

# Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends

## Chapter 641

[ 809 words ]

Byron:

I've been betrayed many times in life, but I never held on to those memories for long, and they never hurt me that deeply.

This betrayal, though, truly broke me.

When I returned to my pack, I had high hopes.

The first thing I did was call Sean and ask him to meet me outside.

I wanted reassurance that he was still on my side.

However, when I arrived, I realized Ron was right.

Our own people had shut the doors in our faces.

Sean did not let me pass.

He immediately told me that the pack members had seen Madeline's video of her transforming into a grey wolf.

According to the myths and legends, creatures like her were deadly monsters.

People were never supposed to stay near them because they would eventually attack.

They were nothing like werewolves. They did not understand humans.

They were cold-blooded killers.

I did not believe that.

I wanted Sean to believe me too, but instead, he stood at the door and made it clear that I would only be welcomed back if I cut all ties with Madeline and ensured the pack stayed safe from any future attacks she might bring upon us.

I could not do that.

She was not a monster.

I saw her fight those people.

I saw her tear them apart limb by limb, and it was horrifying.

Even so, there was another truth I could not ignore.

When those people shoved their children in front of themselves, Madeline pushed past them without care, but she never once attacked a child.

I would never forget the moment I picked Madeline over them and Sean told me the pack had decided I was no longer welcome inside.

I could already tell he would become the pack's next alpha.

"I just hope it was worth it. Worth betraying a friend," I hissed.

Especially when Lord Jonah died while I carried him in my arms, it broke something

in me.

Ron had tears in his eyes while I clenched my jaw.

Slowly, I lowered the old man to the ground.

I had not known him for long, but even through our few interactions, he carried a warmth that felt deeply fatherly.

Sadly, I was the one who failed to get him help.

Any faith I still had in my pack was completely shattered now.

"I'm sorry. None of this would have happened if you had stopped chasing that woman. She's forbidden fruit for you, Byron."

Sean still had the nerve to say that.

Ron bent down and picked up the old man's body.

"She's a deadly monster, Byron. One day, she'll kill you, just like they say."

He kept nodding in small movements, as if he were completely certain of it.

"You know what you've done, Sean?" I finally spoke up.

I watched his expression soften.

We had been ride or die for so long that I forgot even your own blood could betray you.

The moment I said that, Sean's entire body stiffened.

He immediately started shaking his head, trying to correct me, but there was nothing to correct.

He had already chosen a side.

"It wasn't my decision. The pack members decided together. They're scared, Byron,"

he tried to reason with me as he stepped closer.

But the second my fists tightened into balls at my sides, he stopped and took a step back.

"As my royal beta, it was your responsibility to calm them down, not stand with them and-" I cut

myself off as a bitter

me You know what?

escaped

damage is already done, Sean. Something you'll never be able to fix." S  
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I took a few steps back.

"I, Alpha Byron, don't want to be an alpha anymore. The pack is yours now Sean Let's see how well you can save these ungrateful people."

I turned and gestured for Ron to keep moving.

However, voices suddenly rose from behind the pack walls, making me stop.

"This isn't fair."

"So what if our alpha wants to help someone?"

"If he says she's not dangerous, then we should believe him."

The voices sounded almost like a protest. I guessed the pack was divided after all.

That realization made me turn back toward Sean in shock.

He looked guilty.

He lied to me.

He knew that if I had spoken to the pack myself, I would have convinced more people.

Even if half the pack stood against me, the others would have eventually persuaded them.

But no.

Sean never believed in Madeline's innocence.

Sean never believed in me.

I knew that if I truly wanted to go back inside, I could have forced my way through the people blocking the entrance.

But I never let my wolf out because I believed I was facing a friend, not a traitor.

The hunger for power, the crown, and rank had blinded Sean.

Or maybe it was simply his hatred for Madeline. He had never supported her.

And even if I had gone back inside, Sean was right about one thing.

Most of the pack stood against her.

set

I could not put Madeline in danger by surrounding her with people who would scheme behind her back just

to push her out and protect their own egos.

So I did what I believed was right.

I left with Ron.

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## **Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - Chapter 642[ 910 words ]**

Baxter:

Daniel held out his shirt to me.

"Here, wear this."

I stared at it for a moment without saying anything.

My shoulders were broader than his, so he must have dug out one of his baggier shirts for me.

I took it from his hands and pulled it on quickly.

Now, I was standing there in black shorts and Daniel's oversized shirt.

Everything around me felt unfamiliar, like I had stepped into a different world.

"How are you feeling?" Daniel asked as he sat beside me.

He lived in a high-rise apartment.

It was beautiful, though a little too quiet right now.

From what I had heard, his parents were out of town at the moment, which was probably a good thing.

I really did not want to be around anyone else right now.

"I just want to know who I am," I replied.

Daniel nodded slightly.

"Of course. Not knowing your own name must be frustrating," he murmured before slowly pushing the pizza box toward me.

"You and Livia—" I began as I took a bite of the pizza.

It felt like I had not eaten in forever.

"Are you two together or something?"

As soon as the question left my mouth, he laughed.

Still, there was something painful hidden beneath it.

"She would never date someone like me," he muttered.

The way he said it made it obvious that he liked her, but she did not feel the same way.

"Why not?" I asked in confusion.

"Well, have you seen her?" He glanced down at his hands. "She's beautiful. Brilliant. And special. Way more special than I could ever be."

His voice sounded tired by the end of it.

"Do you think you had someone?" he asked quietly. "Someone you loved?"

For a moment, my thoughts drifted.

Then nothing came.

I closed my eyes, and the second I did, a familiar scent filled my senses.

It was soft and warm, carrying something from my past with it.

Then I saw dark brown hair with a faint red tint woven through it.

An unusual color, but beautiful.

"You okay?"

The moment Daniel placed his hand on my shoulder, I opened my eyes and frowned.

"I think I have a mate."

The words had barely left my mouth before Daniel's expression twisted.

"Um-what?" he asked, staring at me in confusion.

"Y-Yeah. A mate," I repeated.

This time, he sounded both shocked and afraid.

"Why is it so shocking?" I asked, watching his face carefully without blinking, making

sure I did not miss a single detail of his reaction.

"It's just that if-" He hesitated

before looking away. "If that's the

first thing that came to your mind then it means you have a wolf. And if it

that's true, you're in the wrong part

of the land."

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

I tilted my head slightly, still staring at him.

It felt like I understood parts of what he was saying, yet there were still people missing from my memories.

Faces I could not remember no matter how hard I tried.

"What do you mean by I'm in the wrong part?" I questioned. "Didn't your researchers

say they found me here after the accident?"

The second the words left my mouth, Daniel swallowed hard.

He looked horrified, as if I had just caught him in a lie.

"I don't think you should be asking so many questions. Why don't you get some rest?"

Daniel had barely said that before trying to stand, but I grabbed his arm and pulled him back down.

The moment I did, he dropped onto the couch like he weighed nothing. "Wow-you're strong," he remarked, staring at me with clear unease.

"Listen, we're only saying this for your safety he continued. "This is the human part of the world. Werewolves don't come here. So for you to mention a mate especially if you came from the other side "He paused again and rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "I mean, you were brought here in a car, and then you got into an accident. We still don't know who brought you."

I could tell the last part was a lie. I could feel it.

"Listen," Daniel said again, his tone more serious, this time. "Don't talk to anyone about your past right now Our president is in a coma, and everything's complicated at the moment. Please, just trust us For your own safety, don't say anything to anyone. And don't try to contact anyone either."

He suddenly looked deeply uncomfortable with the entire conversation, like he regretted sitting down beside me in the first place.

"Then I want the truth," I said firmly. "No more excuses. No more lies. I want to remember my past."

Before I could say anything else, his phone rang.

Livia's name flashed across the screen.

Daniel looked at it, then glanced at me before quietly excusing himself.

He did not go far, though.

He only walked a few steps away before answering the call.

"Yeah, you're calling at the perfect time," he muttered under his breath while keeping one eye on me. "You're saving me from a very awkward conversation."

He was not even trying to hide it.

Then I watched his eyes widen so suddenly that he looked ready to leap out of his skin.

I could not tell whether he was more shocked or excited.

"That's great news," he exclaimed. "I'll be there in a minute, okay?"

He ended the call and turned to me with a grin.

"You know the medicine we gave you? It's the same medicine we gave the president. And he woke up. He's finally awake."

He sounded genuinely thrilled, while I still had no idea what was happening.

Still, if the president was awake, maybe I would not have to hide anymore. Maybe whatever danger surrounded me would finally disappear.