

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

HIDING 58

Uncertainties

ISABELLA’S POV

“Mommy, are we going to stay here from now on?”

Liam’s question froze me mid–motion. It was night time and I had been helping him and Lily into bed, but his innocent voice stopped me in my tracks. The two of them sat together,

wide–eyed, and their expressions were full of hope and curiosity.

My heart clenched as the weight of the moment settled heavily on my chest, like a boulder pressing against my lungs. They were just children, unaware of the complexities that haunted every decision I made.

I sat down beside them, pulling both close, their small bodies were warm and comforting

against mine. The weight of their trust, their unfiltered love, made my decision feel even

heavier.

“Do you like it here?” I asked them softly.

Both Liam and Lily nodded eagerly, their eyes lighting up with excitement. Their smiles were

wide and infectious, pulling at the tight corners of my heart.

Lily was the first to speak with her sweet and innocent voice.

“Daddy is here! And Grandpa and Grandma too!” Her small hand squeezed mine, as if trying to

anchor me to the joy she felt.

I swallowed hard, trying to fight back the overwhelming mix of emotions building inside me. My children had always lived with the idea of their father being some far–off figure, a superhero in their imaginations, someone they’d never met but admired from the stories I’d told.

And now... now that they had him in their lives, I couldn’t deny them from this happiness

any longer.

“Then... what do you think about living here? Do you want to stay?”

Liam responded almost immediately, his eyes bright. “It’s beautiful here, Mommy. I like it. Everyone is nice.”

Lily chimed in, bouncing slightly on the bed. “And there’s snow! I’ve never seen so much snow before! Can we play in it tomorrow?”

Her enthusiasm was infectious, and I found myself laughing softly despite the heavy weight

that still clung to me.

1/4

+50 Points

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“Yes, we can,” I promised, brushing a lock of her golden hair behind her ear. Her joy, so simple and pure, was like a balm to my anxious heart.

But as I looked at them, their innocent excitement, I couldn’t shake the growing tension building within me. I leaned closer, adjusting their sweaters as the cold air of the winter night. seeped in through the cracks of the old windows. It was a way to ground myself, to give me a moment to think, to sort through the storm of conflicting emotions in my head.

“Then... we’ll stay here,” I said, almost more to myself than to them.

The words were out before I could stop them, and as soon as they left my lips, I felt the weight

of their finality settle around me. This was real. This was happening.

Instantly, the joy on their faces made my heart swell with a mix of happiness and a

bittersweet ache. Liam and Lily threw themselves into my arms, their tiny bodies wrapping

around me tightly, their voices filled with pure, unfiltered joy.

“Thank you, Mommy! Thank you!” Liam exclaimed, his words muffled as he pressed his face

into my chest.

Lily was right beside him, her arms squeezing my neck as she giggled with excitement. “I love you, Mommy!”

I laughed softly, my heart melting as I patted their backs gently. Their happiness was everything to me, it was the only thing that truly mattered. But at the same time, I felt the walls closing in on me, the pressure of everything I hadn’t yet faced starting to weigh me

down.

The truth was, staying here wasn’t just about them. It wasn’t just about Xavier and his sudden return into our lives. It was about me, about the life I’d built for us back at the Bluemoon Pack,

and the security I had worked so hard to provide: I wasn’t sure I was ready to let go of that... or of the life we’d known for so long. But how could I say no to the joy I’m seeing on their faces

now?

As I held them close, my mind swirled with doubts. What if this was the wrong choice? What if I was setting us up for more pain, more heartache? I had been gone from the Lunar Crescent Pack for five long years, and coming back wasn’t as simple as reuniting with family.

There was history here–history that I hadn’t fully reckoned with, especially when it came to Xavier.

But I already promised him... that I’m willing to give it a try.

Suddenly, Lily’s small voice broke through my thoughts. “Mommy?” she whispered softly, her

smile fading just slightly.

pulled back to look at her, brushing my thumb over her cheek. “What is it, sweetheart?” I

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+50 Point

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asked gently.

“Will we still see Uncle Raymond and Aunt Hailey? And Uncle Alexander?” Her voice was hesitant, as if she didn’t want to ask, but the sadness in her eyes told me everything. She missed them already.

Liam, too, frowned, his earlier excitement giving way to a more thoughtful expression. “Yeah, Mommy... What about them? And what about our friends?”

I felt a pang of guilt deep in my chest. Of course, they would miss Bluemoon Pack. It was all they had ever known. And now, I was asking them to leave behind the people who had been

like family to us.

I reached out, stroking their hair as I tried to find the right words. “Yes, of course, we’ll still see

them,” I reassured them, though the heaviness in my heart remained.

“We can visit whenever you want. We’ll always have Bluemoon Pack. But since your daddy

and grandparents are here, this will be your new home from now on.”

Their expressions softened, though I could still see a flicker of uncertainty in their eyes. They

seemed to accept my words, even if they didn’t fully understand the complexities of the

situation. For now, their focus was on the excitement of being with their father and

discovering this new place.

I helped them settle into bed, tucking them under the warm blankets. Soon, their exhaustion

from the long day caught up to them, and they drifted off to sleep, their breathing slow and

peaceful. I sat on the edge of the bed for a long time, just watching them. Their faces were so

innocent, so full of trust. It was moments like this that reminded me why I had to keep going,

why I had to make the right choices for them.

But as peaceful as they looked, my mind was anything but calm. The weight of the decision I

had made–choosing to stay here, choosing to give Xavier and our family a chance–hung over

me like a dark cloud.

Could I really do this? Could I truly let go of everything I had built in Bluemoon Pack and start over here? Could I face the past I had run from all those years ago?

I lay down beside them, wrapping my arms around their small bodies, trying to draw strength

from their warmth. But sleep wouldn’t come. My mind raced with doubts, questions, fears that

I had been avoiding ever since I arrived back at Lunar Crescent Pack.

What would the pack think of me? Would they accept me again after I had left without a word, disappearing from their lives for five years?

I sighed softly, closing my eyes and trying to push the thoughts away. But they wouldn’t leave

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The next morning, I woke up feeling drained, both physically and emotionally. The weight of my decision still clung to me like a heavy cloak, but there was no time to wallow. Life went on, and I had responsibilities.

Later that day, Jane came to see me. She had been one of my closest friends before I left the

pack, and seeing her now after all these years was like a balm to my soul. The moment she stepped into the room, her eyes were misty, and she rushed over to hug me tightly.

“I’m so glad you’re finally back, Luna Isabella,” she whispered, her voice thick with emotion as she pulled me into a tight embrace.

Her words took me by surprise. I had braced myself for coldness, for judgment, but here she was–warm, welcoming, and sincere. Still just like before. It felt like a lifeline, something I

didn’t even realize I needed until that moment. I returned her hug, blinking away the tears that

threatened to spill over.

“You don’t have to call me ‘Luna,’” I said softly, pulling back slightly to meet her gaze. “I’m not

sure I deserve that title anymore.”

Jane looked at me in shock, her eyes wide with disbelief. “But you’re still our Luna,” she

insisted, her grip on my shoulders firm. “No one has ever replaced you.”

Her words hit me harder than I expected. For five years, I had assumed that Xavier had at least

found someone else to take my place and substitute as the Luna–that he had moved on, both

in the pack and in his heart.

But hearing Jane say this... it stirred something deep inside me.