

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

Chapter 631

[801 words]

Madeline:

Coming home and facing Lady Eugenia was already difficult enough for me.

The way she looked at me made it seem like she had already seen all the news.

Her stare felt strange and unsettling, and I kept expecting her to call me a monster at any second.

I was terrified she would say she had already informed people about where I was hiding.

This place was not safe for me anymore anyway.

I already knew we would have to leave soon.

After staring at me for a while, Lady Eugenia suddenly looked behind me and let out a growl.

That was when I realized the news probably had not spread yet, or maybe she still had not heard about me being the Grey Wolf.

"We couldn't find him," Byron spoke up.

"But we need to leave," he added.

"What happened to you? Where were you?"

Thankfully, Lord Jonah did not react the way Lady Eugenia had.

His eyes were filled with concern, exactly as they should have been.

That was also when I noticed how exhausted he looked.

"They captured me and took my blood," I whispered.

The moment those words left my mouth, I buried my face in my hands and broke down crying.

I did not understand what was happening to me.

My body felt overwhelmed with emotions now that the numbness was fading away. Every part of me ached.

My body was weak, but my soul felt even more exhausted.

"What did they do to you?" Lord Jonah asked softly as he pulled me into a fatherly embrace.

And honestly, his embrace worked.

For the first time in a long while, I did not feel like a mother, a daughter-in-law, a mate, or even a friend.

I just felt like someone's daughter.

A fragile woman who was finally allowing herself to fall apart.

Lord Jonah held me close and gently patted my back before pulling away to wipe my tears with his thumb.

"We'll get you out of here," he assured me. "We'll speak to the council leaders."

But before he could continue, Ron stepped in.

"That's not going to work."

The moment Ron said that, I looked toward him.

Before I could say anything, my children ran into my arms.

I immediately knelt down and wrapped them tightly against me.

They did not ask questions.

They simply held onto me, offering silent comfort in the only way children could.

My kids were good at reading the room.

Too good.

"They're hunting her," Ron explained

grimly. "The entire pack is after her

t stop. Whe

now and they won't stop.

blood doesn't heal them, they'll kill

her."

As he spoke, I slowly rose from the floor, resting one hand on Elara's shoulder and the other on Bodhi's.

Lady Eugenia remained silent the entire time, but unlike before, she sounded more attentive than fearful.

"So where are we supposed to go now?" she snapped. "The pack leaders are going to do something about this, right?"

Before anyone could answer her or explain why the council would not help us, Ron's phone suddenly started ringing.

The moment we saw the number on the screen, we all knew it was serious.

It was the same number the pack members had used before when they gave Ron instructions about my abduction.

Ron looked at all of us before lifting the phone to his ear.

He did not put the call on speaker, mostly because he did not want Lady Eugenia to

hear what they were saying about me.

I watched his expression slowly change.

He did not say a single word.

Without warning, he lowered the phone, turned around, and rushed out of the room.

I immediately looked at Byron, silently urging him to go after Ron.

"I will," Byron said quickly. "You guys

pack your things and get on the

read The hotel manager is goi

going to

call the authorities soon, if he hasn't

already."

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Panic rose inside me, and I shot Byron another look, silently telling him to hurry after

Ron.

Then I turned back toward my family, praying they would not waste time asking more questions.

Thankfully, they did not.

I did not have to stand there explaining myself any longer.

Everyone immediately started packing our things.

For once, even Lady Eugenia hurried without complaint, probably because she had finally realized that if people were willing to attack Alphas, they certainly would not spare either of us.

Lord Jonah was extremely helpful.

Once our bags were packed, we rushed out of the motel rooms.

But the moment we reached the SUV Ron had left behind, I noticed the warriors looked tense.

They kept staring down at their phones before looking back up at me.

That was when I realized they were the last people I should approach right now. "Byron's car," I whispered, gesturing toward the other vehicle parked nearby.

Of course, everyone stared at me in confusion because they did not understand why

I was avoiding Ron's SUV and pointing toward Byron's car instead.

But we were all panicking, so no one argued when we suddenly changed direction.

The moment we started running toward Byron's car, I noticed Ron's warriors suddenly rushing toward the SUV to grab their weapons.

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Chapter 632

[754 words]

Madeline:

I knew why they reached for their weapons the moment they saw me.

It was not a good sign.

I think Lord Jonah and even Lady Eugenia noticed the tension too.

They understood those weapons were not being pulled out for protection.

They were being pulled out for us.

That was why Lord Jonah quickly grabbed the steering wheel himself.

My children were terrified.

The moment I pulled them into my arms in the back seat, I noticed their little bodies trembling against mine.

Lady Eugenia sat in the front passenger seat while Lord Jonah quickly made a U-turn and drove in the opposite direction from Ron's warriors.

But instead of heading back toward the pack, we drove toward the woods.

The pack was no longer safe for us.

My body still ached terribly.

It felt like Lena could break free and take over at any moment.

“What did you do that was so terrible that everyone is after you?” Lady Eugenia finally spoke up.

I had been wondering how long it would take her to start talking.

“Eugenia, not right now,” Lord Jonah warned with a grunt, clearly trying to stop her from starting an argument.

“I'm just saying, aren't you going to question her?” Lady Eugenia shot back.

She hated being held accountable, especially by Lord Jonah, the man she had controlled for years.

The moment he challenged her, she lost control.

“I'm just saying, did you not see the condition she's in? They took blood from her,” Lord Jonah argued, trying to make her understand.

Meanwhile, I kept my children close, holding them tightly to comfort them.

“They did that because she refused to help them,” Lady Eugenia grunted as she adjusted the rearview mirror just enough to glare at me through it.

“And then she lost my son,” she hissed, her glare turning even colder.

I closed my eyes and took a slow breath.

That was it.

I was not going to let her blame me for Baxter going missing.

He was the person I loved most in this world.

I would never allow anyone to question how much I cared about him.

“You didn't even lift a finger to take care of him,” I snapped. “When he fell into a

coma, when he disappeared, I was the one running around trying to find him while you stood there blaming me."

My voice grew harsher with every word.

"You've been a burden on everyone

this entire time. We were already

dealing with the fear of losing Baxter while also putting up with your constant tantrums."

The moment the words left my mouth, her eyes widened.

Her jaw slowly dropped as she stared at me in shock.

"Did you hear the way she's talking to me?" Lady Eugenia nearly shouted at her mate, furious that he had not immediately silenced me.

"You pushed her, Eugenia. Stop it," Lord Jonah grunted.

She shot him a sharp glare before punching him in the arm.

"No, don't do that!" I yelled, quickly covering my children's eyes.

The way she was behaving felt completely unhinged.

I did not want my children growing up thinking it was acceptable to hit your spouse under any circumstance unless they were hurting innocent people or putting

someone in danger.

"Stay out of it," Lady Eugenia snapped at me, turning toward me and pointing a long

finger in my direction.

"My son is missing," she cried, pressing a hand against her chest. "I'm the one suffering."

Tears filled her eyes as her voice cracked.

"You don't have to worry because you already have two Alphas running after you. You'll find someone else and move on with your happy life, while I'll spend the rest of me living with a hole in my heart."

As the words left her mouth, she broke down crying.

And suddenly, the thought hit me.

Living the rest of my life without Baxter?

No.

That was impossible.

"You think that?" I choked out through my sobs. "I'm a mother too, and I lost my daughter. Nothing and no one will ever fill her place."

The memory of Gina hit me all over again.

My children clung to me as they cried, finally understanding that their sister was never coming home to play with them again.

Then, while we were speeding down the road, I realized this was the same route Ron had taken earlier.

We were driving so fast that we reached the woods within minutes.

The moment we arrived, I saw Byron standing there.

Ron was there too.

Ron was crying hysterically while Byron held him tightly by the shoulders.

In front of them, flames burned wildly into the air.

I did not need long to understand what I was looking at.

The moment the car stopped and I got to see a better look of it, I knew it was

Yuvonne's body burning in the fire.

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Chapter 633

[782 words]

Ron:

Our worlds have erupted into chaos.

When I got the call, they told me I had disappointed them.

As pack members, they had expected their alpha to stand beside them.

Since I failed to do that, they said I would have to be punished.

They ordered me to come to the woods, and reach the site near the infamous pine tree.

I kept thinking about Yuvonne's body.

This was not how she deserved to be treated.

The moment I arrived there, I saw Yuvonne's body burning in the fire.

Then I realized she was completely naked.

My heart lodged in my throat.

I did not want to know what else they had done to her.

I only knew that I wanted to burn beside her in that fire.

The moment I lunged toward her, Byron grabbed me from behind and started dragging me away.

I fought with everything I had to break free from his hold so I could throw myself into the flames and die with her, but he refused to let go.

Eventually, I collapsed onto the ground and fell to my knees, sobbing uncontrollably.

Byron still did not leave my side for even a second.

I wanted to die.

I had disappointed Yuvonne so badly that I believed my death was the only thing that could fix any of this.

As I sat there crying, a car suddenly pulled up.

"Ron!"

Madeline's voice forced me to turn toward her.

The moment she saw the tears in my eyes, her expression froze.

I knew she wanted to come to me.

She wanted to comfort me and pull me together, but after how deeply I had disappointed her before, even she could not bring herself to step closer.

Instead, she remained standing beside Eugenia and her children, keeping her distance from me.

Lord Jonah stepped forward and moved closer to my side.

"This is getting too much. How are they allowing this shit?" he shouted, turning to look at all of us.

"I'll speak with the council," he added through clenched teeth.

"There's no need," Byron whispered from behind me.

My phone rang again.

I already knew who it would be.

I thought one of those sick people was calling again, but instead, it was her.

Lady Abigail.

Everyone turned to look at me as I raised the phone to my ear.

"Do you know what they did to my wife's body?" I screamed, hopelessness tearing through me.

"We also heard that you took Madeline's side," she replied calmly.

"What was I supposed to do?" I snapped. "They abducted her."

I dropped into a crouch, my heart pounding against my chest.

My Yuvonne's body had burned completely to ash.

There was nothing left of her anymore.

That was how werewolves died.

Fire reduced them to ash until nothing remained.

I was only waiting for the last of the flames to die out so I could collect her ashes, but Byron still refused to leave my side.

"I saw the news, and I'm sure you did too," the woman said over the phone. "There's no way you were her best friend and didn't know the truth about her. If that's the case, then we are deeply disappointed in you."

I clenched my jaw but said nothing.

"You already know the council leaders are dead. Right now, it's only the remaining council members and me. We've decided to give you one final chance to redeem yourself."

Every word she spoke sounded exactly like the pack members.

Bitter, hateful and filled with blame for Madeline.

I already knew what kind of chance she was offering me.

"If you want justice for your Luna, if you want the pack members punished for what

they did to her, then you'll have to take us to Madeline."

My grip around the phone tightened.

"You'll have to sedate her so we can

arrest her without losing more

people to that insane wolf or hers. Tell us right now if you're in or not."

She spoke without an ounce of empathy for the people who had already suffered.

Slowly, my eyes lifted toward Madeline while I held the phone against my ear.

She was already looking at me.

"Don't let your emotions make this decision, Ron," Lady Abigail said calmly. "Don't you want justice for Yuvonne?"

My grip around the phone tightened.

"She would have wanted her mate to give her at least the last bit of dignity she deserved by punishing the people who wronged her."

Her voice softened slightly.

"The decision is yours."

My eyes drifted toward Madeline.

Time was running out, and she was waiting for my answer.

"What's going on? Who is it?" Byron asked first as the others started moving around

anxiously.

Madeline was the only one who stayed still.

It was almost as if she already knew.

The call was about her.

Or maybe she realized I was considering something I should not have been.

"Ron, I want your answer," Lady Abigail pressed. "Tell me you're on our side, and you'll get justice."

I closed my eyes, finally ready to give her my decision.

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Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 634[787 words]

Ron:

For a moment, sadness crossed Madeline's face. Then I noticed her children clinging to her sides.

The way they looked at me made my chest tighten.

Even they seemed worried about me.

"Go fuck yourself," I spat into the phone.

A low growl came from the other side of the call.

"You're losing your mind, Ron," Lady Abigail snapped. "If you stay on our side, your life will be filled with luxury. But if you don't, sooner or later we'll get our hands on Madeline. And everyone who helped her escape will be thrown back into prison."

Her voice hardened.

"Do you really want to go back there? You've only just regained your freedom."

She kept trying to reason with me, completely unaware that I had already been through hell.

There was no prison worse than the pain tearing through me now.

"What makes you think I'm afraid of going back to prison?" I shot back. "There's nothing left for me here anymore, so fuck you."

I let out a hollow laugh.

"I'm not an Alpha anymore. Go ahead and hand my pack over to Elgin or whatever greedy Alpha wants it. I'm going rogue."

My voice hardened as I made my decision.

"And I'm standing with Madeline and her family."

The moment those words left my mouth, I saw realization flash across Madeline's face.

She finally understood that the call had been about her.

Before Lady Abigail could continue twisting the situation to justify herself, I hung up on her.

Then I pushed myself to my feet and glanced at Byron.

"You can let go now," I uttered.

As soon as he released me, I slowly walked toward the ashes and knelt beside them.

I began gathering what was left of Yuvonne.

"Here-use this."

Little Elara hurried toward me, clutching a small pig-shaped container in her hands.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she held it out to me.

Maybe she was crying because I was crying too.

Taking it from her made the crushing emptiness inside me feel a little less unbearable.

Carefully, I placed the ashes inside the container and held it tightly against my chest.

"Please don't cry. We're here for you," Elara whispered, gently patting the back of my hand like she was trying to comfort a child much younger than me.

Then Bodhi stepped closer.

"Yeah," he said quietly. "We're with you."

And just like that, I broke down.

Because that was the kind of family I had never imagined I would ever have.

"What are we going to do now?" Madeline asked softly.

I knew she wanted to ask about the phone call, but Lady Eugenia was standing nearby.

And sadly, even when we worked as a team, not everyone was truly on our side. "We're all going rogue," I decided.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Byron's confused expression.

He still did not understand why I had refused to choose his pack.

I had a reason for making that choice.

Byron did not understand it yet, but I had a feeling that sooner or later, he would experience betrayal for himself.

The blind trust he placed in his pack and his royal Beta was going to shatter eventually. Maybe not today, but soon.

Because that was the truth about werewolves.

We were built on betrayal.

"No. Absolutely not. I'm not going rogue again," Lady Eugenia snapped. "That place was horrifying Don't you. remember what that thing did? It took that little girl, and then ended up getting attacked

son

Her voice rose as she brought up the past again, the same night Gina had been taken by the monster and Baxter had gone looking for her, only to fall into a coma afterward.

"There's no way any pack would accept you unless you cut ties with us," I hissed back.

She immediately crossed her arms over her chest.

But we both knew she would never agree to that.

Because Lord Jonah would never leave us.

"Well, I think we should all admit there's one person behind all this misery," Lady Eugenia muttered bitterly, throwing another sharp glance toward Madeline.

"Eugenia, my son was dragged out of his treatment at that hospital, most likely by pack members," Lord Jonah said firmly. "And after "Andrafter everything that's happened, you still want to go back and stand beside those people?"

For the first time, he forced her to hear the truth out loud.

Madeline was never the problem.

The packs were.

Their hierarchy. Their greed. Their obsession with power.

"Look at us," he continued heavily. "Every single one of us has lost someone because of them, not because of this girl. And I'm not abandoning her. She's my son's

wife. The woman he loved The mother of his children. She's my responsibility too."

As he spoke, I noticed Madeline quickly wiping at her tears.

And honestly, he was right.

I was not leaving her either.

I had seen the way she stayed beside Yuvonne and cared for her despite years of cruelty and bullying.

Madeline truly was a good woman.

Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 635[841 words]

Madeline:

What happened to Yuvonne was cruel.

The council leaders could not do anything to help, but what disturbed me even more was the silence from Lord William.

Why was he staying quiet?

Why was Lady Abigail still being allowed to hold power after everything?

Then the answer hit me.

Maybe Lord William had already seen those videos and finally accepted the.

That I was not worth defending.

That I was just a monster.

Feeling completely defeated, I picked up my babies and got into Byron's car.

Deep down, I already knew the moment Ron received that call, he had chosen us.

I never wanted him dragged into this mess, but after everything the pack had done to him, I knew he did not want to go back either.

Those people had ruined his entire life.

Of course he would never return to them.

"I seriously don't understand why you guys can't just stay with my pack," Byron muttered irritably as he slid into the driver's seat.

Ron sat beside him while the three of us stayed in the back with the children resting in our laps.

"You don't get it, Byron," I replied tiredly. "They won't just come after us. They'll go after your pack too. And I'm sure they'll manipulate your people into turning against anyone who supports us."

"My pack members would never betray me," Byron argued, shaking his head firmly. "They'd fight beside me if they had to."

The amount of faith he had in his pack honestly surprised me.

Then he grunted softly and scratched at his neck again.

I had been noticing that habit for a while now.

He just kept doing it over and over again.

That was when all of us realized something.

Byron had already decided where he was taking us.

The second that thought hit us, everyone's eyes widened.

"What?" he complained after catching our expressions. "I'm taking us to my pack."

"Byron, that's a terrible idea," Ron shot back immediately.

"If we go there and they've already been manipulated against you, then we're walking straight into danger," he warned. "And we have children with us. We can't afford to take risks like that."

While Ron argued with him, Byron adjusted the rearview mirror and glanced at the children in the backseat.

And honestly, they looked terrified.

Bodhi clung tightly to Lord Jonah while Elara slept curled against me.

But I knew they were not really asleep.

They were only pretending to be.

The children looked so frightened that Byron slowly eased his foot off the gas before finally turning the car around.

"I'm serious. We need to go back to the cabin," Ron said firmly.

Lady Eugenia immediately started shaking her head the second he said it.

"That's the only place they probably won't search for us," Ron argued. "And besides, we'll have the whole day to figure things out. By the time night comes again, we can already be back inside the cabin. Right now, that's the safest place we have."

He kept trying to convince everyone, but I stayed quiet.

Because honestly, I knew he was right.

The cabin really was our only option.

More than anything, I just wanted my children somewhere safe.

And for now, that place was the cabin.

"Oh Lord, I hope my son comes back

soon Lady Eugenia whispered

can't live like this

anymore."

Even hearing Baxter's name made something inside me ache.

We still had no clue where he was.

He had completely vanished, and the uncertainty was eating all of us alive.

A small part of me kept hoping that maybe, wherever he was, he had seen me on the news.

And if he had, maybe he would come looking for me.

Maybe he would remember me.

I closed my eyes for a moment, but suddenly the car came to a stop.

When I looked up, Byron was already staring at us.

"I'm going to my pack to see what's happening," he said "Until then, guys stay in the cabin once it's safe, I'll come back for all of you."

Then he gave me a reassuring nod.

But his eyes looked miserable.

It was obvious leaving us behind was tearing him apart inside.

"That's the best thing to do," Ron told him firmly.

Both of them stepped out of the car.

Byron headed off while Ron moved into the driver's seat.

"Alright, we don't have time," Ron muttered as he started the car sure they're searching

every possible place for us by now."

The sirens and alarms echoing through the distance already proved that.

They were looking for me.

The monster.

Eventually, we made it back to the track where all of this had started.

The second I stepped out of the car, I inhaled deeply.

And immediately, something felt off.

The air itself felt wrong somehow.

Lord Jonah carefully took Elara from my arms while Lady Eugenia carried Bodhi beside him.

Meanwhile, Ron rushed ahead toward the cabin to unlock it and make sure nobody was hiding inside.

But he moved too fast to notice what the rest of us suddenly did.

I froze mid-step.

"What's that?" Lord Jonah asked quietly, pointing toward the ground.

My legs started shaking as I slowly walked closer.

Then I dropped to my knees.

A torn piece of Baxter's hospital gown lay there in the dirt, stained with dried blood.

His hospital wristband was still attached.

And in that moment, everything inside me sank.

He had been here.

And the blood belonged to him.

Chapter 636

[772 words]

Madeline:

Lady Eugenia screamed at the top of her lungs.

"How is this possible? How can his band be here?"

Every single question was directed at me.

She was asking me directly, and I stood there in shock, completely numb.

I turned my head toward Ron as if silently asking him to explain something, anything.

The same fear sitting in my chest was reflected in his eyes.

"Kids, come on. Let's go inside. Put your bags in there," Lord Jonah told the children.

Even though his body had started trembling, he still gestured for them to move.

The two looked at me, then at the band.

"Mommy, is this Daddy's band?" Bodhi asked softly. "Does that mean Daddy is in the house?"

His innocent question shattered something inside me.

Baxter was not in the house.

The cabin was empty.

Ron had already searched through it.

The moment I showed him the band, he ran around looking for Baxter, but there had been no sign of him anywhere.

"Kids, please go inside. We'll talk to you later," Ron urged, gently guiding them toward the cabin.

The two clasped each other's hands before disappearing inside.

The second they were gone, I started taking deep breaths.

"How is this possible?" I asked Ron, shaking badly. "How could he come here?"

Because even I knew it was impossible for Baxter to come here before thirty days of treatment.

Whatever had happened had happened ten days ago.

That could only mean one thing.

He had not come here on his own.

Someone had brought him here.

"Look at the drag marks," Ron pointed out.

The marks stretched across the ground as though something had been dragged all the way to the spot where Baxter's body should have been.

His blood stained the earth nearby, along with his torn shirt and hospital band.

"Does that mean somebody dragged my son out in the middle of his treatment and left him here?" Lord Jonah asked quietly.

Our heads turned toward him.

I watched him stare at the ground, at the blood marks scattered everywhere.

Then he suddenly dropped to his knees and touched the dirt with trembling hands.

"This is where my son was," he whispered. "But it's too old."

His breathing broke apart.

"Whoever brought him here left him for the monster to take him."

He pointed toward the marks frantically.

"Look. Those are its wings. It took my son. My son is gone."

Lord Jonah broke down hysterically, almost as if he were begging us to stop believing Baxter could still be found.

"How is this possible?" Lady Eugenia

screamed again, clutching both,

hands to her chest as tears

streamed down her face

While everyone else was too busy crying, my attention caught on something lying nearby.

A bracelet.

It looked broken, probably torn off during a struggle before falling into the dirt.

The moment I picked it up, my entire body went still.

I recognized it immediately.

I knew exactly who this fucking bracelet belonged to.

My grip tightened around it while my breathing turned heavier..

But I still could not bring myself to say her name out loud.

Not yet.

Everything was crashing into me too fast at once.

Lord Jonah's face slowly crumpled. Then he suddenly started hitting himself with both hands.

"My son is gone. My son is gone. You don't understand!" he screamed, breaking into loud sobs.

"You need to wake up, Madeline. Your husband is gone."

Lord Jonah cried hysterically as he spoke.

"They were never supposed to take him out of that coffin. That alone was a death sentence. But they brought him here and left him behind

He pointed toward the marks on the ground with shaking hands.

"There are signs the monster took him. What do you think it did to him for more than ten days? Do you really think he could have survived?"

His voice cracked.

"My son is dead."

Then he suddenly grabbed his arm and winced in pain.

"Lord Jonah!" Ron shouted, rushing toward him.

The pain on Lord Jonah's face was impossible to miss.

Deep lines formed across his forehead as he started to hyperventilate.

He looked like he was having a heart attack.

"We need to call Byron and ask about the situation with his pack. We need help for him," I cried out.

My voice shook so badly that half my words barely came out properly.

Then I heard a thud behind me.

I turned around and saw Lady Eugenia collapse onto the ground.

"Lady Eugenia!" I screamed, rushing toward her.

"My son—" Lord Jonah let out a broken cry before his eyes started rolling back.

"I'm taking him to the hospital," Ron said quickly.

He lifted him into his arms and hurried away with him.

“Lady Eugenia, please wake up,” I pleaded, crying as I gently touched her cheek.

Then I carefully slipped my arms beneath her and carried her inside the cabin.

I was completely shattered.

First, I lost my daughter, then my sister and Baxter.

And now Baxter's parents were breaking apart in front of me too.

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Chapter 638

[845 words]

Livia:

My heart was pounding as I got ready, and for some reason, I picked the most beautiful black dress from my closet.

Earlier, I'd had a towel wrapped around my hair, but the moment Daniel called, I rushed to get ready.

I quickly blow-dried my hair and applied red lipstick without even understanding why I was putting in so much effort.

The second I stepped out of my room with my lab coat draped over my arm and my laptop bag hanging from my shoulder, my mother immediately noticed.

“What?” I asked, turning toward the mirror to check my reflection again. “Did I mess up my makeup or something?”

That was what I thought she was staring at until she finally spoke.

"Where are you going?" she asked suspiciously. "Are you going on a date? Did my words really affect you that much?"

She started rambling excitedly, and that was when I realized how strange I must have looked.

I turned to her with a cheeky grin.

"No. Remember when I told you about my patient? I just got news about him," I replied, trying to avoid her gaze.

But my mother continued staring at me with one eyebrow raised.

Of course she was confused.

I was wearing a dress instead of the usual pants and shirt I wore while visiting patients.

"I don't have time for this. Bye," I said quickly before she could ask another question.

And I knew she still had plenty of them left.

I avoided my mother's gaze and hurried out to my car.

Once I got inside and started driving to the lab, I kept questioning what I was doing and why I was acting this way.

It felt a little desperate.

But every time I sat beside him in that room, working on different medicines, I found myself staring at him without even realizing it.

There was something strangely beautiful about him.

"Is he fully awake, or is he still—" I began asking the moment I walked down the hallway and spotted Daniel.

Instead of answering, he slowly looked me up and down.

"What is this?" he asked.

Immediately, I rushed toward the nearest window to check my reflection again.

"What? Do I look bad or something?" I asked anxiously.

Daniel stared at me like he genuinely wanted to ask if I had lost my mind.

"Why are you so dressed up?" he asked softly, giving me a look that practically screamed, I told you that you were doing too much.

"I'm not," I tried to argue, but then I nodded to myself.

I mean, I was the only person here wearing a fucking dress with red lipstick and my hair down.

"Actually, I was thinking about going on a date," I admitted awkwardly. "My mother keeps forcing me to meet someone, and then you called, so-" I shrugged.

I mean, who even goes on a date this early in the morning?

"Oh? A date?" Daniel asked, finally shifting his attention away from the stranger. "Who is he?"

I immediately realized I didn't have an answer.

"Um—I don't know. It's someone my mother picked," I replied quickly. "Anyway, is he awake?"

I changed the subject as I slowly approached the room.

But the moment I reached for the door, I froze.

My breathing turned uneven, and I nervously tucked a strand of hair behind my ear.

Daniel looked at me for a second before pushing the door open himself.

"Um-he is," he answered softly.

And then I saw him.

He was sitting up on the bed while

one of

doctors checked his

condition.

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His eyes were a striking shade of gray, almost silver under the light.

Combined with his brown hair, they made him look unreal.

He had naturally rosy cheeks, high cheekbones, and a sharp jawline.

I swallowed hard, suddenly hesitant to step any closer.

"This is the doctor who saved your life," Daniel introduced.

The stranger finally looked at me.

And God, his eyes were beautiful.

The slight slant of his brows and the way he stared at me so intensely made my knees feel weak.

"Hi," I forced out, slowly stepping toward his bed.

With

Sep I took, it felt like I

was walking straight toward something dangerous and beautiful at the same time

But I couldn't stop myself.

He didn't say anything. He just kept staring at me.

A slight crease appeared on his

forehead

like he was trying to sense something, recognize me or understand what was happening.

"How is he?" I asked the doctor.

The doctor gave me a small nod, letting me know his blood pressure and everything else looked normal.

As he left the room, he quietly shut the door behind him.

Daniel had stepped out to speak with him, leaving me alone with the stranger.

"I'm Livia," I said before quickly correcting myself. "Researcher Livia."

I tried to keep a beautiful smile on my lips, hoping to leave some kind of impression

on him.

He tilted his head slightly and continued staring at me.

"Who are you? I mean-what's your name?" I asked softly, waiting to finally hear his voice.

The moment he spoke, my entire body reacted.

"I-I don't know."

His voice was deep and husky, so beautiful that for a second, I completely forgot what he had said.

Then reality hit me again, and my eyes snapped back to his face.

"I don't know what my name is," he added quietly.

That was when I realized something was seriously wrong.

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Chapter 639

[804 words]

Baxter:

I opened my eyes to find a man with glasses leaning over my bed.

My first instinct was to get defensive and shove the monster away, but then I realized it was just some four-eyed freak staring at me.

I didn't recognize him.

Then I took in the room around me.

I could tell it was a hospital room, but I had no idea where I was.

About half an hour later, another doctor came in and explained that I had been in a coma and that they had been trying to wake me up.

The four-eyed freak eventually introduced himself as Daniel.

He explained that he worked as an assistant to a researcher who had been treating me.

Apparently, she was the one who created the medicine that finally woke me up.

And now she was sitting right beside me.

There was something strangely familiar about her.

It felt like I had seen her before, known her before even, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't place her.

Why couldn't I remember her face?

Why couldn't I remember my own name?

Then she introduced herself as Livia.

A not completely unfamiliar name.

Yet, I didn't recognize her at all, but something still felt off.

When she asked me what my name was, I froze.

I didn't know.

I just kept staring at her.

"Oh!! you don't remember your name?" she asked carefully.

The problem was the way she kept looking into my eyes like she was trying to search for something inside me.

It was a little uncomfortable.

But I guessed that was normal for a nurse, doctor, researcher, or whatever she was.

Maybe that was why she studied me so intensely, like she didn't want to miss a single detail.

"No, I don't. I—I don't know," I grunted.

Panic slammed into me.

This was insane.

How the hell did I not even know my own name?

"Wait. It's okay. Calm down. Maybe you just woke up. It's too early to decide anything."

She tried to soothe me while my panic spiraled out of control.

I pushed myself up, but she placed a hand on my bicep.

Her touch was warm.

She looked at me for a moment before quickly pulling her hand away and glancing aside shyly.

Why the fuck was she blushing so much?

"You need to calm down, okay? Please. Everything's going to be fine. I promise."

She reached for a glass and handed me some medicine.

I swallowed it reluctantly. Right now, rest sounded better than anything else.

Maybe she was right.

Maybe when I woke up, I would remember everything.

I fell asleep again for what felt like a few minutes, but when I woke up, hours had passed.

The same woman was still there with Daniel.

They asked me the same questions again, and I still couldn't remember anything.

It felt like I had someone waiting for me.

A family.

Someone counting on me to come back.

But who were they?

And why couldn't I remember any of them?

"Where did you find me?" I asked Livia, trying to figure out how the hell I had ended up in the hospital.

Maybe if I went back far enough, something would come back to me.

She exchanged a look with Daniel, and in that moment, I knew she didn't want to tell me the truth.

Whatever she was about to say was either a lie or a carefully hidden version of it.

"You were in an accident. That's how you were brought here," she replied smoothly.

The confidence in her voice only convinced me she was lying.

"But then how do I find my family?" I asked, glancing at Daniel as he paced around the room anxiously.

"Can't you put something on the

news or something? Like-annoueeet Maybe somebody know un

looking for my familyt

that I'm

The questions kept spilling out before I could stop them.

I didn't know what this feeling inside me was, but it kept building stronger and stronger.

I needed to be somewhere else.

I just didn't know where.

"We can't do that. The president is currently in a coma, and people are already in a frenzy," she explained though it sounded more like an excuse.

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Then she stopped talking altogether.

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I didn't understand what the president had to do with my situation, but I stayed quiet.

She was my doctor. Maybe she knew something I didn't.

"So what are we going to do with him? We can't just leave him in the lab," Daniel said.

I noticed Livia twisting her fingers together nervously.

She looked like she was still thinking when Daniel suddenly snapped his fingers.

"I'll take him to my house."

The moment he said that, Livia's smile vanished.

Maybe I was paying too much attention to them, but I needed to understand the people around me.

Right now, they were all I had.

I had no memory.

No recollection of my past life.

And because of that, I didn't know whether I could trust the people standing in front

of me.

"Youhat might actually be a

good idea. But please take care of
him, Livia murmured. murmured softly in
agreement

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Love

I didn't know why, but every time I looked at her, I felt like I knew her.

Or maybe I was supposed to.

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Chapter 640

[753 words]

Ron:

There had been so many deaths. So many people in pain around me.

Seeing all of them suffering made my chest ache.

I had already lost so much.

First, I lost my grandmother.

After that, I lost my mate. I lost my child. And now I had lost my friend too,
Baxter.

And now this.

"Please stay with me," I said to Lord Jonah as I rushed toward the road.

There was a very high chance Byron's pack would respond positively, just like
Byron had suggested.

Even if some of them were upset that Byron was supporting Madeline, many would still stand with him.

At the very least, we could gather help for Lord Jonah.

Even if we had to lie to them for it.

Even if we had to tell them this had nothing to do with Madeline.

At that moment, that was the only thing running through my mind as I carried him.

Honestly, though, deep down I knew Lord Jonah was not wrong.

Madeline would probably never be able to accept it, but there was no way Baxter could have survived for that long.

How could he have?

We did not even know which day he had been taken out of the coffin.

All we knew was that it had happened at least ten days ago.

It could have been earlier.

It could have even been the third day of his treatment inside the coffin.

The meaning was simple.

The person who took him out had killed him the moment they disconnected him from the treatment.

And after that, his body had been left behind for a monster.

There was no way he could have survived.

But accepting that truth was going to destroy Madeline.

As soon as I reached Byron's pack with Lord Jonah in my arms, I realized his body had stopped moving.

"Lord Jonah!" I yelled, shaking him carefully.

He was barely breathing.

Then another sight unfolded in front of my eyes, one that made my heart drop.

Byron was fighting someone in his mid wolf form.

Not just anyone.

He was fighting his own royal beta, Sean.

And Sean was in his wolf form too.

Several of the pack warriors had also shifted halfway.

They stood beside Sean, fighting against Byron.

The moment Byron noticed me, he froze.

"What happened to him?" he shouted as I rushed toward him.

He quickly took Lord Jonah from my arms before turning toward Sean.

"I don't expect anything better from you," Byron snapped, "but at least let the doctors treat him."

I had no idea what had happened there, but I could already tell his faith in his people had been shaken badly.

Sean had tears in his eyes.

Bruises covered his face, making it obvious the fight between them had turned violent.

The warriors who once stood beside their alpha were now standing with Sean. What a betrayal.

I had heard Byron and Sean were not just alpha and royal beta. They had been best friends.

"I'm sorry," Sean muttered harshly, turning his face away. "I can't let this happen."

"I've done so much for you," Byron said bitterly.

"Yeah,

know and? Sean shot back. "I don't

else to repay you. But this

isn't now I'm going to do it. topfent,

"Sean, a man is dying. He's Baxter's father. Come on," Byron urged again.

But Sean only shook his head and looked away.

That was what made it hurt even more.

This was not the kind of betrayal where someone smirked or laughed while stabbing you in the back.

Sean looked devastated because he knew he was doing something terrible.

And he knew this moment would scar Byron forever.

"Sean."

The way Byron said his name sounded like a reminder of the friendship that was once sacred between them.

"I'm sorry," Sean replied quietly, unable to meet his eyes. "Don't make this harder for me."

I placed a hand on Byron's shoulder.

"Byron," I called softly.

The man who was always laughing with his warriors and joking around

with his royal beta now had tears filling his eyes.

And he still could not look away from Sean.

His gaze remained fixed on his former best friend as if he still could not believe this

was happening.

"Please leave," Sean said firmly.

"Byron," I urged again, squeezing his shoulder gently.

"There's no point begging these heartless quiet

people anymore," I saidhet

as I stepped closer before towering my hand from his shoulder.

Byron looked at me, then followed my gaze.

The moment his eyes landed on Lord Jonah, his expression changed.

That was when he realized it was too late.

Lord Jonah had died in his arms while his own people stood in front of him,
refusing

to let him enter his own pack.

Byron clenched his jaw while Sean closed his eyes in defeat.

He knew he had betrayed his friend, and after this, there would never be a Byron
and Sean again.

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