

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

HIDING 51

Same Voice

ISABELLA’S POV

Xavier crouched down to Lily’s level. A soft, gentle smile playing on his lips as he reached out to hold her arm.

“I am, little flower.” He spoke in an almost soothing voice as he edged closer to Lily. “I’m sorry daddy’s late.”

My throat tightened after hearing those words from him. Xavier, apologizing in front of the kids, was a scene I wasn’t prepared to face. But it was happening in front of me now, and I couldn’t take my eyes away from him and our children, despite the knot forming in my chest.

Xavier also pulled Liam closer as he both faced him and Lily, his tone serious yet still warm and gentle. “I promise I won’t ever be away from you from now on.”

The twins nodded. Seeing them happy meant the world to me, and even though the past was full of pain, seeing them with their father made me realize how much they needed this.

At that moment, I forced myself to look away with the corners of my eye suddenly stinging.

Something inside me twisted, witnessing their interaction... hearing Xavier’s words and promise. The sadness, guilt... all the memories from the past came crashing back to me once more those events, the decisions, and the mistakes that has led us to this moment.

I gulped, pushing to lump down my throat as I resisted the tears that were somewhat forming in my eyes.

As their conversation became more animated, with Lily’s earlier hesitation now gone, a small smile finally played on my lips. At this moment, their happiness was all that mattered to me.

Raymond soon arrived, and we sat down for breakfast. The twins had grown comfortable with

Xavier in no time, sitting closely by his side.

“They really like him,” Raymond’s voice echoed through our mind link, sounding as if he, too, was surprised by how natural everything seemed.

Xavier’s patience was new to me. As I watched him carefully serve the twins, his attention on them so focused, I felt a strange sense of peace and yet, something else I couldn’t quite name.

Suddenly, I caught him watching me as well, his gaze filled with something deeper, something I wasn’t ready to confront.

I quickly looked away from him, though guilty of being caught, and just focused on the food in front of me. Beside me, I heard Raymond clear his throat. It was directed towards Xavier who

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Same Voice

was still looking at me and only looked away when he heard Raymond clearing his throat.

“This pasta is delicious!” Lily muttered softly, her eyes lighting up with delight.

Liam also nodded eagerly, facing his sister, “It taste just like mom’s pasta, right?”

I stiffened slightly, my fork halfway to my mouth. Coincidentally, I was also just about to take a first bite on the pasta and as soon as I did it, I realized the kids were right. The pasta tasted just like mine—a dish I often made for them.

Cooking pasta has been one of my specialties, even when I was still residing here in the Lunar Crescent Pack. It was also the kids’ favorite, and somehow, it felt odd to taste the pasta Xavier

cooked taste exactly like mine – down to the spices and texture. The realization left me momentarily stunned.

But I brushed off the thought, thinking that maybe, it was just a coincidence.

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“I’ll go back as soon as possible. Just wait until I return, and we’ll go back to the pack together.” Raymond reminded me.

We were currently at the borders of the Lunar Crescent Pack, and I was seeing him off. He was needed for an urgent matter at the Bluemoon Pack that’s why he needed to leave first. As for me and the kids, I still needed to introduce them to Luna Grace and Alpha Martin, and although they have just spent a little time here in the Lunar Crescent Pack, I knew they would be unwilling to leave at this moment.

“Don’t worry about us. Drive safely.” I told him. He spoke a few more words before he finally entered the car and left the pack.

When the car disappeared from my sight, I turned on my steps to go back to the packhouse. But just then, my eyes suddenly heard movements from the woods, with a black shadow

passing through my sight that suddenly caught my attention.

Just a second later, a chill crept over me as I heard more rustling nearby. I was in a dense, isolated part of the borders, and though I knew pack warriors and patrols were stationed throughout the area, the sudden creeping feeling in my heart told me something was off.

Maybe it was just one of them whom I spotted earlier, but I couldn’t shake the unease settling in my chest.

Despite the knot of dread forming in my stomach, curiosity got the better of me. I decided to approach the source of the sound, keeping my steps light and cautious. The cold breeze blew against my skin, sending a shiver down my spine as I moved closer to the disturbance. Each step heightened my senses, making me hyper-aware of my surroundings.

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Same Voice

Then, I saw it—a figure cloaked in black, standing at a distance. The hood obscured the person’s face, shrouding them in mystery. At first, I couldn’t tell who it was. My gaze then shifted to the patrol guard facing the cloaked figure. They seemed to be engaged in conversation, and I almost convinced myself it was nothing out of the ordinary. Just routine

business.

I was about to leave, realizing that eavesdropping wasn’t something I should be doing, but the creeping dread lingered. I didn’t want to draw attention to myself, especially not now. Thankfully, I still had the necklace Alexander had given me. It was a protection charm that masked my scent, allowing me to remain hidden.

But just as I turned to walk away, their voices reached my ears, freezing me in place.

“Have you followed my orders?” The voice was low and sharp—emanating from the cloaked figure.

The patrol guard responded, and his reply made my blood run cold.

“I did. Everything’s done according to the plan.”

I stopped, my heart hammering in my chest. That voice. It couldn’t be...

My head immediately snapped back toward them. I hadn’t been paying attention to the patrol guard before, but now, as he stood under the pale light, I finally caught a glimpse of his face.

He was tall, well-built, and handsome, with a stern, serious expression. But I didn’t pay any more attention to that. I have seen men more beautiful than him.

In fact, what made me stopped on my tracks, baffling me the most was this man’s voice.

It sounded exactly like Xavier’s.