

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 51

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Chapter 51

Bastien's POV

Arabella is the one who set the fire that was supposed to have killed me.

A few years ago I would have thought Selene was out of her mind for suggesting such a thing. Before the fire, Arabella seemed like the same vapid teenager I'd always known: Vain, self-centered and far too used to getting her own way. Dad and I spoiled her after Flynn died, letting her get away with murder out of misplaced guilt and convincing ourselves her antics were harmless.

In some ways it served us right to be manipulated by her – if we were foolish enough to buy the act when she batted her lashes and played the delicate flower, well, that's on us, not her. And though I was always aware the innocent act was just that – an act – I never imagined Arabella was concealing anything truly malicious.

I underestimated her desire for power, as well as her ego and cunning. She'd always been intelligent, but I hoped she would put her talents to a more noble use than social climbing. For a time I was even hopeful she would live up to my high expectations. When Selene was alive Arabella was always there for me when I needed a shoulder to lean on or ear to bend, she always understood my perspective and empathized with my struggles.

I didn't want anyone's pity or sympathy after Selene died, and Arabella's repeated attempts to provide it anyway slowly twisted and mutated into something much darker. Rather than affording me the blame I so clearly deserved for my mate's demise, she placed the responsibility on Selene – never coming out and saying so directly, but always implying, always insinuating. Eventually Arabella began criticizing Selene outright, ignoring my outraged rebukes every time.

When she finally colluded with the Elder Council to engineer a marriage between us, her machinations came fully into the light, breaking the last straw on the camel's back. Over the years our relationship disintegrated further and further, until it became nothing more than a shadow of the friendship I once believed we shared. No matter how many times I tried to make headway or repair the damage, Arabella jumped at every opportunity she saw to try and insinuate herself into the role of my mate – unraveling whatever progress or hope I'd managed to scrape together.

It has become only too clear that Arabella wants to lead the pack regardless of who she must cross or charm, and though I still don't want to believe the little girl I grew up with could be capable of such evil, I've seen too much of the world to think my mate's accusations' impossible.

Arabella set the fire? I repeat gruffly.

Whatever Selene expected, it clearly wasn't belief. She takes an uncertain step back and for a moment I think she's actually going to answer, but then she pauses, seeming to remember her leverage. I'm not answering any more questions until you take me back to Lila.

As much as I want to hold onto my own advantage, I can't put off such important answers. Let's go. I order, setting off at a trot.

Selene follows closely on my tail, huffing indignantly every time I slow my pace for her sake, and complaining every time I stop for a seemingly unnecessary break. I'm as impatient as she is to get back, but while she might be willing to push herself past her limits to reach her pup, even her answers are not sufficient enticement for me to risk my mate's health.

Aiden and Donavon are waiting at the safehouse when we return. The secluded space has been cleaned since we left, and Lila is happily playing in the front garden when we reach the edge of the wood. It takes a few minutes to help Selene shift back into her human form, but once her whimpers have quieted and her lovely skin has been wrapped up in warm clothes once more, there is nothing left to stop her reuniting with her pup.

Lila seems mildly oblivious to her mother's heightened emotion as Selene smothers her with hugs and kisses, but I feel my mate's relief and outpouring of love as if it is my own. I want nothing more than to join them and offer my own affection, but the moment I take a step forward Selene bares her fangs in my direction, shielding Lila from me with her small body.

The corner of my mouth twitches, I've always loved seeing Selene's fleeting flashes of ferocity. They were utter rarities during our marriage, but never failed to remind me of a grumpy kitten. Even now, when I know her aggression is real, I can't help but find it adorable.

Lila babbles away, filling in Selene about her night with my Betas, and we move into the house while Aiden and Donavon set up a perimeter outside. As impatient as I am for answers, I discover that I don't mind waiting to finish my conversation with Selene, not when watching her interact with her daughter is so fascinating.

She gives Lila her full attention, intently listening to every word out of the pups mouth and asking eager questions, all the while

keeping me locked in her periphery. When Lila's focus shifts to me, her lips stretching in a wide, toothy grin and her bright eyes lighting up with excitement, Selene glares at me over the child's head.

She reluctantly lets Lila tottle to me, and I scoop up the precious being with gentle hands, "Hello pup. Did you have fun with Uncle Aiden and Uncle Donavon?"

Selene snarls at the sound of the nicknames, but Lila doesn't notice. The child nods happily, "We went in da car!"

"She loves the car." Selene shares, watching us closely. "There's not much space for them in Asphodel."

"Well if you come to Elysium you can ride in the car every day." I divulge conspiratorially

Color floods Selene's cheeks even as Lila squeaks with excitement, but I can't bring myself to feel guilty. I don't care how dirty! have to play – I'm going to get my mate back.

"How dare you!" Selene plucks Lila from my grasp, furiously muttering, "We aren't going anywhere near Elysium."

"I beg to differ." I drawl. "You clearly aren't safe here, and I've yet to hear your accusations about Arabella. So at the moment Elysium seems like the best option."

Selene looks angry enough to scream, though she keeps her cool. "First of all, it isn't your decision regardless of where the danger is greatest." Then, ignoring my foreboding rumble, she adds, "And Arabella is guilty of everything I told you and more."

"So tell me, Selene." I encourage firmly, nodding to the child in her arms, "I kept my end of the bargain."

Muttering mutinously, Selene sets Lila on the floor in front of one of her toys, before returning to the kitchen and glaring at me head

1. on. "The night of the fire, Arabella turned up as soon as Odette left the cabin. She'd clearly been watching and she told me her actions were my own fault for not leaving when she originally told me to. Then she locked me in the closet and lit the match."

prowl forward, sending out enough sinister energy to keep my deceitful little mate on her toes, to keep her honest. "When did she originally tell you to leave?"

"I was always planning on leaving after the rejection ceremony." Selene replies guilelessly, "But I started to second guess myself after she tried to push me down the stairs at the hospital – the only reason she went down was because she lost her footing."

The words slice into me like a knife. Could I really have been so oblivious to what was happening under my own nose? The memory of Arabella wailing on the hospital gurney appears in my mind's eye, closely followed by the image of Selene cowering in the cabin, eyeing me as if I was her executioner. She knew Arabella had blamed her for the fall, and she assumed I would take the other woman's side over her own.

"So when we spoke at the jewelry store she made it abundantly clear that she would kill me if I didn't go through with my plans." Selene continues sulkily. "But Gabriel's death made that impossible... I couldn't go through with it. So she made me. She proved she was good for her word."

"If this is all true," I begin rigidly, "why in the Goddess's name didn't you tell me?!" My temper is a roiling tempest in my chest, how could she have kept such things from me.

"Because you picked her!" Selene cries, "You chose her over me, time and again."

"Never." I insist. "I never once chose her over you!" She opens her mouth to object but I hold up my hand, forestalling her words. "I can't take back what happened in the past, Selene. I'm sorry I made you feel like you weren't my choice because you always, always were." I vow. "I didn't have any idea what Arabella was up to. I had no idea she was capable of such things or had any intentions for me until long after I thought you were dead." I admit with chagrin.

"I never wanted to hurt you, and I never imagined she was telling you all those lies." I catch my mate's hands in my own. "Please believe me, little wolf." I beg, "Because I believe you – and I will make Arabella pay for her crimes."

"I don't believe you." Selene shakes her head, lowering her voice so that Lila won't overhear her harsh tone. "You had a thousand chances to make the right decision in the past, and you wasted all of them." She hisses. "You don't get anymore." Her two-toned eyes are hard as stone, her silky voice rough and callous. "My daughter is staying with her father, and I'm staying with her. Go back to Elysium, and forget about us." Selene orders, "With any luck – We'll never see each other again."

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Chapter 52

Selene's POV

I know the words are a mistake the moment they leave my lips,

It was one thing to tell Bastien Lila isn't his pup. It was another to instruct him to forget about us, but suggesting we'll never see each other again was akin to waving a red flag in front of an angry bull – and all three together? Well, that was just stupid.

Bastien lunges toward me, tangling one large hand in my hair and tugging my head back so that I'm forced to look him in the eye. His molten silver gaze bores into me, and his mouth hovers mere inches above my own. My breasts graze the muscled contours of his abdomen, and Luna whine needily in my head.

"What did you just say?" Bastien snarls, hitching me up against him.

"1-" | stammer uselessly, not following his train of thought.

"Say it, Selene." He repeats roughly. "Tell me that we'll never see each other again."

Ignaw on my lower lip, trying to figure out what to say to defuse his temper, to get him to leave without forcing me and Lila to go with him. "We won't, as long as Arabella is out there pulling her strings." | redirect, feeling a twinge of reassurance when the glazed look in his eye eases. "She won't fail next time, even if I do have my wolf now." His grip on me tightens, but I press on, hammering in the final nail to the coffin. "And she'll kill Lila too – just to spite me."

"What do you mean, you told Bastien Lila is mine?" Drake repeats, mouth agog.

After telling my mate that Arabella would kill our child if given the chance, he disappeared so quickly I practically fell to the ground. No matter what he believes regarding Lila's paternity, his protective instincts toward me extend to my pup, which may be the only part of his sudden appearance I can actually appreciate

Though I truly don't know what to believe about Bastien's relationship with Arabella, I'm confident my accusations will at least provide enough distraction for Drake and I to form a contingency plan now that my location has been discovered by my husband.

Admittedly, Bastien left Aiden behind in Asphodel to keep an eye on us, but I'm not worried. Not yet, at least. For the time being, my sole focus is on getting Drake up to speed and figuring out our next steps.

"I told him she's yours." I repeat apologetically. "It wasn't exactly planned but it's the easiest explanation and another Alpha is just about the only person that could actually stand in his way."

"My objection isn't to the concept, Selene." Drake groans, rubbing his eyes. "As much as I love her, Lila doesn't look or smell like me." He eyes Lila fondly, "She doesn't call me daddy, you and I don't live together, I'm not in any of your photos, she doesn't have status in the pack..." He's listing off the problems, ticking them off his fingers one by one.

Belatedly I realize the only reason why Bastien hasn't already run through these same conclusions is because his surprise and conflicted emotions blinded him to reason – but that won't last for long. "We could say I wanted a baby so you donated – as a friend." I suggest

"Alpha's don't just give out their sperm left and right, Selene." Drake counters with exasperation, "with good reason."

"You're not like most Alphas!" I exclaim. "you're modern and progressive!"

"Not that progressive." He chuckles, "It's not that I don't want to help, honestly. But we have to find an explanation that will stand up to scrutiny for more than five minutes."

Wracking my brain for ideas, I throw out, "We could say you're gay and this was your only chance for kids."

He cuts his eyes to me, 'No. Selene."

Throwing my hands up, I finally say, "look, it's no one's business how it happened in the first place." Drake is already rolling his eyes. "That's private, between you and I. All anyone needs to know is that she's yours."

"And how do you expect to tell the pack I have a child three years after the fact?" Drake ponders, pulling Lila into his lap and bouncing her on his knee. "How do you expect to explain it to this little sausage?" He teases, tickling her belly and holding on tight while she writhes gleefully in his arms.

#Chapter 52 Bringing Drake on Board

He's right, I don't want to confuse Lila. At the same time, I'd rather confuse her for a few weeks she won't even remember when she's older, than permanently introduce the chaos of the Nova pack to her life. "This isn't about either of them." I utter coolly, "This is about Bastien. As far as I'm concerned, no one else needs to be the wiser to our plans."

"You're smarter than this, Selene." Drake shakes his head. "This isn't a lie we can keep under wraps. You have to decide what's more important: tricking Bastien; or building a good life here."

"Are you..." I trail off, "Are you saying you won't lie for me?"

"I will tell whatever story you need me to." Drake assures me, "but you have to be sure that story is one you actually want told – for all our sakes."

"Thank you, Drake." I smile, watching him play with Lila the same way he has a thousand times before. I've always loved watching them play. Once upon a time I even imagined this might be what it must be like to see her with her father.

I know better now. Now that I've seen Lila and Bastien together, nothing will ever compare to that joy. It wasn't just the invisible' bond tying them together, or the similarities in their expressions. It was the pure rightness of them being together, exactly as the Goddess intended.

I'm so caught up in the memory, it takes me a moment to realize Drake isn't smiling anymore. "What's wrong?"

"I'm worried, that's all." Drake admits, "Even with the lie, I'm not sure it's safe for you two here. Is Bastien going to care that she's not his?"

"He'll have to." I murmur, "he's not Alpha in Asphodel, he can't challenge your decision without challenging you for control."

"I wouldn't put that past Bastien." He cautions. "No wolf can see clearly when it comes to their mate, and yours is even more headstrong than most."

"It has to end sometime." I decide. "We can't run forever. At one point or another I have to put my foot down and say enough is enough." I reach over my lap to stroke Lila's cheek. "My mother was chased out of the Calypso territory. I was chased out of the Nova lands. There aren't many places left on the continent for us to seek refuge in, and I refuse to let my daughter be chased from her home the way my mother and I were. Bastien can huff and puff all he wants. This ends here."

Odette's POV

When I answer the phone on Friday afternoon, the very last thing I expect is to hear my son's voice promptly turning my world upside down. I'd been hoping the call was from him, but I was expecting updates about his investigation into the Volana tipline, not life changing revelations unraveling three years worth of hard-earned healing.

"Selene's alive?" I can't believe what I'm hearing. I never wanted to believe that my daughter-in-law was gone, but the evidence had seemed irrefutable at the time. "How is that possible?"

"She's here in Asphodel." Bastien explains over the phone. "Drake Cavanaugh has been protecting her all this time."

"Oh sweetheart!" I'm not sure what to feel: joy, shock and relief all swarm for control, but confusion seems strongest still. "How is this possible? Why?" I don't understand how any of this came to pass.

"It was Arabella." Bastien growls. "She faked the kidnapping – everything – and set the cabin on fire with Selene inside."

The room spins around me. I don't want to believe the girl I helped raise is capable of such a thing, but I've never been as blind to her faults as my husband and son. Even so, murder and conspiracy are extreme even by shifter standards. There are flaws, and then there are flaws. "I have so many questions."

"So do I." Bastien breathes. "There's something else, Mom."

What else could there possibly be? I'm not sure I can handle anything more. "Yes?"

"Selene had a baby." There's an odd note in Bastien's voice, one I scarcely recognized. "A little girl called Lila. She's three."

"Three?" I repeat, sitting up suddenly. "Is she..?"

"Selene says she's Drake's." Bastien explains, reading my mind. "But I'm not convinced. You remember how sick Selene was the month before the fire?"

Of course, I remember everything about that terrible time. The weeks between Bastien announcing the end of his marriage, my husband's death and Selene's supposed murder loom large in my memory. Those terrible days were among the worst of my entire

life. "I remember."

"I've got a plan." Bastien breathes, "I want to bring them home, but we've got to deal with Arabella first."

I'm nodding, though he can't see me. "What do you need from me?"

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Chapter 53

Arabella's POV

"We have a problem." A deep voice thunders over the phone line.

My senses sharpen, locking onto the familiar sound, "I thought everything was set for the next phase?"

"It's not that." My longtime ally answers. "Bastien found Selene."

“Excuse me?” It takes a moment for the air to return to my lungs, “Selene is dead. How can he have found her?”

“It’s possible she’s not as dead as I led you to believe.” He hedges.

“What the fuck does that mean?” I hiss, “Either someone’s dead or they aren’t. Besides, you didn’t lead me to believe anything – I did it, not you!”

“Yes well I got cold feet!” He blurts out, “I pulled her out, alright? She’s been in Asphodel until now without anyone being the wiser.”

This is unbelievable. I always knew it was a bad idea to join forces, but I never imagined the idiot could screw things up this badly. I swear, only men make such stupid, block-headed mistakes. The bastard probably got it into his head he was in love with the little halfling and got cold feet.

“And her brat?” I demand. “She was breeding, you remember?”

“Luckily she had the sense to tell Durand the kid isn’t his.” My partner promises, “But they’ve met. She told him about your involvement, and from the looks of it, he believed her.”

I clench my eyes shut, rubbing my temples and praying for patience. “What does that mean?”

“It means the enforcers are on their way to arrest you.” He announces solemnly, “You don’t have much time.”

My eyes snap open, darting to the window in search of flashing lights. Finding none, I begin yanking clothes and provisions from my drawers, “Is that all?”

“For now.” My friend reports, “Do you have a plan?”

I laugh without humor, unzipping my luggage with excessive force “I always have a plan.”

“So what is it, where will you go?”

“That doesn’t concern you.” I mutter icily, “All you need to know is that I’m out there, and I’m watching you. If I were you, I’d get your act together – before it’s too late.”

Drake’s POV

I’m still hanging up the phone when Bastien Durand enters, smoke billowing from his ears. I plaster a smirk on my face, determined not to show the other Alpha any

weakness. I was feeling much more confident about things before Selene told him that Lila is my child.

“Hello Bastien.” | greet him coolly.

“Drake.” He nods stiffly, “We need to get a few things straight.”

“Is that so?” I snort, doing my best to pique his temper.

“Don’t bother posturing.” He grumbles, “It won’t do you any good.” Without waiting for an invitation, he drops into one of the lounge chairs in front of my desk, slouching in a show of outright disrespect. If I could afford to challenge the other wolf I might object, but we both know he’s stronger than I am.

“What is it you wish to discuss, Bastien?” I sigh.

“Selene is mine.” He declares, not bothering to look at me. “And whether or not Lila share’s my blood, she belongs to my mate, and that makes her mine too.”

*Funny.I snipe, *Have you shared these sentiments with Selene? Somehow I don’t think she’ll agree with you.”

“My relationship with my mate is our business, not yours.” The other wolf directs reproachfully. “We’ll sort our issues out when the time comes, but I expect you to be far out of the way by then.”

“If you expect me to agree to simply step aside so you can be free to mistreat her all over again, you’re sorely mistaken.” i inform him

“I have no interest in mistreating her, nor have I ever.” Bastien bites back, “Selene is the most important thing in the world to me, I would never harm her.”

*Then why did you?” I challenge. “In case you’ve forgotten, I was there when she left you, I know things about your marriage which are probably still mysteries to you!” I circle my desk, leaning against the hard wood with renewed confidence, “She was afraid of you, Durand. Afraid enough to fake her death and come to me when your girlfriend tried to knock her off.”

Cold silver eyes catch me in their crosshairs, “She said she wasn’t responsible for faking her death.”

“You egotistical ass,” I scoff, “Do you really think she would tell you if she did? She was so terrified of you she fled through rogue territories to get away from you. Why in the Goddess’s name do you think she would be up front with someone who frightened her so much?

“You’re lying.” He snarls.

“Am I?” I ask, “Because I’m the one who’s been here for Selene all this time.” I let every ounce of provocation I can muster bleed into my voice. “I’m the one who has been living with your mate, taking care of her, protecting her, holding her hand through childbirth and raising her pup, – for the last three and a half years!” I all but shout. “Do you really think you know her better, based on two days of being reunited, during most of which she was actively running from you?”

Bastien’s wolf claws at the surface of his skin, his eyes glowing, fangs and claws extended. His barrel-like chest heaves with shallow, furious breaths. Just as I think he’s about to explode, the fires in his eyes bank, and cold resolve settles over his powerful haunches. “I’m not as easy to manipulate as that, Cavanaugh.” He thunders, prowling around me in circles. “You think I don’t know that you’ve been in love with her since the moment you laid eyes on her?”

I try to brush off his words, but we both know there’s truth in them

“The longer it takes her to find herself, to see her true worth, the better it is for you.” He growls, “Selene has found a lot of strength over the last few years, but she still has not freed herself enough to live up to her full potential. The moment she does, she’ll see you are not even worthy of breathing the same air she is.”

“Your days with my mate are numbered.” Bastien rolls his neck, in a calculating, reptilian motion. “Support her for a while longer, hold her hand, offer her what meager protection you can, give her what she wants and never challenge her – but know it will never be enough.”

His words slam into me one after the other, stabbing straight to the core of my being. “At the end of the day, Selene and Lila belong with me, and no amount of pretending or wishful thinking can change that. I will take them back to Elysium where they belong, and there’s not a thing you can do to stop me.”

Selene’s POV

Drake comes to my rooms late that night, long after I’ve put Lila to bed and changed into my sleep clothes. “What’s wrong?” I ask the moment I see the strained expression on his face.

“Bastien is going to try to force you back to Elysium.” He cautions, “Don’t trust him, whatever he says.” He closes the door behind him with a firm click, “He just told me his entire plan. He doesn’t care whether Lila is his or not, he doesn’t care what you want. He’s the same Bastien he’s always been.”

“That’s no surprise,” I frown. Even as the words leave my lips, Luna stirs in my chest, We should go with him. Forget this other wolf

You like Drake. I remind her with annoyance.

That was before I met Bastien. He's stronger, smarter, better. She argues, He knows what's best.

I know what's best for my daughter. I snap. He doesn't even know he has a daughter.

And whose fault is that? Luna snarks. Do you have any idea how different things would be now if you'd been honest with him.

I've been honest with him before, Luna. It's only ended in tears. I counter.

"Don't worry, Drake, Bastien is the last person I plan on trusting." I assure my friend.

"No Selene." He warns, "I'm serious. You need to be careful. Whatever he says to you, don't believe him. He shows you a different man than he shows the rest of the world." His earnest expression is so full of concern there's no doubt he believes what he says, "It s a trick – a trap. You mustn't fall for it."

I offer Drake a soft smile. "I know I don't look like much, Drake." I broach, "But I was married to Bastien for three years before I met you, and I've run from him another three years since. Trust me when I say I know what I'm dealing with."

"I just want you to be safe." Drake grimaces.

"I will be." I promise. "And I'm going to guarantee my safety by staying far away from Bastien. You can take that to the bank."

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Chapter 54

Bastien's POV

I've never spent much time in Asphodel,

When I was a boy my father dragged me all over the continent, visiting different territories and packs, learning the lay of the land and meeting other Alphas, but I never liked anyplace as well as Elysium. Now, watching Selene and Lila commune with the strange animals who live in the watery mangroves of the Eros Pack's capital, I can almost appreciate the strange, floating city.

A soft, furry snout emerges from the water, kissing Lila's tiny toddler hand and making the pup squeal with delight. Selene keeps one slender arm locked around her daughter's middle so the child doesn't leap from the dock, but her own beaming grin is so wide I feel tempted to step forward and impose the same protection on my mate.

As if she can feel my gaze on her, Selene glances over her shoulder, her bright, intelligent eyes narrowing on me as her full mouth forms a luscious pout. I offer her a wolfish grin, Axel purring in my chest when a visible quiver vibrates up Selene's spine despite her grumpy expression.

I'm only vaguely aware of my Beta approaching on my left, desperately trying to ignore his grim energy in favor of the vision before me on the pier. Arabella fled Elysium.

Well that certainly dampened the mood. She what?

Someone tipped her off, clearly. Donovan responds evenly, She was gone before the warrant was even issued.

Then it's true. Aiden joins our silent conversation, appearing on my other side.

You doubted it? Donavon questions skeptically. Where Arabella's romantic interest in me had exposed the less savory aspects of her nature long ago, and Donavon's experience standing in as one of her guardians had offered him the same clarity, Aiden's idealistic view of our surrogate little sister has never quite been challenged – until now that is.

No. He rebuts, I just hoped... I suppose it was just denial. Aiden finally confesses. We grew up with her after all. Can you blame me for not wanting to believe it?

No. I answer easily. I don't want to believe it either – but I refuse to allow my own wishes to blind me to the truth. Guilt floods me as we stand there watching the identical she-wolves playing in the water, both so small in their own ways. The fact is I let myself ignore Arabella's faults for way too long. If I hadn't, none of this might have ever happened.

I can feel my Betas' eyes on me, and I know what Donovan is going to ask before the thought leaves his head. Do you want us to go after Arabella, or let her go?

A few years ago my allegiance to Flynn would have rendered the question unnecessary, even this time last year, I'm not sure how I would have answered. Now I don't give it a second thought: Hunt her down. No matter how long it takes.

Lila fell asleep around mid-afternoon, begging to be carried and then slumping in her mother's arms long before we neared the center-city neighborhood my mate and her pup called home. Though Selene had agreed to accompany our party on a diplomatic

tour around the city only after significant cajoling, her daughter's exhaustion seemed to provide the excuse for which she'd been waiting to duck out early.

She was, therefore, less than amused when I offered to carry Lila the rest of the way, bearing the brunt of the physical toll. Halting her imminent excuses to slip away, Selene reluctantly passed the pup to me while grumbling mutinously under her breath.

Taking the featherlight load into my arms and resisting the urge to steal a kiss from my mate in the process, I snuggled the pint sized wolf throughout the rest of the tour, determinedly parsing her delicate scent for any traces of Drake Cavanaugh and finding none,

When Selene stepped out to use the restroom, I took the opportunity for which I'd been waiting, feeling only a small sliver of guilt as I plucked a few hairs from the sleeping pups' head and passed them to Aiden. "Here, get these back to Elysium straight away. I want you to oversee the tests personally, and don't leave until they have the results."

I've already provided my Beta with samples of my own DNA to compare against Lila's. Though I have no doubt the hospitals in Asphodel are world-class, I don't trust Eros wolves with such delicate matters. I want the Drs in Elysium to run these tests, and I do I want a single middleman involved to muddy the waters of the results.

"Are you kidding?" I scoff "She'd have my head for even suggesting it" i joke. In truth, Selene's defensiveness only raises my suspicions that Lila is mine. After all, what cause would she have to be so defensive if Lila truly belonged to Drake?

"For what it's worth, Bastien. I don't think you have anything to worry about." Donovan confides, "That girl has your smile – not Cavanaugh's.

His words both comfort and concern me. "All due respect Donovan, I think I have even more to worry about if she is mine." "At least if she isn't I know Selene is being honest."

"Well if I were you, I'd start worrying." Aiden frowns, carefully wrapping up Lila's sample. "Because Donovan's right. If this pup isn't yours, I'll eat my hat."

Selene's POV

I firmly turn over the deadbolt locking my apartment, looking over my shoulder at the Alpha cradling my daughter as I push the door open. Stepping just inside, I reach out for Lila, sighing in frustration when Bastien pushes past me into the foyer rather than handing over my pup.

y sofa. Sirpanien." I instruct,

He strides past me as if he owns the space, pulling off his jacket and then Lila's before settling on my sofa. Stripping off my own outerwear, I promptly swipe my baby away

from the big predator and cuddle her to my chest, "You can go now, Bastien." I instruct, nodding towards the door where Donovan still hovers.

Rather than doing as I suggested, Bastien scoots closer, throwing one burly arm over my shoulder and circling the other around Lila. "I put out an order for Arabella's arrest." He announces nonchalantly.

My chin jerks toward him in surprise, and I sit up, holding my body away from his intoxicating touch as best I can. "Did you get her?"

"She ran." He sighs, dragging one large paw over his face.

It takes a moment for his words to sink in, their full implications washing over me like a drowning tide. "Then she knows I'm here."

He's growling before the words can leave his mouth. "Not necessarily."

"Of course she does!" I argue. "You tried to arrest her for attempting to kill me. The only way you could have found that out is if you found me, which means she knows I'm alive." And that also means she knows Lila is alive.

Luna whines in my chest, you have to tell him. If Arabella knows about Lila, she's in danger.

I force down my wolf's protests, even as Bastien remarks, "You're right, you'll just have to come back to Elysium with me then."

"What?" I hiss coldly.

"You're safest with me." Bastien announces smugly, "We know Arabella isn't in Elysium, So that's where you should go."

"In case you've forgotten, being near you got me almost murdered multiple times and you didn't do a damn thing to protect me." I bite back, squeezing Lila just a bit too tightly. The sweet pup murmurs and tosses in her sleep, and Bastien plucks her from my arms.

"There, there, little one." He croons. "Was Mommy getting too worked up?"

My mouth gapes open in outrage, "how dare you!"

Bastien gently rubs Lila's back in small, concentric circles. "Easy little wolf." Though he's petting my pup, I know he's speaking to me and me alone. "I didn't know before. I do now. I won't let any harm come to you."

Fuming and certain smoke is billowing from my nostrils, I extend my arms, “Hand her over, and get out of my house.”

Bastien arches a thick brow, not moving an inch, “No.”

“What do you mean, no?” I demand, “This is my house, I told you to leave. Now leave.”

I’m not sure how he manages it, after all, Lila isn’t known for being the deepest sleeper in the world. Nonetheless, one moment I’m hovering over Bastien flinging threats and and glares, and the next he’s got my pup sleeping contentedly in one hand, and my nape in the other, “This might be your house, but you belong to me, Selene.” Bastien growls “That means I make the rules here.”

My breast heaves as I scrabble for the words to respond, but he stops me again. “You need some rest, as does this angel, so you’r

going to get it.” He orders coldly. “Be a good girl and go to sleep. We’ll finish this in the morning.”

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 55

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 55

Selene’s POV

I firmly turn over the deadbolt locking my apartment, looking over my shoulder at the Alpha cradling my daughter as I push the door open. Stepping just inside, I reach out for Lila, sighing in frustration when Bastien pushes past me into the foyer rather than handing over my pup.

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