

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 601[819 words]

Ron:

I tried my best to get Madeline to tell me how Yuvonne was, but she looked very tired.

Maybe because she had been running around all night, going from one place to another, from one pack to another.

Thinking that she was just tired, I let it go.

I decided I would go and meet Yuvonne myself.

I mean, if Madeline was coming out of the hospital, that meant she had already given her the cure.

With that thought in my mind and in an excited state, I rushed to see my Yuvonne.

I was only expecting her to be shocked when I told her what we both had been through all this time, and it would be so beautiful.

It would feel like the union of two souls after being separated for so long.

But as I started to go inside, I noticed Yuvonne's father, Joseph, standing in the hallway outside her room.

He was in a terrible condition, crying like something very bad had happened.

"Mr. Joseph," I called, as I approached him.

The moment he looked at me, his eyes widened, as if he had been shocked.

Then he covered his face with his hands and began to cry again.

I took it as him being relieved, crying out of happiness that his daughter was awake again, because that had to be it.

"My daughter.....she was innocent. What did she ever do for someone to come and shoot her?" he cried.

Before I could ask him anything or tell him that I was here and everything would be fine, he started saying things that made me freeze.

"Wait, what do you mean by that?" I asked, confused, needing him to explain why he was speaking in the past tense.

"Alpha Ron, you are late," he said.

"Your wife has suffered greatly," he added.

"While you were in prison, she wasn't allowed a moment of peace. First, she was accused, then shamed. She was socially boycotted and kept in lockdown," he cried out.

"Then, even her child was taken away from her. She was forced, everything was done to her. And finally, when it seemed like she might find happiness, when she learned that you were about to come back, they took her life," he said, pausing as he broke down.

At first, I didn't understand what he was saying. I stared at his face for a moment, then gave him a weak smile.

"That's not possible. Byron just told me that Madeline has already brought the cure for her. So don't worry. Our Yuvonne is fine," I said, reaching for his hand.

But he pulled his hands back.

"Madeline?" he repeated bitterly.

"What made you think she would bring a cure for her?" he snapped.

"She hates my daughter, do you hear me?" he screamed.

I began to shake my head.

"No, that was in the past. They've made up. They care about each other now. They treat each other. well," I tried to explain.

But he shook his head even more violently.

"Then you don't know anything," he shouted.

"Tell me, where is the cure?" he demanded, his voice rising, and I went numb.

"Go inside and see your wife lying there lifeless while Madeline came back claiming she had the cure, but she doesn't anymore. She said she dropped it."

His words hit me with unbearable force. It felt like, in a single breath, in a single moment, he had thrown me into hell.

My steps faltered, and I fell backward.

Then I forced myself up and slammed the door open, only to find Karla standing beside my mate's body.

"Look what they did to her," Karla said, pointing at Yuvonne.

She had turned blue.

I reached her and gently touched her skin. She was no longer warm like I had left her. She was cold now, cold as ice.

There was no expression on her face, no pouting, no frowning, nothing.

She just lay there, as if me coming back meant nothing to her.

"You're not going to wake up and see me?" I said, smiling at her, trying to wake her

up.

"How can you?" I whimpered.

"How could you do this to me?" I asked her.

"You have to wake up, you know?" I said, my voice cracking.

"I came home for you, my love. Otherwise, what is left here for me?" I told her.

My face tightened.

"Baby, please," I pleaded, but she did not move.

No matter how much I cried in front of her, she just lay there silently, punishing me.

Hours passed, and I stayed with her.

Finally, when my tears had dried and I sat there holding her hand, Karla returned.

She had been crying too. She had even passed out a few times.

She placed a hand on my shoulder and sniffled.

"She should have stayed at home," she said, making my body tense.

"I don't understand why she thought

she would be safe with Madeline she continued, and my body began to feel itchy filled with worry anger, and everything else.

"And someone should ask Madeline where the cure is that she went to get for her," she added.

Once I was done with this, I was definitely going to question her.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 602[867 words]

Byron:

I was disgusted, shocked, and livid by what I was hearing.

We had to take Madeline away because she wasn't well.

The way she was crying hysterically, and every few seconds she kept checking her bag for the cure, it proved she wasn't in the right state.

We needed to get her out of there before it was too late, before she lost her mind completely. I wouldn't let that happen.

Besides, I was scared of Ron's reaction. If he said something to her, he would break her.

"I was supposed to save her," Madeline said.

We had come home, and Lord Jonah had put the kids to sleep after feeding them. Then he returned to the room and sat with us, just to check on Madeline.

"Those people are idiots. They should be held responsible for her murder, just as much as the one who shot her," I shouted, almost deafening myself.

Madeline turned to Lord Jonah. There was a strange anxiety in her body.

"How did she pass away? Did she just die in her sleep, or did she.....did she say something?" she insisted, her voice cracking again.

Lord Jonah held her hand between his, gently patting the back of it.

My eyes shifted as I noticed Lady Eugenia standing in the corner, right next to the kitchen door, her arms crossed over her chest.

I could tell she was more afraid that someone had entered their home and shot Yuvonne than she was upset that Yuvonne was gone.

"She did wake up," Lord Jonah said quietly.

I watched Madeline's eyes fill with more questions.

"It was only for a brief moment. When they brought her out of the coma, she woke up," he continued, looking distraught. I could tell he was struggling, unsure whether to say more or keep the rest to himself.

Madeline didn't wait. She grabbed his hand and placed it on her head.

"You have to tell me, without lying, what she said," she urged.

It was as if Madeline already knew that Yuvonne must have had a last wish.

I could tell Lord Jonah was unsure whether he should say it, because he kept looking at me.

"Please, tell me," Madeline pressed urgently.

Lord Jonah finally gave in.

"She wanted us to take care of Ron and not let him take a step that would ruin him. She wanted us to make sure he moved on, found a new mate, and started his life again. That was her only wish. And..." he paused, then cupped Madeline's face in his hands, "she said no one should let you take the blame for what happened to her. She wanted us to thank you for what you did for her, for how you cared for her when she was all alone."

As those words were spoken, Madeline broke down again.

And for the first time, I felt tears running down my own cheeks.

Lord Jonah and I decided to make Madeline sleep for a while, so we gave her medicine. She didn't know. We had mixed it into her food.

She cried for a few minutes even after taking it before she finally dozed off.

Now we sat together in the garden, wondering what would come next. People were blowing up our phones because Madeline's phone was turned off.

"I can't believe our pack members have turned so bitter," I said.

Lord Jonah agreed.

"Are they not going to let her grieve? That's ridiculous," I muttered, and Lord Jonah nodded.

"Those people really ruined everything for Madeline and Ron," he said softly.

"I'm just worried about both of them. They're the ones Yuvonne wanted us to take care of," he added sadly, making me sigh as I reached behind my head and rubbed my neck.

"We can take care of Madeline, but

I'm not sure how we will take care of Ron," I admitted, reminding him of the conversation I had told him. about in the car when Bòn found out that Yuvonne had been shot.

I had told him how aggressive Ron had become after hearing it.

"Do you have another fear? Speak it," Lord Jonah said, placing a hand on my shoulder and giving it a squeeze.

I pouted.

"I'm just afraid," I confessed softly.

"Say it," he insisted.

"I'm worried Ron might accuse Madeline," I said.

He nodded, as if he agreed.

"That's my fear too," he admitted, and I shook my head in disbelief.

It was disgusting, honestly, that we were even worried about something like that. It

just proved how unfair everyone had been to Madeline.

Because think about it. This wasn't her fault, yet we were worried she would be blamed for it, because it had happened again and again.

Something bad happens, and all the fingers point at Madeline, as if she's supposed to help everyone as if she's supposed to stop er nejust to fight something she doesn't even know exists.

"Anyway, we need to speak with the council and tell them not to bother Madeline for

a few hours. She needs to mourn properly," Lord Jonah said, and I agreed.

However, I immediately got a message from Sean that showed those people had no shame.

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"Sean, you need to keep an eye on Madeline. People are rallying against her, saying she's refusing to help their children They're planning to find her and force her to help them

As I read the text, my fist clenched.

I was ready to kill a few people.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 603[825 words]

Madeline:

I had barely made it through one whole day.

After that, I refused to help anyone.

Every time I received a call from Lady Abigail, asking when I was going to come and meet the families of the children, I just told her I was tired.

I mean, it had only been a day. How did they expect me to be over it so quickly?

So I did what felt right. I ignored them.

I was going to meet Baxter the next day, so I hoped he might help me figure out how

to speak with the council and inform them about those who had dropped the cure.

Because I wasn't going to rest until some of those faces were punished. I remembered them vividly.

"Are you feeling well?" Byron asked, sitting beside me on the bench as we stared at the cloudy sky.

I had picked up my children and moved to a motel in the rogue community, along with Lady Eugenia and Lord Jonah.

It was temporary, but I did it so I could stay away from those pack members, from all packs.

"I'm not well," I replied, gently touching the back of my neck and stretching it.

"You know, the day after tomorrow, when you go to meet Baxter, you will have to face the pack members eventually," he reminded me.

I nodded, my hand still at the back of my neck.

"I don't want to help them," I said, pouting and shrugging my shoulders.

"If that's what you want, I won't force you," he said.

I turned to him and stared in shock, because I hadn't expected that.

"I thought you would ask me to help the children," I said.

It made me realize he wasn't like the others.

Most people would have told me to do it for the children, but Byron always supported whatever I chose.

"No, I'm seriously not going to say anything to you. I mean, it's up to you, to be honest. What those people did.....I don't know how I'll ever bring myself to ask you to help them again," he confessed, pouting.

I gave him a small nod.

"Did you speak with Ron?" I asked, rubbing my hands anxiously.

"I tried to call him, but I don't expect him to answer anyone's call anytime soon," he said, and I nodded in understanding.

"To think everything seemed so fine, and then this happened. It's crazy. Life is so unpredictable," I said, noticing my phone screen light up.

I instantly sat up straight when I saw Ron calling me.

Byron looked at the screen too. He seemed alarmed.

It was midnight. We didn't expect him to call me at this time.

"I think he needs someone," I said, reaching for my phone.

Byron grabbed my hand to stop me.

It was the first time he had touched me like that, so suddenly, so forcefully. The moment he realized it, he let go.

"What?" I asked, because even though he let go, he had still tried to stop me.

"I.....I don't know. I don't think you should answer his call right now," he said, avoiding my eyes as if he knew more than he was saying.

"Byron, is there something I should know?" I asked, turning on the bench to face him.

"Hey, tell me what exactly happened," I insisted, snapping my fingers to get his attention.

He shifted slightly before finally turning to face me.

"Well, something happened at the hospital after we left," he began.

That was just like Byron. He was never clueless. He always made sure to stay informed, always aware of his surroundings.

"Okay, tell me what happened," I said, already suspecting something bad.

"Your stepmother, the one you used to think was your stepmother, was with Ron," he said.

That was all it took for me to understand what was coming next.

"And she accused you."

That was all he said before I closed my eyes and swallowed hard.

"So I'm scared that Ron is calling you not because he needs his friend, but because.....," He trailed off, cracking his knuckles.

"Because he wants to confront me," I finished for him.

And he nodded.

"Then I'll let him come here and confront me."

The moment I said that, Byron stood up from the chair, as if he wanted to question my decision.

"Madeline, just because Yuvonne

wanted you to take care of him

does mean you have to go above and beyond and let him disrespect you," he scolded me.

"And I'm not saying this because I'm heartless or cold, or that I don't care about Ron I'm saying this because it's wrong for them to accuse you of something you had no part in," he explained, clearly anxious, trying to stop me from meeting Ron.

"Byron, you should also understand that sometimes friends need to reach out," I said.

"At this point, instead of shutting

him out, I want to hear him out and answer his questions, not for myself, but to bring him some comfort. He needs his friends. He needs to know if his friends have been honest with him or not.

As I said that, I watched Byron slowly relax.

"But I'll stay here," he insisted.

And with that, I answered Ron's call.

Chapter 604

[800 words]

Ron:

I had become completely alone.

I did not want to leave the hospital, but Yuvonne's body was being prepared in the morgue for the funeral.

The funeral was scheduled for next Thursday.

Honestly, I did not know how I could let Yuvonne rest.

Just the idea of putting her in a coffin was killing me.

I could not even go back home.

So, Yuvonne's parents took me with them. I was completely alone.

I kept getting multiple calls from Madeline and Byron, but I did not answer.

I do not know why, but I was angry at everyone. I was furious at everything.

"You haven't eaten anything," Karla said, sitting beside me.

"How could I?" I replied, pointing at my chest.

"Yuvonne is lying there in a cold freezer, and I should sit here and eat warm food?" I said, tears falling from my eyes.

"I know. More than you, I feel this pain," Karla whispered. "You are still young. You will move on. I had only one daughter."

Karla started to cry.

I shook my head at her.

"Then you are wrong. I am not going to move on from her either," I said quietly, before holding her hand. "And you are not alone. You will stay with me. I will be like a son to you."

I watched her break down again.

We had to give her husband medication to put him to sleep.

Now it was just the two of us awake, not knowing how to comfort each other.

"I just wish-I wish Yuvonne was not so stupid and emotional," Karla cried, sniffing.

"I should have known that leaving Yuvonne with a woman who blamed her for so many things in her life would be a mistake."

I shook my head, disagreeing with her.

"Madeline is not like that," I said confidently.

I knew I had not defended Madeline before, but now I was certain it was not her fault. She would never do this to anyone, especially not Yuvonne, whom she had been taking care of all this time.

However, the look Karla gave me scared me. It was as if she was telling me I knew nothing.

"You know, Madeline said she had the cure, and she dropped it," Karla repeated, making my fists clench.

"Did Madeline tell you that people came to kill her? That she left the house that day? And that she asked Yuvonne to sleep in her bed instead?"

As she spoke, my heartbeat started to rise.

Then Karla told me everything about last night. How Madeline left and Yuvonne stayed behind.

How someone came, did not even check the blanket, and shot Yuvonne. The cure. Everything. Literally everything.

Anger began to rise in my veins again.

I think I needed somewhere to place my anger.

And now I had found someone. Right or wrong, I did not care anymore.

Because I knew that because of the mistakes of many people, my Yuvonne was gone.

After Karla went to sleep, I finally decided to confront Madeline. I needed to speak with her.

Because I could not sleep.

And I could not let Yuvonne's killers get away with it.

After minutes of Madeline avoiding my calls, she finally answered.

I was ready to confront her.

"Hi, how are you, Ron?" she asked almost immediately.

"I need to speak with you," I stated, not wasting time.

There was silence from her for a few seconds.

"Sure," she replied.

That was all she said, and I closed my eyes, clenching my fists.

"Where are you?" I demanded, because I had found out she had left

the

to stay somewhere

for a while

to heal and all that

except

else

"I'll send you the address," she said.

I hung up, getting ready to go and ask her everything.

I needed to know what had happened, or I would lose my mind.

I had nothing else left to do.

My grandmother was killed. Now my mate was killed too.

I left in my car to go meet Madeline.

Through the drive, I kept thinking

about

what I would do if she did not

have a proper answer.

If she had not truly put in enough effort to find a cure, how would I respond?

Then another thought crossed my mind. Would she know who killed Yvonne?

If she did, then it would be fine. But if she did not, what would I do?

How would I ever find out?

There were no cameras around her place.

How did it even happen? How did someone come in, shoot Yuvonne, and no one woke up?

Nothing was adding up, and I was getting tired of having no answers.

Then I received the call from my warriors and I had to make a quick stop.

The one missing piece of information that they gave me left me paralyzed. Then I finally arrived near the hotel.

I saw that not only Madeline but Byron was also sitting outside on a bench Of course that was

expected should have k€1

he

would be there.

Among so many people, it was only my baby who was killed.

I walked up to them and stood face to face with Madeline.

I could tell she already knew why I had come.

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 605[885 words]

Madeline:

"You were supposed to care for her," Ron said when we met.

We stood face to face. Dried tears clung to his eyes and cheeks, hinting that he had cried to the point where no tears were left.

"I tried my best," I said when he grunted, slamming his hand in the air, almost like a shrug, jerking his hands.

"If you tried, she would have been saved by now. If you had tried, she wouldn't be dead now," he screamed, then bit his tongue, placing his hands on the back of his neck.

"You were going to get her the cure?" he asked.

I shifted my weight to one side, scared of giving him another disappointment.

"I did, I got the cure for her," I whispered, and before he could ask anything else, I added, "but the people from your pack and other packs were waiting outside the border. They snatched the bottle from me and broke it."

As I tried to explain, Ron rolled his eyes as if calling it bullshit.

"Why was your house key left outside?" he questioned, his hands turning into fists beside his body.

"My house key? What are you talking about?" I asked, trying to get closer, not to touch him, but because I wanted to understand him better.

But he stepped back, almost indicating that his trust in me had broken.

"Your house key. How do you think the shooter got in? If he had broken the door, somebody would have woken up. At least Yuvonne would have," he complained as he began explaining what had been found at the site.

He surprised me when he said they had found the house key outside, which made it easy for the shooter to get inside and kill her.

At that moment, my world started to shake.

"Yes, Miss Madeline, you dropped the house key when you were leaving, which let the shooter sneak in and kill her, not giving her a chance to defend herself."

Every word he spoke caused my breath to hitch.

I started to look around and felt a coldness in my head.

I had been blaming myself before, but now I realized it was true.

It was my mistake.

"If you could not protect her, why did you take her home?" he questioned again, and

a single tear rolled down his eyes, which he quickly wiped away.

"I don't know, maybe I was in a hurry. I grabbed both keys and dropped one," I said, making excuses, explaining that it had been such a worrisome night that I might have dropped the key outside.

"No, Madeline, it's not something you can apologize for. You fucking got her killed. How could you do that? You were supposed to protect her," he screamed before a sob broke out of his lips.

"Fuck, if they killed your own children, then? how could you be so careless?"

He screamed at me, and I closed my eyes, looking down, clutching my fingers together.

Now the guilt hit even harder when I realized it was all my fucking fault.

"It's not like she dropped it on purpose," Byron said, stepping in, but I raised my hand to stop him because him defending me was not right.

I dropped the key.

Of course I did.

That is how the shooter got inside.

It all made sense now.

I was at fault.

I started to hyperventilate as Ron shook his head at me in disapproval.

"Why are you here, Ron? You accuse her instead of the shooter," Byron asked, stepping in between us even when I told him not to.

Ron looked at him steadily, then grunted, scoffing.

"They came for Madeline, didn't they?" he mumbled, almost like reminding me that if

they had come for me, it should have been me they took.

I understood his words all too well, even when he did not say them out loud.

"I just came here to let you know, Madeline, that you're not the hero you think you are. So stop taking responsibility when you cannot fulfill it."

Ron's words stabbed me in the chest like nothing before.

My eyes filled with tears, and I lowered my head even more.

"Think about all the times you have lost," he kissed, continuing to remind me of my reality that others had been too afraid to say to my face because they did not want to hurt me.

"You haven't done anything for the children either. You try to save them, and then what? Something else appears. It's like you ignore the main issue because you want to feel like you mean something, that you want them to keep coming to help. Otherwise, you would have done something about it if you really wanted to, since you were such a great researcher."

Those last words he screamed at me.

Then he ran the back of his hand over his cheeks and sniffled, nodding in understanding.

"Just know, Madeline, Yuvonne's

blood is on your hands. It doesn't matter what she said in her last moments. It only proves that she forgave you, just as she thought you had forgiven her," he finished as he stepped back.

"You know what happens to people who take responsibility for someone they couldn't protect? They never find happiness," Ron said.

His words hit me hard, and my heart crumbled.

The wind blew between us, and I watched his face with my eyes wide open, shock visible on my face at the brutal words he left for me.

Then he walked away, and I dropped to my knees and started to cry.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 606[839 words]

Madeline:

My eyes were swollen from crying the whole night. Although Byron tried to fix my broken heart, it was not possible.

Now that I knew the killer had gotten inside the house using the keys I dropped outside, everything changed.

Previously, I held myself accountable for not being able to protect her, but now I knew for a fact that I was the reason she died.

I had helped her killer get inside the house and kill her.

So yeah, it was a huge thing. I was going through a lot.

"Mommy, when are we going back home?" Elara asked, watching me button up my sweater.

I turned to her and sat down on the bed, gently touching her cheek.

"We will go back home with your father," I told her, noticing her frown. "I am going to pick him up from the hospital today."

The moment I explained why I was getting dressed, her face lit up.

I knew it was too soon.

I had just lost my sister two days ago.

But I wanted Baxter to help me through it.

I wanted to fix things for Ron, and since he was upset with me and never got along well with Byron, Baxter would be the only one to keep him in check.

It was saddening that such a happy moment had been scarred for me.

But I knew that once I saw Baxter and hugged him, I would break down, and he would be able to comfort me. He would find a solution to my problems. He always did.

"Wait, Daddy is coming home today?" Elara screamed, making me laugh as I pulled her into a gentle hug.

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I thought about how long I had waited for this day. "What happened?" Bodhi asked, rushing in with a ball.

He had been playing with Lord Jonah in the motel parking lot.

"Your father is coming home," I told Bodhi.

Lord Jonah laughed as he watched Bodhi jump up and down.

Of course, Lord Jonah already knew about it. I had heard that Lady Eugenia was also anxiously waiting for her son to come home.

All this time, Lady Eugenia had not really participated in anything, and I was glad she hadn't. It was better that she remained in her room instead of causing trouble.

So I was content. She had stayed out of my way all this time.

After kissing my kids goodbye, I walked out to Lord Jonah. He placed his hand on my head, giving me his blessing.

He understood that the doctor had said only I should come to see Baxter first. Of course, Baxter would need some tests before being discharged.

The plan was to stay with him for the whole day and bring him out by night. Then we would go back home the next morning, where we would start looking for the one who had shot Yuvonne.

When leaving the place, I had Byron's driver with me. This time Ron had asked all his drivers to return. No warmors were allowed near us, and I knew he was really angry with me.

When entering his pack, I had to remind them that I was a pack

member. Thankfully, he didn't make

from meeting

his warriors stop me after

Baxter was allowed in afterl

proved that I was a pack member.

Then I grabbed a bouquet of flowers and some chocolates for Baxter. I knew he must have missed the taste of something sweet.

When entering the hospital, another horrifying moment hit me. I realized they were planning Yvonne's funeral for the next day.

That was why Karla, Joseph, and Ron were standing in the hallway, discussing things when they saw me.

Karla's fist clenched, and she grunted loudly, pointing at me. Joseph shook his head in disgust.

Ron noticed the flowers and chocolates in my hand, then looked away.

I felt bad. I knew it caused him pain to see me happy to meet my mate while he couldn't be with his. I understood that pain all too well.

Walking past them was the most challenging thing I had ever done. When I finally passed them, I let out the breath I had been holding.

At last, I stood outside Baxter's door.

The doctor arrived with a smile, but it was strained. He knew I had lost my sister a day ago.

"Ready for it?" he asked, and I nodded.

He opened the door, and there it was, the coffin.

I took a deep breath and walked in.

We reached the coffin, and I held my breath.

He started to unplug the tubes. The herbs had died now because thirty days had passed.

After unplugging all the tubes, he finally began to open the coffin.

The moment he lifted the coffin lid, I took a deep breath and smiled, until I saw the empty coffin.

My head snapped up at the doctor. He looked at me, then down at the coffin in confusion.

"What the fuck?" he muttered, making me anxiously look around.

"Wait, where is he?" I asked.

"I.....he was supposed to be here," he said, pointing at the empty coffin.

"But he is not," I replied, my breath starting to catch.

There was nothing there. It was not like he did not wake up. He was just not there.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 607[931 words]

Madeline:

Hours had passed, and no one had been able to tell me what had happened. How could Baxter be gone?

I had turned the whole hospital upside down, running through every floor, screaming and crying.

I was so angry and furious that I did not even know if I was taking my anger out on the right people.

"That is impossible!" I screamed again when a nurse suggested that maybe he had woken up and walked out.

"He could not have woken up himself," I shouted, my eyes shifting to the doctor, who looked completely clueless.

"Could he?" I asked, hoping and wishing that was the case.

He shrugged before rubbing his chin.

"I mean, it could be. Maybe he woke up, got confused, and walked out," he said.

As soon as he suggested that, I felt a bit relieved. Him going missing out of nowhere was far more terrifying than him leaving on his own.

But then the door had been locked. The warriors should have seen something.

Byron arrived after searching the entire hospital. I had called him the moment I found out that the coffin was empty.

"Byron, this is not good. He was supposed to wake up and meet me," I said, turning to him, my entire body shaking.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Ron yelled from the side, pushing past the doctors.

"How could you lose two patients in just three days? Are you not doing your job properly?" he shouted, going for the doctor's throat.

I stepped away because I thought he would come and mock me. Looking at him reminded me of the words he had said to me. The one who takes responsibility and fails to fulfill it goes through the same heartbreak and never gets to be happy.

"Your Highness, we had warriors at the front," the doctor explained. "I can show you the footage from the last ten days. No one has entered or left, except Madam Madeline. She was the only one who stood outside, checked on her husband, and spoke to him through the door. That is all."

I began to rub my neck at the doctor's words.

"This is not fair," I uttered, breaking down in front of everyone.

"Your Highness, we can give you the camera footage and everything. There is not much we can do. There is no video of him leaving or anyone else coming in," the doctor explained.

Byron kept glaring at him. Then he straightened his posture.

"Fine. Give me the thirty days footage," he said, turning to speak to me, when the doctor cleared his throat.

"Actually, we do not have thirty days of data. We only keep it for ten days."

As he said that, the three of us stared at him in disbelief.

"So that means he went missing before ten days?" I asked.

The shock was clear in my voice. If the doctor did not notice it, then he was an idiot.

"No, he was there. I checked the footage before it was deleted. Nothing happened," the doctor claimed.

I began to shake my head. He was definitely lying.

I started to wonder if he had known all along that Baxter was missing. But how could

he be missing? He could not have woken up and left, which meant someone else had taken him. But who, and why?

"I am going to look into this. Bring me all the warriors who were on duty from day one until today," Ron hissed.

Then he looked at me.

"You should go home. I will find him," he said, without making direct eye contact.

"No, I do not want to leave. I will stay here," I insisted.

Ron stepped beside me, standing close as if to show his support.

"At least go and speak to the children and Baxter's parents," Ron whispered again still avoiding my gaze.

However, could not stop thinking about the words he had told me. Just a day ago, he claimed that

would not be happy, and now Baxter was gone.

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I noticed the way the doctor was looking at Ron too.

Did Ron do something? Was this his ultimate punishment for me?

"I will go make a call," I excused myself, rushing toward the hospital exit.

I just needed to get out and take a breath. The hospital air was suffocating.

Byron followed me outside.

"Are you okay?" he asked, sounding worried.

I shook my head as I turned to him.

"No, I am not okay," I said, point blank, without lying.

"This is not how it was supposed to go," I told him. "He was going to wake up and hug me."

"Byron," I almost screamed, covering my face with my hands.

"Calm down. I'm pretty sure he woke up and left, confused. Maybe because he was asleep for so long he did not understand anything when he woke up. Once his memories come back, he will show up," Byron explained, giving me hope.

Honestly, I wanted to believe it so badly.

"You think so?" I asked, my eyes filled with hope.

He looked hesitant, but then he nodded.

"Yeah.....yeah, sure," he said.

His phone started ringing, and he excused himself, stepping aside.

I pulled out my phone to call Lord Jonah and give him the devastating news. I was dreading saying it out loud.

Honestly, I did not want to be the one to tell him this, but I had to.

"Hello?"

"Madeline." Lord Jonah answered, and I could immediately hear the excitement in his voice.

"Give me the phone. I want to speak to my son."

Lady Eugenia snatched the phone from her husband, her voice full of life and enthusiasm.

"Hello? Son?"

Those were her first words, without even realizing it was me on the other side.

I bit my tongue, then whispered the dreadful words.

"Baxter is missing from the coffin."

I thought the quicker I said it, the less painful it would be.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 608[956 words]

Madeline:

"What are you saying? He is gone?" Lady Eugenia yelled.

In the last few minutes, I had been trying to explain everything the doctor had told me and everything I knew so far.

"I do not know what to say anymore," I said, almost breaking down again.

"Well, you are not coming back without my son, so you better find him, because it was your idea to put him in that coffin," she screamed, making me grip the phone tightly.

"But that was the only way to protect him, to wake him up," I replied, reminding her that his condition had been bad. "I did whatever I could to ensure his safety."

"Well then, is he alive? Is he here with us? Then how did your plan work? How did any of your plan work?" she shouted, throwing my failure back at me.

"Well, I guess we should all just admit it. Madeline, you are a fucking failure. And you are cursed. Whatever you touch turns into stone. A fucking stone!"

Her words made my heart pound louder in my chest.

I started to sniffle, trying to hold back my tears, but it was getting harder and harder.

"I will let you know when I find any information."

I cut the call immediately, realizing she was only adding to my stress.

As the call ended, I turned to go back inside and check the progress, when I felt a hand on my shoulder.

The way the fingers dug into my skin made me turn around instantly in defense. I was ready to throw hands.

But the people in front of me made me even more furious and alert.

"Where are you going?" the woman demanded.

I remembered that couple. They were the same ones who had stopped me when I was trying to help Yuvonne. The same black-haired man with the mustache who had broken the bottle.

He stayed far back in the crowd, almost like he knew his presence would anger me. And it did.

"Do not touch me again," I warned the woman, reminding her not to put her hands on me.

"Really? Our children are suffering, and you are just walking around doing nothing?" she screamed, the others nodding in agreement.

I stared at their faces in disbelief, then decided to walk past them and go back inside.

I had already made up my mind that I was not going to help them. There was no point in arguing anymore.

"Hey, you cannot do this! You cannot walk away!" her husband shouted, rushing ahead to block my path.

"Have you lost your mind? Let go! Get away from me!" I yelled, shoving him aside. But I did not understand what was wrong with my wolf either.

Why was she refusing to wake up? I needed her more than ever, and she had been so quiet.

"Did you see that? She put her hands on me! She knows our children are suffering, yet she keeps causing trouble!" the man shouted, drawing attention.

And he did. Everyone turned to look at me, their expressions filled with disbelief, as if my anger was unjustified.

"So what if we broke one bottle? So what if someone died? There are too many lives at risk. Do those lives not matter?"

atter?" the woman yelled, dismissing my loss as if it meant nothing.

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"Yeah, and why do we care so much about a grown woman?" an older woman from

the crowd said, while others nodded along.

"I cannot believe this," I said in a broken voice.

"She was my sister. You took her from me could have saved her if you had given me just ten minutes. That is all it would have taken." cried, tears rushing down my face as I remembered how close I had been.

"So this is what happened."

I flinched at the voice behind me.

I turned and saw Ron standing there, his fists clenched.

Byron rushed forward, stepping between me and the crowd, making sure no one could touch me again.

"Just one Luna? A grown adult? Is that what my Luna means to all of you?" Ron asked, finally confronting them.

"Your Highness, she was not a suitable luna, tried to end her life and even stole a child from you, one of the women said even though she knew the truth She twisted into lies just to escape the blame.

She started ruining Yuvonne's reputation in front of the Alpha, even when she knew what had really happened.

And I guess that hurt Ron even more, because he already knew the truth. Byron had filled him in on everything, and so had our lawyer.

"Shame on all of you," Ron hissed, his fists clenched.

"And no, no one will force Madeline, who is under my protection, to perform any duty

she does not want to. She does not owe you anything," he shouted.

Facing his ruthless pack members, their expressions made it clear they were not happy.

"Your Highness, we understand your pain, but what about our children? What have they done? They are innocent," a man stepped forward and said.

I noticed the other man. He was gone, along with a few others.

I guessed they had realized I would recognize them too, and they would get into trouble. And I fully intended to make sure they did.

"Well, your impatience cost an innocent person their life. Now you will learn to behave and wait for the right moment instead of trying to take it," Ron said angrily.

Then he turned to look at me.

"Go home. They are not going to force you to make the medicine," Ron said.

"And once Yuvonne's funeral is done, I want you to come and point out the people who stopped you from bringing the cure to her in time."

This time, he looked me straight in the eye.

And that alone gave me so much courage, because I realized he was no longer holding me accountable for what had happened to his beloved.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 609[830 words]

Madeline:

I sat in Byron's car, and we started our journey back home.

My thoughts kept drifting in and out.

The hospital was the only place we had checked.

Ron's warriors had searched the surroundings too, but where could he be?

Could he be in the woods? Maybe he woke up and shifted, but then he was not seen on the cameras.

I held my face in my hands and leaned back in the seat, feeling nauseous.

"Madeline, you should eat something. You are not looking well. You look very pale," Byron said, offering me a protein bar.

I shook my head and turned my face to the side, my hand pressed against my stomach.

"I think I am going to throw up," I said.

He immediately pulled the car over near the woods.

I got out and moved to the side of the road, throwing up.

I felt sick to my stomach.

There were no answers. Only confusion and mystery, and I did not understand what was going on.

After that, Byron quickly stepped out and held my hair back so I could empty my stomach.

After a while, he helped me clean my face while I sat on the side of the road, feeling helpless.

He brought me water. I could not drink it, but he forced me to take a few sips.

"It does not make sense," I said to him, referring to Baxter going missing.

"They keep saying that he must have woken up, but in the same breath, they said nothing was shown on the video camera for ten days. You know what that means, Byron?" I asked him, my hands shaking as those thoughts began to settle in.

I remember in the beginning, very early on, I felt this deep disconnection from Baxter.

The doctor told me it was because I did not have a wolf.

He kept giving excuses, but now I was realizing it could be because he was gone.

He was never in that coffin to begin with, but who could have taken him?

And if he had been gone for so long, does that mean I will never be able to find him?

"Madeline, do you think somebody took him out ten days ago?" he asked, and I nodded, dreading the answer from my own mouth.

"Way longer than that," I agreed, burying my face in my hands.

There was a time when I stopped feeling a connection to him.

"Byron," I said, turning to him, my hands shaking as I pointed in the direction of the hospital.

"If he was gone before those twenty days, then that means he did not survive."

I broke down as I said those words.

"This therapy was his only

treatment. There was nothing else, and they said that if he was taken out of it in the middle, he would die," I said taking shallow breaths not understanding what was happening to me.

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How could I have been so lost that I did not realize they stole Baxter from me?

"I think questioning the warriors should give us answers. The ones that were right outside his door," Byron suggested, and I started to nod.

However, his phone started to ping, and so did mine.

He pulled his phone out to check the messages, but I did not do the same.

I handed mine over to him so he could check it.

I was in no position to hear any bad news.

The way he opened his screen and frowned, then hastily unlocked mine, made my stomach drop.

I dreaded whatever news he was seeing.

"What the fuck," he almost screamed at the text he had received.

"What happened? Please tell me there's no other bad news," I requested, tears forming almost instantly, hating how weak I had become during this time.

He looked at me and then pointed at his phone again.

"Some anonymous person made a post saying that the cure is your blood. That this is how you have been treating the children," he explained.

He showed me the claim, and my body went numb for a few seconds.

It was a very tricky situation.

Whoever made that post knew how dangerous things had become for me.

Everyone was already angry at me for not helping their children, so it was posted at the worst possible time.

"Who could have done it?" I asked Byron, my fists clenching in anxiety.

"Well, whoever did this knew that right now is the time when those stupid pack members would act without thinking, because you have already refused to help them. Byron explained.

Then he suddenly got up, snapping his fingers at me.

"Come on, we need to leave," he urged, gesturing towards the car.

"I'm pretty sure nobody will just fucking come for me like that," I said, still clueless.

I wanted to believe it.

However, the moment he opened the comments for me, I knew that was not true.

People were saying things like, "Well, then we better get our hands on that bitch. We don't need her permisstan anymore. We don't need her to help us. We just need her blood

So with that, I rushed towards the car, because Byron was right.

I needed to be in a safe place. There were people, hungry people, coming for me now.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 610[816 words]

Ron:

"But it doesn't change the fact that she dropped the keys, and that is why my Yuvonne is dead," Lady Karla tried to explain when I confronted her for lying about Madeline not looking for the cure for Yuvonne.

That was something I could be upset with her over.

But then again, it was a mistake, not something she did deliberately.

What I had accused her of was deliberate.

"I cannot believe you would lie to me. I cannot even understand how a mother could lie even when her daughter is dead," I scolded her, watching her lower her head and look guilty, even though I knew she was not.

I should have known that the moment something happened to Yuvonne, she would come for Madeline's throat.

"Anyway, you should not come to the hospital for now. I'll let you know when the funeral is ready," I dismissed her with a hand gesture.

It was not that I would completely be okay with Madeline.

She did drop the keys outside, not caring for Yuvonne's or anyone else's safety.

But that was a stupid mistake I could be angry at, not something to accuse her of killing Yuvonne.

Right now, I wanted to save my friend.

Baxter needed me, and none of this made any sense.

I asked the doctor to bring me the warriors who had been guarding the door over the course of thirty days.

Even if I had to torture them, I would do it to get answers.

I returned to my mansion to grab some weapons and use the equipment to inform the entire pack to look for Baxter when I received a text message from one of the warriors, the ones responsible for handling the funeral.

There was some mumbo jumbo written there, almost like it did not make any sense.

So I called him, immediately realizing something was off.

"What is going on?" I asked instantly.

"Your Highness," the warrior responded, breathless from the other side, which was already a bad sign.

"Wait, what is going on? Why are you breathless?" I asked him, my skin breaking out in goosebumps.

"Some people came here. They attacked the morgue with wolfsbane smoke bombs," the warrior said.

The words sent a chill down my spine.

"What do you mean some people came there and attacked with wolfsbane smoke bombs? What was the purpose?" I asked, anxiously leaving everything and rushing towards the exit.

"They took Luna's body with them," the warrior said.

As those words were spoken, I immediately tripped and landed on my knees, my head down and my fists clenched.

My entire world shook around me.

All of this was happening when suddenly my other phone started to ring.

The number was not completely unknown, but not familiar enough to place.

With some research, I could probably trace it back to the person.

However, what truly stood out was their boldness.

Calling me directly from their own phone meant they had lost their minds.

The number belonged to one of the pack members. It was saved in my phone as pack member.

"Hello," I answered.

"Your Highness, we are really sorry for this but your luna's dead body is with us. If you want her body back, you will have to listen to our demands," the man said in a cold and callous voice.

There was no respect, no hesitation, no concern in his tone.

It was clear he was willing to go to any lengths just to have his demands heard and fulfilled.

"How dare you? How dare you steal my wife's body and then call me with this kind of nerve?" I almost lost my mind at the caller.

"Save yourself, because it's all your fault, Alpha." the caller grunted.

"How dare you choose a rogue like Madeline over us? We are not ashamed anymore. It would be

better if you just listen to our

demands and hand over Manet

instead of wasting your time questioning us."

His words made my head spin. Anger rushed through my veins.

"I'm not handing over an innocent woman to you. And I will get my woman back, because know this, find you and I will kill you. So if you don't want your bloodline to end." began, but he hung up the call before I could finish.

Then I received a text message from the same person, a pack member.

Pack Member. Your threats don't

bother us. We are watching our children in pain, and you are taking the side of that woman who was only allowed to stay in the pack if she helped us. So no, we are not afraid of death anymore. And how many people Will you kill hung Wall you kill the entire pack? Because trust me, we are all on board. So hand over Madeline yourself, or we will go for her. So, you want Yuvonne's body, or Madeline. The choice is in your hands. And trust me, you don't have much time, because your beloved Yuvonne's body is decomposing quickly.

I did not know how I was going to react to something like that. It was heartbreaking

and betraying at the same time.