

# Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

## Chapter 16

[/ Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess](#)

Another two months later.

Today was the day, the last inspection to say whether or not all our hard work had paid off.

Macey, Zoe, and I watched as Valarie talked to the health and safety inspector from the balcony.

He had walked around the entire building with his measuring tape and torch, his clipboard tucked

under his arm and pen behind his ear as he went over every nook and cranny in this place.

We secretly called him the birdman. His nose looked more like a beak, his beady little eyes too far apart. Macey snorts when a gust of wind has him clutching his toupee. It was chocolate brown and not even close to the greying on the sides of his head. Valarie watched over his shoulder as he wrote on his clipboard on the front lawn, giving the place one last scrutinizing look before shaking his head in disbelief.

He tears off the piece of paper and hands it to Valarie, who stares at it. He walks over to his red sedan and climbs in while Valarie stares at the form.

"Come on, we should go see what birdman says needs doing this time," says Macey. Zoe and I went to retrieve our kids from our room, who played happily in their playpen with their blocks.

Scooping up Valerian, I set his feet on the ground, and we carefully walked down the steps to the ground floor. He started walking earlier than expected. Last month he just stood up and took his first steps. He was pretty smart for his age.

Valarie is still standing in the yard, staring up at the Hotel. As we approached her, a look, I couldn't decipher painted her face.

“He said four rogue women would never accomplish anything on our own without help, ladies,”  
Valarie says, and I sigh, wondering what he has told her needs fixing.

We stop beside her and look back at the huge building. No more peeling paint, the exterior white with blue and light grey trims, the hedges cut to perfection, the roof painted a deep grey, flowers hung from the top, and flowers along the hand railings. It looked like a brand new place.

I lost track of the number of times doubts rained down on us, but now standing out the front looking upon the building a year later. I realized all the blood, sweat, tears, and frustration, and anger when people refused to help, were all worth it. Four rogue women with no future, no help, and just pure determination gave this run-down Hotel a new life.

Every callous, every blister, every cut and graze was all worth it, every sleepless night. It all paid off, and seeing the look on Valarie’s face was priceless. She was a tough woman, with an even tougher exterior, yet not even she could hide her emotion as we stared at what we accomplished.

“So, what’s the verdict?” I ask, staring at our hard work.

“The verdict, ladies, is we are now open for business,” Valarie says casually.

“Well, we will get it done. We can-” Macey starts to say before stopping. I look at Valerie, her lips tugging up at the corners, and Macey looks around me at her. It took a few seconds for her words to register.

“Wait, you said?” Macey asks before stopping.

“I said we are open for business, we did it, girls,” Valarie says, and we all erupt in squeals of joy, jumping up and down excitedly. Macey Howls loudly, and we join her.

It must have been a sight from the road to see four women standing near the road howling at the sun and cheering, but we didn’t care. We did it. We did the impossible. But most of all, we proved to ourselves that we could do anything with a bit of determination and probably stubbornness, hard work. We had proven to everyone who said it was impossible that they were wrong and that we were

more than just four rogue whores with an unrealistic idea. That unrealistic idea was now real and standing in front of us, showing us we were capable of so much more than anyone believed of us.

Laughing and walking back to celebrate with the kids, we talked about advertising and hiring. I had an idea. I ran that idea past Valarie last month, and now we only needed a chef for the restaurant when things kicked off.

Four rogue single mothers made this place what it is, so sticking to that, we decided that everyone we hired would be rogue women. A hotel owned and run by rogues, the cities less desirable. Valarie loved the idea, so Macey, Zoe, and I went to every community center and put out word last month that Valarie was hiring.

The next day the lineup went halfway down the street. It was hard work interviewing everyone, but once we opened, we had fifty staff on rotational shifts. All that was needed was a head chef.

But for now, Valarie and I would have to make do, Valarie was an excellent cook and had been teaching me, and that would have to be good enough until we find someone. Walking into the restaurant, Valarie walks out back to grab a bottle of wine while I hold the glasses

Hearing a cough, I pause, looking out the doors leading to the storerooms.

"Are you okay, Val?" I ask before I hear more coughing.

"Val?" I ask while walking into the storerooms. I see Valarie hunched over, having a coughing fit,

the worst one I had seen her have as she gasped for air. The wine glasses slipped from my hands, shattering on the tiled floor when I saw her collapse.

It was like watching everything in slow motion as I saw her clutch the steel shelf, her hand

covered in blood. Valarie turns to look at me, no doubt to tell me not to worry when she coughs

again. Blood sprays from her lips and dribbles down her chin as her eyes glazed over, and she

was falling, her skin pasty and covered in a cold sweat. I screamed as I saw her tumble to the

floor as I raced toward her trying to get to her in time, but she crashed against the floor.

"Valarie : "I shriek as I clutch her, her hand weakly grabbing my arm as I pull her head into my lap.

"Call an ambulance," I scream out. Valarie starts choking, her hand clutching my arm as I turn her head so she doesn't choke on her own blood while she gasps for breath.

"Hang on, Val, help is coming, "I tell her as Zoe races in, grabbing Valarie as he walks out and

nearly walks over the broken glass. Zoe holds both babies, clutching them as she looks on in

horror as Valarie lay gasping for air. Macey is talking frantically on the phone to

emergency  
services while I look down at her in my arms.  
"It's okay, you'll be okay," she says as she gasps. Tears stream down my face as I hold her hands.  
Holding the hands of the woman who had the biggest heart in the world. I admired her strength,  
a woman I saw bigger than life and gave me a home. My heart broke when she squeezed my  
arm, trying to comfort me even though she was the one that needed comforting.  
"They will be here in twenty minutes. They are flat out," Macey says, pacing. Twenty minutes? I  
knew it would be because she is rogue; no one cares for rogues, not even the health system.  
Valarie turns her face to look up at me and smiles sadly.  
"Where is Valerian?" She gasps, barely audible, and I look over at Zoe.  
"He's here," I tell her. Macey grabs him bringing him over so she can see him. Macey stops next  
to her, kneeling next to us.  
"He looks so much like his father," Valarie tells me; I nod, wiping the tears that were dripping off  
my chin.  
Valerian pats her arm, not understanding, and Valarie smiles. I move her hand for her so she can  
touch his little foot that was beside her, she closes her eyes, and I see a tear slip down her cheek.  
"I am so proud of you girls," Valarie croaks out, and we all nod, all of us crying and blubbering  
messes as we watch one of the most inspirational women we know suffer.  
"Don't speak like that, you will be fine. Help is on the way." I tell her. Valarie coughs; more blood  
spills from her lips that were a bluish tinge. Zoe hands me some paper towels, I wipe her mouth  
with shaky hands.  
"Not this time Evie" She replies. My lips quiver, and my heart breaks at her words because deep  
down, I knew it: I just didn't want her to go. I knew I should have pushed harder for her to see  
the doctor. Biting down on my lip to try to stop it from trembling.  
"Listen to me, Evie, I need you to promise," she says, and I shake my head.  
"I will listen when you're better, then you can tell me, then I will promise you anything." I tell her.  
"Look after my grandson for me, you promise me that, you promise not to let my son break you  
like his father did me" She gasps.  
"What?" I choked out while trying to hold it together and failing terribly.  
"The eyes, he has my son's eyes, you look after him for me. You fight for him, promise you will  
fight for both of them," She says before coughing and sputtering. She grabs my hand harder as  
her body starts heaving violently.  
"Shh, shh, hold on, Val," I tell her, hugging her and holding her when she stops, her body  
expelling what little air was left in her lungs, blood splattering across my shirt and arms.  
"I promise," I whisper into her hair, and I kiss her head just as I hear the sirens

racing up the street toward us. Zoe races out to get them when I feel her hand fall limp on my arm, and I know she is gone. Her head rolled in my arms, falling back, pulling away I looked down at her. Her face was slack, and the color had gone as she lay limp in my arms. Paramedics rush in with Zoe, who stops in the doorway, and I look at her and shake my head. The paramedics race to work on her. I got out of their way and took Valerian from Macey as we watched helplessly while they tried to revive her. Ten minutes they worked on her, and I handed Valerian to Macey she followed Zoe out and to our room to comfort her. A few minutes later, a man rushes in wearing a tailored suit. I knew instantly it was her mate. He stops in the doorway, and I immediately see the resemblance between him and Valen's, his son. That was also when I noticed his amber eyes were the same as Valerian's. He stood there staring down at her as they kept trying to revive her. Eventually, they stopped. There was no bringing her back. He falls to his knees, clutching his dark hair and falling apart. He did this; this was his fault. I knew I didn't have to tell him because he knew it too. I watched as he broke and felt nothing but numb. Valarie gave me so much and had been my rock for so long. Now she was gone because of the man falling apart in front of me. All because he refused to mark and love her. Wiping my tears, paramedics were on the phone with someone when they brought the stretcher in. I watched as they wheeled her out, thinking of what she told me and promising myself would not let him kill me as his father did her. He will not take my son as her mate did to her. I will live for Valerian; I won't let history repeat itself.

## Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

### Chapter 17

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A week later,

Alpha Kalen, Valarie's mate, stood across from me as we watched her get lowered into the ground at the rogue cemetery. Zoe and Macey stood beside me, and Macey's mother watched our kids at the Hotel for us. Four people and the tow truck driver were the only people who attended and her lawyer. I tried my best not to look at the man responsible for her death.

We all spoke, sharing our stories with Valarie; her mate said nothing and remained silent. I wondered what he was thinking. Did he hate himself as much as I hated him? To do this to such a wonderful woman angered me. The coroner said she died from organ failure caused by the mate bond; there were no other health issues or any explanations.

It pissed me off that he was healthy and alive because he was an Alpha and male, while she was dead because she was unmarked and female. It felt wrong that women die from neglect of the mate bond. It scared me because my health was already suffering, and if I wasn't careful, this could be me. When we got the report, Macey and Zoe also voiced their concerns, saying I should just mark and mate someone, so I didn't end the same way.

The coroner was shocked and said he had only seen two cases before because most people keep their mates. He also questioned and asked if we knew who the mate was to inform them. Kalen, Valarie's mate, and Valen's father said he had no idea as we sat in the office while giving me a pointed look, warning me to not say anything. That meant he saw me when I would catch him coming and going from the Hotel sneaking in like a thief in the night. I couldn't understand why he bothered coming that day if he wasn't even going to acknowledge she was his mate.

How did he explain his reasoning for being there? Though I could tell not even the coroner believed whatever bullshit Kalen fed him. I was listed as her next of kin which I was shocked about but glad to get some answers either way.

Shaking the memory away, I listen to the priest, and when the service is finished, I watch as Kalen speaks to the lawyer for a second before turning on my heel and following Macey back to her car when I hear my name being called.

"Everly? Which one of you girls is Everly?" Comes a deep voice. We all stop, and I look back at the immaculately dressed man. He was an older gentleman, around Kalen's age. Kalen's lips were pressed in a line as he followed after the lawyer jogging over to us.

"I am," I tell him. He stops holding out his hand to me, and I shake his hand while he catches his breath.

"My name is Joseph. I am Valerie's lawyer. Do you mind if I speak to you for a second?" He says, pointing over to a picnic table under the trees by the parking lot.

"Ah, yeah, sure," I tell him, wondering what he wanted.

"We will wait for you at the car, Everly," Macey calls out, and I nod, waving at her. Sitting on the bench seat. Joseph pulls some glasses from the inside pocket of his suit jacket, putting them on before digging through his briefcase. Kalen sits beside him, also curious.

"Why the girl, what does she have to do with anything?" Kalen asks.

"Just wait, please, Alpha Kalen. I will explain. About six months ago, Valarie came to see me, to change her will," Joseph says. My brows pinch together, and I look at Kalen, who was glaring at me.

"Ah, here it is, this is her current will, this is for you," He says, handing me an envelope. I noticed Valarie's handwriting, the front of the envelope read 'For Everly' Looking back at Joseph, I nodded, thinking that was it, about to get up.

"Thank you," I tell him, about to leave.

"Everly, I am not finished. Valarie was very insistent and went to a lot of trouble to make sure her will could not be contested or changed," Joseph says, looking over at Kalen.

"I am not understanding," I tell him. Joseph smiles sadly before tugging on his tie and glancing nervously at Alpha Kalen.

"I have known Valarie for thirty years and considered her a good friend, and I am aware of who you are to her, Kalen," Kalen growls, and Joseph puts a finger up, standing up to the man. I was able to see Joseph truly cared for Valarie.

"I signed a non-disclosure to not let that information out, Valarie saw to that, but since Everly here is aware of who you are and what you are to Valarie, I have not broken that or intend to, but that is why I must warn you, Kalen. If you contest this will I have here, Valarie has measures in place that if you fight Everly, it will be made public information that the Blood Alpha's father let his mate die because of her status,"

"Status? I f\*cking loved her"

"Obviously not enough to look past her being Omega," I snapped before I could stop myself.

"Don't pretend to know me, girl."

"I don't need to know you, nor do I want to, Kalen. Your actions showed me plenty of your character," I tell him, and he growls at me. Ignoring him, I turn my attention back to Joseph.

"What has this got to do with me?" I ask him. "Well, I need you to sign some documents," "What sort of documents?" I ask him. "Valarie left everything to you and your son Valerian, everything Everly. The Hotel, her bank accounts, her family's money, a considerable amount, everything she owns now belongs to you," Joseph tells me. I swallow, looking up at the tree I was sitting under and blinking back tears.

"Valarie was a very wealthy woman, Everly, and everything is now yours," Joseph says, and I sniffle. Kalen growls and punches the table. Joseph jumps when Kalen stands up before storming off toward his car. I stare after him before turning back to face the lawyer.

“Don’t worry about him, Everly. This is what Valarie wanted, and I have known Kalen for a long time. He won’t risk his reputation to fight this, so what I need from you are some signatures, ID, and bank account details,” Joseph says, handing me a pen. I take the pen from him, pointing out where to sign. When I am done, he gives me the deed to the Hotel.

“You just became the new owner of Mountain View Hotel; I look forward to seeing you accomplish great things, Everly. Valarie told me all about you and her grandson” I opened my mouth, glancing around for Kalen, he was gone already, and Joseph put a finger to his lips.

“Secret’s safe with me Everly, Valarie was a very depressed woman when I met her; in the last year, I haven’t seen her happier. You and Valerian did that,” He says, standing up. I shake his hand.

“I will bring some other paperwork over during the week,” He says, and I nod, watching him leave before looking down at the deed and the envelope in my hand. “Thank you,” I whisper to her, hoping she can hear me wherever she is. Valarie just ensured Valerian’s future, and I could never thank her enough for what she has given us, but I would trade it all in a heartbeat to have her back with us.

## Alpha’ s Regret–My Luna Has A Son

### Chapter 18

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Valen POV

#### 4 years Later

I stared at my father as he gave me one of his many lectures. It irritated me that he thought he could still dictate my life. My secretary comes in, placing a steaming cup of coffee on my desk as he droned on before handing him one. He sips it before leaning forward and putting it on my desk, the sight instantly irritating me. Two f\*cking inches away, he knows how much I hate it. I grab his mug and place it on the coaster before sitting back.

“You need to sort your life out Valen, you are getting too old to be messing around constantly with these whores you play with and getting blind drunk every night. If I had known you would be this irresponsible, I never would have handed the pack over to you,”

“My personal life is none of your business; I am a good Alpha,”

“You are a f\*cking drunk,” He bellows at me, and I smack the table with my fist. His anger instantly died down.

“I am just saying you are twenty-nine -years -old, just find some bitch and mark her so she can spit out an heir for the Pack,”

“Not happening; the only person I have kids with is my mate, “ I tell him.

“29 years, and you still haven’t found her. Give up on the idea and just choose a woman. At this rate, you will be my age by the time you have your first child Valen, this isn’t about you. It is about your pack, “ He says. My father growls at me, I lean back in my chair, grabbing the document off my desk to look at it when Marcus walks in.

Relief floods me at seeing him. He bows his head to my father. “Alpha Kalen, “ He says to his former Alpha.

“Your dismissed father, “ I tell him, wanting him gone. He was making my headache worse.

“You can’t just dis- “

“I already did, “ I tell him, cutting him off.

He rises from his chair before grabbing his mug and sculling it. He then places it down and storms out. My eyes are on the mug when Marcus moves it back onto the coaster, knowing how crazy it makes me.

“You find out why sales dropped on all our Hotels? “ I ask him, turning back to the document in my hand of the report.

“I did, and I am going to check it out myself, “ Marcus says, making me place the document down.

“Check what out?“ I ask him, confused.

“We have competition,“ Marcus says, dumping some paperwork on my desk or actually a brochure. Picking it up, I stare down at it.

“Mountainview Hotel,“ “Since when?“ I ask him.

“Look at the star rating, “ I glance down and see it has a Five-star rating, and I read some of the reviews.

“Where has this place been built?“

“That’s the thing; it has always been there, under new management apparently. And you won’t believe it.”

“Believe what?“ I ask him.

“It’s completely run by rogues,“ he answers, shocking me further.

“I have never noticed this place, and I grew up in the City, “ I tell him, not believing it is possible. Where did a rogue get enough money to own a Hotel?

"It's on the main drag, the first Hotel as you drive in from the western borders, backs onto the nature reserve," he says, but I still have no idea what he was talking about.

"F\*ck you and your silver spoon, of course; you have no idea what I am talking about, near the train station. Seeing as you have never caught public transport in your life, you would have missed it" I press my lips in a line. He was right, though. I usually stick to my own territory and hardly spend any time on the western side of the City but still, a hotel this size you would think I would notice since it was on the main street.

"Opened three and half years ago, apparently they are not only cheaper, but they have better services, and I think people are just interested in seeing a Hotel run by rogues."

"Great its a f\*cking circus for a tourist attraction, not that I have anything against rogues, I just have a hard time being f\*cking outdone by them, "

"Well, I will suss it out today, "

"Don't bother I will go, might book the Alpha meeting there. Alpha John kicked up a stink when he heard we were hosting it and wants it on neutral ground. I have another job for you anyway,"

"What's that?" he asks.

"I want you to distract my father," I tell him, and he scrunches up his face.

"Ah no, last time he gave me a tour of the city I have lived in my entire life, " Marcus says; I smirk.

"Can't I go with you?" he whines.

"No, I know he is waiting for you to leave so he can give me a lecture on creating an heir, so I need an escape, and this seems perfect," I tell him while holding up the brochure.

"I don't see why I can't come with," He says, getting up.

"Oh, and Ashley is downstairs looking for you, "

Marcus tells me.

"Ah, I never should have touched that one; she is like a leech," I groan, and Marcus laughs.

"Yeah, you have to be more careful where you stick your dick, " Marcus says.

"Get rid of her for me," I tell him, and he growls. "Why do I need to get rid of her? I didn't f\*ck her," he says.

"Fine, I will just distract my father for me so I can escape," I tell him. He leaves then mind links me when the coast is clear, something about he asked my father if he was familiar with graphs. My father was always unable to help himself when he wanted to show off his knowledge, though Marcus would give me hell later over it.

Sneaking out, I catch the lift to the ground floor before walking to the exit, only to see Ashley smile when she spots me. She flicks her blonde hair over her shoulder before pulling down her dress that had ridden up. Don't know why she bothered. I could still see the bottoms of her \*ss cheeks if she turned around.

"Valen, honey, "

"Busy, and don't call me that, " I tell her, walking past her. She grabs my hand, and I shake her off, walking out for the valet to notice me. He rushes off to get my car while I am stuck standing next to Ashley.

"Want to go out later, " She says, pawing at my shirt. I shove her hands off, and she pouts.

"What part of, I am busy, don't you understand?" I ask her, she says nothing for a few moments, and her face reddens.

"You know you don't have to be such a prick, Valen, "

"Alpha Valen, we are not familiar; just because I stuck my dick in you, don't think it means anything more than that, now get off me, " I tell her, putting distance between us.

She starts crying. I roll my eyes; this couldn't be happening. Seeing people staring, I tell her to shut up, making her cry more. The valet brings my car over, and I growl, stomping and opening the passenger side.

"Get in, and I will drive you home when I am done, " I tell her through clenched teeth, knowing she caught a cab.

She wouldn't shut up the entire time I was driving. Following the Navman, I look for this stupid Hotel. " What are you looking for?" Ashley asks, and I ignore her when I spot it. How had I never noticed it before? The place was huge, and it looked like every part of a five-star hotel.

This couldn't be owned by a rogue. The lawns and hedges were well maintained, the exterior had a very coastal tropical feel. Giant palm trees and hanging plants, well-trained vines ran along the guard rails. A colossal water fountain sat in the center of the car park. Getting out, I look at Ashley quickly.

"Stay here, I will be back in a minute," I tell her. Ashley nods to me and pulls her phone out. I slam my door a little too hard.

Walking around, I looked at the place. The restaurant was packed, every seat is taken, waiters were inside serving guests. The food smelt divine, and I growled in annoyance before opening the restaurant door. I could hear people in the back of the kitchen singing happy birthday, and those eating at the tables had all stopped to sing along when a woman brought a cake out placing it on a table, all the staff singing behind her as they followed.

Her scent instantly hit my nostrils as they sang happy birthday to a girl that looked younger than her. My entire body locked up in shock and all I could do was stare at the woman who had her arms wrapped around the girl whose birthday it was.

Mate, my skin was buzzing, my heart beat faster, and I wanted to claim her, not even caring for the people around.

My entire body calls me toward the petite woman. Her uniform indicated she was some kind of manager here, and her hair was pulled in a bun on her head, showing off her neck where I wanted to sink my teeth.

Everyone cheered as the younger girl blew out the candles when the singing was done.

"Oh, we need napkins," I hear my mate's melodious voice. I was entranced by her; my mouth watered as I watched her walk away and back into the kitchen.

She was a little skinny, but I would fix that, she also looked tired, but she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

Walking over to an older woman, I tap her on the shoulder. She glances at me briefly before looking back down.

"Can I help you, Alpha?" She asks, picking up my aura.

"Yes, that woman that walked out the back to get napkins, "

"Everly, Sir. How can I help you, " She says, standing up to look at me from cutting the cake.

Her eyes dart to mine, and she steps back, bumping into the table and the younger girl, who then looks at me. Her eyes go wide, and she clutches the woman's arm. The fear on both their faces was evident. I knew I was feared, but I did nothing, only asked a simple question. They acted like I was about to go on some killing spree. My reputation was terrible, but I wasn't expecting such fear from two women I had never met before. "Zoe, go check on Everly," the woman says. Everly, why did her name sound so familiar to me?

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## Chapter 19

/ Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess  
Everly POV

I watched Zoe blow out her candles. Today was her 21st birthday, and I was blessed to call her one of my best friends. She is more like a sister to me. Zoe and Macey filled the places where my family should have been, but now I was happy with how far we all had come; we didn't need anyone; we only needed each other.

"Happy 21st," I whisper to her, giving her a hug after setting the cake down.

"Oh, we need napkins," I tell Zoe before rushing off back to the kitchen. I go into the storeroom, grabbing a box of refills down and pulling a handful out before placing the box on the shelf. Just as I walk back out, Zoe rushes into the kitchen, her face pale and a look of horror on her face. She smacks straight into me before grabbing my arms.

"What is it? What happened?" I ask her, looking around for what scared her. When she didn't answer, I went to walk past her to investigate myself. It must be bad for her not to be able to tell me. Zoe feared nothing these days she had come out of her shell, but something happened for her to be such a nervous wreck.

"You can't go out there, " She exclaims, gripping my arms and pulling me away from the door just as I was about to step out into the Restaurant. I hear

Macey talking behind me in the Restaurant.

"Sir, you can't go back there, " I hear her call to someone.

"What happened?" I ask her.

"Zoe?" Gripping her arms when her eyes go wide as she stares over my shoulder. I got the feeling that who she feared was right behind me; only a second later, I stood up straight, his scent wafting to me, and Zoe's eyes darted to mine.

My face must mirror the same horror hers do because she grabs my hands, squeezing them. I close my eyes, willing myself not to break. He will not break me. He does that nearly every night; I live with it. I won't give him the satisfaction of seeing it.

"Your name is Everly, right?" I fight the urge to shiver hearing his voice. F\*cking mate bond, it's bad enough it tortures me; why does it have to affect me this way, every piece of me wanting to throw myself in his arms despite the fact he nearly ruined me. The bond wanted that, not me. I was in control, I fought it this long, and I didn't work this hard for everything to unravel right now.

"Yes, how may I help you, Alpha Valen?" I ask, turning around. My lungs compressed at the sight of him, he was gorgeous, and he f\*cking knew he was, which just enraged me. Tall, dark, and handsome. What is it with men? They grow older, manlier, and more handsome while women just f\*cking age?

Damn, my inner monologue was out of whack today, f\*ck, was taking up a good chunk of my vocabulary.

"You know my name and who I am?" he asks.

"I also know what you are too, so how may I help you?" I asked him. I was impressed with how calm I sounded, despite screaming internally and wanting to run.

He blows out a breath and runs a hand through his hair before scratching his neck. He looks back out to the Restaurant.

"How old are you?" he asks.

"Old enough to know you are my mate if that's what you are wondering," I tell him. Didn't I know it? Five years of agony because I knew.

He seemed taken aback by my tone, yet I hated him despite the feeling vibrating through the bond that wasn't even forged yet. I hated what he put me through, hated how he hung up when I tried to tell him I was pregnant and laughed at me, saying he would never f\*ck a seventeen-year-old. Well, f\*cker, you did! And she raised your son herself, not that I would tell him that. Valerian is my world, and we don't need him in our lives.

I step past him and back into the Restaurant, managing to avoid his hand as he tries to touch me.

"Can we talk?" he asks. He looks nervous. I got the inkling that he didn't struggle this much with women; he clearly wasn't expecting it from his mate.

"We just did. Nice chat. Macey will escort you out," I tell him, pointing to Macey while I checked the dessert displays and grabbed a knife.

"Look, I know this came as a bit of shock, but I."

"But you what? Thought I would run off into the sunset with you, be dying for you to mark me, ah no thanks. The door is just behind you, if you just turn around, you shouldn't miss it, but in case you do, there is a green sign above it saying exit," I tell him.

"Wow, you are a real piece of f\*cking work," He snaps.

"Well, unless you are here for a specific reason that isn't about being my mate, then get out,"

"Actually, I came here for a reason," He mutters while looking around. We had managed to draw half the Restaurant's attention, though we talked rather quietly. I knew it was his aura. As soon as I dismissed him, he got his hackles up and spilled it out.

"I need to speak to the manager about holding the annual Alpha meeting here," He says before pulling a brochure from his pocket.

"Don't you have your own Hotels to do that at?" I ask him.

"I have been asked to hold it on neutral territory," "Well, we are fully booked," I tell him.'

"I didn't even give you the date," He snaps.

"I know, but whatever date it is, the place is fully booked, and if it isn't, I will make sure it is," I tell him, placing the cutting knife and napkins on the table next to Zoe's birthday cake.

"I want to speak to the manager," He says, following me around.

"You're speaking to her," I tell him, clearing the table and walking back out to the kitchen. I scraped the plates before placing them in the sink and turning around, only to almost run into him as he was standing so close. I step back.

"Then I want to speak to the owner," "You're looking at her," I tell him. "You own this place?" He scoffs.

"Yeah, is that an issue? Do you feel threatened by my five-star rating compared to your *k*s! Didn't think a rogue woman could outdo you, I bet that is the real reason you're here; you finally realized where all your guests went"

"Well," He doesn't finish, instead, shutting up. "It is, isn't it?"

"Yes, and No, I wanted to book your functions room for the Alpha meeting and also check out the competition; I wasn't expecting to find my mate though," he says.

"Well, like I said, we are booked out, so if you will excuse me," I tell him, and he growls, stepping into my path.

"Why are you being like this?" He asks. "Being like what, Alpha Valen?"

"This! I am your mate!" "I am well aware,"

"Then stop, just let me take you out or something, go somewhere with less of an audience," he says, glancing around at the chefs.

"No, thank you,"

“Have you got a boyfriend, is that it?”

“No! I don’t feel the need to f\*ck everything in sight,”

“Excuse me?” he asks; I roll my eyes, trying to step around him when he blocks me again by placing his arm on the bench.

“I have work to do; please move, “ I tell him.

“Being an Alpha, I can forcefully mark you to make you submit. Our laws state Alpha’s can mark their mates if the mate is unwilling.”

“Being rogue, I don’t give a f\*ck about status, and if you try that, that just shows your true character and every reason as to why I don’t want to be your mate, “

“So that’s it?” He asks. I shrug, needing him to move. His boxing me in like this filled my head with his scent, making me want to do things I shouldn’t do to him.

“So, you hate me over what the media spills about me, you will judge me off that? You don’t even know me; we just met, “ He says.

He still hadn’t realized who I was. We have met three times now, both other times a disaster because he was drunk, and well, I was underage, so this is on him either way. He should have been able to recognize me the first time.

“I would give you the world, and you wouldn’t even give me a chance?”

“No, you would give me Syphilis or some sexually transmitted disease, so I am not interested, “ I tell him, realizing I was going to have to touch him to escape. I try to step around him when he traps me between him and the steel counter, his hands going to either side of my hips.

“Don’t pretend the mate bond doesn’t affect you the same as it does me, Everly, “ He says, leaning in. I was rooted to the spot, completely frozen as he pressed his face into my neck. He growls the sound more like a purr the longer he sniffs me before he groans.

“Valen, Baby? Valen, where are you?” Comes a sugary sweet voice. Valen freezes and growls at the blonde woman as she rushes in, shock on her face when she spots us.

“Oh, there you are, “ She says, rushing over, and he glares at her.

“I am not your baby, not your honey or any other stupid name you think you can call me; get out, Ashley” He snaps so cruelly I actually felt bad for her; she looked between us and her eyes well with tears.

“Get out! “ He screams at her.

“But..but”

“But nothing, I have work to do, and you should take your girlfriend home,” I tell him, using her as an escape. I quickly grip his wrist, moving it off the bench; I try not to think of the tingles that rushed across my palm though Valen gasped at my touch.

“She isn’t my girlfriend,” he says, glaring at her. “Valen?” Ashley asks.

“You can do better,” I tell her as I walk past her and place my hand on her shoulder. She looks at me and smiles sadly. It was odd feeling sorry for the girl he had been screwing.

“That’s all you have to say; you aren’t angry at her?”

“Why would I be angry at her? Did you expect me to get jealous? Is that the reaction you were hoping for? I haven’t got the time or the energy to feel anything for you,” I tell him before turning on my heel and walking out.

Macey and Zoe were waiting by the door as I walked out, Macey went to touch me, but I held up my hand to signal her away. She knew instantly not to touch me; she knew I would break.

“Go, I will handle this,” they tell me. I rush out the door, heading for one of the apartments out the back that Zoe and I shared. I run through the gardens and up the steps before unlocking the door. The moment I close it, I fall apart.

## Alpha’s Regret—My Luna Has A Son

### Chapter 20

[/ Alpha’s Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess](#)  
Valen POV

I wasn’t proud of my actions after leaving the Hotel and my mate. Ashley wouldn’t stop crying and demanding to know who Everly was to me, but I also knew if I told her right now, it would be all over the City by the end of the day, and the last thing I wanted was the media hunting Everly down and harassing her. So, I remained quiet the entire drive until I pulled up out of the front of her house. Ashley reaches for me, and I pull away.

I couldn’t stand her touch; it repulsed me, and my entire body was pulling me back in the direction of my mate. I needed to figure out something fast. I had been away from her for only five minutes. I don’t know how my father survived my mother dying.

This was agony, and barely any time slipped past.

"Get out!" My voice was more of a growl. Startled by it, Ashley jumped, looking at me nervously.

"Get out," I screamed at her when she sat frozen in her chair, staring at me. The command rolled over her, and her hand reached for the door handle before hastily getting out.

"And Ashley?" I ask as she climbs out of the car. She stops her hand still on the open door and looks back in at me.

"Don't come looking for me. Stay the f\*ck away from me, or you will find yourself living with the rest of the forsaken," I tell Ashley. She gasps; I had

never banished anyone from the City before. We tried to usually avoid forsaking wolves, but she just made finding my mate an entirely new struggle when she couldn't remain in the goddamn car like I asked. Her puffy red eyes blink at me in shock at my words before she nods and slams my door shut.

I start the drive home with a sigh wanting nothing more than to go back to the Mountain View Hotel and retrieve my mate. I couldn't understand why she didn't want me. Wasn't that all she -wolves wanted was to be mated to an Alpha? Yet, she tossed me aside like she felt nothing for me. And she was a bloody rogue. She should be jumping for joy.

The chances of an Alpha being bonded to a rogue were rare. It isn't like it has never happened, but most Alpha's are bonded to other Alpha's; I only know of two other Alphas in the country mated to someone of lower rank. But Everly was the first rogue I had heard of being bonded to Alpha.

However, I didn't care; I just wanted her; she could have been a freaking unicorn for all I cared. I have always wanted my mate ; I trusted the Moon Goddess to make the right choice for me, and after seeing her. I couldn't imagine being with anyone else. My mind is entirely consumed with her, her scent, the tingles that rushed over me when she touched me.

But something was off, it was right on the tip of my tongue, but I had this weird sense of deja vu, which I knew was insane. I definitely would have recognized my mate had I seen her before, but even her name , I swear I had heard that name before but couldn't place it.

One thing I did know was, I would have to find a way to win her over; I could mark her forcefully. It was allowed by our laws. Alphas can become weakened without their mates, all mates do , and it was unacceptable for an Alpha to be debilitated because they were longing for their Luna.

If the Alpha is, the entire pack is put at risk, and I couldn't allow that. I needed her, and she needed me. She would feel the pull; it was inevitable ; she was good at pretending I didn't affect her, but her heart rate said otherwise, the way her breathing increased at my proximity, but no one can live without their mate, or so I hoped, and she would be mine.

Pulling back into the parking lot of my Hotel, I groan when I see my father's car still parked where it was. I was hoping Marcus could get rid of him while I was gone, but what intrigued me the most was the car parked beside it. A growl escapes me when I see Alpha John's car parked in my reserved parking spot beside my father's. What the f\*ck was he doing here?

Jamming on the brakes, I stop, and the valet rushes over when I toss my door open, leaving the car running and stalking inside.

The receptionist jumps at the growl that escapes me, echoing off the marble floors and the windows vibrate.

"Where is he" I snapped at her.

"Conference room one, Alpha, with your father and Beta," I nod, heading for the stairs instead of the elevator, not willing to wait. I take the stairs on the left and race up the steps to the first floor.

This side of the first floor was mainly office buildings and off-limits to patrons; the other half was the sectioned-off and all restaurants and bar areas. When I reach the door, I swipe my card to let myself in and then hear the click of the locks before the door swings inward. Walking past a few open doors, I could see pack members look out at me nervously. It was no secret that Alpha John and I didn't get along.

We were constantly in the media and had even a few public incidents recently that had the entire City on edge that a war was coining. Honestly, it was inevitable; Alpha John had been overstepping and recently had a few of the smaller pack businesses shut down, burnt out, or even robbed.

He wanted part of my pack's border and was willing to try and get it by any means necessary, no matter who he was hurting in the end.

And since the main streets and the streets behind it were neutral territories, he couldn't stake a claim to the land, but that didn't stop him from driving those living there or owning businesses there out.

Unfortunately, without proof and no one wanting to get involved, there wasn't much anyone could do; he had them running scared. Alpha John was a sneaking bastard, never doing his own dirty work, and there had been rumors he had been even getting help from the higher-ups in the human Cities.

This was not a time to be having a war in our own City, not when so many people had gone missing recently. We have kept track of many she-wolves, and even a few forsaken wolves had gone missing.

Talk of hunters coining back had the entire City on edge already. The last thing we needed right now was for our City to look divided; it would make it easier for the City's human communities to pick us off.

It was no secret that werewolves existed, but that doesn't mean there weren't extremists amongst the humans that wanted to eradicate our kind. Our cities have lived in peace now for centuries. However, werewolves and humans have clashed every now and then.

The conference room door bangs against the wall loudly when I shove it open. Marcus leaned against the wall with his arms folded, looking rather angry about something. My father and John stop whatever they were discussing to look up at me when I notice another girl in the room.

She did not look impressed to be here, but I could tell she was Alpha John's daughter by her scent. I had heard of her a few times and seen her in the

papers. Alpha John had been struggling with her, she could be quite the trouble maker, and I had even seen a few inappropriate photos and videos surfaced of his daughter drunk and him dragging her out of different establishments.

"Ah, son, just in time," My father says, standing up and motioning for me to sit. I walk over to the table but don't sit down. I didn't like whatever the heck was going on here. My father hated Alpha John more than I did. Yet, he never did tell me what started their feud, so I was a little shocked to see them sitting around chatting like they were friends.

"What the f\*ck are you doing on my territory?" I ask John. He sits back in his chair and folds his arms across his chest with a smirk on his face.