

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 7

Asher's pov

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I couldn't stop thinking about her lips—soft, inviting, and maddeningly out of reach. The way they'd felt against mine haunted me. I wanted to taste them again, to claim them, to lose myself in her over and over. Just the thought sent a familiar heat coursing through my veins.

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"Fuck," I muttered under my breath, running a hand through my damp hair as I opened my eyes. The throbbing ache between my legs was impossible to ignore.

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I glanced down and cursed again, frustration mixing with shame as I realized my body's betrayal. Wrapping my hand around myself, I tried to calm the storm brewing inside me. I shouldn't be doing this—not with thoughts of her. Not when she was my stepbrother's wife.

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But the memory of her lingered, vivid and intoxicating, like a drug I couldn't resist. My grip tightened as my strokes became more deliberate, chasing release before guilt could consume me entirely.

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"Ngh," I bit down on my lip, my free hand bracing against the shower wall. The water streamed over my skin, masking the sound of my labored breathing. My heart pounded in rhythm with the movement of my hand, every pulse sending a wave of heat through me.

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Images of Isabella flooded my mind—her soft curves, her voice, the way she looked at me that night. My chest tightened with desire as the tension built, the need to let go overwhelming.

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"Ugh, fuck," I groaned, my body finally shuddering with release. My forehead pressed against the cool tile as I steadied myself, my breath coming in ragged gasps. The water washed away the evidence of my weakness, but it couldn't erase the shame clinging to me.

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I stepped out of the shower, towel drying myself quickly. I was late for work, something that rarely happened, but I couldn't focus. She was all I could think about, consuming every corner of my mind.

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On my way out, I spotted someone waiting near the gate. My mood soured instantly when I recognized who it was.

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"You're finally out, my son," my mother said, her tone laced with a mix of relief and irritation. "I've been trying to reach you, but your stupid security wouldn't let me in. They acted like they didn't even know who I was."

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"I'm sorry, Alpha King," the guard stammered, his fear evident as he fumbled for an explanation. "I just needed confirmation she was related to you—protocol, you know..."

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I pinched the bridge of my nose, the beginnings of a headache already forming. "She's someone I know," I said flatly, ignoring the guard's wide-eyed reaction.

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My mother's expression shifted to one of shock and hurt. "What are you saying, Asher?" she asked, her voice trembling.

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"You don't need access to my house," I continued coldly. "You're a business partner, nothing more. Say whatever you came here for and leave."

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Her eyes filled with disbelief, sadness flickering across her face. "Asher... I am your mother. I gave birth to you. Why are you saying this?"

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Her voice cracked, but I didn't let it sway me. My gaze remained hard, refusing to betray the storm raging inside.

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"You refer to me as the Alpha King, not by my name," I said, my tone edged with annoyance. "That title is reserved for those dearest to me. I let it slide earlier because I didn't want complications in

front of others, but don't forget who you are to me and where you stand in my life." My words hung in the air, sharp and deliberate, cutting through any pretense she might have.

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Tears streamed down her cheeks, but I didn't flinch. I'd be damned if I let myself fall for pretense again. "You're never going to forgive me, no matter what I do or say. You'll always hate me," she choked out, her voice trembling. She quickly wiped at her face, her composure hardening. "But it doesn't matter. I'm here to talk to you about our joint business."

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I gestured to the security guard, dismissing him. He gave a quick nod and disappeared, leaving us alone.

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"We can't discuss business here," I said curtly, turning on my heel. "You'll have to come to my office."

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She reached out, her hand grabbing my wrist. I stared down at her grip, the weight of it unwelcome, and removed her hand with a firm, deliberate motion.

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"Can I follow you to the office?" she asked, her voice tinged with a desperation she tried to mask.

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"Mrs Maris, you know where the company is, and you have your own car. You can come on your own." My voice was cold, unyielding, and I didn't give her another glance as I walked away.

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Sliding into my car, I exhaled deeply, loosening my tie as frustration simmered beneath the surface. The sight of her—the sound of her voice—it brought everything back. No matter how much time passed, the memories were fresh, raw, and unforgiving. I could still feel the weight of the torment my father and I endured because of her. The agony of it lingered like a scar I couldn't erase. But I wouldn't let her under my skin. Not again.

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Never.

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When I arrived at the office, Michael intercepted me the moment I stepped through the door. “You’re late, sir,” he said, his tone professional but tinged with worry. “We had to cancel all the meetings for today.”

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Walking toward my office, I barely acknowledged him. He followed closely, his clipboard tucked under his arm, and shut the door behind us when we entered.

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“I hope the investors weren’t too upset about my absence,” I said as I opened my laptop and began reviewing the documents on the screen.

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“They wouldn’t dare be mad,” Michael replied, standing a respectful distance from my desk. “They know how professional you are. I just told them someone close to you wasn’t feeling well.”

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I stopped typing, my gaze snapping to him. His words hung heavy in the room, and he immediately backpedaled, his expression apologetic. “I—I know the only person close to you was your dad, and I’m sorry for using that excuse.”

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“It doesn’t matter,” I said flatly, dismissing his concerns. His shoulders relaxed slightly as he exhaled in relief. I resumed typing, my focus narrowing to the tasks at hand.

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“Are you okay, sir?” Michael asked cautiously, his voice low but curious.

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I ignored him at first, my fingers flying over the keyboard.

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“You seem... different,” he pressed, his words tentative yet persistent. “There’s something about you today. I can’t put my finger on it, but it’s there.”

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That made me stop. I slowly lifted my gaze, pinning him with a sharp frown that silenced him immediately.

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"Now tell me, what is different about me," I said, annoyance dripping from my tone as I crossed my arms and stared him down.

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Michael's confidence didn't waver. "Your eyes have a spark," he said with certainty. "And I know this because it's one of the great powers I possess." His boldness earned him a half-laugh from me, though I regretted it instantly.

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"You see? You just laughed. That means I'm right," he said, clearly pleased with himself.

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"You should focus on work and less on me," I snapped, my tone cold enough to freeze the air between us.

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"I don't want to be nosy," Michael said, ignoring the warning in my voice, "but I saw the way you stared at your brother's wife. I've never seen you look at anyone like that before."

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"Michael!" I growled, my voice reverberating with anger.

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His confidence faltered, and he quickly backtracked, his hands slightly raised in a gesture of surrender. "I... I am so sorry, sir. I overstepped my boundaries."

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I glanced at my watch, needing an excuse to shift the conversation. "It's break time," I said flatly.

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A grin broke out on Michael's face, his relief palpable. "Finally! I can casually talk to you. I hate when you're in work mode with me," he said, his tone amused. Without hesitation, he plopped into the chair across from me. "Now that you're off work mode, tell me, what's the deal with that woman?" His curiosity was clear as he leaned forward.

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"I slept with her," I said bluntly, watching as his eyes widened in shock.

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"You what?!" he exclaimed, nearly jumping out of his seat.

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"I had no idea who she was, and she wanted it. So it happened," I said with a shrug, my tone deliberately nonchalant.

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"This is so bad," Michael muttered, his concern cutting through the air.

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"It isn't that bad," I argued, standing and smoothing my tie. "My brother is also cheating on her, and they'll be getting a divorce soon."

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Michael shook his head, his expression growing serious. "I don't think they'll be getting a divorce."

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I turned to him, curiosity flickering in my eyes. "And why is that?"

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He hesitated for only a moment before dropping the bombshell. "She's pregnant."

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The words hit me like a blow, and my eyes widened in shock, my body going stiff as I processed what he'd just said.

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