

# Pregnant And Rejected

Pregnant And Rejected By My Alpha Mate By Caroline Above  
Chapter 194

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Chapter 194-0 DIT

Selene

“Why are we still in lockdown?” | demand, glaring at Blaise. “I thought you said the danger had passed.”

“It has passed, my beauty, I’m merely being cautious.” He insists, reaching up to drag his knuckles over my cheek. “It’s an annoyance to be sure, but one we’ll get through.”

“This is what happens when you abuse your people.” | grumble, “if you don’t want to be annoyed maybe you should respect their rights.”

“Rights.” He scoffs, “more like a city full of spoiled children clamoring for attention and making unreasonable demands.”

“I want to go back to my rooms.” I announce, overflowing with disgust for the horrible man.

“You can’t do that yet.” He informs me brusquely.

**“Why, what’s going to happen?” I ask:**

**“You know I normally don’t mind your sass, but I don’t have the patience for it today.” He gripes, turning away from me.**

**“Wait!” | exclaim, clasp onto his arm as a rush of inspiration strikes me. We’re in his safe room surrounded by guards, but a man as paranoid as Blaise made sure his emergency refuge was large and comfortable, so our audience is safely out of hearing distance. Forcibly settling my blazing temper, I adopt the meditative calm I’ve learned to embody to capture the Alpha’s mind, and stare deep into his eyes.**

**“Please, tell me what’s going on?” | beg sweetly, pulling at his tongue with hypnotic force.**

**His tense muscles relax, and he speaks in a dull droning voice. “There was a prison break.” He utters emotionlessly. “The rebels freed everyone from my dungeons.”**

**It takes all my willpower to stay in my calm trance, because my heart is immediately trying to leap out of my chest. “Do you still have Bastien?” | whisper anxiously.**

"No." Blaise announces in the same stoic tone, "that's why we're here. He'll be coming for you." My mind is racing a hundred miles a minute. I can't believe it, I went back with Blaise when Bastien was already free. If I'd fought him in the park like I wanted to, this could all have been over by now. "Won't you please let me go back to my rooms." I plea, stroking his arm, "the babies are making me tired and I need a nap." "Go back to your rooms," he repeats dully, "I'll tell the guards." "Thank you," I breathe, fully intending to run right out the front door rather than going back to my suite. "Let her go." Blaise orders the man blocking the door. "Take her back to her rooms." "But Alpha, you said -" "Are you questioning me?" Blaise roars, not needing any encouragement from me to lose his temper. I don't doubt under other circumstances that the guard would never have dared to push back against the Alpha, but Blaise had been so

adamant about me staying on lock down that the man must have forgotten himself.

The door swings open immediately, and the guard escorts me from the secure safe room. He's silent as we retreat down the

hallway, and I hold onto Blaise's mind as long as I can; but I haven't learned to use this particular power at a distance yet. It

works beautifully as long as I'm looking into his eyes, but unless I alter his memory it wears off rather quickly once we part. In

hindsight I should have made him believe that the danger was passed, but my trick was so spontaneous that I didn't think of it in the moment.

The guard and I have reached the floor below the safe room when Blaise's sentries come racing after us, charging down the

stairs with fangs bared and claws extended as I make my escape. I can hear Blaise's bellowing voice above, and my heart

plummets into my stomach as I realize my shortsightedness might have just cost me my powers. "Se lene!" He thunders,

drawing closer with every second that passes. He appears at the top of the stairs above me, breathing heavily. "What have you done!" He demands, eyeing my silver cuffs with suspicion. "Grab her!"

Feeling that I have nothing left to lose, I send out an energetic burst towards the guard who'd been escorting me, knocking him to the ground before he can ever lay a hand on me, "Clever beauty." Blaise smirks, eyeing me hungrily, 'what else have you been up to while I thought your hands were tied?"

The sentries are closing in on me, and I'm preparing to lash out my powers again when a new chorus of alarms burst out, blaring throughout the palace's airy hallways. Blaise curses, gesturing aggressively towards his men, "Enough games, take her now!"

I'm having a hard time keeping track of all the guards, realizing with horror that a number have circled around behind me while I

was distracted. I send out more energy pulses, but there are too many of them, and I can't call the shadows without also blinding myself to my exit routes. Just then a familiar voice sounds at my back. "Selene!" Whirling around, I gape as my wide eyes land on Frederic. "What are you doing here?" I cry, edging toward him as Blaise draws nearer.

"I came to save you." He explains in a tone saying this should be obvious.

"Where are the others?" I question, not trusting the wolf on his own.

"They're fighting on the lower levels." He shares, glaring past me at Blaise, "the game is up old man."

Blaise glowers, "And just who are you?"

"Frederic Durand." Bastien's cousin explains, "And I'm not letting you take Selene."

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"It's not up to you." The Calypso Alpha declares.

"She's mine and so are her pups, now if you care for your life you'll leave us before it's too late."

"Selene," Frederic grits out, "you need to run."

"What?" I cry, feeling the room begin to spin around us.

"Run." Frederic repeats. "Helene and Bastien are just two floors down."

His wolf is right at the surface, his eyes glowing and muscles rippling. "What about you?" I ask anxiously, watching the way his jaw ticks with tension.

"Don't worry about me." He instructs sternly, "just go."

Suddenly I realize what he intends. There's no way Frederic can take on Blaise alone, let alone Blaise and two dozen guards.

"Frederic, he'll kill you." I insist.

"Listen to her boy." Blaise smirks, "she might be a defiant, impossible little thing, but she's got twice your brains."

"Selene, I can't get you out of here, but I can buy you some time." Frederic whispers urgently. "Let me do this for you – before it's too late."

"But -" | object, not knowing why I feel so distraught by the idea of losing someone who tried to destroy everything! care about

"Go!" He commands fiercely, raising his voice until I flinch.

I turn tail and take off down the corridor without another words, my pulse racing in my veins as I hear Blaise shout, "Af ter her!"

The sounds of feral snarls and clashing wolves fill the air, and I move as quickly as I can in my condition, cradling my swollen belly as I veer down the spiral staircases. I can hear whimpers and crashing, and when I glance over my shoulder I'

m surprised and pleased to see Frederic holding his own against Blaise's men. Guards litter the ground around his huge gray

wolf, and for a few moments I actually think he might be able to succeed. However almost as soon as I think the damning words,

two guards close in on Frederic from behind while his attention is diverted.

The Calypso wolves rip Frederic off his target, and he crashes into the wall with a sickening crack. Before he has time to get to his feet the sentries lunge for his exposed belly. It all happens very fast. There are only a few seconds of agonized howls before Frederic's voice goes silent, replaced by thick gurgles of blood in his throat. I can see the moment the life leaves his eyes, and my stomach flips violently with pain and nausea. I never wanted anyone to die for me, not even Frederic.

Still, I don't have any time to stop and process the horrifying scene, because in the next moments Blaise's sentries are after me, and I have no choice but to run.

I make it down another flight of stairs before fleeing down the hall, repeating Frederic's words over and over in my mind. They're on this floor, they're on this floor.

Wolves on my heels, I round the corner and almost crash headfirst into Helene. She's with a tall wolf I don't recognize, who's

ears cock towards the sounds of my pursuers. The man shifts in a flash while I throw my arms around Helene. "God dess, I'm glad to see you!" I exclaim.

"You too, little mother." She greets me warmly.

"Where'd Frederic?"

I can only shake my head, the sounds of more fighting exploding behind us. Helene purses her lips and nods, "I feared as much.

He was determined to make amends for his past crimes."

"That isn't what I wanted." | gasp, "not like that."

"I know darling." Helene assures me, rubbing my arms in comfort.

Scanning the hall behind her, I try to catch sight or scent of my mate. "Where's Bastien?" | ask, immediately on edge when I don't find him.

Helene's frown deepens. "He can't let Blaise go free, Se lene."

"What?" | choke, "You mean...?" | can't bring myself to speak the terrible words.

"Yes." She confirms bleakly. "He's gone to finish this – once and for all."

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