

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 6

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#Chapter 6 Pregnancy and Rejection

Selene's POV

Three Years Later

The steady woosh woosh of an ultrasound machine fills the small exam room. I've been in this cramped, cold space dozens of times, but I've never felt anything but discomfort within its walls. Now, as I lay on my back, vulnerable and exposed, I find myself overwhelmed with joy.

A faint thumping noise joins the alien sounds of the equipment, and the doctor seated between my legs grins up at me, * And there's the heartbeat."

"That is, without a doubt, the most beautiful sound I've ever heard." I whisper.

This is not how I expected my day to go. I thought I was coming in for an annual women's health check up, and afterwards I'd planned on sitting down and writing out everything I want to say to Bastien before our Anniversary tomorrow.

As they say, even the best laid plans can go awry, and sure enough, my world has been turned on its head in one fell swoop.

I wasn't even sure I could get pregnant after everything Garrick put my body through, and we certainly haven't been trying. Though in truth we also haven't been terribly careful. Bastien might not love me, but there is no doubt he's attracted to me.

He'd taken things very slowly at first, letting me grow comfortable with the idea of a physical relationship before diving in, then teaching me about intimacy with what seemed like unending patience.

By the time I was ready to become Bastien's wife in every sense of the word, I was starting to think he must not want me. Everything I knew of men indicated that they would take what they felt they were owed regardless of anyone else's feelings, so if Bastien wasn't pushing me, he must not be interested.

When I finally confronted him, with all the ferocity of a frightened rabbit, Bastien stalked me into a corner and proceeded to pounce on me like the predator he is. It quickly became clear that what I'd taken as disinterest, was simply unrelenting control.

He proved to be every bit as passionate and affectionate as he'd been patient and gentle. Bastien was fierce and possessive in bed and out – and I loved every minute of it. Our mutual ardor has resulted in a somewhat inordinate number of spontaneous liaisons, making my current situation much less of a mystery than an inevitability.

"I'm going to be a mother." I breathe in blissful disbelief.

I can't wait to tell Bastien.

It hadn't taken me long to fall head over heels for Bastien. As much as his dominance sometimes frightens me, I've found that I crave it like nothing else.

Life has not been easy without Luna. Garrick taught me to expect danger around every corner, and I have no wolf to help guide or protect me. The flashbacks and nightmares are fewer as time goes by, but I doubt I will ever regain the ability to relax around other people.

I'm on edge every second of every day: always on the lookout for an attack, always prepared to fight or run from a threat. The only time I don't have to be afraid is when Bastien is with me. He makes me let go even and especially when I don't want to, giving me what I need at all costs.

But that isn't why I love him.

I love Bastien because he is kind and gentle when he does not have to be; because he would sacrifice anything for the members of his pack. I love him because he is every bit as smart and funny as he is protective and brave, because he makes me feel like no one else ever has or ever will.

A few times over the years I've let myself imagine he feels as I do. Sometimes when he looks at me I swear there are stars in his eyes, but others I'm sure I've imagined it.

I have to remind myself that Bastien had already found love when we met, with a woman who did not need constant comfort and coddling, a woman who was his equal. It's no wonder that he's always held me at arms length, never opening up, never letting me

Thaven't succeeded in making him love me, at least, not in the way I love him. Yet we've been so happy lately, happy enough that I decided to propose extending the contract on our anniversary.

Now with a baby on the way I finally have something to offer him that Arabella cannot.

I don't want to be selfish, I don't want Bastien to settle for me if I'm not truly what he wants – but if there's a chance he could want me, I have to take it.

I can already picture his face when I tell him the news: a heady mix of joy, excitement, and pure male pride. I've seen it a few times before, but never for a reason as special as this.

My heart feels so swollen in my chest I think I might burst – I can't wait to share this feeling with him.

On my way home I stop to buy groceries, planning a special dinner for my announcement. I go all out, purchasing good wine even though I can't drink it, as well as the best cuts of meat and the most decadent dessert I can find.

I eye the clock as I drive home, hoping I can beat Bastien there and sneak the goods upstairs. Though the Alpha's family and their Betas all live in the pack house with a number of enforcers, official pack business occurs in the government building next door. Some smaller packs might be able to do everything from their central house, but the Novas outgrew the space centuries ago.

Bastien and I live in a private apartment on the top floor, giving us the option to gather and spend our days with the rest of the house or hole up on our own. Tonight is definitely a hole up kind of night.

I've been grinning like a fool ever since leaving the doctor's office, I can't recall ever feeling this light. I practiced sharing the news while I drove, cycling through a number of strategies before deciding to simply tell Bastien without games or pretense.

Butterflies flutter rapidly in my belly as I climb the stairs, my body thrumming with anticipation. I have to juggle the bags in my arms to reach the door handle, but eventually manage.

The ecstatic smile slips from my face the moment I walk in.

Bastien is already there, waiting for me. He's sitting alone in the darkened living room, a tumbler of amber liquid clasped in his large fist and a severe frown dominating his handsome face.

I pull up short, eyeing him warily. His eyes glow silver, an unmistakable sign that his wolf is vying for control. I set down my bags and hesitantly approach my husband.

"Bastien?" I broach carefully. "Is everything alright?"

"Have a seat Selene." The rich base of his voice is rough and emotionless.

I do as he says, perching on the edge of the couch, my spine ramrod straight. I know all at once what's coming. I can see my hopes and dreams crashing around me as if they were real, rather than figments of my imagination. Love letters and wedding rings, ultrasound photos and baby carriages, children's toys and tiny shoes—all litter the ground at my feet.

I'm afraid to speak. I know there's no changing Bastien's mind once it's been made, but some delusional part of my brain still imagines the inevitable outcome might change if I do or say the right thing.

His fathomless eyes hold me captive, staring through me as the silence drags on. It stretches for so long I have to fight the urge to squirm in my seat. Normally Bastien enjoys making me squirm, but this is different. This isn't a wolf playing with his food, this is an apex predator going in for the kill.

Finally he speaks. "I know our anniversary isn't until tomorrow," He begins gravely, "but I can't put this off any longer."

If Garrick taught me one useful skill it was how to hide my feelings for the sake of my own self-preservation. Bastien would never weaponize my emotions the way Garrick had, but I don't want him to know how badly this will hurt me, not when I already feel so foolish. I can't believe how stupid I've been, how naive.

"We both deserve to be happy, Selene, I truly believe that."

Just breathe. In and out. You're alright.

"But I've come to realize it isn't possible for both of us to be happy if we stay in this marriage." The words hit me like a runaway train, brutal and unstoppable. "I probably should have done this sooner," He almost sounds apologetic, but his expression is harsh and closed off in a way I've rarely seen. "Tomorrow I'm going to have my father put things in motion for our rejection ceremony."