

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 11

Isabella's pov

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I lay still, my body stiff with suppressed rage, as their voices filtered through the walls. Every word made my skin crawl, my nails biting into my palms as I clenched my fists tightly. These monsters were plotting the end of my child's life. My child. My blood boiled, but I kept my breathing steady, pretending to sleep while my mind churned with desperation. I needed to get out of this house—needed to escape before they destroyed me, or worse, my baby.

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"I'll be leaving now," Maris said, her voice calm but commanding. "You'll have to keep a closer eye on her. This can't happen again. You know the last thing we want is to raise suspicions." Her words were low, calculated, meant for Zachary's ears alone. But I heard every syllable clearly.

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"You don't have to worry, Mom," Zachary replied smoothly, his voice dripping with faux confidence. "She'll be under my control." The door clicked shut behind her, and my heart raced. Under his control? My stomach churned with disgust.

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Once I was sure she was gone, I risked cracking my eyes open just slightly, wincing as the soreness in my body reminded me of his earlier violence. Every muscle ached, my skin still tender from where his hands had gripped me too hard. My escape couldn't happen now, not like this. I needed a plan—a real plan—or I'd be walking straight into my death.

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Before I could dwell on it further, the door creaked open. My heart leapt, and I shut my eyes tightly, forcing my breathing to slow, feigning the deep rhythm of sleep. The heavy steps were unmistakable—it was Zachary. I steeled myself, praying he wouldn't linger.

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"You know..." His voice broke the silence, softer than I expected, almost remorseful. "I'm sorry for what I did." He paused, and I felt his eyes on me. "To be honest, I don't even know what came over me. I guess I was... hurt, knowing you're carrying someone else's child."

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I fought the urge to react, to scream that this baby was mine, not his, that he had no right to even speak of it. But I stayed still, my rage simmering beneath the surface.

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“I should also apologize,” he continued, his voice unnervingly even, “for blaming you. For calling you barren when it was my fault all along.” His words cut through the air, but they meant nothing to me. Was I supposed to pity him now? To forgive him for the hell he’d put me through?

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“I’m a hypocrite,” he said after a moment. “I cheated on you, too. So... now I understand. There’s no love left between us, is there? It’s best we end this. We’ll get a divorce after the baby’s born. It’s better for everyone.”

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My mind reeled. Divorce? Was this some kind of trick? His words were too measured, too rehearsed. It made my skin crawl. Every calm, calculated syllable felt like another manipulation, another way to pull me deeper into his twisted games.

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“You know,” he added, his tone light but cutting, “things would be a lot easier if you weren’t so stubborn. Once this is all over, we can finally move on with our lives.”

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The bed shifted slightly as he leaned closer, his hand brushing my forehead in a mockery of tenderness. My body stiffened under his touch, bile rising in my throat. Every fiber of my being screamed at me to flinch away, to lash out, but I stayed still. I wanted to bite him, to scream at him, to demand he take his hands off me—but that would mean giving him the satisfaction of a reaction. And I refused to give him that.

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Instead, I lay there, silent and seething, waiting for him to leave, vowing to myself that I would escape this nightmare. Soon.

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“You know why I never talked about my brother when you asked all those years?” Zachary began, his voice low but steady. “It’s because I was ashamed of myself. Ashamed of the fact that I couldn’t do anything right. I’m the leader of my pack, but everyone says I only got it because my brother left.” He let out a bitter laugh, shaking his head. “And they’re not wrong. I’ve never truly accepted it. I tried to put myself above it all, but every time he’s around, I feel so... timid. My mom talks about him constantly—how she regrets abandoning him—and I can’t help but wonder if she wishes she’d abandoned me instead.”

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I felt my fists clench beneath the covers, the pressure of his words building in my chest.

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“I couldn’t tell you any of this because I was a loser,” he continued, his voice cracking just slightly. “Not until I met Betty. She made me feel important. She praised me every chance she got, made me feel worthy. She took my hand and made me believe I could do anything. But I never got that from you.” His words sliced through me like a blade. “I’m not here to justify cheating on you,” he said finally, his tone hardening. “But marrying you was a mistake.”

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My nails dug into my palms as I fought back tears of anger and frustration. I heard the scrape of the chair as he stood. “I won’t be sleeping here tonight,” he added. “I’ll leave you alone to rest now.”

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The door clicked shut behind him, and the moment he was gone, I opened my eyes. Rage and disgust coursed through me, making my movements shaky but deliberate. I threw off the blanket, the soreness in my body making me wince as I stumbled toward the wardrobe. My hands fumbled with the door as I pulled it open, yanking out dresses without even thinking. I didn’t know what I was looking for—I just needed something, anything, to get out of this house.

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I paused, pressing a trembling hand to my stomach. “Don’t worry, my child,” I whispered, my voice breaking. “I’ll never let anyone harm you.”

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I couldn’t go back to my sister’s house. They’d find me there too easily. The realization weighed heavy on me: leaving this house, this pack, was the only way to protect my baby. But I had to move carefully. Zachary’s pack wouldn’t hesitate to hunt me down once they discovered I was gone.

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Grabbing my phone, I typed out a message to my sister, my fingers trembling as I explained everything. I’m leaving. Don’t worry about me. Take care of Mom. I’ll raise my baby on my own. Don’t try to find me. I hit send and set the phone down, knowing I had to leave it behind. It was too risky.

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The main door was out of the question. Instead, I pushed open the window, wincing at the soft creak. My body protested with every movement, but I ignored the pain, climbing out as quietly as I could. The night air bit at my skin, cold and unforgiving, as I slipped into the shadows.

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I hurried down the road, keeping to the darkest parts, my heart pounding with every step. The realization of how alone I was crept in, gnawing at the edges of my resolve. But I couldn't stop. Not now. Not with so much at stake.

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I didn't have a destination in mind, and I didn't dare call anyone for help. They could track me that way. My phone was off, my car abandoned—I couldn't risk being traced. But as I reached the edge of the road, headlights suddenly blinded me.

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The car barreled toward me, too fast to avoid. My body froze as fear rooted me in place, my breath caught in my throat. Time seemed to slow, and just before the impact, I saw someone running toward me. Was it... Asher? His face blurred in my panic, his expression desperate.

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Before I could be sure, darkness swallowed me whole.

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