

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

HIDING 69

Worry

ISABELLA’S POV

The sky had turned dark when we finished the deed, and the burning feeling in my cheeks still hasn’t subsided ever since earlier. I just got out of the shower, and the soreness in my thigh was still evident – a reminder of what had just transpired between us.

“Does it hurt?”

Xavier’s voice, smooth yet teasing, broke the silence. He was sprawled on the bed, his gaze following me as I limped, and a lazy, knowing smile tugged at his lips.

I shot him a look, pressing my lips together in slight annoyance. He was the one who caused this! But then, I couldn’t really GET mad. The tenderness in his eyes softened my heart, even as my body ached. His gaze was intense, but it was laced with something deeper that sent my pulse racing faster.

My eyes drifted down to his bare chest, the sight of the still-fresh wound made my breath catch. It was a deep cut, no longer bleeding but still horrifying to look at.

“What happened?” My voice came out softer than I intended, betraying the concern bubbling

inside me as I limped over to him.

Xavier shifted on the bed, his eyes never leaving mine. When I was nearer to him, he found the opportunity to grasp my hand, his fingers were warm on my skin as he pulled me to sit beside him. This time, I didn’t resist and let him. As new as everything felt between us, it also felt

undeniably right.

“How did you get this wound?” I asked once more, my eyes fixed on the terrifying wound on

his chest.

He sighed, and I raised my eyes to look at him, only to catch the storm that darkened his eyes.

“I was ambushed.”

My heart sank. For a moment, I couldn’t even believe what I just heard from him. My lips parted in shock as I stared at him, dumbfounded.

“How… did that happen?” I whispered, my voice barely audible, the shock making my voice

tremble.

Xavier clenched his jaw, a flicker of anger flashing across his face. “The information I received that our pack was attacked was false. Someone deliberately set a trap for me on my way

back.”

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Worry

50 Point

The tightness in my chest grew unbearable as I processed what he was saying. Fear, worry, and disbelief swirled in a storm inside me, threatening to drown me. My fingers dug into the bedsheets, my knuckles turning white.

He was ambushed? My mind spun with horrifying images of what could have happened.

“I knew something was off beforehand, so I immediately called Lucas when the mind link was enabled as I got near the pack. He told me there was no attack.”

Xavier continued, his voice hardening. “Just after that, I got surrounded by rogues. I knew I was tricked. It was by luck that I was near the Blood Crane Pack. If you can remember, their Alpha is a close friend of mine, their warriors happened to be nearby, and they helped me during the attack.”

I couldn’t find the words to respond immediately, my throat felt tight as I processed his statement. Cold sweat broke on my back with the thought of him being surrounded by so many rogues, and the anxiousness in my heart grew.

I knew he was strong, but could he be compared to so many rogues all at once? What if there were no warriors who helped him during that time? I couldn’t get myself to imagine such worse scenarios, so I pressed my lips tightly, trying to shrug off those horrifying thoughts.

Then I was snapped out of my thoughts when I felt him hold my hand, the rough callouses on his palm squeezing my palm tightly.

“Don’t worry. I already made a plan to deal with it and figure out who’s the one behind this.” He

said, this time, his tone was much gentle and reassuring as he held my hand in his palm, his

eyes looking at me deeply.

I took a sharp breath, still couldn’t get over the cold feeling in my heart after knowing what happened to him. How could I not even worry?

The wound on his chest still hadn’t fully healed, and the thought of him risking his life again made my stomach twist painfully. I tore my gaze away from his face, staring at the angry red gash slashing across his skin. It was obviously a claw mark.

“Why didn’t you get yourself treated first?” I asked, my voice sharper than I intended.

“It’s not that serious.”

His response made me frown even more. My head snapped up, and I glared at him, anger

momentarily replacing my fear. “It’s deep, and it hasn’t even healed properly.”

He sighed, but a ghost smile was pasted on his lips as he pulled me even closer to him. The

warmth of his skin seeped into mine, making my heartbeat quicken despite my irritation.

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Worry

“Are you worried about me?” he murmured, his breath ghosting over my ear.

I pressed my lips tightly, his teasing tone made me feel a complicated mix of emotions inside me. I have never seen this side of him in the past, but I refused to give in to his teasing tone.

But then, he spoke again.

“I needed to get back to you.” His expression grew more serious now as his eyes locked with mine. “To you and the kids. I had a feeling that I wasn’t the one whom those rogues were entirely targeting.”

My blood ran cold at his sudden words. The fear and anxiousness started crawling back. inside me as I looked back to him, straight, my heart pounding nervously, louder and faster.

“Why do you mean?” I asked, my voice low and uncertain.

Xavier’s jaw tightened. “I think it wasn’t me they were after. Half of the rogues fled as soon as they realized I was alone. They seemed to be finding someone and when they didn’t, they never really dared to fight me head on.”

My palms turned clammy. Judging by his statement, it indeed seemed that those rogues were indeed not directly targeting him. My mind buzzed with frantic thoughts, realizing the possibility that it could be me and the kids they were after. The very idea made my heart race faster, fear wrapping its cold fingers around me, squeezing until I could barely breathe.

“I needed to make sure you and the kids were safe, so I immediately rushed back here--”

Xavier suddenly coughed before he could even finish speaking. The sound was deep and strained as it cut through the room. His face contorted briefly, as if he was just holding back the pain.

My eyes snapped back to the wound on his chest. It hadn’t healed at all. I clenched my fists. as a new wave of worry washed over me.

He stopped coughing after a few moments, but I shifted closer to him, deciding to treat his

wounds.

“Don’t worry, I’m fine.”

I pressed my lips tightly when he said that. I knew that concern was already etched on my face, and he obviously can see it. But I couldn’t care less about showing my emotions this time around, my priority was to treat his wounds first.

“Stop moving.” I ordered him, my voice serious as I stared directly in his eyes. “I’ll treat your

wounds.”

He leaned back on the headboard, following my orders and not really moving. But his eyes

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+50 Peint

Worry

followed my every movement. I held his palm into mine, knowing clearly what healing

technique I should use to treat such deep wounds on his chest.

But his teasing smile made me stop for a moment.

“You want to hold hands with me?”

I narrowed my eyes at him, although something inside me stirred hearing such a teasing tone.

from him, But then, I hardened my heart. I was still feeling somewhat upset with how he neglected his own well being and didn’t even get his wounds treated first.

He went silent when I didn’t reply, but I didn’t fail to notice the soft and gentle smile on his lips

as he continued staring at me. I looked down, not wanting to stare into his teasing gaze anymore as I focused on treating his wounds.

Slowly, I gathered my internal energy. A faint, golden light began to glow from my palm,

spreading as it began to flow up towards his chest. The light flowed from me into him, soft

and warm, healing the torn flesh inch by inch. I kept my eyes on the wound, refusing to look at

his face, though I could feel his eyes on me, heavy and unreadable.

After a few moments, the wound finally closed, leaving only a faint scar. And just as I was

about to pull away, Xavier’s fingers tightened around mine, refusing to let go.

My breath hitched, and I finally looked up, only to find him staring at me with a deep, unreadable expression.

“I’ve never seen a healing technique like this before,” he said quietly, his eyes searching mine.

My heart skipped a beat, clearly knowing where this was headed to.

“How did you get this ability?”

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