

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

HIDING 65

Claim

ISABELLA’S POV

My mind felt clouded while my whole body clung to Xavier’s. His touch was cool and electrifying, making me shiver from time to time. Yet, despite the coolness of his hands, an unbearable heat coursed through my body. It was too much, screaming at me to surrender, to let go and succumb to him completely.

At that moment, I craved him like nothing else. I wanted his touch everywhere. My wolf was purring inside, desperate to be claimed by our mate. I glanced up, meeting his eyes which was dark and intense, and flickering between green and black. The raw restraint in his gaze sent a jolt through me.

The loud pounding of my heart rang in my ears that I bet he should be also hearing it. The current pull of our mate bond was too strong, making me unable to resist.

“Xavier…” I whispered breathlessly, staring directly into his orbs. They looked so dark, intense, and dangerous. But instead of fear, I felt a thrill—an excitement so strong that it was all I could focus on.

My hands roamed across his chest, feeling the ripples of his muscles beneath my fingers. A low growl rumbled from deep within him, the vibration sending sparks down my spine. It only made me more eager.

Then I wrapped both my hands on his nape, pulling him closer as I stared at his eyes with parted lips.

“Mark me,” I whispered, my voice laced with desire and desperation. The heat surged again, making me tremble with both pain and desire.

Xavier’s body tensed, his muscles hardening under my touch. His gaze burned into mine, full of restraint and something darker, more dangerous.

“Are you sure about this?” His voice was a low, growling rasp, dripping with a dangerous edge that made my stomach flip.

I nodded, my throat too tight for words. I pressed myself closer to him, needing the contact to steady myself. His cool touch was the only thing keeping me from being consumed by the fire raging within my body.

“Isabella, I’m barely holding back.” He warned, his voice strained. Every inch of my body tingled in response, already too sensitive, too far gone to care about anything but him.

1/3

50 Point

Claim

“Tell me you’re not going to regret this.” He spoke, his tone almost breathless this time too.

He held my gaze, and I find myself slightly shaking my head as I responded.

“I won’t regret it,” I whispered, my voice barely audible.

His growl reverberated through his chest again, sending another wave of pleasure through me.

He remained silent after that, it felt forever that my body almost couldn’t bear the heat and pain surging throughout my nerves.

I pulled him closer to me, my hands circling his nape tightly as I looked at him, my eyes. blinking the tears.

“Xavier, please…”

Before I could finish speaking, his grip suddenly tightened around my waist, pulling me flush against him as his lips crashed into mine. His kiss was rough, desperate, and hungry. He bit

my lower lip, and I gasped, allowing his tongue to slip inside, exploring every corner of my mouth. I responded to his kisses eagerly, the taste of him overwhelming my senses.

But just as suddenly, he broke the kiss, leaving me panting. His lips trailed down my jaw, sending sparks along my skin, before his mouth found the sensitive spot on my neck. I tilted my neck, fully succumbing to his advances.

The next moment, I felt his tongue trace the most sensitive spot on my neck in a teasingly slow manner, making my body shiver with the overwhelming sensation. A moan escaped my lips as I shut my eyes tightly, anticipating his next move.

Then I felt it. His cold, sharp fangs grazing the same spot. My body quivered before I felt his sharp fangs finally pierce into my skin.

I gasped, gripping his arms with the sudden pain that shot through me. I tried to brace myself as the pain quickly gave way to a flood of pleasure. His chest then rumbled with low growls as

he withdrew his fangs, sucking on the spot to soothe the ache.

I trembled, my body weak with the intensity of it all. He kissed the mark he had left on me, his lips trailing back up to my jaw, and then he whispered in my ear, his voice rough and possessive.

“You’re mine.”

A sharp burst of light filtered through my eyelids, making me squint even though my eyes

were still closed. My head pounded as I finally forced my eyes open, only to be greeted by the familiar ceiling of my bedroom. I tried to move, but my limbs felt heavy, as if they were

2/3

Claim

50 Points

weighed down, and I was sore all over. The most prominent ache came from a spot on my neck.

Before I could fully gather my bearings, a shadow suddenly moved in front of me, and the scent I knew all too well filled my senses.

“You’re awake.”

My heart skipped a beat at the sound of Xavier’s voice. Then I realized he was standing by the bed, bathed in the soft morning light, which made him appear almost gentle. My breath caught in my throat as I noticed how his gaze towards me looked much different now. It was deeper, more intense, as if he was looking straight into my soul.

I couldn’t find my voice immediately. The events of the night before suddenly started to flood back inside my mind, hazy yet clear enough. I remembered the heat I suffered, the danger of losing control, Alexander’s attack… and then Xavier. But what stood out the most was that he had marked me.

I couldn’t be mistaken. The lingering soreness on a spot in my neck was a proof that it all happened.

I swallowed hard, instinctively touching that area on my neck. It was real. The slight throbbing in my flesh told me it wasn’t a dream.

Xavier’s eyes darkened as he watched me, his gaze unreadable. Then, he stepped closer, his voice soft but firm.

“Does it hurt?”