

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

## HIDING 67

Demand

ISABELLA’S POV

Xavier’s question extremely caught me off guard that I even forgot how to breathe for a moment. His intense gaze pinned me in place, overflowing with emotions I couldn’t fully comprehend. There was something in the way he looked at me that made my heart race, leaving me breathless. I felt like he was searching for an answer I wasn’t sure I could give.

“Answer me, Isabella,” he demanded, his voice low but laced with frustration. Yet, beneath that frustration, I sensed something deeper. There was a tinge of hesitation in his tone too, as if

asking me this question was harder for him more than I realized.

I snapped back to the present, feeling my heart thud wildly in my chest. His question just now echoed in my mind, reverberating through the bond that linked us.

Did I regret it? Could I?

The mark he’d left on me still pulsed with a dull soreness, but there was no anger nor resentment in my heart.

Instead, I just felt... conflicted. I was still lost in a sea of emotions I could barely grasp. The previous questions, the uncertainties and worries swirling in my mind still overwhelmed me, and I just didn’t know how I’d face him now that his mark was burned into my skin—into my soul.

But regret? No. That wasn’t what I felt.

I met his gaze again, forcing myself to look into those deep, searching eyes, and finally whispered the truth. “No.”

The word left my lips before I could stop it, a quiet admission that carried more weight than I expected. I couldn’t lie to him. Not anymore. I knew couldn’t run from these feelings any longer, no matter how terrifying they were. My heart had already made its decision, and I

couldn’t hide from it.

Xavier’s expression softened almost instantly, his grip on my arm loosening. His thumb brushed gently against my skin, and though he didn’t release me, the tension between us

shifted.

He didn’t look away, his eyes still locked on mine as he asked, “Really?”

There was something vulnerable in his tone, something almost fragile, as if he didn’t trust my answer, or maybe... didn’t trust himself. He pressed his lips together, his eyes questioning,

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searching for the truth in mine.

I swallowed hard, my throat feeling tight. I couldn’t answer now, not verbally at least. But my silence seemed to be enough, because Xavier moved even closer, our bodies were almost practically touching. The heat between us was electrifying with the mate bond flaring to life, making every inch of me very much conscious of him.

“Does that mean...” he hesitated, his hot breath brushing against my cheek, “you’re accepting me back?”

His sudden proximity, his voice, and the way his fingers lingered on my skin—it all sent a jolt of desire rushing through me. My heart pounded so loud I was sure he could hear it. My mind screamed at me to step back, to think rationally, but my body... my body ached for him.

I found myself staring into his eyes, those deep, penetrating eyes that seemed to see every part of me, even the parts I tried to hide. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came.

But then, how could I deny this connection? The pull of the mate bond? How could I deny him?

My wolf, Belle, was already screaming inside my mind. She was very much certain with her answer than me.

“Say yes! Say we’re willing to take him back! We need him!”

Belle’s urgency mirrored my own unspoken desires, the need that had been buried for so long clawing its way to the surface. I wanted to give in, to surrender to the pull of the bond, but there was still some lingering pain and hesitation inside me.

Yet, standing here, seeing the raw emotion in Xavier’s eyes and his quiet plea... made me unable to say no.

Before I knew it, I was nodding. The word slipped from my lips even before I realized it.

“Yes.”&nbsp;

Xavier’s eyes lit up in an instant, his entire face softening into an expression so full of hope that it took my breath away. A small smile curved his lips, making his whole handsome face now look so much gentler. But the intensity of his gaze still made my heart flutter.

“Thank you,” he whispered, his deep voice sending shivers down my spine. “Thank you for giving me another chance.”

My heart pounded so loudly I could barely think. It felt like time had stopped, the world around us fading until it was just the two of us. His sincerity was very much evident now.

I could feel it, and it made my chest tighten with so many emotions. I could feel the weight of his words, the gravity of this moment.

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“You don’t know how happy I am right now, Isabella...” he murmured, his voice low and

sensual, wrapping around me like a warm embrace. His words sent a surge of heat through

me, igniting something deep within.

Then, before I could process what was happening, Xavier leaned in. His nose brushed against

mine, his lips hovering inches from mine, and I found myself frozen in place, waiting.

Anticipating.

And then he kissed me.

The touch of his lips was soft, gentle at first, like a whisper against my skin. But the moment I

find myself responding, everything shifted. The kiss deepened, his mouth pressing firmly

against mine as his hands tightened around my waist, pulling me closer. The heat between us

grew, our movements desperate and needy, each kiss more intense than the last.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, my fingers tangling in his hair as I kissed him back with equal fervor. His lips moved against mine with a hunger that matched my own, our tongues battling for dominance as the kiss grew rougher, more urgent.

His hands roamed down my back, tracing the curve of my spine that sent shivers throughout

my whole body. I moaned into his mouth, my body trembling from the sensation. But then his

lips left mine, trailing down to my jaw, then lower to my neck, where his mark still tingled.

When his lips pressed against the mark, I gasped. The sensation was overwhelming. A rush of

pleasure started to envelope me, and it was too intense it made my knees buckle.

Xavier’s tongue flicked over the sensitive spot before he began to suck, and I couldn’t hold back the moan that escaped my lips.

“Ahh... Xavier...” I whispered his name, my voice breathless while I struggled to keep my eyes

open. My body felt like it was on fire, every nerve alive with need.

He growled low in his throat, the sound reverberating through me, making my entire body quiver with so much pleasure once more. His hands gripped me tighter, one hand sliding up my back while the other pulled me even closer.

Then his lips moved to my ear, his tongue nibbling on my earlobe before he suddenly

whispered, his voice husky and filled with desire.

“Mark me now, Isabella.”