

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

HIDING 82

The Bell

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THIRD PERSON’S POV

“You can’t do this to me, Xavier!” Sophia’s voice rang out, laced with desperation and disbelief.

Xavier stood tall and unyielding at the edge of the Lunar Crescent pack’s territory, his frame casting an imposing shadow that seemed to intensify his aura of authority. The two guards flanking Sophia pushed her roughly to her knees, forcing her to lower her gaze to the dirt.

Around them, pack members and warriors gathered in tense silence, watching.

“Xavier, please…” Sophia’s voice trembled, trying to appeal to whatever compassion she could

find in him. “For the sake of my brother’s-”

“For the sake of your brother, I’ve pardoned you far too many times,” Xavier interrupted, his

voice like ice, sharp and cold. His gaze hardened, his shoulders tensing as if preparing for

battle.

“I didn’t do anything!” Sophia cried, desperation bordering on hysteria. “I swear, Xavier… I

swear I didn’t-”

“Enough.” Xavier’s growl silenced her instantly, the rumble carrying a menace that sent shivers

through the crowd. His aura as an Alpha rolled off him in waves, making Sophia instinctively lower her head further, almost touching the ground.

The crowd murmured among themselves, gasps and whispers filling the air. Xavier then

turned to them with a voice that was steady, yet as cutting as the edge of a blade.

“Sophia Anderson has schemed and plotted, threatening the safety of this pack and even

putting my wife, your Luna’s life in danger.”

The gasps grew louder, mutterings of outrage rippling through the crowd. Pack members shot

glances of scorn at Sophia, whose shoulders trembled under the weight of their judgment.

“I didn’t…” she whispered, but her voice was weak, swallowed up by the low murmurs around

her.

“She’s still denying it in front of the Alpha?”

“After all she’s done? How shameless!”

Sophia’s gaze darted around, resentment and fury flashing in her eyes as she glared at those casting judgment on her. Yet her defiance crumbled when she met Xavier’s icy stare. His eyes

gleamed with a cold, dangerous light that made her shiver, fear clawing at her heart.

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This time, Xavier’s voice rang out once more, loud and resolute as he stared at her condesingly. “I, Alpha Xavier Knight, hereby banish you, Sophia Anderson, from my pack, the Lunar Crescent Pack, as punishment for all your wrongdoings.”

Sophia’s eyes widened, her disbelief morphing into horror as she processed his words. But before she could form a response, a wave of excruciating pain coursed through her body, feeling as though her very soul was being torn from her flesh. She crumpled to the ground, a scream tearing from her throat.

The pack members watched in grim satisfaction, some with disgust, others with visible relief that justice was finally being served. To them, Sophia had long overstepped her bounds, and now she was finally facing the consequences.

Xavier stared at Sophia’s form with an impassive expression, his gaze as cold as steel. The bond connecting her to his pack snapped, leaving him with a sense of grim satisfaction. But it wasn’t enough—not after everything she had done to threaten his family, especially Isabella.

“From this moment forward, you are forbidden to set foot in this pack’s territory,” Xavier declared, his tone dripping with finality as he looked down at her trembling form.

“Banishment is too lenient,” someone whispered in the crowd.

“She should pay for her crimes with her life,” another murmured darkly.

Sophia lay there, motionless, her mind whirling with anger, humiliation, and despair. She could feel the weight of the pack’s disdain pressing down on her, suffocating her spirit. The guards then yanked her up roughly, forcing her to stand and face the scornful stares of those around her. But her gaze, filled with venom, fixed back on Xavier.

“You’ll regret this,” she spat, her voice hoarse yet laced with malice.

Xavier’s expression remained unchanged, his gaze steely. Just then, a woman’s voice broke

the tense silence.

“My son has done you a great favor by sparing your life,” Luna Grace’s voice was firm and unyielding as she arrived at the scene, her eyes glinting with fierceness. “Were it up to me, death would be too kind as a punishment for you.”

Isabella stood beside Luna Grace, her expression equally resolute. Her gaze met Xavier’s for a

brief moment, a silent exchange passing between them, before she turned her attention back

to Sophia. Sophia’s face twisted with hatred as she looked at Isabella who had just arrived.

“Isabella…” Sophia sneered, her eyes dark and filled with contempt.

Isabella remained calm, her expression unflinching. It was her cold indifference that seemed

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+10 Point

to sting Sophia more than anything else. Sophia’s face contorted in anger as she ground out her words.

“We’re not done yet, Isabella. Mark my words.”

Isabella raised an eyebrow, her voice a quiet, steely retort. “Yes, we’re really far from done, Sophia. I’m just getting started.”

Sophia let out a bitter laugh, mad and mocking. “You think you can do anything to me? You were so easily fooled before, Isabella. What power do you have?”

The sound of growl rumbled off from Xavier, his Alpha aura intensifying, casting a menacing chill over the crowd. Even stripped of her pack ties, Sophia still couldn’t fully escape an Alpha’s power. But despite the intimidation, she gave him a defiant smirk, her gaze shifting provocatively between him and Isabella.

But then, Isabella stepped forward, closer to her.

“If I can’t do anything to you,” Her gaze was cold and piercing, “then perhaps she can.”

After saying that, a gust of wind suddenly whipped through the clearing. Leaves rustled, and the air grew cold, carrying an unsettling energy before an eerie sound of a bell echoed, deep and resonant, sending an involuntary shiver through the crowd.

The sound had an immediate effect on Sophia, who clutched her head, writhing as a new wave of pain washed over her. She collapsed to her knees, screaming, her hands pressed tightly against her ears.

“S—stop! Stop it!”

Isabella looked down at her, her expression unmoved, there was chilling detachment in her gaze. She wasn’t looking for satisfaction—she was simply ensuring justice was served.

The bell’s haunting chime continued, leaving the pack members murmuring in confusion, exchanging nervous glances. Only three people present around—Xavier, Luna Grace, and Isabella—knew the true purpose of that sound and the power it invoked.

Isabella turned to Xavier, their gazes locking. With a single nod, she signaled it was time. As if on cue, a woman’s deep, ominous voice echoed through the air, laced with dark intent.

“To lose the mind, to drown in pain, to be cast out and never return to this pack.”

The words seemed to reverberate in the very bones of those present, as if a spell had been

cast. Sophia’s body convulsed, her screams fading into hoarse gasps as the toll of her

punishment settled upon her.

Then, a shadowy figure emerged from the edge of the woods—a cloaked woman, her form

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obscured except for the glint of cold, sharp eyes beneath her hood. The air grew even colder,

and an aura of dread followed her as she approached.

Sophia’s trembling figure on the ground looked up at the hooded figure with terror in her eyes,

all defiance and venom in her gaze gone. Her lips moved soundlessly as if begging, but no

words came out.

The woman reached out a hand and pointed at her, her voice like ice. “You brought this upon yourself, woman. May you wander, forever cursed and alone.”

With a final, haunting chime of the bell, the figure retreated into the shadows, and Sophia was dragged, screaming and wailing, away from the pack’s borders, vanishing into the forest’s

depths.

A silence fell over the clearing, only broken by the murmurs of the pack members and the ustle of leaves in the chill wind as the last trace of Sophia’s presence faded.