

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 101

I don't want to behave hastily but I've been trying to concentrate on everything else other than finding my daughter because I trusted that Astor was going to bring her back to me but that trust has dwindled.

I swallowed hard, the taste of fear like ash in my mouth. My thumb hovered over Kyle's name on the screen. This was it. No more waiting, no more agonizing. I had to do this.

I pressed the call button. My heart hammered against my ribs in the silence of my kitchen. It rang once, twice before he answered and then his voice, cold and sharp, cut through the air.

"I hate being bothered," Kyle said, his tone flat, "but I'll let it slide because it's you. What do you want?"

His voice was like a punch to my gut. The man who had taken my daughter, speaking to me as if I was the inconvenience. I gripped the phone tighter trying to calm my nerves. "You know what I want," I choked out, my voice barely a whisper. My throat felt tight, as if a fist was stuck in.

A low chuckle came from his end. It wasn't a sound of happiness, but of cruel satisfaction." I'm glad you've finally decided to take the initiative, Faith. To do the right thing for your daughter."

A single, hot tear escaped my eye, tracing a path down my cheek. The sheer nerve of him, talking about 'the right thing.' I furiously wiped it away with the back of my hand. No. I wouldn't cry. Not now. I have to be strong.

"What do you want?" I asked, my voice firmer this time, though it still trembled slightly. "Tell me what you want, and I'll do it. For my daughter's sake." The words felt like poison on my tongue, but I pushed them out.

"Good girl," Kyle purred, and I cringed. "Meet me. North side of the pack territory. In an hour and you better be there, Faith. It may be your only chance to get your daughter back."

"I'll be there," I agreed, the words leaving my lips before I could even think. It was a reflex, a desperate promise.

He hung up, the line going dead with a click and my whole body sagged with a mix of relief and pure terror.

I promised myself, right there and then, that I had to be strong. I can do this by myself and I knew Kyle was playing mind games.

He always did. But my purpose for seeing him was clear, I needed to find out how Alice was connected to this whole nightmare. I also knew this could be a trap. He could kidnap me. He could do much, much worse. But I had no choice.

I took a deep breath, pushing the fear down, deep inside where it couldn't paralyze me. The first thing I did was make Marco a warm breakfast. Pancakes, his favorite. I tried to act normal, humming a little tune as I flipped them, but inside, my stomach twisted into knots. After he ate, I helped him get dressed for the morning, buttoning his little shirt, tying his shoelaces. Each touch felt like a goodbye.

As he was playing, I quickly pulled out my phone and sent a text to Mr. and Mrs. Gable. I kept it short. Just instructions on what to do if they didn't hear from me by tomorrow morning. Astor might be Marco's father, but he was still a stranger to my son. In case something happened to me, I needed to know Marco would be safe, protected by people he knew and loved. The thought alone made my hands shake again, but I forced them steady.

Then, I took Marco with me to the packhouse. I didn't have anyone I truly trusted in the pack, no close friends I could leave him with.

So I took him to the pack orphanage. The people who worked with the children there were kind and loving. Marco would be safe, distracted and playing happily with the other kids for a few hours.

We walked in, and the sound of children laughing filled the air. Marco's eyes lit up, and he immediately spotted some children playing. I knelt down, pulling him into an extra warm hug, holding him just a little bit tighter than usual. I kissed his cheek, lingering for a moment, trying to memorize the feel of his soft skin against my lips. He didn't suspect anything, just giggled and squirmed, eager to go play. "Mommy will be back soon, sweetie," I whispered, forcing a smile. He nodded, gave me a quick squeeze back, and then ran off, disappearing into the joyful chaos of the playroom.

I watched him for a second longer, a lump forming in my throat. Then, I turned and practically snuck away, trying to go unnoticed.

I kept my guard up, taking the less used paths, darting between trees, making sure no one was following me. The North side of the pack territory was always quiet, often forgotten because it was an overgrown forests and rocky outcrops. It was the perfect place for a secret, dangerous meeting.

But Pack patrol was everywhere because everyone was alert ever since the bodies where dumped in our pack with no explanation.

The air grew colder as I walked, the trees thicker. Finally, I pushed through some of the tangled branches and stopped. He was there.

Kyle stood by an old oak tree, his back to me at first, then slowly turning. His hands were tucked into his pockets, a casual stance that mocked the storm raging inside me. His eyes, cold and unreadable, met mine across the small clearing.

My heart pounded, a frantic drum against the silence. This conversation. It would either end with me dead, or with me finally getting my daughter back. There was no other way this could go.

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"I knew you'd come," he said, and the certainty in his voice grated on my nerves. He knew I was going to dance to his tune, always.

I didn't answer. What was there to say? He didn't deserve an answer, not after everything he'd put me through. Not when he did to my daughter.

He chuckled, a sound that sent a shiver down my spine. "If you're going to come with an attitude like that, Faith," he drawled, "it seems you're not really willing to get your daughter back."

I forced my lips into a smile "Is that okay?" I asked, my voice sweet as poison.

His eyes, dark and knowing, held mine. He stepped a little closer, and I instinctively stiffened. "It's okay," he said, his gaze lingering on my face. "Because I actually like you. That's why I'll let it slide."

My fake smile vanished, replaced by a frown. "Why are you doing all of this?" I demanded, I genuinely need to know and most of all I want him to tell me if Alice is involved.

"This isn't just about 'liking' me, Kyle. You're obsessed. There's more to it, isn't there?"

He tilted his head, that infuriating smirk returning. "Maybe you just don't believe you're good enough to have a man fighting for you, Faith. Your own mate is certainly incapable of doing it."

The words hit me hard, a cold, sharp stab right in the chest. Deep down, they sank in, twisting something inside me. It hurt because part of me resonated with the sentiment.

I straightened my shoulders, forcing my expression blank.

I'm paying. I am paying the price for whatever is leading you to do this and I want to know what it is." I asked because I deserve to know why I'm being punished.

“this is not about me but I really want to know what it’s about.” I was taking a wild guess but the look on his face told me that I wasn’t far from the truth.

He shrugged, casually, as if we were discussing the weather. “Maybe that’s a conversation you should have with your father, your father-in-law, and your mate.”

My confusion was instant and sharp. My head snapped back. “Why?” I practically yelled. I need whatever he said to be some kind of a joke because my family cannot be involved in whatever is wrong with him.

“Why are you telling me to ask them? You’re a coward, Kyle! if you have the courage to do this to me then you should be man enough to tell me the reason yourself!”

His eyes narrowed, a flicker of something dark in their depths. “Will you be able to handle the truth, Faith?”

Nerves settled in my stomach, coiling tight. This was bigger than I thought. Much bigger. And the mention of my father, my father-in-law, and Astor. My mind raced, putting together pieces of a puzzle I didn’t want to solve.

I expected Alice but not them.

“I have handled bigger truths than that,” I shot back with my voice laced with venom. “You are keeping my daughter wherever she is. I haven’t even seen her face. I deserve to know why this is happening to me. Why I am paying for a crime I don’t even know I committed!” I leaned forward, my hands clenching into fists, frustration and fear brining in me. “Tell me! What crime am I paying for?”

Kyle’s gaze was piercing, digging into my very soul. “It’s a story that happened more than two decades ago,” he said with ease and calmness sitting back on the branch. “What do you know about the Fallen Pack?”

I frowned, racking my brain. The Fallen Pack. The name brought back old whispers, half-forgotten stories from my childhood. “The Fallen Pack...” I trailed off, shrugging my head. “That pack has become a myth over the years. So much has been said about it that no one knows what’s true or false anymore. But the known fact is, it was massacred over two decades ago.” I said because that’s genuinely the only thing I know about it.

But rumor has it that it was done by a group of Alphas who came together. They decided to put an end to the pack because its Alpha was a very bad man, doing very bad things. The only option left was to do what was done. But it was immoral. Innocent people lost their lives. Innocent kids. Adults.” A wave of sadness washed over me. Even as a child, the story had made my blood run cold. There was no justification for such an act.

Kyle laughed, a harsh, mocking sound that echoed in the room, making my skin crawl. “You, like everybody else, have forgotten,” he said, his eyes glittering with something dangerous. “But I will make everybody remember what happened.”

“Why are you asking about the Fallen Pack?” I pressed, ignoring his frightening words. My focus was still on my child, on the reason for all this pain. “The only thing I’m concerned about is my daughter. What’s the connection, Kyle?”

He stood tall but there was a subtle shift in his posture, in his very presence. His eyes, fixed on mine, held a cold, burning intensity that chilled me to the bone. “You are looking at the heir of the Fallen Pack.”

The words hit me like a physical blow, stealing the air from my lungs. My jaw dropped, my mind reeling. “What?” I gasped, shaking my head in disbelief. “That’s impossible! Nobody survived! People who went there after it happened said everything was burned to the ground, including the people! There’s no way you survived! How...?”

He finished the sentence for me, his voice a low growl, filled with venom. “Your father, their friends and allies and your father-in-law killed everybody. And most of all, they killed my father. My family.”

My world tilted, spun violently. My blood ran cold, then hot with utter disbelief. My father? My father was involved? No, that couldn’t be right. “No way,” I whispered, shaking my head vehemently, tears stinging my eyes. There’s no way my father was involved. The people who did that, had to be the most evil people in the world. They didn’t leave anyone alive! There is no justification for what was done to that pack”

Kyle gave me a taunting smile, a cruel twist of his lips that made my stomach churn. “Oh, your father was very much involved. And if you don’t believe me, why don’t you go and ask him? Or better yet, why don’t you go and ask your mate?”

My mind screamed. No way Astor knew this. He couldn’t. He couldn’t be part of something so monstrous. It was impossible.

“All along,” Kyle continued, his voice dripping with accusation, “you have been calling me a monster. While the real monster is your own father.”

His words unwillingly brought me back to a conversation I had with my father. He told me he did something very bad in the past. In the back of my mind, a terrible, sickening sense of clarity began to form. It just made sense. But I couldn’t bring myself to believe it. How could he? How could my father do something like that? He may not have given me the love and attention I deserved, he may have been distant, but he couldn’t be that much of a monster. He couldn’t have killed innocent children who had no part in whatever awful things their Alpha had done.

Kyle watched the realization dawn on my face, a grim satisfaction in his eyes. “It just made perfect sense to take revenge on the two people who killed my father,” he said, his voice hard,

unyielding. “And what better way to do that than to take one thing that is common to both of them? And that is their granddaughter.”

My daughter. My innocent baby. “She is innocent” I cried, tears spilling down my cheeks. “She has no part in this! She’s a baby!”

“The children from my pack were innocent as well,” Kyle countered, his voice flat, devoid of emotion, a cold mirror reflecting my own pain back at me. “But that didn’t stop your father and all those Alphas from killing them.”

I know, I truly know, that no apology, no words of comfort, would ever make him feel better. What happened to his pack, to his family, was terrible. Unforgivable. But still, I had to try. For my daughter.

“I know,” I choked out, my voice raw with unshed tears, my throat tight. “I know that even if I said sorry, nothing would make you feel better. What happened was terrible. But please, I’m begging you. For her life. She is innocent.” for you, Faith,”

Kyle’s gaze lingered on my face, and for a fleeting moment. “I have a soft spot he said, his voice surprisingly gentle, yet still firm, holding an edge of steel. “So, I will give you a chance to make amends.”

My head shot up, hope, building in my chest. “What?” I whispered, my voice barely audible. “What do you want?”

He stepped closer, his shadow falling over me, engulfing me. “I want you to kill Alpha Sander. Your father-in-law. In return for your daughter.”

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The front door felt heavy in my hand, I was mentally and physically exhausted. I pushed it stepping inside in the hoping for just a few minutes of quiet.

All I wanted was to breathe, to calm the storm inside me, before I had to go pick up Marco.

But peace wasn’t waiting for me.

The first thing I saw was Marco, playing with toy cars on the rug in the living room. My heart always lifted when I saw him, no matter how bad I felt. He looked up, his face lighting up. “Mommy!” he shouted, dropping a red car and scrambling to his feet.

Before I could even properly smile back, a deeper voice cut through the air. “Well, look who decided to show up.”

My blood ran cold. Astor. He was here. He stood by the fireplace, his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes looked cold as ice.

I swallowed hard, trying to act normal. “Astor,” I said, trying to keep my voice even. “When did you get home? I wasn’t expecting you.”

He didn’t soften. Not even a little. His gaze was pinning me down. “More than an hour ago.” he said, and his voice was low, dangerous. “I’ve been looking for you. For over an hour. You’ve been nowhere to be found. Nobody has seen you since morning. We couldn’t even scent you anywhere.”

I just stared at him, my mind racing. What could I say? He already knew. He seemed to look like he suspected it.

I turned away, heading towards the stairs, hoping to escape before this conversation got any worse. “I just...”

“Mommy, we already made dinner!” Marco’s innocent voice stopped me. He tugged at me, his little face full of excitement. “Daddy helped me! It’s your favorite!”

Dinner. Right. My stomach twisted. The last thing I wanted to do was sit across from Astor, pretending everything was fine, pretending I wasn’t falling apart. But Marco deserved a normal evening.

I knelt down, kissing his forehead softly. His skin was warm and soft against my lips. “Oh, my sweet boy,” I murmured, forcing a small smile. “That sounds wonderful. I just... I want to freshen up for a few minutes. I’ll be down in a couple of minutes, okay?”

He beamed, his smile so pure it almost broke my heart. “Okay, Mommy!”

He let me go then, and I practically fled up the stairs, straight to my bedroom. The door closed behind me with a soft thud that sounded deafening in the silence. My knees felt weak. My breath was catching in my throat. I couldn’t face him. Not yet. Maybe not ever. Not with what I was willing to do to get my daughter.

I turned the water on full blast, letting the water fall down on me. I sank to the floor of the shower, pulling my knees to my chest, letting the water run over my hair, my face, washing away the dirt, the fear, and hopefully the Sins I was about to commit. I just sat there, water flowing around me, trying to drown out the noise in my head.

I sensed him before I saw him. The air in the bathroom shifted. A familiar scent, a heavy presence. Astor. He was here. I didn’t move. I didn’t open my eyes. I didn’t say a word. I just

sat, letting the water pound me, my back to him, knowing he was standing there, watching me. I felt him lean against the doorframe, his power filling the small space.

“You met Kyle,” he said, his voice flat, no question in it. A statement of fact.

I kept quiet. What was the point? To lie? I couldn’t. Not to him, not truly. But to tell him the truth? To explain what Kyle had said? I didn’t have the energy. My bones felt heavy, my mind numb. And honestly, I felt like he didn’t even deserve to know. He wouldn’t believe me anyway.

“I told you,” his voice was strained now, edged with something that sounded like controlled anger. “I told you to talk to me if there were any developments. Not to act alone. But you went. You went to meet Kyle. Knowing how dangerous he is. God knows what he could have done to you.”

The water was starting to get cold, but I didn’t care. “I didn’t tell you,” I finally managed to say, my voice raspy, “because you would have told me I was paranoid.”

He scoffed. A harsh, disbelieving sound and in my mind I could see the look of disbelief, the slight sneer on his face. “Stop, Faith,” he said, his voice rising a little. “Stop with the insecurities. Stop trying to blame Alice for everything.”

That was it. That was the crack. The final break. My body stiffened, and I slowly pushed myself up, finally turning to face him. Water streamed down my face, mingling with what I knew were tears, though I wouldn’t let him see them. He stood there, leaning against the doorframe, his eyes burning into mine, his face a mask of frustration and something else I couldn’t quite name.

“It’s because of that very thought,” I said, my voice shaking but firm, “that I will never tell you what Kyle said. Never. You think I’m paranoid. You think I’m insecure. You think I’m blaming Alice for everything. Well, fine. Believe that.” I took a step towards him, the cold water still clinging to my skin, making me shiver, but it wasn’t from the cold. “From now on,” I continued, my voice gaining strength, “I will find my daughter on my own.”

His eyes widened slightly, a flicker of surprise, or maybe fear, crossing them.

“And let me make it perfectly clear,” I said, my voice now a whisper, but one filled with steel. “The only reason I am still here, in this house, is because I want to find my daughter. And because my son deserves to know and be with his father.” I looked him straight in the eye, letting all my pain, all my shattered trust, show. “I want you to go back to Alice. And your daughter. Because you have more loyalty towards them. You obviously do and I don’t want a man who cannot trust me without proof. That relationship will never work.”

He pushed off the wall, finally moving, taking a step towards me. His face was etched with the kind of pain that mirrored my own, but I refused to give in. “What you want will never happen,” he said, his voice rough. “I have already marked you, Faith. You are my true mate. You can never break the mate bond.”

I laughed harshly and humorlessly. “Oh, but you can,” I countered, my eyes burning into his. “By rejecting your mate.” The words felt like acid on my tongue, but they had to be said. “I know people say it’s the most excruciating pain that can break a wolf. But I’m willing to go through it, Astor.” I met his gaze, unflinching. “And I hope you’re ready for it as well.”

A wave of agony crashed over me. I felt it. His wolf’s pain, a deep, guttural howl of despair, ripping through my own being. And his pain, raw and human, like a physical blow to my chest. It hurt. Oh, God, it hurt so much. It was like every cell in my body was screaming, protesting against the very idea. But as much as it hurt me, a part of me, a broken, angry part, still didn’t care.

He broke my pride. He broke my trust. And he will continue to do it, over and over, if I didn’t put a stop to it right now. This time, I will not run. This time, I will face it.

“I don’t understand what you want,” he said, his voice barely a whisper, his eyes wide with a confusion that felt fake, or maybe just willful blindness. “It’s hard to believe that Alice could be capable of something like that.”

My jaw clenched. That was it. That was always it. He couldn’t believe me. He Korean take my word for it even once “What I want,” I said, my voice cold now, devoid of any warmth, “is for you to believe me. But you’re incapable of it.” I gestured towards the door. “So, I want you to go. Now. I have more important things to do.”

He took another step, his hand reaching out, almost touching my arm, but I flinched away. “Faith,” he pleaded, his eyes desperate. “I don’t want to lose you anymore.”

My eyes, still stinging from the shower water and the unshed tears, met his. There was a finality in my voice, a cold, hard truth that even I was surprised to hear. “You have already lost me.”

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I stood in the bedroom and the towel I’d grabbed minutes earlier already feeling heavy in my hand. My shirt and trousers were damp from the steam in the small bathroom, but the cold running through my veins had nothing to do with water.

I listened to the strangled hiccups that grew into soft, painful sobs. She was still in the main bathroom, the one I had just left.

My wolf, let out a deep, internal howl of pure agony. It felt like a knife twisting below my ribs. I wanted to smash down the door, pull her into my arm tell her I loved her and that I would fix everything But I couldn’t.

My wolf and I bled together inside, tethered to the pain we were causing her. But I knew better than to go in there. She didn't want my comfort. She wanted me gone, or maybe she just wanted everything to go back the way it was before I broke her trust yet again but I couldn't return to until I found the truth.

I changed my wet clothes quickly. Every second I listened to her cry cost me a piece of my soul, but I had a mission.

I leaned back against the wall next to the bathroom door and whispered, low enough even a wolf couldn't hear.

"I wish I could tell you, Faith. I wish I could tell you everything."

The truth, the real truth about what I was doing and why I had pushed her away was too dangerous to share right now. I had to focus. I had to make sure I found out what Alice did and how especially why. And then, maybe, we could start picking up the broken pieces.

With one last, desperate look at the closed door, I walked away, feeling like a coward.

Marco was already at the table, a small mountain of mashed potatoes threatening to collapse off his fork. He hadn't even waited for us. Good. I needed his joy right now.

"Daddy! Where were you? I was starving!" Marco's voice was muffled around a mouthful of food. He looked utterly satisfied.

I cannot explain the amount of joy I feel when he calls me that.

I managed a real smile, pushing the raw pain from the hallway far into a corner. "Sorry, buddy. You couldn't wait for your slow parents, huh?"

"Nope!" He grinned, eyes shining.

I walked over to him, leaning down to kiss his messy forehead. My wolf purred faintly, grateful for this one simple, undamaged connection. "Good on you. Eat up."

I sat down just as Faith entered the room. She was wearing a perfectly normal face now, the tears gone, replaced by a slight redness around her eyes and a perfect mask of control. She sat across from me. We didn't look at each other. We didn't speak.

For Marco, we both put up the necessary smiles. We talked about the silly thing his friend did at the pack orphanage, about anything and everything that meant nothing. We were two strangers playing parents, and Marco was too young to notice the sharp, cold distance between us.

When Marco finally pushed his plate back, proclaiming he was stuffed, I knew it was time.

“Faith,” I started, trying to keep my voice neutral. “I have to go out for a little while. I won’t be long.”

I expected the usual strained silence or perhaps a nod. Instead, she looked up, her expression utterly flat.

“Don’t bother,” she said.

Two words. Two simple, easy words.

“Don’t bother.”

They weren’t angry. They weren’t fighting words. They were dismissive words. They meant: Your presence or absence means nothing to me. Do what you want. I don’t care if you come back.

My wolf roared with a silent explosion of rejection and pain. My heart physically ached. I nodded once, trying to keep my face still.

“Alright,” I said, standing up.

I simply walked out. The door shut behind me, not loudly, but with the sound of a final period on a painful sentence.

The house was a few houses away. and it may not feel like my home anymore but it’s where my daughter grew up and it’s always going to give me a certain sense of warth.

But tonight, as I approached, the air felt wrong. The ground beneath my feet felt hard and unforgiving, and the usual warmth I associated with visiting my daughter was gone. It felt different. Heavy. Like I was stepping into a place heavy.

The door opened almost instantly. Isabella She launched herself forward, wrapping her arms tightly around my waist, burying her face into my chest.

My arms automatically went around her small frame, intending to give her a quick, comforting pat.

But the moment her body connected with mine, everything stopped.

The world stopped spinning. The pain of Faith’s rejection vanished. The mission, the anger, the confusion it all disappeared, replaced by the an intense and powerful wash of emotion.

It wasn’t just a hug. It was like I had been walking around incomplete my entire life, and she was the missing piece finally slotting into place. The feeling was different than anything I had for her. It was fuller. Happier. It was the feeling of home. It felt like my very soul snapped into perfect

alignment. My wolf stopped his inner screaming and let out a long, quiet sigh of utter contentment.

I held her for a moment longer than necessary. My mind was reeling, trying to process this powerful, instantaneous connection.

When she finally pulled back, looking up at me with tear-filled eyes, I looked down at her face.

And I truly saw her.

The breath left my lungs.

A sense of profound shock and dizziness spun me around. Everything about her face, her eyes, the shape of her mouth, hit me with a terrifying sense of déjà vu.

It was like seeing her for the very first time, even though I had known her since she was a born.

How did I not see this before?

Shock, confusion, and fear slammed into me. I couldn't handle it. I couldn't stand there for another second, feeling this terrifying, overwhelming completeness with a girl who was supposed to be not biologically mine.

"I—I have to go," I mumbled, the words thick and clumsy.

I stepped back, nearly tripping over the threshold, not waiting for her to question me. I needed air. I needed distance from that feeling before it consumed me whole.

I pushed past the front door, closing it quickly behind me, and stumbled onto the lawn.

The night air was cold, but my skin felt hot. I walked fast, away from the warm glow of the house, trying to outrun the dizzying sense of recognition.

What was that?

I leaned against a large oak tree, pressing my hands hard against the rough bark until the pain grounded me.

The Seer. I thought she was lying but it turns out I'm wrong.

She told me this.

"A shadow has been cast over your pack, Alpha. Someone is using the old ways—black magic—to hide a great truth right under your nose.

Your blood runs closer than you imagine. Your daughter with is nearer than you believe. But the witch's work is strong. You will not recognise her until the magic begins to fail."

I stared back at the house.

A rush of cold understanding hit me, paralyzing me utterly.

Black magic. Hiding the truth. My blood. My daughter. Closer than I thought.

A cold, undeniable realization settled heavy in my gut: The Seer wasn't been talking about the hidden secret child outside the pack. She had been talking about someone I saw, someone I knew.

Someone I was raised.

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Faith's Pov

I pretended to be asleep and it wasn't hard because of the darkness of the room I heard the door open softly. Not a bang, not a swift entry, just a careful click and I was disgusted by the fact that he went there and he decided to come back here like it was nothing.

He didn't come to the bed though. He stopped right by the foot of the mattress, and I could feel the change in the air, like static electricity before a storm. I kept my eyes closed, focusing entirely on the feeling of him.

Astor sat down hard on the floor and he wrapped his arms tightly around his head, cradling it in his knees, and he started to rock. Slowly at first, then faster. It was the movement of a man trying to physically shake off something terrible, something that had burrowed deep inside his skull.

I tried to ignore it for a couple of minutes. I really did. I told myself he was having a hard day, that whatever fight he'd had with Alice that brought him back here but the feeling was too intense.

As his mate, I don't just hear or see his emotions but I feel them your bones. I could feel the storm raging inside him, it was a mixture of confusion and a cold, deep heartbreak that felt like it might shatter him. It was distracting, mostly because I loved him too much to let him break alone.

I sat up, the sheets sliding down my shoulders.

“Astor?” my voice was thick with sleep I hadn’t actually had. “What’s wrong?”

He didn’t move. He didn’t even look up at me. He just rocked, his breathing ragged.

I couldn’t stand the distance anymore. I climbed out of the bed and walked around. The floor was cold beneath my bare feet. I went to him and carefully lowered myself down, sitting right next to him on the floor.

I didn’t push. I just waited.

After a long moment, he shifted. He leaned over and rested his head on my shoulder. I wanted to move away but my wolf wouldn’t let me.

“I should have known,” he whispered, the words coming out of his throat.

“Known what?” I asked, trying to keep my voice gentle even though I wanted to explode on him.

My mind has already jumped to the worst possible conclusion: Alice. She must have broken his heart completely. She must have done something awful, and now he was crawling back to me for comfort, the stupid and forgiving one.

My heart and soul began to darken. It was the familiar, painful jealousy.

But the words that came out of his mouth next were so unexpected that I was completely shell-shocked.

“the first day Isabella was born, everything suggested that she wasn’t mine. The months... the timeline was always a little off. Her scent, even.”

I froze. Isabella. The little girl he seemed to love more than life, the one I had tried desperately not to think about too often because she had everything I wanted for my son.

He continued. “But none of that stopped me, Faith. None of it stopped me from loving her and taking care of Isabella.”

I couldn’t speak. Isabella was not his biological daughter. This was the most unbelievable thing I’ve heard.

And the first thought that hit me, the one that brought my heart the most crushing pain, was horrifyingly simple. He must have loved Alice so much that he didn’t care if she gave birth to somebody else’s child. That level of devotion, even after everything, was a knife twist.

“I should have known,” he repeated, tapping his fingers against my arm rhythmically.

And that bugged me. That phrase. What should he have known? He had just admitted that he knew the child wasn't his, but he loved her anyway. What else was there to know?

I finally pulled back slightly so I could look at him.

"Astor," I said firmly, grabbing his arm. "Stop. What should you have known? What are you talking about?"

He lifted his head for the first time. His eyes were red, but they weren't seeing the room. They were seeing something terrifying inside his own mind.

He reached up, wrapping his large, warm hands around my face, forcing me to look only at him.

"Faith," he breathed. The sound of my name was shaky. "I should have known that Isabella is our daughter."

The world went silent.

The shock hit me like a physical blow, a massive wave of cold water. It stole my breath and locked my muscles.

"You have to be joking," I whispered, scrambling to my feet. I backed away, shaking my head violently. "You are joking. Or dreaming. That is impossible, Astor. We-"

He stood up quickly, his movements fluid and urgent. Before I could back away further, he pulled me into a hard, desperate hug, pressing my face into his chest.

"She is, Faith. She is our daughter."

I pushed against him, still fighting the sheer craziness of what he was saying. "No! You're wrong! You're mistaken! This is crazy!"

He held me tighter until I stopped struggling. He spoke directly into my hair, his voice low and serious, trying to force the truth into me.

"I met a seer in my trip, she told me a dark magic had been done around my pack, right under my nose, to hide something vital. I didn't want to believe her. I thought she was crazy."

He explained how the seer had done some kind of washing ritual on him, giving him a temporary ability to see through the glamour and veils that witch magic can hide things behind. He still thought it was probably a mistake.

"Then you called me," he continued. "You told me Alice was involved in our daughter's kidnapping."

My heart twisted. I hate how he treated me and I will never forgive him for not trusting me.

“I brushed you off, Faith, but not because I didn’t believe you entirely. I brushed you off because I knew if you went with that thought, you would have confronted Alice, and that wouldn’t have been the right thing for either of us. I decided I had to come back and try to get to the bottom of everything myself. What the seer told me, and what you said, made me doubt Alice completely.”

He paused, collecting himself but I was shocked because I thought it was actually the opposite of what he is saying right now.

“The first reason I ever believed Alice was pregnant was that the first day she announced it, I felt a strong heartbeat inside her. A wolf heartbeat. But a month later, it was gone. Completely gone. I pretended like I didn’t notice and to be honest I wasn’t even pretending half the time because the only thing I could think about was you but you were gone.”

He sighed, the sound rattling in his chest. “I kept pretending until the day Isabella was born.

That’s when I finally told Alice the truth—I knew the baby wasn’t mine. And she confirmed it. She told me Isabella was not my biological daughter.”

I gasped, pulling back enough to look at his face. This was unbelievable.

“And you just... let it go?”

“I let it slide, even though I had a lot of questions. But then she was born and she looked at me with expectant eyes that I had no choice but to step up.”

He pulled me back against him gently. “My bond with Isabella has always been the strongest. thing I’ve ever felt. It was a bond formed purely out of love, not biology. For some reason, that little girl has always made me feel complete. I didn’t know why.”

He swallowed hard. “I didn’t know we shared blood.”

I felt like I was living and I dream because I could understand and articulate what he was saying but it just wasn’t sinking in.

“Today, when I looked at her, I felt like I was seeing her for the very first time. The veil was lifted. And Faith, when I looked at her, I felt like I was looking directly at you. She has your eyes, your mouth. And most importantly, her scent... her true scent is quite similar to both of us. Me and you. She resembled us, Faith. Both of us.”

He let the heavy silence hang in the air, he was trying to get a reaction out of me but I still couldn’t say anything because my wildest dream was coming through and the only thing on my mind was knowing that I’m not dreaming.

Alice was using dark magic to cloud her,” he finished simply. “To make her seem like someone else’s child, But she is ours.”

I stood there, swaying slightly, the truth finally sinking past my denial and striking my core. All the pieces, the kidnapping warning, the strange birth, and everything were coming together.

My throat was dry, my mind reeling, but there was only one clear thought left.

I looked up at him, tears finally stinging my eyes, and asked the question one final time, needing him to confirm the impossible miracle:

“Isabella is mine?”

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 106

“Yes.”

Astor said it with such a simple, quiet certainty, but for me, it shattered everything. My grief, my hope, everything I’ve been holding on to, all of it crumbled. Shock hit me like a punch to the gut.

Disbelief followed because a part of me thought that it couldn’t be real, that this was some cruel trick of the light or a dream I’d wake from. But underneath the chaos, buried deep inside me happiness. My daughter. My Isabella. Alive.

But that happiness was quickly smothered by a series of questions and even heavier wave of guilt. My head spun. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to make sense of the feelings inside me.

“I... I always imagined this moment,” I managed to choke out, my raw and unsteady.” Meeting her, holding her for the first time, it was always a beautiful dream. Emotional, yes, but beautiful. This... this feels like a punishment. Alice got to raise my daughter. She—.”

Astor’s grip on my hands tightened, his thumb stroking my skin as I cried.

“All I want, the only thing I want right now, is to go to Alice’s house. To Alice’s house, Astor. And hug my daughter—?”

Before I could finish, his strong arms were around me, pulling me into a hug that felt both grounding and utterly overwhelming. I leaned into him, inhaling his familiar scent, finding comfort in his presence. “If that’s what you want,” he murmured against my hair, “then that’s what we’re going to do. We’re going right away. And we’re going to tell Isabella the truth.”

The words struck me like a cold splash of water. Tell her the truth? Now? I pulled away from him, my eyes wide with a fresh wave of panic. “No! Astor, wait. She’s five years old. Just five! In her mind, she already has a mother and a father. It wouldn’t even make sense to her. How

would that little girl understand that her mother—that Alice isn't her real mother." this has to be the worst thing to happen to me because I should be celebrating this moment with my daughter and holding her feelings her and looking at her but I can't do that because at this moment I have to think about her.

Astor's gaze was unwavering, his eyes filled with a deep, understanding sorrow that mirrored my own. He gently wiped a tear from my cheek. "Faith, none of that matters for the moment. What matters, right now, is that we know where our daughter is. She's alive. She's safe. And we are going to get her back."

I pulled back slightly, looking up at him, my voice barely a whisper. "I'm a bad mother, Astor. A terrible mother. I met her— I looked into her eyes, and I didn't even recognize her. My own daughter. How could I not know?" The shame burned. I'm her mother so I should have known.

He cupped my face in his hands, his thumbs gently brushing away the wetness on my face." Don't you dare say that, Faith. Alice used dark magic. A powerful illusion. You couldn't have seen through it. Even I... I couldn't recognise our little girl." He shook his head, a flicker of pain in his own eyes.

"You are the best mother in the world, Faith. Look at Marco. You raised him to be the most amazing little boy that I've ever met. Isabella is incredibly lucky to have you as her mother. I will make sure she sees your good heart. She will know."

"Okay, but... what do we do now? We can't just... burst in and tell her. We can't just say, 'Hi, we're your real parents.' It would shatter her world." I said because I failed that little girl and I can't traumatize her even further.

He nodded, a thoughtful frown creasing his brow. "You're right. My instinct was to rush, to get her back immediately. But you're absolutely right. I also don't want to confuse our daughter, or worse, hurt her. Alice isn't bad in her eyes, not yet, I know how much she loves her and we have to go about this whole thing in a very sensitive way, we'll have to tolerate Alice for a couple of days. Just until we can figure out a way to take Isabella back without breaking her heart. Without traumatizing her forever."

Tolerate Alice. how do I tolerate her after what she did to me I had to go for 5 years not knowing that I had a daughter and she took that from me.

The thought made a cold knot tighten in my stomach, but Astor was right. Isabella was the priority. Always.

"Tell me," I pleaded, my voice barely audible. "Tell me everything about her. About Isabella. What she's like. What she loves. Everything."

A slow, tender smile spread across Astor's face, chasing away the shadows. "If I start talking about how special that little girl is," he warned, his eyes twinkling, "we might not sleep the whole night."

I squeezed his arm, a genuine laugh bubbling up from somewhere deep inside me. “I don’t care,” I declared, feeling lighter than I had in years. “I don’t want to sleep. I won’t sleep tonight. Not with her so close. Yet so far.”

We moved to the bed and I snuggled into his side, my head resting on his chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart. And then he began. He told me about Isabella’s how she loved to draw little fantastical creatures, her favorite stories, her endless questions about the stars. He recounted silly touching moments, and the little quirks that made her uniquely her.

I laughed at his descriptions, tears of joy brimming in my eyes as he painted a vivid picture of the daughter I hadn’t known. But as he spoke, detailing five years of scraped knees, bedtime stories, and laughter, a raw, aching pain settled in my chest. Five years. Five years of her life. I’d missed. Five years of memories I hadn’t shared. Every story, every detail he shared, was a beautiful gift, but also a sharp stab of what I’d lost.

The pain curdled into a cold rage. My hands clenched into fists. “Alice,” I hissed, my voice low and venomous. “She’s going to pay for this, Astor. She’s going to pay for every single moment I missed. Nobody is going to stop me.” The thought of her, living my life, raising my daughter, made my stomach churn.

Astor sighed, his hand coming up to gently stroke my hair. “I know, Faith. But there’s something we have to put to bed before we go through this whole thing because it’s something you constantly bring up and you have to know the truth.

I have never liked Alice in the way you think I did.” His voice was quiet, almost a confession. She was always just an annoying little sister to me, until she became... obsessed. But I never, ever looked at her that way. I need you to understand that. I need you to stop feeling insecure about her, because I promise you, Faith, I want her to pay just as much as you do.”

My breath hitched. Insecurity. He was right. All these years, I’ve believed his feelings for Alice were real, that I was just a second choice, a stand-in. It was a wound from past traumas, from the things that had happened between us, that had festered in the shadows of my mind. “I... I didn’t think you believed me,” I admitted, the truth tasting bitter on my tongue. “Because of everything.”

He shifted, pulling me closer still, his lips brushing against my forehead. “You’re going to have to learn to trust me, Faith. For your own peace of mind, for us, for our family. And I... I have to learn how to reassure you more. Every single day because I’m the reason why you always have to question everything about us.”

“I don’t think now is the time for us to be talking about all of this.” I said because I get where he’s coming from but for now all I can think about for now is our daughter.

I know but when it comes to this fight with Alice we're going to have to play a game and in this game you're going to have to trust me and that I feel nothing for her?"

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 107

I woke up to silence. I was alone in bed and I could tell that I was alone at the house too.

I reached for my phone on the nightstand. The screen lit up, glowing aggressively in the quiet room: 12:03 p.m.

Twelve o'clock. I hadn't slept this late in years. Now that I was awake, the dread hit me immediately, heavy and cold in my stomach. Astor and Marco were gone. I knew they were probably at the Pack House, and I should be there too, acting like the Luna, meeting people, settling in.

But I couldn't. I truly couldn't face it.

The real problem wasn't the pack duties, it was that sooner or later, I would run into her.

Isabella.

My daughter.

The little girl I didn't know about.

The daughter I couldn't recognize despite being so close to her.

How was I supposed to look into her eyes and pretend I wasn't her mother? How could I watch from afar? Every fiber in my body screamed to go to her, pull her into my arms, and tell her everything. But I couldn't. Not now.

Just the thought of seeing her and not being able to hug her felt like a physical ache. It was easier just to stay in bed, stay hidden where the world couldn't demand anything from me.

But I can't rot in here forever so I groaned and dragged myself out from under the heavy blankets.

I took a quick, cold shower, hoping the shock would clear the fog in my head. I didn't bother with anything fancy just a plain shirt and jeans. I felt heavy, like I was moving through mud.

In the kitchen, I poured myself a massive bowl of cereal. Sugary, crunchy, totally useless food that felt like the only thing I could handle right now. I leaned against the counter, chewing slowly, when I heard it.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Loud, demanding, and impossible to ignore.

Their scent filled the air around the house with a familiar, sharp mix of old cedarwood and expensive perfume.

Alpha Sanders (now the former Alpha) and Luna Ovelia (the former Luna).

I was absolutely not ready for this. I just stared at the clock, letting the knocking continue. Let them knock. I just wish they would leave and just take the message that I don't want to meet them. I ate another spoonful of cereal, trying to pretend I didn't hear the persistent, escalating pounding.

A moment later, the knocking stopped, followed by the click of the lock. They let themselves in.

I could hear their footsteps approaching the kitchen where I stood absolutely still, holding my spoon.

Ovelia stepped in first, her face already set in a judgmental mask. Sander followed her, his shoulders broad and his face etched with worry lines I didn't remember seeing before.

"Well," I said, my voice flat. "It's been a while."

What happened next was completely unexpected. Before Ovelia could even open her mouth to fire the first shot, Sander crossed the kitchen in three great strides. He came right to my side and wrapped me in a massive hug.

I froze for a second. His scent was so familiar, it smelled like the pack house, like security, like the days when I thought Astor and I would have a future.

My eyes involuntarily welled up. He really had been like a father to me during those brief years. The guilt hit me hard, twisting my heart. I hadn't meant to hurt him.

"Faith," he murmured, his voice thick. "We missed you so much, child."

I hugged him back, squeezing tightly. "I missed you too, Alpha Sander."

When he finally stepped away, my face was warm, but the moment of softness was immediately shattered by Ovelia's sharp voice.

"If you truly missed us," she scoffed, crossing her arms over her chest, "you wouldn't have left in the first place."

Sander put a hand on her arm, looking tired. "Ovelia, we promised we wouldn't talk about the past."

“Don’t tell me what I can and can’t talk about,” she snapped, her eyes narrowing on me. She took a step closer. “How could you? How could you take our grandson and not even tell us you were pregnant? We spent years grieving for you, and all this time, you had our blood living somewhere else.”

My brief moment of warmth vanished. My muscles tightened, and my eyes felt cold and hard.

“We are not going to talk about it,” I stated, picking up my cereal spoon again just to have something in my hands. “And no, I don’t owe you any explanation, Luna Ovelia. The only person who had the right to ask me about that was Astor. And he has. We are past it.”

“Past it?” she practically screeched. “We welcomed you into our pack. We accepted you as a daughter, and you just abandoned us! You broke my son!”

“Daughter?” I laughed, a short, humorless sound that felt like sandpaper in my throat. I looked her dead in the eye, finally letting the rage I’d held onto for years surface. “You never accepted me. You tolerated me. You tolerated the unwanted girl who was the future Luna.”

My voice dropped, dangerous and low. “And when you found out that Alice was pregnant, you practically rubbed it in my face every chance you got. You acted like I was some kind of failure, weak because I couldn’t give Astor a child right away.”

Ovelia’s mouth opened to protest, but I didn’t let her. I was done hiding the truth.

“Quite frankly, you are also the reason I had to leave,” I finished, my hands shaking. “I couldn’t deal with having to watch my mate have a baby with another person, knowing that every day I stayed here, I would have to see that child and know it should have been mine. And I thought, Ovelia, that you of all people would understand the pain of watching that happen.”

Ovelia stared at me, her face pale now. She straightened her spine, pulling her dignity around her like a shield.

“You broke my son’s heart,” she repeated, quieter this time, but the venom was intense. “And I can never forgive something like that.”

I set the spoon down, letting it clatter into the bowl. The sound echoed in the silent kitchen.

“Good,” I said, meeting her hateful gaze steadily. “Because I’m not after your forgiveness. I am here to stay this time, and I will not let anybody disrespect me. Not anymore. Not even the former Luna of this pack. Because I am the Luna of the Pack now.”

The silence that followed was thick enough to choke on.

Sander stepped forward quickly, breaking the intense eye contact between Ovelia and me. He looked between us, anxious.

“Faith,” he said, forcing a smile. “That’s all behind us. I am very much excited to meet my grandson. Where is he?”

“When I woke up, they were gone,” I explained, feeling a little softer toward Sanders. “Astor must have taken him to the Pack House.”

“Woke up? It’s past noon, Faith. What type of Luna sleeps through half the day?”

I closed my eyes for a single, long breath. I felt the exhaustion of everything and the pain I was feeling.

“I’m really having a day from hell,” I confessed, opening my eyes and looking from Ovelia to Alpha Sander. “And I don’t have the time or the energy to be standing here arguing right now.”

I moved away from the counter, walking toward the kitchen entrance, subtly guiding them out.

“If you want to meet the perfect Luna and the perfect daughter-in-law,” I told Ovelia, my voice laced with steel, “you should probably just go over to Alice’s house. I’m very sure you will be much happier there.”

I turned to Sander, the softness returning just for him.

“Alpha Sander,” I said quietly. “I would really like a one-on-one with you soon. I truly did miss you.” I gave him a meaningful look, then glanced pointedly at Ovelia, who was fuming. “But for now, it’s better that you both leave my house.”

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 108

Astor’s Pov

The sun was warm on my face as I watched Marco try to catch a butterfly. Isabella was laughing following her brother behind. It felt right, felt like home but there was one person missing.

I would have liked to have her here. but she hadly slept and she needs to rest.

“Daddy, look” Isabella giggled, holding up a tiny red beetle in her cupped hands.

“That’s a lovely one, sweetheart,” I said, my heart swelling. I loved this moment more than anything. My kids are my whole world. Especially now that I know Isabella is biologically mine.

It was always a fear of mine that one day she'll understand and not want anything to do with me in the future.

Marco ran back, a little breathless. "Dad, can we play soccer now?" he asked, his eyes sparkling.

"Soon, buddy," I ruffled his hair. "But first, I want to talk to you about something important."

I sat down on the soft grass, pulling Marco onto my lap and Isabella nestled in beside me. Marco looked up at me, his brow furrowed in a cute, questioning way.

"Marco," I began, keeping my voice gentle. "You know how there are many wolves around?"

He nodded eagerly. "Yeah. A lot of them."

I chuckled. "See, we are very special. We're part of something ancient, something that makes us different from the humans you knew before."

His eyes widened. He'd lived in the human world for most of his short life, so this was all new to him.

"We are werewolves," I explained slowly, watching his reaction. "It means we can change into big, strong wolves. Not just any wolves, but our wolves. It makes us part of a pack, like a big, close family. It gives us special senses, and it makes us protect the ones we love with everything we have."

He looked a little scared, but mostly fascinated. "Like... you change into a wolf?"

"Yes" I grinned. "And we're smarter. We keep our minds, even when we're wolves. It's a part of who we are, a gift from our ancestors."

Isabella piped up, "Daddy's wolf is fluffy!"

Marco's eyes got even wider. "You- you can change now?"

I looked at him, seeing the curiosity, with a hint of nervousness. I wanted him to understand and not to be afraid. "Would you like to see?"

He nodded, my brave little boy.

I set Marco down gently, standing up. Isabella, knowing what was coming, took a few steps back, ready for the show. I closed my eyes, focusing, letting the change take over. It was always quick, a rush of power, bones shifting and stretching, skin thickening into fur. In a blink, I was in my wolf form.

A gasp escaped Marco's lips. He stood there, frozen, his eyes like saucers. My wolf was big, probably taller than him on all fours. His entire face was a picture of awe.

“Papa... wolf!” he whispered, a sound of pure wonder.

Isabella, on the other hand, was already dashing towards me. She knew this wolf. She’d ridden on my back and buried her face in my fur countless times. She reached me and, without a moment’s hesitation, threw her arms around my neck, her small hands sinking into my thick fur. “You’re back!” she giggled, pressing her cheek against my snout.

I nudged her gently with my muzzle, a soft rumble escaping my chest. Marco, seeing Isabella’s comfort, slowly took a step forward, then another. He reached out a hesitant hand, his fingers barely touching my side. My fur was soft, warm. He looked up at my big wolf eyes, and I gave him a soft whimper, letting him know it was still me.

He finally smiled, a wide, joyful grin, and then he was petting me too, running his fingers through my fur, giggling when I gave his hand a gentle lick. For a few wonderful minutes, I rolled around on the grass with them, letting them climb onto my back, nudging them playfully with my nose. Their laughter was the best sound in the world.

Then I shifted back.

“That was amazing” Marco exclaimed, practically buzzing with excitement.

“It truly is,” I agreed, pulling him into a hug. “And one day, when you’re older, you’ll feel that power too.”

“Can we play soccer now, Dad?” Isabella asked, already running towards the little goal cones I’d set up. one thing I love is attention span because you can literally make her angry about anything and within a few seconds she’s already jumping into something else.

I don’t know who she gets it from between me and her mom because we’re both really passionate about things that we’re really doing but the mere fact that I can make similarities between her and us is more than enough for me because I yearned for the kind of connection.

“Absolutely!” I grabbed the ball, and soon we were a whirlwind of yells and laughter. I let them score goal after goal, my heart light with their happiness. I will make sure that my children are always this happy and for that I’m willing to do anything.

We were in the middle of a particularly fierce match Isabella bravely guarding the goal while Marco tried to dribble past me when I saw them.

My parents.

Looking regal and calm as ever, were walking towards us across the pack grounds. I haven’t seen them in month and I don’t know how are you really feel about my parents for the last couple of years and particularly now that I found out what my father did. but that wasn’t the source of my discomfort but the person who accompanied them was.

My smile faltered. My stomach lurched. The joy that had filled me just moments before drained away, replaced by a cold, hard knot of pure disgust. I was happy to see my parents. But Alice just the sight of her made my blood run cold. Her perfectly styled hair, her innocent-looking dress, the way she walked like she owned the place. I hated her with every fiber of my being.

I made sure to get Isabella while she was still asleep because I didn't want to even see her face.

Isabella, spotting her grandparents, let out a delighted squeal. "Grandma! Grandpa!" she cried, abandoning her goalie duties to sprint towards them. My mother scooped her up, showering her with kisses while my father patted her head with a gentle smile.

I forced myself to walk towards them, a tight smile plastered on my face. I embraced my mother genuinely then patted my father on the back.

"Astor, my boy," my father said. "It's good to see you."

"You too." I gave them another squeeze pretending like I couldn't see the person next to them.

"Marco," I called, beckoning him over. He came, a little shy, hiding slightly behind my leg.

"Mom, Dad, this is Marco."

My mother's eyes softened instantly. "Oh, Marco! It's so wonderful to finally meet you, darling!" She reached out, gently cupping his cheek. "You look so much like your father when he was a little boy, Astor."

My father nodded in agreement. "Indeed he does. Welcome to the pack, son."

Marco, still a bit overwhelmed, managed a small, shy smile. That's when I noticed it. Alice was staring at Marco, her eyes narrowed, a look of uncomfortable disdain on her face. It wasn't just me but Marco could feel it too. He flinched, pulling back slightly, his small hand gripping my pants.

My blood boiled. How dare she? I scooped Marco up without a thought, holding him close against my chest, shielding him from her venomous gaze.

"Alice," I said, my voice carefully neutral, though inside I felt like roaring. "What are you doing here?"

She gave me a smile that didn't reach her eyes, a plastic, calculated thing I'd seen a million times before. "Astor," she cooed, taking a step closer. "I wanted to spend some time with you and Isabella. You know, as a family."

the fact that she had the liver to say something like that to me after she broke my family and kept my daughter away from her real mother is disgusting.

My stomach churned. Family? The word tasted like ash in my mouth when it came from her. I forced my own smile, a mirror of her fake one. “Oh, that’s a very good idea, Alice,” I lied smoothly. “But for now, I’m hoping to spend some time with my parents. It’s been a while.”

Her smile tightened. “We’ve all missed you, Astor.” She aimed the comment at my mother, trying to make it sound like I was the one neglecting them.

but the truth of the matter is that she is nothing to me so I don’t owe her anything.

My mother, bless her heart, immediately jumped in. “Yes, Astor, why haven’t you been spending more time with Isabella? Alice tells me that you’ve been busy with Marco and you’re forgetting about your little girl.”

I knew what Alice was doing, manipulating my mom into making me feel guilty. But I wouldn’t fall for it. “Mom, I spend plenty of time with Isabella. “I leveled a look at Alice, a silent challenge in my eyes. “In fact, Alice, I think it’s a wonderful idea for us to spend time together. Why don’t you join us for dinner tonight?”

The words felt like poison on my tongue. Dinner with her? I wanted to vomit, to scream, to run as far away as possible. I hated her with every single fiber of my body. But I had to play her game. I had to pretend, for Isabella’s sake. I had to get our daughter away from her, and this was the only way. If I pretended to want a happy family, she’d have no reason to fight me. Not yet.

“That’s lovely, Astor,” she said, her smile faltering just a fraction, surprised by my sudden agreement.

“Perfect,” I said, a wave of revulsion washing over me. “Tonight, then. It will be delightful.” I squeezed Marco tighter, feeling his small weight in my arms. Tonight, I would endure her. Tonight, I would play the part. For my daughter and for Faith.

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 109

Astor’s Pov

I had a lot on my mind and I should be strategizing because what I’m going to do tonight will need me to be very focused because faith is proving to be a snake and snakes turned to bite you when you least expect it.

Marco was vibrating with excitement in the back seat the entire drive. He planning on showing his new sister and his grandparents his room, his toys and everything about the house.

When I opened the front door Faith was curled up on the sofa in the living room, fast asleep. Despite the rough night we'd had, her face looked peaceful, her hair was a beautiful mess around her shoulders.

"Isabella, come on! I need to show you the fortress!" Marco squealed. He didn't care to bother his sleeping mother and I appreciate that.

Marco grabbed Isabella's arm. She was looking wary but Marco's energy was infectious. They were gone in a flash, tiny footsteps pounding up the stairs toward the safety of his bedroom. For a moment, I let the silence settle, grateful for the pause.

I stepped closer to Faith and I moved to the hall closet and pulled out a soft shawl and I draped it over her shoulders, tucking it gently around her neck so as not to wake her.

"I don't understand why you brought her back?"

My mother's voice cut through the peace and I turned, confused by her anger towards Faith.

"What?" I asked, meeting her cold stare.

"Faith. Why did you bring her to this house?"

I felt heat rise in my chest. I truly respect my mother but sometimes she just take things very far. "Mother, with all due respect, that is none of your business." I kept my voice low, hoping to avoid waking Faith. "But I built this house for Faith. And you know that very well."

"But she abandoned you, Astor!" she hissed, taking a step closer. My father remained silent watching the whole exchange between us. "Why would you accept her back, especially after the stunt she pulled hiding your son, my grandson away from us?"

"Respectfully, that is absolutely none of your business," I stated, my tone hardening into the Alpha voice I usually reserved for Pack members.

"It is my business" she fought back, her eyes flashing. "You're my son. I only want what is best for you. I always have."

I couldn't help but laugh without humor "You wanted what was best for me? You should have wanted what was best for me when the two of you left me, barely an adult, to run this massive Pack without anyone to guide me. If it wasn't for Faith back then the girl you now despise, I couldn't have possibly done it alone."

The words came out even though I didn't want them to. After years of swallowing that resentment, it felt good, sickeningly good, to finally voice it.

"You decided to go on a much-needed vacation, without thinking about how that affected me. You decided I should be married to Faith and yes, it turned out to be the best decision for my

heart but you did it without consulting me. I was always supposed to follow your orders, your path, while the two of you got to go around the world, enjoying the rest of your lives.”

I took a deep breath. “But I never questioned it. Because you were my parents, and if that’s how you decided to lead, then that’s how I accepted it.”

My father finally straightened up. His voice, cut through the tension. “Astor, you are an Alpha. You shouldn’t be complaining about trivial things like this. You had to learn. You didn’t need somebody holding your hand like a child and it made you the alpha and man you are.”

“I didn’t want somebody to hold my hand, Father,” I retorted, meeting his gaze squarely. “But I definitely wanted my father to be there.”

I shook my head, fighting back the exhaustion of this decades old argument resurfacing five minutes after their arrival.

“Look, I don’t want to fight about this. I am genuinely happy to see you. You came at a time when I truly needed my family.”

Of course, Mother wouldn’t let it go. She never did.

“It’s quite clear you needed us, Astor,” she said with a dismissive wave toward Faith.

“Alice told us everything. You’ve been abandoning your daughter because you suddenly have a son.

I didn’t need to ask where that came from, Alice poisoned their minds, twisting the truth to make Faith look like the villain. I needed to protect Faith and Marco, but more importantly, I needed to protect Isabella. My parents had some strange, stubborn loyalty to Alice, perhaps because they believed her lies just as I once had. I didn’t trust that loyalty. I couldn’t tell them that Isabella was our biological daughter, the child Alice stole. Not yet.

“I will not have anyone question my parenting skills,” I stated, my voice low and dangerous. “I am a very good father, and I treat both my children equally.”

“But Alice told us you haven’t been spending time with Isabella. She said you permanently moved in here, with them,” she spat, nodding toward Faith.

“I have moved in with my mate and my son, yes,” I confirmed, stepping into the space between my parents and the sleeping Faith. “That does not make me a bad father. And let me make this perfectly clear mother, if you don’t know how to respect my mate and my son, then you should go straight back to where you came from.”

Just as those final words left my lips, Faith stirred. Her eyes fluttered open, dark and sleepy, and she blinked against the brightness of the room. She was instantly alert, sensing the hostile energy.

I faked a small, reassuring smile and mouthed, Are you okay?

Her eyes darted past me, fixing instantly on my parents. And then I saw it, the flash of recognition, quickly replaced by a cold rage in her eyes. My mother's face was equally devoid of warmth, set in a mask of rigid disdain.

They must have met. I don't know when, but the air was tense with discomfort I wasn't privy to, and I knew instantly it hadn't been under good circumstances. I couldn't allow this confrontation to continue with Faith now involved.

My patience was gone.

"Father," I said, turning to him, my voice firm and authoritative. "I know you are both tired since you just arrived. It would be best if you go and rest at the Pack House. I will come talk to you later tonight."

"Absolutely not," my mother jumped in immediately. "There are more than enough rooms here for us to stay. We are not some Pack members to be relegated to the main house."

Faith opened her mouth, likely preparing to say something agreeable and polite, but I cut her off instantly. This was my fight, and I was done being polite.

"This is Faith's house," I stated plainly, looking pointedly at my mother. "Only she has the right to decide who stays and who doesn't."

I held up a hand before Faith could protest that she didn't mind. "But in this case, it won't even be Faith's decision. I am very much fed up with the way you have been talking since you walked through that door. I don't want you staying here."

My mother's face went pale with shock. My father merely sighed because he knew my word was final.

"Astor, you can't be serious-" She began.

"I am completely serious," I cut her off. "Go to the Pack House. I will send some omegas later to ensure your comfort. We can talk about Pack matters tomorrow."

Without another word, I turned my back to them slightly, dismissing them. My father nodded curtly to me, then placed a heavy hand on my mother's shoulder and guided her toward the door.

But as my father reached the threshold, a small voice stopped us all dead.

"Grandma. Grandpa."

My mother turned, softening instantly as she looked at her granddaughter.

“Take me with you,” Isabella whispered, her eyes wide and pleading. “Please. Take me home with you.”

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 110

Faith’s Pov....

The sound hit me like a physical blow, a sudden, sharp coldness in my chest. Isabella. She was talking about going home. My breath hitched. No. Not yet.

I spun around, my eyes locking onto her small, sweet face. Her brow was furrowed a little, a hint of sadness in her big, innocent eyes. My heart, already aching, felt like it was crumbling into a million tiny pieces. I never want my presence to make her feel like that.

My legs moved on their own, carrying me quickly to her side. I knelt down, my knees hitting the tiles crouching to her level.

My voice was gentle but a little shaky. “Sweetheart, is something wrong? What makes you want to go home?”

. Already, I was cursing Astor, wishing he had woken me up the second they arrived. Every single minute missed felt stolen, and I wanted to soak up every single second I could with her. If only I had known. If only I hadn’t lost those years.

Isabella looked down at her shoes for a moment, then back at me, her voice a soft murmur. “My mom... she told me not to talk to you.”

My blood ran cold, then boiled. Alice. That witch. How dare she? How dare she have the audacity to say something like that, especially after everything she’s done? She kidnapped my daughter, kept her from me for five years, and now she’s trying to poison her against me? A wave of anger washed over me and it made my hands clench into fists. I wanted to march up to her and demand answers.

But then I looked at Isabella again, her small face so serious, so innocent. I couldn’t. I couldn’t let my anger show. I couldn’t make her feel like something was wrong. Not with her. My only goal right now was to get to know her, to bridge the massive, painful gap between us. I took a deep, shaky breath, forcing myself to calm down, pushing the anger deep, deep inside.

A quick lie, that’s what I needed. Something simple, something she could understand. I forced a warm, gentle smile onto my face, trying to make my eyes sparkle with a make-believe story. “Oh, sweetie, there’s a little misunderstanding,” I said, my voice soft and loving. “Your mommy

and I, we're sisters." I paused, watching her face for any sign of doubt. She just looked at me with wide, curious eyes.

"But I had to leave for a while, a long, long time," I continued, choosing my words carefully. "And your mommy, she didn't like it that I left. She was very angry with me." My heart ached at having to twist the truth, but it was for her. "She's still a little mad. But I'm hoping to convince her, you know? To show her we can be good again." I leaned in a little, making it a secret between us. "But you and I, we can be very good friends right now, can't we? Even if your mommy is a little grumpy with me." I gave her my most hopeful look. "Sometimes grown-ups make mistakes, you know?"

She stared at me for another second, her little head tilted. Then, a small smile touched her lips, and she nodded "Okay," she said simply.

My smile felt real now after seeing hers. "You'll stay and play with Marco for a while then?" | asked, my voice light with joy.

"Yes!" she chirped, her eyes brightening.

"And this will be our very own secret, okay?" I whispered, winking at her.

She giggled, a sweet sound that made my heart swell. And then, she reached out, her little arms wrapping around my neck. It was a small hug, soft and quick, but it was everything. Every single ounce of worry, of fear, melted away in the warmth of that tiny embrace. It was a feeling of pure completeness, just like the way Marco made me feel.

And then, the pain hit again, sharp and fresh. Five years. Five years I had missed this. Five years I didn't even know she existed. My precious, cute, wonderful daughter. My heart broke all over again.

Swallowing my pride, pushing down the anger I was feeling, I knew what I had to do. I stood up, taking a deep breath. "Ovelia, Sander," I called out, trying to sound calm and welcoming despite our earlier conversation.

"Please, stay for lunch. We have plenty of food, and it would be lovely to have you. You can use the guest room downstairs to freshen up if you like." My real reason for doing it was simple, if they left, Isabella might want to leave too. And I couldn't risk that. Not now.

I can tolerate the woman who hates me for a couple of days.

They agreed, a little surprised but relieved, and Isabella, bright-eyed and full of energy, already went running off to find Marco again, their excited squeals echoing through the house.

Moments later, Astor came up behind me. I felt his arms wrap around my waist, his chin resting on my shoulder. I leaned back into him, my body trembling slightly. The dam I had held up for Isabella finally broke.

“I can’t take it, Astor,” I whispered, my voice raw, tears pricking at my eyes. “I can’t survive another day like this. Having her so close, being unable to tell her... it’s tearing me apart.” A sob caught in my throat. Every minute with her felt like a blessing and a torture.

He turned me around gently, making me look at him. His eyes were full of understanding, his thumb brushing a tear from my cheek. “I know, Faith,” he said, his voice low and steady. “I know how much this hurts you. But I’m going to fix it. Tonight.”

My heart pounded with a mix of fear and hope. “Tonight? What are you going to do tonight?”

He pulled me closer, holding me tight. “Don’t worry about it. Just know that this nightmare will be behind us by tonight. For good.”

A crazy thought popped into my head. “What if we just... leave for a while? Maybe then Alice would have to confess, if she really cares about Isabella.”

Astor shook his head. “Kyle is probably watching us, Faith. If we leave, he’ll know and the he’ll follow. And that would put our children’s lives at risk.”

A sudden, sharp fear pierced through me. “Oh god,” I gasped, my eyes wide. “What if they already know? What if they know that we know? What if they try to do something to her?” My breath came in short, panicked gasps.

He held me tighter, trying to absorb my fear. “I know Alice is evil, Faith. She’s done the unimaginable to us by taking our daughter away. But I’ve seen her, just like you have. I’ve seen her raise that little girl with love. She might be a monster to us, but I honestly don’t think she would ever hurt Isabella.”

I hate Alice, hate her with every fiber of my being, but I know, deep down, that Astor is right. If Alice wanted to hurt Isabella, she would have done it a long time ago. Still, my anxiety for tonight, for whatever Astor is planning, soared.

“Please,” I pleaded, pressing my face into his chest. “Please, be careful tonight. Whatever you’re planning. You’re just as important to me as Isabella is. You both are my whole world.”

He kissed the top of my head with a silent promise. “I will be okay,” he murmured, his filled with a certainty that calmed me down a bit. “And by tomorrow, Faith, by tomorrow, I’ll bring our baby back to you.”