

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 13

ISABELLA's POV

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I know for sure it's a bad idea to go with him, but he's right—I have nowhere to go, nowhere to stay. I can't risk putting myself or my child in danger.

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"You can't leave me hanging," he says, a smirk playing on his lips.

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I hesitate but finally reach out to shake his hand. His smirk falters for a split second, replaced by surprise, but it quickly returns. "You made a good decision," he says smugly.

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I roll my eyes. "I'm only doing this because it's the only option I have. Nothing more," I say firmly.

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"Nothing more?" he teases, leaning in slightly, his voice full of mockery. "Are you sure you don't want more?"

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He squeezes my hand briefly, and I pull it away, glaring at him.

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His grin widens. "Relax. I'll go get the discharge papers sorted," he says casually, glancing at the drip stand before turning and walking out.

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As the door shuts behind him, I exhale, trying to steady my nerves. I really hope I'm not making a mistake.

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The car ride to his house is silent—not awkward, just quiet. He doesn’t say a word, and I’m grateful for it. I stay silent too, lost in my own thoughts. The car finally stops, and as I look out the window, my breath catches.

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His house is enormous, even more beautiful than I imagined, though I’m not surprised. Someone as rich as him wouldn’t live anywhere ordinary.

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“This is your new home,” he says with a smile as he steps out of the car.

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I don’t say anything, just give a small nod. He doesn’t seem to mind, his smile lingering as though he’s satisfied with my reaction.

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Inside, the housekeepers greet us politely. They move quickly, taking my bag. I follow them quietly, trailing behind, while Asher stays close behind me.

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The house’s interior is stunning—spacious and elegant, yet cold, like a work of art meant to be admired but not touched.

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“They’ll help you settle in,” Asher says, breaking the silence. “If you need anything, just call them. They’ll take care of it.”

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He turns to leave, and before I can stop myself, I ask, “Where are you going?”

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He stops, glancing back at me with that smug smile that seems permanently etched on his face.

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“Don’t tell me you want me to stay with you tonight,” he says, his tone dripping with amusement.

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He starts walking toward me, and I instinctively take a step back. He keeps closing the distance until my back hits the wall, trapping me. My heart races, and I shut my eyes tightly.

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"I'm going to my own home," he says softly, his voice low.

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I open my eyes to find him standing close, smirking down at me. He seems amused by my reaction and finally steps back.

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"I forgot you said that," I mutter, feeling flustered.

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He chuckles, the sound low and teasing. "If you need me, call me," he says as he turns and walks away.

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"Wait! I don't have your number," I blurt out, stopping him in his tracks. "Oh, wait, I left my phone behind," I add quickly.

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"Your phone is right there," he says, pointing at the cabinet with a smug grin. "You dropped it at the scene of the accident, so you can thank me later."

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I could've sworn I didn't bring my phone with me, but there's no point in arguing.

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"It's shut down," he points out, holding it up like some kind of prize.

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I snatch it back from him, avoiding his gaze. "I won't be needing anything. Forget about the number," I mutter, turning away.

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He doesn't argue. With a small shrug, he walks out of the room, leaving me standing there.

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I sink carefully onto the bed, my eyes drifting around the unfamiliar space. The room is pristine, almost too perfect, as if no one ever really lives here. “I should be fine here,” I whisper to myself, resting a hand on my belly for comfort.

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I glance at my phone, knowing I can’t turn it on. If I do, Zachary will track me down. But then I think of my sister. She’s probably worried sick. My fingers twitch indecisively before I toss the phone onto the bed with a sigh. Staring at the floor, I try to convince myself I’ve made the right choice.

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A knock on the door pulls me from my restless sleep. My eyelids flutter open, my vision blurry as I sit up and try to orient myself. Another knock. Slowly, I get out of bed and open the door.

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Two housekeepers stand there, each holding trays. Before I can say a word, they stride into the room, placing the trays on the small table by the window.

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“Ma’am, we’ve prepared breakfast for you,” one of them says with a polite smile. “If you need anything else, please let us know.”

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I barely manage a nod before they leave, shutting the door behind them. Curiosity gets the better of me as I approach the table and lift the lids on the trays. The variety of food laid out before me makes my stomach growl.

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A smile creeps onto my face despite myself. “This is... a lot,” I mumble, but I can’t resist. Without even brushing my teeth, I dive in, realizing how ravenous I am. I didn’t eat anything last night, and my baby must be furious at me for it.

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By the time I finish, I’m stuffed, but the guilt creeps in. I glance around the luxurious room and frown. I can’t just stay here and do nothing. It’s not his responsibility to take care of me. I should be doing this on my own.

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My eyes fall on my phone again. This time, I grab it and turn it on, no longer caring about Zachary's obsessive need to control me. It's my life, and I need to live it.

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The screen lights up, and almost immediately, notifications flood in—missed calls, messages, all from Zachary. I scroll through, ignoring every single one of them. My chest tightens when I see my sister's name. Her messages are frantic, but they carry the warmth of genuine concern. I quickly reply, letting her know I'm okay.

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As for Zachary and his so-called mother, I delete their messages without a second thought. Tossing the phone onto the bed, I head into the bathroom for a shower.

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The sight of the shelves stops me in my tracks. They're lined with women's essentials—soaps, shampoos, lotions, all meticulously arranged. My stomach twists as a bitter thought creeps in. This must be the house he brings all his women to. Just like he brought me here.

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I force the thought aside and step into the shower. The warm water washes away the grime and tension from the last few days, but it doesn't quite cleanse the heaviness in my chest.

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When I step out, I grab my phone again, feeling a little lighter. My finger hovers over the screen as a message pops up from my sister. The words hit me like a punch to the gut.

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It's about my mom.

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My eyes widen, my heart hammering in my chest as I reread the text, trying to process the sudden jolt of reality.

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