

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 8

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Chapter 8

#Chapter 8 Lust

Selene's POV

I stare up at Bastien with wide eyes, my heart racing in my chest, so loud I'm sure he can hear it.

Flames dance up my cheeks, and I know I must be bright red. Lust, excitement and fear war for control of my body, swirling around each other in an intoxicating tempest.

Bastien lowers himself to the bed, leaning over my prone form and pinning my hands against the mattress on either side of my head. He swallows my startled gasp, his mouth claiming mine before another word can be spoken.

As tense as I was moments before, I immediately let go when Bastien takes control, going soft and supple as he extracts kiss after kiss from my lips. I open myself to him, giving my body up for his conquest and letting him sweep me away from reality. I lose all sense of my surroundings, the ecstasy of Bastien's kiss barring all sound, all thought, all sensation not of him.

Bastien has kissed me thousands of times and made love to me in every way possible, but I've never felt such desperation to make us one. I am painfully aware that this kiss will be our last, that we are running on stolen time. "

I want to drag this out as long as possible. I know the moment we stop, it will all be over-for good. I want to brand his lips into my skin; I want to scorch the image of him, powerful and fierce above me, into my memory; I want to make it so I can never forget how perfect this moment feels.

His teeth and tongue assail me, melding pain and pleasure until I'm gasping and moaning in his arms. I arch my back, straining toward his body in a feverish attempt to find relief for my sensitive flesh.

I know he'll give me the relief I need eventually, but it won't be soon enough. Bastien knows my body better than his own, and he revels in taking me to the very limits of pleasure. He works me over until my body is no longer my own, until my very existence has been reduced to a throbbing, searing ache that only he can ease.

When he doesn't relent, I slump back down with a frustrated whine, and Bastien all but purrs with satisfaction. "Greedy little wolf." He chuckles, dragging my lips from mine. He lays a trail of kisses over my jaw and down the slender column of my throat, eventually moving up to the soft spot behind my ear where he continues his torment.

The next thing I know he's laving the tender flesh where my neck meets my shoulder, tasting me. I can't take it anymore. "Please, Bastien, I want to touch you." I squirm, trying to break his hold on my wrists.

He takes my mouth again, delving his tongue between my lips to tangle deliriously with my own. Bastien finally settles between my legs, fusing every inch of his body to mine. I writhe beneath him with delicious friction and he loosens his commanding grip, freeing my wrists. I bury my hands in his hair, nipping at his lower lip with my teeth.

He growls throatily, pulling back only far enough to meet my eyes. Flames engulf Bastien's intense gaze, and I'm at a loss to determine whether he is sad or angry. "We were fated." He declares, "We were mates but we never got to be together, not really,"

I freeze.

It suddenly feels as if all the air has been let out of the room. I push at Bastien's shoulders until he rolls off me. There it is, the truth I've always known but he's never spoken. Arabella is Bastien's mate, and I took him from her. He sacrificed his destiny to do what he considered right, to help me when I was too lost and damaged to help myself.

Guilt corrodes my insides like acid. I hate that I've cost him so much, that I'm responsible for that tortured expression on his face. I sit up slowly and glancing at Bastien over my shoulder. He's laying on his back, looking at me with such pain and regret I feel sure he didn't mean to reveal that secret. Or perhaps he regrets caving to drunken lust when he's finally free to be with his mate.

"I'm sorry." My voice is thick with emotion, and I get to my feet before he can notice and catch me. By the time I get to the door Bastien is half-asleep. I can't recall ever seeing him so drunk. I did that, I drove him to that low. Self-loathing carries me to bed, I sink into its arms as I give myself over to sleep, dreading the dreams bound to await me.

Uma the Rejection Ceremony

in the morning with a pounding head and sour stomach, despite the fact that Bastien is supposed to be the one with the w baw miaka it to the toilet when I remember the baby.

Welcome to morning sickness. I think grimly.

I curl up against the wall, waiting for the intermittent bouts of nausea to pass.

My mind wanders, but not very far. I keep replaying Bastien's words from last night in my head. I hadn't realized how guilty he felt about ending our marriage until he looked at me so forlornly and admitted that Arabella is his true mate. I knew I'd been keeping them apart, but Bastien is so stoic I never realized how much pain it truly caused him.

Hearing the words felt like a punch in the gut, but they also helped strengthen my resolve. I look down at my belly and give it a little pat, "We're doing the right thing."

My phone chirps from the other room, and I manage to drag myself back into the bedroom to check it. Thinking about Arabella appears to have summoned her,

A bright blue text message lights up the screen. Selene, this is Arabella. Do you think it might be possible for us to meet?

I have absolutely no desire to meet my husband's mate, but I feel I owe her this much. Sure, when and where?

Full Moon Cafe – noon?

I'll see you then.

Arabella Winters is everything I am not: Tall, blonde and voluptuous, with an innate confidence that allows her to flourish in pack society

I sit across from her at a small table, a pair of cappuccinos sitting untouched between us. Big brown doe-eyes look me up and down, her face never revealing her thoughts. When she finally speaks, her voice is high and reedy. "Listen, I know things are really complicated with you and Bastien right now, and I just felt..." She pauses to search for the right words, "I saw how upset you looked last night and I just want to assure you that nothing happened between Bastien and me."

She gives every impression of genuine kindness, but an odd prickling sensation on the back of my neck warns me to withhold judgment. "Oh?"

"You have my word." Arabella vows, "Nothing happened and nothing will until your separation is official."

I can't keep the surprise from my face

Arabella winces, "I'm sorry I thought the information was public."

I bring my coffee to my lips, intending to buy time with a few sips I barely taste it before I remember that pregnant women aren't supposed to have caffeine. I set the mug back down. "It isn't, not yet."

"I'm sorry," She says again. "I didn't mean... I'm just so excited. We've been waiting to be together for so long I can hardly believe it's finally going to happen."

Guilt twists in my belly, "Arabella, I am sorry I came between you." |

Her perfectly plucked brows furrow. "Don't take that on, Selene. None of this was your fault. I can't say I care for the way Gabriel handled things, but that's on him, not you."

The strange prickling spreads, starting to wind down my spine. "What do you mean, the way Gabriel handled it?"

"Well the threats of course." Arabella says offhandedly.

"What threats?"

Her eyes go almost comically wide and she waves me off. "I think I've put my foot in my mouth again. Truly it's nothing."

"No" I counter firmly. "I want to know."

"I really shouldn't." She demurs,

"Please, Arabella"

She frowns, "Well, you know we were planning to get engaged before you escaped?"

Did you never wonder why Bastien went along with it? I mean Alphas generally don't give up on the things they want without a

"So why did he?" | prod.

"I don't know why Gabriel was so determined for Bastien to marry you, only that he was. And he didn't think Bastien would go through with the wedding if I was still here. So he told me in no uncertain terms that if I didn't leave, he would be forced to "persuade" me." She shivers slightly, her voice cracking with emotion. "I didn't have a choice. I never would have left if it weren't for him. I wish I could tell you I was stronger, that I fought for Bastien, but I was afraid: for my family, for my life." Arabella's eyes well with tears. "I had to leave. If I didn't, Gabriel was going to kill me."