

# Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 141

I once again woke up to the smell of antiseptics and the cold White Room.

“Not again,” I whispered. My mouth felt dry and tasted bad. I’m getting way too familiar with this place.

But this time, something felt wrong. Usually every time I wake up very much exhausted by my powers I feel a headache and sometimes dizzy.

But into there was a cold, heavy feeling grew in my stomach. It wasn’t physical or tangible pain. This felt deeper, like a part of me was gone. My heart started beating very fast. I tried to think about what happened the last time I was conscious but I couldn’t come up with anything.

I think I blocked out everything the moment Astor left. I was just too heartbroken to even process anything around me.

I felt someone move next to my bed. I jumped. My eyes quickly moved to the chair and it was Astor.

His face was pale and his eyes were red and tired. He looked worried. Very, very worried.

But that wasn’t the most surprising thing to me because the last time I saw him, he hated me. He looked at me like I was monster, like he wanted me gone. Why was he here? And why did he look so upset?

Before I could speak, before I could ask him anything, a strong feeling shook me. It wasn’t a body shake; it was deep inside me, like a loud cry.

It felt like a huge wave of emotional pain hitting me. The first thing I felt was a sharp, raw grief that made it hard to breathe.

A deep, strong sadness that it crushed me. It was the kind that split my soul in two, leaving me gasping and broken. My Wolf cried out inside me, a quiet scream of endless pain.

At first, I didn’t get it. Why was my Wolf hurting so much? Why was I hurting so much? Then, slowly, with much pain, I started to understand. The feeling of something missing. The empty space in my stomach. The heavy, bad feeling. The way my Wolf was grieving. No. No, it couldn’t be true.

A deep cry tore from my throat. “NO!” My hand shot to my stomach and I grabbed the spot where my baby should have been. I should have felt a tiny heart beating. But there was nothing. Just a scary, empty space.

I shook my head, tears making everything blurry. “No, no, no...” I must be dreaming because this has to be a mistake and my baby is okay.

Astor was next to me fast. His hand reached out to hold me and his face showed deep sadness as well. “Faith, please, be calm-”

“Don’t touch me!” I screamed and pushed his hand away, stronger than I thought I could. My voice was a broken whisper, hardly loud enough to hear. “Where is my baby? Astor, where is my baby?”

Just then, the door opened quietly. The doctor came in and he looked serious and sad but my eyes fixed on him. I was desperate for answers. And most importantly someone to tell me that this was not true.

“Doctor,” I choked out, tears running down my face. “Please, tell me. Why... why can’t I feel my baby’s heart? Why can’t I feel my baby?”

The doctor came closer. He looked at me with pity and he took a deep, heavy breath. His words were soft, but they broke me completely. “Luna Faith, I am so, so sorry. I have bad news. Your baby your baby is gone.”

The world spun around me. I couldn’t breathe. “No,” I whimpered, a broken sound. “No, that can’t be true. My baby... my baby is strong. My baby couldn’t be gone. Bring my baby back to me

Bring my back back. I just want my baby”

I broke down. The sadness, the pain, the empty feeling, it all covered me. I curled up, crying hard, gasping for air, shaking all over. Every part of me screamed in pain. My baby. My child. Gone.

Astor tried to reach for me again. His hand gently touched my arm. “Faith, I’m so sorry. I truly am-” But this time, I looked at him. The sadness in my eyes turned into something else. Something cold and sharp. Anger. Hate. Deep disappointment and hate that made me feel sick.

“You did this,” I spat out. My voice shaking with anger. I pulled my arm away, like his touch burned me because it truly did burn a part of my soul. “You can’t touch me! You... you killed our baby!”

My words rushed out, fast and angry, powered by the terrible pain in my chest. “It’s gone because of you! Because of you and your mother! What happened to your father was a mistake! I didn’t mean to, I promise I didn’t mean to!” My voice broke. “But that didn’t mean you had to

take away my baby! Before he was even born! Before I could see if it was a girl or a boy! Before I could hold him or her.”

He didn’t touch me but his mother did and that too in front of him and he said nothing. He didn’t defend me because he agreed with her deep down.

Now we get has to live with the front that he killed his own child and I will make sure that he remembers every single day until the day that he dies because that baby was a part of me, a part of me that I will never get back.

Tears poured down my face, mixing with snot. It was a truly ugly cry. “I will never, ever forgive you for this, Astor. Never.”

I should have never come back and maybe we’re poor baby wouldn’t have had to suffer as much as he did before he couldn’t take it anymore.

Astor has always been the reason for my unhappiness and everything that has gone bad in my life.

# Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna

## Back – Chapter 142

I felt empty. That's all I was. Just an empty space where my baby used to be. My chest felt crushed, my heart torn out. Only a hollow feeling remained.

Astor stood at the end of the bed, like a shadow. He looked lost and crushed but I felt nothing for him. I didn't feel sorry and I certainly did not sympathize with him.

"Take me home," I whispered. My nice was rough, but it was also a strong order. I looked at him, my eyes burning. All I saw was the man who locked me up, who let me slowly die inside that dungeon.

He moved, looking unsure. "Faith, I don't think that's a good idea right now. You need to rest."

Rest? How could I rest when my baby was gone? How could I rest when my heart was broken? I just stared at him with narrowed eyes and he understood. His shoulders dropped, and he slowly nodded in defeat.

"I'll carry you," he offered softly. "And I can get you some clean clothes before we go."

His words felt like dirt in my mouth. "No," I snapped, my voice growing stronger, sharp like a whip. "I don't want you to touch me." My eyes went down to my blood-stained gown. A dark, blaming stain spread across the soft cloth. "And I will walk in this. I want you to see it. I want everyone to see it. See that my baby is gone."

Astor took a step forward. He reached out his hand, but then pulled it back quickly. "Faith, there's something you must know." His voice was quiet and full of guilt. "You are not the one who killed my father."

I don't think everything was just clicking in as it shouldn't my head because that was the least of my worries.

A harsh, ugly laugh came from my throat. It wasn't happy or relieved, but full of bitter scorn. My baby. My innocent baby. Died for nothing. "My baby died for absolutely nothing," I cried out, the words torn from my soul. It was a cruel joke, twisting like a knife in my pain.

He looked hurt, his eyes begging. "I didn't know you were pregnant, Faith. If I had known, I promise I would never have put you in the dungeon. I'm not trying to make excuses, but the people... they would have been very angry. Some of them would have even tried to kill you. The dungeon was the only place you were safe."

Safe? Safe? The word bounced in my head, making fun of me. "The problem isn't the dungeon, Astor!" I cried out, my voice cracking. "The problem is that you didn't even listen to me! I truly

thought I killed your father. But I never meant to. The person I wanted to kill was Kyle. But somehow your father... he ended up being the one lying there, bleeding. The memory was like a foggy bad dream.

“All I could think was that I must have done it. And Kyle, I said his name like it was poison, “Kyle made me think I did it. Then he just vanished, right in front of me.”

Astor moved closer, trying to put his hand on my arm. “Faith, I’m so sor-

“Stay away from me!” I pulled back. My body jumped away from his touch as if it were fire. I pushed myself off the bed. My legs were shaky, but I stood up. I would walk. Even if I had to crawl, I would walk. Astor followed, a quiet, heavy shadow behind me.

When we stepped out, the hospital hallway was quiet. But it seemed everyone already knew. Pack members stared. Their eyes, which once held a mix of shock and something like pity. I ignored them. I kept my eyes straight ahead. Every step was a new sharp pain, a reminder of what I had lost. But I kept going. My blood-soaked gown dragged behind me. It was like a flag of my pain, a silent way to blame them.

The walk home felt like it would never end. Each step was a heavy load. Astor never spoke, never touched me. He just walked a few feet behind. When we finally got to the front door of the house, I stopped. I couldn’t go inside. Not looking like this.

I turned to him. My voice was flat, holding no feelings except a deep, cold hate. “I hate you, Astor. I hate being near you.” My eyes went to the house, to the life inside. “But I have two beautiful and smart kids in there.” My voice grew softer. A small bit of warmth appeared in my cold soul. “They will immediately see the blood. They will see how I look. They will be very upset.” The idea of their innocent faces seeing me like this, seeing their mother broken, was too much to bear. “I don’t want that for them.” My voice grew hard again as I looked back at him. “So, I want you to carry me. Hide me from their eyes.”

He didn’t wait this time. He just nodded. His eyes were full of sadness, but I didn’t want to see it. He gently lifted me into his arms, as if I were made of glass. I leaned against him. My body took the comfort, even though my mind was angry about it. Luckily, the kids were not in sight. He carried me up the stairs, past the living room, past the sounds of the house, right into my bedroom.

He gently put me down on the edge of the bed. My room. My own space. But his scent was everywhere. It made my skin feel itchy and wrong.

“Take all your things out of this room,” I ordered, my voice strong. “I don’t even want to smell you close to me.” I looked at him, daring him to fight back. “If you can’t do that, then I’m taking my and leaving this house. We’ll go so far away you’ll never find us.”

His face showed great pain, but I didn’t care. I wouldn’t soften. I couldn’t. The only reason I’m letting you stay in this house,” I went on, “is because Marco has a chance to get to know his

father. It's not fair for him to lose you. And Isabella... she still needs to see us together as a couple so she will accept me as her mother." My voice became cold and harsh. "But us? We are only parents and mates because our wolves force us to be. And most important, I am still going to be the Luna of this pack. One day, my son will be the Alpha, and this... this is his future."

My wolf inside me howled. It was a deep, wild cry of a broken heart. A pain so strong it felt like it would rip me apart. It wanted its mate. It wanted comfort. It wanted to get better. But I wouldn't give in. I wouldn't let it happen again. I knew the truth clearly: he would always make mistakes. He would always say sorry. And then we would just have to try to move on, pretending everything was fine.

But not this time. Not ever again. I closed my eyes. A silent promise formed deep in my broken soul. This pattern stops now.

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Faith's Poy

The water in the shower was burning hot, but I didn't turn it down. I stood there for a whole hour and maybe even longer. I just let the water fall down my body, washing away the sorrow that surrounded me like a blanket.

It didn't work.

My wolf was deeply sad. She felt empty. She wanted our mate to come home and hold us. She felt the lack of him everywhere. The fact that I sent him out of this house was some form of rejection to her and she felt whatever he was feeling and all I could do was try hard to breathe.

When I finally stepped out I got myself ready and went straight to the kids' room.

It was time for their bath. And most importantly I need to be busy and keep myself preoccupied before I drive myself crazy.

I loved giving them a bath. It was loud and messy and full of splashing. They laughed so hard that their little bellies shook. The joy they felt was infectious and it made me forget for a couple of minutes.

But the pain always finds me.

When I washed their perfect little bodies, I saw a reflection of the baby I lost. The baby that should have had hair the color of their hair. The baby that would have been their sibling. The baby that

Ovelia took from me.

I quickly pushed the thought away. I had to focus on the living wonderful children splashing in front of me.

After the bath, we went downstairs and I started cooking dinner. They played around my feet, building a huge tower of wooden blocks.

I was chopping vegetables, and something they said made me laugh out loud. It was a big, honest laugh. As soon as I laughed, they giggled back at me. They loved my laughter.

That small moment of me cooking and them giggling made me feel very happy. It felt like a normal and safe life. I held onto that feeling tight.

We sat down at the table. We had just started eating when Isabella looked up at me with serious eyes.

“Mommy,” she asked. “Where is Daddy?”

My son nodded, waiting for the answer.

This was the hardest part of the day. I don’t know how I’m supposed to make excuses everyday because their father is never returning to this house.

I put down my fork and gave her a soft smile. “He is working late tonight, sweetie. He had a lot of things to do at the pack house. He will be back later, I promise.”

I held my breath, waiting for the usual questions or tantrums, but luckily, they just nodded and went back to their food. They were still kids. They accepted the answer.

Just as I let out a soft breath of relief, the back door opened.

Ovelia stepped into the dining room.

She was broken.

She looked completely dejected. Her face was pale and wrinkled from crying. Her shoulders were slumped. She had lost her mate, Sanders.

I tried very hard to feel sorry for her. I really did. She had, after all, lost the man she loved.

But I couldn’t. The sympathy wouldn’t come.

All I could see, standing in my kitchen, was the memory of her betrayal. I saw the look of hate in her eyes as she hurt me, kicking me hard in the stomach for a crime I didn't do. I saw the blood. I saw the ghost of the baby who never got to be born because of her.

I hoped she would just look away and go straight up to her room. She had lost everything, and I didn't want to chase her out of the house. I know she probably doesn't have anywhere else to go.

But Ovelia did the opposite of what I hoped. She came toward the table.

"Faith," she whispered, her voice rough. "I need to apologize."

I froze. I saw the children looking from her to me, confused by the sudden tension.

I kept a fake smile glued onto my face.

"Kids," I said brightly. "Dinner is done. Go upstairs now and start getting ready for bed. I will come up and tuck you in soon."

They didn't argue. They came and gave me quick, wet kisses, and then they did a strange thing: they both gave Ovelia a hug. She hugged them back tightly.

The second the door closed behind them, my fake smile vanished. The truth felt like a cold stone in my chest.

I looked at Ovelia, who was still standing there, waiting.

"You lost your mate," I said, keeping my voice very quiet. "That is a terrible pain. Sanders was a good man. Yes, he killed my biological father a long time ago, but there was a time I respected him as a father figure. I would never have tried to kill him."

Ovelia flinched. "I know that now. My son told me everything."

"You didn't trust me then," I continued, ignoring her. "And I understand why. You never thought I was worthy of your son. You never trusted me with your pack or with your family."

I took a shaky breath, letting the anger rise just enough to make me strong.

"But none of that matters now," I said, my voice hardening. "None of your fear or your lack of trust changes the fact that the kicks you gave me that day are the reason why I lost my baby."

I pointed to my flat stomach.

"Nothing will ever bring my innocent baby back. Nothing you say can fix that."

Ovelia started to cry silently, tears streaming down her gray face. She reached out her hand toward me.



I pulled back.

“I do not accept your apology,” I stated simply. “In fact, I do not want to see you ever again.”

She opened her mouth, but I cut her off.

“I understand that you are grieving right now. You are mourning the loss of your mate. Because of that, for him, I won’t make you leave this house today.”

I looked her dead in the eye, making sure she understood every single word.

“But every time you see me, you will look the other way. We are not friends. We will never be family again. We are just two people sharing a roof for now. If you stay out of my sight, we will be fine.”

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 144

A frantic sound woke me up not an alarm, but the heavy, fast footsteps of George outside my bedroom..

“Luna thevAlpha said to inform you that the Eclipse Pack was attached. They were hit hard. Really hard.”

The news hit me like a physical blow, stealing the air from my lungs. “it wasn’t a small or unsuccessful. It was total destruction. Almost everything gone. Less than half the people survived.”

A sick, cold feeling gripped my stomach. I knew instantly. Kyle.

My brother.

He is doing all of this just for revenge against the people who had hurt him and our family years ago. But those people, the children, the innocents hey had no fault. They just happened to belong to that pack.

I spent a couple of years with Eclipse. They didn’t like me much, and I didn’t love them either, but nobody deserves to die this way.

This news was a disaster for the Eternal Pack. Eclipse were our strongest allies. And more hauntingly, it posed a terrible question: Are we next?

I couldn't just sit here and wait for reports. I was the Luna. This was my duty.

I moved quickly through the Pack House, giving orders. I called George to me.

"I'm going to Eclipse territory," I told him, looking him straight in the eye. "You are in charge until we return. Be extra vigilant. Tighten the borders. We don't know if Kyle plans to hit us next."

George nodded, his face confirming the gravity of the situation. He was solid. He could handle it.

Next, my family. I found Kimberly tending to the breakfast table, the kids just waking up.

"Kimberly," I said softly. "I have to leave for a while. Keep Marco and Isabella safe. Don't let them out of your sight."

She just nodded, her eyes wide with worry.

I crouched down quickly to speak to my children. Marco, my handsome son, looked up at me with concern.

"I know I haven't been very present lately, Marco," I whispered, touching his cheek. "But I promise you, I will spend time with you soon. We are unbreakable, okay? Nothing will break us apart."

Marco, thankfully, is a very understanding boy. He gave me a serious nod. Isabella, just hugged my neck tightly and nodded her head against my shoulder. That small act of faith from them made my heart swell and gave me the strength to turn and leave.

The drive felt endless, but when I finally crossed into what used to be the Eclipse territory, the air changed. It was heavy, thick with the smell of smoke, dust, and something worse—stale blood.

The destruction was absolutely. It wasn't a fight; it was a wiping out. Buildings that should have been homes were just piles of splintered wood and black ash. It was clear this was meant to be a m\*\*\*\*\*e.

My heart shattered as I drove towards the center.

When I reached the area where the Pack House had stood, a huge, smoking ruin now, I saw the survivors huddled together. And then I saw her.

My mother.

She spotted me immediately and rushed towards me, her face smeared with dirt and tears. Before

I could even brace myself, she threw her arms around me, holding me tight.

“Faith! Oh, my daughter, they’ve lost everything! We’ve lost everything! We just needed our daughter here!”

I stiffened immediately. I pushed her back, hard, until my hands were on her shoulders, holding her at arm’s length. The smell of ash on her clothes was sickening.

“Stop it,” I said, my voice low and dangerously steady. “Don’t call me your daughter. I am here as Luna of the Eternal Pack. We are your strongest allies, and I have come to help. That is the only reason I am here. Stay away from me.”

Her face crumpled, the tears flowing faster. “But Faith, everything is gone! We lost our home!”

“It’s too late for that,” I told her, my heart a stone in my chest. “You killed me in your heart years ago, the same way you helped them kill my biological father. Don’t pretend now that you want me back.”

She recoiled as if I had struck her. I didn’t care. The past was too heavy to carry right now.

I turned away from her, scanning the scene. That’s when I saw Astor. He was directing people, his face grim, covered in soot. He looked exhausted.

He looked up and saw me, and his brow furrowed.

“Faith? What are you doing here? I told you to rest.”

“I’m glad you haven’t abandoned your duties,” he said. “Despite everything that is going on between us.”

He didn’t wait for a reply, turning back to speak to a medic.

I began to walk through the ruins, and that is when the true horror hit me. I saw the damage war brings on people’s lives. It wasn’t just wood and stone.

I saw a little girl sitting alone, quietly rocking, staring at a smoking pile that used to be a wall. I saw women having lost their children. I saw a young father weeping hysterically over a bundle covered by a sheet.

Innocent children crying for dead parents. Mothers who had lost everything.

My own personal vendettas, my hurt against Astor, my anger at my mother—it all faded into insignificance next to this suffering. This was Kyle’s work, and it was monstrous.

I made a vow right there. I will do whatever it takes to stop Kyle from hurting people any further. If he wants revenge, he can come after me, but he will not touch another innocent pack.

I walked back to Astor, my mind made up.

“Astot,” I said firmly. “This place is not safe. It’s a target. We cannot leave them here.”

He looked at me, understanding immediately.

“The Eternal Pack is the strongest shelter they have,” I continued. “We take the survivors with us.

We rebuild them on our ground.”

Astra didn’t hesitate. He simply nodded, relief passing briefly over his tired face.

“Good. Let’s start the evacuation.”

Together, the two of us, Alpha and Lunr, despite the mess between us, began organizing the living, pulling them from the wreckage, and preparing to take them home. Our pack was about to get much bigger, and much more vital. The war had just come to our doorstep, even if the attack happened somewhere else.

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 145

When I decided it was better to take everyone who survived the attack on the Eternal pack to ours, I didn’t anticipate that my parents would end up having to stay with me because our pack house was full and we had to take some of the people in and it was expected that my parents were going to stay with me.

The next morning, I watched them. My chest felt tight. My mother, who always seemed too busy was playing with Isabella. She braided her hair softly, which surprised me but maybe it’s because they thought Isabella was Alice’s daughter so they already had a connection with her.

My father though, the man who usually didn’t talk much, was laughing with Marco. He threw Marco gently in the air. They were acting like perfect grandparents. This was everything I wanted when I was young but never got because of them.

I felt sick to my stomach. How could they be so... present? So kind, so caring? It was very different from how they were when I was with them. They were cold and distant back then. They never held me like that. They never showed me that kind of easy love. It made the old pain come back, the quiet thoughts come back.

Seeing them act like perfect grandparents was nice for my children. But for me, it hurt. It showed me what I never got.

At least now I know that my father doesn't owe me nothing because he just wanted his mate back and he had to accept that she was coming with baggage but in order to make her mate happy she decided to throw that baggage away.

Later that day, my mother found me in the den, looking out at the woods. The familiar woods felt changed, somehow dirty, because she was here. She walked in quietly and slowly, like a hunter. Her sharp, watchful eyes met mine. there was a time when I admired everything about her but now I can't help but hate her for not wanting me and not trying with me instead she gave Alice all of her attention in front of me.

"You don't want us here, Faith," she said. Her voice was flat. She sounded like she wasn't blaming me, but she spoke a truth I couldn't argue with. "I know that. And I know you don't want to see us ever again."

I wish she didn't do this whole speech thing because I want nothing to do with them and no speech is never going to change that.

"But we are here," she went on. Her eyes looked a little softer. "Because we have no choice. And you have no choice but to be our Luna. But while we are here," she stopped. I couldn't tell what she was thinking. "I want to do one last thing for you. Something that might help you. Help all of us." I would be surprised if she wanted to help me while she doesn't gain anything and I didn't want to hear it but she wasn't leaving so I had to listen.

I got ready to know what this was about. What could she offer that I would ever want? Probably more money.

"I can teach you," she said, speaking softer. "About the white wolf. About your special powers."

"No," I said firmly. My heart was beating fast in my chest. "I don't want your help."

"Faith," she said. Her voice became more urgent. "You are the only one who can stop him. The only one who can control what is going to happen. I spent much time with your father's pack, with his people. I learned things. Things about the white wolf, about how to use that power. I know how to help you."

My mind went fast. Kyle. The bad things he did, the fear he made me feel.

The words felt bad in my mouth. "Fine," I said. It was just one word, but it meant I gave in. I didn't expect to. "Teach me."

Dinner that night was difficult. My mother kept watching me. Then, in her direct way that made me uneasy, she asked, "Where is Astor, Faith? He is your mate and he is the father of your children. Why isn't he eating dinner with us?"

My stomach tightened. He was outside, fighting to keep his own pack safe. everybody is worried that our pack is next so I know he is still trying to figure out what the next move should be.

“He’s very busy,” I said, faking a smile.

I don’t want to know what he is doing because I don’t care and I’m glad that he respected my decision and he is doing everything he can not to come in front of me.

My father nodded. “Yes. We don’t know what’s going to happen now. He must be busy with that.”

The rest of dinner went by quickly with polite talk and the sound of forks and knives. Later, I took Isabella and Marco to their room. As I put them to bed, I saw something new in Isabella’s eyes. A gentle look, a feeling of being close. She moved closer to me, her small hand reaching for mine. It felt like she was starting to feel it too, the strong pull of family, the quiet feeling of a real mother’s love. A warm feeling grew in my chest. It was a small, hopeful moment against the coldness that had been in my life. Maybe, just maybe, good things could still grow.

However ever since the attack happened I can’t stop thinking about the fact that seer told my parents that I will either end the world or it will end me.

I don’t want to die because I have two kids who need their mother but what if it’s time because I know for a fact that I will stop Kyle with everything and anything in me even if it means dying.

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Faith’s Pov

A week rolled by. Seven long, heavy days that felt like months rolled into one.

My mother, stood across from me in the clearing deep within the woods. She has been teaching me how to use the my powers and I was honestly amazed.

This power wasn’t just about shifting fast or healing cuts, or seeing things, it was about the air moving when I willed it, about moving things miles away, about doing the impossible.

“Again, Faith. Push the energy out. Don’t hide it,” my mother commanded.

I focused and a sharp wind erupted around me forming a barrier around me and I watched,

fascinated, as a pale white glow settled on my hands, not hot, but intensely cold.

I am capable of this, I thought. I am strong.

But inside I was crumbling.

It had also been a week of not truly talking to Astor. We played a silent, ugly game of avoidance in the pack. I would walk into a room, and he would leave. If he was coming down the hallway, I would turn and go the other way. We passed each other like ghosts, the air between us thick with all the words we weren't saying.

The hardest part was the children.

Every evening, when I sat with Isabella and Marco, their questions were the same. "Mama, why is daddy eating dinner at the office again?" "Is daddy mad at you?" "Why isn't he coming home to sleep?"

I tried to lie, to make excuses about "important Alpha duties," but kids aren't stupid. They could feel the icy wall between their parents. Sure, Astor spent the afternoons with them, reading stories and playing ball and trying to hold onto some semblance of normal, but even that felt brittle. The children looked at me with worried eyes, absorbing the tension we were trying so hard to hide.

I hated that I was putting them through this, but the thought of facing Astor, of pretending everything was okay, made my stomach turn.

The sun was fading through the trees, signaling the end of our lesson. I collapsed onto a rock, breathing hard, feeling the familiar mix of exhaustion and exhilarating power.

My mother sat beside me, smoothing down her tunic. She didn't look at me right away. She just stared at the ground.

"Faith," she finally started, her voice low. "I'm sorry."

My jaw clenched instantly. Here we go. I immediately assumed she was going to apologize for the past yet again.

"Don't," I snapped, standing up abruptly. The white energy still tingled on my skin, making me feel sharp and dangerous. "Don't apologize. I don't want to talk about that past. It's done."

She looked up at me, surprise in her eyes, then deep sadness. "No, Faith, that's not what I meant."

She paused, taking a long, shaky breath. "Astor... Astor told us what happened. About the baby."

“What?” I whispered, the rage making my voice tremble.

“He told us, Faith. The whole tragedy. He is beside himself. He asked us to give you space, but he felt everyone needed to know why you were hurting so much. I... I’m so sorry. I’m sorry you had to go through that kind of pain alone.”

Suddenly, everything made sense.

The pitying looks I had caught from pack members during the few times I had left the house. The way the older women kept trying to touch my arm gently. The forced kindness. They weren’t looking at me like their Luna, they were looking at me like a tragedy.

Frustration boiled over. It was a pure, ugly burn.

“He told them?” I asked, my voice dangerously even. “He told everyone? My pain, my private devastation, is now dinner table conversation for the whole pack?”

He had stripped me bare. He had taken the last, most sacred piece of my grief and made it public knowledge, all so he could look like the sympathetic Alpha whose mate was ‘going through something.’

I hated him. I hate him so much. This is my pain and I wanted to be the one to tell my story not him to try and get sympathy different people through my baby knowing quite well that he and his mother responsible for what happened.

“I don’t want to hear it,” I hissed, turning away. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

My mother stood up and hurried to put a hand on my shoulder. “Faith, listen to me. You can’t keep all this pain inside. This anger you are holding? It will destroy you. It will tear everything apart.”

I laughed, a harsh, dry sound devoid of any humor. I spun back around to face her, my eyes probably blazing.

“Everything has already been destroyed, Mother,” I spat the word “Mother” like a curse. “And you know what? That’s okay. Because the woman who was destroyed? The woman who lost her baby before she could even see him or her? She is gone.”

I took a deliberate step closer, challenging her.

“That woman was weak. She was the one who constantly forgave people—people who hurt her, people who left her, people who betrayed her. She was always being hurt all over again because she kept giving chances.”

My chest heaved with the force of the realization, the certainty of my new, cold identity.



“This woman,” I said, tapping my chest hard with a glowing fingertip, “does not forgive. Ever. She is not weak, and she will not be hurt again.”

My mother tried to reach for me again, tears welling up in her eyes. “Faith, please, don’t say that.

You have to let-”

“No,” I cut her off sharply. “You concentrate on teaching me how to use these powers. That is your job now. Don’t try to be the mother of the century, because you were never a good mother then, and you will never be my mother now.”

The words were stones that I threw straight at her heart.

“So don’t ever try to advise me on anything, especially not how to handle pain. If I managed to face all the pain you caused me back then and still survive, you can certainly take the truth now.”

I watched the hurt wash over her face—the shock, the genuine agony. The raw wound was visible in her eyes.

And I didn’t care. Not even a little bit.

It was a terrifying, relieving feeling. She made me cry plenty back then. Now it was her turn.

I stormed out of the woods, leaving my mother standing alone in there.

I needed air, and I needed to do something productive.

I headed straight for the main pack house wing where we had set up temporary housing for the survivors of the Eternal Pack attack—the women who had lost their mates, their children, their entire lives.

I tried to settle myself before going in, wiping any lingering fury from my expression. I needed to offer comfort, not chaos.

When I entered the small common room, the quiet was heavy. A few women were sitting together, not speaking, just staring into the distance. Their injuries were mostly healed, but the emptiness in their eyes was vast.

I moved from person to person, trying to offer strength.

“How are you feeling today?” I asked Maria, whose mate had died shielding her.

She just shook her head, unable to speak.

“We are here for you,” I told the group. “Any resources you need. We will help you rebuild. You are safe now.”

I talked about support groups, about finding small moments of happiness, about the importance of holding onto hope. I tried to sound like a guiding light, but inside, I just felt like a fraud.

How could I tell them to hold onto hope when my own hope had been buried? How could I offer comfort when my new defining characteristic was cold, unforgiving hatred?

I stayed until it was completely dark, exhausted by the effort of pretending to be whole.

Finally, I dragged myself toward the house I shared, or used to share, with Astor and the kids. The lights were on inside. I could hear the muffled sound of children's laughter.

I pushed the front door open, ready to plaster on a tired, gentle smile for Isabella and Marco, ready to face the quiet ghost of Astor's absence.

But when I stepped into the living room, I stopped dead. My breath hitched in my throat.

There were two people I hadn't expected to see.

Mr and Mrs Gable.

Seeing them brought a wave of relief so sharp it was agonizing. It meant I didn't have to be the strong Luna anymore. It meant I didn't have to be the unforgiving wolf.

The anger I had cultivated for the last few days shattered instantly. The cold mask I wore dissolved.

"Oh, my God," was all I could manage.

Ma looked up, her expression instantly shifting from gentle amusement with the kids to fierce concern. She stood up immediately.

Before either of them could say a word, I dropped my bag and ran. I ran straight into my Pa's arms, and then Ma joined the hug, wrapping me in a tight, familiar embrace.

And I broke.

I didn't just cry; I sobbed, the kind of deep, gut-wrenching sound that hurt my throat. A week of stored-up pain, betrayal, and exhaustion poured out of me like a flood.

I held onto them, clinging to their familiar scent and warmth, the only safe harbor, I cried for the baby I lost, the relationship that died, and the woman I was never going to be again.

# Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 147

Ma smelled like sweet flowers and the bakery. That smell had been my home for five perfect years. Pa's hand was strong on my shoulder, steady and warm. They didn't say any silly things or promise me that everything would be okay. They just held me. In that quiet time, I found the first piece of peace since everything went wrong.

They guided me gently to the big, soft couch. I leaned heavily against Ma, my head on her shoulder, as the last shakes of my sadness left my body.

I lifted my tear-stained face and looked up. That's when I saw them.

They were standing near the doorway, looking worried, my two precious children. Isabella was holding Marco's hand. Her face was full of concern. Marco looked scared and hurt, a look I hated to see on him.

"Mommy," he whispered, his voice small.

Before I could move, he let go of Isabella and ran. He threw himself into my arms, hugging my waist with all his strength.

"Stop crying, Mama," he mumbled into my clothes. "Please stop."

That tiny, simple request broke my heart again, but in a strange, warm way. It was the pure, honest love of a four-year-old. I ran my fingers through his soft hair and pulled him closer, kissing the top of his head.

My heart hurt because I had just shown my kids how easily I could fall apart. I didn't want them to suffer because of me. Their happiness was the main reason I kept going every day.

Isabella walked closer and sat carefully on the small seat in front of me. She took my hand and rubbed the back of it gently. She was perfect and everyday I wonder how Alice raised such a perfect little girl.

"Pa? Ma?" My voice was rough from crying. "What are you doing here? I didn't think you were coming back so soon."

Ma rubbed my back slowly. "Astor called us, honey. He told us what happened."

I nodded heavily, pulling Marco onto my lap. I didn't want to talk about losing the baby or the terrible fight with Astor in front of the kids.

“Yes, well,” Ma continued, her voice suddenly serious. “That’s not the only reason we came back, Faith.”

Pa reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulled out a folded piece of paper.

“What is this?” I asked. A feeling of deep worry immediately settled in my stomach.

Pa handed it to me. It was written in thick, messy black ink. I recognized the horrible handwriting instantly.

Kyle.

I unfolded the paper, my hands shaking so much I almost dropped it.

The note was short, mean, and clear. He didn’t say the Gables’ names, but he started by congratulating them on their happiness. Then came the terrifying part:

“You look happy. But happiness is hard to get, and it costs a lot most importantly it never, ever lasts.”

I gasped. The color left my face, replaced by a freezing cold feeling.

Kyle had killed my adoptive parents. He killed them because of me. Now, he was threatening the Gables, the parents who had loved me for five years.

He was threatening them.

A new wave of fear hit me, stronger and colder than the sadness I’d just been crying over. If I lost them, I would truly lose everything. They were my foundation, and the only people I fully trusted.

Isabella must have felt the fast, sharp change in the room. She looked at Marco and patted his arm.

“Marco, let’s go play with the blocks in the kitchen, okay? The grown-ups need to talk about boring things.”

Thank goodness for Isabella. Marco, still sitting on my lap, looked up at her and then back at me. I forced a small, shaky smile and kissed his cheek. “I’ll come play with you very soon. Go with your sister.”

Once they had gone, the air in the room became thick and heavy. I was holding Kyle’s note so tightly the paper was wrinkling.

“Faith, honey,” Ma started softly, leaning closer. “We need to talk about that note, but first, I need you to tell me how you really feel. Not the Faith who tries to be strong for her child, but the Faith who is sitting here now.”

She spoke quietly, directly, and lovingly. “Losing a child is the worst kind of pain, sweetie. It tears your heart in half.”

I swallowed. Tears almost came back, but I pushed them away. I looked into Ma’s familiar, kind eyes.

“I feel like I’ve been holding it all in, Ma. For days. Since the moment I knew she was gone.” I choked on those words. “The only thing that helps is knowing that I did everything I could to save my baby. That I loved her more than the world.”

I paused, and the anger rose up like sickness.

“But Astor took her from me. He took the only thing I had left of her.”

Pa, who had been listening quietly, put his warm hand over mine.

“We understand that, honey. We really do,” Pa said softly. “But just because he’s a man doesn’t mean Astor isn’t feeling the same kind of pain. Faith, he also lost his baby.”

I pulled my hand away quickly, my eyes showing my anger. Thinking about Astor’s pain did nothing to calm mine. It only made me madder.

“I don’t care what he is feeling, Pa,” I said, my voice low and fierce. “I will never forgive him for what he did. Never.”

Ma quickly squeezed my arm, stopping Pa from saying anything more.

“Then that is how it is, Faith,” Ma said, her love for me clear. “If that is how you feel, then we won’t talk about it anymore. Especially not now. We can see how upset it’s making you, and we never want you to feel that way with us, honey. Never.”

A wave of deep relief washed over me. This was why I loved them. They didn’t judge; they simply loved.

I leaned forward and hugged them both tightly, burying my face between them.

“I’m really, really glad you’re here,” I whispered. Tears blurred my eyes again, but these were different kind of tears. “I felt like I was completely alone, drowning in pain, with nobody in the world to hold onto.”

Just as I settled back, feeling safe again, I heard soft footsteps coming down the main stairs.

My mother and father came into the living room. They looked unsure but calm.

“Faith, are you alright, darling?” my mother asked looking worried even though I don’t buy it.

I took a deep breath, wiping the last tears from my face. This was going to be awkward.

I want you to meet Mrs. Gable, who I call Ma, and Mr. Gable, who I call Pa. And Ma, Pa, this my birth mother and Alpha Connor.”

The air filled with a silent tension that felt like lightning before a storm.

Ma didn’t wait a second. She stepped forward, her small body full of fierce energy. She looked straight at my birth mother and Connor.

“Well, you are the worst kind of parents in the world, aren’t you?” Ma stated clearly, her voice calm but sharp like a knife.

My parents jumped, shocked by the sudden, brutal honesty.

“You failed to love a wonderful person like Faith when she needed it most. You threw away a treasure.” Ma paused, letting the words sink in. “But I’m happy too, because you gave us a gift. We gained a daughter—a real daughter and a grandson, because of your failure.”

I froze, ready for the explosion. They had never heard anyone speak to them like that, especially not a stranger.

Wait, a thought screamed in my mind. I haven’t told Ma and Pa about Isabella yet.

I know the moment they find out they have a granddaughter as well, they will be overjoyed. That was a talk for another time.

## **Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 148**

I watched Ma sit down on the bed, a cup of steaming tea in her hands. Pa was already snoring softly on the. Marco and Isabella, were giggling in the next room, playing a board game I had set up.

“Are you sure you have everything you need, Ma?” I asked, even though I had already checked three times.

Ma smiled, her eyes getting soft at the corners. “We’re perfectly fine, Faith. Don’t worry about us.

You go do what you need to do.”

I nodded, trying to smile back. I wanted to make sure they were comfortable, safe, and happy. Now that they were settled, I had another job, a much harder one. I needed to talk to Astor.

My stomach felt tight as I walked out the door. The cool air did little to calm the anger burning inside me. With every step, I felt a strange, strong pull. It wasn’t me though, it was my wolf, the human me wanted to run the other way, to hide under a blanket with my children and pretend nothing bad was happening.

My wolf felt full of energy, an energy I hadn’t felt in a week. That’s how long it had been since Astor and I were truly close. I had been staying far away from him, and he had been fair, keeping his distance too. But my wolf... she was almost shaking with happiness, knowing her mate was only a short distance away. This feeling inside me was strange and almost painful, pulling me in two directions. My heart hurt with sadness and anger, while my wolf had a strong need, wanting me to get closer to him, to touch him, to feel him fully. I hated it. I hated feeling so torn.

I walked straight to his office and knocked loudly on the big wooden door. “Come in,” his voice said, a deep sound. It seemed deeper than I remembered, or maybe I was just paying too much attention to everything.

When I went inside, he was at his desk, looking at some papers. He looked up, and his beautiful deep brown eyes opened wide in surprise. A quick look of something I couldn’t name – hope? relief? crossed his face.

He clearly didn’t think I would come. I hadn’t said a word to him in a week. Standing there, now, my throat felt tight and unfamiliar. What was I even going to say? My mind was empty, but I knew what I had to do.

“Faith,” he whispered, pushing away from his desk. A small smile touched his lips. He started to stand up, taking a step toward me. “I’m so happy to see you. I... I’ve missed you.”

My jaw tightened. “Stop talking about irrelevant things” I quickly said, my voice flat and cold. “I’m not here for that.”

His smile disappeared at once. His eyebrows came together, and I felt a wave of confusion, then a sharp stab of hurt, through our mate bond. It hit me hard, like a punch, his pain becoming my own. My wolf made a small sad sound, wanting to comfort him, to tell him I didn’t mean it. But I pushed my wolf down, pushing the feeling away. I couldn’t let myself feel his pain. I couldn’t let myself care. I had to be strong. So I acted like it didn’t bother me, even though every part of me wanted to scream.

I reached into my jeans pocket and pulled out Kyle's folded letter. I walked to his desk, not looking at his eyes, and put it down. "From Kyle."

He picked it up, his face now showing no emotion. As he opened the paper and read the words, I watched him. His jaw tightened, his knuckles turned white, and a low growl came from his chest.

His wolf was getting angry, a dangerous power filling the room. He looked at me quickly and angrily, his eyes asking a silent question.

"I don't want to lose my Ma and Pa," I said, my voice very quiet but firm. The fear was real, a cold, tight feeling in my stomach.

He slammed the letter onto the desk, his eyes burning. "You won't," he growled, sounding very firm and protective. "I will make sure you don't lose anything ever again."

I gave a short, bitter laugh, without any humor. My eyes met his, daring him to argue. "You failed to protect our unborn baby," I reminded him, the words cutting through the air like sharp knives. His face fell apart, and I felt another strong wave of sadness through our bond. But I stood firm. "I don't trust you enough to let you protect my parents' lives, Astor."

A heavy silence filled the space between us, thick with unsaid pain and anger. He finally spoke, his voice low and full of sadness. "Is this anger going to stay like this forever, Faith?"

I shook my head, my eyes steady. "No. It's not going to be forever. Because as soon as we stop Kyle, I'm taking my children and I'm going to settle in the human world forever."

His eyes grew wide, shock freezing him. He opened his mouth to argue, but I stopped him again. I needed him to understand, I needed him to just listen. "I will never take your children away from you," I quickly explained, making my voice a little softer. Even in my pain, I knew that was too much. "They will visit you. And you can visit them too. But I... I can't handle seeing you every day. It reminds me... it reminds me of what I lost. Because of you."

He finally spoke, his voice a broken whisper. "I lost too, Faith."

I looked at him then, really looked at him. His pain was clear, shown in the lines around his eyes and in his slumped shoulders. But I couldn't make myself care. Not right now. "I don't care," I told him, the words cold and strong, a lie I needed to believe.

Another silence, heavier this time. Then, I remembered to be polite, the small thanks I owed him. "Thank you," I said, my voice softer now, almost flat. "For bringing my Ma and Pa."

He nodded, looking far away. "I know how much you needed them," he answered.



And that was it. There was nothing more to say. I turned and walked out of his office, the heavy door closing quietly behind me. As I walked away from the packhouse, a strange feeling came over me. We had been so close, but also so incredibly far apart. He was right there, his smell still on my clothes, his feelings still a quiet ache in my heart through our bond. But the more I stayed away from him, the less it hurt. And right now, that was all I wanted.

## Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 149

The loud ring distracted me from my thoughts and I felt a certain fear. He only called when things were truly bad.

“Alpha Astor,” a tired, deep voice said. “We have trouble. Kyle attacked again. The SilverStone Pack.

The news hit me like a punch. Kyle. The name tasted like poison. My vision blurred with dark, sharp anger. Another pack gone. How many more innocent people will he destroy? I saw my father's face in my mind, the pain and the unfairness of his death. All the hurt turned into a burning need for revenge.

“The Silver Stone Pack,” I repeated, my voice a low, angry sound. “He gets bolder with every attack. I made tight fists, my knuckles white. This was more than just protecting others now. This was personal. He had taken my father, and now he was leaving a path of disaster. I had to stop him.

“I want to go there” I said my words sharp and clear. “I need to see the damage myself. More importantly, I need to know how he keeps catching these packs unprepared? And his weapons... I need to look at them closely. We must study how he works if we want to beat him.” The Alpha King said nothing, but he understood that my reasons because we can't keep waiting for who's next.

After the call ended, the silence in my office felt heavy. I closed my eyes, breathing slow and deep, trying to turn the anger into focus.

I used my mindlinked Liam, George, and Faith the same time because I have to leave immediately.

The door opened softly, and a wave of peace and happiness washed over me as Faith stepped in. My wolf sighed happily inside me. No matter how bad things were, no matter the fights we had,

Faith was here.

Her care for the pack and our children was stronger than any personal sadness she felt toward It showed that we were bond together even when it felt broken.

Liam looked serious and concerned. George stood ready, his arms crossed. They followed her closely.

“We have news,” I said, my voice steady, even though a storm raged inside me. “Kyle attacked the Silver Stone Pack. The Alpha King asked me to go and check the situation. But before I leave, everyone here must be alert. If anything, anything at all, happens, I need to know right away.”

I saw the worry in their eyes. They understood the danger. “To keep us safe,” I continued, looking at them all, my gaze pausing briefly on Faith, who stood a little too far away, “I have already sent scouts out to the edge of our territory. They will warn us of any danger.”

They nodded in agreement. But the fact that I was leaving, and Kyle was still out there, bothered me. Faith’s next move hurt my spirit and my soul. She turned, dismissing me without a word, and walked out. The sound of her shoes on the floor echoed the pain in my chest. My wolf felt the blow, a silent whimper of being rejected. It was a punch to the gut, always reminding me of the big hole between us. But I pushed the feeling down. I could not be distracted now.

Five minutes later, a careful knock came at my office door. I immediately knew who it was. Mr. Gable. I blinked, surprised. I haven’t gotten a chance to have a one on one with him and when I called them I didn’t expect them to drop everything and immediately get here but it shows how much they care about Faith.

He stepped in, his eyes wide with his confusion. “I still can’t quite believe it,” he started, laughing nervously. “Werewolves are real. And you all just... live with it. Like it’s normal.”

I managed a strained smile. The tightness in my shoulders relaxed just a bit. “It’s... what we are, Mr. Gable but you’re going to get used to her.”

His expression changed then. The wonder disappeared and it was replaced by a deep, fatherly concern that surprised me because it’s like he got a whiplash.

He sat down, looking serious. “Astor, in the five years Faith spent with us before coming here, she was... delicate. We saw the hurt in her eyes. We tried everything to make her happy, and mostly she was. But something was always missing. And when we visited here the first time, we saw how truly happy she was with you. But the Faith I see now...” He stopped, his face wrinkled with worry.

She seems like a different person.”

A wave of shame hit me, hot and choking. The things we didn’t say hung heavy in the air. The miscarriage. The pain. My hand in all of it.

“Don’t be ashamed, Astor,” Mr. Gable said, his voice softer now, full of gentle understanding. “Faith is not the only one who lost something. A child’s loss is deep. She may feel it more strongly. But that doesn’t mean your pain is less important.” He met my eye, kind but firm. “She

hasn't told us why she blames you for the miscarriage, but I can see that whatever happened, you didn't mean for it to happen. And that's why I'm not... well," he chuckled, sounding a little amused, "I'm not coming at you right now." My wolf gave a silent, amused snort. Mr. Gable, bless him, could never win against a wolf.

He leaned forward, his hands on his knees. "Love, Astor," he said, his voice full of wisdom, "is not just great days and perfect moments. It is also about the pain you cause each other. And more importantly, it is about how you support each other, how you refuse to give up, especially when you are both at your lowest."

He looked right at me, his gaze strong. "Fight for your family, Astor. Fight for the woman you love."

His words settled deep in my soul, a light in the darkness. Mr. Gable, the human, saw everything.

He saw the broken love, the strong connection underneath, and he reminded me of my own strength, my own wolf's determined spirit. I had to fight. For Faith. For our children. For the future I will not let Kyle destroy. The path ahead was full of danger, from Kyle and from the distance between Faith and me, but Mr. Gable's words were the fuel I needed. I will fight.

## Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 150

Faith's Pov

I went on to continue making breakfast for my family after the conversation we had with Astor and I was honestly worried.

If Kyle found out Astor wasn't on our Pack grounds it was a matter of time until he attacked. He was a predator, always circling, always looking for a weakness to exploit.

"You are the Luna," I whispered to myself, the words a quiet mantra. My pack. My children. I had to protect them, no matter what. Astor, in his usual Alpha way, had been so calm, so reassuring.

He already sent scouts covering every inch of the land beyond our borders. They'd report back if anything wrong. But even he has proved incapable of stopping Kyle.

I started filling plates, scooping the eggs, crisp bacon, and buttered toast. "Breakfast!" I called out, forcing my voice to sound cheerful, normal. "Come and get it!"

Footsteps thudded down the stairs. I heard the usual morning scramble of little feet.

And then they were there. Isabella and Marco burst into the kitchen, their faces alight. But it was the two figures behind them that froze the smile on my face. My pa stood in the doorway, looking a little sheepish with a grin on his face. And right beside him, as if he belonged, as if he was never been gone, was Astor.

“Dadd” Marco shrieked and Isabella, usually the quieter one, launched herself at him too, wrapping her little arms around his legs. Astor bent down, a genuine, wide smile on his lips, and effortlessly scooped them both up, one in each arm.

I felt a smile stretch across my face but it wasn’t a smile because my wolf was dancing with happiness but because my children were happy.

My eyes were probably burning holes into him. He was supposed to be gone. He was supposed to be away from me. We had an understanding. A very clear one.

But Astor, with a confidence that made my blood boil walked straight to the head of our long wooden table. He sat down, kids still clinging to him, as if this was just a normal Tuesday morning, as if he hadn’t spent days away, as if we hadn’t just had a very tense discussion about how our separation was supposed to look to the outside world.

My mother and Father then Ma and Pa came in, followed by Ovelia,. Everyone. This was turning into a grand family reunion I hadn’t planned for.

My mind raced and I was burning with anger. ‘What do you think you’re doing? I tried to mind-link him.’ Get out! We agreed‘ I thought he was on board, that he understood why we needed to keep our distance.

But there was nothing. A blank wall. A mental block. He had shut me out. He was doing this on purpose. He was making a show.

I had no choice. With a sigh that felt heavy in my chest, I pulled out the chair to his right, my usual spot, and sat down. My hands, surprisingly steady, reached for the plate of food I’d made, though my appetite had completely vanished.

For the first time this week, my kids truly seemed happy. Isabella’s eyes were sparkling, a light I hadn’t seen in them since... before. Marco couldn’t stop talking, his little voice chirping away about the game they had played yesterday with the other kids, all about the mud and the brave warriors they pretended to be. Astor listened, nodding, making big, exaggerated sounds of surprise and interest.

Even Ovelia who usually hid in her room and skipped meals, came down. She looked healthier, less pale. And she took a shower. That was a blessing I hadn’t expected. I tried not to let my gaze linger on her, but the bitter taste in my mouth returned. She was the reason.

More than Astor, she was the reason for the miscarriage. She killed my baby. I still haven’t forgiven her. I didn’t know if I ever will.

My parents were sitting across from Ma and Pa. It was strange. Before the tragedy at the Eternal pack, before everything fell apart, they probably wouldn't have shared a table so easily. But ever since then, ever since they lost so much, they have somehow become more open, kinder, a little humbler. They were talking quietly, sharing a pot of tea, a rare moment of peace.

"Alright, children," Astor said, his voice cutting through the happy chatter of the children. "Listen up for a moment."

The kids immediately quieted, their attention fixed on him.

"Daddy has to go away for a day or two," he explained, his eyes softening as he looked at them. "Something very important I need to take care of for the pack."

Marco's lower lip started to wobble. "No. Stay, Daddy"

Isabella looked like she might cry too. "Don't go"

Astor got up and knelt beside them, ruffling Marco's hair. "Now, now. You have to be good for your mother, okay? Be brave. Daddy will be back before you know it."

They tried to throw a tantrum, little protests spilling out, but Astor was good with them. He explained it was "super important" for the pack, that their daddy had a big job to do to keep everyone safe. Slowly, their tears turned into sniffles, and they nodded, brave little soldiers.

Astor stood up, his gaze sweeping the table, lingering on me. "And," he said, his voice surprisingly loud. "aren't you going to give your mate a goodbye kiss?"

My spoon clattered against my plate, the sound startlingly loud. My eyes snapped to him, wide with disbelief. He said it so boldly, right in front of everyone. My teeth gritted so hard my jaw ached again. This has to be some kind of joke.

"Don't" I managed to say through a forced smile.

The kids, of course, thought this was hilarious. They giggled, pointing at us, completely missing the tension thick in the air.

But before I could even process what was happening, he was reaching for me. His hand, warm and firm, wrapped around my wrist. He pulled me gently but surely from my chair.

He led me out of the kitchen and through the front door. The moment we were outside, away from prying eyes, I yanked my hand away from his, pulling it back roughly. My chest heaved with suppressed anger, a storm brewing inside me. "What do you think you're doing?" I hissed, my voice low and fierce, barely above a whisper. "You made a mockery of everything, Astor. You just walk back in here, sit at the head of the table, and act like nothing happened? And mind-block me?"

Seriously?”

He didn’t flinch. Instead, he stepped closer, his gaze steady, unwavering, holding mine. Before I could react, his hand cupped my cheek, his thumb gently stroking my skin. His touch sent a shiver down my spine and the sparks flew all over my body.

“You can push me away as much as you want, Faith. But you’re not going anywhere. And I’m going to fight for our family. For us. No matter what.”