

Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 9

Faith's Pov

This is a voice that has haunted my nightmares for years. A voice that belonged to the woman who had taken me from my real parents, the one who had been so cruel. It was her.

My adoptive mother.

She stood in the doorway, a mean smile twisting her lips. Her eyes went over my simple clothes, then back to my tired, dirty face.

“Well, well, well... Look what the cat dragged in,” She said it with venom in her voice, then stepped aside to make way for me.

I don't know why everything is just going wrong because this is not what I expected, and it's definitely not what I need right now.

“Or should I say, look what finally ran away.” She laughed, a harsh, dry sound. “Still trying to be a rebel, are we? What happened to your fancy wedding dress, future Luna?”

Of course, she knows everything.

I didn't think Alice was interested in keeping a relationship with them because, as far as I'm concerned, she has done everything possible to avoid my father.

I didn't answer. I just stared at her, my heart sinking. This was not the safe place I had imagined.

Her smile grew wider when she noticed the discomfort on my face.

“I'm right, aren't I?” She started cycling me and looking at me from up to down. “You ran away from your own wedding. I'm not surprised though, because you always were a loser. Too stupid and worthless.”

I was reliving my past yet again. The taunts and self hate.

She paused, thinking. A flicker of something, like a cruel idea, crossed her face. “Hmm. This changes things. If you're gone, there's no Luna. And if there's no Luna... then Alice could truly step in.”

Of course, she was happy about this because she kidnapped me and made me live one hell of a life in order to guarantee that her daughter lives like a princess.

I was going through a lot of emotions because the woman in front of me is the reason why I don't have parents, the reason why I don't belong anywhere.

"Where's my father?" I don't want to talk to her or fight her, but I genuinely need to know where my father is and what she's doing here.

"What I want to know is if your mate and your parents know that you're here because the last time I had a conversation with your parents, they told me to stay away from you, but you willingly came here, so I think they should know." She said with a Triumphant smile.

I know her enough to know that it's not a statement rather a threat that she will tell people where I am, but what she doesn't know is that I'm no longer the girl that she abused.

I will carry the scars of what she did to me, probably for the rest of my life, but that doesn't mean that I will go through the exact same thing.

"I'm pretty sure you won't, and I won't ask you not to," I said, because my escape wasn't just my freedom, it was Alice's chance to take my place. And if Alice became Luna to Astor, my adoptive mother would get power and status through her. That's why she wouldn't report me.

"Well, since you're here, and clearly not going back." My adoptive mother said, her voice sharp.

"You might as well make yourself useful. The house needs cleaning. The floors are dusty, and I haven't gotten around to the windows." She tried to grab my arm, pulling me inside. "Get to it, Faith. You always were good at cleaning."

Before I could move, a stronger hand pushed her away.

"Get your hands off her, Eleanor!"

My head snapped up. It was him. My adoptive father. He stood behind me, his eyes burning with anger as he faced Eleanor.

"Faith, are you alright?" He asked, his voice soft with worry, completely different from the anger he had just shown. He pulled me gently behind him, shielding me.

"She's fine, Marcus," Eleanor scoffed. "Just a runaway bride who's forgotten her place. I was just telling her to help out."

"Help out?" My adoptive father's voice was low and dangerous. "You have no right to tell her anything. You have no right to even be here." He pointed a firm finger towards the door. "You are divorced, Eleanor. This is my house. You left. Now get out."

Eleanor's face twisted in a snarl. "You'll regret treating me like this, Marcus. Especially for somebody who doesn't deserve it like this girl."

My dad looked completely unfazed by what she said, which is very different from the reality that I knew when I grew up here.

With a final, hateful glare at both of us, she turned and stormed out, slamming the blue door behind her.

My adoptive father sighed, running a hand through his hair. He turned to me, his face filled with worry. “Faith, my girl. What happened? Why are you here?”

I just didn’t want to talk, and I was glad to have him and just see him. I gave him a big hug and just appreciated the feeling of having somebody who cares about you and loves you unconditionally,

“Daddy,” I cried out in happiness and the chance to actually cry out everything that I was feeling.

It took more than 2 minutes for me to actually calm down, and he took us to the sitting room and sat side by side.

“Honey, this is a very good surprise, but today was supposed to be your succession day.” He said, and I wish I could tell him the truth because he’s the one person that I know who is completely on my corner, but this is my dad.

He always thinks highly of people, and he always encourages me to be happy, and I don’t want to break his heart with the truth.

“I just... we had a big fight. A really big fight. I couldn’t... And I couldn’t stay there any longer. I just needed to get away, far away.” I took a deep breath.

He looked at me for a long moment, then slowly nodded. The worry didn’t completely leave his eyes, but some of the tension in his shoulders eased.

He pulled me into a warm hug. It was a real hug, full of love and comfort. For the first time since leaving home, I felt truly safe. Truly free.

“You’re safe here, Faith. Always.”

Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 10

Astor’s Pov

This was not the happy day we all planned. This was not the joyful crowning.

My father usually strong like a rock, stood nearby. His face looked hard. His eyes, usually calm, were now full of anger. I rarely saw him this angry, especially not at me. He waited quietly, but his silence felt louder than any yell.

Elder Lyra sighed sadly. She started the ceremony again, her voice a little shaky. I know how mandatory it was for her to be here. This broke our oldest rules. It showed everyone how big the problem was.

The old words of the ceremony felt empty to me after that. I heard them, but I felt no happiness. Only a deep, empty pain in my chest, a cold place where my heart should be.

After the ceremony ended, the people slowly left and they wished me well, but I heard the whispers and snickers.

“Astor,” My father growled and it felt like his was wolf ready to bite. “What happened?”

I was going through it, and he was pushing me to my limit.

“She didn’t come, Father,” I said, my voice tight. “I think her father was loud enough, and everybody here heard him.”

My father came closer. I could feel his Wolf wanting to come out, but I respect my father, and I sure as hell hope it never comes to that.

“I expected you to control your Luna! Your future partner! This is not just bad for you, Astor. This shames our family, our Pack, our Ancestors! Do you understand? It means you, our new Alpha, cannot even get your own Luna to come to your crowning day!” He whispered words that felt like sharp stones.

“You should have been better. You should have been stronger.”

My father’s words hurt me badly. But they also made me angry, not just at

Faith, but at him.

My voice became a low growl, only for him to hear. “You talk about control, Father? You talk about being strong? You made us get engaged. You forced this on us, on her, for ‘old ways’ and ‘power’! Did you ever ask if we wanted it? Did you care if she wanted me? Or if I wanted a Luna who had to be forced to come?”

I stepped closer, looking straight into his eyes, feeling my Alpha power grow inside me.

“You started this problem, Father. I am the one who has to deal with it. And now I have to clean up your mess, not mine. Don’t call me weak. I will fix this. And when I do, remember who really caused this shame today.”

He stopped, surprised, but still angry. My own words hurt me, but they also made me strong and cold inside. He thought I was weak.

However, it was her actions that led to this. She made me look foolish in front of everyone.

A cold, sharp anger pushed away all my hurt. This was not about her feeling “too much pressure.” This was about her not listening to me, not respecting me. She had walked away, and when she did, she broke a part of my rule, my power.

“I will find her!” I promised, my voice a low growl. My wolf spirit inside me felt dark anger. “And she will pay for this!”

I truly meant it.

I turned from my father. My boots hit the ground hard. I went straight to Faith’s parents.

“Where is she?” I demanded. My face showed them I was serious. There was no time for gentle talk.

Faith’s mother looked pale and began to cry. Alice, Faith’s younger sister, hugged her.

“We were bringing her back,” her mother said through tears, “but on the way, she ran away.”

Faith’s father added sadly, “We thought she would do what was right.”

His words told me everything. She had planned to run away. All along.

“So you knew she wanted to leave me?!” I growled, my voice shaking. “And you said nothing!”

My wolf howled, wanting to break free. I held him back with all my power.

“You’d better hope I find your daughter,” said, my voice cold and threatening. “Because if I don’t, your pack will truly have problems.”

I turned and left them. They were silent and afraid.

But as I walked, something changed inside me. It was more than just anger. A deep, sad pain. I couldn’t breathe or think clearly.

She was gone.

My body felt empty without her, like a part of me was torn away. I tried to push these feelings down, to tell myself they were not real. I tried to think only of finding her, of making her explain why she did this to me, to us. My anger became a wall to keep out the pain.

I sent my best trackers to find her. Their senses were sharp, their goal clear. They looked for every small sign, every broken stick. I even went to the garage, where she was last seen. But her smell was gone, as if she had just vanished.

I tried so hard to find her that I started to forget my duties to the Pack.

Alice thought it was her chance to help, to be important. I thought she only wanted to help, but every time she tried, she made things worse.

She stayed with me, always there during my biggest sadness and shame. But she was also trying to be like Faith, trying to take Faith's place, which was not right.

Her clothes suddenly changed. She stopped wearing her simple clothes and started wearing clothes almost exactly like Faith's. She began giving orders, and the Pack listened. They listened because they liked her.

But two days later, the kitchen was a mess. Alice tried to share the food fairly. The warriors, who needed a lot of food for strength, stayed hungry. The old people, who needed less food, got the unhealthiest junk. Nobody knew what to do.

She also made mistakes with numbers. She ordered twice as much flour as we needed, so the storage room was full. And she totally forgot to order important medicinal herbs.

Everything was going wrong. Faith would have known what to do, I thought, feeling a sad pain in my chest. I would not need to tell her. She would just know, quietly and perfectly.

Alice was trying, I could see that. But she just could not do what Faith did. It was like trying to fix a broken wall with a soft basket. It only made things worse.

I started thinking about Faith all the time. Her smell, the calm way she moved, how good she was at everything. It hurt deep in my stomach, a strong wish to have her back.

My world felt wrong, broken like a beautiful song without its most important sound.

After another day of searching for and asking questions, using old favors and all my Alpha power, a scout finally came back. He had good news, a small light of hope in the darkness.

"Alpha," he said, tired but happy, "we found a small path. It's a few days old, but it's there."

He told me the direction. That was all I needed. I understood. Marcus Thorne. He was Faith's father by adoption, a man I had never met. He lived alone in a small house, far away in the Northern Woods. He was far from Pack rules and problems.

Of course. She went to him. I knew Faith and I had not really talked about our lives for the past three years. But I had seen her talk to him on the phone, and she was always happiest when she did.

“Get a small group ready,” I said, my voice strong and clear, full of new purpose. “We leave tomorrow morning. I am going to Marcus’s house. I am bringing my Luna home.”

This was not just for the Pack anymore. Not just my duty. This was for me. I needed to get back what was mine. I knew now, very deeply, that I could not live without her.

Faith had run away. But I was the Alpha. And I would make her understand that she cannot run from what is meant to happen. She cannot run from me.