

Pregnant And Rejected On Her Wedding Day Chapter 1 - 4

Chapter 1 Nightmare Never Ends

Selene's POV

It's dark. I cannot see Garrick's free hand, but I hear the clinking of his belt buckle.

He's my father. He whips the leather implement from his trousers and throws it away, snapping the end against my bare belly in the process.

A hoarse yelp escapes my lips. "No...! what are you doing? You're drunk! Get out!"

His claws dig into the papery flesh of my neck, and a strident zip fills the air as he unfastens his pants.

A bolt of panic breaks through my consciousness as he began trying to wrench my legs apart. The thunderstorm roars over Garrick's heavy breathing, the perfect soundtrack to my agony.

Tears stream from my eyes as I kick and thrash against him. But nothing frees me from his hold.

Since my mother died eight years ago, my insane father has held me prisoner, poisoning me with wolfsbane every day.

I keep waiting to die, going to bed each night feeling so certain I won't live to see the sun rise in the morning. But my wolf Luna died first. She's gone. I lost her, my only friend and hope.

I haven't had any food or water since yesterday, but I don't know why I bother hanging on. What's the point of surviving if I'm only going to live alone in this filthy cell?

When I see the hard rod of flesh between my father's legs, terror washes over me. There's no way that thing will fit inside of me, it will be pure agony.

He keeps wrenching my legs apart no matter how hard I scream and kick, but then my anger overcomes my fear.

I don't care why he's doing this to me, I won't let him. I won't just lie here and take it.

I reach desperately for his face, trying to scratch his glowing eyes. With a vicious jerk Garrick smashes my head into the floor, dazing me enough for him to temporarily release me so he can paw at my underdeveloped breasts with both hands.

His claws rip into my skin, dragging over my chest and down my stomach. I try to scream, but no sound comes out. Garrick emits a deranged cackle, jamming his fingers between my legs and forcing them inside me.

"No!" I just barely summon my voice, my shriek coming out as a whisper. "You can't do this, I'm your daughter! Don't you care what my mom would think of you?"

Garrick freezes, a look of surprise breaking through the drunken haze of his thoughts. He blinks: once, twice. Shaking his head, he scoffs, "You stupid girl, I'm not your father."

"What?" I'm shocked. His words struck me hard.

He didn't release me, but he was distracted enough to delay his assault. "Your father was some mongrel from another pack." Garrick snaps, "Your mother got herself knocked up by a married man and had to flee in disgrace."

"I was in neutral territory when I found your mother groveling, penniless in a gutter. I saved her worthless life and brought her here. I married her, adopted her

bastard and gave her a home. She owed me everything! And what did I get in return?" He demands, spittle flying from his fangs.

"Nothing. She never let me so much as put a finger on her! I did everything I could to prove my love but she could never look past the fact that I'm an Omega." He sneers at me, "You're just like her. A Volana – but unlike her, you are mine." He looks so crazed I fear he might transform completely. "And you don't get to say no!"

He lunges toward me, covering my body with his own. Adrenaline spikes in my blood and my fingers close around the neck of the whisky bottle by my side.

"Go to hell! You're sick!"

Pang! I smash the heavy flagon over his head, clenching my eyes shut to protect them from the raining shards of bloody glass. Garrick slumps over me in a heap, his weight crushing the air out of my lungs.

It takes all my strength to roll his big body off me, but I manage. I find my feet, stumbling towards the door.

I take off into the night, my mind grappling for any location that might be safe. I do not pause to gain my bearings or orient myself, my only thought is to put as much distance between myself and Garrick as possible. I move as quickly as I can, staggering into the road and forcing cars to screech to a halt so I may pass.

I do not go unnoticed. Startled looks and concerned expressions greet me on all sides. Then, like a vision from a dream, I see a face I recognize approaching in the lamplight.

I've dreamed of Bastien Durand many times over the last eight years. 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. He's the Alpha's son and heir, and he's coming towards me now with a concerned expression on his face.

Bastien's silver eyes glow in the darkness, his palms outstretched in placation as he comes toward me. Lightning strikes with a loud crack, and the eerie illumination transforms his handsome face into something truly sinister. His men fan out around me, and all of my girlish fantasies disappear.

This is a massive Alpha wolf approaching me, another man who wants nothing more than to harm me. When he nears, his deep voice sends shivers down my spine and his placating words fall on deaf ears, "Easy little wolf."

Just before his fingers make contact on my skin I lash out defensively. He blocks my first strike, clamping his hands around my arms, but he seems reluctant to use any true force. His hesitance saves me, as I wrench away from him, hitting and kicking until I'm free and taking off at a sprint.

For one blessed moment I think I might have a chance – then I hear his voice, as thunderous as any storm. "Catch her." Bastien orders. "Now."

Chapter 2 Meeting Bastien

Selene's POV

I run until I cannot run any longer, finding myself at the edge of one of Elysium's countless nature parks. The forest spreads out before me, and though I cannot imagine any refuge here, at least I know there won't be any people.

I dart into the dense woodland, the rough ground slicing into my feet as I trample over rocks, fallen branches, and foliage. I can't hear the wolves behind me anymore, but still I do not stop. I trek as deep into the forest as I can, until it's impossible to imagine I'm even in a city at all.

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.

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.

"If 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, sure this is the end.

His hands are huge and calloused, but impossibly gentle. “Shhh,” His voice is a low purr in my ear. “You're alright.” Warmth surrounds me as Bastien bundles me into his arms, and though I cannot explain it or even begin to understand it, I do feel calmer somehow.

We're on the ground in a single leap. I know I should fight him now that we're on solid footing, but I can't make my limbs work. My eyelids feel heavy again, and all I want is to cuddle into the pillowy muscles surrounding me.

As if reading my mind, Bastien tucks his coat around my frail body a bit more tightly, taking up a comforting rumble that vibrates against my cheek. “Sleep, little wolf. You're safe.”

I jerk awake, jolting to a sitting position in an unfamiliar bed. It takes a moment for my nerves to catch up with my head, sending shouts of protest and pain once they do; every inch of my body aches.

One of my eyes is swollen shut, but the other blinks rapidly against the light. The room – a large bedroom suite decorated in muted colors – is far too bright.

The silken fabric of my nightgown scratches my overly-sensitized skin despite its softness. How long has it been since I've worn clothing?

Someone has washed and braided my hair, and bandages have been wrapped around my feet and arms. Muffled voices reach my ears, and my attention swings to a closed door on my left. The fine hairs on the back of my neck stand on end, and I slip from the bed as gracefully as I can.

I cross the small space, settling with my back against the door and pressing my ear to the cool wood.

“Selene Moreau.” I don't recognize the voice speaking my name. “She's supposed to be dead.”

“Well clearly she isn't.” A second voice answers. “Has anyone found Garrick yet?”

A growl drowns out the final word, followed by a familiar bass. “Aiden is leading the hunt, he has instructions to check in the moment they catch his trail.” A heavy pause punctuates Bastien's words. “I don't understand how we didn't know.”

“Garrick put on a good show.” The first speaker remarks, “No one ever suspected he could do anything like this.”

“It's a failure on all our parts.” The second man states gravely. “We should have asked more questions. Volana wolves are not easy to kill – two going at once should have been a red flag.”

“We couldn't have known.” The first man placates.

"No we should have known." This has to be the Alpha. As heir Bastien is second in command in the pack; no one else would be speaking with him this way. "Instead an innocent pup was left to suffer for almost a decade."

I was so busy trying to sort out all the implications of their words that I didn't notice the approaching footsteps. I heard the knob turn half a second before I felt the door pressing into my spine, sliding my body towards the wall.

Suddenly Bastien is peering down at me, an amused look on his handsome face. "Eavesdropping, little wolf?"

Chapter 3 Marry Bastien
Selene's POV

I clamber to my feet, leaning on the wall and ignoring the pain shooting up my legs. He holds out one arm to block his companions from entering, and I take the opportunity to dart past him into the main part of the suite.

Gabriel Durand, the very image of Bastien were he a few decades older, steps forward. "Hello Selene."

Without thinking I slink behind Bastien, using his large body to hide myself from view. I cannot explain it. I do not want any of them to be in this room with me, and Bastien is the one who brought me here against my will in the first place – he's the last person I should seek for protection.

He reaches back, circling his arm around my body and catching me up before I can contemplate fleeing. "Come here, you." Bastien deposits me back into the plush bedding, taking a seat by my side so that his large form remains as a barrier between me and the strangers. "We need to talk."

Third person's Pov

Bastien watches Selene closely as his father explains everything that has happened since she escaped Garrick. She's huddled among the pillows, leaning as far away from the Alpha as possible. Bastien's wolf Axel is clawing at the surface, demanding Bastien moves closer.

There is a disturbing vacancy in Selene's expression, and Bastien's hatred for the man who imprisoned her spikes. He promised his Father that his men would return Garrick to the pack house to stand trial once he's found, but in truth he has no intention of letting the bastard back into the city. Outside of Nova jurisdiction Bastien can do with him as he pleases.

"Your mother was very dear to me," His father was saying, prompting Selene to meet his gaze for the first time. She hasn't been able to look at any of them directly, not even Gabriel's Beta, Donovan.

"Yes I knew her." Gabriel continues, smiling sadly, "She helped me at a time when I could not help myself. I feel I owe it to Corrine to do the same for you now. You have my word that Garrick will be caught; he will account for his crimes."

"And in the meantime?" Her voice is stronger than it had been in the forest. "What do you intend to do with me?"

Claim you. Axel suggests, triggering Bastien's instinct to scent mark the sweet creature in front of him. He leashes in the desire, gritting his teeth against the pain denying it creates.

Gabriel says reasonably. "The doctor is quite concerned that your injuries have not healed yet." He glances at Bastien reluctantly. "There was an inordinate amount of Wolfsbane in your system when Bastien brought you in."

Selene just blinks. "He's been dosing me with it every day for 8 years." Her statement is met with horrified silence, and she turns her eyes to Bastien. He falls into bottomless pools of sapphire and violet, sensing a profound hopelessness he does not understand until she speaks again. "My wolf didn't survive it."

Fury consumes Bastien in a conflagration so sudden and violent that he knows he needs to get out of the room before Axel forces his way out of his body. He stands as the wolf roars in his head, trembling with the effort of restraining him. Bastien storms from the room without another word, heading for the forest.

Selene's POV

Bastien's sudden exit startles me, and for some inexplicable reason I feel tears well in my eyes. I don't know why I told him about Luna. I certainly hadn't planned on doing so, but when I looked at him some force deep inside pushed the words to the surface.

Perhaps I expected to find some comfort in sharing the secret; instead I found rejection.

"Donovan, could you leave us for a moment." Gabriel's gravelly voice pulls my attention to the present.

"It seems I've failed your mother even more hideously than I knew." He says once we're alone.

"I don't understand." I murmur softly.

"I promised your mother I would care for you if anything ever happened to her. She saved my life and I've repaid her by letting her only daughter suffer unspeakable abuse." Disgust laces every word. Before I can ask the questions waiting on my tongue, the Alpha pins me with a fierce stare. "I know the Volana secret. I know why Corinne brought you here." He admits, "If I'd known you survived the car crash I would have made arrangements long before now, but I can't undo the past."

"Arrangements?" I repeat dumbly.

"To keep you safe." Gabriel clarifies.

I still don't understand. "But Garrick—"

"Garrick isn't the one you need protection from, Selene." The Alpha informs me gently. "He is an insect, the Calypso Alpha is a dragon, and he's been out for your blood from the day you were born."

"What are you talking about?" I sputter, staring wide-eyed at Gabriel and trying desperately to make sense of his words. "What does the Calypso pack have to do with me?"

The Alpha sighs. "What do you know about your mother, Selene?"

"Garrick told me she belonged to another pack and she became pregnant after an affair with a married man. She fled in disgrace and he took her in." The story is still fresh in my mind; Garrick's leering face flashes across my vision but I force it away, focusing on Gabriel.

The Alpha shook his head sadly, "Your parents were both members of the Calypso pack, until their Alpha – Blaise – learned the secret of your bloodline." He explains, "I have no idea how he discovered that Volana blood can grant eternal life, but he did, and he's been hunting it ever since."

"Your father sacrificed himself so you and your mother could escape." Gabriel jaw twitches with anger, "Corinne was so heartbroken over her mate's death that she'd all but given up when Garrick found her."

"Their marriage was always a sham." His brow furrows deeply, "Garrick was hopelessly in love with her, so much so he agreed to adopt you. For a woman in her position... well it was the best of a lot of bad options."

"How do you know all this?"

"She told me." Gabriel answers, "You're probably too young to remember the uprising. My brother wanted to be Pack Alpha our entire lives, and though he was an alpha by nature, he wasn't strong enough to challenge me."

“Instead he mounted an uprising, hiring mercenaries without pack allegiances to help stage a coup. He planned to kill me, Bastien and my mate. Your mother was out for a run when she came across the mercenaries gathering at the border. She overheard their plans and ran straight to the pack house.”

“Her warning saved us all.” The Alpha's countenance became painfully haunted, “I killed my brother, and when it was all over, Corinne told me the truth. She knew if anything ever happened to her, Garrick would not be able to protect you.”

A dull pain sets in behind my temples as my brain tries to process the information overload, “So now that you know I'm alive, you plan on protecting me?”

“Of course.” The Alpha vows.

I frown, trying to piece the puzzle together. “How?”

The Alpha considers me for a long moment. “Bastien.”

“Bastien?” I repeat in utter bafflement.

Gabriel's eyes, the same silver as his son's, slice through me. “He's going to be your husband.”

“What are you talking about,” I'm out of the bed, edging toward the door. “You want me to marry Bastien?”

Chapter 4 Three-Year Marriage Contract
Selena's Pov

If someone had told me as a child that Bastien Durand would one day be my husband, I would have burst with happiness. Now I don't know what to think. The future terrifies me, but of all the possibilities, Bastien frightens me least.

I lower my eyes from Gabriel's in submission, “Okay.”

Third person's pov

"You killed Garrick?!" Bastien's father is shooting him death glares, pacing his office like a tiger in a cage.

"On neutral territory." Bastien counters, "it was well within my rights, and we'll both sleep better knowing he's out of the picture for good."

"That is beside the point." Gabriel hisses. "The rule of law exists for a reason. Trials serve as examples for the pack, evidence that we take violations seriously, that we care about justice."

Bastien crosses his arms over his chest, "He deserved everything he got."

"Being a leader doesn't mean you get to do whatever you want with impunity." Gabriel barks.

"And if it had been mom?" Bastien knows it's a low blow, but he won't apologize for protecting his mate. "If someone had done to her what Garrick did to Selene?"

"That's different." He waves away the question, "Your mother and I are fated mates."

"Exactly." Bastien says, staring down the Alpha.

Understanding flickers in Gabriel's eyes, and he slowly deflates, the tension seeping out of his muscles little by little. "But she—"

"She lost her wolf, remember?" At first Bastien hadn't understood why Selene could not feel the mating bond. It only became clear when he learned about her wolf. Of course she couldn't feel it, she's lost the very essence of her being.

“Oh son,” Gabriel squeezes Bastien’s shoulder, genuine pain in his voice. “I’m sorry.” His son nods in acknowledgement, but he cannot bring himself to meet the older man’s gaze. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to offer her an out.” Bastien sighs, “We’ll get her through the transition, and when she’s ready to stand on her own two feet, she can decide if she wants to stay.” He drags a hand through his hair, “I haven’t spoken with her yet, but I’m thinking three years should be about right.”

“Are you sure?” Gabriel inquires softly.

Bastien nods firmly.

Gabriel’s face pulls into a grimace. “If that’s the case, I would keep a very tight leash on your wolf. Don’t claim her completely until you know whether or not there’s going to be a rejection ceremony.” He advises. “If he marks her, you won’t ever be able to let her go.”

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Selene's POV

A stranger stares at me in the mirror. She has my eyes, my full lips and long, silky hair; but I cannot find myself in her.

A month has passed since my escape, and though I’m still much too thin, the hollows in my bones have begun to fill slightly. My skin is no longer a garish shade of gray and mottled with bruises – though it’s still very pale –, and though I am still heartsick for Luna, freedom has returned some light to my eyes.

Bastien stands behind me, dwarfing my small body as he too studies my reflection. I still haven’t been able to let anyone else near me, so he is the one who helped me into my wedding dress for the final fitting. The long gown is perfect, but I feel more like a child playing dress up than a bride.

I don't think Bastien is happy to be marrying me. He's never said so and, though he's been there for me through every breakdown and panic attack without question or complaint, he's undeniably distant when we're alone together.

Unfortunately I've come to rely on him so completely that his reserve is becoming truly distressing.

I don't like feeling this way. Getting attached to him – to anyone – is dangerous.

I'm slowly learning about the pack and everything I missed over the last eight years through a combination of formal lessons and eavesdropping. I spend a lot of time with my ear pressed up to walls and doors, though my stealth skills are lacking. Bastien has caught me at it a number of times but thankfully he seems to find it more amusing than annoying.

It was through one of these eavesdropping sessions that I learned about Arabella. Apparently before I came along, Bastien had been planning on taking a she-wolf named Arabella Winters as his mate. It seems Gabriel's edict forced them to end their engagement, and I can't deny it makes sense. Being in love with someone else would certainly explain Bastien's distance.

Warm hands circle my waist, dragging me back to the present. "What are you thinking about?"

I meet his silver gaze in the mirror, leaning back against his chest. "Nothing important."

"Hmm," His rumbling hum vibrates against my spine, "Then why not tell me?"

"I was thinking about marriage." I admit. "Our marriage."

Bastien frowns, dropping his head – in thought, I suppose. When he raises it again, he nods tersely, "I've been meaning to talk to you about this for a while now."

My stomach plummets. "About what?"

“Our marriage contract.” He explains, pulling away from me. “Do you know what a rejection ceremony is?”

I shake my head uncertainly.

“It is a ritual undergone by mates who wish to end their marriage.” Bastien pulls a sheaf of paper from the breast pocket of his discarded jacket. “Given our . . . unique circumstances, I thought a rejection provision might be appropriate.”

He hands me the document; our marriage contract. I scan the contents, stumbling over the unfamiliar words. “So,” I summarize slowly, “we’ll marry for three years, then decide whether or not to reject one another?”