

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

Chapter 611

[883 words]

Madeline:

My heart was already carrying a heavy burden.

When I reached the motel, I saw many warriors standing guard.

Byron told me they were his own.

He did not want to ask Ron, nor could he accept help from the council.

He could not rely on Baxter's mother either, and Ron's guards were no longer an option.

The reason was simple.

Ron had texted us and informed us that his pack had been compromised.

The pack members were threatening him to bring me in.

At first, I thought that was everything.

But when I reached the motel, I realized there was more to the story.

When I received a text message myself, I was confused at first, trying to understand what was going on. The text was simple.

Unknown: Are you going to let him get hurt again?

Those words did not make sense to me.

Were they threatening Ron? Were they going to attack him? What was going on?

"Okay, listen, do not go anywhere without taking the warriors with you," Byron said as we reached the motel room.

The moment I was about to step toward the door, I stopped.

It hit me that there were people inside waiting for Baxter.

I turned to look at Byron with hopeful eyes.

"You should not waste all your warriors on my safety. Please look for Baxter," I requested, urging him as tears began to form in my eyes.

Byron's pack was extremely small, so he did not have many warriors.

Whatever he had, he was using them to protect me, and I did not like that.

"Don't worry. Once you are in a safe place, we will be fine too," he said.

Then he told me that once he made sure I was safe, probably in his pack, he would send his warriors out to look for Baxter.

But the problem was that Baxter could be in Ron's pack or somewhere in its woods or mountains, and their people were no longer helpful.

I wondered if they found him first, what would they do to him?

That was when I stepped inside and saw my children sitting with Lord Jonah, while Lady Eugenia paced around, clenching her fist.

She stopped the moment she saw me.

"Where is my son," Lady Eugenia rushed at me.

If Byron had not stepped between us, she might have knocked me back.

"Don't you know what happened? How are you still accusing her?" Byron yelled at her, then stopped when he noticed my children were getting scared.

"They're looking for him," I uttered, reaching my children and sitting down on the bed.

They immediately shifted from Lord Jonah to me, hugging me tightly.

"Did somebody kidnap Daddy?" Bodhi asked.

As soon as he asked that, I realized Lady Eugenia had not kept the truth from them.

The tears in their eyes told me they had already cried enough.

That was when my phone started to ring again.

I noticed the same unknown number that had been sending me strange, cryptic messages.

"Excuse me," I said, stepping away from my children so they would not hear what was happening.

However, Lady Eugenia moved closer to me.

"What is going on? Is it Baxter?" she asked.

I shook my head and walked away, putting some distance between us.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Has Alpha Ron not told you that we have his Luna's dead body?" the man said.

For some reason, I recognized the voice immediately.

It was the same man who had snatched the bottle of cure from me.

"What?" I could not stop myself from raising my voice.

"We have Luna Yuvonne's body. We have asked Alpha Ron to hand you over to us, or her body will decompose in the wild. He has not listened to our demands yet. He to hand you over so by

refuses

evening, if you do not surrender, we will do things to her body that will

make her demise as shameful as

her life," the man said.

He sounded completely unhinged, and his words brought tears to my eyes.

"You" I tried to speak, but he hung up on me.

I looked up and noticed Byron standing in the doorway, watching my face. Everyone was staring at me.

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I rushed out, with Byron following after me.

Thank God Lord Jonah did not let my children come after me.

"What is going on?" Byron questioned as I briskly moved away from the motel room.

I finally stopped, turned around, and told him everything I had been told.

"What the fuck is wrong with these people?" Byron shouted, running a hand through his hair. I cannot believe they are doing this to their Alpha. I can only imagine how much pain Ron must be in."

His words made me remember Yuvonne's last promise to me.

Until now, I had been hopeful that things would get better once Baxter woke up.

But now there was no sign of him, no information. I began to wonder if they had him

too.

If the doctor was involved. If something had been removed from the camera footage.

But it had not.

We had checked every frame. Not a single minute was missing in the last ten days.

Did that mean Baxter was dead?

He was not supposed to be taken out of the coffin.

As I began to realize that I had lost my sister, Baxter, and now Yuvonne's body, I felt

responsible.

I had been so clueless.

They were right about me. I was not the hero I thought I was.

So at that moment, I had to make a decision.

I did not want Ron to lose Yuvonne too, not even her body.

I could not let them humiliate her after her death.

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 612[1,042 words]

Byron:

Madeline had told me her plan, and for the past minute, I had been silently staring at her face.

She was waiting for my reaction, but none came.

I didn't want to disrespect her, and I couldn't bring myself to tell her, even in nice words, that this was the most stupid decision.

"Please, take a moment," I told Madeline, showing her a hand gesture to calm down.

"Now think about what you just said to me in your head, and then tell me, do you think what you're saying is a wise decision?" I asked her in the calmest, nicest way possible.

She watched my face in silence for the first few seconds, then let out a deep breath. "What do you mean?" she complained, not looking very happy with me.

"All I'm saying is, repeat the same thing again to me, because I want to know if you realize how—" I paused again as I bit my tongue, "how wrong it sounds."

Then I forced myself to calm down.

I mean, hurting her would be the last thing I would ever do.

It seemed as if she understood that I was being sarcastic, because she rolled her eyes, folded her arms across her chest, and kept staring at my face.

"Look, Byron, I don't know where Baxter is, okay?" she started.

"There is no news about him. There is no information on where he could be." She paused, sucking in tears.

"And from what I know, if someone took him out of the coffin before thirty days—" She did not finish her sentence.

She just removed her hands from her chest and held them together, her fingers curling around each other, tangled in anxiety.

Her lips quivered as she dreaded to say the words, but I knew what she was trying to imply.

The doctor had said it.

If someone took him out before the thirty days, he would be dead by now.

And with the ten-day data suggesting it was probably even earlier, the chances of him being alive were zero.

"So no, I don't think I'm making the wrong decision. Everything is a mess," she continued in a shaky voice.

"The only person who can still have a little closure is Ron. His wife's dead body is with those animals. She deserved to be laid to rest with respect. She had been through a lot. I don't think it is right that they are taking away the smallest bit of respect she deserved."

She explained it to me, and I looked down, taking deeper, heavier breaths.

Although she was right, I still did not agree with her.

"The problem is-" I paused, then looked up to meet her eyes. "You want to put yourself in the hands of people when you don't even know what they are capable of."

I explained it to her.

"If we listen to their ridiculous demands now, they will think they can get away with anything. And that would be the worst thing."

"We don't have another choice," she whispered.

"All I'm saying is, we need to help Ron, and we need to get Yuvonne's body before it is disrespected."

She reminded me of the threats they had made. I watched her face with tired eyes before I shook my head again.

"I'm sorry, Madeline, but I'll stick to my view. I don't think giving yourself to them is the right decision."

As soon as I said that, I watched her take a deep breath and then nod.

"I'm just saying it because we don't know what these people are capable of. They are probably angry, and they are ruthless. And you saw what that post said, that your blood is what they need. For all we know, they might bleed you until there is nothing left, just for the sake of their own ruthless desires."

I stopped talking once I noticed that she was swallowing hard.

She started to nod her head, agreeing with me.

"You're right, I don't know what I was thinking. Shit." She rubbed her face in her hands, then hugged herself.

"Could you please call Ron and check up on him? Ask him what is going on. Did they call him again? Did they make other threats?" she requested, stepping away to catch some fresh air.

The sad part was, she could not even go back to the room because her kids had a lot of questions, and Lady Eugenia was losing her mind.

As I held the phone next to my ear, I stepped away to call Ron.

He would barely pick up our calls.

The only reason he was answering was to let us know he was clearing out areas, checking not only for Baxter, but for his wife as well.

"How are you?" I asked Ron, who groaned on the other side.

"Okay-fine," he replied tiredly.

"Did you find anything about Baxter, or where he is? Or anything about Yuvonne?" I took a more direct approach because I realized he did not like anyone showing care

or concern for him.

"No, but I'm trying. Don't worry," he replied tiredly.

"Are you making sure that Madeline is safe?"

The way he asked, I smiled to myself.

Even when he had hurt her with his words, even when he was hurt by her, over her mistake of leaving the key outside, he still considered her a friend because he was worried about her safety.

However, he was not openly asking about it.

"Yeah, she's fine, but it's not easy for me to keep her inside. She was just suggesting that she would hand herself over to these people so they return your wife's body. It's a mess. I explained, turning to look at Madeline.

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The sight of her gave me hope to stay on the right side and not unleash my true nature on these people.

"No, that is stupid. Why would she do that? Tell her it's not worth it. These people are going crazy."

As Ron began to speak in a more frantic way, I started to get worried because when

I turned around, I could not spot Madeline, not even in the far distance.

"Where is she?" I muttered, and Ron went silent.

"What?" he asked.

Anxiety struck me as I started running around the parking lot.

"Shit, she's not here."

The moment I said that, it hit me.

She had fooled me into getting distracted by the call, and she had left to probably hand herself over to those people.

"Ron, she's gone."

That was all I said before I heard Ron gasp.

Chapter 613

[757 words]

Madeline:

It was too much.

I could not let them deal with all the worries alone.

I knew how important it was for Yuvonne to have a proper funeral, to give her a decent goodbye.

She did not deserve to be disrespected like this.

So I took it upon myself to at least do one thing right.

Maybe that would prompt everyone to start looking for Baxter too.

At this point, with everything going on, not only had they taken Baxter from me, but Yuvonne too.

So I snuck out to finally meet these people.

I knew that if I told Byron, which I did, he would never allow me.

He would never let me, not even Ron would.

I knew that much.

Even though we were on cold terms now, I still believed he would never let me surrender myself.

So I did it myself.

I went straight to the woods where these people had asked me to come.

They had sent me another message with directions to where I needed to be if I wanted Yuvonne's body secured.

And I arrived there.

There were a lot of pack members present in the woods.

It was not even the pack's woods. That was what made it more unhinged.

They had collectively left the pack, and now we were in these woods.

"Here she is," a woman grunted as she pointed at me.

This time, they did not look very happy to see me, more angry that I had denied their previous requests to help them.

Everyone started to gather around me, so I gave them a hand gesture to let them know they did not need to be hostile.

"We are only making sure you don't run away again," the woman commented when she noticed I was telling them not to surround me.

"I came here myself, didn't I?" I hissed at her before looking around at the others.

"Even after doing something so unhinged to your own, you should be ashamed of yourselves," I continued, my tone harsh.

I knew their kids were suffering, but I was beginning to wonder if they were being punished for their own actions.

Sometimes, this is what happens when your actions come back to you or your children.

Those innocent children might be suffering because their parents were these kinds of people.

"Anyways, will help the children, but

in return, you have to give the body back. It is decomposing. It's really disrespectful said, warning them Hooked at each one of them.

I was constantly aware of the danger that came with facing these people.

"Now, bring me one of your children,

because I'm not sure if the

treatment will even work.

commented letting them know

before they got their hopes too high.

Usually, I would have to complete my investigation first.

Last time, they were lucky that my tears worked. I don't know if they will work this time.

Even though I still had saved some of my tears in a bottle so that I would not have to do it in front of them.

A woman quickly pushed her son forward. He was awake, though.

"So we will have to give him the

medicine and then wait for him,

fall asleep to make

Sure

get

doesn't wake up throwing up blood."

The mother of the child looked lost, and I nodded. However, my face softened when

I looked at the child. He looked restless.

I looked around before I gently touched the child's chin, asking him to open his mouth.

Then I pulled the dropper closer and used some of the tears mixed with herbs I had learned about through years of study.

Once he swallowed them, I pulled back.

"Now my kid."

Another woman stepped forward. However, I raised a hand to stop her, letting her know we had to make sure it was even working first.

"Can you fall asleep?" I asked the child, who instantly nodded.

There was a faint, broken smile on his face, as if he was too happy to hear that we were asking him to sleep.

"Okay, he needs to rest," I said, stepping away from them. However, I was in a hurry. I needed to go back.

If the child fell asleep, we did not know how long it would take before he woke up screaming. So I turned to the others around me.

While they took the child aside to help him sleep, they brought in a mattress, some comfort, and a tent to make him comfortable.

"Okay, now that I have already done it, what about Yuvonne's body?" I asked.

The people looked around before shaking their heads.

"Actually, we don't think you are being honest with us."

It was the same man with the black mustache who stepped forward.

He always had slick black hair, and the way he carried himself felt sneaky, always creepy with his shoulders drooping.

Chapter 614

[755 words]

Madeline:

"What do you mean?" I snapped at him immediately.

"What if it doesn't work?" the man questioned, and I clenched my jaw.

"That is a possibility, since this is not how I usually treat the children. First, we give them medicine, then we wait to see if it is working. If it doesn't, we move forward and prepare more."

I tried to explain, but he began to wave his finger in refusal.

"She's lying. The liquid is white. It should be red. It should have her blood," he commented, pointing at the bottle and panic struck me.

As everyone began to murmur, even the mother leading her child away stopped.

"Don't listen to them. It is not the truth. The cure is not my blood. It is my knowledge."

I was telling the truth, at least half of it. The other half was a lie.

If they figured out it was my tears, they would make me cry endlessly.

So I tried to calm them down. However, they did not look calm at all.

"Have you all lost your minds? At least let the child sleep so that I can see if it is working or not. In the meanwhile, you have a promise to uphold from your side."

I screamed at them, trying to make them understand, moving both my hands out and stretching them to point at them, warning them not to come closer.

However, they kept coming closer.

"Listen to me," I screamed again. "I'm right here. I'm not leaving, so if I am lying, you can keep me here, okay?"

I said it while dreading the fact that if the medicine did not work, they might go for my blood. But at this point,

I had lost Baxter, and Yuvonne's body was gone too.

I was devastated. I needed to help, no matter what.

"I say we take her blood and use it to cure our children."

The man, the same freaking man with the same fucking woman who had dropped the bottle, pointed at me.

However, it was his words that made everyone nod.

"Have you lost your mind? What the fuck are you thinking of doing?" I screamed as I realized that I should not have come here.

These people were beyond debate. They were beyond any logic.

They had lost their sanity, their minds. Everything was in chaos.

At that moment, I no longer felt safe there.

So I instantly turned around to run.

However, I felt a grasp around my arm, making me yelp in pain.

It was a woman. She had grabbed my arm.

I was not a very violent person, but if you put your hands on me, I would defend myself. So I did just that.

I turned around and swung my arm

at

blood spill from her mouth and

hit her in the jaw. I

fell to the ground,

"She hit one of us," the woman standing next to the black-haired man yelled, pointing at me.

"That is because she was fucking putting her hands on me," I screamed back.

However, at this point, running away was my only option.

It did not matter what I said.

They were all together, and I was seen as their enemy.

So with that in mind, and my safety as my priority, I started to run toward the road.

I heard them coming after me, and the moment I stepped onto the road, I once again felt hands grab onto me.

Some held my arms, others my waist.

One of them had their fist tangled in my hair, making me yelp and groan in pain.

"Let me fucking go," I screamed, but they dragged me back, throwing me into the woods once again.

Once I landed on my back, I saw all of them gather around me like hyenas.

"Everyone, tie her to a tree," the man yelled.

At this point, I realized that he was the one in charge of the chaos. And honestly, I began to wonder why.

Why was he so aggressive?

I looked around quickly as they

grabbed

my arms to pull me to meet

noticed that he probably

and

did not have a child with him.

He never had one.

He was always alone, with a woman who acted like she did not know him, but somehow was always right beside him.

"Don't listen to him. He is trying to make you commit crimes," I screamed, pointing my finger at him.

But the people were already on his side, and they had decided that he would help them by whatever means.

"Tie her up

We don't need to beg her for a cure. Her blood is right here We can use it all we want I say we

get our cure out of her, the man dictated, applauding.

The entire area erupted with applause as they dragged me to the tree.

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Chapter 615

[832 words]

Madeline:

I woke up to a piercing sensation along my left thigh.

It was the kind of pain that was bearable, yet enough to give me goosebumps.

As if something had tugged at my skin.

More accurately, like when a single hair gets caught somewhere and is being pulled.

Then the pain intensified.

It spread from my leg to my arms and even my stomach.

"Ughh!" A mild groan escaped my lips as I struggled to reach the aching parts.

It didn't take long for me to realize I couldn't move freely.

That I was restrained.

"Fuck!" I whimpered when something cold and sharp touched my back.

The moment something wet began to trickle down, my eyes shot open.

"AHHH!" My own deafening scream woke me up.

I gasped for air as the pain hit me all at once.

Looking around, I found hideous faces staring at me.

They were all watching with anticipation.

They all had a few things in common.

Those weird, crazed looks on their faces.

Not an ounce of empathy for me.

And jars in their hands to collect something.

My blood.

"Excuse me, I want some more blood," a woman commented, tapping her finger against the glass.

I managed to look down and realized I had been tied to a tree with my hands raised, almost like I was dangling from it.

They had cut my body so much that it felt as if they had already drained all the blood out of me.

They did not care about the fabric getting in the way whenever they made a cut.

The man with the mustache, looking like an executioner, stood to the side like he was chopping meat to sell.

He nodded, then, with one swift move, cut the skin on my thigh.

"Ah!" I screamed, but realized not much sound came out.

That was because they had tied my mouth shut.

All this time, my screams and words had been coming out jumbled and muffled.

"There you go," the man said as he filled the bottle, and the woman rushed away quickly.

Then when he noticed I had woken up, he smirked and uncovered my mouth to hear my screams.

"This is not gonna work, you asshole," I screamed at him.

He looked at me, and the corner of his lip curled upward. It did not look like he was doing this for his child.

I said it once, and I would say it again and again. He did not seem to have a child of his own.

It seemed like he was doing it for some ulterior motive. A motive no one was even trying to find out.

"How much more blood are you going to feed your children?" I screamed.

Suddenly, the people who had filled their bottles and were turning to leave stopped.

They looked at me, then at the bottles.

While the others began to walk away, one woman with blonde hair turned back to the man with the mustache.

"I have given my son a whole bottle. What if she is telling the truth? What if giving my son this blood is

causing him more damage than ever?" she questioned

The moment she said those words, the ones who had walked away stopped as well, looking at the man with all sorts of questions in their eyes.

They were probably wondering if what the woman was saying was true.

If it was, then they were feeding their children something that was not meant for their bodies.

They were giving them a taste of blood they would never be able to forget, and their cravings would only increase from here.

"You have my word. It will work. We

just need to give them enough blood so that the next time this kind of trouble arrives, they remain unbothered," the man shouted, addressing them.

They all looked slightly confused, and I knew for a fact that if they kept going, I would lose not only too much blood but also my life.

At this point, I needed them to stop.

I needed someone to find us and save me from their claws, though I had no idea how that would happen.

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"This is a lie. He's preparing your children to become monsters," cried, watching some of them turn toward me with exhaustion weighing on their faces.

Others continued to clutch the blood bottles, as if trying to decide whether it was right to keep feeding their children raw blood.

That was when the man stepped forward, trying to stab me again with an empty bottle in his hand.

This time, however, things changed.

A blood-curdling scream tore through the air, and everyone jolted.

Some of them began to look around, while others pointed at the man, stopping him before he could stab me again.

"This is one of the children screaming," a man said, pausing as he held back from giving his son another bottle.

Then, from one of the tents, a woman stumbled out, screaming loudly.

"My son, he is trying— he tried to bite me. He is trying to drink my blood," the woman cried.

Her arm was already torn open.

Bite marks covered it, suggesting the child had used all his strength to rip into his mother's flesh just to drink as much blood as possible.

That was when reality hit them. I wasn't lying.

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 616[895 words]

Silver:

I already knew people had riled up against Madeline, so the right thing for me was to spread one little rumor.

And I did just that.

I made a comment from an unknown account, stating that Madeline's blood was what helped her cure the children.

After that, I knew it would lead to something very nasty. I mean, of course, since I orchestrated it.

Robert did a great job.

He not only stopped Madeline on her way to get a cure for Yuvonne, but he also broke the bottle.

Now he had created enough chaos that people were starting to believe Madeline was lying.

And of course, I knew Madeline would never tell them it was her tears she was using, so she was pretty much stuck.

"Okay, Robert, listen. You need to calm the situation down. Madeline is not supposed to get out of there alive," I told him, holding my phone tightly to my ear.

I knew what I was doing. Every single step I made was intentional.

I knew this would happen eventually. I just didn't know the children would start biting and eating their own parents.

But now Robert was telling me that the children had gone wild.

The only child who could have survived was possibly the one Madeline had given the cure to.

So far, he had been fine. Which was why Robert had to go and give the child blood when his mother was not watching.

Because if everybody realized it was her tears doing the magic, they would dry her eyes out. But again, that would not help me in the long run.

Because after that, what about me?

"Yeah, but the situation is getting trickier. We never decided to kill her. We were going to leave her in a very bad state," Robert responded, sounding like an idiot.

I rolled my eyes, fixing my hair in the mirror.

"Well, we didn't realize things would get this messy. Because imagine, if you don't kill her, she comes out, she heals, and she points everything at you. I mean, Ron is already angry. She will tell him that you abducted his Luna's dead body, and that you are the reason Yuvonne didn't receive the cure," I explained.

I tried to make him understand, and the way he gasped told me he was finally realizing he would be in huge trouble if he didn't do what I told him.

"So, what should I do?" he asked.

"You have to convince the people that the right thing to do is to kill Madeline. She is not supposed to look like a victim. They all need to have a part in it so that nobody turns against you," I warned him, smiling at my reflection in the mirror.

People were sometimes so easy to fool. Robert was one of them.

He had believed every lie I had told him, starting with the idea that he could ever have a chance with me.

I mean, that was what I used against him. Whenever I used to visit Graham's place,

I would see Robert in the distance, staring at me.

Then he approached me, saying he thought I was gorgeous.

I mean, Lunas always got those kinds of calls or love letters, so initially, I did not pay attention to it. But then he started showing up everywhere.

And I realized his stalking behavior needed to stop, but it didn't have to stop without any benefit.

So that was what I planned, to take advantage of him.

"So come on, go ahead and do what

I told you. Make sure Madeline

doesn't get out alive," I told

him,

already ready to hang up when I heard him scoff and groan softly

"When can we be together?" he asked.

I gulped hard.

I mean, his alpha was on the run, his pack was in ruins, and he wanted me to be with him. Those were some big dreams.

He had even mentioned a few hours ago that maybe he could marry me, and then I could help him become the alpha of Graham's Pack.

What a delusional man he was, just a fucking gamma who wasn't even in a warrior squad.

"Soon, but for now, focus on getting

rid of Madeline. You know the woods are right behind Ron's back They will be searching up and down those wards. They just don't know they're the ones they've never thought to look for, but it won't be long before they do. So just keep your eyes on it, okay?" I told him, rolling my eyes as I hung up the call.

Then I groaned slightly.

What an asshole.

With that, I turned to leave, but stopped when I saw Mathew standing in the doorway.

It seemed as if he had come to talk to me.

"Um, Mathew, what is it?" I asked, smiling at him.

"Um, I was asked to speak with you about the scheduled council meeting. You wanted to meet Lord William and Lady Abigan they have set a time. If you're ready, I will ask the driver to get the car ready" he informed me in a cold tone.

He had been acting very professionally, and that had started to bother me.

I didn't know what had happened or when it started, but suddenly he was no longer

the man who was all over me all the time.

He was more restrained now, even keeping his distance from me, and that bothered

me.

"Okay, I'll get ready," I replied, watching him as he left.

He didn't even look at my deep cleavage.

That was concerning. I needed my players to be on my side.

Chapter 618

[830 words]

Byron:

"It better be really urgent," I told him.

I did not know why I disliked this guy.

To be honest, I did not like anyone related to Graham or Elgin.

I had noticed the way he looked at Madeline. Not in a bad way, but like he was admiring her.

I mean, I get it. She was gorgeous, and everyone admired her. But still, why?

"It actually is. I, um... I just heard Silver talking to someone on the phone."

I started gesturing toward the warriors to stand around the children, making sure they did not wander away.

I realized he was calling me to gossip about his alpha's luna, it was something truly with listening to

"And she was talking about the forbidden woods. The dry woods outside Ron's pack."

He waited for my reaction, and honestly, I was still trying to piece together what any of this had to do with anything.

"She was talking about Madeline. I think this is where you'll find her."

The moment he said that, my hands curled into fists.

"How the fuck does she know?" I groaned, already starting to pace as I moved to inform Ron.

He had been looking for Madeline ever since he heard she had wandered off.

He also knew that when he found her, he would find Yuvonne's body too, because they would most likely be in the same place.

"I can take a guess and say she might have been behind the abduction somehow. But right now, you need to find her. These people are vicious, and she was saying some crazy stuff," he warned.

My hands tingled with a strange urge, like I wanted to beat the fuck out of someone.

"Okay, fine. We'll go look for her," I said, not even wanting to ask what else she had said.

I already had a bad feeling.

She wanted something done to Madeline.

We should have known it was one of these people causing chaos.

How the hell did people go crazy so quickly? They usually waited for Madeline to come up with the cure.

Then again, they went crazy anyway. That was how entitled people worked.

Once I hung up the call, I ran straight to Ron.

He had just arrived in his car, and I could tell he had not found anything from the look he gave me.

But I had news for him, so I approached him quickly.

"I know where Madeline is," I said, watching Ron straighten almost immediately.

"Well then, let's go get her," he stated, not even asking anything first.

That alone showed how worried we were about her safety.

I jumped into the car with him, and some of the warriors followed, while the others, especially Sean, stayed behind with the children.

I could not trust Lady Eugenia with them.

The way she had scratched me when I tried to walk away still burned, like her nails carried something filthy.

"Why are you so restless?" Ron asked in his deep, rough voice.

"Lady Eugenia scratched me on the back of my neck," I told him.

I noticed the way Ron adjusted the mirror to look at me.

"What?" he questioned.

I had expected that reaction.

"Yeah, she was terrorizing the children, so I warned her to stand she got aggressive Surprise, surprise," Tadded, rolling me eyes.

"Anyway, how did you find out about Madeline?" he asked in a restless tone.

Now that we were in the car, I had expected him to ask that.

"Mathew called me. He said Silver was talking to someone," I replied.

I explained that Mathew also mentioned something else was going on, that Silver was speak aggressively about Madeline and trying to do something to her.

"Wait, you're telling me that whatever happened, and however those people reacted, one of them was connected to Silver? Which means stopping Madeline from bringing the cure for Yuvonne was initiated by her?"

The way he put it made me go silent. I honestly had not thought that far.

I was too focused on Madeline to consider anything else.

Of course, his mind went straight to his Luna.

"I think we need to find Madeline and ask her what happened when she met those people," I said, trying to keep him calm.

But the way he sped up told me he had already understood the situation.

Or maybe he was still putting the pieces together, and they did not sit well with him.

Of course they would not.

Who would be okay with their Luna dying because she was denied medicine that could have saved her in minutes?

Now we had to hurry.

If Madeline had left on her own to meet these people and help them with the children, then why the fuck had she not returned our calls?

Why had she turned her phone off?

She would have contacted me to let me know she was fine, or at least to reassure her children.

The fact that she had not done that was already terrifying.

Then we finally arrived at the woods.

The chaos and the growling were the first things I heard the moment I stepped out.

Ron and I exchanged a glance as wolves howled from inside, mixed with a woman's

scream.

And I just had this gut feeling that something terrible had happened.

I just hoped we were not too late.

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 619[828 words]

Madeline:

The kids had broken out in chaos.

Many of the mothers rushed out of their tents, screaming and crying, clutching their arms or wherever the children had bitten them.

That alone should have made them realize what a grave mistake they had made by feeding these children the blood of someone like me, someone whose tears were special.

If my tears were that effective, I wondered what my blood could do.

But of course, these people had become too greedy.

The only child who had shown some improvement was the one I had given my tears mixed with herbs.

But his condition worsened when that black-haired, mustached bastard forced him to drink my blood, claiming it would help him break free from the curse completely.

"What do we do?" a woman screamed at me, asking directly.

I was slowly losing control. I was probably drifting in and out of consciousness.

That was how much blood I had lost.

"Fucking answer me!" the woman screamed again.

I blinked hard to stay awake and keep my vision from blurring.

"She cannot help us," the black-mustached man yelled.

"She wouldn't help us," he added.

"Yeah, but you're the one who told us to take the blood by force," a man shouted as he led his wife out of the tent.

I noticed the black-mustached man swallowing hard, like he was realizing he could not put all the blame on me when he had taken part in most of it.

"I didn't. You all read that comment, and so did I," he insisted, trying to explain himself. Almost desperately defending himself.

"And I guess we all agreed to abduct her because she was making things difficult. So it doesn't matter. If she had not been so difficult, we wouldn't have gone this far," the man explained, still sounding ignorant.

That alone told me he was here for a reason.

He was not one of these people trying to save his child.

He was part of something bigger. He was part of the reason I was in trouble.

"You're right. We should not turn against each other," the same woman who was always beside him said.

"It is all her fault, though," she continued, pointing at me.

I bit my tongue before I grunted.

"Aren't you two always together? Where is your child that needs help?"

The words came out with effort because I was feeling so low on energy.

Everyone turned to them again, wanting the same answer.

As I focused on them, the man suddenly pointed at me.

"The alphas are coming to save her. They're looking everywhere for her. It is only a matter of time before they find her."

He swiftly changed the subject.

I could tell the children had calmed down, but their hunger for blood would only grow from here.

"What do we do? Should we just leave her?" one of the women asked.

Honestly, I just wanted everyone to listen to her. They should let me go.

"No, of course not," the black-mustached man snapped.

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"Why not? She's not going to help us. And if they find us here, they'll be furious with us, another man argued, trying to knock some sense into him.

But the mustached man shook his head aggressively.

"She recognizes all of our faces. Do you seriously think she won't tell Alpha Ron it was us who abducted her and his dead Luna's body?"

At that, I watched heads turn in confusion, fear creeping into their expressions, as if

they were beginning to realize what that meant.

"So what should we do?" a woman asked softly, her eyes turning watery.

"We should kill her," the mustached man said.

Everyone looked afraid as the words left his mouth.

"Then how will she help our children?" another woman cried, torn between saving themselves and thinking about their children.

If I was dead, who would get them the medicine?

"I just received a report," the black-mustached man spoke up, holding up his phone.

"There is someone else who can save the children."

As soon as he said that, every gaze turned harsher toward me.

"And this one, trust me, she's not

going to help us anymore. So it's et better if we kill her instead of letting

her walk out and rummus, without even helping our children."

The man grew more aggressive as he pushed the urgency of killing me.

"I will help your children. Don't listen

to him, said, forcing myself to

speak because at this point, el ne?

didn't, I was as good as dead -

However, the way they watched me told me they did not believe me, probably because I had refused to help them before.

"Do you all believe her? She is the reason we had to go this far and kidnap her. So I leave the decision to you," the man said.

But the way he stepped back told me he was afraid. If they did not agree with him, it would be over.

"Please, please believe me. I will help you," I cried, trying to save myself.

However, it seemed they had already decided I was of no use.

They all began to nod.

"We should kill her, then," the woman who was always with him spoke first, trying to

take control of the situation.

The others agreed, nodding along.

Chapter 620

[752 words]

Byron:

Ron and I lunged toward the direction the voices were coming from.

The screaming kept getting louder.

I recognized Madeline's scream.

She sounded angry from the way she was yelling and screaming.

There were other people around her, but their screams sounded more fearful, like they were planning an attack.

At least, that was the only thing I could think of.

When we finally reached the area, I was stunned by the horrific sight before me.

People had gathered around with what looked like pitchforks and torches.

Some of them carried large knives.

And then there was Madeline.

She was tied to a tree, covered in blood, almost completely drained of it.

I had warned her this would happen, but sometimes Madeline got herself into trouble by being too nice to everyone.

Kindness did not always go a long way.

People took advantage of kind people, and I guessed she had finally realized it.

"Step away from her!" I screamed at the people, whose attention now turned toward

us.

They looked at Ron and me as if we had no business being here, like they were supposed to torture Madeline.

Madeline's eyes shifted toward me, and then I watched them begin to close, almost like she was finally ready to rest.

But the people surrounding her were so intimidating that she could not even close her eyes in peace.

"Put that stuff down," Ron hissed at them.

I noticed that many of these people were not from one pack alone.

They were from all around the world, almost like the entire woods were filled with them.

And then there were children.

Some of them were still coughing blood from whatever had happened, while others were crying.

Their parents had strange bite marks on them. None of it was making sense. "No, she's not gonna help us anymore," a woman said, pointing at Madeline.

I noticed she was holding a bottle full of blood.

They had fucking drained her, and yet she still had the nerve to act entitled.

"And you think killing her will help your children?" Ron hissed at them while my fists clenched.

Those people looked offended by Ron's words, as if they were the only victims here.

"Well, it is like we are stuck in a loop now, a loop we cannot survive," a woman stepped forward, and I frowned at her.

I noticed Madeline clenching her jaw as if she knew her.

"Step away from her," Ron warned, pointing at the woman holding a silver dagger.

The others had also pulled out their silver weapons.

It was completely unhinged.

Just because they thought Madeline was not helping them, they wanted her dead.

"No, she is the reason our children

are biting us now. Her toxic blood did this to us," the woman screamed and raised her dagger to attack Madeline.

Well, I was not going to let that happen, even if I had to die for it.

So I bolted forward, stepping between the woman and Madeline.

I only had a split second to shove the woman's hand away, but by then, she had already slashed the dagger across my stomach.

"Ah!" I screamed as the silver cut into my stomach and split my skin open just enough for blood to gush out.

"Enough!" Ron screamed.

I guess he was struggling to accept that people could be this insane, even parents of these little children.

So many of them still could not understand something so simple. This kind of chaos would never guarantee their survival.

Ron stepped forward and pointed at the crowd, signaling everyone to stop.

"Do

huh?"

you think this will save you, shouted. "After this, theree no place left for you to turn

will be

to Don't you understand that

If anyone there had a sane mind left, they would have listened to him and realized the danger they would bring upon themselves by hurting Madeline.

However, these people were far beyond redemption.

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"How can you still threaten us over her?" the woman screamed, pointing at herself. "Dran't she fail to save your mate too? Isn't your mate dead because of her?"

The woman was truly unbelievable, accusing Madeline of something that was clearly not her fault.

My eyes stayed on Ron.

I did not want him to be manipulated by their words.

Lately, everything had become so negative that I had started expecting people to turn against us.

However, Ron aggressively shook his head.

"No, it was all of you. You stopped her from finding a cure for my wife. How can you

still not see where you went wrong?" he roared.

Everyone glanced at one another before shaking their heads.

"Screw you. We don't fucking care. It's not like we haven't already committed enough crimes. We might as well finish it properly."

As the woman said those words, I shook my head in disappointment. These people were truly unhinged.

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