

We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

91

91-He Came With Demands

Madeline:

“No, you’re not leaving,” Elgin said as he rushed over and grabbed the bag out of my hand.

“You don’t understand, Graham’s father is asking for a DNA test,” I whispered, making sure Nina couldn’t hear me. I’d told her to stay in the room with the kids so they wouldn’t overhear what was happening outside. But truthfully, I also didn’t want her to know what was going on.

“Everything will be taken care of, don’t worry. He can’t just come in and demand a DNA test,” Elgin tried to reassure me, but I shook my head until my eyes landed on Baxter, who had been standing in the corner with his fists clenched.

“You need to leave, Baxter. This is all because of you. You took me somewhere I didn’t want to go. You made me believe that when I make decisions for myself, I’m always right, and that when I let others manipulate me, that’s when I get in trouble!” I shouted at him, then covered my mouth and pressed a hand to my forehead. I was really freaking out.

“Madeline, there are warriors at the shore bank. They’ve been warned about your situation. You might think it’s not that bad, but it’s serious. You’re a human researcher, the great human lady our werewolf land wanted to meet. It’s not a bad thing, trust me. They’re not angry with you, and they’re not going to hurt you. They’re actually excited to have you here, it’s like an achievement for them,” Elgin tried to explain, but my eyes were still locked on Baxter.

“Do you have nothing to say for yourself?” I yelled again, my voice trembling with anger.

“I’m sorry,” Baxter uttered.

I clenched my jaw.

“We can tell them to just take a blood test from one of the kids, but not Elara. They’ll never figure it out,” Baxter suggested weakly, trying to find an excuse.

I glared at him even harder.

“And you think they won’t test the other kids for their father?” I snapped.

“Listen, whatever’s happening between you two, and whatever he did, he’ll be held accountable for it. Please, calm down. We’ll make sure we handle this. You won’t be in trouble,” Elgin said, clearly unsure how he was actually going to fix the situation, but desperate to stop me from leaving.

“I don’t care. I’m leaving,” I stated stubbornly.

That was when the door to the suite opened again. This time, it looked like hotel management had allowed someone in, and that meant it was serious. My body went into panic mode instantly, because that could only mean someone with authority had arrived.

I looked at Elgin and Baxter, who both stepped forward, standing protectively in front of me as people began to

enter.

As I feared, Lord Eldon was back, this time with the other council members behind him for backup. He was the head of the council community, after all. But what truly shocked me was seeing his son beside him—Graham.

“What’s going on here? You can’t just barge into someone’s suite like that!” Elgin snapped, glaring at the council members behind Lord Eldon.

1/3

91-He Came With Demanch

+25 Bonus

“We promised respect **to** this woman, and now you’re just walking into her room like this?” Baxter added, his tone sharp.

But the moment he spoke, everyone exchanged knowing smirks.

“Well, we heard about your fiancée’s interview,” Lord Eldon said dryly. “Doesn’t seem like you’re the one who should be lecturing us about respect.”

His jab hit Baxter hard and rightfully so. For all his blaming and defending, he was the main reason any of this was happening.

“It seems to me as if you were going somewhere,” Lord Eldon commented with a smirk on his lips. Of course, he knew I was trying to run away.

“Yeah, we’ve requested Alpha Ron to arrange a new place for her. Staying in a suite this long is kind of weird now, it’s been weeks,” Alpha Elgin said, clearing his throat and making up a lie.

Lord Eldon gave him a brief glance before chuckling to himself. He was always like this, judging others or trying to figure out what they were doing with their lives.

“Anyway, what are you doing here?” I asked Lord Eldon, folding my arms across my chest. I no longer cared how anyone felt about the way I spoke to their family members. None of their families deserved my respect.

“Oh, remember I had a conversation with you about this in the morning? You said I’m just a random man, that I can’t come here and demand a DNA test. So I brought my son. He wants to request the DNA test,” Lord Eldon said, patting Graham’s back.

My eyes shifted to Graham. The moment our eyes met, he looked away. I couldn’t believe how low he had sunk. In my head, I shouted at him, reminding him how he never wanted the babies to be his, and now here he was, standing beside a council, demanding a DNA test.

“So what makes you think Graham isn’t a random man?” I said loud enough for him to hear. His eyes widened.

“I’m sorry, but he used to be my friend. He’s nothing to me now. He’s married. I’m married. I don’t understand why you’re suggesting we cheated or slept together. It’s disrespectful.” I kept my arms folded, my voice steady.

“Well, he’s not a random man. He’s asking for a DNA test because he thinks he’s the father of the children,” Lord Eldon replied, still speaking on behalf of Graham. Of course, Graham stayed silent, how could he speak now?

Even Elgin and Baxter looked shocked. Their friend stood there, acting like he had no voice, as if he really wanted the baby, too. I had never hated anyone, not even Baxter, as much as I hated Graham in that moment, and he could see it in my eyes.

“Well, I was never intimate with your son,” I hissed, my fists tightening under my arms. “Besides, this is extremely disrespectful to me, my marriage, and my husband.”

That was all I said before Eldon clicked his tongue.

“Then just do the DNA test and put all the rumors to rest. My son thinks the children are his.”

As he spoke, I turned fully toward Graham. “Well, I’d like to hear it from your son, then.”

As soon as I said it, Graham looked at me. Our eyes locked, and I knew he could see how furious I was.

“Graham, tell the council you want a DNA test,” Lord Eldon said, stepping aside and gesturing toward the council members, all of them staring at Graham’s face, waiting for him to speak.

2/3

+25 Bonus

With everyone’s attention on him, Graham stepped forward and cleared his throat.

“Actually, **I’ve** never been intimate with her, **so** I don’t know why **you’re** dragging me into this **or** asking for **a** DNA test,” he said.

His words shifted the entire mood in the room. Everything went still.

Ruby Walker

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92–Alpha Ron Comes For The Rescue

Madeline:

I didn’t really know what happened, what made Graham come here or what made him say **no to** his father. But **I** could tell that wasn’t the reason he had come, judging by the shocked look on his father’s face. At least he had used his brain enough to step back. I’m

sure he thought I would be fine celebrating it, but thankfully, he realized what he was about to ruin just in time.

He was even stealing eyes from me.

“What are you saying?”

Well, there was someone even more embarrassed than Graham, his father. He looked furious, and why wouldn't he be? He was a man who always held himself in high regard, never seeing fault in his own actions.

“I didn't know you were coming here for this,” Graham said, and I could tell his father was struggling to accept the truth, that his own son had probably betrayed him.

“Graham, we talked about this. Remember?” His father grunted.

“I don't know, Father. I just know you told me you wanted to come here and see what was going on with the articles and everything. That's all I remember,” Graham replied, still trying to ease the tension while his father took deep breaths, his eyes showing that if he could, he'd kill his own son right there.

“You heard your son, didn't you?”

It was time for me to speak again, to make my comeback. Lord Eldon glared at me, unable to respond harshly now that he had fallen from the grace after his son exposed him.

“Lord Eldon, we are truly disappointed. You know this researcher is doing great work for us. Why would you cause such an argument and upset her?” one of the council members asked, eager to distance himself from Lord Eldon's behavior.

Another member nodded in agreement, and soon others joined, looking at me with apologetic expressions.

“We're very sorry. We hope you don't take it to heart. However, the fact remains that even if this isn't the issue, the real matter is that you've found a wolf. Because of that, we request that you apply for an ID in any of the packs. This is the only time we're making this exception since your work here is remarkable,” the council member continued.

Once again, the victory I'd felt over Lord Eldon's humiliation faded away when the mention of my wolf came up.

“Thank you so much for giving me that opportunity. I'll definitely think about it,” I said shakily, trying to contain the anger inside me.

“May we ask why all your bags are packed?” Lord Eldon didn't stay humiliated for long. He was already trying to prove his point again.

“Were you trying to leave?” he continued. I noticed how the members looked slightly disappointed with him, but since he was one of the leaders, they couldn’t humiliate him the way they might have done to someone else.

“I was the one who asked her to pack her bags,” a deep voice interrupted. “I got her a place in my pack so she can stay more comfortably.”

Alpha Ron’s arrival wasn’t on my list of expectations. He entered with his hair still wet, wearing a jacket, and walked up to Lord Eldon, stopping in front of him with his hands on his waist.

1/3

02-Alpha Ron Comes For The Rescue

+25 Bonus

“I hope we’re not bothering the researcher too much. The thing is, **she’s** in **my** pack, she’s my guest. I don’t want her **to** think these messy **ways** are how we operate,” Alpha Ron said directly to Lord Eldon, and I could sense the tension between them.

I’d never thought there was anything personal between the two, but the way they looked at each other said otherwise. I remembered when all the Alphas were friends, at least, these two were. I also knew that Lord Eldon and Alpha Ron’s grandmother never got along, probably because Lord Eldon was a misogynist and she always spoke for women’s rights.

“Well then, I think we’ll leave,” was all Lord Eldon said. No apology, nothing. He didn’t even **try** to save face in front of the others. He came here, lied about his son wanting the DNA test, and when he was corrected, he simply turned and walked out, rushing past everyone to leave the suite first.

“What about us? We were working on the case with her. We’re not going to stay at our pack or at the suites and arrive late when we need to solve the case,” Elgin complained quickly, ignoring everything else that had just happened.

My eyes stayed fixed on Graham, judging him silently. He was unusually quiet.

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ve prepared a guest house for you and your families. It’s right beside her mansion, next to ours,” Alpha Ron explained, making it clear in his subtle way that all our homes would now be next to each other.

“If you’re all packed, I’ll start moving your things. Is that okay?” Ron asked. I gave him a gentle smile.

As he walked past me, I whispered softly, “Thank you.”

He stopped, turned to face me, only a foot away, and said quietly,

“You should’ve let me know. I would’ve come sooner.”

That was all he said before leaving. I watched him as he went to my kids’ room to tell them they weren’t leaving.

When I straightened my back again, I noticed my three mates staring at me. It wasn’t just a look, it felt like judgment.

“So now Ron’s coming over for your rescue?” Graham said first, realizing too late he should’ve kept his mouth

shut.

“You came here with your father to demand a DNA from me?” I shot back immediately.

Graham swallowed hard.

“Actually, I made it seem like I was supporting him, but in reality, I just wanted him to take a little fall,” he said, sounding confident now.

I mean, there was no other way I could prove him wrong. But I have to give him all a warning.

“If any of you try to pull something like this again if you play games with me, trust me, you won’t ever see the children again,” I warned them.

Then, in a low, hesitant voice, Baxter spoke. “Does that mean I get a second chance?”

Ruby Walker

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Madeline:

I maintained eye contact with Baxter, wishing he would realize that I wasn't falling for his tricks anymore.

"No. All this mess started because **of** you," I hissed, noticing how the confidence in his eyes began to fade.

"I'm telling you, I didn't know," he kept repeating, insisting that he was clueless, saying the same excuses over and over again. I had heard them all before.

"Well, that's because you didn't believe me. And look what happened. You got yourself fooled, and you almost cost me so much," I hissed again.

Then I noticed Graham shifting his weight from one leg to the other.

"What does that even mean? Even if they prove the children are ours, it's not like we're going to take them away from you. Why are you making such a big deal out of it?" he complained.

"A big deal? That's because I don't want the kids to be known as yours. Do you not remember how you said no? And before you start explaining your reasons, I don't care. I suffered, alright? You had all the time in the world to tell me, but you didn't."

I might have gone too far, considering the two of them had once tried to save my life. But with Graham, I had really messed up when I went into his father's office trying to steal the files. That was the hard truth. I had taken the keys from him and betrayed his trust.

The fact that he had never called me out for it made me wonder how long before he finally would.

"Anyway, I need to spend some time with my kids. The issue is that they're not letting me go back home," I sighed.

"Why is it an issue? Our kids are werewolves too. Wouldn't you rather have them grow up in a place where they're safe, instead of the human world where they'd be killed the moment someone finds out what they are?"

The harsh truth came from Baxter, his tone was rough and stern.

Before I could respond, I noticed Ron walking out with the kids.

"Mommy, we're not leaving! Yay!" they shouted in excitement.

As they began to celebrate, everyone's eyes turned to me. I could feel their thoughts, wondering why my children looked so happy instead of worrying about ever going back home again.

But I didn't need to answer that now. I could drag it out as long as I needed.

"If you want, I can take them downstairs. You finish your conversation, and then you can join us," Ron suggested.

"Oh, I'm done," I replied.

But before he could leave with the kids, **someone** else barged in, stopping me from moving.

Yuvonne!

She had dark circles under her eyes, swollen lids, and a red, puffy face. Her lips were cracked and her nose red. I knew this was what she looked like whenever she had been crying for too long.

"I'll take the kids down to **the** parking lot," **Ron** said.

1/3

93 It's OveT

+25 Bonus

The way he looked at Yuvonne and then glanced at me for my reaction made it clear, he already sensed the tension between us. Her interview had made it obvious to everyone that she wasn't exactly sweet or thrilled about having him back.

As Ron walked away, I straightened my back, bracing myself for Yuvonne to come at me, **to** accuse me of ruining her night.

But she didn't.

Instead, she looked past me straight at Baxter and walked right up to him.

"Why aren't you responding to my calls?" she demanded, completely ignoring the people around her.

Baxter's hands rested on his waist. His expression was blank, but his clenched jaw gave him away.

“You made me look like a liar and an incapable man,” he said flatly, explaining why he hadn’t felt the need to check on her.

“How? I told you she was the one who caused the scene!” Yuvonne protested, still trying to twist the story in her favor.

“The kids told me everything,” Baxter replied. “And I’m not an idiot, Yuvonne. When I entered the room, I could feel the energy shift. You lied to me. And do you think I had gone far away to attend the call? I was away from the dining room, but I still heard enough. I gave you a chance to tell me the truth, but you decided to lie.”

As soon as he said that, her face started to turn pale.

“I got a little carried away,” she stammered. “When I saw her, and how she was acting with my parents-” Her voice cracked.

“Now they’re your parents?” Baxter shot back. “Didn’t you say they were her parents too? That she should see them because they missed her and wanted to apologize? And you really expect me to believe you weren’t just luring her there to cause more trouble?”

I was stunned to see Baxter finally call her out. I was still angry about everything that had happened, but watching her face that reckoning, it was the most satisfying thing I’d seen in a long time.

She looked almost hysterical, unable to process what was happening. She wasn’t used to being confronted. Every time she’d wronged me before, she’d walked away untouched, I one daring to question her. But not this time. This time, things were different and she knew it.

“And then you went ahead and did the interview,” Baxter continued, “just to make sure there was a nail in the coffin. Even after I warned you last night—don’t tell anyone about the wolf thing. I told you to tell your parents that if anyone spoke about it, you’d cut contact. I made that clear. I warned mine too. They kept quiet. But you didn’t.”

He went on about the damage she’d caused after that argument.

I could have spoken up, could have humiliated her like she’d done to me but I didn’t. Because hearing it from Baxter hurt her more than anything I could have said.

Yuvonne began sniffing, shaking her head, doing everything she could to look desperate. She even rubbed her face too hard, leaving faint scratches from **her** nails. When he didn’t react, she stared at him in disbelief.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. “Okay? I’ll do another interview. I’ll tell everyone I was emotional. Would that be okay?” Her voice cracked again, softer this time, trembling.

2/3

93- Ove

+25 Bonus

It was painfully awkward for the rest of **us to** stand there, watching them unravel. But I didn't move. I wanted her **to** feel that humiliation with me standing right there to witness it.

What Baxter said next, though, caught me completely off guard.

“No,” he said **quietly**. “It’s over.”

The words hung in the air. Everyone, including me, gasped.

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Comments

Support

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94—She Broke My Trust

Baxter:

Years **ago**:

I had the best night with Madeline.

Although I was slightly disappointed before, there was a part of me that was truly upset.

I didn't want her to have a crush on anyone else. It broke me when they read her journal entries.

And when they told her they had read them, she didn't seem to care.

I shook my head. It stung that she didn't scold them for invading her privacy.

The way she acted in front of them, no opinion, no strength, made it worse.

I loved her for a long time. I tried to tell her how I feel, to win her heart, but then those two showed up.

Last night they told me there was nothing I could do.

They said they wanted to be with her too, and since she had talked about being interested in all of us, it would be her decision.

Reluctantly, I agreed because not agreeing meant losing any chance at all.

I ran a hand through my hair. I had woken up early that morning with a plan.

I was going to get her gifts, a promise ring, a bouquet, and a car that I'd already booked for her birthday.

I was going to pick her up, take her out, give her the best day, and then I'd tell everyone she was the one for me.

For the first time in a long while, I felt like I had finally won.

After everything she'd done to help me through my trauma, I thought I'd earned a chance.

I followed through. I got the car, the gifts and everything.

My phone died and I didn't have a charger.

I didn't want to use the new car much, it was meant to be hers first.

Still, I drove it to her house. By the time I arrived, it was afternoon, and I thought the others would be gone.

As I got out of the car and reached the front porch, I began to hear voices from inside. It was loud cackling, Madeline's cackling.

I smiled, happy for her to be laughing, but I was curious what she was laughing about.

I knew her family wasn't really nice, so it was surprising to hear her laugh there.

As soon as I stepped in, I realized she was alone in the kitchen, talking to someone on the phone.

“Yeah, Baxter is an idiot,” she said, chuckling when saying my name.

I smiled, leaning against the wall, arms folded over my chest, watching her beautiful face.

She was wearing a blue dress, had taken a shower, and was probably making coffee for herself while talking to some friend she had made over the phone.

1/3

94-She broke My Trust

+25 Bonus

I thought she was playfully talking to someone, maybe a new friend, because I didn't know she had any **friends** apart from us.

“Oh, no, no, not Baxter. I mean, I thought he was attractive, but he has too many mental and psychological issues and traumas. I **just** cannot deal with someone so unstable.”

The way she talked about me made the confident smile fade from my face.

My arms loosened from across my chest, and I stepped back, hiding behind the wall.

“The others are cool though,” she said.

“But Baxter, you know, I'm gonna share something with you. He has some dark secrets. Yeah, remember I told you about his past? Like, how can I be with someone like him? Don't you think it's disgusting? I know, I know, **it** wasn't his fault, but still, even thinking about him makes me gag. Like, come on, you're an alpha, an alpha should not have a trauma like that.”

It was the way she talked about me to someone else that made my heart skip a beat.

I felt my trauma rushing back, the voices in my head growing louder.

I had told her never to tell anyone about it.

“No, no-ugh, I don't know. Don't tell anyone though. Yeah, we'll gossip in groups, but when you're in front of him, just act like you don't know. He doesn't have to know. He's just an idiot anyway. I just stay with him because he's always hanging around the other two I'm interested in.” 1

She continued to belittle me, then let out a laugh. “You're right, he is stupid.”

She just didn't know when to stop.

“Oh yeah, his mother is also an idiot. He talks so badly about her. Don't tell anyone, but he says she's controlling, blah, blah, blah—I don't know. All I know is Baxter is a big no. He and his family are trouble, full of trauma and mental issues. I don't care if he was a victim or anything. He's just a weak ass alpha, that's all I'm saying.”

I didn't know what was worse, having my trauma thrown in my face, **or** realizing there could never be anything between us, that she had hidden her true self from me so well.

I knew she'd give the excuse that she was just eighteen, that she didn't know better.

She thought it was funny, but she broke my heart.

There was no way I was going to stand there, wait for her to finish bad-mouthing me, and then give her gifts like a fool.

Not once did she mention me in a good light. She talked non-stop about Graham and Elgin.

I kept watching her, surprised that so much bitterness hid behind such an innocent face, that she had concealed her true feelings so perfectly.

I didn't stay. I turned and briskly walked toward the exit, then bumped into someone.

Her sister, Yuvonne.

“Oh, Alpha Baxter, what are you doing here?” she asked, pouting.

I rolled my eyes and tried to leave, but my body lost control, and I fell onto the road.

2/3

94-She Broke My Trust

My hands and knees scraped against the rough surface.

My wolf stirred, remembering the trauma, the pressure we had felt before.

It wasn't a good thing.

“Alpha Baxter, are you okay?”

As soon as I hit the ground, Yuvonne reached out and grabbed my hand, helping me up.

“I'm fine.”

I tried to pull away, but she wouldn't let go.

"Your wolf is coming out. You need to go to the woods and transition," she insisted.

I shook my head even more aggressively.

"Come on, don't be so stubborn, please. Let's go," she urged, dragging me toward the car.

"Is this your car?" she asked, probably because it was new.

I nodded.

"Give me the keys."

She took them, helped me into the seat, and drove me toward the woods.

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95—Falling For **Her Sister** After Rejection

Baxter:

That day, Yuvonne stayed with me in the woods the whole time.

Even when I transitioned and she saw that my wolf was larger, fiercer, and more monstrous, she didn't flinch.

Instead, she transitioned too and ran beside me.

It was strange. I had always thought she was the bad one.

I only knew about her from what Madeline had told me.

When I transitioned back, I changed into blue pants and a black shirt, then sat on the road next to the woods.

It was an abandoned stretch, hardly any cars passed by.

“Okay, I found some food in the car, and I’m sorry if it was meant for someone else, but I think it should be for you,” she said, walking over.

She sat in front of me and placed chocolates, juice, and energy drinks down.

“Take a bite, please,” she urged.

I grabbed a piece of chocolate. I really needed some sugar in my body at that moment.

But every time I tried to forget the pain, I remembered how Madeline had spoken about me, how she laughed at

1. me.

The hurt made me stop eating.

I noticed Yuvonne was also eating the chocolates.

“I hope you don’t mind,” she joked lightly. “You know, your wolf—”

She paused, and I nodded.

“It’s monstrous,” I said.

But she quickly shook her head.

“No, it’s powerful. I’ve never seen a wolf so magnificent. Wow, you must feel so special.”

The way she spoke about my wolf left me stunned.

She didn’t seem to see anything wrong with it. In fact, she seemed fascinated.

There were moments when I wanted to get away from her.

I didn’t want to be close to her, since Madeline disliked her, but then I’d remember her words, and how Madeline had truly broken me.

The fact that Madeline had told someone about my past meant she had already endangered me.

I wasn’t ready to talk about it. She had truly hurt me.

If anyone else had told me that Madeline had said those things about me, I would never have believed them.

But I saw Madeline myself. I saw her talk and laugh about me.

1/3

95 Falling For Her Seter After Dejection

+25 Bonus

If I still tried to defend her, I would be the one who looked like an idiot.

After Yuvonne helped me calm down, she insisted on driving me back to my **pack**.

She didn't complain, and I didn't ask how she would return.

It was only after she parked the car and left that I realized I should have asked. Was she going to take a bus?

Wouldn't it be scary for her?

Sadly, she was already gone, and I didn't even have her **contact** information.

In the next few **days**, she surprised me.

Somehow, she would find me and bring food to the woods.

I guess at some point I had told her I was stressed and would be heading to the woods **often**, and that's where she always found me.

She would come all the way to my pack to take care of me.

She made me realize I should never have relied only on Madeline's judgment.

After all, Madeline had judged me harshly too. So how could I trust her opinion about anyone

else?

Over time, I built a bond with Yuvonne.

Then one day, Madeline arrived to speak with us alphas about her pregnancy, and somehow the fool in me woke up again.

I noticed how the others were panicking, and it gave me an idea, maybe, just maybe, if I took care of Madeline now, she'd change her mind about me.

So I came up with a plan. I told her, 'I know someone who can help you get rid of the baby.'

But the truth was, I planned to meet her alone the next day.

I would take her away under the pretense of finding help for the abortion, but once we were alone, I'd propose to

her.

I'd tell her I wanted her to keep the baby and that I would take responsibility.

I just didn't want to say it in front of the others, because every time I did, they became hostile and demanded their own claims on her.

This time, I thought I was being clever.

I wasn't repeating my past mistakes by sharing my plans and letting them twist them.

However, the next day when I messaged her, her reply felt like a slap.

When she told us she had gotten her period and walked away, I had a gut feeling she was trying to distance herself

from **us**.

Something inside me told me I needed to tell her how I felt.

After she left, I pretended to be fine, then grabbed my phone and texted her.

Me: So you know, **if** you were pregnant, I'd take full responsibility.

2/3

95-Foling For Her Sister After Rejection

+25 Bonus

I hit send, sitting in my room anxiously, tapping my foot on the floor, staring at the screen.

I knew it made me seem pathetic, especially after how much she'd hurt me, but when you love someone, you keep letting yourself be a fool.

Then I texted again.

Me: Even if it's one of their kids, I'll take responsibility.

I hit send again, losing control as I kept messaging her, telling her what I'd do for her, that I'd accept her, that I'd give her everything.

I promised her the world.

But then her response came.

Madeline: If it was your baby, trust me, I would have aborted it already. But thankfully, there's no baby. And since the others don't want me, I don't want anything either, especially not you. 1

I swallowed the tears and put my phone down. Finally, her rejection struck me.

She was clearly not into me and I was just chasing after her.

The fact that she wrote about having a crush on me without any details but wrote pages after pages about the others should have told me they were special.

After that, I never texted her and actually found after weeks that she had run away.

But by then, Yuvonne had really taken care of me and my friendship grew stronger with her.

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

96

Madeline:

Ron had done an amazing job getting me and my kids the most beautiful mansion.

It wasn't enormous, just one main floor, with the second floor holding only a large living room, my office, and a

terrace.

The view outside was breathtaking, overlooking the mountains.

The guest house stood right next to mine. I knew the three alphas were staying there, along with Kaylee, Lord Eldon, and his wife.

It didn't matter.

Two days had passed, and I hadn't seen any of them. I had requested some alone time.

But today, there was a meetup in the royal garden, the garden shared by the guest house, the royal mansion, and my own.

It was a meeting with the council members where I would receive my residency ID card.

"Okay, kids, listen. When I'm out there, you're not going to bother Nina, okay?"

I sat down with the three of them, gently running my hand through Bodhi's hair.

Being back and getting an ID card, it was a complicated feeling.

It took me back to the time when I thought I had finally escaped the cruel world of werewolves.

"Mommy," Elara murmured.

I nodded at her.

"I know you're upset because you didn't want to stay here," she continued. Before I could respond, she added softly, "But we like it here."

3

I shifted, adjusting myself to face all three as they sat together on the couch.

"She's right, Mommy. Even I like it here," Bodhi said, agreeing with Elara.

“What about you, Gina? Don’t you miss your friends, your school, your life back there?” I asked, swallowing hard.

I noticed the way Gina lowered her head, and I wondered what they were truly thinking.

Then Bodhi said something that froze me completely.

“Mommy, we know how he treated you.

“>

My spine stiffened. I swallowed so hard I could hear it.

Then Elara spoke again.

“Daddy used to hit you. We knew it. We saw it all. We never liked Daddy,”

My eyes widened so much I thought they would fall from their sockets.

“What?” I asked, trying to steady my breath, but it didn’t work.

1/3

96-Meet My Husband

+25 Bonus

“Aren’t you happy that we’re here? Nobody hits you here.”

Hearing those words from my children made my eyes **fill** with tears.

I hadn’t expected them to say that.

Flashback:

“Come on! Everyone, get away from here! This isn’t a spot for you to **be** begging outside!”

A guard rushed over, gesturing for me and the others to move away from the entrance of the large building.

“Oh, I’m not a beggar. I’m actually here for a job vacancy,” I spoke, surprising even myself.

I couldn’t remember the last time I had heard my own voice.

It had been a month since I came to human land. And although no one tortured me here, I was lonely.

I was pregnant, carrying a baby inside me. The first month had been hard.

I had met a kind old lady who helped me with food for a few days, but then I found out she was moving away.

I had worked for her for a month, cleaning the porch outside her home.

Once she left, I was left with nothing again.

I needed a place to stay and a job. I had heard about a wealthy man looking for someone to clean his condo, and I had plenty of cleaning experience.

That's what I had done all my life. My stepmother had made me clean houses, almost everyone's house in the neighborhood.

So I knew that would work well. I knew how to take care of things and keep them organized.

"You? I don't know if they'll allow someone with such filthy clothes inside," the guard remarked, eyeing me with clear judgment.

I glanced around awkwardly at the people standing nearby.

They were laughing at me.

There were other girls who had come for the job too, and even though it was a maid's position, they were all dressed nicely and looked well-groomed.

Some even had acrylic nails.

And then there was me, I hadn't had a proper haircut, hair care, or skin care in a month.

Some of my nails were chipped too.

"Fine, just go inside. Get rejected soon so the others can go in," the guard said, waving me forward.

I hurried inside, breathing deeply as I reached the office of the gentleman.

He was on a call. The moment I stepped in, my breath caught in my throat.

His voice was deep and velvety, but something about him felt dark.

“Sure, I don’t care. You can cry all you want. I told you I’m done with you. Don’t call me again,” he said coldly

2/3

Most MY HOLDING

\$25 Bonus

before hanging up.

He turned in his chair and raised an eyebrow when he saw me.

He looked like a man in his mid twenties, sharp jawline, light beard, black hair with streaks of grey, even though he was too young for that.

His eyes glimmered when they met mine.

“I’m here my name is Madeline. I’m here for the maid job,” I said, barely able to force the words out.

A smirk played across his lips.

“Madeline, I’m Sawyer. Sawyer DiCaprio.”

End of flashback.

“Mummy, what happened?” A small, cold hand pressed against my wrist, jolting me awake.

Sometimes the touch of that man haunted me even in my dreams.

“Oh, nothing. You got it all wrong. He didn’t beat me. You know, oh my God, this is so embarrassing,” I laughed awkwardly. “It’s just- some things are like that. Mummy and Daddy, they touch each other, and it’s not always a bad touch, okay? You’re too young to know about it.”

I felt so awkward trying to explain to them what they might have seen.

Thankfully, Nina arrived, and the kids got distracted with her.

I left the kids with Nina and walked out to the garden, where everyone was already seated, waiting for my arrival.

As soon as I sat down, I noticed their attention shift from me to someone behind me.

I frowned and turned around. The moment I saw who they were looking at, my heart froze in my chest.

“Sawyer?” I gasped, watching him stride forward with a proud look on his face, adjusting his coat as he headed straight toward me.

D

Comments

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

97

97-My Husband Steals Attention

Madeline:

I had asked for a few minutes to speak with Sawyer first, and now we were in the living room of the mansion.

The kids were on the rooftop playing with Nina, and I was glad they had gone away after what they had told me.

It was going to be awkward watching them look at their stepfather again.

“Why do I feel like you’re not happy to see me?” he complained, his hands in his pockets, looking casually relaxed.

This is Sawyer for you. He was always like this. Nothing worried him.

He had too much money to care about small issues. That was what he always told me.

“That’s not the case. I’m actually surprised, but I’m really happy to see you,” I said, forcing a delicate smile onto my lips, the kind I knew he liked.

“I was concerned about how you’d react to the news of…” I paused, unable to finish my words.

This was going to be a huge issue in our relationship.

“About the fact that you have a wolf?” he asked, pouting and clicking his tongue.

He nodded slightly.

He had a sleek jawline and smooth skin. His eyes slanted down in the front and up at the back, like an eagle’s. Tattoos adorned both his hands, and he wore a big snake ring on his ring finger instead of a wedding ring. A chain with our wedding ring hung around his neck.

“You know about it?” I asked in confusion.

“Yeah. I got information from one of the guards in the past few days about what was happening here. That’s why I put all my work aside and came here to be with my wife.” His tone shifted, showing concern as he came closer and gently held my hand.

His touch sent goosebumps across my skin.

There was so much happening around me, matés demanding acceptance, second chances, names next to their children’s names, the fact that I couldn’t leave werewolf territory, my stepsister causing trouble, Lord Eldon demanding a DNA test, and now Sawyer was here.

Any slip could become a huge blow to our relationship.

“My sweet Madeline, this is not how I sent you here.”

As soon as he said that, I snapped back to reality, watching his face with a little fear in mine.

“**You** don’t look confident, and it seems like you’ve lost weight. Are they not feeding you well?” he asked, gently caressing my cheek with his thumb.

I held his hand and rubbed my cheek against his palm.

“Come here,” he said, wrapping his arms around me and pulling me into a tight embrace.

“I’m here now. Don’t worry. Everything will be fine,” he whispered, his voice full of love.

1/3

9 My Hustund Sina's Attention.

+25 Bonus

I briefly closed my eyes to listen to his heartbeat.

"The council is waiting for you guys."

Another yet familiar voice snapped me out of my thoughts, breaking our intimate moment.

It was Elgin, standing at the main gate, watching us with a bleak expression.

His eyes shifted from me to where Sawyer's hands were holding me.

Elgin was clearly noticing our intimate moment, even following our hands with his gaze.

"Oh, hello. Sorry! I occupied your researcher for a while," Sawyer tried to respond in his deep, husky tone. I broke the hug and fixed my hair.

"Hi, I'm Sawyer. You must be...?" Sawyer asked, squinting one eye.

Before Elgin could reply, Sawyer wrapped his arm around me and pulled me closer.

I noticed how Elgin had to press his lips together and swallow hard before speaking again.

"I'm Elgin. Alpha Elgin," he introduced himself and stepped back. "I hope you two had a good moment together. The counsel is still waiting," he reminded us.

The way he looked at me held unspoken complaints.

"Yeah, of course. We'll deal with the council first. Honey, let's go before we lose ourselves like we always do. Remember how we always forget about time and the world around us when we're together," Sawyer said, reaching out to tilt my chin gently and caress my cheek with two fingers, right in front of Elgin.

"Yeah, that's true." I shyly lowered his hand while still holding it.

I wasn't very open to showing affection in front of others.

Elgin turned around and walked off. Then came Sawyer and me.

We reentered the garden, and once again, all eyes turned toward us.

Graham kept his head down after briefly glancing our way. His fists were clenched on his thighs, and his leg trembled constantly.

Lord Eldon's gaze followed Sawyer's every move.

And then there was Baxter. He kept his eyes narrowed at Sawyer for quite some time, his expression unchanged, as if trying to understand something.

"It's so awkward now," one of the council members murmured, hinting that they were asking me to sign the ID to join the pack while my human husband was present.

"Why is that?" Sawyer asked, speaking up unexpectedly, though I should have known he would.

Sawyer was always confident. He could walk into any new place and make it feel like home.

"That's because your wife is a werewolf and you're a human. How are you two going to stay in touch and continue your relationship? I mean, you can always visit, but she can never return to human land. It's strictly forbidden," the council member explained.

Humans were allowed into werewolf territory for a limited time **if** the council approved, but no werewolf was ever permitted to enter human lands.

2/3

27-My Husband Steals Attention

+25 Bonus

It had been that way for fifteen.

After a past incident involving a werewolf in the human world, the rule had been made permanent.

"When people love each other enough, they always find a way. I'm sure we will too. For now, I can stay here until the sickness is dealt with. Wasn't that the rule, that she **can** come and bring her family?" Sawyer replied confidently, refusing to let the situation affect his mood or our relationship.

It was going to be difficult for me to focus on work while also worrying about Sawyer being here.

I knew him well, he could be a little reckless when things didn't go his way.

Alexis Dee **Author**

I Am so sorry for *just* one chapter *today*. I am not in good health but will continue updating more *chaps* once I feel better. For now, let me know your thoughts, please. What do you think about the alphas and their reasons to abandon her in the past and how *do* you feel *about* Sawyer?

📖 14

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

98

98—Caught Her Husband Cheating On **Her**

Elgin:

I watched the two of them interact, and it was the most uncomfortable I had ever felt.

The way she was so gentle and timid with him reminded me of the Madeline I had known years ago.

She didn't argue with him or give him the angry glares she often threw at me and others.

Of course, that was because he was her husband, her savior, who had rescued her in the human world.

Whereas I was the alpha, the bastard who betrayed her and drove her to feel so unsafe that she ran away.

It was too much for me. Even when she signed the papers for the ID to become a member of Majestic Claw pack, I noticed Sawyer holding her left hand.

He sat there as if he belonged. If he weren't her husband, he would already be returning to the human land.

But I couldn't throw him out like that without angering Madeline.

Still, there was one small comfort, the fact that as soon as the sickness ended and we found a cure, her husband would be sent back to the human land.

Only a few visitations per year would be allowed.

I doubted their relationship could survive that for long. I was eager for that day to come.

I know it made me sound cruel, but that's what I wanted. I didn't want Madeline to be with this man.

However, starting tonight, I knew they would share a bed, and the thought ate me alive.

My kids would be having dinner with him. My daughter would call him her father.

I paced around my room in the guest house. Her mansion was just across the narrow road, directly in view. There weren't many homes nearby.

At moments like this, I regretted not owning a pair of binoculars. I wanted to spy on them.

That's when my phone rang. For the hundredth time,

It was Silver.

Then her message popped up.

Children's mother: Your mother and father want you to speak to me.

That was all it said. It felt like a threat. She had involved my parents.

I tiredly held the phone to my ear.

"What is it, Silver? When I don't respond to you, it means I'm not in the mood to talk," I muttered.

"It's not Silver. It's your mother," my mother replied on the other end, making me slap my forehead in silence.

“And what the heck is going on? Why aren’t you speaking to Silver? She’s the mother of your children. Did you forget your responsibilities since that scum came back?” My mother was never classy.

She could start cussing, yelling, and throwing words that would embarrass me in front of anyone, anywhere.

1/3

98-Caught Her Husband Cheating On Her

+25 Bonus

My father was no different. Once they were done arguing with me, they would start fighting each other.

“Mom, she’s a respected member of our community now. Don’t forget that she’s the one saving children,” I reminded her.

She grunted.

“Well, maybe you’re forgetting that your children are also suffering from this disease and they need their father.”

Hearing her say that hit me hard.

It wasn’t a lie. My children were struggling with the same sickness.

I hadn’t forgotten them. Every time they were **in** pain, I reached out.

But I suppose she was right, being there physically and calling afterward were two different things.

“Why can’t you send them to me? I’ve asked Silver to pack their belongings and send them here. They’ll be well cared for,” I said, frustrated.

I had been thinking about it for a while and wanted the children to come here so they could be close to me.

“You know we have no problem sending them to you. The only thing is, I don’t trust the nannies entirely. A nanny’s love can never replace a mother’s love, and your demand that they come with the nanny instead of their mother is horrendous. How can you decide that a mother shouldn’t be with her children just because you don’t want to be with her?” my mother complained, almost yelling.

I knew this was coming. She always started screaming, shouting, and saying hurtful things.

And it wasn't that her words hurt me, I could listen with one ear and let them leave through the other.

The problem was when she began saying things like that in front of my children.

My two daughters didn't deserve to hear any of it.

"Fine. Send her here, but tell her not to act like we're in a happy relationship. She wants to come for the children, so that's who she'll be taking care of, without demanding time from me," I told my mother, reminding her that I had never wanted Silver as my wife.

I told her that if Silver wanted, she could stay in the mansion, live her own life, and we could co-parent.

She could date too. But no, she had one condition.

For me to keep the children, I had to marry her.

Then came the pressure from my parents and everyone else.

"That's between you two. Deal with your own issues. All I know is that I don't want you disrespecting my daughter -in-law in front of that scum," my mother snapped again.

She never really understood what respect meant.

After that, she hung up. But I knew Silver was coming over with the kids.

Maybe it wouldn't be that bad. Maybe, after seeing me with Silver, something in Madeline would stir.

"Right now, she thinks we were too available," My wolf grumbled, offering me an idea to make Madeline notice

1. us.

2/3

98-Caught Her Husband Cheating On Her

+25 Bonus

"You do know she's not that same teenager anymore, right? The one who got jealous? If anything, she won't care at all," I reminded my wolf.

Those things, trying to make someone jealous, didn't really work anymore.

Once I silenced him, I looked out the window and spotted two figures in the window across the way.

I narrowed my eyes, seeing a man with a woman, leaning down to kiss her.

My jaw tightened immediately. Then my focus shifted to the road below, where I saw Madeline walking home..

Wait—if Madeline's outside, who the hell is he kissing?

A strange excitement flickered through me, mixed with shock.

Sawyer was cheating on her.

Comments

11

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

99

99—Her Hands In My Pants

Graham:

I don't know if there's a correct way to explain it, but seeing her with Sawyer, her husband, made me feel like my life had ended.

Suddenly, all my fears had come to life, and I felt like a fool.

All this time, I convinced myself she was lying about having a husband, that she was only using him as an excuse to hide from us, to keep her distance, to prove that we had lost her.

I thought she just wanted to show she had a home to go back to.

But now, I realized she wasn't the same Madeline I once knew.

I had lost the chance to be her friend, to be her everything.

My father kept stealing glances at me, giving me that look that said, 'I told you so. You should have listened to me.'

>

After she signed the papers, her husband held her close, and the two of them walked back home together.

I had to return to the guest house.

There were several hallways there, one set on the second floor, where I stayed with my father and Kaylee.

As soon as I stepped into the corridor, my father caught up with me from behind.

"She's got a handsome man and he's rich too," my father commented.

I clenched my fists inside my pockets, hiding my real emotions. I knew he'd use them against me, twist them just to get under my skin.

"I'm happy for her," I said quietly.

"Are you though? You should have listened to me."

There it was. I knew he'd say that.

=

"Well, listen to you and do what? Lie about sleeping with her? I told you, we were never intimate," I reminded him.

"You walking to her suite with me made me think otherwise. Or did you change your decision because you realized that if you demanded a DNA test, she'd rebel?" my father pressed, trying to pry into my thoughts.

“The truth was, we were never intimate. The children were indeed Sawyer’s.” Saying that, even just in my head, took every ounce of strength I had.

Calling my baby Sawyer’s daughter was torture, but I had to do it **if** I didn’t want Madeline to see me as her enemy.

“Well, since you insist, I have no reason to force you,” my father said with a mocking pat on my back before heading into his room.

Now alone, I walked down the hallway to my bedroom. My hand rested on the doorknob as I took deep breaths.

I didn’t want to go inside. I thought about heading to the terrace instead, but before I could move, the door opened and Kaylee stepped out.

1/3

90 Her Hands in My Fants

+25 Bonus

“Come inside,” she ordered, pointing toward the room.

I rolled my eyes. If I refused, she’d make such a scene, mocking me in front of my friends, who were also staying in the same guest house.

Elgin had the first floor, I was on the second, and Baxter was on the third, all **alone**.

I walked in, and Kaylee slammed the door behind me.

“Have you mourned yet? Have you mourned enough yet?” she questioned from behind me while I rubbed my forehead with one hand.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m pretty sure you heard that I couldn’t ask for a DNA test because I was never intimate with her in the first place,” I said quickly, thinking she might already know why my father had taken me to her suite.

But the way she grunted made it clear she didn’t know.

I turned around and froze. She was standing there in the tiniest, sexiest lingerie, clearly ready for a session before I gave her the news.

“What?” she asked, snatching the robe she’d just taken off and slipping it back on.

“Your father took you there to demand a DNA test?” she pressed, reaching for my arm.

Every time she wanted answers, she got physical and I hated that.

Because if, Goddess forbid, one day my reflexes kicked in and I shoved her away, she'd get hurt, and no one would care how many times she'd hit me first.

Me defending myself once would make me look like a woman beater.

So every time she turned combative, I either tied my hands behind my back or shoved them deep in my pockets, refusing to take them out.

Even now, as she gripped my wrist, demanding answers, her nails dug deeper into my skin.

"That was my father's way to just mess with her. I don't want to talk about it," I muttered, trying to cover for him.

But then I remembered, he would never do the same for me.

He was the reason I couldn't be with Madeline in the first place, so why should I protect his image?

"No, wait. I thought your father wanted to get rid of her," she said, holding my arm again.

As I tried to walk away, her nails pierced my skin, leaving thin scratches.

"Talk to him. I don't know anything," I said flatly, freeing myself and heading toward the bathroom.

But before I could get far, she rushed at me and wrapped her arms tightly around my waist, pressing her hands over my stomach.

She clasped her fingers together so tightly that prying them apart would have taken effort.

"Kaylee, I'm really tired tonight," I told her, my voice more like a plea than a refusal.

"But I've been waiting for you. It's been days since we've done it," she whispered, still holding me.

"Her husband is here. If you're worried about your friend, don't be. She's well taken care of tonight, I'm sure,"

+25 Bonus

she added, pretending not to accuse, yet slipping in the reminder that Madeline and Sawyer were probably **in** each other’s arms right now.

The thought killed what little desire I had left.

“We need to **fix** our relationship, Graham. I don’t want to keep fighting with you,” she murmured, her hands sliding over my chest and stomach before drifting lower.

“I really love you. And I know sometimes I act on impulse, but trust me, I really, really care about you. Nobody will ever love you the way I do.”

By the time she finished, her hands were already inside my pants, and I felt my control slipping.

Maybe she was right. Madeline was happily married now.

Maybe it was time I tried to work on my own marriage, instead of hurting Madeline by reminding her of something she’d clearly moved on from. 1

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We Listened to the Darkness by Sorin Pax

100

Baxter:

I returned to my room alone. No one accompanied me, and it didn't seem like anyone was required, just maybe

someone.

But that someone had not only drifted away from me and moved on, she had done so many years ago.

Or perhaps she had never been attached to me enough to move on in the first place.

I grunted, wandering down the third-floor hallway by myself.

All the while, I couldn't help but think about her husband. It wasn't only jealousy that made me focus on him or want to look deeper into who he was, there was something else.

He seemed strangely familiar.

After pacing around for a while, I noticed my cell phone ringing. I already knew who it was.

"She's been calling us a lot," I told my wolf, referring to Yuvonne.

"She feels guilty, maybe?" my wolf wondered.

I shrugged, I couldn't be sure. Yuvonne had really disappointed me.

All these years, I thought I knew her, at least.

But then she pulled this stunt and ruined everything.

The only person I thought I could trust turned out to be ignorant when it mattered most.

Finally, I answered the call and pressed the phone to my ear.

"At least you picked up," she remarked from the other end, her voice thick and nasal, suggesting she had been crying.

"You know I'd answer your call even if I were in the middle of a war. But what you did, Yuvonne, you embarrassed me," I told her, taking a deep breath.

For a moment, I almost wanted to burn everything down for Madeline again, until her husband appeared.

Then I realized how easily I had forgotten the way she treated me in the past.

Why did I turn blind to her again?

It wasn't fair.

The only person who had stood by me through the years was Yuvonne, and yet I was punishing her so harshly because of Madeline.

It was as if Yuvonne heard my thoughts, because she started speaking as though she knew exactly what was running through my mind.

"Fine, I was angry with her. After she left you hurt, I just I couldn't stop. I couldn't think straight. In anger, I decided to give her a taste of her own medicine, to make her realize how much it hurts when someone talks about your past or mocks your condition," she explained, her voice breaking.

"You think I wanted to ruin my engagement dinner? No. I did it because I wanted her to see she was wrong. And

1/3

100-Giving Her A Second Chance

+25 Bonus

"I'm really sorry. If you want, I'll even apologize to her."

As she began to cry, I started to feel bad **for** her because she was right.

Madeline had done me wrong but still, she should have not done her so much damage.

"Listen, don't ever do that again. You don't need to take any step for me or argue with her on my behalf, you hear?" I warned her.

"I won't. But does that mean you forgive me?" she asked, her tone hopeful.

"It'll take me some time to readjust to the idea of an engagement ceremony," I replied.

There was a strange feeling in me, whispering that I was doing something wrong.

But whenever I thought about my past, about how Madeline had wronged me, I convinced myself otherwise.

If Madeline could move on without ever apologizing, then I had the right to be with someone who would stand by me through thick and thin.

I didn't owe Madeline my loyalty after she broke my trust. (1

“I will not disappoint you again. You know, Baxter, I only care about you,” she told me, her tone gentle.

“Did you eat dinner?” I asked, forcing concern into my voice.

I knew I was wrong to lead her on, but after she started caring for me, she simply grew closer.

Then one day, she proposed. She told me she wanted to be with me.

At the time, I told her I didn’t feel the same way, but she said all she needed was a chance and that she wouldn’t disappoint me.

After that, we began dating, and everything became a blur.

It was a good relationship, we rarely fought. Yuvonne was truly understanding.

It was a mature relationship, to be honest.

And it wasn’t that I didn’t find her attractive or that I didn’t like her, I did.

But that wild spark I once felt for Madeline wasn’t there.

Or maybe that was simply because we weren’t teenagers anymore.

We were adults, reacting as adults.

“I did. By the way, I heard you’re going to be staying at my back for a few days. That means I can meet you,” she said from the other end.

Her words made me step into my room and close the door.

We started talking about random things, the cure, mostly.

Then, as I walked to the window and looked outside, I saw Madeline on the road. My heart instantly skipped a beat.

“What’s going on?” Yuvonne must have noticed that I have zoned out.

“Nothing,” I replied.

2/3

100–Giving Her A Second Chance

+25 Bonus

“Are you staying at the guesthouse mansion?” she asked.

I nodded instinctively, as if she could see me through the phone.

“Madeline’s mansion is right next to it, right? Everyone’s been talking about how the researcher’s staying at the back,” she continued, explaining why she’d brought it up.

“Yeah,” was all I said. Then came another long silence, until she broke it again.

“How about I come over there?”

As soon as she said that, my muscles tightened.

“What?”

“Yeah. You have your own floor, right? You must be lonely. I could come stay there. We don’t have to share a room, I’d just feel better knowing you’re nearby. And I’m sure you’d love to have me around too,” she added.

As I stared down at Madeline, recalling how timid and clingy she’d been with Sawyer, anger rushed through me, and I did what I always did when angry.

“Yeah, sure. Move in. It’ll be great having you around,” I hissed, inviting her for all the wrong reasons. ¹

The truth was, I wanted Madeline to watch me with Yuvonne and feel the same pain I felt seeing her with Sawyer.

But deep down, I knew she wouldn’t.

Maybe I was bringing Yuvonne closer only so I wouldn’t lose myself in Madeline’s eyes again.

It was more punishment for me than for Madeline.

Madeline didn’t want me. She had made that clear many times before.

After a while, I hung up and saw Elgin rush out onto the road.

I couldn’t help but wonder what was happening.

Was he really about to make a fool of himself, or was he trying to win her heart?

Something was up, and I needed to be there too.

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Ruby Walker

Ruby Walker is a rising voice in the world of romance and spicy fiction. With a gift for weaving deep emotions, sizzling chemistry, and unexpected twists, her stories are a blend of passion and drama that captivate readers from start to finish. Ruby's writing style is bold and irresistible—perfect for those who crave intense, addictive love stories.