

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 5

Isabella's POV

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This is exactly what I wanted—Zachary humiliated in front of everyone. I savored the moment, watching him stand there speechless, his confidence shattered. I couldn't stop myself from scoffing.

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"There's been a big misunderstanding, and it'll be resolved quickly," Maris's sharp voice cut through the tension. Of course, my so-called mother-in-law had to swoop in to defend her precious son. "But for now, this party is over."

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The guests started murmuring as they shuffled out, clearly disappointed that the drama was being cut short.

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"My daughter-in-law hasn't been feeling well lately," Maris continued, her condescending tone grating on my nerves. "She's not in her right mind."

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Her words hit me like a slap in the face—an insult disguised as concern. My fists clenched at my sides, but I stayed silent. I knew if I said anything else, they'd demand proof of Zachary's cheating, and I didn't have it—yet.

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As the crowd thinned out, Maris wasted no time grabbing my wrist, her nails digging into my skin as she dragged me inside.

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"Let go of me!" I hissed, trying to yank free, but her grip only tightened.

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We barely made it through the door before her hand came down hard across my face, the force sending me stumbling to the floor. My palm pressed against my stinging cheek as I fought the urge to cry. Instead, my other hand instinctively went to my stomach before I quickly pulled it away.

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“How dare you humiliate my son like that in front of everyone?” Maris spat, towering over me. Her eyes burned with rage, but I refused to cower.

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I slowly stood, ignoring the ache in my cheek. “I’m not the one you should be hitting,” I snapped, my voice trembling with anger. “Why don’t you try slapping your son—the cheating bastard?”

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“Enough, Isabella!” she roared, her hand raised again, but this time I caught her wrist mid-swing.

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Her eyes widened in shock as I shoved her arm away.

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“Don’t you dare lay another finger on me,” I warned. My voice was low, but the fire in my tone made her freeze.

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“Isabella!” Zachary’s voice boomed from behind us. I turned to see him marching toward me, his jaw clenched. “You will not disrespect my mother!”

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I barely had time to process his words before he raised his hand, ready to strike. My breath hitched, and I squeezed my eyes shut, bracing for the slap.

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But it never came.

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“What the hell is going on here?”

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Asher’s voice shattered the tension, making my eyes fly open. He stood in the doorway, his piercing gaze locked on Zachary.

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“Asher!” Maris’s tone shifted in an instant, suddenly syrupy sweet. She rushed over to him, throwing her arms around him. “My son, you’re finally home!”

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Asher didn’t hug her back.

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“I’ve missed you so much, and I’m sorry I wasn’t there to welcome you at the party,” she continued, pulling away to look at him with fake sincerity.

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Zachary quickly jumped in, his voice dripping with amusement. “Mom wasn’t feeling well, but I told her she didn’t need to worry because I knew she’d make an appearance today.”

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Their little act made me sick. I stared at Asher, silently pleading for him to see through their lies.

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His eyes finally shifted to me, dark and unreadable, but there was something there—a flicker of concern? Or anger?

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I couldn’t tell. But right now, I needed him to take my side.

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“I got a performance at the party,” Asher said, his smug smile making my stomach churn. Then his tone shifted, sharp and serious. “What’s going on here?”

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Maris turned to him, her face still tight with anger. “I’m teaching this insolent girl never to humiliate your brother in front of everyone again,” she snapped, her eyes slicing through me like daggers.

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I crossed my arms, refusing to back down. “There’s no point in explaining how shameless Zachary is. You’ll all see it soon enough.” My voice was steady, but my pulse pounded in my ears. “You’ll get the divorce papers.”

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Asher's gaze zeroed in on me. "You want a divorce because he cheated?" he asked, his tone calm but edged with something dangerous.

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I nodded, but his next words sent a chill down my spine.

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"What does that make you then?"

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My breath caught. My heart stopped.

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He wouldn't—he couldn't—bring up the night we spent together. Not here. Not now. My lips trembled as I bit down hard, struggling to hide my fear.

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Zachary frowned. "What the hell are you talking about?"

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Asher's smirk returned, slow and deliberate. "Oh, nothing." He shrugged, but his words carried a deadly weight. "I just think it's funny how quick people are to leave over cheating when my father didn't leave your mother after she cheated—with your dad."

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The air in the room shifted.

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Maris turned pale, her mask of superiority slipping for the first time. Her lips parted, but no words came out. My eyes darted to her, taking in her shock. She cheated? The truth hung in the air like poison, infecting everything.

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Asher continued, his voice cold. "But then again, that's your family's problem, not mine." He stepped back, his eyes lingering on me for a moment longer before turning to leave.

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My hands trembled as I gripped the edge of the table to steady myself. “I’m not staying in this house,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper but firm. “No matter what.”

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Before I could react, Zachary lunged.

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His hand wrapped around my throat, squeezing hard. “Who the hell do you think you are?” he snarled, his face inches from mine. “You’re my wife. You’re not leaving. You’ll stay here and act like one—or I’ll make you regret it.”

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I clawed at his hands, gasping for breath, but his grip only tightened.

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“You should be grateful,” Maris hissed, her voice cutting through my panic. “Grateful that with your barrenness, you still have a roof over your head and a husband’s name. Don’t you dare act cocky.”

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Her words blurred as the lack of oxygen turned my vision hazy. My head spun.

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I tried to fight back, but my arms grew weak. My legs buckled, and the last thing I saw was Zachary’s furious face before everything went black.

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