

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

HIDING 48

Different

ISABELLA'S POV

The air felt thick as soon as I locked eyes with Xavier. The loud pounding of my heart rang in my ears as we stayed in that deadlocked gaze. After a few seconds, I finally broke the contact,

glancing towards Lily when I noticed her moving slightly in Xavier's arms.

"It's late. Let's get the kids to bed," I murmured, not daring to look into his eyes anymore.

Xavier nodded silently, then led us toward a room just next to the master bedroom. Relief

washed over me, realizing that we were going to stay in a different room, though its proximity from our old room tugged at memories I wasn't ready to face. I pressed my lips together, pushing aside these thoughts and just focused on placing our luggage down.

Xavier gently laid Lily on the bed. She was still deep in sleep, but as soon as her head hit the pillow, she mumbled something that stopped my heart.

"Daddy..."

I stilled, not really expecting to hear Lily mumble that word, calling out for her father. I couldn't

help but feel quite complicated, not knowing how to react.

Xavier froze too. He was standing stiffly beside the bed. His back was facing me, so I couldn't

see his reaction.

Liam also approached the bed, peering at his sister, and without realizing it, I found myself

stepping closer as well, my eyes fixated on Lily. I noticed that a small frown creased her

forehead, and her face was flushed.

I immediately went to worried mode as I hurriedly placed my hand on her forehead to feel her

temperature, my worry spiking. Fortunately, her skin just felt warm but not alarming. A sigh of relief escaped me realizing that her fever was already gone.

"Mom, is sister fine?" Liam's asked in a soft tone beside me, still looking at his sister. I turned

to him, giving a reassuring smile.

"She's fine. She just needs rest." I smoothed his hair. "Are you sleepy?"

He shook his head quickly, but his eyes darted towards Xavier, a hint of shyness flashing on his face. I followed his gaze and saw Xavier watching us intently with an unreadable look on

his face.

"Does she need some medicine?" He asked in a low, deep tone. His strong, chiseled features

now carried a gentle and concerned look.

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I could feel a knot forming in my chest after hearing his worried tone, but then, I tried to set

aside those feelings first as I answered him.

"She already took it earlier," I said, my voice coming out steadier than I felt.

"Should I call Marina?" He asked once more. His voice was calm but there was a protective

edge to it.

I shook my head immediately. "No, I'm a healer myself. I've got it covered."

The words slipped out of my mouth naturally before I could stop them, which I immediately regretted. In the past, when I was still residing here in the Lunar Crescent Pack, I didn't have my healing abilities—at least, not like I do now.

My skills as a healer had developed after I arrived at the Bluemoon Pack where Raymond also

brought me to consult with a divine oracle. Now, revealing this so casually might spark more

questions than I was prepared to answer.

Xavier had already seen me use my abilities when I healed him, and I could tell he already had

his doubts and suspicion. However, I wasn't ready to explain everything to him. Especially not

now, when our identities as Urduvas are currently at stake.

There was a moment of silence. I noticed how his gaze deepened as he stared at me but to

my relief, he didn't press the further. Instead, he looked back at Lily, his face softening. His gaze lingered on Liam as well, and a small smile touched his lips.

"You must be tired from the trip," he said, turning to me. "I'll leave you to rest for the night first.

Something tugged deep inside me as I saw this gentler side of him, one that felt almost foreign. It was so different from the fierce, guarded man I remembered. His words, his actions

-everything felt more considerate now.

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak, as I glanced back at Lily and Liam. My heart stuttered

when I realized Xavier had moved towards our side, closer to us.

He stopped right in front of us, his tall frame looming, but his presence felt... more gentle. His eyes flickered between me and the children before he crouched down beside Liam.

My breath caught as I witnessed him reaching out to ruffle Liam's hair, a smile playing on his

lips.

"Goodnight, little guy," he said in a gentle tone.

Liam looked up at him, his face somewhat shy but he also had a silent happy look as he

responded back. "Goodnight... daddy."

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Different

My breath hitched, and I also saw how Xavier slightly stilled on his spot. I forced myself to

stay calm and composed, even though I was already feeling a surge of emotions rising on my

chest with their sudden interaction.

Xavier recovered quickly, his smile growing as he ruffled Liam's hair once more, chuckling

gently.

"I'm happy to hear you finally call me that." His tone was more light and gentle than earlier.

"I'll see you tomorrow, alright? Get some sleep first."

Liam nodded eagerly, his shyness now dissolving.

Xavier stood up, before his eyes met mine. I tried to ignore the loud pounding of my heart as I

forced myself to stare at him straight. He still had that soft and gentle glow on his features, but his gaze held warmth and something deeper that made my pulse quicken.

"Goodnight," he murmured.

The mate bond thrummed between us, alive and heavy with unspoken emotions. His gaze

remained on me, and after a few moments, I finally responded.

"Goodnight," I whispered back, my heart pounding in my ears.

I woke up early the next morning, the first rays of dawn barely lighting the room. Liam and Lily were still curled up beside me, sleeping soundly.

My mind had been restless all night, and I wasn't able to get some proper sleep. Being back here after so many years felt... strange. Surreal. As if I didn't belong here anymore.

I suddenly felt thirsty, so I quietly slipped from the bed and silently walked out of the room, not wanting to disturb the twins. The house was eerily silent, the dark shadows lingering in the hallways. The only sound that could be heard was the soft patter of my bare feet against the floor as I made my way towards the kitchen. I remembered it from yesterday—it was also still in its usual place, unchanged.

But as soon as I arrived there, I suddenly saw a figure who seems busy doing something inside. I immediately halted on my steps as soon as I realized who it was.

Xavier stood there, in front of the stove, wearing an apron and clearly focused on preparing a meal. The smell of something cooking filled the room, warm and inviting.

I froze, my throat tightening. I had never seen him cook before. Back then, he was always too busy with pack matters and we had other people to do the cooking and other chores. However, seeing him here now, in this quiet moment, felt oddly intimate.

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I wanted to turn around, to retreat before he noticed me, but my feet wouldn't move as if they were glued to the ground. And before I could decide what to do, Xavier suddenly spun around, his eyes locking with mine in an instant before his deep, husky voice rang in my ears.

"You're awake."