

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 131

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 131

#Chapter 131 – Arabella Fights Back

Arabella

Fourteen Years Earlier

It wasn't easy getting away from Odette. The powerful she-wolf was determined to keep me in the shelter with the other women and children, but I've always been good at slipping through the cracks when adults aren't looking.

I'm still furious at Flynn and Bastien, they always treat me like I'm a baby. It isn't fair that they get to go fight while I'm expected to cower in the darkness and wait for the danger to pass. Boys get to

be warriors, why is it any different for girls? I may not be as old as they are, but I'm every bit as brave – I know I am.

Darting through the forest, I head towards the sounds of the battle, determinedly keeping my eyes straight ahead. I can hear snarls and screams in the distance, and every now and then crimson pools flash in my periphery, blood spraying from fallen shifters as their lives wink out.

I followed my brother's scent all across the mountain, but they traveled so far throughout the conflict that all the action had died down by the time I finally caught up with them. They were at the edge of a cliff, rolling over the bodies littering the ground to check for signs of life. I'd never seen such carnage, and my stomach churned at the terrible images.

However the faces of these dead strangers were not the ones which would go on to haunt my nightmares for years to come. No, it was what happened next that brought my world crashing down and forever ruined my chances of achieving a good night's sleep.

One of the – supposedly deceased – wolves at the edge of the trees got to his feet when Flynn and the others had their backs turned.

I didn't see him myself until it was too late – otherwise I would have screamed a warning. Until this moment my foolish young mind had imagined itself in love with

Bastien Durand. He was everything I could dream of in a mate, and one day he would be Alpha. No one in my family's history had ever risen to a position of such power. Flynn would come the closest by becoming Beta, but if I married

Bastien I'd outdo even my superstar brother.

Well, those dreams died when the enemy wolf charged Bastien, and Flynn threw himself at the would-be killer just in time. Now I did open my mouth to scream, but unfortunately no sound came out. I stood there with my mouth gaping wild while Flynn and his target toppled over

the edge of

the cliff

I watched my brother fall to his death, and I've watched it a million times more in my memory. The last surviving member of my family was gone in the blink of an eye, and all for the sake of Bastien Durand.

My brother gave his life to ensure this man could one day rule the pack, and all because he happened to be born to a powerful man.

That was the day I lost all respect for the pack hierarchy, and that was the day I decide that I would turn it on its head if it was the last thing I do. I'd lost everything I cared about in the whole world, it was only right that Bastien should be made to feel that pain for himself.

"You're the reason he's dead!" I choke, clawing at the huge wolf's iron grip on my body.

"It was your fight, not Flynn's, and he wasn't that wolf's target. You were. It should have been you who died!"

"You think I don't know that?" Bastien snarls, "You think I didn't wish it had been me?"

"But it wasn't!" I exclaim.

"So you decided to kill innocent people rather than coming after me directly?" He scoffs, "What kind of logic is that, Arabella?"

"Your father wasn't innocent" Squirming and kicking at the horrible man, I add,

"Meeting Frederic in the Gemini lands was a blessing. He knew he saw your family for the criminals you are! He was more of a friend to me than you ever were." Nothing I do seems to budge his hold, but still I fight, lashing all of my anger out at him. "He offered me revenge, all you ever offered me was condescension, as if marrying you could ever make up for my loss – and you didn't even do that!"

“I was going to marry you because you’d been in love with me for years and I felt guilty enough about Flynn that I was willing to do whatever it took to make you happy. But in the end I did what was best for us both, I still provided for you, and I left the door open for you to find your own fated mate.” Bastien growls.

“I don’t care about mates!” I cry, the words pouring out of me in a torrent now that I’ve begun. “I stopped loving you and stopped caring about romance the day Flynn died. Since then all I have ever wanted is to have him back and if I couldn’t have that, I was willing to settle for power.

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I was going to wait until we married and then get rid of you so I could rule and ensure Flynn’s sacrifice would actually have been worth something. But you found a way to mess that up too.”

“And what about Selene? Bastien demands, “what about my pup? They didn’t have anything to do with Flynn’s death.”

**They got in the way!” Thrashing violently, I continue. “They ruined everything! The only thing they were good for is to cause you pain. I wasn’t strong enough to take the pack by force, but through them I could finally make you feel what I have all these years.”

“Flynn would be ashamed of you.” Bastien grates out, baring his sharp canines. “He would be mortified to see what you’ve become.”

The words bounce off of me like rubber. “He doesn’t have the option to feel any way about me anymore.” I remind Bastien. “And when I’m done. Selene and your brat won’t have the option to care about you either.”

His massive hand squeezes around my throat, his razor sharp claws digging into my tender flesh. “Do not threaten my family.”

Instantly realizing my mistake, I gasp for air. I can’t believe I let him wind me up this way. How could I tell him all that? It was so foolish, so blind. Bastien is glaring up at me with a savage glint in his eye, as if he knows exactly what I’m thinking, and that this is precisely what he intended.

Fear seeps through my consciousness, and my survival instincts begin to demand I fight or flee. Of course I’ve been trying to flee, but that’s not going very well at all. My purse is still dangling from my wrist, and suddenly I remember that I bought a stun gun last week, just in case things get out of hand with Blaise.

Abruptly ceasing to fight, I pin the bag between my body and the wall, stabilizing it enough to reach inside.

“What are you going to do to me?” I squeak, playing for time.

“I haven’t decided yet.” He grumbles, “My wolf thinks I should kill you, and I have to admit the idea has its appeal.” Something flickers behind his silver eyes, and for a moment it almost seems like he feels guilty. “But luckily for you, I have more respect for your brother’s memory than you seem to. He wouldn’t want me to kill you, no matter how much you deserve it.”

My heart racing, I close my fingers around the solid weight of the stun gun and extract it from my bag, jamming it into the side of Bastien’s throat before he can see it coming and pressing down hard on the power button. Electricity jolts from the metal prongs and into his flesh, ricocheting through his body in a violet wave.

My feet hit the ground with surprising force as Bastien drops to the pavement twitching. Bending down and pressing the prongs to his middle, I send another jet of electricity into his body, not stopping until he loses consciousness. Breathing heavily, sweet relief rushes over me, but I know I’m not out of the woods yet.

I drag his body further into the shadows and fumble for my phone. For a moment I stand there frozen, unsure who to dial. My first instinct is to call Blaise, but I’m not sure I want to involve him. If I can take down Bastien without his help, then I won’t have to share my power. If he gets involved, he’ll take control of the Nova pack immediately and once again my fate will be dependent on whether or not a man wants to marry me

That was fine when I had no other choice, but this strange coincidence has changed everything. As confident as I am in my success with the Calypso Alpha, I’ve been confident before and I’d like to think I’m wise enough to have learned from my mistakes.

Instead, I dial another new friend, the same bear shifter who sold me the stun gun. A plan is slowly forming in my mind, and I think I’m going to be in the market for more illicit goods – and fast. As the dial chimes in my ear, I take a few steadying breaths. After a moment the line clicks open. “Speak.”

The words tumble out before I can stop them. “I need your help.”

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#Chapter 132- Radio Silence

Arabella

“You’re sure this will work?” I ask, studying a bottle of viscous liquid labeled with swirling text in a language I neither speak nor understand.

“Entirely.” Jax – for that’s the only name he ever gave me – answers. The big bear is covered in tattoos from head to toe, and thus far he’s the only member of the Calypso pack from the lower city who I’ve dained to meet.

It was dumb luck that I found him at all. After a particularly tense dinner with Blaise, who seems to be the kind of man who believes the best way to keep his women in line is through violence, I decided to invest in a bit of insurance. I’m not sure the Alpha would ever raise his hand against me, but he has no problem raising them against his concubines. I watched him half-strangle the one delivering his steak simply because she placed his knife on the wrong side of his plate.

Part of me likes knowing he doesn’t hold back his dominance, especially with the kind of immoral women who would agree to debase themselves for his pleasure, but I haven’t survived this long by underestimating the cruelty of others. Quite the contrary, I assume everyone is a threat until proven otherwise, and Blaise offers more evidence than most.

“This drug was made to treat depression,” Jax is explaining. “But apparently it worked too well when it came to making people forget their troubles. It was found to have such major impacts on memory function that it was pulled from the market within weeks.”

“it will make him forget everything?” press, already prepping a needle to inject Bastien. This first time I’ll have to dose him intravenously. but Jax assures me it can be injected directly in the future. A few drops in his morning coffee, and Bastien will be the perfect puppet for my plans.

After all, if I want the Nova pack to accept me as their leader, the Alpha’s endorsement will go a long way.

Once I’ve gotten rid of Selene and the brat, I can begin my conquest, eventually phasing out Bastien as Alpha and making him suffer every step of the way. It really is a blessing that he turned up here. Away from the Novas, I can convince him of whatever I want, and by the time we go back to Elysium, he’ll be so convinced of my trustworthiness that nothing anyone else says will matter. I’ll control

him completely. The hard part is going to be keeping him away from Blaise.

Jaz's reply tugs my thoughts back to the present. "Well not everything. It will only take him back a certain distance. His long term memory will be fine, it's his short term that will be affected."

This stops me short, "I need him to drop back at least seven years." To before he met Selene.

"That shouldn't be a problem," Jax assesses. "You just need to strengthen the dose a bit."

"Good," I breathe. "Thank you again for your help."

"It's not a favor." Jax growls, "I expect you to pay me double for the house call." "Of course." I smile, "I'll pay whatever you ask, so long as you keep the goods coming."

Selene

One Night Earlier

"What are you wearing?" Bastien's deep voice reverberates through my mind, sending delicious shivers down my spine and making the sensitive flesh between my legs swollen and slick with desire.

"How old are you?" I laugh, trying not to let him know how powerfully he affects me – as if it's any secret.

"Hey, don't think you can get away with sassing me just because I'm away." My mate threatens, a predatory note entering his husky tone. "I will spank your naughty little behind the moment I get home."

Still giggling I insist, "You're obsessed!" Even as I complain, I'm imagining being bent over my mate's lap with his powerful hands raining punishment down on me. "How come I never saw this side of you when we were married the first time?"

"You were too well behaved," Bastien informs me, sounding much too pleased with himself. "And as you've said, I coddled you." As he speaks I slide my hand between my legs, letting my lashes fall shut as I imagine my husband being here with me. "Needless to say, I learned my lesson."

"Mhmm." I purr. "What are you wearing?"

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#Chapter 132- Radio Silence

“Not much.” He rumbles, making my sodden channel clench with need. “”Why don’t we switch to video, and I’ll show you.”

Humming with faux uncertainty. I tease. “I don’t know, I’m almost naked myself. What if the line isn’t secure?”

“You vixen.” Bastien groans, sounding rough and warm all at once. “I’m hard as a rock and imagining you’re here with me.”

“And what would you do if I were? I prompt, rubbing my aching clit.

“Well I would start by kissing every inch of your beautiful little body.” He explains, the images he’s describing flashing into my mind. “I’d set up camp between your thighs and lick you raw, until you can’t take it anymore.”

I whimper, feeling so overwhelmed with need I could cry.

“Are you touching yourself little wolf?” There’s a note of foreboding in his voice that makes my toes curl with anticipation.

“Maybe.” My smile leaks into my voice, and I can hear Bastien’s own in his reply.

“Bad girl, I didn’t give you permission.” His admonishment only excites me further.

“But you aren’t here.” I complain, he can’t expect me to just sit here and listen to him say such tawdry things without acting on my desire.

“It’s a good thing too.” He cryptically remarks.

For a moment my pregnancy hormones break through my lust, and a stab of real sadness slices into me. “Don’t say that.”

“Why not, baby?” He asks.

“Because I want you here.” I admit softly, my throat tickling dangerously.

“Even if I’m punishing you?” i know he’s trying to steer me away from dwelling on my tormented emotions, and thankfully it works.

His dirty talk brings me right back to my lust, and I confess just how badly I want him with me.

“Yes, even then.” I grin.

“Get on video.” He orders. “Now.”

Within moments his handsome face fills the screen, and a rush of affection washes over me. "I love you."

His predatory gaze softens to an expression so tender it hurts. "I love you too." His arm is moving steadily, and though it's out of the frame, I'm sure he's rubbing his cock. "I'm counting the hours until I'm back home with you."

Syncing my movements with his, I raise my phone until my entire body is in view, eliciting a ravenous growl from my mate. "And when will that be?"

He stills, his silver eyes boring into the camera so

fiercely I almost want to lower my gaze. There's no doubt he means what he says next, and he means it with every ounce of conviction he possesses. "As soon as possible."

I've been replaying our last conversation over and over in my head, and not only because it was so hot I get wet just thinking about it. It's distracted me so frequently over the course of the morning, precisely because I haven't spoken to Bastien since. For the first time since he left, Bastien didn't call to wish us a good day.

It's not uncommon for him to call later on in the morning, sometimes it's even been as late as noon, but today noon came and went in total radio silence, and I can't help but feel afraid something has gone wrong.

My distraction is significant enough that I'm being very rude to my mother in law.

After she catches me staring at my phone for the fifth time rather than listening to her speak, Odette breaks. "What's wrong?"

"I'm sorry, I'm being so rude." I sigh, dragging a hand through my hair.

"Selene, tell me what's worrying you." The older woman presses, not seeming the least bit affronted.

Frowning and glancing nervously at Lila, I reply. "Bastien hasn't called."

* At all?" She questions, her pupils dilating slightly.

*Today." I admit, "But he's called morning and night since he left. It's not like him to miss a date."

"Did he promise to call twice a day?" She clarifies.

"No, he just started doing it." I explain, "Do you think I'm being paranoid?"

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#Chapter 132-Radio Silence

“No.” She murmurs, “I just don’t think you should jump to conclusions, things must be moving very quickly. Now that he’s actually entered the city, it may very well be the case that he can’t call for days at a time, even if he wants to.”

That makes sense. It also stands to reason that he might have called so frequently before to make up for the inevitable breach in contact we’re experiencing now. So why don’t I feel better? Why do I feel as though something has gone wrong, even though I have no reason to believe this is the case? Are my instincts lying to me? Or is Bastien in trouble?

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#Chapter 133 – Waiting

Selene

It’s been three days, and still Bastien hasn’t called.

I’m trying not to be an alarmist and avoid jumping to conclusions, but I can’t help but feel a sweeping sense of dread. Something is wrong. I know it. My mate wouldn’t let so many days go by without checking in, if not for Lila’s and my piece of mind, but for his own. I know how worried he was for our safety when he left, he wouldn’t just stop calling.

Luna has been beside herself since Bastien left, but now she’s really starting to lose it. Her agitated energy is combining with my own nerves and constant nausea in a very unpleasant way, and I’m starting to think all this turmoil will drive me completely crazy. There’s only so much a she-wolf can take.

What makes it worse is that Lila has been asking on a nearly hourly basis when Daddy is going to call, and the best I can tell her is that I don’t know. Drake and Sophie have been a big help, distracting her and keeping her busy when I’m working on the cafe

transition. Of course, they can only do so much, especially when they're distracted themselves – being so newly mated.

“Come on.” I tease Drake when we're alone after dinner, “Out with it, when's the wedding?”

“Who says there has to be one?” He answers slyly. “We're already mated. I've never seen the point of weddings when the mate bond is so much more powerful than a piece of paper.”

“Maybe because you're going to have your own hormonal mess to deal with before too long.” I tease, only half joking. It's true some she wolves can go through a heat cycle with their mate and not end up breeding, but that's quite an uncommon outcome unless contraception is being used.

Drake grunts in acknowledgement, but I can see the corners of his mouth twitching. Oh yes, he likes that idea. Typical man – they get to have all the fun watching the miracle happen while we have to suffer through it. At least, most men get to watch... Bastien missed seeing Lila come into being is he going to miss this baby too?

“Hey, stop it.” Drake orders in his usual, bossy fashion. My friend always has had a habit of mind reading. Not only that, he's always been under the mistaken impression that he can somehow dictate the thoughts of others. Only an Alpha. I think ruefully.

“I can't help it.” I moan. “I can't stand this. Lila is so confused, I feel like hot garbage and my mate is thousands of miles away, probably trapped in that psychopath's dungeon!”

*Who said Blaise has dungeons?” Drake asks, furrowing his brow.

“No one.” I reply sulkily. “He just seems the type.”

“Eh,” Drake shrugs, “that's fair.” He reaches over and covers my hand with his own, squeezing gently. “But I'm telling you, it's too early to know anything. Three days isn't that long and you have enough to worry about as it is. Don't stress out until you have a reason to.”

Narrowing my eyes, I catch the Eros Alpha in my crosshairs. “If Sophie was in my position, and you were in Bastien's, would you go a day without checking in?”

Drake's mouth compresses to a hard line. “We don't know what it's like there, Selene.

We don't know what's going on. I'm sure Bastien wants to check in, but whether he's able to or not is another matter entirely.”

“I'm his mate.” I remind him. I'm connected to him in a way you all are not. And I can feel that something is wrong.”

“Sweetheart, you’re also under incredible pressure, sick and no offense, but your hormones are going haywire.” Drake points out gently. “I know it feels like something is wrong, but isn’t there a chance your body is playing tricks on you?”

I want to rant and rave that my friend has no idea what he’s talking about, but the truth is that he’s right. I can’t trust my body right now, not when I have a beloved little monster growing inside of me. As if the baby wants to prove Drake right, the next thing I know tears are streaming from my eyes.

Clucking sympathetically, Drake pulls me into his arms, “Poor thing. It never gets any easier does it?”

“No!” I cry, latching onto the sturdy wolf and weeping into his collar.

of course this is the moment my young daughter chooses to come toddling out of her bedroom, clutching a stuffed elephant to her chest. “Mommy wha’s wrong?”

Sniffling and wiping my eyes, I pull away from Drake. “I’m sorry angel, did I wake you?”

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14:32

#Chapter 133 – Waiting

She ignores me, her lower lip quivering dangerously, “Why’re you crying?”

“You know how we talked about the new baby making Mommy extra emotional?” I prompt, crossing the cool floors to gather her up. “This is more of the same.”

“I don’ like da new baby.” Lila pouts.

“Don’t say that, my love.” I caution her, hugging her soft body close.

“But is making you sad.” She complains, wrapping her arms and legs around me so tightly my heart instantly swells.

“No darling, the baby isn’t making me sad.” I correct, trying to figure out how to explain. In the end I decide to tell her the truth. “I’m sad because I miss Daddy. The baby actually helps me feel close to him, because it’s like I have a little piece of him inside me.

You do the same. You’re so much like him that sometimes when I look at you, I feel like he’s staring out at me through your eyes.”

Lila considers this, crinkling her nose and eyeing me closely. Finally she nods, peeking up at me from beneath her lashes. "I miss Daddy too."

"I know you do." I murmur, feeling a small weight lift from my chest. Sometimes nothing heals like the truth, even with toddlers.

"Can I sleep wit' you tonight?" My sweet pup whispers, cuddling closer.

Every morning since Bastien left, I've been woken up by Lila climbing into bed next to me. I usually prefer those early morning snuggles to being kicked and drooled on all night, but tonight I find I could use the extra affection. I don't want to be alone, and in a few months Lila will have to share my attention with a little brother or sister. We don't have too many of these moments to bond together left, at least not for just the two of us.

"I'd like that."

In the early hours of the morning, a cloaked figure slinks through the dense trees of the Novan forest, a canister of some unidentified substance in one hand, and a book of matches in the other. They move through the woodlands as quietly as a ghost, leaving no tracks behind them, only a steady stream of noxious liquid spilling from the can.

In a few hours time nothing will be left of the powerful accelerant, nor the forest itself. For all intents and purposes it will look like the entire landscape went up in flames of its own accord, a spontaneous combustion at the height of foliage season. In the entire history of the Nova pack, only one wildfire has ever plagued the territory, and never within the city limits.

That all changes tonight.

It wasn't a very creative plan, after all Arabella too had played her hand at arson and failed with spectacular grace. But this was different. This was not an attack on one captive she-wolf. It was an attack on the city itself, with one very important piece of collateral.

Frederic didn't want anyone to get hurt per se, but he also wouldn't be terribly bothered if the fire spread into the residential neighborhoods around the park. After all, the more destruction, the worse the scandal. This plan would work where all the others had failed, because unlike the flooded equinox festival or disastrous clash with the Geminis at Gabriel's funeral, Bastien wouldn't be here to clean up the mess. He couldn't sell his act as the grieving son, stoic leader or grieving widower.

He would be nowhere to be found while his pack burned, and while his pregnant mate struggled to fill his role and raise his pup alone. It would not be long before they all turned against him, no matter how much they liked the man.

Setting down the canister after circling the woods completely, Frederic lowered his hood and said a quick prayer of thanks and good fortune to the goddess, before striking a match and letting it fall to the chemical-soaked leaves.

Flames exploded around him, and he fled just in time. Within moments the entire park was burning, a red and yellow inferno cascading into the night sky without an end in sight. Within the half hour, sirens were blaring and half a dozen firetrucks were streaming towards the out of control blaze

It was exactly how it was meant to be.

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#Chapter 134 – Flames

Selene

The fire raged past dawn and throughout the early morning.

I got the call just after 4am, but Aiden and Donovan insisted I stay away because of the risk of smoke inhalation. They didn't want to chance harming the baby, no matter how much my presence might have helped calm the pack. So Lila and I sat by and waited for the all clear to be announced, but it didn't come for hours and hours. By that evening, the news was all over the city, and the damage was irreparable.

What used to be the most beautiful forest in all of Elysium now lies in ruin, a charred husk of the fertile lands where our ancestors built this city. The once lush land is buried beneath thick mounds of ash, and everywhere the eye can see is a charred black shell pulled straight from my worst nightmares.

It was pure luck that the firefighters were able to prevent the inferno from spreading beyond the edge of the forest, protecting the homes and apartment buildings at the edge of the forest. Well, lucky for shifters that is – nature knew no such reprieve. It burned down to nothing, and nothing can repair the loss.

When Drake and Sophie come down to dinner, they're carrying the evening news, which I'm almost too afraid to read. When the heavy black and white print is spread open in my lap, my stomach leaps into my throat.

Elysium

Chronicle

Today, amidst a natural disaster the likes of which the Nova pack has never before seen, the Alpha is nowhere to be found. Though no one in the pack house or elder council has shared any details about the Alpha's whereabouts with our reporters, one thing is clear, Bastien is unavailable for the foreseeable future.

Of course many questions remain. Where has the Alpha gone? Has he forsaken us, or is he simply too far away to come to our aid? Why has he left so soon after returning from another extended trip?

Few can forget that his departure comes only weeks after spending more than a month in Asphodel without any explanation until his return with his mate – long thought to be dead. Is it possible our Alpha is on another noble mission, or has he abandoned us in our time of need?

While it is widely known that the Alpha's mate, Selene, is breeding and therefore unlikely to be found in such a dangerous environment for a pup, the question remains as to what possible cause could pull the Alpha away from his family at such a critical time? It is almost unheard of for a wolf to leave his mate unprotected when they are expecting, except in cases of warfare. Yet the Nova pack has been at peace for years, so how could our Alpha do such a thing?

There are far more questions than answers at this stage in the game, but there's no denying we are currently a pack without a leader. Wherever Bastien is, his neglect will not be forgotten.

Hurtling from the table, I crash into the restroom, falling to my knees before the toilet as I empty my belly. Soft hands pull my hair from my face, and Sophie's scent whirls through my senses. "I'm sorry." I moan.

"Don't be sorry." The young she-wolf encourages, "it's only natural. It means the baby is healthy."

"It means the world is crumbling around me." I groan. "How can they write such drivel? Bastien is doing everything he can to protect us. He would never forsake the pack in its time of need."

"You know that and I know that, but this is the press." Sophie reasons, "They pretend to print in black and white, but they never do. There's always an angle."

"It isn't fair." I breathe, "I just want things to go back to normal. I want Bastien home with me."

“He will be.” Sophie assures me, rubbing my back, “Just give it time.”

“I’m so sick of everybody pretending like they know what’s going on.” I grumble.

“None of us know. Not really. Bastien might come back, but he might not. Empty promises won’t make it hurt any less if that time comes.”

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#Chapter 134 – Flames

“You’re right.” Sophie agrees. “I’m sorry. I think it’s harder for men sometimes. They want to have all the answers. They don’t want us to worry. So they lie they pretend they try to be strong.” She shakes her head, her rose gold hair glinting in the dim lights.

“They don’t realize that simply admitting how powerless we all are can be the best course of action.”

“The terrible thing is that Bastien has never been powerless.” I share. “He’s not like other men. He’s always so strong. I can’t imagine a world where he no longer exists.”

“Listen, Sophie pleads, “You’re connected to him right? You can feel him, even far away as he is?”

“Of course.” I confirm.

“Then reach down.” She advises. “Tell me. Reach out as far as you can. Is he there?”

I do as she asks, employing every last ounce of my strength to feel through our mating bond. It doesn’t happen instantly, but after a moment a jolt of electricity travels towards me through our intangible connection. “Yes.” I breathe, “He’s there.”

“Then he’s alive.” Sophie assures me. And if he’s alive it means he’s doing everything in his power to come home to you, yes?”

“Yes.” I agree, feeling suddenly calmer, “You’re right. Thank you.”

“No thanks necessary.” Sophie promises, “after all, without you I’d still be wasting my time pining for Drake.”

Eyeing the other woman, I ask, “Are you happy now, truly?”

Her beam is undeniable. “I’ve never known such joy. And it’s all thanks to you.”

For once, I accept the compliment. I’m glad my friend has finally settled, and I’m pleased that poor, mistreated Sophie has finally gotten a break. I can only pray that she’s right and Bastien is out there right now fighting to come home to Lila and me.

Bastien

It's dark when I wake, and for the life of me, I can't remember where I am or what day it is. I'm in an unfamiliar room, and from the strange smells surrounding me, I know I'm not in Elysium.

This doesn't make any sense. I think, I was in Elysium last night, I was in the Pack house with Mom and Dad.

Something isn't right. Axel replies, sounding tense. I feel

off.

Every muscle in my body aches as I rise from the plush bed where I lay, and I gingerly stretch my sore limbs.

I'm in what appears to be a hotel room of some sort. There's a bed, dresser and small desk, with an en suite bathroom and heavy curtains framed by a thin rectangle of light. Striding to the dark curtains, I rip them open, revealing a sunlight window overlooking a sprawling modern city. Sleek glass buildings dominate the horizon, with paved roads and skyscrapers extending as far as the eye can see.

Where the hell am I? I wonder helplessly.

Just then a knock sounds at my door, and a familiar scent finally reaches my nose. Arabella pushes inside a moment later, but she looks older than I remember. Yesterday she was a girl of eighteen, now she appears to be in her late twenties. *Arabella? What's going on, where are we?"

"You don't remember?" she asks, her brow furrowing in confusion. "You must have hit your head even harder than I thought. "Reaching up to my temples, I feel for an injury but find none. "What are you talking about?"

"We're in Tartarus." Arabella explains carefully. We barely made it into the city, we were attacked on the road."

"Tartarus?" I repeat dumbly, the capital of the Calypso territory. "What do you mean, why are we here? Who attacked us?"

"We're here because things have gotten bad in Elysium." Arabella says, her voice thick with emotion. "I'm afraid your wife sent the rogues after us as punishment for leaving."

"My wife?" That doesn't make any sense. "What in the Goddess's name are you talking about?" I demand. "I don't have a wife."

“Bastien.” Arabella purses her lips, true concern dominating her lovely features. “You’ve been married for years now. I think your concussion has affected your memory.”

“No.” I insist. “This isn’t right, I would know if I was married.”

“What’s the last thing you remember?” Arabella presses.

“Having dinner with Mom and Dad.” I share, rubbing the back of my neck and racking my brains for any hint of this other life she’s describing. “Today was supposed to be the solstice festival.”

“Oh Bastien.” My old friend has tears in her eyes now, and I know whatever she’s about to say will break my heart. “I’m so sorry. Your father is dead.”

“That’s impossible.” I insist, her words not truly clicking in my mind. “I was just with him.”

“No Bastien, I’m afraid he’s been dead for more than three years now.” She murmurs tenderly. “He was killed

by Selene.”

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 135

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 135

#Chapter 135- Arabella Weaves A Web of Lies

Bastien

“What are you saying?” I demand. “Who is Selene?” The name seems to be ringing a bell in the very back of my mind, but I have no idea why. Of course, if what Arabella is saying is true, I would expect her name to be familiar. It simply isn’t possible. My father can’t be dead.

“Selene is your wife.” Arabella sighs.

“No.” Shaking my head, I raise my palms to her in denial. “You’re lying. I don’t have a wife, and if I did, it would be you.” I’ve always planned on marrying Arabella, ever since that horrible day Flynn died to protect me. It seemed like the least I could do in order to ensure she was always taken care of.

“Bastien, you broke our engagement when you met Selene.” Arabella’s voice is firm and steady, overflowing with patience. “She’s well she’s a con artist, some might even call her a witch. She convinced you she was a helpless victim of a wolf called Garrick, she convinced you that you two were mates and manipulated your sympathy in order to make you do her bidding. You killed Garrick for her, and then somehow she made Gabriel order you two to be wed. I don’t know how she did it, but the Alpha commanded the union. So you obeyed.”

“How is that possible?” I insist, none of this makes any sense.

“As I said, she convinced you that she was your mate.” Arabella exhales deeply, settling on the edge of my bed with a forlorn smile, “I didn’t stand a chance. You two wed, and left the pack for a while. I traveled, saw the world, started looking for my own mate... it wasn’t until learned you’d finally seen through her act and were planning a rejection that I went back to Elysium.”

“A rejection?” | parrot, feeling as if I’m a bumbling idiot, repeating her every word. “But you just said we were still married.”

A tragic expression crosses the blonde’s features, and her big brown doe-eyes overflow.

“The day of your rejection, she paid an assassin to break into Gabriel’s office and kill him. In the chaos that followed, all talk of a rejection ceased.”

“Why would she do such a thing?” I inquire, still not believing my ears.

“Because she wanted to control the pack, and if she lost you, that would never happen.”

She explains, “I also think

though this is just a guess, that Gabriel was starting to become wise to her deception.. she wanted to shut him

up.”

“My father is really dead?” I gulp.

“I’m so sorry.” Arabella rushes forward and wraps her arms around me, pulling me close.

*I never imagined

the doctor warned me you might have some memory problems, but I never imagined it would be this bad.”

“What about my mother?” | question.

“She lives.” Arabella promises, “It was touch and go for a while there, but she found her strength in time.”

“Not just anyone could kill my father.” I argue, still looking for any flaw in her tale.

“No simple assassin would be strong enough.”

“That’s the worst part.” Arabella nods, “She didn’t do it alone. Somehow she met your cousin Frederic. My guess is that he was her lover all along, and she married you to get an inside track on the pack so that he could take over one day.

First Gabriel fell and she’s made it clear in recent months that you’re her next target. I expect that her plan is to kill you and act as the grieving widow, and then Frederic will return to take your place. The pack loves Selene, so if she accepts him, they will too.”

My mind reels as it struggles to sort through the details of this horror story.

“Frederic killed Gabriel, then you and Selene stayed together while you mourned, and in the meantime she did everything she could to get rid of me. She pushed me down a flight of stairs, she burned down the family cabin with me inside, colluded with corrupt members of the elder council, and when nothing else worked, she faked her death and pinned it on me.”

Axel is caught in between howls of pain and growls of fury, but now he falls silent, trying and failing to understand. “How would faking her death help her stay in power?”

“Because it gave her time to conceive a child with Frederic, and form the next part of their plan. After a couple of years she led you back to

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#Chapter 135- Arabella Weaves A Web of Lies

her, using your relief at finding her alive to persuade you not to ask too many questions about her pup’s paternity. She told you a story about how I tried to kill her, saying that I committed all the crimes she actually committed against me to make you exile me from the pack.”

Leading me to the bed and sitting beside me on its edge, Arabella continues, “I know it sounds crazy. But it’s the truth. I came here, and after a while you must have figured out that she was working against you all along, because you followed me to Tartarus.” A

haunted look comes over her, making my heart ache. And the moment you did she sent more assassins to kill you, only she underestimated you.

You found me, and she failed... only your memory was harmed in the attack – apparently.”

“If what you’re saying is true.”

“Are you saying you don’t believe me?” Arabella sniffles, her tears starting anew.

“Of course not, darling.” I assure her, “I just can’t. I can’t wrap my mind around this Arabella. Everything you’re saying, I don’t remember any of it. It’s not that I don’t believe you, it’s simply that I’m overwhelmed, I don’t know how to process any of this. Yesterday my family was whole and healthy, now you’re telling me it’s broken and I’m married to a monster.”

“I know it’s hard.” Arabella nods, “But I can prove what I’m saying is true.” Striding to the table by the door, Arabella extracts a newspaper from a thick stack, before returning with it in her palm. She places a copy of the Elysium Chronicle in front of me. “This is from two days ago. You’ve been out for some time.”

My eyes fly across the page, the lump in my chest growing larger and larger the more I read. The article, which identifies me as Alpha and Selene Durand as my mate, summarily tears my reputation to shreds.

“This is what she does.” Arabella confides. “She pulls the strings of every person and institution she can to achieve her aims. If you ask me she probably set the fire herself.”

Blood rushes in my ears. “I have to go back. I have to fix this – I can’t allow a person like this to run rampant in my city.”

“No!” Arabella exclaims, clearly consumed by panic. “Bastien no. If you go back, she and Frederic will murder you before you can set foot across the border.”

“I will not cower and hide thousands of miles away.” I inform her coldly. “I will not allow lies and injustice to rule my pack.”

“I’m not suggesting you do.” Arabella assures me. “I’m simply asking that you think things out. Stay here until you’re fully recovered. Regain your strength and return when the time is right. Do not rush in blindly like some epic hero.

Heroes die, Bastien. You have to live, if not for yourself than for the Novas.”

“You’re asking me to stand by and do nothing while a witch tears my home and my reputation apart.” I summarize. “How amenable do you think Elysium will be to my rule after she has free reign for another few weeks, or months.”

Brandishing the newspaper, I claim, “These kinds of rumors never go away Arabella, I might be able to convince most people, but now that this is out there, I will always have people questioning my morals and motives. I cannot let this stand uncontested.”

“You have to.”

Arabella argues. “You have to let this lie go, so that you can regain control when the time is right. You’ve always said that ruling requires sacrifice.” She reminds me, “This is just one more.

“I can’t.”

Surging to my feet, I begin to pace. “I cannot just stand by and do nothing!”

“You won’t be doing nothing.”

Arabella rises and rushes forward, taking my hands in hers, “You’ll be preparing. You’ll be planning. You’ll be doing everything in your power to ensure that when you finally do go home, it will be for good. You will get rid of that parasite, you will deal with Frederic, and you will give the Nova pack the leader they deserve.”

I see the logic of her words, but nothing can change the feeling of dread in my heart.

“It doesn’t feel right.”

“Sacrifices never feel right.” Arabella murmurs, sometimes doubt is the guidance you need to find the right path.”

Her words ring true, and I start at my old friend with love and regret. “I’m so sorry for what you’ve been through.” I profess. “I promise, I will make this up to you.”

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 136

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 136

#Chapter 136 – Drake Learns the Truth

Selene

“Maybe I should call him?” I suggest to Drake.

“Selene, Bastien will call when he can.” My friend replies, for what seems like the thousandth time. I can tell he’s getting tired of my constant fretting, but his frustration cannot ease my worries, no matter how guilty I feel. “You mustn’t allow yourself to become overtaxed. It’s not good for the baby.

Why is it that men always feel so confident in telling women what is or isn’t good for their children, when they would never be able to bear the toil of actually bringing one into the world themselves? I ask Luna.

Because they’ve convinced themselves they’re the stronger gender. My wolf replies, And it comforts them to think they have some control in these things.

Idiots. I mutter internally, letting my grumpiness take full control.

“If I can’t call him, then I at least have to find out whether or not our spies have any information.” I reason. “Aiden and Donavon must have some contacts in the Calypso pack, that’s how they found out about the Volana bounty in the first place.”

Drake glances around to make sure we’re alone. “Selene, I don’t mean to overstep, I know this is a sensitive topic. But I can’t help asking just one more time. Why does Blaise want you anyway?”

While Bastien may not have trusted the Eros Alpha with this most precious secret, my instincts tell me my friend can be trusted. He would never turn on me the way my mate fears. “If I tell you, you can never repeat this.” I caution, “Not even to Sophie.”

Drake frowns, already so enthralled by his beautiful mate that the idea of keeping anything from her seems terribly wrong. “Is it truly that delicate.”

“It is.” I confirm. “Not just for me, but Lila too.” I confide.

Drake thinks about it for a long moment, before he finally nods. “I want to help you Selene, I don’t think I can do that unless I know what’s going on, and…” I can almost read his thoughts, for all his comforting words, he’s already thinking as I am, that he might be all I have left if Bastien is lost.

“It’s alright.” I interrupt, “you don’t have to say it.”

“I’m sorry.” Drake sighs, “I’m not trying to make you feel worse.”

*As if you could.” I scoff. “No, it’s okay. I’ll tell you.” I decide. “The truth is that… Volana blood isn’t special simply because of the power it gives to bearers of the lineage.” I sigh, “The power it carries can also be transferred. It can be consumed… such that anyone who drinks the blood of a Volana will live forever, and be immune to harm.”

Drake blinks, “Excuse me?”

“You heard me.” I remark ruefully.

“You’re saying that if I were to drink your blood, it would make me immortal?” Drake demands in utter disbelief.

“So help me,” I joke, “if you come at me with a knife and a straw I will repel you with every bit of strength I have.”

Drake swats my arm, “You know I wouldn’t do such a thing. I just don’t understand. I mean Volana’s aren’t immortal themselves, so why would their blood give that gift to another?”

“I don’t know how the Goddess works or what her reasons are, any better than any other wolf.” I admit, flopping back on the couch. “As far as I’m concerned, magic is magic, and I’m not meant to understand.” Remembering Garrick, I press on, “But I think my bloodline is the only reason why I survived the wolfsbane as long as I did. And I think it’s why I’ve been able to overcome so many hardships since.”

“And Bastien...?” Drake questions.

“Bastien knew the danger I was in from the beginning. For the longest time, I believed that’s why he married me. Because my blood was such a threat that I needed constant protection... That’s why I convinced myself he didn’t really want me.

It’s why I believed he was sacrificing his happiness to be with me.” Shaking my head, I realize just how far I let my insecurity and guilt mislead my poor mind. “I told myself I was a victim, and I convinced myself he saw me the same way.”

“But you aren’t.” Drake insists. “If this is true, Selene, you’ve got to start practicing your powers now more than ever.”

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#Chapter 136 – Drake Learns the Truth

“I can’t,” My arguments with my mate play through my mind as if they happened yesterday

“Bastien is worried it will harm the baby.”

“That’s fair.” Drake assesses, “But you went through a hell of a lot carrying Lila and everything still turned out fine. If you ask me, the stronger you are the better, and that begins with your powers.”

"I don't even really know what I'm doing." I admit. "I mean I've been following ancient textbooks and trying my best to feel things out on instinct, but what I really need is a teacher."

"Then we'll find you one." Drake shrugs, as if this is no problem at all.

"Easier said than done." I laugh, "In case you hadn't noticed, Volanas are an endangered species, it's not like I can walk into a university and stumble across a mentor."

"You're thinking too small." Drake laughs, "Who ever said you needed another Volana to train you? Power is power, you just need to find someone who knows how to wield it, whether theirs is the same as yours or not."

"So what?" I clarify, "You're saying I just need to find a shaman or witch and misapply their teachings to my own contexts?"

"Why do you have to make everything a problem?" Drake exclaimed, "It's like you expect to fail so you don't let yourself hope."

"In my book that's called self preservation." I bite, trying not to let the derision I feel seep into my tone and failing miserably.

"Well in mine it's called defeatism." Drake counters. "Don't count yourself out of the fight before it even begins."

Rolling his words over in my mind, I consider how it might feel to give in. My instincts have been begging me to take action and practice my skills for ages, but I've been holding myself back all this time under the pretense of not defying my mate and not endangering my child. "Bastien will never allow it."

"Bastien doesn't have to know about it until it's already done." Drake states coolly,

"After all, it's not like he's picking up the phone right now anyway."

A moment ago I was smiling, but it slips away the moment his words hit home. As if he realized his mistake, my friend instantly reaches towards me, "I'm sorry, Selene. I didn't mean that. It was a thoughtless, cruel thing to say."

"No." I purport. "It was true. Bastien isn't in touch right now, so he doesn't have a say." I agree, a terrible sense of dread filling my body, "And though I know you won't say it. I also know you're right when you think that I need to find my strength without my mate." My voice is thick with emotion, but I fight through it. "If he doesn't come back I'm going to have to do all this on my own. I can't count on someone else fixing my problems."

"Selene, he's going to come home." Drake promises.

“Whether he does or not,” I decide, “I will protect my family.” The pain of the words seeks to cripple me, but I fight it every step of the way. “Don’t get me wrong, it will destroy me if he doesn’t return. But I have to figure out how to survive either way. For Lila, and for our new pup.” Deciding once and for all, I announce. “I did it once, I can do it again.”

“That’s right.” Drake agrees. “You can do anything you put your mind to.”

Pretending to gag, I tease. “Don’t give me that. I want your real advice, not pandering.”

“I’m serious!” He cries, laughter overtaking his features. “I truly think you can do anything.”

“Don’t think it.” I advise, finding my voice. “Help me prove it. I need a teacher, and you know everyone who’s anyone.”

“You have a deal.” Drake concedes. “We’ll find you a teacher, we’ll get you up to speed, and then...”

“And then we’ll ensure that no one can ever take advantage of this pack again.” I decide. “I’m tired of people thinking we’re lost without an Alpha.”

“Agreed.” Drake confirms. “With a Volana leading the Nova pack, it will thrive every bit as well as it would with a strong male wolf in charge. I have no doubt in my mind.”

“Are you sure you can find me a teacher?” I question doubtfully.

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#Chapter 136 – Drake Learns the Truth

“Don’t you worry.” Drake promises, “Before the week is out, you’ll be testing your skills against a master.”

*You promise?” I ask, nudging the big wolf.

He grins and nudges me back, “Promise.”

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 137

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 137

#Chapter 137-Bastien Remembers His Friend

Flynn, Aiden and Bastien raced through the forest beneath the full moon, playing like pups much younger than they were. They wrestled and joked until they caught the scent of a huge stag, his powerful musk combining with large, deep tracks in the mud.

The hunt was on in an instant. The wolves fell in line without a single word, giving way to the natural patterns of the chase and fulfilling the roles they'd been developing since childhood. Their instincts were irrepressible, demanding they pursue their target the moment it caught sight of them and took flight.

Darting through the trees after their prey, they herded it toward the river, circling it on all sides. Together Aiden and Flynn drove the buck towards their future Alpha, who lay in wait just beyond the shoreline. The beast reared up when he saw the massive shifter, grunting and kicking his hooves while his eyes went wild. With the other wolves still at his back, he lowered his antlers and prepared to charge.

Bastien braced himself for the assault, licking his fangs in anticipation for the kill. However, just as the stag began to move, a small gray wolf leapt in front of Bastien. Hey! What are you guys doing?

Panic fracturing his bloodlust, Bastien ran forward and snatched Arabella out of the way just in time. His teeth caught the scruff of her neck and he lifted her from the ground, sprinting away from the buck and letting it crash forward into the river. As Bastien dropped the wriggling pup at his feet, the buck fled to freedom, the scent of his fear fading on the wind even as Arabella's indignant whines rose in Bastien's ears. Let me go!

Arabella! Flynn rushed forward, frantically looking over the small female, Are you all right? What were you thinking? What are you doing here?

You guys left without me. Arabella complained, pouting pitifully.

Of course we did! Flynn exclaimed. You shouldn't be out this late at all, let alone out here with us. You could have been killed!

You never let me have any fun! The little girl groused, it isn't fair.

You should be less concerned with what's fair and more concerned with staying alive. Bastien chimed in, his Alpha instincts demanding he do his part to admonish his surrogate sister.

I was fine. Arabella insisted stubbornly.

You jumped in front of a charging stag! Bastien growled, it would have gutted you like a fish.

Hey! Flynn objected, shooting his oldest friend an exasperated look, dude she's just a kid.

She wants to be grown up, she can get spoken to like an adult. Bastien argued.

He has a point. Aiden agreed. What you did was very dangerous Arabella.

Well if you want me to be safe, next time you ought to include me. The girl argued.

All three young men exchanged the same beleaguered glance, their thoughts one in the same at that moment. Good grief.

A little while later, once they were safely back in the Pack House and Arabella was sound asleep in bed, Bastien found his friend sitting out on the sprawling rooftop of the modern abode. He climbed out the trap door and strode out onto the flat surface, taking a seat next to his future Beta and patting his shoulder in comfort.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with her." The shifter sighed, sounding much older than his 16 years. "it's like she gets wilder and wilder with every day that passes."

"She's just a kid." Bastien reasoned. "It's normal."

Flynn shook his head. "I don't know how to do this." It had been almost two years since their parents had died and Gabriel took them under his wing, but the young Beta knew the true responsibility for raising his sister rested on his shoulders. They were the only family each other had left, no matter how completely Bastien felt like his brother. "I can't take care of her the way Mom and Dad would have. She's so out of control, and I don't have the first clue how to make things right for her."

"You don't have to do it alone. We'll do it together." Bastien vowed, squeezing his friend's shoulder. He might be a mere teenager, but his Alpha traits were already so strong it was impossible to contain them. "My parents will help, but you and I will make sure she has the affection and guidance she deserves. We'll give her everything she needs to succeed in life, we'll keep her safe and teach her everything she needs to know."

"What if it's not enough?" Flynn wondered, displaying a rare moment of vulnerability.

"That girl is going to have a whole village looking out for her, and more big brothers than she could want or need." Bastien promised. "You'll see. All will be fine."

As Bastien's clouded thoughts left the past in favor of the present, he gazed at the young she-wolf whom he'd sworn to protect all those years ago. Within months Flynn

was as much a ghost as his parents, and all of his responsibility fell to his friend. It was a burden Bastien took very seriously, and one he could never imagine forsaking.

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#Chapter 137 – Bastien Remembers His Friend

How was it possible that another woman could have stolen his attention, distracted him from his duties so completely that he'd abandoned the most important commitment of his life? Had she tricked him as Arabella suggested, or was it something else?

It was true that Arabella had grown into a lovely woman and though her disposition had grown far gentler as the years passed, she had never been one for intellectual pursuits, hard work or adventure. She was pretty, well-dressed, agreeable and little else. She also had a spoiled streak that came out at the worst of times.

In comparison his wife was both a mystery and a conundrum. One newspaper article, an old obituary and a few sneakily captured photos on the internet was all he'd been able to find of the woman. The photos told him she was drop-dead gorgeous, and the obituary he himself penned described a wolf of incredible sweetness, intelligence and strength. Arabella shared that Selene's own paranoia prevented anything else from being published about her, but she also couldn't seem to tell him how they'd met or what Selene's history was prior to their marriage

Was it possible that attraction alone could have undermined his mission to care for Arabella? He couldn't believe he would abandon her for anything less than a fated mate, and the obituary did describe her thus. Arabella insisted it was all a spell Selene placed on him, but what if she was wrong? He was painfully aware that Arabella was not his mate. Could it not be true that Selene was his mate, as well as a conniving she-devil? After all, fated mates did not always get along; their feuds and competitions could be even more intense and violent than those of life long enemies. It was a very rare occurrence, but not unheard of.

One way or another, he couldn't stop thinking about the woman back in Elysium, the one he had no memory of meeting, but who had apparently robbed him of all morals and peace of mind. Bastien had to find a way to make things right. He had to honor his vow to Flynn, he had to deal with Selene and Frederick, he had to save his pack – and he couldn't do it alone.

Allies were few and far between, especially since he'd learned that Selene was as tightly bound with Drake Cavanaugh as she was his cousin. Bastien wanted to reach out to Aiden and Donavon, but Arabella had convinced him it was best for Selene to think her assassination had been successful for the time being. It was quite logical given

how tenuous his current situation was, but it still grated at his nerves to be so seemingly helpless.

“What are you thinking about?” Arabella asked, striding over to him with a soft smile.

“I was thinking about Flynn.” He admits, “The night you followed us out hunting and almost got trampled by that stag.”

Arabella frowns, “I remember that night, you were all terribly mean to me.”

Assuming she’s joking, he offers her a wide grin and replies, “You were asking for it.”

She sniffs, “How can you say that? All I ever wanted was to spend time with you and Flynn and you were horrible to me in return.”

“You were our responsibility.” Bastien reminds her, sobering when he realizes how serious she is. “We wanted you to be safe.”

“You mean I was your burden.” She complains, her eyes shining with tears, “that’s all I’ve ever been to you.”

“Don’t say that!” He forbade, taking hold of her upper arms, “you’ve never been a burden.”

“You don’t have to lie.” She hiccups.

Pulling her into a hug, Bastien winced when her curves pressed up against him. He knew he planned on marrying her, but no amount of time seems capable of making him see her as anything other than a sister, “It’s not a lie. But listen, I need your help with something.” He confessed, changing the subject before things could get too emotional.

“Anything!” She agrees, squeezing me tightly.

“I want to set a meeting with Blaise.”

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 138

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 138

#Chapter 138 – Selene Calls Bastien

Arabella

“What?” I squeak, “Why do you want to meet Blaise?” That cannot be allowed to happen. Blaise can’t find out he’s here!

“I need allies.” Bastien explains, releasing me. “And he’s the closest possibility.”

Though my tears had been completely fake a moment before, true desperation grips me now. “No Bastien, please.” I beg. “You don’t know Blaise. If he knows the Nova pack is without an Alpha right now, if he finds out you’re here all alone, he’ll move against you.” This much, at least, is true. “I came here because I thought it was the only place I’d be safe from Selene, because Blaise is an even bigger monster than she is. He’s powermad and violent, he wants to grow his empire at any cost.”

“The Nova pack isn’t without an Alpha.” Bastien growls, “And I’m not so weak as you imagine.”

“I’m not saying you’re weak.” I insist, wincing slightly when I realize how he interpreted my words. “I’m merely saying that Blaise is impossibly strong, and far crueler than you.”

“Then what do you propose I do?” Bastien demands, “Lay low here forever, try and return home without any reinforcements?”

“I’m suggesting you look elsewhere for allies.” I breathe, “Please believe me, Blaise will not help you. He will only make things worse.”

“I believe you.” Bastien rumbles, looking as if he feels the opposite. “I’m just frustrated.”

“I know.” I tell him carefully, feeling my own frustration seethe beneath the surface of this ridiculous farce. I’m so sick of pretending to be nice and supportive of this man. I honestly don’t know how spies manage to keep up constant deception; it’s exhausting. “But you just have to tell yourself the same thing you told me after Flynn died. Do you remember?”

His brow furrows, “No.”

Of course not. I think bitterly. The one part of his memory that’s completely intact, and he can’t remember. Clearly it wasn’t important enough to him to stick. “You would say that I just have to get through this one moment in time. You told me to stop thinking about everything I had ahead of me and to take things one at a time. Survive this moment, and once that’s done, survive the next. Eventually I’d have so many behind me that the ones ahead wouldn’t feel so daunting.”

“Did it work?” Bastien asks, his silver eyes boring into me.

I want to say: Not in the fucking least you selfish mongrel. Instead I grit my teeth into a smile and force out a falsely cheerful platitude. “of course it worked, that’s why I’m advising you to do the same now.”

Bastien’s shoulder’s slump, relaxing per my guidance, “thank you, Arabella.”

Now I finally manage a true smile, if for no other reason than I’m relieved at how completely I have the big Alpha eating out of the palm of my hand. “Of course, I’m here to help!”

Selene

“I’m not sure this is a good idea.” Aiden gripes.

“Come on, what’s the worst that could happen?” Donavon replies, nodding towards me in encouragement.

I’ve finally convinced the Betas to let me try calling Bastien, though I have a feeling they’re going to continue arguing about the matter until the deed is done.

Raising my cell phone to my ear, I press the green send button and wait for the call to connect, muttering prayers to the Goddess under my breath. I’m expecting to suffer through a drawn out series of rings, but the line never connects at all. It goes straight to Bastien’s voicemail.

My fingers are shaking as I lower the phone and end the call. “Either his phone is dead or turned off.”

*That’s not entirely surprising.” Aiden assures me, sounding far more relaxed than I think he truly feels. “We knew he’d have to go dark for this.”

“Go dark?” I repeat skeptically, a rush of nausea taking my stomach hostage and clutching painfully at my insides. “You talk like he’s a secret agent.”

Both men shrug as if this is precisely the case, and I find myself gnashing my teeth.

“So what’s your plan for making contact again when he completes his mission?” i bite sarcastically. “Carrier pigeons? Morse code?”

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#Chapter 138 – Selene Calls Bastien

“Selene,” Donavon says in a tone meant to calm me, but which only angers me more, “Bastien will check in when he can.”

“And how are you supposed to know if his silence is planned, or if it’s a sign he’s in trouble? I inquire, looking back and forth between them expectantly. I wish Odette was here, I know she’d see the logic of what I’m asking, but I needed her to babysit Lila so I could make the call.

“Selene, I know this is hard.” Aiden condescends, raising his palms to stave off my interruption.

It doesn’t work. “No, you don’t know.” I counter, pressing my own hand to my churning belly. “You have no idea what this is like for me, how difficult it is to sit here and have you all make decisions about my life – my childrens’ lives – without consulting me even once. To have a bunch of bossy men who think they know best tell me how things are going to be and brush off all my concerns as if I’m just being silly and emotional.”

Aiden opens his mouth to respond, but now it’s my turn to block his objection.

“Bastien isn’t just my friend, he’s my mate and the father of my pups. He is more important to me than either one of you could understand.” I snap at the pair of bachelors, “And there is more at stake here than you know!”

Aiden’s eyes are glowing now. “Bastien has been my best friend since we were pups, I swore my life to standing by him. We’ve fought wars together – I don’t have to share his bed to care about his well being or feel bonded to him.”

I know he’s speaking the truth, and I’m wise enough to realize that trying to preference our feelings will never convince him, so I change tracks. “Bastien wouldn’t approve of you excluding me this way. It’s not a matter of my safety this time and you know it.” I proclaim defensively.

“Think what you like.” Aiden puts his foot down. “But we have our orders, and they include not stressing you out.”

The room begins to blur as we argue, and I have to steady my hand on Bastien’s desk to stay upright.

Both men cease speaking, eyeing me nervously. “Selene, are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” I insist waving off their concerns, “I just want you to take what I’m saying seriously. I want you to consult me on matters that impact my family. Being kept in the dark is stressing me out more than knowing could!”

Aiden starts to refuse, but Donovan reaches a hand out to stall him. “No, that’s fair. You’re right, Selene. You have a right to know these things.”

“Thank you!” I exclaim, feeling as though I could hug the man. However I can’t do any more than contemplate the idea, as the room is spinning far too quickly for me to consider moving. My head feels light and fuzzy, and my body is suddenly so warm I feel like I’ve been dipped into a warm bath.

Hmm, I ponder out of nowhere. “A bath would be nice.”

It’s only when Aiden and Donovan glance at each other with identical frowns and say, “what?” that I realize I said this outloud.

“Sorry.” I murmur, my voice coming out strangely slurred. “My mind got away from me there.”

“I think maybe you should sit down.” Donovan suggests, moving towards me.

“Don’t be silly.” I argue, swatting him away, “I already am sitting!”

Stern hands push me onto a couch, and I belatedly realize I must not have been sitting after all.

“Selene, can you hear us?” Aiden is asking, sounding very far away.

“I hear...” I murmur deliriously, an image of a megaphone appearing in my mind. That’s what he needs. When did he get so quiet anyway? And why is his face all swirly?

“Your head is a megaphone.” I inform him firmly.

Something is very wrong. I realize, much too late. The room is tilting sideways, the floor and ceiling seeming to switch positions.

“Call the doctor, right now.” Donovan sounds far away too, and yet they’re both right in front of me.

“Wou’ you stop thhthat?” I request, needing them to stop throwing their voices around, and internally pleading they would stop blurring together like a pair of two-headed monsters.

The next thing I know darkness is closing in. The last thing I remember before the world goes black is Lila bursting into the study and stopping dead in her tracks when she sees me. I reach toward her as she cries my name, but my arm falls uselessly by my side as I slip away into unconsciousness

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 139

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 139

#Chapter 139-Fever Dreams

Selene

The dream began in a forest I don't recognize.

The territory seemed familiar enough, tall snow-capped mountains and thick, lush evergreens. Snow covered the ground, and wolf tracks dotted the pristine white surface for as far as the eye could see. Are those my tracks? I wonder dimly, glancing down at my feet. However when I look, I find myself in human form. My pale, bare feet sink into the thick powder, and though my toes curl into the icy substance, I don't feel any cold.

I'm wearing a long silvery gown, completely unsuitable for being out in these elements. My limbs are exposed to the frigid air, and as flurries of snowflakes fill the air around me, I realize they do not melt when they land on my skin. Something isn't right. Why can't I feel anything? Why can't I tell if it's night or day. Everything is so surreal and strange, I realize it must be a dream.

However, figuring out I'm unconscious does nothing to rescue me from this strange halfworld, instead the scene around me plays on as if I'm merely an observer rather than a participant. A young woman is trudging up the mountain on my left, bundled in heavy coats and hauling a duffel bag over her shoulder. Her belly swells with child, poking out of her clothes at a breadth that seems to indicate she's about halfway through her term.

It's my mother. Her blue and violet eyes glow from beneath her hood and her blonde hair flutters in wisps around her beautiful face. She walks past me as if she doesn't see me at all, delicately moaning as she forges through the snow. Behind her trudges a tall, powerful wolf with hair the exact shade of mine. He's dragging a sleigh full of luggage up the steep slope with a determined expression on his face.

My father.

I know even though I never met the man. Even though I never saw a single photo. He seems terribly familiar, protectively eyeing my mother as she struggles. I have to fight the urge to reach out and touch him. Like my mother, he moves past as if I'm not there at all, instead focusing on the she-wolf ahead. "Enough Corinne, you need to let me take that." He instructs sternly.

"I've got it." Mom insists stubbornly. "It's only one bag, you have everything else."

“You’re already carrying something far more important.” My father insists, closing the distance between them and taking hold of the duffel bag’s strap.

Before he can pluck the bag from her hold, the sound of a howl rises up in the distance, and my parents freeze in terror. No. I think desperately, I know what this is. I don’t want to see this.

“Run!” I tell them urgently, “Go now and you might still make it!”

They don’t hear me. Instead my father takes my mother’s face in his strong hands. “We knew this might happen, my love. You have to go on ahead now.”

“No!” She exclaims, clutching at his arms. “It’s not too late, if I use my powers…”

“You promised, Corinne.” He reminds her fiercely. “We decided, you and Selene have to make it, not me.”

“You decided!” My mother insists, “please don’t do this, please don’t make me go on without you.”

My father shakes his head, putting down his foot. “You have to run baby. I’ll buy you some time.”

“But my powers!” She tries again.

“If you use your powers it will only call more attention to you!” My father argues, setting his jaw and wearing precisely the same expression Bastien does when he’s made up his mind about something and refuses to budge. “Go Corinne, the Nova border isn’t far now. It will be all night”

“It won’t!” She cries, tears running down her cheeks. “It will never be all right without you.”

I’m crying too now. I knew my parents got separated running from the Calypso pack, I knew my father died on the way, but I didn’t know he sacrificed himself this way. It’s a thousand times worse to watch it happen than it was to hear about it.

“It will.” He promises, his voice thick with emotion. “You’ll have Selene, I’ll live on through her. As long as you’re together, you will always have a piece of me with you.”

“Please James,” My mother begs. “Please come with me.”

“I’m sorry sweetheart.” He professes, his eyes shining with tears, “I so wanted to go on this adventure with you.” Kissing her deeply and hugging her one last time, he murmurs, “Take care of my mate, and tell our little girl how badly I wish I could have met her.”

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#Chapter 139 – Fever Dreams

“I promise.” She sobs. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” He smiles through his tears, drops a final kiss on her lips then turns and shifts into his wolf form, charging away down the mountain. My mother drops her own bag and turns to the north, shifting and tearing off through the trees with tears flying from her furry cheeks.

They sprint away in opposite directions, my father running to meet his death, my mother racing to save our lives. I always knew they loved each other, but now that I have a mate of my own I understand just how terrible their sacrifice truly was. I crumple to my knees in the snow, weeping as I watch their forms fade into the distance.

Suddenly the dream shifts, the snowy mountain blurs and the odd half lit world shifts to one of total darkness. My keen wolf eyes can see the huddled form of a young pup pressed against the rockface, and at first I think I’m seeing Lila, only this child is too old.

After a moment I realize I’m staring at myself, the little wolf who ran too deep into the mountain tunnels and became hopelessly lost. I was too young and weak then to try and fight for myself. I didn’t know I had any powers, or that my blood was special. I simply curled up in the darkness and cried, waiting to be rescued.

I remember all too well what comes next. After hours and hours alone in the horrible maze of rocky caves surrounding the city, my knight in shining armor appeared.

When I was five, teenage Bastien had looked like a god. Already tall and more muscular than most fully grown men, he strode through the darkness at a leisurely pace, demonstrating the lethal grace of the Apex predator he would one day become. His silver eyes glowed in the darkness, locking in instantly on the sniffing girl in the corner.

*Well hello there.” He greeted me warmly, careful not to come too close. “You look lost, little wolf.”

Hiccupping and nodding, I explain, “They were making fun of me, I ran in here to get away, but then I got all turned around.”

“Who was making fun of you?” He asked, sitting down beside me.

“The kids at school.” I share, swiping at my tear stained cheeks. “What are you doing down here?”

“Why I’m looking for you, of course.” Bastien answers smoothly, “and you shouldn’t listen to those other kids.”

“They called me a freak.” i murmur, “they said I must have been bewitched or deformed because my eyes are different colors.”

“Hmm.” Teenage Bastien hums thoughtfully, “let’s see.” if I thought the size difference between us as adults was laughable, the difference between his huge paw and my tiny chin in this memory is downright absurd. He tilts my chin up to study my wide, shining eyes, and his rugged features soften, “I think you have beautiful eyes.” Bastien states earnestly. “I’ll tell you what, if anyone ever tries to make fun of them again, you come tell me, and I’ll teach them a lesson.”

“Really?” I sniffle.

“Really.” He promises. “You can find me at the pack house, come any time.”

“Thank you.” I whisper shyly.

“Of course.” He grins, “Now, do you want to hide here a while longer, or would you like to go home?”

“I don’t know how to get out.” I confide, my lower lip quivering as a fresh wave of tears threatens.

“Then it’s a good thing you’re with me.” Bastien quips, rising to his feet. He bends down and gathers me up as if I weigh nothing. “Come on you, lets get you back to your mother. She’s been worried sick.”

I wrapped my arms and legs around him, cuddling close and letting him carry me out of the darkness. He was impossibly gentle, even for being a wild teenager. “Honestly.” He mused, hugging me to his chest, “how could anyone make fun of a sweet thing like you?”

“People are mean.” I pout.

“Not all people, little wolf.” He advises. “You just have to find the right ones.”

I never forgot those words, and I never doubted for a single moment that in Bastien Durand, I’d already found the right person for me. That day began my lifelong love for the man- one I will carry on whether he comes home to me or not.

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 140

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Chapter 140

#Chapter 140 – Odette Puts Her Foot Down

Odette

“Dr, will Selene be all right?” I ask worriedly, speaking in hushed tones so as not to be overheard.

“She’s still unconscious.” Dr Kane replies, “She needs rest, and we’re still waiting on her lab work, but she’s young and healthy. As long as she takes care of herself she should be fine.”

“Is there anything we can do to help her?” I press.

“Keep an eye on her, I know she’s very ill, but you’ve got to get as much food and water into her as possible, even when she doesn’t want anything.” He instructs.

“But won’t that make her sick more often?” I fret, wringing my hands.

“I know it sounds terrible, but it’s about net gain. The more she takes in, the more nutrients she retains, even if she’s bringing the majority back up.” Dr Kane explains with an apologetic frown.

“Thank you.” I say, pushing the unpleasant images from my mind. What he’s saying makes sense, I just don’t want to picture it. After he moves away I turn on my heel and stomp around the corner to where Aiden and Donavon wait.

“Well I hope you two are pleased with yourself.” I remark derisively, staring down the Betas.

“What?” They exchange nervous glances, “You can’t mean to blame us for this! It’s the pregnancy.”

“Your Alpha’s mate is struggling through a high-risk pregnancy while keeping herself and her daughter hidden from a homicidal maniac, at the same time as she’s starting a new business and serving as the symbolic head of the pack while her mate is off Goddess only knows where fighting off assassins, and you think it’s a good idea to stress her out further by picking arguments and hiding information from her?”

Though both men stand at least a head taller than me, in that moment they look positively tiny. Donavon clears his throat. “Bastien told us to shield her from anything she didn’t need to know – so that she wouldn’t be stressed.”

“And you think she didn’t need to know he would fall out of contact?” | scoff. “That you had no plans in place to reconnect with him in the future? You don’t think knowing that in advance and having time to come to terms with that would have helped her?”

The men exchange guilty glances. “We didn’t think about it that way.”

“I’m sure you didn’t.” I grate out..

“Is she awake yet?” Aiden inquires sheepishly.

“No.” I sigh, “The doctor said it might be some time yet. She’ll wake when she’s ready.” I say, glancing at Lila and Drake playing on the other side of the waiting room. “For Lila’s sake, we’ll just have to hope it’s soon.”

Selene

Bastien grins wolfishly up at me, before lowering his talented tongue to my overheated sex. My back arches off the bed and I wind my fingers tightly into his hair. “Oh Goddess!”

His finger joins his mouth, delving into my sodden channel and massaging my sensitive flesh before adding a second; thrusting, rubbing and stretching me from the inside out. It’s too much to bear, and my body is so unused to being touched this way I’m coming within moments. He continues wringing the pleasure out of me until I come back down to earth. Once I do he crawls back up my body and cuddles me to his chest, kissing me and whispering praise and sweet nothings in my ear.

“How do you do that?” I pant in astonishment.

He chuckles indulgently. “You could do it too, if you wanted.”

“Not with my tongue.” I joke,

“You know what I mean.” He replies with a wide smile.

I shake my head in denial “it wouldn’t be the same.”

Bastien kisses me again, and I reach for the hard length between his legs. As usual, he’s still fully clothed, though I’m completely naked.

He catches my hand, “What are you doing?” He asks, obviously already knowing the answer.

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#Chapter 140 – Odette Puts Her Foot Down

“I want to give you pleasure.” I whisper meekly.

“That isn’t necessary.” Bastien rolls out of bed without another word, leaving me feeling terribly cold.

“But...” I murmur helplessly, sliding out of the bed as if I meant to follow, but not moving an inch.

“Selene, we’ve talked about this.” Bastien reminds me, pausing at the bathroom door. “If you touch me, I’ll lose control. I won’t be able to stop myself.”

At the time I assumed he meant he would be forced into doing something he’d regret. We had had this conversation before, earlier in our marriage, but I couldn’t stand it any longer. “Why don’t you want me?” As soon as the words leave my mouth, I realize they’re a mistake.

Bastien slowly turned back around, looking absolutely furious. “What did you just say?”

“Why don’t you want me?” I repeat, so quiet I can barely hear my own words – but my husband certainly does. The next thing I know, Bastien is storming across the room, backing me into a corner and towering over me menacingly.

“Not want you?” He demands, breathing heavily. “Not want you? How can you say that? How can you think that?” His massive hand flattens against the wall by my ear, so forcefully the plaster shakes, “Don’t you realize you’re all I want? I crave you day and night, Selene/ It’s been absolute torture to touch you this way without being able to go further, but I’ve been holding myself back for you. I don’t want to push you into anything you aren’t ready for.”

“But I want you to.” I squeak, pressing my hands to his muscular chest. Don’t get me wrong. I’m scared.” I admit, glancing warily at the huge bulge in his trousers, “But I want to be close to you that way. I want to give you pleasure... I want to truly be man and wife.” I’ve known from the beginning that our marriage would never be official until we took this step, but I suppose I hadn’t been desperate enough before now. Besides, if it’s anything like what you’ve shown me already...”

I never get out the rest of my sentence, Bastien’s mouth claims mine so passionately my heart stops beating completely. The next thing I know he’s carrying me back to the bed, tossing me onto the plush covers and dragging my body towards him while he strips off all his clothes. My husband stretches out on the coverlet and pulls my body atop his, kissing me fiercely, “Just this once baby – you get to be in control, after this we do things my way.”

Our tongues tangling, I rock my aching core over his massive member, anticipation building inside me like a blazing firework. After a moment he grasps my hips and positions himself at my entrance. I lowered myself hesitantly, feeling his wide mushroom head stretching my entrance and gasping at the sensation. It was delicious and painful all at once. He felt way too big to ever fit, and if what I was feeling now was only the head...

As if sensing the problem, Bastien raised himself to a sitting position and coiled his arm around my waist. His mouth covered mine at the same moment he thrust into me, burying himself to the hilt and locking me in place with his iron grip. I keened into his slanting mouth, tears burning in my eyes.

"Shh," Bastien crooned, "That was the worst part, it's over now."

As he slowly helped me begin to move, guiding my hips and rubbing my swollen clit, I realized he was right. Pleasure more profound than anything he'd shared with me before began to bloom deep within me, sending bolts of electricity flying through my body.

Whimpering and increasing my pace, Bastien helped me find a rhythm, the incredible friction of his cock thrusting in and out of me building to new heights. "That's it, Baby." He encouraged, "Just like that. Goddess, you're beautiful. You feel so good, Selene."

Within a few minutes of increasingly frantic undulating, I was cresting the wave of pleasure, fireworks bursting across my vision in a stunning riot of light and color. As I threw my head back and cried out in ecstasy, Bastien laved the spot where he would one day leave his mark with his tongue. "Such a good girl." He encouraged, "Coming all over my cock."

Before I could even process the pleasure racking my body, Bastien flipped me beneath him, thrusting hard and fast until he spilled his seed inside me, growling my name and swallowing my whines as I toppled over the edge a second time.

In the delirious aftermath, he cradled me close. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do that."

Giggling, I reply. "How soon can we do it again?"

Bastien chuckles deeply. "Insatiable little wolf."

"No one ever told me." I admit, peeking up at him from beneath my lashes. "That was..."

"I know." Bastien agrees, stroking my hair back from my eyes. "I've never felt anything like it myself. It's not always like that, Selene – far from it." His silver eyes bored into me with terrifying intensity. "I love you."

My heart swelled in my chest. It was the first time he ever told me he loved me, and one I'd forget all too soon. "I love you too."

I never want to leave this dream.