

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

HIDING 50

Daddy

ISABELLA'S POV

A soft shadow was casted on his handsome face as he faced me. I stood on the doorway of

the kitchen, somewhat unable to move nor say anything as our gazes locked. My heart pounded furiously, and for a brief moment, it felt like the air had been sucked out of my lungs. The small, gentle smile that curved his lips was unexpected, yet it stirred a whirlwind of

emotions inside me.

"I'm making some breakfast."

I quickly averted my eyes, feeling my cheeks somewhat burning from our sudden eye contact earlier. But I forced to nod my head at him in return, trying to look composed and calm despite the loud and erratic pounding in my chest.

"I just wanted to get some water." I managed to say, hoping to clarify my presence here. I

didn't want him to think I'd been watching him. Everything was just a coincidence.

"It's in the fridge." He told me, and I nodded once more, not daring to look back towards his

direction as I walked towards the fridge, feeling my nerves getting tensed with the realization

that it was just the two of us here – alone in this kitchen.

His eyes followed me for a moment, and I could feel their intensity on my back. My heartbeat quickened further until I heard him move, the sound of him busying himself with cooking easing the weight in my chest as I tried to focused on getting my water.

The cold liquid slipping down my throat somewhat eased my tensed nerves, but it did little to silence the turmoil swirling inside me. After I finished taking a few more sips, I heard Xavier's voice again.

"Are the kids still sleeping?"

I snapped my head towards his direction, somewhat calmer now. "Yes, they're still in the room.

He paused for a moment, then asked, "Do they have any food allergies?"

I blinked, caught off guard by the question. I hadn't expected him to ask that. When our eyes

met again, I saw something hesitant in his gaze, as though he was unsure of how to proceed.

"I just want to make sure," he continued, his tone softer now, almost cautious, "since I'm

making their breakfast."

A wave of unfamiliar emotion washed over me—his consideration, his quiet thoughtfulness – it

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+25 Point

Daddy

sent a confusing mix of feelings tumbling inside me, and I wasn't sure how to process them. I glanced at the stove, realizing he was cooking pasta and bacon, their savory aroma filling the

room.

"They don't have any allergies," I finally said. "And they're not picky eaters."

He listened to me intently before he nodded his head. "That's good to know."

An awkward silence settled between us again, and I found myself searching for an excuse to leave. Being in the same room with him—especially now that we weren't talking about pack matters—felt unnerving. But leaving without saying anything felt even stranger.

"I'll go check on the kids first."

"I'm almost done cooking."

We both spoke at the same time, our voices overlapping. A small, almost imperceptible smile tugged at the corners of his lips. It was a rare, fleeting moment of ease between us,

He was intently staring at me, but I took the courage to look directly into his eyes this time as

I spoke.

"I'm

go see them now." I said in a hurried tone, my voice hasty as I turned toward the hallway.

I needed to leave, to escape the tangle of emotions that were threatening to choke me. As I

walked away, I could still feel my heart pounding, echoing in my ears like a strong drum.

Even after all these years, the bond between us still felt raw—familiar but strained. There was

a gap between us now, a chasm of unspoken words and unresolved feelings. In the past, our

conversations had been short and formal—always about pack matters, never personal. But

this... this felt different. It was intimate in a way that unsettled me.

I shook my head, trying to push the memories away as I quietly entered the room where Liam

and Lily were still sleeping. I went to their side and sat beside them, waiting until the morning

sun finally peeked through the curtains of the window.

Liam stirred first, his small body stretching as he rubbed his eyes sleepily. Lily followed soon

after, blinking up at me with her wide, curious eyes.

"Good morning, Mommy, they mumbled in unison, their voices soft and sweet.

I smiled, kissing the top of their foreheads as I greeted them back.

"Mommy... where are we now?"

Lily's eyes curiously wandered around the room as she asked.

I brushed a strand of her hair from her face and responded in a soft tone. "We're now at the

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Daddy

Lunar Crescent Pack, sweetheart. This is where... your daddy lives."

Lily's eyes lightened in surprise, while Liam stood closely beside her, nodding eagerly.

"Yeah, you were sleeping when we arrived here last night. Daddy has been waiting for us..."

"But I didn't see daddy..." Lily spoke in a somewhat low and dejected tone.

"You weren't feeling well yesterday, remember? We didn't want to wake you," I said softly,

hoping to soothe her disappointment.

"I want to see Daddy now, Mommy. Where is he?" Her plea tugged at my heart, and I sighed

inwardly.

I couldn't deny their eagerness to meet him. Despite my own feelings, I couldn't stand in the

way of their happiness – which was what matters to me the most.

"Come on, let's go. Your daddy has made breakfast for you."

"Uncle..."

Contrary to the excitement and eagerness she was showing earlier, Lily stood in front of Xavier now with a shy and hesitant look on her face as she clung to me closely.

Liam, on the other hand, was now more open and enthusiastic as he encouraged his sister softly. "Lily, he's our daddy..."

Lily pressed her lips tightly before she shyly looked away from Xavier and edge closer to me even more. A helpless smile escaped my lips seeing my shy baby girl.

My eyes then darted towards Xavier, who was now staring at us with a deep, also almost helpless look on his face.

With that, I gave him an encouraging nod and ushered Lily closer to him, my voice turning softer. "Come on, darling. Talk to your daddy!"

"Mommy..." She softly calls out to me, but then had no choice as I gently made her face Xavier. She was still shy, but luckily, this time, she

finally addressed Xavier, but with a question.

"Uncle... are you really... our daddy?"