

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 16

Zachary's pov

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"What the fuck!" I growl, my voice raw with anger as I start tearing through everything around me. I'm barely holding it together, rage boiling inside me like a storm about to erupt. "How could they do this to me?!" I shout, my claws fully extended, scraping against the walls.

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"You need to calm down, son," my mom says, her tone sharp but laced with a tinge of frustration. "You can't lose control."

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I don't know if it's the sound of her voice or the sheer injustice of the situation, but her words only fuel the fire inside me. "You want me to calm down? You want me to be calm after hearing that?" My fists clench tight as I pace in front of her, the heat in my body spreading like wildfire. "Your favorite son is fucking my wife, and you want me to stay calm about it?"

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"They aren't fucking," she snaps, her eyes narrowing as she tries to steady my nerves. "He only said that to mess with your head. I know for a fact that they aren't fucking."

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But her words only make me angrier, my muscles tightening with the effort to keep it all together. "You don't know anything, mother!" I growl through clenched teeth, my voice shaking with rage. "They're for real fucking. It wasn't a lie—it's the truth!" I'm practically trembling now, my claws digging into my palms. "I told you we should have gotten rid of the baby growing in her stomach, but no—no, you weren't ready to listen to me. You kept talking about some fucking plan. Now look where that plan has gotten us!" My tone is seething, each word dripping with fury.

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"Zachary!" she snaps, her voice carrying a sharp warning. "You won't speak to me like that!"

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I can feel the pressure building inside me, my body vibrating with the need to lash out. "I don't care what you have to think about, mom!" I growl through gritted teeth, my breath coming in

harsh gasps. “I’m done with all of this!” My chest feels tight, as though the weight of everything is pressing in on me from all sides.

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“What are you trying to say?” she demands, her voice cold with anger, her brows furrowed as she glares at me.

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I stand there for a moment, breathing heavily, the words tangled up inside me. “I never wanted any of this!” My voice breaks through the air like thunder. “I didn’t want to be an alpha, didn’t want to lead a pack, didn’t want to be fucking married, but you—” My words choke off as my rage mounts. “You forced all of this on me. You’re the worst mother...”

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Before I can finish, her slap cuts through the air, landing hard against my cheek with a resounding crack. My head whips to the side from the force of it, and I freeze, the sting of it lingering in my skin.

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“You ungrateful child,” she hisses, her voice low and venomous. “I did everything so you could be the best—so you could have a future better than anyone else. I never gave that life to your brother. I abandoned him, ran away when I was pregnant with you so you wouldn’t have to suffer because of me, and now you’re here saying all this?” She breathes heavily, fury crackling in her voice. “You need to calm down and let me think. I’ll make everything right again.”

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Her words hang in the air like poison, but the weight of them doesn’t ease the storm inside me.

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“You’re going to make everything right again by what? Killing another person?” I say, my voice hard as I stare at her, watching her reaction. Her eyes widen in shock, but I don’t feel any satisfaction from it. “I know you killed people so I could be in the position I’m in, mom. That’s not helping me. But if you really want to help me,” I add, my words venomous, “maybe you should kill your favorite son so I can be free from all this torture.”

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Her hand shoots to her mouth, her eyes filled with disbelief. I can’t even bring myself to care anymore. The rage has consumed me, and there’s nothing left but the bitter, ugly words I throw at her. Rolling my eyes, I turn and walk away, my mind screaming for peace, any peace at all. I need to get out of here, far away from her, from this house, from everything. I need to be with Betty—she’s the only one who can make me feel even the slightest bit better.

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I pull up to Betty's house and knock on the door. It swings open almost immediately.

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"Zachary," she says with a strained, awkward smile, her surprise clear.

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"Were you expecting someone else?" I snap, irritation lacing my tone, barely holding it in.

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"Who would I be expecting if not you?" she says, her smile forced, though she tries to mask it with a touch of playfulness. "Come in," she adds, and I don't wait another second. I walk in, letting the door shut behind me with a soft thud.

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She looks at me, her brow furrowing with concern. "What's the matter? You look... stressed."

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"I'd rather not talk about it," I say, my frustration bubbling beneath the surface. Then, almost without thinking, I step closer to her. "I want to have sex with you. Right now." My hands find their way to her, pulling her close, my kiss more demanding than gentle.

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She pulls away slightly, looking at me with confusion. "What's the matter? Don't you want me?" I growl, my frustration seeping into my voice.

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"You're not in the right state of mind," she says softly, her voice calm but concerned. "Tell me what the problem is. I can help."

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"Can you just stop? I fucking want to sleep with you, okay? Why are you being like this?" I snap, but as the words leave my mouth, I freeze. A wave of realization crashes over me. What did I just say?

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Her face hardens, and I see the hurt in her eyes before she even speaks. "Oh, I get it. You're with me because you just want to sleep with me. I'm a sex object to you now, is that it?" The pain in her voice cuts through me like a blade.

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I freeze, guilt surging through me like ice water. “I’m so sorry, Betty,” I say quickly, regret flooding my chest. “I didn’t mean what I said. I shouldn’t have taken my anger out on you. I’m really sorry.” My voice softens, but I can see the hurt still lingering on her face. I can feel it, too. “I’m just mad because Isabella left the house, and...”

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“That’s new,” she says, rolling her eyes. “You’re worried because she left?”

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“No, don’t get me wrong,” I try to explain, my frustration bubbling up again, but I try to rein it in. “I don’t fucking care about her. I just hate that she’s with the man who got her pregnant.” My tone sharpens, and I try to push back the rising anger. But it’s still there, boiling beneath the surface.

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“So she’s fucking around with her baby daddy?” she said, her lips curling into a smirk, amusement dancing in her eyes. I felt the anger spike in my chest, but I couldn’t find the humor in it. “I’m sorry, baby, but you still can’t leave her,” she added, her voice laced with a mock sweetness, as though she were delivering some kind of revelation.

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I gritted my teeth, barely holding onto my patience. “What do you mean?” The words came out harder than I intended, and I regretted the edge in my voice.

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Her smirk grew, almost cruel now. “What I mean is that you’re going to lose both ways,” she said, a slow chuckle escaping her as she met my gaze. “You’ll lose your wife and me, all in one go. Still confused? We’re over.”

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A punch of disbelief hit me square in the chest. “Wait, what?” I shook my head, unable to process what she’d just said. My mind was still tangled, her words not making any sense.

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Her eyes flashed with a cruel glint. “You heard me,” she said, her voice suddenly cold. “Now that I don’t need you anymore, I don’t want anything to do with you.” She tossed her hair over her shoulder like the whole conversation bored her. “I never wanted you in the first place. You were just a tool to get me closer to the one person my heart really beats for.”

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The weight of her words hit me like a ton of bricks. I opened my mouth to respond, but nothing came out. My head spun as I struggled to make sense of the mess she’d just dropped in my lap.

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“You never loved me?” I asked, the words tasting bitter on my tongue. My chest ached, but there was a tremor in my voice, betraying the storm I was trying to contain.

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Her smirk deepened. “No. And I never will.”

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Before I could stop myself, I was moving, my hands shooting out to grab her by the neck. Her startled gasp cut through the tension like a knife, but I didn’t care.

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“Let go of me!” she hissed, her hands scratching at my arm, trying to loosen my grip.

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I felt the heat of my anger surge as I tightened my hold. “You think you can just play with me like this?” I bit out, my voice low and dangerous, my teeth clenched.

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Her nails dug into my skin, but she wasn’t backing down. “Let go, you pathetic piece of shit,” she spat. She shoved me away with unexpected strength, sending me stumbling back a step. Her eyes were narrowed with venom, and the mockery was back. “You’re a loser. How did you ever think someone like me would care about someone like you?”

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I staggered forward, but I couldn’t stop the rising fury in me. “Who the hell do you love, then?” My voice was a growl, my fists clenched at my sides.

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Her lips curled into a wicked smile, and I saw the truth in her eyes before she even spoke. “Isn’t it obvious?” She took a step toward me, her confidence radiating as she leaned in, her voice dripping with satisfaction. “Asher.”

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