

# Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 91

Faith's Pov

I stopped dead in the threshold of his office.

He was holding Marco on one hip, and standing right next to him was Isabella.

The sight was a physical punch.

They looked like a family. It wasn't just that they were side-by-side; it was the way Isabella leaned into him slightly when she spoke, and the way Astor's hand rested casually on her shoulder when he set Marco down. It sliced through me like glass.

That could have been us.

In the back of my mind, that awful, whining voice started up. I could have had my family intact, my son raised with his father, and maybe, just maybe, I wouldn't be standing here right now, tortured by the fact that I didn't know if my other daughter—my baby girl—was safe, or if she even knew what her own mother looked like.

The pain was so sharp I almost gasped. I needed to stop this pity party. I needed to talk to him.

"Astor," I cut in, my voice rougher than I intended.

They all turned. Isabella's smiled and she was polite.

Marco, thank the universe for Marco, dropped the little toy car he was holding and immediately scrambled toward me.

"Mommy!"

He crashed into my legs, squeezing hard. His tiny, warm hug was the only thing holding me together. I buried my face in his hair for a second, letting that familiar, comforting scent fill me up. For a moment, everything felt a little less wrong.

I looked over Marco's head at Astor, who suddenly looked very concerned. "We need to talk"

Marco pulled back, still holding my hand tight. He looked at Isabella, who was watching us quietly.

"Mommy," he whispered, looking disappointed, "can I play with Isabella? Please? Just for a little bit?"

Astor and Isabella were both looking at me, waiting for my answer. If I said no, I would be creating bad blood. These children were siblings, half-siblings, and I couldn't punish them for our sins.

"Okay," I forced out. I tried to make my tone casual, but firm. "Yes, you can play."

Marco's face lit up.

"But," I held up one finger, looking straight at him, "I am going to pick you up in exactly twenty minutes. Set a timer, okay? And you have to stay on the field. Don't go very far."

I hope he understood that 'not very far' meant 'don't go anywhere near Isabella's house.'

"Okay, Mommy! I promise!" He threw his arms around me for one last quick hug, kissed my cheek, and then dashed over, taking Isabella's hand.

As soon as they left.

I ran into Astor's arms.

He looked surprised, but before he could even ask a question, I was clinging to him, my arms wrapping tightly around his waist and my face pressed against his chest.

"Faith, what is it?" he asked, his voice low and alarmed. He was immediately holding me back, his strong arms closing around me tight.

The moment he touched me, the dam broke. I didn't mean to cry that hard. It was ugly, hiccuping, gasping sobbing. But it felt so good just to be held. His presence, his warmth, and the quiet, solid rumble of his wolf underneath the surface, instantly started to calm the screaming panic in my own heart.

"Everything," I choked out, inhaling the familiar, comforting scent of woods and leather that was uniquely his. "Everything is wrong. It's all my fault."

"Hey, hey. Shush. Tell me what happened. You need to calm down." He rubbed my back steadily, guiding us to his chair but I refused to let go.

After what felt like hours, when I finally ran out of breath and the sobs turned into shaky shivers, I managed to pull back just enough to look at his face.

"Astor," I whispered, the words tasting like ash. "We have a daughter."

He blinked at me, confusion replacing concern. "What are you talking about? We have Marco. And Isabella is my daughter. What are you saying?"

A terrible thought crossed his face. His eyes narrowed, and a sudden, sharp edge entered his voice. "Faith, don't tell me... did you hide another daughter from me as well?"

"No!" I shouted, the protest raw. "I didn't know either! I swear, I didn't know!"

I pulled away completely and started pacing back and forth in front of him, too panicked to sit still.

"Kyle. He has the proof. He sent it to me."

Astor's head snapped up. "What? Kyle? What are you talking about? And why were you talking to that monster, Faith? I told you to stay away from him!"

"I didn't talk to him!" I cried, running a shaky hand through my hair. "He sent me a message. He sent me my hospital file from when Marco was born."

I stopped pacing and took a deep, shuddering breath. "Astor, they only gave me one baby that day. Marco. But... but Kyle's file, and then I called the hospital and asked them to send me my official medical file... and they confirmed it."

His jaw was clenched tight. "Confirmed what, Faith? Spit it out!"

"I gave birth to twins," I whispered. "Astor, we had twins. A boy and a girl."

The silence was deafening. He just stared at me blankly, processing the unbelievable words.

"Somebody took her," I continued, scrambling to get all the horrible facts out before I broke down again. "Somebody took her the day I gave birth. And that person... that person is Kyle."

His eyes widened in shock, but then his face darkened with pure fury.

"He's using her, Astor," I rushed on, grabbing his coat sleeves. "He's blackmailing me. He told me that if I ever, ever told you about her—if you found out—we would never see our daughter again."

Astor was completely flabbergasted. He didn't move. He didn't speak. For a few agonizing minutes, he simply sat there, turning to stone.

"Astor, what do we do?" I shook his arms, needing him to react, needing his strength.

He finally moved, standing up so fast the chair rattled. He was towering over me, his hands shaking slightly.

"This had better be some kind of sick joke, Faith," he said slowly, his voice dangerously quiet.

"A movie script..."

“It’s not!” I insisted. “We have to find her. We have to get her back!”

For the first time since I met him, I saw the true face of Astor’s anger. I thought I knew how mad he could get, but this was different. It wasn’t just frustration or annoyance. This was primal, terrifying rage. His eyes, usually a warm hazel, seemed to glow from within. His wolf was shining through, ready to rip the world apart.

I quickly grabbed his hand, trying to pull him back from the edge. “Astor, breathe. Please. We need to think.”

He squeezed my hand so hard it hurt, but I welcomed the pain.

“I swear, Faith,” he ground out, his teeth visible as he spoke. “This was the last straw. I will find that man. I will find our daughter. And then, I will kill Kyle.”

“How?” I needed details. I needed a plan.

He took a deep, rattling breath, forcing his human control back over his wolf. His eyes were still burning, but the clarity was returning.

“First things first,” he said, pulling me close and lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. “Nobody, nobody can know about our daughter. Most of all, Kyle must believe that you did not tell me.”

He looked straight into my eyes, the cold focus locking me in.

“We are going to play his game now, Faith. And we are going to beat him at it.”

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 92

Astor

The silence in the room was a lie. Outside, the world was screaming.

I had another kid. A daughter. A little girl, perfect and new. This was supposed to be the moment. The peak. The damn happiest moment of my life.

But it wasn’t.

I can never get a chance to breathe. Somebody took her. They stole her before Faith, before her mother, even got to hold her. We don't even know what she looks like or who she looks like between the two of us. Just a gaping hole where she should be.

I couldn't be weak right now. I didn't have the right. My family needs me, and most of all, the daughter I have never met or seen needs me. I have to bring her home.

My fists were tight, my jaw locked. On any other matter, I would rely on the closer allies around here. Connor is a brilliant neighboring alpha or ally. But Connor knows everybody I know. And it's not that I don't trust him or Alice, but anyone could be connected with Kyle in this case. This man didn't just crawl out of the ground and target my mate, my pack, and my family by chance. He had help. He had connections.

So, I needed to find help very far away from here. Back with the people that I trust to keep everything a secret and to stay completely focused.

It felt like a bad time for traveling. The pack is hurting. But the fact that I'm going for a life and death mission, not for fun, would have to be enough.

The first thing I did was call my Pack Council. That's almost every high-ranking member in the pack. I included Alice and Faith as well, because this will affect them both deeply. It was easier because Faith was already here with me when I called everybody.

When we got to the large office we use for these closed-door meetings, the air was heavy. I let Faith walk in first, and she sat in the chair on my right. I wanted to make a clear statement before I even spoke a word.

I stood behind the desk, leaning forward slightly. My voice was low, hard.

"First and foremost," I started, looking at every face in the room. "I know we are all still mourning the deaths of the children." My voice tightened, remembering the loss. "But in order for me to fulfill the promise I made to their families—to stop this—I will have to go out of town for a couple of days." paused for only a breath.

"I have a lead on who could be responsible for this."

Just then, everybody started interjecting. Fingers went up, voices overlapped, asking who it was, where I was going.

I slammed my hand down on the solid wood desk. It wasn't a loud noise, but it was enough. The noise stopped instantly.

"For now, I would like to keep it a secret," I commanded. "I will tell you everything when I come back. I will clue everybody in then."

Because I am the Alpha, and my word is law, nobody dared to disagree or put their unwanted opinion on the matter now. They settled back down, accepting the command. I appreciated the quick silence, but that wasn't why I called them here.

"Now, for the important part." I looked straight at Faith. Her face was pale, but her spine was steel.

"I know Faith and I didn't get to have our mating ceremony yet." I emphasized the word yet. But she is the Luna. With or without the ceremony. And with that said, she is going to be in charge in my absence."

I was glad that most people didn't seem surprised. They knew she was my mate. They saw her strength.

But of course, there was Alice. Alice, Alice, Alice.

"What?" Alice's voice was sharp, loud, cutting through the heavy room. "You're leaving her in charge? She doesn't even know anything about the pack anymore, Alpha! She ran away from her responsibilities six years ago! She comes back, and everything is forgiven, and now she is our boss?"

Alice stood up, her disbelief clear on her face.

I didn't have time for this nonsense. Right now, mentally, physically, and emotionally, my mind is set on finding my daughter. Making sure she is safe and back with us. I don't have time for Alice's drama, no matter how much history we have.

I met Alice's gaze, my expression flat.

"I appreciate the reminder, Alice, about the past," I said, my tone ice cold. "But none of that my heir." changes the fact that Faith is my mate. And she is also the mother of

The entire room gasped. I swear I heard the air being sucked out of the room.

I don't even know why they were so shocked. If you are a wolf, you can tell that Marco is my son by our scent before even going for physical attributes. If they were surprised by the scent, they were certainly more surprised that I said he is my heir.

I love Isabella like my daughter, of which she is and I would never differentiate between my children. But at the end of the day, I don't want my daughter to have to work twice as hard as a man just in order to prove how hard-working she is, or how she can be a better Alpha.

I don't think she is any less than Marco. She is fierce. But I know some things will never change, and that is people's perspectives. They will never stop thinking that a woman is less than a man in a position of power. I don't want that unfair fight for my daughter. Which is why Marco is my heir.

“Yes, in case some of you didn’t know,” I stared straight at the pack members who had been rude to Faith in the past. “Marco is my son. And I expect my son to be treated with respect.”

I’ve seen how mean this pack can get when it comes to Faith, and I know she can hold her own. But when it comes to my son, I will not tolerate that crap.

I looked at Alice, who was still standing, stunned into silence.

“I know you have something more you want to say, Alice. But as of now, I’ve said what I wanted to say.” I stood up fully, ending the discussion. “My orders stand. I hope they will be followed. When I come back, you can ask me questions, and I will answer them. But for now, I have to go.”

I turned, giving no one the chance to argue, and walked out of the office. Faith was right behind me.

Every second I waste is a second my daughter is not safe. I am bringing her home. And hell will burn if Kyle gets away with it.

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 93

Faith’s Pov

I was physically there but my mind was Far Away as I folded one of Astor’s crisp white shirts, laying it carefully into the open suitcase on the bed.

this was just a last minute or second decision and I know that he wants to get everything done as soon as possible and I want our daughter back to but I’m still worried.

I was reaching for another shirt when I felt a warmth behind me, a familiar scent. Astor. He didn’t say anything, just leaned in, his chin resting on my shoulder, his nose brushing against my hair, then the skin of my neck. A shiver, not entirely unwelcome, traced its way down my spine.

“Mmm,” he murmured, his voice a low rumble right next to my ear. “I’ve missed this. Having you prepare things for me.”

I chuckled, turning my head slightly to look at him, a playful glint in my eyes. “So, you’ve missed having a personal maid?”

He pulled back just enough to meet my gaze, a smile playing on his lips. “No, not a maid, Faith. There’s just... something different. Something sexy and special about you being the one who does all these things.”

My heart did a little skip. Sexy and special. A warmth spread through me, chasing away the last lingering chill of my old insecurities. I turned fully, dropping the shirt forgotten on the bed, and wrapped my arms around his neck. His hands immediately found my waist, pulling me closer until there was no space left between us.

His lips met mine, soft at first, then deepening, urgent, hungry. It was a kiss that spoke of longing, of unspoken feelings, of a connection that was still healing but growing stronger with every touch. In the back of my mind, a quiet thought echoed: It’s starting to get easy between us. So wonderfully, terrifyingly easy.

He started pulling at my new dress and I let him until I was standing naked in front of him with him looking at me with hungry eyes.

Our first time was rushed and it may have been special for me but I have a feeling that he barely remembers.

He carried me to bed and laid me on my back and got on top of me as he started kissing me with even more passion.

He opened my legs and got down on me. I screamed in pleasure.

The world outside the bedroom, the half-packed suitcase, the business trip – it all faded away. There was only us, caught in a moment that felt both inevitable and entirely new. We got lost in each other, in the shared space of touch and yearning, finding comfort and passion in equal measure.

Later, the steam from the shower still clung to us like a warm embrace. We stood wrapped in fluffy towels, the bathroom mirror fogged up, blurring our reflections. Astor, his hair still damp, looked at me, his expression serious now, but softened.

“I trust you. Completely. You’re free to make any decision you want, to change anything in this house, in our lives, in the pack. Just... be very careful of Alice. She’s cunning. Very cunning.”

I nodded, feeling the weight of his words. His trust meant everything. “I’ll try,” I said, a little shake in my voice. “But I’m not promising anything. And the only reason I’m letting her stay is because she’s the mother of your daughter. That’s it.”

He gave a small, approving nod, then his eyes flickered down to my head. “You know, one of the things I really like about you is your beautiful heart.”

A tiny sting, quick and sharp, pricked me. He didn’t say he loved it. He didn’t say he loved me. But then I smiled, brushing it off. Maybe we weren’t there yet, not with those exact words. But



the fact that we were at this stage, talking like this, trusting each other that was what mattered most. We were building something, brick by brick.

“I’m worried about Kyle,” I admitted, my voice dropping, the warmth of the shower fading a little with the thought of my brother. “You decided to go today. What if he figures out I’ve already told you?”

Astor pulled me closer, resting his chin on my head. “If Kyle knows you as much as I know you now, he’ll expect you to deal with your problems alone. He knows you’re fiercely independent. He won’t assume you came to me.” He paused, then his voice grew softer, a note of genuine warmth making my heart swell. “But I’m very proud that you did come and tell me. It means a lot, Faith.”

His words, simple as they were, truly warmed my heart. It made the small sting about liking me into nothing. This was real. This was progress.

I pulled back just enough to look up at him, a determined glint in my eyes. “Go,” I told him, a direct order, but laced with affection. “Go and bring our daughter back.” He smiled, that rare, genuine smile that still made my breath hitch.

“I don’t know how I’m going to deal with being away from you because the last time I got very sick.” I said because I’m not used to having a wolf and somehow my wolf reacts very differently when he is not near me.

it’s going to be a lot more different because your home I’m just around that by my scent and not to mention the fact that we got closer today and my scent is going to probably stay with you for a little longer.” he explained and I guess that makes a lot of sense but when he comes back I think I’m ready for that stage where I get to Mark him as well.

” please don’t forget that you have to call me the very same minute he calls you and will make a decision on what to do together.” he said and I nodded.

“We’re in this together.”

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 94

Faith’s Pov

Each tick of the clock after Astor left was a stab of worry. Kyle. Our daughter. Had he figured it out? Had Astor slipped up? My stomach twisted into knots thinking about Kyle knowing we were trying to play him.

The phone lay silent on the bedside table, a cruel joke. No call from Kyle. Nothing. It only made my heart pound harder. I tossed and turned, replaying every word Astor and I had exchanged, every detail of our plan. Sleep, when it finally came, brought no peace, only fleeting, jumbled nightmares.

The first hint of dawn, a faint grey light peeking through the curtains, was a small mercy. I pushed myself up, my body still aching from the tension of the night. No time to dwell on fear. Marco needed me. My son. His bright, innocent face was the only thing that could anchor me. I slipped out of bed, careful not to wake him, and went straight to the kitchen.

I hummed a silly tune while I cooked, trying to push away the dark clouds. Marco, sensing the food, soon padded in, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

“Morning, Mommy,” he mumbled, his voice still thick with sleep.

“Good morning,” I said, kissing his forehead. “Breakfast is ready. ?”

Soon, we were ready. Holding Marco’s small hand in mine, we walked towards the Pack House.

The Pack House was alive with a hum of activity.

“Well, well, Faith,” a voice chirped, a little too brightly. Alice. She stood by the main table, shuffling papers. Her smile didn’t quite reach her eyes. “Look who’s decided to grace us with her presence.”

I just nodded, my eyes already scanning the large hall. “It’s good to be back. I need to get up to speed on everything. I’m taking over.”

Her smile faltered for a second, then quickly reappeared. “Of course. Everything is completely under control.”

But my gut told me otherwise. It didn’t take long for me to see how very wrong things were. I walked through the main areas, talked to a few pack members, and the more I saw, the more my heart sank.

The first place I went was the pack orphanage. My heart clenched. The children looked thin, their clothes ragged and too small. A little girl, no older than Marco, shivered in a threadbare dress. My blood boiled. “Where are the new clothes?” I asked one of the caregivers, my voice sharp. “Where’s the extra food?”

The caregiver looked down, shuffling her feet. “Alice said that the funds were tight. And the food supply is usually kept for, other purposes.”

Other purposes? I made a mental note. This needed to be fixed immediately. The children deserved better.

Next, I went to the elderly wing. It was quiet, too quiet. Old Uncle Silas, who always had a joke, sat alone by the window, staring blankly outside. His blanket was thin, and his eyes looked tired. There weren’t enough caregivers. The few I saw looked overwhelmed and exhausted. “Is there no one to help them?” I whispered to a young woman hurrying past. She just shook her head, her eyes wide with apology. “We’re so short-staffed, Luna Faith. There’s just not enough of us to go around.” My chest ached. These were our elders, our history. They were being neglected.

Then there was the kitchen. I nearly choked on the smell. Massive piles of food, bought in huge quantities, were rotting in corners. Bags of potatoes were sprouting, and crates of fruit were covered in mold. “Why is all this food going bad?” I demanded loudly. The head cook, a kind-faced woman named Elara, wrung her hands. “Alice insisted on buying in bulk, Luna. But we don’t have the storage, and so much just spoils before we can even use it.” It was insane.

Such a waste, when the children were going hungry.

And the Warriors. Our Pack Patrol. They were the ones protecting us, working hard, day and night. But the food they were getting wasn’t right. I watched them eat lunch. Greasy stews and heavy bread, but not enough lean meat, fresh vegetables, or the high-energy foods they needed. Their diet was clearly unhealthy for the kind of demanding job they did. It would wear them down, make them slow.

I felt a surge of anger, then a fierce determination. This was all wrong. And I was going to fix it. I called for meetings, made lists, and gave out orders. “Everyone to the orphanage with clothes! Get a team to the elderly wing immediately! We’re reorganizing the kitchen supplies! I want reports on what our Warriors are eating, and I want healthy alternatives by tomorrow!” My voice echoed through the Pack House, firm and strong.

Just as I was drawing up a new schedule for the women’s groups, a tiny hand tugged on my skirt. I looked down. Marco, beaming, holding Isabella’s hand.

“Mommy!” he chirped.

“How are you sweetheart,” I said softly.

She offered a shy smile, then hid a little behind Marco a bit. I felt a pull, a warmth spreading through me. It wasn’t just general affection; it was deeper, like recognizing a part of myself in her. Her energy, even her shyness, resonated with something within me. I guess it’s because she’s my mate’s daughter.

“Mama, can you play with us?” Marco asked, practically bouncing.

“Of course we can” I smiled, pushing my concerns aside for a moment. I hate that I’ve been caught up in my own life and mess that have been neglecting my son.

my son is my priority and we used to play together a lot so I’m going to give him my time so that he never feels like I did in my childhood.

“Outside!” both children shouted in unison, their eyes sparkling.

We went to the big lawn behind the Pack House. The sun was warmer now, and the grass was soft.

“Let’s build a castle!” Isabella exclaimed, her shyness almost completely gone. “A really, really big one!”

Marco’s eyes lit up. “With sticks and leaves!”

We gathered fallen branches and big maple leaves. I helped them prop up the sticks to make a frame, then draped the leaves over them like little roofs. They worked together, Marco finding the strongest sticks, Isabella picking the prettiest leaves. They chattered away, making up stories about the knights and princesses who would live in their castle.

“This is the royal kitchen!” Marco declared, placing a smooth, flat stone inside.

“And this is where the princess sleeps!” Isabella added, arranging soft moss for a bed.

I sat with them, offering suggestions, laughing at their imaginative ideas. Isabella had a quick wit, and a surprisingly strong will for such a small thing. She would sometimes correct Marco, but always gently, her eyes full of warmth. I noticed she loved to talk, sharing stories about her toy animals, her favorite color, etc.

She had a way of tilting her head when she was thinking deeply, just like I did. She was observant, noticing tiny bugs crawling on the leaves, pointing them out with wide-eyed wonder.

After they finished their magnificent castle, Marco suddenly remembered something. “Mommy, Isabella wants to draw! We love drawing!”

That’s just how low of an attention span Marco has because 1 minute he can be drawing and the other he will be running around playing hide and seek with his Imaginary Friends or something.

Isabella had a vibrant imagination. She drew a field of dancing flowers and a sun wearing sunglasses. Marco drew a monster truck and a superhero wolf. I felt a profound sense of peace watching them, a strange mix of joy and sorrow.

My time with Marco and Isabella had been a much-needed break but of course nothing lasts especially not my happiness.

## **Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 95**

The weight of the long day at the Pack house settled deep into my bones. It was a good kind of tired though because my time with the kids was just perfect. Marco’s small hand was in mine as I led him up the path to our place.

“Did you see how well my painting was?”

“I did honey” I said, squeezing his hand. “You were amazing.”

My eyes flickered to my phone on the kitchen counter the second we stepped inside. The screen was dark. Silent. No messages. No missed calls. A cold knot of worry, which had been a dull ache all day, tightened in my stomach. Astor had been gone for a day now without a word.

But thanks to the bond even in the silence, I could feel him. A steady, low hum in the very center of my being, like a heartbeat that wasn’t my own. He was alive. He was okay. Wherever he was, whatever he was doing, he was breathing. That was the only thing keeping the panic from swallowing me whole.

I made Marco’s favorite for dinner pasta with a ridiculous amount of cheese and he chattered about his new friends, wolves, anything and everything. I listened, I nodded, I smiled, but part of me was far away, listening for a sound that wouldn’t come.

After his bath, I tucked him into bed, pulling the soft blue comforter up to his chin. He smelled of soap and warm, sleepy boy.

“Is daddy coming home tomorrow?” he asked, his eyelids already heavy.

“Soon, my love,” I whispered, smoothing his hair back from his forehead. “He’s just... taking care of some things.”

“Okay,” he murmured, already half in his dreams. “Tell him I miss him.”

My throat closed up. “I will.”

I kissed his forehead and turned out the light, leaving the door open a crack.

My daughter. Was someone tucking her in? Was she safe?

The dishes were my excuse to stay busy. The warm, soapy water, the clink of plates it was a normal sound in a world that felt like it was tilting. Scrub, rinse, repeat. Don’t think. Just scrub.

The phone’s ring was like a ray of hope in the quiet kitchen. My heart leaped into my throat, soapy water splashing everywhere as I fumbled for it. Astor.

But the name on the screen wasn’t his. It was Kyle.

The hope curdled into something sour and cold. I answered, pressing the phone to my ear. Kyle?”

His voice was hard, accusing, with no hello. “Where is he, Faith? Where’s Astor?”

The question was so unexpected it threw me. “I don’t know. He didn’t tell me where he was going.” It was the truth. I only know that he is going to somebody he really trusts to help him.

“Stop the bullshit,” he snarled, and I could almost see his sneer. “I know you two are up to something. He leaves right after I talk to you? That’s not a coincidence.”

Something in me snapped. The worry, the fear, the endless days of missing my child it all boiled over. “Up to something?” I hissed, keeping my voice low so Marco wouldn’t hear. “The only thing I am ‘up to’ is trying to find my daughter! Where is she, Kyle? Just tell me if she’s safe. That’s all I want to know!”

He was silent for a moment, and when he spoke again, his tone was colder. “Why did he really leave, Faith? I don’t like games”

“I told him you were following me, that you’re obsessed! But I did not tell him about our daughter. I kept my word. Now you keep yours. Where. Is. She?”

He had the nerve to laugh, a soft, cruel sound. “You don’t need to worry. She’s very, very happy. She has two loving parents who take perfect care of her.”

The words were a knife to my heart. “I am her mother!” I cried, tears finally spilling over. My hand was trembling so hard I had to brace myself against the counter. “Why does she need other parents? I’m right here! I’m alive!”

“You played me, Faith,” he said, his voice dropping to a venomous whisper. “I helped you. I got you out of your horrible life. And you didn’t even say thank you. You just ran.”

“I needed to get away from everything! From everyone!” I sobbed. “That doesn’t mean you had to steal my child from me!”

“Someday soon,” he said, his voice suddenly light and mocking, like this was a fun game for him. “I’ll tell you. But for now... this is just so much fun.”

And then there was nothing but a dial tone. Beep. Beep. Beep.

He had hung up on me.

I slid down the kitchen cabinet onto the cold floor, the phone dropping from my numb fingers. I wrapped my arms around myself, but I couldn’t stop the shaking. The tears came then, silent and hopeless. He wasn’t going to tell me. He was enjoying my pain.

A long time later, I dragged myself to bed. Marco was sleeping peacefully, his chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm. I clung to that sight, using it as an anchor. But when I finally fell into an exhausted sleep, my dreams were not peaceful.

It wasn’t a normal dream. It felt too real, too sharp. It felt like a memory, but it wasn’t mine.

There was a woman running. She was in agony and pregnant.

The world around her was on fire. It was gray smoke and bright orange light. She heard shouts, but they were not the shouts of her people. They were sounds of the attack.

The hot smell of blood was thick in the air.

She had to get out of the smoke. She ran to get to the deep trees.

She tripped over something hidden and fell hard. The impact stole the air from her lungs. A loud cry came from her throat.

For a moment, she just laid in the cold mud.

Then she forced herself to roll over. She had to see what tripped her.

It was not a root. It was not a stone. It was a person.

It was her mate.

His face was pale. His clothes were torn. His eyes were wide and empty. They looked straight up at the burning sky.

A sob ripped its way from her chest. It was loud and ugly because he was gone but the kick on he stomach made her stand.

She scrambled up fast. Her legs shook.

No time.

She had to keep going. She had to live. For her baby.

She ran until the terrible sounds of the battle were small. They were just an echo behind her.

Finally, she stumbled into the deep forest and leaned against a giant oak tree. She slid down the bark. She gasped for air again and again.

She shut her eyes, trying to clear the black spots from her vision.

When she opened her eyes again, she looked back the way she came.

Through the gaps in the trees, she saw it. The orange light.

It was not just a fire. It was the glow of all her people. Her home. Her pack's houses. Everything she knew was being destroyed. Annihilated.

She did not cry this time. She only watched the light die.

The small silence did not last.



The pain came again. It was worse than before. It was a crushing, tearing pain that started low and gripped her whole middle.

The world went white.

The woman fell to her knees. She grabbed the rough bark of the tree.

“No,” she whispered. “Not now.”

But her body did not listen.

Her water broke. It was a sudden, warm flood. It poured down her legs and soaked the cold mud beneath her.

She was alone.

There was no one to help her. No doctor, no midwife, no packmate.

Just her, the dark woods, and the cold earth.

She crawled away from the tree. She found a small, dry patch under some thick bushes. She lay down on the dead, damp leaves.

She screamed in her head, but she knew she could not scream out loud. The enemy might still be near.

She bit down hard. She sank her teeth into the thick flesh of her own forearm. She bit until she tasted blood. The pain in her arm was a small distraction from the crushing pain in her belly.

She pushed with all the strength she had left. She pushed again and again, with long, deep grunts. Time stopped.

It felt like forever. It felt like dying.

Then, she heard a sound.

It was not a scream of pain. It was a new sound. It was tiny. It was loud. It was absolutely furious.

She stopped pushing. She stared down at the small, wet body between her legs.

A son.

He was bloody and covered in mud. He was crying hard.

His life was a tiny, bright light in all the darkness.

She wrapped her thin, torn shift around him. She held him tightly against her racing heart.

Exhaustion swept over her. She was cold and weak. She lay back against the leaves, holding her son.

She looked over the top of his head, toward the red glow of the dying fires. The place where her pack used to be. The place where her life used to be.

It was not sadness. It was something else.

She held her son tightly. She rocked him, slow and quiet. She spoke to the night, to the empty woods, making a vow.

“They took everything,” she whispered. Her voice was flat and hard.

She kissed the top of the baby’s tiny head.

“I will not forget this night,” She promised. “I will have revenge.”

## **Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 96**

Astor’s Pov...

The Australian sun beat down, deep inside Alpha Matthew’s hidden home. It wasn’t a fancy place, just a simple, strong house built into the side of a rocky hill. It was surrounded by the harsh beauty of the outbacks. No one knew I was here. No one knew my father and Alpha Matthew were once as close as brothers.

I even made sure to cover every step, every trail and I didn’t even tell my mate where I was going.

Alpha Matthew sat across from me, his face lined with age but his eyes sharp, like a hawk watching its prey. He’d offered me a glass of water, but it sat untouched. My hands were shaking too much to hold it steady.

“I knew this day would come, Astor,” he said, his voice low and steady, pulling me from my swirling, anxious thoughts. “Our past is coming back to haunt us.”

My throat felt tight, dry. “Then tell me,” I managed to rasp out, the words barely a whisper. ” Is Kyle really the heir of the Fallen pack?” Every part of me, every fiber of my being, wanted him to say no. To tell me it was a mistake on my part.

Alpha Matthew’s steady gaze never moved from my face. “Yes,” he stated, the single word a hammer blow to my chest, stealing the air from my lungs.

A cold dread spread through me, making my skin prickle. “But how?” I whispered, my voice barely there. “No one survived. The Fallen pack was wiped out. Everyone died.”

nobody doesn’t know about the Fallen pack and least of all me because our pack was involved in that m\*\*\*\*\*e.

He leaned forward slightly, his next words softer, almost gentle, but no less impactful. “The Luna. She was never found. And she was pregnant.”

I already knew that but people claimed that she may have thrown herself in the lake to avoid being brutally murdered.

“There’s more,” Alpha Matthew continued, his voice dropping to a near whisper, as if the very walls themselves had ears. “The previous Alpha of the Crescent pack, he was mated and married to a woman who wasn’t his true mate. Everyone knew that. It was an open secret. But there were always whispers, rumors. That he had found his true mate, but kept her a secret. Hidden away. A mistress. No one knew who she was, where she came from. It was all very carefully hidden.”

I stared at him, trying to piece everything together.

“The biggest shock,” he went on, his eyes growing distant as he recalled the past, “was when he named his step-son as his heir. Not his own blood, not even a child from his official mate, but a boy who wasn’t truly his. This was kept a deep secret, hidden from most of the pack, especially the lower ranks who only knew the official story.”

My head was spinning, like a top losing control. A step-son as heir? It was unheard of but it explains why I couldn’t find out the reason why he was named the alpha of the Crescent pack since he had no blood relation with the previous Alpha.

“But here’s the crucial part, Astor,” Alpha Matthew said, his eyes drilling into mine again, bringing me back to the present, to the harsh reality. “The few people who did meet his mistress, the ones who were close enough to know, they described her. Exactly. Like the Luna of the Fallen pack.”

The puzzle pieces slammed together in my mind, forming a picture of terrifying clarity.

“He wants revenge,” I breathed out, the words tasting like ash in my mouth. My hands clenched into fists, my body rigid with the shock of it all. “Kyle, he wants revenge for his family. For the Fallen pack.”

So this was not just about my mate but it was bigger than that.

Alpha Matthew nodded slowly, a grim acceptance on his face that only deepened the lines around his mouth. “And he has every right to take it.” He paused, then his expression hardened, becoming cold and stark. “What happened was terrible and it shaped our history forever but his father was simply not a victim, Astor. He is becoming the exact same monster as his father. Worse, perhaps.”

“We all know why the Fallen pack had to be destroyed” Alpha Matthew asked, his voice now taking on a stern, almost angry edge. “They were not innocent. They were evil beings. Obsessed with black magic. They took help from dark witches, killed other werewolves, used them for their dark rituals, their bloodthirsty experiments.”

I shook my head, my chest aching. “But... you destroyed a whole pack! Innocent kids, Matthew! What about them?” The thought of children being massacred, it was barbaric, unforgivable.

The worst part is that my own father was a part of it.

Alpha Matthew’s gaze sharpened, piercing through my indignation, through my righteous anger. “Don’t judge, Astor, unless you have been in that position. Unless you have faced such darkness and seen it threaten everything you hold dear. Unless you have watched it devour those you love.” He leaned back in his chair, a heavy sigh escaping him, laced with years of burden. “And now, look at what is happening to the Crescent pack. They have resorted to the exact same ways as the Fallen pack. History is repeating itself, Astor, but with your people now on the other side of the blade.”

He looked away for a moment, his jaw tight, before finally meeting my eyes again. His gaze held a deep, unshakeable sorrow. “Werewolves are being massacred in large numbers. From different packs. Not just Crescent wolves. Pups are being kidnapped, Astor. Tiny, innocent pups. For God knows what twisted, evil purpose. And women... women are being raped and forced to breed creatures. With the help of witches. Dark magic, just like the Fallen pack.”

My daughter.

“My daughter,” I said, the words a strained whisper, a strangled plea that barely made it past my lips. “He has my daughter, Matthew. God knows what he has done to her. What he is doing to her right now!” The fear, cold and sharp as a knife, clawed at my chest, tearing at my insides. I imagined her innocent face, her bright, trusting eyes, now twisted by terror, by pain. I clenched my fists so hard my nails dug into my palms.

“I have to find her,” I told him, my voice gaining a desperate urgency, a raw, primal need. “I have to find my daughter. And we have to stop Kyle.”

Alpha Matthew watched me, his face etched with a profound sorrow, a knowing sadness that chilled me to the bone. “Astor,” he said, his voice grave, heavy with grim truth, “I hope with all my heart you find your daughter alive. Truly, I do.” He paused, letting the grim reality of his

words sink in, allowing the silence to stretch and weigh us down. “But when it comes to stopping Kyle... to stopping a monster like him, you will have to become a monster yourself, Astor. You will have to be willing to destroy and m\*\*\*\*\*e the whole Crescent pack. Every last one of them, if that’s what it takes. And you will have to live with that decision, Astor. Every single day for the rest of your life.”

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 97

Faith’s Pov

The cold sweat was the first thing I noticed, clinging to my skin, making my nightshirt very damp and wet. A monster of a headache hammered behind my eyes, each thump echoing the frantic beat of my heart. I shot upright in bed, gasping, my lungs burning as if I’d been running for miles.

That dream, it wasn’t just a dream. It felt like I had been there, every chill, every scream, every desperate plea. My body ached and I was exhausted.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to push away the lingering images, the sense of dread that still clung to me like a second skin. It had been emotionally and physically draining, a vivid, horrifying replay of something I couldn’t quite understand.

Just as I was trying to calm down, my phone buzzed on the nightstand. I grabbed it, my fingers trembling. It was Astor. A wave of relief washed over me as I answered.

“Heyy. I hope I didn’t wake you?” his voice was a warm rumble, a balm to my frazzled nerves.

“You did but it’s okay” I mumbled, trying to sound normal, trying to hide the tremor in my voice.

“Just wanted to let you know I arrived safely. Is everything okay there? Did Kyle call?”

My jaw tightened. “Yes, he called. Just to make fun of me, of course. He taunted me but didn’t say anything useful.” The bitterness in my voice was hard to miss.

Astor sighed, a deep, weary sound. “I know you’re scared and worried but I don’t believe he would intentionally tell you about our child if the child was already dead or something like that. He needs something from you and the only way to get it is if our daughter is alive.”

“I don’t even want to think about our child being harmed in any way.” The thought alone sent a fresh wave of nausea through me. My heart squeezed until it ached.

“Faith, darling, I know it’s hard,” he said, his voice softening, but still with a firm undertone. “But we have to be prepared for anything when it comes to Kyle.”

His words, though meant to prepare me, felt like a punch to the gut. My heart splintered a little more. Prepared for anything? That meant even the worst possible outcome. Tears pricked at my eyes, but I blinked them back fiercely. I couldn’t go there. Not now. I needed to change the subject, fast.

“I had another dream” I blurted out, my voice thick. “It was just like the one about those children dying. The same overwhelming sadness, the same feeling of helpless terror.”

“Another one?” His tone sharpened, no longer trying to soothe, but alert. “Can you please explain it to me, Faith.”

I took a deep breath, trying to recall the details through the fog of my headache. I told him everything I could remember.

There was a long silence on his end. Judging by his silence, I could tell he may have an idea what the dream was about, but he didn’t tell me.

His words, when they came, were measured, almost too carefully neutral. “I don’t understand it either, Faith. We will talk when I come back. But listen to me very carefully: do not tell anybody that you’ve been having dreams that can tell the past and the future.”

My brow furrowed in confusion. “But if you don’t understand it either, how can you tell that the dream I had is the past or the future?” I pressed, a new fear beginning to blossom in my chest. He was holding something back.

“We will talk, Faith,” he simply repeated, dodging the question. “Just promise me you won’t tell anyone.”

“Okay, I promise,” I said, a sense of unease settling over me. I knew he was hiding something big. “How’s Marco? And Isabella?” he quickly moved on.

“Marco is fine. And Isabella is okay too, don’t worry.” I said because I know that he wanted to ask about his daughter as well.

“I love you, Faith. I’ll be home soon.”

“I love you too,” I whispered, and the call disconnected.

Silence filled the room once more, but it wasn’t peaceful. It was heavy, laden with questions. I flopped back onto my pillows, clutching my phone.

‘What’s going on? Why am I having these dreams?’ I asked my wolf. The raw fear of my earlier dream was quickly being replaced by a desperate need for answers.

‘We have extraordinary powers, Faith’ her voice rumbled deep within me.

My breath hitched. “Extraordinary powers?” My mind raced. If I could see the past and the future, maybe- maybe I could have a dream about where our daughter is. A premonition, a vision, anything that could lead me to her. “Can we— can we try to find her? Can you make me dream about her location?” The hope build in me.

‘No, Faith’ she responded, her voice tinged with a deep, ancient sadness. ‘I cannot detect which premonition or dream you get, and when you get it. These visions come when they are needed, not when we command them.’

My heart sank, the flicker of hope dwindling. But then, a new resolve hardened within me. If I couldn’t control it, I could at least understand it. I needed to know more about us. About the White Wolf.

I threw off the covers, ignoring the throbbing in my head. A cold shower did little to soothe my nerves, but it woke me up. Dressing quickly, my mind already made up, I headed straight for the pack library. It was an old, quiet place, filled with the scent of aged paper and forgotten stories.

usually nobody came here so there was only a guard outside who didn’t pay me any attention other than bowing. I walked past rows of fiction, past history, until I found myself in the section labeled ‘Mythology and Folklore’. My fingers ran over them, searching. It took some time, but eventually, I found them. Books on ancient wolf legends, on Lycanthrope lore, and finally, a few very old, very thick volumes that specifically mentioned the ‘White Wolf’

I pulled out a stack, my heart thrumming with a mixture of fear and excitement. Finding a secluded table in the farthest corner, I opened the first book.

The powers of a White Wolf Luna, the ability to heal with a touch, to influence elements, to communicate with all creatures, to possess foresight and retrospection. The books spoke of a spiritual connection to the moon, a rare and powerful lineage.

I was completely flabbergasted by what the books said I was capable of. My mouth hung open, my eyes wide as I devoured the information. It was like reading about a mythological goddess, not about me.

I was so engrossed, so utterly lost in the ancient texts, that I didn’t hear them approach.

“So it was always true” I looked up, bewildered, to see my parents standing over me, their faces etched with a mixture of fear and curiosity.

“What?”

I was expecting an answer from them but my father literally snatched the books from me and looked at me with eyes that looked like they could bury me to the ground.

don't do this especially somewhere public like this." he said but one I didn't even know they were still here and two I don't understand what I did wrong.

I guess it's time you finally know why we gave you away and exchanged you with Alice at birth."

## Alpha's Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 98

The world tilted. My breath caught, sharp and painful in my chest. Shock, cold and heavy, settled over me, making my limbs feel like lead. I stared at them, my parents. Always surprising me because just when I think they can't go any lower in hurting me they make sure that they break that record.

"No," I whispered, the sound raw and fragile. It was barely a breath. "This... this isn't real. Is this some kind of joke?" I wanted them to tell me it was all a terrible, cruel prank. "Because if it is, it's not funny. It's really not funny."

My mother took a step closer. Her hand was trembling slightly as she reached out towards me, a silent offer of comfort. The thought of her touch, after what they had just said, sent a shiver of revulsion down my spine.

"Don't!" I choked out, recoiling sharply. I took a hurried step back. "Don't touch me. Just stop.

"Faith, we know," my mother began, her voice cracking. "We know you think we hate you. But we don't. We never did. We did everything we could, sweetheart, everything we possibly could to protect you."

Protect me? The words were a bitter insult. My heart, already in pieces, shattered further.

"That's why," my father continued, his voice rough with emotion, "that's why we had to work with Alice's biological mother. Who raised you. We exchanged you at birth. To keep you safe." This cannot be real.

"Protect me?" I finally found my voice, but it was thick with tears and disbelief. "Protect me from what? What could have been so bad that you gave me away? Like I meant nothing? Like I was just a package to be swapped?" The words burned my throat, hot with betrayal. The ache in my chest was so intense.



My parents did this. My own mother and father.

My father swallowed hard, his gaze dropping to the floor. "Faith, please. Sit down."

"No," I snapped, my voice gaining strength with my rising anger. "I prefer to stand. I prefer to know why my entire existence has been a lie while I'm standing up."

my childhood and my paternity was already a lie that I had to live with but now I have to live with the fact that my own parents didn't want me.

He didn't argue. Both of them, with heavy sighs, sat down on the library chairs. They looked at me, waiting. The silence stretched, thick and suffocating. My legs were starting to tremble because of the shock so I sat on a chair across from them. "Continue," I demanded.

My father looked up, his eyes meeting mine. They were filled with a haunted sadness I'd never seen before. "Just before your birth, Faith," he began, his voice barely above a whisper, "we had to do something- something very bad. Something we will take to our graves."

My mind latched onto one word. "We?" I interrupted, leaning forward, my heart pounding.

Who's 'we'?"

He flinched, as if the question physically pained him. "Me," he said, his gaze distant, "and a few other alphas. We were chosen by the Alpha King himself."

Chosen? By the King? My brain struggled to make sense of it. "Chosen for what?" I pressed, urgency in my voice. "What was this 'bad thing' you did?"

He shook his head, a resolute look on his face. "That, my dear, is something you will never know. It's too dangerous. It's best you never know."

The refusal only fueled my frustration, but I could see the finality in his expression. I hated it. Hated being kept in the dark but I held my tongue, wanting the truth more than I wanted that particular secret.

He continued, his voice now a low rumble. "From that day, I already knew our lives would never be the same. We constantly had to look over our shoulders, always waiting for something to happen. We thought it was over. We truly did." He paused, taking a shaky breath. "Until your mother fell pregnant with you."

My mother reached for his hand, clutching it tightly. Her gaze was on me, pleading for understanding.

"The royal seer," my father went on, "she warned us. She said a war was coming. A terrible war. Nobody would be able to stop it. It would claim lives, countless lives. But in the middle of it

all... a white wolf Luna would be born. Born to stop it. To bring peace.” His voice dropped, heavy with dread. “But in order to succeed- she would have to die.”

A white wolf Luna. Die. The words hung in the air, cold and deadly. My mind raced as I took it all in.

”

“We wanted to know who it was,” my father continued, his voice now thick with emotion. Who was this wolf? And in private, the seer, she told us.” He squeezed my mother’s hand.” She told us it was you, Faith. Our daughter.”

The air in the room seemed to vanish. My breath hitched. It was like I’d been punched, right in the gut. I already knew the direction the story was going into but it was hard to swallow.

“We were devastated,” my mother whispered, her voice a broken sob. “Nobody wants their child to die for a cause. No matter how good it is. We couldn’t, we couldn’t let that happen.”

I stared at them, my vision blurring. I was shocked to silence and I couldn’t react.

“It would have been better,” my father said, his voice raw, “if your mother had miscarried. But it was already too late. You were too far along, and something like that- it would have killed her too.” He closed his eyes for a moment, as if battling a terrible memory.

but that is just him telling me that I was never meant to be born and they wanted me gone.

“So we researched. We researched everything we could about the white wolf. How to make sure she never shifted, never gained her powers. We found ancient books, forgotten prophecies. They all claimed the same thing: a white wolf can only shift, can only fully gain its powers, when it’s on its own pack land, after finding it’s mate. Where it’s meant to be Luna.

“And unfortunately,” he continued, his voice heavy with despair, “the prophecy had already suggested something else. Something else that made our hearts sink. Your true mate was Astor. And it was impossible to keep you away from him because we are very close allies and sooner or later the two of you would have to meet. ”

“We knew,” my father finished, his voice a broken whisper. “We knew you were going to shift into your true form if you stayed with us. But we had to keep you away and keep you safe and alive. So we made the decision. To exchange you at birth. The day you were born.”

## **Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 99**

Faith's Pov

"You are the most despicable people I have ever seen " I said and my voice was shaky at first, but it grew stronger with every memory that flashed through my mind. "My whole life, I've been abused. My whole life, I've been insecure, scared, unwanted and unloved."

My mother's face, usually so composed, flickered with something I couldn't quite name. My father looked grim. "Faith," he started, his voice a low rumble, "all we ever did was try to protect you."

I let out a harsh laugh. It wasn't a happy sound; it was bitter, full of years of resenting them. "Protect me? Stop your nonsense!" I shot back, my voice rising. "If you were protecting me, if that's all you ever wanted, then why did you bring me back here? Why was it suddenly okay for me to be mated to Astor?"

They exchanged a look, a silent conversation passing between them that only made my blood boil more. My mother finally spoke, her voice strained. "We had no choice, Faith."

"No choice?" I scoffed. "You had a choice. You had a choice the day I was born. You had the choice to keep your own daughter. copied from jo\_bn-ib::c:o:m To raise me, to protect me. Even if a little bit of whatever prophecy nonsense you're spouting is true, you could have protected me then. But you didn't. You chose to abandon me. You gave me away like I was nothing, like I was some broken toy you didn't want to touch." The pain of that abandonment, fresh and raw, ripped through me again. It felt like a physical blow, even after all these years.

My father took a step forward, his hands open as if asking me to understand. "The prophecy is very real, Faith. It's why you are a white wolf. It's why we couldn't-"

I cut him off, shaking my head. "I don't care about any of that! I don't care about prophecies or white wolves or whatever grand plan you think you're part of. All I ever cared about was being loved." My voice cracked. "Why didn't you show me any kind of love or attention when I came home? If you really wanted to protect me, the way you claim, then why did you treat me like some second-hand thing you didn't even want to touch? I did everything. I tried so hard to be good, to be useful, to earn even a flicker of your attention, but you looked at me like I was invisible. Like I simply wasn't there."

My mother's eyes dropped, but my father held my gaze. "We know we have faults, Faith. We know we made mistakes. And we're going to try and fix that. But for now, the most important thing is protecting you. Making sure nobody knows that you are the white wolf."

"Fix it?" I laughed again, a harsh, humorless sound. "It's too late to 'fix' a lifetime of neglect.

And I don't want your protection! Get out of my sight. Get out of my pack."

My father's jaw tightened. "You should stop being selfish, Faith. You need to think about your son now. You're a mother."

That was it. That was the line. My body went rigid, a cold anger replacing the burning hurt. “Don’t you dare,” I hissed, stepping closer, my eyes narrowed. “Don’t you ever tell me about being a mother. I think about my son in every single action I take. Unlike you. I would never do anything that would endanger or hurt my son. So I will not take any advice or any lessons from people who gave away their own daughter. Do you understand me?”

They stood there, silent, defeated. My father’s shoulders slumped a little. “There’s still a lot we haven’t told you, Faith.”

“Keep it,” I told them, my voice flat, empty of all emotion now. “Keep your secrets. Keep your nonsense. I’ve had enough.”

I just needed to get away, to breathe. Luckily it was still early morning so everybody was probably still asleep.

I found myself outside, near the training grounds, where a small wooden bench sat under an oak tree. I sank onto it, my arms wrapped around myself. I tried to stay strong, to keep the rigid mask on my face, but the dam had been broken. The tears spilled over, hot and unending, tracing paths down my cheeks. My shoulders shook with silent sobs. It hurt. Everything hurt. The betrayal, the abandonment, the hollow ache of a childhood ripped away. I closed my eyes, wishing I could disappear.

I somehow managed to move past that life and everything that I endured and everything was tolerable when I thought that another woman kidnapped me and basically exchanged me with her daughter because she wanted better for her daughter but not that my own parents did that to me.

Then, a small, gentle hand touched my shoulder.

I gasped, startled, and opened my eyes. Through the blur of my tears, a familiar little face looked up at me. Isabella. Her big, innocent eyes were full of concern.

“Aunty Faith?” she whispered, her voice soft. “Why are you sad?”

I quickly wiped my eyes, trying to compose myself. “Isabella? What are you doing out here? It’s still so early. Why aren’t you home?”

She tilted her head. “Mommy isn’t there. I woke up, and she wasn’t in her bed. I was looking for her.”

My heart ached for her. I reached out, pulling her gently onto my lap. She fit perfectly, a warm, small weight against me. As I held her, trying to comfort her, I inhaled and caught her scent.

It was strange. Conflicting. There was a faint familiarity to it, something that tugged at a memory I couldn’t quite place. But at the same time, something about it didn’t smell quite right. I blinked, pushing the thought away. It’s just your emotions, Faith, I told myself. You’re upset. You’re imagining things.

“You shouldn’t leave the house when your parents aren’t there, sweetie,” I murmured, stroking her hair. “Your mommy must love you very much, you know. You were probably just asleep, and she didn’t want to wake you. You should have waited for her.”

Isabella nodded, burying her face into my chest. “Okay,” she mumbled. Then, she wrapped her tiny arms around my neck, squeezing me tight.

And just like that, the world shifted. The warmth of her small hug, the innocent trust emanating from her, immediately calmed me. It was like Marco’s presence, that instant peace he brought me. For a moment, the heavy weight of my anger and sorrow lifted. I held her closer, breathing in her childhood innocence.

But the moment of peace was shattered.

“What do you think you’re doing?!”

A furious voice ripped through the quiet morning. I looked up, startled, to see Alice striding towards us, her face a mask of rage. Her eyes, usually so soft, were narrowed and fixed on me, full of a chilling accusation.

## Alpha’s Regret: Begging For My Luna Back – Chapter 100

I gently placed Isabella on her feet and she immediately ran straight into her mother’s arms.

Alice, however, did not look at her daughter. She only looked at me.

Her eyes were cold. They were full of something dark and sharp, like she was staring at her worst enemy. Her face was set in a glare and sneer that was just too uncomfortable.

“What were you doing with my daughter?” She asked trying to sound scary and dangerous with a low voice.

I took a step back. “Nothing. She found me here. She told me she woke up and you weren’t there.” I told her honestly.

Alice tightened her grip on Isabella. “I will not tolerate you trying to take my daughter from me, Faith.”

I felt my mouth drop open. “Take her? Why would I try to take your daughter? I am not trying to take anyone from anyone, Alice.”

She sneered. "You already took Astor. Now you are trying to take the only person I have left."

I couldn't help it. I rolled my eyes so hard that I saw her look at me annoyed.

"Stop with the drama, Alice," I said, my voice heavy with tiredness. "That is so ironic, coming from you. You were given everything when we were kids. Gold spoons, perfect parents. I had to grow up with a mother who hurt me every day."

I pointed a finger at her, even though I knew it was childish. "Maybe instead of crying about being a victim, you should look around and see who really stole what, and from who."

My words hit her like a rock. The anger in her eyes didn't fade, but it found a new target,

Isabella.

Alice looked down at the little girl, and my heart dropped. Isabella whimpered, a small, sad sound that felt like a tug on my very soul. That feeling, the immediate need to protect the child was strong.

"Isabella," Alice said, her voice like ice. "I never, ever want to see you with Faith again. Do you understand me?"

The little girl just nodded, hiding her face in her mother's coat.

This was too much, it was ugly and unnecessary. I decided right then that this argument was not okay for the kid. I turned my back, ready to walk away and just let the bitter silence swallow me whole.

But Alice wasn't done.

"Faith!" she called out. The sound was sharp. I stopped, but I didn't turn around.

"I will not allow you to replace Isabella with your daughter."

The world stopped.

I felt the blood drain from my face. My knees almost gave out. I stood there, frozen, listening, but hearing nothing.

What did she just say?

I didn't turn around. I couldn't. I could only stand still and let the panic sink its teeth into my heart.

My daughter.

Nobody knew. No one except Astor. He told me that we had to hide it from everyone so he wouldn't have told her.

But then how could she know?

He couldn't have told her. He knew what was at stake.

A wave of pure terror washed over me. Alice knew about her.

I started running. I didn't look back to see if Alice was watching. I just ran straight home.

The second I crashed through my front door, I grabbed my cell phone. My hand was shaking so badly that it took three tries to press Astor's number.

I put the phone to my ear, listening to the ringing, ringing, ringing. He didn't answer.

My panic went from a cold knot to a full-blown firestorm. I started pacing in the kitchen, circling the coffee table like a trapped animal. I needed answers now. I needed him and he needs to know about her.

He's not answering, he's not answering.

Just as I was about to scream, the phone vibrated in my hand. Astor was calling back. I snatched it up before the first ring finished.

"Astor! Thank God!" I practically screamed into the receiver. "Alice knows. She knows where our daughter is! She just said it to my face!"

Silence. Absolute, deafening quiet on the other end of the line. It felt like hours, but it was probably only a few seconds.

Then, his voice came through calm and collected making me feel like a psycho.

"Faith. Stop being paranoid."

The floor disappeared beneath me. "What?" I whispered. The word was raw, scraped out of my throat.

"You must be stressed," Astor continued, his voice heavy with pity that felt like a slap. "You're starting to suspect everyone. Alice can't do something like that. She doesn't know anything, darling."

I felt the breath leave my lungs. He was choosing Alice. He was choosing to believe her even before I told him the reason for my suspicion over me, over his own child's safety.

My heart shattered. I didn't need to explain anything. The realization that I was alone was clearer than any answer he could have given me.

I don't know why this comes as a surprise because he has done it time and again and I still can't get my brain and heart to learn.

Before I could hear another word of his pity and denial, I hit the 'End' button.

The phone dropped to the carpet. The silence of the house was huge. I sank down against the wall, pulling my knees up to my chest.

He didn't believe me. He won't help me. it's quite clear that he isn't willing to find his daughter as much as I am because if he was then he wouldn't care who I was suspecting.

A slow, cold fury started to take the place of my fear. Alice knew. I didn't misunderstand her and I definitely did not hear wrong because I am not paranoid.

I stood up, wiping the tears of betrayal from my cheeks.

I swore it right there, out loud. I will make Alice talk. I will find my daughter.

With or without Astor. I can do this alone.