

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

HIDING 79

Provocation

ISABELLA’S POV

I walked down the dark hallway, my footsteps echoing off the grimy walls. The air was thick with dust, mingling with the stench of rot and blood that lingered in my nostrils. It was early afternoon, yet the sunlight outside, blazing and brilliant, seemed entirely cut off from this place, as if the darkness swallowed it whole.

Every step I took felt heavier, burdened by the tension tightening in my chest. The cells were just ahead, and I could already feel the weight of gazes tracking my approach. Different eyes- watchful, hateful, desperate–followed my movements like predators waiting for a sign of weakness.

“She’s there,” one of the guards said, pointing toward a dimly lit cell.

I didn’t react at first. My gaze followed his finger, landing on the huddled figure lying on the ground.

Sophia.

I moved slowly, ignoring the eyes of the other prisoners–women who had likely lost their minds in this place. My attention was solely on Sophia. One of the guards kicked the bars of her cell, causing the clanging sound to reverberate through the dungeon.

“Wake up!” he bellowed, his voice cold and devoid of pity.

Sophia stirred, her movements sluggish, as if waking from a deep slumber. Her head then lifted slowly, her eyes bleary at first, but then sharpened with awareness.

“What?” she snarled at the guard, her voice dripping with defiance despite the hoarse roughness in her tone.

Her appearance was shocking–disheveled hair, hollowed cheeks, and eyes that had lost their cruel gleam, replaced by something more desperate. She had only been locked up for a little over two weeks, but the change in her was stark.

But I didn’t feel pity. Not for her.

“You’re here,” she said, her voice colder now, eyes narrowing dangerously as they locked on me. Even though she remained slumped on the ground, her gaze was venomous, filled with the rage of a caged beast.

I held her stare, unflinching. Then, without a word, I turned to the guard. “Bring her out.”

1/4

+50 Painti

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The guard hesitated but then nodded afterwards, motioning to his partner to unlock the cell. Sophia was yanked roughly to her feet, and her glare intensified.

I didn’t bother to look at her anymore as I turned on my steps to walk out of this place.

“Are you going to deal with that b***h?” A sudden voice called out from a nearby cell, momentarily stopping me in my tracks. I glanced over and saw another prisoner leaning against the bars, her eyes gleaming with cruel curiosity.

“Get her done with,” the prisoner sneered. “She’s been a pain in the ass in here.”

Before I could respond, I heard Sophia growl, “You’re the b***h here!”

“Shut up!” the guard snapped, slamming his baton against the bars.

I ignored the exchange and continued walking out of the suffocating dungeon. The smell, the filth–it was as though the air itself had been tainted by the misery trapped within these walls, and it felt suffocating.

Once outside, I walked toward the woods that bordered the dungeon. There were pack warriors on duty around, but it was a much more ideal place compared to the prying eyes and ears inside the pack dungeons.

“Where the hell are you taking me?” Sophia’s voice, sharp and furious, reached my ears from behind. The guards dragged her closer to where I had stopped beneath the shade of the trees.

“You...” she spat, as the guards released her roughly onto the ground. “What do you want from me?” Her eyes burned with hatred, as if willing me to dissolve under her gaze.

I met her glare with calm indifference, then motioned to the guards. “Leave us.”

The two guards exchanged uncertain glances. “But–”

“I can handle her,” I said firmly. “Leave us alone.”

Once the two guards left, Sophia laughed, the sound bitter and mocking. “You’re so full of yourself, Isabella. You really think you can handle me?”

I stepped closer towards her, my voice deadly calm as I finally threw her a glance. “Yes, I do.”

The smile vanished from her face for a split second before she replaced it with her usual scorn. “You’re confident now because you’ve got Xavier behind you, huh?”

“Yes,” I said, meeting her sneer with an unshaken stare. “But more importantly, I’m confident in myself. No one can stop me from doing what needs to be done.”

She raised a brow, the mockery still dancing in her eyes. “And what, exactly, do you plan to do?”

2/4

+50 Point:

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A chuckle escaped my lips. “Why should I tell you? You didn’t bother telling me when you were plotting against me. Why should I offer you the courtesy?”

Her smile grew colder. “Oh, so now you’re trying to act smart. Was it my fault you were too stupid to see what was happening until now?”

My jaw tightened, but I held her gaze, unfazed. This was a game of provocation, and I wasn’t about to let her win.

“Thanks to you,” I said, my voice soft but cutting, “I’ve learned a lot. In fact, I know more now than you think.”

Sophia’s smile faltered, but she quickly recovered, her pride intact. “It took you long enough.”

“Maybe,” I said, crossing my arms casually. “But what matters is that I was able to discover some important details.”

She leaned forward, her eyes narrowing into slits. “And what might that be, Isabella? Please enlighten me.”

I let the silence hang in the air for a moment, letting her anticipation build. Then, I returned her smirk with a smile before finally opening my mouth to speak.

“That you’re not pregnant. And you never were.”

Sophia froze. The color instantly draining from her face while her hands clenched into fists at her sides. For a fleeting moment, I saw the flicker of panic in her eyes before it was masked by

fury.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” she hissed, her voice trembling with barely contained rage.

I stepped closer, lowering my voice. “Oh, I think I do. You’ve been lying to everyone. You thought you could use that fake pregnancy to manipulate Xavier and the pack? But it’s over now.”

Her breathing quickened, her chest rising and falling with the effort to control her temper.

“You’re making this up,” she said through gritted teeth.

“Am I?” I raised an eyebrow, a cold smile playing on my lips. “If I’m wrong, then why are you so scared?”

Sophia’s face twisted into a snarl, but I could see the fear lurking beneath her fury. She opened her mouth to retort, but no words came out.

“You’re not pregnant,” I repeated, my voice a mere whisper now, but each word striking like a blow.

3/4

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“And you don’t even have a mate.”

Celestial Muse

Hello, dear readers!

I sincerely apologize for the delay in updates. Life has been a bit hectic as I faced some account issues and heavy schoolwork. But I’m excited to say that I’m back and will be updating regularly from now on!

Thank you all so much for your patience, love, and unwavering support. It means the world to me! Stay tuned for more chapters coming your way soon!