

Pregnant And Rejected

Pregnant And Rejected By My Alpha Mate By Caroline Above
Chapter 192

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Charta 192. -Lockdoen

Selene

I'm woken by the sounds of blaring alarms, the sound so shrill and horrible | slam a pillow over my face before I can stop to consider what the sound might mean. It's not until my bedroom door swings open and a young servant girl pokes her head in, that I lower the plush implement. She pulls me out of bed and helps me into a robe while my head spins.

An alarm. I think hopefully, that's bad for Blaise. And what's bad for Blaise can only be good for us. Luna answers slyly.

"What's happened?" I ask the girl helping me.

"We're going into lockdown, miss." the young servant answers, breaking the silence her station usually demands.

"What do you mean, lockdown?" | question,

"What's happened?"

"I don't know, I've never heard the alarms go off before, but the Alpha's orders were unequivocal.

The entire above ground is

locking down, so it can't be a fire or flood." She reasons, her voice hoarse from lack of use.

"Did you speak to him yourself?" | ask, trying to figure out exactly what's going on. If it's just a lockdown and he doesn't know

where I am, I might be able to get away. But if she was specifically sent to retrieve me, I probably can't escape without

endangering her.

com "No." She shakes her head, "This is just standard procedure.

I'm taking you to one of the safe rooms."

"Wait!" I cry, pulling her to a stop. "What's your name?"

"Clara." The girl replies shyly.

"Do you want to stay here, Clara?" I inquire, already imagining making a break for the dungeons. If the city is on lock down all

the guards will be called away to help, and I'm always strongest first thing in the morning. This could be my chance to free myself, Bastien and my father at once. Helene's voice rings in my ears, urging me to be patient, but only a fool would ignore such an opportunity.

"I... I don't understand." Clara murmurs in confusion.

"I mean, this city is a nightmare and I have to get out of here before it's too late." I declare, "I don't want to get you in trouble and I don't know what you might risk by running, but I want to give you the chance to escape with me – if that's what you want."

"You're going to escape?" She repeats, stunned, "I don't know what's going on right now, but I guarantee Blaise and his guards are more distracted than they'll ever be. So yes, I'm going to try." I explain.

"I – I can't." Clara whimpers, "I have a family here."

"Then all I ask is that you give me a head start." I beg, taking her by the shoulders. "Do you know where the dungeons are?"

"In the East End, just past the park, but you can't go out there!" She insists, "the city might be under attack."

"Goddess I hope so." I breathe, stripping off my robe and nightgown and pulling on a pair of maternity jeans, a black top and flats. "Please, promise me you won't tell them where I've gone. You never saw me." | state firmly, forcing a bit of hypnotic power into my words.

Clara's body goes sort of limp, her jaw slackens, and she repeats, "I never saw you."

"Good girl." I praise, dashing out of the room. If we were in Elysium I might have been able to use one of the many secret passageways lining the Pack House for emergencies, but Blaise hasn't trusted me enough to tell me about any such precautions in his mansion, so I dart down the halls, hugging the walls and praying I don't encounter any sentries.

The first few corridors are clear, and I have to think that they've all gone to handle whatever disaster spurred the alarms. I'm

trying to be as quiet as possible, but I'm also painfully aware that my scent is leaving a trail behind me and anyone seeking to find me will be able to follow it with little difficulty. I have to move fast, even if it means risking exposing my powers.

I haven't been able to explore the mansion as much as I'd like to, but I know the southern wing has multiple exits, and I have to assume that most of Blaise's security force have gone to the guard house beside the front courtyard. I have to pause at every other corner I reach, waiting for neat rows of marching sentries to pass by before I continue on. Something serious is definitely going down for Blaise's security forces to be mobilizing this way, and I can only pray this is something to do with the rebels.

I weave myself into the shadows as I run, concealing my presence in the dim light of early morning and blinding the few guards I do encounter. The rising sun blinds me when I finally break out into the fresh air, feeling a rush of exhilaration to think I'm finally

out of the Alpha's palace. It almost feels too easy, but I can't stop to overthink it now – I have to move.'

The first block past the mansion is littered with fallen shifters, and I realize my hopes must be correct. Someone is attacking the Calypso leadership, and I doubt it's another pack. I feel a brief moment of hesitation as I worry I might be mistaken for one of Blaise's devoted followers and make myself a target, but I don't have time to waste. I run towards the park for all I'm worth, feeling my heart race as my excitement grows. I'm only two blocks away when someone huge grabs me from behind, lifting my feet off the ground as I yelp in surprise. Struggling to escape the man holding me, I kick and claw at his beefy arms, so preoccupied with getting away that I'm not even paying attention to my surroundings. "Ahem." I jerk my head up at the sound of someone clearing their throat, my eyes going wide as I see a line of guards circling

myself and my captor. There at their center, is Blaise, watching me with the sort of twisted hunger he always gets when he comes to my rooms at night.

My heart falls into my stomach, plummeting so quickly! feel sure I'm going to be sick. No. I think desperately, no, no, no. He can't win that easily.

But clearly he can.

"Nice try, Selene." Blaise smirks cruelly, "you really came

very close. You should be proud."

Thrashing against the guards holding me, I can only snarl, "screw you!"

"Of course," He sighs, feigning regret, "you do know that your track record of good behavior just went out the window."

"What does that matter!" I hiss, "You haven't given me any proof that Bastien is alright. How do I know you haven't killed him and are just lying to keep me in line?" | bluff, knowing full well that my husband is alive because of Helene's spying.

"You don't." Blaise declares, tracing the silver bracelet on my wrist. "And unfortunately for you, you're not going to." He chuckles, clearly thinking he doesn't need to keep his word now that I'm powerless. "You just have to trust me."

"I will never trust you, and unless you give me proof of life, I will never stop fighting you." I threaten.

"Oh yes you will." Blaise counters fiercely. "You'll behave because if you don't, I'll kill your mate. You aren't entitled to proof of life or anything else." He argues, tapping the bracelets again, "you belong to me, and if you care about Bastien, you'll obey."

Blaise pulls my body close to his, his hands an iron cage around my arms even as I writhe to escape him. "He's not the only card I've got hidden up my sleeve, pet. I can get rid of him to punish you, and still command your cooperation."

I know he's referring to my father, but I'm not supposed to know he's alive. "What are you talking about?"

“You don’t want to force my hand and find out.”
Blaise promises, pushing me into his guard’s rough hands. “Take her back to her rooms, and lock her in.”

I snarl and fight the entire way back, forcing them to drag me kicking and screaming. Blaise might be a monster, but I don’t believe he’ll kill Bastien as long as I’m his prisoner. He’s not stupid, and only an idiot would throw out a winning hand. He knows as long as he has Bastien, I’m stuck in his Palace, no matter how unhappy or rebellious I may behave. When my bedroom door slams behind me, I turn on my heel and repeatedly bang my fists into the wood, yelling obscenities at the guards striding away down the hall. I hate to admit it, but Blaise won this hand. He still has Bastien, I’m still his slave... and we’re running out of time.

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