

# We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

## 61

61-My Wolf Is Special

Madeline:

After a little head-to-head time together, the kids helped me clean the room.

I didn't want to call room service for such a mess.

Besides, it wasn't like we were doing anything else, so I cleaned most of it while the kids helped.

Finally, Nina arrived. I was relieved because the kids loved her, and she could keep them calm for a while.

I went down to the hotel lobby to meet Graham and discuss the details of our interaction with the old man.

We had a lot to go over that day, to try to make sense of what had happened.

We couldn't hold the meeting in any of the rooms, not even in my suite, because Kaylee was uncomfortable.

It wasn't that Graham had said so, in fact, he'd suggested meeting in my suite.

But I was the one who insisted we hold it in the lobby.

I didn't want the situation to turn into drama or shift the focus from the main issue.

As soon as I sat down in the lobby with Graham, I noticed him fidgeting in his seat.

“I wanted to apologize to you about yesterday. I didn’t know Kaylee would come and act so ridiculous,” he said, leaning forward with his elbows on his thighs and his hands clasped together.

“It’s okay. Anyone would react that way if they found clips of their husband with his ex-best friend online,” I replied coolly, keeping my eyes on the file in my hand.

I pretended to read even though the memory from yesterday still bothered me, especially since the chaos had started because of me.

“I think that happened because we didn’t tell her the truth,” he added.

And there he was again, bringing us into it. I sighed and finally lifted my gaze from the file.

He sat on the other side of the L-shaped sofa, facing me.

A small table separated us, with the files stacked neatly on top.

“Graham, there’s nothing that can happen. I’m married,” I reminded him for what felt like the hundredth time.

“Madeline, I told you under what circumstances I had to step away from you. I never disrespected you, and I never hated you. Don’t confuse me with the others. What they did was their choice. I was forced to walk away, for your sake,” he explained calmly. 1

I understood what he meant, but I couldn’t let myself react the way I might have in the past.

Still, a part of me knew he wasn’t entirely wrong.

“And we’re mates, Madeline. That must mean something,” he said.

I looked down at the floor, my thoughts spinning.

I couldn’t understand why I felt the mate bond with him, the one who betrayed me at the same time.

1/3

of My Wor is social

+25 **Bonus**

But it seemed like a good excuse to turn his attention away from us.

“Why do I have two mates?” I asked, staring at him.

“Has it ever happened before?” I asked Graham, who had been staring at my face for a little too long.

“Not that I can recall. If you’re very curious, there’s a royal library down the block. I can take you there,” he offered, already fixing his coat as he stood up.

“Um, it’s okay. I’ll go by myself.”

As soon as I said that, he lowered his head and looked at me through his eyebrows.

“Is it because of Kaylee?” he questioned, his shoulders stiff, one hand still in his jacket pocket as he pulled out his sunglasses.

“Graham, it’s inappropriate. I don’t want to be the reason a wife is in distress,” I said, standing up from the couch.

“Well, for what it’s worth, I didn’t want to marry her.”

As soon as he said that, I stopped walking away and turned to face him.

“It’s true. When I was helpless, I reached out to her. I told her that **if** she refused, at least I wouldn’t be imprisoned, but she didn’t listen. I begged her, Madeline. Just because I’m a man, forcing me into marriage was fine for them. But if I had been a woman, it would’ve been a scandal.”

I didn’t understand why he brought gender into it, but I knew what he meant.

There was no better way to explain how miserable he felt.

“And yes, I eventually slept with her, to give my father an heir and then be able to remove her from my life. But life had other plans. She couldn’t conceive, and I was stuck with her. But now, five years are over,” he explained, continuing about the contract he had signed with his father.

((

‘According to that contract, I can now marry someone who gives him an heir, or anyone I’ve already had an heir with is free from the agreement.’

>>

The way he said it, and the faint smile on his lips, made me realize what he was implying.

He had found a loophole in his contract because he already had a child with me.

“All I’m asking-”

He stopped when I raised my hand, glancing around at the people nearby.

There were too many warriors and guests walking about.

“Let’s go to the library first. I want to figure out about the mates thing first,” I said.

Letting him walk beside me was already enough to give him the confidence he seemed to need.

He nodded and gestured to the warriors to handle the files.

We had both written down our recollections of that day, and one thing was certain, someone had planted that old

man there.

At least now, we had a shadow of the person behind the sickness, and we were determined to uncover who it was.

2/3

20-My WSB special

+25 B6605

But first, we needed to learn more about me.

We walked down the block, and just as he had said, there was a library.

It was old and vast, filled with towering shelves and endless books like something out of an ancient realm.

“Oh my God,” I breathed, placing a hand on my chest.

I reminded myself that if I wanted to understand who I was, I had to start here.

“It’s okay. We’re not going to read all of these. These ones are about lust. Those are about heat,” Graham said, guiding me as he pointed toward different sections. “There’s a specific shelf for wolves. That’s where we’ll start.”

He led me to the far corner of the fifth floor.

“Why my wolf?” I asked, surprised.

I thought we were going to talk about why I had more than one mate.

“That’s because your wolf is the reason you’re different, Madeline,” he said.

His words made the hair on the back of my neck stand.

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### 62

**62-My Half-Sister** Is Playing Games With Me

Madeline:

The good thing about this library was that everything was detailed and organized.

There was a gray book that Graham picked from one of the shelves, and we both sat between the aisles on small stools.

“This is it. Look, it says ‘The Gray Wolf.’” He opened the contents and pointed to one of the headings.

A strange excitement rushed through me.

Growing up, I was told so many times that I would never have a wolf that I began to believe it.

So when I first transitioned and Graham told me my wolf looked different, gray in **color**, I felt thrilled.

Maybe now people would talk about my wolf the way they once talked about how I didn't have one.

I was lost in thought while he searched for the page about the gray wolf.

His loud sigh and a confused grunt pulled me back to attention.

"Is it?" I asked, shifting anxiously on the stool.

"So odd. The pages are missing," he said, making my heart skip a beat.

Not from excitement, but because anything connected to me always seemed to go wrong.

"There must be other copies of this book," I told him as I stood and walked toward the librarian.

Unfortunately, she didn't have good news.

She said this was the only copy, which in itself was strange.

"But there has to be another way to find it," Graham said as he joined me.

He explained that we needed it urgently and that if they didn't have it here, another library must.

"I'm not sure," the librarian replied, adjusting her glasses. "We never received any other copies. What seems to be the problem?"

"Some of the pages are missing," Graham said, placing the book on the counter,

She stared at it, then at him.

"Why are you interested in the gray wolf? Do you think it's related to the children's sickness?" she asked, clearly recognizing us from the news and our mission to save the children.

"No, it's just-" Graham stopped.

The look she gave us was unsettling, and neither of us felt comfortable explaining the real reason.

“We thought we’d study different wolves to understand why someone might be causing the sickness,” I said, stepping out from behind Graham, not entirely making sense but continuing anyway.

The librarian studied my face, then pouted and shrugged.

“I don’t think a gray wolf could help much. From what I’ve heard, they’re disasters anyway.”

1/3

62-My Hot Sister is Playing Comes With Me

\*25 Bonus

Her casual remark made my back stiffen.

“Do you have any information about the writer?” Graham asked, ignoring her comment.

“I’m not sure, but I can check if you’d like,” the old lady replied, offering him a faint smile.

We walked out of the library in defeat and told her to give us a **call** if she found any information on the writer.

“Don’t pout like that. Did I ever tell you? You look really cute when you’re upset and lost in thoughts.” Graham’s teasing made me look away awkwardly.

“Come on, don’t be so uptight. You know you **still** can’t resist me.” He leaned close, his voice brushing my ear. I stepped back and raised an eyebrow at him.

“I didn’t know better back then. That’s why I had a crush on you,” I replied, watching him roll his eyes. Typical of

him.

“You will fall for me the minute you stop lying about having a husband,” he remarked, once again flexing about his looks.

“Well, trust me, that’s not the case,” I replied, shrugging my shoulders. “If you saw my husband, you’d stop asking whether I could still fall for any of you.”

When I finished speaking, I looked at him. The expression on his face was enough to satisfy me.

He looked jealous.

“You keep talking about this husband of yours,” he said, lifting his fingers to do air quotes. “I’d love to meet him one day. Maybe in the mirror with you,” he added, his gaze deepening.

I shook my head at his attempts to charm me.

“We should head back home. My kids will be waiting for me.” I excused myself, trying to get away.

The thing was, I understood that he’d sacrificed a lot for me, but I didn’t know what that meant anymore.

I forgave him for the past, but I couldn’t pursue anything with him.

The issue wasn’t that he hadn’t accepted me before. He had saved me, chosen me, and said he loved me.

The problem was that I no longer had feelings for him, at least not that kind.

As we started walking away, something caught my eye. I stopped and did a double take.

In one of the cafés across the road sat two women.

I immediately recognized my half-sister, but the woman sitting across from her held my attention.

“Sherry?” I whispered under my breath, narrowing my eyes to make sure I was seeing clearly.

“What?” Graham asked, stepping closer and following my gaze. “That’s your half-sister, right?”

“Yes, but look at the woman next to her.” I pointed toward the reporter.

Graham gasped and began to growl in anger.

“No wonder she appeared in the cabin with the cameras,” I muttered, stomping my foot.

“Oh, I know. She tried to ruin your reputation and start a rumor about an affair between us, so that-” Graham

2/3

62-My Hont-Sistor iz Playing Games With Me

**+25 Bonus**

suddenly went silent.

But I caught his words, and I planned to confront him later.

For now, I had someone else to deal with. Without wasting a second or letting Graham guess my thoughts, I crossed the road.

“Hey!” Graham shouted, still grumbling as he moved to stop the cars so I wouldn’t get hit.

I didn’t even glance sideways before entering the café.

The bell above the door jingled, and everyone looked at me, except the two women who were too busy talking.

Everyone here thought I was human, but with my wolf awakening, I wondered if they could sense it.

Maybe not until I was marked by my mate. That was the rule here, no scent without a mark.

I reached their table and folded my arms, waiting for their attention.

My sister looked like she’d seen a ghost.

“I was wondering how you showed up at the cabin and decided to live broadcast without any permission,” I began, my tone stern.

“But now I know how and why,” I tapped my foot on the floor, watching the two of them look completely guilty.

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# 63

### 63–The Worst Sister Ever

Madeline:

“What are you doing? Have you gone crazy?” Yuvonne snapped at me.

But the moment she saw Graham behind me, her posture shifted.

She straightened, trying to look relaxed and soft, then cleared her throat to sound calmer.

“Sister, what are you doing here?” she asked, standing up.

Her tone was completely different now, sweet and polite.

She tried to hug me from across the table, but I stepped back and gestured for her to stay away.

“What happened? You don’t look in a good mood. Is something wrong?” she asked, glancing past me at Alpha Graham and raising her eyebrows. “Alpha Graham, how are you?” she greeted him in that same fake, cheerful

tone.

So I was right.

I used to think I was being petty for feeling jealous of her, but now I could see it clearly.

She hadn’t changed at all, still the same messy person as ever.

“Sherry.” I ignored my sister and turned to the reporter, folding my arms over my chest.

Sherry reached for her coffee, trying to sneak a sip, but I grabbed the cup and moved it to the other side of the table.

Her hand dropped back helplessly.

“Hi. Oh, it’s the two heroes,” she said, pretending she’d just noticed us. Then, awkwardly, in a low voice, she tried to mimic Yuvonne, “what are you two doing here?”

“Cut it out.”

Thankfully, Graham stepped forward and took control.

Both women’s faces fell when he began questioning them.

“So that sudden arrival at the wrong time was part of a plan, I’m guessing?” he asked, folding his arms.

His expression made it clear he wasn’t here to play around.

The deep frown on his face looked intimidating.

“What? Oh, what do you mean?” Yuvonne replied, acting clueless as always.

“I bet Sherry knows. How much of a coincidence is it that she showed up in the same place as me and Graham, at the same time and just happens to be your friend?” I said, helping them understand we had already caught on to

their act.

Yuvonne’s smile faltered before she looked at Graham again and forced an innocent grin.

“Actually, I’m getting engaged to your best friend, and I needed someone to cover the story. So I reached out to Sherry. I met her first through your interview.” Yuvonne made the introduction.

1/3

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63-The Worst Sister Ever

+25 Bonus

No matter how she explained it, I wasn’t convinced.

Graham’s arms slowly dropped from his chest, either at the mention of Baxter or because he believed her.

“Otherwise, why would I do that? And how would I even know you were at the cabin with my sister?” she said in a soft, convincing tone.

“So you’re saying you have no connection to Baxter’s royal beta, manager, **no** one who could have told you where we were?” I pressed, watching as Graham folded his arms again.

“I’m just-” she started, but Graham raised his palm to stop her.

“Yuvonne, I don’t have proof right now, but if I find out you’re playing games, trust me, I’m not Baxter. I’m not my friend who’ll ignore your messy ways or how much you hate

Madeline just to keep the peace. I'm warning you. Stay out of her business and leave her alone," he said firmly.

His tone made it clear he only tolerated her because his friend loved her.

Otherwise, he still remembered how horrible she had been to me.

Yvonne didn't like that. She looked around nervously, gauging people's reactions.

I knew how much her reputation meant to her.

She always pretended to be innocent after doing the worst things.

"Let's Go, Madeline" Graham said, gesturing for me to walk forward.

I followed him without a word.

Before long, we had left the café and were heading back to the hotel.

"What did you mean by that? You said the reporter was sent to spread news of our affair so that..." I asked, pausing just like he had earlier.

The moment we stepped into the lobby and walked toward the elevator, the thought returned to me.

He pressed the elevator button and acted like he hadn't heard me.

"Graham, I'm asking you something," I repeated, more stubborn this time.

My patience was wearing thin.

"So that, you know- so that your reputation is ruined," he finally said, lowering his head to look at me.

His voice sounded tired, but I knew that wasn't what he had meant earlier.

"Come on, Graham, tell me. What was it? Do you know something I should know too? I'd really appreciate a heads -up." My tone came out annoyed now.

I was seriously tired of everyone keeping things from me.

"Fine," he said with a sigh. The elevator doors opened right then, cutting him off again.

"Tell me first," I insisted, stopping **in** place as soon as we stepped out.

I knew if we went inside, the others and the kids would be there, asking questions, and he'd avoid the topic again.

"You're so stubborn," he chuckled. When I didn't move or look away, he realized I wasn't letting it go.

2/3

63-The Worst Sister Ever

+25 Bonus

"Fine," he said again. "The thing is, I think she did it so that Graham doesn't get a chance with you."

"What?" I asked in confusion. My eyebrows drew together. "Why would she even think that?"

He hesitated, watching me carefully. It looked like every word was hard for him to say.

"Because he used to have a crush on you," he finally admitted after stretching his neck from side to side.

Those words hit me hard. They didn't sound small or meaningless.

They slammed into me and dragged me back to the time when I'd had a crush **on** him too.

"Well, that's a lie," I said quickly. "Who told you that lie?" I dismissed it right away.

The reason was simple, he'd had his chance in the past, and he blew it.

"Do you want it to be a lie?" Graham asked softly, his eyes lingering on my face as if searching for an answer.

"It doesn't matter what I want. What matters is that it's the truth," I replied.

He clenched his jaw, his expression tightening.

"Well, he was the one who told us himself," Graham said.

His words made goosebumps rise on my skin and sent questions racing through my head.

If Baxter had a crush on me back then, why did he leave me after that night?"

Why was he so upset about me being pregnant?

And why was he the one offering to take me somewhere for an abortion?

Ruby Walker

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## **Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 64**

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**[ 1,170 words ]**

64-No Kissing

Madeline:

Once we got to my suite, as expected, Elgin and Baxter were playing with the kids, and the kids seemed to be enjoying it.

Honestly, I hadn't expected anything less from Elgin. I knew he was good with kids.

The surprise came when I saw Baxter trying to talk and play with them.

He wasn't usually that kind of guy, or at least he hadn't been in the past.

"You two need to stop hanging around here. Go fix your relationships," Graham told them firmly.

The two looked at him, their expressions suggesting they knew his own relationship with Kaylee was on shaky ground.

“Where have you two been?” Elgin asked, looking at me and Graham.

“We were in the lobby, talking about the case,” Graham replied while I stayed quiet.

My mind was filled with countless thoughts, one of them being that if Baxter really had a crush on me, why did he treat me that way?

“Are you sure that’s what you two have been doing?” Elgin questioned as I walked away, feeling tired.

“Okay, kids, let’s go. I’ll put you to sleep. It’s nap time, okay?” I told them, gently patting Elara’s back as she tried to get up.

“It’s okay, leave it. I’ll clean it,” I said when I saw them trying to pick up their toys.

They always did, but sometimes I just let them go take a nap.

It was already past their nap time, and I knew if they didn’t go to bed soon, they would become cranky.

Then it would be much harder for me to put them to sleep later.

“We’ll also just leave then,” Elgin said awkwardly as he stood

I only gave them a nod before turning to walk away.

That was when Elara held my hand and asked something that stopped everyone in their tracks.

“Mommy, why can’t you marry Uncle Baxter?”

As the words left her lips, everyone froze and looked at her,

Bodhi seemed to be nodding his head, and Gina looked as if she agreed with the question.

I glanced at my children, then lifted my gaze toward the others.

Baxter appeared surprised, probably because he’d never gotten along with the kids.

Yet today, my daughter seemed truly fascinated with him.

And then there was Elgin. He looked offended. Graham, on the other hand, clearly wasn’t pleased.

“Because Mommy is already married, remember?” I said softly, touching my child’s chin before leading her back

1/3

64 No kising

+25 Bonus

to the room.

Once we were inside and I was tucking them in, I told my children not to mention such things again.

As they drifted to sleep, I hesitated to go back out, afraid of being confronted.

I didn't want that kind of conversation to happen.

When I finally found the courage to leave, I saw they were just heading out.

I guessed they had waited for a while and finally realized I wasn't coming out, so they decided to leave.

But not before Elgin had a word with Baxter, and I heard it too.

"You need to stop spending so much time around the kids. It's not really fair," he complained.

"I didn't do anything. And please don't ruin the moment for me. It's the first time the children have looked up to me," Baxter replied.

He didn't sound as if he was mocking his friend.

The fact that he was genuinely happy made me feel full inside.

The men who never wanted the children were now competing for their attention.

I didn't want them to do it for me, but seeing them care so much for the kids meant a lot.

With the sickness and everything going on, I only wanted my children to be safe.

And from the way things looked, their father seemed ready to do anything for them.

After they left, I changed into blue jeans and a pink top, tied my hair into a neat braid, and told Nina to go rest.

I still had some work to do.

I sat at the table, staring at the files.

Both Graham's and my accounts showed that someone was behind the sickness.

I wrote down my thoughts, tapping the pen lightly against the paper.

Why would someone want to hurt children?

And who was that man?

Earlier, I had grabbed some books from the library on my way back, so I started going through them.

They focused mainly on werewolves with special powers, especially those connected to fire, since it was rare for a werewolf to have any magical ability.

That part had stayed in my mind.

As I flipped through the pages, I learned that the earliest tribes, the first ancestors of werewolves, had powers too.

They weren't just werewolves.

There had once been a single tribe with the power of fire, but it was believed to have died out long ago.

I guessed he might be the last one left.

2/3

64-No Kissing

+25 Bonus

Then I came across some old

about that tribe.

It was said they used to feed on a stay young or to survive.

That part made sense. But who

dois man, and why had they offered him the children?

I eventually fell asleep while working on the files and woke up to the sound of my suite door slamming.

I sat up in the chair and rushed outside, looking around.

Then I noticed the door to my children’s room was slightly open, and panic set in.

I ran toward it to check on the kids, my mind filled with frightening thoughts.

The moment I pushed the door open and rushed inside, those thoughts became real.

The children were gone. I gasped, spun around, and ran back to the living room.

“My kids are missing!” I screamed, trying to get Nina’s attention, but she didn’t respond.

I looked everywhere, panic rising in me.

When I opened the door leading out of the suite, the place beyond looked completely different.

That was when my breath began to hitch, then a hand touched my shoulder, snapping me awake.

I gasped, realizing it had all been a nightmare.

“It’s alright, you’re fine. Your kids are fine,” Graham said, patting my shoulder.

It seemed I had been calling for my children in my sleep.

“Just relax, okay?” he added, placing his hand on my back and gently rubbing it.

That touch felt different, and I was right.

The moment he leaned closer, I jumped up and pulled away.

“No, Graham, I don’t have feelings for you,” I blurted out, the words leaving my mouth before I could stop them.

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## 65

65-My Innocent Woman

Baxter:

I had been sitting, thinking about the way little Elara had asked Madeline about me.

I didn't know why, but at that moment I wanted to see everyone's reaction, especially Madeline's.

She thought I wasn't fit to be anyone's mate, husband, or father.

But her child saw me differently, and that made me curious about what she truly thought.

I sat quietly in my room, waiting for a few hours to pass.

I wanted to be with the kids again and maybe arrange dinner outside.

Using the kids as an excuse, I planned to take Madeline out and spend time with them, without the other two alphas.

My phone suddenly started beeping.

The moment I saw the caller ID, I snapped out of my thoughts and sat up straight.

"Hello?" I answered, probably sounding colder than I intended.

"Can you please come over?" Yuvonne's voice cracked between hiccups and sobs, and I immediately straightened in my seat.

"Are you crying?" I asked, even though the answer was clear.

She sniffled and began to cry louder.

"Wait, what's going on? Did somebody hurt you? What happened?" I asked.

"Something happened today, and I'm so upset," she cried again, making me frown in confusion.

She never called me like that before.

“Can you at least give me a hint about what happened?” I pressed, already getting up from my seat.

“No, just come over. We’ll talk when you get here.”

As stubborn as ever, she hung up right after that, leaving me no choice.

Whatever plans I had were gone. I had woken up from whatever dreamland I was drifting into.

Before I knew it, I was parking outside her home.

As soon as I stepped out of the car, I saw her mother standing/at the door, tears in her eyes.

“What’s going on? Why is everyone so upset?” I asked, completely lost.

“My daughter is not a bad person,” her mother said shakily, trying to defend her.

“Nobody said anything to her, did they?” I asked, frowning as I walked into the living room.

There, I found Yuvonne sitting with her face buried in her hands, drenched in tears.

“Baxter!” she cried the moment she saw me.

1/3

65-My inascent Woman

+25 Bonus

She jumped up, rushed to me, and hugged me tightly.

“What’s happening? Why are you crying?” I asked, still confused.

“I didn’t do anything, but they started throwing accusations at me. They embarrassed me in front of everyone.”

She kept holding me, crying into my chest.

Her words stunned me. I gently broke the hug, holding her by the arms so I could look at her face.

“Who? Who dared to insult you?” I growled angrily.

“See? I told you, tell your man,” her mother interjected from the side. “He cares for you. He’ll confront them.”

Yuvonne finally wiped her cheeks and looked down, rubbing her hands anxiously.

“Graham made threats to me.”

That was all she said, and my spine went rigid.

“Graham? Where did you meet him?” I asked, my fists already tightening around her arms.

“I was at the café, meeting the reporter I told you about. He suddenly arrived with Madeline, throwing accusations **at** me.”

As she mentioned Madeline’s name, my body tensed even more.

“They were together?” I asked.

Yuvonne nodded, answering softly.

“I guess that’s what angered them. They thought we’d seen them, and because the reporter was with me, they assumed I’d expose them.”

She continued explaining what had happened during the day, and something about it felt strange.

When we had asked the two earlier, they claimed they’d been in the lobby the whole time.

**If** it wasn’t a secret, then why did they lie?

What were they doing outside the hotel room?

“And you know what? I greeted my sister with so much love, but she humiliated me. She said I’d purposely sent the reporter that day to the cabin to catch them in the act,” Yuvonne said, her voice breaking as she stared down, tears welling up again.

I looked at her in confusion, unsure what to make of it all.

“Wait, why would they think that? Just because they saw a reporter with you, they immediately accused you? Is that what happened?” I asked, my face tightening.

I wasn’t angry at Madeline, she had probably been misled by Graham, though I couldn’t understand why.

Why would Graham threaten my fiancée?

Where had the respect between us gone?

“Actually, there was a misunderstanding. Remember I told you I’d found a high-profile reporter named Sherry?” Yuvonne said, placing her hands on my chest and gently fixing my shirt.

2/3

65-My nocent Woman

+25 Bonus

“It turns out she’s the same reporter who walked in **on** them the other day,” she explained tiredly.

Then it all made sense.

“Why would you hire her?” I asked, frowning.

**It still felt** strange.

I couldn’t understand why they thought she’d hired Sherry to expose them when, in truth, she had hired her afterward.

“I understand, but they didn’t even ask me anything. They just came at me, shouting. Everyone was watching, even the reporter. Now imagine if she goes and writes about it, saying there’s trouble between the human researcher and one of the Alpha’s fiancées. What then?” Yuvonne said, stepping back, folding her arms across her

chest.

She looked angry, maybe because instead of taking her side immediately, I was trying to look at all the facts.

“It’s okay. I’ll speak with Madeline, she’ll understand. It’s just been a lot lately, and with your past, she probably assumed wrong. But I will have a word with Graham. He has no right to speak to you that way,” I reassured her.

She turned back around and pulled me into another embrace.

Her mother stood to the side, pouting.

I never liked her much because of how she used to treat Madeline, but after I proposed to Yuvonne, I stopped being rude to her.

That didn't mean I liked her, though.

"But please be gentle with them. I don't want you to say something rude and make them think I told you everything. I was just upset and needed to let it out. Thank you for coming."

She broke the hug and spoke softly, reminding me once again how forgiving and sweet she could be.

She had truly grown into a kind and beautiful woman, something Madeline still refused to believe. 2

D

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 66

66–Defending Her? Wrong **Move**, Alpha Baxter

Madeline:

"What?" Graham looked confused.

I rubbed my face in my hands, trying **to** calm my nerves. It felt like I had woken up and chosen violence today.

"I mean, Graham, I don't want to do anything that could ruin my relationship with my husband. I love him," I said quickly, correcting myself even though I didn't need to.

He should know that having a crush on someone and then being betrayed like that stops a person from feeling anything for them.

“You can say it a thousand times, but it doesn’t change the fact that he’s not the father of your children. We are. I am,” Graham said firmly. “And Madeline, did you ever think that now that your wolf is awake, you won’t be welcomed in the human world anymore?”

As soon as Graham said that, my muscles tensed.

He wasn’t lying, though. I hadn’t thought about it myself.

So when he reminded me of that rule, I was dumbfounded.

“And for you to go around telling everyone that some human is the father **of** your child, how do you think they’ll react when you have to stay here, and that human, whoever it is, starts asking for custody? You said yourself he’s the father,” Graham continued, shutting me down completely.

But once he mentioned custody, I realized I didn’t need to worry about it.

“The rule says that if one parent is an active wolf, the child stays with them because the child may have their wolf too. No wolf is allowed in the human land,” I snapped at him, telling him that scaring me wouldn’t work.

“Okay, fine,” he retorted. “But then you’ll have to stay here. Or are you planning to lie about it, go back to the human land, lose control, and hurt someone? What do you think will happen to the children when you’re arrested for hiding your wolf?”

Graham’s words cut deep, pointing out everything I had ignored before.

Now that he mentioned it, I was honestly scared **for** what my future might look like.

“You’ll have to stay here, Madeline,” he said softly. “I don’t think the human land has a place for you anymore.”

I stared into the distance in silence until someone cleared his throat.

“Baxter? What are you doing here?” Graham asked, turning to him with a confused look.

“So you find every chance to spend time with Madeline,” Baxter said sharply. “And when someone catches you, you take your anger out on them.”

He came closer, throwing accusations at Graham, and I already knew what this was about and who had filled his ears with poison.

“What? What the heck are you talking about?” Graham shot back.

He didn't seem to catch it right away. He started questioning Baxter about his outburst.

"He's talking about what Yuvonne told him," I reminded Graham, noticing the way Baxter gave me a side-eye.

1/3

66-Detending Her Wreng Move, Alpha Blaster

#25 Bonus

"Yeah, when you two were out on a date and lied to us about staying in the lobby," Baxter said, his tone stern.

It was his way of calling us liars.

"I didn't know we had to report everything to you two," I snapped, even as Graham stayed silent.

Of course, they were friends, and he probably felt awkward for threatening his fiancée earlier.

But me?

I could say whatever I wanted. That was the perk of not caring about people who didn't care about me.

"Fine, don't report it," Baxter retorted, "but don't lie either. Because when you lie, it looks like you're hiding something."

**Of** course it was Baxter. No one could ever beat him with words.

"What exactly is your problem, Baxter?" I snapped. "Did my sister hype you up and send you here to fight with us? Because you're doing just that, and you expect me to stand here and listen to it?"

I raised my voice, my tone sharper this time.

The look on his face said he was ready to strike back, but I wasn't done yet,

"Oh, please, stop it. Before you say we were wrong, Sherry was hired by your beloved Yuvonne to catch us on camera," I hissed, tightening my fists and folding my arms across my chest as I met Baxter's eyes.

Baxter gave me a strange look, then shook his head as if we were the ones at fault.

“Well, you’re wrong,” he argued. “She hired Sherry afterward because of all the hype. She didn’t even know what the hype was about. She only knew Sherry was trending, so she hired her to report on our engagement ceremony.”

Baxter tried to explain, clearly falling for Yuvonne’s excuses, but I didn’t blame him.

He seemed to love her, so of course he believed her.

“Well, do you believe that? Seriously?” I asked, shifting my weight onto one leg as I watched Baxter’s face.

He was the one who eventually broke eye contact.

“Well, good for you then, but don’t expect me to believe it. Besides, I don’t want to talk about her in my home. You get it?” I hissed, dropping my arms and clenching my fists.

“You’ll have to apologize to her,” Baxter said, ignoring me as he turned to speak with Graham.

Graham glanced at me, then looked back at Baxter, visibly uneasy.

“I didn’t say anything offensive. I don’t even know what she’s crying over,” Graham muttered.

His tone didn’t carry the same anger or authority Baxter’s did.

I knew their friendship had its own codes, one of which meant showing respect toward each other’s partners.

“But if she’s upset, I’ll make amends with her,” Graham added.

I sighed, placing my hands on my hips and smiling in disbelief.

“Can you please just leave? Both of you. I don’t want you here all the time.”

2/3

66–Defending *Her* Wrong Move, Alpha Boter

+25 Bonus

That was it. I **wasn’t** going to **let them** stand in my home and act like I was the villain for hurting that fragile little princess.

“You’re being childish now,” Baxter shot back. “**Besides**, I come here for **my child**, so you can’t stop me.”

While Graham stayed silent, his **gaze** soft and uncertain, Baxter made sure **to** push harder, showing me that no matter what I said, he'd do whatever he wanted.

“Well, I hope I don’t have to pull out the contract again,” I warned. “Go through every clause. You all signed it and shook hands on it before I came back to the werewolf land. And according to that contract, none of you can enter my personal space or talk to my children if I don’t allow it.”

That was my final strike. I watched the defeat spread across Baxter’s face as he realized the truth, they had signed it.

It didn’t matter what they said. I was safe here.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 67

#### 67—Going Alone On A Mission

Madeline:

After I told Baxter about the contract and reminded him that he could not act foolishly, I asked the two of them to leave me alone.

Graham immediately obeyed, but Baxter tried to resist.

**He** grunted, coughed, groaned, and stomped his feet—childish tantrums meant to make the children hear him and come out, asking me to spend time with him.

He did not realize I was one step ahead.

The moment he started all that, I had already closed the door to my children’s room.

I did not let him near them.

After he left, I locked the door and sat by the window, intending to have a glass of wine.

But my kids had already woken up from their nap, so I could not.

“How are you?” Nina asked after we had played with the kids, fed them. And now that they were watching TV, we had some time for ourselves.

I was holding the file in my hand, walking from one corner of the living room to the other.

“Just stressed out,” I replied, showing her the file, the case I was working on.

“I know I’m not the best person to give you any advice, or even suggest any theories about what might be happening. But I remember when I was a child, my father used to tell me stories. He said my mother was from a very ancient tribe of werewolves.”

Nina caught my attention the moment she mentioned a tribe.

“The ones that could start the fire with their hands?” I asked almost too quickly.

“No.” She shook her head in confusion, making me wonder what else it could be.

“Come on, have a seat,” I told her, taking her hand **and** leading her to the side where a large window stood, with two coffee chairs and a small table placed a little away from the children.

“Tell me about your mother,” I insisted.

“She was from an ancient tribe, like I said. My father met her in the woods. At that time, he didn’t have a wolf, which is why we ended up in the human land. My mother used to tell him stories about her tribe and how they could shapeshift.” She paused, watching my face as if waiting for me to understand.

“Shapeshift?” I questioned, confused.

“Yeah. She said her tribe wasn’t very kind. They were malicious people who wanted what others had, and it was in their blood. That’s why my mother tried to run away from them. Even after generations passed, the tribe kept some of their magic and their hatred. I’m sure they’re still somewhere in the woods. If my mother was there, they must be too.” Her tone wavered slightly, probably at the memory of her mother.

“It’s really saddening,” she said quietly.

I never got to sit with her and ask about her background.

## 67-Going Akane On A Mission

### +25 Bonus

I only knew that her father arrived in the human land when she was **five** years old, and he was certain she would never have a wolf.

“Wait! So what happened to your mother?” I questioned, confused.

She began to play with the red thread around her wrist.

From what I remember, she told me this thread was from her mother’s old dress.

When she was born, her mother wrapped it around her wrist.

As she grew, she loosened it and adjusted it to fit.

“Well, the tribe found her. They learned she was living with my father **in** the woods. They got to her and they killed her. That’s why my father ran away. He knew he was next.” She sighed, taking a deep breath and leaning back in the chair.

“What do you mean by shapeshift? Isn’t it the same as being a werewolf?” I asked, and she shrugged.

“Maybe into some monsters,” she replied.

“My head hurts from thinking about all these tribes and ancestors. I just don’t understand why anyone would want to kill children,” I commented tiredly.

I leaned back, stretching my arms and tapping my fingers on the papers.

“I heard something,” she spoke softly, making me lift my eyes toward her.

“The two alphas that were here earlier? I didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but I couldn’t help it. Your wolf woke up?” she mumbled, her voice barely audible.

The hair on the back of my neck stood up.

I swallowed hard, realizing that with her here, I couldn’t possibly hide the truth.

With the children’s sickness, word would spread that my kids had a wolf

So if they’re staying, I’ll have to tell them I have a wolf, so I can stay too.

“It’s complicated,” I replied. I guess that wasn’t a

y helpful answer.

“So you’re not coming back to the human land, then?” she asked.

“I don’t know. I don’t think they’ll let me in,” I replied.

I noticed how she anxiously straightened her posture in her seat.

“What about everything you created back there?” she continued.

All I could do was shrug. I had no idea what I would do in the future.

“All I know, Nina, is that I might not even be able to solve this case. There’s so much happening with the kids, and with the tribes getting involved, I’m not even sure we’re heading the right way,” I explained tiredly.

Then something popped up on my screen, the librarian’s number.

My eyes widened, and I grabbed the phone.

“This is an important call. I’ll take it, okay? Please keep an eye on the children,” I told her, excusing myself as I

2/3

67-Gong Alone On A Mission

**+25 Bonus**

stood and rushed back to my bedroom.

Closing the door, I answered the call.

“Hello, did you find anything about the writer?” I asked.

“Yes, I actually got **in** contact with him. I’ve texted you his address,” the librarian replied.

As she gave me **the** good news, my energy returned.

I wanted badly to learn more about my wolf.

Remembering the librarian’s comments about grey wolves being dangerous, I was determined to find out whether it was true or just a rumor.

With that, I hung up and wrote down the address.

“I’m going alone,” I said, remembering how every time I took someone with me, something happened and rumors spread.

I couldn’t risk that anymore.

Once I decided, I put on black pants, a grey top, and a black jacket.

I tied my hair into a high ponytail, a few strands framing my face.

After placing the warriors around the suite, I left to meet Mr. Walter, the writer of the book. 1

☐

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 68

68—**Into** His Basement

Madeline:

I asked the driver to drop me off **at** the address.

And I began to realize it was much farther from the usual pack houses, all the way near the border of the pack.

There stood a lonely house surrounded by dying trees and overgrown grass.

Even as I stepped onto the front porch, the floorboards creaked beneath my feet.

I knocked gently on the door, then looked around in confusion, growing impatient.

“Come in,” came a voice from inside.

It was old and shaky, yet it sounded as if he already knew I was coming, because he didn’t ask who I was, he simply invited me in.

As I was about to step inside, the voice continued, “Do **you** see the groceries outside? Bring them in when you come.”

My hand was on the doorknob when the request came.

I looked around for the groceries and, sure enough, found several bags piled near a large vase.

I picked them up, turned the doorknob, and stepped into the small, vintage-style house.

Right at the entrance, a staircase led to the upper floor, and beneath it was a door to the basement.

On the right was the kitchen, and on the left, a living room, where an old man sat in a wheelchair, gazing out the window.

“Hi,” I greeted, walking into the living room and awkwardly placing the groceries on the table.

“Don’t put them there. Could you please keep them in the kitchen?” he instructed without turning around.

I noticed his wheelchair and figured he must have a nurse who came by to help him.

“By the way, I’m the woman who wanted to know about the diary,” I explained, in case he thought I was the

nurse.

He chuckled softly and turned toward me.

He looked kind old man with big glasses, overgrown hair, and a white beard.

“I know. Actually, I don’t know when she’ll come, and I didn’t want the groceries **to** go bad,” he said.

Smiling, I walked toward the right side of the house, where the kitchen was.

Inside, everything was clean and neatly arranged.

I began unloading the groceries, putting food **in the** refrigerator and cleaning supplies in the storeroom.

It only took about ten minutes.

When I returned, the old man was smiling, holding an old diary in his hands.

“Have a seat, please,” he invited.

1/3

68-Into Has Basement

**+25 Bonus**

I sat across from him.

“The **other** day I **was** in the library and read about wolves, but I noticed that one particular wolf type had missing pages,” I mentioned with an awkward smile.

“I know you,” he said.

My smile faded slightly.

“I’m sorry, we’ve never met,” I murmured quickly.

“Oh no, I’ve seen you on TV. You’re the human researcher, the savior, right?” he added.

I laughed awkwardly.

“Yeah, I’m just trying,” I replied. “So, do you have the pages about the grey wolf?” I asked, bringing the conversation back to the topic.

“The Grey Wolf, a mystery in itself,” the old man began, almost zoning out. “You know, I have spent most of my life curious about wolves. I would go from pack to pack, place to place, meeting those said to be unique and different.”

He paused, reminiscing about his adventurous years.

“But there was one wolf I could never figure out. Every time someone told me about a Grey Wolf, I went there, and it was gone by the time I arrived.”

He flipped through the pages of the diary.

“Look, these packs all once claimed to have a Grey Wolf. I never came across one myself. I only heard stories.”

He stopped and glanced at me, noticing my puzzled expression.

“So

you

don’t have any information on the Grey Wolf? Then what did you write in the book?” I asked, watching him nod with appreciation, as if he was glad I cared about his work.

“I did write about it,” he continued, “but only what I heard from the witnesses. Later this year, I realized I wasn’t satisfied. I needed to see one for myself, to finally write about it, to know how the wolf would respond to stress, pain, anger, joy, sorrow, all of it.”

The old man looked heartbroken, as if his life’s

biggest mystery had slipped away.

Behind him, I noticed awards covering the wall and shelves.

“All these, I won during my research on wolves. They are my pride,” he said proudly. “I never got married, never had children, never even had a girlfriend, never found my mate. This was my passion, the only thing I cared about,”

**He** spoke with pride, and his achievements were truly impressive, but I couldn’t understand how someone could be so devoted to his work that he gave up everything else.

Still, I supposed everyone had their own choices.

“Wow, **you** must have been very popular back then,” I commented.

**He** nodded happily.

“Yeah, kids these days aren’t so interested in learning about their origins. But I was a curious child. And look at

2/3

68-Into His Basement

+25 Bonus

this empty box.”

He pointed toward the box.

“The council told me that if I could find information about the Grey Wolf, they would give me a lifetime medal and call me the Father of Werewolves, the one who knows everything about them.”

He sighed.

“I guess the council was joking, because they knew I’d never solve it. But I took it seriously. That was years ago. Then I grew old, and now I’ll die with that one wish unfulfilled.”

He placed a trembling hand on his chest. I felt bad for him.

“So does that mean there’s no information?” I asked, returning to the topic.

“Those torn pages, maybe they’ll help you. I have an entire library in the basement, filled with diaries from my years of research. When I tore the pages out myself, I stored them down there. You can check them, but please tell me before taking any book.”

He handed me a small key.

I took it quickly, stood up in excitement, thanked him with a small bow, and hurried toward the door.

I knew he hadn’t personally seen the Grey Wolf, but I could still use the accounts others had given him, like he said, recorded in his diaries.

I rushed to the basement door and unlocked it with the key.

The moment I opened the door, a sharp, rotting smell rose from the basement, mostly from the decaying books.

I started down the steps, surrounded by darkness.

I turned on my phone’s flashlight and began to look around.

The staircase was long, each step echoing under my feet.

Then I felt a presence behind me, though no one was supposed to be there.

I turned, and the old man stood on the stairs, holding a large needle filled with a green liquid.

“No!” I shouted, recognizing it to be wolfsbane.

It all happened within seconds.

Before I knew it, he had plunged the needle into my neck and kicked me down the stairs.

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 69

#### 69—The Messy Family

Graham:

“I want you all to go back to your room. We're not here **for** a picnic,” I said sharply.

“I was supposed to work on this case, and here you are, all over my head, in my business.” I finally snapped at them at the dinner table.

It was getting frustrating. I came here for work, and they all just tagged along.

“You definitely didn't come here for work,” Kaylee commented with a **scoff**.

Even after Madeline lied to her to calm her down, she returned in a sour mood and told me that coming here by lying to her only meant I wanted to spend time with Madeline.

“So what are you suggesting? You all just stay here while I try to work?” I hissed at her, watching her glance at my father for help.

“Calm down, son. It's not like you're actively working. And when you are, we stay out of your way. You spend the rest of the day in Madeline's suite. Did any of us say anything to you? No. So what's the problem with us staying here?” my father replied, chewing on the steak in front of him.

Every time Penny was in sight, I didn't even want to speak to my father.

But since she was around most of the time, I had to bear it.

“Well, you’ve all made your point. Now can you please just go back home? I can’t focus on work when you’re all here,” I said, trying one more time to make them leave.

But the smile on my father’s face told me he’d rather stay here and irritate me than go.

“When are you giving your father an heir?” Penny spoke up, making me clench my fists.

It wasn’t the first time she’d done that.

We’d talked about it before, I’d told her not to act like she was my mother or speak to me about anything, but she never cared.

It was as if she enjoyed getting on my nerves.

Her comment about the heir had already soured my father’s mood.

But this time, I had the perfect response.

“Why don’t you give him a child since you two want a baby so badly?”

As soon as I said that, she snapped her head up and glared at me.

It was the first time I’d seen Penny angry and it felt like a good start.

I realized I could always get under her skin like that.

I liked it.

My father’s head turned toward her, and I began to wonder if what they said about not wanting a child at their age

was even true.

“Oh,” I choked, smiling widely. “You know, sometimes karma works that way. Women who are so cunning never

1/3

69–The Messy Lamy

**+25 Bonus**

conceive.”

As soon as I said that, clearly hinting that Penny had made my mother suffer, Kaylee took it the wrong **way**.

She slammed her hand on the table and stood up.

**“Kaylee, sit down. It wasn’t meant for you,”** I said, but she didn’t care.

She was already walking away to her room.

I took a deep breath and tossed my fork aside.

**“I’m going to see what Madeline is up to. I’m here for work, unlike you **all**,”** I remarked, standing from the chair.

**“Aren’t you going to make amends with your wife?”** Penny asked.

I flicked my hand at her, letting her know I wasn’t going to entertain her, and walked away.

The argument earlier with Baxter had me worried for Madeline.

Every time I tried to make amends with her, to win her back, either Elgin or Baxter would show up and ruin things.

They were messy people, and I didn’t understand why they had to come between us.

It felt like our friendship existed not only to support each other but also to ruin each other’s happiness.

As I left my suite, I noticed Baxter already heading toward Madeline’s suite, with Elgin following him.

I sped up, but they got inside before me.

By the time I arrived, the atmosphere was heavy.

The kids were restless.

Elara sat in the corner of the living room surrounded by toys, Gina cried on the couch, and Bodhi annoyed Nina, pestering her for something.

Nina, the nanny, looked like she was going through hell.

**“What’s going on?”** I asked, joining Baxter and Elgin.

Elgin hurried to sit beside Elara to check on her. Baxter asked Nina what Bodhi wanted while I walked over to Gina and sat beside her.

“What’s going on? Where’s Madeline?” I asked, glancing around.

Bodhi seemed to have eaten too many candies, but he was still throwing a fit for another one.

Baxter wrapped his arm around him and lifted him into his arms.

It was strange to see Baxter being gentle with a child.

He then placed Bodhi on the couch.

Now, the three of us sat with the children, while Nina stood beside exhausted.

“Madeline **left** for some work, and it’s been hours since she returned,” Nina said.

Her words made my stomach drop.

2/3

-The Messy Furnity

The three of us shared **a** glance, then turned back to her, waiting for more.

“What do you mean she left earlier? Where did she go?” I asked.

425 **Bonus**

It was part **of** our agreement that one **of** us would accompany her wherever she went, since we had covered most of her expenses here and had practically hired her for this job.

For her to go out alone was unnecessary and risky.

“Earlier today, she got **a call** from someone named the librarian,” Nina explained. “She picked up and left in a hurry. She said she’d be back soon, but I’ve been trying to call her, even reach the driver, and there’s been no response.”

**Baxter** and Elgin looked lost, while I felt cold sweat forming on my skin.

“Graham, is there something you know about it? Who’s this librarian?” Baxter asked, placing Bodhi down from his lap.

“Remember the outing we had that you called a date?” I replied. “We were actually at the library. We were interested in some things, and...” I paused, noticing Nina listening to us.

“Why don’t you take the kids inside? We’ll go find Madeline and bring her home. She’s probably with the librarian,” I mumbled with a smile.

But I felt odd about the whole thing for some reason.

Ruby Walker

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## We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

### 70

70–Picking Madeline

Graham:

I made up the lie, knowing Nina was human and Madeline wouldn’t want her knowing too much about her wolf or her recent activities.

Once we gave her instructions, Nina began convincing the kids to return to their room.

Madeline being gone that long wasn’t a good sign, but to calm the children, we promised them an afternoon full of fun and games.

After they finally went inside, the three of us left the suite.

“Okay, tell us exactly what happened,” Elgin said as we walked toward the elevator.

I stopped mid-step when I noticed Kaylee coming out of her suite, waving her hand to get my attention.

“Go ahead and deal with her quickly, because we won’t wait for you,” Baxter told me, warning me not to waste too much time or they would leave without me, something I definitely didn’t want.

I sighed and walked toward Kaylee.

She looked like she had been through hell.

Her eyes were swollen and red, probably from crying.

As I reached her, she grimaced.

“You didn’t even check on me once,” she complained.

Seeing her this hurt made me realize I really was in the wrong.

But the problem was that the marriage that had been forced on me was finally starting to show its cracks.

I was beginning to push back.

There was this stubbornness in me that said they thought they had won.

They forced me into it because they believed I had no other choice after Madeline was gone.

So I settled for a while, not realizing how wrong it was that I’d given in to their pressure and manipulation.

“That’s because we kind of got into a situation,” I stated briefly, not giving her the full information.

The minute I turned around, I saw Baxter and Elgin watching me.

“What situation?” she asked, folding her arms across her chest, making it clear she wouldn’t let me go until I told her what I knew.

“Madeline got a lead, so she left. Since we’ve signed the contract with her, we have to go after her,” I explained.

That was all I said, just in case Kaylee went ahead and told my father.

It wasn’t safe for anyone to know that Madeline was out there alone and not answering our calls.

Anyone could take advantage of that, especially my father.

“So, does it have to be all of you? The contract says one of you has to go,” she argued, already starting to complain.

1/3

70-Picking Madeline

## +25 Bonus

“Kaylee, you don’t understand. For this specific task, I have to go with Madeline,” I replied, placing my hands on my waist anxiously and turning to see if Elgin and Baxter had left without me.

Thankfully, they hadn’t, but I knew they wouldn’t wait much longer.

“And why exactly do you have to be there?” Kaylee asked, folding her arms across her chest, her **face** set with a stern expression.

“Because I worked hard on it. This lead,” I pointed in the direction of the others, “I was the one who found out about it. Now they’ll go there and take the credit for it.” I tried to explain with a lie.

The truth was, I didn’t care about the lead or anyone taking credit.

I was afraid of Madeline going alone and something bad happening to her.

“So what? Aren’t these your friends? Why would you not want them to succeed?” Kaylee, who always pushed me to do better than my friends, was suddenly reminding me that friends shouldn’t be competitive.

“Kaylee, is there anything you wanted to talk about specifically?” I asked finally, not ready to entertain her when we needed to find Madeline.

“Yeah, I’m not feeling well. I want you to take me to the hospital,” Kaylee demanded.

The way she placed her hands on her waist and tilted her head, challenging me with her eyes, made it clear she wanted to see who I would choose now.

“What is it, Kaylee? Are you a child?” I grunted, watching her roll her eyes and clench her fists.

“Well, I’m not lying. I’m not feeling well. I need to go to the hospital, and you’re taking me to the hospital,” she insisted, pointing her finger at my chest.

Her acrylic nail tapped against my shirt a few times as if to make her point clear.

“Graham, we cannot wait any longer. We are leaving,” Baxter announced, and I knew he would be the one to take that step.

I looked back at Kaylee. She was tapping her foot, one eyebrow raised.

“The thing is, Kaylee, I have to go. You look fine. I’ll come back and take you to the hospital,” I told her.

I was still speaking, but she had already gotten her answer.

She stomped her foot, turned around, and briskly walked away.

I clenched my fists, knowing I was in the wrong for not making her my priority, she was my wife, after all.

But then I remembered how I'd been forced into this marriage,

And I also remembered that if I ever had to choose between the two, I'd become the scumbag of a married man and choose Madeline. Any day. Every day.

So I turned around and quickly made my way toward the others.

They looked at each other and smiled, probably realizing I'd been given a choice and chose Madeline.

And when I returned home, I'd have a wife ready to throw her tantrums at me.

"Let's go," I said, pointing toward the elevator.

2/3

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Once inside, they both turned to me while I placed my hands on my waist.

"She was trying to find out about her wolf and why she has two mates," I explained. "We went to the library, and the librarian told us she'd contact us if she found anything."

I went on to explain the rest, including the missing pages.

"Then why did she go out alone?" Baxter asked.

I gave him a look, and I could tell he realized why.

"It was because you had accused us of going out on a date earlier," That was all I had to say.

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