

# Broken by One, Desired by All -01~ Betrayed

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## Zane's Point Of View

"Fuck, Ash... slower," I breathed, nails clawing at the silk sheets beneath us, my back arching as his lips trailed across my chest. The scent of pine and musk clung to his skin, intoxicating, familiar, addictive.

"I can't," he growled against my neck, his teeth grazing that tender spot that made me forget everything but him. "I need you. Now."

"Ash..." I gasped, my fingers tightening in his hair.

"Shhh... just feel me," he whispered back, his lips trailing a slow line of kisses along my collarbone.

We were tangled in each other, our bodies slick with sweat, his hands gripping my thighs like he was trying to etch his name into my bones. Every thrust made the headboard knock against the wall in a steady, almost punishing rhythm, like a countdown we were both ignoring.

His mouth found mine again, fierce, hungry, like he was trying to kiss away the truth. The truth that this couldn't last. But I kissed him back anyway.

We were in his room... his sanctuary, his world. And somehow, in that forbidden space where we weren't supposed to be more than friends, we became lovers.

"I love you, Ash," I said against his neck, not realizing those words were going to become my curse.

He stiffened for a heartbeat.. just a heartbeat, but then he buried his face into my shoulder and whispered back, "I know..."

I smiled into his skin, foolishly thinking we had crossed the line and nothing could pull us back.

The door crashed open.

I froze.

Ash's eyes widened as the sudden brightness of the hallway light spilled into the room like judgment itself.

"WHAT IN THE HELL IS THIS?!"

His father. Alpha Marius, and the most dangerously homophobic man I had ever encountered.

"Ash..." I whispered, my heart lurching into my throat. We were still tangled, sheets half-pulled, breathless, guilty.

"GET AWAY FROM MY SON, YOU FILTHY DEVIANT!" Marius bellowed, his eyes burning with rage. His fists were already clenched.

"Dad... please... it's not..." Ash stammered, scrambling to cover himself, pulling the sheet up to his waist. His voice cracked in panic.

I tried to sit up, speak, explain, but before I could, Ash turned toward me with eyes wide in terror. "He seduced me!" he shouted, voice louder than the thunder cracking inside my chest.

What?

My world halted. My body turned cold.

"Ash..." My voice was soft. Broken.

"He tricked me!" Ash yelled louder, rising from the bed as if I'd been some disease he needed to distance himself from. "He... he's been obsessed with me for months. Always following me around, texting me... I told him to stop but he wouldn't!"

Each word was a dagger.

"No," I croaked. "Don't do this."

"He just wanted my status, dad! He wanted to feel important, he thought getting with me would... would make him matter!"

"That true, boy?" Marius growled, stepping closer to me with violent intent in his eyes. "You touching my son for status? Are you using your disgusting obsession to manipulate him?"

“No!” I shot up, dragging the sheet around my waist. My hands trembled. “We love each other. Ash and I... we’ve been in love for months. We’ve just been hiding it. He’s afraid of you. That’s why we...”

“SHUT UP!” Marius roared, striking me across the face with the back of his hand. The room spun. I hit the floor, stars exploding behind my eyes. “Don’t you dare lie about my son like that,” he snarled.

Ash stood there.

Frozen.

Watching.

Doing nothing.

I looked at him, blood trailing from my lip. “Say something,” I begged, my voice hoarse. “Tell him the truth. Please.”

Ash glanced down. And I saw it. The flicker of guilt. The storm of shame. But then, he hardened. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The words shattered me.

Marius dragged me up by the collar of my shirt, fury seething through every inch of him. “You’re not leaving this house. You’re going home. And you’re going to stay there. If I see your face again, I’ll end you.”

“Dad” Ash whispered.

“Not a word!” Marius snapped. “You’ve embarrassed this family enough tonight. I’ll fix this.”

I was escorted home that night like a criminal.

His father made the call. I was to be watched. Guarded. Cut off.

All my devices were confiscated. My room locked from the outside. Two guards stationed at the door.

It was like prison.

Except worse... because the cell was my own home. The punishment, my own heart. Days passed like shadows. I paced the room like a caged animal, blood still crusted at the corner of my lip, heart bruised beyond recognition.

I replayed his words. His betrayal. His silence. I couldn't eat. Couldn't sleep. The walls whispered his name in the quiet.

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The voices outside my door weren't hushed tonight.

I pressed my ear to the wooden paneling, heart hammering in a rhythm that no longer knew peace.

"...the Alpha's son is finally doing it," one of the guards said, a deep voice with the scratchy drawl of someone who enjoyed others' misfortunes. "Ash is announcing his engagement at the ceremony tonight. He and Lily... well, you know. It's all about strengthening the bloodlines."

"Lily?" the other one laughed. "Isn't she the one whose dad runs the eastern border patrol? Makes sense. Power marrying power."

"And she's a girl," the first one added with venomous amusement. "Not like him" his tone dropped as he spat the word, "that disgusting Omega we're babysitting. Still can't believe he seduced the Alpha's son."

"Two nights ago, I heard them screaming at each other," the second muttered. "You'd think he'd get the hint and kill himself. That'd save us all a lot of trouble."

I backed away from the door, bile rising in my throat.

Engaged?

To Lily?

Two days ago, his hands were in my hair. Two nights ago, his mouth whispered I know when I told him I loved him. And now... now he was getting engaged?

I stumbled back, nearly falling, my chest rising and falling too quickly.

I waited until nightfall, watching the flicker of lantern light through the slits in the shutters, counting the guards' footsteps like a beat in a song.

One step... Two steps... Pause. Laugh.

Now.

They were distracted, probably talking about the wine they'd steal from the party. The click of my window latch was barely a whisper. I'd spent the last three days loosening the screws when they weren't paying attention. My body slid through the narrow gap, scraping my ribs and arms, but I didn't care. Pain was nothing. Not compared to this storm inside me.

I ran.

Barefoot. Shirt torn. Hair matted.

I didn't stop.

Branches tore at my skin. The night air stung my lungs. I could hear the distant thrum of music. Celebration. Laughter. Joy. While I was caged. While my name was dragged through the dirt.

I followed the scent of sweet wine and roasted venison until the forest opened up, revealing the heart of the pack's ceremonial grounds... lit with lanterns, decorated with crimson and gold banners, and filled with wolves in their finest silks and suits.

And there he was.

Standing under the sacred moonstone tree, dressed in ceremonial silver robes with a red sash that marked him as heir and soon-to-be Alpha. His hand was intertwined with hers... Lily, the perfect blonde with eyes like frozen glass and a smile that said victory.

My heart cracked.

I stepped forward. No one noticed at first. But then... whispers. Gasps. Eyes. Ash's shoulders tensed.

"Zane..." someone murmured from the crowd, scandalized. "Isn't that?"

Ash turned.

Our eyes met.

And for a split second... he faltered. His lips parted, just slightly. His fingers twitched. The guilt, I saw it. I felt it.

But then Marius appeared behind him, placing a heavy hand on his son's shoulder, his glare daring him to slip.

Ash straightened.

"What are you doing here?" he said coldly. Loud enough for everyone to hear.

I stood frozen, breathless, trembling from exhaustion and heartbreak.

"I need to talk to you," I said, voice cracking. "Ash, why? Why are you doing this?"

Ash's face hardened. "I don't know you."

The words hit like knives.

"Ash, please," I stepped closer, ignoring the snarls from the crowd. "Two days ago... you said..."

"I SAID I DON'T KNOW YOU!" he snapped, yanking his hand away from Lily, stepping forward. "Stop lying. Stop humiliating yourself."

"Lying?" I whispered.

"You're nothing but a shameless, pathetic Omega," Ash continued, venom lacing his every syllable. "You threw yourself at me, hoping you could climb out of the dirt. You're disgusting. A filthy homosexual who tried to seduce the future Alpha."

The gasps turned into angry mutters.

"Enough," Marius barked. "Guards!"

"Ash..." I croaked. "You kissed me! You said..!"

"Take him," Marius ordered. "He's mentally unstable. Probably dangerous. We should've locked him up tighter."

Rough hands grabbed me. I thrashed.

“Let me go!” I shouted. “He’s lying! He’s doing this because of his father! Ash, tell them! PLEASE!”

“Silence him,” Marius said with a snarl. A guard backhanded me, sending me to the ground. My vision blurred. But still... I looked at him.

At Ash.

He didn’t move. He didn’t speak.

Not once.

They dragged me through the dirt, past horrified faces. Past the wolves I’d grown up around. Past the children I used to teach in the fields. Past the Elder who once told me I was destined for greatness.

Now, they looked at me like I was filth.

And Ash, he looked away.

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The prison was colder this time.

A damp stone cell beneath the ceremonial hall, where no moonlight reached. They chained me to the wall, like an animal. I heard the door slam. I tasted blood.

I wanted to scream.

But there was no voice left in me.

I sank to the floor, the echoes of laughter from above still haunting the air. Engaged. To her. After everything. I stared at the stone wall, my wrists raw against the cuffs.

The guards came just after dawn, their footsteps like thunder down the cold, damp corridor of the underground prison. I hadn’t slept. How could I? My body ached from where they’d slammed me to the ground during the engagement celebration.

My lip was still split, and my left eye had swollen shut. The silence of the cell was only broken by my breathing... sharp, shallow, and filled with dread.

Then the cell door opened, and the pain began