

# Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

## Chapter 26

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

Valen POV

Everly thought she could just dismiss me and I would let her; she was wrong. I get what I want, and I want Everly. I refuse to be mated to some girl out of responsibility when I had a perfectly good but unwilling mate. My father would choke on his spit if he knew she was rogue, but I didn't care. If she is my bond, then I trusted the Moon Goddess; she would not give me faulty one, Everly would be mine. I would make sure of that, everyone has a breaking point, and I will find hers.

I sat across the road with a smug look on my face eager to see the look on hers and I watched the tow truck pull up that I organized this morning. I already sent the health and safety inspector in and could see his car in the parking lot from where I stood.

Her truck was just an added annoyance. The beeping of the reversing truck instantly alerts staff something is going on, and I see Zoe Everly's little friend rush out when she notices it backing up to the truck with the Hotel's logo on it. Everly believes she can ignore the Mate bond; well, I will make sure she sees me every turn she makes.

Zoe waves her arms frantically at the driver. One of my men, Dwayne, ignores her as he backs up. The burly-looking man steps out of the cab and stops next to her, looking down at Zoe. I could just make out her telling him to leave that he was on private property.

"No can do love, this car has been ordered to be impounded for defects," He tells her, and I get out leaning on the hood of my car. The tow truck driver spotting me gives me a thumbs up, and I nod for him to continue, and he starts hooking the old thing up.

It didn't take long before Zoe returned with a frustrated Everly in toe. She shoves the man as he starts hoisting her car onto the bed of his truck.

Dwayne looked at her shocked, and honestly, so was I. Not that she moved him. Dwayne remained precisely where he was, and she may as well have been a child pushing on a brick wall as she stood beside him.

Everly tries to snatch the controller from his hand, but he was holding it too high for her to reach. I found the pure rage on her face funny, and I couldn't help but laugh, and that is how she spots me.

Her grey-blue eyes pin me where I stand before her lips press into a line and her hands ball into fists, she storms over to me in a raging fit, and I fold my arms across my chest just before she stops in front me.

I found her pint-size rage entertaining; her tiny body was no threat to me. Everly barely came up to my chin and had to turn her face up to look up at me. I smirk back at her, her eyes practically spitting fireballs at me.

Good thing she isn't a witch. She definitely would have cursed me with the look she gave me. She could ignore me all she wants, but Everly can't overlook in y influence in this City; she will give in.

"What the hell are you doing?" She demands, poking me in the chest with her finger. I snatch her hand, holding it in mine, and she tries to rip it free. Her strength is nothing compared to mine, and something about that bothered me. What if someone grabbed her who wasn't me?

It was clear she would never be able to fight them off. She growls at me, and I realize how non-existent her aura is, like she didn't have one. Rogues had auras

too, weaker and nothing in comparison to a pack wolf, but she had none, her growl meek, and if it wasn't for the look of anger on her face, it might as well have been a purr.

"Let go, and make him stop, "

"Let me mark you, and I will," I tell her, and she snarls at me, her canines slipping from her gums.

"Go for it, bite away; I don't care if you want to mark me first. Either way, you will be mine, "

"You are bloody infuriating, this won't win you any brownie points, " Everly snarls, and I tug her closer before spinning and pressing her against the hood of my car. Her breathing becomes harder as I press closer to her. God, her body feels good pressed against mine, her scent making my mouth water, and I fight the urge to push my face into her neck, losing the battle completely when I do, but she gasps and I feel her pulse beating against my lips.

Everly's hand still clutched in mine loosens, and her body goes slack against me when I press closer to her. Her breathing intensifies as I run my nose along the column of her throat to her ear. So warm and enticing. Her heart is pounding in her chest when I feel her other hand grip the front of my shirt feebly.

I could tell she was trying to fight off the effects of the bond, telling her to give in. Telling her to give herself to me, to an Alpha. The vibration of my purr rattles my chest, and before I could stop myself. I ran my tongue across her neck. I groaned at the taste of her skin on the tip of my tongue.

Damn, she tasted better than her scent, and I wanted to devour her. However, the action seems to snap her back, and she tries to shove me off, fighting against me. I pull back to look at her, only for her palm to connect with my face.

My cheek stings from her slap, and if looks could kill, I would be reduced to dust.

"Get off me, you brute, "

I rub my cheek with my hand. Her slap made my skin tingle and burn, but I don't move away from her.

Instead, looking over my shoulder to see the tow truck leaving with her vehicle on the back.

"Well, seems like you need a lift to the impound yard?" She growls at me, and I purr back at her before she starts smacking my chest and I raise an eyebrow at her. She makes a noise of frustration before glaring at me and fixing her hair putting herself back together like she didn't just chuck a hissy fit in public.

"I swear, Valen. You will regret doing that. Tell him to bring it back now. That truck has sentimental value. It was given to me by someone I cared about. Now ring him, and undo it," I run my finger down her neck, and she shivers under my touch.

My cock twitches in my pants, seeing the effect I have on her. She feels the bond, she could deny me all she wants, but she can't deny the mate bond.

"Not until you agree to be mine. If you want it back, all it takes is one little mark to sit right here, " my finger stops where her shoulder meets her neck and my gums tingle. I desperately want to mark her as mine, craving for her skin to break under the pressure of my teeth when I give her my mark that would forever lay on her skin, telling the world she is mine.

"Valen, please, " She asks, and I look down at her, her face turned, watching the tow truck move down the street, taking away her truck.

"It's just a truck, Everly. If you want it back, you know what you have to do," Her jaw clenches, and she turns to look back at me. My stomach sinks when I see her eyes teary like she was fighting the urge to cry. It was just a truck and an old one at that. It wasn't even new why she would get so emotional over that old thing was beyond me.

"You have no right, " She snarls.

"Maybe you forget who I am; I have every right. I own this city, and I say what

happens in it, Everly. The sooner you realize that the better it will be for you; I could give you everything you ever wanted, "

"Not everything, Valen. You can't give me the last five years of my life back, " She says, shoving me away, and I let her.

"If you haven't figured it out yet, Valen, I don't care for your social status or your money; I make my own, I don't need yours, and I certainly don't want it.

"I can make your life miserable, Everly," Everly laughs, which startles me; a threat from the blood Alpha isn't to be taken lightly; she knows I am capable of destroying her and those that work for her. I could have her Hotel torn to the ground, and no one would bat an eyelash at what I did, especially for some rogue girl.

"Do your worst, Valen, don't forget my reputation as a rogue is minuscule compared to the reputation you have. Who do you think will suffer more when it's tarnished. Certainly not me. They already think I am the lowest scum to reside in this City. Yet they still walk through those doors. They still visit my Hotel. Miserable, you don't know the meaning of the word, but you will. I will make sure of it," Everly says before turning on her heel about to cross the road.

My phone rings, and she glances at me as I pull it out to see the towing company name pop up on the screen.

"This would be about your car," I tell her, and she turns to face me, folding her arms across my chest. I answer it putting it on speakerphone so she can hear.

"Alpha, " Dwayne states.

"Am I bringing it back? Should I take it back to the yard?"

"That is up to, Everly, " I tell him raising an eyebrow at her wanting an answer. She glares at me.

"What will it be Everly, "

"Go f\*ck yourself, Alpha, " She sneers. Dwayne whistles at her tone.

"Wow, so what would you like me to do,"

"Crush it," I tell him, not taking my eyes from her, she takes a step toward me, and her hands clench before she closes her eyes tightly, breathing deeply.

"Alpha?" Dwayne asks.

"I said crush it, take it to the scrapyard and make sure it isn't salvageable, " I tell him. Her eyes snap open, and I raise an eyebrow at her. Everly's eyes burn with unshed tears, and she shakes her head, and I hang up my phone.

"Could have been avoided, " I tell her.

"Yeah, if only I never met you, all of this could have been avoided, " She spits at me before turning on her heel and darting across the road. I notice Zoe and Macey waiting out the front for her, and she shakes her head when Macey reaches for her, swatting their hands away before chasing after her. I start driving off, heading home to plan my next move since this one was unsuccessful. I would have to think of another way, she would give in; it is only a matter of time. I was halfway home, yet my thoughts kept going back to her. I needed to look into her background, find out more about her, but I didn't know her last name; it should be on the Hotel's information. Might explain why she was so difficult and why she would be so upset by a car? I also want to know what she did to become a rogue since she wasn't a rogue -whore.

I couldn't forget the way her lip trembled when I said to crush her car, I felt like an asshole. It made no

sense, she had enough money to buy another one; she owns a damn Hotel, for goodness sake. No way in hell would I be caught dead in that old piece of junk. She should be thanking me for removing it; now she has reason to buy another when I suddenly blanch.

"F\*ck, her car," I dart off to the side of the road. Pulling my phone out of my pocket, I quickly ring Dwayne back.

"Hello,"

"Where are you?"

"Next door at the scrapyard, doing what you asked," "Don't let them crush it,"

"What?"

"Please tell me they haven't crushed it yet,"

"Oh shit," He says, and I hear banging around in his truck and the sound of a door being slammed before hearing Dwayne hollering and yelling for them to stop. My heart pounded in my chest while I waited, praying it wasn't destroyed.

I heard more banging before heavy breathing could be heard, and Dwayne sounded like he had just run a marathon. He was a big guy, and he sounded puffed out as he grabbed the phone.

"Yesh, that was close. Good thing you rang another second, and it would have been crushed into a can" I let out a breath of relief while he tried to catch his, breathing heavily into the phone.

What do you want me to do with it?" he asks, sounding more normal.

"Put it in my garage out of sight, cover it over. I don't want my father seeing it if he stops over,"

"Rightio," Dwayne answers and I go to hang up when I hear his voice again.

"Hey, Boss, "

"Yeah, what is it?"

"She is your mate isn't she, I haven't seen you try this hard to get a girl in a while, figured she must be special if you are trying to make her chase after you, "

Dwayne says.

"Keep it between us; I don't need my father knowing for now, "

"Yeah, we all know he hates rogues, but by the look on her face when she spotted you, she hates Alphas more, " I ponder his words for a second.

"Oh and you might want to have patrols set up around her perimeter, forsaken have been spotted multiple times the last couple weeks, that Hotel backs onto the reserve, not a safe place right now, your dad pulled all the patrols away to focus on the pack's perimeters only, "

I growl. He had no authority to do that. Only Alphas did, and he no longer held the title. "Thanks, I will handle it; I will get Marcus onto it straight away,"

## Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

### Chapter 27

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Everly POV

Tears of frustration streaked down my face as I stormed away from him. Zoe and Macey were waiting, but I was too upset to speak to them as I ran to my office. Both of them followed me inside, and Macey was clutching a piece of paper in her hand.

"You ok?" Macey asks, and I nod. However, I was anything but ok. That was Valerie's car, I know it was silly, but it was hers, just like everything of hers I kept down in the storage lockers. I couldn't bring myself to throw it away.

"We will get it back, " Zoe offers, and I shake my head.

"He had it crushed when I refused to let him mark me,

"Asshole, I'm sorry, Everly, " Macey says, and I sniffle ; it wasn't their fault. Macey clears her throat, and I glance at her resting on the edge of my desk as I used a tissue to wipe away my childish tears,

buying another was no issue, but I loved that car because it was hers. "The Inspector-, "

"Crap, I forgot, " I tell them, getting up, and Macey waves me away, holding a

piece of paper out to me.

I take it from her and read it; a sound of annoyance leaves me when I see what is written on it.

"This is bullshit; they are too standard. He checked last time," Macey nods.

"He said he will be back in a week to check the guard rails are fixed. And the fence around the pool had been replaced."

"Anything else?" I ask, and Zoe chews her lip nervously.

"He said whatever you have done to piss off the Alpha you need to fix, that he has been asked to find any fault to shut us down unless you give Valen what he wants, "

"You didn't tell him,"

"Of course not," I nod in relief.

"I'll handle this, then I will come and grab the kids from school with you, " I tell Zoe, who nods.

"Also, one of the fridges is down; I have sent for an electrician, " Macey adds as they are leaving. This day couldn't get any worse.

However, I spoke too soon. No electrician would come out, not even a handyman. I went through my contact list of rogues with different trades looking for anyone with any skills with appliances or electricals but found none. Zoe's daughter's father was away from the City visiting his mate's family, so we couldn't ask for his help either.

When it was time to pick up the kids, Zoe met me by her car at the hotel's front.

"Any luck?"

"No," I groan.

"We'll figure it out, we still have one running, and we could bring one down from one of the apartments, "

We will have to bring two down, one won't be big enough, and that means two apartments won't be available until I order a new one; if I can request a new one, I have a strange feeling we will be struggling to get it delivered, "

The following day,

Another forsaken was spotted last night; a few people staying at the hotel decided not to risk it and left knowing the Hotel was a good entry into the city. Regardless, it was Saturday, and we were waiting for the food delivery to arrive for the wedding being held this afternoon.

Like I thought, I couldn't get a delivery truck with the new fridge in time, we had a week's wait, and it took six of us to haul two of the fridges down from the apartments outback that ran next to the functions room, thankfully the forsaken sightings had scared off a few guests giving us extra spaces in the hotel itself to make up being down two apartments which were reserved for the wedding guests.

I glance at my watch; the food delivery should have come into the City an hour ago.

"What's wrong, mummy?" Valerian asks as I paced frantically out in the loading dock for the delivery to arrive.

"Just waiting for a supplies truck sweetie, what are you doing? " I ask, stopping and staring at him. He had his hand propped up on his chin while he stared down at a sheet of paper. He had asked for some photos earlier, and I had given him my photo album to pick some out. He had been quietly working on some school project in the delivery shed, which is out the back of the kitchen. He was so patient, Casey had trouble sitting still for long, yet Valerian had been out here an hour and had no complaints while we waited for the severely late truck.

"Do you have any pictures of my dad?" He asked and froze, going over to see what he was looking at.

"Um, no, I don't think I do," I tell him, brushing his hair back and glancing at what he was working on.

"This for school?" I ask him, and he nods. It was a family tree.

"Casey has pictures of her dad; why haven't you got any pictures of mine?" He asks. I chew the inside of my lip.

There were small cut-out pictures, and Valarie was at the top, the space next to her empty. I tried to be as honest as I could; he knew Valarie was his father's mother and grandmother. The area beside her was empty because I couldn't risk having him mention his grandfather's name at school.

The following line was a picture of me along with a spare that was blank. Coming off my picture were some lines where he had glued cut-out pictures of Macey and Zoe.

"You put them in our family tree?" I smile.

"Yes, they are my aunts, Casey and Taylor my cousin's, our little village," Valerian states.

"That's right, our little village, our family," I tell him. He stares at the blank spots on the page.

"You really don't have a photo of him?" I shake my head, wishing I could give him one, I could possibly get one off the Internet, but the teachers at school would recognize him instantly.

"What about your parents and my grandpa?" He asks, pointing to the other vacant spots.

Again something I couldn't give him, and it made me feel guilty; they were too recognizable, and I had my name changed before he was born. My father removed all traces of me, and I used my grandmother's maiden name, Summer's; that was the only piece I had left of my family and a life I no longer had.

"I will check," I tell him, and he smiles brightly. "What were they like?"

"My parents?"

He nods, "You never talk about them, "

I think of what I can tell him; I dreaded these sorts of questions, the information I could give him was limited.

"Well, my mum looked a lot like me; I have her facial features but my dad's eyes and his dark hair. My dad.

I pause for a second. "when I was little; I used to think he was a superhero; he liked to play and would always play with my sister and me after he finished work,"

"You have a sister too? A real one?" He asks, and I nod sadly.

"She used to be my best friend, "

"What happened to them? Can I meet them?" He asks.

"Maybe one day," I tell him, though whether that day would come is unforeseeable. My phone starts ringing, and Valerian turns back to his work. Glancing at the screen, I see the delivery truck I was waiting on.

"You're late," I answered.

"Yes, and it is out of my hands; I have been stopped at the city entrance, I tried to explain, and I had to wait for some Alpha to get here; they have been searching the truck and only just gave my phone back." The man tells me, and I sigh.

"Everything still cold?" I ask.

"Yes, the delivery is fine, but that Alpha I was telling you about wants to speak with you, "

"Which one?"

"Alpha Valen, he said his name was, I'm not too familiar with your kind or their politics, but he asked a bit about you, asked if I was a secret lover, he seems quite intense," he says nervously before clearing his throat.

"I will chuck him on,"

"Everly, it seems you have found yourself in another predicament," Valen chuckles.

"Stop messing around; I need that truck. I have a wedding in five hours, "  
 "Well, then seems like you will want to negotiate then,"  
 "I am not letting you mark me," I snap at him, forgetting Valarian was sitting behind me; I glance over my shoulder and meet his questioning gaze before sighing.  
 "What do you want?" Before quickly adding. "Anything but-"  
 "Let me hold the Alpha meeting at your Hotel, " He says, cutting me off.  
 "Definitely not," I tell him.  
 "That's my offer; what have you got to lose? It brings more business to your Hotel and will get you media coverage for the Hotel, " Valen says, and I roll my eyes; that was the last thing I wanted. However, that was not the issue. It would be risking Valen finding out who my father is, which would also mean confronting my father.  
 "So, am I sending the truck back where it came from? I need an answer; you have a lot of seafood in this truck be a shame for it to go to waste." I press my lips together.  
 "Fine, what date?" I spit through gritted teeth. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, and this could be a chance for Valarian to meet my sister and mother. Or it could go exactly how I am thinking, and I end up humiliated, or my son is denied, or it goes smoothly, yeah right, talk about wishful thinking.  
 "Any date in three weeks, you can pick the date, but it has to be three weeks max, " Valen tells me.  
 "And my delivery?" Then another thought came to me suddenly.  
 "Oh, and the restaurant fridge blew up, so if you want the Alpha meeting held at my hotel, I need a new fridge delivered in the next hour; think you can manage that?"  
 "It will be there in twenty minutes along with a fridge, I am trusting you not to go back on your word, and I advise you don't, I will text you the numbers, and you can send me the cost and details along with the date, "  
 "I am not giving you my number , just send it to the Hotel email address, and I email it back through, "  
 "You don't have to give it to me, Love. Your delivery driver has it written here on your invoice, talk soon, " He says before hanging up the phone. You idiot, I never should have put my mobile on the companies info. Darn it. Now I had to think fast about what to do about the entire Alpha meeting issue; on the plus side, the truck is on its way, and a fridge, I will count it as a win for now.

## Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son

### Chapter 28

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Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 28

The wedding went off without a hitch; I was just settling behind my desk, getting ready to finish up for the day, leaving the night manager to handle the end of the wedding. I was about to log out when my phone vibrated.

Valen: Still waiting for that invoice?

I planned on ignoring him and dealing with it tomorrow, but his next text message had me scrambling for my email.

Valen: Do I need to stop over and deal with it personally, force you to submit and make the booking? Maybe I may mark you too.

Ivy: Sending it through now and the booking confirmation.

I quickly reply, going through the calendar to find a suitable date. I added it to the schedule when an idea hit me. If it costs too much, he would surely decline. Writing up the invoice. I sent it through to his work email, which he texted through earlier in the day. I chuckle to myself when my phone starts vibrating on my desk. I stifle my laugh and pick it up.

"Fifty thousand dollars?" Valen exclaims. I pull the phone away, so he doesn't hear me laughing before composing myself.

"That extra half-star rating costs a lot, you wouldn't know, you only have what is it? Four stars?" I tell him having a dig at the fact my Hotel's rating was currently half a star higher than his.

"It is outrageous, what are you serving that it will cost that much, do I at least get my cock sucked for that much?" He asks.

"Oh, you know the finest finger food, fairy bread, with premium sprinkles, frankfurts and tomato sauce, the good stuff reserved specifically for the Blood Alpha, if I am feeling generous, I may add in a pass the parcel and goody bags, but as for the cock sucking I am sure Ashley will do a fine job, I would rather skip on any STD's," I tell him. Valen growls.

"I don't have any STD's. You think this will turn me away?" He snaps.

"I am hoping so,"

"No, chance. Fine, you want to serve all the Alpha's in the City, kids party food, go for it. Check your bank in the morning; the money will be there, oh and Everly?"

"Yes, Alpha," I say, bored and wanting to go to bed.

"I will be seeing you real soon, and if I am paying this much it wanna come with a happy ending from you personally," He laughs and hangs up. I wonder what he means. I hadn't even gotten back to my apartment when my bank notified me that a payment was placed into the Hotel's bank account. That was fast; I groaned as I opened it and saw it was definitely from Valen.

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"Damn it," I mutter. I was so sure he would refuse. Not only was he officially holding the Alpha meeting here, but he had also paid in full, and I now had to host for Four packs. The girls are going to kill me,

the last thing rogues want is to be spoken down to by Social elites all night, and the catering team will be fuming when they see we are not hosting for one Alpha but four plus a few neighboring city Alphas. Hmm, I could bribe them with a bonus, maybe?

Stepping inside, Zoe was watching TV, yawning. She looks back at me over the couch.

"Oh no, what happened,"

"We may be hosting the Alpha meeting. Well, we are hosting the Alpha meeting," Zoe sighs.

"This is what you didn't want to tell Macey and I when we asked how you got the delivery truck and a fridge in?" I nod, chewing my lip nervously.

"Charge him double that will send him packing," "I charged him fifty thousand," Zoe laughs.

"That'll definitely send him elsewhere," She laughs, but I don't.

"No, no, he didn't," I shrugged, pressing my lips in a line grimly.

"That son of.... Lovely lady," Zoe corrects.

"Shit, what do we do about the kids, Valarian and Casey? Both their fathers will be there, and if Micah is here, guaranteed he will bring his mate," Zoe says, chewing her lip worriedly. Micah was Casey's father, and he still hadn't told his mate he had an illegitimate child, which worried Zoe because his mate Ana was struggling with fertility.

"Maybe we can ask Macey's mum; it's not for three weeks. We have time to figure

out

something,”

“It is what it is,” Zoe says with a shrug. “What about your father?” She asks.

“He will probably just ignore me, I would say, I haven’t seen him since the hardware store years

ago,

“Maybe he might be over it, want to reconnect?”

“Maybe I don’t though, he tossed me away, although Valarian asked me about my family today,

also asked about Valen,” I tell her.

“What did you say? I saw the family tree thing. Casey brought one home too,”

“Valarian added you, Macey, and the girls on it,” I smile.

“Bloody better have I am the best Auntie anyone could ask for,” Zoe states, and I chuckle.

“Did they go down easy tonight?”

“Casey had a tummy ache, but Valarian went down easily, he asked when you would be home, and he was digging around in your room earlier too. He took some pictures from the photo

album.” I nod.

“Yeah, I told him he could” Zoe chews her lip nervously.

“He overheard you on the phone earlier, asked what being marked meant,

“What did you tell him,”

“That mates mark each other,”

“Shit,” I pinch the bridge of my nose.

“He overheard me on the phone to Valen this morning,” Zoe sighs,

“I figured, he is sometimes too smart for his own good that boy is,”

Monday two days later.

We were running late the next morning for school drop-off, and Zoe and I both forgot it was crazy hair day. Macey reminded us when we walked out this morning and saw the kid’s hairs not done, so we were currently on our way to buy some spray in hair color. Pulling up at the local

grocer, Zoe ran inside before returning with electric blue hair color in a can, and one called glitter bomb. We pulled both kids from her little yellow Volkswagen.

Casey giggled excitedly as her hair was changed to blue. Valerian, however, pouted.

“I don’t want to look like a smurf,” he says.

“Zoe said it is the only colors they had left. It’s for a good cause, it’s to raise money for the children’s hospital and for you kids to have fun,” I tell him.

“What about the glitter one?” Zoe asks. Valerian crosses his arm, looking at Casey dancing around the car park beside the car with her blue hair.

“No, it will make my hair sticky,” he says.

“Come on, Val, just a little,” I beg him. Gosh, this child was sometimes difficult.

Would it kill him to be a kid for once?

“You will be the only kid without your hair done,”

Zoe tells him, and he side eyes, Casey.” Please,” I ask.

“Fine, just one line,” Valerian gives in, and Zoe draws a glitter line from the front of his head to the back. She shrugs. You could barely see it in his dark hair.

“Better than nothing,” She says, and we count it as a win.

Climbing back in the car, we head to the school. The teachers were waiting out the front hair, all done up in colorful clothes and crazy hair. The school was run-down and derelict-looking, Covered in graffiti and there were only around two hundred students total, and the teachers were barely educated enough to teach at it.

It angered me that only two streets away on this side was Alpha Valen’s pack school, and across the road three other pack schools, yet children of Rogues or

Rogues-whores were classed as undeserving of getting a proper education, the least they could allow would-be actual teachers.

When we enrolled the kids in school, Macey, Zoe, and I walked through; they barely had a library, had only one old computer to be shared amongst the kids. We decided to raise money for the school, so for two weeks, half of all hotel sales and rooms fees went to the school. It was clear the packs weren't going to help, but in a way, they did without knowing it by attending the fair we held at the Hotel. We raised enough that new laptops were brought, and the library actually looked like a library, half the shelves packed with different books.

"I just had an idea on what the bonus from the Alpha meeting can be used for," I tell Zoe.

"I still can't believe he paid it," I point to the run-down play equipment; Macey's daughter Taylor fell off last week and broke her arm on it after falling through the bridge between the two platforms.

Zoe smiles. "Thank you, Alpha Valen," she murmurs. "Was going to ask those willing to cater for the

event if they would take a double bonus for the night and the rest of the amount go towards the play equipment at the school?"

"You know they will say yes, look how keen they were for the fair we held; everyone has kids that attend here,

"Yes, but it is also a big ask for them to put up with the Alphaholes," I tell her, and she snickers.

"True, but they will be happy, you'll see," Zoe says, smiling. I could tell she was excited, we all got excited when it came to helping the other Rogues and children. Opening the back door, I let Valarian out and peck him on the cheek, and he instantly wiped it off.

"What's wrong with you?" I ask him and he scowls.

"Who were you talking to on Saturday?" Valerian asks. He had been in a mood all weekend.

"Just the delivery people," I tell him, knowing exactly what he was referring to. He had been probing me all weekend every chance he got about his father.

"You're lying, you said he couldn't mark you, I heard a man's voice. Zoe said Mates mark each other, why did you say that man couldn't mark you? Is he your mate, is it my dad?" He asks and I glance at Zoe, she mouths sorry at me.

"No, it was a figure of speech?" I lie but his eyes narrow, reading straight through me, this kid was too observant.

"Is this why you have been in a bad mood,

"Why isn't my dad your mate?" He asks. Glancing around the teachers were pretending not to overhear. All this over some homework, I sigh, wondering if I could find a way around this.

"Billy said you were a Rogue-whore and that is why my dad isn't around," Billy was a little punk and him Valarian were always fighting.

"He said that did he?" I ask with a growl.

"Yep, so punched him in his ugly face, but then I thought about it what he said, and now I want to know?" he demands.

"Ok, we can talk about this when you get home," I tell him and he glares at me.

"The wind will change and your face will get stuck like that?" I tell him and he huffs folding his arms across his chest.

"Not here, Valarian," I tell him and he looks around.

"Fine, but when I get home I want to know who my dad is, and why I can't see him." He frowns.

"I don't like them calling you and Auntie Zoe names," he adds and I smile grimly. "Well, Billy's dad is a Rogue because he spat in his Alpha's face," Zoe adds behind me. Valerian makes a face of disgust.

"See, nasty boy he is," I tell Valerian.

"You promise you will tell me?" I sigh and look at Zoe and she frowns.

"I will tell you what I can," "Pinky promise?"

"Pinky promise," I grab his little pinky and his mood seems to lift slightly before he turns around.

Now, I had to figure out what I could tell him without giving too much away. He rushes off toward the front gate with Casey, and I see Taylor there waiting for them.

"Hey Auntie, Zoe, Auntie Eva," Taylor calls. Waving brightly with her broken arm in a cast. The kids had all drawn on and colored in.

"Hey, sweetie,

"Can I come over swimming on the weekend," Taylor calls out to us.

"Of course, if you want, I will even ask your mother for a sleepover," I tell her, knowing I am off this weekend. It was the first weekend I had off in a year. The girls insisted, and I was actually looking forward to giving Zoe a break. Macey always joked we would never need a man because we had each other and was practically married with the way we handled the kids between us.

"Yes," Taylor fist bumps the air excitedly.

Zoe waves goodbye, and I climb back in the passenger seat, missing my truck. However, on the short drive home, I drive past Alpha Valen in his Black Mercedes. The windows blacked out, but it was the only one of those cars I had seen.

"Pull over and turn around," I tell Zoe. She looks for a safe place to turn around and we turn back the way he was driving.

When we find his car, he is already out of it, and it is parked out the front of the public library. "Is that Alpha Valen's car?" Zoe asks, and I nod.

"No, no. Whatever your thinking, no," Zoe says, pulling in beside it.

"What are you going to do?"

"He ruined Valarie's car, so I am going to ruin his," Also, I was still pissed off about the entire schooling thing. Seeing the giant school two streets away that no Rogue child could attend irritated me. The kids always asked what the big building was they could see from the main road.

The pristine white sandstone school was erected when the first packhouse was, along with the church, the kids also weren't allowed to attend.

Packs were allowed to travel freely where they wanted as long as they went by the other pack's rules while visiting the other territories. Rogue wasn't even allowed to look, let alone attend anything that wasn't on the main street or in the designated Rogue areas.

Getting out, Zoe squeaks.

"Eve," She hisses when I grab the cans of hair spray and also dig through her tiny trunk.

"What are you looking for?" "Got a screwdriver?" I ask her.

"You scratch that car he will lose it,"

"Not going to ruin its paint. Besides, this crap will wash off with water," I tell her. She rolls her eyes before rummaging around and passing me a tire valve remover.

"Why do you have that?" She shrugs, looking up at the sky.

"I may have used it on Micah's car a few times," She mutters, and I raise an eyebrow at her.

"And you are trying to stop me? You're just as bad,"

"He owed me child support," Zoe huffs. I chuckle I was planning on stabbing the tires, but this will work even better.

I set to work, and I toss Zoe the can of spray glitter, and she uses it to cover his car while also keeping a lookout.

The air wheezed out of the tires quickly, and I raced to the front window and wrote on it with the blue spray dye.

Alphahole xx' I wrote instead of asshole.

I quickly rush back to Zoe's car, his tires all flat, and we laugh as we drive away.

We did no real damage, but it would be annoying, yet I wondered why he was at the public library.

"You know he will figure it out?" Zoe says. "Innocent until proven guilty, "Who else would be game enough to do that to the Blood Alpha," Zoe snickers. She had a point no one crossed him.

"Stuff him; he deserves it for making our kids attend shitty schools and for forcing me to hold the Alpha meeting. He will live and I doubt he will bat an eyelash at the cost to get it towed and fixed if he is willing to pay fifty K for an Alpha meeting," I tell her. "Well, I think he will be demanding more than a happy ending when he sees you next for messing with his car," Zoe says and I pull a face, having forgotten that part.

## Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

### Chapter 29

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

Valen POV

I finally told Marcus about Everly, and he had organized patrols to run through the reserve for me to keep an eye on the back end of her Hotel. Someone had broken the fence, and I was organizing it to be fixed; hopefully, sometime today someone would be able to go out there, or I would go myself.

Marcus and I had just finished at the library, we found no records of an Everly Summer's from before five years ago, nothing by the name Everly at all, yet even Marcus said the name sounded familiar.

Walking outside, we were about to head to the council chambers to look in the birth records or any records, even bank statements.

Anything but the only thing we managed to find was the Hotel's data and something stating she was in the hospital almost five years ago. Yet didn't say what for or which part of the hospital; the lady behind the counter told us to try the werewolf council because she couldn't access her files for some reason either.

"That name sounds so familiar, " Marcus says, shaking his head.

"It's right on the tip of my tongue. I just can't, for the life of me, figure out where I have heard it, also. Don't you think it is a little odd that not even you can access her files?"

"Yes, obviously, " I tell him.

"She has to be hiding something. Why are there no records of an Everly or a Summers? Everly is a unique name. I don't know anyone with that name yet it sounds familiar," Marcus ponders.

Marcus hits the button on his key fob, the blinkers flash, signaling it was unlocked, but we both stopped dead in our tracks.

"What the hell, what happened to my car, " Marcus shrieks while rushing over to his beloved car. He just brought it a week ago, having liked mine so much. I press my lips in a line, glancing around for any culprits, and spot the library's security cameras that point at the car park.

"Alphahole?" Marcus says, and I walk over to the front of his car.

"They have mistaken me for you. Which bastard would do this?" He growls angrily.

"They removed your tire valves too," I point out his flattened tires. He starts shaking, fur sprouting along his arms in his anger. He spent all day yesterday polishing and cleaning it and even made me take my shoes off before I got in it this morning.

"When I catch this f\*cker-, "

"Well, you're in luck," I tell him, pointing to the cameras and cutting him off. He smiles, rubbing his hands together. Heads would roll when he catches them unless?

"Their asses are mine," he growls, stomping toward the library entrance again. Yet I had a sneaking suspicion Everly's name was all over this. No one would dare touch anything belonging to me. I smile at her tenacity to try and get revenge. Chuckling to myself, I follow after Marcus. I may have to stop the riot Marcus would no doubt cause in his wrath.

The woman at the counter smiles when we return, pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose.

"You're back, Alpha, Beta. What can I help you with this time?"

"I need to see your security footage," Marcus all but growls, and the woman startles, shrinking in her seat. I gripped his shoulder, tugging him away, his aura rushed out, and a few people glanced at us nervously.

"May we look at the security footage, please Agatha, someone has trashed his car out the front, "

"Certainly Alpha right this way," She says. Jumping down from her seat, she disappears behind the counter, and I lean over to look at her, her head barely coming to the top of her desk. How in the world does she climb onto that stool? She was so short she would barely be taller than a child and a small one at that. Marcus glares around at the people looking for the assailant. I chuckle while shaking my head before nudging him toward Agatha, who walks out from behind the counter.

"Holy shit, you're short," Agatha glares at him, and I elbow him.

"What, she is, she is the perfect height for," "Zip it," I tell him.

"Well, she is," He mutters, following after her. She leads us to the back of the library and unlocks a door before pushing it open. She glares at Marcus, who pretends not to see as he walks in.

"I will be at my desk if you need help; the password is Redmoon," She says before sticking her nose up like it would make her taller before walking away.

"Bet her wolf looks like a chihuahua," Marcus laughs before walking over to the laptop. He types in the password before flicking through the files and pulling up today's date, he start rewinding.

The security footage wasn't the best, and he stopped it when we pulled into the car park. I watch our blurry figures walk into the library, and about five minutes later, a little yellow Volkswagon pulls in beside his car.

I instantly recognized not only the car but the blue uniform Zoe had on and the Black one Everly always wears.

"Their faces are too fuzzy. Does it zoom in?" Marcus growls, hitting the button a little too hard.

"No need, I know who they are," I tell him with a laugh.

"Who? Take me to them, I will smack them into next week,"

"Woah, Rocky, settle down, and you really want to beat on a girl, "

"How do you know it's a girl? That could be anyone," He says, squinting at the screen.

"One because I know the car, two I recognize the uniforms," Marcus turns in his seat to look at me.

"It's my mate and her friend she lives with. She saw my car the other day. I bet she thought your car was mine," I chuckle.

"Your bond trashed my car?" he snaps, glaring at the screen.

“Appears so,”

“Well, you better say something to her, or I will, “ He growls.

“Don’t worry about it. I will handle it, “ I tell him, pulling my phone from my pocket and sending Everly a text.

Valen: Where are you?

It takes her a few minutes for her to reply. Everly: Work, where else would I be?

Valen: Didn’t happen to stop by the library today, did you?

Everly: No, been at work all morning, us Rogues have no need for books. We aren’t entitled to an education.

I briefly wondered what the meaning of the last part of her message was, briefly. I had no doubt it was to have a dig at me about something out of my control.

Valen: Next time you want to vandalize my Beta’s car, check for security cameras, have a very pissed – off Beta to deal with because of you.

Everly: Well, tell him I am sorry his Alpha is an \*sshole. I thought it was yours. I will double—check next time.

Valen: There will be a next time? Everly: Depends

Valen: you are playing games with the wrong person;

Everly, you won’t win.

Everly: Fifty K in my bank account says otherwise; you paid Thirty-Five thousand too much; the Rogue school says thank you for your considerable donation to their play equipment. Would you like mini sausage rolls and party pies to go with your frankfurts and fairy bread?

Valen: I would prefer you served on a silver platter. Think you can organize that?”

Everly: I prefer Gold. Valen: Gold it is then. Everly: Dreaming!! !

Valen: Only of you. So, would you like to come and apologize for your misjudgment? I accept all kinds of begging, sexual favors, but it could all be forgotten and forgiven for a simple mate mark?

Everly: Hard pass. Beta Marcus should choose his friends more carefully, and his cars apparently.

Beta Marcus, how does she know my Beta’s name? I know he is in the public eye a lot, but he is never mentioned, and the Rogue school? I think to myself. We had Rogue schools, but why would she give them so much money?

I needed to check out this Rogue school her friend’s

kid goes to. Maybe generosity is the way to get in her good graces, but first, I must get even for my grumpy Beta. I doubt me giving money away to the Rogue school would be a good enough punishment for him.

“Why are you smiling like an idiot, Valen? What about my car?”

“Send it for detailing, “ I tell him, waving him off, and Marcus growls before I start dialing Richard’s number. He worked at the City’s police station and was usually on highway patrol.

“Yes, Alpha,”

“Hey, Rich, I have a favor to ask, “

## Alpha’ s Regret–My Luna Has A Son

### Chapter 30

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

Everly POV

We had just pulled out of the Hotel to go pick the kids up from school; I had managed to find an old photo on the internet today of Alpha Valen when he was a teenager. I hope that would satisfy Valarian’s burning curiosity, and the questions he has about his father.

I had no idea what to tell him about his father being my mate or if I should tell him that part; he would question me more, so I was hoping to find a way around that one. Sirens go off behind us just as Zoe pulls onto the road, and she curses under her breath, and glances in the rearview mirror.

Zoe's brows furrow, and she pulls over onto the side of the road. She rummages for her registration papers from the glove box nearly spilling the contents on the floor as she dug for her insurance and registration documents. The officer knocks on the window, and she winds it down.

"Afternoon, Ladies," He says. Zoe looked at him like a deer in headlights, I watched her hands tremble nervously. Her sudden fear confused me.

"Afternoon, officer," I answer when she says nothing and only stares at the man. I give him a brief wave.

"License and registration," He asks holding his hand out for the documents in Zoe's hand. Zoe fumbles and I raise an eyebrow at her. Why was she so nervous?

"Here, sir," She stammers, passing her documentation to him. He looks it over briefly and hands

it back to her.

"I am afraid I have to book you for?" He pauses, walking around the car before kneeling in front of her Volkswagon and looking under it. He gets up walking around to my side, checking the exterior of the car.

"Bald tires," He states. I raise an eyebrow before I grit my teeth. F\*cking Valen, it had to be him. This cop didn't even look like he knew why he was pulling us over and it was evident he was looking for any reason to target us.

"They're brand new," Zoe argues. The officer shrugs and starts writing her a defect notice when Macey suddenly pulls up behind us.

"Friend of yours?" he asks, and I look over the back seat to see her getting out of her car.

"Is everything alright, officer?" Macey asks, coming over and stopping beside him, he doesn't even glance at her just continues jotting down on his notepad.

"Yes, your friend here has bald tires,

"Bald tires?" Macey asks, looking at the wheels which were clearly not bald.

"Yep, I am giving her a defect notice; she shall have fourteen days to fix the issue, or I will pull her car from the road." He explains.

"This is bullshit," Zoe mutters.

"Pardon, ma'am," the officer asks with a coy smile on his lips.

"Nothing, sir," She sneers looking back out the windscreen, her knuckles turn white as she grips the steering wheel and I see a bead of sweat run down the back of her neck. The officer chuckles before handing her the paper.

"I'll be seeing you later," He states.

"Hopefully not," Macey says and he laughs wandering back to his car.

"Are you alright? You totally freaked when he tapped on your window," I tell Zoe, and Macey stops next to her window. Watching the officer walk back to his car.

"Zoe?" Macey asks when she doesn't answer me. Macey looks at her, concerned.

"That's Micah's father," Zoe admits, and I look back at the man as he pulls away and back into the traffic.

"His father is a cop? Does he know about Casey?" "No, of course not," Zoe says.

"I thought when he pulled me over... I don't know. I thought maybe he found out about Casey

"I thought when he pulled me over... I don't know. I thought maybe he found out about Casey and would demand and take her from me," Zoe breathes.

"No one is taking our kids from us," I reassure her, and she grips the steering wheel tighter. I rub her back and she takes some deep breaths.

"Come on, we should get the kids," I tell her, and Macey reaches in, giving her hand a squeeze before going back to her car. Macey left first, and we were nearly at the school when she, too, got pulled over by the same officer. "That prick," I growl, watching Macey pull over to the curb out front of the school. Other parents staring at her and the officer when he gets out of his car. "What he get you for?" I ask. We pulled up a few cars down from her; Macey stood on the sidewalk arms folded across her chest. "Apparently, my headlight is broken because I use them of a day, and me turning it on was a fluke," Macey states, glaring at the officer, who appeared to be having way too much fun. The bells sounds and the kids rush out, Macey glancing at the kids rushing out suddenly touches the officer pulling his attention away from the kids rushing out. Zoe quickly rushes over, shielding Casey with her body and keeping her out of sight of the officer. Zoe forced her in the car and strapped her in quickly while Casey stared at her mother, clearly wondering why she was in such a rush. The kids coining out, all eye the officer and murmur that he has a gun. The other Rogue parents rush off quickly, thinking he will start booking everyone. I shake my head holding my hand out for Valarian and helping him into the car. "Want us to take Taylor?" I ask her, and Macey shakes her head. "No, go ahead. I need to drop her at mum's anyway," Macey calls out making sure to cut off any view of us behind her as she leaned on her car. Once we are in and pulling away. I see Macey opening the back door and buckling Taylor into her booster seat. We drove off and Zoe lets out a breath of relief that was short-lived, we were about to pull in the Hotel's driveway when we heard sirens blaring and the cop car coming up behind us at high speeds. "For fick sake, not again," Zoe says before her eyes dart to Casey in the back of the car. "Swear jar," Casey calls out. "Casey, duck down in your seat for me," Zoe tells her, and her little brows push together, Valerian watching with his ever-watchful gaze as he glances between the officer and Casey ducking down in her seat. Zoe mutters under her breath, and the officer gets out, and so does Zoe who meets him at the back of her car, trying to keep him from spotting Casey. The officer looks in the rear window just as Casey looks up, and he turns to Zoe before ducking down quickly to look back at Casey. That's all it takes, one glance and you could sense your family, relatives, or mates unless incapacitated by drugs or alcohol. "That's my son's.... kid?" He snarls, pressing his hands against the glass and looking in while Zoe tried to stop him. "Why do you have her, how.I don't understand. Open this door now," He bellows I got out of the car, and Zoe was pulling on the officer's arm as he tried to make his way to Casey's side of the vehicle. "I will arrest you for kidnapping," He snarls at Zoe. "Get away from her, you aren't taking her," Zoe says trying to shove him. "Just try and stop me, move, I stand in front of Casey's door, and he grips the handle before pushing me out of his way. Casey starts crying when I stumble catching myself before I fall.

