

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 15

Isabella's POV

O

Oh no. What did I just say?

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The moment the words left my mouth, I knew I had made a mistake. Asher isn't the father of my child—so why did I say that?

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Zachary's furious growl shakes the room, his rage practically crackling in the air around us. "What did you just say?" His voice is dangerously low, the calm before the storm. Then, suddenly, he lets out a bitter, humorless laugh, one that sends a chill down my spine. "This must be some kind of joke, right?" His laughter dies just as fast as it came, replaced by an eerie silence. His eyes bore into me, demanding an answer.

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I force myself to stand tall, though my legs feel weak beneath me. "You heard me," I say, trying to sound confident, but my voice betrays me with the slightest tremor. I can't bring myself to meet his gaze. "Asher is my child's father."

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The room falls into a suffocating silence.

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Zachary takes a step closer, his anger palpable. "You expect me to believe that?" His voice is sharp, dripping with disbelief. "You just met my brother, Isabella." His tone turns mocking, cruel. "And now you're telling me he's the father of your child?" He scoffs, shaking his head. "This is why you don't help women like her," he sneers, turning toward Asher. "Now she's trying to pin her bastard on you."

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His words slice through me like a knife.

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“The bastard you speak of is my child.”

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Asher’s voice is calm, eerily so, cutting through the tension with chilling precision.

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I turn to him, my heart hammering against my ribs. Did he just... accept my child?

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He steps forward, eyes locked onto Zachary. His expression is unreadable, but his voice is unwavering. “She says I’m the father, then I must be the father.” His words are spoken with such certainty, as if this is nothing but a fact.

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A stunned silence follows.

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“Asher!” Maris snaps, fury laced in every syllable. “I know you have a problem with us. I know you would do anything to ruin our lives, but don’t lie about something like this.” Her nostrils flare as she glares at him. “You are not the father of her child, and you damn well know it. Stop interfering.”

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Asher tilts his head slightly, and then—he smirks.

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“We had sex,” he says smoothly. “It’s only natural this happened.”

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The words hit me like a slap. My mouth falls open, but no words come out. What the hell is he doing?

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Zachary’s entire body tenses, his hands curling into fists at his sides. Then, in the blink of an eye, he lunges at Asher, gripping his collar and yanking him forward with a murderous glare. “How dare you sleep with my wife!” he roars, his face inches from Asher’s. His rage is unchecked, barely restrained.

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But Asher? He just stands there, calm as ever. That damned smirk still plays on his lips, taunting. He's not the least bit fazed.

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"Let him go."

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My voice cuts through the thick tension, colder than I expected.

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Maris turns to me now, and her anger shifts, sharp and unrelenting. "You shameless omega," she spits, disgust clear in her tone. "I made the biggest mistake allowing you to marry my son. You were a nobody, unwanted by everyone, and yet I let you have him. And this is how you repay us?" She takes a step closer, eyes blazing. "Throwing yourself at his older brother?"

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I inhale sharply, my stomach twisting. Maybe I didn't think this through. Maybe I've just made everything worse.

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Asher's smirk fades, his expression darkening, something dangerous flickering in his gaze.

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"Let go of my shirt," he warns, voice low and threatening.

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Zachary doesn't move. His grip tightens.

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In a swift movement, Asher grips Zachary's wrist and wrenches it off him. His eyes burn with something lethal.

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"You both should leave my house." His tone is final. "Now."

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"I know this is a lie." Maris' voice is sharp, laced with frustration. Her eyes burn with disdain as she glares at Asher. "My son despises women. There's no way he got one pregnant." She scoffs, shaking her head. "You don't have to do this, Asher. A lot is at stake if this gets out."

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Asher remains unfazed, his expression unreadable. When he speaks, his voice is ice-cold. "I need you both to leave. Now. Unless you want things to get very ugly."

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Maris clenches her jaw, exhaling sharply before turning to Zachary. "Let's go," she snaps, her tone tight with irritation. Then, her gaze shifts back to me, dark and full of venom. "I won't let this slide."

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If looks could kill, I'd be dead by now.

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"I'm not leaving without Isabella."

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Zachary's words make my stomach drop. My breath catches in my throat as he looks at me, his gaze possessive, determined.

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Instinctively, I step behind Asher, using him as a shield.

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I know that only makes Zachary angrier.

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"She's not going anywhere with you," Asher states firmly, his voice laced with quiet authority. "Now get out."

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Maris grabs Zachary's arm, her grip tight. "Let's go, Zachary," she says through gritted teeth. "I won't stand for this."

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I stay hidden behind Asher, barely daring to breathe until I hear the door slam shut. The air is still tense, thick with unspoken words.

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“They’re gone,” Asher finally says.

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I take a step away from him, suddenly feeling the weight of my actions crashing down on me. He turns to face me, his gaze steady.

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“Why did you lie?” His voice is calm, but there’s something beneath it—something unreadable.

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I swallow hard. My hands tremble slightly as I try to find the right words. “I know I shouldn’t have... but I didn’t know what else to say at that moment. I just... I’m really sorry.”

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His eyes don’t waver. “Do you plan on keeping them in the dark forever?” His tone is serious. “The child is Zachary’s.”

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My chest tightens, anger bubbling up at the thought of Zachary being part of my child’s life. “I can’t raise a baby with that cheater.” My voice is firm, unwavering. “I don’t care if I have to keep this lie for the rest of my life. I will—because he doesn’t deserve this child.”

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Asher studies me for a moment before exhaling. “I should find you a better place to stay.” There’s a hint of concern in his voice, something I didn’t expect.

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“No.” I shake my head. “I don’t want to cause more problems. I’ll stay here.” I meet his gaze, my voice softer now. “I really don’t need to go anywhere else.”

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There’s a pause. Then, finally, he nods. “Fine.” His tone is serious, final. He turns to leave.

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“Thank you,” I say quietly.

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He stops in his tracks for just a second—but he doesn’t turn around, doesn’t say a word. Instead, he continues walking, disappearing down the hall.

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I know Asher has his own reasons for keeping me here.

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But right now, I don't care.

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Because no matter what happens, I'd rather be anywhere but with Zachary.

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