

ALPHA'S REGRET: HIDING MY EX-HUSBAND'S TWINS

HIDING 23

Attempt

ISABELLA'S POV

For a split second, my mind went completely blank. The chaos unfolding before me didn't register immediately. But then, like a tidal wave crashing over me, the reality of the situation finally struck. Panic seized my chest as I took in the scene.

"Xavier, stop!" I cried out, my voice trembling. But it was drowned out by the violent sounds of fists meeting flesh.

Xavier's form that was so full of rage continued to attack towards Alexander, who was fighting back now just as fiercely. They were lunging at each other, sending punch after punch and the room around us quickly became a chaotic mess from the raw power of two Alphas clashing.

My heart raced as I watched in horror and my hands were trembling at my side. I had to stop this before it spiraled further out of control. I yelled to stop them again, but they were so consumed by their fury that my voice seemed lost in the storm.

Without thinking further, I rushed forward, desperately trying to wedge myself between them.

But before I could get to them too close, a hand grabbed me and pulled me back.

"What are you doing? You can't stop them..." Hailey's concerned and panicked tone entered my ears. I realized that she and Raymond had arrived.

"Why are they fighting?"

I have no time to answer her question as my gaze was still fixed on the scene in front of us, where Raymond was already trying to pull Alexander away from the fight. I shook off Hailey's hold as I rushed towards Xavier's side, trying to stop him before he completely lost control.

"Xavier, stop it!" I raised my voice, gritting my teeth as I tried to pull his arm with all my strength.

But he was body was like a rock on fire. He wouldn't budge, his chest was heavy with deep, furious breaths and I noticed that his eyes were nearly black with fury.

I could feel the presence of his wolf. His wolf was just on the verge of taking over, dangerously close to the surface as he snarled at Alexander. Anxiety gripped me as I clung tightly to his

arm.

"Stop it!"

For a moment, his eyes flickered. It was as if my voice had reached through the haze of his anger. His dark, furious eyes met mine and I realized that he was filled with so much fury that

1/4

+25 Points

Attempt

he was almost breathing smoke. He turned to Alexander again as he growled.

"Bastard! Stay away from her!"

"Look who's talking," Alexander mirrored his expression, his tone was dripping with sarcasm as he spat back. "Aren't you the bastard here?"

Before I could react, they were ready to lunge at each other again. Raymond held Alexander back, while I did everything I could to stop Xavier. Some pack warriors have also gathered between us as they stepped in, trying to stop the two from fighting again.

Xavier was too strong, and I was almost unable to hold him back. I pushed him further away from Alexander as I stepped in between them.

"Just stop it, you two!" I yelled in frustration, my eyes wandering back and forth from them.

Alexander looked taken back for a brief moment, but before he could say anything, I felt Xavier grab my arm as he began dragging me away from the scene.

"Stop him!" I heard Alexander order in a tone full of anger. Seeing the pack warriors about to come after us, I shook my head at them.

Despite the dread and anxiety that was starting to consume me as Xavier dragged me out of the place, I knew I had to get him away from Alexander before everything gets worse.

The pack members who had gathered outside the packhouse watched curiously as Xavier pulled me along, their eyes were filled with confusion and concern from the sudden commotion. But I couldn't think of their reaction at the moment. I stumbled as Xavier continued dragging me away.

"Where are you taking me? Let me go!" I started to protest, trying to wrench my arm free. But his grip was firm and unyielding. He only stopped after we arrived at a secluded area, away from prying eyes.

He still hasn't released me, instead, he only pulled me closer to him. His whole form seemed ablaze, and I felt like burning from his fury gaze. Our bodies were practically touching as he pulled me even closer.

"What are you doing?!" I pushed his chest with my other hand. My heart started to race as a mix of intimidation and anger swirled inside me

"I should ask you that." He shot back at me, his voice low and dangerous, almost growling. "You were kissing that asshole!"

His words struck me like a slap in the face, the fury in his tone stoking a fire of anger inside me as well. I can feel my heart clenching with a confusing mix of guilt and rage.

218

*25 Point

Attempt

Gathering all my strength, I finally managed to push him away. I took a step back, clenching my trembling fists as I glared at him hatefully.

"So what is it to you?"

He looked momentarily taken back by my reply, but the anger on his face quickly returned, a low growl rumbling in his chest. But I didn't let him respond as I continued speaking.

"You have no right," I spat, my voice was sharp with anger as I stared straight at his face. "What I do in my life has nothing to do with you anymore. You can't just barge into my life and dictate what I can do!"

"Oh, really?" His gaze darkened even more before I felt both of his hand grip my shoulder. The next second, he slammed me against the wall, his body pressing tightly against mine as he sneered in anger.

My lips parted in shock, and my heart pounded so loudly I could barely hear anything else.

The sudden proximity was overwhelming, and I felt the mate bond spring to life, sending electric tingles through my nerves at the contact. My knees wobbled, the heat radiating from his body almost unbearable, making me feel like I was burning from inside and out.

But I couldn't afford to falter. Not now, not after everything.

"Get off of me!" I shoved against him, glaring fiercely as I growled.

But he didn't move an inch. Instead, he leaned in closer, his dangerously handsome face just inches from mine. His hot breath brushed against my skin, and when our eyes locked, I noticed his gaze flicker to my lips. Suddenly, I felt as if the air had been sucked from my lungs.

"How dare that bastard touch you," he seethed, his voice low and menacing. Then, his hand slid around my waist, pulling me even closer, leaving no space between us and making my heart pound even more loudly.

"You're mine, Isabella."

Without a warning, he lowered his head, burying his face on the valley of my neck. A surge of electricity started rushing all over me the moment his lips touched my skin. My body was shivering from the sudden sensation under his touch. But when I felt the sharp edge of his fangs grazing my skin, I froze.

He was trying to mark me.