

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 3

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#Chapter 3 Mate

Selene's POV

I take off into the night, my mind grappling for any location that might be safe. Somewhere without walls or locked doors, somewhere away from people. The world blurs around me and strange voices meet my ears, but I block them out. People are bad, people are cruel and cannot be trusted.

The forest, I decide. I'll be safe in the forest.

No one in Elysium lives more than five minutes walking distance from a nature park, so it doesn't take long for me to find my refuge. The darkness is complete here, and comforting after the overwhelming assault of lights and sounds in the city.

I climb into the branches of a large fir tree, scraping just about every inch of my body in the process. I curl up against the rough trunk. I know I need to be making plans and sorting out next steps, but my exhaustion looms tall. I try to keep my eyes open, but I'm fighting a losing battle. A moment later I succumb, and the world goes black.

Bastien's POV

I catch her scent the moment I step into the forest. Soft and sweet, like honeysuckle and freshly fallen snow. My wolf, Axel, immediately sits up at attention. His excitement courses through my body, filling me with raw hunger. What is that? He demands. I want it

Down boy. I think back. It's a she-wolf, not a rabbit.

The reports of a young woman wandering the streets of Elysium naked hadn't taken long to reach the Pack House. My father, the Alpha of pack Nova, had ordered the search parties almost immediately; jolting into action when he heard one witness describe a she-wolf with two different colored eyes.

Now I stand with my most trusted men at the edge of the wood, my instincts warring with my duty.

“We should shift.” Aiden, my best friend and right-hand, suggests.

I slowly shake my head, “You guys stay here.” I can’t explain it, but I don’t want anyone else going near the owner of that scent.

“Are you serious?” Aiden asks, exasperated.

“Stay here.” I repeat.

I track her within minutes, but it takes me a moment to realize she is in the trees. Unease flickers in the back of my mind. How afraid does a wolf have to be to resort to tree-climbing?

I see her then, huddled among the dense branches of a towering silver fir. A pair of two-toned eyes glitter at me through the darkness, accompanied by flashes of pale skin and dark hair.

One look. That’s all it took. Mine. The instinct to shift came hard and fast, pulling at my muscles as Axel’s declaration sounds in my head.

It takes every ounce of my will to stay in human form. Easy now.

No, Axel growls insistently, so close to the surface I feel my claws extend. Mine.

I scent the air again, barely able to catch the wisps of honeysuckle beneath the acrid aroma of blood and fear. The former sends my heart pounding in my chest, the latter provokes a rage unlike any I’d felt before.

I could not keep the word to myself as I looked up at her. “Mate.”

Selene’s POV

I know the man standing at the base of my tree, even if I don’t understand the word he used: Bastien Durand, the Alpha’s son and heir. He looks much older than I remember, but there’s no mistaking his rugged features. Tall, broad, with dark blond hair and a

chiseled jaw, it’s easy to see why I imagined myself in love with him as a child.

I’ve always been an outsider. Maybe deep down my peers sensed I did not belong in the Nova Pack, but being a Volana wolf had been excuse enough to torment me. My mother and I were the only ones in Elysium, and children didn’t care about rarefied bloodlines, all they knew was that I was different.

When I was five the school bully chased me into the winding mountain tunnels beneath Elysium. I thought I would be able to find my way back out: I didn’t understand how complex the ancient pathways were until I was well and truly lost.

I wandered the subterranean maze for two days before Bastien found me. At the time he was a young teenager, but he never seemed awkward or uncertain like the other kids his age.

There is no guarantee that an Alpha's child will be their heir. Another wolf can always be bigger, stronger, more ferocious. At the end of the day these primal traits will always decide who is in charge, but there had never been any doubt with Bastien. From day one it was clear that no wolf in the pack would be able to challenge his dominance or intelligence once he was grown.

He carried me to safety all those years ago, and here he stands again, gazing up at me in my darkest hour with the promise of

salvation. Only this time, I do not believe him.

He was kind to me once, but so was Garrick. He showered me with love for ten years before showing his true colors. I will not make the mistake of trusting so easily again.

"Will you come down to me, little wolf? Bastien's deep voice sends a shiver down my spine.

I shake my head, clinging to my branch. "Go away." I beg meekly. My voice is barely a whisper, but I know his wolf ears can hear me

His lips, full and soft against a backdrop of sharp lines and angles, form a hard line. "I can't do that." He replies, "You're injured."

I scramble for an explanation that will send him away. "I scraped myself climbing up here, that's all."

From the look in his steely silver eyes, he knows I'm lying, "And why are you up there?"

It's so surreal to be speaking to another person, someone other than Luna or Garrick. I scramble for a logical answer, "The storm frightened me." As if on cue, a clap of thunder sounds overhead. I flinch, the memory of Garrick lurching toward me flashing through my mind.

"You come down I can take you indoors where it will be safe and warm." Bastien coaxes.

The image of my basement cell replaces thoughts of Garrick's assault. No, I do not like the indoors. "I'm fine right here." I insist.

I can feel his eyes on me, dark and assessing. I squirm under their weight, hiding my face in the tree trunk. If I can't see you, you can't see me.

if it's so nice up there, maybe I'll join you.' Bastien suggests.

"No! I all but shriek, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. I need to get away from him, I have to find a better hiding spot. I glance over at the tree on my left, considering its heavy branches and wondering if I might be able to move through the treetops.

"Don't even think about it." The authority in his voice freezes me to the spot. No one can defy an order from the pack Alpha, it's in our very DNA. I whimper, hugging the tree more tightly as fresh tears fall.

"There's no need to be afraid." The harsh rumble belies his words. "Tell me your name."

I realize then he has no memory of saving me from the tunnels. I don't know why that hurts so much, but it does. His rescue had meant everything to me. Before Garrick imprisoned me, those days in the tunnels had been the most traumatic of my life – yet they were nothing to him.

His failure to recall the momentous event bolsters my distrust. "I'm no one."

"I'm beginning to lose my patience." His deep voice carries up to me. "Either you can come down, or I can come up."

I shake my head again, eyes burning. It isn't fair, I only just got free.

He makes the climb I struggled with so terribly in seconds. Silver eyes sweep over me as I huddle against the tree trunk, my body curled into a tight ball.

A growl rumbles in Bastien's chest and my pulse spikes. Every muscle tensing for the imminent attack, I clench my eyes shut.