

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 67

Chapter 67

The collective gasp that left the table was audible, and I could see everyone looking in our direction while my father sputtered for words. However, Ava howled with laughter. So much so that the Mayor's wife looked at her as though she was absurd. It was really hard to keep my composure because my sister had the funniest laugh. Ava had one of those laughs that made you laugh because the sound was ridiculous. My mother elbows her and shuts her up effectively with a glare while my father growls at me. His canines slipped from between his parted lips as he glared up at me. 1

The Mayor's wife looked at my father questionably. "You have another daughter?" she asked, clearly shocked by this news. Alpha Nixon, who was about my father's age, with thick blonde hair combed to one side, looked outraged as he stared at us all. My father tried to explain before turning his anger on me, and his hands slapped the table, but I just stared unflinchingly. This was my home, and if he wanted to deny my existence, fine, but he wouldn't be doing it under my roof. My mother gripped his forearm, and she glared at Alpha Nixon's wife like she was about to have a go at her, but a growl from my father had put her head down as he glared daggers at me,

"You are not my daughter; you haven't been since the day you became a rogue-whor—" His words stopped when I felt tingles rush across my neck as fingertips and a warm palm cupped the side of it before moving to my shoulder. Valen's scent wafted to me before I felt his lips graze my jawline as he buried his face in the side of my neck. My father's anger dissolved as he stared in shock. Valen tugged me to his side when his hand moved down my arm to my waist, pulling me closer to him. The room turned silent, so silent you could hear a pin drop. 2

"I don't think I have introduced my mate," Valen said calmly, though his aura was deadly, and Alpha Nixon's wife dropped her head, her cheeks heating. I noticed how uncomfortable all the Alphas became in the room, the tension high as Valen, the most prominent figure in the City and strongest, most feared Alpha, addressed my father.

My father huffed and shook his head before he blew up. Alpha Nixon glared at my father, and my father looked at Ava, and she shrunk back in her seat. Although the smile never left her lips, this was prime entertainment for her. 1

"I know exactly who this rogue-whore is, and she is not your mate," he added, shooting me a glare.

"See, that is where you are wrong, Alpha John. Everly is no rogue-whore. She is my mate and Luna of the Nightshade Pack," Valen said.

"You are mistaken; this girl is a rogue-whore. I don't know what she has told Alpha Valen, but she has a son. She has tricked you," my father dared to say. Murmurs broke out throughout the room.

"You mean Valarian?" Alpha Valen asked before turning to look at the back of the room where all the children were. I glanced over to see Valarian watching us, and Valen waved him over. Valarian smiled and rushed to his father, and Valen bent down and picked him up with

one arm.

"Who is that, daddy?" Valarian whispered, looking at my parents curiously.

"That is your grandfather, grandmother, and your Aunty Ava," Valen whispered to him and kissed his cheek. The whispers in the background grew louder as everyone watched the Blood Alpha, the most notorious Alpha in the City, doting on his son. My father sputtered, lost for words, and Valen gripped my waist tighter as he turned to look at my father.

"I'd like to introduce you to my son, Valarian Solace. The resemblance is uncanny, don't you think?" Valen smirked, daring my father to deny what he was saying.

Valarian could not be mistaken for anyone else's son; Valen's bloodline was the only bloodline in the City with a genetic mutation that caused them all to have Amber eyes. No other wolf I have come across had that trait, and more than that, they had the same scent, and Valarian's aura could already be felt, showing he was born from not one Alpha but two Alpha wolves. Anyone looking close enough could tell they were father and son. If anyone had their doubts, no one spoke up. They knew better than to piss off my mate.

"The eyes," Alpha Nixon murmured, looking at Valarian and Valen before staring up at my father questionably. He tossed his napkin on the table before turning his questioning to my father, and I saw a few other alphas stand and look over at my son and Valen, also recognizing the obvious traits most looked past when seeing my son.

Cameras flashed around us everywhere, and I knew this would be splashed all over the morning paper tomorrow and in news headlines.

"Did you know?" Alpha Nixon asked, looking at my father and mother. My mother had her head down, not liking the change in direction and the accusation behind Alpha Nixon's words.

"How could he? Alpha John had her existence wiped from every database in the City the moment she refused to abort my grandson," came Kalen's voice as he came up behind us.

"We had a deal," my father growled.

“And the deal still stands; you said Valen was to marry your daughter or are you going to continue to deny that Everly here is?” Kalen asked, and my father growled before glaring at m

My father stood, and the veins in his neck bulged and throbbed with growing anger as he fought the urge to shift, his claws scratching down the table and slicing through the thin cloth. His entire body trembled with rage, and Valen passed Valarian to me before shoving me behind him.

“If you have an issue, John, about who my mate is, I suggest we take it outside,” Valen warned him, his tone deadly calm yet the warning clear. My father knew he was no match for Valen, maybe in his younger years, but not now? Valen’s aura outmatched all those in this room, and one thing about auras is it was a warning for who you were messing with.

And Valens outweighed everyone here, proving he was the real King of this City. No one in this room was daring enough to go up against him. He didn’t get the title of the blood Alpha for not shedding blood and destroying those who challenged him. My father sneered before looking down at my mother, who had remained silent.

“We are leaving,” He growled at her, grabbing her arm and ripping her up to stand by his side, My father stood, pulling my mother with him as everyone at the surrounding tables jumped away. “Ava now!” My father boomed, and she smirked as she stood before speaking loud enough that the entire room heard the following words that left her lips. No doubt she would pay for them when she got home, but I could see the defiance and determination to call my father out publicly.

“I’ll catch you later, sis,” she chuckled, pecking my cheek as she went to pass me before cupping Valarian’s cheek with her hand. “Gosh, how you have grown, and damn, you look like your father,” she laughed and sent me a wink. My father growled and snarled, baring his teeth at her, and she smiled before strolling after my father.

“Well, that was an interesting change in events,” I heard an Alpha say from another table. I glanced over at the man, and he undid his tie, tossing it on the table.

“Indeed it is,” Alpha Nixon and also the city mayor said as he pursed his lips. I turned and stared after my father as he shoved through the exit doors, the media outside snapping photos, and we all heard his furious growl ring out through the night, making them jump away and scatter in fright.

“Back to the celebrations, everybody. I need a drink,” Kalen said, breaking the strange tension that had returned

Passing Valarian back to Valen, he looked at me. “What’s wrong?” he asked, and I shook my head.

"I'll be back," I told him, darting off and out the doors after my family that had left. The camera lights hurt my eyes as I tried to look for the car. Spotting it, I rushed over to them before my mother could get in. "Mum?" I called, and she looked at me before looking back at the car. She moved toward me, and my father got back out of the car and yelled at her to get back in. I clutched her hands, and my father's fury was enough to keep the media away. No one dared come close enough to hear us.

My mother hugged me, and my father growled and screamed at her. "I have to go," she whispered, with tears in her eyes. She glanced at my furious father, who was about to stalk over to her, no doubt to drag her back to the car.

"I will call you. Now I know where you are, he can't keep me away. I have to go before your father comes over." "Wait, just let me," she shook her head and squeezed my fingers,

"I have to go. I need to calm your father down. You have no idea what you have just done." she said, confusing me before rushing off and past my father, who stalked toward her. He stopped looking me up and down and sneered, about to say something before looking over my shoulder. I turned to see what he was looking at, only to see Valen coming up behind me. My father growled before turning on his heel and returning to his car.

Valen wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me against him and away as my father reversed out of his parking spot. My father tore out of the place, speeding off down the road. I sighed; what a long night. Valen kissed my cheek before pressing his nose into my neck.

"Are you okay?" he whispered, and I nodded, wondering what my mother meant by her words.

"I will be," I told him before letting him lead me back to the restaurant.