

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 11

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Selene's POV

Arabella is curled in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, her pitiful cries grating against my ears like nails on a chalkboard. I can't see any blood, but the sickening, unnatural angles of her legs leave me with no doubt her pain is genuine. A healthy, young wolf, she'll heal quickly, but that won't stop the injuries from hurting like a bitch in the interim.

I might feel some sympathy for her, if it wasn't for her melodramatic wails and repeated howls of, "Why Selene? Why did you do it?" Doctors and nurses crowd around her, shouting orders, but no one seems to pay me any mind.

I'm still in shock. Everything happened so fast and my brain is scrambling to catch up. I haven't moved from the top of the stairs, looking down at the grisly scene with wide eyes. How had everything gone so wrong so quickly? One moment my secret was safe, and the next my husband's mate was trying to push me down the stairs because I hadn't been smart enough to have a sensitive conversation in private.

Only Arabella and I know what truly happened. It will be her word against mine, and I can't explain the truth without revealing the reason why the she-wolf tried to push me. I can defend myself honestly and reveal I'm pregnant, or lie and say she simply tripped.

Would anyone even believe me? From the outside it certainly looks like I had motive. My husband is about to reject me for this woman, and in the eyes of the pack I probably seem damaged enough to suffer some sort of mental break as a result.

I'd like to think Bastien knows me well enough to realize I would never do such a thing, but Arabella is his mate, and logic tends to go out the window when it comes to mates. All he'll hear is that someone threatened her life, and nothing else will matter.

When it comes down to it, Bastien will always choose Arabella over me – and that means I'm in a lot of trouble. An Alpha wolf in a blind rage is the most dangerous animal on the planet, and if Arabella manages to send Bastien into one, it will not matter that I'm his wife.

If you asked me this morning if I thought my husband would ever raise a hand against me, I would have said no – but that was before. I'm not sure what he'll do now, and I have no intention of sticking around to find out.

I rush back to my room, frantically trying to free myself from the tubes and needles in my arm.

"Let me help you with that." It's the doctor from before, slowly approaching from the doorway and nodding towards my arm.

"What? Why would you-" He's already clamping the fluid lines and pressing gauze to the insertion site.

"I don't believe you pushed anyone." He says simply, wrapping a bandage around my freed arm. "And I figure if you're afraid of your husband, you have good reason."

I almost feel like crying, "Thank you." I suddenly realize how rude I've been, "I never asked your name."

"Dr. Kane." He says with a kind smile. "But you can call me Thomas."

"Thank you, Thomas." I breathe. "You're a good man."

"Don't mention it." He strides to the armchair in the corner where Bastien's coat is thrown over the armchair and delves into one of the pockets. He extracts a key fob and tosses it to me. "Now get out of here."

Bastien's POV

The moment I return to the emergency ward I know Selene is gone. Her scent lingers, but not nearly strong enough. My hackles raise and Axel goes on high alert. Something is wrong.

I start towards her room but stop when I recognize the scent of another she-wolf. Axel continues tugging me towards Selene's room, growling in frustration. I ignore him, following Arabella's scent.

As soon as I stop focusing all my senses on Selene, I hear the howls of pain. I take off at a run, finding Arabella in an open bay surrounded by people and machines. Her legs are clearly broken, and bruises are beginning to form down the length of her body.

I rush to the front of the gurney, leaning over her so she can see my face. "Arabella, what happened?!"

#Chapter 11 Thunderstorm

Her head is held stationary by a heavy neck brace and her cheeks are soaked with tears. "Selene pushed me down the stairs."

I'm certain I've heard her wrong. "What?"

"Selene." She repeats with a heavy sob, "I heard she was in the hospital so I came to visit, but when she saw me – I don't know what happened. She just lost it and pushed me down the stairs."

I frown down at Arabella, unable to process her strange words and wishing I could comfort her in some way. I hate feeling so helpless. I know there's nothing I can do, but it still feels like I'm failing Arabella. I wasn't there to protect her when she needed me and I can't fix her pain now.

I say the only thing I can. "It's going to be alright."

"Please don't leave me." She begs.

"Never." I promise

Selene's POV

I'm too on edge to return home, though I know I'll need to go there eventually to collect my things. Instead I drive along the winding road on the north face of the mountain, heading for the cabin retreat the Alpha's family uses when the pack house gets too crowded.

My insides twist themselves into knots as I wonder what's happening at the hospital. Bastien would certainly be back by now, his head swarming with Arabella's lies.

I'm furious with myself for not seeing this coming.

Arabella may love Bastien, but what happened between us at the top of those stairs came down to power and power alone. She did not want there to be any challenge to her position in the pack, or her children's, and she was willing to do anything to protect their status, including killing her mate's firstborn.

As the full implications of her actions become clear in my mind, maternal wrath swells in my chest. Though I might have been killed in the fall, her attack was not against me. It didn't matter to Arabella whether I miscarried or died – as long as my baby was gone.

They will both be after me now, and that leaves me no choice. I need to get out of Elysium as soon as possible.

My time as Garrick's captive left me with a lot of scars – both physical and mental – but few cut deeper than my fear of thunderstorms.

As empty as I sometimes feel, I've learned to manage without Luna; I've learned to cope with darkness and locked doors, meeting strangers and standing in crowds. I handle some things better than others and though it's always hard, most things do get easier as time passes.

However there are some struggles that never get easier; wounds that have been indelibly carved into what's left of my soul. No matter how many months or years go by, raised voices, arguments, and loud noises turn me inside out; and thunderstorms reduce me to a quivering puddle,

We get lots of storms in the mountains, but I can't recall ever facing one alone since I escaped Garrick. Bastien was there for me from the very beginning, without even knowing why I needed him; all that mattered was that I was afraid.

As I stand on the cabin's front porch, watching fat black clouds roll in and feeling a vicious gale whipping around my body, I realize my days of Alpha coddling are over. I have to face this storm alone, just as I will have to face all the storms ahead.

I retreat into the cozy chalet, igniting every lamp, every overhead light, every piece of wood in every fireplace. I draw all the curtains, and curl up on the sofa surrounded by blankets, turning on the TV in hopes the noise might drown out the thunder. I make myself as comfortable as possible, lighting scented candles and boiling water for tea,

I can do this, I think, over and over again. I can do this.

All my creature comforts and self-care provisions went out the window the moment the storm hit. I could still smell the rain and feel the walls shaking around me. I could still see the flashes of lightning through the curtains and feel the shocks of static energy zinging through the air – and that was before the power went out.

With one particularly violent crack of thunder, the electricity shut off all at once, stealing the light and noise buffering me from the outside world. I thank the Goddess I had the foresight to light the fires and candles, because I've completely lost the ability to move.

Trembling uncontrollably, I try to think of anything – anything that is not the raging tempest above, anything that is not Garrick. I hear myself whimpering, and feel a stab of shame. I'm a grown woman, soon to be a mother, and I'm cowering in the dark like a pup.

I stare into the flames in the hearth, forcing my eyes to stay open even when I flinch from the impact of another rumbling clash. Light is your friend, I say in my mind, not the dark.

Yet as I stare into the flames I find myself transported to another dark room, a dark room lit only by the orange glow beyond an impassable doorway. The square grate

stretches before my eyes, lengthening and distorting until the fire has climbed up and adopted the shape of the basement door.

Garrick appears then, stumbling toward me out of the flames, ranting and raving and stripping off his clothes. I want to run, I want to fight, but I'm frozen in place. The scent of whisky and aftershave fills the air around me, tormenting my senses.

I can feel his hands on me, rough and cruel and greedy. I can feel his fingers digging into my thighs and I reach for the whisky bottle, but it isn't there. There is no way out this time.

Just then Garrick's head jerks up, his fiendish eyes locking onto the doorway. Not the fiery doorway at his back, but the cabin entrance. The door swings wide, revealing an enormous black wolf at its center; A wolf with molten silver eyes, and fangs bared for an attack.