

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 21

Astor's Pov

I was trying, I truly was. Every day, I tried But it felt like nothing I did was good enough for Faith anymore. Still the hope deep inside me wouldn't let me give up. I kept pushing, kept reaching out, even when she only gave me a cold shoulder.

At least Alice had left quickly when I asked her to go. Having her around, after everything, would have made the situation even worse. I was grateful for that. But it seemed luck wasn't entirely on my side.

Rogues were showing up again near our pack lands. We'd seen them more and more often these past few weeks, like a shadow getting closer every day.

This meant I had to go, and go fast, to the Eclipse Pack. I needed to talk to Alpha Connor, my best ally, to make our defenses stronger and figure out what this threat was and how in danger we are.

But I couldn't leave Faith alone, now more than ever, Faith felt wild and unpredictable. She was like a storm waiting to burst. I knew deep down that she desperately wanted to leave this place. To leave this pack. To leave me. And I was scared. So scared that if I left her here, with all her quiet anger and strong desire to escape, I might come back to find she was gone.

I couldn't let that happen.

Not ever again.

"We're going to the Eclipse Pack tomorrow." I said finally. The words felt heavy and empty between us.

We were eating dinner, and the quiet moments felt long and hard. She didn't even look up from her plate. Her fork scraped the dish, making a sound that annoyed me. She just kept eating, acting like I was just noise, like a bothersome fly.

It was incredibly hard now that things had changed. I used to be the one ignoring her. I was the one whose attention she desperately wanted but rarely got.

Looking back, I regret it more than anything, and to see her do the same to me, to feel her not caring, was a harsh and painful twist of fate.

"Should I care?" Her voice was flat, without any feeling. It showed clearly the new person she had become, someone who just didn't care.

“Yes, because you’re coming with me,” I told her. My voice was firm, though I had to force the strength into it, even though I didn’t want to.

She stopped, frozen for a few seconds, and she slowly looked up, and her eyes met mine and stared with a fierce, wild anger.

“I’m not,” she argued, her voice getting louder.

But I wasn’t going to back down on this. I couldn’t. I knew she was very angry with me, but I needed this. I was certain that someday, she would forgive me. She would finally understand that everything I did was because I loved her. That even if it seemed wrong to her now it all came from that love.

“You are,” I repeated, staring steadily, making it clear there was nothing to discuss.

This wasn’t a request; it was an order.

“I wish I could say you should be ashamed of dragging me along to see your girlfriend.” She sneered. She pushed her chair back, and it screeched loudly in the dining room. “But you don’t have any shame at all.”

She stood, her eyes still fixed on mine, with a bitter look. Then she turned and left me alone, with our half-eaten dinner and my own broken feelings.

To be honest, I was ashamed. More than she could ever know. I truly wish I could fix this, go back in time, and erase the memory of that night she mentioned. But there was no going back, no changing what happened, or what I was accused of. No matter how hard I tried to remember, to put together the pieces of exactly what happened, that night stayed a frustrating, painful blank in my mind.

I didn’t want to call Alice a liar. Up until now, she had never given me any reason to doubt her honesty. But I also couldn’t imagine myself doing something like that, not to Faith. I couldn’t have betrayed Faith in such a way. It wasn’t who I was. My whole body rejected the idea. Yet, somehow it happened. And I need to know how.

I hate not being in control, and right now, I wasn’t even in control of my own thoughts or memories. The not knowing was torture.

Morning came bright and early, but the mood between us still didn’t change. The air in the car was thick with silence, like a heavy blanket pressing down on us.

She wouldn’t look at me. Her eyes were fixed steadily on the passing view outside the window, her jaw tight. Every mile we traveled felt like we were moving further and further away from each other.

The tension around us was even thicker because Chase was coming with us, and after their last encounter, I don't think either of them wants to be close to each other, but he is my gamma, and I had to take him with me.

I don't know what made her slap him and I'm not sure I want to know for his sake, because I will never tolerate any disrespect from anybody in my pack to her.

When we finally arrived at the lands of the Eclipse Pack, the tension, if anything, grew stronger.

Alpha Connor and his Luna were standing outside to welcome us, and they gave us forced smiles that didn't quite reach their eyes.

What really surprised me, though, was how Faith acted, or didn't act. Her birth parents were standing right there, but she only gave them a quick, polite nod. There was no hug, no warmth, not even a casual chat. Just a cold, distant greeting, as if they were just people she knew, not the ones who gave her life.

A quick hint of pain crossed Ovelia's face, barely noticeable and quickly hidden, but I saw it. It was very different from the warm, loving bond I knew many children shared with their parents. Their relationship, or lack of one, was a painful sight I hadn't expected to see so clearly.

Alpha Connor took me and Chase into his study. His face, usually calm, showed a slight worry.

After we talked for a bit about the rogues, he leaned back, his eyes looking a little narrower.

"Astor," he started, his voice quiet, "Alice came back to us a few days ago."

My stomach clenched. "So I heard."

"She told us... a rather upsetting story." He paused, choosing his words carefully. "She said you told her leave."

I stiffened. "I simply asked her to go, and she did. It was a personal issue."

I don't know how much she told them about the reason why I asked her to go.

I know Chase knows what happened I mean everybody in my pack does because she announced it like it was Sunday news but I still don't for comfortable having this conversation.

Alpha Connor's look grew sharper. "You've always been welcome in our pack. And as allies, Astor, you know my daughter should always be welcome in your pack"

"And she was, Alpha Connor" I replied, my voice firm. "Until things changed. Whatever is going on between Faith and me is our own business. Others don't need to get involved, especially if it causes more trouble."

I looked him straight in the eye. “If you truly want to know what happened, Alpha Connor, I suggest you ask Alice”

The air felt tense between us, a quiet challenge. Alpha Connor looked at me for a long time, then slowly nodded. He accepted my way of avoiding the question, even if he didn’t fully believe me.

The meeting went on, but a new, unspoken tension hung between us.

Suddenly, loud noises came from inside the packhouse, then shouts. My head shot up, my senses suddenly wide awake. Alpha Connor stood up at once, his Alpha instincts kicking in as well.

We looked at each other, both knowing trouble was starting.

Without a word, we all rushed out of the study, following the growing noise. We burst into one of the main common rooms, and what we saw there made me freeze with fear.

Faith and Alice stood face to face, caught in a heated fight. Alice’s face was twisted in anger, her hand still stinging from a fresh red mark on her cheek that looked like a slap.

Faith, her eyes burning, was staring angrily at Alice, her chest rising and falling fast with barely held-back rage. A raw, dangerous energy came off her.

“You lying b***h!” Faith hissed, her voice shaking with anger, her fist clenched, ready to hit again.

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 22

Faith’s Pov

I couldn’t breathe. Not because I lacked air, but because of my mother’s angry looks and the silent blame she gave me. Her looks felt heavy, like they were taking my breath away.

My chest hurt with a familiar, sharp pain. Her eyes were cold, like a frozen lake. They always reminded me of everything bad that happened between us the last time we met. Each looked silently blamed me for things she thought

I’d done wrong in the past.

I knew people don’t change fast and things don’t change fast either. But a small, silly part of me hoped she had understood. Maybe my being away had made her feel a little bit. It was a silly hope. Her cold stare quickly killed it.

“Is there anything you want to say?” She asked. Her voice was cold and sharp. There was no warmth in it. She stared at me, and I knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted me to say sorry. She wanted me to apologize for all the bad things they had done to me, for the love they never gave me, because they didn’t care. She wanted me to say sorry for all their faults. She wanted me to beg for even a tiny bit of her love.

I almost laughed, a bitter laugh, but I stopped it.

“I don’t have anything to say to you,” I said.

I looked away on purpose. I would never let them make me feel unsure of myself again.

I stared at an old flower pattern on the wallpaper. Anywhere but her face, anywhere but seeing my own pain in her uncaring eyes. Saying those words felt like a small win, a weak shield against her big wave of disapproval.

Just then, the living room door didn’t just open. It crashed open, hitting the wall hard.

Alice rushed in, full of anger. Her face was bright red, like a ripe tomato. Her hair was messy, and her eyes burned with fierce anger. She didn’t even look at Mother. Her eyes shot straight to me, sharp, blaming, and full of hate.

I felt sick again. I wish I didn’t have to see her. I wished I could just disappear into the floor.

All I could see when I looked at her was Astor and her together, hugging, cheating. That picture was stuck in my mind forever.

“You!” She spat out the word with hate. Her wild anger seemed to shake the air. “You did this, didn’t you? You told Astor to get rid of me! You’re jealous, Faith, you always are! Jealous that the pack liked me more, jealous that I was finally fitting in!”

She puffed out her chest with angry self-pity. Her voice got louder and louder. “Jealous that people always looked at me, not you! This is all your fault, isn’t it? Getting me kicked out of the Eternal Night Pack!”

I gasped, a small sound caught in my throat. Her accusations were so shocking, they felt like a punch.

Jealous? Yes, I have to admit, a part of me was jealous. Jealous of how easily she got people to like her. Jealous of the relationship she had with Astor.

But for her to stand there, angry and blaming me after what she did, after she broke all my trust... it was just her own twisted, sneaky nature showing, my anger had been a slow fire, now it burst into open.

“Kicked out?” I repeated. The word tasted bad in my mouth, like old metal. “Alice, I don’t know what you’re talking about. And even if I did, why would I care about your... pack standing?”

I stopped myself from saying the truth: “because you slept with my mate. The words were right on my tongue, a silent scream. It felt useless to even say it. She had already won in the cruelest way possible.

Truthfully, I didn’t know why Astor suddenly sent her away. After they cheated on me, I had given the freedom to do what they wanted and I stopped caring. Or at least, I tried to believe that.

Mother had been watching quietly, looking almost happy. She finally moved. She stepped between us. She always protected Alice, and she instantly formed a shield around her again.

“Faith, what is this silly talk? Your sister is clearly sad. What have you done this time?” Her voice showed she already thought I was guilty, like she always did, blaming me for everything.

“I didn’t do anything,” I whispered. Her words suddenly hurt me, and my voice got stuck.

I knew she wouldn’t believe me. Nothing I said was ever good enough. But her openly choosing Alice, leaving me standing there completely alone, felt like a fresh cut, a new heartbreak.

“We were fine before you came here, and nothing has been the same,” Alice said again. Her voice was cruel, meant to hurt me more.

Those bad words, those exact words, didn’t scare or hurt me as much as before. She had said them so many times that I almost believed them. They were a constant, ugly thought in my mind. I had learned to live with them, to not feel their pain. Or so I thought.

My eyes moved, not because I wanted them to, but pulled by a painful, invisible string, to Alice’s neck. Around her neck was a thin silver chain. On the chain were small, pretty moonstones. Each one glowed with a soft, magical blue light from inside.

I gasped, my breath catching. The world seemed to shrink to just that one terrible sight.

They were my moonstones.

Astor gave them to me for our first month at Eternal Park. I believed they were like a promise of our future, a sign of new love and commitment. At least, that’s what I thought.

My first gift from him, worn close to my heart. A sign of a love I now knew was a lie, a terrible trick.

Then, my eyes moved down to her wrist. Under her nice shirt sleeve, I saw the bracelet. It was a silver bracelet with tiny, detailed wolves howling. Their small shapes looked like they were silently crying.

Astor had given that to me too, for my birthday. He said they showed how strong our connection was, like two wolves running together.

The strong wall I had worked so hard to build inside me, the one that kept me together through the awful betrayal, through my constant anger, through my parents' endless putting me down, that wall broke down completely.

These weren't just any old pieces of jewelry. These were my jewelry. My memories. My special symbols, now disrespected. My pain, worn easily around her neck and wrist, like prizes from a fight. As if she had every right to them, as if they were never mine.

I swallowed hard. My mouth tasted bitter, like ashes and pain. My voice, when I finally spoke, was a quiet whisper. It was thick with a sudden, huge anger inside me, an anger that felt like it would burn everything. My eyes, staring at the shiny stones and silver wolves, burned into her with a raw, hurt anger.

"Alice," I said, her name feeling sharp and painful in my throat. "Where... where did you get those?"

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 23

My voice was a raw, scratchy whisper, thick with fury and disbelief because this better be some kind of joke or dream.

"Alice," I repeated. "Where... where did you get those? They don't belong to you."

I could recognize them from anywhere and it's crazy because I want nothing to do with the man who gave them to me, but they are also one of the few things that I value the most in my life.

I'm not sure if Astor remembers giving these particular gifts to me, but they will always hold sentimental value for me, and I would never give them to anybody.

Alice's eyes, usually so quick to well with those fake, innocent tears, hardened slightly, a calculating spark deep within them. A slow, infuriating smile spread across her lips.

"These?" She purred, her fingers delicately caressing the smooth moonstones at her throat, as if deliberately savouring my agony. "Mother and Father gave them to me. A belated birthday gift, they said. They know how much I adore unique jewelry."

The lie hung in the air, heavy and poisonous, twisting the knife deeper into my already shredded heart.

My parents? The same ones who had never given me a gift that wasn't practical, never a single piece of jewelry that wasn't an old hand-me-down? The parents who watched me struggle, watched me hurt, and always, always, sided with her?

Of course, they would intentionally help her cover up her theft instead of standing by me.

Before I could even grasp her wicked audacity, Mother stepped forward, her face a rigid mask of righteous anger.

"Faith! How dare you accuse your sister of such a thing? These exquisite pieces were gifts from us, chosen specially for Alice. To imply she stole them, or that they were ever yours, is a vile slander! What is wrong with you?"

Funny enough I hadn't even mentioned anything about stealing and she was already there.

Just like always, I was the bad guy. The jealous sister strikes again.

Her words flowed through me so sharply. Every past slight, every cold shoulder, every unfair comparison, every moment of feeling less than, exploded within me. The breath I couldn't take earlier now felt like a suffocating stone pressing behind my eyes.

They hadn't just given my gifts to Alice, and they were actively erasing my very memories, my worth, my entire existence. They were mocking my pain, legitimizing her betrayal, laughing in my face.

I can't believe I was happy to find out that my room wasn't touched when I came back here, but the only reason I didn't notice that some of my things were missing is that I didn't check properly.

I was overcome by a certain sense of anger that I can't explain.

My vision flashed a searing, blinding red. The silent, hurting girl I had been, the one who tried to reason, tried to understand, tried to be good... she vanished. In her place was a woman scorned.

I saw Alice's smirking face, the stolen jewels glinting, and something inside me snapped.

My hand flew out, not a conscious thought, but a primal instinct, a scream made physical. The sharp, satisfying crack of my palm against her cheek echoed in the sudden, stunned silence of the room, like a gunshot.

There's a moment in time where everything just stops working when you do something that you don't normally do, and that's exactly what happened.

The first emotion I thought I would feel was regret but instead I felt like a huge burden was just lifted off my shoulders.

Alice's head whipped violently to the side, her eyes wide with disbelieving shock, a vivid red mark blooming instantly on her pale skin. She gasped in pure disbelief.

I don't blame her because I was just as shocked that I was capable of something like that.

Alice has always been able to gaslight me or manipulate me into feeling like I'm stupid and incompetent, but this time it was different.

Before anyone could even react, before Mother could scream, the living room door, already ajar from Alice's earlier dramatic entrance, crashed open again with a resounding, furious thud.

Three figures stood in the doorway, their expressions shifting from concern to utter, absolute shock at the scene before them.

It was Astor who entered first followed closely by my father the ever-stoic arrogant bastard and then Chase whose ugly easygoing face was now contorted with outrage, a snarl pulling at his lips.

Chase, seeing Alice clutching her reddened cheek his immediately locked eyes with me.

"You b***h! What the hell did you just do to her?" His voice was laced with poison, possessed. He started to move forward, his fists clenching, ready to tear me limb from limb.

I don't understand the loyalty that he feels for Alice, but I fear his hate for me may ruin his life.

But Astor quickly blocked his path. His hand shot out, grasping Chase's arm, his grip like iron.

Astor's eyes, usually warm, looked were now cold, dangerous, burning with an unspoken threat.

"Chase!" He roared, his voice resonating with an alpha's undeniable authority, cracking like thunder. "That is enough! You will show respect to your Luna, and I hope I heard you wrong the first time, because if I truly heard you calling my mate a b****, then you and I are going to have some serious problems."

He then turned his gaze to me, his golden eyes sweeping over my trembling, enraged form, then to Alice's tear-filled, shocked face, and finally resting on the vivid red imprint blossoming on her cheek.

The air crackled with unspoken questions, with a suffocating tension.

I wanted to scream into the air that this is all his fault because everything that I happen to do has him written all over it. Maybe if I hadn't engaged him as soon as we met, then he and Alice could have been endgame.

"Faith," he said, his voice surprisingly calm despite the storm in his eyes, a strange quiet amidst the chaos.

He slowly released Chase, who still glared at me, seething with impotent rage. “What happened here?”

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 24

The question hung on the air for a few seconds.

Everything, nothing happened. All the years of suffering and being taken for granted came out in that one loud slap.

My eyes snapped back to Alice. The moonstones gleamed brightly around her neck .

“What happened?” My voice was shaking with the anger that had made my hand hit her cheek. “She stole them. She stole my necklace, my bracelet, the whole set...” I pointed a shaky finger at the jewels.

I turned to look at him. “The one you gave me, Astor. She went through my things. She took them”

Alice’s eyes, still wet with fake tears, grew wide with pretend hurt.

“How dare you?! Faith, you’re just trying to change the subject from what you did. You can’t just hit people because you’re jealous. Mother, Father, tell her. Tell her they were your gift!” Her voice was a dramatic cry, just right for getting sympathy.

Before I could even speak, before the words could form in my mouth, my parents stepped forward. They stood together, showing they were on her side.

“Faith, this is completely silly,” my mother, Luna, began. Her voice showed how annoyed she was, as if I were a spoiled child throwing a fit. “We already told you. These beautiful jewels were a late birthday present for Alice. We chose them specially because we know how much she loves unique, special pieces.”

“Indeed. We thought it was time Alice had something truly special.” My father nodded. His face was set and serious, showing he fully supported his favorite daughter. “You have no right to accuse her of stealing, Faith, especially after hitting her.”

The lie. The clear, sickening lie. It wasn’t just them taking her side; it was them actively helping her act like a victim.

They looked at me as if I were crazy, as if I were just making up these memories.

But I wasn't.

There was someone else who knew the truth.

"Astor," I said, my voice cutting through the air, sharper than I meant. His golden eyes, which had been looking around the room, trying to put back together locked onto mine.

"You recognize these, don't you? The moonstone set. The one you had made for me, for my eighteenth birthday, after... after our engagement was announced." My voice cracked on the last word, the painful memory of our quick, forced marriage suddenly burning. "They have a special design, a unique cut. They are unmistakable."

The silence that followed was so thick it felt like I couldn't breathe. Every eye in the room, even Chase's hateful stare, turned to Astor. His face was blank for a moment, his jaw tight, his gaze fixed on Alice's neck, then her wrist where a matching bracelet now shone.

Then, he spoke. His voice was deep, carrying a clear power that silenced even my mother's coming protest. "She's right."

My heart gave a triumphant, painful jump.

"The moonstone set," Astor continued, his eyes now cold and hard as he looked at Alice, then at my parents. "I ordered it directly from Oakhaven Jewelers. The design is one of a kind. The moonstones themselves were chosen personally. It was a gift for Faith, marking our engagement."

He paused, his gaze sweeping over my parents. "To say otherwise is a serious insult."

Alice's careful act trembled, a flicker of fear in her eyes, quickly hidden by new anger.

My parents, for once, looked truly shocked.

But Chase, always Alice's loyal, misguided protector, wouldn't give up. He stepped forward again, getting past Astor's earlier block.

"Hold on a minute," he cut in, his voice getting louder, desperate to change the story. "Jewelry designs are similar all the time. You can't just claim something is yours because it looks like something you once had. This is just another one of Faith's tricks. She's always been jealous of Alice, always tried to make her life awful!"

He pointed a finger at me, his face twisted with anger. "And trying to frame Alice for stealing? After you already attacked her? This isn't the first time you've hit her, is it, Faith? You're a violent, crazy woman, and you did it again just now."

The blood drained from my face. Hit her before? He was lying. This was the first time I'd ever physically hit her. He was twisting everything, making me out to be some kind of regular abuser because I slapped him before I left.

Before I could even understand the words, before I could defend myself against such a terrible accusation, Astor moved.

A wild growl tore from his throat, the sound of a powerful wolf's anger let loose. One moment, Chase was sneering at me. The next, Astor's fist hit his jaw with a sickening crunch.

Chase stumbled back, his head snapping to the side, his eyes wide with shock and pain as he crashed into a nearby small table, sending a vase tumbling to the floor.

Astor didn't stop. He lunged forward, his golden eyes blazing with wild fury, his body giving off an aura of raw, terrifying power.

"How dare you speak to your Luna like that?" He roared, his voice shaking the entire room. He grabbed Chase by the collar, pulling him up, his other fist pulled back, ready to deliver a killing blow. "How dare you call her a b***h? You will die for those because I thought had you wrong the first time, but this is unacceptable."

The air crackled, and I could feel the power and aura radiating from Astor Chase's face was a mask of terror, blood starting to trickle from his split lip.

Astor's intentions were clear. He wasn't just going to hurt him. He was going to end him.

A cold fear washed over me, pushing aside my own burning anger. This wasn't what I wanted. I wanted the truth, not murder. I wanted justice, not a bloodbath. Even for Chase, who deserved a serious beating, I couldn't let him die.

My body moved without thinking.

"Astor, no!" I screamed, lunging forward, my hand gripping his arm before he could unleash the fatal blow. His muscles were like steel under my fingers, shaking with barely held back power. "Stop! Don't do this!"

He paused, his eyes still burning gold, and he looked at me for a moment. The distraction worked.

"The initials," I gasped, pulling his attention back to the real issue, my voice strained. "Alice! Show them the initials!"

My gaze snapped to Alice, a desperate, final plea, a challenge.

“The Oakhaven jewelers engrave all their specially ordered pieces. They’re on the clasp of the necklace, aren’t they? And the underside of the bracelet. My initials.” My voice dropped, cutting through the heavy silence. “Show them,

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 25

Astor’s PoV

“Alice, my voice was a low growl, a clear warning. “Show them.”

She flinched her hand and immediately went to the necklace around her neck, as if to hide it. My mother-in-law-to-be Luna Ovelia was still recovering from her shock because Faith had taken her off guard by mentioning the initials.

I don’t think I will be able to understand this family and how they work because they are undoubtedly on Alice’s side. They are intentionally making it seem like Faith is a liar, which is not the case.

I don’t understand why Alice turned into a liar and a thief. I’m starting to think that maybe I didn’t know her at all.

“Faith, dear, what is this nonsense? Of course, there are no letters,” Luna Ovelia began, trying hard to get back control and smooth over the lie falling apart. But her words stopped as Alpha Connor took the necklace in his hand.

I’m glad he understood that defending Alice isn’t going to help because they can say whatever they want to say about Faith. After all, she’s their daughter, but I’m not to be messed with.

I was angry when I bought her that jewelry, and it was only a contractual obligation because that’s exactly what my father wanted me to do, but it doesn’t change the fact that I was the one who purchased it, so I know it better than anybody.

I saw him widening his eyes in understanding. He then reached for Alice’s wrist and turned the matching bracelet.

“They’re here,” he said, his voice flat, no longer sounding so sure. “F.G. For Faith Gracelyn.”

Alice's world seemed to spin, her fake tears turned into real ones of shame and anger. She hadn't scratched the letters out. She hadn't had the chance, or maybe, in her arrogance, she hadn't thought she'd need to.

Luna's carefully calm face fell apart into shock and growing panic. She looked at Alice, then at Faith, then back at me, as if searching for a way to escape the truth that had suddenly surprised them all.

"Astor, please," Luna Ovelia practically begged, her voice breaking, all pretense of being the mother in charge gone. She turned to me, her hands clasped. "You must understand. Alice, she's just a girl. She's young, she's silly. She was just looking into her sister's closet. She made a mistake. A big, regrettable mistake. Please, for the sake of the family, please forgive her."

Alpha Connor nodded strongly, his earlier support for Alice now replaced by a desperate need to make me happy.

His eyes darted to Chase, who was still slumped against the broken table, holding his jaw, a trickle of blood staining his shirt a clear reminder of what happened when Faith was wronged.

My gaze was cold, unmoving. They wanted me to control Faith's feelings, to say her pain and her right to justice didn't matter? This was her fight, her truth, and she's the only one who can decide that.

"My decision doesn't matter," I stated, my voice strong, leaving no room for argument. Every eye snapped to me. "This is not about me. Faith was the one wronged. Faith was the one you all accused, shamed, and made to doubt herself. The choice of what happens next is completely hers."

I shifted my weight, turning my full attention to Faith, a silent promise in my eyes. 'I will stand by whatever you decide.'

The power shifted, landing squarely on Faith's shoulders.

"Faith, darling," Luna began, rushing to her, trying to take her hand, but Faith pulled back slightly. "You know Alice loves you. She just got carried away. She's always looked up to you, admired your things. We'll make sure she returns the jewelry immediately. And we'll buy you a new set, even grander."

Just... please forgive your sister. Don't let this run everything."

My father-in-law, surprisingly, was more direct. Fat, be sensible. A slap and some borrowed jewelry, it's not worth breaking the family all adults here.

I watched Faith, my heart swelling with strong pride. Her chin was high, her eyes clear, no trace of the scared woman who had been made to doubt herself moments before.

“I refuse. There is no forgiving this. Not now. Not after everything

I don’t think everything just means whatever happened here today and maybe not even what happened between me and Alice, but a lot more, and it’s one of the things I will never understand about their family, but him hoping in time, show open up to me and tell me.

Alice was utterly shocked by being caught and by Faith’s “no” glaring at Fath in anger.

‘I didn’t mean to steal them!’ She cried, her voice still holding a fake innocence, though it was now much thinner just. I just want the life you stole from me. I just wanted to feel special just for a moment!

Her attempt to bring this up again was pathetic.

Before I could correct her, before I could remind her that Faith didn’t steel anything from her Chase moved, pushing himself up from the table. His lip was swollen and bleeding, his face a bruised mess, but his loyalty to Alice, or perhaps his sheer stupidity remained.

“See?” Chase slurred, his words heavy with pain and anger pointing a shaky finger at Faith. ‘She’s always like this! Always so unforgiving, so dramatic! Everything has to be about her! Alice will never be happy with her around. You’re still a crazy, violent beh, Faith, always have been!’

The air froze. The growl was back in my throat, this time a deeper, more primal sound. My fist, which had just delivered a bone-jarring punch. denched again.

Crazy. Violent. beh. These words repeated in my mind. They were insults to Faith, attacking who she was. He had learned nothing. They had learned nothing.

They called her dramatic. They called her unforgiving. They called her a both.

They would soon learn the true meaning of drama. Of unforgiving. Of a power unleashed.

They have awakened a storm. And I was the storm.

My eyes, still burning gold, settled on Faith. They hadn’t just wronged Faith. They had wronged my Luna. And that was a sin that could not be forgiven.

I was perhaps more to blame for this than everybody in this room because I could have spoken up sooner. After all, this isn’t something that only happens today, but all along I’ve been turning a blind eye to it because I thought she needed to stand up to everybody.

The truth is that I need to protect her, and I failed to do it but not this time.

*Chase, you are hereby stripped of your position as my gamma, and I am banishing you from my pack with immediate effect,” I said, and I saw him crumble down in pain and disbelief, but

wasn't done. "Alpha Connor, I respect you as an alpha and my mate's father, but I don't stand by what you just did. If you still have any intention of being my ally, then I want Alice gone.

I don't know where you send her, and I don't even care, but I don't want her near my mate or my pack ever again."

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 26

Faith's Pov

My mate.

Astor had called me his mate in front of everybody, and he defended me at that moment. The world simply ceased to exist. I was shocked into a silence so profound that I might have stopped breathing.

It didn't matter what he had said before that, or what he would say after. It didn't matter that he had just openly threatened my father, the Alpha of our pack, and by extension, everyone around us.

The Eclipse Pack was legendary, powerful, known across other territories, but the Eternal Night Pack was far, far larger, more dominant than ours. My father would have no choice but to yield to Astor's demands.

But none of that mattered.

All that mattered was the claim.

My mate.

Watching him stand there, so tall, so commanding, a profound warmth began to spread through my chest. It chased away the cold ache that had lodged itself deep within me after years of neglect, of being made to feel invisible. He wasn't just defending me against a false accusation; he was making me visible. He was valuing me above all else, in front of everyone who had ever dismissed me.

He wasn't just protecting me from a thief and a liar. He was dismantling the very power structure that had allowed my family to diminish me for so long. He was protecting me from the pain of being unseen, unheard, and utterly invalidated. He was giving me a voice, a presence, a worth I hadn't known I possessed.

My head spun with emotions and revelations, and I was drowning in them.

There was nothing more for me to say, because everything I'd ever wanted to say—everything I hadn't even known how to say – had just been echoed and amplified by him.

Overwhelmed, needing air, needing space, I turned and walked away.

The last few days had been a relentless torrent, each moment piling on top of the last, leaving me no time to process anything. My mind felt like a tangled knot, and I desperately needed to unravel it.

“You must be happy.”

I didn't need to turn to know who it was. The venom in her voice was as familiar as the air I breathed.

I took a deep, steadying breath, bracing myself for the inevitable nastiness.

“Shouldn't you be packing, or whatever?” I asked, turning slowly to face Alice. She stood there, perfectly coiffed, a picture of effortless beauty, yet her eyes held a calculating glint that marred her perfection.

“I don't know what he sees in you,” she scoffed, her lip curling. “But you are not going to take him from me.”

Honestly, I often wondered what Astor ever saw in her. Alice was undeniably beautiful, but she was also the most vain, selfish, and manipulative person I had ever encountered.

“I think I've already taken him,” I replied, the words tasting bitter even as I spoke them. “And unlike you, I didn't have to open my legs to do it.”

It stung, saying that out loud. I'd tried so hard to push the image of them together from my mind, to pretend it hadn't happened. But it had, and I knew I had to make peace with that agonizing truth.

A cruel, knowing smile touched Alice's lips. “That must hurt, doesn't it?

Especially since you spent three years with him and he never touched you. But all I had to do was come back, and he was all over me.”

I pretended it didn't hurt. I tried to keep my face a blank mask, but it did hurt. Every single word was a deliberate jab, twisting the knife deeper into an already raw wound. I stood there, forced to listen, forced to endure.

A part of me wanted to forgive Astor, to forget the pain. But it wouldn't go away, not with someone like Alice always there to remind me. Still, there was a glimmer of relief.

Soon, she would finally be out of my life.

“I really don’t want to argue with you,” I said, trying to step around her. I had left the sitting room precisely to avoid a fight, to avoid her, but she had followed me.

Alice blocked my path. “We’re not arguing. We’re just having a conversation.”

Her eyes flashed, and I felt the subtle ripple of her wolf trying to intimidate me. It wasn’t going to work. Not anymore. Not today.

A strange calm washed over me, a clarity born of years of suppressed emotion.

“You know, Alice,” I began, my voice steady, surprising even myself. I actually feel sorry for you.”

Her sneer faltered. “Sorry for me?”

“Yes. You had everything. The best childhood, loving parents-‘ our parents, I thought, a quiet bitterness, “and for a time, even Astor. Yet somehow, you were never satisfied. That’s why you decided to come after me with everything you had.”

My voice grew stronger, fueled by a truth I had kept buried for too long. “I still don’t understand what I ever did to you. Ever since I came back, all I’ve tried to do is be your friend, your sister. But you always treated me like I was less, like you were inherently better.”

I took a step closer, forcing her to hold her ground. “You always made me feel guilty, like I was the reason for all of this. But the truth is, Alice, your biological mother is the real reason we’re in this situation. You and she are exactly the same.”

My next words came out with the force of a tidal wave. “You would both hurt anyone, destroy anything, just to make yourselves feel great. And your mother was very successful at it. She made my childhood a living hell. And you, Alice, you tried to do the same to my teenage years, and now my adulthood. It wasn’t me who stole everything from you, it was you who stole from me. I am Alpha’s biological daughter. You are not. You always seem to forget your place.”

“But that cycle ends here. And it ends now.” My eyes locked onto hers, unwavering. “So, if I were you, I would start packing. I would say my final goodbyes. Because if I ever hear that you’re still here after today, trust me, I will make sure you are utterly, completely done.”

The words had been kept inside me for so long, festering, because a part of me had always felt a strange pity for her I was the only person in the world who truly understood how much that moment, years ago, had affected her. The day I arrived with my worn backpack, trying to build a relationship with my biological parents who, to her, were her parents.

Our whole lives had changed that day. But that didn't give her the right to turn into this monster.

"I hate you!" She spat, her face contorted with rage. "Even if I'm not daddy and mom's biological daughter, but they love me, and you're just a b***h without a wolf! They see you as a disgrace."

I simply smiled. It wasn't the first time I'd heard it, and probably wouldn't be the last, though I hoped it would be, given her departure.

"I don't feel anything for you, Alice. Hate is too strong an emotion for someone I barely register." My smile dropped. "But I do wish you luck, wherever you go. Because the world out there will not bow down to you, like our parents always have."

I didn't wait for her to reply. I finally walked past her, and this time, she didn't stand in my way. I was almost free, almost out of the hallway, when her voice, chillingly calm, pierced the silence behind me, stopping me dead in my tracks.

"I'm pregnant. And I don't think I need to tell you who the father of my baby is, now do I?"

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 27

The world stopped. Truly stopped this time. The air froze in my lungs, cold and sharp. Alice's words hung in the quiet hallway, heavy and deadly.

Pregnant

A baby.

No. It couldn't be! My mind screamed the word. This wasn't possible. Not now. Not after everything. Just moments ago, I had found my voice. I had stood tall. Astor had claimed me. And now this.

The triumphant smirk on Alice's face was a punch to my gut. She watched me, enjoying the way my composure crumbled, piece by piece. Her eyes, usually just calculating, now held pure malice.

This was her final, cruel victory.

My legs felt like jelly, and my hands started to shake. The warmth that had spread through my chest when Astor defended me was gone, replaced by an icy dread. It felt like a trick. A terrible, elaborate trick.

I couldn't speak. The words were stuck in my throat, and I was overcome by a heavy wall of shock.

What was there to say? Alice had just dropped a bomb, and I was reeling from the blast.

"Cat got your tongue?" Alice's voice was soft, but it cut through me like a knife. "I thought you were so brave. So strong."

I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to push away the noise, the pain, the image of Astor and her, the nightmare that was now real.

When I opened them, my vision was blurry. I couldn't stay there. I couldn't face her. Not now. Not with this.

I turned, my movements stiff and slow, like a puppet whose strings had been cut. I walked away, one foot in front of the other, each step an effort. I heard Alice's soft, mocking laugh behind me, but I didn't look back. I just kept walking.

I needed to escape from the house, from her, from the terrible truth.

I moved faster, my walk turning into a hurried pace, then a run. I ran out the back door, past the manicured gardens, towards the dense woods that bordered our pack territory. The cold autumn air hit my face, a welcome shock.

I didn't stop until my lungs burned and my legs ached. I found a small clearing, hidden by thick bushes and tall ancient trees. I sank to the ground, my back against the rough bark of an old oak.

The world spun around me, a chaotic blend of forest sounds and the echo of

Alice's words.

Pregnant.

His baby.

It was a permanent mark. A bond. Not just between them, but now twisting itself into my life, into Astor's claim. He had called me his mate. He had stood against my father, against our pack, for me. He had shown me more worth in that one moment than I had felt in years.

And now this...

Every sweet word, every protective gesture, felt tainted. How could he do this to me? How could he have a child with another woman? What did I do or not do enough to deserve this? The questions hammered in my head, relentless and unforgiving.

A sob tore from my throat, raw and painful. It wasn't just the pain of betrayal, though that was sharp and deep. It was the crushing weight of a future that had just appeared, only to be snatched away. The fragile hope I had dared to hold onto, the light that had just begun to flicker in the darkness of my life, was now extinguished.

Tears streamed down my face, blurring the green leaves above me. I wanted to scream. I wanted to rage. But all I could feel was a deep, aching emptiness. It was the kind of emptiness that swallowed sound, that devoured happiness, that left nothing but a hollow echo.

I had been so sure, just minutes ago, that things were finally changing. That I was finally seen. That I had a place. Now, I was adrift again, lost in a storm that felt impossible to weather.

What did this mean for Astor? For us? How could we ever move past this?

How could I?

I felt arms around me, and I wanted to stop, but I couldn't. My whole life was unravelling yet again.

"It's okay,"

Astor suddenly appeared, and his voice was supposed to be giving me some comfort and warmth, but right now it was like salt being rubbed all over my wound.

It must have taken me a couple of minutes to calm down, and I'm starting to realise that this is the first time he has seen me completely break down.

I've always been strong in front of him and made sure that he never sees my weaknesses, but he is also the person who has hurt me the most.

And I'm starting to see that he isn't even done because he is hurting me every single minute I breathe in his presence.

"Is this about what I said to your father, because I didn't mean that I was going to stop supporting them, but I just wanted them to stop her hurting you." He said when I calmed down a little.

i don't know ovisan is making you cry, and i need you to tell me what i deserve, and I promise that it .

Listen he said, taking both my hands his meat what i said in thee, and you don't have to lead guilty because of that. You're the lure of my pad and my mate, and you deserve to be treated with respect .

He was saying all the right things, but at the wrong time, became tyrk realized that it's a little too late.

“Alice just told me that sh-*

He stopped me before I could say what wanted to say.

“Your father is sending her to stay with her biological parents for a couple of months, and maybe when she comes back, she'll have grown mature enough,” he said, completely dismissing what I wanted to say, and it made me realise that he doesn't know.

He doesn't know that he is about to have a child with her, a part of him that was supposed to be mine too.

I have to tell him, I should tell him, but why couldn't I open my mouth to say it?

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 28

The car ride felt like an endless tunnel, each mile deepening the knot in my stomach.

don't usually see myself as a liar, but today, I was. A big one. At first, I tried to tell myself it wasn't even my secret to tell. It belonged to Alice. But then, when the moment came, and Alice stayed silent, I chose to stay silent too.

She must have been lying because she didn't say a word to Astor, not even as we drove away. I expected her to claim victory because she won, but she didn't. And that made everything so much worse, because now, the secret felt like mine. It felt heavy, a stone lodged in my throat.

Forget it. I remind myself.

But I can't do it.

Astor kept glancing at me, his eyes soft.

“Are you okay?” He'd ask, his voice a low rumble. And every time, I'd lie straight to his face.

“Yes, I’m fine,” I’d murmur, trying to sound normal. But inside, I was a bundle of nerves. My hands trembled, my heart beat too fast. I couldn’t help how jumpy I was. Every shadow, every sound, made me flinch.

As soon as we pulled up to the house, I practically leaped out. I mumbled something about being tired and practically ran to my room, locking the door behind me.

I paced, my mind racing.

Okay, this is it. I decided. I need to tell him. If Alice were lying, then Astor would know what to do.

I mean, this is practically a consequence of their actions.

I left the house again, needing to find high. He’d dropped me off, but then headed to the Pack House, probably for Alpha business.

On my way. I passed other pack members. Their eyes, sharp and cold, followed me it was the “stinking eye,” a look I knew all too well from years of being on outsider. For the past few days those looks had actually stopped. I’d even started to hope things were changing. But now, they were back. Ugly and clear. I guess things were back to normal.

I pushed open the heavy door of the Pack House, my heart pounding a frantic rhythm against my ribs. My only goal was Astor’s office. I needed to talk to him, to confess, to get this burden off my chest. But before I could even take two steps towards the hallway, a sharp voice stopped me.

“How could you do something like that to him?”

It was Kristen. Chase’s mate.

My relationship with anyone in this pack was bad, but with Kristen, it was worse. How could she like me when her mate, Chase, clearly hated me? I wanted to pretend I didn’t know what she was talking about. After all, I wasn’t responsible for whatever happened to Chase. But I didn’t. I’d been blamed for other people’s actions my whole life.

My shoulders sagged slightly, already bracing myself for her angry words, ready for her to blame me for whatever stupid thing her mate had done.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I replied, my voice sharper than I intended. “So why don’t you explain what I supposedly did? Then maybe I can tell you if it’s true.”

Their cruel words had always cut me deep, but I’d never let them see it. And I never would. I wouldn’t give them the satisfaction of knowing their words had an effect on me. That’s one of the main reasons I wanted out of this place so they couldn’t feel superior to me.

She had to be completely out of her mind. How could she not see that Chene was practically in love with Alice? I was saying it for sure, but I save for he protected Alice, a fierce protectiveness be had never shown me as his mate

Just because I didn't a wolf and wasn't truly welcomed in this pack didn't mean I was stupid. I made it my business to know everything that went on here. And one thing I'd always noticed was how little Chase cared for Kristen and how he treated her like trash. Yet, here was Kristen, defending him with every fiber of her being.

"Kristen," I said, my voice low but firm, cutting off her next word. "I don't care about your mate. And let this be a warning to everyone in this pack who thinks it's a good idea to mess with me. You will treat me with respect from now on, and you will stop making a fool out of me."

My gaze swept across the growing crowd that had gathered, their faces a mix of curiosity and fear. My words weren't just for those standing right there. Wolves had sharp hearing. I knew many more would hear my warning.

"And if I hear that anyone disrespects her again," a deep, powerful voice rumbled from behind me, "they will suffer the same fate that Chase has endured."

I didn't need a wolf to feel his presence. I'd known Astor was there even before he spoke. But one thing I still couldn't get used to was him standing up for me. And he was doing it again.

"Alpha, please-" Kristen stammered, turning to him, her head bowed in submission.

"No 'buts'," Astor interrupted, his voice like steel. "I'm sorry this is happening to you, Kristen. You can choose to stay here, in this pack. But your mate will never det form hele again.

That half expected him to change his rend about Chase once he cooled down that he was truly sumprising me the days. His resolve was unshakable

After that tense conversation, I followed him to his office, the heavy door elosma behind us with a soft click. The air was thick with unspoken words, but I couldn't bring myself to say anything. Not until he spoke first.

He turned from his desk, his dark eyes meeting mine.

"Did you need something?" He asked, his voice softer now.

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 29

Faith Pov

The first thing I felt was a soft nudge on my shoulder, then a whisper, “Faith, time to wake up.” I groaned, pulling the Blanket higher. It was still dark outside

Astor usually wasn't up this early, unless it was for pack business. And even then, he didn't wake me.

“What is it?” I mumbled, keeping my eyes closed.

“I have a surprise for you,” he said, his voice surprisingly soft. “Get dressed. Something warm. Hiking clothes.”

Hiking? My eyes shot open. Astor and I must have been dreaming but I wasn't.

And the memories came rushing back and to the most important one was the fact that I still didn't tell him the truth last night when he asked me. believe me I wanted to tell him but how could I do it after he just told , everybody that he was willing to protect me now. He was giving me everything he never gave me and the truth is just going to destroy that.

“Astor, it's barely dawn,” I said, my voice still thick with sleep and annoyance.

I hate lying to him and it's not even lying because he doesn't know anything.

He sat on the edge of the bed, not too close, but close enough for me to feel the warmth radiating from him.

“Please.”

That “please” got me. It wasn't his usual Alpha command. It was a request. A soft request it racked a tiny bit of my resolve, Just a tiny bit “Time” i sighed, kicking the blanket off. But if there are bugs, you're carrying me back!

I pulled on the warmst leggings I had, waterproof Jacket Ified my hair back in thick long-sleeved shirt, and a messy bun.

I don't even know why I'm doing this because everything just feels like a ticking time bombs and I feel like it's going to explode in my face sooner or later.

Astor was waiting for me, holding two insulated mugs and a small backpack.

“Coffee?” he asked, extending a mug.

“You’re a lifesaver,” I said, taking a long sip. It was perfect. Hot, sweet, just how I liked it. He surprisingly knew.

We walked out of the house and towards the edges of the pack lands. The air was crisp and cold, a fresh smell of damp earth and pine needles filling my nose. The sky was slowly turning from deep indigo to soft purple, then a pale rose. It was beautiful, even if I was still grumpy about being awake.

We reached a narrow trail winding into the forest. Trees stood tall and dark, their branches making patterns against the growing light. Astor led the way and I followed, trying to match his pace, but my shorter legs and human lungs quickly felt the strain.

“You okay?” he asked, slowing down, without even turning around. He must have sensed my lagging.

“Just fine,” I lied, puffing a little.

He stopped then and looked back. “No need to rush. It’s not a race.” He offered his hand. “Here.”

I hesitated for a moment, then took it. His hand was warm and strong, his fingers wrapping around mine. It felt nice. He didn’t pull me aggressively or make me feel bad. He just held my hand, and we started walking again, his pace matching mine perfectly. This was new. This was different from the Astor who always seemed to be in a rush, always thinking about the pack. He was thinking about me.

The forest slowly woke up around us. We didn’t talk much, just walked, hand in hand. It was a comfortable silence, something I didn’t think we could have. My heart, which had been set on leaving, felt a tiny crack. Was this him trying? Really trying?

After what felt like a long time, the path opened up onto a clearing at the top of a small hill. Below us, the entire valley stretched out, bathed in the golden light of the rising sun. The mist was still clinging to the lowest parts, making the forest look like an endless green sea. It was breathtaking.

I gasped, pulling my hand from Astor’s to cover my mouth. “Wow.”

He stood beside me, his gaze fixed on the view, a soft smile on his face.

“Told you you’d like it.”

I felt so amazed looking at everything and I intentionally told him something I didn’t want to. “I’ve always wanted to come and explore but I don’t have a wolf so it’s not safe for me to be here alone.”

Astor turned to me then, his eyes serious as he looked down at me.

He reached out and gently took my hands again. “I know you’ve always felt that like you’re small, inferior or weaker, because you don’t have a wolf. I see it in your eyes sometimes, even when you try to hide it.”

My stomach clenched. He knew.

“But I need you to know something,” he continued, squeezing my hands gently. “You are the strongest person I know. Seriously. Stronger than anyone in this pack, maybe even stronger than me.

My eyes widened. Me? Stronger than him, the Alpha? This was crazy talk.

“You face every day in a world that wasn’t built for you,” he explained, his gaze unwavering. “You stand tall among people who are bigger, faster, and more ‘instinctive, and you don’t back down. You’re brave, Faith. You’re kind, even when others aren’t. You’re smart and thoughtful, and you always see things in a way no one else does. Those aren’t wolf traits. Those are your traits. And they are powerful.”

He paused, taking a deep breath. The sun was fully up now, warming my face. “The pack couldn’t have gotten a better Luna, Faith. You lead with a different kind of strength, one that we desperately need. You make us better. You make me better.” He looked into my eyes, and I saw so much sincerity there, so much raw emotion.

My chest felt tight, not with sadness, but with a rush of something else. Hope. It was a feeling I hated nowadays

It’s a feeling that has always disappointed me because every time I try to hold on or have any kind of hope it gets snatched away from me when I least expect it.

This was a very special day for me because he did something just for me and I loved every second of it but it doesn’t change what I’m hiding.

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 30

The sun had barely begun to paint the sky with dawn’s soft hues when I woke up, the lingering glow of yesterday’s perfect day still warming me. It had been a dream, a stolen moment of pure joy with Astor, a day I wouldn’t trade for anything. But dreams, as lovely as they are, can’t last forever. Reality, stark and unyielding, waited for us back in the Pack.

I'd decided early on that the return would be easier if I kept myself busy, if I focused on what I could control. So, today was a day of purpose, filled with visits to the elders of our Pack. Checking on them, making sure they were well since my last visit, it was a task I genuinely enjoyed. There was a quiet wisdom in their eyes, a gentle patience that I found myself drawn to. I've always felt a connection with the young and the old, a sense of belonging in their simple worlds.

Part of my busy-ness was also an effort to avoid Astor. I didn't want him to think that one lovely day had fixed everything, that his overdue kindness had magically erased the past. I wanted him to work for it, to understand that our relationship wasn't a switch that could be flipped back on. Staying far from him was my plan, a plan that lasted about as long as a snowflake in summer.

Because, of course, we had visitors.

The news came late, a hurried whisper that the Alpha of the Crescent Pack was coming. I knew little about him, had never met him face-to-face, but the Crescent Pack was a name spoken with a mixture of respect and caution. They were a force to be reckoned with, no doubt about it. I could almost feel Astor's excitement, his eagerness to meet this formidable leader.

I made my way to the Packhouse, my mind already racing. Order was my mantra. Even with the women around who clearly held no fondness for me, they knew when it came to the smooth running of things, to perfection, I was not to be trifled with. My efforts to make everything perfect for Astor, to catch his eye and show him I was the best thing for him, had always felt a little hollow, a little like chasing a ghost. But today, there was a different kind of purpose to my striving. First impressions mattered. What he saw when he stepped onto our grounds would speak volumes about who we were.

Orders were given, a flurry of instructions to ensure every corner was spotless, every dish prepared with delicious care, and the grounds themselves looked immaculate.

"You were born to be the Luna," Astor's voice startled me, a deep rumble that found me meticulously inspecting a table setting. His words, meant to be a compliment, felt... heavy. He said them as if it was a destiny already written, a role I was meant to fill for him, and him alone. But I didn't want to be just the Luna of this Pack. I wanted to be born for him, to be the one meant only for him. No amount of careful planning or smooth talk could change the deep, burning truth of that in my heart.

The air in the main hall grew thick with anticipation. Then, the sound of approaching footsteps, strong and steady. Astor's gaze flickered towards the entrance, a subtle shift in his posture. And then he was there.

Kyle, the Alpha of the Crescent Pack, was a striking figure. Tall, with eyes that held the cool depth of a forest lake and a smile that could disarm an army, he was undeniably handsome. But as my gaze met his, I felt no spark, no flutter of attraction. My heart was already spoken for, firmly tethered to Astor.

“Alpha Astor,” Kyle’s voice was smooth, carrying a quiet authority. “It is an honor to finally meet you.”

“The honor is ours, Alpha Kyle,” Astor replied, his own voice resonating with a newfound respect. “Welcome to our Pack.”

Pleasantries were exchanged, polite words that wove a tentative tapestry of connection. It became clear that a mutual respect, and perhaps even a shared vision, was forming between the two Alphas. at some point I just wanted to leave the two of them alone because they we’re talking about pack businesses and I don’t find that entertaining at all but I also didn’t want to come across as rude.

Over the next few minutes, their conversation flowed easily and I genuine do you see the two of them being friends at some point in the future.

they even got to a point where they discussed each other’s personal lives which was basically Astor bragging of how perfect his mate is which is ironic because he doesn’t even know anything about me.

Kyle told him that he doesn’t have a mate and he is actually held bent on finding his fated which is rare. I don’t understand why he hasn’t taken a chosen yet but I respect that he didn’t take an innocent girl from her pack and make promises he can’t keep.

“We are glad you could make the journey, Kyle,” Astor said, his eyes holding a thoughtful glint. “We would be honored if you would stay with us for a few days. Perhaps... perhaps you might find something here that you seek.”

Kyle’s lips curved into a knowing smile, and he let his gaze drift, ever so subtly, towards me. “Perhaps,” he agreed, the word hanging in the air with a hint of unspoken possibility. He didn’t elaborate, but there was a warmth in his eyes, a lingering look that made me uneasy.

I could be seeing things that don’t exist but I felt like he was looking at me when he said that and I’m not used to any kind of attention around here and it was just making me wary.