

Pregnant And Rejected

Pregnant And Rejected By My Alpha Mate By Caroline Above
Chapter 191

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Chapter 191 – Prison Break

3rd Person

The rebels struck at dawn.

Thousands of black clad bodies poured from the city's underground before the sun had even risen, charging forward with

homemade weapons and magic wielders at their sides. Some of the outlaws shifted into their animal forms; wolves, bears and

big cats nipping at the heels of those running on two feet, but others remained upright, wanting the freedom to carry knives, clubs and batons.

The Calypso security forces were completely unprepared for the assault, half of them falling where they stood, while the others ran to sound the alarms, warn their comrades or simply escape. It was Blaise's greatest failing to be so cruel to those he trusted

to defend his pack. When things were calm and individuals could be picked out for failing their duties, fear was more than sufficient to keep them in line. But amidst such chaos the sentries and guards held no loyalty for the tyrant, and had no interest in sacrificing their lives for his sake.

They were wise to run; the uprising did not only have the element of surprise on its side, its proponents also had years of rage and the passion of their cause driving them forward. They struck down guards right and left, taking advantage of the surprised scattering of defenders and trying to do as much damage as possible before Blaise's entire army came down on them.

The rebel leaders remained at the center of the pack, sending their followers out in every direction to confuse

Blaise's sentry. If everything went as planned the tyrant wouldn't know their target until it was too late. He would think it was a run

of the mill uprising intended to overthrow his court, not a highly strategic rescue mission for three prisoners. In truth they planned on freeing many more, but they doubted many were members of their fight. Blaise killed almost all of his opponents, unless they could be of use to him. Still, it was safe to say that most of the occupants of his dungeons did not deserve to be there.

Many of the outlaws knew they would not live to see the sunset, and further understood that their lives would be lost in what was primarily a show of smoke and mirrors. Still they fought, driven forward by the hope that their sacrifice would lay the foundations for the cause to succeed some day in the future. Down in the dungeons, Bastien, James and Grayson heard the first signs of commotion within minutes. The rebels stationed outside the sprawling prison breached the walls just as the guard was changing, and though the men had been fast asleep,

blaring alarms and the distant crashes and screams of battle soon roused them.

"I think this is it." Grayson declared, an uncharacteristic note of hope in his deep voice.

"We'll have a better chance of getting out of here if we can meet them halfway." Bastien proposed, remembering what his fellow prisoners had told him about their previous escape attempts. When they discussed picking the locks he learned that James had figured out the method after about five years of trying, but he'd never been able to get beyond the two floors above them once free. There were simply too many guards, and too many subsequent barricades.

"Let's go." James agreed, extending his claws into the heavy iron lock on his cell.

Bastien and Grayson both attempted to unlock their own cages, but James's cell door swung open before either of them could succeed. The elder man rushed through the dark dungeon, unlocking first Bastien, then Grayson's cells.

When they emerged, Bastien was able to get his first good look at the other men. Grayson was probably ten years older than he himself, with dark hair and eyes. He suspected that under the right conditions the man would be built like a tank, but he was so malnourished that only the shadow of the wolf he once was remained. James' hair was streaked with gray. He was tall and lanky, and when Bastien looked up into his handsome face, he could see flashes of Selene.

As one the three prisoners shifted, charging for the stairs with Bastien in the lead. As the most recent member of their little crew to be imprisoned, he had the most energy and would have been the strongest even if they'd all been free.

The first guards they reached were easy sport. Bastien dispatched them while James freed the prisoners on the level above their cell, adding to their ragtag pack one outlaw at a time. One grisled, scarred shifter after another emerged from their cages,

shifting into animal forms ranging from wolf to lion, and charging into the breach.

On the third level above their cells, they reached the first true roadblock. The guards on this level had run upstairs to help defend the prison, taking their keys with them. The locked door barring this level was not the sort James could pick with his claws, and the men looked at each other with pensive expressions. Do we wait? One of the recent escapees inquired mentally.

We can't afford to risk it. Grayson answered, standing beside a wolf with an injured paw. Well we can't break down iron bars. Bastien grimaced, anyone have any ideas?

A hulking man stood at the back of the assembled shifters, still in human form. At first Bastien had assumed he simply wanted the use of his hands, but now as he moved closer he realized the man wasn't a shifter at all. "Let me try." The prisoner

suggested, raising his hands. The faint tang of magic floated off of his skin, and the shifters watched with bated breath to see if he had the strength to call on his powers. The magic wielder gritted his teeth and thrust his hands towards the door lock, and the iron slowly began to glow. The man was clearly weak, with fresh bruises dotting his skin beneath his jumpsuit, but he eventually managed to send a powerful enough surge of magic outward with a heavy groan, and the door swung open.

Cheering in their heads, the shifters stormed through the gate and continued up the winding stairs of the prison, their numbers growing with every level they passed. The farther they made it, the stronger their hope became. This, James and Grayson realized, is what they'd been missing all these years. They needed an outside force to attack from above while they attacked from below, a distraction to pull all the guards away long enough to make their break and grow their numbers.

Soon a small army was charging up through the dungeons with Bastien at the helm, and every step he took brought him one step closer to Selene. It was all he could do to stay back with the other prisoners rather than racing ahead, knowing he was stronger in a pack than on his own.

They were on the 12th floor when they finally collided with the invading outlaws, and to Bastien's surprise, Grayson tackled the huge wolf at the front of the rebel force and was soon rolling around with him like a pair of puppies. I take it that's Matthew? He asked James, unable to decipher the over-excited wolves' yips and playful snarls.

Looks that way. James confirmed wryly, I don't think I've ever seen Grayson smile before.

It was mostly a joke, after all the men had rarely seen each other's faces and the shifter in question was currently in wolf form.

Still, there was no denying the joy radiating off of the two wolves, and Bastien understood exactly what his father-in-law meant.

Ever since arriving in the dungeons Grayson had been nothing but a cynical grump – understandably so but a grump nonetheless, it was strange and wonderful to see him so lighthearted.

They weren't the only ones. He was beginning to suspect that Blaise had been keeping more rebels alive than any of them suspected, because quite a few wolves were reuniting with their friends before him, and unfortunately stopping their escape in its tracks.

As touching as this is, he called over the commotion, we need to move!

The wolf called Matthew straightened up, eyeing Bastien curiously. Are you Durand?

I am. Bastien confirmed.

Good. The other man nodded, is everyone here?

Yes. Bastien declared, we've opened all the cells.

Then let's go! Matthew ordered, sending the sea of shifters off at a run. The imprisoned blended with the free outlaws, their brutalized bodies clearly identifying them, but their ferocity even stronger than that of their comrades.

Bastien had been trying not to let himself get his hopes up – despite his advice to his fellow inmates to stay optimistic, deep down he'd been feeling increasingly despondent as the weeks dragged on. However, watching the men around him racing towards freedom and destroying everything in their path, he not only felt more confident he'd be able to rescue Selene, but even began to believe it was possible to unseat Blaise completely.

Eight more floors passed by in a whirl, already cleared by the rebels. Before long Bastien, James and Grayson were bursting out into the fresh morning air, the sun blinding their eyes, but the taste of freedom heavy on their tongues. There was nothing to stop them now. Guards and secret police littered the ground, and the entire escape had happened so quickly Blaise's army was still assembling.

A horn rang out in the distance, and suddenly all the rebels were pouring back beneath the streets, returning to the safety of the

underground before the backup forces could swarm their flanks and steal their freedom once more.

It was a retreat – but a retreat necessary to fight another day. Bastien, James, and Grayson were free, and their next target would be Blaise’s palace itself.

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