

Pregnant And Rejected

Pregnant And Rejected By My Alpha Mate By Caroline Above
Chapter 196

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Chapter 196 I immediately take a step towards Selene, but Blaise lazily waves his hand and a line of sentries crosses the floor between us, forming a human barricade between myself and my mate. Now Selene, Helene and James are completely encircled by guards, but my beautiful little wolf looks as determined as ever. If I so chose, I could barrel through the shifters dividing us with little issue, but I'm sure that's exactly what Blaise wants. He wants to distract me, he wants to use Selene against me. Unable to help myself, my eyes drop to my mate's belly. She's put on at least five pounds since I saw her last, and her dress is now ballooned outward by a healthy baby bump. Twins, I think again, in awe of how much my wife has been through these last

few weeks, and amazed by the miracle she's embodying.

When our eyes meet, I can see her determination so clearly it's staggering. Nothing I say now is going to convince her to leave, even if it means she's in for the spanking of a lifetime when this is all over – which I can say with good authority, she "What? No Reunion?" Blaise jeers, "or are you too disgusted knowing she's been sucking my cock every night to go near her?"

Selene rolls her eyes. I know because I'm still watching her, trusting Matthew and Grayson to warn me if Blaise or his men make a move. "You idiot." She snipes, raising her voice so the Alpha will hear her at the other end of the hall. "I haven't laid a hand on you."

"Selene, don't." I warn, I don't want her giving up her secrets in case this all goes wrong.

"You don't get to rewrite history just because your mate is here now, my pet." Blaise croons, still talking to her in that same

besotted voice he used the first time he saw her, despite how crude he is about her when speaking to me.

"It's okay, Bastien." Selene assures me, my name like music on her lips, "We're going to get through this."

"I'd like to see you try." Blaise counters coolly.

Too late I realize that Selene was willing to spill the beans about her hypnosis, because she and Helene are about to show their

true colors anyway. Both women raise their hands to conjure their magic, and I finally understand their plan. They might be able

to keep the guards at bay long enough to let Matthew, Grayson and I defeat Blaise, assuming his own spellcaster doesn't come along to thwart them again.

"Tsk, tsk tsk." Blaise scolds, glancing at one of the sentries on his left, "Go get Higgins."

I can't say for sure, but if I had to guess Blaise has just sent for his own witch, which means we have act now. "Selene?" I call over my shoulder.

"I'm not leaving, Bastien." She tells me stubbornly.

"I know, baby." I assure her, "just do your worst."

"Gladly." I can hear the smile in her voice, and moments later I see a thick black fog encroaching around us, blinding all the guards against the walls and leaving only the dozen men directly in front of Blaise in full view.

I'm not sure what magic Helene might be wielding since Selene's has surrounded us in darkness, but when Matthew, Grayson and I step forward, the guards still visible don't move an inch.

"What are you doing?" Blaise demands of his men.

"Kill them!"

The three of us rush forward, lunging for the stationary guards and ripping their bodies off the floor one by one. We throw them aside as if they weigh nothing, and then the three of us are bearing down on Blaise, who finally rises to his feet. "Fine," He grumbles, finally seeming to see the sense of one on one combat now that he's outnumbered, "We'll do this the old-fashioned way. So who's first?"

“Why should we give you that honor when you offered us no such thing?” Grayson growls fiercely. Looking at something over our shoulders, Blaise’s face splits into a terrible grin. “Because the odds just turned against you.

For a long time I never got the chance to see Helene’s magic. She was so focused on training me that every time I asked about her own powers, she simply scolded me for taking my mind off our mission. It wasn’t until we came to tar tarus that she finally showed me what she was capable of – beyond knowing the unknowable that is.

Together we actually make quite the pair, I can blind men while she can paralyze them, and I can’t think of a better use of our combined talents in this moment. I know Bastien can defeat Blaise if he’s able to actually get near him. The trick is making the Calypso Alpha play fair.

I’ve been training myself not to get my hopes up these

past few weeks, but when we first unleash our combined powers on the shifters in the room, I can't help but feel a surge of excitement. This can work, we can do this! I think, pouring all my belief into my mate.

I should have known better. I should have learned my lesson after a lifetime of crushed dreams.

When Blaise first called for his spellcaster I was simply eager to get a second chance against the man, but as soon as he arrives the tide turns against us. The men Helene froze in place simultaneously broke out of their spell, and my veil of shadows begins to swirl as he sends gusts of wind through the room.

All at once the three wolves stalking Blaise on his throne's raised dais are forced to fall back and fight the army closing in on them, shifting into their wolf forms and fearlessly facing down their attackers. Blaise's sentries are relentless, one man after another charging the trio of rebels.

“Where are the others?” | ask Helene and my father anxiously, “I thought you said there were more rebels.”

“They’re attempting to seize the palace so that even if we fail here, Blaise won’t be able to hold onto his power.” My father explains in between incapacitating guards.

“We need help.” | state nervously, “there are too many of them.”

“Have faith, little mother.” Helene tells me, repeating the same words which have tormented me throughout my imprisonment.

“Faith can’t win wars.” | mutter, watching as Bastien’s huge black wolf rips the shifter surging around him limb from limb with brutal efficiency. Looking beyond them, I see Blaise standing before his throne, looking down on the chaos with a triumphant glint in his eyes.

Suddenly I remember Helene’s words when I was first learning to harness the shadows, about the fears utter darkness brings

out in all of us, and the many skeletons Blaise has in his closet. Redirecting my obsidian fog for the Calypso Alpha, I swirl the black mist around Blaise, blocking out all his surroundings.

Helene is busy trying to counter his spellcaster, but my own vindictive fury eggs me on, pulling ghosts and monsters straight out of Blaise's nightmares and manifesting them in the black veil surrounding him. I can hear his cruel laughter fade to a nervous grunt, and then his howl pulls all the attention in the room.

Bathed in shadows, the Calypso Alpha is quickly fraying at the edges, his worst fears and darkest secrets pummeling him in a relentless assault. I can feel his spellcaster's eyes on me, contemplating some way to stop me, but I think the man is afraid of harming me and infuriating Blaise.

That's right. I think maliciously. You just stand there and watch while your master unravels.

All of my attention is focused on maintaining the shadows around Blaise, and I can almost see his flailing limbs through the impenetrable fog. Helene and James are urging me on, but their voices sound distant to my ears. I'm so intent on torturing the horrible man, that I don't notice the scene around my shift, until Helene tumbles to the ground at my feet.

Her cheek lands on my foot, and my concentration breaks as I look down at her in shock. Too late I realize Blaise's sorcerer must have found a loophole to attacking me – by attacking my mentor. I have no idea what he's done, but one thing is painfully clear as I stare down at Helene.

Her eyes are wide and vacant, her chest has ceased moving with her breath, and she's so still I might think she was paralyzed – were it not for the fact that her heart has ceased beating. Horror fills me as reality sets in, and I realize I was so distracted and

consumed by my desire to punish Blaise, that Helene was attacked mere inches away, and I didn't even notice.

After a hundred and fifty years of surviving no matter what, my wonderful mentor has been vanquished – and by a tyrant's crony no less. Helene is dead – and it's all my fault.

Helene always said I would be her last student. I didn't realize she was speaking so literally when she said it though. I wonder if she knew from the very beginning, from the first day we met, that I would be the end of her.

My dazed mind struggles to come to terms with the fact that two people have died for me in under half an hour, and even though

I feel so stunned I think I must be dreaming, guilt is already washing over me in a tidal wave of shame and regret.

Dropping to my knees, I roll Helene onto her back, shaking her gently and calling her name even though I know she can't hear me, "Helene!" | cry, "Helene, get up!"

My father is bending over me, his large, warm hands on my shoulders. "She's gone Selene." He murmurs, "She's gone, you can't help her now."

"No!" I insist tearfully, "she's lived forever, she's got more power in her little finger than I do in my whole body, she has to be faking, this has to be some kind of spell."

"Sweetheart, you have to focus." My father coaches, "Blaise still lives and your mate still fights. It's over for Helene but it doesn't have to be over for you."

Little by little his words seep into my brain, and I'm finally able to look up at the scene around me.

Bastien, Grayson and Matthew are still fighting tooth and nail, but Blaise and his spellcaster are standing side by side, looking only too pleased with themselves.

"This is what defiance gets you, my beauty." Blaise informs me. "Now be a good girl and come to me before anyone else gets hurt."

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