

# Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 121

Faith's Pov

"What is your deal, Astor?" I finally blurted out, the words laced with a frustration that had been simmering for too long. "You're acting like I'm some kind of monster, like I've done something unforgivable."

I don't think I said something that would make him question my morals and I hate how he has turned this whole thing against me.

He flinched slightly, not meeting my gaze. He seemed lost in his thoughts, a place I couldn't seem to reach. "I'm just stressed, Faith." His voice was a low rumble, tired and strained. "I'm sorry I took it out on you."

I scoffed, a bitter sound. "Stressed? That's all you've got? Astor, I'm not stupid. I can see there's something else going on with you, something you're hiding." My voice softened, a plea creeping in. "And I want to know what it is. You've even blocked me out of your mind. That means you're hiding something, something big."

He finally looked at me then, his eyes dark and troubled. He hesitated, as if weighing his words carefully. "For now, Faith, we have to concentrate on how to stop your powers from growing."

"Don't patronise me. You're deliberately making it seem like I would side with somebody who kidnapped my daughter. Someone who is killing people without any thought." I said because he's annoying the crap out of me.

I sympathise with the kid who lost his father and family but I don't sympathise with what he turned into.

An animal who does not care about anything and anybody.

"I'm sorry about what I said but I just can't think straight with everything happening to you." he said and I honestly get it.

I'm freaked out too.

"I hate it, I can't control it and I can't stop it not to mention that it has the worst kind of timing!" My voice cracked. "Right now, we should be focusing on Kyle, on what he's doing. And more importantly, I want to get to know my daughter. But it feels like all I do is end up in the pack hospital, thanks to this this power." The words tumbled out in a rush, fueled by a desperate fear.

I didn't ask for this and I may have wanted to have a wolf at some point in my life but I was at a point that it didn't matter.

I could have gone on with one especially if it was going to be this complicated.

He reached out, his hand gently cupping my cheek. His touch was a balm, it was comforting. "We'll fix it together, Faith." A smile touched his lips, and I managed a weak smile back. He leaned in, his lips meeting mine in a soft, lingering kiss.

Just as the tension between us began to ease, a knock sounded on the door. Dr. Samuel entered, his face was tight but I'm hoping he has good news. "I have a solution," he announced, his voice carrying an air of urgency. "It may have disadvantages, but for right now, it's the only thing that could work."

My hope surged. "We'll try anything, Doctor," Astor said immediately before I could say anything.

"Just as long as my life isn't in danger. This power... it's a danger to me now." If this power is really big and would make me untouchable then why didn't it help me get my baby back.

If it's no use for me then I don't need it.

He nodded, his gaze steady. "There is a drug I can give you that will temporarily stop you from accessing your wolf. Your connection will be severed for a few hours while it's in your system. We can administer it for a couple of days until we find a more permanent solution."

Astor's brow furrowed. "What could that mean for her wolf?" he asked, his voice tight with concern.

"It will affect her wolf significantly," Dr. Samuel admitted, his tone somber. "But if she doesn't get the drug, if something doesn't stop her from accessing her power, the next time she faints... she could end up in a coma. Or worse. Her mind and her body simply can't take it anymore."

The words hit me like a physical blow. Frustration gnawed at me. I didn't understand why, out of everyone, I had these uncontrollable powers. I looked at Astor, then at the doctor, a silent plea in my eyes. We both nodded. There was no other choice.

The doctor then administered something into my blood. A strange, cool sensation spread through my veins, followed by a profound wave of exhaustion. "I need to go home," I whispered, the words barely audible.

I hate being here and I would rather sleep home and luckily they both let me have that.

Back at our house, the kids rushed to greet me. Marco, ever perceptive, immediately said,

“Mommy, you don’t look okay.” I managed a tired smile and hugged him close. “Mommy is just very, very tired for now, sweetie. But I’m okay.” His happy sigh was a small comfort. I noticed Isabella looked more relaxed than she had this morning and there was genuine happiness on her face, and a warmth spread through me.

If my babies are happy then I can take anything.

After what felt like an eternity of simply sitting with my children, a different kind of duty called.

I made my way to the pack house after a few hours since Astor had already gone there and as Luna it’s important I show my face, I need to pay my condolences to the family of Mr. Hayes, who had lost his life.

Seeing their raw grief, their pain, made me feel a pang of guilt. I had tried to justify Kyle’s actions to Astor earlier, but witnessing this loss, feeling the emptiness in their lives, made me realize how wrong I had been. No one deserved to die so brutally, and he had a family.

I performed my duties as Luna, ensuring everything was perfectly arranged for the funeral tonight. I offered comfort to his grieving mate and his children, paying my respects to the man they had lost.

As I turned to leave, I came face to face with my parents. Their expressions were unreadable, a stark contrast to the emotions I had just witnessed. “Faith,” my father began, his voice grave. “We need to talk.”

It is never good when they say that, not to mention that I can feel it in my soul that something is going to happen.

## **Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 122**

I knew it though.

They are probably here for Alice. I was expecting them a lot more earlier because I can imagine how hard it was for them when they found out their princess was exposed.

I looked at them standing there, their faces full of that fake concern they always wore when they wanted something from me. I didn’t even wait for them to open their mouths,

“I don’t want to talk to you,” I said, my voice flat and cold. I would have really appreciated having my wolf at this moment because I would have intimidated them into leaving me alone.

“And yes, I will not be letting Alice free.” I watched the panic flicker in my mom’s eyes. “Alice has to pay for everything she did to me. Every single thing.”

My father stepped forward, trying to use his Alpha tone on me. It didn’t work anymore. I may have temporarily blocked my wolf but I’m still the luna of this pack and most of all Astor’s mate.

“Faith, this is not about Alice,” he started, his voice low.

That annoyed me so much I almost growled. If it’s not about Alice. It was probably about my new strength, the capability they’d probably known about all along. They saw me as a weapon, not their daughter.

“Look, I’m really having a hard day and week.” I snapped. “And as of right now, I would really like some space from both of you.”

Just then Astor walked in, and right behind him was his father, Alpha Sander.

I saw a look flash across my father’s face, it was sudden like he was just winning a game and someone had moved the finish line. Alpha Sander didn’t look happy to be here, but Astor looked calm and dangerous.

Astor looked right past my parents and straight at me with questions in his eyes. He turned to my parents.

“What are you doing here?” He asked them looking at them with realisation because we all know how protective they are about their daughter. “I assume you’re here because of Alice.”

He didn’t wait for an answer. “Alice is going to die for what she did. She deserves nothing less than that.”

My father’s control finally snapped. He looked at Asta, eyes blazing. “If anything happens to Alice, I will break the alliance! Immediately.”

Astor actually laughed, a short, sharp sound that hit the air like a whip.

“It’s not the only pack I have an alliance with, Alpha,” He countered smoothly. “So, if you want to break the alliance because your daughter kidnapped a little girl and kept her from her real parents, then you can go right ahead. I have a lot more alliances, and much stronger ones. The truth of the matter is, I don’t need the Eclipse Pack. The Eclipse Pack needs me.”

The tension in the room was so thick I could have cut it with my finger.

My father took a big breath, trying to steady himself. “Our alliance isn’t just about that, son.”

He didn’t look at Astor anymore. He looked right at Alpha Sander, my father-in-law.

“Sander,” my father said, his voice dropping to a barely controlled whisper. “Tell your son to stop. If this alliance breaks, I will have no reason to keep quiet about what we did more than twenty years ago.”

My blood ran cold. what they did will always follow us like a shadow that we can’t escape because it’s now always coming up in our conversations.

Things were getting totally out of hand. We were standing in the middle of the pack house, and if they kept screaming secrets, everyone would hear.

“STOP!” I shouted, the word ringing out with sharp, White Wolf authority. “We are not having this conversation here. We are taking this to the office. Now.”

We moved quickly upstairs, Astor kept his hand on my back as everybody followed behind us and the tension was thick.

I don’t like this because for some reason I feel like this conversation is going too far and usually when people start discussing their secrets openly then it’s only a matter of time before they go too far.

We hadn’t even all sat down before Sander spoke. He didn’t look at my father, he glared at him.

“You’re talking, Connor.” Sander commanded. “You should not forget that I wasn’t alone when we made the decision to do what we did. And most importantly, the person who wanted Alpha Benjamin dead the most is you. Because your mate was having that man’s child.”

Silence.

My head spun. Benjamin? Mate? I didn’t know who Benjamin was, but the way Sander said it, the way my parents froze, told me everything I needed to know. I was the only one in the room completely shocked.

My mother jumped up, her face white. “Stop it. Stop it right now. This is not what this is about” I don’t know why it feels like she’s trying to escape something.

“This is exactly what this is about” Sander shot back looking at her. “And I will not allow anybody to come here and threaten me and my son. It’s time Faith knew the truth about who she is and exactly who her parents are.”

I’ve been shocked a lot. I’ve heard things and experienced a lot and it’s always been hard but this I was numb to.

Astor stepped forward quickly, putting a hand on his father's arm. "Father, this is not the time or the place."

"There is no better place than now" Sander shook his son off. "All of us are here. And most importantly, Faith is here to hear the truth."

I looked from Astor to his father, my heart pounding against my ribs. "What truth?" I whispered.

I was unfeeling for a few minutes before everything came rushing back. I need to know if I heard it right.

It has to be some kind of dream or joke.

Astor tried to pull me towards the door. "Come on, Faith. Let's go. Our parents have something to say to each other, and it's none of our business."

But Sander's voice cut through the air, stopping me in my tracks. "Stop right there, Faith." I dug my feet to the ground because I couldn't leave.

Sander looked at my father, who was now staring at the floor, defeated.

"Will you tell her?" Sander asked my dad. "Or will I have to tell her?"

My mother started begging, tears streaming down her face. "Please, Sander! Stop! Don't do this!"

The alarms were going off in my head, screaming. I knew it then. Everybody in this room knew the secret, but I was the only one left in the dark.

Astor's silence and his continuous need to pull me away says a lot.

Sander didn't even look at my mother. He looked straight into my eyes, and he looked at me with pity.

"I won't stop," he promised.

He raised his voice just a little, making sure every word sank into my brain.

"Faith," he said. "The man you are looking at is not your biological father. And he is responsible for the death of your biological father."

# Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 123

Faith's Pov

The office felt too small and suffocating. My head throbbed and a dull ache that mirrored the confusion swirled inside me. I needed something, anything, to hold onto, but my knees felt weak and were ready to buckle.

"Repeat what you said," I heard myself snap, my voice sounding a little too loud, a little too sharp.

Sander flinched. The words had already been spoken. I heard everything but a part of me felt like I didn't and I needed to hear it again.

"Connor is not your biological father," he repeated, his voice was a lot weaker now.

Everybody else looked like a fish out of water and they didn't look me in the eye.

The world tilted. My breath caught in my throat. What? This couldn't be right. It couldn't be real. There had to be a mistake. My mind raced, grasping for any other explanation, any way this wasn't true. A wave of emotions crashed over me disbelief, anger, confusion. But mostly, it was pure, unadulterated shock.

I looked around at the people I called my parents. I searched their eyes, desperate for a hint, a flicker that would tell me this was all a joke, a cruel prank. But the truth was written in their expressions, a heavy, somber understanding that mirrored the words I'd just heard. My heart sank.

"But... why?" I managed to ask, the words tasting like ash. I was eighteen when they first told me my parents, the ones who had raised me with cruelty and hate weren't my real parents. I had somehow found a way to accept that, to adjust.

And then, I learned my biological parents had given me away, like I was something unwanted, something disposable. That had hurt, deeply. But this... this was a whole new level of pain. My father wasn't even my biological father.

The secrets were now too much to take and I'm tired. I'm tired of being hit by something new on a daily basis but most importantly I don't even know who I am anymore.

I turned to my mother, my voice trembling, "Mom, please, tell me, explain."

But it was my father who spoke, his voice rough with emotion. "Faith, you will always be my daughter." he said it like it was some consolation prize that was supposed to make me feel okay.

A bitter laugh escaped my lips, a sound so hollow it barely registered as mine. “Your daughter? You never treated me like your daughter,” I choked out, the words tumbling out in a rush of pain. The truth hit me with a sickening force.

He has never cared about me and he sure made me know it through his actions. I was always nothing to him and now it finally makes sense why.

But it also brought me back to what Alpha Sander said. He had said he killed my biological father.

“I wasn’t the only one who killed him,” The man I thought was my father said defensively before I could ask the burning question. “You were there too.”

A violent tremor ran through me. My knees gave out completely, and I felt myself falling, only to be caught by Astor. He held me close, a steady presence in the chaos. I leaned into him, needing his strength, even as I felt a surge of betrayal. I looked up at him, my eyes wide and brimming with unshed tears.

“Did you know?” I whispered, the question tearing at me.

I prayed with my heart and soul that he didn’t because atleast it meant I had one person I could trust who was honest with me.

He nodded, his gaze fixed on mine and a wave of dizziness swept over me. I swayed, my vision blurring. But then, I pulled away, straightening myself with a force I didn’t know I possessed. I looked at them again, their faces a blur of pain and regret.

this truly has to be the worst day of my life because this cannot be happening to me.

“Who was my father?” I demanded, my voice cracking.

Silence. They looked at each other, a silent conversation passing between them. The tension in the room was unbearable.

“Who was my father?!” I screamed, the sound raw and desperate.

Finally, Astor answered, his voice quiet but firm. “Alpha Benjamin of the fallen pack.”

The name hung in the air, heavy and suffocating. For a few seconds, I was frozen, unable to process it. Then, a guttural “No” escaped my lips. “It can’t be.” I turned to my mother, tears finally spilling down my cheeks, hot and relentless. “Mom, tell me it’s not true. Please, tell me this is a lie.”

But her silence, the look in her eyes, confirmed the horrifying truth. Alpha Benjamin. My biological father. The man who had been killed. The man I was somehow connected to. The realization was a cold, sharp blade twisting in my gut. And Kyle.



It means that I'm related to Kyle. The man determined on ruining my life and also everyone close to me.

"How." I don't think there's a good explanation to this and honestly I don't want to hear it because everything that comes from my parents is a liar but I want to know how.

"I'm also from the fallen pack Faith and your father and I were together before I found my mate." my mother explained but with her I don't even believe her because they've proved to be chronic liars.

"Why didn't you tell me. How could you." I asked.

we were trying to protect you." she said and yet trying to prove themselves great in front of me while they've done nothing but ruin my life. you were protecting me by killing my father." I asked because that just happens to be the biggest blow I've gotten.

My father or the man I thought was my father and the one I loved and cared for like a father. My father-in-law. killed my father and my family.

I wrenched myself away from Astor. He reached for me, his hand grasping for my arm, but I shoved him back. "Get your hands off me!" I gasped, the words ripped from my throat.

In my eyes he is just as bad as they are. Not only because he is the son of the man I feel nothing but hate for because he killed my father but because he knew and he decided to hide it from me. that means that he agrees with the decision they took and I don't want to be anyway near him or even see him.

I ran out of the room, out of the house, out of the familiar world that had just shattered around me. My legs carried me, I was broken yet again. Tears streamed down my face, blurring my vision, but I didn't stop. I didn't know where I was going, only that I had to get away. Away from the lies, away from the pain, away from the devastating truth that had just ripped my world apart. I just kept running.

I don't know where I was going and I didn't care just as long as it was very far from the lies and the betrayal only to feel somebody putting something on my mouth and nose.

After that everything went black.

## **Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 124**

When I came to, my whole body was on fire. I was burning and sweating and I tried to scream but the sound was trapped inside my throat.

I tried to open my eyes, but they felt thick and heavy. When I finally managed to pull my eyelids apart, everything was blurry and dark, smelling like damp and old rust.

The agony was centered on my skin. I was bound. Heavy, cold metal was wrapped around my wrists and neck, pulling me tight against the wall, I recognized the smell and the tearing pain. Instantly, silver. It was burning me like acid, melting my skin where it touched. I groaned, a weak, wet sound that barely echoed in the small space.

I was in some kind of cell. The walls were rough concrete, and the floor was cold and dirty. I forced myself to move, trying to sit up straight and ignore the feeling of my skin bubbling under the chains.

That's when I saw him.

He was sitting directly in front of me, in a simple wooden chair, waiting. He looked relaxed, almost bored, watching me struggle.

Kyle.

Seeing him hit me harder than the chains. Tears immediately flooded my eyes, blurring the edges of the dark cell. It wasn't just fear of kidnapping that made me cry. It was the horrible, twisting, ugly secret I had just found out, he was my brother. My blood. The shock of seeing him, knowing the truth about who he was to me, made my chest ache deeply.

He saw the tears and smiled, but it was a cold look. He must have thought he knew why I was crying.

"Look at you, Faith," he said, his voice quiet. "Crying already. I tried to play nice with you. I really did. But you wouldn't even give me a chance. You chose Astor."

The sound of his words brought up a wave of pure, heavy disgust inside me. He is my brother. The fact that he was talking about wanting to date me, wanting a chance with me, knowing who he really was made my stomach churn.

"Why?" I managed to whisper, the silver around my neck making my voice weak and raspy. "Why did you bring me here?"

Kyle shrugged, looking away for a second. "Honestly? Maybe you would have appreciated it more if I had just killed you, like everybody else. It would have been easier."

My breath hitched. My entire body felt cold despite the burning silver. He said that so easily, so casually, like talking about the weather. Innocent people. The casual way he spoke about killing made my chest hurt, and my heart felt heavy and sick.

“Why?” I asked again, louder this time.

“Why what?” he asked, turning his empty eyes back to me.

“Why are you doing all of this? The people you killed-”

“You know why, Faith,” he cut me off. “You know very well. All the people I’ve been killing have been innocent. True. But sometimes, the innocent have to pay for what the guilty have done.”

He leaned forward, his voice dropping low, sounding almost sad, but still terribly cruel.

“In your case, I really tried to forget that your father was the one responsible for my suffering too. I liked you. I really did. But you just couldn’t let go of Astor. You chose to side with them.”

His logic was broken, terrible, and painful but somewhat true. I chose them because I also wanted him to die like they do. but now why you don’t even know what I want even when I’m bound to the pain that I’m feeling right now because I still can’t get over the pain in his eyes and it made me feel overwhelmingly emotional.

“Kyle, what have you become?” I asked, my voice cracking.

He laughed, a short, sharp sound. “This is exactly what happens, Faith. It’s what happens when you grow up without a father to guide you, and you lose your mother too. You become this.” he said and my soul crumbled at that moment because I should have been there. maybe things would have been a lot more different had I been there as his sister.

“I am so sorry,” I whispered, the sympathy genuine, even through I despise his actions. “I am very, very sorry for what you went through.”

He shook his head sharply. “I don’t want your sorry. You’re not the one who did all of this. But they will all pay soon. All of them. Because I now have their most prized possession. I have you.”

My shock multiplied. My whole body seized up, forgetting even the burning of the silver. “Are you going to hurt me?” I asked, the words barely a breath.

His eyes were cold stones. “Yes. You mean nothing to me now. You are just bait.”

That sentence ripped through my soul. He meant nothing to us, but I was his sister. The pain was unbearable. I wished I could scream the truth at him, scream that we shared blood, but a part of me was too afraid, too shocked, to even try to speak the words.

Just then, the door slid open, and two huge men walked in, wearing dark clothes and looking rough. I looked at Kyle in question, but his eyes were hard and unreadable. They looked haunted, deep and dark, and for a flash, just a flicker, I saw something like regret on his face.

He mouthed a single, silent word to me: Sorry.

Before I could process that cruel apology, the two men moved quickly. They grabbed the chains around my neck and wrists. I felt a tremendous, final burst of fiery pain as they ripped the silver away from me.

Relief washed over me, cool air hitting my raw, broken skin. It was the most beautiful feeling in the world, lasting maybe two heartbeats.

Then the pain began again, different, worse.

One of the men brought a heavy, wooden stick down hard across my ribs. A sickening thwack echoed in the small cell, and I screamed hard.

Another stick hit my legs, then my back. They were beating me, fast and hard, everywhere. I cried out, pushing over uselessly, unable to defend myself, tears streaming down my face from the pure agony.

Over the sickening sound of the sticks hitting my body, I heard Kyle's voice, clear and terribly loud.

"Scream louder, Faith!" he shouted, his voice full of dark excitement. "I want your mate to hear every single sound! I want Astor to feel this pain too!"

## Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 125

Astor's Pov

I kept pacing in my office, trying to keep my frustration in check. I sent everybody out after she left because I have nothing to say to them.

They've already done everything they could to ruin everything.

I told myself she needed space after what happened. I told myself a walk was good for her. But as the clock ticked past, my wolf got restless and uneasy making me worried.

"Enough is enough," I muttered, shoving the door open.

I needed to find her. Now. I needed to apologize, to hold her, and to make her understand that I loved her more than this mess our lives had become.

I stepped out and focused on my senses, letting my wolf take over just enough to track the familiar prints of her shoes.

The trail was faint but I could follow it so I moved fast, maybe not running, but definitely leaning into a powerful sprint. Then, I stopped dead.

The trail just ended.

It didn't fade, it didn't turn sharply toward a creek or a rock face. It just stopped. As if Faith had simply lifted off the ground and vanished into the air.

My chest tightened. This was wrong. Wolves or people don't just disappear.

I dropped to my knees, pushing my fingers into the cold dirt. I sniffed hard, trying to pull in her smell. Faith's scent is usually strong jasmine flowers and a sharp hint of cinnamon. It's comforting, addictive.

I breathed in again. Nothing.

Just wet earth and pine needles. No Faith. No sweat, no panic, no lingering essence of my mate. It was like she had never been here at all.

This wasn't just strange; it was terrifying. It meant something was covering her tracks, and doing it perfectly. It has to be dark magic.

My control snapped. Pure, raw panic flooded my system, overriding everything.

I slammed a fist into the ground, sending a shockwave of pain up my arm.

'Faith' I roared the command through the pack mindlink, my voice thick with fear and power.

"Patrol, drop everything. Search the entire perimeter, I want every man on the move. Something is wrong!"

Then I mindlinked George and Liam,

"George, mobilize the search party on the inside. Go door-to-door Find out if anyone saw Faith leaving the pack territory. Now!"

I then tried to reach for her through the mate bond,

It's always there, a pulsing connection deep in my brain, warm and constant. But when I pushed my mental energy toward her, trying to break through the distance and the anger, I hit a wall.

Silence. Absolutely nothing,

It wasn't just that she was refusing me, the connection was blocked, cold, and dead, The drugs. What the doctor injected her with must have done exactly what it was meant to do, They had cut her wolf connection, making her impossible to track and impossible to find mentally.

I stood up, shaking. Forty-five minutes. We searched frantically. The patrol ran like ghosts through the forest, yelling her name, George checked houses, messages were flying back and forth across the packlink.

Nothing.

Every minute that passed was a punch to my gut, solidifying the sickening truth, this wasn't an angry tantrum or a walk to cool off. AND most importantly she didn't leave on her own accord.

The guilt hit me harder than any physical blow. If I had just followed her then none of this would have happened.

I wanted to give her space because she was hurting but instead she was taken from me.

I didn't have to dig deep to know who did it.

Kyle.

The name tasted like ash in my mouth.

It had to be him. At the moment he is the only enemy that I can think of who is capable of something like this.

I stumbled backward, leaning against a tree trunk, trying to breathe past the rising terror. I've never been this afraid because usually I know how to act and how to destroy my enemies but Kyle is different. He isn't like the other rogues we fought.

It's easier to take on an enemy that isn't driven by personal revenge and that makes him very dangerous.

He has no mercy.

The victims we've found so far weren't just killed. They slaughtered. Torn to pieces.

I couldn't handle that. I couldn't picture Faith my beautiful mate in his hands. The thought made the adrenaline in my veins turn to ice.

"NO!" I roared, spinning around, my wolf snapping into full control.

“I want the search radius doubled! I want every patrol hound brought out! Get the tracking team on the ground now!” I screamed into the link, the sheer volume of my despair making the whole pack tremble.

My father rushed to me, his face etched with worry, George right behind him.

“Astor, son, calm down, we need to think clearly—”

He reached out, his heavy hand resting on my shoulder in an attempt at comfort.

I erupted. The rage and the fear burst out, directed entirely at the man who had caused this whole toxic situation with his secrets.

I thought I could live with them until he decided to just break the news to Faith without thinking about how it would affect her in the long run.

I violently shoved his arm away, taking three steps back as if his touch burned me.

“Don’t touch me!” I snarled, my voice low and dangerous. “Don’t you dare tell me to calm down!”

My eyes were cloudy but I refuse to break down especially because I have to lead by example.

“This is your fault!” I accused, pointing a shaking finger at him. “It’s your fault! If you hadn’t told her everything, she wouldn’t have left! She wouldn’t have run! She wouldn’t have been angry at me too”

My breath hitched. The thought of losing her was unbearable.

“You better pray, Father,” I whispered, the threat laced with absolute conviction. “You better pray to the Goddess that I find her alive. Because if I don’t... nothing, and I mean nothing, between us will ever be the same again.”

I couldn’t stand there anymore. The fear was paralyzing, but the anger was driving me forward. I needed action. I needed a lead.

Kyle wouldn’t have just taken her for fun. He wanted something. And there was only one person who knew exactly how Kyle thought and what he wanted.

The door groaned when I ripped it open. The smell of damp stone and stale blood hit me immediately.

Alice was where I had left her. Silver chains binding her wrists to the wall, her clothes torn, but her body was weak.

I didn’t waste time on threats. I needed her alive and talking.

I stalked inside the cell. She flinched as I approached, probably expecting more pain. Instead, I grabbed the key from my pocket, my fingers shaking so badly I almost dropped it.

The silver lock clicked. I freed one wrist, then the other. The chains fell heavily to the ground.

Alice didn't move. She was too weak.

I reached down, slipping an arm beneath her shoulders and the other under her knees. She was practically weightless. I lifted her and carried her out of the dungeon, ignoring the smell and the blood soaking into my shirt.

I carried her straight through the main house, startling every pack member we passed.

I burst through the double doors of the pack hospital, Doctor Samuel looked at me in shock, then at the bruised, unresponsive woman in my arms.

"Alpha, what happened? What do you need?" he asked, rushing toward us.

I laid Alice gently on the examination bed. I looked down at the doctor, the desperation in my eyes overwhelming my usual composure.

"I need you to save her" I ordered, my voice trembling with urgency. "Do whatever you need to do. Give her blood, give her medicine, whatever she needs. Get her stable. Get her conscious.

I grabbed the doctor's arm, making sure she understood the gravity of the situation.

"She's the only person who can lead me to my mate. If she dies, Faith dies too."

## Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 126

Faith's Pov

The first thing I felt was pain. It wasn't a simple ache; it wasn't just the burning fire in every part of my body but the pain caused by the injuries inflicted on me. They broke my bones.

I tried to move my arm, to push myself up, but I couldn't. A cold, heavy weight held me down. My eyes fluttered open, blurry with tears and exhaustion.



I was on the cold floor. Around my wrists, my ankles, and across my stomach, were thick silver chains. They burned my skin wherever they touched, leaving angry red marks and I was even bleeding in some places. The smell of my own burned flesh made me feel sick.

A shadow moved in the corner of the dark room. My heart jumped into my throat, beating wildly.

Then, he stepped into the dim light. Kyle.

He stood over me, just looking. For a single, crazy second, I saw something in his eyes. It wasn't happiness or anger. It looked almost like... regret. But it was gone as fast as it came, replaced by that cold, hard look I knew too well.

"Are you... very happy with your art?" I whispered, my voice rough and dry. "Is this... what you wanted to do to me?" I asked because I want to know if he has gained any happiness by doing this to me.

I want to know if his thirst for revenge is finally fulfilled.

He didn't even blink. "It had to be done. You are my enemy now."

The words cut deeper than the silver. Enemy. My own brother considered me an enemy and he did this to me.

My own brother broke everybody in my body and I don't know what I'm supposed to do now. I don't know whether to hate him or pity him.

"Water," I croaked. I hated asking him for anything, but my throat was on fire. "Please."

To my surprise, he turned and picked up a bottle. He uncapped it and held it to my lips. I drank greedily, the cold water a small mercy in the middle of this nightmare. It gave me a tiny bit of strength.

I let my head fall back against the cold stone. "I had the worst kind of childhood anyone could ever think of" I said, my voice a weak and breathless. "Maybe it wasn't as bad as yours. I don't know what happened to you when you were young. But I suffered, too. But the difference between me and you is that I can never imagine turning into something like you have become."

"Stop it," he said, his voice like ice. "Stop trying to be the victim. Stop trying to get sympathy from me. You know nothing about my past."

"Up until a few hours ago, I felt sorry for you" I cried out weakly, the chains biting into my skin as I strained. "I felt guilty for what happened to you! But I don't anymore."

He let out a cold, short laugh. "It's quite obvious you don't feel sorry for me. Like father, like daughter. After all your father is the one who killed mine."

This was it. The time to reveal the truth because I don't know if I'll live past to this day but if I don't then I want him to know that he killed his own sister.

I want him to live with the consequences of His Revenge. I don't know if you'll care but I'm hoping a part of him will understand the damage revenge does.

"Alpha Connor is not my father," I said, the words hanging in the air between us.

His face changed. The cold mask broke and his eyes widened, just for a couple of seconds, in pure shock. Then he recovered, his expression hardening again. "You're lying."

"I found out just minutes before you kidnapped me."

"That's impossible," he spat. "There's a whole story. You were exchanged at birth with Alice."

"It was a ruse" I said, pushing through the pain. "A trick done by my parents to keep me from knowing the truth"

"What truth?" he demanded, his voice low and dangerous.

I took a shaky breath. "My real father... is none other than Alpha Benjamin of the Fallen Pack." I looked straight into his shocked eyes. "Who is none other than your father as well."

He looked completely taken aback. He took a step back, as if I had hit him. "That's... impossible." "It's very much possible. And real," I gasped, the pain making spots dance in my vision. "Whoever told you what happened to your father... they must know that your father and my mother were together before my mother found her true mate. Go ask them if you don't believe me."

He just stared at me, his face pale, his eyes wide with confusion and disbelief. He looked lost. Without another word, he turned and walked out of the room abruptly, slamming the door behind him.

The moment he was gone, the tears came. I cried silently on the cold floor. I cried from the horrible, burning pain. I cried because I missed my children so much my chest felt hollow. I didn't want to die here. Most of all, I wanted my mate. I needed his strength, his warmth, his love to take this agony away.

I'm very angry at Astor but I would give up anything just to have one last conversation with him and to just look at my children one more time.

I don't want them to grow up full of hatred and anger just like Kyle and turn out just like him in a quest to get revenge.

I don't know how long I laid there, maybe ten minutes, maybe an hour, lost in my pain and fear.

Suddenly, the door flew open. Kyle ran back in, his face a mess of panic and urgency. “Faith,” he breathed, his hands fumbling with the chains. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know. I’m so sorry.” The silver chains clattered to the floor as he tore them off me. But his voice sounded far away, like he was shouting from the other end of a long tunnel. The world started to spin. The pain was too much. The relief of the chains being gone was too sudden. A deep, welcoming blackness pulled at the edges of my mind.

As I felt myself slipping away, I used the very last bit of my strength. I looked at him, at the brother who had tortured me, and I whispered the truest thing I know right now.

“I will never... forgive you for this.”

And then, there was nothing.

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 127

Astor’s POV

Pain.

Sharp, burning pain sliced through my body, but I knew it wasn’t my pain. My wolf growled deep inside me restless and furious.

Faith.

She was hurting. And if she was hurting, it confirms that Kyle has her and he is hurting her.

My claws dug into the armrest of my chair as I fought the urge to shift, to run to her, to rip Kyle apart with my bare hands. But I couldn’t. Not yet. Not without a plan.

I needed Alice. She is the only one who most likely knows where I can find him but she was still unconscious and nobody is giving me anything to work with.

I’ve tried to find out everything I can but nobody seems to know where I can find him and I can’t just go to his pack and start accusing him without proof even though I know it’s him because it’s an act of War.

But also the truth of the matter is that this war has already started and if I don’t find a lead today then I will be the one to make the first move because I will do anything to get her back.

The phone on my desk buzzed. An unknown number.

I answered, my voice low and dangerous. “Who is this?”

A cold, mocking laugh. “Miss me, Astor?”

Kyle.

Every muscle in my body locked. “Where is she?” I snarled.

Instead of answering, he said, “Is it true?”

“What?” I snapped.

“You heard me. Is. It. True?” Each word was slow, deliberate, like a knife dragging across my skin.

“I don’t have time for riddles!” I roared. “Bring her back. Now.”

My voice darkened. “You started a war you can’t finish, Kyle. You want revenge for your death? Fine. But why take it out on her? Faith has nothing to do with this!” father’s

My wolf surged forward, my vision turning red. “STOP!” I bellowed. “ANSWER ME! WHAT IS TRUE?!”

Silence. Then-

“You and your father made her hate me didn’t you but you knew the truth all along?” Kyle’s voice was laced with something... strange. Not just hate. Something else. “Is it true. That she’s my-“1 guess he knows the truth but it works in my favor because now he will have to live with the consequences of what he did. That’s of course if he cares.

I cut him off with a growl. “Irony, isn’t it? You stalked your sister for six years, obsessed with her, and now you’re the one who took her. Hurt her but the truth is that you were hurting possibly the only family you have left.”

“Shut up!” Kyle’s control slipped.

All of this is happening because of your father and you’re going to die ” he said but I’m not afraid of my death as long as the people that I care about are safe.

“I’m sure your father thought the same before he was killed so don’t mess with me Kyle because for now I was feeling sorry for you because you just a young man who lost his father in an unfortunate way but you are playing with my family and I don’t tolerate that nonsense.” I said because I have twice as much influence as he does because I have allies all over the world and I know they will come if I call them.

“we’re going to see about that.” he said.

“No,” I snarled. “I won’t stop until my mate is back. And when I find you-”

Click.

The line went dead.

“I hurled my phone across the room, shattering it against the wall.

Before I could storm out, the door swung open.

Alpha Connor.

And behind him—my father.

The sight of them made the rage inside me burn hotter.

My father stepped forward, his face lined with guilt. “Son, we know... we’re to blame for all of this. But we never wanted things to go this far.”

“Oh really?” I laughed bitterly. “What exactly did you expect, Father? You killed his dad! What did you think Kyle would do? Forgive you?” I slammed my fist against the desk. “The only difference is that my mate—MY FAMILY—Is paying for YOUR MISTAKES!”

My father flinched. “What do you want me to do?”

I dragged a hand through my hair. “I don’t know. The easy way to fix this is if I give you up and he does whatever he wants to do to you because you deserve it. But if I do, Kyle will kill you.”

“Then I’ll go” my father said quickly.

“NO!” The word tore from my throat. “I won’t trade your life for hers. I won’t lose both of you.”

we are the ones who stopped Benjamin and if you let us help then we can stop Kyle too.” my father said yet again proving to me that he doesn’t understand that I don’t want their help because they have done enough already.

I turned away, my breathing ragged. “I’ll find her myself.”

I said leaving the office because I don’t want to even see them and most importantly every time I see alpha Connor I just want to bang his head on my desk because he is not a man, let alone a father.

But because I have kids that I love more than anything in the world I had to go home even though I don’t know what to tell them about their mother.

The second I walked through the door, two small bodies crashed into me.

“Daddy!” Marco’s tiny hands gripped my shirt, his eyes wide and scared. “Where’s Mommy? Why isn’t she home yet?”

My heart cracked.

I knelt down, pulling him close. “She’s okay, pup. She’ll be home soon.”

“NO!” Marco pushed back, tears streaming. “! I WANT HER NOW!”

Kimberly stood nearby, her arms crossed, her face pale. “They feel it, Alpha,” she whispered. “The bond. They know something’s wrong.”

I swallowed hard, holding my son tighter.

I’ll get her back. I swear it.

Even if I had to burn the whole world down to do it.

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 128

Kyle’s Pov...

The smell of disinfectant and blood filled the air. I hate hospitals, even temporary ones set up in my own territory. They feel weak, like a pause button on the war I am fighting.

The door opened, and the doctor stepped out of Faith’s room. He looked tired, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Well?” I demanded. My voice sounded flat, even to me. I was waiting for the worst news, ready to rip this man limb from limb if he gave it to me.

The doctor straightened up. “Alpha Kyle, she is very strong. Her wolf is fighting hard. She will be okay.”

A heavy weight lifted from my chest, but the relief lasted only a second.

“Are there any broken bones? Anything permanent?” I pushed him for details.

The doctor shook his head slowly. “No broken bones. Her wolf is already healing the deep tissue injuries. But she was badly hurt. They hurt her pretty bad. She needs a couple of days of total rest. She is exhausted.”

They hurt her badly.

The words sliced through the fake calm I held onto. The guilt hit me like a physical blow. It was strong enough to make my hands tremble, a feeling I hadn’t experienced in years.

She had no business being in this fight. updated by j0-bn-ib=-.c-om This was my war, my mission for revenge, and she got caught in the crossfire and because of me, she was lying in there, broken and weak.

“Go,” I told the doctor, waving him away. ” make sure that nothing goes wrong with her or else I don’t have to tell you where you’ll end up.”

He nodded quickly and left, relieved to escape my sight.

I pushed open the door to her room. The air felt heavy here. Faith was lying still on the bed, pale under the sheets. She had an IV drip in her arm, but otherwise, she just looked asleep.

I walked closer and sat down on the edge of the bed beside her, careful not to hurt her. I studied her face. I hadn’t really looked at her this closely before, not when I was planning to use her, not when I was blinded by the strange connection I felt.

Now, looking at her cheekbones, the shape of her jaw, the line of her nose—I saw it. I saw me.

The similarities snapped into place.

This was why I was so drawn to her. This was why I felt such a sharp, immediate connection with her. It wasn’t lust. It wasn’t the kind of obsession a man feels for a mate. It was something deeper, something rooted in blood.

The voices inside my head, the ones that always whispered that I was alone, that nobody cared, that I was a monster, they always softened when she was near. Now I knew why.

I have spent my whole life believing the only people who stood with me were the ones who feared my power. The people who followed me did so because I was their Alpha, or because they saw the strength of my pack. I was isolated. Unloved.

But I wasn’t alone.

I leaned closer to her face. “Faith,” I whispered, the name feeling different on my tongue now. “I have a sister.”

And not just a sister. I have a niece and a nephew, too. A family. Real, actual family that shares my blood.

If I had known this, even a month ago, I would have stopped everything. I would have never put her in danger. Never used her. Never hurt her.

The surge of protective rage for her made my wolf snarl deep in my throat.

I stroked a few strands of hair away from her forehead. "Wake up, little sister. Please, wake up."

I need her awake so I can explain the darkness. I need her to understand why I became this way. And more importantly, I need her to wake up so we can finish this together. We will take revenge for our father. We will burn this world down and build our own, just the two of us.

Just then, the door opened. Moses, my Beta, and Rick, my Gamma, entered the room, both wearing their war faces.

"Alpha," Ben said in a low voice, careful not to wake Faith. "We are prepared. The troops are ready for the next mission now."

I didn't answer them. I kept my eyes locked on Faith's sleeping face.

I whispered to her, so quietly I knew only she and my wolf could hear. "I know you don't like the monster I had to become. I know you hate the things I have done."

My hand found hers, and I held it firmly.

"But it's only a matter of time before you understand. Soon, Faith, you will join me. You will see that everyone deserves to die. They are all weak. They let Father die, they let me rot in the dark."

I squeezed her hand. "You will join me, whether you like it or not. I finally have a sister in my life, and nobody, no mate, no Alpha, no God will ever take you away from me."

I stood up and turned to face Moses and Rick. The gentleness was gone, replaced by the cold, hard mask of the Dark Alpha.

"Tell the troops," I commanded, my voice flat and sharp like a newly sharpened blade. "Spare no one."

"The next target is the Eclipse Pack territory," I stated.

They looked surprised. I told them that I was going to Save The Best for last but there was a change of plan.

"Why the Eclipse Pack, Alpha?" Rick asked.



I smiled, a slow, cold curving of my lips that promised pain. “Because Alpha Connor is currently away at the Eternal Pack. He’s vulnerable because he believes he is safe.”

I leaned in, enjoying the evil heat that spread through me.

“I don’t want to kill Connor yet. Killing him is too easy. I want him to suffer. I want him to return home and find nothing. I want him to know that everything he cared about—his pack, his people, his territory—is gone.”

I let out a harsh, chilling laugh, a laugh of pure, victorious malice.

“Go. Make sure nothing is left standing.

They nodded, their eyes wide with terrible determination. They turned and left the room to deliver the orders.

Once the door closed, I stood alone in the quiet room beside my injured sister. The time for going after them from behind was over, now it was time to attack face to face.

I closed my eyes and reached out with my mind, linking to a specialized team I kept separate from the main pack. They were fast, quiet, and knew how to follow orders without question.

“Listen to me,” I commanded through the link, my voice resonating only in their minds. “I have a new mission. No witnesses. No talking.

“Faith’s adoptive parents. I want them dead. Not a clean kill. Not an easy death. I want them slaughtered like animals. Make it messy. Make them suffer.”

I cut the link, exhaling slowly. The world will burn. And when the smoke clears, Faith will be standing right next to me.

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 129

Faith’s Pov

The first thing I realized was the smell of the hospital.

Again.

I tried to move my fingers. They worked but when I tried to move my legs that's when the pain hit.

It wasn't a dull ache. It was fire. It was a thousand needles stabbing me everywhere like my ribs, my stomach, my back. Every single part of me screamed pain. I was wrapped in a small blanket, but even the pressure of the sheet felt like a heavy stone.

I squeezed my eyes shut, letting out a small, broken sound. I needed to sit up. I needed to know where I was.

Using only my arms, I pushed my body upward. A loud gasp tore through my throat. I fell back against the pillows, tears instantly flooding my eyes. It hurt too much.

"No, no, easy there"

A voice, deep and fast, startled me. I snapped my eyes open. A man in a doctor's coat.

"You have to be careful, Miss," he said, reaching out a hand.

I saw his hand coming toward me, and pure, raw panic surged.

'Don't touch me.'

Memories cold and cruel memories shot through my mind like lightning. The dark room. The rough hands. The sickening sound of the kicks hitting my body again and again. And Kyle. Standing there, watching, his face empty of feeling.

When the doctor's fingers lightly brushed my shoulder, I yelled and pushed his hand away with all the strength I had left.

The memory of the pain and the betrayal was worse than the physical throbbing in my ribs.

"Get back" I choked out. My voice was weak and rough. "Who are you? What is this place?"

The doctor stopped, his eyes wide with surprise. "I'm Dr. Thomas. You're safe. You were in bad shape but you're safe here."

Safe. The word tasted like poison.

Bad shape. More like my own flesh and blood did this to me.

Reality crashed down on me completely, heavy and terrifying. Kyle had done this. He took me away from my family and he ordered the beating.

I shrunk down into the sheets pulling it up to cover my mouth. My heart hammered against my abused ribs. I couldn't look the doctor in the eyes. I was terrified he was one of them.

“Stay away from me,” I whispered, staring past him at the plain white wall. “Please, just stay away.”

The door behind the doctor was pushed open, and a voice I never wanted to hear again filled the room.

“Faith. You’re awake.”

Kyle.

He looked exactly as he did the last time I saw him dark hair perfectly styled, wearing an expensive suit. He moved quickly, pushing past the doctor as if he owned the room, rushing toward my bedside.

His face was a mask of concern. He reached for my hand.

“Thank the Goddess,” he murmured, his voice thick with fake relief. “I was so worried.”

I didn’t pull away rather I slapped his hand. The sting in my palm was nothing compared to the rage burning inside me.

I looked at him, really looked at him, and saw the true darkness behind his appearance.

“Don’t touch me,” I spat, my voice shaking. “Don’t you dare touch me, you monster.”

The doctor shifted nervously, but Kyle ignored him entirely. He just stood there, his face falling into hurt confusion.

“Faith, please. What are you talking about? I’m not a monster.” He paused, his eyes pleading. “I’m your brother.”

The word hit me like another physical blow. Brother.

I sneered. It was a horrible, ugly sound. I would rather not have a brother than have him in my life.

“You are nothing of mine,” I said, cold and hard. “The only thing you are is the animal who watched two men kick the life out of me.”

His eyes went wide, and he suddenly looked genuinely distraught. He stepped back, running a hand through his hair.

“Faith, I am so sorry. I truly am. If I had known- why didn’t you tell me? Why didn’t you tell me you were my sister?”

He apologized for the wrong thing. He apologized for the identity, not the violence.

I felt a sudden, crushing weight of grief that made the physical pain disappear. The loss was a hollow pit where my love for my brother should have been.

I looked him straight in the eye, and the words came out flat and dead.

“You want to talk about what you put me through physically today?” I shook my head slowly. “I couldn’t care less, Kyle. This pain heals. The bruises fade.”

My voice finally broke as the unforgivable truth came out.

“But the truth is that you snatched her. You took my baby girl before I could even see her face. That is something I can never, ever forgive.”

Kyle blinked. He didn’t flinch. He didn’t seem to understand. He just looked annoyed that I was still talking about the past.

He instantly changed the subject, his voice hardening as he focused on his obsession.

“This is about Astor,” he insisted. “He tried to keep you from me. He must have known, Faith. He must have known you were my sister, and he kept you hidden.”

My heart hammered again, but this time it was with protective fear for my mate.

“Don’t involve Astor in this” I yelled.

Kyle snapped and his calm facade shattered.

“Stop defending that man. After everything he and his family have done, you still have the guts to defend him?!”

“He is my mate” I cried out. “He is nothing like you”

Kyle’s lips twisted in a cruel smile. “Not for too long. You won’t be mated to him for too long.”

A chill ran deep into my bones making me terrified about what that means. My breath hitched.

“What do you mean?” I whispered, fear paralyzing me. “What are you going to do?”

His eyes were cold, dangerous, and utterly focused on his goal.

“The people who killed our father have to pay, Faith. An eye for an eye. A life for a life.”

“Astor didn’t kill anyone!” I pleaded, trying to reason with the madness in his eyes. “His father did. Astor is innocent!”

“It doesn’t matter,” Kyle spat. “Astor will pay for his father’s mistakes. That is how the world works.”

“I won’t let you do that” I tried to move again, to get out of the bed, but the pain stopped me instantly. I fell back, helpless.

Kyle leaned over me, his face close, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper, full of terrifying power.

“Nothing and no one can stop me, Faith. Not you. Not your mate. As we speak,” he paused, letting the words sink into my terrified soul, “the Eclipse pack is burning to ashes.”

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 130

Astor’s Pov

I was in my study trying to find out everything I can about Kyle and where to find him when suddenly Connor rushed in looking like something was chasing him.

My head snapped up and my senses were immediately on high alert. I may have doubled our security but I still don’t know who is working with Kyle here so anything could have happened.

“Astor, my pack is under attack.” he gasped, barely able to speak and he didn’t even wait for me to respond because he was already gone

My mind raced, but a clear, cold calm settled over me. This was it. The moment I had been preparing for.

Without a second thought I mind linked Liam. “Liam! Get the wolves ready. The Eclipse Pack is under attack. Send two hundred of our strongest warriors no, make that two hundred and fifty to their aid. Move fast, Liam. Every second counts”

“Understood, Alpha They’ll be ready in minutes” Liam’s voice was firm, reliable as always.

My next stop was my children’s room. The door creaked open, revealing the soft glow of a nightlight. My two little pups, asleep in their beds, looked so peaceful. My heart ached, a sharp, familiar pain that only a parent knows. I knelt between their beds, my hand gently stroking my daughter’s hair, then my son’s.

“Hey, my brave little ones,” I whispered, my voice thick with emotion. Their eyes fluttered open, sleepy and confused. “I love you both more than all the stars in the sky.”

Their small hands reached for me, their sleepy faces looking up with trust. “Love you, Daddy,” my daughter mumbled, already drifting back to sleep. My son just hugged me tightly. I held them close for a long moment, trying to memorize their warmth, their scent. This was what I fought for. This was why I had to be strong.

Pulling away was the hardest thing. I took one last look, then rushed out, closing the door softly my father. behind me. As I ran through the silent house and then I mind linked

“Father, I need you to stay. Stay here with the children. Protect them with your life.”

“Astor, my son. I understand. They will be safe. Go, do what you must.” His voice was calm but I knew he wouldn’t fail me.

Then, I connected with George, our head warrior. “George, listen carefully. This could be a trap. Kyle might have people waiting to attack our pack while we send help away. Make sure every single wolf is alert. Double the patrols. Anyone suspicious, you take them down. Our pack must stay safe.”

“Consider it done, Alpha. We are ready for anything.” George’s reply was grim, but strong.

Finally, I pulled out my phone and dialed the Alpha King. He answered on the first ring. “I’m ready.”

“Good, Astor. Meet me at the agreed coordinates. Move now.” His voice was low, serious.

I hung up, taking a deep breath. Kyle isn’t as unpredictable as he would like to think because ! already knew his next move would be to attack one of our close allies, like the Eclipse Pack, or even my own.

What Kyle didn’t know was that I prepared for this moment. I was ready. We were ready.

I left my house, stepping out into the cool night air. The pack was quiet, a sense of tension hanging in the air, but also a deep resolve. I shifted into my large, wolf form, my muscles rippling and the wind whipped past me as I ran out.

Two hours into my journey, my mindlink buzzed. It was Liam. “Alpha. We got there in time and we pushed them back. But...there were a few casualties.”

A wave of relief washed over me, immediately followed by sorrow. Casualties. Every life lost was a tragedy, a scar on our pack. But atleast we saved more lives.

I pushed harder, reaching the meeting point soon after. The Alpha King was already there, his massive black wolf standing tall, his eyes burning with ancient fire. He shifted back to human form as I approached, his face stern.

“Astor,” he said, his voice deep. “Are you ready for what’s to come?”

What is to come is me turning into my father because when I approached him for help a few days ago before Kyle even kidnapped me I told him that I’m not willing to sacrifice other people’s lives in order to get Kyle but now I’m willing to do whatever it takes to keep my family safe.

I met his gaze, my resolve iron-hard. “Yes. I am ready.”

“Good,” he nodded. “Then let’s go.”

We shifted back into our wolf forms, two powerful alphas leading the charge. We ran together, a silent, deadly force, until we reached a hidden camp near Kyle’s pack lands. The air here felt thick, heavy with anticipation.

The Royal Beta met us halfway, bowing his head in respect. He shifted back, his expression grim. “Any sign of Kyle?” the Alpha King asked, his voice a low growl even in human form.

“Yes, my King. His scent is strong within his pack. He’s there.”

My heart hammered. “What about Faith? Have you seen her?”

The Royal Beta shook his head, his brow furrowed. “No, Alpha. No sign of Faith.” My stomach dropped. I just hope she’s safe because I’m doing this for her and I cannot tolerate it if something has happened to her but at least I know she’s alive because I can still feel the mate bond.

“It’s now or never,” the Alpha King declared, looking towards Kyle’s dark territory.

We attacked. And they seemingly were taken by surprise which is why I chose to come here today and now because he must have been very consumed in attacking the eclipse pack that he didn’t even consider his pack.

We tore through Kyle’s outer defenses and we had the advantage because there were many of us and the sounds of battle filled the night growls, snarls, the tearing of flesh, the howls of pain.

We pushed deeper into Kyle’s territory, past the first line of defense, then the second. We searched for Kyle, our eyes scanning every shadow, every cluster of wolves. But as we fought through the chaos, ripping apart his loyalists, a cold realization dawned on us.

Kyle was nowhere to be found.

And Faith wasn't here either.