

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 81

Faith's Pov

The air in the pack house was filled with tension, thick and heavy like a storm about to break.

It was quiet as everyone contemplated my words and just when I thought Alice was about to give me a fiery response.

I felt the hairs on my body stand and I already knew who had joined us.

I braced myself, expecting Astor's immediate, fierce defense of Alice, the way he used to be. But instead, an unnerving silence descended.

He didn't even glance at Alice. His eyes, usually so full of warmth for her, were fixed on me, a strange, unreadable expression in their depths. "Faith," he said, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through the room, cutting through the awkward silence. "I want to show you something."

And with that, he completely ignored Alice, and the stunned gasps from the gathered pack members faded into the background as he reached for my hand.

The moment his fingers brushed mine, a jolt, an electric current, surged through me. Tingles, sparks, and a wildfire of sensations danced across my skin, igniting every nerve ending.

A silly, irrepressible smile bloomed on my face, a smile I couldn't, wouldn't, wipe away, no matter how shocked I felt.

He didn't even ask what the noise was about and he didn't even stay to find out.

He pulled me gently, leading me out of the pack house, away from the judging eyes and the unspoken words. As we stepped into the bright sunlight, he called out Marco's name.

Within moments, a small, energetic whirlwind came running towards us. Astor scooped him up into his arms before I could with effortless grace, and Marco, without a moment's hesitation, nestled into his father's embrace.

It was like they'd known each other for years, not a single day. My heart ached with a potent mix of wonder and guilt. To see how easily they fit together, how naturally Astor's arm wrapped around Marco, how protectively he held him, was more than I could have imagined. And it was a stark reminder of my own part in keeping them apart.

I know that as soon as I tell Marco that Astor is his father then he is going to be overjoyed.

Marco, a tiny bundle of pure adoration, couldn't keep his hands off his father. His smallfingers traced Astor's jawline, his little face pressed against his dad's chest, and his questions tumbled out like a waterfall. "Mommy, can I touch those?" he ask, pointing a curious finger at the wolves around, his eyes wide with fascination. He was utterly captivated by them.

"We'll have to tell him soon," Astor murmured, his gaze sweeping over Marco's beaming face. I could only nod, my throat tight with unshed tears. "I know," I whispered, my voice barely audible. "I wasn't going to keep error secret from him especially because he is already displaying traits of an alpha wolf. It was for his safety, Astor. In the human world, it was safer." I think it has become a usual thing for me to get defensive over everything he says.

He met my gaze, and the understanding in his eyes, the absence of accusation, was a balm to my wounded soul. His calmness was perfect, a quiet reassurance that settled the storm raging within me. For the first time, I felt a flicker of hope, a belief that maybe, just maybe, he could one day see beyond the years of separation, beyond the pain I'd inadvertently caused.

I also couldn't shake the feeling that something was going one between him and Alice because how do I explain how he literally ignored the fact that I slapped the woman he clearly cares a lot about.

"Where are we going?" I asked trying to concentrate on something different, my voice laced with a renewed curiosity, as we continued walking, leaving the pack house and its familiar, yet suddenly distant, world behind. He hadn't told me the destination, and we'd been walking for a few minutes now.

"Look ahead," he simply replied, a hint of a smile touching his lips.

I followed his gaze, and my breath caught in my throat. In the distance, a structure began to emerge.

when I left they weren't as many houses as they are now and this place was very quiet but they are a few houses around now but one stood out for me.

.Even from afar, it was breathtaking. As we drew closer, my infatuation grew with every step. The details came into sharper focus. It was a castle, a real, honest-to-goodness castle.

Standing before the magnificent structure, I could only stare, my jaw slack with disbelief. "Who... who built this?" I stammered, my voice filled with awe. "Whose is it?"

Astor's gaze softened as he looked at me, and then at Marco, who was practically bouncing with excitement in his arms. "It's ours, Faith," he said, his voice a deep, resonant promise.

Marco, his eyes wide and shining, let out a squeal of pure joy. "Are we going to live here, mommy?" he asked, his voice trembling with anticipation.

Astor chuckled, a sound that warmed me to my very core. He shook his head yes, and gently set Marco down. Our son, already starting to squirm in his father's strong arms, eagerly ran towards the castle, his small legs a blur.

As Marco explored the grounds, Astor turned to me. "Do you like it?" he asked, his eyes searching mine.

"I... I can't believe it," I whispered, tears welling up. "It's... it's incredible."

"You should believe it," he said softly, his gaze unwavering. "This is our life now, Faith."

The weight of his words settled on me, heavy and profound. "But... why?" I asked, my voice cracking. "Why would you do this for me? You haven't forgiven me."

He took a step closer, his expression serious but gentle. "I built this house for you years ago, Faith," he explained, his voice tinged with a familiar sadness. "I thought we would build our life together within these walls. Things didn't turn out the way I imagined." He paused, a small smile returning to his lips. "But that's alright. Because this is where our son will grow up. Marco deserves nothing but the best."

The dam of my emotions finally broke. I threw myself into his arms, my legs instinctively wrapping around his waist, pulling him close. Tears streamed down my face, hot and desperate. "Forgive me, Astor," I sobbed, burying my face in his chest. "Please, let the past go. I promise, I will never disappoint you again. I'll be here with you, forever." His arms tightened around me, holding me as I wept, the future, for the first time in a long time, feeling undeniably, beautifully, real.

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Faith's Pov.

Astor's silence was a strange comfort. It wasn't an angry silence, or a cold one. It was just... quiet. A solid, reassuring quiet that settled my own racing heart a little.

Sometimes the person that you love doesn't have to say something for you to understand.

He just took my hand, a gentle squeeze, and led me inside. The heavy door swung shut behind us, cutting off the last of the outside world, and then my breath hitched.

This wasn't just a house.

My eyes swept around, taking everything in. Six years ago after the promise of staying with him for 1 month, on a rainy afternoon, we were curled up on an old sofa, just talking about silly things.

And he had asked me, almost out of nowhere, what my dream house would look like. I had described it then. Every single detail. The feeling of space, the connection to nature, the colors, the comfort. And this... this was it. Every single detail, brought to life.

It was the sweetest and most overwhelming feeling I've ever felt but I soaked it all in.

Walls of glass, everywhere. It wasn't just big; it was open, airy, as if the forest outside had stretched its branches right into the living room. You could see almost everything, the tall trees, the hints of a winding path, the vast, people passing by if the curtains weren't pulled. Inside, everything was soft gray. The kind of gray that felt calm and peaceful, like a cloudy morning sky. The furniture was big and comfy, with deep cushions, but still in shades of charcoal and silver. It was perfect. More than perfect. It was exactly what I had pictured, down to the way the light fell.

"Wow," I whispered, my voice barely there. It was all so precise, so lovingly created. It was like he had painted my dreams onto a canvas, then built a house around it.

I don't think I would have been this precise to details either but he was and it was special and heartwarming.

Marco, wild with energy, didn't wait for my wonder to fade. He zoomed past my legs, a tiny whirlwind of curiosity. His little hands, sticky with who knows what adventure, reached out, eager to touch everything.

One thing about my naughty son is that if you take your eyes away from him even for a second, he will do unimaginable damage.

"Marco, STOP!" My heart leaped into my throat. "You'll break something!" My voice came out sharper than I meant, echoing a little in all that glass and space. I imagined sticky fingerprints on flawless surfaces, loud crashes in the quiet perfection.

I love my son but he is chaotic.

Astor just chuckled. A deep, warm sound that made me look at him. He leaned down, ruffling Marco's messy hair. "It's your home, little one. Feel free. Explore."

My mouth fell open. "Are you serious? He'll ruin everything!" I hissed at Astor, glancing around at the expensive looking, pristine furniture.

Astor just smiled, a gentle, knowing look. "No, he won't. And even if he did, it's just stuff. This house is for him, too." He then turned his gaze to me, his smile fading slightly, becoming more serious. "Speaking of Marco... when are you going to tell him I'm his father?"

My stomach twisted. Ready or not, this was happening. I had wondered when he'd bring it up. "Don't you think... maybe you should build a relationship with him first?" I suggested, trying to keep my voice steady. "Let him get to know you, not just as... his mother's new friend."

I don't know how Marco will react and I'm very protective of my son.

Astor shook his head slowly. "He's so young, Faith. His mind is like a sponge right now. It adapts. He'll take it in, process it. It'll become part of his normal. Easier now than when he's older and the shock hits harder. It's not about being a new friend; it's about knowing his truth."

He had a point. A really good point. The thought of telling Marco when he was ten, or fifteen, and having him feel betrayed or confused... that was a weight I didn't want to carry. "Okay," I said, a little breathlessly. "I'll tell him. Soon." I agreed.

Astor actually laughed then. A real, deep laugh that made his eyes crinkle at the corners. "That's a first, isn't it? Us, talking, listening, deciding something together."

I couldn't help but smile back, a genuine smile this time. "Being parents changes everything," I told him. "It makes you... grow up, I guess. You have to think about someone else first."

He nodded, the laugh fading but the warmth staying in his eyes. "It certainly does."

His words reminded me of someone else. The thought of Isabella hit me like a cold wave. Marco was gaining a father, finally, but Isabella... she would be losing one. My smile faded. "What about Isabella?" I asked, my voice softer now. "Marco's gaining a father, but she's... she's going to lose one, isn't she?" The question hung in the air, heavy and sad.

The fact that he was moving in with use meant that he would probably see her less.

Astor's face grew serious again. He drew in a breath, about to speak. "I have to tell your something about Isabella..."

Then, before he could say another word, a sharp, cold jab hit me right in the chest. It wasn't physical pain, but a deep, dark dread that made the hairs on my arms stand up. My breath hitched. I knew that feeling. A sick, sinking sensation that meant something truly awful had happened to someone connected to us.

Astor's eyes, which had been warm a second ago, went suddenly still, distant. His hand instinctively went to his chest, right over his heart. He felt it too. The pack connection, strong and painful.

"Two people," I whispered, the words barely a breath. My mind raced, trying to grasp the impossible. "Two of ours."

He just nodded, his face grim. “Two.”

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Luckily there was somebody who ran towards us as we were leaving the house and Astor entrusted our son to him.

I wanted to go and see this for myself and he didn’t have a problem with it.

The air was thick with the smell of pine needles and something else, something metallic and sickening. My heart hammered against my ribs like a trapped bird. Astor’s hand was a comforting weight on my back as we burst through the trees, but even his presence couldn’t push back the dread that was tightening its icy grip around my throat.

And then we saw them.

Two small bodies, still and silent, lay sprawled on the forest floor. The scene was... awful.

The worst part was how small the bodies were which means that it was two small kids.

It was too awful to describe. A sob caught in my throat, raw and choked. My vision swam, the vibrant green of the woods blurring into a muddy mess. A wave of dizziness washed over me, so powerful I swayed on my feet.

I tried to keep my strength and my balance but I couldn’t as I felt on the ground with a painful thud.

It wasn’t just dizziness. It was something more. A sudden, overwhelming flood of images, a feeling that wasn’t mine but somehow was. I saw them, the two children, their laughter echoing in my mind, bright and carefree. They were running, chasing each other through sun-dappled clearings, their joy a stark contrast to the horror I was now witnessing.

Then, the light faded. The woods grew darker, the shadows stretching long and menacing. A figure, cloaked in the deepening twilight, stood at the edge of the trees. A figure I recognized and a knot of cold fear tightening in my stomach.

He waited, a silent lure. And for some reason, deep within me, I knew he had drawn them there. He had made them run this way because kids never got this far.

The figure shifted. Bones cracked, fur sprouted, and where the figure had stood, a massive, black wolf now crouched. Its eyes glowed with an unnatural hunger, reflecting the dying embers of the day.

Wolves are scary but this was different. It wasn't the normal intimidation that occurs when you look at an alpha. No. There was something dead and cruel in his gaze.

He didn't even seem like a normal wolf either but I couldn't point out what made his wolf : different either.

The wolf moved with impossible speed. The scene that followed was a blur of terror, a nightmare I couldn't escape. The sounds... oh, the sounds were what I would never forget. Gruesome. Unimaginable. My mind recoiled, trying desperately to shut out the images, the sounds, the sheer wrongness of it all.

The poor pups cried and begged for help but somehow their noise didn't seem to move past them. He didn't stop until they stopped breathing.

I screamed for him to stop because I couldn't handle something like that but it was a memory so I couldn't do anything to help but I will never forget what happened here.

You certainly have to be an evil monster to do something like this.

I was back in the woods now, or reality. But my body was betraying me. I was thrashing, my hands flailing, a scream tearing from my lungs. "No! No!"

"Faith! Faith, calm down!" Astor's voice was a lifeline, but I couldn't grasp it. He was holding me, trying to soothe me, but I was a storm of terror and confusion. My eyes, when they finally focused, saw not just Astor, but the small group of patrol guards and warriors who had arrived. Their faces were grim, and every single one of them was staring at me.

Shame washed over me, hot and stinging, mingling with the fear. I pulled away from Astor, stumbling a few steps before vomiting violently onto the damp earth. The taste was foul, a bitter reminder of what I had just experienced.

My body was shaking in fear and trauma and I was drowning in the memories of what I witnessed.

Astor was there again, his arms wrapping around me, a steady presence in the whirlwind. "It's okay, Faith. It's okay." his presence brought a bit of comfort but all I could see was that monster's fangs filled with blood and how he didn't even look back as he left the defenceless kids laying there dead.

Tears streamed down my face, hot and unstoppable. I buried my face in his chest, clinging to him as if he were the only solid thing in the world. "I saw it, Astor," I sobbed, my voice muffled against his tunic. "I saw it all."

I don't know how it's possible but I did.

He held me tighter, his hand gently stroking my hair, but then I felt a subtle shift in his body. His embrace, once simply comforting, became rigid. His hand stopped its motion. I looked up, my eyes still blurry with tears, to see his face.

His jaw was clenched, his eyes hard as flint. The warmth I had felt moments before was gone, replaced by a fierce, protective anger. He wiped a tear from my cheek with his thumb, his touch now deliberate.

“Faith,” he said, his voice low and dangerous, a rumble beneath the surface. “Tell me, Give me the name.”

I took a ragged breath, the image of the wolf, the shadowed figure, seared into my mind. I knew the name. I knew it with an absolute certainty that chilled me to the bone.

It was somebody who only came here because he wanted me and this was proof that there wasn’t a limit he wasn’t going to cross to get to me.

I was responsible for what happened here today as much as he was because I should have come clean sooner

“Alpha Kyle,” I whispered, the words tasting like ash.

Unfortunately his name isn’t the only thing I was hiding and I know it’s only going to go downhill from here.

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Astor’s Pov

Faith’s voice, barely a whisper, had been enough to shatter the fragile peace we’ve been building. Now, standing before me, her eyes wide and a flicker of something I couldn’t quite name fear? guilt? Twisting her features, I felt a cold wave wash over me.

“Faith,” I managed, my voice rough. “Are you... are you serious?”

She just nodded, a tiny, almost imperceptible movement. And in that single nod, my world imploded. Disappointment, sharp and jagged, pierced my heart. Betrayal. That’s what it felt like. A deep, gut-wrenching betrayal.

“All this time?” I choked out, the words tasting like ash. “You’ve been talking to him? All this time, and you didn’t tell me?” The thought was a bitter pill. Had she run to him? Away from me, but to him?

Her head shook violently this time, her eyes pleading. “Astor, please. I want to explain.”

But even as she spoke, I knew. No explanation would be enough right now. The raw wound of her deception was too fresh. “Go back to the house, Faith,” I said, my voice dangerously low. “We have more urgent matters to deal with. But when we get home,” I clenched my jaw, the promise in my tone unmistakable, “I want to know everything.”

She hesitated, her gaze flicking towards the bodies, then back to me. Reluctance was etched on her face, but she finally turned and walked, her steps heavy, back towards the packhouse.

I turned my back on her, forcing myself to focus. Two children. Murdered. The weight of it pressed down on me, crushing me. I was the Alpha. My duty was to protect my pack. And I had failed. Terribly. The faces of their parents, their grief-stricken eyes... I would have to face them. Tell them their children were gone. And it happened on my watch. Someone had taken advantage of a weakness I hadn’t seen.

“George!” I barked, my Beta appearing at my side almost instantly. “Why wasn’t I told the children were missing sooner?”

George’s brow furrowed. “Alpha, from what we can tell, this happened very recently. Their bodies... they’re still warm. And no one has reported them missing yet. It’s as if they just disappeared.”

Disappeared. But Faith had seen something. She’d said she saw what happened, even though she wasn’t there. I pushed the thought away, but it lingered.

I’d read the old stories. The abilities they have. It was possible. But the premonition she had earlier was right in front of everyone and that put her in danger.

My anger simmered. She was keeping secrets. And the fact that she had a deeper connection to Alpha Kyle than I’d ever imagined... it burned. It truly, deeply, pissed me off.

But beneath the anger, a small voice urged me to be patient. This time, I wouldn’t let it fester. I wouldn’t let misunderstandings dictate our lives. I wanted to hear it from her. Her side. Her truth. So, I would give her the benefit of the doubt. I would wait. For her explanation.

And as I thought of Alpha Kyle, of him being capable of such brutality... a shiver ran down my spine. There was more to this than what happened yesterday. A deeper, darker connection. And I needed to understand it, before it consumed us all.

The air hung heavy, thick with a silence that screamed louder than any battle cry. Each step the warriors took echoed the hollowness in my chest. Strapped to their backs, shrouded in white

were the bodies of two children. Two tiny lives extinguished before they ever truly had a chance to bloom. My pack. My responsibility. My failure.

The familiar sight of the Pack House came into view. But today, it wasn't a beacon of safety and belonging.

There was a crowd gathered around as we approached and a murmur rippled through them, a fearful whisper that turned into a collective gasp as they saw us.

Then, it happened. A sound that clawed its way into my soul. Two women, their faces etched with disbelief and dawning horror, broke from the throng. "No! My baby!" they shrieked, their voices raw and broken. They ran, stumbling, their eyes locked on the small forms being carried towards us. The scene was of pure, unadulterated agony. My warriors, brave men who had faced down bloodthirsty rogues without flinching, stood frozen, their faces grim.

Tears welled in my eyes, hot. I was the Alpha, the protector. And I had failed them. I had failed these innocent children. The grief was a physical weight, pressing down on me, on all of us. The murmur of the crowd dissolved into a symphony of sobs.

Mothers clutched each other, fathers buried their faces in their hands. The raw pain radiated outwards, a suffocating blanket. I wanted to offer comfort, to speak words of solace, but my throat was tight, my mind a blank. How could I possibly mend hearts shattered beyond recognition?

Just then a figure emerged from the weeping crowd. Faith. My mate. She moved with a quiet grace.

She went straight to the grieving mothers, her own eyes glistening, but her voice was steady, clear. "We have to prepare them," she announced, her voice carrying across the hushed crowd. "Tonight, they will be laid to rest, as is our law."

Orders followed, sharp and precise. To the women, she spoke of washing and anointing the bodies with herbs and oils. To the men, of digging the graves, as deep and as honoring as the earth would allow. And to all, she commanded a somber vigil, a shared prayer for peace. And the pack obeyed. They moved with a purpose, their individual grief channeled into action under her guidance. A strange sense of déjà vu washed over me. This was how it used to be, before... before she ran.

By pack law, our loved ones are buried under the cloak of night. Within the hour, the preparations were complete. The scent of sacred herbs filled the air, and the soft glow of torches illuminated the grounds. The two small bodies laid side-by-side, looking as if they slept, a cruel illusion that broke my heart anew.

Faith then stepped forward, not just as my mate, but as Luna. Her presence commanded attention. I watched, surprised, as she began to speak. I hadn't thought Alice, the woman who had spent years trying to erase Faith from our lives, would ever allow her to reclaim such a role,

especially now. But Faith... she had always possessed a rare gift. The ability to connect, to soothe, to lead.

She began, her voice a balm to raw nerves. "My heart aches with yours. To stand here and say I understand would be a lie. No mother should ever endure such unimaginable pain. I have never walked in your shoes and I pray I never will. But know this, you are not alone." She paused, her gaze sweeping across the tear-streaked faces. "We are here. Every one of us. We will hold you. We will support you. And though I know these words, these actions, will never bring back your precious babies, please, let us share in your sorrow. For today, it is not just two mothers who have lost. Motherhood itself has lost."

Her words hung in the air, heavy with truth and empathy. She had spoken with a strength I had almost forgotten. Then, it was my turn. I stepped forward, the weight of my failure still a heavy burden, but now, fueled by a burning rage.

"Whoever has done this," I declared, my voice resonating with a cold fury, "be they rogue, beast, traitor or alpha, they will answer for this. I swear on my blood, on my honor, on the very soil of this pack, that I will hunt them down. And I will bring them to justice. For these children. For your pain. For our pack. Revenge will be ours." The words were a promise, a vow, a roar of defiance against the darkness that had dared to strike at our heart.

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Faith's Pov

I sat by the window waiting for my fate, Marco was asleep upstairs, finally peaceful after a day filled with the confusing weight that he couldn't possibly understand.

Astor had been gone for hours. After the funeral, while everyone else was finding solace or sorrow, he had slipped away. He'd said he needed to make sure the pack grounds were safe.

Everybody was scared and paranoid because this is the second attack on our pack and even though the bodies that were found yesterday weren't from our pack but it's still an attack on us.

I'd tried to keep busy. Dinner was a simple just, mac and cheese, something Marco ate without fuss.

We both freshened up when we got here. Now, I was reading him a story, a book about a brave little and I've read this book so many times that I'm already tired of that but then his small voice had cut through the quiet.

“Mommy,” he whispered, his eyes wide and innocent, “are we ever going home?”

My heart twisted. Home. What was home now? The house we’d just left, the one Kyle constantly terrorised but also the one that has brought us nothing but happiness? Or this new place, filled with the ghosts of a past I thought I’d escaped but the only place where I can be with the man that I love? I’d swallowed hard. “Sweetheart,” I’d said, pulling him closer, “this is home now. This is where we’ll be safe.” He’d just nodded, his mind too young to truly grasp the meaning behind my words.

I kissed his forehead, pulling the blanket up to his chin. “Mommy has something very important to tell you,” I’d continued, my voice soft. “But tonight has been a very long night. Mommy has to rest. Tomorrow, we’re going to have a very important talk, okay?” He’d just nodded again, already drifting off to sleep. Five years old. Too young for any of this.

Just then I heard a soft click echoing from downstairs. The front door. My breath hitched. Even before I heard the slow, heavy footsteps, I knew. His scent, strong and familiar, filled the air a mix of pine, earth, and something uniquely Astor. Relief washed over me. He was here. He was safe.

I pushed myself up from the chair and made my way downstairs, my heart thrumming in my chest. He was standing in the entryway, shrugging off his jacket, his broad shoulders tense. When he looked up, his eyes met mine, and the hard, weary look on his face told me everything. This wouldn’t be an easy conversation. We had too many unspoken things between us and I had secrets.

“You look tired,” I said, my voice barely a whisper, trying to fill the heavy silence.

He didn’t answer my comment. Instead, he just looked at the couch. “Sit down, Faith,” he said, his voice deep, rough with tiredness. “We need to talk.”

My stomach dropped. I walked over to the sofa, my legs feeling like lead, and sat on the couch. The moment I was seated, I knew I had to be strong and to be honest about everything. I couldn’t hide anymore.

“I didn’t have an affair with Alpha Kyle,” I started, my voice clear despite the tremble in my hands. “Not now, not back then.” I took a deep breath. “He’s been after me, Astor. For years.”

He frowned, his gaze intense. “How?” he asked, his voice low.

I swallowed, the words suddenly feeling heavy on my tongue. “When I left the pack... back then, I took his help. He promised me a way out. I didn’t know what he wanted, not really. I just knew I had to get away. So I took it but only until I was out of the pack lands and after that I ran.

I took a solo plane to New York, as far as I could get.”

I paused, remembering those first few lonely and emotionally taxing weeks. “A few weeks later, I found out I was pregnant.” My eyes met his, pleading for understanding. “I was happy. So happy. Finally, I had somebody. Someone to love, someone who was mine.” The apology was heavy on my lips. “I’m so sorry, Astor, but I never had any intention of telling you the truth about our son. He was all I had. My whole world.”

His face was a mask, unreadable. He just listened, his eyes fixed on me.

“A year after Marco was born, I started noticing it,” I continued, the memories making my skin crawl. “Somebody was following me. Everywhere. It was terrifying. I was working in customer care service, a baker in a small shop. In that kind of place, you meet a lot of people. Some were kind, some were very rude and mean.” I shuddered. “And whenever someone said something cruel to me, something awful, they ended up dead. Murdered.”

He stiffened, his eyes widening slightly.

“It got overwhelming, Astor. Too much. I didn’t understand what was going on, but it clearly had everything to do with me. I started to get so paranoid. I stopped serving people, decided to just bake, away from where customers could see me. But the killings didn’t stop. It got to a point where I noticed a pattern. A few people I’d actually made friends with, people I trusted they started claiming someone was following them. It made me sick to my stomach and I had to isolate myself.”

My voice cracked. “And then he finally decided to pop up.” My eyes were filled with tears now, blurring his face. “Kyle. He showed up, walked right into my life.”

Astor’s jaw was clenched.

“He told me... he told me he had been protecting me. That he wanted me to be with him. He said he loved me.” I shook my head, tears finally spilling down my cheeks. “I told him no, Astor that I was so in love with you. I would never give another man a chance.”

My voice dropped to a whisper. “He tried to be nice at first, coming around, begging me for a chance, for my attention. But when I kept refusing, he started to get aggressive. He started threatening Marco’s life, Astor. He said if I didn’t go out with him, if I didn’t let him into our lives, he would hurt our son.” The memory was a fresh wound, bleeding fear into the room. He forced me to go out with him multiple times but talking to him or just even looking at him made me sick.”

Astor was breathing heavily, his eyes burning.

“Did he—.” I immediately shook my head no. I wouldn’t have survived something like that and I’m glad he didn’t.

“Then, about two years after he just... disappeared. Out of nowhere. One day he was there, the next he was gone. I thought he was finally out of my life. I thought we were safe and that it was

over.” My voice was barely audible now. “Until he called me yesterday. He called me and he told me everything that happened... that the m*****e, their deaths, everything... it was all because of me.”

The words hung in the air, heavy and dark. I watched Astor’s face, waiting for judgment, for anger, for anything. But instead, his expression softened, a deep shock washing over him, followed by something else, pain, and then a fierce, unwavering protectiveness.

“Faith,” he said, his voice surprisingly gentle, “why didn’t you ask for help? Why didn’t you tell me?”

My tears were still flowing freely. “I wanted to be independent, Astor. I thought... I thought I was doing the right thing for both of us by staying away, by not burdening you, by keeping Marco safe on my own. I thought I could handle it.” I looked at him with my heart laid bare as I acknowledged my mistakes. “I was so wrong.”

He stood up then, walked over to me, and knelt in front of me taking my hands in his. His grip was firm, reassuring. He looked into my eyes, and I saw a promise there that made my own breath catch.

“Faith,” he said, his voice raw with emotion and determination, “I am going to protect you. Against anything, and against anybody. You are not alone anymore. We are in this together.”

And in that moment, for the first time in what felt like a lifetime, I believed him.

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 86

Faith’s Pov

My secret, the heavy stone I’d carried for years, was finally out. I had told him everything about Kyle, about Marco, about the past six years. Every ugly truth, every painful memory.

But even as peace began to settle in my bones, a new, colder fear started to coil in my stomach. I had told Astor everything. And that meant he would go after Alpha Kyle. The thought alone sent a shiver down my spine. I couldn’t help but wonder if I had just put Astor in far more danger than he deserved.

There was just something different in that man’s eyes now. Alpha Kyle. When we met him six years ago, he seemed decent. A friendly face, a powerful Alpha who just wanted to make allies with other packs.

He smiled easily, spoke with a deep, calm voice. But when I met him again in New York, he was different. He had an edge, a sharpness that cut through the air. And those eyes held a look that was dangerous, and scary. It was a look that promised pain, a look that promised no mercy.

I found myself in the kitchen after our talk and Astor went to take a shower. I think he needs time to digest everything and I need a moment to myself as well.

The warm water ran over my hands, but my mind was miles away, spinning with worries. How many problems am I going to bring to this pack? The people who hated me before, the ones who blamed me for everything bad that happened, they were going to hate me even more if they found out that the person who caused them so much misery was somehow after me. I could almost hear their angry whispers, feel their scornful stares.

Yet, despite the swirling anxieties, I couldn't help but feel a deep, quiet peace. A sense of rightness had settled over me. My wolf was happy. I could feel her purring deep inside me, a warm rumble of contentment. And Marco. Oh, my sweet son, Marco. When he finds out he has a father, a real father who will fight for him, he will be so happy. The thought of his joyful face made my heart swell with gratitude. So, yes, I was thankful for that. Truly thankful.

After I finished the dishes, the last plate carefully placed in the drying rack, I stood there for a moment, listening to the silence. My gaze drifted towards Astor's room. A strong pull, almost a physical ache, urged me to go to him.

I wanted to ask him about being a white wolf. I'd heard that only a few wolves were born like that, and even fewer survived because they are hunted down. And those who did, they had special powers. I'd proved that earlier today, hadn't I? But I didn't want to think about it too much. My mind still reeled from the sudden surge of power.

But the main reason, the real reason I wanted to go to him, was simpler. I just wanted to be close to him. My wolf wanted it too. She whimpered softly in my mind, nudging me towards his door. But then a doubt crept in. He probably wouldn't appreciate it. Not after everything. Not right now. He probably needed space. So, with a heavy sigh, I turned away from his door and went to Marco's room. I slipped into his bed, pulling him close, and soon, sleep claimed me.

The next morning, I woke up feeling warm, too warm, and strangely content. My eyes fluttered open. This wasn't Marco's room. This was Astor's room. The scent of him was everywhere that earthy, masculine scent that made my wolf elated and sated. My heart gave a little leap. He had carried me. While I was asleep.

But he wasn't here now. The bed beside me was empty, the covers thrown back. A wave of disappointment washed over me, quickly followed by a surge of determination. I wouldn't dwell on it. I got up, smoothed down the borrowed shirt I was still wearing, and went to

Marco's room.

I gently ran my hand through his soft hair. He stirred, blinking sleepy eyes at me. I helped him freshen up, splashing cool water on his face, brushing his teeth. Today was a new day, and I had a plan.

“We’re going shopping, sweetie,” I told him, a bright smile on my face. A small adventure for us. I needed new clothes, for one. I couldn’t keep wearing borrowed clothes. And most importantly I couldn’t keep myself locked up in this room, or even in this house, forever. Not anymore.

Especially because I had decided. I was taking back my position as Luna. Nobody could tell me I couldn’t do it. I was their Alpha’s mate. And whoever felt otherwise? They could just challenge me. Let them. This time, I didn’t even care who challenged me. Because they would never win. Not anymore. I was going to fight. Fight for my mate, fight for my son, fight for my relationship. This time, I would not back down.

Holding Marco’s hand tightly, I stepped inside a clothing store, the bell above the door jingling softly. My breath caught in my throat when I saw who was behind the counter. Pamela. One of the “Mean Girls” from my past, always quick with a cutting remark or a dismissive sneer. My stomach clenched, ready for the usual barbed comments.

But Pamela simply looked up, her eyes widening slightly when she saw me. Then, a strange thing happened. She offered a small, polite smile. “Luna Faith,” she said, her voice even, professional. “Looking for something new?”

I nodded, utterly surprised. She showed me a few outfits, suggesting different sizes, colors.

She was... cordial. Professional, even. I tried on a few things, stepping out of the changing room to show Marco and get Pamela’s opinion. It was a good experience. A truly good experience. It meant that the pack, or at least some of them, were actually coming to terms with the fact that I was the one who was supposed to be the Luna. It made my chest swell with a feeling I hadn’t felt in a very long time acceptance.

—I walked out of the shop with a few bags, a genuine smile on my face, Marco skipping happily beside me. The feeling was great. This was good. Everything was moving forward smoothly. It should have felt completely right. But somehow, things were just moving too smoothly for me. It was something I was used to over here. And I couldn’t help but have a strange, burning feeling in my heart, a tiny flicker of unease that refused to be put out. It was a warning, I thought. But from what?

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 87

Faith's Pov

The afternoon light was soft and warm, painting golden stripes across the living room floor. I hummed a little tune, unwrapping the new clothes I bought. The weight of the world felt a little lighter, just for a few hours. I even got Marco a new toy car, a shiny red one, which he was currently crashing through an imagined city on the rug.

“Hey, little man,” I said, sitting beside him. He looked up, his eyes bright with play. “Can Mama talk to you for a minute?”

He nodded, pushing the car aside. “Is it about my new toys? Did you like the tower I made out of pillows?”

I laughed. “It’s even better than that. It’s about Astor.”

Marco’s face lit up even more. “Astor! He’s nice, Mama! He let us stay in his beautiful castle!”

I smiled, my heart feeling full. “He did, didn’t he? And you’re right, it is a beautiful castle. But Astor didn’t just let us stay because he’s nice, Marco. He shares a very special, deep bond with you.”

Marco tilted his head, his brow furrowed in confusion. “A deep... bond? What’s that, Mama?”

I took a deep breath, my hand trembling slightly. This was it. The moment I’d been both longing for and dreading. “It means, sweetheart, that Astor... he’s your father.”

Marco stared at me, then blinked. “My... father? Do I have a daddy?” he whispered, his voice small.

“Yes, baby,” I said, my own voice thick with emotion. “You have a daddy. Astor is your daddy.”

His eyes, so big and trusting, slowly lit up. It was like watching a tiny sun burst to life inside him. That look, that pure, unburdened joy, that was what I lived for. I would tear down mountains and destroy the whole world, just to keep that smile on his face.

“But... but if he’s my daddy,” Marco began, his happiness mixing with a touch of confusion, “why didn’t he stay with us before? Why didn’t he come to our old house?”

My heart ached with the truth I couldn’t fully explain. “Daddy was working very, very hard, sweetie. He was building this big, beautiful castle for us. He wanted to make sure it was perfect and safe. And now that it’s ready, he can stay with us. Forever.”

I pulled him into a tight hug, burying my face in his soft hair. “How does that make you feel,

He hugged me back, his small arms squeezing me tight. “I’m very happy, Mama! I have a daddy now, like everybody else!” His voice was muffled against my chest, but it was brimming with pure, simple joy.

Then, he pulled back, a new thought bubbling up. “But if Astor is my daddy... does that mean Isabella is my sister?”

My breath caught in my throat. Isabella? “Isabella? Do you know Isabella, Marco?”

He nodded eagerly. “Yes! Yesterday, when you left me with Uncle, he took me to meet Isabella and her mommy.”

My blood ran cold. My stomach clenched. Alice. No. No, no, no. I didn’t want her anywhere near my son. I didn’t know what she was capable of, what twisted games she might play. A cold dread seeped into my bones.

“Was... was her mother mean?” I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

Marco shook his head. “No, Mama. She wasn’t mean. They even offered me cookies and juice. But I didn’t eat them. You always say I shouldn’t eat food from strangers unless you or Grandpa and Grandma say it’s okay.”

A huge sigh of relief escaped me, so strong it almost made me dizzy. Thank the moon Goddess. Thank all that was holy. He hadn’t eaten anything. The thought of Alice poisoning him, doing something awful... it made my hands tremble.

Just as I was trying to calm my racing heart, my phone buzzed on the coffee table. I glanced at it. A private number. My stomach dropped. I knew who that usually meant. Kyle. I briefly thought about calling Astor, telling him everything. No more secrets. Not between us.

But then, curiosity, or perhaps a foolish hope, made me tap the message. What I saw next hit me like a physical blow.

It was my medical records. My name. My doctor’s name. Every detail of my most confidential file from the day I gave birth. That day, I hadn’t gone for any regular check-ups. My stomach had been growing so fast, so unnaturally, a normal human doctor would have been terrified, suspicious. But I still gave birth at the hospital.

And then I saw it. The words blurred, then sharpened, stabbing into my vision. “Twin A... Twin B...”

Twins.

I gave birth to twins.

The world spun. I felt weak, lightheaded, like the air had been sucked out of the room. Twins? It was impossible. There was no way. I remembered the pain, the exhaustion, the utter darkness. But two babies?

My hand flew to my mouth, stifling a gasp. No. This couldn't be real. I fumbled for my phone again, trying to call Kyle's private number, the one he'd given me long ago. It rang once, twice, then clicked. No answer.

Panic clawed at my throat. I needed to get out. I needed Astor. Marco. I needed to pick him up, grab my bag, and just go straight to Astor. We had to figure this out.

Just as I reached for Marco, intending to scoop him into my arms, my phone rang again.

Kyle.

I snatched it up, my voice shaking. "What is the meaning of this?"

He chuckled, a cold, dry sound that sent shivers down my spine. "The file is pretty much self-explanatory, wouldn't you say, Faith?"

"No!" I shouted, shaking my head even though he couldn't see me. "There's no way! I didn't give birth to twins!"

"Oh, really?" he purred, amused. "And how would you possibly know that? You were passed out throughout the birth, weren't you? Your doctor claimed it was 'overwhelming' for you." His voice held a mocking tone, knowing full well the real reason I had barely kept consciousness during my wolf-child's birth was not just human weakness.

"Stop playing games with me, Kyle!" I yelled, my voice cracking. "I told Astor everything! Everything!"

Another laugh. This one colder, sharper. "Is that so? Well, I'm tired of playing hide-and-seek with him. It's better this way, don't you think? Now we can fight face to face."

"You don't have a reason to fight Astor!" I cried, desperate. "Why don't you just leave us alone?"

"You know the reason why I can't leave you alone, Faith," he said, his voice dropping, becoming a chilling whisper. "From now on, when I call, you will answer. And if I hear that you have told Astor about this conversation, then you might not get a chance to see your baby girl ever again."

The line went dead.

My phone slipped from my numb fingers, clattering to the floor. "Baby girl..." The words echoed in my mind. A baby girl. Another child. Mine. Astor's. Hidden from me.

I sank to the floor, a puddle of emotions, fear, confusion, and a terrifying, unbelievable hope swirling inside me. My baby girl. Were there really two of them? And Kyle... he had her. He had my other child.

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 88

Alice's Pov

Every step I took from my house was measured, silent, and laced with pure, desperate paranoia and fear of being caught. I didn't dare use the main trails. And my secret trails seemed to be close to patrol as well.

Patrols. Double patrols.

I flattened myself against the rough bark of a massive oak as two senior wolves in Astor's guard walked past, their noses twitching, their heavy boots crushing the brittle undergrowth. My heart hammered, threatening to burst out of my chest. If I was caught sneaking out of the pack especially right now, everything would unravel.

And it was all because of the man I was crawling through the dirt to meet.

I finally reached the clearing, a forgotten spot bordering the northern fence. Alpha Kyle stood there, leaning against a rock, looking perfectly relaxed, as if he hadn't just risked my entire life for a mere chat. He was wearing black and he genuinely seemed like he didn't just shift to get here.

As soon as I stepped out of the trees, he straightened up, checking the nonexistent watch on his wrist.

"You're late, Alice," he snapped, his voice a low, rough rumble. "I waited long enough."

I didn't bother with pleasantries. The rage was already bubbling up, sharp and acidic.

"I am late, I hissed, walking toward him, my body vibrating with tension. "Because patrol has been doubled. The entire perimeter is crawling with guards. And that, Kyle, is entirely because of you and the mess you constantly stir up."

He just chuckled, a dry, annoying sound that scraped against my nerves.

“Always blaming the one who fixes your problems, aren’t you?”

I stopped directly in front of him, planting my hands on my hips. “Why did you call me? I told you, I never want to see you or hear from you ever again. We had an agreement, a clean break.”

Kyle’s grin widened, evil and knowing. He took a slow step closer, forcing me to tilt my head back to meet his eye.

“A clean break?” he scoffed. “Darling Alice, we are far from done. We share a very unique, very fragile secret. And people are soon going to find out.”

The blood rushed to my head. This was his game, always leverage, always control.

With a speed born of pure panic and fury, I lunged forward, grabbing the collar of his jacket and bunching the material in my fist.

“Stop this nonsense!” I spat, pulling him closer to me until our breaths mingled in the cold air. “You got what you wanted. And I got what I needed! Why should you start this drama now?”

He didn’t flinch. His eyes, usually fiery, went flat and cold. Suddenly, the air around us dropped ten degrees, and he let out a growl. It was the sound of an Alpha demanding submission.

My hands, still gripping his jacket, began to tremble. The sheer, overwhelming power of his wolf slammed into me. It wasn’t a physical push, but a primal command. Against my will, against every ounce of pride I possessed, my grip loosened, and my eyes dropped to the ground.

I released his collar and bowed my head, my shoulders slumping in involuntary submission.

“That’s better,” Kyle whispered, his voice dangerously soft now that he had proven his point. He waited a moment, letting the shame sink in, before gently tilting my chin up with one finger. “I really thought you were happy with the decision you took, Alice. The path you chose.

“Stop,” I whispered, fighting the urge to rub the skin where his Alpha command still stung. “I have somehow managed to make this work. I have the status, I have a daughter and I have the Pack. I will not let you ruin everything again.”

He laughed again, but this time it was colder, sharper.

“Ruin everything? Alice, I am the one who fixed your little dilemma.” Kyle dropped his hand. “If it wasn’t for me, everybody would have known you weren’t pregnant. You wouldn’t have had a baby to show for it a few months later, and Alpha Astor would have thrown you out like the cheap thing you are.”

My chest tightened with defensiveness. “No. You ruined everything! You were the one who insisted on masking Isabella’s scent! If you hadn’t, everyone, especially Astor’s wolf, would have known that she was his daughter and mine, and the timeline wouldn’t have mattered as much!”

Kyle stopped pacing and gave me a look that suggested I was the most idiotic person he had ever met.

“Use your head, Alice! If I hadn’t masked her true scent, they would have known it wasn’t yours either! Your scent would be nowhere near that child’s true smell. Astor’s Alpha wolf would have recognized the scent of the biological mother, Faith, on Isabella, and he would have immediately run to bring his true mate home. That baby’s scent, her true scent, is practically wearing Faith’s name tag.” staggered back a step, the memory of our initial, frantic deal flooding back. “You cheated me! That was never the agreement from the start” I protested.

“Be grateful,” he corrected, his voice hardening. “The only reason Astor stayed with you, the only reason he never chased you out despite thinking that she wasn’t his is because he feels a connection to Isabella. A strong bond. My wolf knows how Alpha bonds work, Alice. I had the witch place a specific kind of block.”

He leaned in, addressing the deep core of the deception. “When the witch cast the spell on the child, she worked on two things: the scent signature and the paternal recognition gene. Astor is Isabella’s father, but the spell ensures his wolf registers that connection as a sense of deep familiarity and protection, not as a direct, undeniable blood tie. That’s why he loves her but never sensed her as his own pup—the magic made sure the paternal recognition signal was scrambled.”

I hated that he was right. Astor loved Isabella deeply, fiercely.

Kyle smirked. “And it wasn’t just a scent block. She placed an aura of resemblance. A glamour, if you will. To any wolf looking at Isabella, the strongest visual impression is that she carries your features. It was the only way to ensure not only that Astor never suspected.”

My stomach churned. It was too complicated, too dangerous. and I hate the fact that we're even talking about it.

"What do you want from me now?" I whispered, feeling completely exposed. "I'm done playing this game. I am a mother now."

Kyle laughed again, the sound devoid of warmth. "You can't be a mother to a child that isn't yours. Especially when the child's true mother is going to be staying in the same pack as you.

"

I felt a surge of cold dread. "The witch did a good job! If Astor hasn't noticed in all these years, there is no way Faith will realize the truth now that she's back. The magic is too strong.

"Don't underestimate a mother, Alice," Kyle warned, his eyes narrowed. "The scent block is strong, but a mother's instinct is stronger."

My composure finally broke. "What are you up to, Kyle? What is your real plan?" I don't understand why he's bringing all of this up because this is a secret that we've kept for more than 5 years. "Don't you dare use my daughter in your game!"

"Your daughter?" Kyle looked genuinely amused. "Don't talk nonsense. We started this game together because we wanted to teach those two a lesson. The game is still going on, Alice. It doesn't matter how attached you have gotten to the little girl."

He took one last step back, melting into the deeper shadows of the trees.

"I'm warning you. Keep the Faith away from the child, Alice, or the witch's spell will break. And when it does, the scent of the true parents will flood the air, and everything will be stripped from you."

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 89

Faith's Pov

I was shaking like a leaf and my mind was just going bogus.

Can you go play with the others or maybe draw a picture outside,” I told Marco, running a hand through his slightly messy brown hair.

He beamed at me, already halfway to the door, but then he paused, his brow furrowed with serious concern. “Mommy, can I play with Isabella today? She has a big blue truck.”

The mention of Isabella’s name felt like a hard knock in my chest. Isabella was sweet, gentle, and utterly harmless, a perfect little angel. But she was related to Alice. And right now, trust was a foreign word.

“No, baby. Not today,” I said, trying to keep my voice light and steady.

He pouted. “Why not? Isabella is really, really nice. She let me have the red pencil yesterday.”

I knelt down, meeting his eyes. “I know she’s nice, Marco, but you need to play with the other children today, okay? Stay close to the swings.”

“But why can’t I see Isabella?” he insisted.

I sighed softly. “Because I said so, sweetie. Sometimes Mommies just know things. Go on, now.”

That was enough for him. He was a good boy, and he trusted me fully. He gave me a quick, sticky kiss on the cheek and then bounced out the door.

I watched him go, the knot in my stomach tightening. It felt wrong to forbid him from playing with someone simply because of my suspicion of her mother but right now I had even bigger problems.

Once the door was closed, the silence rushed in. I was left alone with my greatest dilemma.

Did I give birth to twins?

The idea was crazy. It was impossible. But Kyle’s file looked real, and I may hate the man but till date he has never lied.

I told myself I didn’t trust Kyle, but his words had definitely worked their way under my skin. I needed confirmation from someone who was actually there, someone who had no reason to lie.

I grabbed my phone and dialed for Ma and Pa. They were my only witnesses from that day.

They answered immediately, the sound of crashing waves echoing in the background.

“Faith! Oh, honey, it’s so wonderful to hear from you!” Ma’s voice was warm and chirpy.

“We’re having the best time! Thank you again, so much, for insisting we take this trip,” Pa added. “You made this possible.”

A genuine smile touched my lips. “It’s no big deal, truly. I know you two deserve it. I can hear the ocean; it sounds like you’re having a lot of fun, and I know you’re probably busy, but I need to ask you both something important.”

They both chuckled, the sounds of happy ease. “Nonsense, dear girl. We can never, ever be too busy for you. You’re family.”

“Do you remember the day I gave birth? The day Marco was born?”

There was a moment of soft silence on their end.

“Remember it? Faith, that was the happiest day of our lives besides our wedding,” Mr. Gable said, his voice instantly solemn. “Our grandson was born that day. We wouldn’t forget a single moment.”

“Good,” I whispered. “Did you notice anything... out of the ordinary?”

I heard Mrs. Gable shift the phone. “Out of the ordinary? I’m not sure I understand, dear.”

“Well, it was quite normal, wasn’t it?” Mr. Gable mused. “Except that Marco was taken away almost immediately. They said he was weak and needed monitoring. He was whisked straight to the Monitoring Ward, not even the main nursery, and we couldn’t hold him until a couple of hours later. That was hard.” I already knew that but I need more.

I pushed gently. “The staff. The doctors. That moment when they took him. Think hard.

Please.”

Ma’s voice returned, suddenly softer, like she was thinking back across years.

“Well... now that you mention it, Faith, I did think it was strange,” she recalled. “They rushed Marco out in that little sealed crib very quickly, right? But just before the main doctor left, a second nurse, a very tall woman came rushing in. She had another small, empty cart with a sheet draped over it, and she looked terribly nervous.”

“Yes!” Mr. Gable cut in, sounding suddenly agitated. “She barely even looked at us. She just moved around your room and then she wheeled that second cart out the side door of the room, not the main corridor. And she did it so fast, like she was trying to hide it.”

“It was just such a flurry of movement,” Mrs. Gable continued. “We thought maybe they were just bringing in clean supplies or something. But why use a separate cart, and why the side door?”

A wave of cold dread washed over me, chilling me to the bone. Two carts. Two bundles. A rush, a secret side door.

Why would they need two carts for one baby?

I closed my eyes, fighting against the crushing certainty that was starting to build.

The hospital had said my baby (singular) was weak. But what if one baby had been weak, and the other had been... taken?

“Faith? Are you still there, darling? What’s wrong?” Mrs. Gable asked, her voice now full of alarm.

I swallowed hard, trying to sound calm even though my hands were shaking. “Nothing is wrong yet, Ma and Pa. I just... I’m going to tell you everything as soon as I make sense of it myself. I promise.”

“Well, you call us immediately if there’s something wrong. We love you very much, sweet girl.”

“I love you too. Enjoy the beach, okay?”

I hung up the phone, dropping it onto the sofa cushion.

My legs felt wobbly. I had to know for sure. I needed official proof, not just the file Kyle had sent, but the files directly from the source.

I called the hospital. My heart pounding a frantic rhythm against my ribs.

I had to wait more than 30 minutes to confirm my details and my file number in order for them to finally tell me they were going to send them on my email.

When the email finally arrived, the file name glowed in the white light of my screen, mocking me.

I opened the attachment, trembling so badly I almost dropped the phone.

I scrolled down through the dates, the medication list, and the doctor's notes. Everything matched what I remembered the time of birth, the weight, the name of the attending physician.

Then I reached the section labeled Fetal Count and Outcome.

My breath hitched in my throat, a painful, dry sob.

The records were identical to the ones Alpha Kyle had sent.

Fetus One: Male. Healthy. Outcome: Discharged to Mother.

Fetus Two: Female. Outcome: Transferred to Specialized Care Unit, Date [Redacted].

It was the exact same file. I had given birth to a boy and a girl.

I leaned against the cold wall in the big living room that seemed too small at that moment, the floor feeling suddenly unsteady beneath my feet.

I didn't just have a son. I had a daughter.

And she existed somewhere out there, and I hadn't even known it.

How could I not know? How could I have carried a child for months, gone through the pain of birth, and not known about her existence? the guilt was unbearable.

Where was she? Was she being fed? Was she warm? Was she healthy? Kyle claimed he had her, but he was a manipulative and he had an agenda. Was she being abused? Was she safe?

This was all my fault. If I hadn't run away from the Pack, if I had given birth here then none of this would have happened. I had been so desperate for freedom that I lost my own child.

A powerful, fierce, terrifying maternal instinct roared to life inside me. I had only known about her existence for a few hours, but already, I was connected to this child I had never seen. I would burn down the world to keep her safe.

But how could I save her?

I had two choices, and both were dangerous.

If I told Astor, Kyle would be furious. He would definitely would do the unthinkable.

But if I didn't tell Astor, I was keeping a massive, life-altering secret from my mate, and that felt like a betrayal I might never recover from. Especially because this is his daughter as well.

Our daughter's life was at stake. That was the only thing that mattered. I had to protect her, keep her out of harm's way, and bring her home.

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 90

Astor's Pov

Alpha Kyle.

The name was etched into my mind, a dark cloud hanging over everything. I'd spent the entire morning and now afternoon trying to dig up anything, anything at all, that could give me an edge against the man who had turned my life upside down.

All I truly knew about him was that he was an Alpha who had supposedly been going from territory to territory. He was looking for a mate and making allies along the way. But that's where the story started to fall apart, because what I'd found today made no sense. He hadn't really been doing that at all.

Apparently, he seemed to have fallen for Faith. And not just fallen, no, that was too soft a word. Judging by how Faith spoke about it, the man was obsessed with her. A possessive, dangerous obsession that sent a chill down my spine.

The information I gathered only deepened the mystery. Nobody, and I mean nobody, even seemed to know much about him. His pack was almost like a ghost in the wider network of shifter communities. He hadn't passed by other packs to make allies. He hadn't even bothered to look for a mate anywhere else. No, he had targeted just my pack. My pack, my territory, my mate. It was all so strange, so specifically focused, it made my skin crawl.

And then there was the biggest secret of all: the previous Alpha of his pack wasn't even his relative. Not his father, not his uncle, no blood tie at all. There was some big, hidden secret about how he even managed to become the Alpha of his pack. It was unheard of in our world, a direct challenge to the ancient laws of succession.

I slammed a fist down on my desk, the sound echoing in the silent room. All of this information, all these strange, unsettling facts, didn't get me any closer to actually having something. My wolf was howling in frustration, the scent of danger thick in the air. We needed a plan, something solid, but there was nothing. Nothing.

Just as despair began to settle heavy in my chest, a small, soft knock sounded on the office door. Before I could even answer, the door creaked open, and a little head poked through.

"Daddy?"

My entire world, the dark storm clouds that had gathered, vanished in an instant. There, peeking around the corner, was my daughter. Her bright, curious eyes, the ones that always held a spark of magic, were fixed on me. And just like that, the endless, exhausting day faded into the background. That's exactly what she did to me; she lit up my entire existence.

"Isabella!" I exclaimed, my voice warmer, lighter than it had been all day. I pushed back my chair and was on my feet, walking towards her. She launched herself into my arms, wrapping her small limbs around my neck.

"I missed you, Daddy!" she mumbled into my shoulder, her voice soft. "You didn't even come to tuck me in."

My heart ached with a different kind of pain. A sharp pang of guilt. How was I supposed to tell her? How could I explain that I wouldn't be the one to tuck her in most nights now? That there were two of them, two different homes, two different mothers? The thought twisted in my gut.

I held her a little tighter, stroking her soft hair. "I know, sweetie. I'm so sorry," I murmured, trying to keep my voice steady. "Daddy's going to be very busy for a

while. I'm going to try my very best to be there every night, but I can't promise you anything." The words felt like sandpaper in my throat, each one a tiny betrayal.

She pulled back just enough to look at me, her brow furrowed in thought. Then, to my utter shock, she nodded. "Okay, Daddy," she said, her voice surprisingly firm. "I understand. You have important Alpha things to do."

I stared at her, dumbfounded. My five-year-old daughter. How could her little heart be so understanding, so completely devoid of the usual childish protest? Sometimes, I just wondered how she was Alice's daughter. Alice, who was all drama arrogant and spoilt. Isabella was the exact opposite of her mother. Then, I quickly convinced myself that it must be the upbringing I had given her, the steady love and security that had shaped her into this wonderful, empathetic child.

Just then, another, louder knock sounded on the door. This time, it was more confident, less timid. My eyes met Isabella's, and she giggled softly.

"Come in!" I called out, still holding Isabella close.

The door opened to reveal Marco. He stood there, a little taller than Isabella, with a shy smile playing on his lips. His eyes, so much like Faith's, looked at me with a curious, expectant gaze.

My son. And the only thing I could think about was that one day, he would know. I was, of course, leaving it up to Faith to tell him, to choose the right moment. It wasn't my place to override her.

"Hello, Marco," I said, a soft smile on my face.

He took a step inside, then another, his gaze unwavering. "Hi, Astor," he began, then hesitated. He took a deep breath, puffed out his chest just a little, and then, in a clear, strong voice, he said the word that shattered my world. "Hi, Dad."

I froze. Time seemed to stop. The air left my lungs. My mind replayed the word. Dad. It wasn't a dream. It wasn't a wish. He had said it. My son, my Marco, had called me Dad.

Shock, pure, unadulterated shock, coursed through me, quickly followed by an explosion of joy so profound it nearly buckled my knees. I almost dropped Isabella. This was the biggest shock of my life, the most beautiful surprise.

I gently set Isabella down, my eyes still fixed on Marco. I took a step, then another, until I was right in front of him. I knelt down, my voice thick with emotion. "You... you know?" I asked, barely a whisper.

Marco nodded, his eyes bright. "Mommy told me," he said, a wide, genuine smile spreading across his face. "She said you're my dad."

And that was it. The dam broke. For the first time, truly, openly, I embraced Marco as my son. I pulled him into a fierce hug, holding him tight, burying my face in his hair. I could feel my wolf's emotions, finally unleashed, a thunderous roar of recognition and belonging. We were complete. My wolf howled its satisfaction, a deep, resonant hum that vibrated through my very bones.

"My son," I whispered, tears pricking at my eyes. "My boy."

Isabella, who had been watching us with wide, curious eyes, now tugged at my shirt. "Daddy?" she asked, her voice a little confused.

I pulled back from Marco, but kept an arm around his shoulder, and then I brought Isabella into our hug, squeezing them both tightly against me. "Come here, you two," I chuckled, my voice still thick.

Isabella, still very confused, looked up at me. "Is Marco your son?" she asked, her brow furrowed.

I smiled, a joyous, almost giddy smile. "Yes, sweetie," I said, my voice full of love. "Marco is my son. He's your little brother... or maybe your big brother," I added, glancing at Marco with a grin. "I'm not sure yet. I'll have to ask Faith when Marco's birthday is to figure that out."

Isabella gasped, her confusion quickly replaced by wonder. "A brother?" she whispered, her eyes shining as she looked at Marco. Marco, beaming, nodded back at her.

I looked down at both my children, my heart overflowing. Isabella, my brave, understanding daughter, and Marco, my sweet, quiet son. In that moment, holding them both close, a silent wish formed in my mind, a prayer. I wished that they didn't end up like their mothers, caught in a bitter, complicated web. I wished that they would always stay united, always together, as siblings, no matter what storms came their way.

Just then, the office door opened again, a different kind of presence filling the room. Faith.

She looked at the three of us, her expression serious, almost grim. “Astor,” she said, her voice low. “We need to talk.”