

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 1

Everly POV

My head spun as I looked around at my surroundings, my head was pounding, and I instantly regretted drinking so much; panic courses through me when I don't recognize my surroundings. I am in a room; the light coming in through the window was blinding as I tried to figure out where the heck I was. The last thing I remember is the annual Alpha meet-up, a costume party I attended with my family. My sister and I snuck off to meet with the other future Alphas after my father insisted I needed to get in good with, seeing as I will be the next in line and am to have the pack handed over to me at the end of the year when I turn eighteen. Yet, I have no memory of coming to this room.

I groan, rubbing my eyes, praying I am seeing shit, and the alcohol burning in my system is still making me confused, except when I go to move, I become aware of the heavy arm draped over my waist. My head whips to the side, praying. It was my sister, and we had both passed out somewhere. My worst fears are realized, and I have to contain my scream of horror when I find a naked man lying beside me. He wasn't just any man but Alpha Valen of the Dark Blood Pack. This man owned half the City and is from a rival pack. My father has was going to murder me.

"Fuck!" I whisper under my breath before looking down to find myself also naked. The slight discomfort between my legs made me very aware that I tossed my virginity away and have absolutely no memory of it, so much for that supposed to be a magical moment. I don't even remember it. He must be a shit lay; I chuckle to myself. Of all people, it had to be the notorious Alpha and my father's biggest rival.

My phone vibrating on the floor beside the bed has me almost diving off it to retrieve it; my sister's face pops up on the screen. I quickly answer it, mindful to keep my voice low, whispering into the phone. "Hello"

"Where are you? Dad is going to lose it, I told him you're with me, but he has asked me to come home," She shrieks through the phone. I look around before looking out the window, trying to figure out my location. Shit, I was still at the hotel where the Alpha meet was held.

"Still at the bank's Hotel," I whisper, and she pauses, going quiet for a few moments.

"Oh my god, please tell me you didn't fuck Alpha dickwad" She whispers, knowing dad would kill me, probably dishonored me if he ever found out. Alpha Valen's reputation was scandalous and terrifying. I look over at the Greek god lying in bed beside me, ultimately passed out and unaware of me standing and gawking at him. I would love to see the horror on his face when he woke up, but he just

might kill me along with my father, shit they may even conspire together to make my death exceptionally horrific.

"No, of course not. I just fell asleep in one of the rooms here, completely alone," I lie, hoping Ava believes me. I won't get her caught up in my minor issue if dad asks her; she sucks at lying. She doesn't know she can't get in trouble because of me.

"Stuff it, Dad asks. Tell him you stayed with Amber and me. I will have Amber pick you up on the way, be there in five," She says, hanging up. I quickly look around, scooping my clothes up off the floor and squeezing into the tight bodycon dress. I toss the stupid-ass fairy wings in the trashcan in the bathroom.

Looking in the mirror, I try to fix my makeup. My face is still covered in ridiculous amounts of glitter, and the eye mask that was painted on my face by my sister still concealed half my face. I chuckle to myself, knowing the Alpha will probably wake up just as confused as me and wonder why he is covered in glitter.

I vaguely remember talking to him, finding myself drawn to him for some unknown reason, but he was paralytic, which left me wondering who took advantage of who. I give him one last glance, scoop up my heels and grab my clutch before rushing to the hotel door and swinging it open, only to crash straight into Alpha Valen's Beta.

I recognize him from last night's introductions, though thankfully, he had no idea who I was as I was at the back of the room when he was introduced. I smack into his chest, and he stumbles back, staring at me. And I am thankful for the paint on my face because he may have recognized me as my father's daughter, and that is the last thing I needed.

He smirks at me, clearly finding it funny that I am running from the Alpha's hotel room.

"My Alpha in there?" he asks. I drop my head hoping he doesn't recognize me, and quickly nod. Stepping past him, trying not to touch him.

"Are you alright, or do you need a lift home?" He says, making me stop.

"What, do you give all your Alpha's one-night stands a lift home?" I chuckle at him, and he smiles.

"Only the pretty ones," He says, and I roll my eyes, waving him off before taking off to meet my sister. We needed to hurry home before my dad sent out a search party to run through Mountain view city to retrieve his daughters.

Three weeks later

One night that is all it took to throw away everything I had ever known. I felt a little under the weather, and being a werewolf, we rarely got sick. My father was the Alpha of Shadow Moon Pack, and after spending the last week sick, he had finally brought me to see the pack doctor.

We lived in a City of werewolves, Mountainview City. The entire population was werewolves, comprising of the four packs. My father's pack was the second-largest pack, and only having two daughters and me being the eldest, I was next in line for the Alpha position. Well, until the Doctor came back and turned that dream upside down. The look of disappointment on my father's face made my heart clench. One night, one man, the biggest mistake of my life.

"She is pregnant," Doc Darnel tells my father and me as I sit on the green chair in the Doctor's office. Doc's words horrified me; I couldn't be pregnant. I only had sex once, and I don't even remember because I was trashed. How the hell could this be happening? My father looked at me from where he sat before returning his gaze back to our pack doctor.

"It's wrong; rerun the test. She hasn't found her mate. She can't be pregnant," My father says. I shrink back in my chair. I was only seventeen, nearly eighteen, and the number one rule all she-wolves have drummed in our heads is to save ourselves for our mates. This was a huge deal, especially to my father. This would bring shame to our family, that I would break the one sacred rule for she-wolves. Sure the men fool around, it was a little biased, yet we do, especially someone like me in a position of power, that would be frowned upon. I would be a disgrace to the family.

"Alpha, I have tested the urine sample twice," Doc tells him, but my father shakes his head, not believing his words or not wanting to.

"No, test it again; it is wrong. My daughter is not a rogue whore," I cringe at his words. That's what women are called who fall pregnant to someone that is not their mate, it is the worst thing to be labeled besides a traitor, yet both were treated the same.

Rogue whores are forbidden on pack territories and are only allowed on neutral territory, which is the main drag of the City and the two streets behind it on either side. Our City was pretty lucky; most she-wolves in other cities that fall pregnant, are banished making them forsaken wolves. They turn feral without any pack contact and are forced to live outside the Cities sending them crazed and mad like they do with those that betray or commit treason amongst the packs. No one wants to leave the City and be on their own out there. It wasn't safe and definitely not how anyone wanted to live.

Our City is different. We didn't kick women out of the City and banish them. We just made them rogues, free to go about their lives without pack help. I used to look down on those women I would see trying to make ends meet for their poor choices. Maybe this is my karma; I was soon going to be one of them.

"Yes, Alpha, I will test it again," Doc says before rushing out of the room and away from my father's deadly glare. My father starts pacing, and I feel my heart rate quicken when he stops turning to face me and staring at me.

"He has to be wrong; you are not like that. You wouldn't shame me this way," He says, looking for confirmation. I shrink back in my chair. The Doc came back in again, stopping him from saying more.

"The results are the same, Alpha," Doc says before looking at me with pity. I swallowed, staring wide-eyed at the Pack doctor, hoping he could save me from my father's wrath, but even I knew the elderly, greying man was no match for my father. Neither was I since I still hadn't shifted. We shift on our 18th birthdays, then we can find our mates, but being pregnant would now delay that process. Our bodies won't allow us to shift while pregnant; it is a safety mechanism to protect the unborn pup.

My father growls, turning on his heel and glaring at me, his fists clenched by his sides as he fights the urge to shift. I had never seen him so angry at me before, his eyes flickering black in his anger. My father has always been so proud of my sister and me, always showing us off and telling everyone about what great daughters we are and what a great Alpha I would be when I took over the pack. I looked like him, and he raised me in his image, preparing me to take over. His dark hair, bluish-grey eyes, I got those traits from him, but right now, he looked on the verge of killing me as my face was mirrored in his black orbs.

"How far along is she?" My father says the venom in his words makes my blood run cold.

"We can have a scan done next week to confirm gestation," Doc tells him, and I look at my hands.

"No, do it now so we can take care of it before it gets out. I won't have a rogue whore for a daughter. This is not to get out do you understand, Doc?" The Doc nods his head nervously while I am too busy staring gobsmacked at what my father just said. It was going against the moon goddess to abort a were-baby.

"Wait!" I say, finally finding my voice. My father turns to look at me, and the Doc actually moves away from him when he feels my father's Aura rush out of him.

"Wait for what? You aren't keeping this monstrosity, we can sweep it under the rug, no one has to know, and you can still take the Alpha position, we just need to take care of this poor choice, then things can go back to normal," My father says, he made it sound so simple like this wasn't sin against the Moon Goddess.

"No, I won't, I can't do that, father, please, just let me speak to mum. We can work this out," I pleaded with him.

"No, you will terminate the pregnancy, then we go home. Doc, get whatever it is you need. I am not leaving this office until this is taken care of," My father says. I feel tears brimming at his words, sure I didn't want to be pregnant, but I was not a murderer; aborting a pregnancy was worse than having a child to someone who is not your mate. Directly shunning the Moon Goddess.

"Alpha, I am afraid if your daughter isn't willing, I can't perform such a thing unless there is a medical reason."

"She is willing, isn't that right, Everly," My father says, trying to force me to agree, but I met his gaze head-on. My mind was made up; I won't go through with it.

"No!" I tell him, not expecting his following reaction. My father had never hit me in all of my life, he had never raised a hand to me, and the shock of his action was more painful than the blow itself as his hand connected with the side of my face. I could feel the outline of his fingers etched into my cheek as a burning sensation spread across it from his palm.

"Then you are no longer my daughter," He says.

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Chapter 2

[/ Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess](#)
8 months Later

Loved ones came and visited the other mothers on the ward, excitedly gushing over their new bundles of joy. Excitedly talking about their new additions to the family. My heart twisted painfully, knowing no one was excited to meet my son. No one was coming to check on me or offer support. No one cared for the boy suckling at my breast. No one was coming, it was him and me against the world, but that was ok. I would make it work. How could anything so tiny and sweet be called a mistake? How could you throw your flesh and blood away, your own daughter, over her falling pregnant?

It was a difficult labor, 34 hours and 45 five minutes of pure agony and no comfort, not even from the midwives. They were nothing but rude and mean, telling me to quit my crying as I begged them to make the pain stop. I had never felt so vulnerable or alone as when I was in labor. The woman across from me was being doted on by her mate. The support he was showing her and the comfort made my heart clench.

It was hard enough to be a werewolf and grow up with expectations of being the Alpha's daughter but shun her because she fell pregnant. Strip her of her title, and for one night. That one night turned my life upside down.

Hearing the nurse come in, I look up. She grabs my chart from the end of the bed, looking it over before eyeing me. Her glasses perched on the end of her nose. She didn't hide her disgust for me. No one did; everyone looked down on me because I had a child with someone who is not my mate; that much was evident because where was he? Not here beside me like the rest of those new mothers on the ward, my mate wasn't here gushing over this newborn baby in my arms.

"You really have no idea who the father is?" She asks, clicking her tongue. I knew exactly who the father was, but the last thing I needed was for him to hunt me down. I already had that run-in. A run-in I would much rather forget when I told him I was carrying his child. He didn't even remember me. Didn't help he was a rival pack Alpha. It was easier pretending I didn't know. The shame I have brought my family for being pregnant was bad enough; my father would have killed me for the disrespect of foolishly getting into bed with the Blood Alpha.

I watch the nurse flick her red curly hair over her shoulder. "He is cute; shame his mother was a whore" She sneers, and I see the points of her canines pressing beneath her gums as they protrude past her lips.

"Can I get some panadol?" I ask, ignoring her comment, I had received multiple along the same lines since being here, and now I was feeling a headache coming on. I didn't feel the need to defend myself; there was no point. Nothing I say would make them look at me any different.

"Sorry, can't. It is not on your charts," She says.

"It's panadol, not like I am asking for morphine," I tell her.

"Doesn't matter. It isn't on your charts, so you will have to go without," She says, dropping the chart on the table beside me. Most women heal directly after giving birth. Because I haven't shifted yet, I had no such healing ability.

"Can I get something to eat at least?" I ask her. I was starving, and breastfeeding was making me ravenous.

"You came in after the dinner rounds, and breakfast is at 7Am," she tells me. I look at the clock and see it is only just after 8pm. I nod, knowing this nurse was not going to help in any way possible. Crap, every nurse here was horrible because of my situation. I sometimes wished I could leave this City, pretending to be human and just go about my life with my son.

The nurse leaves, stopping at the blue curtain that divides the beds. "Did you even think of the repercussions of having a child to someone who isn't your mate? Did you think of the poor woman who finds him and one day learns he fathered an illegitimate child to some random she-wolf?"

I thought of that every day since learning I was pregnant, but it was his choice too. I fight back the tears from her words. Staring down at my amber-eyed boy, those eyes are definitely from his father. Mine are light bluish grey.

I had just put my son down after he fell asleep in my arms when I saw the head nurse walk past. She stopped when I waved to her before coming over to me. Her long pencil, straight hair hung to her shoulders; she would have been in her mid-twenties because she was closer to my age. Well, not really, I was barely eighteen, but still, she looked nicer than the previous nurses. She picks up my chart, flicking through it.

"Is there somewhere I can get some water? Or maybe a cup of tea?" I ask her, and she glares at me. My stomach drops. Maybe she wasn't so lovely after all.

She presses the buzzer behind my head, calling another nurse. Yet she still didn't answer me. My son starts to stir, and I reach over and grab him out of his crib when another nurse comes in, my stomach cramping from the sudden movement.

"Why is she in here?" The head nurse asks, making me look at her. I just had a baby. Why else? I thought to myself.

The new nurse looks over at me, her hands tremble slightly, this head nurse obviously instilled fear among her colleagues.

"Get her to the unmated section. We don't need her disturbing the mothers in this ward," The woman says before turning her nose up at me and walking out. I stare gobsmacked at this hospital's bedside manner. When I heard the girl in the curtain off room beside me speak.

"I knew something was up with her hun, her mate never visited her. No one has. Now I know why," the girl says to her mate. She was right. We were allowed one person with us constantly while in here. The girl next to me, her mate, hasn't left her side since I got here. The person across from me had multiple people come in during the night, and her mate also hadn't left.

I tried to ignore their mates, gushing over them and tending to their every need while here I sat, coping nothing but sneers and judgment.

Feeling the bed move, the nurse started rolling me out of the room because I was sitting upright. I had to grab the bar that ran along the side to stop from falling back. She wheels me through the maternity ward before going down a corridor, and I appear to be leaving the maternity unit altogether. The nurse finally stops at a curtained-off area and places the bed against the wall. The woman then turns on her heel and leaves.

"Wait, can I get some water?" She was already gone and didn't even acknowledge my question.

"I wouldn't bother. They won't help us," comes a voice before someone jerks the petitioning curtain away. I found two more girls. One looked to be nearly thirty with long blonde hair and sparkling green eyes. The other was around sixteen with her black hair cut in a Bob.

"My name is Macey," the oldest of them says.

"Hi, Everly," I tell her.

"Her name is Zoe. Welcome to the shunned mothers club," Macey chuckles before looking down at her baby. She sighs heavily.

"Don't expect them to help; they won't. Seriously your best off getting out as soon as you can," Macey tells me.

"But they are supposed to," I tell her, feeling disheartened.

"Yeah, I have been here two days; bub has a few problems, half the time, they don't answer when I buzz and forget about them feeding you. I haven't received anything since being here," Macey explains before reaching to her feet and pulling a bag toward her. She rummaged through it before pulling out a Muesli bar.

"Here you must be starving, I was, and I came prepared expecting this," Macey explains.

"You had a baby before?" She shakes her head.

"No, this is my first. My mum was a single mother too. We are rogues like you," she says.

I open the muesli bar, my stomach growling at the sight of food.

"Boy or Girl?" I asked the younger girl. She seemed rather shy.

"Girl, yours?"

"Boy," I tell her.

"Thanks," I told Macey before biting into the muesli bar.

"Plenty in there, just help yourself. I brought extras in case there were other girls. Which pack are you from? Your aura feels quite strong for a rogue?" She says, staring at me.

"Alpha blood," I tell her, and she seems shocked before nodding.

"In that case, you don't have to tell me. I understand why you would want to keep that to yourself. Zoe was born rogue, so was I," she says, and Zoe nods.

"If you don't mind me asking, but where are you girls living? Are there any refuges or anything for women?"

"I have a place at a refuge. But I know it's full to capacity," Zoe tells me.

"Me? I live with my mum and my brother," Macey tells me.

"Where are you staying? No family would help?" Zoe asks.

I shake my head. "No, we will be alright, I will come up with something," I tell them, hoping that would be true, though I have been living in my busted wagon I paid \$500 for, for the last eight months.

It saddened me that we were pushed aside, but for the next day, both girls helped me, for which I was grateful. Macey also shared her food, and she was right. Not once did anyone come to check on us, no food was brought to us, nothing. Shunned for having a baby, and we suddenly don't matter anymore.

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Chapter 3

/ Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess
2 weeks later.

Tap, Tap, Tap. I look up and see a man tapping on my car window, his flashlight shining in the window of my car before he moves it around, looking in the back of it. I put my hand up when the torch flashes across my face blindingly. He quickly moves it to the side.

"Ma'am, you can't stay here," the middle-aged man tells me; he has to be council security because of his uniform. My son Valarian stirs, the bright light waking him, and he lets out an irritated cry. The man moves his torch away entirely, shining it at the ground, and Valarian stops.

"Look, I have noticed your car here for nearly two weeks; this is a train station," he sighs as I pick up my son out of his fruit box bed and roll down the window a bit so he doesn't keep yelling, thinking I can't hear him.

"You really have no place to go, no family?" He asks.

"No, the council kicked me out of the park" he runs a hand down his face before glancing around the parking lot.

"The baby's father?" I shook my head, knowing that wasn't an option. He didn't even believe me, refused to see me even when I begged him to let me on his territory so I could show him the scan, every other time, he hung up the moment he heard my voice, after a while, I gave up.

"You know there are people out that would take him, then you could probably go home."

"I am not abandoning my baby like my parents did me," I tell him, outraged he would even suggest it.

"This is no life for a child. You're young if you give him up. You could still have a normal life. Something to think about. I will give you another week to find somewhere else. After that, you need to move on," he says, and I nod before winding the window up.

I watch him leave before settling my son and putting him back to bed in the fruit box beside me. I have always been paranoid of rolling on him while asleep, tugging the blanket up over both of us before trying to get comfortable. A single tear runs down my cheek as I think of his words. "This was no life for a child" Was I being selfish? Yet, the thought of giving him up broke my heart. He was mine. I loved him and would give my life for my little man, wasn't that enough?

Waking up the following day, I groan; it is pouring with rain. I rummage through the back for my umbrella before slipping my shoes on. Making sure my son is bundled nice and warm, I grab my bucket in one hand and pop the umbrella up as I open the hatchback. It was still early.

I then pick up my son and make a run for it to the train station bathrooms. Needing to be extra careful not to slip on the wet ground. Once I get into the disabled toilet, I jam the bucket in the sink, filling it with warm water before shimmying my pants down to pee. One thing I hated about being homeless was holding my son while going to the bathroom. I couldn't place him down anywhere, making it hard to use the toilet while making sure not to drop him. When I finish, I slide my pants up with one hand, which is tricky while holding my son. I then wash my hand before turning the tap off.

Now the tricky part. Holding an umbrella, a baby, and a bucket of water. Somehow I manage it and make it back to the car before placing the bucket down and quickly opening the hatchback to my wagon. I set my son in his bed before hauling my tiny bucket in. I then changed his bum and used soap to lather my washcloth, and gave him a wash down before dressing him, so he was all nice and fresh for the day.

Using the remaining water, I also give myself a wash. Longing for a shower, gosh, I miss showering, something I definitely took for granted. I would use the rest stop ones, but I had no fuel to get there and wouldn't risk spending my limited funds.

When mum and dad kicked me out, I had a small amount of savings. I also worked at the Chinese Restaurant on the main drag to keep saving, but now, since he was born and my milk dried up before I left the hospital. I was forced to stock up on formula, bottled water, and nappies. The savings didn't last long with buying baby clothes and non-perishable food. My car looked like a mini supermarket, and I started to get low on the formula again. Rummaging through my wallet, I find my last \$100. I needed to think of something fast. This wouldn't last us much longer.

Sighing, I lean back on my door, watching the rain. The Restaurant wouldn't take me back; I tried that. My parents weren't an option, and his father wouldn't even let me on pack territory when I requested to see him.

I still remember when I got his number to ring him; what a mission that was. He laughed and said there was no way he would sleep with a seventeen-year-old. Well, he did, and now I have his son. To be fair, I was not supposed to be in that part of the club at the Hotel. We wanted to meet the older Alpha's, not the young ones that hadn't even reached puberty, so with a fake ID, my sister and I snuck in while the meeting was going ahead in the conference hall. Alpha Valen was just as drunk as I was, so it was no wonder he couldn't remember me. I felt this pull to him for some reason, and he must have felt it too. I couldn't have imagined it.

Shaking the vague memory away. I grab a granola bar out and eat it. My belly is rumbling. What I would do for a home-cooked meal. I loved mum's cooking. She was the best cook. A tear slips down my cheek, and I check my phone, yet I know I

will find no missed calls. My father disconnected it on me, but I liked to look at the photos of when I was still part of the family. I missed my little sister and wished I could see her, even just once more.

I spend most of the day figuring out what I can do about money. The security guard's words ate at me. "This is no life for a child" I was failing. I needed help and didn't know who to ask. When it starts to get dark, the Five o'clock train pulls in. I tried to light my candle, so I had light, but my lighter had finally run out of gas. Popping the trunk, I try to find someone approachable to ask to borrow one. I grab my umbrella, hoping I find someone who might be smoking.

"Excuse me, do you have a-" the man in his suit walks past, looking down at me. I try over and over again but am ignored by everyone that passes. Feeling disheartened, I was about to hop back in the car when I saw a younger man in his work suit.

I had seen him a few times. He caught the early train and was always home on the five o'clock train. He was always dressed nice in suits and had blonde hair and green eyes, a muscular build, and a good foot taller than me.

He stares at me warily as I approach, and I stop when I feel his aura. He looks familiar for some reason before I finally place him and realize he is one of the Beta's from the meeting at the Alpha Meet up. He had beta blood, and I knew he was Beta to Alpha Valen, yet I pretended I didn't recognize him, he definitely didn't remember me, and I knew he couldn't feel my aura. I had been rogue for so long now my aura was almost nonexistent; it doesn't help that I still hadn't shifted. I wanted to, needed to, but what do I do with my son?

"Can I borrow a lighter if you have one" I blurt out quickly before he waves me away, everyone usually assuming I am asking for money? He stops staring at me for a second.

"Fine," he says, rustling inside his pocket before handing me a green lighter. I ran back to the car and lit my candle that sat on a plate in my vehicle. Only when I turn around, I find him behind me, having followed me the few meters back to my car.

I jump, not expecting him to be so close. "Thank you," I tell him, passing it back; he nods then goes to leave, walking around the side of my car when my son cries out.

"Shh, shh, I'm coming," I whisper, pulling the hatchback down when something stops it. I turn to see what it caught on, only for it to be pulled open by the Beta I borrowed the lighter from.

"Is that a baby you have in there?" He asks, and my heart thunders in my chest nervously. Would he call child services on me?

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Chapter 4

/ [Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess](#)

My son cries louder, and I reach for him. The man's eyes dart to him before he sniffs the air. Staring at him oddly, and I tuck him into my chest.

"It's only temporary; please don't call child services," I tell him, and he cocks his head to the side; his gaze appeared to be more thoughtful than scrutinizing.

"Does your car run?" He asks, looking at it before he kicks a tire.

"I have no fuel; I will leave tomorrow, I promise," I tell him, panicking. Maybe he was a council worker? I doubted it because of his expensive suit.

He looks at me, "you smell familiar," he mutters.

I swallow, wondering if he remembers me, but he doesn't appear to, and I also didn't want him questioning which pack I was from. My father and his Alpha were not on good terms, yet maybe if he could get me in to see Alpha Valen, he might help out with his son. However, that thought also frightened me having to face the man who ignored me and refused even to do a DNA test, and he declined to come to check, stating my claims were lies, but if he just met him, he would see. We could always sense our kin. I stared at him, wondering if he would leave when he pushed the hatchback open further before reaching in. I scooted further back, looking for a weapon in case I needed it.

"Calm down; I can't leave you here knowing you are sleeping in your car with a baby," he says, grabbing the car seat.

"I will leave; just don't take my son," I tell him. He looks at me like I am mad.

"I'm not; I want to help,"

"You want to help?" I repeat, slightly suspicious. I must have heard that wrong.

"Come on, you can stay at the packhouse until I speak to my Alpha," he says, waving me forward.

"Grab a change of clothes. We can come back to your car tomorrow," he says. I don't move, and he sighs before grabbing a bag. He grabs a tin formula, the nappy bag, and some of my clothes, stuffing them inside the bag.

"Come on, wouldn't you rather have a warm house than a cold car?" He asks. I look down at my son, wondering if I should trust him. He grabs the car seat. I climb out, and he hands me my umbrella before shutting my trunk.

"This way," he says, walking to his car. I follow him to his electric blue sports-looking car. I always wonder why he didn't drive to work. And why would he leave such an expensive car at a train station?

He puts the seat in before scratching his head. "You know how to clip it in?" He asks, and I nod.

"Okay, you put it in, and I will hold your-" He looks at my son in my arms.

"Son," I tell him, and he nods, holding out his arms for him. He takes him from me, and I lean in, making sure to keep an eye on him while I clip the seat in before turning around. Retrieving my son, I clip him in his chair before climbing in beside him. He then passes me the bag before shutting my door.

He turns the heater on when he hops in before glancing at me in the mirror.

"Your son has odd-colored eyes, reminds me of my Alpha's. He is the only person I know with Amber eyes besides his father," he says. I look at him, and he looks away, looking back at the road. He definitely has his father's eyes, but I keep my mouth shut. Though maybe this would be my chance, he would be able to tell if he saw his son. We can sense our own family, plus their resemblance was unmistakable.

"Who is your Alpha?" I ask, pretending I don't know.

"Valen the Blood Alpha," he says, his eyes darting to mine in the mirror again, gauging my reaction to his words. I feel excitement bubble in me, knowing I am correct in who he is.

"He will be fine with you bringing a rogue in the territory?" I ask him.

"He won't be there, and I will speak with him tomorrow,"

"Are you hungry?" He asks, and my belly rumbles loudly at the mention of food. He chuckles at the noise.

"I will take that as a yes," he says, and my face heats. I give my son his dummy, his amber eyes peering at me in the darkness of the car.

"What's your name?"

"Everly," I answer him.

"Odd name, what pack were you from, or were you born rogue?"

"No, I was in a pack," I answer, but I refuse to tell him which one. It was no secret my family's pack and the Blood-Alpha were constantly at war.

"Your name, I can tell you have beta blood," I tell him.

"Marcus, and yes, I am Valen's beta," he says before pulling into a drive-thru. I grab my wallet.

"I don't want your money," he says before ordering. He asks what I want, but I don't say anything feeling awkward, so he orders two of the same thing.

"Is he asleep?" He asks, and I look at my son. I nod my head as he pulls up to the next window.

"Climb in the front," he says, which makes me look at my son again, worried.

"I don't bite, climb over," he says while patting the passenger seat, and I unclip my seatbelt before climbing over into the front and placing the seatbelt on quickly. I noticed he didn't have a mark on his neck, so he hadn't found his mate yet. He opens some cup holders and places the drinks in them before passing me a paper bag.

"You can eat in the car," he says. I thank him and open his burger box, letting him pull it out.

Marcus pulls over on the side of the road before flicking the interior light on so we can see better before turning in his seat to face me. "Eat. I won't hurt you,"

I open the burger box, my hands shaking. "Are you cold?" He asks, turning the heat up.

I nodded my head. It was a lie. I was fine in the car; it was the fact I hadn't eaten a hot meal in ages or actual food that wasn't canned spaghetti or granola bars. I bite into the burger, and a sob nearly escapes my lips; I am quick to suppress it so he doesn't hear. I was chewing slowly, savoring the taste and the warmth. Looking up, he is watching me while eating his burger.

I blushed, embarrassed that he was staring. He must think I am pathetic. I felt pathetic accepting a stranger's help.

"Thank you," I tell him while taking a sip of the cold coke. It fizzed in my throat and on my tongue but tasted so good.

"Where is your family?" He asks curiously.

"He is my only family," I tell him, looking at my son.

"They tossed you, didn't they, for being unmated" I swallow, looking down.

"My mother was a single mother, not a rogue, my dad died; she raised me alone, she struggled but had the pack. Must be hard having no one," he says. I don't say anything. What could I say? I am the disgraced daughter of an Alpha.

We ate in silence, and for the first time in ages, I felt full, yet still, he handed me his chips, telling me to eat them before starting the car again. It took twenty

minutes of driving, and I realized we were getting close to my old pack before he turned to the opposite side of the road.

It took another twenty minutes of driving through his territory before he pulled up at a large three-story house. I could hardly see it was that dark, but I could tell it was modern-looking.

"You okay? Stepping across didn't make you feel sick?" I shake my head. It was odd. Usually, rogues feel sick crossing a border, but I didn't. "Huh, odd," he mutters.

"Are you sure it is okay for me to stay here?"

"Yeah, no one is here, and you can stay in my room tonight; I have pack patrol, so I won't be home" I nod.

"The Alpha won't mind?" I ask.

"Na, he won't even know until I see him tomorrow. He is in the City partying tonight; you will have the place to yourself," he says, opening his door. He opens the back door, and I climb before walking around the car and grabbing my son out. He places the bag over his shoulder before putting his hand on my lower back, showing me to the front door. I watch as he unlocks the door before motioning for me to enter.

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 5

[/ Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess](#)

Stepping inside, Marcus flicks the hallway light, and I can see better. The entire place is spotless. White Marble floors and a massive staircase led up to the next level. I couldn't see in the rooms off the side because he didn't turn those lights on, but if the foyer was anything to go by, the rest of the house would be breathtaking. It was way over the top, nothing I wouldn't expect of the Blood Alpha. They are the wealthiest Pack and have half the City under its claim.

"This way," he says, motioning for me to follow. I follow him up two flights of stairs before he stops at a black door. He pushes it open to reveal a king-size bed with a canopy. Mahogany furniture and a large black rug sat on the floor. A flat-screen TV was built into the wall, and he turned it on before turning the volume down a bit. I could also see a door leading to a balcony.

" Obviously, I don't have a crib, but the bed is comfy, and the bathroom is through those doors. It is shared with the Alpha's room next door, but he won't be by tonight. Alpha Valen will probably stay at his flat in the City. Towels are in there, and I will be back to check on you at six am. I will take you to see the Alpha then," he says before walking into the walk-in and grabbing some clothes for himself.

"Kitchen is downstairs if you are hungry, and I will see you later," he tells me before walking out the door. I look around before flicking the air conditioning on and warming the room.

"This is nice, bubba, and tomorrow you can meet your father," I whisper to him. I was excited; I knew he wouldn't be able to deny him once he met him. He would know with just one look of him that he was his. We could always sense our own kin.

Walking into the bathroom, I gasp. It was white marble and white tiles with gold finishings. One wall was all mirrors above the basin, and the shower could easily fit three people. The sink was the perfect size to give my son a bath in. I was excited because he hadn't had a proper bath since the hospital. I knew he would love it and instantly started prepping the sink with warm water using my elbow to test it before stripping him off, ensuring I held his head above the water. He moved his legs and arms, swishing the water and babbling happily while eating his hands. Giving him the best wash he had since leaving the hospital, he relaxed more.

Getting him out, I drain the water and wrap him a towel before drying him and laying him on the bed while I dressed him. After his bottle, he fell asleep quickly. I propped pillows around him to ensure he didn't fall off the bed before walking back to the bathroom and leaving the door open to hear him. Stripping my clothes off, I turned the shower on before stepping under the warm spray. I used the shower gel and shampoo I found, and I felt clean as I shut the water off.

I was wrapping the fluffy towel around myself when I suddenly heard voices. Drunken stumbling, a woman giggling, and I froze. Someone was here. I grabbed my clothes off the sink basin and was about to run into the room when the door opened, and a red-haired woman walked in, stopping when she noticed me. She had a tight dress that left little to the imagination, and she was clearly intoxicated.

She looks me up and down before she growls at me, her top lip pulling back over her teeth. "What are you doing in here, rogue?" She barks.

"I... Beta Marcus" Stuttering, I try to explain when the door was shoved open, and a man stormed in. No, the blood Alpha. He stunk heavily of whiskey, the smell so strong it burnt my nose, yet I couldn't tear my eyes from his amber ones. He was gorgeous even while heavily intoxicated and barely able to stand upright. He was tall too and way bulkier than I remembered. He had dark hair and a five o'clock shadow, but his eyes, those eyes I couldn't look away from. My brain fried in his presence and all I could do was stare, my brain screaming at me, my senses overloaded with his essence.

Mate! The blood Alpha was my mate. I knew it with every fiber of my being, even without having shifted yet. I was of age now, and I felt my heart flutter excitedly. I found my mate. Taking a step toward him, I reach out to him when his lips pull back over his teeth to reveal sharp canines. His face twisted in anger. I gasp, realizing he is too intoxicated to recognize me. Instead, he rushes toward me. His hands grab my throat as he pushes me against the cold tiled wall.

“What the fuck is a rogue doing in my house” he screams before sniffing me. I couldn’t talk; his grip was tight as he restricted my airway. He sniffs me before shaking his head. Then he shoves me back before commanding me.

“Get out of my house now before I have you killed,” he says, and my stomach drops. He can’t recognize me; I could just be a random off the street, some random rogue whore with how drunk he is, though he kept sniffing the air, his body telling him something was amiss, just the brain not registering me at all, I feel my heart sink. The woman behind him clearly enjoyed this confrontation; she probably hoped he would kill me. Rogues aren’t allowed on pack land. I never should have come here. I never should have got my hopes up, not even my own mate would help me, and this was my only chance at showing him he is a father, and now it just went out the window.

“Wait but, you are my”

“Get out!” He screams, and I flinch, his command rolling over me, and I grab my clothes from where I dropped them, rushing into the room and pulling them on.

“Come on, baby,” the woman purrs, clutching onto him. Tears brim in my eyes while I snatch my things up, unable to do anything against his command, unable to explain myself. Wrapping my son in his blanket and tucking him against me. I grab my bag before rushing down the steps when pain smashes me, taking my breath away.

Clutching the banister, my stomach cramps, making me cry out. I grit my teeth, pain tearing my heart apart, and I knew they were fucking. He was screwing her. I heard of women knowing when their mates are unfaithful, and I met him and with another woman.

I didn’t think it would hurt like this; I never envisioned this pain. He hadn’t even marked me. Running down the steps, I rush out the door. It was pouring with rain as a storm rolled across the night sky. Looking around helplessly, I am miles from my car, yet his command told me to leave and gave me no choice. I start running, pulling my son under my shirt to shield him from the cold. My legs were moving with nowhere to go as I desperately tried to figure out where to go for shelter.

I don’t know how long I was running for, but I suddenly found myself on the City’s main street. Looking across the road was my old territory. My father’s Pack was on the opposite side of the main drag and only a ten-minute run.

Maybe he would take pity on me; perhaps he might change his mind once he met his grandson. I could only hope, at least for my son’s sake. Swallowing knowing I have no choice or I would be in the rain all night with a baby.

Deciding on taking my chances, I started running home. I ran the entire way before stopping out in front of my old house. The lights were all off. My heart twists as I look up the driveway of our single-story lavish home. Growing up here, I played with the pack kids in this street. Rode my bike along the footpath with my sister. My father used to toss the football with us on this very lawn after work when we were little, or he would help us climb the massive tree that sat off the

side of the driveway. This was home, and I missed my old life, missed my family; I just hoped they missed me too.