

# Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 181

## Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate

### Chapter 181

#### Chapter 181 – Blaise Makes an Offer

Bastien

Blaise is still peering around my back, trying to get a good look at Selene, though it's clear he's already seen her eyes. "Come out, come out little wolf." He encourages, sounding as though he's luring a small child out to play. "Let me see you."

Axel is clawing at the surface of my skin, desperate to put down the other Alpha before he can harm my mate and unborn pup. "Selene," | instruct quietly. "Run."

I feel her little fists curl more tightly into my shirt. "No!" She whispers frantically, "I'm not leaving you here."

"And she's brave too." Blaise chuckles, clearly delighted. I'm not sure what to make of the man. The way he's speaking to Selene is so altered from the way he barked at Arabella. Then again, I suppose that if he's spent more than half his life searching for something, finally finding the object he's so obsessed with would make him a bit overenthusiastic.

"I said run." | grit out through clenched fangs. "That's an order, mate."

I can feel Selene shaking her head in defiance, even as I

snarl at her more viciously than I did when I thought she was my enemy. She jolts in shock, but just holds onto me more tightly.

"Clever girl, you found your own Alpha to protect you." Blaise croons, "but running won't help you now."

"I don't understand." Arabella announces shakily, "What's going on?"

"Shut her up." Blaise orders coldly. At first I think he must be talking to the man still waiting behind him, but the next thing I know a small army of guards enters the church, entering from every door around the chapel. My stomach immediately tangles into knots. It was questionable whether we could fight our way out of here with only Blaise to defeat, now it will be impossible.

As I watch, one of the guards stalks Arabella into a corner, making her cower and whimper with fear. With as little care and ceremony as if he was snapping a twig, the sentry reaches out and snaps Arabella's neck, dropping her swiftly and letting her body crumple to the ground. Selene yelps, I suspect more in surprise than anything else.

To my shock, the sound of her cry seems to worry Blaise. "Now, now," He cautions in that same saccharine tone, "don't be afraid, my lovely. Your death will be much kinder."

Unable to contain Axel for a moment longer, I shift, roaring as my body contorts and transforms. When the shift is complete, I lean my hind quarters against Selene, using my weight to herd her backwards. However the moment Selene was revealed, Blaise's face lit up like a kid in a

candy store.

"My Goddess, you're even more beautiful than I imagined." Blaise praises, his eyes raking over her form. They freeze when they arrive at the gentle swell of her tummy. He gasps softly, appearing completely transfixed. "You didn't tell me she was breeding." He says to the man behind him..

"I didn't know it mattered." The man answers gruffly.

"Oh it matters." He murmurs reverently. "In fact, you just doubled your reward."

Blaise gives one of his men a signal, and the guard produces a pair of briefcases to hand to the shifter. The man takes them and runs out the door so quickly I suspect he wasn't sure Blaise would actually let him keep the money he's been promised. It wasn't until he ran away that I realized Helene was nowhere to be found. The witch had been by Selene's side when she entered the chapel, but somewhere along the line she must have sensed the danger and disappeared. This and only this gave me a spot of hope we might be able to find a way out of this.

Looking back at us, Blaise shakes his head, making a soft tutting sound. "So remarkable, and that mongrel locked you away like you were nothing."

As he considers us, rubbing his chin in thought, I notice the shadows swirling in our periphery. I'd been so distracted by the danger we're facing I almost forgot Selene has been training to use her powers while I've been away.

However I'm not the only one who notices, Blaise sees the tendrils of black fog slowly edging in around him, and positively cackles. "And you've even unlocked some of the secrets of your magic!" He claps his hands together, "You're magnificent."

"Enough fawning." Selene hisses. "You cannot fool me into lowering my guard."

“Oh that was never my intention,” He answers smoothly. “I just cannot get over how incredible you are. And now I have a choice.” He adds gleefully, staring at her stomach. “Decisions, decisions.” He says to himself, “It seems such a shame to destroy something so perfect. What’s a few more months?”

With a flash of understanding, I realize what he means. He’s debating keeping Selene for himself, and waiting until our baby is born to perform whatever spell requires a Volana sacrifice to grant eternal life.

I’m not sure whether Selene is following his train of thought, but she’s done waiting. She swirls the shadows around us until my vision is completely obscured, filling the room with a darkness so thick it’s impossible for Blaise or his men to see us. Leaving a small bubble of light around us, Selene draws in a few nervous breaths. She moves to stand in front of me, sending out a powerful burst of energy out into the room.

The problem with the darkness she’s created is that it blinds us too, and I can sense Selene struggling to decide what to do next. Leaning into her legs, I try to silently encourage her to just breathe and not get overwhelmed, still I can feel the trembles running through her small body.

“Very nice.” Blaise calls into the darkness, “but you should know you’re not the only one with powers, my pet.”

All at once the darkness dissipates, but when the shadows clear we see at least a dozen of the guards fell to Selene’s energy burst. Unfortunately Blaise is still standing, and one of the men I took to be a sentry is by his side, hands extended as light pours from his chest, battling back Selene’s black fog. We should have anticipated that he would have his own spellcasters, but I’m relieved to see some of the resistance has been thwarted.

The path to the door is far from clear, but with my strength and Selene’s powers, we might stand a chance. Nudging Selene to the right, I move to the left, hoping to

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divide their focus and hopefully draw the wolves away from my mate. Blaise watches with rapt attention, and Selene

glances outside, where night has finally fallen.

This time instead of darkness, she summons the moon – the same pearly light she glowed with the night we met in the alley. It spills from her chest, spiraling towards the spellcaster like a bullet from a gun. I cannot watch any longer when a trio of wolves bear down on me. Dispatching them quickly, I turn to my next opponents, tearing at their vulnerable underbellies with my teeth and claws, breaking bones, ripping flesh and striking them down without mercy.

However for every wolf I take down, two more appear, and before long Blaise's entire guard is on me. It seems like every sentry he brought with him is now charging towards me, and though I know the odds are now against me, I pray it's enough to let Selene escape.

A dozen wolves wrestle me to the ground, forcing me to shift back into human form. Whipping my head around to try and see Selene, I find her frozen in the doorway, staring at me in panic even as she holds Blaise at bay with a ball of light between her palms. The spellcaster has fallen, but Blaise looks entirely unconcerned.

When his gaze lowers to me, a glint of something akin to respect in his sharp eyes. "I have to say you're every bit as formidable as I was told."

Ignoring him, I shout at Selene. "Go!" Her lower lip trembling, she shakes her head, and I put every bit of Alpha authority I can muster into my voice. "Go Selene, run!"

She visibly shivers with the impact of my order, but still she does not move. "Let him go." She snarls at Blaise.

The other Alpha is looking back and forth between us with eager anticipation. "You know Arabella was annoying as a gnat, but I have to admit, she did have a good idea every now and then." He acknowledges, nodding towards the men holding me down.

I feel something sharp between my shoulder blades, and then Selene's terrified voice reaches my ears. "No!"

"Damn it, Selene!" I roar, "Leave me, get out of here."

"Do you want him to live, my beauty?" Blaise offers her, using the same crooning tone.

She raises her hands, preparing to lash her magic out at the Alpha, but he wags a finger and I feel the blade in my back pierce through my clothes, "Ah, ah." He scolds, "You attack, and he dies."

"So what, I should let you kill me instead?" She snaps.

"Nonsense." He grins, "Why would I kill you when I can

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keep you?"

"I don't believe you!" She cries, staring at me with terror and longing.

"It doesn't really matter what you believe." Blaise shrugs. "You can watch your mate die, or you can come along like a good girl and I won't set him free, but I won't kill him either."

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"Don't do it, Selene. He wants the baby!" | warn her desperately.

"He's right. I do." Blaise confirms, "but that's months down the road. Plenty of time for you to try and find another way out of this." He tempts her with a predatory smile.

"Why would you take the risk of me escaping you?" She hisses.

"Because you won't." Blaise answers coldly, "Not so long as I have your mate at my mercy. You can't leave here, without leaving him to die."

I can see her considering it, I can sense his logic working on her. "Baby go now!" | command. "It's okay," | promise, truly preferring to die, even though it kills me to know I'll never meet my child.

The pain in my back grows sharper, and Blaise's powerful voice rings out, "Decide Selene – your freedom or your *mate*?"

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 182**

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Chapter 182

Chapter 182- Selene Decides

Selene

That's a nightmare like this once: being helpless before Blaise while my family hangs in the balance. However even my worst dreams couldn't have predicted this fate: being forced to choose between Bastien's life and my own. Bastien is roaring and raging at me, ordering me to leave him behind, but I can't bring myself to turn my back on him. Every time I see the knife go deeper into his back, Luna howls in agony and despair, freezing me in place.

I know Blaise's offer is a trap, but I also know that there's no way I can undo what he's already discovered. One way or another Blaise knows who I am now, he knows where I live and he knows about my unborn child. He doesn't know about Lila, and the only

person in Tartarus who might have betrayed her existence to him is dead now. If I run away now, he'll simply follow me back to Elysium, and then there'

s no guaranteeing that I can keep my daughter safe.

"Bastien," | sniffle, begging him to understand, "If I go now he'll only come after me, he'll follow me home."

I can see my message click into place in his mind, but he only pauses for a moment. "Then don't go home!" He hisses, "go to ground, go somewhere he'll never find you. Don't sacrifice yourself for me, I'm not worth it – think about the baby!"

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"I am," | cry, feeling more helpless than I can ever remember. Even if I went to ground, Blaise would find out about Lila, and I can't stand the idea of running forever and losing Bastien too. "And you're wrong, you are worth it. I'll find a way out of this, but I can't let him kill you."

If I thought Bastien was angry with me when he learned I was alive and had hidden our child from him, I didn't know the definition of the word. I've never seen rage like the emotion that pours out of my mate as I lower my hands and step towards Blaise. The sound of his fury fills the room like the blast from a cannon, and he actually manages to break free of the small army pinning him down.

Blaise's spellcaster, just barely staggering to his feet, lashes out his power towards my mate, stopping him before he can collide with the tyrant in front of me. Bastien falls to the ground with a groan as the magic traps him in its hold, and I try to close the distance between us. Instead Blaise catches me around the waist, and I can only weep as I reach for my husband.

"It'll be okay." | tell Bastien as he loses consciousness. "I promise."

"That's it," the madman praises me, his wide smile audible in his voice. "Hold onto that hope, my beauty." Before I can stop him, he straightens me up and looks me over, studying my fair skin even as he makes it positively crawl. Already I can feel myself lighting up again, the moon's light

## Chapter 122- Suene DELIULS

surging through my veins out of instinct rather than skill. Blaise tsks, "We'll have to do something about this magic of yours. You could really do some damage in the right circumstances."

"You can count on it." | vow, trying and failing to pull away from him.

“And to think.” He leers, looking me up and down like a piece of meat, “You’ve already proven yourself capable of satisfying the strongest of Alphas, it’s almost as if he’s been preparing you for me.”

“You’re dreaming,” | grit out through clenched fangs, “I will never willingly allow you to lay a finger on me.”

“And do you think I care if you are willing?” Blaise counters, “do you not think I will appreciate you all the more for your fight?”

Realizing he’s the twisted sort of sadist that probably loves making others miserable, I soften my pose, ceasing to try and fight him and instead leaning into his large body. “By all means, Alpha.” | encourage, hoping my willingness will turn him off. “Tell me what you like.”

Blaise throws his head back and laughs, the same sort of delighted cackle he emitted when he realized I’d managed to harness my powers. “Oh my clever pet, do you have any idea how long I’ve been waiting to find a she-wolf like

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you.”

“Of course I do.” | snap, giving up the act for the time being. “I’ve been running from you my whole life – even before I knew it. You killed my father, you caused my mother to die long before her time.”

“And you are even more magnificent than she was.” He traces a finger down my cheek, “the last Volana,” he grins, looking down at my belly. “For now.”

Narrowing my eyes, I wonder how much he actually knows about my bloodline. After all, there’s no guarantee the child will inherit the gene, and that’s assuming it’s an other girl. The magic is only passed from mother to daughter. Still, telling him that can’t help me: either he’ll decide to kill me now despite his filthy fantasies, or decide to indulge them for the few months he can before killing me.

“I can see what you’re thinking.” The wretched man tells me smugly. “That there’s a chance your child won’t be the gift I’m hoping it to be.” I feel my eyes widen, and a skitter of worry works its way through my body. “But I’ve been studying your kind since I was a boy, since the very first time I ever heard about the bloodline. I could tell you secrets about your powers you never dreamed possible.”

As he speaks I can only half concentrate on his words, because his guards are busy shackling Bastien’s legs and dragging him from the room. I continue staring after him

even he's well out of sight, and Blaise catches my chin between his thumb and forefinger, dragging my attention back to him. "For example, I know that there's about a seventy percent chance the child will inherit the Volana gift if it's a girl – and Volana's are almost twice as likely to bear daughters than they are sons."

"That's not how biology works." I hiss.

"Magic finds a way." He smiles, sounding so much like Helene in that moment, that I realize she's missing for the first time. I don't know why she didn't stay and help us fight, but I trust her enough to know she wouldn't have simply abandoned me in my time of need. She must have realized we were too outnumbered, she probably divined Blaise wouldn't kill me now and slipped away to come back and fight another day. The tiny kernel of hope that formed when Blaise suggested keeping me for himself grows slightly, settling in my heart and giving me the strength to stare this monster in the eye.

"We can find out soon enough what you're expecting." Blaise reasons, leading me from the church, "If it's a boy we'll simply get rid of it and make a new one." The kernel of hope twists and writhes, suddenly feeling too small to do anyone any good. If I'm having a boy he might abort it before I have enough time to escape and free Bastien, and as terrible as that sounds, imagining being raped just to make a child he can kill is worse.

Digging in my heels, I force Blaise to bodily drag me, but it barely slows him. He's too strong. "You would kill your own child?" I squeak, unable to hide my horror.

Blaise only laughs. "I'm never going to die, so I don't need an heir. A boy might grow up to challenge me to become Alpha, and I have no use for girls. Children are horrible hassles – in fact you should probably thank me for saving you from the trial of motherhood. You're too lovely to wither away chasing after a bunch of brats." He stops so suddenly that I almost fall over, and I'm only grateful he catches me because the collision might have hurt the baby. Otherwise I'd gladly smack my head on the church steps than have the psychopath pawing me this way.

When I look up at him, he looks as though he's been struck with a brilliant idea – and that terrifies me more than anything. "In fact." He muses, ogling my curves, "you're too lovely to wither away at all. I think we'll have to make a few pups either way. One for me, and one for you."

Shaking my head, I gape at him in disbelief. When the time comes to fool him, I'll act as sweet and submissive as possible to annoy him, but right now I'm incapable of keeping my outrage to myself. "You know I knew only a monster could create this atrocity of a city, but I think you might be the devil himself."

"Then it's a good thing I won't ever have to face judgment in the afterlife." He mocks me, not looking the least



bit bothered by the accusation. “Now come along my pet, it’s time to see *your* new home.”

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 183**

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Chapter 183

**Chapter 183 – Bastien Meets his Cellmates**

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**Bastien**

It’s dark when I wake – the pitch black of a windowless cell, the air cold and damp. I know I’m underground without being told, and even before I remember the events that led me to this place, I know something is horribly wrong.

Slowly the details filter back into my mind, and before I can even process my turbulent feelings Axel bursts out of me. I circle the cell, smelling every corner of the space and trying to gain my bearings. It’s a cramped space lined with bars of pure silver, boasting nothing whatsoever to support human life. There are no objects present – no furniture, not a bucket for waste or vessel for water, nothing.

I can see other cells through the dim light, and the shadows of other shifters lurking in the peripheries. I’ve never been in a cage like this, but it makes my wolf feel as feral as a rabid dog. I don’t know how Selene survived living in such conditions for a week, let alone eight years. Of course it doesn’t help that I know she’s in horrible danger right now.

The desire to kill Blaise if a bloodlust unlike anything I’ve ever known. I’m so overwhelmed with violent energy that I can’t help but charge back and forth before the bars, snarling viciously. I don’t know what to do – I’ve got to find a way out of here. Every second that I’m trapped in this dis-

mal cell is going to cost Selene dearly.

As unfair as I know it is, I’m also beyond angry with my mate. I know in her shoes I would have done exactly the same thing. In fact, I already did when I agreed to marry Arabella to protect her. Still, I would rather die a thousand deaths than lose her and the baby, or make them suffer this way. I know Selene was worried about Blaise

discovering Lila, but Drake and I had emergency plans in place in case the worst happened. She could have run and gone on with out me.

Axel howls with pain just imagining where Selene is in this moment, and what she's already been forced to survive in my honor. How much time has even passed since the events at the church? Horrible, unwelcome picture flood my mind, of Blaise torturing and abusing my mate, and her allowing him in order to protect me. It isn't right. I have to help her.

My entire body is shaking with wrath, a seething craze of outrage and despair. Just as I feel I might spontaneously combust, an irritated voice floats through the darkness towards me. "Would you shut up! You're not going to get out of here by ranting and raving that way."

"Give him a break, Grayson. You were like this too at first." The second voice is rugged, mature and sounds very tired. "They all are."

"That doesn't make it any less unbearable." The first man gripes. "It's giving me a headache and it's not as if it will do any damned good."

"Who are you?" | call out in answer, "Where are we?"

"I'm James," the second voice sighs, "And your cheer leader here is Grayson. We're in Blaise's dungeon – though if it helps to know he must think you're something special. This is the high security wing – he only puts the most dangerous prisoners down here."

"It doesn't help." I hiss, "The only thing that will help is getting out of here."

"Well that's not going to happen." The first voice snipes. "Take it from me, it's better to just accept it now rather than holding onto false hope."

"I can't give up." | snap. "I have people counting on me."

"You hear that James?" Grayson scoffs, "This one thinks he's the only man ever to have people he cares about."

"Give the pup a break Grayson," James advises patient

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"How long have you two been here?" | ask, feeling my heart sink amidst their cynicism. I may be determined, but I

also know the first rule of planning any operation is map ping out the lay of the land, and no one knows the chal lenges better than the people on the ground – or in this case, in

the ground. If they feel it's impossible, they probably have a damned good reason for thinking that.

"25 years for me." James announces bleakly. "And Grayson –"

"10 years." Grayson interrupts the other man, "and trust me, we've tried everything possible to escape during our combined decades here. If there was a way, we would have found it."

My mind is reeling with this information. I never imagined they would give me such devastating answers, and I suddenly understand every ounce of Grayson's nihilism. "Why hasn't he just killed you?" I ask bluntly, knowing that softening my words won't do a damn bit of good with men as hardened as these. "I just watched him snap a woman's neck like she was nothing, why would he keep you alive so long?"

"The same reason you're probably here." James surmises, "He needs us for something. We have information he wants."

"So every few days he brings out the interrogators to rip off our fingernails and jab us with spikes." Grayson contributes blithely. "Just one more thing for you in Inok for.

ward to. Normally he gives you just enough time to heal before pulling you back out."

"And you've never given in?" I murmur, feeling a rush of admiration for the strength these two beings must possess.

"We'd be dead if we had." Grayson answers, "Blaise only keeps you around as long as you're useful and as miserable as living out the rest of our lives in cages is, I'd far rather defy him and suffer than submit. He's taken everything from me, I'll never give him what he wants.

"And I don't even have the information he thinks I possess. I made sure I would never be able to answer his questions, even if I wanted to break." James adds grimly.

"What is it, what is it he wants to know from you two?" I ask, truly curious now.

"You first, pup." Grayson derides.

"I'm just leverage." I admit, feeling suddenly like I want to cry. "He has my pregnant mate, and he's using me to make her obey him."

"Bastard." Grayson spits, "I at least earned my time here – in part at least. I was the leader of an underground movement to overthrow him, he wants to know the names of my

co-conspirators. In truth, my days are probably limited. We've been completely cut off from the outside world so I'm as out of touch with the movement as anyone. Part of me thinks he just keeps up the torture to punish me for daring to defy him."

Suddenly I understand how the man has such an iron will – only the strongest of wolves could hope to stand against him, and leading a rebellion in a city like this would require incredible courage. "And you, James?" | press.

"Not so different from yourself really." He remarks thoughtfully. "In fact it's strange, he wants to know where my mate and child are. Of course she wouldn't be a pup anymore, by now she'll be all grown up."

"But you don't know where they are?" | clarify.

"Actually I do know where my mate is. I felt her die almost fifteen years ago now." James explained, sounding truly hollow now. "I told Blaise as much, but it didn't matter, he still wants my daughter, and he still thinks I know where my mate hid her. But that's why I made sure I couldn't lead him to them – we were on the run while she was pregnant and we had to split up. I sent her off in one direction, and then I ran in another."

My instincts are going haywire. There's only one reason I know of that Blaise hunts women, and I also know of one woman with a twenty-five year old daughter, who died fifteen

years ago. Leaning close towards the bars, I inquire, "why did he want her?"

"I shouldn't tell you really." James utters softly, "but since we're never getting out of here: She was a Volana, and Blaise discovered her bloodline had magic he wanted to harness."

"James," I say urgently, feeling my pulse speed up. "Was your mate's name Corinne?"

"How did you know that?" He replies sharply.

"Because my mate Selene is a Volana, and she was orphaned when her mother – Corinne – died fifteen years ago. At least, we thought she was orphaned." I explain, having a hard time speaking slowly enough to be understood.

"Are you saying...?" James trails off, even as Grayson mutters, "Holy shit."

"I'm saying that I think my mate is your daughter." | declare firmly. "And Blaise has her. He's going to do horrible things to her and kill your grandchild unless we stop him." | grit my teeth, "So let me ask you? Do you still think trying to escape is useless?"

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 184**

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Chapter 184

## Chapter 184 – Selene Explores Her New Digs

### Selene

If I thought Blaise's city was an atrocity, it's nothing compared to his pack house. In fact, Pack house is honestly a misnomer, it's more akin to a palace. That's why it's so easy to see why Arabella liked this place so much – it's full of the kind of gaudy excess and cruelty she adored.

The worst part is that Blaise is still crooning to me as if I'm a puppy, pointing out every detail of his horrible home. His servants, who all avert their gazes from him as if afraid making eye contact will cost them their heads, open every door for us as we pass. They race along side us offering refreshments and amenities, but I can see the bruises on their skin and the terrified look in their eyes.

Every inch of the place is covered in wealth, and I can see nervous looking aristocrats glancing our way out of the corner of their eyes.

"First things first, my beauty." Blaise says, leading me forward by the hand. "We have to make sure you don't get carried away with that magic of yours. But as soon as that's done, we'll get you cleaned up and feed you."

"You don't need to contain my magic." | protest. "You have Bastien, I'm not going to do anything to risk him."

"Of course you will." He chuckles, "It's in your nature."

I'm trying to keep track of all the rooms we're moving through to map out the mansion in my mind, but it doesn't do any good. This place is too enormous for me to sort out mentally

"Where is Bastien anyway?" I ask, "what did you do with him."

"He's safe." Blaise promises.

"How do I know that, how can I trust you'll keep your word?" | demand. "I want to see him!"

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“Perhaps, if you’re very, very good for me.” He leers, “but not yet, not until you earn it.”

He steers me into a room that looks like some sort of armory, but everything inside is made of silver instead of iron. I see a collection of collars and bracelets, and suddenly I realize that most of the aristocrats and guards I’ve seen are wearing some version of the accessories. “This is how you keep people from defying you.” I think aloud, “this is how you keep wolves away from the moon. They aren’t obeying you willingly, you’re dampening their powers.”

“Very good.” Blaise praises, petting my long hair. “Of course none of them have powers like yours. You’ll need

something extra special.” He pulls a pair of moonstone studded bracelets from the wall, more ornate than any of the other creations. “I had these made in preparation for you. I always knew I’d find you one day.”

As soon as the bracelets are clapped around my wrists, I feel my magic slipping away as swiftly as it had beneath Arabella’s shackles. It feels like it did when I had Luna, but hadn’t yet tapped into my powers. It’s as if my hands have been tied behind my back, and I’m fighting with only half my skills.

“There now.” Blaise grins, “let’s get you up to your new rooms.”

1. L. I’m only mildly relieved to hear that my rooms are not the same as his. When we reach the fifth floor of the sprawling estate, he pushes open a pair of double doors and reveals a stunning suite fitted with every amenity one could ever imagine – until of course one sees the bars on the windows.

A pack of servants sweep in behind us, leading me forward and out of Blaise’s hands. “You know what to do ladies.” He instructs them. I want her looking perfect for me.” He chucks me under the chin, “You and I have a dinner date, my beauty. I’ll see you in two hours.”

Offering up my best simpering smile, I bat my eyelashes **even as my heart pounds** in my chest. “Can’t wait.”

Blaise’s laughter carries back to me as he sweeps out of the room, with the bearing of a man who’s won the lottery.

The servant girls lead me into the bathroom and strip off my clothes, and as terrified I am about what a dinner date with Blaise might entail, I can’t help but enjoy the first shower I’ve been allowed in days. Once I’m clean and feeling ten times more human than I had a few minutes before, the servants pour me into a skin tight cocktail dress and paint me in a heavy layer of shellac – one that covers the circles beneath my eyes and all the signs of my exhaustion.

Once they finish they leave me alone to worry in peace. Not one of them said a single word to me while they worked, but I caught more than one pitying look. Glancing at the clock, I realize there's only fifteen more minutes before our supposed date. Stalking out into the suite, I begin scanning the room frantically for some sort of escape, and pull up short when I realize I'm not alone after all.

There in the middle of the room, as if she appeared out of thin air, is Helene. She's wearing a servant's garb and a sad smile. "Well you clean up well."

"Oh Goddess am I glad to see you!" | exclaim, throwing my arms around the woman.

"Gentle little mother, I'm little more than a bag of bones at this point." She cautions, patting my cheek.

"How on earth did you get up here?" | ask, glancing around nervously.

"Getting old has its benefits," She shrugs, "being underestimated and going unnoticed is one of them." Looking me over closely, she adds, "Are you alright?"

"No." | confess, shaking my head. "I'm not. I'm terrified. You have no idea the horrific plan Blaise is forming. He doesn't just want this baby for himself, he plans on breeding me so we can sacrifice a second and he can keep me forever."

Helene nods gravely, "I sensed it was something like that. There is truly something twisted in that man's soul."

"What am I going to do, Helene?" | fret, wringing my hands. "I don't have the first idea how to get to Bastien, or how to keep Blaise at bay. The only idea I have so far is to act fawning. For a tyrant who expects everyone to fall at his feet, he seems oddly attracted to my defiance."

She nods again, "He's a killer, he likes to hear his victim's pain." She scans the room as we talk, seeing the world with that second sight of hers and making me ache with curiosity to know what she's discovering. "That part of him is both entwined and apart from the authoritarian. You can't expect a madman to be logical darling."

"When you told me I was destined to face him...?" | ask,

"did you see how, do you know whether..." | can't seem to get the words out. I'm too afraid of the answers she holds.

"No little mother, not even I can see the future that clearly." She sighs, "There are too many variables."

"You wouldn't tell me even if you did know though, would you?" | press.

“No.” She smiles sadly. “I wouldn’t.”

“So what do I do?” | beg. “I’m supposed to have dinner with him in a matter of minutes and somehow I don’t think he’s the type of rapist that likes to take things slowly.”

“You already know the answer to that, Selene.” Helene informs me maddeningly.

“No I don’t!” | exclaim, hating that she’s turning my moment of despair into a teaching moment. “I might have some ideas if I wasn’t trapped in these shackles of his, but I can’t access any of my powers like this!”

“Well in that case,” Helene smiles slyly, “we’ll just have to take off the shackles.”

“Take off the shackles.” I throw my hands up, “well why the hell didn’t I think of that?”

“Hush now.” My mentor says gently, “you let me worry about those bracelets of yours, and in the meantime, use your other superpower.”

Now I’m truly glaring, “Helene if you’re going senile, you really need to tell me because this is not the time.”

“All mothers are superheroes, Selene.” She proclaims, pressing her hand to my belly, “and you have a skill that no one would admire, but which just might buy you some time.”

Slowly, very slowly, her meaning clicks in my brain. No one would want to go through the hell of my morning sickness, especially not a man like Blaise. “I don’t really consider puking a skill.” I tell her, relaxing slightly, “but I can’t think of a better turn off – or anyone I would rather vomit on, than that monster.”

“That’s my girl.” She praises, slipping back away to wards the door. “I’ll be back Selene, as soon as I can. Just hang in there.”

“I’ll try.” | confirm shakily, not feeling nearly as confident as I sound. “I don’t have any other choice.”

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 185**

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

Chapter 185

Frederic



I'm not sure what to make of the city of Tartarus. On one hand, I can't help but admire the power apparent in every corner of the opulent capital. On the other, it seems like a bloody waste to have relegated three quarters of the citizens below ground. Just as in Elysium or his teenage home in the Gemini pack, Frederic was always analyzing the pack structure and leadership, always assessing how he would do things differently if he was in control.

He supposed Blaise was powerful and mad enough to afford to subjugate the populace this way, but that also meant he was wasting an incredible labor force. The underground inhabitants would be much better served as an army – one that could help expand his territory rather than simply upholding the same status quo that had always existed.

In his place, Frederic would certainly not have kept the aristocrats in such high esteem either. If anything, they were the ones who should be forced to live in the ruins of centuries past. Frederic had spent more than enough time with Arabella and pack elites to see that they were only useful as financial backers and flackies. If he had his way the entire entitled class would be ousted.

Once he reached the city, more and more horrified to

realize this was Selene's destination despite the threat Blaise apparently posed to her, it has taken him quite some time to finally zero in on her scent – more than enough time to thoroughly explore the ins and outs of the multi tiered metropolis.

By the time he finally caught onto her scent, near a chic little hotel in the West End, he'd already filled half a note book with observations, ideas and warnings to help guide him when the day finally came that he had his own pack to run. He might have been ousted from Elysium, but he'd hit road blocks before – this was just another hurdle to overcome. He wasn't giving up, he was simply pausing and rescuing Selene from her own recklessness in the meantime.

From the hotel he followed her trail to the park, then an apartment that reeked of Bastien and – to his shock – Arabella. What had happened here? He wondered. He could guess why Bastien might have come here, since the Alpha did have a bounty on Volanas, but he couldn't fathom how he'd become tangled up with Arabella.

Eventually he tracked them to a modest church near the city center, where he'd watched Selene and her witchy mentor enter, soon followed by an entire army of Capital guards and the man who could only be Blaise. Minutes later he saw Helene skulking out the side door. He couldn't see what was happening inside, but he could see violent flashes of light and hear Bastien roaring like a feral beast. Shortly after Blaise escorted a tearful Selene out the front – and

two bodies were dragged out the side doors. Bastien at **least**, appeared to be alive. Arabella was undoubtedly not.

At first he hadn't been sure who to follow. He wanted to go after Selene, and he knew Bastien would be the most likely person to be able to take on Blaise, but in the end, he chose the person who wasn't surrounded by guards. He followed Helene for a few blocks, before she disappeared from sight completely. Confused, he ran ahead, then stopped and turned in a circle, wondering why he couldn't catch her scent any longer.

The next thing he knew she was right in front of him with her hands clasped in front of her. "I hate to break it to you, but if you thought this pack was going to be an easier mark than the Novas, you were sorely mistaken."

"That isn't – I'm not, I came to try and stop Selene from doing whatever it is she planned." He insisted.

"Well I'm afraid you're too late." Helene announced un helpfully.

"But, you're going to try and rescue her aren't you?" He demanded.

"Whatever I do, I have no plans on sharing it with you." She bit.

"Please." He begged. "I want to help, I care about Selene. I don't want anything to happen to her."

"You have an odd way of showing caring." Helene grouched.

"Look, I'm not perfect, but I'm better than Blaise." Frederic claimed, "If you're going to get her back you need as much help as you can get, and you know the old saying: the enemy of my enemy is my friend."

"What use are you to me?" She asked slyly, "I've been in this city longer than you have, I see things far beyond the naked eye."

"Yes, but I have contacts." Frederic asserted, "No one stages a coup on their own. I have underworld allies in every pack on the continent."

Helene arched a brow. "Any of them silversmiths?"

"No," Frederic replied, bewildered, "But I bet the rebels know a few."

It took Selene a long time to decide if she wanted to try to get out of dinner completely, or run out halfway through. In the end, she imagined Blaise would simply take

an outright refusal as defiance; he needed proof of her illness, and she was only too eager to give it to him. Yes, she decided, it was far better to go to dinner and let him see for himself.

She wished she could call home and check on Lila, but even if she had access to a phone, she was too afraid to risk it. She didn't get the sense that Blaise was a patient man, and he already wanted more than one child. If he knew about Lila it would only be a matter of time before she was dead.

She couldn't stand waiting for Helene to solve her problems for her. She wanted to save herself for once. She wanted to rescue Bastien the same way he'd rescued her in the past. So as the eerily silent servants lead her down the hallway to dinner, she tried to take in every detail she could about her surroundings. She still felt completely turned around in the huge estate, but after a few days out and about she might learn to find her way. She decided then and there that she had to behave well enough for Blaise to let her roam the palace freely, and if that didn't work, she at least needed to learn to pick the lock on her door.

When they finally reached their destination, the servants gestured for Selene to go through a solid mahogany door. She expected to be entering Blaise's private chambers, instead she found herself entering a massive banquet hall. It seemed that she and Blaise would not be eating dinner alone, though she had no idea what he was planning for dessert.

The entire hall was full of obedient aristocrats showing their fealty at Blaise's court, and though she was let in through a side door, Selene did not go unnoticed. The moment she stepped inside there was a collective intake of breath as hundreds of heads turned her way. Muttering met her ears as she took her first hesitant steps, feeling suddenly very self-conscious in her pale pink gown.

She moved through the sea of tables without making eye contact with anyone and simply trying to keep her head held high. Some people whispered of her beauty, others speculated on her relationship with the Alpha, while more still noted the silver cuffs on her slender wrists. That's right. She thought dryly. He might be able to dress me up and paint my face like a doll, but at the end of the day I'm a prisoner just like you.

When she finally reached Blaise, he beamed – sparking more murmurs than ever. “Selene you look stunning.” He

complimented.

“Thank you.” She replied, amazed at how calm she'd managed to sound.

“What do you think of my court?” He asked, sweeping an arm towards the shimmering gathering.

“It’s certainly an embarrassment of riches.” Selene re

marked, unable to keep the irony from her voice, “I’m surprised your people don’t look happier.”

“Happiness isn’t a requirement for a prosperous pack, my beauty.” Blaise declared, with the heir of a lecturing professor, “Hard work and obedience are.”

“And here I was thinking happy people were more productive.” Selene bit, drawing Blaise’s piercing gaze.

“And that is why I lead, and you serve.” He answered, pulling out her chair. “I hope you’re hungry.”

“Oh,” Selene uttered, taking in the lavish spread in front of them. “I’m sorry, I wasn’t thinking... you know, with the kidnapping... I’m having a very strong aversion to poultry.”

“Ah yes,” Blaise answered, gesturing for the servants to remove the various roasted birds from the table and making Selene kick herself for mentioning it, “The joys of pregnancy. How far along are you, anyway?”

“Four and a half months.” Selene shared, “but I have a severe nausea condition, so I haven’t put on as much weight as I should have.”

“Halfway,” he nods in approval. “Good, we should be able to find out the sex tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” Selene repeated, aghast. Suddenly it seemed she didn’t need to be near any poultry to feel sick. Her terrified body did the work for her, and abruptly emptied the contents of her stomach, right into Blaise’s lap.

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 186**

Chapter 186 – Sonogram

Selene

“And this is your first pregnancy?” The doctor questioned, making my heart race right as he took my pulse.

“Yes,” I lie, earning a raised brow from the man.

“And your previous doctor diagnosed you with HG?” He presses.

“Yes, I was recently hospitalized for dehydration, but I’ve been able to put on some weight with the help of medication.” I explain.

“That’s good.” He encourages. “Do you have any questions before we begin the exam?”

Glaring at Blaise over his shoulder, I state, “Not for you.”

The physician looks back and forth between us, a questioning look on his face. Blaise smiles up at me, “Yes?”

“If you’re going to do thing, I want proof that Bastien is al right.”

“My beauty, this is going to happen whether you want it to or not.” Blaise announces, standing up. “But if you continue to be a good girl, I will give you the proof you desire.”

Slumping back in my seat, I grumble a thank you and watch as he exits the room, seeming to have the sense to give us some privacy. After the door closes behind him, the doctor studies me for a long moment, looking from my shining eyes to the wide cuffs on my arms.

“There’s some gowns behind that curtain.” He says, pointing to the curtain. “Why don’t you get changed while I prepare the machine.”

Doing as he instructs, I go behind the flimsy curtain and strip off my clothes, feeling the stress of the occasion wind my muscles into knots. I’ve never been so anxious for a sonogram in my life. Every time I have one, I always feel a tremendous sense of helplessness as I wait for them to find a heart beat, always paranoid it won’t sound even in the late stages when I felt my baby moving.

However this is a thousand times worse. Bastien and I agreed not to find out the baby’s sex and let it be a surprise when it arrived, but I’m about to find out anyway, I’m both praying it’s another girl so that I’ll have another four and a half months to plan my escape, and feeling that if I’m going to lose my child either way, it might be less painful to do so now.

I feel like crying as the doctor helps me back up onto the exam table and begins poking and prodding me, asking all the deeply personal questions he avoided when Blaise was in the room with us. It’s interesting to see the way he handles the situation. He doesn’t embody the warm empathy of Dr Lee, nor the false kindness of Frederic or callousness of the doctor I saw in between. This man seems diligent, capable, but nervous and on edge – determined not to get attached.

Suddenly I realize he’s as frightened of Blaise as I am. It’s not in anything he says – just something about his bearing and manner. He doesn’t ask about the baby’s father, or

press when I tell him obvious lies. We both know Blaise is waiting just outside, listening to our every word.

I wonder if it's too crazy to try and signal the doctor for

help somehow. As he covers my lower half with a blanket and lifts my gown for the sonogram, I glance around for a pen and paper – anything to try and communicate a silent message.

It's tempting to try. On one hand I don't have anything to lose, and on the other Blaise only promised to let me see Bastien if I behaved. Still, can he really be trusted? Luna asks. There's no guarantee he'll be good for his word anyway.

Maybe not. I agree, but fear is a powerful motivator, it could just as easily prompt him to turn me in rather than help ing me.

The doctor squirts a dollop of cold, clear gel onto my tummy, and then applies the wand, probing around my baby bump as the steady whoosh whoosh of the machine fills the air. I feel the same panic I always do as I wait for the heart beat, holding my breath until a small thump comes through the speakers. It happens just when I'm starting to truly believe I might not hear one after all, and then I think I'm hallucinating – because instead of the slow, steady thump, thump, thump I expect, I hear an off rhythm thump thump, thump thump, thump thump. It's almost as if...

There are two. Luna whispers.

Looking to the doctor, I ask, "is that?"

"Twins." He nods, offering me a smile that doesn't reach his eyes.

"But I've already had a sonogram, and there was only one baby." I tell him.

"Well there are definitely two." The physician replies, showing me the distinct images on the screen. "It's rare, but it

does sometimes happen that multiples are missed on an early sonogram." He continues moving the wand around, pausing it to take photos of the babies in different positions.

"This does explain why you've been so sick though."

"But surely, if I was underweight for one..." I think aloud, not bothering to wonder why I'm worrying about their health when they're already on death row before they've even been born.

"Yes." He agrees, "it's a problem. We're going to have to get you on a nutrition regimen immediately."

“What...” I trail off, too afraid to ask, “What are they?”

“A boy,” He says first, making me feel as if the room is spinning, “and a girl.”

Twins. I reflect somewhat manically, trying to wrap my head around the idea and failing. A boy and a girl. I was going to have a son. Bastien would have an heir.

And Blaise will kill him before you even get to hold him. Luna reminds me.

Maybe I could ask him to keep it. I have to carry him to term anyway for his sister. If I’m still here in four months and he actually... I can’t think the words any more than I could say them. I might not be able to save her Maybe Blaise would let me –

You know exactly what Blaise would say to that. Luna interrupts, adopting a deep tone. ‘and let the son of Bastien Durand and a Volana grow up to challenge me? Your brat will probably be even stronger than his father – never.’

This is worse than I ever dreamed. Now I’m going to lose two babies at once – unless I find a way to escape. This should have been a happy occasion, if a little daunting – okay, really daunting. Instead it’s a tragedy. My heart doesn’t know what to do with itself. The optimist in me feels joy to learn | might be welcoming two miracles, the pessimist insists I can’t let myself get my hopes up because the pain I was already going to be suffering at Blaise’s hands in a few months just doubled. The mother in me wants to weep either way..

I’m both wishing I could tell Bastien the news, and so thankful I can’t. There’s no need for both our hearts to be broken. Tears well in my eyes and before I know it I’m sobbing. The doctor looks at me with pity, patting my back. “There there now, I know it’s all a bit overwhelming.” To my surprise he leans close to my ear and whispers, “I can get you two weeks of bedrest for this, no more. Just until you put on some weight.”

I can only cry and nod, then listen as the doctor goes outside to relay the news to Blaise. A little while later, once I’ve changed back into the ridiculous dress he picked out for me and dried my eyes, he enters the room beaming. “Now, now, my beauty.” He croons, “there’s no need for tears. You’re having a girl, and this just goes to prove how fertile you are.”

“And my son?” I ask weakly. I know he’ll refuse me, but I have to try, I have to do everything in my power to protect my child – no matter how hopeless.

“Ah, yes.” Blaise frowns, rubbing his jaw thoughtfully “well I asked if he could abort just the boy fetus but he said no.” When he sees my horrified expression he insists, “I’d hoped to spare you the pain of losing two children, not to mention the nutrients it will divert from the girl.”

He's clearly more bothered by the idea that his precious sacrifice might be smaller or less powerful because it's competing for resources. Already the boy baby is larger than the girl and in his mind I'm sure he imagines the fetuses fighting it out in my belly. "What a shame." I hiss, unable to pretend in this moment.

"The true shame is that I won't be able to have you until you're off of bedrest." He laments, sounding annoyed.

"And Bastien?" I press, "you promised me proof of life."

Blaise offers me a lethal grin. "All in good time, my pet."

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 187**

Chapter 187 – Plotting

3rd Person

"Bribing the guards?" Bastien suggested, sharing his fifth idea of the morning.

Grayson promptly shot him down. "Tried it."

"Tunneling out?" Bastien proposed next, determined to find a solution.

"Tried it." James vetoed.

"Picking the locks?" The Alpha offered hopefully.

"That was like the first thing any of us tried." Grayson drawled.

"Faking an illness?" Bastien throw out, feeling more and more defeated with every rejected idea.

"Tried it." James confirmed, feeling no small margin of sympathy for the man. He knew how he would have felt if Blaise had caught Corinne, and even without knowing Selene, he was desperate to help his daughter. He and his mate had sacrificed everything for her, and it had been hard enough to hear the story Bastien told him about her life, he couldn't allow her to suffer further.

Just then a familiar voice floated out of the darkness towards them, somewhere to the left of their cells. "Would you

gentlemen like some assistance?"



“Who’s there?” Grayson demanded sharply.

“Helene?” Bastien exclaimed, sitting up in excitement.

“Hello there Alpha.” She greeted him warmly, appearing suddenly in the triangle of space between the three cells.

“Alpha? Grayson repeated, “You never mentioned you were an Alpha.” Unfortunately for Grayson, he’d been in his weekly torture session when Bastien shared his and Selene’s story with her father.

“Well in his defense I don’t know many Alpha’s who would want to admit they’d gotten themselves into this sort of pickle.” The witch suggested, sparking his ire.

“And where were you when Blaise took us?” he growled. It hadn’t occurred to him at the time, but now that she was in front of him he realized the only way she could have gotten away without also becoming prisoner, is if she left before the shit hit the fan.

“I ran then, so we could all fight another day.” She explained, her voice remorseful.

“If you’d fought with us then, we might have won.” He argued.

“No, you wouldn’t.” Helene informed him simply, “There’s a way out of this for you, but it wasn’t in that church.”

“Have you seen her, have you seen Selene?” Bastien pressed, positively aching for news of his mate.

“Yes.” She answers, “She’s alright. Frightened and without her powers, but Blaise hasn’t harmed her – yet.”

Bastien breathed in a sign of relief, even as his heart con

stricted with her final word. “And Lila, do you know if she’s okay?”

“Your pup is fine. Safe and sound in Asphodel.” Helene assured him.

“Okay.” Bastien felt at least some of the weight lift from his chest. “Can you get us out of here?”

“Getting out of those cells isn’t the problem.” Helene explained grimly, “it’s getting out of the dungeon itself. You’re 20 stories deep here, and every one of those is nothing but locked doors and guards armed to the teeth.”

“So what do you do?” Bastien snarled, all of his frustration pouring out of him at once.

“Which one of you is Grayson?” Helene inquired, surprising them all.

“How do you know me?” The gruff rebel answered.

“You didn’t think the revolution died with you, did you?” The old witch posed.

“Who is this woman?” Grayson exclaimed, beyond baffled now and losing his patience.

“She’s a witch.” Bastien murmured, “A very clever witch.”

“I have a message from your old partner.” She announced.

“Matthew?” Grayson sounded more excited than Bastien had ever heard him. It was nearly impossible to get the man to talk about himself, which was understandable given the circumstances, but Bastien couldn’t help being curious. After all, they were stuck in a cell together with nowhere to go – talk

ing was really the only thing available to pass the time, so it was a bit annoying when one third of the conversation consisted of grunts and sarcastic remarks.

“At first I merely hoped to persuade the rebels to help spring Bastien because he’s strong enough to defeat Blaise, but once I was there in front of him, your name came to my mind.” Helene related. “He was surprised to learn you were still alive. It was only a feeling, but he said if I could confirm that you were here he’d gladly help – whether Bastien agreed to support the cause or not.”

“We don’t have time to wait for a full force insurgence.” Bastien objects.

“That’s not how we do things.” Grayson corrected him. “There’s not enough of us – not when Blaise keeps the entire aristocracy on a silver leash.”

“And you have more time than you think.” Helene added. “I’m working to help restore Selene’s power so she can keep Blaise at bay.”

“How soon, how soon can they get us out?” Bastien questioned fiercely.

“Make no mistake, Alpha.” Helene cautioned. “This won’t be easy, and it won’t be fast.” Something clanged in the distance, “We don’t have much time, is there a message you’d like me to give to Selene?”

Bastien’s heart panged, “Tell her I love her, that I’m so sorry let this happen... that I’ll come as soon as I can.”

“I’ll tell her everything but that you’re sorry.” Helene replied. “It isn’t your fault that this happened.”

“That’s not true, but I can’t force you.” Bastien grumbled, “And there’s one more thing.”

“He found my father?” Selene murmured in shock. “But he died. He died before I was born.”

“Wrong little mother.” Helene corrected her with a wide smile. “I met him too.”

“I don’t understand.” Selene admitted, blinking tears from her eyes.

“If all goes well you’ll have the chance to hear his story, but for now – let me see your wrists.” Helene ordered.

Selene offered her hands, and the witch pulled a silver key from her pocket, undoing the magic suppressing shackles on Selene’s wrists. “Where did you get that?!” Selene exclaimed, rubbing her wrists before Helene pulled out an identical pair of bracelets, save for one very important thing.

“There’s a rebel force at work in this city, Selene.” Helene explained. “Little does Blaise know, but his silversmith is a member. There are a few aristocrats on their side, but they can’t effectively resist Blaise if they’re under his thumb, so the smith started making replica cuffs for the noble members. They look exactly like the real thing – but they’re made of an aluminum alloy instead of real silver, so they won’t affect your magic.”

As Helene closed the fake cuffs around Selene’s wrists, she stared down at them in wonder. She could already feel the difference. They looked exactly the same, but her magic was pumping through her blood without restraint, so strong

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after being locked up for so long she felt like she was about to overflow.

“Let off the excess power little by little.” Helene advised.

“Or maybe I could use all the excess now to take down Blaise.” Selene suggested.

Helene frowns. “No. First because you’ll burn yourself out. And second because you will not be in control – if you just release it all at once you could hurt a lot more people than Blaise, or do something you didn’t intend, fail and then he’ll know you’re no longer on his leash. I know its frustrating but we all have to be smart about this. We have to be patient.”

“It sounds like you’ve already given this lecture once to day.” Selene teased.

“You and your mate are similar in that way.” Helene laughed.

“Is he really okay?” Selene whispered.

“Yes, sweetheart.” Helene promised. “Now, you know what to do once Blaise comes to your bed, yes?”

“I will be practicing my hypnotism every spare moment of every day.” Selene nodded. “but I don’t have to worry about that for at least two weeks. I’m on bed rest.”

“Clever girl! Helene praised, “how did you manage that?”

“I didn’t.” Selene admitted, staring at her hands and sniffing. “The Goddess arranged it. I’m having twins. A boy and a girl.” It should have been a happy announcement. Instead it came out a sob.

“Oh my darling.” Helene cooed, pulling Selene into her arms. “We’re going to find a way out of this, I promise.”

“Don’t tell Bastien.” Selene begged. “If you see him again. Okay? I don’t want... if this all goes wrong I don’t want his heart to be more broken than it has to be.”

“As soon as he’s out, my love.” Helene encouraged. “As soon as we free him you’ll be safe to escape yourself.”

“Unless I can find a way to escape and free him at the same time.” Selene mused.

“Selene,” Helene pursed her lips and shook her head regretfully. “I’ve been to the dungeons, I’ve seen the obstacles. This is the only way. If you run Bastien will be dead before you can ever reach him, and even if you could get to him in time, you’d never make it back out again. Trust me. Let us free Bastien, and then you can free yourself, okay?”

“Okay,” Selene agreed softly. Hating it but trusting her mentor. It wasn’t until a moment later that she realized what she’d said, “Wait a minute, who’s we?”

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 188**

Chapter 188 – Messages Home

Selene

“What do you mean, you’re working with Frederic?” | de mand, not believing my own ears.

“He wants to help.” Helene insists, rubbing my arms in an attempt to soothe me.

“Helene, he tried to destroy our lives.” I remind her, “he let Arabella try to kill me, he murdered Gabriel and tried to assassinate Bastien, he locked his own mother in a basement and would gladly do the same to me.”

“Yes, he did.” Helene agrees, “you’re right. But he’s also in love with you.”

“Oh please,” I scoff, “He doesn’t even know the meaning of the word.”

“Which isn’t his fault.” Helene reminds me sternly, “And beggars can’t be choosers. We need all the help we can get.” She glances at the door, making me worry she senses someone coming – someone my keen ears cannot hear. “I’m not saying I trust him or think you should befriend him when this is all over,” she continues. “I’m simply arguing that right now we don’t have a lot of options, and whatever schemes he might get up to the rest of the time, he’s saved you once before.”

“So you’re saying we don’t have a choice.” I summarize bleakly.

“He’s the one who connected me to the rebels,” She reminds me, “and they’re Bastien’s ticket to freedom.”

“Fine.” I agree sullenly. “But I don’t like it.”

“Your objection is noted.” Helene smiles warmly. “I need to be going soon. Is there anything you need?”

Wracking my brains, I skip past all my pleas for a rescue and hopes to be reunited with Bastien, and land on the task which can actually be accomplished in the little time we have. “Can you get a message to Drake and Aiden?” I request, “tell them what’s going on, send Lila my love.”

“Of course, darling.” Helene promises, eyeing me as I work myself up to tears thinking about my poor pup. “Don’t worry, Selene. You’ll be back home with her before you know it.”

“Yeah,” I sniffle, “whatever you say.”

Sophie

“Drake!” I cry out, clenching my fists in the sheets pooled around my body as need and frustration overwhelm me.

My mate’s head is between my legs, and mere moments ago he’d been flicking my swollen clit with his talented tongue and thrusting his skilled fingers into my clenching

sheath, rubbing against my g-spot. Now, however he's pulled back, lazily licking my sex as if he hadn't just pulled me back from the brink of orgasm.

"Yes, my love?" He purrs, sending delicious vibrations through my intimate flesh.

vzdis "Stop teasing me!" I beg, shamelessly thrusting my hips

towards his mouth.

"Why?" He taunts, kissing the insides of my thighs and making me feel as if I'll go mad if I don't find release soon.

"Because, it's mean!" I complain, "I don't tease you this way."

The next thing I know the big Alpha is kissing his way up my body, pausing to nibble his mark before claiming my lips in a deep kiss, "That's because I'm in charge, little lamb. Your pleasure belongs to me." He declares when we part, offering me a wolfish grin and kissing me again.

"But I've been so good!" I argue, batting my lashes. "I de serve a reward."

"Good girls wait patiently for their rewards." He informs me slyly, lowering his head to my breast and sucking my taut nipple into his mouth. I arch into his touch, tangling my fingers into his dark hair in an attempt to hold him in place. It doesn't do any good, instead he simply switches breasts, lav ing the same attention on the other and working the tender bud with his tongue.

"Please, please, please," I chant, wishing I could squeeze my thighs together to relieve the ache at their apex, but Drake's powerful body is trapped between them.

"I've got you, baby." He croons, stroking my hip. "Just trust me."

I do trust him. Drake never fails to give me fireworks in the bedroom, but I hate it when he makes me wait this way, especially since our time is increasingly limited these days. I love Lila, but finding time to make love with a pup in the house is

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nearly impossible. I'm worried that if I don't come soon, we'll get interrupted, and I'll have missed my chance.

However there's no telling Alphas what to do or how fast to do it, so Drake continues tormenting me as if he has all the time in the world. As far as he's concerned my body is his personal playground, and he's determined to keep playing as long as he wants.

Working his way back down my body, he hooks my legs over his shoulders and begins lavishing attention on my needy sex, stroking and kissing me in all the right places. Before long I'm writhing and begging in his arms, and Drake finally takes pity on me.

Rising up above me, his muscular chest glistening with sweat, Drake lined up his hard cock with my soaked channel, teasing his head against my entrance. I whimper, grasping his hips and trying to pull him inside me. "Greedy girl." He croons, easing just his tip inside and letting me feel the stretch before easing out again.

"Drake, please!" I exclaim again, beside myself with need now.

"Well, since you asked so nicely." He rumbles, flashing his fangs and finally thrusting into me and spearing me to the hilt. I was so worked up that this was all it took. Throwing my head back with a cry of relief, my tight inner muscles clench and spasm around his thick length, throwing me over the edge even before he sets a rhythm.

"Fuck," he swears, slamming his hips into mine and watching me like a starving man might stare at a juicy steak. "God, you're perfect."

By now I'm beyond words. I can merely cling to my mate as he claims me roughly, rolling his hips into mine and rubbing the flared mushroom head of his huge member into that sensitive spot inside me. His fierce thrusts send me crashing into orgasm two more times before he finishes inside me with a satisfied groan, capturing my mouth with his own and swallowing my rapturous cries.

He continues thrusting into me as we both come down, slowing his speed to a gentle rocking motion as our tongues tangle deliriously. No sooner has he rolled off of me and pulled me halfway onto his chest, that a knock sounds on our door, and Lila's little voice travels through the wood to our ears, "Uncle Rake, Auntie Sophie, I'm hungry." She calls.

"We'll be right there, Lila bean!" Drake replies, his voice still husky with pleasure.

"You do know that if we have one of our own, this will be every day." I say, snuggling into his warmth, "you won't be able to torture me with these long lovemaking sessions."

"Torture you, eh?" He repeats, fisting his hand in my hair and gently tugging my head up until he can look me in the eye. "If that's what you think torture is, your education has been sorely lacking."

"Well, you're the one who educated me, so if something's lacking, look no further than yourself." I grin, pushing myself up and beginning to slide out of bed.

The next thing I know I'm flat on my back, and Drake is above me, all growly and fierce, "it sounds to me like someone needs a refresher course." He declares.

A shiver works down my spine, and I squirm beneath him,

amazed at how I can already want him again so soon after our last round. I'm sore and sated and completely glowing in the aftermath of his attentions, and yet if he laid a single hand on me right now I'd completely melt.

Luckily Lila has my best interest at heart, and calls again. "Uncle Rake?"

Drake drops his head to the crook of my neck and kisses my damp skin with a dark chuckle, 'we'll finish this later.'

I groan, but secretly I'm thrilled. I could spend all day every day in bed with Drake and never get bored. After a quick shower, I join Drake and Lila in the kitchen, giving the sweet pup a lengthy cuddle before letting her return to her breakfast. We've bonded thoroughly during her stay here, and I honestly can't believe how quickly I fell in love with the little girl. I'm going to be very sad when it's time for her to return home.

As I'm making my own breakfast plate, Drake's phone rings, and after glancing at the caller ID, he flashes the screen in my direction: Helene. Together we step into his office, and Drake accepts the call. "Helene?"

"Hello Alpha." She greets him, her voice low and even.

"How's it going?" Drake asks, and I can feel his unease as if it's my own. Selene hasn't called in a couple of days, and it seems very strange that the old witch is calling instead.

"Well the good news is that Bastien has his memory back." Helene sighed, sounding very tired. "And the bad news is that Blaise captured both him and Selene."

"What?!" Drake demands, more harshly than he probably

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intended.

"They're both alright for the time being." Helene assures us, "but I'm afraid it's going to take a bit more time for them to get home."

Over the next half hour Helene fills us in on the details, and I feel like I've gone on an emotional rollercoaster. The witch assures us that she's already been in contact with every one in Elysium, and asks if we had a message for Selene. But by the time Drake hangs up, we can both only think of one thing. He stares at me, seeming more helpless than I can remember seeing him in a very long time. "How are we going to tell Lila?"

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 189**

Chapter 189 – Fast Forward



Sophie

“Should we tell her?” | ask Drake, unsure whether telling Lila that her parents will be gone even longer than we feared can do any good. We certainly can’t tell her that they’ve been captured: that Bastien is Blaise’s prisoner, Selene his slave and her younger sibling bound for death.

“We have to tell her something.” Drake sighs, “she’s expecting them to come for her any day.”

“She’s three and a half.” I remind him, “she doesn’t know what day it is or how long they’ve been gone.”

“Maybe not, but she asks for them every day.” Drake counters, “I don’t want to lie to her – not completely anyway.”

“I know.” | agree, “but where do we draw the line? If we tell her they’re going to be gone longer she’ll want to know how much longer – we can’t very well tell her they might not come back at all. She’s already having nightmares.”

“I just want to prepare her.” Drake scrubs a hand over his rugged features, “setting expectations is important and if we don’t she’s going to get her hopes up more and more... it’ll make it that much harder if things don’t turn out the way she wants.”

“She’s too young.” | insist. “Her hopes are going to be up no matter what.”

“Sophie, if the worst happens...” Drake begins, sounding as though he doesn’t want to finish his thought but knows he

doesn’t have a choice, “she’ll be ours. I promised Bastien and Selene both.” He grimaces, “I can’t bear the thought of losing them, or Lila growing up without them – but if she does we’ll be her parents. She has to trust us, we can’t start out that relationship on a lie.”

“You sound like you think their fate is already decided.” | murmur, wrapping my arms around myself protectively.

“Blaise is the most powerful Alpha the continent has ever known.” He states simply. “It might be one thing if Bastien was free or Selene was able to use her powers, but as long as Blaise can leverage them against each other... the chances of them escaping him are beyond low, Sophie.” Drake admits, “they’re practically nonexistent.”

“Okay.” I answer shakily, the pressures of potential parent hood suddenly landing on my shoulders with crushing weight. “We’ll tell her some of what’s happening, but I draw the line at telling her they might not come back.”

“Agreed.” Drake confirms, squeezing my hand and leading me back out into the kitchen.

Lila is still seated at the table, scarfing down a waffle with her chubby little fingers. She looks up happily when we enter, grinning widely. “Can I has another waffles?” She requests, even though there’s still half of one on her plate.

“If you finish that one, first.” I confirm.

“Yum,” she says simply, chomping into the confection. She chews thoughtfully and studies our tense expressions. I can see the question on her tongue before she asks it – it’s the same question she asks every morning. “Are Mommy ‘n’ Daddy coming home t’day?”

“No little one.” Drake answers gently, the same way he has every day for the last two weeks. “Not today.”

“When?” Lila presses, pausing her breakfast so she can hear this important information.

“Lila, you remember how we’ve been saying they might come home any day now?” I ask, suddenly regretting our prior optimism.

“Uh-huh.” Lila replies simply, cocking her head to the side.

“Well, something’s happened, and they’re going to be gone longer than we expected.” Drake explains.

“Wha’ happened?” Lila inquires curiously, setting down her waffle.

“They’ve gotten a little lost.” I answer, deciding this is bet ter than telling her they’re a madman’s prisoner. “So they won’ t be home today, or tomorrow, or even the next day.”

“The truth, sweetheart, is that they probably won’t be home for a few weeks at least.” Drake adds reluctantly.

“Weeks?” Lila repeats, horrified. “But that’s for ever!”

“I know it seems like a long time.” | sympathize, “but it’ll pass in no time, you’ll see.”

Lila’s plump lower lip begins to tremble, her eyes going so wide I suspect they would be watering even if her emotions weren’t beginning to spill over, “they not coming back, are dey?”

Pain lances through my chest, and I immediately reach for the little girl. "Listen to me Lila. You are the most important

thing in the world to your Mommy and Daddy. They're doing everything they can to come home to you, and they're not going to ever give up." I tell her. "Sometimes things are out of our control, and they can't help the things keeping them away, but I promise you, they are working very hard to get back to you."

"That's right." Drake concurs, drawing Lila's distraught gaze and making her the only promise either of us could offer the little girl. "As long as it's in their power to return, they will."

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Selene

Three Weeks Later

"Hello, my beauty." Blaise greets me with a terrible leer, entering my bedroom with the overconfident swagger he's approached me with every night this week.

"Alpha." I greet him coolly, sitting up in my bed and watching as he draws closer with a fresh wave of unease. I've been able to fend him off every time he's attempted to lay a hand on me so far, but I never cease feeling nervous about it. I'm not as confident in my powers as I'd like to be, but then again I suppose the fear helps drive me to succeed.

"How are you feeling tonight?" He asks, not fooling me one bit. Blaise doesn't give a damn how I feel. He wants to know that I'm putting on weight and progressing healthily in my pregnancy for the sake of his future sacrifice, but beyond that it wouldn't matter to him if I were ecstatic or miserable.

"I'm fine." I reply simply, "the doctor says I'm doing very well"

"I know." He grins malevolently, "he even said you've begun to feel movement."

"Yes," I confirm, trying to resist the urge to flinch away from him when he sits on the edge of my bed. "Just flutters so far, but I expect they'll be kicking soon."

"That's wonderful." He declares, placing his hand on my thigh. The feel of his touch makes my skin crawl, but I have to let him think he's winning. I have to let him think that the fantasies I've placed in his mind are real.

As he stares into my eyes, I breathe deeply, working to achieve the meditative state necessary for me to invade his thoughts. My two-toned irises do half the work for me,

drawing him in and capturing his attention, but they aren't enough on their own. I have to attain the zen calm to bewitch him completely, drawing on the moon's power to overwhelm him.

The few times Blaise has visited me during the day have proven much harder to practice my hypnosis, and I'm grateful he mostly seeks to slake his lust at night. I do it all without saying a word, subliminally pulling his consciousness towards my own and smothering the unpleasant sensation of connecting with such a heartless being.

As soon as Blaise is locked in on me and his mind in my grasp, I begin sending images to his wretched brain, making him believe his fantasies about rutting me are coming true. It is not nearly the violation of having him force himself on me – far from it – but it still feels like an assault to imagine them for the sake of fooling him. Every frame I picture makes me feel sick to my stomach, especially since he seems to want to degrade, demean and humiliate me at every turn.

He's a truly sick man, and his sexual tastes are no different. I'm at once relieved beyond belief to escape his abuse, and scarred by the knowledge of what he would be doing to me if he had his way. Some nights the work lasts longer than others – I suppose it depends on Blaise's energy and desires – but the evenings always end the same way. I use the last of my power to send Blaise back to his own bed overflowing with pride, convinced he's used me up and spit me out, that I've fulfilled his every imagining.

That part is the hardest. Holding him in my thrall when he's in front of me is one thing, keeping it up once he's out of the room never ceases to exhaust me, and I'm genuinely afraid that one day he'll have more energy than I'll have power. I have nightmares where he turns back halfway to his rooms and decides to return for a second round – when I'm too weak to hypnotize him again.

So far those fears have remained in my dreams, but I can't help but think it's only a matter of time. The further my pregnancy progresses, the less strength I possess. One day soon my luck or my strength is going to run out, and I have to escape before that happens – or suffer the worst.

## **Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 190**

Chapter 190 – The Goddess Mans

Selene

"I can't do this for much longer," | groan, staring out the windows at the glittering skyline of tartarus. Blaise will be holding court in just under an hour, and my night will go the same of every night that has come before. His servants will dress me in a ridiculously

expensive gown, I'll wear it for a sum total of one hour while the aristocrats of the Calypso pack whisper at me behind their hands and Blaise fawns over me. I'll eventually excuse myself from dinner with the excuse of nausea, only to return to my rooms and wait for Blaise to turn up and try to paw me. I'll hypnotize him and send him to bed, then lie awake agonizing over Bastien, Lila and our future.

Weeks have passed but nothing has changed, and things aren't getting any easier. I'm getting more confident in using my magic and practice most of the day, but as I become more adept my body grows weaker. My pregnancy is progressing just as it should, but carrying twins takes more of a toll on my energy, mood and health than carrying Lila did, and I find myself sleeping almost as often as I'm awake.

"You just have to hold on a little while longer." Helene encourages, patting my hand.

"I don't have a while." I argue, "I'm getting bigger every day, and twins almost always come early." The doctor didn't share this piece of news with me, but I found a few books in Blaise's extremely neglected library and discovered that I can expect my babies at 36 weeks instead of 40. I'm frightened and heartsore, and every milestone that would usually fill me

with joy – like feeling the first gentle kicks in my womb – fill me with dread.

"You still have months to go, Selene." Helene attempts to soothe me, "And the rebels are getting closer to putting their plans in motion every day."

"Well tell them to hurry up already!" I exclaim, throwing my hands up and pacing away from my mentor. Helene remains silent behind me, and as the seconds tick by, I feel increasingly guilty for taking such a tone with her. "I'm sorry." I murmur, wrapping my arms protectively around myself, "I just miss Bastien, I miss Lila, and I'm terrified of still being here when the new babies come." My eyes burn with tears, "what if I never see my family again? What if Blaise wins?"

"Of course you're scared, darling." Helene responds sympathetically, "but you can't let your fear consume you. You have to keep fighting."

"How are they? How are Bastien and my father?" I question, thinking of all the other fears which suddenly seem too inconsequential when all our lives are at stake: like the fact that I promised Bastien he wouldn't miss this pregnancy and am now breaking my word, or the very new concern that I might never get to meet my father, when I've only just learned that he still lives.

"Your mate is formidable and determined." Helene answers, "As long as you're alright he'll suffer any discomfort."

"That's what I'm afraid of." I sigh. "I don't want him to suffer for me – he's already been through so much."

"If it makes you feel any better, he's not being harmed." Helene assures me. "He's caged, but Blaise has no reason to

torture him the way he..."

"The way he tortured my father?" | guess, finishing her thought when she cannot.

"Yes." She agrees.

"I wish I could see them, even just for a few moments." | confess, trying to concoct a plan to get down to the dungeons unseen for the thousandth time, and coming up short yet again.

"Is Blaise still promising you proof of life?" Helene inquires, wrapping her bony arm around my shoulders.

"Yes." | utter blankly, "If I'm good." Of course the problem with this guarantee is that the tyrant gets to decide what good means, and when he will make good on his word. Every time I ask he says the same thing: all in good time, pet. "I've thought about hypnotizing him to take me to see them, but I'm not strong enough. It takes all my energy just to keep his lust at bay." I share.

"You just have to keep taking it one day at a time, and trust fate." Helene instructs.

"That's a lot easier said than done." | grumble. "Fate led us here in the first place. I can't just sit back and let my life fall to pieces around me."

"That isn't what I'm suggesting and you know it." Helene scolds, "People make terrible mistakes when they second guess the Goddess's plans. It doesn't mean you give up or become passive and just let the world toss you about, it just means that everything is meant to happen in its own time."

"And if the Goddess intends for me to lose my children?" || growl, "what then?"

"Selene, you must remember that Volanas are the embodiment of the Goddess's power on earth, she would never sacrifice them." Helene reminds me. "You and Lila are the last surviving members of her line. It's not my place to assume I know her mind, but if I had to guess, you're here with Blaise for a reason. He's been hunting her children for far too long, and you have a chance to put a stop to all of that."

I take a step back, unused to hearing Helene speak so openly about her divinations. She's normally vague and infuriatingly cryptic, but she must think I'm on the edge of giving up to speak so plainly. However, the idea that this might all be in the Goddess's designs for the survival of my bloodline doesn't comfort me one bit. "I don't want to serve some higher purpose." | snap, "I just want my family to be whole and safe."

"I know that, little mother." Helene murmurs, "but none of you will ever be safe as long as men like Blaise are hunting you. If you and your children survive, Volanas might not be an endangered species in another few centuries. You have to fight for their future."

"Why did she even create us anyway?" I ask, "I mean what good are we doing by being here? What use is giving a few women extra powers, especially when it makes them targets for monsters?"

Helene studies me closely, and I can feel her worry as if it's my own. Even if she wasn't telegraphing the emotion to me, her continued presence here would be proof enough. Her visits to my room are normally very brief – it is no easy feat for

her to bypass all the guards and secret police to reach me, and if she's caught all our plans could be at risk. However here she stands, making no indication of an imminent departure. I must really be going off the rails.

"I don't pretend to understand the Goddess's ways Selene, but I know that the less magic in the world, the worse off all people will be." She explains thoughtfully. "If I had to guess I'd say she created Volanas to be stewards of her light, trusted guardians of the magic which keeps the world turning. Perhaps if you had not been hunted so terribly men like Blaise would never have come into power, perhaps shifter societies would be more just. Or maybe not." She shrugs, "All we can say for sure is that she must have had her reasons, and that's good enough for me."

"Well if she wants me to survive, then why did she do this, why did she allow hunters to be born in the first place?" I hiss, feeling more and more angry at our beloved deity. "What kind of god stands by and lets their creations suffer?"

I have the feeling Helene desperately wants to roll her eyes, after all she's told me repeatedly she doesn't know the Goddess's mind, yet I cannot quell my outrage. I cannot contain my fury with the entire world and everything in it. If suffering to build character was the idea, have I not suffered enough? Have I not lost and sacrificed enough to reach this point? Why must I suffer more? Why must my innocent children suffer?

"Selene, I know you're angry, and I don't blame you." Helene confides, "And one day, I hope you find the answers to your questions. All I can tell you is that the way I see it, benevolent gods grant their creations free will, because otherwise we would all be prisoners. And these are the consequences –

these are the risks of allowing people to make their own way in the world."

"So I have to fight Blaise to take back the freedom that should have been ours in the first place?" I demand incredulously. "I don't accept that. I don't want to fight Blaise, there has to be another way." I speak the words as a cry of dissent, but they come out as a plea.

"If you can find another way, I will gladly follow you." He lene vows, "but I cannot see a path that does not lead to Blaise."

"And you cannot be sure if I'll even succeed if I face him?" I press softly.

"No." She confirms. "I cannot." She moves forward to take my face between her wrinkled hands, "But I'll tell you this much, Selene. If you don't face him, you will fail. There's no doubt about it."