

# Accidentally Pregnant By My Alpha Best friends - We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax 9

9—The Return Of The Forgotten Omega

Alpha Elgin:

**+25 Bonus**

I arrived at the Dark Silver Pack to stay a few weeks before taking the researcher back to my pack. She was supposed to visit every pack, find the cause of the sickness, and hopefully a cure.

Graham had called last night, asking me to come sooner, saying it was urgent and that I'd be shocked to see who the researcher was. Curious and uneasy, I left early this morning.

When I arrived, Graham was already waiting at the border.

"It seems like I never see you anymore," he said, giving me a look. I laughed.

"You know how life is, especially married life," I said.

"Oh, let's not talk about wives. You're going to lose it when you see the researcher," he stated the same thing he'd been repeating since last night. I still didn't get who had him so restless.

"Really? Is she some hot chick? Is that why you're acting so weird?" I teased, nudging him with my elbow and winking.

"You'll be shocked, let's just say that," he added while scratching the back of his neck.

"Anyway, let's go. Let's see your researcher," I said, taunting him. I was in a good mood. Honestly, every time I was away from home, I felt upbeat.

He led me straight to his office where the researcher was headed to. I sat in the high-rise room, looking out the large window behind his desk. His father loved luxury and always made sure everything was perfect, often changing the décor. My mother was materialistic too, but preferred ordering things instead of planning them.

"Okay, get comfortable. She's on the way," Graham rushed inside. I noticed how quickly he fixed his hair. I didn't understand why. He was wearing a black suit that looked new, and he'd drowned himself in perfume. I was in a gray suit, and if I'd known someone that attractive was about to walk in, I might have tried harder myself. 1

He rushed behind his desk and sat down, pretending to be busy at work. I watched and laughed at him. While laughing, I turned toward the door as someone entered. Then I looked back at Graham before doing a double take

at her.

A woman walked in wearing a chocolate brown skirt with a short, fitted coat. The color looked good on her. Her hair was curled and bouncing, her eyes peeking through long lashes. I couldn't wrap my head around the fact that this was the same girl we once knew as a nerd. My throat went dry at her sight.

It was Madeline.

She had a tiny waist, a full chest, and wide hips. Her chocolate brown hair was styled perfectly, and her green eyes had thick eyeliner. She walked in holding files, wearing high heels, and the sway of her hips made me stand up from my chair. I looked back at Graham, who was smirking like he wanted to know if I recognized her.

"Madeline." I heaved a gasp.

She sighed, not even giving me a full glance. She set the files on the side of the table and sat down without meeting my eyes. I looked back at Graham, still confused. Was I in some kind of nightmare or a dream?

"Yeah, meet our researcher. She is Madeline Sawyer," Graham said, making the introduction while she leaned back in her chair and crossed her leg over the other. When she did that, her hip shifted, and I instantly looked away, feeling inappropriate for staring.

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But how was this possible? I was so lost that when I introduced myself, I sounded stupid.

"I am Elgin."

"I know," she replied flatly, not giving me another glance as she focused on the files.

I **sat** back down awkwardly. Graham had the same stunned look I did, but she didn't even glance at either of us again.

“So your pack has the same sickness, or are the symptoms different?” she asked me. Her voice was sharp and direct, with no wasted words. Confidence oozed from her tone.

“Um, yeah.” I nodded, rubbing my temple.

“Mr. Elgin, I’d like you to be more attentive. Children’s lives are on the line. I hope you understand.”

Her tone was demeaning now, and when she finally lifted her eyes to meet mine, my heart skipped. I forced myself to look fine.

“Of course. What makes you think I don’t care?” I said, quickly pushing back my emotions.

We never talked about her, like she was a forbidden subject, but I had thought about her many times in the past. She was a friend who had helped me through so much. When my father passed away, she stayed on the phone with me all night.

She sang me lullabies, did my homework and assignments, and even saved me from my mother’s punishments by taking the blame herself. That’s how she ended up in my mother’s bad books. And then one night ruined everything.

I don’t know why, but I was terrified when she told me she was pregnant. Then she left, and I never got to ask her why. Did that night really ruin her peace of mind so much? I’d never know, because the woman sitting in front of me now was confident, and I was afraid that if I mentioned that night, she’d say something that would hurt me.

So I shut up, swallowed my confusion, and focused on the real issue- taking care of the matter in hand.

For the next ten minutes, we talked about what was happening with the kids. The symptoms started with strange nightmares before their transition. Then, at their worst, the kids would die within months. We were able to delay it for at least a year, but that didn’t change the fact they would die in the end.

After giving her a brief overview of the sickness, she cleared her throat and tilted her head at me.

“I heard there’s a medicine that can delay the outcome of the sickness,” she said, twisting a pen in her fingers. Her nails were painted a chocolate–brown color that matched her hair and outfit.

“Yeah. Everyone came together and prepared medicine, and it worked—for a while. It gave the child time to accept that they’d be gone soon,” I explained with a heavy heart. Honestly, the sickness affected me more than it did my other two best friends, and I was more worried about the children than they were.

“May I know what that medicine is?” she asked.

The moment she said it, I looked at Graham and saw him raise an eyebrow. We both sensed hesitation. She wasn’t asking out **of** curiosity, there was something else.

“Madeline, are your children from a human or from someone with a rank?” Graham asked.

His question made my heart skip a beat. I looked at Madeline and in shock before I snapped, “You have children?”

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Sara Lili

**Sara Lili** is a daring romance writer who turns icy landscapes into scenes of fiery passion. She loves crafting hot love stories while embracing the chill of Iceland’s breathtaking cold.

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