

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 131

Faith's Pov

I was in pain. Every breath was a struggle. The pain was everywhere—my ribs, my legs, my head, I could barely move.

They really did a number on me.

I don't know what kind of people they are to just beat the crap out of a woman they don't know and the worst part is I did nothing to these people.

I don't know why I still can't connect to my wolf because the drug must have worn off by now but my wolf is still not back and I'm concerned that maybe the drugs somehow killed my wolf or something like that.

Suddenly, the door slammed open and Kyle rushed in, his face was covered in sweat and dirt. His eyes were wild, like something terrible was happening.

I thought he would be wearing a happy face when he came back because he told me that he was going to attack the eclipse pack and judging by how assured he was I thought he would succeed but he isn't wearing a face of victory right now.

"Faith. We have to go—now" he shouted.

Before I could ask why, he grabbed my arm and pulled me up. I screamed as pain shot through my body. My legs buckled, but Kyle didn't stop. He lifted me into his arms and ran out of the room. That hurt my body even more but he didn't care and I understood why when we reached outside. It was chaos, wolves were howling and people were shouting. Their pack was under attack. The air smelled of smoke and blood.

this reminds me of the memory that I had about the woman who was escaping her burning pack. Her fear was engraved in my heart in that moment as I imagine the same kind of Fear in one of these women today because these kind of fights don't affect the ones that start them rather they affect the innocent people who are just trying to raise their children which is unfair.

Astor. He was the first person to come into mind because I know how crazy he can get to protect the people that he cares about and I'm his mate. My heart jumped. Did he come for me? A small part of me felt relief. Maybe this nightmare would finally end.

But it would also be the beginning of a new nightmare because Kyle will never let this go and the innocent kids at the Eternal pack and some in his pack will have to suffer for it.

Kyle tightened his grip and yanked me forward. "Don't get any ideas," he growled. "he isn't going to save you from me because you don't need saving from your own brother."

Fear crawled up my throat. Where was he taking me and what will he do to me?

I don't think my father and his friends will ever be able to comprehend what they did because what Kyle has turned into is because of them.

They turned a little boy into a monster because he wouldn't have done all of this if he hadn't had to leave without his parents and most importantly because of how gruesome our father died. Our family too.

I hate that he is even more possessive or obsessed with me after finding out that I'm his sister but a part of me does understand why.

He doesn't have anybody to call his on and he's just trying to be a brother but he just doesn't understand that Force doesn't get you what you want.

He moved quickly, sneaking past the fighting. He dragged me through the trees, away from the pack. The farther we went, the more my fear grew.

He was taking me very far from my mate and I'm not sure if this time it will be easy for him to find me again.

But then something amazing happened.

A warm feeling spread in my chest. A strong and familiar presence.

My wolf.

Tears filled my eyes. "You're here," I whispered inside my mind.

Yes, she answered.

"Help me," I begged. "I don't know what Kyle will do, and I can't stay to find out."

'You have power, Faith. You can escape. But using them will hurt you, are you sure?'

I didn't hesitate. I don't have that kind of choice anymore because if I have any chance of getting out of here then it's these powers that I don't like but will have to use" Anything. Just get me away from him."

'Close your eyes.' she said. 'And imagine yourself far from here.'

I squeezed my eyes shut. For a second, nothing. Then-

I felt rush of wind and a sharp pain digging in my body.

When I opened my eyes, I was standing a few meters away. Kyle spun around, confused but I genuinely can't believe that I did that but I didn't have time to gloat about it.

"FAITH!" he roared.

My body burned, but I didn't stop. I focused again. Further. Go further.

Another flash of pain and suddenly, I was deeper in the forest. My legs shook. Blood dripped from my nose.

I felt weak and it was quite clear that any moment from now I was going to lose lose consciousness but I still couldn't let him get to me.

'You have to heal fast' my wolf warned me. 'Or you won't survive another jump.'

I forced myself to breathe. The wounds started closing, but slowly. Too slowly.

Kyle's voice echoed through the trees, angrier than before. "I WILL FIND YOU!"

Fear pushed me harder. I had one chance.

I closed my eyes a third time. This time, I pictured the river far from this place and far from Kyle.

The world disappeared.

When I landed, the pain was unbearable. My knees hit the ground, and I coughed up blood. But I was free.

With the last of my strength, I reached out in my mind. Astor... help me. Please... come get me.

Then everything went black.

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Faith's Pov

I slowly forced my eyes open despite the throbbing headache which has become a norm. The ceiling above was familiar.

My room.

Not a cell, not a dungeon, but my own bed. A wave of relief washed through me.

I tried to sit up, but my muscles protested, screaming with a dull ache. It felt like I had been run over by a truck.

Then I saw him.

Astor.

He was sleeping in an awkward position in the armchair next to the bed, his head tilted back awkwardly, his broad chest rising and falling in deep, even breaths. He was fast asleep.

My heart gave a sudden sense of relief. He was here. He found me.

I don't remember anything up until the moment I passed out but I guess All is Well That Ends Well because I ended up home.

'Our mate has been here, watching over you. For hours. He barely left your side. He's so tired.' My wolf said and I couldn't have fallen anymore in love with him at that moment

The thought sent a warmth spreading through my chest, chasing away some of the lingering cold fear. I was away from Kyle and very much safe.

Just then I heard sounds from downstairs

Marco. Isabella. My babies.

It felt like I haven't seen them in weeks and months because the only thing I could think about was them. I had to see them. I needed to see them.

Ignoring the protests from my still-aching body, I pushed myself up. My legs felt like jelly, trembling with every step, but I didn't care. The thought of my children, their faces, their laughter, pulled me forward like an invisible string. I stumbled out of the room, my hand trailing along the wall for support, and slowly, carefully, made my way to the top of the stairs.

The sounds grew louder. A burst of laughter. The scent of breakfast something sweet and warm. When I reached the last step, Marco's little head popped up from behind the counter, his eyes wide and bright. He saw me. His face lit up like the sun, and a second later, he launched himself towards me.

"Mommy" he shrieked, his voice filled with pure joy and excitement.

He slammed into my legs, throwing his little arms around my waist, burying his face in my stomach. I gasped, the impact on my still–tender body, but I didn’t care. I knelt down, my knees protesting, and wrapped my arms around him, pulling him as close as I possibly could. His small body felt so warm, so solid, so real.

“Oh, my sweet boy,” I choked out, my voice thick with emotion. Tears, hot and heavy, welled up in my eyes my cheeks. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to my eyes my cheeks. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to blink them away quickly, hoping he wouldn’t see them.

It’s always been us Against the World and I just can’t imagine how he felt when I wasn’t here.

He pulled back a little, looking up at me with his big, questioning eyes. “Mommy, why did you leave me?” The words, so innocent, yet so full of pain, pierced my heart like a dagger.

My breath hitched. How could I explain? How could I tell him about monsters and danger? I just shook my head, pressing a kiss to his forehead, then his cheeks, tasting the salt of my own tears. “I’m here now, baby. I’m right here.”

I held him for another long moment, just basking in the feel of him and the scent of him. Then I looked up, and my eyes met Isabella’s. She was standing by the kitchen table, a small muffin clutched in her hand, her eyes wide and wary.

My heart ached anew. She doesn’t know me or care for me. Slowly, I reached out a hand to her. “Isabella,” I whispered, my voice still trembling. “Can I have a hug, sweetheart?”

She hesitated for a beat, her lips pressed into a thin line, her expression unreadable. For a moment, I feared she would turn away. But then, with a shy nod, she walked over, slowly at first, then picking up speed. She didn’t launch herself at me like Marco, but she leaned into me, her small arms wrapping around my neck. I hugged her gently, breathing in the familiar scent of her hair, so grateful for this simple intimacy.

Just then, a thud from further up the stairs announced Astor. He must have woken up. He scrambled down the last few steps, his eyes scanning the room frantically until they landed on me. His face still full from sleep but I saw relief.

“Faith” he practically roared, rushing towards me. He moved to his knees beside us, pulling all three of us into a tight embrace. “Goddess, I was so worried. So, so worried.” His voice was rough, thick with emotion.

I leaned my head against his shoulder, feeling the solid strength of him. “I’m good, I murmured, shrugging slightly. “Most importantly, you are the one who saved me.” My voice was quiet, but ! meant every word. He had brought me home and he fought for me.

Astor pulled back, his intense eyes searching mine, as if to confirm I was truly okay. Then, with a grunt, he gently scooped me up into his arms, bridal style. My body still felt fragile, but being held by him, surrounded by his warmth and scent, made me feel incredibly safe.

“Kids,” he said, his voice deep and warm, “Mommy still needs some rest she’s still very tired.” Marco frowned, his bottom lip jutting out. “But I want to play with Mommy now!”

I smiled, a real smile this time, seeing his familiar stubbornness. “I will, my love. Just give me a couple of minutes. I just want to freshen up, take a quick shower, and then I’ll be right back down, okay?”

He looked uncertain, but then, with a reluctant sigh, he nodded. “Okay. But hurry”

Astor carried me steadily up the stairs and he moved us straight to the bathroom as he pushed open the bathroom door with his elbow and gently set me down on the edge of the large tub. The scent of lavender and fresh linen filled the air.

“How did you find me, Astor?” I asked, looking up at him, my brow furrowed. I know he was the last person I called out to but I don’t even know where I was in the first place because I just kept on moving and moving until I couldn’t.

He knelt in front of me, his hands gently tracing my face and his thumbs stroking my cheekbones. His eyes were full of emotion that made my own heart pound. “None of that is important for now, Faith,” he murmured. “Not right now. All that matters is that you’re here and you’re safe. And I have my mate back.”

His eyes dropped to my lips, and the air between us crackled with a sudden, intense heat.

He leaned in slowly, giving me time to react, to pull away if I wanted to. But I didn’t. I need him today. I leaned into him, my eyelids fluttering shut, my lips parting just slightly in invitation. His lips were warm and soft at first and then with a soft groan he deepened the kiss.

His hands moved from my face and tangled my hair pulling me closer until I was pressed against his chest feeling his heartbeat against my own.

My hands found their way to his shoulders, gripping the solid muscles beneath his shirt. The kiss grew more urgent, more demanding.

He broke the kiss for a moment, just long enough to whisper against my lips, “Gods, Faith. I thought I’d lost you.” His voice was rough with raw emotion, and his forehead rested against mine.

“You didn’t,” I breathed back, tears pricking my eyes again, but these were tears of overwhelming gratitude and love. “You found me.”

His lips found mine again, harder this time, more desperate. He lifted me from the tub’s edge, my legs instinctively wrapping around his waist, and carried me to the counter beside the sink. He set me down, but his body remained pressed against mine, his hardness warm and insistent against my core. My senses were overwhelmed by the scent of him, pine and something musky.

His hands slid down my back, warm and possessive, pushing the my dress up and over my head, then tossed it aside. My bra followed, quickly unclasped, revealing my breasts, already aching for his touch. He looked at me with eyes dark with hunger, before leaning down to take one n****e into his mouth.

A moan tore from my throat sending electric shocks straight down to my core. My fingers tangled in his hair, pulling gently, urging him on. He suckled, teased, drew my n****e deep into his mouth, making my hips arch instinctively against him.

He moved to the other breast, giving it the same delicious attention, and I felt my body come alive, every nerve ending screaming with pleasure. My wolf was roaring now, a triumphant song of reunion and longing. I wanted him. I needed him. Now.

Astor straightened, his eyes blazing, and quickly shed his own clothes, tossing them carelessly to the floor. He looked magnificent.

He picked me up again and carried me into the shower stall. The warm water immediately enveloped us, cascading over our bodies, mixing with the heat that was already building between us. He pressed me against the tiled wall, his hands sliding down my back, cupping my bottom, lifting me higher. wrapped my legs even tighter around his waist, my exposed skin against his, the water running over us like a sensual caress. He entered me slowly, carefully, giving my body time to adjust, to stretch. A gasp escaped my lips as he filled me, a feeling of completeness washing over me that was almost overwhelming.

“Faith,” he groaned, his voice hoarse, his forehead pressed against mine, the water streaming over our faces. “I love you. So much.”

“I love you too, Astor,” I whispered back, my voice shaky, my body trembling with the intensity of it all.

He began to move, slow at first, then picking up pace, each thrust deeper, more urgent. We moved together and the shower filled with the sounds of our passion, the water rushing, our moans echoing.

My climax built quickly and I tightened around him. I dug my nails into his shoulders, crying out his name as my body convulsed around him, waves of pleasure washing over me.

He followed quickly, his own body tensing, a guttural groan ripping from his throat as he emptied himself into me, holding me tight, his muscles shaking with the force of his release.

“I don’t want to lose you and the person that took you from me will pay.” I heard him say as he laid me in bed and I pretended like I didn’t hear him because I don’t know how I’m going to navigate this phase of my life because I cannot have my mate killing my brother whom I will never forget but still he is my brother.

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Astor's POV

I woke up fast, like someone had thrown me into a cold river. But it wasn't the cold that shocked me; it was the fire in my blood.

I looked down at Faith hoping her presence would calm the wild beast inside me. But that didn't calm me now.

I saw her pain. I saw the terror, the beating and the cold fear Kyle had held her in. It flashed through my mind: every bruise, every insult, every time she thought she would die.

Rage, pure and hot, clawed its way up my throat.

"Kyle," I whispered, the name tasting like ash and iron. "I swear on my life, you will pay for every single tear she shed."

I pushed myself off the bed quietly. The sheets barely shifted. Faith has been through hell and back and she's exhausted.

I pulled on a shirt and pants, my hands shaking only slightly. This was no time for waiting. Kyle was be stopped now. still out there, and he has to

I walked out of our room and immediately heard the sound of happy chaos. I found them in the main living space. My parents were on the floor, building a ridiculous tower of blocks with my two cuties.

I ruffled Marco's hair, forcing a smile on my face.

I leaned down and called Isabella's name.

She looked up, clutching a toy. Her eyes were bright, but I knew the trauma was still sitting just beneath the surface. She misses her mother and a part of her thinks that her mother abandoned her.

"I need you to come with me, sweet girl," I said gently. "We have to go somewhere."

Marco stood up, concerned. "Where are you going?"

I gave him the widest, happiest smile I could muster. "your sister looks a bit down and I just want to cheer her up."

I was genuinely relieved that Marco didn't look jealous. He didn't look angry that I was taking Isabella alone. I flashed him a quick wink and then scooped Isabella into my arms.

But as I walked out the door with Isabella resting her head on my shoulder, a heavy wave of fear hit me.

Faith.

When she wakes up, and realizes that I took Isabella back to that woman. She will feel betrayed. I know this. I just hope she would understand why.

Alice is our only chance and hope at catching Kyle.

But I knew she won't which is why I prefer doing it and then facing the consequences when it's done.

We arrived at the small pack hospital. My heart hammered against my ribs. Let's get this over with.

We walked into the quiet waiting room. My eyes went immediately to the single closed door where Alice was being held. It was slightly open so I couldn't stop Isabella.

"Mommy!"

She ripped herself out of my arms and bolted. She didn't walk, she ran burst inside.

I stood in the doorway, watching the reunion, and a terrible knot tightened in my gut.

Alice was weak, but she instantly lifted her arms. "Isa! Oh, my sweet girl!" She pulled Isabella into a tight hug, showering her with dramatic kisses.

Isabella was laughing, a sound I haven't heard often from her in the last couple of days.

"Mommy, I missed you so much! Where were you? Are you okay?"

Alice gave her a wide pity-filled smile, brushing the hair off her face. It was the picture of perfect motherhood.

I felt a surge of cold fury. This wasn't right. The person who deserved that hug, who deserved that title, was Faith. Faith, who is her biological mother. And the woman who would die for her.

But little Isabella was too young to understand the difference between the mother who birthed her and the mother who raised her and most importantly the fact that Alice practically ripped her away from her mother.

"Isabella," I said, my voice low and firm. "Please go outside because your mom and I have to talk."

She looked up at me, shocked. Her lips trembled. “No, daddy. I don’t want to leave my Mommy! I missed her!”

“You can spend all the time you want with her later,” I said, stepping fully into the room. “But you need to wait outside. Now.”

Isabella started to cry, wrapping her arms tighter around Alice. Alice just stroked her head, shooting me a look that said, See? She loves me.

I ignored Alice. “Go wait outside.”

She reluctantly pulled away, sobbing softly. When she was gone, I slammed the door shut.

Alice immediately dropped the sweet act. The fake tears dried up, and her face hardened.

“That was cruel, Astor,” she snapped, sitting up slightly. “You couldn’t let us have a moment?”

I walked to the end of her bed, crossing my arms. “Stop the theatrics, Alice. You know why I brought her here.”

“I really missed her,” Alice insisted, though her voice lacked any real pain. “I can’t bear to live without my daughter-”

“Save it,” I cut her off. “You missed her, but you were perfectly fine putting her in danger by hiding where Kyle is knowing quite well that he could attack us. You can fool anybody else but story of yours because you wouldn’t be bargaining with her if you missed her. Don’t ever talk to me about missing her.”

I leaned in close. “I brought her because you gave me a condition: You see Isabella, and I tell you where Kyle went. That is the only reason. This is the first, and I swear to the goddess, this will be the last time you see her.”

Her eyes narrowed. She had won this small battle, but she knew I meant what I said.

“Fine,” she hissed. “I’ll tell you everything else you need to know.”

I nodded once. “I’ll have George come here and you can tell him everything.”

I didn’t wait for her reply. I turned and walked out, leaving her alone in the sterile room.

Isabella was already a disaster. She was standing outside the room and when she saw me, she launched another tantrum.

“I want Mommy! I hate you! I hate you, Astor! Why did you take me away?”

I picked her up immediately. She was screaming, kicking, a full-blown fit. I held her tight against my chest, ignoring the stares of the few people walking by.

“Shh, sweet girl. We are going home now,” I tried to soothe her.

“No! I want my Mommy! Alice is my Mommy!” she wailed, pounding her little fists against my collarbone.

I just held her tighter and walked toward the house. My guilt was immense. This was only going to hurt Faith more.

When I finally reached the front door, my shoulders were covered in tears and I was mentally exhausted. I pushed the door open, ready to deal with a crying child and then try to explain myself to Faith.

I didn’t have to wait.

Faith was standing in the middle of the living room. She wasn’t yelling, she wasn’t crying. She was just still. But the air around her was thick with an icy rage I had never felt from her before. She was awake, and she knew.

“Astor,” she said. Her voice was flat, sharp, and cold. It didn’t sound like her at all.

Isabella was still whimpering in my arms. When she saw Faith, she squirmed away from me.

Faith’s face softened instantly. She moved forward, her instincts taking over. She reached out, trying to take Isabella from me, her voice gentle again.

“Oh, sweetie, come here. Come to Faith. What happened?”

But Isabella pulled away violently, scooting behind my legs and glaring at Faith.

“No!” Isabella yelled, her voice raw from crying. “I don’t like you! You’re mean! I just want my Mommy”

The rejection was like a knife plunged into Faith’s chest. I didn’t need the mate bond to tell me that; I saw the light drain from her eyes. But through the bond, I felt the sharp, agonizing pain of her heartbreak a feeling so deep it made my own chest seize up.

“Isabella, stop it,” I commanded, my voice strained.

I reached out for Faith, wanting desperately to close the distance, to hold her, to pull her into my arms and tell her that Isabella was confused and that she was the real mother.

“Don’t touch me,” Faith whispered, taking a deliberate step back.

Her eyes were locked on mine, and they were full of betrayal.

“How could you?” she asked, her voice shaking now. Not with crying, but with control. “How could you take her back to that woman? To Alice? After everything that happened, after everything she put us through?”

Isabella was still crying softly behind me.

“And you didn’t even ask me,” Faith continued, disbelief etched on her face. “She is my daughter, She is our daughter. And you took her to her kidnapper without a word to me?”

“Faith, listen to me,” I pleaded, trying to step forward again. “I had to! It was the only way she would tell me where Kyle is hiding. It was insurance, Faith! I did it for us!”

She held up a hand, stopping me dead in my tracks. Her chest rose and fell rapidly.

“I don’t want to hear it,” she choked out. “I don’t want to hear your explanations, Astor. Not right now.”

She looked at Isabella one last time, her expression devastated, then she turned on her heel and walked away.

She didn’t storm to our room. She didn’t pause at the door. I heard the front door open and slam shut almost immediately.

Faith was gone. And she left me standing there, holding her crying daughter, completely alone with my terrible choices.

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Faith’s Pov

I slammed the door shut behind me with a thud and my head was spinning. Astor seems to think he could just decide things for me, for us, for our daughter, without saying a single word to me. he took my daughter to see the woman who kidnapped him and he didn’t think it was important to talk to me. Like it was a done deal, like my opinion didn’t matter.

It feels like a slap in the face. How could he not see it? How could he not understand that it would only confuse her? Give her something, someone, a connection, and then what? Just take it

away when it's convenient? It's cruel. He should have asked. He should have consulted me. But no Astor the Alpha just makes decisions.

I stopped by the window, staring out at the darkening forest. The trees looked peaceful, mocking my inner turmoil. My hands clenched into fists, nails digging into my palms. It wasn't fair. My anger was a thick, bitter taste in my mouth. I wanted to scream, to throw something, to just make him understand how much this hurt, how much it felt like he didn't value my thoughts.

Suddenly, a cold shiver ran down my spine, not from the window, but from deep inside my head. It felt like a sharp needle, then a dull ache, spreading rapidly. My vision blurred for a second, and I gasped, clutching my temples. What was that?

"Surprised, Faith?"

My breath hitched. No. It couldn't be. My heart hammered against my ribs. This was impossible. I stumbled back, hitting the wall with a muffled thud.

Kyle.

His laugh echoed in my mind, a chilling sound that made my skin crawl. "Don't look so shocked. We're siblings. It's natural we'd be connected, wouldn't you say?"

How? How could he do this? Mind-linking was for pack members, for mates. We are neither. My panic was quickly replaced by pure, freezing horror. He had access to me? To my mind?

"What do you want?" I tried to project the words back, furious that he had invaded my my thoughts. My voice was a shaky whisper but I'm sure he heard my anger.

His voice resonated with a smug satisfaction. "Oh, nothing much. Just something you hid from me. Something quite important."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"The fact that you are the most sought-after wolf in the world sister," he purred, the words twisting in my head.

My blood ran cold. The White Wolf. How did he know? I hadn't shifted, not around him, not then. I'd been so careful.

"How?" I whispered, the word barely leaving my lips.

"Oh, Faith. I can recognise those traits. White wolves, you see, they originated from our pack. My pack. When you did what you did, it was clear. No normal wolf can do what you are capable of."

My stomach clenched. He knew. He really knew. The secret that made me a target, he knew it. And he spoke about it so casually, like it was just another fact.

“Stay away from me,” I snarled, trying to put all my rage into the mental command. “Stay away from my family! I will protect them. You hear me? I will protect them!”

“When I found out I had a sister, I was hopeful. I thought I had someone who would help me avenge him. But you? You’re a lost cause. Step out of the way, Faith. Join me. Or you will die along with everybody else.”

“No, Kyle, please,” I pleaded, the words spilling out of me. “Don’t do this. I have kids. Your nephew and niece. I’m sure... I’m sure one day they’d like to get to know you. Why don’t you just stop? I’ll make sure Astor and the Alpha King don’t come after you. Just stop.”

“Stop?” He scoffed, the sound vibrating through my bones. “I don’t want your help if it’s to defend and protect those people. You’ve already chosen a side, Faith. And unfortunately, your nephew and niece will die for a special cause.”

My blood ran cold. He said it so calmly. My children. Dying.

“And you, Faith, out of everybody, you know you’ll be able to take them on and win. You saw the kind of armoury I have. And most of all... my secret weapon.”

His words sent a fresh wave of terror through me. He knew my capabilities, and he knew... something else. Something about him that he believed would triumph over me, even as the White Wolf. My mind raced, trying to put the pieces together, but all I felt was overwhelming dread.

“You probably haven’t even told Astor have you, have you?” he said and my breathe hitched.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“The fact that you two are going to be parents. Again.”

My hand flew to my stomach, instinctively, protectively. A gasp escaped my lips. No. How... how could he possibly know? I’d been keeping it hidden, masking the faint heartbeat, even from Astor.

It was too early, too fragile, too precious to share. I’d only just confirmed it yesterday.

“Stop,” I begged, my voice cracking, tears stinging my eyes. “Please, just stop.”

But he laughed. A cold, harsh sound that filled my head. “All of this could just end, Faith. Right now.

“How?” The word tore from me, raw and desperate. All I wanted was a safe place for my children, for this new life growing inside me. My baby.

“You should do what I asked you to do in the very first place, before you tried to act clever and tell Astor his whole plan,” he said, his voice hardening. “But there’s a little twist in the plan now. I want you to murder your own father. Or at least, the father who raised you. Because it’s quite clear he is the one who instigated our father’s murder.

If you don’t do it, Faith, then the whole world will know that you are a white wolf. And that won’t just put you in danger. It will also put your children in danger, since they are direct descendants of you. Everybody will just want a piece of them. You will never be able to completely protect them, because they will always be wanted. Not just by werewolves, but witches, lychans and almost every paranormal being.”

The words were a hammer blow, each one echoing the deepest fear in my heart. My children. Always hunted, never safe. The thought made my blood run cold.

“So, think carefully, Faith. Do what I want you to do. Because you don’t want me as an enemy.”

The link snapped, leaving me alone in the silent room, but the echoes of his chilling demands vibrated through every fibre of my being. My hand was still on my stomach, a silent promise to the tiny life within. Kill my father, or condemn my children to a life of fear. The world spun. Kyle had me trapped.

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Faith’s Pov

I was wiping the tears off my face when the door opened.

I didn’t need to look up to know it was him.

Astor walked in, and before I could even stand up or try to yell, he was already there. He moved so quickly. One moment I was sitting alone in misery, and the next, strong arms were wrapping around me, pulling me tight against his chest.

I was so angry but when his warmth surrounded me my anger just deflated.

I let myself collapse into the hug. Just for one second. I let my wolf, who had been howling in frustration, sink into the peace his presence always brought. Right now, I needed him more than I needed to be angry.

After a long minute, I forced myself to pull back. I took a deep breath trying to get my heart under control. I had to speak before the tears started again. I had to make him understand how wrong he was.

But before I could even open my mouth, he beat me to it.

“I’m sorry, Faith,” he said, his voice low and ragged. His eyes held so much guilt and worry. He reached up, cupping my cheek gently. “I didn’t mean to go against what you wanted. I know if I had asked you about taking Isabella, you would have said no.”

I just stared at him, waiting for the rest of the excuse.

“But Faith, there is nothing more important than our family. Nothing. And Alice was the only person who could give us the next clue to finding you and her only condition was seeing Isabella.”

He looked desperate. “If I hadn’t taken Bella to her, Alice wouldn’t have told me anything more. And right now, it is important to catch Kyle before he hurts anyone else.”

His words hit me harder than they should have. He was talking about doing something dangerous for family. Something potentially foolish.

And I realized I was about to do the same exact thing.

A wave of cold dread washed over the anger. I had my own stupid, dangerous plan brewing, and it was all for family too. How could I be angry at him for doing what he thought was necessary when I was preparing to risk everything myself?

My fury started to feel pathetic. I had to let this go. But not without a warning.

I looked straight into his eyes, making sure he understood how serious I was. “Astor, listen to me. I understand why you did it. But if you ever, ever do something like that again, something that puts our daughter in danger without talking to me first, even if you think it’s the only way I will not forgive you. Do you understand?”

A small, tired smile touched his lips. “I understand, Faith. And I wouldn’t expect anything less.”

That was all I needed to hear. The pressure in my chest eased, and the anger faded away. I moved forward and wrapped my arms around him again, burying my face in his neck. The feeling of being safe, of being exactly where I belonged, washed over me. Being in his arms brought me and my wolf absolute peace.

Ring. Ring.

The sound of the phone ripped through the silence like a gunshot. It was a number I didn’t recognize. I pulled away from Astor, frowning, and answered the call.

“Hello?”

“Faith? Is this Faith?” A man’s gravelly voice asked.

“Yes. Who is this?”

“My name is Harold. I am an old friend of your adoptive father.” I remember Harold as one of the good for nothing man who used to hang around my father and they experienced my abuse as well and they said nothing.

My heart jumped. “Oh, Harold. Is my father alright?”

A sharp spike of guilt went through me because I haven’t spoken to my dad in a few weeks, things have been too messy and dangerous right at the moment, and I didn’t want him to worry. I had planned to visit him soon, face-to-face, so I could talk about everything without frightening him over the phone.

The man on the other end cleared his throat, and the sound was heavy, full of pain.

“Faith, I am so sorry. I wish I didn’t have to be the one to tell you this.” His voice broke. “Both your parents... they were murdered.”

The room went silent. I couldn’t breathe. My hand started shaking violently, making the phone buzz against my ear.

“W—what are you saying? No. They’re fine.”

“They found them about an hour ago, Faith. They weren’t just murdered. They were... they were torn to pieces. Like an animal attack.

We’ve been trying to contact your sister as well but we can’t get through to her but I’m very sorry for your loss.”

The noise I made was not human. It was a choked, wounded sound. Torn to pieces.

The world tilted. My adoptive parents. My dad.

“I’m on my way,” I whispered, my voice thick with shock. I didn’t wait for him to respond. I just dropped the phone, letting it clatter onto the floor.

I couldn’t stand up anymore. My legs gave out, and I sank down to the ground, landing next to the bed.

Astor was instantly beside me, his arms reaching out. He didn’t try to force me to stand; he just sat down heavily next to me, crossing his legs and pulling me close.

The tears that had been threatening to spill minutes ago finally came and they were unstoppable. I pushed my head onto his shoulder, clinging to the fabric of his shirt, and let the grief wreck me.

“It’s Kyle,” I choked out, the name tasting like ash and poison. “It has to be Kyle.”

Astor tightened his hug. His voice was soft, dangerously quiet. “I know, Faith.”

That single confirmation was the thing that broke my heart entirely.

I pulled back just enough to look at him, my eyes swimming. “All this time, I thought I could understand him. He’s been hurting and killing people because he wants revenge on the people who killed our father. I could almost understand that rage.” I wiped my nose desperately. “But my adopted father didn’t do anything to him. My dad was a good man. He loved me!”

Astor gently pushed my hair back from my face. “He probably killed them to punish you, Faith. For escaping him. For choosing us.”

The thought was a physical blow. the man who stayed quiet all those years ago to protect me from the truth, the man who tried to give me a normal life. He was gone because of me.

I started to sob again, the guilt mingling with the raw pain of loss.

“He’s gone,” I whispered into Astor’s shoulder.

Astor kept stroking my back, offering silent comfort. After a long moment, I managed to speak again, my voice rough and cracked.

I don’t want to say that my father and my Father-in-Law as well as the people who helped them do what they did are Monsters but everybody has played a part.

How do I make peace with the fact that my biological brother murdered the one person that I always knew was on my corner.

He took my father away from me and I don’t understand why he had to punish me for a crime that I don’t even know off.

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back - Chapter 136

Faith’s Pov

I stood in front everyone, the silence of the too loud and I looked down at the paper in my hands. It wasn't a speech it was a confession. It was an open letter to the two people lying in the caskets before me.

I took a shaky breath, trying to keep my voice steady.

“Mother. Dad. First of all I have to say that I loved you because it's the truth, and it's the one thing I held onto even when I thought I hated you.”

I paused when the memories started flooding in.

“I remember how much I looked up on you when I was a kid. At just five years old all I wanted was for you to see me.

Mother, you were angry. Always angry. It felt like a hurricane lived inside our house, and I was the one who bore the brunt of it. I remember the yelling, the backhands, the bruises that covered my I thought if I just did the dishes faster, or done better, or legs. I remember thinking it was my stayed quieter maybe just maybe you would smile at me.”

My voice cracked, but I forced the words out.

“An innocent seven-year-old tried everything. I tried and tried and tried to be worthy of your love, but nothing was ever enough. It would have been easier, maybe, if I had a father who could stand up and say no. But Dad, you didn't. You just watched. You loved me, I know that, but you watched.”

I closed my eyes for a moment, pulling myself back to the present.

“I don't remember a single careless smile from my childhood. Not one. And thinking about it now, I don't blame you.”

Why should I blame you? My biological mother didn't want me. She abandoned me. If the woman who carried me couldn't love me, who were you two to step in and fill that space? At least you gave me a roof over my head. At least you gave me the little bit of quiet affection I got from my father when Mother wasn't looking.”

I laughed, a short, sharp sound that felt wrong in a church.

“I'm not saying this because I hate you. I don't. Forgiveness might have come eventually. But what good is forgiveness if you can't forget? The things you did are tattooed on my memory. But today, I won't remember the abuse. I will only remember the good. The small things.”

I looked at Dad's casket. “Dad, you were the first man to ever love me. Thank you for that. I will remember you for the little bits of sweet comfort you gave me.”

Then I looked at Mother's. "And Mother, I will remember you for the strength you forced into me.

You made me resilient. You made me strong enough to take anything. My childhood will forever be a lesson for me. If I survived that, I can survive anything."

I stopped, realizing my chest was tight with guilt.

"Your lives were cut too short. Everybody deserves to live, and nobody has the right to take a life. I will forever feel guilty that you are dead because of who I am and what I am tied to."

I looked out at the faces in the room. They were blurred with tears and shock.

"I forgive you and I hope that in time, I will forget. But if I don't forget, I want you to know that you will forever be an integral part of my life. Goodbye, Mother and Dad."

I folded the paper and stepped away from the podium. My legs felt shaky, but I had to keep moving.

On my way back to my seat, I passed her. Alice.

She was sitting in the front row, heavily guarded, chains cutting into her wrists and ankles. She looked small, bruised, and broken. As much as I hate her, as much as I never want her to see the light of day again, I still gave this day to her. She had as much right to be here as anyone. More, even.

I knelt down in front of her.

"I approved you being here, Alice," I whispered, keeping my voice low. "It's what my father would have wanted."

She looked up at me, her eyes red and puffy. I nodded slowly.

"They loved you, Alice. More than anything in the world. And honestly? that's why mother hated me so much. Why she abused me. Because I wasn't you."

Alice looked down, a wave of terrible guilt across her face.

I reached out and gently raised her chin with my thumb. "Don't you dare bear a cross that is not yours to carry. You have too many of your own sins to pretend like you're a good person. Say goodbye to them. And after this, you will never get out. You will pay for everything you put me through."

She nodded quickly, tears spilling onto her cheeks. I released her and moved away, settling back next to Astor.

Astor wrapped his hand around mine. He looked at me with pity, but also with fierce admiration. It was comforting and grounding.

We sat through the next few speeches a distant cousin, pack members and then Alice stood up to speak, her voice trembling throughout.

It was during her shaky speech that I felt it.

A presence. Cold. Wrong. Somebody I know too well shouldn't be here. It was close. Too close.

My breath hitched. I squeezed Astor's hand, my mind racing.

He's here.

I stood up and Astor looked up immediately, his eyes full of questions.

"Where are you going, Faith?" he asked through the mindlink, his voice laced with instant suspicion. "The bathroom," I replied quickly. "I just need a minute alone. I'm okay, Astor, truly."

"I will go with you," he said.

"No," I insisted. I leaned down and pressed a kiss to his cheek. "I'm okay. There are guards all over the place. I'll only be a minute."

I walked towards the house, forcing myself to look calm and mournful, even as every nerve ending screamed danger.

When I got there I slipped out through the window. It was old, small, and I knew exactly how to open it without making a sound. I used this window a hundred times when I was a teenager running away from a beating.

The scent led me to the edge of the woods behind the property. I walked a little distance following the scent and stopped dead.

He was there. Leaning against a massive tree smiling in that lazy, cruel way of his. Kyle.

"You have guts," I spat, my voice tight with disbelief, "showing your face here after murdering my parents."

He pushed off the tree and took a step toward me.

"Murder?" he drawled, tilting his head. "Come on, Faith. Don't lie to yourself. Deep down, this is what you wanted."

My blood ran cold. "No."

“Yes,” he insisted, walking closer. His eyes were shining with sick satisfaction. “You wanted them dead for the abuse, for the beatings, for the years they made you feel worthless. I just fulfilled my sister’s wish. I gave you the revenge you are too good, too pure, to take yourself.”

It hurt to laugh, but I did anyway. It was a breathless, miserable sound.

“You are wrong, Kyle. Completely and utterly wrong. I didn’t want them dead. I was ready to live the rest of my life dealing with the ghosts of the past, not adding new ones unlike you who is hell bent on living in the past.

You came here because you’re a narcissist. You get off on people’s pain. You thought you could did.” come here and watch what you

I straightened my spine, feeling the power in me start to grow. The heat of my White Wolf began to rise and it’s now or never.

“But the joke’s on you,” I whispered, a slow smile spreading on my face. “I knew you would come. And I prepared for this moment. Because you took away the only man I’ve ever known as my father

Kyle’s smile faltered slightly. He noticed the shift in my posture, the cold intensity in my eyes.

“You can’t touch me, Faith-”

He never finished the sentence. I didn’t need to shift, the power was already surging. I focused every ounce of my rage, my grief, and silent, blinding white light gathered at my outstretched hand and a focused silver energy meant to tear through him, meant to end the darkness he carried.

I pushed the power out in a single, silent blast, aimed straight at his heart.

I saw the flash of panic in his eyes, but he then instinctively shifted his weight, moving a single step to the side.

Suddenly there was someone else in front of me.

I striked someone else and I saw him fall down with a thud..

I killed someone.

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I felt a cold, horrible feeling, like the air itself had been sucked out of the world. I stared at the ground where the reality of what I did crashed into me and it was massive and ugly, that my brain refused to accept it.

The person lying there was not Kyle.

He was large and his body twisted on the dirt. There was so much blood. It was everywhere thick, dark, staining the dust. It was coming from his ears, his nose, spreading out around his head. And there was a terrible, deep gash across his stomach, bleeding out faster than I could even look at it.

My eyes followed the line of his shoulder, up to his neck, and then to his face.

The world stopped spinning.

It was Sanders. Astor's father. My father-in-law.

"No," I whispered. "No, no, no, no."

I looked at my own hands. They were shaking violently, covered in a sticky red residue that felt heavier than stone. I had done this. I was trying to kill Kyle.

I kept shaking my head, backing away slowly, repeating that single, useless word.

Suddenly, Kyle's hand clamped onto my shoulder, hard enough to hurt. He shook me out of the paralyzing horror.

"Stop your pathetic whimpering, Faith," he said, his voice hard and utterly without feeling. "You got what you wanted, didn't you? You're just a little monster, just like me. We are Daddy-made Monsters."

"I'm not a monster!" I screamed, my voice raw. "It was a mistake! I would never hurt him!"

Kyle gave a short, nasty laugh. "Oh, it's no mistake, little wolf. You were trying to kill me. You just ended up killing your mate's father instead. Now tell me, what will you say to Astor?"

He leaned in close, his breath cold against my ear. "Everyone told you the White Wolf can destroy everything, right? But they forgot to tell you that I know exactly what White Wolves are capable of. And unfortunately for you, I am the only one who knows how to stop them. You are not as strong as you think, and you will never, ever be able to destroy me."

Then, just like that, he was gone. It was like the air swallowed him whole and I was left alone with the body.

The terrible silence settled over the clearing. The shock was so complete that I couldn't even feel the muscles in my legs. I fell to my knees in front of Sanders.

He was still. Too still.

I knew I should check his pulse. I knew I should try to help. But I couldn't move my hands. They were covered in blood, and every time I looked at them, I saw the gaping wound on his stomach, the mess around his face. I did this. Even if it wasn't who I meant to hit, it was still me.

I just knelt there, staring at the horror I had caused, unable to breathe, unable to cry.

The sound of footsteps and frantic, gasping breath broke my trance. I forced my head to turn.

It was Astor.

He saw me first. Relief and deep worry were etched onto his face as he ran toward me. His wolf's connection was a painful echo in my chest, he could feel my terror and my guilt.

But as he got closer, his eyes dropped lower. They landed on his father and he stopped dead. The worry vanished, replaced by an expression of pure, gut-wrenching trauma. He let out a sound -a high, desolate keening that scraped the lining of my ears. He didn't look at me; he simply dropped next to Sanders.

"Dad! Wake up! Please!" he screamed, his voice breaking into pieces.

Then, he finally looked up. His eyes, now wide and cold, swept over me. They saw my dress, stained crimson. They saw my hands, covered in the evidence of what happened.

He looked from the blood on my hands back to the blood around his father, and the horror became something else entirely. Something sharp and terrifying.

My world tilted. The power I used, the blood and the sheer weight of Astor's despair, it was too much. The edges of the clearing went fuzzy, and the blackness swallowed me whole.

I woke up cold, sore, and with a terrible, pounding headache that felt like a sledgehammer hitting my skull. I was lying on the wooden floor of our bedroom.

The memory hit me hard, the body, the blood, Kyle's cruel smile, Astor's screaming face.

A choked sob fought its way out of my throat. I couldn't breathe. I scrambled up and ran toward the bathroom, stumbling over my shaking feet.

I ripped off my dress and turned the shower on full blast. I needed to be clean. I needed the awful stickiness of the blood even the feeling of it was gone.

I scrubbed my skin until it was red and pink and blotchy. I didn't feel the pain; I felt completely numb, disconnected from my own body. The memories wouldn't wash away.

I sat down hard on the cold marble floor of the shower, pulling my knees up to my chest. The hot water rained down on me, mixing with the flood of unstoppable tears. I didn't know how long I sat there, sobbing until my body ached and my throat was raw.

Then, the water stopped.

I looked up, blinking through the haze of steam and tears. Astor was standing there, silent.

He opened the shower door and took the thick, soft gown from the rack. He didn't speak. He gently wrapped it around my shaking body, turned off the water, and led me out to the bedroom.

His touch was careful but almost clinical and it felt like the touch of a stranger.

I sat on the edge of the bed, shivering, the tears still coming. I reached out, desperate to touch his arm, to feel the connection that was our matebond and to beg him to hold me.

He flinched.

He pulled his arm away as if my skin would burn him.

"Stop," he said. His voice was low, flat, and cold.

My heart shattered. "Astor, please," I pleaded, reaching for him again. "I didn't mean to! You know I wouldn't kill anyone! It was an accident, I was trying to save you--"

"I don't know anything," he cut me off, his eyes dark with despair. He ran a hand through his hair, looking at the ceiling as if trying to hold himself together. "You are very, very lucky that I brought you here first instead of throwing you straight into a cell Faith"

He looked back at me, his face vacant. "I have one question and I want you to be honest with me."

I nodded frantically, waiting for the question that would either save me or destroy me.

"Did you kill my father?"

I looked down at my hands. They were spotless now, pink and raw from scrubbing. But the image of the blood was still there. I looked back up at him.

In my eyes, he saw the answer.

We were mated and we're connected. The second I looked at him, he felt the guilt, the horror, the paralyzing truth radiating from me.

The pain hit him like a physical blow. I felt it deep in me, there was a blinding rush of hurt and disappointment that was instantly replaced by a terrible, burning hatred.

“You” he roared.

“You did it! How?” His voice was hoarse, thick with tears he refused to shed. “How, Faith? Why did you kill him? Why did you take my father from me?”

He didn’t wait for an answer. He moved toward me with a speed that felt predatory.

He grabbed my arm and not gently, but in a rough, punishing grip that made me cry out. He yanked me off the bed and started pulling me out of the room.

“Astor, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry!” I sobbed, stumbling to keep up with his furious pace.

He dragged me through the house and outside. Everyone was staring. Pack members stopped what they were doing and watched in horrified silence as their Alpha hauled his mate crying and half-dressed roughly across the grounds.

The walk was a blur of shame and pain. He didn’t stop, didn’t look at me, didn’t slow down until we reached the pack cells.

He stopped at the heavy steel door. I clung to his arm, begging. “Please, Astor, don’t! You know I loved him! I love you! Please!”

He didn’t speak. He just unlocked the door, yanked me forward, and threw me inside. I landed hard on the cold, wet stone floor.

I looked up at him, pleading silently, but he was already turning away. He didn’t spare me a single glance.

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Astor’s Pov

I stood at the edge of the freshly dug grave, watching the soil settle over the casket. This was it.

My father. My hero. Gone.

The whole ceremony was been a blur of lowered heads and whispered condolences and pitiful eyes. I had to look strong for the pack. I had to stand tall as the Alpha, but inside, I was just a son grieving and a mate heartbroken.

I turned towards my mother, a woman who was never frail, she was fierce and a pillar of strength, always a perfect luna beside my father. But now, she looked like a broken doll, her spine was bent her eyes were red and watery staring at a spot where the my father was laid.

I walked toward her, my hand reaching out. I just wanted to hold her, to share this crushing pain.

“Mom.” I murmured, my voice cracking.

She flinched as if I’d struck her. Then, slowly, she turned her wounded eyes on me. The raw hatred reflected there stopped me dead in my tracks. It wasn’t the numb grief I expected, it was pure focused rage aimed right at me.

“Don’t touch me, Astor,” she hissed. Her voice was quiet yet it crashed down on me like a powerful wave.

“Mom, please. We need to-”

“Need to what? Mourn together? I am mourning!” she cried, finally letting the tears fall freely. “I am mourning the loss of my mate. The man who fathered my son and loved me for years. And you,” she spat the word, “you brought the monster who did this into our home. You marked her, gave her kids then build her a castle in our pack so she could burn our lives down”

The words were glass pieces shattering every defense I had left.

“Faith didn’t-” I started, but the lie died in my throat. She did. She confessed.

“She did, Astor. She killed him. She killed him because of a vendetta that started long before you were even born. You knew of her history, you knew she was a threat, and you let your pathetic love blind you” She drew a shaky breath, pressing her fists to her chest. “He died because of your choice, Astor. You let her stay despite knowing her truth.”

She walked away leaving me to suffer over her words.

Her accusation was soul-crushing because, deep down, a terrified part of me knew she was right. I had ignored every red flag that came with the fact that she was the daughter of the man that died because of my father and now my father was dead, and I had paved the path for his killer.

I couldn’t stay here. I couldn’t handle the crushing weight of the pack’s pity any longer, the way they looked at me knowing that my mate and their Luna, was the one locked beneath the ground in the pack dungeons.

I went home but as soon as I walked through the door, Marco came barreling toward me and his brow was furrowed with concern.

“Daddy, where is Mommy?” he asked, pulling at my trousers. His simple, innocent question felt like a knife twisting in my gut.

My heart shattered all over again.

How was I supposed to answer that? ‘She’s locked in a cold cell because she killed Grandpa.

I know it is impossible for Marco to live without his mother because she has been his one and only constant.

“She... she is busy right now, kiddo,” I managed, scooping him up and burying my face in his neck, inhaling the sweet and clean scent innocence.

“But she isn’t home often these days” he insisted, his little voice thick with worry. “Is she mad at me?”

“No, never mad at you,” I whispered, tears stinging my eyes. I looked over at the Kimberly, who shook her head slightly, offering a silent apology for the difficulty of the question.

I spent an hour with the kids, trying to distract them, trying to laugh, but every noise, every glance, every familiar toy, reminded me of the woman who shared this life with me. The woman who had sworn to love me and stand by me, and who had confessed to taking the one person I needed most.

When they were finally asleep, I walked to the master bedroom—our room.

As the door clicked shut, the world outside faded, and I was enclosed in a suffocating bubble of memory.

Her scent.

It was everywhere. It clung to the sheets, to the pillows, to the clothes she had left draped over the armchair. It was such a bright, living scent, so incongruous with the death she had brought.

I stumbled to the bed and sank onto the mattress. I grabbed the pillow she used, pulling it tight against my face, trying to inhale her presence, even as my mind screamed that I was holding a murderer’s ghost.

How could I forgive her?

My father was my everything. He taught me to hunt, to lead, how to be honorable. He was my hero. And she had snatched him away in the most brutal way possible.

Nothing will ever bring my father back to me.

I smashed my fist repeatedly into the mattress, the rage and confusion bubbling up until I was sobbing uncontrollably into the silk sheets. Why, Faith? Why did you ruin us? Why did you destroy this beautiful life we were building? Why did you make our children motherless?

She destroyed both our lives, and now our children will pay for it.

My wolf, silent and subdued since the confession, finally lifted its head inside my mind.

She couldn't have done it, my wolf growled low and insistent. Faith would never hurt our family. Something is wrong.'

She admitted it.' I screamed back internally. She told us herself There is no running away from the truth.'

A bitter knot formed in my stomach. To be honest, I understood why she felt the need for revenge. My father had been responsible for her father's death.

But her father was a monster. He had to die. He was a ruthless killer who threatened the safety of werewolves as a whole. My father was a good man. A just man. He didn't deserve to die like an animal just for keeping the peace.

So, now what? my wolf asked, the sorrow in its tone unmistakable.

I leaned back against the headboard, feeling utterly hollowed out. I closed my eyes and faced the cold, hard logic of my position.

I stood before the pack today as Alpha and I promised every single person in this territory that the person responsible for the death of the former Alpha.

But the killer is locked in my dungeon. And she is my mate.

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Faith's Pov.

I didn't moved much. I had just cried. I cried for my mate, Astor, who hated me. I cried for my children, who were probably scared and confused. I cried for Sanders, the man I had accidentally killed. And I cried for the mess my life had become.

When the tears finally stopped, I was curled up on the hard, dirty floor, shivering violently, trying to cling to the memory of warmth. I was woken up by the dungeon opening.

I struggled to lift my heavy head but when I finally looked it was the one person I didn't have the courage of facing. It was Ovelia.

She was not the regal, sharp woman I remembered. Her face was puffy and blotchy, her eyes red and sunken. Every line of her body screamed devastation the kind of soul-deep breakage only the loss of a mate can cause.

I could feel it by just looking at her.

She looked like she had nothing left to lose, just a numb lifeless woman and it broke me.

I pulled my knees tighter to my chest. I couldn't look at her. Shame burned hotter than the cold.

"Look at me, Faith," she commanded, her voice raw.

I kept my gaze fixed on my hands. "I'm so sorry, Ovelia. I didn't mean to..."

She didn't let me finish. She crossed the small distance between us in two strides and grabbed my face, forcing my eyes up.

"Look up," she spat, her voice laced with poison. "Look up at what you did."

I saw the hatred, the grief, and the utter emptiness in her eyes. I deserved the look. I knew I did.

Then, the world exploded into white hot pain.

Slap.

The force of the blow snapped my head to the side, my ear ringing instantly. My cheek felt like it was on fire.

"Give him back to me" she screamed, letting go of my face and backing up slightly, her hands trembling. "Give me back my mate, you murderer"

"I'm sorry," I whispered, tears flooding my eyes again. "I am so sorry."

"Sorry?" She sounded hysterical. "Sorry doesn't bring him back!"

Before I could react, she raised her foot and kicked me hard in the ribs.

A sharp gasp escaped my lips. I curled into a tight ball.

Kick. This time in the side.

Kick. In the thigh.

She started kicking me repeatedly, her movements were frantic and uncontrolled and fueled by pure, unadulterated grief. I cried out. The pain was blinding, but still, I tried to accept it.

This is right. I deserve this.

“You deserve to hurt!” Ovelia shrieked, kicking me in the stomach. “You deserve to rot!”

Kick. Kick.

My wolf who had been silent under the oppression of the silver, suddenly flared. She was furious, not about the pain, but about the location.

Stop it, Faith! Let me help! Silver doesn’t hold me like the others. I can push her away!

No I deserve it, I insisted weakly.

Kick.

This one landed too close to my lower abdomen. The sharp, immediate spike of fear finally broke through my shame.

Think about the baby! My wolf roared inside my head.

The word “baby” was a shot of adrenaline. My hands instantly flew to my stomach, instinctively protecting the life growing inside me. I tried to pull further away from Ovelia’s feet, dragging my aching, defeated body along the floor.

But Ovelia didn’t stop. She was angry and heartbroken.

Kick.

“Enough!” I screamed, a desperate, raw sound that came from deep within my wolf.

I didn’t shift. I couldn’t. But the overwhelming fear for my child and the need to protect him or her made me reach for my powers.

A sudden, invisible force slammed into Ovelia. She gasped, stumbling backward several feet, and crashed into the figure who had just entered the dungeon.

Ovelia landed squarely in Astor’s arms.

My eyes followed her, and I saw him.

My mate.

He was holding his mother, his face a mask of disappointment and cold astonishment. He looked from his mother, shaking and weeping, to me curled up and bleeding on the floor.

“Astor!” Ovelia used the moment perfectly. She clung to him. “She tried to kill me! She threw me against the wall. Just like she killed your father.”

Astor’s eyes met mine, and the brief moment of shock vanished, replaced by an impassive, chilling coldness.

I tried to reach out with my mind, to grab onto the mate bond, to show him the truth, to beg him to listen. But when I reached for him, there was nothing. A solid, impenetrable wall had been placed in his mind. I couldn’t feel his emotions, his worry, or even the familiar warmth of our matebond. He believed her. The way he was looking at me, the absence in his mind he already believed I was capable of doing something so. Sinister.

Ovelia straightened, leaning heavily on Astor, giving me one last look of absolute venom. “She is a monster,” she whispered dramatically, before Astor led her gently away, out of the cell.

Finally, we were alone.

I hoped. I hoped that now, without his mother there, I could explain it all. I could tell him how terrified I was, how it was Kyle I was aiming for, and how the grief was tearing me apart too.

I slowly pushed myself into a sitting position, every muscle screaming in protest.

“Astor,” I rasped, my throat raw.

He didn’t move toward me. He just stood there, his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes glacial blue.

I tried the one thing that mattered most. “How are the kids? Are they okay? Do they miss me?” I asked.

“You will never speak about my children again,” he told me, his voice low and utterly devoid of emotion. “You are a danger, Faith. A murderer has no place in their lives.”

His words didn’t just break my heart, they shattered the foundation of every hope I had left. The thought that I, their mother, was a threat to them, was unbearable.

“Stop it!” I shouted, the pain and the betrayal finally overriding my fear. “Stop using my kids against me! Just tell me how they are? I just want to know they are safe!”

“I told you to stop,” he repeated, taking a step toward the bars, but not close enough for me to touch him. “A murderer is not allowed this kind of concern.”

I stared at him, feeling the hot rage of injustice. “A murderer? You call me a murderer? How was your father a part of their lives?”

Astor flinched slightly.

“Your father killed my biological father, Astor!” I yelled, refusing to back down now. “I knew and I never brought it up! I said nothing! I did not use it to keep him from your children just because he killed mine!”

He remained quiet, the wall in his mind thick and impenetrable.

“I know what I did was wrong,” I choked out, tears of anger and despair streaming down my face. “It was unintentional, but I accept the consequences. I want to pay for this! But you do not have the right to keep my kids away from me!”

“You should have thought about the children before you decided to do what you did,” he said, shaking his head slowly, sadly.

“What did I do?” I pleaded, dragging myself closer to the bars. “What exactly did I do? I tried to kill Kyle! I tried to get justice for myself and, my children, my family and my pack! I didn’t mean to!”

Astor leaned closer to the bars, his eyes hard and certain.

“I don’t believe you,” he stated plainly. “I don’t understand why you left the ceremony in the first place, Faith, to seek Kyle out. And when I got there I saw my father’s dead body, Kyle was not there. The only person who was there, bleeding from, was you.”

His mouth twisted with deep distrust. “You have openly admitted you killed him. I don’t want to hear anything else.”

He turned on his heel. He didn’t look back.

I was left kneeling on the cold floor, staring at the empty doorway.

He was gone. And he had taken every last piece of my hope with him.

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 140

Astor’s Pov

I was drowning with guilt and regret but I kept a reassuring myself that I did what I needed to do.

I walked the dungeon with every step feeling like a betrayal. The words I used the venom I said. The anger and everything I watched my mother do.

I couldn't try and defend her so I had to watch everything happen and I kept trying to convince myself that as long as it meant to save him her life but I couldn't convince my heart and my wolf.

If I had continued to let her stay at our house and not brought her to the dungeon then my pack, our pack, would tear her apart.

My father was loved. Deeply loved and respected. His death was a wound that cut every member of the Pack. And my mother? She had lost her mate. Her sorrow was a raw, open thing that fueled the pack's rage.

Faith confessed. None of those reasons really matter because the bottom line is the fact that she killed my father and the former Alpha of thi pack.

Keeping her locked up was the only way to keep her alive until I could figure out how to get her far, far away. But knowing that didn't stop the sickening twist in my gut. I was supposed to be her protector, her mate, instead I broke her spirit.

"Alpha. I need you at Pack House office. It's urgent."

The Pack House was tense. Guards were everywhere, faces grim. They looked at me, their Alpha, with pity and expectation. They were waiting for me to deliver justice.

When I reached my office the first person I saw was Karim. Karim is the head of our tracking team. He was leaning against the desk, looking pale.

"Karim? What is it?—"

"I was coming to find you, Alpha" he cut in, his voice low and ragged. He didn't meet my eyes. "We finished processing the scene where the former alpha... where we found him."

My muscles tensed and I braced myself for more heartbreak.

"Go on," I managed.

"The blood," He said, slowly pulling a small, sealed evidence bag from his pocket. "We found traces of residual blood, dried and smeared around the edges of the clearing. There were drag blood marks."

My world tilted. My hands gripped the edge of my desk.

"What are you saying?" I whispered. The air in the room was suddenly hard to breathe.

Alpha your father was not killed in that clearing. He was already dead and he was brought there,

The blood patterns didn't match the final resting position."

Grief hit me first, a fresh, hard punch to the chest. My father. They hadn't just murdered him, they had treated him like garbage. They had dragged his body around like he was nothing.

But beneath the sorrow I felt something else which is something I should never have had to feel about my father's death.

Relief.

It wasn't Faith.

If the body was moved, that meant the killer had time and planning. Faith was with me grieving her dead parents. She could not have staged a murder scene hours earlier.

Before I could even speak, the door swung open and the doctor rushed in.

"Doctor, what did you want to tell me? Karim just said..."

He didn't let me finish. He moved straight to the point.

"I just heard that the luna was detained in connection to our alpha's death but he dead for at least six hours before you found him. Long before anyone even knew he was missing."

My mind raced back to earlier that day. Six hours ago. There is no way Faith did it.

He continued, his voice dropping to a serious tone. "And Astor, he was stabbed. Three times.

Clean, deep wounds. Someone wanted him dead."

The air left my body in a rush. I stood up so fast my chair scraped backward loudly.

Stabbed. Hours earlier. Body moved.

It all slammed together, forming a horrifying, undeniable picture.

"Faith was right," I choked out, the realization tearing through my chest,. She was right, and I didn't even listen to her. "It's Kyle. It had to be Kyle."

But then the questions started flooding in. "But how? I don't understand how my father even met

Kyle. He wouldn't have gone near him. Why was he there? What was my father doing that far out, alone. And most importantly why did Faith say that it was her and why were her hands full of my father's blood?"

There was only one person who had the answers.

Faith.

She had tried to tell me. She begged me to listen. And I had thrown her into the dark dungeon believing the worst about her, insulting her loyalty and her love. The memory of her heartbroken face, her eyes dull with despair, made me physically sick. Guilt teared me apart.

I had to get the truth, but more than that, I had to fix this. I had to apologize. I don't even care if she never forgives me, that is probably what I deserve.

"I need to talk to her," I said, my voice thick with urgency. "Right now. I need to get her out of that place."

I didn't wait for anyone to reply as I made my way out.

Please, let her be okay. Please, let her talk to me.

The path back to the dungeon was a blur. My wolf was howling inside, not only with rage at Kyle, but with terrible, gut-wrenching shame and guilt. I failed the one person who trusted me most.

As I ran, a sudden wave of ice cold dread washed over me. It was too strong to be just guilt. It was an instinct, a warning. Something was wrong. Terribly wrong.

I reached the dungeon and rushed in to the dark cell.

"Faith! I am so sorry, I know you were right, I-"

The words died in my throat.

She was slumped on the floor, leaning against the far wall. Her face was pale and her eyes were closed in an awkward position.

"Faith? Hey!" I rushed toward her, dropping to my knees. "Faith, look at me."

I reached for her arm, and that's when I saw it. The blood. A frightening amount of blood. It was all over her legs and it was gushing.