

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

HIDING 78

Dark

+50 Point

ISABELLA'S POV

"He seemed to hate you." My voice was low, cautious, as though speaking any louder would shatter the fragile calm that hung between us.

We were back at the house now. The events from earlier—Theodore's betrayal and his departure with the rogues—were like a dark cloud, looming heavily and ominous. For now, only Xavier and I knew the truth, and the weight of that knowledge seemed to press down on both of us, suffocating the night.

The air was still, almost suffocating. The moon was hidden behind thick clouds, and the only sound that could be heard in the surrounding was the occasional rustling of the trees in the distance. We stood on the balcony, Xavier was leaning against the railing, his back to me, his gaze fixed on the dark expanse of the woods, but one could easily notice his tensed posture.

"It seemed to be the case," he said after a long silence, his tone cold, hard, as if speaking the words cost him something.

I watched him, studying the rigid lines of his back and the way his muscles tensed and relaxed in an almost rhythmic pattern. I could feel the turmoil raging beneath his stoic exterior,

the storm he refused to let show. His jaw clenched and unclenched, betraying the emotions he tried so hard to suppress.

The cool night air brushed against my skin, but it did little to soothe the tension that had settled in my chest. I inhaled deeply, trying to calm the storm brewing inside me, but it was no

use. I cast one last glance at Xavier, his figure a silhouette against the inky blackness of the night.

"I"

go check on the kids," I said softly, hoping to give him the space he needed. Perhaps some

distance would help him sort through the things currently troubling him.

But just as I turned to leave, his hand shot out, his fingers wrapping around my wrist in a firm,

almost desperate grip. I froze, my heart lurching at the sudden contact.

"Don't leave." His voice suddenly went hoarse, raw with an emotion I couldn't quite place-

pleading, desperate and vulnerable. It was a side of him I had rarely seen, a glimpse beneath

the armor he always wore so carefully.

I turned slowly, my heart pounding in my chest as I met his gaze. His eyes that were usually

so sharp and guarded, were soft now, full of something I couldn't identify—something that made my chest tighten.

1/5

+50 Peint

Dark

"What's the matter?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady, though my pulse raced in my

throat.

"Just... don't leave," he repeated, his voice breaking slightly as he pulled me closer. His arms. wrapped around me in one swift motion, his

hold tight, almost possessive as he hugged me.

"What are you doing..." I said in an almost breathless tone, my words trailing off as his warmth. enveloped me, his scent overwhelming my

senses.

"I just checked on the kids. They're safe. Still sleeping," he murmured, his voice a low rumble against my skin. His chin rested on my

shoulder, and I could feel the slight tremor in his breath, the weight of his exhaustion pressing against me.

I fought the shiver that raced down my spine at the contact with the mate bond stirring something deep within me. But it wasn't just the

bond now. It was him—this raw, broken version of Xavier, the one who held me like I was the only thing keeping him tethered to the

earth.

"Just let me hold you for a while," he whispered, his voice barely audible over the thudding of my heart. There was a quiet plea in his words,

a vulnerability that made my chest ache.

I didn't resist. Slowly, I wrapped my arms around him too, pressing my palms against his back in a gentle, comforting gesture. His body

sagged against mine, the tension in his muscles slowly ebbing away as I held him. The silence stretched between us, but it wasn't

uncomfortable. It was heavy with unspoken words, with the weight of everything that had happened and everything that still lingered

between us.

After a moment, I felt the warmth of his breath against my neck, followed by the gentle graze of his nose against my skin. The sensation

sent a shiver through me, my pulse quickening as his lips hovered just over his mark.

"Xavier..." I whispered, unsure whether it was a warning or a plea.

He didn't stop. His breath hitched, and I could feel the tension coiling in his body again, the barely restrained need in the way he held me.

Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, he stilled. He exhaled sharply, his breath warm against my ear, and I felt his lips brush the shell of my

ear as he whispered, "Thank you."

The words, simple as they were, carried a weight that made my throat tighten. I swallowed hard, not trusting myself to speak. Instead, I held

him tighter, hoping that in this quiet moment, I could offer him some semblance of peace.

THE NEXT DAY

2/5

Dark

+50 Paint

"I can't believe this happened!" Luna Grace's voice was sharp, edged with disbelief and anger. Her eyes flashed as she paced the room, her

hands fisted at her sides.

I sat across from her, my own emotions still tangled from the events of the previous night. Xavier had left earlier with Alpha Martin to

discuss the situation, leaving me alone with Luna Grace to explain what had happened.

"Theodore... that man. I never would've thought he'd betray us like this," she spat, her voice thick with disgust. "We gave him a place in

this pack because of his father's merits, and this is how he repays us?"

I nodded, my thoughts drifting back to Theodore's cold, emotionless face as he sided with the rogues. Xavier told me that never once did

the pack treated him poorly. So, what would cause this sudden hatred for him to side with those rogues?

The only reason was maybe perhaps he was feeling vengeful about what happened to his father, or perhaps there's something else?

Last night, Theodore had denied that Sophia was his mate, but that doesn't guarantee the truth. He could be lying to mislead us. But then,

upon checking today, Sophia was still left in the dungeons, and she seemed unaware of what happened last night.

Or maybe, she could be pretending too.

I sighed, realizing that the issues are only getting more complicated.

"I'm just wondering how he could suddenly speak now. He had been deceiving us for such a long time now." Luna Grace spoke again, her

tone filled with deep wonder. "And how in the world did he acquire the same voice as my son's?"

"That's what I'm also confused about." I replied.

Luna Grace shook her head, her face in deep thought until she turned even more serious.

"I've actually heard of a similar thing that happened. And it was done for evil deeds too." She said grimly.

"How did it happen?" I asked, curiosity mingling with the dread inside me.

Luna Grace sighed, before she stared at me with a serious look on her face.

"Black magic."

I felt my blood run cold. Black magic was forbidden, it has been banned in the werewolf society for more than a century now. But if

Theodore had dabbled in it...

315

Dark

+50 Point

"When I was your age, there was someone in our pack who dared to resort to such forbidden things." She paused, her expression darkening

with the memory. "He was obsessed with a friend of mine, though she had already found her true mate. But his obsession... it consumed

him. He couldn't accept that she belonged to someone else."

I felt a chill as she continued, her words growing more deliberate.

"So, he turned to black magic—a dangerous and forbidden path. Using it, he tricked my friend into believing he was her mate. He altered his

appearance, his voice... everything. He became a perfect copy of my friend's true mate, just so he could be with her."

A shudder ran through me as her story unfolded.

"He pretended to be her mate?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

Luna Grace nodded, her eyes filled with a haunted sorrow.

"Yes. He used dark magic to deceive her, to take something that was never his. It was only by sheer luck that the truth came to light before

he could do irreparable damage." She sighed heavily, the weight of the memory pressing on her. "It was a lesson we all learned the hard

way. Black magic can twist reality in unimaginable ways. It destroys everything it touches."

Her words hung heavy in the air, and I could feel the dread creeping into my bones. The implications were terrifying. Could Theodore be

using the same kind of dark magic? Could this be why he was able to impersonate Xavier so perfectly?

I swallowed hard, my mind racing with the possibilities, wondering how far someone might go when consumed by hatred or obsession.

And then there was the incident from the past... Sophia's schemes. She had gone

to great lengths to make me believe Xavier was unfaithful, to make me think he was sleeping with her. It drove a wedge between us, tearing

at the bond we had, filling me with doubt and jealousy.

But now, as I pieced everything together, I realized there could have been more behind it. Theodore—the quiet one and who could possibly

be always lurking in the shadows—he could have been the mastermind all along. His hatred for Xavier, his thirst for revenge... it was possible

that he had orchestrated everything along with Sophia, pulling the strings from behind the scenes.

Perhaps it wasn't just Sophia's jealousy at play, but Theodore's vendetta as well. He could

have used deception and trickery to tear us apart, all while hiding in plain sight. The thought

of it made my skin crawl.