

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 12

Asher's POV

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"Will she be okay, doc?" I asked, my voice thick with concern as the doctor examined Isabella.

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"She'll be fine," the doctor replied with a calm tone, flipping through his notes. "The fainting was caused by the shock, but there's no immediate danger."

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I swallowed hard and glanced at Isabella's pale face, still as a ghost. "What about her baby? Will her baby be okay too?" My words tumbled out, the worry evident.

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The doctor offered a small reassuring smile. "There's nothing to worry about. Both mother and child are fine. But she needs rest. A lot of it."

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With that, he left the room, leaving me alone with her. My fingers hovered over my phone, instinctively wanting to call Zachary and inform him about his wife's condition. But my hand froze. She had a suitcase when I found her, and that only meant one thing: she was leaving him. If she wanted out, it wasn't my place to pull her back in.

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Her soft groan pulled me out of my thoughts.

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"My head hurts," she muttered, her voice raspy as her eyes fluttered open. She squinted at me, her vision blurred, until recognition settled on her face. Her eyes widened, her tone colder than ice.

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"Why are you here? Why am I here?"

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I smirked, folding my arms. "Is that your fancy way of saying 'thank you' for saving your life?"

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Her brows furrowed as she searched her memory, piecing together what had happened.

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"You almost got hit by a car," I explained, stepping closer. "Luckily, I was in the area, so I was able to pull you out of harm's way." The truth was, I had been nearby because I couldn't stop thinking about her. I wanted an excuse to see her, to check on her.

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"Thank you," she muttered, her tone still cold as she shifted uncomfortably in the hospital bed. "I need to get out of here," she said suddenly, her hands reaching for the drip in her arm.

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I caught her wrist before she could pull it out. "If you don't care about your safety, at least think about your child," I said firmly, locking eyes with her. "You can't leave."

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She yanked her hand away, glaring at me. "You don't get it," she snapped, her voice trembling with anger. "If I don't leave, there won't be any safety for my child because they'll kill my child."

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Her words hit me like a punch to the gut. My brows knitted in confusion. "I don't get it. Aren't they supposed to be happy? They finally have an heir."

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Her bitter laugh sent a chill down my spine. "I told him the child doesn't belong to him. It's for someone else," she said, her words cutting through the air like a knife.

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My eyes widened at her confession, but I quickly masked my shock. "You're telling me... Zachary isn't the father?"

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She met my gaze, her expression unreadable, and I realized I'd just stepped into a storm far more dangerous than I'd anticipated.

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"Are you saying the child is mine?" I blurted out. Her gaze locked with mine, but she said nothing. My eyes widened further. "Am I really the father?" I asked again, my voice laced with desperation.

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"Don't talk nonsense," she snapped, irritation flashing in her tone. "It hasn't even been a month since we had sex, so how could you possibly be the father? Besides, I already knew I was pregnant before sleeping with you," she added firmly.

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I leaned back, letting her words sink in. "That's... kinda disappointing," I muttered, feigning amusement. "For a second, I thought I was going to be a father." Her expression didn't soften, clearly unamused. I pressed on. "Why can't you just tell him he's the father? That way, your child will be safe."

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Her jaw tightened. "He doesn't deserve to be my child's father. I don't want to associate my child with a man like that. It's better if he doesn't know," she said, her voice serious, though tinged with desperation. She suddenly shifted in the bed, glancing around nervously. "I need to leave here right now. I can't let them find me."

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I leaned forward slightly. "Too late. I already called them and told them where you are," I said flatly.

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Her eyes widened in shock. "This can't happen!" she shouted, suddenly jerking upright. She reached for the IV in her arm, intent on pulling it out.

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I grabbed her wrist, holding her still. She thrashed against me, trying to get free, but I was stronger. "Stop it! Enough!" I said sharply. "It was a joke, okay? I didn't call anyone!"

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She froze, her breathing heavy, and stared at me, her panic slowly subsiding.

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I released her, watching as she slumped back against the pillows. "I still need to leave," she murmured, not meeting my eyes.

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"Where will you go?" I asked, concern evident in my voice.

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She shrugged, her hands gripping the edge of the blanket. "I don't know... anywhere, as long as it's far from them."

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I leaned back, considering my words carefully. "You don't have to run away. This is your life. No one has the right to dictate it. Look, I have a place you can stay," I said gently. She shot me a wary look. "Don't worry, you don't have to stay with me," I added quickly.

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She folded her arms, her tone cold. "I don't want any favors from you. I'll be fine on my own."

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I shook my head. "You won't be fine alone," I said firmly. "Take my advice and stay with me. I'll protect you."

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Her eyes narrowed. "What's in it for you?"

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I smiled faintly. "Nothing. Just having you close is enough for me." I extended my hand to her, hoping she would take it. "Please. Take this chance, and I promise you'll be safe."

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Her gaze flickered to my hand, hesitation in her eyes. "I..."

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