

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 75

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Chapter 75 Valen POV

I placed Everly in the waiting ambulance, ordering Marcus to watch Valarian for me since he remained behind with Zoe. Once we got to the hospital, Emily was placed in an induced coma; they had no idea what was wrong with her, just know that Forsaken saliva was poisonous; the amount of bacteria they carried had baffled us for years. We weren't sure what changed in their DNA once made forsaken, which is part of the reason our city rarely banishes those out. Everly was slowly healing and had drips coming out of her everywhere and antibiotics. The infection ravaging her body was mild, and the few wounds I received had already healed.

I had noticed that forsaken bites had never really affected me, something to do with the genetic mutation in my bloodline, which was now shared with Valarian. Everly, however, didn't share it, although her marking me seemed to have some effect on her ability to heal a little quicker, whereas Emily was knocking at death's door.

One of the pack doctors came in. He was an older man around my father's age, with grey hair tied at the back of his neck and growing a short beard. He walks in carrying Everly's notes in his hands. I had been sitting here for three days now, waiting for her to wake up. At least now, she had a bit more color about her.

He checks the charts on the end of her bed before hooking another bag of something to her drip. "She is doing much better. I suppose she has you to thank for that. Although she would heal a lot faster if you marked her," Doc says to me.

"I know you don't want to mark her against her will. But Alpha, I am sure given the circumstance, she would understand," Doc says when I go to protest.

"You said she is doing better," I tell him, and he nods, "She is, but she isn't out of the woods yet. You know how forsaken bites go. One minute they are fine, then the next," He doesn't finish, instead, looking at Everly worriedly. I scrub my hands down my face before rubbing my eyes that felt like sandpaper.

"What of Emily?" I asked. Scouts scoured the area for her son but found no sign of him. We don't even know where she came from. Nothing made sense, and we had zero leads.

"She isn't doing so well; I am not sure she will make it. We had to amputate one of her legs already," Doc tells me, and I sigh.

"Also, Everly's mother keeps ringing the hospital; Alpha John also has rang to check on her," my brows furrowed. For years they wanted nothing to do with her, and now, suddenly, they gave a shit?

"What did you tell them?" I ask him.

"Nothing, of course, they aren't on her list of emergency contacts, but."

"But what?"

"They are her parents, Alpha. Maybe you should let them know. You should probably go home too. I will ring if anything changes or if she wakes up," I look over at Everly, still unconscious. The thought of leaving made my stomach turn,

"And think about what I said about marking her. She isn't dying, but it would speed things up. Doc tells me, and I bite the inside of my lip and nod. If she was on the brink of death, I would take her wrath, yet I wondered if she would hate me if I just marked her to speed up the healing process. Valarian kept asking for her, and I had managed to shield him away from what was really going on, but that would only last so long before he demanded to see her. Getting up, my back cracks, and I stretch, having been in that chair for days now. I walk over to her bedside, running my fingers up her arm. Sparks zap at my fingers from the bond and goosebumps rose on her arms from my touch.

"Forgive me," I whisper, leaning down and cupping the back of her neck. I kiss her lips and tilt her head to the side. Feeling my canines elongate, I sink them into her neck. Sparks rushed over my body everywhere, and I could taste the remnants of the poison in her blood, taste it on my tongue before I felt my chest thump erratically in my chest.

My chest felt like it was expanding, the bond forging, and I felt the moment our souls

entwined, her sleepy state rolling over me, and she moaned in her sleep. Even comatose, she had always reacted to my touch, but this was something else. A deep longing like she was fighting to come back to me, her worry for Valarian. So many things plagued her even whilst in this state, and I could feel everything that made her bleed into me. Everly completed me and filled a void I wasn't aware existed until I marked her.

Moving her over on the bed, I climbed in beside her, not wanting to leave her side, hoping my warmth and our bond would be enough to rouse her awake while also praying she didn't want to kill me when she woke and realized I marked her without consent. But Doc was right, it would speed up her ability to heal, and she had our little boy waiting at home with my father for his mother to come home.

I ended up falling asleep beside her, only to wake up when my phone started vibrating in my back pocket. There was no change in Everly. She still remained unconscious. Pulling my phone out, I yawned and glanced at the screen. My father was calling. Answering it, I held the phone to my ear.

"Yep," I ask him. We still weren't talking yet; I trusted no one more than my father with Valarian. He may be why my mother is dead, but he was a good father. And I knew he would protect my son with his life.

"Valarian wants to see his mother. Now don't be mad, but I have brought him to the hospital. We are downstairs," I growled. I didn't want Valarian to see her like this.

"Valen, don't make my mistakes. Don't keep him from her," my father says.

"I would never make your mistakes, father," I tell him before telling him the room number. I hop off the bed, trying my best to cover her a little better and hide the tubes and needles in her veins. However, it was pointless. Nothing I did would shield him from her helpless state. Hearing a knock on the door, I open it to see my father. Valarian stood peering around him with frightened eyes. Glaring at my father. He shrugs.

"You shouldn't have brought him here; he looks terrified," I tell my father, reaching down for

my son.

"He misses his mother and you. What else was I supposed to do? He refused to go to school until he saw her," he answers. I growl, turning to look at my son. His eyes peering over my shoulder at his mother, I step into the room, and my father follows, standing off to the side.

"See, she is alright; she is just sleeping," I tell Valarian, squeezing him tight. It felt like ages since I saw him last.

"When will she wake up?" Valarian asks, kicking his legs to hop down. I place him on his feet and hesitantly walk over to her. His eyes wander over her, and he tries to climb on the bed with her. I sigh, grabbing him around the waist.

"Mummy has needles in her arms; you have to be careful,"

"I want to lay with her," Valarian whines, clutching her blankets, and I look to my father. He presses his lips in a line and nods toward the bed. I suck in a breath.

"Okay, just let me move her around, but you to stay still," I tell Valarian, and he nods. I rearranged the cords and different devices attached to her, and my father helped me prop her up better, so she was kind of on her side. She didn't move an inch, which terrified me as we moved her around.

I got nothing through the bond unless my skin touched hers briefly. Lifting Valarian up, he rolls on his side to face, sharing her pillow while my father and I try to untangle the cords attached to her hands. I ended up draping her arm over him, so the drip didn't kink. The trickiest part was moving her around and not ripping out the catheter. Somehow I managed it because that would have been embarrassing being scolded by the doctor for moving her when I probably shouldn't.

"If you want to hop off, tell me," I tell him, but he snuggles down under the blanket with her, his finger tracing over her face. I sigh and fall back into the chair.

"Go, get a coffee and something to eat. I will sit with them," my father says, and my eyes go to my son, who was whispering to his mother to wake up.

With a nod, I get up when Valarian speaks. "You marked her?" he asks, sitting up on his elbow and glancing down at the wound on her neck. He brushes her hair back to look at it better before sniffing her. "She smells like us now," Valarian beams.

"Officially part of our big village, Mumma," he says, sniffing her again.

"So that means we come live with you now?" Valarian asks, his eyes lighting up.

"Let's just see what happens when your mother wakes up,"

Valarian nods before prodding her mark with his finger as if he could rub it off. "Why do we have to bite them to mark our mates? I don't want to bite Casey. She would probably taste like a troll," Valarian says, pulling a face.

"Casey?" I ask him, and he shrugs before his little cheeks heat.

"I think the little man has a crush," my father announces with a chuckle.

"I do not pop," Valarian says, giving him a glare and pursing his lips angrily.

"Then why would you say you didn't want to bite Casey because she would taste like a troll?" I laugh.

"Because she will be my mate," Valarian announces, and I scratch the back of my neck awkwardly.

"But what if she isn't?" I ask him.

"But she is my best friend... but so is Taylor. I don't want to bite them and get girl germs," he says, confused.

"Well, lucky for you, you don't have to bite anyone any time soon," I tell him, and my father chuckles.

"But aren't mates our best friends?"

"Yes, in a sense. But not all mates grow up together, Valarian. Casey and Taylor may have someone else for a mate," I try to explain.

"No, I am their best friend. They can't have another boy as a best friend," Valarian growls, startling me.

"I thought you said Casey was annoying?" I laughed.

"She is and she is messy, so is Taylor," Valarian states. I laughed, turning to my father.

"Can I have two mates?" Valarian asks.

"Have fun," I laughed, ditching him with the awkward questions.

"But?" my father complains, looking like he also wanted to bail out with me. Sucker!

"I will bring you back coffee," I tell him, laughing as I duck out of the room.

Heading to the cafeteria, I order something to eat, grabbing Valarian and my father, something too. Waiting in the small cafeteria, I hear my name get called and go to the counter to retrieve the bag and cup tray. Turning around, I sigh when I see John and Ava looking out of place in my pack hospital.