

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 21

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"We have a proposition for you." my father says.

"Which I don't f*cking agree to," John's daughter says, cutting my father off.

"Ava, you will do as you're told, now sit there and shut up," John snaps at her, his aura rushing over her, and I thought it odd that she wasn't able to resist. She was definitely old enough to take over her father's pack, so why hadn't he handed it down to her yet? Was it the issue with the media?

"Son, please just take a seat," My father says, and I growl, pulling a chair out and sitting down in it.

"Now, John and I have been in discussions over the last couple of weeks trying to find a way to put an end to this feud. We think we have come up with a solution that will benefit all of us, tensions are running high in the City, and we need to show those that reside here we are united, but that won't happen if a war is inevitable. So Ava here is due to take over her father's pack, but with recent issues in the media, it has her pack nervous."

"This is bullshit," Ava curses under her breath and shakes her head. My lips tug up at her defiance, and Alpha John glares at her before he speaks.

"My pack is nervous about my daughter taking over."

"I wouldn't have to take over if you didn't- "

"Ava enough, sit down and shut up, you had caused our family enough disgrace," Alpha John snapped at her, but I will give the girl one thing, she had no issues standing up to her father when she stood up and placed her hands on the table to glare at him.

"I am not even meant to be in the City; I wasn't the one meant to be Alpha. I should have been across the other side of the country in university by now, but you just had to get rid of- "

Alpha John stood up and slapped his daughter before she could say more, and I jumped to my feet. A growl tore out of me from witnessing him hitting his daughter. It disgusted me that he could smack his own flesh and blood. Sure, she may be a little wayward, but he shouldn't have hit her.

" Sit down, you know not to mention that name , " John warns her, his tone threatening, and I wondered who he was talking about. Alpha John always kept his family on his territory. Rarely letting his daughter off pack territory unless escorted, but once she turned of age, he couldn't exactly stop her. I knew Alpha

John's wife was rarely seen, only proving how controlling he was, but if she wasn't supposed to be Alpha, who was?

Ava rubs her cheek, and her eyes burn with tears, but she sits back down. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Marcus's jaw clench, and my father nods to Alpha John, which pisses me off that he would condone him hitting his daughter like that.

"As I was saying, Ava here is supposed to take over the pack. Due to her recent behavior, it is making my pack members nervous, so your father and I have found a way to not only end this feud but also help both packs."

"I don't understand," I tell him, trying to figure out where he is going with this, my father is suddenly nervous, and I see him loosen his tie.

"You need a mate to produce an heir, I need someone to help take over the pack. My daughter clearly can't do it on her own and has been troublesome, I need someone that can handle her, keep her in line."

"What like you just did by beating her, and what the heck do you get out of this?" I ask my father. None of this made sense to me; they hated each other. Why would my father be suddenly siding with him?

"Valen?" My father scolds, but I wasn't about to pretend him hitting her didn't happen or that any of this made sense. I was an asshole, and so was my father, but not once did he ever raise his hand to me and sure as hell wouldn't slap my child like she was a man.

His entire hand was outlined on her face despite her almost being healed and to do that to someone you expect to take over your pack is disgusting. It is no secret that Alpha John needed to retire. He was the oldest Alpha in the City.

Ignoring my father, I turn to John. "I fail to see how your daughter is to help with that issue."

"An arrangement, we think you should take Ava as your mate, she can provide a strong pup for you, and I can ensure my pack they are in safe hands. It would also get rid of the negative media, and the City will look reunited," my father tells me.

"I know you aren't blind to those of our kind that have been going missing of late. We can't be fighting amongst ourselves when we may have an inevitable war coming with the humans," John tells me, shocked at what he just asked of me.

Shaking my head, no wonder the girl is so angry; I was outraged that my father would even agree to this.

"Just think about it Valen, this is good for everyone in the City and for both packs. It will end the wars between packs which benefits both of us."

"No, now get the f*ck out of my Hotel; I won't hear any more of this nonsense," I tell them getting up out of my seat.

"Valen, just think about it, we still have time for you to decide. No need to make hasty decisions. Nothing will be announced until the Alpha meeting in two months. Plenty of time to discuss this some more."

"We don't need to discuss anything. Ava isn't my mate. I will have children with my mate and my mate only. Thank you for the offer Alpha John, but I am not interested," I tell him about to walk out the door.

"I will give you some time to think about it, Alpha Valen. The offer still stands, so think carefully.

Reputation is everything. " Alpha John tells me, his eyes darting to my father, who nods. I couldn't care less about my reputation, I was comfortable with who I am. Once again, however, I am cut off before I can answer, this time by my father.

"How is the Alpha meeting coming along, have you picked a location yet?" My father says, cutting me

off as I was about to tell Alpha John to go f*ck himself and get off my territory.

"It will be on the neutral territory; now I think it is time you leave, " I snap at them, meaning both men.

"Great, well send us the details, and in the meantime, you can think about what decision you want to make. It would be good to know for certain by the Alpha meeting so we can make an announcement."

"There won't be an announcement. Your daughter is not my mate, " I tell him, but he ignores me instead of gripping his daughter's arm and tugging her out of the room. I growl at him.

"Enough, just think about it, Valen, " My father says, watching them leave. The moment they do, I turn on my father.

"How f*cking dare you, you just put me on the spot. You didn't think to f*cking ask before making deals with the likes of him, I won't go through with it and if you try that shit again, I will banish you from the City," I bellow at him.

My father takes a step away from me, he has always been trying to control every aspect of my life since I took over, but this wasn't his choice and was way out of line. I had found my mate. I wasn't about to toss her aside for some rivalry.

Alpha John's daughter not being good enough to become her packs Alpha was not my issue, but this made things more difficult because now I had to convince Everly to let me mark her before the Alpha meeting.

I would accept no one but my mate, but I had no doubt that disagreeing would only be the start of my issues with Alpha John and the shadow pack. And I could already tell something was up with my father. He was keeping something from

me, so until I knew what it was, I was going to have to make sure he didn't find out about Everly.

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Everly POV

The following day I thought I had made it; I thought I could go the entire day without dealing with mate dramas. Once he realized I was his mate, and after his persistence yesterday, I knew it wouldn't be the last time I would be hearing from him. Valen didn't seem like the type that was used to being knocked back by a woman. But he had to get used to it. There was no way I would allow my son to be taken from me.

Stepping out of my office, I groan when I see him walking down the corridor toward me and was going to turn in the opposite direction to escape out the side door and back to the safety of my apartment before having to retrieve my son from Preschool.

"Everly,"

"What? Alpha Valen, I am busy," I call over my shoulder. He jogs after me.

"Too busy to speak with your mate?" He asks.

"Yep, definitely too busy for you," I tell him, continuing toward the door that led outside.

"Hmm, so you hire liars here because that cleaner just told me you should be going on your lunch break right now and that you aren't busy," Valen says before gripping my arm. Sparks rushed up my arm and I jerked away from his touch as I turned to face him. Valen growls at me, and I glare at him.

"Geez, what is your problem? No need to act repulsed by me," he snaps at my reaction.

"I never said you repulsed me, but thanks, I will add repulsion to my list of reasons for hating you," I tell him though that was a lie; I didn't hate him, his arrogance and the fact he couldn't remember me irritated me but hate was too strong of a word.

Everything in me was calling me to press against him, to touch him and mark myself with his scent, some primal urge to claim him, but I shoved it down, ignoring it. He had my hormones and brain all muddled when he was near, and I wanted to run

from him, not liking the feelings he brought out of me. How I could detest and long for someone simultaneously irritated me.

"Why, why do you hate me because of Ashley?" He asks, and I scoff before turning away.

"She means nothing to me," Valen says when I start to walk away from him. He grips my arm, turning me back to face him, and I growl at him and try to shake his hand off, but his grip only tightens.

"Keep your hands off me. You have no right touch me," I snap at him. His eyes change and turn black. His wolf side presses forward at the warning in my voice, he clearly didn't like being challenged by his mate, or was it just my refusal to bow down to him, or maybe he was butt hurt that I wasn't tossing myself at him like the rest of the bimbos he usually had hanging off his arm. I bet that was it; he wasn't used to being rejected, and to be dismissed by a rogue must really grind his gears. His following words proved the latter. "I have every right to touch

what is mine, and you are mine Everly, every inch of you is mine , mine to touch, mine to mark, you are mine to claim, and I will claim you, " I swallow and try to take a step back when my back hits the wall.

Valen's canines slip from his gums, and he steps closer, pressing me against the wall. I swallow, finding myself caged in against the wall by him; his nose moves along my jaw to my neck. The sharp points of his teeth grazed my skin, and my eyes shut, my breathing becoming unsteady, and I hated my own body's reaction at his closeness.

"You don't seem so sure now Everly, you know who you belong to , and you do belong to me, " He says, his breath fanning across my neck, and I inhale his addictive scent. My own gums tingle with the urge to mark him, claim him as mine, and I try to fight off the instinct that is infused in us.

I felt out of control, my heart rate increased, and my breathing became heavy as his scent wrapped around me. Valen moves closer , his entire body against mine, and a deep thrum from his chest vibrated against mine as he purred. Yet my body gave into his to his calling, the urge to let him take me, overriding common sense, and he used my own instincts against me. She -wolves are unable to resist the call of their mates.

The sound called me to give in to my mate on some instinctual level, like a sedative that made my brain suddenly stop working. He nips at my neck, and much as I hated what he was doing, the thought of him marking me also excited me. Bringing forth feelings for him I thought died long ago, reminding me of the urge to nest when pregnant. Some strange urge or compulsion doing what came naturally but also felt uncontrollable at the same time because it took free will from us; it was all instinct and urges.

"Do I still repulse you, Everly, because your body says otherwise, " He whispers against my skin before grazing my neck where his mark should be with his teeth again; I shiver when I feel his lips press against my skin before he runs his tongue across my neck.

Valen groans obscenely; his hand skims under the side of my blouse. I gasp at his touch, and my hands feebly clutch the front of his shirt. I didn't know if I wanted to pull him closer or shove him away, my brain and body fighting with each other. But damn, did his body feel good pressed against mine, so warm and my skin tingled.

I could feel the outline of his abs that were hidden beneath his shirt, his belt buckle digging into my stomach as he pressed closer until I could feel every line of him. A sigh escapes me, and my eyes jolt open at the noise I make. Valen's hand moves higher before he squeezes my breast through my bra and growls softly before nipping at my jaw. I wanted to shove him off, but at the same time , I didn't want him to stop, I wanted to feel his hands all over me without the clothes in the way.

The sound of someone clearing their throat makes me jolt back into reality, and I jump while Valen growls menacingly and I push him away from me instantly, the fog lifting. Though I miss his touch. Looking down the corridor, I see Macey and my cheeks heat, and she raises an eyebrow at me before tapping her fingers on her wrist. My brows furrow, and I quickly glance at my watch. Shit, I had to get Valarian from the rogue Preschool; it would close soon. I knew I shouldn't have taken such a late lunch. I would typically be waiting at the gate by now; it was nearly 4 :30 p.m.

"Zoe?" I ask, and she nods.

"Already gone to get, " She looks at Valarian.

"She should be back soon, " Macey says carefully, letting me know Zoe was grabbing Valarian with Casey, and I let out a breath of relief.

"Thank you, Macey; I will be down soon. I just need to deal with something first,"

"Sure, go back to whatever you were both doing, but keep it PG, this is a

hotel“ She chuckles, and I glare at her before my cheeks flame with heat. Valen smirks at me, and I glare at him while Macey walks off toward the stairs. “So, do you still believe you are unaffected by the mate bond?” he asks. I say nothing. How could I when he was practically dry humping me against the wall, and I was letting him? I shake my head, turning to follow after Macey. “Deny me all you want, Everly; you will give in. You can’t resist a mate bond,” Valen calls quite confidently. Little did he know I had been denying my mate bond for years and would continue to. “I wouldn’t be so sure about that, I can be stubborn, and I can guarantee I won’t be pining over you, “ I retort, trying to escape him as he followed me. “I have other ways to make you give in, resist the mate bond, but I bet you would come crawling back if I had this place shut down, “ He says, and I stop. “Excuse me?” I snap, spinning around to glare at him. He smiles, and I clench my hands into fists. “Don’t forget who this City belongs to, fight me all you want Everly, nothing I like more than a good challenge but don’t say I didn’t warn you, because I always win, you will accept the mate bond and me or, “ He looks around motioning with his hand at my Hotel. “I have a lot of influence around here,“ He says, stepping closer. “You can’t breach me on anything, Valen. Your threats are empty. I know everything is legal; no one can fault this place for anything, “ I tell him. He shrugs, stepping closer. “So you won’t mind me sending the health and safety inspector around, nothing to fine you for?” He asks, and I fold my arms across my chest. “My Hotel won’t fail anything. Everything is to the book, you won’t win, and nothing you do will make me accept this mate bond, nothing, so go home, Alpha Valen, “I tell him before storming away. The hide of him to threaten me. “I will see you tomorrow Everly, “ Valen calls out, and I growl at him. Taking the steps two at a time and headed to my apartment, knowing Zoe would be back soon with the kids, and I really needed to go for a run to burn off some of this anger that was raging through me.

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Chapter 23

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All afternoon I was in a terrible mood. I couldn’t concentrate or focus on anything. Two days in a row, I had seen Valen, and the bond was buzzing, and I could feel it was making it increasingly difficult to do anything. On top of that, I had his lingering threat and the worry that came with it. He had the power to destroy the Hotel we saved, and Valarie gave it to Valarian and me. I felt protective of it; we built this place from its bare bones and gave it back life. I wasn’t about to stand by and let him take from us. Yet I would be powerless against him in a City where rogues meant nothing.

It would be a lie if I said I wasn’t worried; I was. Macey, Zoe, and I have worked our asses off for years building this place back up. And for him to threaten to destroy it made my blood boil, the question lingering in the back of my mind, would he really destroy this place, harm his own mate’s business all because I refused to give into him?

“Ah mummy, “ Valerian’s worried voice reaches my ears, and I lift my head to look at him. A shriek leaves my lips when I realize I was burning the grilled cheese, smoke billowing from the grill, and I rush over, ripping the tray out only to forget

it was piping hot, and I wasn't wearing oven gloves.

My fingers sizzle, and I drop the tray before racing to the sink and quickly turning the tap on to run my hand under the cold water.

"Casey, don't touch that," I tell her when she leans down from the kitchen table to pick up the hot tray. She sits back up, and Zoe comes racing out with all the commotion. The smoke alarms suddenly start blaring loudly, and she opens the window above the sink before using a tea towel to waft the smoke out the window.

"Shit, Eve. Are you ok?" I nod, holding my hand under the cool water. My fingertips blistered while Zoe used the tea towel and picked up the tray, placing it on the stove and discarding the ruined grilled cheese. She then uses the broom to smack the fire alarm, jabbing the button and cutting off its deafening noise.

"Let me see," Zoe says, looking around me at my burnt hand.

"It's fine; it will heal," I tell her, and she clicks her tongue.

"You have been distracted all afternoon. What's going on with you today?"

I glance at the small dining table in our cramped tiny kitchen. Both kids went back to their drawing and no longer paid attention to us.

"He came by again today," I tell her, and Zoe sighs before running her fingers through her hair. I knew she worried I would turn out like Valarie, she and Macey had expressed multiple times they wanted me to mate another rogue to ensure I didn't die, but other men didn't faze me in the slightest. I was content on my own, and I liked my independence and didn't need a mate to be whole. However, I couldn't deny how the bond has affected me.

"You need to figure something out, last night, you couldn't sleep and were pacing all night, and now you're burning yourself. Go for a run. Val always told you to run it off. Seeing him always weakened her. The more you see him, the more fragile you will become," Zoe says before chewing her thumbnail and watching me nervously.

Zoe was right, and I remembered every time that Alpha came to visit Valarie, she would be out of it for days, and we would have to force her out of bed. Yet, that couldn't be happening to me. Not yet, surely. Valarie lasted decades before her deterioration got that bad; it killed her.

"Go, you know you should. When was the last time you even shifted?" I shrug, knowing she was right and it had been well and truly over a month.

Yet I hated shifting. It was a constant reminder of what had become of me. Each time, my wolf side became smaller and weaker. If I didn't shift, my mental state would start to deteriorate along with my body. When she was still able, Valarie told me that shifting helped ward off the effects of the bond.

Gosh, how I missed that woman. She was one of a kind and one of the best women I had the pleasure of ever meeting. She would have been a great-grandmother had she gotten the chance to live longer. One thing I will never forgive Alpha Kalen for, he killed her, and I just had to make sure his son didn't make history repeat itself.

Valen won't kill me, and he won't get my son; I would make sure of it.

"Go, you can tell me about it later when the kids are in bed," I nod, looking over at them. Valerian's amber eyes stared down at his paper as he drew his picture, concentrating hard, his tongue poking out the corner.

Zoe sets a glass of juice on the table beside him, and he stares at it and his lips purse while his brows furrow as he glares at it before moving it onto the coaster. He then does the same with Casey's. His pencils were all straight in a row, set perfectly and even sharpened to the same length. However, Casey's were in disarray, and I could see his fingers twitch to straighten them for her.

"Sorry, Valerian, I forgot," Zoe laughs softly before ruffling his thick dark hair.

He looked like his father, a spitting image, and I noticed the stares he sometimes

got. He already had a particular atmosphere about him, he was an Alpha in the making, and I wasn't sure it would remain hidden. One day someone would notice he wasn't like other rogues. He was born from Alpha Parents. Even though I no longer had an aura, he was strong and dominant.

His personality is quite intense for a child. Casey was like any child; though she looked like Zoe, I could see her father in her too. Casey had his dark blonde hair and brown eyes, though her soft facial features and her nose she got from her mother.

"Eve, go. The kids are fine," Zoe tells me, and I nod. I felt like I was failing my son, I hardly had time, and I hated spending it away from my son when I did. I felt so spread thin, always racing around for the

Hotel and barely having the energy to function by the afternoon, always working, building our village and his future.

I kiss Valerian on the cheek as I walk around the table to grab my sneakers.

"Can I come?" Valerian asks, and my heart thumps at the thought. He loved watching me shift, not realizing how much weaker I was to a regular werewolf. How was he to know when I am the only one he has seen, but lately, the reserve hasn't been safe.

A few forsaken have got into the City, it has been unusual. Though the City's border patrols quickly put them down, it made me nervous about taking him out. Since the last encounter reported, I hadn't been out after a group of rogues was attacked.

The packs couldn't care less for rogues, which only made us more nervous. They didn't care but had tightened patrols; it was no good for anyone in the City if they could get in. Another thing I thought odd was the reports of forsaken wolves going missing. Some that stuck close to the City borders and turned feral had suddenly vanished.

Those that kept monitoring them hadn't seen them, and one thing this City was good at was talking.

Rumor spread, yet the missing forsaken Wolves are never mentioned in the news. It's like they don't exist, but I know they exist, we have all heard the rumors, yet no warning was ever given to us rogues to steer clear of the reserve.

Those living in packs were given alternative options for going on runs and extra patrols. None of those

options were offered to us. So when rogues or forsaken went missing we knew, the rogue community was small; we noticed when one of us went missing, not that the City cared.

One of the missing rogues was a cleaner here; she had twin girls, luckily their grandmother took them in, and we have still been paying her wage and would continue to do so, despite her remaining missing. We would continue to help out her mother with the twins; we didn't forget her.

All rogues have been on edge, eleven missing in the last year and numerous forsaken sightings and three forsaken also vanished; it made no sense. The world was going mad, and it scared me.

"Not today, sweetie, next time I promise," I tell him, and Valerian pouts.

"None of that; your mother has her reasons," Zoe scolds when he glares at the table and slams his pencil down.

"All she does is work," Valerian mutters, and my heart twists painfully at his words.

"I promise next time, it isn't safe right now," I tell him, and he looks at me where I sat on the couch, placing my sneakers on.

"If it isn't safe, why are you going then?"

"Because I have to, I need to shift you know that, we have spoken of this before. Sometimes mummy needs to,"

"Fine," Valerian says, straightening his pencils before reaching over and doing

the same with Casey's. She frowns at his compulsive behavior.

"You promise next time I can go to?" Valarian asks. I sigh and nod my head.

"I promise," I tell him.

"Pinky promise," he asks, holding up his little pinky. I chuckle, getting up and capturing his pinky with mine.

"I pinkie promise," I tell him, kissing his cheek.

"Now behave for Aunty Zoe, and I will be back soon. We can watch that dinosaur movie tonight if you like after dinner,"

"Ooh, and I can make caramelized popcorn," Zoe tells the kids, who nod excitedly.

"Stay away from the fence line," Zoe says, concerned. I look at the clock and nod.

"Two hours max,"

"Any longer, I send a search party," She replies. I knew she would too. Anxiety amongst us rogues was at an all-time high.

Giving one last glance at Valarian, I walk to the front door and hurry down the steps. Turning down the path at the bottom, I head for the back of the large property toward the fenceline. The back of the Hotel backs onto the reserve. A large hole had been cut in the mesh fence. It made it easier for those working here to sneak into the back of the reserve.

The reserve was large and had a wetland off closer to the Cities border fences that encircled the entire City. It was also neutral territory, and the only place considered safe for us rogues to shift without causing a disturbance to the packs, which to me made no sense. Shifting is natural to werewolves, yet we were restricted to where we could go because packs didn't want to share any of the safer places to run.

We were considered the undeserving, the nuisances of the City. So we got this one place and one place only, and it had to be the most dangerous part of the City that was gifted to us, right on the most extensive stretch of the border fence line that was the weakest and most accessible to gain entry.

I planned to steer clear of those fences; we all avoided them, not wanting the unnecessary attention from those on patrol and now not wanting the unwanted attention of any possible forsaken wolves that may be lurking and looking for a way into the City.

I was yet to see one and didn't want to; the rumors were enough to make me want to avoid them at all costs, cannibals, rabid and crazed, the parts of them that once had humanity now gone, forever stuck in their shifted state, forever the monsters humans once painted us to be.

Slipping amongst the trees, I look around before pulling my clothes off and tucking them into a hollow log before kneeling. I had been finding it difficult to shift. It took more concentration and was forced. My body no longer agreeing to do as it was told, no longer strong enough to change on demand.

It was a battle made harder each time. I shudder when I feel my bones start breaking, the process painful, and it shouldn't be. It was like my first shift all over again, and I curse that I ever met Valen as I morph into my wolf, hands becoming paws two legs traded for four. My vision changed and adapting and now I had shifted; all I wanted was rest. I was exhausted already, but I forced myself to run. I ran for about an hour before I could barely move, collapsing on the ground next to my clothes before shifting back and changing into my clothes. Slowly walking back to my apartment, I turned the corner and smacked into a wall that should not have been there. I knew this place like the back of my hand. I was stumbling backward, having bounced off the firm body. A warm hand grips my arm, pulling me back before I land on my ass on the pavement.

A gasp escapes me when sparks rush up my arm, and his intoxicating scent has me leaning into him involuntarily. "I was looking for you, and the cleaner said your apartment was," he looks around before looking up at the stairs and pointing to mine and Zoe's apartment.

"This one," Valen says, and I brush his hand away that held my arm, my heart thudding in my chest when I hear the kids playing. Valen looks up at the apartment.

"You live with someone?" He asks, cocking his head to the side.

"Yes, Zoe and her kids," I tell him needing him away from my apartment before Valarian realizes I am home and rushes out.

"Well, are we going to stand here?" he asks, and I glance at my apartment.

"I just want to talk. Please just hear me out,"

"We already spoke," I trailed off, Valarina pulling the curtain back to stare out, and Zoe quickly closes it, her mouth opening and closing like a fish before she pulls Valarian away just as Valen turns to look up. He waves to Zoe briefly, and she smiles awkwardly.

"Ah yeah, fine, but my office," I tell him walking off to the central part of the Hotel before he could argue.

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Chapter 24

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Valen stared around my office, it used to be Valarie's apartment, but we converted it into office space. I found it challenging to come here before. Memories always brought back heartache, so we revamped it, and now the place didn't haunt me.

Yet, seeing Valen standing here in what used to be her home filled me with sadness. She loved her son, and here he stood unaware that this place, the Hotel, used to belong to the woman who had given birth to him. What kind of man would he be if she was given a chance to raise him, I wondered.

I watch him for a few seconds, and he stops at the shelving before rearranging it. My brows furrow as I watch him straighten the ornaments making them line up; it was one thing seeing my son do odd things like that, but a grown man? His movement was strange as he rearranged the books in alphabetical order on the shelf below. However, OCD wasn't a genetic probability, so it had to be a coincidence.

"Why are you here? I wasn't expecting you to stop by," I tell him remembering his threat to

come back tomorrow, yet here he stood.

"I don't need a reason. I own the City, or did you forget?" I roll my eyes at him.

Typical Alpha, thinking the world owes them for us being allowed in their presence.

He stops looking around, and I notice the picture of Valarian on my desk and quickly swipe it off, placing it in the drawer just as he turns to face me. My door opens up, and the night secretary walks in.

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"Coffee?" Emily asks, her brown eyes sparkling. She was a cheerful woman though ordinarily shy. Despite that, Emily has lasted the longest on the night shift in the foyer. Her son was seven, and she lived in the Rogue commune, working here of a night to provide for her child. However, she makes her coffee from scratch, and it is terrible, she grows the beans herself, and after stopping by her place when I met her and offered her the job, I refused to drink a single cup—always bringing my own. "No, this won't take,"

"Yes, Please," Valen cuts me off, and I glare at him. Emily lingers for a second, and I nod to her. Valen smiles triumphantly when I give in, yet the joke was on him if he thought he would enjoy what she would prepare for him.

"Now, if only you would give in that easily to the mate bond,"

"Not happening, I don't need or want a mate," I tell him, and he huffs before pulling out the chair on the other side of my desk. He leans back, folding his arms across his chest, and watches me. I fought back a shiver as my eyes roamed over his muscular frame.

"And why is that? What have you got against me? I am your mate, Everly. There is no escaping me, but why would you want to? I am an Alpha. What sort of rogue are you? Most rogues would be begging me to be their mate," he says, and I scoff.

"Not when you keep coming around. No, there isn't any way of escaping you. Do I need to get the authorities involved, tell them I have a stalker,"

"Tell them what you want. As an Alpha, and the most influential one in the City, I have every right to force you to complete the bond, and there is nothing I can't buy my way out of even if there was an issue,

"And here I was thinking; I have every right to reject you," I retort. Valen growls, and the door

opens.

Emily walks back in, unaware of the argument she walked in on, utterly oblivious to the tension in the room. She places the coffee's on my desk quietly while Valen and I glare at each other.

She slips back out, and Valen grits his teeth before looking around the room.

"Why, why would you want to reject your mate?" He asks before getting out of his seat. He looks around again. His jaw clenched tight before turning to glare at the mugs on my desk. I roll my eyes, recognizing that look, and decide to test my theory. It can't be genetic, surely; it's not possible. [desirenovel](#)

"I have my reasons," I tell him; before opening the drawer under my desk, I pull two coasters out that I kept here for when Valarian sometimes came down here. Valen lets out a breath, and I hand him one. He quickly places his mug on it and retakes his seat.

"And what reasons are those?" He asks like he didn't just have a semi meltdown over a coaster.

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"What?" I ask, looking up at him, distracted by his mere presence. I was not too fond of the way I felt around him.

"Your reasons, surely you wouldn't judge someone on just what is in the media?" He repeats, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"Knowing my reasons won't change my decision," "Nor will it change mine," Valen growls.

"Well, great chat," I tell him getting to my feet when I feel his aura rush over me.

"Sit down. You won't dismiss me so easily," He says firmly, and my butt hits the chair hard. Valen bites the inside of his cheek, and I glare at him.

"It makes no sense, you should be able to resist me, yet you put up no fight at all," He says cocking his to the side and staring at me.

"I am rogue,"

"Yes, but also my mate. You should have some kind of resistance to me," he says more to himself than me. He was pondering his words. I add nothing; I have no resistance because my wolf is weak, thanks to the man sitting across from me.

"I have been nice, Everly,"

"You do, and I will hate you forever," I sneer at him, and he pulls back.

"Do what?" he asks.

"You know what, you keep telling me you have every right, you make me, and I will make you

regret it," Valen reaches for his coffee, and I stifle a laugh by biting down on my

tongue as I stare at the mug in his hand. He wants to act like an annoying shit; he can drink it then. Maybe should tell him, but I shove that thought away quickly as I stare back at the Alpha, who seems to think he is God's gift to women.

"I may have the right to force you, that doesn't mean I agree with it or will do it. I am not a monster, but I also won't wait around forever. A man of my status doesn't get to wait for a rogue to make up her mind," he says before taking a sip. His cheeks puff out, and he gags, covering his mouth with his hand until he retches again before spitting it back into the cup.

"My God, what is that? It tastes ghastly," he says. I chuckle at the look on his face, and he raises an eyebrow at me.

"Do you give that crap to your guests?"

I laugh and glance at my untouched cup. Another fit of giggles leaves me.

"Definitely not; it's reserved for cocky Alphas only," I snorted, choking on my laugh. Valen stares at my full mug.

"What?"

"She grows the beans herself,"

"Well, she isn't a green thumb, tasted like shit, no amount of sugar would make that taste decent," he huffs before shuddering. I was in fits of giggles while he continued to stare at me like I was deranged.

"What's so funny?"

"She fertilizes the plant with her own waste" I clutch my stomach at the look on his horrified face.

"She does what?" He says, outraged, getting to his feet.

"You're lying. You better be damn lying Everly," I shake my head and bite my lips to stop myself from laughing.

"Next time I refuse the coffee trust, I have my reasons. No one loves coffee more than me," I tell him. Valen pales slightly, and I suddenly feel bad for letting him drink it. He'll get over it.

Everyone was aware never to drink Emily's coffee or anything she brought from home, for that

matter. Sweet woman, but she can be strange and believes everything is recyclable.

"Come on then," I tell him, getting to my feet.

"I can't believe you let me drink that," he snaps, following me out of my office to the small kitchenette.

"How was the coffee?" Emily asks on the way past.

"Valen enjoyed it," I tell her, and he growls behind me, only loud enough for me to hear. Emily beams brightly like she just received the best compliment.

"I grow the beans myself," she says proudly. Valen's hands clench at his side's, and he nods stiffly, giving her a smile that looks pained. I nudge him toward the small hall and into the kitchenette. Valen closes the door behind him.

"If you are going to feed me more shit, I am not interested," he says before spotting the sink and rushing over to it. He rinses his mouth at the Tap before drying his hands on a tea towel. Rummaging through the small fridge, I grab out two sodas.

"Not made from anyone's waste, is it?" he snaps at me,

"No," I tell him, cracking mine and taking a sip. Valen does the same, drinking half the can in one go before looking around, and I roll my eyes, reaching beside him at his head for a coaster. His hand moves to my hip, and I glare at him, but he smirks back at me.

"Hands off," I spit at him, only for him to pull me closer just as I grab the coasters from the shelf.

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 25

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

"Why? I am only touching what belongs to me, if I want to touch you, I will, and no one would dare to stop me, Everly. Remember that," He growls before tugging me against his chest. I push off his chest with my hand, trying to escape him.

"Valen, let me go,"

"And if I don't want to?"

"I will make you," I growl back at him though I doubted that. However, usually a knee to the balls was enough to drop any man.

Valen laughs softly, his hand moving lower before he grabs my ass. I glare at him before thumping his hard chest with my fist clutching the coasters. He laughs, plucking them from my fingers, and his brows furrow. He reluctantly lets me go. I move to the other side, so I am out of reach. He clicks his tongue holding up a coaster, and he raises an eyebrow at me.

"What?" I ask.

"Nothing but that is the second time you have done that like you knew what I was thinking," he says.

Nope, I just know my son, and it seems they share a few odd similarities. I shrug.

"One of the kids of one of the rogues has OCD. I saw you rearrange my shelf, "

"Observant, but I don't have OCD, just certain things bother me,"

"Coasters are one of them. Your reluctance to be my mate is another," he then mutters something under his breath, too low for me to hear while shaking his head. And I sigh, sipping my soda.

His scent filled the small room, yet I found it oddly calming. However, the quiet was beginning to get awkward as we stood there staring at each other.

Making me question why he came back here tonight. Did the bond pull him back here or was he here for more sinister reasons?

"You didn't come here because you wanted to talk, " I state.

"Not exactly, " I raise an eyebrow at him.

"I was going to mark you," he states before wiping a hand down his face, and he sighs while I step back, my lower back hitting the bench.

"I won't, I want to, but I won't, not yet at least we still have time for you to come around to the decision on your own,"

"And if I don't let you,"

"You can't just ignore a mate bond and don't think about rejecting me Everly, or you will force my hand. I won't have a choice if you do,"

"Everyone has a choice, Valen."

"Not everyone, I don't. My father is pushing me to marry and provide an heir, " my stomach twists at his words thinking of Valarian.

"If you can't, what will he do,"

"F*ck!" He groans, his eyes darkening and his aura slips out before he stifles it.

"You need to let me mark you. I won't be married off and forced to mate someone that is not my mate, "

"You're an Alpha; he can't force you to do anything, and I won't be forced to accept you."

" I have responsibilities to my pack Everly; my father is going announce it at the next Alpha meeting, "

"Well, I hope you and your future mate are happy together, " I tell him, placing my empty soda in the bin.

"How can you say that? What is your issue with me?"

"My issue with you is that you're exactly like every other Alpha, only giving a f*ck about titles and pack business, thinking you can go around ordering those beneath you,"

"I don't give a damn about titles; you're a rogue. If I cared about titles, I would have rejected you by now. Most Alpha's would have, you should be grateful I want you; others wouldn't given your status."

"So you admit it then, titles matter because you just admitted to needing to mark me out of obligation to your pack like I am some breeding machine made for you to provide an heir, all because your asshole of a father told you to,"

Valen growls at me, taking a step closer. "You don't know my father, so don't speak of him that way, he founded this City, have you no respect, and as for an heir, that is exactly what you were created for, you were fated to me, and therefore belong to me,

Everly. You are lucky my father stopped the rogues being tossed from the City and made forsaken. You should be thanking him, not cursing him out."

"And at what cost, whose lives did he destroy to make sure he got where he is, the only thing Alphas care about is reputation and how much land they own, while rest of us are cast away and forgotten about, thank him, he is half the issue with this City he created,"

"Oh for the love of God, I didn't make you a damn rogue, my father isn't responsible for what other packs do, rogues make the choices that get themselves banished from their packs, I am not responsible for their actions, or yours, "

"So you believe every rogue whore decided they wanted to raise their babies alone with no mates or pack support, have their Children forced into crappy schools because they can't attend pack ones, work for less than minimum wage while struggling not to be picked off by the forsaken or hunters, forever blamed because they did the one thing all you egotistical men did, they had a child and you all shun them for it, it takes two people to have a baby Valen, yet only the woman is punished for it,"

"So you're telling me you are a rogue whore, that's how you became a rogue, you weren't born one, I won't raise another person's kid because you wanted to screw around," He says with a growl.

I scoff. This is precisely what I meant ; he still shared the same beliefs as his father; the title is all that matters.

"I am not a rogue whore, but it shouldn't matter if I were. This entire place is run by rogue whores Valen. Not like we tried to keep it a secret, " I tell him.

Technically I wasn't lying. I wasn't a rogue whore. My mate fathered my son, and I just couldn't let him know about it.

"So this about your friend you live with then?"

"What, no," I pinch my brow, letting out a breath. How does he not get it? I click my tongue, annoyed.

"I am offering for you to be part of my pack. You should be happy to have me as your mate ; you won't have to be rogue anymore, isn't that what you want? Don't you want to be in a position of power and not slumming it here with rogue whores?" Valen asks.

I wanted so many things, and not one of them could he give me. I wanted Valarie back, my family back. I wanted the rogues to feel safe in the City they lived in. I wanted to be able to walk down the street without being glared at and have people move away from me like I would steal their mates.

I wanted the pack's views of us to be better, but most of all, I wanted the packs accountable for the anguish they have caused us. We were the same, only declared different because of who our parents are or because of who we shared our beds with, punished for nothing, shamed for making our own choices, choices

that took two people to make.

"I want you to leave is what I want," I tell him before walking out before I slap him.

"You will regret this Everly; you will come running back, you'll see, you will beg me to mark you,"

I don't acknowledge his words. Instead, I am angry that he was blinded by what was happening in his city, the City, his father, helped build.

The following day, I was helping organize a function when a man with a clipboard approached me with Macey. I recognized him quickly, and he looked around nervously.

"Jim, long time no see, what brings you in here?" I ask, looking at the man that caused us hell while trying to get this place in order. The health and safety inspector taps his notepad.

"We have had a call come in with a few complaints. I am just here to check a few things," I fold my arms across my chest and raise an eyebrow at him.

"This complaint didn't happen to come from Alpha Valen, did it," I ask, and he clears his throat.

Uncomfortable with my question, he sighs, looking down at his clipboard.

"I am not at liberty to say," he says when Zoe suddenly comes rushing through the doors, waving both her arms, trying to get my attention.

She slows, spotting the inspector before stopping beside me and leaning close to whisper in my ear.

"There is a tow truck towing your car," "What!" I shriek, walking quickly through the gardens and stalking around the front to the car park.