

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

HIDING 70

Revealing their Identities

ISABELLA'S POV

As I faced Xavier's inquiring gaze, I knew I couldn't keep the truth from him any longer. The looming threat hanging over us because of our identity as descendants of the Urduvas was too great to ignore. It was time for him to know everything—before it was too late.

His eyes remained fixed on mine, deep and unyielding, but there was an underlying softness in his orbs too, something gentle trying to break through the intensity.

Then he sighed, breaking the tense silence between us, and his voice, low and gravelly, sliced through my thoughts.

“Sorry if I seemed to pry.” His thumb brushed lightly over my palm, the touch igniting sparks that spread through my skin like wildfire, making me shiver.

His eyes that were so deep and captivating was now also suddenly filled with a sense of tenderness I hadn't expected.

“I just want to know what happened,” he said, his voice sincere, “What happened while you were away.”

His words struck a chord in me. My heart tightened painfully in my chest as the memories of our past came flooding back with an overwhelming force inside my mind. The bitterness that

had clung to me for so long, the pain and the endless nights spent wondering why all those

things happened—all of it threatened to consume me.

And yet, I couldn't hide anymore. I had made the decision to let him back in, despite the scars

that remained. I owed him the truth, especially now that it involved the safety of our children.

“You don't have to tell me if you're not ready,” Xavier murmured, his thumb continuing its

gentle, soft caress over my skin. The sincerity burned through his gaze, and for a moment, I felt like I was drowning in those eyes, lost in the heat and intensity that simmered beneath the

surface.

I inhaled deeply, trying to steady the erratic beating of my heart. The truth felt like a boulder lodged in my throat, but I had to force it out. I had to protect my family.

“Raymond and I...our parents were descendants of Urduvas,” I finally said, my voice low but firm.

Xavier's face remained stoic, but I caught the subtle widening of his eyes—the shock registering, though he masked it well.

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“That makes us descendants, too,” I continued, my words turning firmer this time. “The same

blood runs through Liam and Lily. They also carry Urduva blood in their veins.”

He remained silent, processing my revelation, though I could feel the tension building between

storm of what I'd just revealed.

“There's a reason we've been hiding our identity all these years,” I said, my voice wavering

slightly as I continued. “There's someone or something—after us. They want our blood, our power.”

Xavier's jaw clenched, a muscle ticking in his cheek. A dangerous aura seemed to emanate

from him but it was not directed towards me.

Instead, I could feel the protectiveness rolling off him in waves. I felt his fingers tighten around

mine as if silently promising that no harm would come to me or the children.

“I know,” Xavier whispered, his voice rough but filled with resolve.

I blinked, momentarily startled. He knew? But how?

“I've had... suspicions,” he continued, his voice somewhat raspy.

“Lily also treated my wounds back then, remember?” He said, his voice softening. “She used

almost the same method you did just now.”

Then he sighed, his expression turning slightly serious. “I've been trying to piece things together ever since. The attacks, the threats... I knew it had to be more than just those rogues

on rampant. It's why I've been staying on guard.”

My breath caught in my throat as his words sank in. He had been protecting us, even when I

didn't realize it. But there was still so much he didn't know.

I couldn't bring myself to meet his gaze this time. The intensity was too much, too raw. But I forced myself to continue explaining to him.

“Very few people know the truth about us,” I said softly. “We've kept it hidden to protect ourselves. But now...”

I trailed off, not knowing how to express the fear that had gnawed at me for so long. The fear that one day, those evil forces after us would catch up to us.

Xavier's hand slid from my hand to my waist, pulling me closer to him. His warmth surrounded me, and for the first time in what felt like forever, I felt... safe. His presence, his strength—it was like a shield wrapping around me and my children.

“I'll protect you,” he whispered, his lips brushing the shell of my ear, sending shivers down my

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spine. His breath was hot against my skin, his nearness intoxicating.

“You and the children. Nothing will harm you. I will do everything to keep you safe.”

Before I could respond, I felt his lips pressing gently to my forehead, lingering there. The

contact was tender, but it seared through me, like a promise sealing something in my heart.

I placed a trembling hand on his chest, feeling the somewhat fast thrum of his heartbeat

beneath my palm. His scent enveloped me, woody and masculine, so familiar yet so dangerously alluring. He was too close. Too intoxicating.

“Xavier..” I began, my voice a whisper, but I wasn't sure what I wanted to say. I couldn't think

straight, not with him so close, not with the heat radiating between us. The world outside

faded, leaving only the two of us tangled in this moment, the weight of our past and the uncertainty of our future hanging in the air like a dark cloud.

His thumb brushed my lower lip, his eyes darkening as they flickered to my mouth. My heart pounded, and for a fleeting moment, I felt the pull of the mate bond getting stronger, urging me to indulge myself with him.

But just as quickly, the reality of our situation came crashing back down around me. There

was too much at stake. Dangers still lurked around.

“I will protect you,” he repeated, his voice a low growl, his lips hovering so close to mine that I

could feel the warmth of his breath.

I swallowed hard, fighting against the rush of emotions threatening to pull me under.

“I know,” I whispered back, my voice slightly trembling.

He didn't kiss me. Instead, he pulled me tighter against him, his forehead resting against

mine, our breaths mingling. The moment stretched on, full of unsaid words.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he pulled back slightly, his eyes searching mine as he

whispered in a deep, husky voice.

“Let's go home,”

For the first time in years, the word “home” didn't feel like an empty promise.

“Be careful on the road.” Hailey whispered to me after our hug. I smiled at her, nodding. But

she only looked at me with concern in her eyes, before she sighed. It was the early in the

morning the next day. Xavier and I were already preparing to go back to the Lunar Crescent

Pack.

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“I'm sorry about Alexander.”

I went silent for a moment at the sudden mention of Alexander, suddenly recalling the event when he had lost control and attempted to mark me.

A sigh also escaped my lips. Then I shook my head at her. “It's not his fault.”

Hailey pressed her lips, her eyes still looking at me with a sympathetic gaze, but I flashed her

a small smile at her to tell her everything's fine.

It was indeed not Alexander's fault. He just got affected and only followed his instinct during

that night. And even though I was still wondering why he appeared in our house at that hour

and why he had discovered I was suffering from heat, I decided not to ponder on it deeper.

The memory still sent a shiver down my spine from time to time, and even though I wasn't

completely blaming him, I don't think I could face him once more and act as if nothing

happened, at least not now.

I also haven't seen him since that incident. Xavier had beaten him up. And now that we're

going back to the Lunar Crescent Pack, I also haven't seen any of Alexander's shadow.

Raymond only told me that Alexander deeply apologizes for everything that happened, but he

refused to see me.

But then, I think it was also better not to see him at this moment, as to not make things even

more awkward. Though a slight sense of guilt still remained inside me. After all, Alexander

has been a good friend of mine, and we were now leaving the pack without even telling a

proper goodbye to him.

“Take care of her and the kids!”

I saw Raymond standing in front of Xavier, his tone deep and serious. Xavier, on the other

hand, looked calm as he nodded at him.

“I will. You have my word.”

“Aunt will miss you both!”

Liam and Lily were behind me as Hailey hugged them. I turned to them and smiled, the

thought of leaving this pack finally sinking into me.

After all, the Bluemoon Pack was my home when I had no place to turn to and I was utterly grateful for all the memories and experience I've got here. This place had been my refuge and leaving here felt like tearing out a piece of myself.

But it was time. Xavier and I had to return to the Lunar Crescent Pack—for our children and for

our future.

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“Bye Uncle Raymond! Bye Uncle Hailey!” The kids waved their hands as we got them into the car. Their faces were showing some sadness and reluctance, and I couldn't help but feel the

same too.

I approached Raymond once more. He was standing beside Hailey, and he was looking at me

with a serious gaze.

“Be careful. Don't hesitate to send me any message if something happens.” I nodded my head, tears somewhat threatening to form in my eyes, but I blinked them back, hard.

Instead, I hugged him while trying to suppress the surging emotions in my heart.

“You guys take care here too.” I said, my voice strained as I forced a smile to the two of them. They both nodded, while Raymond patted my back.

Xavier stood behind me. After bidding our goodbye, he led me towards the car where Liam and

Lily were already in.

“Let's go.”

He held my hand, and I followed suit. As we drove away from the Bluemoon Pack, I glanced back one last time to it before a sigh escaped my lips.

A chapter of my life was closing, but another one was about to begin. And this time, I wasn't facing it alone. I just hope everything would turn out well. For me, for the kids, for Xavier – for

our family.