

# Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 13

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Chapter 13

#Chapter 13 Bastien Goes To See Her Again

6 Days Until the Rejection Ceremony

Selene's POV

Early morning sunlight filters through the windows and bathes the room in dappled light. I feel Bastien tracing the patterns its rays form on my skin, trailing his fingers down my spine, circling the shadows and delicate illuminations across my ribcage.

At some point last night he must have shifted and carried me to bed. Now he lies beneath me, the steady rise and fall of his chest rocking my body like a boat bobbing on the waves. I stretch drowsily, turning my face up to his. His eyes are already on me, his rugged features radiating warmth. "Good morning, little wolf."

I snuggle closer, reacting rather than thinking. "Good morning." There are dark circles beneath Bastien's eyes, "You didn't sleep?"

"No." He confirms, "I was a bit distracted."

I can feel the blood drain from my face. "Is Arabella...?"

"She's going to be fine." Bastien assures me. "You on the other hand..." he trails off ominously.

I stiffen in his arms, "Bastien, I didn't do it."

Frowning, he catches my cheek in his palm. "I know that sweetheart." He continues petting me, treating me as he might a skittish horse. "Arabella was distressed and confused, she was in a lot of pain – that's all."

No it wasn't, I want to say, but I hold my tongue. "If you know I didn't push her, why wouldn't I be okay?"

Bastien raises a stern brow, "Because you, my sweet wife, are in a lot of trouble."

"But I didn't do anything."

“Is that so?” He rises with predatory grace, sitting up in the bed and pulling me into his lap. My legs straddle his thighs and I peek up at him from beneath my lashes. “Have you forgotten already?” Bastien’s rough voice sends a shiver down my spine as his hand closes around my nape. “You didn’t tell anyone you were sick. You flagrantly disobeyed me – though I admit, that was more the fever’s fault than your own.” He concedes, “But you were perfectly lucid when you left the hospital without being discharged or leaving so much as a note, and then isolated yourself when your physical and mental health were at stake.”

I stare at my lap. “How did you know I was here anyway?”

“I tracked the car and sent Aiden to keep watch. It’s a good thing too, or I wouldn’t have known about the storm – it didn’t hit the leeward side of the mountain.” Bastien’s fingers sink into my long hair, tangling in the thick tresses. He tugs it gently, pulling my attention to his foreboding expression. “You owe me some explanations.”

Maybe it’s my pregnancy hormones, but suddenly I feel like crying. I don’t want to explain. I was trying to do what was best for all of us, it isn’t fair that Bastien is angry with me. “I didn’t ask you to come, you know.”

His brow *furrows* in confusion. “What?”

“If you didn’t want to leave Arabella you didn’t have to.” I declare sulkily, “It was just a storm, I’m going to have to get over this phobia eventually anyway.”

His molten eyes search my face, as if trying to unearth some mystery from my skin. “I’m an Alpha,” He finally reminds me. “I don’t do anything I don’t want to do, Selene.”

I can’t hold back my derision, “Please Bastien, that’s all you ever do. Your entire existence is caught up in these notions of duty and obligation, and you fulfill them regardless of what it costs you.” In my head, my voice sounds firm and strong. Out loud, I sound like a riled mouse.

Bastien is still looking at me with dark intensity, “And what does it cost me?”

“Everything,” I murmur. “You’d give your life, if it came to it.”

“That’s what leading a pack is, Selene.” He states gently, “But you’re wrong if you think it isn’t a choice. I didn’t have to lead, I chose this life. And I choose if and how I fulfill my duties.”

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#Chapter 13 Bastien Goes To See Her Again

He doesn't see it, I realize. He doesn't see how much I've taken from him. Frustration pricks my every nerve ending, overwhelming me with emotions I cannot untangle let alone relieve. I don't know what to do. Everything is coming down on me at once. Every time I think I've pinpointed a feeling, a new one pushes it out of the way.

Sensing my agitation, Bastien pulls me into his arms, tucking my body against his chest. Skin on skin, I feel his heart beating in perfect synchrony with my own. The pressure of his embrace forces some of the anxious energy out of me, and his warm hands begin to stroke my spine in a persistent caress. His lips graze my ear. "What's going on, little wolf?"

I want to speak, I want to tell him every thought running through my head, yet when I open my mouth nothing comes out. It often happens like this – a maelstrom of feelings I don't know how to process let alone express.

After so many years spent in solitude, it feels like I've lost the ability to communicate. Even when I want to speak, I can't find the words – I can't find my voice.

So I lie. "Nothing," I finally say, nuzzling my face into the crook of his neck. "Nothing at all."

## 5 Days Until the Rejection Ceremony

"It's going to be fine." Bastien promises me.

We're standing side by side in our bathroom, staring at our reflections in the mirror. I'm wearing a long, flowing dress the exact shade of Bastien's eyes, while he sports a sleek black tux. Given my aversion to crowds, we haven't been to many formal events over the last few years, but missing this evening is not an option.

Tonight is Gabriel's 60th birthday, a momentous event bringing wolves from far and wide to our secluded city. The Alphas of the Eros and Vega packs would be in attendance with their families, as well as artists and thought leaders from across the continent.

I will have to play hostess with Bastien's mother, Odette. I love the elder woman dearly, but I will never be comfortable greeting

My lip quirks as I sweep my gaze down his body. "Your tie is crooked." I tell him, eyeing the lopsided bow at his collar.

Bastien grumbles, pulling the satiny fabric until it comes undone. "I hate these things."

I turn my back on the mirror, stepping in front of him to fix the garment. I fiddle with the sleek black bowtie, painfully aware of Bastien's intent gaze. He's been looking at me

like I'm a particularly tasty snack ever since I donned this dress, and his attention is confusing me to say the least.

I rise onto my toes, trying to bring my eyes level with his collar and failing. The next thing I know I'm sitting on the counter with Bastien between my legs. I emit a startled chuckle, reaching for the garment once more.

I've barely started when Bastien drops his face to my neck, breathing me in. "Goddess you smell good." He rumbles, nuzzling my throat to add his own scent on top of my perfume. Heat begins pooling in my belly. No matter how many times Bastien scent marks me, the possessive gesture always turns my insides to mush.

It was confusing at first, I didn't understand why he would be so territorial over someone he didn't love, but over time I realized love doesn't have much to do with it. Regardless of feelings, I'm his wife – his wolf considers me his, and he does not share.

My mouth goes dry as his scruffy cheeks abrade my sensitive skin. "I can't do this when you're doing-" I gasp when he nibbles the

"I'm sorry." He croons, sounding anything but. "I'll behave."

I narrow my eyes, not believing him for a moment, but trying to focus on the task at hand. I carefully wind the fabric into the correct knot, pulling it taut and smiling at my handy work. "There," I grin, "Now you're ready."

"And what about you?" He's kissing me again, his large hands skimming down my bare legs beneath my skirt.

"I just need my shoes." I tell him, starting to jump down. Instead, his strong hands lock me in place.

"Let me," Bastien says the words as if they are a suggestion, but we both know they're an order. A moment later he appears with my heels in hand, kneeling down to slip them onto my feet. He kisses my ankle as he fastens the strap, sending bolts of lightning through my body.

He rises to his feet with a smirk. "Have you forgotten what kissing is, little wolf?" He teases, "Do you need a refresher course?"

My spine turns to liquid, but before I can answer a strident ringing fills the air. Both our eyes dart to the cell phone in his pocket. Bastien pulls it free, reading the caller ID and wrenching away from me all at once.

"What's wrong?" He says by way of greeting.

There is only one person who could possibly make him react this way. I have no doubt Arabella is on the other end of the line.

“When?” Bastien is saying.

slide gingerly from the counter, a dull ache blooming in my chest. I have a very bad feeling about this phone call.

“I can’t.” Silver eyes bore into me, “The gala is in half an hour.” A familiar queasy sensation curdles in my stomach, and I’m not sure if it’s dread or morning sickness. “You’re sure?” Bastien sighs..

“I’ll be there as fast as I can.” When he finally ends the call, I can see the painful truth in his expression.

“You aren’t coming?” I ask hoarsely.

Bastien grimaces, crossing to me and taking my face in his hands. “I’ll come the minute I’m free, I promise.” He vows, “But this can’t wait.”

“Bastien it’s your father’s birthday.”

“I know, sweetheart.” He sighs again and I think I hear genuine regret in his voice, “But this is urgent. I’m sorry.”

I watch Bastien’s retreating back as he stalks out the door without another word. Shock and anxiety war for dominance in my mind, and I’m irrationally angry with myself for feeling them. Bastien isn’t mine anymore, I don’t have the right to be put out over this.

Right or wrong, the hairline fracture that severed my heart when Bastien announced he was rejecting me begins to split wider and wider apart as I watch him leave, knowing he’s headed for the arms of another woman.