

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

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Xavier's mentor and Theodore

ISABELLA'S POV

I couldn't hold back the sense of curiosity I was feeling. It was the question that's been lingering in my mind and I've been wanting to ask since earlier.

Xavier stared at me, his eyes were deep and serious, but I didn't back down and also held his gaze, straight. At this moment, something was tugging at me, urging me to ask about the man I had treated, whose voice bore such a striking resemblance to his.

"He's the son of my mentor?" Xavier finally spoke, breaking the silence.

I raised a brow, his words taking me by surprise.

I didn't know Xavier had a mentor—at least, not as far as I was aware. But then, there was still so much about him that I didn't know, parts of his life he had kept hidden from me which neither of us bother to discuss in the past.

My surprise must have shown, because he immediately started explaining, as though he felt the need to clarify.

"When I was young, I had a mentor." He began in a steady tone. "He was one of my father's closest comrades, but was not from this pack."

I stayed quiet, listening closely but not really expecting that he would explain everything by detail.

"He was the alpha of a fallen pack. A rogue attack wiped out most of his members, his pack totally. My father offered him a place here, even willing to accept him into our pack, but his pride wouldn't allow it." He paused then sighed afterward.

"He refused to become a member of another pack. Still, he and his son stayed here as guests.

In exchange for their stay, he volunteered to train me."

I slowly nodded, taking in his words. But then, I was still boggled by confusion as to why he had the same voice as his mentor's son. Was it be really just a coincidence, or was there

something more to it?

"His name is Theodore. I'm older than him, and I always thought of him as a younger brother."

Xavier continued explaining, while I remained listening to him. "When my mentor passed away, he entrusted me to look after Theodore."

There was a subtle shift in Xavier's voice—a sadness that wasn't usually there. At that

moment, I realized how it took him a lot of courage to speak like this, to let me in on

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something that was clearly personal to him.

I wasn't aware of this part of his life. I had grown up on the outskirts of the Lunar Crescent

Pack, far away from the main area. I knew had missed out on many of the events that

happened in this pack. And this story... this piece of his history... explained why I hadn't known.

about Xavier's mentor or Theodore.

"In the past, Theodore wasn't very social," Xavier added, his voice low. "He didn't make friends.

easily. He mostly kept to himself, only showing up for work. He was a patrol guard, so you

probably haven't met him. He avoided gatherings and didn't like being around people."

Xavier stared at me with an intent look after he said that.

"I see... So that's it." I muttered after a few moments of silence.

The air between us felt strange, charged with an unfamiliar tension. This kind of conversation

with him wasn't something I was used to. It felt... new. And I wasn't sure what to make of it,

though I could clearly hear the loud pounding of my heart ringing in my ears at this time.

The pack attendant finally returned and handed me a bottle of water. I accepted it, taking a long sip, though my throat wasn't dry. I needed something to distract myself, to shift my focus. But I couldn't shake the feeling of Xavier's gaze, still fixed on me, studying me.

"Thank you for treating him," Xavier said after a while. His voice now softer than usual.

I glanced at him briefly before looking away, pressing my lips. "It's what should be done."

Before either of us could continue, another pack attendant approached us. "Alpha, Miss

Isabella, Theodore has woken up."

My eyebrows shot up. Already? I had just finished treating him not too long ago. But then again, I remembered how quickly Xavier had recovered after I had treated his wounds back then. Perhaps Theodore's healing speed was similar.

"I'll go see him." I said, turning to Xavier. "Just to make sure everything's fine."

"I'll go with you." He replied.

As we entered the room, I saw Theodore struggling to sit up in bed. The pack attendant immediately moved to assist him, but Theodore's eyes shifted towards Xavier and me as we approached. For a moment, it looked like he was about to get out of bed, but Xavier spoke up,

his voice firm but not harsh.

"Spare the formalities. There's no need to greet us."

Theodore paused, then reluctantly settled back against the pillows. Watching the interaction between the two of them, I realized just how close they seemed. There was no strict

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alpha—member dynamic between the two of them. They were familiar, like brothers.

I didn't ponder on it deeper and just focus on the task at hand as I went towards Theodore's side, wanting to check his current condition.

As I approached, I noticed his sharp gaze on me, watching my every move. It was slightly unnerving, but I pushed through the discomfort.

"My name is Isabella," I introduced myself, my voice calm but professional. "I'm a healer, and

I'd like to check on your injuries."

Theodore didn't respond. Instead, his eyes flickered towards Xavier as if waiting for some

signal or permission. The silence stretched on, the tension in the room thickening.

I cleared my throat, trying to break the awkwardness as I finally asked him. "Are you feeling

any pain?"

Theodore turned his gaze back to me, but he remained silent. He just shook his head slightly,

the gesture almost too subtle to notice.

It was... odd. He hadn't said a single word since I entered the room. And as a healer, I needed

more than a headshake to understand his condition.

"If you're feeling any dull pain or burning sensation, I need to know. It's important that we

check for any residual issues to ensure a full recovery," I prompted, my tone gentle but firm.

This time, Theodore's eyes narrowed slightly, but again, he didn't speak. He pressed his lips together tightly, and after another long silence, I realized I wasn't going to get any verbal

response from him.

I blinked, unsure of what to do next. His silence felt deliberate, almost like he was refusing to

engage with me. Did I somehow offend him?

Before I could say anything else, Xavier stepped forward, his presence commanding but not

overbearing. "He says he's fine. He's not feeling any more pain now."

I blinked and turned towards him, my head tilting in confusion. Theodore hadn't said anything,

but Xavier had spoken up. Had they communicated through the pack's mind link? Why

wouldn't Theodore just tell me himself?

Xavier seemed to notice my face full of questioning when he suddenly suggested. "Let's leave

him alone first. Let's talk outside."

I didn't bother to argue as I followed him out of the room. Once we were outside, Xavier sighed heavily, turning to face me.

"It wasn't an act of disrespect, nor does he hold any prejudice against you. He didn't mean to

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do any of that." He spoke in a low tone.

I raised my eyes to meet his gaze, my face calm as I waited for him to explain.

Xavier pressed his lips together tightly and finally continued. But his following words suddenly

shook me to the core.

"He can't speak."