

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 19

Isabella's POV

O

Something feels off. His arms are tight around me, almost desperate. My body stiffens, and I wonder—did something happen at work?

O

“Asher... are you okay?” My voice is hesitant, barely above a whisper.

O

The moment I speak, he pulls away, leaving behind an awkward tension thick enough to choke on. His eyes dart around the room, avoiding mine.

O

“I’m sorry,” he murmurs. “I shouldn’t have hugged you like that.” His fingers twitch at his sides, his discomfort almost tangible. “I thought you left.”

O

I frown. “Why would I leave?”

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His jaw tightens. “Zachary is coming. With the council members.”

O

My breath catches. My stomach twists into a knot. “He’s actually bringing them here?” My voice wavers as I press a trembling hand over my mouth.

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We all know what the council is capable of—twisted men with no regard for justice, their actions easily swayed by Maris influence. If they get involved, I won’t stand a chance.

O

“What are we going to do?” I whisper, but the fear in my voice betrays me.

O

Asher steps closer, his gaze fierce. “You don’t have to worry, Isabella. I won’t let them take you.” His voice is firm, resolute. “I brought you here, and only I will decide when you leave.”

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There’s something possessive in his tone that makes my heart stutter. As much as I want to stay, I don’t want him dragged into trouble because of me.

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“Asher, I think—”

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The lights cut out.

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I flinch, my pulse hammering as darkness swallows the room.

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“What’s happening?” Panic creeps into my voice. “Why is it suddenly dark?”

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“Asher?”

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“I’m here,” his voice reaches me in the void, steady but urgent. A moment later, his fingers wrap around my wrist, grounding me. “It’s probably just the fuse. It’ll be sorted soon.”

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But my heart isn’t listening. It pounds in my chest like a trapped bird.

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“Isabella.” His grip tightens slightly. “Calm down. Your heart’s racing.”

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I shake my head even though he can’t see it. “I—I’m really scared of the dark.” My voice is barely a whisper, laced with fear.

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His hand slides up my arm, reassuring. “I’m here, okay? You don’t have to be afraid. Just look at me.”

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I try. My eyes search the shadows, trying to find him.

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Then the lights flicker back on.

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I gasp. His face is inches from mine, his breath warm against my lips. My gaze locks onto his, drawn into the depth of his eyes, the memory of the night we spent together rushing back like a tidal wave.

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I should look away. I should step back.

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But I don’t.

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Something inside me betrays my resolve, pulling me forward. Before I can stop myself, my lips press against his—warm, familiar, intoxicating.

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For a moment, the world stands still.

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Then reality crashes back.

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I pull away, breathless, heart pounding.

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“I’m sorry,” I whisper, my voice shaky.

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Asher's eyes darken with something raw, something primal. His chest rises and falls with heavy breaths, his gaze locked onto mine like a predator who's just caught his prey.

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"You should be sorry," he murmurs, stepping closer. "Because you shouldn't have done that to me... shouldn't have woken something I can't control."

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His voice is thick with lust, and before I can process his words, his hands are on me, gripping my hips and lifting me effortlessly. A shocked gasp escapes me, but it's swallowed by his lips crashing onto mine.

O

The kiss is rough, punishing, as if he's claiming me, taking back what was his all along. His moan vibrates against my mouth, deep and desperate, making my body tighten in response.

O

I try to pull away, panting. "Slow down—"

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"I can't." His voice is guttural, strained. "You have no idea what you do to me."

O

His hands tighten on me, his kiss turning brutal, tongue forcing its way into my mouth. Our moans mix, tangled together in the suffocating heat between us. My fingers claw at his shirt, my body burning with the same need he's drowning in.

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The back of my knees hit the bed, and he lays me down, hovering over me, his heavy body pressing into mine. His hands move with no patience, no hesitation—clothes ripped away, fabric tossed aside like it means nothing.

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His gaze roams over my bare body, and something feral flashes in his eyes.

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"Fuck," he breathes, his fingers trailing over my skin like he's memorizing every inch of me. "You're perfect."

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His mouth is everywhere—my neck, my collarbone, lower, his tongue tracing hot, wet circles down my body. When his fingers slip between my thighs, sliding against my already soaked heat, I arch into him with a sharp gasp.

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A slow, teasing stroke over my clit. Then another.

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“Asher...” My voice breaks, my hips lifting, chasing his touch.

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He smirks against my skin. “That’s it. Let me hear you.”

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His fingers stroke me again, deeper this time, and I moan, my body writhing beneath him. My legs spread wider on instinct, giving him better access, and he takes full advantage, slipping a finger inside me with ease.

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A ragged moan tears from my throat.

O

He watches me, his gaze dark and hungry. “You like that?” His voice is thick, almost a whisper.

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I can’t answer, only nod, my breath coming in shallow pants.

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“Tell me,” he demands. His finger curls inside me, stroking that spot that has my vision blurring.

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“Yes,” I choke out. “I want you.”

O

Something inside him snaps.

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His pants hit the floor, and he's on me again, his body hot and rigid, his cock pressing against my entrance. My breath hitches. He's big—so much bigger than I remember. I was drunk last time, barely aware of how he felt inside me.

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But now?

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Now, I feel everything.

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“Asher—”

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His lips capture mine as he pushes inside, stretching me inch by inch. My nails dig into his back as I gasp at the overwhelming sensation.

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“Fuck, you're so tight,” he groans, his forehead pressing against mine. “Relax, baby. Let me in.”

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I take a shaky breath, my body adjusting to him, and he sinks deeper, filling me completely. A guttural moan rumbles in his chest as he stills, buried inside me.

O

Then, he moves.

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Slow, deep thrusts that send pleasure pulsing through me, each stroke deliberate, making me feel every inch of him. His grip on my hips tightens as he angles himself deeper, hitting spots that have me seeing stars.

O

I cry out, my hands grasping at his back, at his hair, anything to anchor myself. But he doesn't stop.

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He thrusts harder, faster, his breath ragged in my ear. My moans grow louder, uncontrollable, but he doesn't quiet me—if anything, it fuels him.

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“You feel so fucking good,” he growls, his lips trailing down my neck. “I could stay inside you forever.”

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I can’t speak, can’t think. All I can do is feel.

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The pressure inside me builds higher, my body tightening around him. My legs tremble, my moans turning into desperate cries.

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“Asher—I’m—”

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“I’m gonna cum,” I gasp, completely lost in the pleasure, body trembling beneath him.

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Asher’s thrusts grow deeper, more precise, his cock hitting that perfect spot that has me unraveling. But just as I’m about to tip over the edge, he stills.

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My eyes snap open, frustration burning through the haze of pleasure. “Why did you stop?” My voice is breathy, desperate, completely drunk on him.

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His lips hover near my ear, his breath hot against my skin. “I want us to cum together,” he murmurs.

O

Then he moves again—slow, teasing strokes before he suddenly pounds into me with reckless abandon. My back arches off the bed, my fingers digging into his shoulders as I completely lose myself in him. My moans mix with his grunts, our bodies completely in sync, lost in the raw, filthy pleasure we’re drowning in.

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I shatter first, my orgasm ripping through me in waves so intense I forget how to breathe. A second later, his body tenses, his jaw clenched as he groans my name like a prayer, spilling himself deep inside me.

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For a moment, neither of us move, both panting, skin damp with sweat.

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We lay there, staring at each other, the weight of what just happened settling between us.

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“We had sex again,” I say, my voice barely above a whisper, my heart still racing.

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Asher lets out a breathless chuckle. “I guess we did.”

O

“This... shouldn’t happen again.”

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The words taste bitter on my tongue, and the playful smile on his lips instantly fades. His expression hardens, jaw tightening as he watches me sit up.

O

I reach for my clothes, frustration twisting inside me. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me or why I keep letting this happen, but it needs to stop.” I shove my arms into my shirt, trying to steady my voice. “And you... you need to do a better job at keeping your distance.”

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“You obviously want me, and that’s why you can’t resist me,” Asher says, a smirk playing on his lips. His voice drips with arrogance, but there’s something else beneath it—something darker, more possessive. “We both wanted this, so I don’t see why there is a problem.”

O

I force myself to breathe, to ignore the way my body still tingles from his touch, still craves the way he just consumed me. But I can’t let this happen again. I won’t.

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“There is a problem,” I snap, gripping the sheets like they’re the only thing grounding me. “We are both naked, and I am your brother’s wife.” My voice wavers, the weight of those words hitting me hard. “This is wrong.”

O

His smirk falters. Just for a second. But it's enough for me to see the flicker of sadness in his eyes before he quickly masks it.

O

"You still consider him your husband?" His tone is lower now, more cautious.

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I hesitate. "I don't consider him my husband," I admit. "But what I am saying is that we shouldn't do this anymore." My voice is firm, but inside, I feel like I'm falling apart.

O

Silence stretches between us, thick and heavy.

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Then, Asher moves. He stands from the bed, completely bare, his sculpted body on full display, radiating heat and power. He doesn't rush to put his clothes on. Instead, he just stares at me, his expression unreadable, his jaw clenched.

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"Fine then," he finally says, his voice edged with something dangerous.

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I exhale, thinking it's over. That he's letting it go.

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But then he steps closer, his fingers brushing my chin, forcing me to meet his gaze. His dark eyes burn into mine, his touch light but commanding.

O

"But this is a promise to you," he murmurs, his lips dangerously close. "I will watch you beg me to have sex with me again."

O

A shiver runs down my spine, but before I can react, he grabs his clothes and strides toward the door—shirtless, unapologetic, exuding the same confidence that made me fall into this mess in the first place.

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I watch him leave, my heart hammering, my body still betraying me, still aching for him.

O

And the worst part?

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I'm terrified that he's right.

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