

The Alphas forbidden mate

Chapter 9

Trigger Warning: Sexual Abuse

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Isabella's POV

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What the hell is wrong with this guy? His words, his smirk—it all screamed insanity. He was clearly a nut job, just like his brother.

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“To have your coochie to myself permanently, I will marry you,” he said, his voice dripping with mockery. His eyes held a seductive glint, but all I felt was a deep, crawling disgust.

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My stomach churned as I glared at him. “You’re nothing but a dickhead,” I snapped, my voice sharp with unfiltered annoyance. “I’ll forever regret letting myself sleep with someone as vile as you—a man with no morals, no decency, no respect.”

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He didn’t even flinch. Instead, a wicked grin stretched across his face as his hand shot out, gripping my wrist with deliberate force.

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“Morals?” he said, his tone mocking. His fingers trailed up my arm, making my skin crawl. “Have you forgotten how much you screamed my name? How you begged me not to stop?” He leaned closer, his breath hot against my face as his hand brushed my cheek. I flinched at his touch. “You told me I was yours—remember that, Isabella?” His voice was low now, barely a whisper in my ear, the intimacy making me shudder with revulsion.

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My chest burned with rage as I yanked my wrist free and shoved him back with all the strength I could muster. “I fucking hate you!” I spat, my voice trembling with fury. My eyes bore into him, but he didn’t seem affected. That damn smirk stayed plastered on his face, as if my anger only entertained him.

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“Stay away from me!” I barked, my voice cracking under the weight of my emotions. “Don’t you dare come near me again. You make me sick.” My breath hitched, and I blinked rapidly to keep the tears in my eyes from falling. I wouldn’t give him the satisfaction.

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His smirk finally faltered, replaced by something softer—concern, maybe, or was it pity? Whatever it was, I hated it just as much.

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“Isabella,” a voice called, snapping me out of my daze.

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I turned to see Zachary approaching, his hand intertwined with Betty’s. My jaw tightened as the sight of them sent a fresh wave of anger coursing through me.

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“What the heck are you doing here?” Zachary asked, irritation dripping from his tone.

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I scoffed, folding my arms across my chest, but before I could respond, Betty let go of his hand and stepped toward the man I’d been arguing with.

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“Asher,” she said tentatively, her voice carrying a note of familiarity. “Do you remember me? We went to elementary school together.” Her smile was hesitant, but genuine, as if she were trying to reconnect with a long-lost friend.

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Asher didn’t even glance at her. His eyes stayed locked on me, sharp and unrelenting.

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“You’re pregnant,” he said, his tone abrupt and laced with something close to reprimand. “You shouldn’t be here.”

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Betty’s eyes widened, and her gaze darted between me and Zachary, searching for answers. Her expression shifted to one of hurt and confusion.

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“You didn’t tell me she was pregnant,” she said, her voice soft but filled with sadness.

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“Betty, I—” Zachary started, his words faltering.

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But Betty shook her head, cutting him off with a look of quiet disappointment. Without another word, she turned and walked away.

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“I’ll meet you at home,” Zachary muttered, glaring at me as if this were somehow my fault, before hurrying after her.

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“Pathetic,” I whispered, shaking my head in disgust.

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Turning back to Asher, I leveled him with a cold glare. “And as for you,” I said, my voice sharp as a blade, “why don’t you find something better to do with your miserable life than preying on mine? Do us both a favor—get a life.”

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I spun on my heel and started to walk away, but before I could take more than a few steps, his hand shot out, grabbing my wrist and stopping me in my tracks.

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“I will see you more often,” he says with a scoff, his words laced with arrogance as he brushes past me. My hands clench into fists at my sides, and I want to scream, to let the frustration out—but I know there’s no point.

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“You didn’t find him there, did you?” Tessa’s voice hits me the moment I step into the house. She’s perched on the edge of the couch, her brows furrowed in worry. Tessa, my younger sister, has recently ended a four-year relationship with her cheating excuse of a boyfriend.

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“Talk to me, Isabella,” she pleads, desperation spilling into her tone. “Did you see him?”

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I drop onto the couch with a heavy sigh, pressing a hand to my forehead. “Why do you even care about his movements? You’ve ended things with him already—just move on,” I say, my frustration barely contained.

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“Of course I’ll move on completely,” she snaps back, though her voice wavers with lingering sadness. “But I asked you to go to the club just to be sure. I needed to know for myself that he hasn’t changed and never will.”

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Her words sting, and I shake my head with a humorless laugh. “I did see a cheating bastard,” I say, leaning back against the cushions. “But it wasn’t him. It was my own cheating bastard of a husband.” My tone drips with bitter amusement, but my chest tightens at the admission.

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Tessa’s face falls, guilt written all over her. “I’m so sorry,” she murmurs. “I shouldn’t have asked you to go over there.”

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“You don’t need to feel sorry,” I reply softly, forcing a faint smile. “It’s not your fault—it’s just my luck.” I pause, letting the silence stretch for a moment before asking, “How’s Mom doing?”

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Her expression shifts to one of sadness, her shoulders sagging under the weight of it. “Not great. Her mental health isn’t improving at all. She called Dad’s name so many times today, begging to see him,” Tessa says, her voice breaking slightly.

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I swallow hard, the familiar ache returning to my chest. “Dad’s gone for good,” I say quietly, the words heavy in my throat. “He’s never coming back.” I straighten up, forcing myself to sound determined. “I’ll take her to a different hospital—a special one.”

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“You don’t have to do that,” Tessa says quickly, her words catching me off guard. “She’s already been moved to a different hospital.”

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My eyes widen as I shoot up from the couch, startling her into a slight flinch. “What do you mean she was moved? Where was she taken?” My tone sharpens, laced with annoyance and disbelief.

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“Maris took her,” Tessa explains, her hands fidgeting nervously. “I tried to stop her, but the doctors said it was for the best—to move her to an upgraded hospital.”

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I drag a hand through my hair, pacing the room as frustration churns inside me. “She only did this to gain full control,” I mutter bitterly. “She thinks if she keeps Mom under her care, I won’t be able to expose her and her son for what they’ve done. But I swear, I’ll get Mom out of that hospital. And I’ll get rid of them—for good.”

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Anger tightens my throat as I sink back onto the couch, speaking more to myself than to Tessa. “I need to find a job,” I mutter, though I know she hears every word.

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“You can’t get a job in your condition,” Tessa said firmly, her voice filled with concern. “You’re going to be a first-time mother. You shouldn’t do anything that could harm the baby. I’ll get another job so you don’t have to worry.”

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Her words made my chest tighten, but I shook my head. “I’m your elder sister,” I reminded her, my voice steady despite the weight of the situation. “It’s my responsibility to take care of you, not the other way around. I’ll manage, Tessa. Besides, it’s an early pregnancy—I’ll be fine.”

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I stood up, smoothing my clothes and grabbing my bag. “I’ll head home now. I’ll visit Mom tomorrow.”

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Tessa hesitated before nodding. “Alright. Take care of yourself,” she said softly.

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I paused at the door and turned back to her. “And you should forget about that deadbeat ex of yours. You’ll find someone better—there’s always someone better,” I said, offering her a small smile.

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She returned the smile, though it didn’t quite reach her eyes. “Thank you, Isabella.”

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I left her place, climbed into my car, and drove home. Every mile closer to the house made my stomach churn with dread. By the time I pulled into the driveway, my chest felt tight.

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As I stepped through the front door, the air inside was stifling, heavy with negativity. The shadows seemed longer, the silence sharper. I barely had a moment to settle before Zachary's voice cut through the gloom.

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"Where are you coming from?" he asked coldly, flipping on the light. His gaze burned into me, but I refused to meet it.

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"It's none of your business," I snapped, not bothering to hide my annoyance. "I don't have to report to you for anything."

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Before I could take another step, his hand shot out, grabbing my wrist in a bruising grip.

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"You're so ill-mannered," he growled, his eyes narrowing in fury. The slap came out of nowhere, sharp and stinging, the force of it making my head snap to the side. The metallic taste of blood filled my mouth, and I spit it out onto the floor.

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"I'll teach you a lesson," he hissed, dragging me toward the bedroom. "You won't speak to me like that again."

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"Let go of me! Let me go!" I cried, struggling against his iron grip. Panic surged through me as he shoved me into the room and slammed the door behind us.

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He pushed me onto the bed, his movements deliberate and menacing, and began unbuttoning his shirt. My heart pounded wildly, fear coursing through my veins.

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"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice trembling.

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His lips twisted into a cruel grin. “What does it look like I’m doing? We’re husband and wife,” he said, his tone mocking as he slid his pants off.

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“Stay away from me!” I shouted, trying to scramble off the bed, but he grabbed me again. Another slap landed on my face, harder this time, leaving me dizzy.

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He shoved me back onto the bed, his weight pinning me down. His face hovered inches from mine, his breath hot and suffocating. “You had the audacity to sleep with another man,” he snarled, his voice shaking with rage. “Tell me, what did he do to your body?”

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He began kissing me roughly, his lips bruising against mine. I fought with every ounce of strength I had, pushing against his chest, kicking, clawing—but it wasn’t enough.

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“Please, leave me alone!” I screamed, but he didn’t stop. He tore my shirt, the sound of fabric ripping filling the room, and ripped away the rest of my clothes.

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I lay there, naked and vulnerable, my body trembling as fear gave way to a cold, hollow numbness. My strength was gone. I couldn’t fight anymore.

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I stared at the ceiling, my mind retreating as he did what he wanted. I didn’t move. I didn’t cry. I felt like a corpse, my body limp and lifeless beneath him.

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“I’m your husband,” he growled, his voice dripping with venom. “I alone have the right to your body.”

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Tears blurred my vision as everything turned dark. The last thing I heard was his heavy breathing before unconsciousness swallowed me whole.

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