

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

HIDING 73

Note

ISABELLA'S POV

"Alpha has ordered the place to be renovated. It's more spacious now, and we've added the most advanced equipment." Jane explained enthusiastically as we wandered around the pack

clinic.

I walked alongside her and Seinna, taking in the sight of the newly modernized space. It was

my first time back in this area since... well, everything. The changes were unmistakable—the place felt cleaner, more efficient, but also a little foreign to me realizing so much had already

changed.

After our brief tour, the three of us made our way outside, our conversation shifting to lighter

topics as we walked through the pack grounds. We were laughing at one of Jane's jokes when suddenly, Seinna winced, her hand pressing gently against her stomach.

"Seinna?" I asked, concern already lacing into my voice.

She was seven months pregnant now and her belly was round and protruding. The sight of her discomfort immediately triggered memories of my own pregnancy with Liam and Lily-

moments of tenderness but also with deep, unrelenting fatigue.

Seinna waved us off with a tired smile, though a small furrow of pain marred her brow. "Don't worry, I'm fine. This happens from time to time."

I nodded, understanding too well what she meant. The physical toll of carrying a life inside of you was something I knew intimately—no one else could truly understand unless they had been through it. The sharp aches, the fatigue that seemed to settle into your bones, and the constant worry that something might go wrong. It was exhausting, both physically and

mentally.

"You should head home and rest," I told her gently. "Don't push yourself too hard."

Seinna didn't argue and instead nodded gratefully. "Alright. I'll head back first."

As Seinna left, Jane turned to me.

"How about you, Luna?" She asked.

I exhaled softly, brushing off the title. I wasn't fully accepted back into this pack as a Luna, at least not in any official capacity. Jane had grown used to calling me that—despite my protests

-and after a while, I had simply stopped correcting her.

"I'm going to check on the kids too," I replied.

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We parted ways, and I took the familiar path that led back toward the house. The walk was peaceful, with the late afternoon sun casting a soft glow over the pack grounds. A few pack members greeted me as I passed, their faces friendly, and I returned their greetings with a small nod or smile.

But as I rounded a corner, something caught my attention. A small group of women stood a

little distance away, talking in hushed voices. At first, I thought nothing of it—just casual

gossip—but then I overheard a name that made my steps falter.

"I heard that Sophia's pregnant." One of them whispered.

"What? Really?" Another gasped in shock.

"Yeah. And Can you believe the timing?" A third voice chimed in, dripping with sarcasm. "She's

been locked in the dungeons for weeks. Who knows if the Alpha even plans to release her?"

"But what if he does? She's pregnant, after all..."

"She deserves what she got—pregnant or not. I heard she committed a serious crime."

Their words echoed in my head, each one hitting me like a punch to the gut. Sophia was pregnant?

My heart stopped, my mind going blank as the world seemed to narrow down to that one

devastating revelation. Pregnant. Sophia was pregnant. I stood there, frozen in place, unable

to move or breathe for a few seconds. My chest tightened with an overwhelming wave of

emotions—shock, disbelief, anger, and... fear.

The women finally noticed me, their voices cutting off abruptly as they stiffened and turned to

my direction. Their faces paled as they realized I had overheard them.

"Miss Isabella," one of them murmured awkwardly, offering a stiff greeting.

I forced a tight smile, quickly regaining my composure.

"Excuse me," I muttered, walking away before they could see how shaken I was. My mind was

still reeling, spinning wildly as I tried to process the news.

Sophia was pregnant...

The thought wouldn't stop. It wrapped itself around my heart, squeezing tight until I could

hardly think straight. Who was the father? The question tore through me, my stomach twisting painfully at the thought. Could it be... Xavier?

But then, I shook my head vigorously.

No. I had faith in Xavier now. Our past—where I mistakenly believed Sophia was his first love-

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50 Points

felt like a distant memory. And we had already worked through that. I trust him now. Besides, Sophia had a mate of her own. Theodore.

But still... why now? Why did it have to be now, of all times, when things were finally starting to settle down?

Sophia had caused so much chaos, so much pain. She had schemed, manipulated, and nearly torn my world apart. And yet, now she carried a child. An innocent life growing inside her. The baby wasn't responsible for any of this. However, the timing felt like another cruel twist of fate.

I was so lost in my spiraling thoughts that I didn't even notice the figure approaching me until he was almost in front of me. I blinked, snapping out of my daze, only to see... Theodore.

His face was as unreadable as ever, cold and detached. But something about his presence immediately set me on edge.

Sophia was pregnant, and perhaps he was the father.

A cold shiver ran down my spine at the thought. Theodore and Sophia were mates, after all. But then... there was something else, something I couldn't shake. The memory of seeing Theodore with that cloaked figure. The voice—the voice that had sounded so eerily like Xavier's. He had spoken then. I was sure of it. But everyone, including Xavier, swore that Theodore couldn't speak. So why was he pretending?

His presence made me uneasy. He just didn't feel... right. There was something about him as

if there's something dark lurking beneath the surface.

As he stood there, his cold eyes boring into mine, I felt a wave of wariness wash over me.

He didn't say anything, of course. He only stared at me for a long, tense moment before

bowing his head slightly and walking past me, his movements looked somewhat stiff and

mechanical.

I turned, watching him walk away, my eyes narrowing in suspicion.

Something really feels off about him. He must be hiding something...

I was about to head back to the house when something caught my eye—a small, folded piece of paper lying on the ground, just a few inches away from my feet. I glanced around, realizing no one else was near and Theodore had been the only person who passed by.

Curiosity gnawed at me as I bent down and picked up the paper. As I unfolded it, my pulse

quickened and my hands turned cold when I realized that it was a brief note.

"I need to tell you something. Meet me at Tael Alley tonight at 9 p.m. Don't tell Xavier."