

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

chapter 97

Chapter 97 Valen was working back tonight with Marcus, so after I got Valarian from school, I decided to have dinner with Zoe, Macey, and the girls. The kids had fun and it kind of reminded me of before our lives got so complicated when it was just us against the world. It's comforting knowing that nothing has changed even now with my title. To them, I would always just be Everly, not Luna, not the rogue-whore. Here, I was safe to be my normal self and was free to do as I please without judgment or having someone scrutinize me somehow. When the 7 o'clock news came on that night, I sent the kids to play with the Lego in Casey's room.

"Remote! The news is on," I say, waving my hand at Zoe. She passes me the remote, and I quickly flick the channel over.

"Since when do you like watching the news?" Macey asks, and I race to the sofa and sit in the middle in front of the TV.

"I like the news when I don't star in it. I may have handed a list of evidence to the media about Nixon and my father this morning," I tell them.

"What? What'd you give them?" Zoe screeches excitedly, rushes over, and sits on the other side of me. It was petty, but if they want to talk shit about me. I should be able to have fun returning the favor. I was far from apologetic, even over the one thing that was total bullshit. But then again, it could be true! Either way, it makes for exciting conversations at dinner meetings. I chuckled to myself; he was going to kill me. 2 "Oh, this, I gotta see!" Macey says, snatching the cold bowl of popcorn off the coffee table. Both Zoe and Macey looked at me questionably. It was the only thing I left out. Getting comfortable on the sofa, we all squeezed on. Zoe is sitting with her legs over my lap and her feet in Macey's lap.

Macey sat un-blinking, chowing down on cold popcorn from the kid's movie we watched after dinner. Shoveling handfuls in her mouth in a very un-ladylike manner, but a complete Macey manner. When the news anchor comes on and Nixon's photo pops up in the corner, we lean forward eagerly. I purse my lips. They burned my hotel, and I will burn their reputations. The newswoman reports on Nixon's first mate and how she became forsaken. How his wife isn't the mother of his son Carter, but the most damning part to him, was that he abandoned his daughter to the forsaken. I even managed to find some old photos of Leah, his mate, and a hospital report of a young woman named Kayla, who was Carter's twin sister, which would push the evidence along. Plus, an accidental photo, and from an awkward angle, it looked like Alpha Nixon was picking his nose while sitting in his car outside the pack hospital. Man, it was hard getting a hold of hospital footage, but somehow Valen had managed it. The news anchor even said that they would pay for the DNA test if he wanted to prove his innocence. Of course, we all knew that wouldn't happen, only making him look more guilty. The news anchorwoman then went on to talk about his hate for rogues, and this may be the

reason why. And that his daughter was technically still one and his mate had turned forsaken. Sitting back, I smiled smugly; suck on that, Nixon!

Macey was chewing and shoveling popcorn in her mouth so fast, and both her and Zoe's eyes were glued to the TV until Macey started coughing and spluttering, choking on her popcorn when my father's turn was next. And instead of his usual portrait photos, Ava and I had managed to find some old pictures on the family link app that he forgot to remove her from. It was a photo from when we were kids at a dress-up party.

My father was wearing one of my mother's mini dresses and fishnet stockings, with a wig and high heel boots. We sent three photos to them. One with him in a wig, all glammed up, as a woman, and another without the wig, revealing that it was definitely my father. Because the photo was of him in our bathroom putting on red lipstick. And the last image was him bending over drunk, his nuts hanging out since he was also wearing my mother's lace knickers. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the photos, but I knew my father wouldn't see it that way, especially when the news anchor told the city that he was secretly a crossdresser and that his two daughters confirmed it. I snicker, and Zoe snorts. I smack Macey's back, and she sucks in a lungful of air. We all burst out laughing, knowing how horrified my father would be over this. Though we saw nothing wrong with it, this would definitely taint my father's conservative front he puts up. 2 "Man, I wish I could wear heels that high. Any more than an inch, and I can't walk straight." Macey laughs. "There is so much I could say to that comment," I tell her, and she glares at me. I snickered at her outraged face. "Damn! Papa John got some nice legs on him. A bit hairy, but look at them muscular thighs," Zoe says, and I elbow her, a little grossed out she was checking out my father. "Oh my God! I bet your father had a heart attack seeing this pop up on the news," Macey chuckled.

"You know there will be backlash," Zoe says, and I shrug.

"What are they going to do? Accuse me of lying about who Valarian's father is? It's obvious whose child he is by the eyes. And I am pretty sure there isn't one article that doesn't taint me poorly. Sticks and stones," I tell them.

Valen starts blowing up my phone. He had no idea what I wanted the footage for, and I am sure he thought I would try to blackmail Nixon with it, not hand it to the media. With a groan, I get up. I knew I had to face my mate, and I'm sure he would have plenty to say about it Macey also had to leave, so we both bundled the kids up in our cars, and I waved as she left. Driving home, I was still laughing to myself. Valarian kept asking why, but I would just shake my head. Pulling up in the car park Valarian rushes ahead to the glass doors and is greeted by the doorman.

I chuck my keys to the valet, though as I retrieve my handbag from the boot and the few groceries I stopped and grabbed on the way home, I jump when I am

grabbed and yanked away *from* the trunk. My bags drop, and I turn to see who it is, only to find myself glaring up at my father.

“What the fuck do you think you are doing?” He growled at me.

“Well, I was getting groceries from my car,” I snarl back, picking up the spilled oranges. My father crouches down and starts helping me re-bag everything. He gasps while I chase a runaway *apple* when he picks up my handbag. I snatch my bag *off* him and the pregnancy test out of his hand. “*You’re pregnant?*” He asks, standing *up* and *towering* over me.