

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 83

Chapter 83 Valen POV

I could tell something was wrong with Everly, feel her stress through the bond. I could also feel she didn't want to worry me about whatever was bothering her. She was so used to dealing with her struggles herself, I think she forgets she can actually share them and that she was never a burden to me.

"Are you going to stop by the homeless shelter today?" I ask her as she gathers her handbag and keys. "Yes, I will stop by after I see Emily. Any news from the patrols about any more forsaken sightings or anything on her son?" she asks me. I really wish I had an answer for her, but I didn't. We had no leads, no scent trails, nothing. It was like they vanished altogether.

"No, but as soon as I hear anything. I promise you will be the first to know. There have been talks about a city meeting in the coming weeks to figure out something to do about the forsaken sightings and missing rogues' situation. Pack members are becoming nervous, and it might also be a good time to bring up the rogue issues?" I tell her, and Everly nods. "Yes, let's hope the petition goes well and I get a date to be heard sometime today."

"Everly sighs and rubs her temples when her phone goes off in her handbag. She pulls it out, glances at the screen, and shakes her head. "What's wrong?" I ask, watching her as I tie my shoelaces. "Nothing, mum has been pestering me to pull the petition and drop the rogue issue," she says and I noticed she sounded tired. Everly did look tired, actually. And I noticed she was tossing and turning all night in her sleep. "What did she say?" "That I would start a war," she says with a shrug. "Funny, your father said something along those lines at the hospital," I tell her.

Everly chews her lip nervously. "What war, though," we say simultaneously, and she giggles. "Jinx," I tell her while getting to my feet. "I have no idea. Mum rang me last night," Everly explains. "So that is why you have been in a weird mood then," I tell her while wrapping my arms around her shoulders. "Maybe I can try to get a hold of Ava. I am not sure what is happening, but even your father thought something was going on behind the scenes with my father," she tells me. "Try your sister and come see me at the homeless shelter when you aren't busy. I will be there all day. I have contractors coming to assess the

damage , " I tell her . However , I was dreading the bill for that . " Well , you are going in the opposite direction , so I will run Valarian to school , " she tells me before calling out to our son .

" Yeah , I am coming , " Valarian growls , making me raise an eyebrow at his grumpy mood . " What's wrong with you ? " I ask him . " I don't want to go to school . I wanted to come to the homeless shelter , " he pouted . " Not today , maybe on the weekend . Besides , there is too much machinery and people working there at the moment . It isn't safe , " I explain , and he sighs . Everly quickly fixed his tie and blazer while I placed his lunch in his bag .

Waiting for them to leave , I quickly cleaned the kitchen , packing up the school supplies Everly left out . I didn't want to say anything , but when she is rushing around , she tends to forget to put stuff away and leaves it out . It was a pet peeve , but damn , it made me flustered . Finally leaving , I caught the lift to the underground car park . I didn't go straight to the homeless shelter . Instead , I went to the jeweler . Valarian said Everly didn't like diamonds , which I wanted to put in my mother's ring , but Valarian wanted to pick .

And he chose Serendibite . He liked the color of it . The only issue is sourcing one to fit in the ring because Serendibite is a rare mineral and hard to source . The jeweler only had one , but it was tiny , and the ring I wanted i t in would need to be altered to hold the stone . Once I get to the plaza , I walk up the side alley where the jeweler is , pushing the door open .

The bell sounds to alert Dion of customers . He was around my age , and we went to school together . " Hey Dion , any luck ? " I ask , closing the door behind me and walking toward the counter . Dion was looking at his laptop , chin propped on his hand . His glasses perched on his nose as he stared at the screen . He sighs , pulling his glasses off and placing them on the glass display cabinet . " Your son had to pick Serendibite , " he . chuckles while shaking his head and running his hand through his gelled hair . He leans back in his chair , folding his tattooed arms across his chest . Dion looked more like a biker than a jeweler . " Can't source one ? " I ask .

" Oh , I can get one , but are you sure you want to use that ring ? Your mother's ring , I can melt it down and remake a nicer one using the gold ? " I shake my head , and he sighs . " Well then , you best get your wallet out then , Alpha . Serendibite is \$ 18,000 a carat , and the earliest I can get it is in six weeks . Then , I will have to cut it to fit .

I can only find raw material so far , " he tells me . However , I already researched it last night while Everly was asleep and knew it would be costly because they were in scarce supply and rare . " Invoice me , and I will transfer it . Also , the band , you said it was thick enough to engrave ? " I ask . Dion nods . I pull the piece of paper from my pocket and hand it to him , and he reads it . " So much for big bad Alpha , big softy , " he smiles . " Send me the invoice and ring when it is ready , "

I laughed while turning and heading for the door . Driving to the homeless shelter , I was prepared to get my hands dirty no matter how much that thought made me shudder . I was not ready to find the roof completely ripped off from the storm . My jaw dropped when I stepped out of the car to see a huge cleanup . The roof ripped off as if it had been peeled away . The structure stood . However , the inside was flooded , and I groaned with annoyance . Just what I needed .

The storm was the worst we had had in years . The damage I could see on the main street was shocking enough , but this side of town seemed to take a more brutal hit . It made me wonder how Everly's Hotel was . No doubt it would have been smashed by the wild weather . Walking over to one of the project managers , he ordered around his leading hand and a few supervisors and designated specific areas to start the cleanup . When he notices me , Bill turns around to face me . " Alpha , " he nods to me , stroking his beard before twirling the end through his fingers . " So do you want the good news or the bad news first ? " he asks .

" Is there any good news ? " " There is . The building didn't collapse , " Bill states . " Is that the good news ? " I ask , and he laughs . " Yep , now the bad news . This just added another month to the timeline and raised the cost . " Anything else ? " " Yep , the sewer overflowed out the back , and it seems the entire city's shit washed into the far playground out the back , " he tells me .

And there was my queue to leave because , shit ? Naah , I ain't touching , smelling , or going within the vicinity of the sewers out back . " Got you some gumboots , " Bill says and I shake my head . " Nope , just remembered I have an emergency meeting , " I tell him , and he laughs . " I thought you were willing to get your hands dirty for once , Alpha ? " Bill taunted . " Important meeting , " I tell him .

" Yeah , with who ? " he knew I was full of shit , no pun intended , and was determined to call me out on it . " With someone important . " " 11 . " More important than the Blood Alpha ? " he asks , scratching his chin and squinting at me . I swear he twirls that beard on purpose because he knows it irritates me . I wanted scissors to cut it off .

" Of course , far more important , " I tell him . " Name ? " he challenges , and his eyes crinkle around the edges while he watches me try to get out of helping . " Luna ! " I tell him . " Ah , nice save , Alpha . I see , hiding behind our Luna now , " he laughs . " I'll be sure to tell her that next time I see her , " he laughed before motioning for me to go . Yep , blood , puke , I can kinda manage shit , nope ! I draw the line at fecal matter . " I will be sure to send Marcus over . He would love to help .

" I tell Bill as I climb back into the driver's seat . Marcus had rung me early this morning when he was on his way to get Casey from Macey's . Zoe's heat had finished , although she would be remaining home today to rest . Marcus said he was ready to come back to work , and I now have the perfect job as my replacement . " Siri , call Marcus ,

" I tell my car stereo as I pull away from the curb . Marcus answers as I pull into traffic and stop at a traffic light . " Hey , what's up ? I was actually about to ring you , " he says . " Can you do me a favor ? " I ask him . " Depends , " he says warily , and I try to suppress my laughter .

" I am supposed to help at the homeless shelter , but something has come up . Bill needs extra men , so can you grab Tatum and a few others and go help him in the rear playground and help clean up ? " " " Yeah , sure thing . Just give me an hour . " " I will let Bill know , " I tell him . " Sweet . I don't suppose you are going anywhere near the council chambers ? " Marcus asks .

" No , I was headed to the hotel . Why ? " " Everly got a rejection letter . I just dropped Casey off to Zoe , and she said Everly is on the warpath . I was about to

head over there , " " I will go ; I am turning around now , " I tell him before ripping a U – turn and earning some blaring horns from other cars . I curse . This was not good .

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Chapter 84

Chapter 84 Everly POV

Taking a bite out of my muffin, Zoe looked like crap as she rested her head on the table. I chuckle at her and shake my head. I came here to check on her and bring her some breakfast. Marcus had gone to collect Casey so Macey could take Zoe's shift today, and I now understood why she couldn't work.

"Stop laughing," she groans before getting up and walking to the fridge with her melted bago f frozen peas.

"Ew, throw them," I tell her, taking another bite from my muffin. She snatches another bag of frozen vegetables, stuffs them down the front of her pajama shorts, and sighs. I snort as she awkwardly walks back to her chair and sits on it. "My vagina feels chaffed. Is that possible?" Zoe groans, resting her head on the tabletop.

"He broke it," she whines, and I laugh at her.

"So unfair. Marcus has a jolly good time while here I am stuffing frozen vegetables down my pants because I feel like I have carpet burn where I shouldn't have carpet burn," she growls.

"I am eating," I tell her, shaking my muffin at her, not wanting that image in my head.

"Sorry, but let me whine; I have a literal fire crotch situation going on here,"

"Again, I am eating. You are the little sister that over shares with the info; I don't need to know what is going on with your lady bits," I tell her when my phone bings, telling me I had received an email.

"Could be worse-" Zoe rambles, and her words fall on deaf ears as I pull my phone out and see the email from the city council.

One step forward and two steps back, always the same shit on repeat. A growl slips out of me, startling Zoe as I read over the rejection letter. When I see the signing alphas, I wrap my muffin back up in its wrapper, and Zoe looks at me

"What's wrong?" she asks, instantly alert.

"It was rejected,"

"What was?"

"My petition for the rogues," I tell her, getting up from my seat.

"What are you doing?" she asks as I dump the rest of my coffee in the sink. Only when I do the mug burst in my hand. I blink at my bleeding hand. "Shit!" I curse under my breath, picking u p the broken pieces of glass and dumping them in the bin before snatching some hand towels out from under the sink. I rinse my hand, pulling a shard of thick glass from my palm and wrapping it. Zoe shrieks seeing blood dripping from my hand, yet I felt nothing. I was pissed off that my father would sabotage me like this. I quickly wrap some paper handtowel around m y hand before snatching my handbag off the table.

"Everly?" Zoe says, reaching for my hand.

"I'm going to try to fix it," I tell her.

"Wait, you need to calm down. Just wait, I will come with you," she says, hopping up and wincing. I shake my head.

"Marcus will be here soon with Casey. And you have to freeze your rug burn," I tell her, not realizing what I said as I stormed out. I rush down the steps and around the side of the building before climbing into my truck.

Reversing out of my parking spot, I navigate through the packed car park before jumping into the traffic and heading for the council chambers.

Finding a parking spot took me twenty minutes when I arrived, only adding to my pent-up anger. Snatching my bag off the front passenger seat, I stormed into the brick building and nearly ripped my arm off as I yanked the door open and shoved my way through the security checkpoint. Security rushed toward me, and I wasn't sure if it was the angered look on my face or the fact my hand was dripping blood everywhere.

However, one growl from me made them stop in their tracks as my aura flew out and battered them. They stood struck, stunned, and blinking at me. It startled me momentarily before I shrugged. Thank you, mate bond! I thought as I moved toward the front desk to the clerk behind it who was on the phone. She hangs up and gives me a warm smile that slips off her face, and I try to relax my facial features, only realizing I was glaring at the poor woman when she spoke.

"Luna," she stutters, and I try to remember this woman isn't the cause of my anger. I glance at her name tag.

"Hi, Amanda, I need to speak to someone about my rejected petition," I tell her, leaning over the counter and showing the case number on my email. She quickly taps away at her keyboard.

"It says you needed four Alphas to sign off on it before it could be heard,"

"I have four Alpha's signatures," I tell her, showing her mine and Valen's, along with the Alpha and Luna from the southeast borders. Amanda shakes her head.

"Yours and the Alpha Valens don't count since you are the one filing the petition," she tells me

"Since when?" I snap at her before sucking in a deep breath. Not Amanda's fault, I remind myself.

"I'm sorry. Is there someone I can speak to about it?" I ask again, trying to keep my anger in check.

"I can see if my supervisor is in?" she offers, and I nod, my fingers drumming impatiently on the desk.

She makes a call and turns away from me. I watch her before glancing at the clock behind her on the wall. I needed to get back to sign off on delivery in an hour.

"Sir? I have the Blood Luna here. She wants to speak with you." I blink at what she called me. Hearing them call Valen that was one thing but me?

"I understand, sir. I will let her know," she says before hanging up the phone. She turns in her seat and smiles apologetically at me.

"He is in a meeting and said you would have to book an appointment," she says, shrinking in her seat. I purse my lips. This was some bullshit! I could guarantee they wouldn't pull this shit with my mate.

"Your supervisor's name, please?" I ask.

"Scott Peters Maam," I click my tongue. Of course, he won't see me. He was a member of my father's pack.

"Thank you," I tell her, turning on my heel to leave and heading for the doors. The security staff quickly opens the little gate I barged through on my way in, and I see another waiting there with a bandage in his hand. Sniffing the air, I could tell he was one of Alpha Nixon's pack members. He nods to me when I take it from him.

"Thank you," I murmur, pushing the door open with my shoulder. Getting back to my car, I stare out the windscreen, trying to think. My father rejected the petition, and my mother rejected it. That stung more than it should for some reason, but seeing my father's signature on the email really got to me.

Even after all these years, he couldn't do one decent thing, not even for his

disgraced daughter. This was bigger than me, it wasn't for me, and still, he rejected it. It was like he was shunning me all over again. When would I be enough? I blink the tears away. And Valarie's words came to my ears. "They don't deserve your tears!" Knowing she was right, I sniffled and wiped them away. I didn't need them; I proved that. But that didn't mean I didn't want them. Miss what I once had.

I wanted Valarian to know where I came from, to know the parents who raised me before they shunned me. Starting my car, I head back to the Hotel. Halfway home, my anger was still festering beneath the surface, my emotions trying to strangle me; my workers didn't deserve my anger, I thought to myself.

Ripping the car off to the side of the road, I drummed my fingers on the steering wheel, debating what my next move should be.

"Fuck it!" I growl, glancing in the side mirrors. When no cars are coming, I rip a u-turn heading in the opposite direction to the Hotel. I floor my beast, the engine growling just like me as I head back to the one place I have not been to in years. I head to the place I once called

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home and to the very man who shunned me.

He didn't deserve my tears, but he fucking deserved my anger, which is what he would be met with. Coming to the border patrols, they wave me down to pull over, but I flip them off while laughing my head off as my truck smashes through their boom gate, ripping it off before heading to the packhouse. If my father wasn't already alerted to the border breach, he sure as hell would hear me coming with the way the engine roared as I put my foot down, heading for the center of his pack land. What should have been my pack lands!