I yelled. "You are trying so hard to prove that Madeline is the right choice."

"Kaylee, please, control yourself," Penny whispered.

"Oh, shut the fuck up, you little slut," I snapped.

Everyone gasped.

Lord Eldon looked as if he might suffer a stroke. And I would have been glad to see it.

Every time I spoke, he glanced at Graham as if to say, look at what your wife is doing.

And Graham only shrugged.

"Oh please, stop with the emotional blackmailing,"

I snapped at them again.

"Isn't she the reason Graham's mother died?" I shot back.

I was not holding back anymore. Anger had hit me hard when Lord Eldon destroyed

my plan of finally having a child and securing my place as Graham's Luna.

I knew he did it because he did not

want any child to come and claim the pack With my children out of the way his would become the next

Alphas of the packs under Graham's rule.

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"Why would anyone respect her?" I screamed.

Penny covered her face with her hands as if she were ashamed, while Lord Eldon glared at me with clenched fists.

"I did not realize your voice could be this loud," Lord Eldon said, playing the victim.

I scoffed at him.

"Oh, please. Was there not someone

who was extremely kind to you?

Remember Madeline? And

remember how you treated her

fired back, glaring at them one by

one.

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"So do not act like I am the villain here. When you had the power, you controlled someone too."

I lashed out because I hated the way he pretended to be innocent.

He pointed at his son again, who, strangely enough, had started eating his food. He

looked far calmer than I had expected.

"I am done with my meal," Graham announced.

All eyes turned to him. His father looked hurt because he had not stopped me. Penny's eyes were filled with tears, that fake woman who should never have been blessed with pregnancy.

"As for heirs, why are you forgetting that---" Graham said coldly.

"I am not the one who lost the ability to ever have a child. She did."

His voice was soft, but his words were a nightmare.

"So do not worry, Father. I will have children, just not with this mate."

Graham stood and walked away, leaving my mouth hanging open.

"Good job. Now you have lost our support too, Kaylee," Lord Eldon snapped, slamming his hand against the table.

Then he took Penny's hand and led her away, reminding me that I was completely alone.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 514[840 words]

Madeline:

"And that is all she said?" Byron asked, and I nodded, recalling Yvonne's words.

"She did speak after that. Although she is doing much better, those words still haunt me," I told him, placing my files and the empty bottles into my bag.

We had come back to Byron's pack to take care of the sick children.

I told him about Yvonne's confession the other day and he seemed to wonder the same, that something fishy happened.

"So basically, she is saying she had an affair, correct? Or maybe a one night stand?" he asked, and I nodded.

"Seems like that," I replied.

Byron cleared his throat and looked around uncomfortably.

His discomfort made me realize that whatever was in his heart was stopping before

it reached his lips, or perhaps he was holding himself back, afraid he might say something that would hurt me.

"Okay, what is it? Do you have any idea what might have happened?" I asked, snapping my fingers in front of his face because I wanted every possible suggestion and opinion to crack this case.

"What I am about to say might sound a little strange to you," he uttered, one hand on his waist while the other scratched the back of his neck.

The people in Byron's pack were very sweet.

Out of all the packs I had visited so far, the people in Byron's pack were different. They were welcoming.

As soon as I arrived there, they started talking to me.

They brought me small gifts from their sides.

The interesting thing was that they were not expensive items. They were meaningful. One gave me a flower from her garden, other gave me fruits from their own trees.

The mothers whose children I treated with medicine were also different with me.

Even before the medicine worked, they would hold my hand and say that even if it failed, they would still appreciate my effort.

This pack was full of nice people.

But I had started to feel as if this pack also hid many secrets.

It was as if their past was dark, which was why the pack functioned so quietly and stayed isolated from others.

"You look hungry," Byron said suddenly, changing the topic.

"No, you said you were going to say something, so tell me. I am ready for it," I responded more sternly to make it clear that he could not divert my attention.

"Fine," he muttered.

"Listen, ever since Yuvonne has been confined to the mansion and has not been allowed to leave, there have not been many people who came to see her."

As he began to speak, the hair on the back of my neck stood up.

"I mean, she cannot leave to sleep with someone. So someone who came into the mansion might have had a one night stand with her."

He bit his tongue and spoke

awkwardly, as if trying his best not to offend me because he was

talking about my sister, or the woman I considered my sister even if we no longer shared blood.

Now Byron was looking at me through his eyes.

One of his eyebrows slowly lifted, as if he was waiting for the hint to register in my mind, and it already had.

"You mean-Graham?" I asked, keeping my voice low, but the shock showed in how wide my eyes had opened.

Byron wrinkled his nose, clicked his tongue, and nodded very slowly and dramatically.

Because other than Graham, no one had entered that house whom I would expect.

I paused, rubbing the back of my neck.

There were no cameras inside the mansion, and I must say, no working cameras anymore.

However, Byron had already

gathered information and spoken to

all the warriors outside to take

account of who had been visiting. Yvonne

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Even Sherry.

Ever since Yuvonne lost her child, she had not visited her even once.

That just made me feel strange about their friendship.

"It cannot be," I said quietly.

"At first, I should not have believed that Yuvonne could cheat. She loved Ron very much."

I suddenly backtracked. I no longer believed her claims.

"I mean, you would know better what she is capable of and what she is not. But the only thing that has come forward is that if there is anyone who had even the slightest interaction with her, or anyone we would suspect, then it would be..."

Byron spoke those words with his eyes lowered, as if embarrassed to discuss it.

"Maybe he showed her false dreams, gave her hope, and that is why she hated him so much afterward."

Byron began forming his own scenarios while I wondered, what if the child was Graham's?

But that could not be.

It would have taken time for the pregnancy to show, and from what I could tell, she

was not that far along.

So did that mean she cheated on Ron right after their marriage?

My mind felt completely numb at that moment, but I still needed answers.

To understand Yuvonne's condition, I had to uncover the truth.

"Okay, anyway, did you speak with any lawyer who could help us with Ron's case?"

I asked, changing the subject.

Byron nodded.

"Yes, one of my lawyers. The best lawyer in my pack is ready to take care of this case," he stated.

I smiled with relief because I no longer trusted anyone else.

Chapter 515

[988 words]

Madeline:

"So this is where Valeria lives," Byron said as he pointed at the door.

We climbed five flights of stairs and stopped in front of the green door on the top floor of the apartment complex.

I wanted to start Ron's case as soon as possible.

I also wanted to visit Ron.

So far, they had not allowed me to see him, and that had already been disturbing me deeply.

That was why I had asked Byron to change the lawyer first, someone who could explain our rights and tell us whether we were allowed to meet him.

The previous lawyer had refused to continue the case. He said there were too many

flaws in it and admitted that he had performed badly the first time.

Suddenly, he began receiving invitations from other packs, and somehow he comfortably and successfully changed his pack.

He was now working in Elgin's pack now.

I did not trust any of the other pack members either.

I needed someone who stayed away from fame and influence, someone who was not under the control of a powerful figure.

That was why I chose to trust Byron's lawyer.

The problem was that I had no idea she would be interested.

As soon as Byron knocked, the door opened.

A young woman with short, curly red hair stood in front of us. She wore large glasses and had freckles scattered across her face.

All in all, she could have been a quirky model, but a lawyer?

"Come in," she said excitedly, stepping aside before walking back inside.

Byron and I looked at each other.

"She is a little different," Byron muttered.

She wore an oversized hoodie and a beautiful skirt that suited her well.

The problem was the chopsticks tucked behind her ear and the noodles hanging from her chin.

"Okay," I said to Byron quietly.

I stepped inside, and he followed.

The moment I entered her living room, I was stunned.

I had never seen so many files in one place.

The entire living room was filled with books, files, and loose pages.

"Do not step on them. Just move along the sides and come this way," she called from the side room, which seemed to be both her kitchen and dining area.

We followed her directions and soon found ourselves sitting in front of her with three bowls of noodles.

I am not going to lie. They looked extremely good.

She began slurping them loudly.

"Please have some,"

She responded enthusiastically yet casually, as if none of this was unusual.

I clamped my fingers together anxiously on the table in front of her.

She noticed my agitation with one eye before lowering her head back into the bowl.

When I turned my head, I heard even louder slurping.

Byron was devouring the noodles without restraint.

She was cute.

It was clear that she lived alone in this top floor apartment with one living room, a large kitchen, and one bedroom.

The issue was that she looked too young to me, and I was unsure about her experience.

"I am just asking out of curiosity. Have you ever handled a case like this? A murder case?" I asked, not trying to demean her.

I simply did not want to take a risk.

There had already been a problem in a previous case.

I did not want us to lose this one because this time Ron's crown, his honor, and his life were at stake.

"Yes, I have," she responded confidently.

"Did you not tell her about Tommy's death and how I uncovered the killer?" she asked Byron. "How I discovered the truth?"

Byron immediately nodded.

His mouth was still full, so he could not speak, but his gestures supported her claim.

"Oh, really? How much time did it take to find the killer and bring the truth to light?" I asked.

She began counting on her fingers.

"Two days," she replied.

As soon as she said that, my eyes lit up with shine.

I looked at Byron with a smile and then back at her.

"Then Tommy's family must have

been very

happy," I told her, wanting her to understand that solving a case like that brings relief to the

Cim's family.

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"No, his owners were happy. Then they got another dog," she answered casually.

I frowned.

"Oh, by the way, Tommy was a dog," Byron clarified.

I leaned back in my seat.

For the next ten minutes, I watched the two of them argue over who would eat my bowl of noodles.

I was truly scared for Ron, but we did not have any other option at this point.

After their little charade ended, we left for the leader's court to request permission to meet Ron.

Now I had to wait for Valeria to arrive and convince the council leaders to let us speak with him.

When I arrived, I saw Lord Eldon sitting behind the table, looking deeply worried.

It seemed that the recent events and his son losing his children had truly affected him.

He did not appear to be his usual cocky self. Instead, he looked like a defeated man.

Still, I knew he would do everything to prevent us from getting Ron out.

Lady Abigail sat beside him.

She did not dare look at me again.

Then there was Lord Williams.

He wore his usual smile, but we were still waiting for our lawyer.

With everything happening and the way circumstances had turned against us, the tension in the room was heavy.

Lady Abigail kept her gaze lowered, looking only at Byron when he spoke.

"As I mentioned, Yuvonne's cases

were dismissed but she did do alt

those things she said calmly "do

its

not think it is appropriate to let anyone meet Ron before the court proceedings begin."

She finished speaking, and I closed my eyes.

I had expected that.

"Actually, that is not the rule. You are required to allow the lawyer and the assistants to meet Ron before the trial begins."

Valeria's voice came from behind us.

Suddenly, I felt as if we had a real chance.

She walked in holding a rule book.

She placed it on the table, opened it, and pointed to a specific line with a confident smile.

"Yes, but that means you can meet him," Lady Abigail quickly countered.

"They are my assistants," Valeria replied without hesitation, pointing at us.

It seemed she had anticipated every argument.

I watched Lady Abigail's face lose its color.

Chapter 516

[867 words]

Madeline:

"Since when? Do you have any documents to prove that they are your assistants?" Lady Abigail asked sharply.

Her tone was unusually aggressive.

This was not how they normally addressed lawyers, but I assumed she was frustrated.

Of course, whenever Lady Abigail looked at me, every issue became personal.

And of course, because I had once forced her to kneel at my feet, I knew she still held resentment over it.

"Here, you want the documents?" Valeria asked cheerfully as she began piling the papers in front of them.

A little earlier, while we were eating noodles, she had handed me a few documents and asked me to sign them.

At the time, I did not understand why she was naming me as her assistant.

Now I did.

Honestly, the way she had handled it, that small victory, made me feel as if she carried a spark.

Suddenly, my hopes rose.

"So, Lady Abigail, can we meet Ron?" I asked with a smile on my lips, one I knew would shake her world.

She stared at me blankly before nodding.

"Sure. I cannot stop you anymore, can I?" she replied.

The deep eye contact said everything.

When were they going to learn?

After all of that, we left to meet Ron.

I had requested that we be allowed to spend more time with him, but since it was the first day, we decided to simply check on his condition and tell him about Yvonne.

When we reached the prison, we realized just how bad the situation was.

The first thing that struck me was that the prison chosen for Ron was not one usually assigned to an alpha.

Even if murder charges were placed on them, until those charges were confirmed, they were not treated this harshly.

Seeing Ron in such conditions felt wrong.

The prison was located at the far end of the territory, hidden behind a mountain range.

Criminals worked there all day.

No distinction was made between those accused of murder, theft, assault, or even self-defense.

Everyone received the same treatment.

That unsettled me deeply.

When our car stopped and the three of us stepped out, my heart nearly stopped.

Thick iron bars surrounded the entire area.

Inside, criminals roamed freely.

Some were fighting.

Others were breaking stones with pickaxes or chopping wood under supervision.

A prison guard approached and spoke to Valeria.

After informing him that we wanted to meet Ron, he nodded and stepped aside. "Come," Valeria said to us calmly.

I still could not understand why Ron had been placed there.

The accusations against him had not even been proven yet.

"Ah, is she here to entertain us?" Suddenly, one of the prisoners came too close to me, making my heart skip a beat.

I saw the menace in his expression.

Before I could react, Byron grabbed his wrist tightly so that he had stretched out of the bars.

"If you

her think about touching

her, I will grind your hands into dust you

be the chance, Byrom

warned, shoving him back t

him back

The prisoner fell onto his back.

"What happened? Did you get jealous? Are you her lover?" another

inmate shouted angrily at Byrohet

for

pushing his friend.

The exchange unsettled me.

I quickly looked away from the prisoners.

"Looks like none of you are given proper discipline here. If you want, I can step inside and handle you one by one, then we will see whether am a lover or a psycho," Byron and

shouted, gripping the barse

waiting for any of them to come closer.

»

"Okay, Byron. That is enough. Let's go," Valeria said coolly, turning back and tapping his shoulder.

Her lawyer's coat was oversized.

The messy bun on her head, with a chopstick tucked through it, made her look unexpectedly adorable.

"Or maybe give us the one with the glasses," another inmate yelled.

"Fine. Let's go," Byron muttered, shaking his head.

"Wait a second. You did not defend me. They should have been told not to call me four eyes," Valeria complained lightly.

The two of them began arguing again as we walked ahead.

We finally reached the side rooms.

The entire prison lay under open sky, but these rooms were built like old-fashioned prison chambers.

Meetings were held there.

I had heard that at night, the prisoners were sent to basement cells where there was barely any air.

It felt as though they were living in a hidden dungeon.

The moment I stepped in, I already felt suffocated.

The atmosphere made me uneasy.

If he were truly a criminal, that would be different.

But Ron? I knew he had done nothing to deserve this.

His presence there, in those conditions, was deeply wrong.

We were seated in an old-style room with a large barred window.

Byron shifted restlessly in his chair.

The chairs were wooden, narrow, and extremely uncomfortable.

Then the door opened.

Warriors brought Ron in, his hands cuffed.

The sight of him brought tears to my eyes.

He did not look weak in the physical sense.

If anything, his muscles were more defined from being forced to work day and night.

But the exhaustion on his face nearly broke me.

I had always seen Ron smiling, positive, and full of life.

Today, he looked like he was sinking into something dark.

As soon as he stepped inside and saw me, a frown appeared on his face.

It was not the kind of frown I had expected.

It made me feel as if he was not happy to see me.

That feeling was confirmed when he immediately stepped back toward the guard.

"I am not speaking in front of her," he said firmly.

When he finished, his head snapped toward me.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 517[782 words]

Ron:

Life had taken a very unexpected turn.

A turn where I was not at fault, yet I was accused.

The worst part was that it was not just any crime.

It was the murder of my dear grandmother, and I was thrown into prison for it.

Being imprisoned did not hurt as much as the accusation itself.

What consumed me was that my grandmother, whom I loved deeply, had been killed, and I was blamed while the real killer walked free.

Many times, the thought crossed my mind.

What if Yuvonne had actually arranged all of this?

After all, the text messages between her and her mother had surfaced.

They were cryptic.

If there was any truth to the accusations, it meant that I had brought a killer into my home and given her access and the chance to kill my grandmother.

Alone in the prison, these thoughts consumed my mind, burning through it and leaving no space for anything positive. I could not think of anything else.

"You have been working really hard, so here is an extra piece of bread for you."

A warrior approached my table and tossed a loaf of bread at me.

The others laughed.

I picked it up and began to eat.

I had been humbled.

There were moments when I wanted to end it all, to lose control and fight everyone before escaping.

But then the accusations against my name would never be cleared.

So I endured.

"Don't take their words to heart. They have nothing better to do," the old man beside me said. He had been accused of killing his son and had been here for as long as anyone could remember.

He seemed kind. When I first heard what crime he had been accused of, I was stunned. A man like him, who had never hurt anyone in prison, killing his own son?

I asked him many times why it had happened, but he always gave the same answer.

It had been self-defense, and no one had listened. Now he simply let everyone call him a killer. It no longer bothered him.

"Well, they have the right to bully me. They think I killed my innocent grandmother," I commented, eating the dry loaf of bread.

"But you did it," the old man repeated.

Mr. Park was different from the others. When I told the prisoners that I had not killed my grandmother, they realized that was what hurt me most. So they reminded me of it every waking minute. But not Mr. Park. He never did.

"Besides, do you think these people are here on a picnic? They are already facing the worst punishment," Mr. Park laughed, glancing at the warriors who grunted when they noticed we were likely talking about them.

After that, we ate in silence. That was how most of our days passed.

I carried on with life there, doing chores and waiting for my lawyer to appear.

He never did.

I requested permission to meet someone from outside to ask about the case.

No one responded.

I had been wronged in more ways than I had ever imagined.

Every day, I woke up in the basement cell and dealt with the so-called bullies of the prison.

I constantly had to watch my back for sudden attacks.

The rest of the day was spent working in the mines or in the woods chopping trees w

they ordered us.

Then I would return alone.

Completely alone.

Until one day, I had a visitor.

"Come on, Prisoner 207, you have a visitor," a warrior called out.

The voice made me lift my head from the well where I was filling buckets.

That day, my task was to fill water buckets.

And not just a few.

They meant two hundred and seven buckets, the same number as my prisoner ID.

The task was not difficult, but I had to carry them one at a time, walking through the woods and across the mountains to where they were needed.

Every day, they gave us wolfsbane to prevent us from using our wolves.

I set the bucket down and approached the warrior as he held out the handcuffs.

After securing my hands in front of me, he led me back toward the prison.

It took thirty minutes to reach the meeting room.

I carried many expectations with me.

I had hoped Yuvonne would come.

She had remained in the back of my mind the entire time.

Even when the accusations against her became severe enough for me to suspect betrayal, I still wanted to see her content belongs t

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I needed to ask her why she had done what she had done.

At least she owed me that much.

I did not expect Madeline.

She was dealing with her own children.

Besides, she was a rogue.

She would not even be allowed to meet me.

My lawyer showing up would have been something.

But he never did.

As soon as the door opened, I stepped inside, only to see someone I had not expected at all.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 518[796 words]

Ron:

My eyebrows pulled together, and I turned toward the warrior.

"What is he doing here?" I demanded of the warrior.

He raised his eyebrow at me, reminding me that I had neither the power nor the right to yell or demand answers.

"Go inside. You cannot deny this meeting," he said the moment he noticed the look on my face, the one that clearly showed I was seconds away from walking out.

So I moved forward, my eyes locked on the man sitting across from me. I dropped into the chair and slammed both my hands onto the table. He did not flinch, nor did the expression on his face change.

"I hope you remember me," he said softly, a faint smirk of sympathy playing on his lips, one I immediately disliked.

"I did not expect them to put you here. I mean, it is a little harsh, isn't it?" the voice was dripping with sarcasm.

The visitor did not feel bad for me. It was a fake attempt to show sympathy, or perhaps to remind me that my condition was meant to be pitied.

"You know, life has moved on for everyone else except you, the forgotten alpha."

The words struck hard because they were true.

"What do you want? Why are you here?" I asked bluntly.

The Ron who once treated everyone with respect no longer existed. After everything that had happened here, the treatment, the injustice, I no longer felt any obligation to be polite.

"Why are you being so hostile? I heard no one comes to visit you," he replied, leaning back in his chair and wrinkling his nose as if irritated by the discomfort. "This is uncomfortable. I am not used to sitting on chairs like this. I usually sit on my throne very comfortably. I am sure you are no longer familiar with that."

He shook his head slowly.

"You do not have that anymore." he smirked.

"What do you want?" I repeated, refusing to entertain his comments or whatever satisfaction he was trying to gain from this.

"Always straight to the point," he remarked, almost like it was a compliment, before leaning forward and resting his elbows on the table. "I want to offer you a deal."

One of my eyebrows rose.

"What makes you think I would accept anything you have to offer?" I asked, leaning back this time and placing my hands in my lap.

I noticed his eyes flicker toward them repeatedly, as if he was afraid I might attack him. I had lost my dignity here, but not my humanity.

"Well, since nobody else is fighting for you anymore," he said casually, "how about I do it for you?"

My jaw clenched at his offer.

"You want me to believe that you want to fight for me?" I asked.

He shrugged, and I let out a short chuckle to mock his statement.

"I would be a fool to trust you. You know that, right? You would be the last person I would ever put my life in the hands of," I commented, watching him roll his eyes at my words.

"Besides, I don't need your help. I already have a lawyer."

The moment those words left my lips, he let out a chuckle, then pretended to choke

as if it were the funniest thing he had ever heard.

"Your lawyer works for my pack now," Elgin added, giving me a mockingly sympathetic smile, as though he felt sorry for me after ruining everything.

"I will ask you again," I said slowly, pronouncing each word with deliberate clarity, "what do you want this time?"

He leaned back into his seat.

There was something dead in his eyes when he finally answered.

"I want your pack."

I watched his face in silence, waiting for him to tell me he was joking. The audacity to think what he was saying

as not odd, and the nerve to still wait for my response, proved he was brain-dead.

"Come on, I need your answer," Elgin urged, tapping his fingers on the table before leaning back again.

"In return, I will help you clear your name, and I will also find your grandmother's killer," Elgin added with confidence, as if he already knew where to look.

"So you know who killed my grandmother?" I asked, emotions rushing back to me.

"It would not be hard for me to find

out, but I need your pack," Elgin replied. "So it depends on you, really. Do you value your pack so much that you are going to rot here for

your grandmother's murder, or

Would you hand over your pack and get justice for her?" he sighed.

"Trust me when I tell you this, Ron, but nobody is really thinking about you anymore," he continued.

Those words really hit me hard. The problem was that even if I believed what he was saying was similar to the recent situation.

No one came to meet me. Nor was I being told what was going on and what was not.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 519[954 words]

Ron:

I was being treated as if I had already been confirmed for the murder of my grandmother. My fists clenched, and my eyes landed on the handcuffs in my hands.

The wrong person was in handcuffs while the killer was enjoying his or her life outside.

"Yuvonne and Madeline."

As soon as I said those names, I watched Elgin tilt his head and raise his eyebrow in confusion.

"Sorry, what was that?" he asked, once again straightening his back so he could rest his elbows on the table and lean ahead to bring his ear closer to me.

"Those two will find a way to prove my innocence and to find..." I started, but I was in the middle of talking when Elgin let out a loud burst, hand to his chest like he could not stop himself from laughing out loud.

It was disrespectful, but I waited for him to finish so he could tell me what he found

so funny about it. My jaw tightened as I kept my eyes on him.

"I know it will hurt you, but you have expectations from the wrong people," he commented proudly.

"Has either one of them come to see you yet?" he asked me straight up, moving his fingers from left to right, mentioning Madeline and Yuvonne.

"Yuvonne is embarrassed, and Madeline is a rogue. Even if she wants to come, they will not let her," I tried to defend them, looking back at Elgin with confidence in my eyes.

"Really?" Elgin uttered, nodding his head.

"Well then, you must know that Madeline is being given a lot of respect these days for becoming a member of your pack," he continued. "So much that even Lady Abigail and Graham's wife were made to bow at her feet and apologize to her."

His words shook me. For a moment, I could not believe that something like that had happened.

And I guess Elgin realized it because he started to pull his phone out to show me something.

Sure enough, there was a video of Madeline in the same situation Elgin had described.

"She is staying in the pack and traveling to different packs with medicine, helping sick children. Her husband is being given five herb treatments that were reserved only for royals, and even then, very rarely," As Elgin explained, I began to clench my jaw.

Fine, it hurt to lose everything, but I did not feel bad for myself. I felt bad for my grandmother.

I had hoped and expected at least one of them to put aside their busy, happy lives for a few seconds to think about my grandmother and get justice for her.

"And you definitely have something to tell me about Yuvonne," I said to him as I raised my head and looked him dead in the eye.

The look on his face told me everything. He nodded and began playing audio clips of Yuvonne speaking to her reporter friend, trying to demean Graham.

The clips were specifically about Graham. She talked about ruining his reputation and destroying him publicly.

"Is there anything wrong with that?" I asked Elgin, realizing that Yuvonne was actually doing the right thing by going after that asshole.

Elgin started to laugh.

"Don't you think her hatred for Graham comes from something deeper? Something personal?" he asked with a cocky grin that made me swallow.

I did not want to hear another accusation against her. That would mean had loved someone who did. not exist, that her reality was darker than I had imagined.

"Well, do you know who is the only person visiting her at her mansion?" Elgin asked with a smile. "Graham."

My heart skipped a beat at how wrong his smirk looked like.

"And not just that. They are always late-night visits," he added.

The moment he leaned back, I got up and lunged at him. He was quick to push the table between us, forcing me back into my seat.

"Don't kill the messenger," he scoffed.

"You are accusing my Luna of cheating on me?" I shouted, slamming my hands on the table.

The silver handcuffs were already burning my wrists, but now they dug deeper into my skin from the pressure I applied.

"I am not accusing," he paused, then smiled to himself. "I am telling you confidently that the two of them had something going on behind your back."

I lowered my head and let out a slow breath.

"You should not have come here accusing my Luna," I hissed, raising my head, my eyes burning with anger.

If he had been wiser, he would have stopped. But he was not. He rolled his eyes and continued.

"Well, your Luna is not faithful to you," he said confidently, and my jaw clenched harder than ever.

"You still have to defend her in your head," he continued. "Come on. Do you not know how evil she is? How big of a liar and opportunist she is?"

He seemed confident in his claims and that was the scariest part of our meeting.

"She was in love with Baxter. She left

the rogue community and got

herself gang-raped

all for Baxte

Then suddenly Baxter loses the

crown, and she loses interest."

Elgin spoke aggressively, as if he was getting angry that I was still struggling to believe the nonsense he was feeding me.

I raised my head and looked at him, trying to steady my breathing so I could think clearly.

"That is not what happened," I

replied between deep breaths,

pausing to form each sentence

She

and Dalways had something, but we never got a chance."

Somewhere along the way, his words were hitting me harder than I wanted to admit.

"Oh, come on, Ron. You seriously believe that?" Elgin hissed. "She only saw a crown in you."

He took a deep breath and nodded, as if he had more to reveal.

"Do you know what happened recently?" he asked, in a low creepy voice that gave me chills.

Every time he opened his mouth, he said something that broke me.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 520 [992 words]

Ron:

"What more do you have to say?" I asked him.

I know sometimes ignorance feels safer, but not in my case. This time, I needed to be honest with myself. I needed to know the truth, all of it.

Once, I had truly loved her. I still remember how my life began revolving around her.

All of this was difficult for me to process, but given the circumstances, I felt like there had to be some truth in it. Otherwise, someone would have come to see me by now.

Not once had the warriors told me that my Luna had asked to meet me. My lawyer left so easily, and Yuvonne did not even try to find another one. She did not even hire a lawyer.

The disappointment with Madeline hurt too. I had done so much for her, and I did it with all my heart because I believed she was being treated unfairly.

But when it came to justice for me, everyone stepped back.

"It is very important to open your eyes."

Elgin snapped me out of my thoughts as he showed me a hospital report.

My heart stopped. It felt as if my life was being taken away from me, especially when I saw the report stating that Yuvonne had attempted suicide.

"Is she okay or not?" I asked Elgin anxiously, trying to reach for his collar, but the table was wide and my hands were restrained.

Every time I tried to move closer, he leaned back casually, balancing his chair on its two back legs.

"She is fine," he replied.

The moment he said that, I sat back in my seat.

"Why did she do it?" I asked, my voice heavy and thick with worry for her.

Elgin looked at me with a bored expression, as if he wanted to judge me for still caring about her.

But I understood now. Everything became clear.

That was why she had not come to see me. She was dealing with depression.

Honestly, I answered it myself, thinking about the grief she must have been carrying without me. No wonder she could not come here.

Then I began to question myself.

I remember the last time I told her that when I saw her again, I would reject her. That was the reason. Exactly the reason she was too afraid to come.

Guilt was eating me alive at that moment, but what unsettled me more was Elgin's silence.

"Fine. You want to know? I will tell you," Elgin responded casually.

He took a deep breath and said, "She did not want the child."

The moment he said that, he placed another file in front of me. It stated that she had lost the baby.

"And the suicide attempt happened while she was holding a pregnancy test in her hand," he added.

Everything around me went silent. It felt as if there was no sound at all.

My world stopped.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" I said, taking a deep breath, though my voice kept breaking. "This cannot be true. This report is fake."

"I knew you would say that. That is why I brought the CCTV footage, pictures, and videos taken when she

was admitted to the hospital with the pregnancy test in hand.

also brought testimonies stating that she was not happy about the pregnancy and that she looked shocked and stunned when she found out."

Elgin continued explaining, but I began shaking my head again.

He pulled out more reports, what I would call receipts, proving that she was indeed pregnant. The cause of her fall was officially recorded as a suicide attempt.

"Then you all must have tortured her enough to push her to that step," I snapped at him.

He let out a deep breath as if he was exhausted. Then he threw his hands in the air and leaned back, looking at me with a judgmental expression.

"Maybe she felt she could not handle this child alone. That is why she threw herself down with the child."

The moment I said that, tears welled up in my eyes.

Her condition had to be because of loneliness. And all I could think about was what they must have done to her.

I had seen what they tried to do to Madeline. Back then, at least Madeline still had her husband.

"Yvonne will not be completely

alone. Even Madeline will not be with her now, I continued. "Last time in court several accusations were brought against Madeline, and her case was ruined because of that."

"I will tell you what happened," Elgin added.

The confidence with which he was speaking already told me that nothing good was about to come out of his mouth. Still, I was not ready to hear any more nonsense about my Luna.

"Maybe the child was not yours. And the man it belonged to refused to take responsibility."

The moment those words left his mouth, I stood up to attack him. But then he said something that stopped me in my tracks.

"I have video proof of her cheating."

My body went numb for a few seconds. A strange ringing started in my ears.

"Do you want to see it?" he asked in a low, unsettling voice.

I kept staring at his face, asking myself if he was that confident, then he must have

something. Was I ready to see it?

"Come on. I do not have time," he said impatiently.

He started scrolling through his phone. Then he clicked on something and turned the screen toward me.

It was a video.

In the video, my Luna was on her knees in front of Graham.

I could see clearly what else was happening. I just kept watching in silence as my veins throbbed like they were about to burst.

"That is enough. I cannot see this. I cannot see this," I began to say, my breaths deep and heavy as they left my mouth.

"Leave. Just leave. Get out of here!" I screamed, breaking down miserably and throwing myself out of the chair.

I hit the ground with a thud, my hands covering my face.

"That cannot be true. She cannot do this to me," I began screaming and crying.

I hated everything at that moment.

And more than anything, I hated Yuvonne.