

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

chapter 95

chapter 95

chapter 95 Valen POV Pulling up at the Mountainview Hotel, fire trucks lined the front of the Hotel. Police and flashing lights. It was a total fiasco. I could see Everly's truck and my father parked beside it and getting Valarian out of the car. While Macey stood by the car, my father was quick to get Valarian and waved to Zoe in question, who rushed over with Casey. She thanks him. Yet I couldn't see Everly anywhere. The entire building was on fire, flames spewing out the windows that burst from the extreme heat that could be felt from where I parked behind my father on the main road. People were running everywhere, and police and ambulances were also on the scene.

I glance around, waving to Zoe, and jog over to her and Marcus. Marcus had a tablet in his hand and people lined the path, standing at the evacuation point as he finished checking names off.

"Everyone is accounted for, the fire started in the kitchen, thankfully the alarms tripped still from the backup batteries so no loss of life," Marcus tells me and I noticed the tablet was a list of who was in the hotel and where everyone checked off and accounted for but one. Ava was handing out bottled water and checking those Marcus marked off. "Where is Everly?" I ask. Seeing my father drive off with Casey and Valarian, he honks the horn and I nod to him. Zoe looks around before pointing between two firetrucks. "The other buildings?" I ask Macey as she comes over. "Fine, it was contained in the main building. The apartments out the back and events rooms and storage sheds are fine, only the main hotel," she answers, and at least that was a relief. I nod glancing at Everly who stood in her pink and white cloud pajamas with her back to us. Moving across the large lawn, I head over to her. When I spoke to her she was hysterical, but now I felt nothing but blistering fiery anger, so hot it would give the inferno in front of us a run for its money. Yet the underlying feeling below it was pure devastation. This place was as much her baby as Valarian was. This was hers. Coming up behind her, she stared at the flames eating away her village, a village she built. I gripped her shoulders, coming up behind her, but she just stared ahead. I didn't know what to say. There was no comfort I could offer to make this right. "I'll rebuild, this is why we have insurance, this is why I have a failsafe, the main thing is no one is hurt, this place can be restored, lives can't be replaced," she says as I rest my chin on her shoulder and wrap my arms around her. "I'm sorry, Love," I tell her and she nods once in acknowledgment of my words but says nothing else. Media and reporters started lining the streets behind us, murmurs could be heard, police taking statements. I wandered off, helping where I could and so did Everly, organizing buses to take everyone to my hotel that was staying here. Yet when the flames were gone, the place was nothing but a husk of what once was. Everly watched the last fire truck leave, but the media lingered, taking any last-minute scraps they could for their headlines. Bloody vultures.

"Come on," I tell her, trying to lead her away, but she shakes her head and walks toward the building. I needed to get Valarian to school, so we would have to

come back. Yet I had a feeling Everly wasn't leaving anytime soon. "They warned me," Everly said, staring up at what's left. The structure was sound, but the place was gutted. Yet despite it all, the building still stood, the brickwork tainted black, the render crumbling and the place hollow. "This is because of the petition, because I fought for the rogues, for this city and this is how they repay me," she growls. "They won't stop, will they?" she asks, glancing at me. I hang my head, knowing this would be the beginning.

"What's next Valen? What would your next move be, if you were Nixon?" she asks.

"You think it was Nixon?"

"Who else," she says.

"Everly?" I glance around at the media still lingering, watching curiously when she walks off toward the wreck

Everly POV

The place was destroyed as I stared at my heart and soul burned to charcoal. I stared at the front door of the office. I could picture it like it was yesterday. The night before it poured, and I had all but given up, until I met the woman that sat on a chair with a smoke hanging between her lips by that very door. On a plastic faded chair, the way her eyes looked me up and down with no judgment.

Valen comes over to me while I stare at the spot she sat that day, wet from walking, hopeless, and homeless. He rubs my arms from behind me.

"We should go," Valen whispers. I point to the spot. "That is where I met your mother," I tell him. "I thought she was one of the people staying here. She had smoke hanging out of her mouth." I chuckle.

"She offered me a place to stay, a hot meal, and then a job. But she gave me so much more than that," I tell him. "This place," Valen says. I shake my head. "Hope. She gave me hope. Then she gave me a family, and then a home," I tell him looking up at what's left.

I point to the room directly above us. "That is where I stayed. The next morning I came out to her calling out to me, her truck loaded with baby stuff for Valarian. There was so much stuff," I sniffled.

"It takes a village to raise a child. We are going to build our own village. Your mother told me that, and we did." I tell him before stepping through the front door of the office, the glass door all shattered and glass crunched under my feet, the walls black and some of the floors

in the

still smoldered. I walked out the back to my office, which used to be her apartment. "Everly! It's not safe," Valen calls out to me while rushing in after me. Yet I didn't care, I had to see if it survived. The safe was fireproof, and it held something more precious than gold. It had my letter.

Everything was covered in soot, the room crumbling around me as I fished my keys from my pocket and kneeled next to the safe. "Everly, we shouldn't be in here! They haven't cleared the entire place yet," Valen says but through my tears, I place the key in and twist before pulling it out and using another key to twist the next lock and the next. The keypad for the digital screen melted, but the manual locks were fine. My heart beat faster when I heard the final lock click.

I closed my eyes, gripping the handle sucking in a shuddering breath, before pulling the door open. Opening it, I found the safe intact, the heat burned the outside good, and it was warm inside. A few things on top were curled and ruined but as I dug to the bottom I burst into tears when I saw my envelopes. They were brown from the smoke but intact. I clutched them to my chest and let out a breath.

"Thank you," I whispered to no one in particular. If there was a sign, that she was still with us. This was it. Because God only knows how many times I had pulled that damn letter from its envelope when I thought I would break Valen rubs my back, letting me fall apart, yet I couldn't move as I stared at my safe. I have no idea how long I sat there, but Valen had to go grab Valarian's clothes from the apartment, yet I couldn't bring myself to move. This place was a time capsule, as I found every moment of this place flashing through my mind. Her voice was so clear, her memory still alive even though it was now burned rubble. I was leaning against the brown brickwork with my envelope, the one most precious to me. There were so many letters, letters of advice, letters of love. She wrote a new letter every day, each one a detailed report of what we accomplished that day. A reminder of how far we have come.

And every day she dropped it in the post box out the front and sent it to her lawyer to hold on to. But one letter meant the most to me and it was the one I clutched in my hand like it was my lifeline, a reminder in case I forgot. One thing about Valarie was that she was unforgettable. I close my eyes, leaning my head back against the wall when her voice rings in my ears. "You don't need them. They aren't wasting tears on you, so don't waste your tears on them. They don't deserve them," Valarie had once told me. Her voice was on replay and I savored the sound of the memories she imprinted on me and it only made me angry that someone would try to take that memory from me, from the rogues. They burned my village and I will burn this city to the ground. I burn, they will burn with me. 2

"Hold on to that anger because sometimes it is the only thing that will keep you going," Valarie had also told me. And I let it fester, needing something to keep going when I heard the crunch of somebody walking into the place. I wipe my tears but sigh when I realize it is only Valen. He crouches in front of me, tipping my chin up to meet his gaze. "Where's my girl gone?" he whispers, his eyes searching my face. "Sitting in the wreck of her village," I tell him. "This is not my girl. My girl is a Luna, and chief to her village,"

"My village is gone," I tell him. "What happened to you will rebuild?" I sighed I wanted to punch something, scream and fight, yet at the same time I wanted to curl into a ball and die with this place. But he was right. I had a city to burn and I couldn't do that here, feeling sorry for myself. I nod and he stands and I open the letter, reading the letter. The one thing that kept me going time and time again. Valen stands back but remains quiet as I skimmed the page. Valarie's words were unmarred and untainted as I stared at them.

"What's that?" Valen asks.

"A reminder," I tell him. Leaning forward, I grab the others from where they sat and hand them to him. He looks at the hundreds of envelopes. "These are all from my mother?" he asks, and I nod. He holds his hand out for the one piece of paper written in her immaculate handwriting, the one letter that means the most to me. It was the shortest of all the letters she wrote. The others were a detailed day-by-day account of what we had achieved. What we built. But this one was something else.

Just in case no one has told you today!

YOU WILL NEVER DO IT! I'm watching, always watching my girl. And I will be watching when you prove them all wrong!

With that, I tucked the letter back in its envelope and handed it to Valen to hold with the others before walking out of the office. "Everly? What are you doing?" Valen calls as he follows me through the charred remains. "Building a village," I tell him. Valen laughs and I look at him over my shoulder. "What?" I ask and he shrugs and shakes his head, un-tucking the envelope I gave him, he opens it. "Build your Village, Love," he says. 1 "I am. I built this place from nothing. I will do it again," I tell him, shoving through the doors and outside.

I stop in tracks as I step into the carpark Valen walks up behind me and he wraps his arms around my chest pulling me back against him. The letter in his hand opened, yet my gaze was on the hundreds of rogues and pack members that covered every inch of the lawn. Shovels, and supplies in hand before a convoy of trucks and machinery pulled into the hotel. I suck in a breath and swallow. Every Rogue must be here, and all of Valen's pack. I glance at him over my shoulder.

"Only this time, it isn't just four rogue-whores and three babies. You built a village and these are your people. You never have to do anything alone again," Valen whispers, and tears fill my eyes as I stare back at everyone who showed up. Macey and Zoe both stood at the front with

shovels in hand. My lip quivers that they would all show up for this place.

Valen kisses my cheek and lets me go. My knees shook as I walked toward my village before they gave way from under me, they all suddenly dropped to their

knees and bowed their heads. The sight of them became too much, and I broke. Tears fell as I placed my head in my hands and cried. Moments later I felt small hands touch my neck and I looked up to see Valarian standing beside me.

"Don't cry Mumma," he whispers, wiping my tears. He was wearing a hi-vis shirt, jeans and little steel cap boots. 3 "Hey, Everly!" Valen calls and I turn to look at him over my shoulder. Valarian stares at his father when Valen yells out to me. "You'll never do it!" he yells out, and I chuckle. I open my mouth to answer him when a chorus rings out through the crowd in unison. ?

"Watch her!" the crowd screamed back at him.

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son chapter 96

Chapter 96

Two Days Later

For three hours, I had waited sitting in the council for my petition meeting. My ass was going numb, and this skirt was so tight it was digging into my hips. The cooling in here sucked too, and was making me feel queasy and when I saw Alpha Nixon walk out of the chambers with a smug smile on his face, my mood soured even more. I stood up, placing my folder on my seat and moved toward him. My appointment was three hours ago. My father comes out and rushes past, heading for the doors before I could even say anything to him. Not even a glance in my direction, yet Nixon was all too happy to approach me. He strolled over in his tailored suit, briefcase and his black leather shoes. He stopped in front of me, giving me the once over.

"How lovely to see you, Everly. What brings you here?" he asks with a sly smile. My eyes narrow at him as people pushed out the doors behind us, leaving the council chambers and heading out past security. They cast us nervous glances, which set me a little on edge.

"You know exactly why I am here," I growl at him.

"Oh, nobody told you?" he asks, smiling wickedly. He glances at the receptionist. My brows furrow in confusion at his words. No one told me or notified me to say it wasn't going ahead, so I had no idea what he was talking about

"Your meeting was postponed. We postponed it on compassionate grounds after hearing about your tragedy at the hotel. What a shame!" Alpha Nixon said in a mocking tone.

"Compassionate grounds. It was not necessary, I never asked for it to be postponed and nobody notified me

that it had been," I tell him, glancing at the foyer desk and the woman behind it ducked her head when I turned my glare on her. That woman had stared at me for three hours and did not say a goddamn word, just kept saying be patient ma'am someone will be right with you!

"Not to matter, these things can't be helped. I was coming to see you today, anyway. I wanted to make you an offer," Nixon says, forcing my attention back to him. I purse my lips and fold my arms across my chest, and scoff at his words. This man had done enough and I wouldn't accept any offer he ever made.

"How much for what is left of that dump?" he asks.

"It isn't for sale, and if it was, you would never be able to afford it," I tell him.

"Now, don't be rash, Everly. That place is rubble and soot, holds no value."

"Then what do you want with it if it holds no value? I know exactly what that land is worth and what it will be worth once I rebuild. Though I should say thank you for burning to the ground!"

"I have no idea what you are talking about," he says, fiddling with his cufflinks.

"Sure you don't, but thank you," I smile.

"And why is that?" Nixon chuckles arrogantly, and I lean closer to whisper to him,

"Because I just realized how much larger my pack is. You know numbers. That's all you Alpha's care about, the number of members you have, warriors. Well, I outnumber every pack here, so Alpha, I suggest you fall in line before I make you my omega bitch," I tell him. 2

"You are asking for war, Everly. How will your father feel going to war against his own daughter?"

"That is where you are wrong, Alpha Nixon. In two days' time, I will own his pack. Be wise to check your alliances because I will own you too," I sneer at him and Nixon laughs.

"I am the mayor of this city, or have you forgotten, I am not going anywhere Everly, I run this city, you are merely a rogue whore that trapped and Alpha, don't you read the headlines?" he chuckles.

"Savor your time as Mayor Nixon because you won't be the city Mayor for much longer," I tell him, leaning down and grabbing my handbag and folder.

"And why do you think that?" he asks I shrug.

"Reputation is everything in this City Nixon, I can't fall from grace because I apparently already did. As you said, I am just a rogue-whore who trapped an Alpha. But don't forget, everyone has skeletons in the closet, and I hear yours is full to the brim with dirty secret and cobwebs. Be sure to watch the 7 o'clock news tonight, I hear you staring in those headlines," I laugh before turning on my heel and walking toward the doors. Alpha Nixon grabs my arm and yanks me back earning some shocked gasps from a few stragglers leaving still.

"What have you done?" he sneered.

"I do not know what you're talking about," I tell him, sending him a wink. I shake his hand off before walking out the doors.

"Sign the petition Nixon; I am only just getting started, and by the time I am done, your reputation will be lower than any rogue-whore!" I tell him, shoving through the turnstile and out the doors into the blistering hot sun. My father is waiting by his car and goes to walk over to me, but halts his steps when Nixon comes out a few steps behind me.

Ignoring both of them, I climb in my car and send a text to Macey and Zoe to meet me at Zoe's apartment before putting it in reverse only when I glance over my shoulder I see Nixon's brand new Jaguar behind me. I slam my foot on the accelerator, hitting it so hard it pushes into the brick barricade in front of it. His horrified face made me chuckle as I wound the window down. I look out my window at his crushed back end.

"Whoops, I'm sure it will buff right out," I tell him before taking off cackling like a madwoman. I notice him race toward his car and clutch his hair as he looks at the damage. I rub my dash. "Good beastly, good girl." I tell my car. \$

The drive back to the hotel left me sweating, and I was pretty sure I needed to get the air-con re-gassed. By the time reached the place I am drenched in sweat. In two days, with all of Valen's pack and every rogue in the city, we had stripped the place to the bare brick and scrubbed it down. The entire site was gutted, and contractors were walking around wearing hard hats and taking things inside to the kitchen and restaurant structure.

Giant jacks were holding up some of the floors above while new support beams were put in place. Pulling into the parking spots out front, I see the safety inspector. With a groan I shrug off my blazer and climb out of the car, I walk toward him, and he goes to open his mouth, no doubt with some complaint, but I pluck the paper from his grip that he was holding up.

"See you in a month," I tell him, not bothering to stop, I flip him the finger above my head, I was not in the mood to deal with him. I stroll to the back apartm

ents and up the steps toward my old apartment. I unlock the door and flick the kettle on. Dumping my keys on the fruit bowl, it felt so normal, like home still.

Raiding the fridge and pantry, I grab coffee and milk out, yet the moment I opened the coffee canister, my stomach turned violently and had me rushing toward the sink. I hurled my guts up, spewing into the sink, wondering what came over me. Rinsing my mouth, I quickly clean the sink, wondering if I have heat stroke from sitting in the council foyer all day. Once my stomach settled and the kitchen clean, I was about to start making coffees when Macey walked in with Zoe.

“How did it go?” Macey asked, rushing toward the air-conditioning panel on the wall and turning it up full

blast. Zoe lifts her hair off the back of her neck, and stands under the vent in the living room. “Gosh, it is hot today,” she whines, her skin glistening with a sheen of sweat. Macey walks over to the freezer once done opening the door and pressing her face inside it trying to cool down while I moved to one of the chairs at the dining table and undo the top button on my skirt. 1

“It was postponed, waiting for email on a new date, also I may have accidentally reversed into Nixon’s

” I shrug before seeing Macey stealing ice cubes out of the freezer drawer she pulls her shirt open dropping them in her bra and Zoe and I stare at her.

“What, cooling my girls down,” she says, like it wasn’t an odd thing to do. She reaches for me and Zoe snaps at her.

“Nope, you best leave my ice tray alone. I know you aren’t about to stuff them down your pants,” she shrieks and Macey looks at her appalled by her words before she pops the cubes of ice in her mouth. 1

“Not all of us are like you miss hotbox, stuffing frozen vegetables in your pants,” Zoe glares at me accusingly for telling Macey, and I giggle.

Macey starts making coffee and I tell them about my interaction with Nixon but when Macey sets the mug in front of me, I grab it and take a sip before my stomach turns again and I am rushing for the sink. Coffee comes out of my nose and mouth as I spew. Gagging on the taste, I quickly rinse my mouth and wet my face, trying to cool down.

Once I feel slightly better, I stand up and turn to find them both staring at me. “What your bloody milk must be off,” I tell them.

“Wait, you were in heat right?”

"Weeks ago!" I tell them, shaking my head and grabbing a pepsi out of the fridge. I swallow it down to rid the rancid taste from my mouth. Macey clears her throat awkwardly and I glance at her. "What!"

"Hundred bucks says you're knocked up!"

"Nope, we used...." I stopped, did we use protection?

"She is up the duff," Zoe exclaims and slaps Macey's waiting hand. No, I couldn't be, my heat came and went.... In a day! I look at Zoe horrified.

"How long does a heat last?"

"Three or four days, give or take and from memory, yours lasted a night? Not that I am heat cycling you or anything," she says innocently.

"See, all the proof right there, you is preggers, means either he knocked you first dive into your coochie or nothing, you're definitely pregnant," Macey laughs.

"I can't be pregnant. I have the challenge in two days!" | snap at them, horrified. They glance between each other nervously. "Shit! I have tests we can check. Maybe your dad will postpone on compassionate grounds for the hotel," Macey offers while Zoe rushes off toward the bathroom.

Macey eyes her suspiciously when she comes out with four different pregnancy tests she returns with. "Why have you got half the chemistry tests?" she asks

"No reason," she says, shoving them in my hands.

"Wait, are you and Marcus trying to have another crotch goblin?" Macey asks excitedly. 1

"No, just in case," Zoe says. And Macey pouts fine, at least I get to be this one, cool aunty." Macey says rubbing my belly like I am a buddha and she can rub some good luck out of it.

"Please be triplets, or quadruplets, a whole damn litter!" she whispers. I slap her hand away. "I am not pregnant!" I tell her, and she folds her arms.

"Well, one way to find out!" I stalk off to the bathroom. Minutes tick by while I wait for the digital screen to light up and the other three that I took as a precaution. Chewing my lips, I glare at them, willing them to be negative and

cross my fingers and toes, praying to the moon goddess I'm not. I can't afford to be. I have a hotel to rebuild, a war brewing, a challenge and a Valarian!

Yet as the screen lit up and the timer beeped. I nearly dived into the sink basin where the tests were *perched*. I grab them, examining them.

"Wrong, wrong, wrong," I cry when I hear a knock before the girls barge their way into the small bathroom and fling the third one back, hitting Macey in the head with it. She cringes but catches it.

"You *jinxed* me, *undo jinx* me now!" I demand as she reads the test before fisting and bumping the air in *victory* and bouncing on her feet. "I'm gonna be an Aunty, again! You owe me...shit I forgot to tell you the bet!" she curses. Yet all I could think about was what fucked up timing this was as I sank on to the edge of the toilet and put my head in my hands.

"Come on, Evie. It's not the end of the world. Plus you won't be alone this time and Valen is great with Valarian and... Zoe says, but her words don't help so I drown her out as memories of my last pregnancy *flood* me and what the hell was going to do about the challenge?"