

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 10

Zachary's POV

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My breathing slowed as the waves of satisfaction subsided. I groaned, pulling away from her motionless body, sticky with my release. Shame clawed at the edges of my thoughts as I stumbled toward the bathroom, needing to escape the mess I'd made.

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The fluorescent light buzzed faintly as I turned the faucet on, splashing cold water onto my face. The realization hit me like a freight train—I'd forgotten protection. What the hell had possessed me to do this? My reflection stared back, mocking me, a mixture of disgust and frustration etched in my features.

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She's pregnant with another man's child. And yet, she's still here, under my roof. The thought curdled in my stomach like spoiled milk.

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"I can't fucking raise another man's child!" The growl tore out of me before I could stop it. My fist flew into the mirror, shattering it into jagged shards that rained into the sink. The sharp sting of pain barely registered over the sound of my heavy breathing.

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I stepped back, the sight of my bloodied knuckles grounding me just enough to realize the mess I'd created. She'll clean it, I thought bitterly, stomping back into the bedroom.

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"Why are you still sleeping, Isabella?" I snapped, my voice cutting through the silence. "Get up right now, fix yourself up, and clean the bathroom!"

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She didn't move.

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Frustration boiled over, and I stormed closer. “I’m talking to you, Isabella!” I grabbed her wrist, yanking it lightly, expecting resistance. There was none. Her arm fell limp against the bed, lifeless and unnaturally heavy.

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My breath hitched, my chest tightening. “Isabella, wake up,” I murmured, tapping her cheek, my voice trembling. “Please, wake up.”

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No response. Panic gripped me as my hands fumbled to check her pulse. Relief washed over me when I felt the faint thrum beneath my fingertips, but it was short-lived. That’s when I saw it—the blood.

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Scarlet streaked the sheets, pooling beneath her. My heart slammed against my ribs as dread consumed me. Was it because of me? Had I been too rough?

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“What have I done?” I muttered, voice barely above a whisper. My hands trembled as I reached for my phone, hovering over the number for the hospital.

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But I hesitated.

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If she loses the baby, would it really be so bad? It would spare me the humiliation of raising another man’s child. But... what if she dies? The thought made my stomach churn. No, I didn’t hate her enough to wish for her death.

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I dialed my mom instead. Her voice was sharp with worry the moment she picked up. It wasn’t long before she arrived, her eyes narrowing as she took in the scene.

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“What happened? What did you do?” she demanded, fury evident in her tone as she stared at Isabella’s pale, motionless form.

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“I...” My voice faltered, the weight of my actions pressing down on me. “I wasn’t in a good state of mind. I had... sex with her. Without her consent.”

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Her expression darkened, her lips curling in anger. “You raped her, Zachary,” she said coldly, her words slicing through me.

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“I didn’t mean to...” I began, but the words felt hollow, meaningless.

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“We need to get her to the hospital,” she cut me off, her tone leaving no room for argument. “Nothing must happen to her.”

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“What if they ask questions?” I argued weakly. “What are we supposed to say?”

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“You’re right. I know who to call,” my mother said, her tone clipped and decisive as she dialed a number. “He’s a doctor, and he works for me. He’ll get here quickly.”

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I stood in the corner of the room, arms crossed, trying to keep my breathing steady. I wasn’t panicking—not yet—but a heavy weight sat on my chest. I didn’t want to admit it aloud, but if something happened to Isabella, I’d never forgive myself.

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The doctor arrived sooner than I expected, flanked by a couple of nurses carrying bags of medical supplies. They moved with quiet urgency, not sparing me so much as a glance. But the doctor... his brief, pointed glare burned through me. He knew something was wrong—I was what was wrong.

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“We need the room,” the doctor said curtly, motioning for my mother and me to leave.

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My mother grabbed my arm as we stepped into the hallway. The door clicked shut behind us, but her anger came spilling out before I could even exhale.

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“I told you not to mess this up for me, but you never listen,” she snapped, her words sharp and venomous. “She is the key to everything I’ve ever wanted!”

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Her words caught me off guard, though her tone didn't. "She's not pregnant with my child, so how does any of this even make sense?" I shot back, my voice laced with irritation.

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Her eyes narrowed, her frustration boiling over. "I've warned you not to say that again," she hissed. "If anyone finds out, you won't like what I'll do to you. Do you understand me?"

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I clenched my fists, biting back the sharp retort threatening to spill out. "I'm not a child anymore," I muttered. "You don't get to order me around. Your favorite is back now, so why don't you go lecture him?"

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Her face twisted with anger, but I was done listening. "I'm out of here," I said firmly, turning on my heel.

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"Zachary!" she yelled, her voice echoing down the hall, but I didn't stop. I needed air—anything to escape the suffocating tension that seemed to cling to this house.

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Before I knew it, I was standing outside Betty's apartment. My knuckles rapped against the door as I realized I hadn't called ahead. What if she wasn't home? I considered leaving when the door creaked open.

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"Zachary?" Betty's brows furrowed in confusion, her tone reflecting her surprise. "I wasn't expecting you," she added, stepping aside to let me in.

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"I'm sorry I didn't call first," I said, leaning in to kiss her cheek, but she turned away, pulling back.

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"What's wrong?" I asked, my confusion growing.

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Her eyes narrowed, annoyance seeping into her voice. "What's wrong? You have a pregnant wife, Zachary."

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I rolled my eyes, walking past her to sit on the couch. "Are we still on this?" I asked, exasperated. "Why are you even mad? You wanted her to get pregnant, didn't you?"

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"Yes, I did," she snapped, standing a few feet away with her arms crossed. "But that doesn't mean I'm happy about it—especially knowing she's carrying your child."

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"Well, if you must know, I'm not the father of her child," I muttered, staring at the floor. The words felt bitter on my tongue. "She cheated on me."

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"What?" Betty's voice shot up, her shock palpable as she hurried over to sit beside me. "She cheated on you? Are you serious? Why didn't you say anything—or better yet, kick her out of your house?"

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"My mom doesn't want me to do that, so I'm supposed to accept the child," I said flatly, my words dripping with frustration. Betty's brows knitted together, confusion clouding her face.

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"All of this is so confusing," she replied, her tone edging toward disbelief. "I thought your mom didn't even like her. And now she wants to accept a child that isn't yours?"

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"Enough," I snapped, not wanting to dwell on it any longer. I grabbed her hand and pulled her onto my lap. "Let's not talk about her. Let's talk about us."

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Betty sighed but leaned in to kiss me, her lips brushing mine softly. Just as quickly, though, she pulled away, her eyes narrowing as she tilted her head to inspect my neck.

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"What are these scratches?" she asked, suspicion creeping into her voice.

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My heart skipped a beat, but I forced a laugh. "It's nothing. It happened during pack training," I said, the excuse tumbling out awkwardly. Thank God she didn't press further; she simply frowned and let it go.

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Betty shifted, her tone changing as she said, "Don't you think it's weird that Isabella was with Asher at the club?"

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I tensed but tried to appear unaffected. "What do you mean?"

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"I mean," she began, her voice tinged with suspicion, "they don't even know each other. So why were they together? It just doesn't add up."

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I shrugged, trying to sound casual, though my voice betrayed me. "I guess it was a coincidence," I muttered, my tone less convincing than I intended. "I've never seen her at a club before, so maybe she was there looking for me."

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Betty's lips curved into a small smile. "You're probably right. Asher doesn't usually get involved with women anyway." She paused, her expression turning thoughtful. "Will he be staying permanently this time?"

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I scoffed, leaning back. "I don't know, and I don't give a shit. I don't like him, and I sure as hell don't know him. I'm only putting up with him because of my mom." My irritation bled into my tone. "Can we stop talking about him?"

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She opened her mouth to respond, but my phone rang, cutting her off. I glanced at the screen—my mom. My stomach churned. It had to be about Isabella. I answered immediately.

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"You need to come home. Now," my mother said, her voice sharp and urgent.

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Betty frowned, concern flickering across her face. "What's wrong?"

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"It's nothing," I said, standing abruptly. "But I need to go."

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Without further explanation, I left her apartment, driving back to the house with my thoughts in turmoil. When I got there, I headed straight to my room. The doctors were gone, and Isabella lay on the bed, her face pale but peaceful.

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My mother stood near the doorway, her arms crossed tightly over her chest. "She's out of danger," she said, though her tone was laced with annoyance. "But she almost lost the child."

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Relief flooded through me, but it was short-lived as my mother added coldly, "Don't you ever try anything like this again."

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I ignored her glare and ran a hand through my hair, frustration bubbling to the surface. "What am I supposed to do when the child is born? It's not mine!"

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My mother's eyes gleamed with calculated malice as she leaned closer. "When the child is born, we'll use it to get what we want," she said smoothly. "And after that, we'll get rid of the bastard."

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Her words sent a chill down my spine, but I couldn't help the smirk that tugged at my lips. I didn't care how it happened—I wouldn't let that child live.

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