

# Pregnant And Rejected

Pregnant And Rejected By My Alpha Mate By Caroline Above  
Chapter 195

. . .

## Chepler 195. Battle

Looking around in a panic, I demand, "where? Where has he gone?"

"His orders were for me to get you out, Selene."

Helene informs me, not sounding as if she's particularly interested in actually following them. "Then again, you are a headstrong young woman, and I'm just an old woman. It would be only too easy for you to overpower me and go after them."

"Them?" I repeat, "he's not alone?"

"No." A deep voice sounds behind me, the man who had been standing with Helene before going to dispatch the guards. "His with the rebel leaders, Matthew and Grayson."

Turning around, I study the strange man closely. I'm sure I've never seen him before, but he seems oddly familiar. He's got to be

close to sixty years old, with gray streaked hair and the gaunt form of a man who's known true deprivation. My wolf is already wondering if he might be my father, but the look on his face confirms it. He's looking at me as if he's seeing a ghost, his eyes shining with unshed tears. "Hello Selene." He greets me warmly.

"Are you...?" | stammer, too afraid to speak the words in case they aren't true.

"You look just like your mother." He tells me thickly. "I never dreamed I'd actually get to meet you."

"Selene, this is James." Helene interjects, making introductions when she realizes we're both too emotional to get the words out.

"Your father."

I'm already so emotional between escaping, seeing Fred eric die and finding out Bastien has gone to face Blaise, that I

instantly burst into tears. "I thought you were dead." I tell him, hesitantly reaching towards him.

He pulls me into his arms without a second thought, and I can feel his bones protruding terribly. "You've been Blaise's prisoner all this time?" I ask through my tears. He nods, holding me so gingerly I wonder if he thinks I'll break. Squeezing him more tightly, I encourage him not to be shy, unable to truly process that I'm hugging my father for the first time in my life. "I'm so sorry." I sniffle, "Mom didn't know, I'm sure of it." "I know little one." He tells me. "The truth is I'd do it all over again for you two, though it did break my heart to hear what happened to you after she passed." "Nevermind that. When this is all over you can come home with us to Elysium. You can meet your granddaughter, and see the life Mom built for us." "I'd like that." He agrees, "but first we have to deal with Blaise." "Helene, where are they?" I ask, pulling away from my father for the first time.

"The throne room." My mentor answers simply, "They lured him there after the alarms went off, he might have been distracted by you running, but I suspect he's found them by now."

Swiping away my tears, I nod. "Let's go."

Bastien

We're surrounded.

The plan worked perfectly, drawing Blaise to his ridiculous overdone throne room while the other rebels stormed the palace, and Helene, Frederic and James went to help Selene. I'm not sure yet if they were successful, but I know the best way I can help my mate is to kill Blaise, no matter where she is now.

"Well, well, what have we here?" Blaise drawls, strolling into the great hall as if he doesn't have a care in the world. I'm sure from his perspective he feels perfectly safe. His guards are lining the walls on all sides, outnumbering us twenty to one. "Did you

mutts not get enough time in my dungeon?" He asked, looking between Grayson and I, then eyeing Matthew curiously. "And you must be Matthew Crenshaw. I've been looking for you for quite some time."

"This ends now, Blaise." Grayson declares, setting his shoulders. "Your time in control is over."

"And I suppose you think you're going to take my position from me?" Blaise scoffs, "You – starved, scrawny, beaten."

"We have an army full of challengers, Blaise."

Matthew announces, "even if you manage to defeat the three of us, even you have to get exhausted after a while. We'll throw challengers at you until you're defeated."

"And I suppose you expect me to simply accept? To fight you when my security forces could easily take you down with a snap of my fingers?" Blaise taunts us, gesturing to all the guards around us.

"You could – but only a coward would do such a thing. A true Alpha would defend his title in single combat – the way it's always been done." I argue.

As he survey's our motley crew, his eyes linger on me. "I'm no fool, Durand. These two might not have the mettle to take me, but after what I've been doing with your mate these last few weeks, I imagine you have enough rage to do some real damage."

I try to cool my temper. Helene explained to me that Se lene had been hypnotizing Blaise when he came to her room at night, but that doesn't change what he would have done if she hadn't had her powers, or the fear and pain he'd put her through during her captivity.

"I'm not such an easy mark." I inform the wretched Alpha. "I may be angry, but you won't distract me from killing you."

"You shouldn't feel too badly," He continues, as if I never spoke a word, "in a few months when your brats are born they' ll join you in the afterlife almost immediately, you won't have to be alone on the other side for long."

Despite my promises not to get distracted, his words pull my attention completely – just not for the reason he intended. "Brats." I

repeat dazedly, "plural?"

"Bastien," Matthew grits out in warning, "don't let him get to you."

"Oh that's right." Blaise smirks, "you don't know. You should have heard the way your poor little mate cried when she found out she was having twins, you should have seen how sweetly she begged me to let your son live after I kill your daughter."

His words slowly sink into my overwhelmed brain. Twins. A boy and a girl, and he was going to kill them both. I'm not sure if he intended to rile me up so much that I'll lose control, but all he really managed to do is give me more motivation than ever to wipe him off the face of the earth.

Let me out! Axel demands, ravenous for Blaise's blood, let me kill him.

Not yet. I refuse, knowing we have to bide our time.

"How is this supposed to work anyway?" Blaise interrogates, clearly trying to stall, to divide our alliance. "Who is going to lead if

you can actually pull this off. Durand is a foreigner and Grayson has been in a dark cell for a decade, but both are stronger than you, Crenshaw. You should be the rightful leader, but you know the pack will never accept you with these two roaming about."

"Shut up, Blaise." Grayson orders, "our partnership is based on a hell of a lot more than shared goals. We're not going to turn on each other, so you might as well come face us now and get it over with."

"Have it your way." Blaise sneers, gesturing to his guards, "Take them."

"You fucking fraud!" Matthew explodes, "you're really going to let them fight your battle for you?"

"You'd better believe it." Blaise declares, settling in his throne as if he's getting ready to take in a movie, rather than watch a fight to the death. "I haven't held on to my power this long by taking needless risks. Besides, I'm betting you're only going to be interested in fighting for a little while longer."



“And why is that?” I hiss. “Because your mate got away from me a little while ago, and if I know her, she’s not going to simply stand by and let you sacrifice yourself to protect her.” He proclaimed confidently.

A kernel of unease lodges in my stomach at his words. I ordered Selene’s rescue team to get her out of the city with or without me, but what if she got away before they reached her? What if Helene and James break their word? Blaise is right – Selene will come if she has the choice, the only thing that can stop her is my teams’ commitment to the plan. Then, as if she heard her name and came running, I smell Selene’s sweet scent and hear soft footsteps approaching on the other side of the closed door. No! I think desperately, No, no no! Tell me she isn’t. The doors bang open behind us, and by the time I turn to look, there’s already a line of Blaise’s guards circling behind Selene, James and Helene, blocking their exit. Laying eyes on my mate for the first time in weeks is like a balm to my soul, I want to run

to her and drink in every detail, but right now my outrage is stronger, "What the hell are you doing – get out of here!"

To my great indignation, Selene digs in her little heels and tilts her chin up in defiance. "No."

• • •