

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 1

Warning: Mature Content

This story contains explicit nudity, sexual content, vulgar language, and themes intended for mature audiences only. It is rated 18+ and is not suitable for readers under the age of 18.

Reader discretion is strongly advised.

Isabella's POV

The muffled sounds from behind the closed door made my heart skip. My pulse quickened, and an icy dread washed over me as I reached out, twisting the doorknob with shaky fingers. I peeked through the crack, hand flying to my mouth, stifling a gasp.

There, tangled together on the floor, was my husband and his secretary—the very woman he'd told me not to worry about. Betty's moans filled the room as Zachary knelt before her, his head between her thighs, worshipping her in ways he'd never even considered for me. My stomach twisted painfully.

He'd told me once he didn't go down on women. A lie, then. All of it, a lie. My throat tightened, and I fought back the tears welling in my eyes. Every distant touch, every cold look—it all made sense now. All those nights I'd begged him to come to bed with me, while he'd found passion elsewhere.

"Oh, God, I'm about to cum!" Betty's voice trembled with ecstasy, and Zachary's head stayed buried, his hands gripping her thighs possessively. My fingers dug into the doorframe, knuckles white. He pulled back only to kiss his way up her body, lingering at her breasts, tracing paths on her skin he'd never traced on mine.

With a rough movement, he slid out of his boxers, not even reaching for protection. I felt bile rise in my throat. He thrust into her, their voices blending into an obscene symphony, bodies moving together in ways he'd never moved with me. She climbed onto him, her laughter ringing out as she straddled him. "Ride me, baby," he murmured, his tone soft and coaxing, a tone he'd never used for me.

His hands gripped her hips, guiding her, meeting her movements with each thrust. Sweat glistened on his back, every muscle straining, as he gave her everything I'd never had.

The jealousy that had been simmering now boiled over into rage. How had I missed this? How had I been so blind?

"My love," he whispered tenderly, curling her against him after their fevered climax. My nails bit into my palms, and I fought the urge to tear them apart right then.

"My love!" I whispered under my breath, seething.

She tilted her face to him, concern flickering in her eyes. "Why can't you just divorce Isabella?" he asked, his voice thick with frustration. My heart cracked further, splintering into painful shards.

"I was forced to marry her," he muttered bitterly, "and I feel nothing for her. She never made me feel this good." His words pierced me deeper than I'd ever thought possible.

"You can't divorce her. You're the Alpha—you need your wife beside you," Betty replied firmly, attempting to soothe him.

He shook his head dismissively. "Six years, and she hasn't been able to give me a child. She's of no use to me." The words fell coldly, without remorse, each one hitting me like a physical blow.

A tremor ran through me, and as I stumbled backward, my heel caught the edge of the rug. My shoulder brushed against a vase on the side table, sending it crashing to the floor, shattering with a piercing clang that echoed in the silence.

Betty's eyes darted toward the door, alarm flaring in her face. "Did you hear something?"

I felt my heart hammering, each beat rattling in my chest like a drumbeat of dread and anger. It was pointless to hide now. Swallowing the storm churning inside me, I stepped forward, opening the door and entering their line of sight.

Their expressions shifted instantly. Zachary's face went white, and his secretary scrambled, clutching at her clothes in a clumsy attempt to cover herself, her face twisting in panic. I stood there, spine stiff, jaw clenched so hard it hurt. I bit down on my lip, refusing to let them see even the faintest tremor of the tears that threatened to break through.

"Isa... Isabella..." Zachary stammered, his hands reaching out instinctively before dropping uselessly to his sides. He stumbled over his words, his voice tight with fear. "This isn't what it looks like."

A bitter laugh threatened to escape, but I swallowed it down, feeling the sting of his lie like a slap. I forced myself to speak, each word like glass in my throat. "Why, Zachary?" My voice cracked, and the tears finally spilled, breaking through despite every ounce of control I tried to hold. "Why would you do this to me? I've been loyal to you, given up everything for you, and this... this is what I get?"

Betty's face twisted with guilt as she dropped to her knees, looking up at me with wide, pleading eyes. "It's all my fault, ma'am," she mumbled, trembling. "I seduced him. This... it was all me."

But Zachary scoffed, the fear in his eyes fading as a smirk tugged at his lips. He shook his head, glancing at Betty with a flicker of impatience. "Don't bother, Betty." His tone shifted, cold and dismissive. Then his gaze found mine, unflinching and unrepentant. "Isabella, why are you even crying? We both know this marriage was a mistake. It was dead long before this."

His words hit like a punch, shattering the last pieces of hope and trust I'd been clinging to. It was as if the man I'd once loved had peeled away, leaving a stranger in his place—a stranger who seemed to relish the sight of me breaking. The urge to scream, to hurl accusations, to unleash every ounce of my pain surged within me. But I held it back, feeling my voice lock in my throat. I swallowed the scream, turning on my heel and heading for the door, refusing to give him the satisfaction of seeing me crumble further.

In the silence that followed my retreating footsteps, I waited, foolishly hoping he might call out, that he might show the faintest hint of regret. But behind me, there was only emptiness—a deep, cold silence that sealed the finality of his betrayal.

I barely felt the world around me as I stumbled to my car, fingers numb as I gripped the steering wheel, driving through blurred streets until I found myself outside the pub. The neon lights cast harsh shadows, and for a moment, I just sat there, staring at the place I'd once sworn off, a place I'd abandoned for him. Yet now, it felt like the only thing left, the only refuge in a world that had been ripped apart.

Three Hours Earlier

"Congratulations! You're pregnant," the doctor announced, the words hanging in the air like a thunderclap. For a moment, everything in the sterile room felt muted, as if time itself had stilled. My heart stuttered, my breath catching. I stared at him, the weight of those words sinking slowly, each one a drop adding to the wave of realization swelling inside me.

"Did you hear what I said, Isabella? You're pregnant," he repeated, his voice breaking through the haze, anchoring me back to the present.

"I... am... pregnant?" I murmured, the words feeling foreign, as if they belonged to someone else. The room seemed to spin, surreal and distant.

The doctor nodded, smiling, as if delivering this kind of life-changing news was the most ordinary thing in the world. I blinked, trying to absorb it, grounding myself by gripping the edge of the chair, letting the reality sink in. I pinched my arm gently, and the sting reassured me—it wasn't a dream. It was real.

“Thank you,” I whispered, my voice fragile, barely containing the mix of disbelief and joy welling up inside. Tears pricked my eyes, warm trails slipping down my cheeks no matter how much I tried to hold them back. “You have no idea what this means to me... how much you’ve changed my life,” I choked out, the words thick with gratitude. I reached for the file, my hands trembling, and hurried out of the office, emotions swirling within me like a storm.

In the car, a surge of joy bubbled up, though it was quickly tempered by a pang of doubt. Should I call Zachary? Tell him now? But the news felt too precious, too big to share over the phone. No, this moment deserved more. After six years of trying, of hoping and fighting to hold on, I was finally pregnant. This was our miracle, the one thing that could heal the fractures, the missing piece in our marriage.

As I gripped the steering wheel, my hand drifted instinctively to my stomach, resting there as if I could already feel the faint pulse of life within. “You’re going to bring back my happiness,” I whispered, a small smile breaking through my tears.

I stood there, hand resting on my stomach, feeling the soft rise and fall with each breath. Tears traced silent paths down my cheeks, each one weighted with questions I couldn’t voice. If I’d gotten pregnant years ago... would it have changed anything? A family, the one I’d dreamed of—would Zachary and I have been different? Could this joy have filled the emptiness before it grew into something neither of us could ignore?

A voice broke through my thoughts, soft yet insistent. “Luna?”

I turned, startled, to find a young woman standing nearby. Her face was gentle, concerned, her dark eyes studying me with a sympathy that made my chest tighten.

“You shouldn’t be here,” she said softly, as if afraid her words might shatter me.

I clenched my jaw, fighting back the frustration rising within me. “Maybe it’d be best if you minded your own business,” I snapped, the bitterness escaping before I could hold it back. My voice was sharper than I intended, but I couldn’t seem to soften it. I just needed space. Just a moment alone to breathe.

Her eyes widened, and she stepped back, nodding without another word. She turned and left, leaving me in the quiet I’d demanded but couldn’t quite fill.

I pulled out my phone, my fingers shaking as I typed out a message. My thumb hovered for just a moment before I pressed “send,” sealing a decision that had been building in me for far too long. There was no turning back. Not this time.