

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 182

I walked back to the pack house with Astor's kiss still burning on my lips. The fact that he couldn't tell me what's going on means that it's bigger than I thought.

But I'm not a woman who sits on the sidelines. I am the alpha of the Crescentpack and Luna of this one.

I won't hide while another woman tries to take over my pack and my mate. Alice mentioned that Annabelle is after Astor but I don't play about my mate.

I marched towards the training grounds because that's where her scent led me. Usually, it was a place of discipline and hard work for warriors and aspiring warriors to train. But today, as I got closer, I heard cheering.

It wasn't normal cheering. It sounded like worship.

I stepped through the gate and saw a crowd of people. There were warriors, teenagers, and even some elders. They were all standing in a circle, watching something happening in the center.

I pushed my way through the crowd.

"She is amazing," one man said, his eyes wide.

"I have never seen anyone move that fast," a woman whispered. "She is not easily beaten by any man, let alone a woman."

"Maybe she should be the Luna" someone else muttered and my blood started to boil.

They were drooling over her and looking at her like she was a goddess. These were my people. They were supposed to be loyal to me, but they were enchanted by her.

I finally reached the front of the circle and in the center of the ring, a large man was lying on his back in the dirt. It was Mark, one of our top warriors. He was groaning, holding his ribs.

Standing over him was Annabelle. She wasn't even sweating. She had a smug, arrogant smile on her face. She flipped her red hair over her shoulder and looked at the crowd.

"Is that the best you have?" she taunted the pack. "Who is next? Who thinks they can beat me?"

The warriors looked at each other. They looked scared. Nobody wanted to step forward.

"Nobody?" Annabelle laughed. "I guess I am the strongest one here."

“I will fight you,” I said.

My voice cut through the noise like a whip.

The crowd gasped. Everyone turned to look at me. The sea of people parted, making a path for me.

I walked into the center of the ring calmly. I didn’t look at the crowd. I kept my eyes locked on Annabelle, Annabelle’s smile faltered for a second, but then it came back, even bigger than before.

“Faith is a White Wolf,” Annabelle announced to everyone. “She has special powers. If she shifts into her wolf, she will crush me instantly. It wouldn’t be a fair fight. It would be bullying.”

The crowd murmured in agreement.

“Yeah, that’s not fair,” someone whispered. “She has magic.”

I took off my jacket and threw it on the ground.

“Fine,” I said. “I will make it fair.”

I looked Annabelle in the eye.

“I promise I won’t shift,” I said loud enough for everyone to hear. “I will stay in my human form. No fur. No claws. Just me.”

Annabelle’s eyes lit up. She thought she had won already. She thought that without my big, scary wolf, I was just a normal woman. She thought she could beat me easily.

“Deal,” she said, grinning. “Let’s go.”

She got into a fighting stance. She looked confident. She bounced on her toes, showing off her speed.

I just stood there. I relaxed my arms by my sides. I didn’t even put my fists up.

“Come on,” I challenged her.

Annabelle lunged. She was fast. She aimed a kick right at my head. The crowd gasped, thinking I was about to get knocked out.

But I didn’t move my body. I just looked at her leg. My aura, invisible and heavy, slammed into her ankle.

Annabelle's leg jerked in the wrong direction. She missed me completely. She spun around and fell face-first into the dirt. Thud.

The crowd went silent.

Annabelle scrambled up, her face red. She looked confused. She looked at the ground, trying to see what she tripped over. But there was nothing there but flat sand.

"Clumsy," I said dryly.

"I slipped!" she snapped.

She attacked again. This time she threw a punch at my stomach. I didn't dodge. I just used my mind again. I sent a burst of energy right into her chest.

To the crowd, it looked like I didn't do anything. But Annabelle flew backward as if she had been hit by a truck. She landed on her butt, sliding across the dirt.

"What are you doing?" she screamed, scrambling up. "Stop it!"

"Stop what?" I asked innocently. "I am just standing here. You keep falling down."

"You're doing something!" she yelled.

"I haven't touched you," I said. I held up my empty hands. "See? No touching."

The crowd was whispering now. They looked confused.

Annabelle roared with rage. She charged at me like a bull.

She doubled over, gasping for air. She looked like she was fighting a ghost. She was swinging at the air, but she was getting beaten up by nothing.

I walked toward her slowly. Every step I took, I hit her again with my power.

She tried to kick me. I swept her legs out from under her with a wave of energy. She crashed to the ground hard.

She tried to get up but I pushed her back down with my mind. It was like a giant hand was pressing her into the dirt.

She was panting. Her lip was bleeding. Her nice training clothes were covered in dust. She looked pathetic.

I stood over her. I didn't have a scratch on me. I hadn't even broken a sweat.

“Get up,” I ordered.

“I can’t,” she wheezed. “You... you are cheating.”

“How?” I asked. “I promised I wouldn’t shift. I didn’t shift.”

I knelt down next to her.

I grabbed her hair and pulled her head up so she had to look at me. Her eyes were full of fear now. The arrogance was gone.

I leaned in close to her ear, so only she could hear me.

“You were really stupid,” I whispered.

She trembled.

“You thought that just because I promised not to shift, I would be weak,” I hissed. “But you forgot who I am.”

I tightened my grip on her hair.

“Why would I be a White Wolf if I couldn’t use my power in human form?” I asked her. “My wolf isn’t just a fur coat, Annabelle. My wolf is my soul. Her power is my power. I can crush you without lifting a finger.”

I let go of her hair. She slumped back into the dirt, defeated.

I stood up and looked at the crowd. They were staring at me with wide eyes. They weren’t drooling over Annabelle anymore. They were looking at me with fear and respect.

Astor can’t be mad at me because he asked me to gain everybody’s respect and I’m sure after this they will have no choice but to love me.

“Does anyone else want to fight?” I asked calmly.

Nobody moved.

“Good,” I said.

It was easier messing with faith but I am a white wolf now and I know how to control my power and most importantly I am an Alpha and nobody can take me on even if they wanted to.

My fight with Annabelle today was a lesson that whatever she is planning should come to a stop because I will destroy her.

