

Pregnant And Rejected

Pregnant And Rejected By My Alpha Mate By Caroline Above
Chapter 198

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Chapter 198 As long as I live, I'll never forget the sight of Bastien killing Blaise, or the strange sense of relief to watch another being's life snuff out so brutally. Under any other circumstances I might be horrified, but now there is only the eerie sensation of all my fear evaporating at once. It almost happens too fast, ricocheting me back and forth between such extremes of emotion that my brain needs to shut down in order to cope. I actually black out for a few moments, the world going as dark as my shadows as I try to process what has just happened. Luckily I'm not alone. My father is by my side anchoring me to reality, and before long my mate is there too. Of course I didn't see it happen; one moment Bastien was shaking Blaise like a ragdoll, the next he's in front of me. He's back in

human form, bloody, bruised and naked as the day he was born. I can barely comprehend that it's over, that the danger has really passed. Still, my wolf is rejoicing as Bastien takes my face in his powerful, blood-stained hands, "Are you okay?" He asks me urgently, looking me over from head to toe.

"Are you hurt?"

Trun my palms over the torn skin of his chest, not yet convinced this is real. "Selene, talk to me."

Bastien begs, glancing at Helene's fallen body.

Staring up at his rugged features, I feel my limbs begin to tremble. "Am I dreaming?"

The tension seeps out of Bastien like air from a punctured balloon, and the next thing I know I'm wrapped up in his warmth. "No

little wolf. You're not dreaming." He murmurs against my skin, trailing tender kisses over my hair as he strokes and pets me in soothing patterns. "It's over. It's all over."

"Helene," I manage to sob, fisting my hands against his back, "And Frederic..."

"I know, baby." He croons, "I'm so sorry."

Behind us, I can hear Blaise's former guards muttering, all the while Grayson and Matthew limp over to us. "You must be Selene." Grayson says by way of greeting.

I start to pull back to greet him, but Bastien won't let me go. He keeps his arms locked around me tightly, so I simply turn my head towards the Calypso wolves and nod hello. "That's right." | confirm. "Thank you so much for helping us."

"If anyone is owed thanks, it's your mate." Matthew answers, patting Bastien on the back, "He saved an entire city today."

"Not on my own." Bastien corrects them, and the city is far from safe. You two have your work cut out for you."

Glancing around, I notice all of the guards who'd been fighting the trio of rebels a few minutes ago, are now bowing their heads with their nails tucked between their legs, clearly showing their respect for the new leaders. Grayson and Matthew scan their

ranks, "You sure you don't want to stick around to help?" Grayson questions, "we could use some of that brute strength of yours."

"Once you get healthy again you'll have brute strength of your own." Bastien chuckles.

"What happens now?" My father asks, looking back and forth between his former cellmates. Someone answers him, but I don't actually hear the response, I'm too amazed by the thought that just went through my head: My father. My father is alive and standing next to me.

Unable to help myself, I reach for James, pulling him into my hug with Bastien. He seems uncertain at first, but Bastien welcomes him easily, "she's a cuddler." He explains, positively purring.

James laughs and cushions my back for a few long moments before pulling away. The men go on talking about all the things that have to happen now, all the steps to transition the government, but I'm not hearing any of it, I'm simply floating in Bastien's

arms. I feel as though I'm on cloud nine, finally able to relax for the first time since he stepped out the door in Elysium.

Bastien's hands are surreptitiously traveling over my body, as if he doesn't trust that I'm actually okay and needs to feel for himself. As if the pups growing in my belly sense their father's presence, a tiny foot kicks the wall of my uterus, right on the other side of my mate's hand.

Bastien jolts, looking down at me in surprise and awe, "Was that?"

"The babies are glad you're okay." I tell him tearfully, even though I'm anxious to do an inspection of my own. Bastien looks as if he's been dragged through a meat grinder, and while I understand that we've just created a storm of chaos and can't simply walk away from it, I want nothing more than to be along with my mate to make sure he's actually unharmed. By the way he's continuing to paw me, I know he feels the same.

"Babies," Bastien repeats hoarsely. "We're really having twins? I thought maybe Blaise was toying with me."

"We're really having twins." | confirm, offering him a w a tery smile.

The next thing I know Bastien has lifted my feet off the ground and is spinning me through the air, apparently forget ting how delicate my stomach is in his excitement. "Woah, woah, woah!" | protect, gripping his muscular biceps, "you're going to make me sick."

He immediately puts me down, brushing the hair from my eyes. "I'm sorry, I'm just so happy."

"I've been too scared to really think about it," I admit, pressing a steadying hand to my dizzy brain, "I wasn't sure I'd actually get to meet them."

"I'm so sorry." Bastien professes, pulling me close again, "T m so so sorry I put you in this situation."

"You didn't." | assure him, noticing our audience inching away out of the corner of my eyes. Clearly they can sense things are

getting personal and have to good sense to slip away before things get too intimate. "I came after you, I surrendered to Blaise."

"Oh I remember." Bastien tells me ominously, sending a shiver down my spine.

"Are you mad?" I squeak, peeking up at him from beneath my lashes.

"More than you know." He informs me darkly, even as he ducks his head to nuzzle the curve of my neck, "but that's for another time. Right now I just want to be with my beautiful mate, and know that everything is finally going to be okay."

"Do you really believe that?" I ask anxiously, not in defiance, but needing to hear him tell me that we really are safe, "is it really over?"

"Yes." Bastien promises, kissing my neck, "you and I are going to have to get used to the idea that danger isn't hiding around every corner, as crazy as that seems."

"I love you so much." I tell him, turning my face up to his and silently begging for a kiss. He doesn't make me wait, his mouth

claims mine without hesitation, slanting over mine while his tongue teases the seam of my lips, then delving deep when I open for him. I whimper as he devours me, feeling my body light up like a firecracker just being close to Bastien again.

"I love you too." He tells me when we part. "More than anything."

As happy as I would be to continue basking in Bastien's embrace, I'm impatient to leave. I need to be alone with my mate. I can't stand the smell of Blaise's blood on him, and I need to make sure his injuries aren't worse than they look. Besides, Luna is going wild in my head, beyond eager to come together with our mate and reaffirm our vitality. I'm about to ask if we can leave – despite the fact that I have no idea where we're supposed to go – when footsteps sound in the distance. Not the footsteps of a few curious courtiers coming to see what's happened, but the synchronous thud of hundreds of

heavy boots. I immediately stiffen, but Bastien
assuages my worries as if he's reading my mind.

"It's okay. It's the rebels."

The doors all around the throne room slam open a
few

minutes later, and one by one the members of the
rebel army march into the destroyed throne room.

Matthew and Grayson

welcome them as liberators of the city, and though
it doesn't seem clear which one of them is going to
be taking over as Alpha,

their first orders to their troops are in perfect
agreement.

When Bastien, my father and I stride out of Blaise's
palace a little while later, it's to the sight of
thousands of shifters emerging

from the underground. They pour from their sub
terranean prison like so many ants, squinting in the
bright mid-afternoon light
and shielding their eyes from the sun.

Though most are confused and many seem afraid
this is all some elaborate trick, the rebel army
continues to usher the huddled

masses into the light. Whatever else may happen in tartarus, one thing is clear – Blaise’s legacy will die with him, and the people of the Calypso pack are free at long last.

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