

# Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 141

## Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

### Chapter 141

#Chapter 141 – Selene Wakes Up

My lashes flutter open to reveal a stark white room, a bevy of sterile, chemical scents filling my nose. I feel weighed down and dizzy at once, like I'm floating yet unable to move. I recognize this feeling, and I've woken up in this situation often enough to guess what happened.

I must have passed out from exhaustion, dehydration, stress, or all three. I'm back in the hospital, hooked up to half a dozen beeping machines and wearing a scratchy, unflattering paper gown. The world is dark beyond the windows, and I glance around for a clock. It was around ten o'clock this morning when I attempted to call Bastien, but it's after 8pm now. I've been asleep all day.

Slowly but surely, the events which passed before I lost consciousness filter back through my mind, and I immediately want to find Lila. She must have been so scared.

As if reading my mind, Odette appears in my doorway a moment later, with Lila peeking around her legs. "Mommy!"

"Hello little bean!" I greet her with as much enthusiasm as I can muster. Pushing myself up to a sitting position, I extend my arms to the pup, "come here and give Mommy a hug."

She toddles over without hesitation, clambering onto the bed and into my arms and ignoring Odette's soft caution to be gentle with me. I don't want my sweet daughter to be gentle any more than she does, I want her as close as possible. Her warm little body smothers me with affection, and I cuddle her close.

"How are you?" I ask anxiously, kissing her soft cheeks.

"Mommy you scared me!" she says, a note of accusation heavy in her voice. "You fainted and everyone got all loud."

"I'm sorry, angel." I breathe, "Mommy just got very tired very fast."

"Cuz of da baby?" She inquired curiously.

\*That's right." I agree, rocking her gently from side to side.

"Alright now, little one." Odette tries to intervene, caressing Lila's hair. "Your Mommy needs her rest."

A nurse pokes her head around the doorway and echoes my mother-in-law's advice, "Careful now, she really shouldn't be in bed with you – though I'm glad to see you're awake."

glare at them both, Nuzzling my pup's sweet-smelling skin and glowering over her shoulder.

"Easy Mama Bear," Dr Kane moves around the nurse with a wide smile, "She can stay right where she is."

The nurse looks like she wants to object, but the chief physician shoots her a quelling stare and she backs down immediately. He strides further into the room, greeting Odette warmly before turning to me, "How are you feeling Selene?"

"I'm alright." I lie, in truth I feel like I've been hit by a bus.

I can tell no one is convinced by my falsehood, but my Lila Bean saves me from being called out. She glances warily at the handsome young doctor, "Whose dat?"

"I'm Dr. Kane." He introduces himself. "I took care of your Mommy when she was carrying you, and I'm taking care of her and the new baby now."

"If you're taking care of her, why's she so sick?" Lila grumbles, surprising us all.

I try to laugh, but even that seems to take too much energy. The others laugh for me. "That can't be helped sweetheart. I'd actually be a lot more sick if Dr Kane wasn't helping me." I remember well how difficult it was to get Dr's in Asphodel to take my condition seriously. They wouldn't prescribe me the anti-nausea drugs I requested until I'd been hospitalized twice in one week.

Lila doesn't seem convinced, especially not when Dr Kane steps forward and reaches for her. "I won't make you leave, but let's just rearrange you a teensy bit so I can take a look at your Mommy, hmm?"

Lila stubbornly shakes her head and hugs me tighter, burying her face in my neck. Stroking my hand in soothing patterns up and down her spine, I give the Dr a beseeching look. "I hate to ask, but could you come back later? After this one has gone to bed?"

This gets my pup's attention. Her little head pops up. "I sleep here, with you, Mommy."

“Sweetheart, I wish you could stay with me, but it’s not allowed.” I sigh, pressing my lips to her hair.

“But Mommy, wanna stay!” Lila insists, sounding near tears.

Dr Kane eyes me as if trying to decipher whether I really do want her to stay or if I’m using the hospital rules as an excuse to give me some time to rest up alone. But it isn’t an excuse, I really do want her nearby. It was hard enough being away from her when everything was fine, but now that our lives are such a mess it gets harder and harder to let her out of my sight.

Reading my expression, Thomas nods, “I’ll tell you what, Ms. Lila. If you go get a cookie with your Grandma now so that I can have a minute with your Mommy, I’ll fix it so you can stay with her tonight.”

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#Chapter 141 – Selene Wakes Up

“But Dr-” The nurse objects looking horrified.

“She’s the Alpha’s mate.” He reminds her sharply. “If there was ever anyone worthy of making exceptions for, it’s her.”

“Yes sir,” she sulks, looking like she doesn’t agree. I suppose it will make her life harder to have to work around my pup all night. Though I don’t want to make her job more difficult, I’m also unwilling to give up my pup. After all, it’s only one night – and she’s the most important thing here.

“What do you say, Lila bean?” I ask, “Can you give us a minute?”

She gazes up at me with wide eyes, “Do I have to?” She murmurs, gesturing towards the doctor. “I don’ like him.”

I smother a sigh, I can’t say I blame the little girl for being less trustworthy and closed off to new people with everything that’s happened, but I also can’t encourage it. “If you want to stay with Mommy tonight, you need to go with Gramma for a little while.”

Sulking and dragging her feet, Lila slides off the bed and places her small hand in Odette’s, walking out of the room with a forlorn glance over her shoulder.

When we’re alone Dr Kane approaches my bedside. “Alright you, tell the truth now, how are you feeling?”

“Terrible.” I admit. “I don’t know what happened, the meds were working.”

“Uh-huh,” Thomas assesses smoothly. “Have you been under any undue stress this week?”

Peering up at him from beneath my lashes, I admit, “maybe a little.”

“That’s what I thought.” He nods, looking around, “Is Bastien here somewhere? We really need to talk about making some lifestyle changes so that you can avoid landing back here again.”

I drop my gaze, feeling a red flush work its way up my cheeks. “Actually he’s still out of town.”

Dr Kane’s eyes widen, and I can tell he’s shocked the Alpha would leave me for so long when I’m in this condition. Its the same look of surprise and displeasure everyone who’s out of the loop dons. If only they knew what was going on, if only they knew he had no choice. The physician recovers quicker than most, wiping his countenance of any emotion. “I’ll call him then.”

Gulping, I murmur, “Actually I’m afraid that’s not possible either.” Nervously checking to make sure no one can overhear us, I add. “He’s sort of off the grid.”

This time Dr. Kane makes no effort to hide his feelings. “You’re kidding.

“Unfortunately not.” I confess.

“Selene,” Thomas sighs. “I’m sorry but that is not acceptable.”

“I did this on my own once before.” I remind him with an anemic shrug.

“That was different.” Dr. Kane growls, you didn’t have a choice then.

“I don’t have one now either.” I inform him, “Things are complicated at the moment. Bastien will be back as soon as he can, I just have to hang on a little while longer.”

“Are you sure about that?” Thomas questions, “I don’t mean to question the Alpha’s commitment to you, but I can’t imagine any mate cutting off contact even if they did have to leave for a time.”

“Bastien loves me more than anything.” I tell Dr. Kane confidently, “he’ll be home before we know it.”

“That he will.” Drake’s deep voice sounds behind the doctor, and my heart swells a little when I catch sight of him.

“Drake!” I exclaim, “You didn’t have to come all the way down here.”

“What, and miss seeing you in that fabulous gown? Fat chance.” He jokes, “Now what’s this I hear about you collapsing in the middle of the day and scaring everyone half to death?”

Grinning sheepishly. I reply. “I guess it was a bit dramatic.”

“Just a bit.” Drake teases, “you know if you want attention all you have to do is ask, you don’t have to land yourself in the hospital.”

“Alpha her condition is not a joking matter.” Dr Kane interjects, suddenly looking so serious that I’m taken aback.

“Don’t worry, Dr.” Drake responds smoothly. “we’re just trying to lighten the mood a bit.”

“Well I’m afraid there’s not much to make light about.” Thomas informs us grimly. “Selene, part of why I wanted to speak to you alone is because your blood tests were quite concerning. I’m afraid we’re not going to be able to release you yet.”

“Well I already knew that much.” I say, trying to stay positive. “I already knew I was spending the night.”

Glancing back and forth between us, Dr Kane exhales heavily. “No. I mean we can’t release you until your labs improve. Which means you’re going to be here for some time.”

“How long?” Drake clarifies.

“It could be days.” Dr Kane explains, or it could be weeks.”

I swing my eyes to Drake. How the hell am I suppose to help run the pack and raise my daughter from a hospital bed, “there has to be a mistake.”

Dr Kane shakes his head in denial. “I’m afraid there isn’t. This is the way it has to be”

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 142**

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#### **Chapter 142**

#Chapter 142 – Bedrest

Selene

The dreams haven't stopped. It seems every time I close my eyes, some new memory or imagined depiction of the past resurfaces to haunt me. Most of the time they're pleasant: the early months of my first marriage to Bastien, milestones in Lila's young life, even a few more events from my childhood.

Of course they aren't all good. I've relived my mother's death in this uncomfortable hospital bed, as well as Garrick's abuse and Gabriel's murder and then there are the dreams about Bastien. Not sweet reminiscings of our recent reunion or sex fueled fantasies, but nightmares: horrible visions of all that might befall him on his journey, and imaginings of horrors already suffered.

Just now I was wrenched from sleep by the bloody scenes of his attempted assassination, which my tormented brain created in the middle of an otherwise peaceful rest. I sit up in bed gasping for air, looking around in fear and confusion as if I might still be in that forest surrounded by violence and death.

My heart monitor is beeping wildly, and the next thing I know, Dr Kane is striding into the room with a worried frown. "What's going on little mama?" He asks, studying my pale face and then the machines, "Are you going to be sick?"

As soon as he says it, I realize I am. Nodding frantically, I reach for the trash bin next to my bed, and he promptly helps me, pushing the plastic lined container into my hand. Retching while the physician holds back my hair and murmurs words of comfort, tears spring to my eyes. Sliding out from between my tightly clenched lashes and rolling down my cheeks, I have no way of stopping the salty cascade. My hands are occupied trying to ensure the meager contents of my stomach make it into the trash receptacle and not my bed or the floor. Thus, when the sickness finally passes, there is no hiding my distress from the doctor.

"Poor darling." He murmurs sympathetically, producing a box of tissues. "You must be feeling awful."

Nodding pitifully, I dab at my tears, "I'm sorry, I hope you aren't here so late because of me."

We'd discovered just how disruptful my illness had been to my rest the night Lila stayed with me, which unfortunately did not go very well. After being woken three times by my retching and becoming increasingly upset seeing me in such a state, I had to call Drake to come get her. The attentive doctor had been very concerned and forbidden further sleepovers, but he also began staying later and later at work to keep an eye on me.

"You've got the future of the pack in there." He says, nodding towards my belly. "It would be a dereliction of duty for me to leave you unattended."

Guilt brings my tears raging back, and a rush of emotion so powerful I can't even attempt to without it has me throwing my head back and sobbing. "I'm sorry!" When Thomas's eyes widen in alarm and he reaches toward me in concern, I raise my palm, "No, I'm s-sorry, I'm f fine." I hiccup, sounding completely unconvincing. "It's just m-m-mood sw-swings."

The doctor cuts his gaze to me, "It's also stress, Selene." He diagnoses sternly, "you weren't this bad off with Lila. I'm very worried that you're still losing weight, even being admitted here and on all our drugs. You shouldn't be this sick..."

He trails off, looking like he wants to say more.

\*What?" prompt, "what is it?"

\* And," He sighs, "you shouldn't be without your mate. The Alpha should be here." It's not the first time he's expressed this, in fact he's repeated it at least three times a day since I arrived. "It's unacceptable that he isn't."

My jaw tightens, "With all due respect, Dr Kane," I begin in a hard voice, surprising the man with whom I'm usually much more informal. "You don't know what is going on in our lives, and as we've discussed, I was under plenty of stress during my first pregnancy. More stress than being without my mate for a few days could even compare to!"

Part of me actually believes this. After all, Bastien was rejecting me, Gabriel was murdered, Odette was practically suicidal, the pack was falling to pieces, Arabella was trying to murder me and then I was trying to figure out how to be independent and a mother at the same time. Still, I know the weight of our current predicament is weighing on me more. I didn't have my wolf before, and Bastien hadn't marked me yet. I was basically a shell of a woman, unable to truly process anything that was happening or feel the depth of emotion I do now. And now I have a pup who's life is in danger, I have a bonded mate who's out there risking his life to protect us from one homicidal tyrant while another spies and plots stealing me from Bastien while simultaneously trying to kill him. Everything feels so much more intense now: my love, fear and pain.

"Selene." Dr Kane purses his lips. "Let me tell you what I do know. Your blood pressure is elevated, you're five pounds lighter than you were at this stage with Lila despite starting out at a higher weight, you're anemic and calcium deficient, dangerously dehydrated and you're sleeping round the clock. I don't need to know what's going on to read the signals your body is sending. Whether you agree or not, your body is showing much greater physical signs of stress than it was in your first pregnancy."

Sulkily peeking up at him from beneath my lashes, I say. "That doesn't mean it's Bastien's fault."

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## #Chapter 142 – Bedrest

“Perhaps not, but it does mean he should be here.” Dr. Kane counters, digging in his heels, “I assume by now he knows that you’re here?”

“No.” I reply, my heart rate increasing on the machine, drawing both of our attention and sending a flush over my cheeks. “When I said he was out of reach, I wasn’t speaking temporarily.”

Thomas shakes his head. “There must be some way you can get word to him.”

“There isn’t.” I insist, a bit defiantly. “Believe me if there was, it would already be done.”

The doctor sits on the edge of my bed, and rests his hand atop mine. “I don’t mean to pry, Selene.” He says, in the tone of someone who is absolutely about to pry. “But under the circumstances I need to know your situation to best care for you. Has something happened between you and the Alpha? Are you certain well, is there a chance he won’t be returning?”

His words pierce my heart like a knife. “There’s always a chance some misfortune could befall him before he returns.” I grind out, but believe me, if he has any say in the matter whatsoever, he will return. Nothing has happened between us that might change that.”

“So you’re still together?” Dr. Kane presses, “He still considers you his mate?”

“Of course.” I snarl.

“I’m sorry.” He apologizes, raising his hands in defense, “I had to ask.”

Suddenly I’m more inclined to agree with Bastien about finding a new doctor. Even though I spent most of our relationship believing Bastien didn’t care about me, hearing someone else suggest it now that I know the truth – now that our mating bond has let me feel the enormity of his love in no uncertain terms – makes me furious. “No you didn’t.” I inform him coolly. “Bastien loves me.”

“Then why isn’t he here?” Thomas inquires, clearly losing his own temper. “Why hasn’t he given you a way to reach him? Why is he neglecting you?”

For the first time, it occurs to me that my doctor’s feelings about me might not be entirely professional. He’s indignance on my behalf doesn’t sound completely innocent it almost sounds, well... jealous. As if he would never dream of treating me this way if I was his.



“Dr. Kane.” I state evenly, trying to find the right words, “I promise you, he isn’t neglecting me. He’s gone at the moment because it’s what’s best for me. We both want him home, but he isn’t because he’s putting my wellbeing above all else.”

Worry wrinkles his brow. “I don’t understand.”

“I’m afraid I can’t say any more.” I admit, “just know that he is coming back, and he would never do anything that would risk preventing him from returning home to his family and the pack.”

“As long as you’re sure.” He murmurs, making his exit.

The hair on the back of my neck stands on end as he strides away, and I slip out of bed. My feet pad silently across the floor, ensconced in bulky hospital socks with rubber soles. I pause just inside the doorway when I hear Thomas’s voice speaking to a nurse on the other side, “well?

“He’s got the poor thing completely brainwashed.” He reports, “she actually believes he’s faithful to her.”

“Someone has to tell her the truth.” The nurse replies.

“They can try. I doubt she’s open to hearing it now.” He audibly exhales, “in time perhaps, after she figures out he isn’t coming home.”

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 143**

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#### **Chapter 143**

#Chapter 143 – Go Fish

Drake

“Go fish!” Lila giggles, holding a fan of cards close to her body.

“Hmm,” I grumble, narrowing my eyes at the mischievous pup, “Are you sure you don’t have any fives, Lila bean?” “I’m sure!” She exclaims, nodding vigorously. Halfway through my draw, her expression changes, “Mommy, I have to potty.”

“I’ll take her.” Sophie offers, sliding off my lap and helping Lila to her feet. I’m momentarily distracted watching my stunning mate walk away, but once the bathroom

door closes at her back I turn back to Selene. We're seated around a small table in her VIP hospital suite, with Selene herself situated in an oversized armchair fitted with an IV hook and a call button. She's wearing a thick robe and a worried expression, but her complexion is decidedly less green today than it was yesterday.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

She glances at me somewhat sheepishly, as if uncertain she wants to share her thoughts. "Dr. Kane is up to something."

"What makes you say that?" I question, not that I doubt her for one moment. That man had been so openly aggressive towards me anytime I got near Selene that I was already convinced he was in love with her. I plan on speaking to Bastien about it the next time we talk, but if he's making Selene uncomfortable then maybe we can get rid of him sooner.

"He's really been criticizing Bastien for not being here, and right to my face." She begins, gnawing on her lower lip. "But the other day! overheard him telling one of the nurses that I don't know, he made it sound like Bastien has me completely under his thumb and is out there screwing everything in a skirt while I'm oblivious. He made it sound like Bastien not being here was proof he'd left me."

"That's absurd." I growl. "Bastien's not just any wolf, he's the Alpha. He can't escape his responsibilities by running away even if he wanted to, and he never would."

"I know that." Selene agrees.

"You do? I confirm. I've spent enough time with mistreated she-wolf's to know how easy it is to believe the worst, even when it defies logic. It wouldn't be her fault if the physician's words swayed her, not when she'd been told she was worthless her entire life.

"Yes." Selene insists, with more strength than I expected. "That's why I think Thomas is up to something." She pauses, glancing at me with a plea for understanding. "I was really wrong not to have faith in Bastien when we were married the first time. I'm not going to make that mistake again. I know he loves me, I know he lives for Lila."

"Good." I nod approvingly. "I'm not sure what game the doctor is playing, but I have my suspicions and I expect he wanted you to hear his slander."

"You think he's interested in me." Selene guesses.

"I suspected it when he jumped down my throat for joking with you the other day, and I've been watching the way he looks at you. It's not how I would expect an objective medical practitioner to look at their patient. Besides, you said he's been staying overtime to care for you.

She stares at her lap. "I feel like I never get any better at reading people. I really thought he was my friend. He helped me so much when I was pregnant with Lila."

"Love makes people do crazy things." I proclaim, glancing at the bathroom door, where I can hear Sophie chattering with Lila to give us time to talk in private. Such a clever little lamb. My wolf thinks, making my thoughts take a particularly inappropriate turn. Down Boy. I caution him, turning my attention back to the matter at hand, "having feelings for you doesn't make him a villain."

"You never would have tried to manipulate me that way." She counters, perhaps giving me more credit than I deserve. I don't know many shifters who wouldn't go to the ends of the earth to win the object of their heart's desire.

"Maybe not." I agree, offering her a wolfish grin, "but not all men can be of my high caliber."

Selene tosses a pillow at me, and I catch it deftly before gently tossing it back to her. Anyway, listen. I wanted to talk to you about your training."

Her head whips up, excitement filling her eyes, "Have you found me a teacher?"

"Yes and no." I sigh, not really wanting to deliver this news.

"What does that mean?" She asks suspiciously.

"It means I've found someone who agreed to work with you." I explain, delivering the good news first. "but I don't think you're in any state to begin working with her."

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## #Chapter 143 – Go Fish

"Oh come on!" Selene cries, throwing up her hands in exasperation. "I'm not made of glass. Everyone is treating me like I'm going to fall apart at any moment."

"Sweetheart, three days ago you were telling Aiden he had a megaphone head and collapsing in front of your pup." I recall, adopting an admonishing tone. "I hate to say it, but kid gloves are probably necessary for the foreseeable future. Using your powers will require a lot of energy and you have dangerously little to spare."

"But I'll never get stronger if I don't practice!" She complains.

"I know." I agree, "but you have to get strong enough to practice before you can hope to improve. It won't do anyone any good if you knock yourself out on day one, especially not the baby." She looks down at the small hand resting on her flat belly, a look of pure

guilt taking over her features. Assuming she feels badly for not considering its wellbeing I say, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to imply you were being neglectful.”

“No.” Selene says flushing scarlet, “It’s not that.” She admits, “I was thinking about the baby, I just can I say something horrible?”

“Of course.” I promise, “No judgment.”

“I’m really happy about this baby.” Selene promises, seeming so sincere it makes my heart ache. “I’m so excited to grow our family, to give Lila a sibling, and to have another little monster in the house. I’m thrilled that I might be giving Bastien an heir...” She trails off, as if too afraid to finish her thought.

“But the timing?” I guess.

“The timing is absolutely horrible!” She bursts, obviously grateful for my prompting, “I legitimately cannot think of a worse set of circumstances to be in when bringing a new life into the world. I know Bastien was just following his instincts, and my wolf didn’t exactly help matters but Goddess to I wish this could have happened a few months down the line – after all of this was sorted.”

“That’s fair.” I concede, reaching over to squeeze her hand. “And it’s perfectly valid to feel that way, but pups are always chaos. There’s never a good time to bring chaos into your life.”

“Maybe not,” Selene remarks sardonically, “but there are certainly better times... like when you aren’t facing certain doom.”

Laughing softly, I reply. “Regardless, it’s already done. Selene.” A few months ago the pout on her full lips would have put all sorts of dirty thoughts in my mind, but now it doesn’t absolutely nothing. I suppose it helps that she looks like hell, but I know the truth – and it’s currently hiding on the other side of the bathroom door. How strange it seems that I can miss my mate so much, when she’s only a few feet away.

Pulling my distracted brain back to the present, I return my gaze to Selene. “You can’t turn back the clock, this baby is coming whether it’s convenient or not. Pretending you have control here is only going to make things more difficult, you’ve got to slow down, and you’ve got to make the most of the hand you’ve been dealt.”

“Cute.” She snorts, brandishing her fanned cards.

“I thought so.” I smile.

“Alright.” My friend surrenders, patting her stomach. “No training until things calm down, and until this little one is big and healthy enough to withstand a bit of excitement.”

“That’s my girl.” I praise.

Just then the bathroom door swings open, revealing my scowling mate, “That’s your who, now?”

As Lila runs back over to us, I stand and approach Sophie, “She’s my girl.” I explain, pulling her close. “You’re my little lamb, my mate, my delectable little.”

“There are pups present!” Selene calls from her chair, humor and admonishment thick in her voice.

“I’ll remind you exactly what you are to me later.” I inform Sophie, claiming her lips.

“You promise?” She requests, batting her long lashes,

“You can count on it.” I confirm, sliding my hand over her perfectly rounded backside.

“Ahem!” Selene pointedly clears her throat, and Sophie and I laugh as we return to our seats.

When we’re settled again, Lila shoots me a cheeky grin before turning to Sophie, “Do you have any fives?”

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 144**

### **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate**

#### **Chapter 144**

#Chapter 144 – The News Gets Out

As a general rule, I try not to judge people based on appearances, but I can’t recall ever seeing a bigger bunch of misfits than I’m staring at now. Gnarled, grizzled and tattooed, the rogues in front of me are so stereotypically rough looking it’s actually laughable. It’s as if a casting director put up an ad for outcasts and every muscle-bound ruffian in the city turned up to audition.

Oh well, I might not care for their style, but there’s no question, they’re exactly what I need. With Bastien gone, the opportunity to cause disruptions in the pack are higher than ever, I’d be a fool not to take advantage.

“You’re sure the Alpha isn’t here?” The lead shifter demands, sharpening a knife in an obvious bid to look intimidating.

Ridiculous, I think. What kind of shifter resorts to weapons, you've got built-in knives in your paws! Of course, his act might be more believable if he wasn't so concerned with whether or not an authority figure was present in the territory.

"I'm positive, it's been all over the news for days." I explain, tossing a newspaper at their feet. "The city is in the hands of his Betas, and trust me, they are nothing compared to Bastien Durand. You'll have free reign."

The man briefly scans the document before nodding and tossing it to one of his compatriots. "Why are you doing this?" The leader questions, making me roll my eyes. So distrustful.

"Because the worse people think of Bastien, the better things are for me." I drawl. "Trust me, we're on the same side here."

"I don't trust anyone." The shifter grumbles, trying to sound menacing.

"You've also seen way too many crime dramas." I remark, "Now stop wasting my time, are you in or are you out?"

The oversized rogue glances at his accomplices. For a few brief moments, I wonder if they'll turn on me and my mind begins running simulations: can I take them, or should I run? However my fears are for naught. After a moment the hulking men nod in agreement. "We're in."

A triumphant grin splits my face in two, and I pivot to the side, sweeping my arm in a gesture of welcome, "Then welcome, gentlemen." announce, "Elysium is yours for the taking."

The assorted bandits charge past me with a cheer, shifting mid-stride and charging across the boundary line dividing Nova lands from neutral territory. They leap over the bodies of the sentries I dispatched, and take off through the woods, heading straight for the center city.

Selene

The television mounted on the wall across from my bed has been an absolute lifesaver during my confinement. I have a few books and magazines to distract me, but nothing transports me away from my current predicament better than a good movie or mind-numbing sitcom. Besides, the TV has also become my only outlet to the outside world. Drake and Odette won't bring me any newspapers (claiming to forget! requested them every time I ask) but they can't stop me from watching the news.

Of course, when the morning shows begin on the fifth day of my hospitalization, I begin to think that maybe they had a point about keeping me in the dark. Things aren't going

well. Actually, that's an understatement, based on the grim looking reporters and scrolling text across

the bottom of the screen, Elysium is in big trouble.

"Last night central Elysium was beset by rogues who apparently infiltrated the territory in a bid to take advantage of Alpha Bastien's absence." One of the newscasters is saying. "Two sentries were killed along the borderlands, and a stream of violent crimes rocked the city in the early hours of the morning including three bank robberies, eight car thefts, a dozen break ins, five hold ups and three homicides."

The reporter's colleague takes up the next segment of lines, "Elysium has not suffered an infiltration on this scale in living memory and in only a few hours, these despicable outsiders terrorized what was once considered the safest corner of the city on an unprecedented scale. Never before has central Elysium seen such a dramatic surge in violence and one has to wonder if this tragedy could ever have occurred if our Alpha was home where he belongs."

My heart sinks with every word they speak, but if I thought all these developments were distressing. I was about to be proved very wrong. The headlines scrolling below the newsdesk foreshadow the next headlining story, and I'm horrified to see my own name listed. Breaking News – Selene Durand is confirmed to be breeding and hospitalized with severe morning sickness, but the Alpha remains missing in action.

\*After Odette Durand was sighted leaving Elysium Central hospital with her granddaughter Lila yesterday, this reporter learned that they were visiting Selene while she remains confined to bed suffering a bout of hyperemesis gravidarum, a condition resulting in extreme nausea and dehydration during pregnancy." A new reporter is depicted holding a microphone outside the hospital, followed by a recording of Odette and Lila leaving the prior afternoon.

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#Chapter 144 – The News Gets Out

My mouth gapes open in shock and outrage. I'm half tempted to go to the window and look to see if this is really happening live, but the last thing I want is to have my own image added to the ridiculous news story. "Needless to say, the Alpha's absence while his mate is not only breeding, but hospitalized, comprises an unthinkable offense. Breeding is a highly sensitive period for fated mates, and the idea that our leader could possibly leave his mate in such a vulnerable condition is absolutely reprehensible."

So much for unbiased reporting. I think bitterly.

Why is this happening? Luna whines, this isn't fair, they don't know what's going on.



They don't need to. I remind her, they have a platform, they can say whatever they want.

But it isn't true! She insists.

I know, but the only way we can challenge them is..

What? Luna prompts.

I think I have an idea.

"I have to give an interview." I state firmly.

Dr Kane's eyes bulge out of his head. "That is out of the question."

"Please hear me out." i beg. "I have to set the record straight. The pack needs to know Bastien hasn't abandoned them."

"You mean they need to know he hasn't abandoned you?" He analyzes skeptically.

"No." I push back. "This isn't about me, not beyond making it clear that he's not neglecting his duties as a mate. But that's only so that they won't question his integrity. If it were merely a matter of my reputation I wouldn't care."

"Selene," Thomas sighs, clearly ramping up for a lecture.

"No, please just listen," i request. "This is far bigger than my relationship with Bastien. This is about the rogues that infiltrated, this is about making sure people know he isn't off galavanting around while the pack suffers. You know as well as I do that when people feel unsafe and unsettled, they act in ways that only make things worse. We have to keep the peace."

"I'm not objecting to your logic." Dr. Kane insists. "My objection is to the strain an interview might place on you. You aren't well enough to endure interrogation."

"Well that's good," I counter, "Because it won't be an interrogation." For once I've embraced my cunning. No reporter in their right mind would be ruthless towards a pregnant she-wolf, not if they want to keep their career. If they try to do too much hard-hitting reporting they'll only look like bullies and make me seem the victim. "They'll lob me a few soft-ball questions, and I'll defend my mate."

"Selene, you can't be sure that will happen." Dr Kane cautions me.

"Of course I can." I insist. Because you'll guarantee it. You'll advise the newscasters not to upset me, and they'll go easy as a result."



He stubbornly shakes his head, “I’m sorry, Selene. I can’t endorse this.”

“I’m not asking you to endorse this.” I correct, “I’m telling you: This is the way it’s going to be.”

The doctor takes a step back, looking surprised and alarmed. “Selene, I-”

“Dr. Kane, I appreciate everything you’ve done for me.” I state simply. “And I appreciate how grave your concern is for my well being, but please understand this is something I have to do. I’m not just a patient, I’m the Alpha’s mate. It’s my responsibility to step up when the pack is in trouble.”

His eyes widen almost imperceptibly, and maybe it’s my imagination, but I’m sensing a new-found respect from the physician. “I’ll make the arrangements.” He agrees, “But I also withhold the right to shut the interview down if I think it’s causing you too much stress.

Extending my palm, I smile widely, “Deal.”

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## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 145**

### **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate**

#### **Chapter 145**

#Chapter 145- Selene Gives a Press Conference

Selene

“How do I look?”

Sophie grins at me, “like a queen.”

“A very tired queen.” I joke.

“That is why the Goddess invented makeup.” She replies, dabbing concealer on the dark circles beneath my eyes. When she’s finished, even I have to admit that I look pretty good. Make no mistake, I’ve looked much better, but at least this way I look the part of an Alpha’s mate. I’m wearing a simple wrap dress cut from pearlescent white fabric, with my dark hair flowing in waves around my shoulders and a thick layer of

mascara framing my blue and violet eyes. Hopefully the camera lights will make my fair skin look porcelain, and not the pallid gray I've been sporting lately.

"You look lovely Selene." Dr Kane appears in the doorway as I slip on a pair of gold pumps matching my simple jewelry. "Are you sure you're up for this?"

"Yes, Thomas. I'm sure." I reply confidently.

"Good." He nods in approval, his gaze lingering just a bit too long on my curves. "The Novan News Corps has already checked in downstairs, they're waiting in the lounge."

Right on cue, Lila comes trotting in from the hallway, "Mommy there's people with cameras!"

"I know, my love!" I reply, lifting her up and giving her a kiss hello. Unsurprisingly the news stations had requested Lila join the interview; everyone in Elysium seems to be half obsessed with finding out more about the Alpha's pup. And while I'm sure Lila would have agreed, I don't think a three year old has the cognitive ability to truly understand the consequences of being in the public eye this way, and it's not something I want her exposed to just yet. Instead we agreed she could watch from the wings with Sophie.

So when Odette, Drake, the Betas and I file out onto a raised dais fitted with a podium and far more microphones than can possibly be necessary, my pup stays on the sidelines and watches with avid interest. I step up to the podium with the others flanking me on either side, and greet the assembled reporters. Blinding white overhead lights and blinking red camera signals all but blind me, and my nerves rocket into overdrive. I've never done anything like this.

It takes all my willpower to keep my voice steady as I begin to speak, and I have to clasp my hands together to stop their shaking from rattling the podium. "Good morning. I want to thank all of you for being here today." I can hardly see the crowd, the lights are so bright, but I press on. "I'm sorry for the unusual setting and am greatly appreciative of Elysium Central Hospital for letting us impose this way. I wish I could have addressed you all sooner, but Dr. Kane has forbidden me from having any excitement until now."

The cameras swing to the grinning Dr, "Technically it's still forbidden, Selene is just misbehaving."

Laughter moves through the audience, and I continue. "That is technically true, but I didn't feel I could avoid excitement in good conscience when the pack has had no such luxury." My hands are shaking less and less, and the fluttering in my belly seems to have evened to a low thrum. "This week has been a very difficult one for all members of the Nova pack. I was devastated to learn of the wildfire and want to assure you all that we are doing everything we can to help restore the forest and assist those pack members impacted. We have been working diligently with families living in the area of

the blaze, but I encourage anyone with concerns about our response or future prevention to please reach out to the pack house so that we might address your concerns directly.”

“In addition, I want to assure everyone watching at home that our enforcers have caught all the rogues who infiltrated the territory this week and are processing them for trial.” Glancing around the room, I expect to find an angry mob, instead I find a rapt audience. We are increasing sentries and patrols at the border, and likewise, would like to hear from anyone with additional security concerns. We can’t be everywhere at once, so you may have insights that we simply don’t. We all have to work together in these trying times, especially while the Alpha is away on highly sensitive business.”

The reporters all perk up, looking avidly interested. “I’m afraid I cannot share the Alpha’s whereabouts with you at this time, other than to tell you he is out of the territory on critical business related to pack security. If I could tell you more without risking the safety of his mission or this pack I would, but that simply isn’t possible.”

Multiple people speak over each other at once then, vying to be the loudest. “Selene, how are you feeling?” “Selene, how can you support the Alpha being away when you’re in this condition?” “Selene, is the pack in danger?”

I feel my eyes widen as I try to take in all their questions. “As to the first question, I can tell you I’ve felt better.” I admit ruefully, earning a few chuckles, “I’m so thrilled Bastien and I are expecting another pup, but the going is a bit rough at the moment. And I support Bastien’s absence because it was the right decision for all of us. Neither of us are happy about it, but we both believe being a good leader means making personal sacrifices for the pack.” Glancing at Lila, who’s watching me avidly from her spot in Sophie’s arms, I add. “Believe me, the Alpha did not want to leave, precisely because I’m breeding. If he’d had any other choice, he would be here with me. You have no idea how

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#Chapter 145- Selene Gives a Press Conference

difficult the decision was, especially since he missed seeing our first pup born.”

Taking a deep breath I proclaim. “And while I can assure you that the pack is not in any immediate danger, the work Bastien is doing is crucial to ensure that remains true. As powerful as we are, the Nova pack is not without its enemies; the fire, these rogues are proof of that.” Gesturing to the wolves around me, I share. “But as you can see, the Alpha left a strong team behind to govern the pack while he’s away.

“Are you saying these tragedies have been the work of our enemies? One of the reporters questions anxiously.

“We believe that is the case, though I’m not able to share more information at this time – as frustrating as I know that is to hear.” I sigh apologetically, really not sure if anything I’m saying is going to help matters or make them worse.

Fortunately the personal drama I referenced first seems to have distracted them, because the next question raised is, “Selene, what did happen with your first pregnancy? Did Arabella really force you out of the territory?”

I realize that while everyone must know the story by now, they’ve never heard it straight from me. “Yes.” I confirm, taking a deep breath. “I’m not sure what all you’ve heard, but I can tell you that most of what was printed in the newspapers is true. I left because my life and my unborn pup’s life was in danger, and I didn’t feel I had another choice. When Arabella found out I was pregnant, she tried to kill me more than once, and she almost succeeded.” Even as I share the barest details of the story, my stomach churns with the memory.

Suddenly I realize I’m going to be sick, and on live TV. Abruptly spinning so my back is to the crowd, Odette takes one look at my face and grabs the trash bin we set behind the dais for precisely this purpose. Retching into it while the reporters moan in sympathy, I clamp my eyes shut in embarrassment. I can’t believe I just did that.

Just then I hear Lila calling me, her voice sounding much too close. “Mommy!” A second later her little body collides with my leg, her plump arms wrapping around my knee in case someone tries to remove her.

Reaching back to stroke her hair, I use my free hand to wipe my mouth. “It’s okay angel, Mommy’s just being silly again.”

When I’m finished, Odette hands me some tissues and I wipe my face. Reaching down for my pup, I scoop her into my arms and turn back to face the audience. “Sorry about that.” I murmur huskily, squeezing Lila tighter as she hides her face in my neck. For being such a sociable little pup, she does get shy around big crowds.

Of course every eye in the room is on her, even as various people ask about my wellbeing. “I’m fine.” I promise, adjusting Lila on my hip, “of course this little bean wasn’t supposed to be part of the press conference, but I wasn’t supposed to get sick in front of you either.” I joke, provoking a few peels of laughter.

Of course the reporters take this as permission to start asking Lila questions. “Lila, does it make you sad when your Mommy’s sick?”

She nods sulkily, cuddling closer and eliciting a series of awws from the onlookers.

“Lila, how do you like Elysium?” Someone else asks.

Pressing my lips to her hair, I remind her, “you don’t have to answer baby, only if you want to.”

She looks up at me uncertainly, then turns to the waiting crowd, “Lots.” She smiles shyly, “I likes the trees, an the ice scream.”

The reporters laugh, “Do you miss your Daddy?”

She nods vigorously, getting a little more confident with every question. “Is not fair. I just gots him.” She pouts, provoking another round of chuckles. Thinking further, Lila cocks her head to the side, Daddy promise he be back soon dough.”

“Are you excited to become a big sister?” One of the men in the front row asks.

I exchange a meaningful glance with Odette. I’m really not wild about my daughter being broadcast on television, especially when we’re in the kind of danger we are, but I know the Novan News network doesn’t reach outside our borders. Besides, it seems like she’s distracting everyone from all the bad news, which we desperately need.

“No.” Lila chirps matter-of-factly. “I don wanna share Mommy and Daddy.”

The room devolves into “aws” and giggles, and in one fell swoop my daughter has stolen the show and saved us from the pack’s scrutiny. If anyone ever had any doubt she was Bastien’s child, they certainly won’t now.

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 146**

### **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate**

#### **Chapter 146**

#Chapter 146 – Arabella Learns the Limits of Magic

Arabella

Damn it! I internally shriek, staring in horror at the news broadcast filling the television screen. Selene and her brat are parading across a stage, charming the crowd and giving a flawlessly sympathetic performance. What the hell are they thinking? This is the last thing I need!

Bastien has been watching the news like a hawk, pacing like a caged tiger in front of the TV and alternatively scouring the newspapers for any scrap of intel. I've been carefully screening both before he gets his hands on the remote or the morning post, but until now we haven't come up against this kind of crisis – and that's undoubtedly what this is. If Bastien sees the press conference footage I'm absolutely screwed. They are too convincing, too lovely, and that child is obviously his. For all she resembles her mother, when she speaks to the reporter it's as if the words are coming from Bastien himself – albeit a very young Bastien.

Everything I've been telling him depends on making Selene the enemy: a cunning, vengeful tyrant. My story is a far cry from the quietly courageous, loving and fragile beauty on the TV. What's worse, her speech is the perfect balm for everything which has been going wrong in Elysium these last few weeks – no doubt at Frederic's hands. I can almost see the rifts in the Nova pack healing beneath her caring ministrations.

I cut the wires to the TV before Bastien wakes, thanking the Goddess that fatigue seems to be a side-effect of the memory potion. I'm just in time. No sooner have I stored the wire cutters that he emerges from his room, scrubbing a tired hand over his face as he moves toward the abandoned remote – only pausing to give me a chaste kiss on the cheek. "Morning Bella."

Clicking the device repeatedly with no response, he mutters, "the cable must be out." Instead he retrieves the newspaper, which thankfully printed too early to include details from the press conference. Still, I'll almost certainly have to find a way to alter tomorrow's post.

As Bastien sits down at the breakfast table, pouring himself a mug of coffee, I suddenly realize I was so distracted by Selene's antics that I've forgotten to dose his drink. While his head is still buried behind the paper, I sidle close, uncorking the vial I keep on a chain around my neck and leaning over him. "Don't worry," I say, pretending to reach for a slice of toast and tipping the vial over his glass of juice. "I'll call the cable company first thing."

Bastien looks up just as I shake a few drops of potion into his drink, and I whip the vial behind my back before he can see what I was doing. He looks as though he might have caught a flash of movement, but the potion dulls his senses as well as his memory, and a quick distraction should easily ease his suspicion, "Okay?" I prompt, focusing his attention on my previous comment.

"Fine." He agrees. "I don't want to spend the day in front of the TV again anyway. I've got to get out of this apartment, Bella."

"Bastien we've talked about this." I sigh, not having to fake an ounce of my exhaustion with the subject.

“Yes, but you’re assuming I’ll be recognized here when there’s no reason to think I would.” He argues, “After all, you told me you had to order the Nova News Network and paper specially. Most Calypso wolves won’t see any of this. They won’t know what I look like.”

“No but they’ll know a strange wolf is roaming around.” I remind him. In fact, I have to scrub myself raw every time I leave the house so his scent won’t linger on me when I visit Blaise.

“Bella, I’m going crazy being locked up here.” He gripes, “This city has millions of inhabitants and thousands of tourists visit every day. One strange wolf isn’t going to raise any alarms.”

“Alright, alright!” I agree, worn down to the bone. “We’ll go out tonight – but I decide where, and you have to be disguised.”

Bastien straightens up, looking comically indignant. “I will not put on a disguise and slink around like some rogue.”

Glaring and gnashing my teeth, I mutter, “You are so stubborn.”

He flashes me a wolfish grin. “Well if that isn’t the pot calling the kettle black, I don’t know what is.”

Bastien

“What is this place?” I inquire, staring at my surreal surroundings in surprise and dismay. When Arabella said she was going to show me the city, I expected her to take me on a tour of her favorite places. Granted, that’s the last thing I wanted to see, but I’m starting to think I’d prefer it to this.

We’re in some sort of strange subterranean street, staring into a dark maze of underground streets. It’s true that Elysium was built into the mountains themselves, but not like this. Elysium is beautiful and open and at one with nature, conforming itself to the natural landscape rather than bending the environment to our will. But there is nothing natural about this place – it is cold and dank and hopeless.

Unlike the glittering streets aboveground, these homes and shops are not shining examples of technology and innovation, instead I feel as if I’ve walked two centuries into the past. Yet Arabella looks around with bright eyes, blind to the suffering surrounding us on all sides. “It’s

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## #Chapter 146 – Arabella Learns the Limits of Magic

the underground. The Calypso pack is partitioned by class – to keep things simple. The poor stay belowground in the old levels of the city, and the nobility and aristocrats live above. It's all very organized. no unnecessary conflicts or uncomfortable confrontations." She explains dreamily. After all, no one wants to have to look at that kind of unpleasantness." She remarks, wrinkling her nose.

I stop in my tracks, her words slowly filtering through my brain. I don't know why, but ever since I got here it's taken me much longer than usual to wrap my head around even simple concepts. It feels sort of like I'm constantly moving through water, fighting to sort out logic and my own feelings in slow motion. "Simpler?" I repeat, "Arabella, it's barbaric."

"No. She laughs warmly, trying to make me understand. "People are happier this way – the poor and the rich. The classes aren't meant to mix, Bastien, How do you think the poor feel when they have to look at everything the wealthy enjoy but they'll never possess themselves? This is more humane." She loops her arms through mine, and leads me back to the above ground section of the city. Fresh air washes over me instantly, and the wretched conditions of the city beneath our feet seems even starker by comparison.

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"I brought you here so you could see how things could be in Elysium." Arabella continues, sweeping her arm wide. "Look at this, it's a utopia because Blaise isn't afraid to make controversial decisions."

I pull free of her touch, feeling a rush of disappointment in my surrogate sister, as well as shame for failing her so completely. Clearly we did not raise her well enough. "It's a utopia built on blood."

Arabella

This day just gets worse and worse.

After dropping Bastien at home, I head straight back to the underground. That excursion did not go as I had planned – at all. I thought Bastien would appreciate Tartarus as I do, even if he needed a little help to see the beauty of the arrangement. Yet no matter what I said, he insisted Blaise's creation was an atrocity, and refused to listen to reason.

What's worse, no matter how many ways I try to win him, Bastien seems immune to my charms. It doesn't matter that he doesn't remember Selene, he seems no closer to falling in love with me now than he did seven years ago.



Striding into the dim hole-in-the-wall where my friend, the apothecary, conducts his business, I look around and fight not to turn my nose up at the dirty shop. The bell above the door chimes shrilly, and a disembodied voice sounds from the back of the store, “Just a minute!”

A few moments later, when the sketchy character I’ve come to consider my supplier for all things illicit appears, I set my hands on my hips, “It’s not working.”

He arches a brow, “You mean he still has his memory?”

“No.” I snap. “He doesn’t remember a thing, but he’s not susceptible to control. I swear, making him like me is like pulling teeth.”

“I never promised that my potion would let you control him.” He reminds me. “I said it would steal his memory and dull his sharpness.”

\*Fine, then give me something that will make him fall in love with me.” I command.

The gnarled man cuts his eyes to me, “oh princess, didn’t anyone ever tell you the limits of magic?”

“What are you talking about?” I demand.

“No potion can create or instill love.” The apothecary explains, only the Goddess can do that.”

“You’re saying there’s nothing you can do to help me?” I exclaim in disbelief.

“I’m saying that if you want the man to fall in love with you, you might want to try acting lovable.” The man remarks snidely. Ever consider

it?”

Glaring at the rude man, I turn and storm from the shop. I’ll show him. I think spitefully. I’ll be so lovable Bastien won’t know what hit him

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## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 147**

### **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate**

#### **Chapter 147**

#Chapter 147 – Aiden and Donovan Catch a Prize

“Odile was spotted again.” Donavon informs me urgently. “In Newtown.”

“When?” I reply, alight with excitement.

“Just now.” He shoots me a predatory grin, and I know we’re already on the same page.

“We need to move now, before it’s too late.” I announce.

“I’m already on it.” He assures me. “Every enforcer we have is currently deploying, we’ll have the entire neighborhood on lockdown within half an hour.”

Donavon is as good as his word. In no time at all, Newtown is crawling with enforcers and sentries, all concentrating around a single focal point: Paws and Claws, Elysium’s most exclusive nail salon. As betas, we stand at the center of the law enforcement melee, frantically going over every last detail of the raid.

We’ve yet to notify anyone but Drake, defaulting to the strongest wolf in the area amidst this unusual power vacuum. Though we won’t admit it to Selene, it worries us to no end that Bastien hasn’t been in touch. It’s less about his own wellbeing, than it is Selene and Lila’s. If he were on his own, he might stay out of contact for an extended period of time, but he would never go this long without checking in on his mate and pup.

“What kind of she-wolf turns up in a city where she’s exiled, and goes to a nail salon?” I question.

“The kind who believes she holds the world on a string.” Donavon answers.

We’ve confirmed beyond a shadow of a doubt that she’s still inside the salon, and we have every entrance and exit thoroughly blocked, \*1 want her brought in alive.” Donovan growls.

“Everyone just keep your head down until we give the mark.” I advise, “As long as everyone plays their part, this should be an easy catch.”

As we watch, three female enforcers enter the salon arm in arm, pretending to be friends on a girl’s day out. Target is in sight. One of the women reports, we got here just in time, it looks like she’s checking out.

We wait with baited breath as the enforcers circle Odile, surrounding her as more sentries filter through the salon doors, no longer concerned with remaining covert. “Odile Durand, put your hands up and turn around very slowly.” Once of the enforcers orders loudly.

The elegant she-wolf freezes in place, her body going rigid as she slowly raises her hands into the air. She turns, emitting a low growl and curling her lip in disgust. “Well, well, well.” She drawls. “Looks like Bastien isn’t completely inept after all.”

Odile

This day just gets worse and worse.

I’ve been kicking myself all the way to the enforcement headquarters. What was I thinking? I can already hear Frederic’s voice in my head, you risked our cover to get your nails done? YOUR NAILS! Of all the stupid, frivolous ideas, Mother.

If I’m being honest, I’m terrified of facing him after this. A month ago I never would have dreamed of fearing my own son, but it seems he’s finally come into his Alpha genes. He wrested control of our plans away from me just as his father would have done when he was alive, right down to his cruel methods of putting me in my place. The apple truly doesn’t fall far from the tree.

He’s going to be absolutely furious I’ve been caught. In fact, I’d much rather be here with these spineless betas than in Frederic’s clutches, at least until he’s had time to cool his temper.

Case and point: Donovan stands in front of me with a smug grin that – far from intimidating-shows he’s much too pleased with himself. “Odile, it’s been a long time.”

The two Novan alphas are standing over me, while I sit handcuffed to a stark metal table. “Donovan,” I reply coolly, “20 years later and you’re still just an Alpha’s lackey.”

His smile widens, becoming a sharp, predatory thing. “Unlike you, I don’t believe you have to run the pack to be of value. Everyone has their role, and not everyone with strength is fit to rule.”

“Your son, for example.” Aiden interjects, “if Frederic had what it took to lead he could challenge Bastien outright. But he doesn’t, and he never will”

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#Chapter 147 – Aiden and Donovan Catch a Prize

“As you said.” I remind him, “leading is about more than brute strength. Do you really think it’s fair that Basiten should be in charge simply because no one else can beat him in a fight.”

“Funny.” Donovan chuckles, crossing his arms over his chest, “Frederic has been scheming to bring him down for years, has he not? And Bastien hasn’t fallen – what would you call that if not outwitting his enemy?”

“I’d call it luck, and standing on the shoulders of those wiser and more cunning than he is.” I suggest.

“Then you don’t know Bastien.” Aiden proclaims firmly.

“Oh I know Bastien, just like I knew his father.” I snarl. “Wolves full of pretty ideals who aren’t willing to make the hard decisions and do what is necessary for the good of the pack.”

“Like what, releasing rogues into the territory to torment innocent men, women and children? Is that how you think you’ll help the Novas?” Donovan inquires with a scoff.

“The Novas could be the most powerful pack on the continent.” I exclaim. Honestly, these people have no vision! “We could overtake the Calypsos if we invested in building our power rather than keeping the peace.”

“Oh, so that’s your plan.” Aiden assesses shrewdly, “terrorise everyone so they’ll support a war to take control of the continent.” The young man looks more and more disgusted with every word. “That kind of power is only good for those who stand to gain. You don’t give a damn about the people.”

“You stupid, naive boy!” I hiss, “Have you never heard of sacrifice for the greater good?”

“Of course I have.” Aiden assures me, “granted it’s usually only espoused by psychopaths like you. Honestly it’s hard to blame Frederic for turning out a madman with the kind of parents he’s had.”

“You don’t have a clue who you’re dealing with.” I tell him with relish, you would do well not to underestimate my son.”

“Why don’t you tell us more, Odile.” Donovan invites, “We’d love to hear all about your and Frederic’s plans.”

“I’m sure you would.” I snort, cutting my eyes to the two betas. “Unfortunately for you, I’m not that foolish.”

Donovan pins me with his gaze. And you’re sure Frederic is the smarter choice? He’s not going to be happy you let yourself get caught, Odile. I don’t know the body, but if he’s anything like his father...” He trails off ominously.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.” Forcing the words out through clenched teeth, I try not to think about how right the big wolf is. What is he going to do with me?

The men exchange a glance, and I fear they've read my unease. "Think about it, Odile." Aiden instructs, "we might be the lesser of two evils here. We can help you."

"I don't need your help." I spit, "my son would never harm me, when this is all said and done, I'm going to rule at his side."

"That's not what he seems to think." Aiden taunts, "all our intelligence shows he plans on Selene ruling at his side. In fact, he doesn't seem to have thought of you at all."

"You're wrong!" I cry, losing my cool just a little.

\*Think what you like." Donovan shrugs, "After all, you said it, you know your son better than we do. If he's promised you a role in his government, who are we to say otherwise." –

And that's when I realize... Frederic hasn't promised me anything. For months I controlled the plans, always intending to continue pulling his strings once victory was ours, I never expected him to throw me over. After he took control, I still assumed I would be his main advisor – after all, who better to look out for him than his mother? However as time has passed he's become more and more domineering, cutting me out little by little, and never mentioning where I might fit into his future plans.

I told myself it was alright, that it was simply the takeover and I'd take my place when things settled down. Yet as these two wretched, uncouth wolves look down on me, I realize they're right. Frederic isn't including me, and he isn't asking for my advice – because he doesn't want it. I've been deluding myself all this time, imagining he would respect my experience and stay true to my vision. The moment I lost control of him, I lost my chance to be involved.

"Are you sure there isn't anything you want to share with us?" Donovan asks knowingly.

As much as I abhor the idea, I'd be a fool not to consider it. After all, I'm the one who insisted this isn't about ideals, it's about power – and right now, they have it.

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 148**

### **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate**

#### **Chapter 148**

#Chapter 148 – Prison Break

Frederic

Bloody typical.

I leave the house for a few measly hours and the dumb bitch goes and gets herself caught – and at a nail salon no less. Of all the stupid, thoughtless things to do! I swear, I could strangle the woman.

It doesn't take me long to find her. I know they wouldn't take her to the pack house, and while they might want to lock her up, the idiots are too noble to completely bypass the system. They'll take her to the enforcement headquarters to interrogate. They won't actually lock her into a jail cell until they have something with which to charge her.

I know my mother isn't foolish enough to tell them anything intentionally, but I need to get to her before they trick her into revealing some detail of my plans. Clearly I've been overestimating her intelligence if she let herself get caught this easily.

I watch the headquarter's entrance until I see the betas leaving for the night, then wait for the night shift to fully take over. There are fewer people around after hours: fewer guards, fewer enforcers and investigators, fewer people to watch the security feeds.

I consider any number of operations, but in the end I decide to go with chaos over precision. I've already located her cell by hacking the security feed, I just need to distract the men and women standing guard. It will make for a better story in the morning papers anyway – one I'll make sure gets printed.

I cut the power to the building remotely, simultaneously unlocking all the cells so that the enforcers will have their hands full with escaping detainees. Slipping in a side door, I steal a custodian's uniform from one of the supply closets, along with a bucket and mop to push around as part of my disguise.

Pulling the cap down low over my eyes, I slip through the blackened hallways with ease, listening to people shout and tussle. It must have been a busy day, with lots of arrests and therefore lots of perpetrators to fill the holding cells.

Perfect.

Luck is on my side, I only have to knock out three enforcers before I find my mother, trying to slink out of the building unnoticed, and failing miserably. There are two enforcers on her tail, and she doesn't even seem to notice. Rolling my eyes, I dispatch the men quickly, before snagging my mother by the scruff of her neck and pulling her out of the building amidst blaring alarms.

She tries to explain on the drive home, blathering excuses and promising me over and over that she didn't tell them anything. Yet her words fall on deaf ears. I'm sick and tired of her mistakes, and I'm done listening to excuses.

When we get back to the house, I bodily drag her down to the basement, throwing her in the small, damp room without mercy. “Until you learn how to follow orders, I can’t trust you to be off leash.” I decide ruthlessly, hardening myself to her horrified expression. “You’ll stay here until I decide you’ve learned your lesson.”

“You can’t do this to me! I’m your mother!” She cries, as if I don’t know.

“You’re a liability, and you had your chance.” I decree, slamming the door shut.

Her body crashes into the wood, followed by the pounding of her weak, ineffectual fists. “Please Frederic! Without me, you’d be nothing!”

“No!” I snarl, “without you, I’d already be the Alpha of the Nova pack! All these years you insisted you were helping me, you really just held me back, but that’s over now!” I announce, “You made your bed Mother, now sleep in it.”

Selene

“You’ve got to get me out of here.” I beg Drake, clutching his arm with both hands.

“Selene, honey.” He placates me, gently detaching my grip. “You know that isn’t possible.”

“But my blood tests are better!” I insist, feeling near tears. I’m going crazy being trapped in this bed, hooked up to machines, packed full of needles and separated from my pup.

“I know, but the Doctor says you need to stay here until you put on a few pounds.” Drake informs me in the same even tone.

“But I could be on bed rest at home!” I argue, “why do I have to stay here when I don’t need any special equipment to keep up my health?”

“It’s round the clock care.” Drake reasons, “you have the nurses on call at a moment’s notice.”

“We could hire a nurse to help her out at home.” Odette suggests.

“Yes!” I exclaim, making my eyes *wide* and pushing out my *lower* lip in a *dramatic pout*. “Please, Drake? Please, please, please?”

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea.” He sighs,

“*Why not?*” I *cry*, dropping the pleading expression and his arm all at once. “*You’re supposed to be on my side here.*”

Drake narrows his eyes, offering me an admonishing glower. “I am on your side, Selene.” He states with forced patience, “but I’m trying to do what I think Bastien would want. I’m trying to put myself in his shoes and make the same decision I would for my own mate.”

“So you’re saying you’d ignore your mate’s wishes, separate her from her pup and lock her up in this torture chamber?” I grumble,

“Now you’re just being dramatic,” He drawls.

“I’m pregnant.” I sniff, “I’m allowed.”

“She does have a point, Drake,” My hero, Odette points out. “She would be less stressed if she was home with Lila, It isn’t good for her mental health to be in this environment, whatever benefits it may offer her physically.”

“See!” I jump on her “I’ll go crazy if I stay here.”

“I think you already are.” My friend mutters under his breath,

“I heard that” I snipe, but I think you’re forgetting it’d also be easier to keep safe in the pack house. Anyone could walk into the hospital and attack me.”

“Sure, except the hospital has cameras in every last hall and requires key card entry to this wing, whereas your house is full of secret passages which Frederic has already used to commit a murder.” Drake recalls.

Throwing my hands up, I revert to complaining about matters of principle, rather than trying to convince the stubborn man about logic. “How is this fair anyway? You aren’t my mate and I’m a full grown woman, how is it your call to make this decision for me?”

“Because Bastien made it my responsibility.” Drake replies, as if this is the most logical thing in the world. But okay, I’ll talk, just talk to Dr Kane, I’m not making any promises here. If he says it’s too risky, you’re staying put.”

I want to make another scathing remark, but I’m afraid of pushing my luck too far, so I settle for a simple, “Thank you!”

Drake

“That is out of the question.” Dr Kane proclaims instantly.

“I was afraid of that.” I sigh. “You’re sure there’s no arrangement we can make-home nurses, daily check ups? She’s really unhappy here.”



"I'm sorry to hear that." The physician says, seeming to genuinely mean it. "But I really feel she's better off here than at home."

"Even if it's causing her more stress to be here?" I press.

"Here's the thing." Dr Kane explains, "the night we tried to have Lila stay over, we did it so Selene wouldn't feel anxious, but you know what ended up happening? She ended up more anxious because Lila was so upset to see her ill. I truly understand it's stressful for her to be away from home, but I genuinely believe it would do more harm than good."

I can't help but think his words make sense. She might want to be home, but I know if she's there, she won't truly rest. She'll try to work and go back to being super Mom, and she'll land herself right back here. Nodding, I thank the man and take my leave, trying to decide how to tell my friend the bad news.

As I stride back towards her room, I intercept Aiden coming up the stairs with a grim look on his face. "What's wrong?" I ask immediately. The last time I saw the betas they were full of excitement over catching Odile.

"I came to deliver the news." He sighs, seeming as if the weight of the world is on his shoulders. "Odile escaped last night."

"Great." I remark sarcastically. "Though maybe if you tell your news first, mine won't seem so bad."

His brow furrows, "Why, what's your news?"

"Selene wanted to go home to be on bedrest there, but Dr Kane says it's impossible." I share.

Aiden's head jerks up, and I try to understand why he's looking at me with such a horrified expression. Dr Kane?" He repeats, aghast. "Her doctor is Thomas Kane?"

"Yes?" I answer uncertainly, completely confused by his reaction. I know the betas haven't been around the hospital much, but I don't know why it should alarm him that the chief of medicine is caring for the Alpha's mate. That's how it should be, right?

To my shock, his mouth forms a hard line and he shakes his head with grave determination. "We've got to get her out of here. Now."

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 149**

### **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate**

## Chapter 149

#Chapter 149- Defying the Doctor's Orders

Selene

With every day that passes, the more worried I become that Bastien hasn't called. I'm certain he's alive. With our bond, I know I would feel it if he weren't, no matter how far away he may be. Still, the continued radio silence is enough to make me fear any number of other tragedies. Is he hurt? Is he sick? Sitting in a dungeon somewhere?

Don't jump to conclusions. Luna advises in a soothing tone. As far as we know, no news is good news.

I hate it when people say that. I reply silently, no news can be just as damning as bad news, especially when the person you're worried about is literally facing death.

The worst part of all of this is that I know the others are worried too, but they aren't telling me because they're worried I'll fall to pieces.

I'm sick of being babied this way just because I'm pregnant. I mean, I know there are some things I probably don't want to know, and I know I'm already under too much pressure and buckling beneath the weight of everything already on my shoulders, but shielding me from reality isn't helping. Now I'm simply imagining a thousand horrible possibilities rather than coping with anything real.

"Mommy," Lila begins, interrupting my thoughts.

"Yes lovey?" I prompt, pulling her into my lap.

"Will Daddy be home before da baby comes?" Apparently our minds were on the same wavelength. The sweet pup is looking up at me hopefully, expecting me to have all the answers even though I'm in the dark almost as much as she is.

"I hope so, angel." I answer honestly. "I really do."

+

"Can we call him?" She asks for the thousandth time. She's asking less and less often, but she still asks far too frequently, and everytime she does my heart breaks a little more – for all three of us.

"You know his phone isn't working right now, Lila. We've talked about this, remember?" I explain gently.

"I thought it might be better by now." She pouts, fiddling with the stuffed elephant in her tiny hands. After thinking for a moment, she looks back up at me hopefully, and I know what she's going to ask before the words leave her mouth. "Can you come home t'day?"

Another question that breaks my heart, and one I hear way too often.

Sighing heavily, I begin, "I wish I could sw-"

"Your wish has been granted." Aiden announces out of nowhere, striding into the room as if he's on a mission, "We're getting you out of here, Selene."

I can barely believe my ears, "What?" Drake strolls in behind the beta, an odd look on his face. "Did Dr Kane say it was okay?"

"Nope!" Aiden quips matter-of-factly, "He did not. And that's why we're leaving."

"I don't understand." I murmur, "What's going on?"

"We'll explain later." Drake promises, looking down at my pup, "You hear that little bean Mommy's coming home!"

"Yaayyy!" Lila cries, bouncing up and down in my lap and unfortunately making my stomach roil. Seeing the expression on my face, Drake quickly gathers her up and offers me the trash bin.

After emptying my stomach, I watch in a daze as the men pack my bags and call for the nurse to remove my IV. She's still in the middle of the process when Dr Kane appears in the doorway. "What's the meaning of this?"

"We're taking Selene home." Aiden declares, his countenance so cold I'm taken aback. The beta is normally the friendliest of shifters, I can't recall ever seeing him look so fierce outside of a fight.

"I thought we discussed this." Dr Kane says to Drake, she's not ready."

"Selene," Aiden says abruptly, turning to me, "Are you ready to go home?"

"Yes!" I nod vigorously, not understanding what's happening, but knowing exactly where I stand on this matter.

"See," Aiden tells Thomas curtly. "She's ready."

"Wanting to go and being ready are not the same thing." Dr Kane growls.

"And your orders are technically only recommendations." Drake counters with his own glare.

## #Chapter 149 Detying the Doctor's Orders

What on earth is going on!

"Selene can sign herself out of her own volition." Aiden finishes the Eros Alpha's thought. And that's exactly what she's going to do. You can't keep her here."

"Listen, I'm not sure what is going on. Dr Kane hedges, holding up his palms defensively. "but I must urge you to rethink this decision. Selene's labs are barely recovered and she still isn't putting on weight, she needs more time and a stress-free environment."

"There's no such thing." Drake sighs, "But I assure you home is less stressful for her than the hospital."

I'm elated that the men are finally supporting me, finally listening to what I've been saying this entire time. "Exactly!"

"We're going to hire a full time nurse to help her at the pack house." Aiden claims, everything you have here, we can provide for her at home.

"Except instant care in an emergency!" Dr Kane argues.

"It's not as if she's at risk of a heart attack." Drake defends, "if she gets too dehydrated and passes out, we just have to get fluids into her, not rush her to the OR for surgery."

"I am begging you to reconsider." Thomas says, somewhat manically.

"Dr. Kane, is there something you aren't telling us? Aiden grumbles confrontationally. "some reason you're determined to keep Selene here?"

I don't want to share my own guess with them, especially not with the man in the room. It's a very awkward thing to imagine your obstetrician has a crush on you in the first place, let alone confront him with the theory in a room full of your husband's friends.

"I'm a doctor. She's my patient. That's all." Thomas insists.

\*Actually she's not." Drake informs him coldly.

"What?" Dr Kane asks, not following.

"She's not your patient." Drake announces, passing Lila back to me and moving to tower over the shorter man. "not anymore."

"Mommy, why's uncle Rake and uncle Aidn being so weird?" My pup whispers in my ear.

"I don't know, angel." I answer honestly. My only guess is that somehow between my conversation with Drake and now, he figured out or began to suspect the same thing I do: that Thomas has feelings for me.

"They're really cranky." Lila narrates.

Smothering a laugh, I stride across the room to stand beside Drake and attempt to defuse the situation. "I really appreciate everything you've done for me, Thomas." I profess sincerely, "but I think this is for the best. I'm ready to go home, and I just think your regimen is too strict for me.

His green eyes flash dangerously. "The Alpha would want us to be overprotective rather than under," he asserts, taking me by surprise. I've never seen this aggressive side of Thomas, and I do not care for it – at all.

"I think we know the Alpha's mind a bit better than you do, Dr." Aiden snipes, zipping up my bag. "In fact these orders are coming directly from him."

I whip my head around to stare at the beta in shock, "What?! You talked to him?"

"I'll explain in the car." Aiden remarks simply, coming to stand on my other side. Together we form a united front against the imposing chief doctor, and though his jaw is twitching as if he wants to argue further, eventually Dr. Kane backs down.

Pursing his lips, Thomas makes a dismissive tsking noise. "It's your funeral." He derides, stepping aside.

Aiden and Drake snarl in unison, but I'm already gliding away down the hallway, practically bolting towards freedom just in case one of my babysitters change their minds. Lila is happily chattering away in my arms, intermittently singing. "We're going home!" and suggesting different activities for us to do when we get there.

Aiden and Drake catch up with us after a moment, and I glance back and forth between them. "Would one of you like to tell me what's going on?"

"In the car." Aiden repeats, peeking at me out of the corner of his eye. "Why didn't you tell us that Dr. Kane was your physician?"

"I thought you knew!" I exclaim, "he's the chief of medicine here, besides Odette and Drake knew."

"Yeah well Odette and I weren't in the loop on everything that's been going on." Drake shares, sounding annoyed.

"There was no reason for you to know this." Aiden says back in the tone of someone who is already tired of discussing this.

They're really starting to get on my nerves. Luna grouches.

You're preaching to the choir. I answer, letting my own annoyance bleed into my next words.

"All right boys, play nice." I placate. Despite their odd behavior, my mind can't help but linger on the single most important piece of information they shared back in my room. "Did you really talk to Bastien?"

Aiden exhales heavily, "Selene..."

"I know, I know." I complain, mocking his earlier words. "In the car."

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 150**

### **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate**

#### **Chapter 150**

#Chapter 150 – Selene Learns the Truth

The moment the car door closes and Lila is secured in her carseat, I demand, alright, we're in the car. Now tell me what's going on."

"Selene." Donovan sighs, "I'm sorry if we got your hopes up but we haven't heard from Bastien."

"But-" I object, replaying our conversation in the hospital over in my head, "Aiden said the orders were coming directly from him."

"We didn't know you'd gone back to Dr. Kane." Donovan explains gravely. "Bastien told us before he left that he doesn't want you anywhere near the man."

"Now tell her why." Drake instructs grumpily. "Honestly, how do you expect her to know she's supposed to stay away from people if you don't tell her."

"Bastien told her when he was here." Aiden argues.

"Bastien wanted to switch doctors because Thomas helped me hide my first pregnancy from him." I remind him, "That was his problem, not mine."

"That isn't the reason." Donovan informs me grimly. "I'm sorry Selene, but there's a chance that Thomas is actually the one behind all of our troubles here."

“What?!” I exclaim, “What are you talking about?”

I listen in horror as they explain all the clues pointing to Dr Kane, glancing at Lila every five seconds to make sure she’s not listening to our conversation. Luckily my pup is too preoccupied watching the world fly by out the window to focus on boring grown up talk.

“You’re saying that Thomas might not be Thomas at all?” I summarize when they’re finished, “You’re saying he might be Frederic? And every time I’ve thought he’s helping me…” I trail off, unable to finish such a horrible thought.

“That’s exactly what we’re saying.” Aiden admits, “Which is why the first thing we’re doing when we get home, is having another doctor come by to check on you. If we’re right I wouldn’t put it past Thomas to have been making you sick so that you’d be nearby and at his mercy.”

One more horrible piece clicks into place as I consider this possibility. “Those…” I was about to say assassins, but I remember Lila just before the word leaves my tongue. “Bastien’s welcoming committee at the Calypso border,” I say instead, they said Frederic wanted me for himself?”

“Yes.” Donovan and Aiden say in unison.

“Well that would fit.” Drake interjects, clearly on the same page that I am, “Because Dr Kane definitely has a thing for her.”

“Oh god, and he could have been monitoring the baby in case it’s a boy.” I realize, horror slicing through me when I realize how easy it would have been for him to induce a miscarriage if that happened. A thousand tiny clues are falling into place the more I think about it. It was always possible that Frederic set his sights on me without us ever meeting, but it makes a lot more sense that it happened after multiple interactions.

“It’s okay, Selene.” Drake assures me, squeezing my hand. “We got you away in time, you’re safe now.”

“I can’t believe Bastien didn’t tell me.” I whisper, feeling a rush of anger towards my mate, followed immediately by the sorrow of wishing he was here – even if it’s only so I can yell at him. “I’d never have gone back to him if I’d known.”

“He was trying to protect you.” Drake reminds me, sounding as if he understands only too well. I’m sure he’s thinking of Sophie now.

As a mother, I know better than anyone how tempting it can be to withhold information to spare the one you love pain or fear, but now that I’ve experienced being on the other side of things so completely, I vow never to do the same to Lila or my new pup – within reason of course.

“Do yourself and your mate a favor.” I advise my friend, “respect Sophie enough to face her problems head on. It will help you both in the long run.”

“Placebos.” The doctor assesses, studying each of the pills Dr. Kane prescribed me in turn. “All of them.”

My heart sinks. It seems Donovan and Aiden were right. The reason I wasn’t getting any better is because none of the medicines Thomas gave me were actually capable of helping. I’ve been taking sugar pills from day one, so it’s not wonder I ended up in such bad shape.

“Who prescribed these to you?” My new physician, a woman named Dr. Lee, inquires.

“Dr Kane.” I share sadly.

Her eyes widen almost imperceptibly. “The chief of medicine?”

“Yes.” Donovan confirms, we’re handling the situation, and I’m afraid we must require that you not repeat any of this to anyone else, including the medical board.”

“If that’s your preference.” Dr Lee nods with a heavy sigh. “Alright Selene, I think you and I should take a few minutes alone so you can catch me up on your case history and I can examine you. In the meantime one of your faithful guardians here can go get a new prescription filled so we can have you feeling better ASAP.”

She clears the men from the room, and for the first time I appreciate just how much difference a female doctor can make. Talking to her is so different from talking to Dr. Kane, especially when I tell her that Bastien is away indefinitely.

“That must be very difficult.” She commiserates, “But have no fear, we’ll take good care of you so that you’re in tip top shape when he returns.” No judgment, no prying questions, only support.

“Thank you.” I breathe, “I have to admit doing this alone again has been really stressful.”

“I believe it.” Dr. Lee agrees, “but you aren’t alone, Selene. I know it isn’t the same as having your mate here, but you have a wonderful circle of people here to support you, and now that includes me.”

“Dr. Lee.” My hormones have me on the verge of tears. I’m so grateful for the woman I could hug her. “Where have you been all my life?”

Frederic

The bastards took her.



They actually took Selene out of the hospital against my explicit orders.

It can only mean one thing. They've finally figured out the truth, and that means I don't have any reason to continue pretending. It's time I come out of hiding. The pack is in complete disarray, especially after the news about my mother's escape broke. One more disaster, and no glowing press conference in the world will be able to erase the damage.

I won't mind at all if Selene keeps trying of course, after all, the more the pack loves her, the better it will be for me when I finally take over. Having the former Alpha's mate in my corner will defuse any criticism about a hostile takeover. Of course, I'll have to make sure she knows she can't get away with this kind of disobedience in the future.

I'm sure it never would have happened if it weren't for that pack of idiots Bastien left guarding her. Selene is too sweet, too biddable to ever act out on her own. No, the only reason she dared to defy my orders was because they enabled her, I'm sure she'll see how wrong that was when I explain it to her.

Of course now that my access to her has been cut off, I'm going to be out of the loop. I'll have to think of some other way to get close to her. It would really be best if I can get rid of the betas and Drake Cavanaugh, maybe my next scheme can kill two birds with one stone. Killing them should be easy enough, but how can I make sure Selene isn't also harmed when one of them is almost always with her? And how can I arrange it so that Selene won't see me as an enemy once the dust has settled? It would also be best if I can make Bastien look worse in the process. My assassins may have failed, but he hasn't returned home yet either, and the more trouble I can cause while he's

away – the better.

I pace my office as I go through my options, then all at once it hits me. A kidnap. I can hire someone to take Selene, Lila and Drake's little mate – in fact she's the one who's inspired my plan. Her own failed kidnapping attempt is exactly what I need, only this time it won't be the kidnapper who doesn't survive the ransom meeting.

I can draw all the betas and Cavanaugh to the meetup – Maybe I can even get Odette to attend as well, she's another obstacle I don't need. They'll gather like fish in a barrel, perfectly primed for me to pick off one by one. And Bastien remaining absent when his mate's kidnapping and a mass murder of his loved ones is splashed through the headlines – they'll never forgive him.

Once the others are dead I can swoop in and rescue the girls, winning over Selene and the pack all at once.

It's perfect