

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 111

Faith's Pov...

I felt very giddy in the kitchen today because I was making lunch for my daughter for the first time.

I was making grilled cheese sandwiches and a huge pot of creamy tomato soup. It was simple, easy food, but I was just excited.

I usually don't allow Marco past the kitchen island when I'm cooking because his help usually ends up leaving me with more of a mess. But today, I couldn't say no.

Isabella was with him when he begged to help. I was so excited about this bonding time and I would have to put up with my naughty son if it meant Isabella smiled.

"Okay, guys," I said, tying Isabella's small apron for her. "Marco, you can tear the bread for the croutons. Isabella, you can stir the soup slowly. Don't splash."

Marco immediately forgot his task and tried to put a whole block of cheese in the blender. "I can make cheese dust!" he insisted, his nose already smudged with flour.

"No cheese dust today, sweetie," I laughed, pulling the plug just in time.

But even Marco's usual chaos felt sweet. Isabella was so focused, standing on a stool and slowly rotating the wooden spoon in the thick, red soup. The way the light caught her hair, the serious, careful look on her face it was almost too much.

I was genuinely seeing myself in her and I still see pieces of Alice when I look at her and it's because all of us in the pack are still under the effect of the black magic that Alice is using except for Astor but mannerism and my heart would never lie to me because she's just like a mini me.

This was my daughter. The joy was so huge and consuming that my eyes started to sting. I had to look away, focusing hard on buttering the bread slices fast so the kids wouldn't see the tears I was fighting.

Don't cry. you have her back and everything is going to be okay.

We worked as a team. Isabella was quiet but helpful, following every instruction exactly. Marco was loud but loving, constantly bumping into me for a quick hug. We finished the food and the three of us carried the trays into the dining room.

The atmosphere shifted instantly. The warmth from the kitchen vanished, replaced by a biting coldness that came straight from my mother-in-law, Ovelia.

Astor, Sander, Ovelia, Isabella, Marco, and I sat down. The silence was thick enough to choke on. Ovelia was staring at me hard. It wasn't just a look; it was a physical blow, a stare full of judgment and anger. I focused on making sure Marco didn't drop his soup.

Astor, sensing the danger, tried to break the tension. "How was the trip, Mom and Dad? Did you guys visit many packs?"

"Fine," Ovelia clipped out, her eyes never leaving mine. I could feel the heat rising on my cheeks. If we weren't in front of the children, I might have thrown my spoon across the table.

"Did you see people you know?" Astor asked, trying again.

"Many," Ovelia answered, picking at her sandwich crust as if it personally offended her.

I wanted to snap. I wanted to tell her to eat her food or leave my house. But I couldn't. I held my tongue for Marco and Isabella. They didn't need to see the war between me and their grandmother.

Astor cleared his throat. He looked at me with a serious expression. "Faith, since Mom and Dad are here, and everything is settled down we should schedule the Mating Ceremony right away."

A mixture of panic and relief shot through me.

Now? I thought. We were barely keeping our heads above water with everything going on. Maybe now wasn't the time.

But then I looked at Ovelia, who was giving me the deepest 'stink eye' yet.

Yes. Now is exactly the time.

I needed that ceremony. I needed to finally become the official Luna, not just the Luna 'by name.' Ovelia felt she had the confidence and the right to disrespect me like this. when I'm officially crowned she will have to bow.

"That sounds wonderful, Astor," I said, putting a little too much sweetness into my voice, just for Ovelia's benefit.

She slammed her fork down. It made a loud clink that startled Marco. "Darling, maybe you should wait," she said, her voice dripping with fake concern. "Faith has been back on leave for a couple of days and we don't know what's going to happen."

She taunting me.

Astor looked straight at his mother, his eyes turning cold. “We’ve been close to this ceremony so many times. Something always comes up. I don’t want to wait anymore.”

His firmness shut Ovelia up instantly. She pressed her lips into a thin, white line and went back to picking at her food.

The rest of the meal was awkward and silent. We rushed through the last bites. I stood up quickly. “Alright, kids. Let’s get these dishes cleared.”

Marco and Isabella followed me to the kitchen. The kitchen felt like that safe harbor again, away from the dining room. We scraped the plates and loaded the dishwasher.

“Thank you both for helping,” I said, putting my arms around them.

Isabella pulled back slightly, looking serious. “I have to go home now,” she said softly. “My mother will probably be looking for me.”

The words hit me like a physical punch to the stomach. My mother. She meant the woman who stole her, the woman keeping her from her real mother.

I nodded, gripping the counter edge because my knees felt weak. “Of course, sweetie.”

It hurt. It hurt so badly to hear her call someone else her mother. I bent down to hug her goodbye, inhaling the scent of tomato soup and soap on her hair.

Just as I pulled away, my phone started ringing loudly on the counter.

It was Kyle.

My blood ran cold. I knew what he was going to say. I knew what he wanted. I didn’t want to answer, but I couldn’t let him think I was onto him. I had to continue acting like the desperate, clueless mother.

I took a deep breath, trying to slow my pounding heart, and pressed answer.

“Hello?” I tried to sound weak and out of breath.

“Faith,” Kyle’s voice was low and mocking. “You are getting very comfortable. Too comfortable for a woman who claims she is desperate to find her lost child.”

My teeth ground together so hard my jaw ached. I wanted to scream that I found her, that she was standing right next to me, saying goodbye.

“I—I’m just mentally and emotionally tired, Kyle,” I lied, keeping my voice shaky.

“A truly loving mother wouldn’t be mentally tired of doing whatever it takes to get her child back Faith. She would be tireless,” he sneered. “I guess you don’t love her as much as you claim.”

Rage boiled in my chest, hot and violent.

“I can’t do what you asked me to do,” I choked out, trying to keep my voice low. I couldn’t even voice it out loud because he asked of the unimaginable.

“Oh, you can’t?” he sounded amused. “Well, you don’t have much time to decide now that the old wolf is back.”

The old wolf. Kyle knew he was here. He knew everything.

“You have a couple of hours, Faith. You know what you have to do to get your daughter back,” Kyle continued, his voice hardening into steel. “You choose. Your father-in-law, or your daughter. You cannot have both.”

He hung up.

I stood there, staring at the phone, trembling. The decision was impossible. My mind was screaming, but my body felt frozen in ice.

A hand landed softly on my shoulder. I jumped halfway out of my skin.

Astor.

I hadn’t heard him come in. He must have entered the kitchen while I was distracted by the terror of Kyle’s call. He gently guided Marco and Isabella out of the kitchen.

He looked at me in question and I told him something that I have been reluctant to tell him since he got back.

” he wants me to kill your father.”

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The kitchen went cold for a few minutes. My father? My father?

“Are you– are you serious?” I asked, my voice barely a whisper. My mind reeled. It couldn’t be. she wouldn’t even consider doing something like that.

But she wasn't done. Her eyes were wide, wet with unshed tears, and her next breath felt like a physical punch to my gut. "If I hadn't found out about Isabella, if I didn't know. I would have done it."

My jaw dropped. I stared at her, utterly speechless for a long moment. My heart was pounding so hard I thought it might burst through my ribs. "Done... done what?" I finally managed to stammer, even though I knew, I knew what she meant. "Are you joking, Faith? You wouldn't try and kill my father, right?"

She shook her head, a single tear finally escaping and tracking a path down her cheek. "I wish I could stand here and lie to you and say that I didn't even consider doing it but I did. As a mother. I genuinely considered doing it."

A knot tightened in my stomach. As disappointed and horrified as I was by the thought.

I looked at Faith, really looked at her desperate face, and a cold shiver ran down my spine. The image flashed in my mind I swallowed hard. I probably would have thought about it too. Yes, I wouldn't have killed my father. I could never go that far. But for your child? For their safety, for their happiness? There are no lengths you can't possibly, wouldn't possibly, go to. The thought was terrifying, but it was real.

Faith's voice pulled me back. "What are we going to do, Astor?"

I took a deep breath. "Kyle is a long story," I said, pinching the bridge of my nose. "A very long, twisted story. For now, we're going to have to concentrate on Isabella. Protecting her, making sure she's safe." I looked at Faith, trying to calm down even though I felt anything but. "I'll take care of that tonight. But for now, I need you to calm down. Just relax, okay?" I reached for her hand, squeezing it gently. "We're probably going to go through worse things than this. And we're going to have to be there for Isabella after tonight. She's going to need us, both of us."

Faith nodded, her grip on my hand tightening. "Okay," she whispered.

"Good," I said, giving her hand another squeeze. "Now, I need to have a conversation with my father. Which means that my mother might come and bother you."

Faith let out a harsh sigh and I frowned. "Listen to me," I said, looking her directly in the eye.

If she becomes a problem, just one word, one disrespectful look, and you are very much allowed to kick her out. This is your house, Faith. And I really do respect and care for my mother, but I will not tolerate her constantly disrespecting you. That is probably one of the biggest mistakes I made before you ran away." My voice was low, filled with regret. "I let people talk to you and disrespect you as much as they wanted. But none of that will happen again. Ever."

A soft smile touched Faith's lips, and then she was in my arms, hugging me tightly. It was a silent thank you, a moment of comfort in the storm. I wrapped my arms around her, breathing in

the scent of her hair, and kissed her forehead then pulled away, leaving her in the quiet of the kitchen.

When I got to the living room, Marco was there, trying to entertain Isabella, who looked a little restless. My heart ached for her, for the innocence she was about to lose, for the danger she was unknowingly in.

“Isabella,” I said, my voice firm but gentle. “Don’t go home without me. I need you to wait for me, after I have a conversation with your grandfather, okay?”

She looked up at me, her big eyes curious, but nodded. “Okay, daddy.”

I gave her a reassuring smile and then turned to face my father. He sat in the armchair, looking calm, oblivious. My blood boiled.

“Father,” I said, my voice colder than I intended. “I need to speak with you. Alone. Now.”

He raised an eyebrow, sensing the shift in my tone, but he agreed.

I didn’t waste any time when we got there. I looked him straight in the eye, my gaze unwavering. “In all these years, Father,” I began, my voice steady despite the anger churning inside me, “I have questioned your abilities as a father. Many times even. But one thing I have never questioned is how good of an Alpha you were. How strong, how wise, how protective of our pack.” I paused, letting my words hang in the air. “And now— now I am very much sure that you are one of the best Alphas to ever live. Because you don’t even care about another person. Or have little bit of a conscience when it comes to protecting your reign.”

My father’s brow furrowed. He looked genuinely confused. “Astor, what in the world are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about you, Father,” I said, my voice rising slightly, the anger finally breaking through. “I am ashamed to have you as my father. Because you cannot claim to be a good Alpha and m*****e a whole pack with innocent children and women inside. Only because you did not agree with the Alpha of that pack and his actions.”

My father’s face, usually so composed, went pale. His eyes widened in shock, but he quickly recovered, a mask of coldness replacing the surprise. “Who told you that?” he demanded, his voice low and dangerous.

“Who told me?” I scoffed, a bitter laugh escaping my lips. “It doesn’t matter who told me! Everything that is happening to my family, to my pack, it’s all your fault, Father!”

“I… I don’t understand,” he said again, shaking his head.

I don't know what's hard to understand because I haven't been able to sleep at night ever since I found out that my father killed thousands and thousands of Innocent children and women and also men who didn't have to be convicted for what their alpha didm

“No, you don't want to understand!” I shot back, slamming my hand on the desk. The papers scattered. “Because the people that you thought you destroyed are alive. They want revenge. And the person they're going after is me. And my children.”

He finally reacted, anger flashing in his eyes. “Perhaps, Astor, you should stand in my shoes. Perhaps then you would understand why we had to make the decision that we made.”

“Oh, I understand your decisions, Father,” I said, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper, because what I was about to say would shake his world as much as it had shaken mine. “I understand clearly. I understand that Kyle, is none other than the heir of the Fallen Pack. The pack you massacred. And he is back for revenge. He is willing to do anything to get it.” I watched his eyes narrow, watched the pieces click together in his mind, the horror dawning. ” And most importantly,” I added, my voice tight with a new kind of dread, “he is very much obsessed with my mate and my family.”

The words hung in the air, heavy and dark. My father's recovery from shock was usually so quick, so practiced. But this time, this time, he froze. His eyes, usually so sharp and commanding, went wide with shock.

“He can't be obsessed with Faith,” he said, his voice strangely calm, almost vacant, but his chest heaved. He stared at me, his gaze fixed somewhere far away. “Because Faith... Faith is his sister.”

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Astor's Pov

My head was spinning. My father had just dropped a bomb that made my whole world tilt on its axis. “No,” I blurted out, shaking my head vehemently. “We all know who Faith's biological parents are.” I mean the whole being exchanged at birth situation is what brought all of this on.

My father just looked at me, his eyes filled with a weariness that went soul-deep. He shook his head slowly. “Astor,” he began, his voice low and grave,” When Alpha Connor found his mate she was already pregnant. He loved her so much, he didn't care. He was willing to accept another man's child as his own.”

I blinked, trying to process this. “Okay. But what does that have to do with Faith? How does that connect to my mate?” I’m not stupid because I’ve already made out what he’s trying to say but I just want it to not be real.

He leaned forward, his gaze intense. “Because, Astor, Kyle’s father the former Alpha of the Fallen Pack is Faith’s biological father.”

The words hit me like a physical blow. “What? How is that even possible?” I stammered, the confusion a thick fog in my mind. “There has to be some mistake. That doesn’t make any sense!”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” my father said, a hint of exasperation creeping into his voice. “You’ve been believing stories, nonsense. How could you possibly think that an Alpha would raise a child for eighteen years and not know that child wasn’t his own blood?”

The realization dawned, cold and sharp. “So... Alpha Connor knew all along? He knew Alice wasn’t his biological daughter?”

My father nodded.

“But... if Faith was biologically Luna’s daughter,” I pressed on, my voice rising, “why did they give her away? Why was she sent away?”

“A seer,” my father explained, his voice hushed with an ancient dread. “A seer told them that the child would be born a white wolf. A wolf who would either destroy or save the world. And she could only fulfill that destiny if she was with her true mate. The prophecy... it already suggested that her mate would be you, Astor.”

I was starting to pierce the puzzles back together so they did to keep her away from me so that she never fulfills whatever destiny is said.

My breath hitched. “They... they exchanged Faith? With Alice?”

“Yes,” he confirmed. “They swapped the children. I don’t know if they did it to save her life, Astor, or if Alpha Connor simply couldn’t bear the thought of raising his mate’s biological child with another man. He might have preferred a child with no connection to him or his mate.”

The weight of it crushed me. “They played a game with Faith’s life,” I whispered, the words tasting like ash. “They treated her like a pawn.”

I always thought I was crazy because I noticed the discomfort and divide between faith and her parents and how close they were to Alice and Part of Me believed that Faith wasn’t giving them a chance to be there for her because she resented them for not being there for her but now I get that they never really loved her.

“Astor, calm down,” my father urged, reaching out to place a hand on my arm.

But I couldn't calm down. Not now. "Calm down?" I cried, pulling away. "I can't calm down! Not when I just found out that you... that you killed my mate's biological father!"

His face hardened. "Alpha Benjamin had to die," he stated, his voice devoid of emotion. "He was ruining lives, killing people, all because he wanted to experiment with dark magic. We did the right thing."

"You killed him, yes, that might have been justified," I conceded, my voice trembling with a mixture of anger and grief. "But you slaughtered his pack! Innocent children, women who had no part in his madness, men just following their Alpha. There's nothing to justify in that!"

"Don't worry about telling your mate," my father said, his gaze fixed on some distant point. "At the end of the day, Faith will have to make peace with the fact that her father was a very bad man. A monster. This decision, this m*****e... it will stay with me forever. But I don't regret what we did." He then turned his piercing gaze back to me. "It is imperative that Faith does not find out about her paternity."

"Why?" I demanded. "I would never hide something like that from my mate."

"The seer told us," he repeated, his voice laced with a familiar urgency. "Faith is going to grow into a powerful white wolf. We haven't seen the full extent of her powers yet, how dangerous they could be. What if she finds out about her biological father and decides to seek revenge?"

My immediate thought, raw and honest, was: "She would be justified in trying to take revenge."

"And would you be able to look your mate in the eye," my father countered, his voice dangerously soft, "if she kills her own father? If she seeks revenge and ends up killing me?

Would you forgive that?" He knew the answer. He knew I wouldn't. "You have to take this decision as an Alpha, Astor. Not as a husband, not as a mate. The future of all werewolves depends on it."

A new question gnawed at me. "Does Kyle know? Does he know Faith is his sister?"

"It was a secret kept by all the men involved in that m*****e," my father stated firmly. "We swore we would never speak of it again. I don't believe anyone would have broken that promise. So, no. Kyle doesn't know."

I don't really know what to say and what to feel about all of this because I want Kyle dead. I want him to pay for everything he put Faith through by his obsession and most of all the fact that he kept us away from our daughter for 5 years and maybe not so much me because I got to see her grow but Faith was deprived of all of that.

"I want him dead."

My father's expression shifted, a chilling resolve settling in his eyes. "Then, Astor," he said, the words like ice, "you will have to kill Kyle."

The plan. The original plan. But the thought of it twisted my insides. "That was the plan all along," I whispered, my voice barely audible. "But... how can I kill my mate's brother? Faith will never forgive me for that."

"This isn't about forgiveness, Astor," my father said, his voice hardening. "This is about saving lives. Kyle will continue killing and destroying, just like his father. Someone has to stop him. And in this case, that someone is you."

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Every time I try to fix something I'm always surprised by something else that comes up and this isn't any different to it because it's a curve that I'm not sure I will recover from and I honestly couldn't continue listening to my father because I have to do everything like I can to bring Isabella home today.

Faith's paternity will have to wait for today because the most important thing is our daughter and I'm about to bring her home.

The journey to Alice's house felt longer than usual and my little girl, hummed a happy tune walking beside me.

When we got to the house, Alice was a ball of energy just trying to get some attention and impress me but it hasn't happened even once in the last 6 years and I don't even know why she continues trying. "Oh, Astor darling! I'm so glad you're here. Everything's almost ready. Dinner will be on the table soon."

I forced a smile back. "Looking forward to it, Alice." The words tasted like ash in my mouth. Every interaction with her was a performance, a carefully constructed lie.

I guided Isabella in, her small hand tucked into mine. "Come on, sweetie. Let's get you settled in."

Alice smiled at her and kissed her forehead and the only thing I wanted to do was get her very far away from my daughter but I had to keep calm.

I steered Isabella towards her room, a welcome escape from Alice. It's crazy that up until yesterday I trusted her with Isabella but now I just can't imagine having to leave the two of them together. "Let's get you a nice warm bath, shall we, my love?"

The bathroom was steamy and smelled faintly of lavender. As I bathed Isabella, her laughter echoed in the bathroom. Afterwards, we moved to her bedroom full of pastel colours and stuffed animals. She then brought her favourite doll, her tea set and chairs and insisted on a tea party.

“More tea, Daddy?” she asked, holding out a tiny plastic cup.

“Just a sip, thank you, princess,” I replied, playing along. As we “drank“, her little brow furrowed slightly. “Daddy, why haven’t you been spending much time with me lately?”

My heart clenched. My mother’s words, sharp and accusatory, echoed in my mind.

I didn’t think I was neglecting either one of them but it turns out I have been because my baby girl is very sweet and innocent and if she is mentioning something like that it’s probably because she sees it.

“Oh, sweetie,” I said, pulling her into my lap. I hugged her tight, breathing in the scent of her shampoo. “I’m so sorry. It’s just... things have been complicated. But I love you, Isabella. I love you just as much as I love Marco. You know that, right?”

She looked up at me, her eyes wide and earnest, and a wave of shame washed over me. How could I have been so blind?

“I know, Daddy,” she said softly. “And right now, you’re spending more time with Marco because he didn’t have any time with you before. It’s only fair that he gets to spend time with his father. And you’re spending time with me now too!”

Her simple wisdom, her utter lack of resentment, was overwhelming. I kissed her forehead, my voice thick with emotion. “You are such an intelligent and precious little girl. I’m the luckiest man in the world.” she is Faith and I don’t even know how I didn’t even notice because Alice doesn’t have these characteristics.

A giggle bubbled up from her, a sound that filled the room with light. She wriggled in my arms, her joy infectious, and for a moment, the gnawing guilt receded.

Just then, Alice’s voice, a little too loud, cut through the quiet. “Dinner is served, my dears!”

As we walked towards the dining room, a cold dread settled in my stomach. Alice had cooked. I had to be careful. My plan depended on me playing along, on eating what she served. Pretending was my only option.

Alice had already plated our food. A hearty roast chicken as I reached for my plate, I subtly, almost imperceptibly, switched it with hers and also added another ingredient to hers. The deception was effortless, I’m not just the alpha of my pack for nothing.

We sat down, and Alice began to talk, her voice in her high-pitched voice while Isabella was tured so her eyes were slowly drooping.

I watched Alice, her every movement scrutinized, every smile analyzed. After a few bites of the meal I noticed a subtle change in her. Her movements became jerky, her speech slurred. She blinked rapidly, her eyes unfocused. She was starting to behave exactly how I anticipated.

I ignored it. This was part of the plan. I wanted it to be in her system, to take hold before she even suspected. After dinner, I excused myself with Isabella. "Time for bed, princess."

I read her a story, her eyelids heavy, her small body already succumbing to sleep. It was good. She'd played all day, she was exhausted. She would sleep soundly, oblivious to the unfolding drama. I tucked her in, kissed her forehead, and whispered, "I love you, my darling girl."

Back in the sitting room, Alice was a mess. She was scratching at her arms, her face contorted in discomfort. Her skin was flushed, and she looked utterly miserable.

"Something's wrong," she moaned, her voice raspy.

I turned to her, a slow, cruel smile spreading across my face. The mask was off. "Oh, something is very wrong, Alice," I purred, my voice laced with triumph. "You thought you could mess with me? Play your little games? You thought you could steal what's mine? Well, that's never going to happen again."

Her eyes widened, and she looked at me, really looked at me, as if seeing me for the first time. But there was a glazed, unfocused quality to her gaze. The silver I'd laced into her food was working its magic. For werewolves, silver wasn't just an irritant, it made us weak, vulnerable, and deeply, unwell and sometimes it even causes death.

"Did you... did you poison me?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

I chuckled, a low rumble of satisfaction. "Yes, Alice. I did. And you're going to die a very miserable, very slow death."

Tears welled in her eyes, not of pain, but of bewilderment. "But... why? I was just trying to be good for you. I was trying to do something nice."

"Nice?" I scoffed. "You think this is nice? You've been fooling me for five years, Alice. Five years! But I can see right through you now. Tell me, how did you do it? How did you manage to steal my daughter?"

Confusion etched itself onto her face, a stark contrast to the dawning horror. "Steal your daughter? What are you talking about?"

"Don't play dumb with me, Alice!" I snarled, my patience wearing thin. "Tell me how you managed to take her. How did you get Isabella at the hospital?"

Her eyes widened, a flicker of genuine shock breaking through her. "I... I didn't steal Isabella. Kyle must have lied to you. He's after Faith, you know, he'll do anything to get into her bed."

“Kyle?” I laughed, a harsh, disbelieving sound. “I didn’t mention Kyle. How do you know it was Kyle who told me? Unless, of course, you did work with Kyle. Is that it, Alice? Was it a team effort?”

“No, no!” she cried, her voice growing frantic. “I was just guessing! It was a lucky guess!”

“A lucky guess,” I repeated, my voice dangerously soft. “A lucky guess that it was the man who happened to be involved in kidnapping our daughter. That’s quite a coincidence, wouldn’t you say?”

“Let me go, Astor” she pleaded, struggling against an invisible force, her body thrashing weakly. “I’m innocent!”

“The only innocent one here is Isabella,” I spat, my vision narrowing. “Because the woman who raised her, the woman she thought was my mother, is the same woman who kidnapped her. And her own birth mother never even knew.”

Alice’s struggle intensified, and then, a strange sound escaped her lips. A laugh. A hysterical, almost deranged laugh.

“Stop it, Alice!” I roared, my control fraying. “Stop laughing, or I’ll make your death even more painful than I intended.”

She continued to laugh, tears streaming down her face. “You can’t kill me.”

My blood ran cold. “What did you say?”

“If you kill me,” she gasped between laughs, “Isabella will die too.”

I slapped her, a sharp, brutal sound that echoed in the silence. The sting of it surprised me. I’d sworn I would never raise a hand to a woman, but she wasn’t a woman. She was a monster. A creature who would threaten my daughter’s life.

She slumped against the sofa, her eyes drooping, her breath shallow. “I’ve been feeding Isabella something... very dark and dangerous,” she whispered, her voice frail. “She needs it every day. If she doesn’t get it, she’ll die. There’s nothing anyone can ever do about it.”

A wave of disbelief, followed by a chilling fear, washed over me. “You’re lying. You would never put Isabella’s life in danger. Despite everything, I know you love her.”

A genuine sorrow flickered in her eyes. “I do love her, Astor. That’s why I never miss a day. If I want to go to heaven with her. So if you kill me, miss even one day, she’ll die. you’ll be killing your daughter too.”

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I don't have time for Alice's lies and if she's trying to buy some time for herself then she is in for a very big surprise.

Luckily Liam arrived and I told him to get Isabella in her room and take her to Faith's because I can't risk leaving her here and having Kyle come and take her because somehow he knows every trail to my pack and he poses a danger to my family.

I wrapped my hands around Alice's arm and dragged her out of the house.

She screamed behind me, stumbling every few steps, but I didn't slow down. Her struggle was useless. She was twisting, pulling, fighting like a trapped animal, but my strength outweighed hers maybe ten times over, and right now, the fury filling me was stronger than any restraint I had left.

We moved fast through the Pack. The few members who were outside looked up, their faces frozen in complete shock. They saw the rage boiling in my eyes, the raw, untamed look of the Alpha, and they immediately bowed their heads and backed away. They were horrified by what they saw, but nobody questioned me. Nobody dared to slow me down.

As we moved closer to the center of the territory, more people appeared. They started spilling out of their houses. It was like a sudden, terrible call had gone out. They formed a growing, silent crowd behind us, drawn by the drama. Soon, there were hundreds of witnesses.

"Astor, stop! Please, stop" Alice kept begging, the tears already mixing with the dirt streaking her cheeks, but I ignored her. Her pleas were just noise to me now. Every pull she made, every desperate cry, just fueled the fire burning away my patience.

I dragged her all the way to the steps of the Packhouse entrance. This was the most important place in our territory. This was where everyone gathered.

When I reached the very front, I shoved her forward. I simply let go. She hit the ground hard, falling with a thud.

Just then, my father came running along with some of the few high ranking members of the Pack. He must have heard the shouts and the rising noise of the crowd.

"Astor! What in the Goddess's name are you doing? Stop this right now!" he barked.

I slowly turned my head, fixing my gaze on him. I didn't need to shift fully. I only needed to let him see the monster inside. My wolf was right at the surface. The pure, rage of my Alpha command hit him like a physical blow.

He stopped dead. His shoulders dropped. He had no choice but to submit to his son, the current Alpha. He lowered his head, his face defeated.

I straightened up, turning my attention back to the massive crowd that now surrounded the entire front yard. The silence was heavy, broken only by Alice's sobs on the ground.

"Listen up!" My voice was a roar, sharp and powerful, bouncing off the stone walls of the Packhouse. "What is going to happen today will serve as a lesson! A lesson to anybody who tries to betray me or tries to go against me!"

My mother, pushed through the front of the crowd. She looked from my father's defeated stance to Alice shaking on the ground.

"Astor, what is going on here?" she asked, her voice laced with confusion and alarm.

I didn't answer her directly. I addressed the Pack. I needed them to hear the entire, horrible truth, word by simple word.

"Five years ago," I began, my voice lower now, dangerously steady, "Faith gave birth to twins. She only got to see one of them. The other child was kidnapped immediately after birth. We didn't even know about her until a couple of days ago."

I paused, letting the weight of the truth settle on them.

"We didn't have to look far," I spat out, my eyes locking onto Alice. "We searched only to find out that Alice is the one who kidnapped my daughter."

Before I could even finish, my mother's voice cut across the silence. She sounded furious.

"Astor, stop! That is a lie! Alice would never do something like that!"

I saw the rest of the Pack nodding their heads in agreement with my mother. They had known Alice for years. They believed in her kindness. They had been fooled, just like I was.

"Don't even dare defend her." I said. "Whoever doesn't agree with me must be in cahoots with her. You are all blind. I have proof. Proof that Isabella is not Alice's daughter. Isabella is mine, She is Faith's daughter!"

The noise that went through the crowd was a wave of gasps and shocked murmurs. The revelation was too huge, too unbelievable for them to grasp right away.

My father was the first to find his voice. "Astor, it... it couldn't be," he argued weakly.

I looked down at Alice, who was now weeping openly, her shoulders shaking violently.

“She used black magic!” I accused, pointing a stiff finger at her. “She used dark spells to hide my daughter’s scent, to hide the truth from me and from our Pack. All this time, I didn’t know that the little girl I was raising was actually.”

Alice screamed up at me, the tears pouring down her face. “It’s not true! It’s all lies! You just want to get rid of me. You have your mate now. You want to give Faith my daughter back so you can be the hero, but you are lying”

“George!” I barked, turning to the Head Warrior standing nearby. “Bring the silver chains! Now!”

Alice heard the command and stopped crying instantly.

“No! NO!” she shrieked, scrambling backward on the ground, trying desperately to get away.

I signaled two of the female warriors. They moved fast, grabbing her by the arms and forcing her back down against the stones. She struggled wildly, but she was trapped.

George arrived quickly, holding the thick, gleaming chains. They were wrapped around her wrists and then secured around her chest.

Alice screamed. It was a high, horrible, sound, the sound of her flesh burning. The silver started to smoke faintly against her skin. She thrashed, screaming until her throat must have been raw.

I knelt down beside her, ignoring the dreadful sound of her pain.

“I don’t buy your whole story about poisoning Isabella or whatever lies you told me before,” I hissed into her ear. “Nothing is going to stop me. I will torture you, and then I will give you a very slow, very painful death for what you put my mate through.”

“Isabella will never forgive you!” she managed to choke out through the pain. “I am the only mother she has ever known. She will hate you for killing me”

“She will forget you,” I stated coldly. My heart felt like stone. “Isabella is young. Sooner or later, she will accept Faith as her true mother, and she will forget all about the woman who raised her.”

I grabbed a handful of her hair, forcing her face up toward mine. “I might consider making this easy for you, Alice. Just confess. Tell me what your full involvement is with Kyle.”

I stood up, turning back to the Pack. I needed to finish this, to make sure they saw her for the monster she was.

“Kyle is the one who killed those two innocent children” I announced loudly. “And Alice is involved with him. She helped him. She is his accomplice.”

I looked out at the sea of shocked faces.

“So, tell me now,” I demanded. “Do you still think she deserves to be saved?”

The silence was deafening. Every head was lowered. They were finally forced to see the truth.

Alice let out one last, ragged scream, a sound filled with pure, murderous hatred and desperation that cut through the pain of the silver.

“Faith deserved everything she got!” she shrieked, tears and blood staining her face. “Why? Why does Faith get to have everything while I lose? All I wanted was to be a mother to your child. But I lost my baby, and Faith got to give birth to two”

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 116

Faith’s Pov...

I already knew what was happening out there because the screams and the shouting but I had to see it for myself.

As I moved, the crowd parted, creating a path for me, like a sea splitting. Each step I took was filled with a burning rage I hadn’t known I possessed. My eyes locked onto Alice, who was on her knees, sobbing, her face a mess of tears and snot. Beside her, Astor stood glaring at her.

I stopped right in front of her, my shadow falling over her trembling form. “How?” My voice was low, trembling with a mixture of anger and confusion. “How did you know I was pregnant with twins? I didn’t even know myself.” The question hung in the air, piercing the tension.

I already know that she’s jealous of me and that she feels like I got everything and that she lost but I really want to know how she did all of this

Alice sniffled, looking up at me through tear-filled eyes. “Because... because you don’t have a wolf.” Her voice was soft, barely a whisper. “You couldn’t tell the heartbeats, not like I could. My wolf knew. She told me you had two little ones inside you.”

A fresh wave of shock hit me, then pure, unadulterated fury. My hand flew to my face, wiping away the tears that had somehow started to fall without me even realizing.

For the first time, a primal roar tore from my throat, raw and uncontrolled. It wasn't just my voice; it was my wolf, unbound, unleashed. I moved forward, every ounce of my being screaming for justice.

I vaguely remember the impact. My claws, elongated without my conscious command, were sinking into flesh. Alice screamed, a guttural sound of pain and terror. I was on her and then, just as quickly, I was being pulled away. Strong arms, Astor's arms, wrapped around me, yanking me back from a now bloody Alice.

My wolf, still roaring, fought against him, but Astor's own wolf pushed back, a calm, steady presence cutting through my frenzy. He was my mate, and even in my darkest moment, his essence could reach me. Slowly, agonizingly slowly, the red haze began to recede. But my eyes still burned with an unnatural, furious glow.

I turned back to Alice, who was now whimpering, clutching her bleeding arm. "You better confess," I snarled, my voice still rough, "Confess everything. Tell me how and why you took my daughter. Because if you don't..." I paused, letting my gaze sweep over her, promising pure, unadulterated death. "Then nobody will be able to stop me from ending your life right here, right now."

Fear, real fear, flickered in Alice's eyes. She started to tremble even more violently, her words tumbling out in a rush. "The baby... the baby I was pregnant with..." she choked out, "It was never Astor's! I tried to get him drunk, but he wouldn't... he still wouldn't do anything with me. The baby... it was Chase's."

A collective gasp echoed around the room, a wave of shock rippling through everyone present. But the biggest gasp, the loudest one, came from me. My body froze, then tremors started to shake me. I stared at Alice, horrified, disgusted. My claws, which had just started to retract, began to elongate again, digging into my palms. Astor's grip tightened on me, holding me back, but I screamed, a raw, tormented sound that tore through the air.

"You lied!" I shrieked, my voice cracking. "You lied to me, I left my mate, because I thought he was having a baby with you. All your lies!"

Alice, surprisingly, found a surge of strength. She screamed back, "You took Astor from me!"

My head snapped towards her, my eyes blazing. "He is not a toy that gets taken and given" I roared, pushing against Astor's hold. "And I don't blame him! I blame your parents for not teaching you how to take rejection! For not teaching you that you don't always get what you want in life"

"I lost everything!" Alice screamed, her voice hoarse, desperate. "I lost everything I ever wanted. And most importantly, I lost my baby. I would have kept my baby, even though it wasn't Astor's, I would have. But I lost my baby all because Astor didn't care about me. The only person who did... the only one who truly cared was Kyle!"

Astor, who was trying to calm me, let out a harsh, disbelieving laugh. “Kyle?” he scoffed, his voice dripping with contempt. “Kyle didn’t care about you, Alice. He just used you.”

Alice shook her head violently, tears streaming down her face. “No! Kyle was there for me more than anybody! He gave me what I truly wanted the most...” She paused, her voice shaking with a twisted triumph, “...and that was a baby.”

That was it. That was the phrase that snapped the last thread of my control. A baby. The word echoed in my mind, a cruel, mocking whisper. They took my baby. They took my baby girl. And she has the nerve to say Kyle gave her a baby?

Before Astor could even anticipate my move, before he could tighten his grip, I lunged. I ripped free from his arms with a force I didn’t know I possessed. My hands shot out, finding Alice’s throat. My grip tightened, cutting off her breath, silencing her screams. Her eyes widened in terror, her hands scrabbling uselessly at mine.

“You took my baby away from me,” I hissed, my voice a venomous whisper in her ear, “and that is not something to be proud of. And that is the reason why you will die.”

I watched, numb, as the life slowly, agonizingly, drained from her eyes. Her struggles weakened, her face turning a ghastly shade of blue. Astor was behind me, his desperate voice begging me to stop, his strong hands pulling at me, trying to pry my fingers from her throat. But I couldn’t hear him. All I could hear was the echo of my own babies’ heartbeats, the ones I never got to hear, the ones Alice had known about. The ones she had taken.

Then I felt a wave of sickening dizziness wash over me. The room spun. Astor’s frantic shouts faded and my vision tunneled, then black. I felt myself falling, falling into nothingness.

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 117

Astor’s Pov

I ran as fast as I could with Faith in my arms.

My shirt was already stained red because her nose was bleeding onto my chest. The sight of her just collapsing like that ripped a hole in my heart. there’s nothing more scary than seeing you mate in this condition.

The pack hospital came into view. And it gave me a small sense of relief.

“Doctor! Nurse!” I erupted through the double doors, not bothering to kick them open gently.

“Alpha!” The pack doctor Samuel was already moving, his face drawn.

I laid Faith gently onto the rolling cot they shoved forward. My hands were shaking. I watched Samuel and the nurse whisk her down the hall and into a private room. It took every ounce of my control not to follow, not to rip the door off its hinges and scream at them to hurry.

I paced the waiting area with every second filled with images of her still and pale face. I saw something in her eyes today that I don’t know whether to fear or be proud of.

She was like a goddess but before she passed out I felt like there was something consuming her and it just felt very scary.

Finally Samuel emerged, wiping his hands on a cloth. He didn’t look relaxed. He looked cautious.

“Alpha” he started, immediately dropping the formality.

“What is it? Is she okay? What happened?” I demanded, grabbing his elbow.

He pulled me slightly aside, lowering his voice until it was barely a breath. “She’s stable. But her body is completely overwhelmed.”

I frowned. “Overwhelmed by what?”

“Her wolf, It’s draining her. Her body is not adapting in the way we usually see new wolves adapt. It’s like her human side and her wolf side are fighting over the same energy source, and the wolf is winning, taking everything. It’s demanding too much from her system.”

He hesitated, glancing around the empty hallway. “And Alpha, her wolf is not normal. It’s different. It’s powerful, yes, I can feel that, but it has a signature I’ve never seen before. It’s growing stronger and her body cannot accommodate it.”

“Listen to me doctor ” I said, my voice turning to gravel. I leaned into him, my eyes hard. I wasn’t the worried lover anymore; I was the Alpha protecting a catastrophic secret. “If you ever mention that her wolf is not normal, if you ever tell another soul—not the nurse, not your mate, especially not the Council—I swear, you will regret the day you were born.”

He paled immediately. He was a good man, but he understood the weight of my threat.

“Alpha, I swear on my life. I won’t say anything. I’ll write it off as extreme energetic exhaustion linked to stress. Nothing more but I should warn you that it’s only going to get worse from here and if she doesn’t get control of her wolf then I don’t know how she will be able to survive.” he said

I left him standing there because I don't know what to say or do right now so I went to her room.

I sat on the edge of the bed and brushed the hair from her face. I leaned down and pressed a long, tender kiss to her forehead.

"I love you, Faith," I whispered, tasting the fear still lingering on my tongue. "So much."

I looked at her, so fragile and beautiful, sleeping and I couldn't help the dark thoughts that rushed in, thoughts I couldn't share with anyone.

What will happen when she finally finds out who she really is?

Will she be able to forgive my father? Will she be able to forgive me, for keeping her in the dark?

If she couldn't, if the truth turned her against us, then we would be forced onto two separate sides of the coming fight. She would fight for revenge, and I would fight for my people.

What happens if she fails to control her wolf and it just gets too much for her.

I stayed until I couldn't bear the helplessness anymore. I had a war to manage.

I let out a shaky breath, squeezed her hand one last time, and slipped out of the room.

George was waiting for me outside.

"How is she?" he asked immediately, concern etched around his eyes.

"She'll be fine. Exhausted," I lied easily, keeping my voice neutral. "What did you do?"

"Alice is in the dungeon. Secure."

I just nodded once. "Good."

"I want extra guards stationed at this hospital. Two wolves on the grounds at all times, rotating every four hours. No one gets near Faith's room."

"Consider it done, Alpha."

"And George," I added, meeting his gaze, "Kyle knows we're onto him now. He knows we know Alice was working with him. That means he might come for us tonight or any time soon."

I thumped my chest. "I want the best trained wolves patrolling the border tonight. We are on high alert."

“Yes, Alpha”

I turned and headed straight toward the dungeon. When I reached the bottom, the sight of Alice made me stop short.

She was curled up against the cold stone wall of her cell, the silver bars caging her in. She was writhing, the silver wasn't just physical pain, it was preventing her wolf from healing the damage. It was agony multiplied. Her skin was blistered where she had touched the bars, and she was groaning, a low, guttural sound that was heartbreaking and satisfying all at once.

I think she's lucky that Faith passed out when she did because I have no doubt she would have killed.

“Alice,” I said, my voice flat, devoid of emotion.

“Astor,” she whispered, struggling to sit up.

“All this,” I swept my hand toward the silver bars, “it could stop right now. All the pain, all the suffering, it will just go away if you tell me where to find Kyle.”

She just stared at me and kept quiet.

I sighed, shaking my head slowly. “You know I'm giving you a chance. A way out.” she didn't seem interested and I'm not interested in begging her.

I had only taken two steps toward the door when her weak voice cut through the air.

“Wait! Stop!”

I paused, but I didn't turn around. I listened for the lie, for the manipulation.

“I.. I don't know where he is right now,” she choked out, her voice ragged. “He doesn't tell me when or where he sleeps. But I know where he usually meets me. We were supposed to meet there tomorrow night.”

I finally turned and looked at her. The pain in her face looked genuine enough to be the truth. She told me the directions and I nodded curtly, not offering any thanks or comfort. “Enjoy your stay, Alice.”

I walked back up the stairs, leaving her to the misery she has earned.

As soon as I was outside, I relayed the information to Liam.

“Anything else, Alpha?”

“Yes. Tell everyone. I want a meeting early tomorrow morning. All high-ranking members. We prepare for war.”

After making sure Liam and George had the situation under control, I rushed back to the hospital. Faith was stirring slightly now, her eyelids fluttering.

“Come on, sweetheart,” I murmured, leaning over her.

The doctor gave me a final update. the more her wolf surfaces the more danger she gets in but for now she was stable just needed sleep and reluctantly let me take her. I scooped her up gently, lifting the IV out of her arm and carrying her easily against my chest.

I took her straight back to our house, driven by the need to keep her close and safe.

We arrived, and the door opened before I could even reach the handle. Kimberly was in the livingroom with the guards stationed around the house.

“Alpha, is she alright?” She asked her hand flying to her mouth.

“She’s resting. She’s fine now,” I said, my tone brooking no argument. ” you can go I’ll take care of everything here but thank you”

She nodded and left immediately and I took Faith straight to our room and settled her into the middle of the bed.

Then my parental instincts hit with the force of a punch.

I went to the kids’ room. They were fast asleep in Marco’s bed but I couldn’t leave them here. Not now. Not with the possibility that Kyle might manage to slip in or worse, use a moment of distraction to breach the house. He would come for the children. They were my weakness.

I couldn’t bring myself to let them sleep there alone.

I walked over to Marco and I scooped him up he stirred but didn’t wake up.

I repeated the process with my daughter, holding them both tight against me.

I carried them both into my room and carefully placed them on either side of Faith. I stood there for a moment, looking at my family three heartbeats, all safe within arm’s reach.

I stripped off my shirt and climbed into bed beside them, and pulled myself close to Faith. My children snuggled against their mother and father, completely unaware of the dangers. closing in, completely unaware of the war that was about to break wide open.

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 118

Faith's Pov.

My head was pounding like someone was using it as a drum. It was the worst kind of pain, thick and dull, making my eyes feel too heavy to open. I passed out last night, and I don't know why.

But even with my head trying to split in two, I woke up smiling.

The sweetest sounds were floating up from downstairs. Happy sounds. Really loud, bright laughter and that made me happy.

I pushed myself up. I was dizzy, the room spinning a little bit, so I held onto the bedpost until the shaking stopped.

I stumbled into the bathroom and turned the shower handle all the way to cold. It forced my brain to focus on the cold instead of the ache.

Five minutes later, I was pulling on a simple cotton dress. I didn't bother with makeup. I looked pale and tired, but I was ready to face the day.

I didn't want to think about last night especially what I did because I don't regret it.

I tried to kill Alice and maybe the better version of me was supposed to feel guilty but the only guilt I feel is the fact that she didn't die.

"Mommy"

Marco's little legs were pumping as he ran across the tiled floor. He smashed right into my legs, hugging me tightly. I scooped him up, careful not to move my head too much.

"Good morning, my big boy," I whispered, kissing his forehead.

He held my face in his tiny hands and gave my cheek a wet kiss. I kissed both of his cheeks, which made him throw his head back and giggle.

I put Marco down and looked over at the breakfast table. Astor was sitting there, looking handsome even in the morning light, and Isabella was next to him.

Isabella looked at us. She had her fork halfway to her mouth, and she was watching Marco and me very closely. Her expression was a strange mix curiosity and also a hint of discomfort, like she didn't quite belong here.

I helped Marco climb back into his seat and then walked over and I leaned down gently and kissed Isabella right on the top of her head.

“Good morning, sweet girl,” I said looking at her in awe because I can't believe she's mine.

“Morning” she mumbled, looking down at her scrambled eggs.

I started to move toward my own chair, but before I could sit down properly, Astor reached out. He grabbed my waist quickly and pulled. I yelped a little and landed with a soft thump right in his lap.

He laughed, a deep, easy sound, and then tilted my head up and kissed me. It was a long, gentle kiss that made my whole body feel warm and fuzzy, despite the cold shower. I couldn't help but laugh when he finally pulled away.

The kids were giggling too, finding the whole thing highly amusing.

While Astor rubbed circles on my hip, I made sure to look closely at Isabella. I didn't want her to feel awkward because I think in her mind it's possible that she thought her parents were together and this could be very uncomfortable for her.

“Are you doing okay, Isabella?” I asked her quietly.

She took a deep breath and nodded. “I'm okay. But I don't understand how I woke up here. I was at my house when I went to sleep.” Her lower lip trembled slightly. “My mommy will probably be really worried about me.”

My smile fell away. I looked at Astor immediately. I can't get over the fact that Alice confessed and she took my baby away from me like it was nothing.

Astor tightened his grip on me and let out a small sigh. He knew this was the hard part.

“Bella,” he said, using a soft voice. “Your mommy had to go somewhere. It was important.”

Isabella's eyes went wide. “Go where?”

“She won't be able to come home for a couple of days,” Astor continued, keeping his voice steady and calm. “So, you are going to stay right here with us. We get to have you all to ourselves for a little bit.”

The light went out of Isabella's eyes. She looked genuinely disappointed, maybe even scared that she was left behind.

“Oh,” she whispered.

Before the sadness could set in fully, Marco jumped up in his chair. “But that is okay. We are going to have so much fun! We have toys and a big yard and we can play hide-and-seek!”

Isabella looked at Marco’s shining, excited face, and a tiny smile finally tugged at her lips.

Astor took the opportunity. “Alright, kiddos. Finish your breakfast, then let’s go upstairs and see if we can find some good story to read before I go, okay?”

The children finished up and happily sped off upstairs, Marco already instructing Isabella on how the rest of their day was going to go.

As soon as they were gone, the easy atmosphere broke. Astor helped me off his lap and back into my chair. He looked serious now.

“How are you feeling, Faith?” he asked, rubbing my temples.

“I have a banging headache, and I’m still a little dizzy,” I admitted. “Other than that, I’ll live. But tell me, what did the doctor say about why I passed out?”

Astor leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table.

“He said what we already know. Your wolf is getting stronger, Faith. Much stronger, much faster than expected.”

I frowned. “And that made me collapse?”

“You don’t know how to control the power yet. Not this much. It’s too much for your body to handle right now. The surges were pushing you past your limit. You have to get used to it.”

“I’ve been researching everything I can about my wolf, about what I’m capable of, and half of it sounds like total nonsense, like something out of a fantasy book, it just doesn’t feel real.”

Astor took my hand.

“Faith,” he said in a way that made me worried. “We have something we really need to talk about. Something serious.”

My heart started thumping hard. I was worried that he was going to tell me that the nonsense my parents told me about my wolf and me was true.

The air in the room suddenly felt thick with dread.

But before Astor could even start, we both felt a violent, horrible tug on the pack bond.

It wasn't just a feeling, it was a physical punch to the gut, a deep, agonizing sorrow that traveled through the connection we shared with every member of our pack.

Someone had died.

Astor instantly stood. His body stiffened, his eyes going distant and sharp, the Alpha taking charge. He was already halfway out of his chair.

"I have to go, right now," he stated, his voice clipped and urgent.

"Go," I told him, standing up quickly. "I have to stay here with the kids until somebody comes to watch them. You have to handle this. Just keep me updated on everything. Be careful."

He nodded once, already turning away, his mind clearly focused on the pack tragedy.

Just then, the front door swung open and Kimberly walked in, looking somber and tired.

"Kimberly, you have impeccable timing," I said, jogging a couple of steps to meet her. "I need to go too, but you have to watch the kids for a bit."

I reached out quickly, meaning to squeeze her arm in thanks and hurry her along to the kids. My fingers brushed the soft fabric of her sleeve.

The instant I touched her, everything exploded.

It wasn't just a memory I saw, it was like a lightning bolt struck my brain, forcing me into her mind.

I experienced what she experienced today which was basically humiliation and bullying from other women in the pack because of what they found out about Chase.

My breath caught in my throat. I gasped, stumbling backward. The vision snapped back, violently, and I was standing in my hall again, staring at a very worried Kimberly.

My legs gave out. I hit the floor hard, trembling violently. My whole body was shaking, racked by an emotion that wasn't even mine. It was too much, too fast.

Kimberly rushed forward. "Faith! Are you okay? What happened?"

I don't know what is happening but it's the same feeling that I got when I got the vision of the children dying and now I just got the same feeling and memories but they belong to Kimberly.

I tried to get up, pushing against the floor with hands that wouldn't stop shaking. My head was screaming now, worse than before.

“I’m fine,” I mumbled, though the lie was pathetic. I nodded weakly. “Just a bit dizzy. My head. Take care of Marco and Isabella. Don’t let them worry.”

I wanted to talk to her about it but for now it’s not important because what matters is that the pack just lost somebody and I have to be there is the Luna.

I pushed myself onto my feet, ignoring Kimberly’s frantic questions, and stumbled toward the front door, driven by the need to go out there.

I made it past the threshold, taking one desperate, wobbly step off the porch. I took another, trying to put speed into my steps.

The effort was too much. The world tilted sideways, the ground rose up to meet me, and everything went black.

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Astor’s Pov

It wasn’t a body. It was pieces.

Not just killed, mutilated. His limbs were scattered like trash, and his torso was open. Every part of him was lying around, mixed with dirt and torn leaves.

The blood, God, the blood. It wasn’t just a stain it was a swamp. I thought what happened to the kids was bad but this was worse.

I tried to breathe, but the air felt heavy with death.

I choked on the smell, stumbled back a step, and then, completely against my will, I bent over the roots of a massive oak tree and emptied my guts. The sound was ragged and terrible, and the taste was even worse.

When I straightened up, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand, the world was spinning.

Every face around me looked the same. Pale, frozen, and completely terrified. These were strong wolves, but they looked like children seeing a ghost.

“Who is it?” I forced the words out. My voice was a gravelly whisper.

One of the younger guards stammered, "Alpha, it's Mr. Hayes. One of the senior council members."

This was worse than a random attack. This was a statement.

George said his jaw clenched so tight I could see the muscles jumping. "It's clear he was killed in the early hours of the morning, Alpha. Maybe two or three a.m."

Two or three a.m.

"Where were all of you?" I roared. The sudden sound made half the guards jump. "I told you! Tighten security! Nobody enters, nobody leaves! That was the one rule! How did this happen? How did a psycho get into our territory, butcher a senior member, and walk out without a single alarm?"

Silence. Nobody had an explanation. They just shook their heads with fear etched deep in their eyes.

I already knew the answer. It stung like acid.

"Kyle," I hissed. "It has to be him. But not alone."

Alice couldn't have done this. She was in custody, she couldn't even move right now. Someone helped him. Someone on the inside. Someone let him in, maybe even helped him do this sick, brutal work.

This wasn't just murder. This was a message, painted in blood and guts.

George cleared his throat, pulling my attention away from the bloody scene. His face was grim.

"There's something else, Alpha," he said, holding out a small, folded piece of thick paper.

I snatched it, my hands shaking slightly, and unfolded the paper.

I read it twice.

"You may have got your daughter back, but unfortunately, you will not live long enough to see your children grow, the sins of the father are always visited upon their children and that is you and your children."

No. Not my kids. I can understand being crucified for what my father did because he was wrong but my children have no business in this war and they can never be Collateral Damage.

Just then I felt something in me and it tugged at my connection with faith and that means that she's hurt or something

‘Faith! Are you okay?’ I tried to reach her through the mind-link.

Silence. Nothing.

Panic, cold and sharp, replaced the anger. Why couldn’t I reach her?

I immediately switched focus to someone closer to her at the moment. Kimberly.

Kimberly was supposed to be at the house because she’s the one who has been taking care of Marco for the last couple of days.

“Alpha. what is it?” Kimberly’s voice was shaky, laced with worry.

‘Where is Faith? I can’t reach her.’

Kimberly hesitated. “She left. She left right after I got here. I’m really worried about her though because she looked like she was about to pass out. She was swaying, and her eyes were half open.”

The shock hit me like a physical wave. She was alone? I don’t know why she left in the first place because we both know what happened last night and she has to be careful.

“George!” I snapped, handing him the threatening note. “Take care of this mess. I’ll speak to Mr. Hayes’ family later. Find out who was on duty, find out who was helping Kyle. I have to go.”

I turned to run, but before I could take two steps, Liam slammed into my mind.

‘Alpha the Luna passed out outside the perimeter. I brought her to the Pack Hospital.’

Passed out. Twice in two days.

I didn’t shift. I just ran. I ran faster than I had ever run in my life, sprinting through the woods. until I burst into the main entrance of the hospital.

Dr. Samuel met me in the hall outside Faith’s room. His face gave away nothing, which was worse than panic.

“What is it, Doctor? Is she okay?” I grabbed his arm.

He sighed heavily and led me into his office.

“Alpha. Her power is flooding her system, and her body cannot catch up, she’s overwhelmed,”
Dr. Samuel

“She is likely using her power, even subconsciously, even though she shouldn’t. Her reactions, her defenses they are too strong. Her physical form is too weak to house that much energy right now.”

My throat tightened. “Can’t you give her something? Something to slow the wolf down? Something to stop her from using her abilities until her body is stronger?”

Dr. Samuel looked genuinely sad. “You know I can’t. Nothing we have can control a White Wolf’s power. But it’s draining her”

My heart sank. Complete helplessness.

There are no White Wolves left, most of them descended from the Fallen Pack. If I try to find someone who can help her someone who actually understands this kind of gift, that information could reach Kyle before it reaches anyone who can help Faith.

He leaned forward, his voice dropping to a serious whisper. “We have to act fast, Alpha. She is getting too sick rapidly. If this continues, if she keeps getting overwhelmed... she might just pass out and never wake up.”

The words hit me like a physical fist to the gut. Never wake up.

My world went red. My wolf roared, a terrifying sound that only I could hear, demanding I shatter the room, demanding I fix this.

I took a deep, shuddering breath, trying to force my wolf down. Calm. She needs me calm.

There was only one person who knew things I didn’t. The Seer who had helped me before.

My hand was shaking as I pulled my phone out. I dialed her number. It rang once.

“Astor,” her voice was low, ancient, and steady. “I was expecting your call.”

My stomach flipped. “Is it bad news.” I asked and I genuinely can’t handle it.

“Unfortunately,” she said, her voice weighted with sorrow, “I don’t have good news for you.

The war, Alpha Astor, is no longer looming. It is on your doorstep,” she stated simply. “And the only person who can help you is also the only person who has the ability to destroy you.”

I squeezed my eyes shut. “What does that even mean? Tell me what to do!”

“I am coming,” she said. “I knew you would call. But understand this, for your mate to gain control of her wolf, she must know who she is and what she stands for. For all of that to happen, she will have to find out the truth about her real

parents. And that truth will have repercussions, Astor. Repercussions that nobody, not even you can stop

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 120

Faith's Pov

The first thing I felt was the dull, heavy throb behind my eyes. It tasted like metal and fear.

I opened my eyes slowly. Everything was white and smelled like antiseptic. I was in a hospital bed. Again.

The moment I tried to shift, I felt it his warm hand gripping mine. I turned my head to look at him.

He looked absolutely wrecked. His dark hair was messy, and his eyes normally and sharp were clouded with worry and a deep sadness. He was leaning over me, his thumb tracing circles on the back of my hand.

“Faith,” he whispered. His voice sounded like relief and pain mixed together.

I tried to smile, to tell him I was fine, but before the word could even leave my mouth, the air snapped.

It was like someone had thrown a switch inside my head. The sterile room vanished.

I wasn't there, but I could feel the cold, damp dirt under my knees. The air was thick with the smell of blood and I saw a man, older, maybe in his late forties, on the ground. He was trying to crawl away, his face pale and slick with sweat.

A shadow loomed over him. It wasn't just a shadow, it was a wall of muscle and hate. The shadow laughed a dry, horrible sound and then raised something heavy. The man on the ground begged. His voice was thin and broken: “Please! I didn't do anything! I have children!”

The weapon came down. Not once, but again and again and again. It was brutal. Gruesome. I felt the force of the blows in my own chest, making it hard to breathe. I saw bone splinter and blood spray like dark rain. This wasn't a fight, it was an execution. It was pure, deliberate torture.

A sudden, sharp jerk pulled me back to reality just then.

“Faith! Look at me! Stop it!” Astor's voice was loud and frantic, shaking me painfully hard

I gasped, sucking in air. The hospital room flooded back and my head felt like it was splitting open.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to stop the nausea. When I opened them, Astor was staring at me, his eyes wide with terror.

Then I felt something warm and sticky running down my face. I reached up slowly and touched my lip. My fingers came away covered in deep red. My nose was bleeding heavily.

I didn't just cry, I started to shake violently. The tears were hot and fast.

"Astor, something is happening to me!" I sobbed, my voice cracking. "I can't stop it! It just takes over!"

Astor immediately dropped my hand and pulled me into a hug, careful not to jostle the IV line. He held me tight against his shoulder.

"Shh, it's okay, honey. I'm here. I've got you," he murmured into my hair, rubbing my back.

But that just made the hysteria worse. I pulled back, grabbing his shirt.

"No, you don't get it! This is the third time! But this one it hurt, Astor. It felt like something ripped into my head and my soul. Like I wasn't myself. I can't stop it!"

He kept his tone calm, steady. "I know. I know it's bad. But we will figure it out. Everything is going to be okay."

After maybe two minutes, the shaking passed. Astor kept one large hand pressed gently against my forehead until my breathing finally slowed down.

He wiped the blood off my mouth but the vision was still burned into my eyes.

"He was brutally murdered," I whispered, staring blindly at the ceiling. "Astor, who was that man? Was it was it the man who died in the pack?"

Astor's face changed. The immediate worry was replaced by something that looked like cold, hard realization. He nodded slowly.

"You saw it?" he asked, his voice low and tight.

I nodded, feeling sick.

"It was bad, right?" I didn't wait for him to answer. "It was horrifying. Kyle, he is not just trying to hurt us. He wants to destroy us. He will stop at nothing."

Astor leaned in, his jaw clenched. “We know. But we are going to catch Kyle. We are going to stop him.”

“It’s personal,” I confirmed. I focused on the memory, trying to make sense of how nonchalant he was about. “And he told me why he was doing all of this. And to be honest,

Astor...”

I paused, looking at my hands, which were still trembling slightly.

“If I lost my family in that kind of way, then I probably would have done the same thing.”

The air in the room froze.

Astor pulled back from me so fast I thought I’d said the wrong name. The horror in his eyes was instant and complete. It was like he didn’t recognize me.

“Are you are you justifying the things he has done? The things he continues to do?” His voice was hard, stripped of all warmth.

“No! That’s not what I’m saying!” I argued, frustrated that he had missed the point entirely.” But none of that changes the fact that both our fathers were responsible for his father’s death!”

“That doesn’t justify anything, Faith!” Astor practically spat the words out.

“I’m not trying to make Kyle seem like the victim in all of this!” I grabbed his arm. “But at some point, we have to talk about the elephant in the room! Our fathers were responsible for the m*****e of the Fallen Pack. Thousands of innocent lives, Astor. There is no excuse for that either. It doesn’t make our fathers any better than Kyle, no matter what they tell us!”

My own words rushed out, fueled by the terrible vision I had just experienced. I had never said it out loud before, and the truth felt heavy and sharp.

“Everybody knows the sins of the father are always visited on their children. We are living it right now!”

Astor’s face flushed a deep red. His eyes were blazing with sudden, furious rage.

“What do you think we should do, Faith?” he demanded, leaning over me, his body rigid with defense. “You want us to kill our fathers to make Kyle feel better? Is that it? Is that what you suggest?”

His defensiveness bothered me more than his anger. It was like he knew something that I didn’t.

“Of course not, I would never suggest that!” I said, trying to keep my voice down so the nurses wouldn’t hear. “I’m trying to explain Kyle’s reasoning to the whole thing. I’m trying to understand the motivation behind it all because he lost everybody in that fire..

Astor let out a ragged breath, his voice laced with pure fury.

“Kyle’s father was a monster He deserved to die because he caused the deaths of many more innocent people, If he had lived, a lot more would have died! Our fathers had no choice but to do what they did.

He looked down at me, his eyes cold and distant.

“If you still want to justify what Kyle did,” he said, the words cutting deep, “then you are not the woman that I thought you were.”