

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 66

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Chapter 66

Drake's POV

I've been waiting for Selene to get over Bastien from the first day she set foot in Asphodel. I told myself that as long as I was patient, as long as I proved myself a good friend to her and gave her the space she needed to heal, she would eventually realize how perfect we are for each other.

I don't care that I'm not her mate, or that this isn't what the Goddess planned.

As far as I'm concerned mates are overrated. Bastien never appreciated Selene. He was never good for her and she has always deserved better. I've worked incredibly hard these last few years to help Selene move past him, and I'm certain we could have been together by now – if he'd only stayed away.

Except he didn't stay away. He turned up in my city without notice or permission, and immediately set his sights on the woman of my dreams.

It would not be so terrible if he only wanted Lila.

Make no mistake, I love the pup, but she isn't mine. She has all of her mother's sweetness and charm, but she also shares her father's fierce spirit and independence. Lila embodies the same temperament that Bastien used to destroy her mother, and I refuse to let any more harm come to Selene.

I feel like a fool now that I see them together. These past few weeks I've imagined that if I can only keep Selene and Bastien apart, I can keep their bond from reform. But life doesn't work that way. As soon as Selene saw the Nova Alpha, I ceased to exist.

Rationally, I understand that there's nothing I can do to change what nature has predetermined, but in my heart, I cannot help but hope for more. I never intended to attack Bastien, I only wanted to protect Selene. But what's done is done, and now I may have very well sacrificed my life in her name.

I throw myself into the battle with everything I have. Bastien is bigger and stronger than I am, and I know my chances of defeating him on my own are laughable, but if I have to go down – at least I can go down fighting.

I look to Selene as these final thoughts filter through my mind, and even as the rational part of my brain questions the logic, there is no doubt in my mind: she's worth it.

Selene's POV

Everything happened so quickly I can barely keep up. One moment I was sobbing into Bastien's neck, the next I'm flat on my back, looking up from the sofa while a pair of alpha wolves war above me. I can't imagine what Drake was thinking when he decided to attack Bastien, especially not when I was standing between them, but his motives are irrelevant now.

Bastien responded to Drake's assault as any wolf would, by shifting and meeting him head on. The fight is already under way, and I have a terrible feeling that only one man will come out alive. Unfortunately for my friend, the odds of Drake winning are abominably low. Bastien is almost twice Drake's size in this form, and I've seen my mate fight off half a dozen formidable opponents without so much as breaking a sweat.

They clash in a fit of teeth and claws, their snarls rending the air in two. I'm certain Lila will wake at any *moment*, and suddenly my only instinct is to reach my pup before the danger can land on her doorstep. I scramble to my feet, only to find myself trapped in place by the massive tangle of fur.

Blood splatters on the floor in front of me, and I look up in abject horror to find Drake nursing a paw marred by a vicious gash. He whines in pain, but continues to fight, seemingly oblivious to the odds

against him.

Finally deciding to escape over the back of the couch, I leap to the other side and dart for the bedroom where my daughter sleeps. I force my way through the door, eyeing the narrow mattress where Lila continues to nap, astonished that she can sleep through this ruckus.

Carefully pulling the door shut before the noise can disturb her slumber, I turn back on the battling men. I know it's only a matter of time, Drake can only last so long against Bastien and his strength wanes with every moment that passes,

Just as I ponder these condemning thoughts, Drake's Beta, Hugo appears in the doorway, flanked by half a dozen guards. They launch themselves at the warring wolves at once, shattering my calm and sending my nerves haywire.

Drake's guards attack as one, surging forward to challenge Bastien like a tidal wave of fire and fury. They show no restraint, attacking my mate's weak spots without even pausing to let him catch his breath. Bastien fights one wolf after another, throwing them off of him with practiced ease and making me wonder if there is any pack on the continent capable of truly challenging his dominance.

Luna loves his prowess, cooing and preening with every drop of blood he sheds. She loves how power fully he expels his enemies, but she also frets for his safety when more and more guards arrive. What was once six sentries becomes ten, and the tactics Bastien once used to repel them begin to falter.

The greater Drake's losses, the more wolves he calls to his aid. For every guard and sentinel Bastien takes out, another lies in the wings, waiting for their chance to destroy the indomitable Alpha.

I dash to the doorway, scanning the hall for signs of Aiden or Donovan. This isn't fair. Bastien is fight ing alone while Drake has an army at his disposal, I never thought Drake would do something with so little integrity. I understood it when I needed a ploy to escape the city and no other option was available to us.

U

If I thought Drake was attempting a similar strategy, I might not mind so much. I'm not ready to face everything which transpired between Bastien and I. My heart still feels hollow and broken, yet I'm also com ing to realize how wrong I was about our relationship. Every instinct | possess tells me not to trust the wolf; to protect myself at all costs. Yet my heart also aches for my mate. I want to believe Bastien, I want to be lieve he loves me, that we could truly build a life together.

However it's clear that this is no ruse. For one reason or another, Drake has lost his head. He's going in for the kill.

As more of Drake's men join the fight, Luna tries to force her way out of my skin, straining and stretch ing to make the painful shift we've only managed once before. No, I beg her, it hurts, and we don't know how to fight.

We have to do something. She insists, They're going to kill him if this keeps up.

For a few long moments, I continue to fight my wolf. She's only come out once before, and the pain was such that I can only compare it to childbirth. Still, I know Luna is stronger than I am. She possesses skills I do not, and she can help me now.

Without thinking, I dive into the fray, putting my body between Bastien and Drake's men and snarling with every ounce of courage I possess. I assumed they would back off the moment a she-wolf stepped in, but their aggression fuels their violence like a drug, driving them to destroy any obstacle which stands in their way.

TWO wolves come at me at once, their glowing eyes boring into my psyche with more ferocity than I can ever recall facing, Garrick *may* have hurt and abused me, but he never sought to destroy me as a wolf. He always attacked as a man, and I was only able to fend him off because he remained in that form. This is another matter entirely.

Bastien is still mid-fight with Drake, unable to reach me but clearly conscious of my actions. He's growling behind *me*, warning me off and threatening all sorts of retribution for interfering. Still, persist. My mate might be strong enough to rule a pack, but I am strong enough to defend those I love, no matter the threat.

#Chapter 66 Luna's Choice

I bare my teeth and offer up my fiercest snarl, determined to protect him. The wolves launch forward, and Bastien roars in the distance as they tear into my delicate limbs and send me flying. A pitiful whimper leaves my lips even as I crash to the floor

I'm hurt and afraid, not to mention confused beyond all reason. I'm not sure who ends the fight, only that silence eventually falls in the room. However once the chaos halts, there is no question who's in charge. I would recognize the hands that pull me from the floor anywhere.

I'm barely conscious; barely breathing after the terror of the fight and shock of my injuries set in. Still one thing is clear: I'm in Bastien's arms now, and no matter what else might happen, I know I'm safe. As long as I'm with Bastien, I will always be safe.

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Chapter 67

Bastien's POV

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I thought I was hallucinating when Selene joined the fight. After all, my mate doesn't have a violent bone in her body, but I suppose her wolf had other ideas. Everything should have stopped then and there, but I wasn't near enough to help her, and Drake's guards were so blinded by bloodlust they never even registered that the obstacle blocking them from their target was the mother of their Alpha's child.

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into the air. We shifted at once, reaching for the little wolf collapsed in a puddle on the floor at the same time.

Axel almost took control again when he realized what Drake was doing, but the brutality of his snarl fended off the other Alpha just in time. Drake turned on his men with a vengeance while I scooped up Selene, laying into them with more strength and authority than I've ever seen him display.

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By the sounds of it, a few Eros wolves will soon be unemployed. I can approve of that much, but this never should have happened in the first place. If Cavanaugh had been paying attention to his surroundings, he could have stopped this. I saw Selene step in and tried to warn her off, but I couldn't reach her until Drake called off his dogs.

I lay Selene on the couch and pull a blanket over her small form, kneeling in front of her and stroking her gleaming white fur. Crimson stains bloom on her arms, shoulder and ribs, and though the wounds don't look severe, it terrifies me that she hasn't regained consciousness.

Axel is alternating between whining and growling, beside himself with concern for Selene and overwrought with fury towards the wolves who did this.

Sick of listening to Drake's shouts, I thunder, "Stop barking at those idiots and get a doctor!"

He looks like he wants to punch me, but one glance at Selene convinces him to obey. His Beta and the

peer, and then Drake is striding towards the door of Lila's bedroom. A fresh growl bursts from my chest, but he ignores me, narrowing his glowing green eyes with disgust. "Back off, Durand. I have a right to check on my daughter."

Axel lets off a string of curses in my head, emitting a bevy of choice words I wouldn't mind throwing at Drake myself. With great effort, I refrain. I hate hearing him call Lila that, but he's right. I know he won't hurt the pup, and I want to make sure she's all right too.

"Come on, little wolf." I coax softly, trying to steady my hands as they continue to shake with rage. "Open your eyes for me."

Selene whimpers faintly, her ears twitching in response to my voice. Sweet relief slams into me, but I refuse to be bowled over, not yet. "That's it, baby." I praise, "come back to me."

I can hear running footsteps in the distance, and the faint sounds of a grumpy pup waking from slumber. Drake is rousing Lila, and I feel nothing but annoyance towards the man when I hear her disgruntled whines. Still, I think Selene must hear them too. Her eyelids begin to twitch as the noises grow louder, and I jump on the idea. "Wake up, Selene." | encourage, "Lila needs you."

Her bright eyes blink open, looking glassy and far away. She whines, sounding so much like her pup | almost want to laugh, before clamping them shut again. "Tsk, none of that." I chide, finally releasing the breath I've been holding since I saw her hit the floor. "Open them all the way, beautiful."

#Chapter 67 Healing

I can't hold back my grin when she finally complies. "That's my girl." | commend her, waiting for the luminous pools to focus. It only takes a moment for her brain to catch up before her nerves start zinging messages of pain back to the control center. Guilt fractures my insides when her pupils contract to pin points and her face twists into a grimace. "I know it hurts, angel, but we need you to shift."

Lila is crying now, and Drake appears in the doorway, rocking the pup in his arms and trying fruitlessly to calm her. I'd like nothing more than to storm across the room and rip the child from his arms. This is all his fault. He hurt my mate and made her pup cry in a matter of minutes.

Selene's head twists around on the cushions, searching for her daughter and trying to rise when she cannot find her. Before I can step in, Selene's arms give out and she crumples back onto the sofa with a whimper.

Drake's concerned expression deepens, and he moves nearer, clearly intending to put Lila in Selene's line of sight. I shake my head at him firmly, Selene might need to see her pup, but Lila does not need to see her mother bleeding out in the living room.

"She's alright Selene." I promise, pleased to see Drake carrying the toddler out of the room. "She just got woken up before she was ready, that's all." Pressing a kiss to her velvety muzzle, I continue, "you have to shift back now."

I feel like an ogre for asking this of her, especially knowing it's only her second time. Unfortunately it can't be helped. Shifting takes a lot of energy; if she doesn't do it soon, she won't be able to until she's had some time to recover. Of course, the doctors can still examine her in this form, but it's far from ideal. "Shift sweetheart."

Scrunching her face up in concentration, Selene's limbs begin to blur at the edges, vibrating with heat and energy. Louds cracks and pops fill the air, punctuated by a keening cry as my mate's body twists and bends, reshaping itself in ways that defy nature. By the time the transformation is complete the doctor has arrived, and my mother close behind.

I wrap the blanket a bit tighter around Selene's naked body, trailing soothing caresses where I can. "You did so well, baby. I'm so proud of you."

"Bastien!" Mom exclaims, looking horror struck, "What happened?"

"Cavanaugh happened." | grumble, "Will you do me a favor and go make sure Lila's alright, he took her out a few minutes ago."

Selene shifts restlessly, too exhausted to speak as she watches my mother leave, immediately taking up her marching orders. "Don't worry." | croon, reading the distress in her pale countenance. "Mom will take care of her. She'll spoil her so much you'll have a real problem on your hands by the time she's done."

She barely has time to process my words before the doctor approaches. Unfortunately it's a man, which is the very last thing we needed. If I know my mate, the outbreak of violence will have sent her straight into flashbacks of Garrick. Concern for Lila may have kept her partially present, but right now she's probably halfway between reality and nightmare.

Sure enough, she tries to scabble away from the man, yelping in pain and not moving an inch. With every second that passes, I find more reasons to hate Drake Cavanaugh. I don't want to be forced to hold Selene down, and I don't have any idea where I could even apply pressure without harming her worse than she already is.

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The serious-looking man eyes me from over the top of his glasses. "Then you'll have to hold her down."

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But I will never forget the terror in her eyes, or the sounds of her pleading and crying when Dr Field's approached with the syringe. I will never forget the pain I inflicted trying to keep her still, the physical wounds I worsened while she begged us not to hurt her, or her wails of agony when we did it anyway.

Even injured as Selene was, her survival instincts kicked in strongly enough that overpowering her surging adrenaline took two doses of sedative. When it was over, it was all I could do to carry her to bed without breaking down. I finally collapsed in the chair at her side, watching the doctor tend her wounds and praying to the Goddess that she won't remember what happened.

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Chapter 68

NUPAL

Bastien's POV

"Bastien, I'm fine!" Selene insists, spreading her arms wide to show me the veracity of her words, "See, all healed."

It's true that the gashes and bite marks that once littered her body have already faded to the faintest scratches and bruises, no doubt accelerated by the healing power of her Volana blood. Even so, I refuse to risk it.

si?

"It's too soon." I decree, nudging her back towards the bed. She's been trying to convince me to let her leave the makeshift infirmary all day long, too anxious about everything going on to stay put. Wrangling her has been surprisingly difficult, it seems I can't turn my back without her trying to sneak out. If I had any doubts that my little wolf found her strength during our time apart, her rebellious behavior today has certainly erased them.

HOT

As if reading my mind, my mate crosses her arms over her chest. "I'm not the fragile halfling you married, Bastien. I have my wolf again, I can recover at twice the rate most shifters can and you know it."

TH

"The doctor's orders were to rest at least two days." I remind her, "regardless of how well you might feel, your body has been through a lot and you need to give it a chance to recover."

"I need to talk to Drake." She sighs, "and I want to see Lila."

"Whatever you need to say to Drake can wait." I state coolly. We both know that conversation will not be easy. "And I will gladly bring Lila for a visit."

Selene flops back on the bed with a dramatic sigh. "I don't want a visit, I want out of this room."

Trying not to smile, I lean forward, bracing my hands on the mattress and looming over the disgruntled little wolf. "One more day." I promise huskily, "And if you're a good girl and stop trying to escape, I'll give you a reward."

Curiosity piqued, Selene eyes me suspiciously. "What kind of reward?"

My cheeks split with a wide grin, and I lower my head until our mouths are nearly touching. 'The kind you won't soon forget – Mate.'

Desire and anticipation overtake Selene's frustration. The scent of her arousal rises to fill my senses, the change so swift that I groan. Goddess, she must be even closer to her heat than I realized.

Even as I think the words, a flush travels up Selene's body and she shudders uncontrollably. Her beautiful eyes widen, her plump lips parting on a gasp.

Not close. Axel corrects me, already ravenous for her. It's here.

He's right, her luscious scent transforms within seconds. I never believed it was possible to want my mate any more than I already did. I never cared that she didn't have her wolf, she's always smelled completely exquisite and utterly irresistible.

This is different,

This is so much more than an aroma. It's a drug; a powerful narcotic that fills me with a primal need unlike anything I've ever experienced. My wolf is quickly losing control, my rut already beginning.;

"Bastien?" My little wolf is looking up at me with confusion and fear. Her voice is soft and hoarse, clearly overwhelmed and looking to me for answers.

"It's alright." I assure her, "It's just your heat."

*Chapter 69 Heat

I don't know why I'm saying it's alright. If we were in any other circumstances it would be, however Selene isn't in any condition to handle the rough, animalistic mating heats elicit,

She's practically writhing beneath me, desperate to ease the ache consuming her form, "Don't make me wait." She begs helplessly, "Please Bastien, don't leave me like this."

"Fuck." I groan, dropping my forehead to rest against hers, "Don't look at me like that, baby."

Selene pushes up onto her elbow, aggressively dragging my mouth down to hers and immediately opening for my tongue. She kisses me with every ounce of pent up passion she's carried since we parted three years ago – I know, because I'm doing the same.

I don't bother fighting my wolf or pushing her away. It wouldn't be any use – I can't resist her. Not now, not ever.

Instead I take control, sliding my arms around Selene's small body and nipping her swollen lips when she does not yield. That slight pinch is all it takes, she melts into my embrace, trusting me to take care of her – to give her what she needs.

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And she's certainly going to get it. In fact, she's going to get more than she needs. For the first time since we met, I won't have to hold back. She's strong enough now that I can unleash myself completely. I can mate her and claim her the way I've always dreamed – her injuries be damned. She asked for it, and she's going to get it.

"Naughty little mate." I purr, kissing my way down her throat and tearing the clothes from her body. "Be careful what you wish for."

Selene's POV

Bastien lowers his mouth to my breasts the moment they're exposed, catching one taut nipple between his teeth and teasing it with his tongue. After a moment he lavishes the same treatment on the other, sliding his hands possessively over my naked body and making me forget everything that is not this moment.

I want to feel his skin on mine. I reach for the bottom of his shirt and begin to work it up his chiseled abs, but then his hand moves between my legs, and I abandon the idea completely. His thumb is ruthlessly circling the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, fingers already delving into the pool of wetness gathered at the entrance of my sheath.

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Luna is out of her mind with lust, and there's a steady rumble vibrating in Bastien's chest that I think must be his own wolf at work. I'm already so close to coming, and he's barely touched me. He finally slides two fingers into my sex and my tight inner muscles begin to clench and contract, squeezing the digits like a vice.

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Only instead of coming down, the continued attention just begins driving me to another peak, and I whimper into his mouth.

“Greedy girl.” Bastien croons, “don’t tell me you’re already going to come again.”

“I can’t help it.” I whine, throwing my head back so that he can lick and nibble my throat. Riding the wave of pleasure higher and higher, it crashes over me much too soon and I shudder and shake in my mate:

#Chapter 69 Heat

s strong arms.

“Poor little wolf.” He says sympathetically, “I told you the first heat packs a wallop.”

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PE

Bastien nips the inside of my thigh and then his tongue is on me, erasing all thought from my mind. I whimper again, overwhelmed by the ecstasy radiating from my core. It’s the most exquisite hurt, to have him sucking and laving my overloaded nerve center.

I bury my hands in his hair, unsure if I mean to push him away or pull him closer. I settle on simply twining my fingers through the thick, blond locks, anchoring myself to him. He groans, sending delicious vibrations across the bare skin beneath his lips.

I think I might explode when his fingers join his tongue, thrusting and stretching my sodden channel. To my utter disbelief, I realize that I’m building to another orgasm. Bastien is challenging everything! thought I knew about my body.

When I come, crying out and clenching my fists in the silky strands’ of his hair, he does not stop. Before I can wind down, his fingers crook inside me, and I tumble over the edge again, mewling helplessly into the air.

I feel completely wrung out, delirious with pleasure and practically floating in space. Bastien is undressing, watching me as he strips off his clothes and wearing the smug look of a wolf who knows he's satisfied his mate to the edge of sanity.

I'm so drunk on endorphins I actually think he might simply be planning on lying down with me. Bastien is even more gorgeous than I remember, and I want him to make love to me more than anything, but I don't think I can possibly take any more.

But he doesn't lie down with me. He prowls forward and hooks his arms beneath my knees, lifting my hips and lining up his huge cock with my tight sheath. I meet his gaze, my eyes widening in alarm when I feel him nudge my entrance and remember just how large he is, Dark hunger flashes in Bastien's eyes, the unmistakable look of a wolf about to go in for the kill, and I know: He's not going to show me any mercy.

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 69

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 69

NUPAL

Bastien's POV

"Bastien, I'm fine!" Selene insists, spreading her arms wide to show me the veracity of her words, "See, all healed."

It's true that the gashes and bite marks that once littered her body have already faded to the faintest scratches and bruises, no doubt accelerated by the healing power of her Volana blood. Even so, I refuse to risk it.

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"It's too soon." I decree, nudging her back towards the bed. She's been trying to convince me to let her leave the makeshift infirmary all day long, too anxious about everything going on to stay put. Wrangling her has been surprisingly difficult, it seems I can't turn my back without her trying to sneak out. If I had any doubts that my little wolf found her strength during our time apart, her rebellious behavior today has certainly erased them.

HOT

As if reading my mind, my mate crosses her arms over her chest. "I'm not the fragile halfling you married, Bastien. I have my wolf again, I can recover at twice the rate most shifters can and you know it."

TH

"The doctor's orders were to rest at least two days." I remind her, "regardless of how well you might feel, your body has been through a lot and you need to give it a chance to recover."

"I need to talk to Drake." She sighs, "and I want to see Lila."

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"Whatever you need to say to Drake can wait." I state coolly. We both know that conversation will not be easy. "And I will gladly bring Lila for a visit."

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Selene flops back on the bed with a dramatic sigh. "I don't want a visit, I want out of this room."

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Trying not to smile, I lean forward, bracing my hands on the mattress and looming over the disgruntled little wolf. "One more day." I promise huskily, "And if you're a good girl and stop trying to escape, I'll give you a reward."

27

Curiosity piqued, Selene eyes me suspiciously. "What kind of reward?"

My cheeks split with a wide grin, and I lower my head until our mouths are nearly touching. "The kind you won't soon forget – Mate."

Desire and anticipation overtake Selene's frustration. The scent of her arousal rises to fill my senses, the change so swift that I groan. Goddess, she must be even closer to her heat than I realized.

Even as I think the words, a flush travels up Selene's body and she shudders uncontrollably. Her beautiful eyes widen, her plump lips parting on a gasp.

Not close. Axel corrects me, already ravenous for her. It's here.

He's right, her luscious scent transforms within seconds. I never believed it was possible to want my mate any more than I already did. I never cared that she didn't have her wolf, she's always smelled completely exquisite and utterly irresistible.

This is different,

This is so much more than an aroma. It's a drug; a powerful narcotic that fills me with a primal need unlike anything I've ever experienced. My wolf is quickly losing control, my rut already beginning.;

"Bastien?" My little wolf is looking up at me with confusion and fear. Her voice is soft and hoarse, clearly overwhelmed and looking to me for answers.

"It's alright." I assure her, "It's just your heat."

*Chapter 69 Heat

I don't know why I'm saying it's alright. If we were in any other circumstances it would be, however Selene isn't in any condition to handle the rough, animalistic mating heats elicit,

She's practically writhing beneath me, desperate to ease the ache consuming her form, "Don't make me wait." She begs helplessly, "Please Bastien, don't leave me like this."

“Fuck.” I groan, dropping my forehead to rest against hers, “Don’t look at me like that, baby.”

Selene pushes up onto her elbow, aggressively dragging my mouth down to hers and immediately opening for my tongue. She kisses me with every ounce of pent up passion she’s carried since we parted three years ago – I know, because I’m doing the same.

I don’t bother fighting my wolf or pushing her away. It wouldn’t be any use – I can’t resist her. Not now, not ever.

Instead I take control, sliding my arms around Selene’s small body and nipping her swollen lips when she does not yield. That slight pinch is all it takes, she melts into my embrace, trusting me to take care of her – to give her what she needs.

II

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And she’s certainly going to get it. In fact, she’s going to get more than she needs. For the first time since we met, I won’t have to hold back. She’s strong enough now that I can unleash myself completely. I can mate her and claim her the way I’ve always dreamed – her injuries be damned. She asked for it, and she’s going to get it.

“Naughty little mate.” I purr, kissing my way down her throat and tearing the clothes from her body. “Be careful what you wish for.”

Selene’s POV

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Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 70

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

Chapter 70

Bastien's POV

Fucking incredible.

Those are the only words I can conjure as I look down at my mate. Selene is dazed and drugged on pleasure, spiraling towards an overdose that will satisfy her heat and prepare her to be marked. I almost can't believe she's really in front of me, the very image of all my erotic fantasies over the last few years.

Her taste is still on my tongue, and I can't help but revel in the Goddess's wisdom. She could not have made me a more perfect mate if she tried. Selene is an extraordinary beauty, but lots of she-wolves are beautiful. The true magic is in her sweet submission, her incredible responsiveness and vulnerability.

Selene is an experienced woman, yet every time with her is like the first. She's never lost her innocent spirit, that sheltered quality I never get bored of scandalizing. Whatever else might have happened between us, she's not capable of hiding her feelings in the bedroom. She experiences everything openly and honestly, surrendering to pleasure with absolute abandon.

She's still so tight, and unless I'm mistaken, it's been a while since she's taken a lover – a fact which pleases Axel to no end. I thrust into her as slowly as I can stand, watching her face contort as I spread her wide. I rock back and forth to help her spasming channel adjust to the invasion, savoring her panting breaths and the adorable squeaks she emits.

Selene's eyes are glowing, the heat keeping her wolf close to the surface. Her small hands are fisted in the blankets around her, her pale skin glistening with sweat and her rosy mouth open in rapture.

I've never seen anything more stunning.

The sight of my thick length disappearing into her is severely testing my control. I release one of her legs, returning my fingers to her clit and circling it in hopes of easing my entry. Selene's back comes off the bed and she cries out as I torment the little nub, clutching my wrist and undulating her hips, pushing her self further down my cock.

I growl in triumph when I'm finally buried so deep in Selene's silky heat that my pelvis is resting against her soaked mons. She's velvety and sleek, her internal muscles gripping me like a vice. My mate is gasping, for air, filled to the brim and completely exposed.

This is the way it's supposed to be. We should be like this always, joined as mates and never parted.

I begin moving, withdrawing with agonizing slowness before slamming back into her at full force. Selene is emitting raw, punched-out gasps every time I bottom out, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. I know I should be gentle, but I can't help it — even if she wasn't in heat, it's been far too long since we came together last.

I set a relentless pace, taking her without restraint as every ridge of my steely flesh scrapes along her insides with delicious friction, Selene is still propping herself up partway, meeting me thrust for thrust with her long legs wrapped around my back. Needing to be closer to her – to feel her soft body flush against mine – I scoop her up, letting her wrap her arms around my neck and bouncing her on my hard length.

Finding a handhold in her long hair and I tug her head back so that I can claim her mouth as ferociously as I claim her body. She drags her nails down my back as our

tongues tangle, and a guttural moan leaves *my mouth* as I increase my speed, pounding into her as her cries become more frantic.

The instinct to *mark her* is getting stronger every second. I begin kissing my way towards her neck, scraping my jaw along her silky cheek. My scruff leaves a rash of red marks across the delicate surface but Selene simply nuzzles her face against mine, adding to the scrapes and dropping kisses over every inch of skin she can reach.

Mine. Mine. Mine. Axel chants as I tease the junction of her neck and shoulder with my tongue. Finally,

#Chapter 70 Marked

he exclaims, we should have claimed her long ago. Her wolf is begging for it.

I want to sink my teeth into her tender flesh more than anything, but I have to time it right. I don't want to hurt my mate, I don't want her to associate being claimed with pain. Timed right, the mark can take a she-wolf to new heights of euphoria. Timed wrong, it can ruin the moment completely.

I force myself to slow down, pressing Selene's back into the wall and rolling my hips in synchrony with hers. I grind my pelvis into her clit in between thrusts, bracing her weight against the wall to free my hands. I can't decide where I want to touch her most: her luscious breasts, round ass or overworked sex. In the end I don't decide, shifting my touch between all three. My hands are everywhere, drawing out my mate's bliss any way I can.

Selene's expression is completely glazed over, and I watch her like a starving man, drinking in her pleasure as if it's my own. I could watch her like this forever, especially when a flash of panic breaks through the haze, dashing across her face as she constricts around my cock with almost painful intensity.

I don't have to ask to understand what's happening. I'd be willing to bet my naive little mate thought she was done with climaxing for the day. I'm sure she imagined she was just along for the ride at this point, but she should have known better.

"You gonna give me another one, gorgeous?" | purr.

Selene tosses her head back and forth, looking as if she's near tears. A keening wail settles on her tongue. 'I can't.'

"Yes you can, baby." I promise huskily, angling my thrusts upward into her most sensitive spot.

“Bastien –” Selene yelps, writhing in my arms as if she’s attempting to escape, nevermind that I’m more than twice her size. She whimpers when she doesn’t gain an inch, “It’s too much!”

“Don’t fight it,” I warn her, taking long, deep strokes while I cradle her body. ‘Just let go.’

Selene opens her mouth as if she might respond, but no sound comes out. Instead she clamps her eyes shut, her sheath clenching desperately around me.

‘That’s it,’ I praise her, trying to remember if I’ve ever loved her more than I do in this moment. “Just like that, fuck.’

Just as Selene detonates, I return my mouth to her throat, letting my fangs extend and positioning them for the mark. Axel is howling in my ear at a deafening pitch, driving my lust and egging me on.

With no time to waste, I sink my fangs into Selene’s neck, sinking in deep and letting the magic of our bond flow through me and into her.

At last. I think, At last – she’s mine.

Selene’s POV

He’s trying to kill me.

It’s the only explanation,

After three years of marriage to Bastien I didn’t think he could surprise me anymore – not in the bed room at least. He’s always had a habit of inundating me with more pleasure than I can bear, of testing my limits and introducing me to new forms of carnal delight– but nothing like this.

I’m teetering on the edge of sanity, no longer feeling as if I’m even in the same room as my mate. I feel like I’m in a distant cocoon: wrapped in soothing warmth, completely blissed out, and only vaguely aware that I’m still on a roller coaster of lust.

I start coming back down to earth when Bastien triggers my final orgasm. I’m so overwhelmed at this

#Chapter 70 Marked

point that I don’t think I can survive another, my erogenous zones are all so sensitive that the magnitude of this climax feels impossible and terrifying at the same time. Yet he does it anyway, gently shushing my concerns and carrying me over the edge.

As white lights block out my vision, I feel a piercing pain around the curve of my neck, like two small daggers driving into me. I can't explain how or why, but the pain only makes my orgasm more intense. It propels it higher and higher, until it's no longer one climax, but a string of multiple explosions striking one after the next.

An incredible warmth and sense of peace flows through me as I ride out the torrent, free to enjoy the sensations knowing I'm safe in my mate's arms. All at once, I feel a rush of love spreading through my body, swelling my heart and anchoring me to Bastien like never before.

Tused to feel like we were two different people, two souls intertwined but undoubtedly separate. Now it seems like I can't tell where I end and he begins. Luna is howling joyously, harmonizing with the blood singing in my veins.

We're one now. She tells me, celebrating raucously in her little corner of my heart. Forever.

He's marked me, I realize.

That's why I feel so wonderful.

My mate finally claimed me, and though we will never share a brain or body, Luna's right: We are no longer two souls, we are one.

Bastien is mine, not even the Goddess can come between us now.