

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 11

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

I spent all night writing a list for Valerie of everything that I noticed needed doing around the place, but it was a little challenging, considering I didn't know what half the place looked like.

I also spent a good chunk of time listing ways to advertise the site once it was up and running. I didn't even know this place existed until I drove past it in the taxi on my way back to my car.

Lived in this city my entire life, and I never realized there was a hotel on this side of the City and on the main street.

Valarie would not need this information until the place was ready to open, which was a long way off. And that is if it passed the health and safety inspections first because this place was literally falling apart at the seams.

I managed to get a hold of Macey and Zoe; they were keen to find work. Both of them were floored with the amount Valarie was willing to pay them, making me realize it wasn't just me that was underpaid and overworked when I was working, but rogues in general.

Macey said her mother would watch her daughter, and Zoe said she would have to bring hers but had a baby carrier and pram she could use.

Sixteen-year-old Zoe, I felt terrible for her being so young. Her mother was a rogue but died when she was a child, and she has spent her entire life in and out of child orphanages and refuges.

How lonely it would feel to be entirely on your own all your life. I spent over an hour on the phone with her. She sounded miserable where she was.

So I ended up going down and speaking to Valarie and asking if it was alright if Zoe shared the room with me.

It had a fold-out bed; if Zoe would feel weird about sharing the double with me, Valarie nicely

agreed and
seemed excited about someone Zoe coining here.

The following day, I woke up to Valarie calling out to me, her voice faint as she called out from downstairs.

Sitting up, I see Valerian is still asleep, and my mouth falls open when I realize it is nearly 10 am. We slept in. Usually, I am up as soon as the sky lightens when sleeping in my car, around 6 am "Everly wakey, wakey," comes Valarie's voice from the other side of the door as she knocks. I quickly rushed to the door, embarrassed that I slept so late.

Opening it, Valarie was standing there with smoke between her lips, wearing jeans and a tank top, with a vest that was open, and she had steel cap boots on. She looked ready to kick ass, hopefully not mine. She was one tough lady with a heart of gold.

"Finally, you are up. Did you have a good sleep? I didn't want to wake you," She says.

"I am so sorry, "I go to tell her, but she waves me off.

"Don't worry about that; I tamed your alarm off and came in with the master key, come, come. I

need your help unloading my truck, "She says, walking off toward the stairs. I look back in the

room. Valerian sleeps peacefully, and I leave the door open before following her down the stairs

in my pajamas

"I have been shopping, couldn't have Valerian sleeping on that dirty mattress, and now Zoe is

coining with her baby. I thought I would grab some things, it turns out I have a shopping

problem. Everything was so cute and reminded me of when I went shopping for my son when I

had him," Valarie gushes, her sparkle bright with her excitement.

Pointing to the tray of her truck. I blink, shocked. She had indeed been shopping. My hands go to my mouth "Valarie, " I was gobsmacked. I didn't know what to say, I couldn't

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believe she had done all this for two rogue girls she barely knew and one she hadn't even met

yet. There were two cots, two of everything. And everything you could possibly think of,

including baby toys, both babies would be a little too young to play with, even baby mobiles

and cot sheets and blankets.

"Oh, check this out; this even has a camera so you can watch them while they sleep," Valarie says, holding up a baby monitor. "Didn't have these when mine was a youngin," "I don't know what to say, this is seriously the nicest thing someone has done for me, and you have already done enough, and I just met you," I croaked out, becoming emotional. Big fat tears roll down my face. How could one woman be so kind? She has shown more kindness in the last 24 hours than I received in the year I have been rogue. "It takes a village to raise a child; we are going to build our own village," Valarie says before clapping her hands.

"Now, let's get this stuff up to the room before the delivery truck comes. We also need to get that bed out; two new ones arrive around twelve ; what time will the girls get here?" "They said ten this morning,"

"Well, we better hop to it, then I need a coffee and about ten more of these to build up the motivation," she says, holding up her smoke. I chuckle, and we start undoing the straps holding everything in place. I was exhausted when I ran the last of it up, the room looking more like a baby store. I shook my head, trying to figure out where the heck Zoe and I were going to put it all. Valarie was having a rest and feeding Valerian a bottle. She was very fond of my son and commented about four or five times already about his eyes. Her fascination with them confused me. Hearing a truck reversing, Valarie hops up, looking out the door and over the balcony. "Now, please tell me that is your car. Otherwise, I have just stolen someone else's from the train station" She giggles "What?" I ask, getting up and walking over to see a tow truck with my car on the back. "Yes, that is my beast; I would have walked back and got it," I told her, feeling bad she wasted money getting it towed. "Nonsense, Phil owed me a favor anyway, picked him up one time when his truck broke down, said he owed me one, and I simply collected," she said. The truck door opens, and a big burly trucker gets out with a beard and balding head. "Val, where do you want it?" He calls out to her. "Anywhere, Phil, we have the keys to move it, She calls back to him. Looking at the time, I see it is nearly ten in the morning. I told the girls I would meet them out front near the curb so they could find the place easier; they were also unaware there was a hotel here and were confused when I mentioned the

address. "Girls should be nearly here," I tell Valarie, and she waved me off, going back to feeding Valerian and fussing over them. I smile at her. Valarie's whole attitude seemed different since yesterday. Valarie seemed almost happy. It was almost like she had found a new lease on life.

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Chapter 12

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Not long after the truck leaves my car in the parking lot, I am waiting on the curb. Zoe got out of the taxi first as it stopped beside me. Zoe pays for the cab, and I help her grab her stuff from the trunk.

"I never knew this place was here," She says, looking up at the vast hotel, "kinda creepy, it looks haunted," She adds, and I chuckle.

"Anyway, I am so glad to see you again. I have been so excited I barely slept a wink last night," Zoe tells me, giving me a hug.

"So, is this everything?" I ask her looking down at the pram and duffle bag.

"Yep, that's everything, our life in a bag. Pathetic, isn't it?"

"No, see that piece of scrap metal," I tell her, pointing at my busted wagon. She nods her head.

"That was home sweet home," I tell her, and she laughs.

"Seriously, as for baby stuff, don't even worry about it. Valarie went on a shopping spree. The room is packed with everything, baby. So much so we may have to sleep outside to fit it all in the room," I tell her.

"What, really? How long have you known Valarie? "

She asks.

"Met her yesterday. She is lovely. I have never met anyone like her before," I tell Zoe, and she smiles just as a green Daihatsu charade pulls up next to us, honking its horn a few times.

"Thanks, bro," Macey says, punching her brother in the shoulder and climbing out before tapping the roof.

"Hi, girls," Her brother calls out, and we both wave to the stranger.

"Bugger off, Blake, stop hitting on my friends. They aren't interested," Macey scolds her brother as he waves to us. Macey flips him off, and he laughs, driving off down the road.

"Sorry about him. He is a sleaze, so try to stay away from him unless you want another baby," Macey chuckles, shaking her head.

"Noted," I tell her, and she quickly hugs us. She had on short shorts and a cut-off shirt showing her belly button, her hair pulled in a bun, and a pair of boots that she said she borrowed from her brother, as well as a tool belt around her hips.

"Brother is a handyman," She tells us when she catches both of us looking at it.

"So this is it, huh, damn, this place is a dump," Macey says as we stand in the parking lot, looking up at the building. The bones were good mostly, but she was right; it was definitely a dump.

"So you girls interested and helping me clean this dump," Valarie's voice says from behind us, making us jump.

"Holy crap, you scared me; it ah-has potential," Macey says nervously.

"For a dump?" Valarie asks, her lips tugging up.

"I didn't mean," Macey goes to say when Valarie waves her off.

"It's a dump; I may be getting older, girlie, but I ain't blind yet, pretty sure if one of you jumped in that pool over there, you wouldn't come out again, water is probably nuclear, that might actually be that foul smell," She says thoughtfully, before shrugging.

"So you all up for the job, I will pay on time, and anything this place needs, let me know, and I will try order it in, but there is a catch," She asks, and they both nod.

"What's the catch?" Zoe asks.

"We are completely on our own. I have not had one electrician or handyman, even a plumber out here in over ten years. My mate ruined that shit for me, so if you girls have got any friends that are good with that crap, let me know. If not, we will figure it out ourselves," Valarie tells them. That was going to be hard trying to source help and an electrician being the main thing because I didn't fancy being electrocuted.

"Handyman, my brother. That's where I got the tool belt and tools, electrician, no idea," Macey shrugs.

"I may be able to help with that," Zoe says, and we all look at her.

"My daughter's father is an electrician. He is a real asshole now that he found his mate but doesn't want her to find out he already has a kid. So I will threaten to tell her; he either helps when I ask or finds

someone that will, chances are he will probably find someone else, but I know he will do it," Zoe says confidently.

"I like you already; you tell him, darl," Valarie says.

"So that leaves plumbing which we will figure out, I guess," I tell everyone, and we all nod.

"So, what do you want to do first?" Macey asks.

"First, we fix the girls' room, so it is liveable, then we will start the others, one at a time, and list everything as we go," Valarie says, and we all agree, heading up to the room. We stack everything in the bathroom before tossing all furniture over the balcony into the skip bin Valarie had dropped off.

Valarie watched the kids in her studio while we got everything out. Once we were done, we then started ripping up the carpet.

"Hey Val," Macey calls over the balcony. Valarie must answer because she starts talking again.

"Have all these rooms got floorboards under the carpet? I was expecting concrete."

"Yeah, why?" I looked down at the exposed floorboards, in perfect condition, and just needed a good clean and polish.

"Because I don't think re-carpet, the floorboards are in good condition in this room, if the rest are the same you will save a fortune by rubbing them back and staining them, but if they are like this room they will only need a polish" Macey tells her.

"Rightio, we will check the others later and see what rooms can be salvaged."

We stripped the smelly carpet out, tossing it in the skip bin. The girls helped me carry the beds and mattresses up when the truck arrived, and the rest of the day was spent scrubbing it from floor to ceiling. While working, Valarie bought us drinks and sandwiches at lunchtime, but we were all stuffed and collapsed on Valarie's lounge in her studio by the time the day ended.

"So, how many rooms total are there?" Macey asks; I was also curious. It took us an entire day cleaning and fixing one double room, but I hadn't even walked around the building yet, and Valarie said there were units out the back and a functions room.

"Um, good question," She thinks to herself like she couldn't remember.

"twenty-three rooms, eight units that have four bedrooms in each and also the restaurant, function hall, there is a rear garden too. Honestly haven't been out the back in at least three or four years, so god knows what you will find back there; it is a jungle out the back. Then the pool area, also there is laundry and games room and Playcentre downstairs and a bar."

"Ah, this is going to kill us," Macey says, pulling some underlay from the carpet out of her hair. She looks at her phone and sighs.

"My brother is here to pick me up; I will see you both tomorrow. I think early start, that sun was a killer today?"

"7 am too early?" Valarie asks, and Macey shakes her head.

"Nope, perfect, see you all tomorrow," Macey says, walking out giving us a wave.

"Bye," I called after her. This was an impossible job, so much needed doing, and I just had to remind myself one room at a time. Otherwise, it would be overwhelming. No wonder Valerie couldn't do it on her own. It was too much for twenty people, and there were four of us and two babies. I sigh, and Valarie suddenly reaches for the TV remote on the coffee table, turning the volume up. It was the news, but I instantly realized what caught her attention. Alpha Valen was once again on the news.

A video plays out, and my heart lurches into my throat when I recognize the person he appears to be arguing with. It was my father, both of them screaming at each other in some club, and my father swings at him. His punch barely missing when

Alpha Valen steps out of the way laughing at him when suddenly my father shifts. The recording cuts off, and the news anchor says they couldn't continue playing the video as some viewers may find it distressing. The news then goes on about the old rivalry between my father and the Blood Alpha.

Valarie looks over at me nervously. When are they going to get over themselves? Every week one of them is on the news, and quite frankly, I could not care less who the Blood Alpha is dating or who shit on who's turf," Zoe says, shaking her head.

"That is not the mental image I wanted in my head," I chuckle.

"Been going for years; one day, they both may grow up before they lose everything for good," Valarie

states, and I nod sadly. Zoe, entirely oblivious to my connection with both Apha's, sighs.

"No wonder the City is doomed with them moron's running the place,"

"Couldn't have said it better myself," Valarie counters.

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Chapter 13

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Valen POV

2 months Later

Her hands kept clawing at my clothes as we stumbled into my room. Her fingers fiddling with my buttons and her lips licking and sucking my neck like a leech. Why does every woman's touch repulse me? I watch as she peels her dress off over her head before giving her a shove making her knees hit the bed. She tumbles backward, and I had to fight the urge to laugh as her arms flailed about. Yeah, that was s*xy, not!

Stripping my pants off, I climb on the bed and tear her panties off. She squeals at the sting of the lace, but I couldn't care less. I needed to burn my anger off. Alpha John once again put me in a bad mood tonight. But I was already regretting bringing this bimbo home as I climbed between her legs, shoving her legs apart. I wanted as little of her touching me as possible, yet her hands pawed over me. Ah, let's just get this over with. She was mauling every inch of me, wrapping her body around me like a damn octopus and trying to suck on my face like a leech.

I stared down at my dick, cursing it under my breath and willing the bastard to work. This was becoming embarrassing. I was going to be known as the limp dick Alpha. Why the F*ck was I having this problem? I have never in all my years ever suffered from erectile dysfunction. Did I break it? What the F*ck was going on with me lately? I thought maybe I was too drunk the first time, but two months have gone by since, and I still can't get it up.

"Baby, what's wrong?" The blonde piece I picked up from the club whines at me. I felt like telling her it was her clinging on to me and touching me with her grubby paws. Bloody whores are always all over me, yet I have had no interest in women lately, F*ck please don't tell me I am going to be mated to a man ; it is too late to suddenly switch sides; I mentally curse my broken cock. They do nothing for me anymore. And her whining was beginning to aggravate me.

"Will you just shut up? Better yet, get the F*ck out !" I tell her, becoming annoyed. I don't know if I was annoyed at my broken dick or her whining nasally voice. I should have known better than to hook up with an Omega, such cling ons, but she has nice tits. Too bad her personality was about as interesting as watching paint dry.

" Did you not hear me? Get the F*ck out," I snap at her. She jumps from my bed, snatching up her clothes and darting out. Her eyes are wide and tear- filled. F*ck her ! When my bathroom door opens, I flop back down on my bed, and my Beta, Marcus, walks in.

"Man, you need to get laid. You have been nothing but a prick since that redhead was here."

"What redhead?" I ask, tossing the blanket over to cover myself.

"You know the night you booted that rogue girl out of here," He says, and I try to think back to that night. That was actually the last time I successfully had s*x.

Every other attempt has been a failure. I prop myself up on my elbow.

"I think that bitch gave me a disease," I tell him. "Huh, the rogue girl?"

"No, the redhead, that bitch broke my dick," I snapped, annoyed. Marcus laughs, shaking his head.

"Well, go get tested or something, because if you don't get laid soon, I am seriously thinking of quitting being your Beta," Marcus says, and I scrunch my face up at the idea. No way was I getting anything shoved up my dickhole. Marcus turns about to leave when I notice how he is dressed. All done up like he is about to go on a date. Giving him the once over. He was an alright-looking man, I suppose. He gets about as much pussy as I do. Relief floods me when my dick stays dead, phew definitely not gay. It just means that bitch gave me something.

"Where are you going?"

"I have a date because my dick still works, so I plan on using it," He announces to me. I growl at him, waving him off. Marcus chuckles and leaves; I watch as he walks out of my room before getting up.

I jump in the shower trying to wash my annoyance away, my thoughts drifting off the Alpha meeting a year ago. It was a costume party; she was dressed in a fairy outfit and covered in glitter. Her mask covered most of her face, but she had blue-grey eyes and plump, pouty lips. I felt drawn to her the moment she walked onto the dancefloor, the way her hips moved, and she danced like she didn't have a care in the world.

I was like a moth to a flame, and we were both obliterated. I wished I knew the woman's name or which pack she was from to track her down. I have not been able to forget her for some reason. She always randomly popped up in my head, and the way she looked riding my cock and the way her perfect tits bounced above me. I wish she had taken off the mask to picture her better, yet I awoke to her gone. She disappeared, and I had nothing to go on.

Peeved was an understatement. Usually, I was the one that did the morning dash before they woke up, but that woman was long gone by the time I woke up, just the faint lingering scent.

I awoke to Marcus sitting at the small table drinking coffee and smirking at me. "Cinderella slipped away this morning looking rather guilty. It looks like someone finally pulled one over the big bad Alpha," Marcus had mocked me and then laughed, thinking it was hilarious. The one-woman I actually wanted to know escaped me.

Just the thought of her had my dick stirring to life instantly. I groan, looking down at my hard-on.

“Now you decide to work,” I growl, annoyed.

Getting out, I wrap a towel around me before mumbling and heading back to my bedroom. A growl escapes me when I see the Omega sprawled out lying on my bed. F*cking Marcus! He must have sent her back up here. Looking down, it was still hard. I shrug. I will just think of my mystery fairy.

“What’s your name?” I ask her, and she looks at me like I just proposed to her, bloody Omega’s. I asked for her name, not her hand in marriage.

“Tatum,” She tells me while shuffling to the end of my bed too eagerly.

“Well, Tatum, you have two seconds to either start sucking my dick or get the F*ck out,” I tell her.

She drops to her knees in front of me. Her hands reach for my cock, and she wraps her hand around it before wrapping her lips around the tip. I grip her hair before thrusting it into her warm wet mouth. I close my eyes, refusing to look down, knowing the moment I do, it will be over, and I will go limp again. Instead, I thrust into her mouth, thinking of my mystery fairy.

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Chapter 14

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Everly POV

It always came out of nowhere. One minute I am sleeping; the next, I am awoken by agonizing pain. My heart pumping in my chest erratically, and my stomach cramping terribly. I clutch my stomach and bite down on my lip to stop from screaming. I didn’t want to wake Zoe. I know I keep her up at night, and she always hovers worriedly. Usually, it wasn’t too bad, but tonight it was the worst it had been in two months.

I knew he was sleeping with someone. I could tell by the pain ratio. Usually, it’s just like an upset tummy, but tonight I felt like my heart was being pulverized and my stomach twisted in knots. I cry out in pain. Unable to help it, and the lights flick on. Zoe wasn’t going to keep believing it was just period pain. Not after tonight.

“ Everly, Everly, ” She shrieks, shaking me, but all I could do was cry out and grit my teeth while clutching my stomach. The pain was crippling.

“Should I call an ambulance? I don’t know what to do. I will get Valarie.”

"No, I am fine," I gasp before sweat starts beading on my forehead. I feel a draft hit me, and cold air sweeps into the room. Please don't last long; please stop. I beg the Moon Goddess to make it go away.

How was I expected to handle this for the rest of my life? Would it always be this bad? I start sobbing, big fat tears rolling down my cheeks. I hated that Zoe would have to see me this way, hated that he made me feel this, hated him for what he made me endure nearly every night on some level, but this was worse because I knew he was actually having s*x this time, not just fooling around. I know he was having s*x, he was with another woman, and that woman wasn't me. Why did I have to be punished for his actions?

Warm hands rub up and down my arms before Valarie's scent wafts to me; the pain grows worse with each second that goes past, making me scream, how did Valarie survive this shit for decades?

"I know sweetie, Just breathe, Everly," Valarie tells me, and I try to focus on her voice to distract from the intense pain.

"I think we should call an ambulance. Her pain is worse this time. What if something is seriously wrong with her?" Zoe asks Valarie.

"She will be fine; it will be over soon."

"What will be over soon?" Zoe stutters, and I could hear the concern in her voice as I writhed in pain.

"The mate bond, he is with someone, and it is causing her pain," Valarie explains to her. I would be mad if anyone else spilled my secrets, but I can't be mad at Valarie after everything she has done to help us.

"She met her mate?" Zoe says, her voice soft as a murmur.

"Who do you think Valerian's father is? He is her mate."

"But why is she a rogue-whore then, and why would he do that?" Zoe says, and I see her cringe over the word we all hated so much. I blink back tears, nausea bubbling in my stomach.

"She didn't know when she fell pregnant, and I am afraid her parents would hate her more if they knew who the father was," Valarie explains.

Valarie and I had no secrets; she knew everything now. I trusted her more than anyone. She had become like a mother to me. She supported us through everything, and she never turned me away in the two months I have been here. I am closer to her than I ever was with my own mother.

"Breathe, Everly, deep breaths, and try to sit up for me," Valarie says. I groan, and she helps me up. She hands me my bottle of water off the nightstand, cracking the lid for me before thrusting pills in my hands.

"They will take the edge off," She tells me, and I rock back and forth. My hands are shaking, and I spill water all over me. Zoe grabs the bottle from my hands, and I shove the pills in my mouth, not even questioning what they are. I trusted Valarie with my life. Zoe brings the bottle to my lips, and I sip it,

swallowing the pills down. Tears brim in her eyes as she looks at me sadly.

"Go find a hot water bottle; there should be one under my kitchen sink," Valarie tells Zoe, and she darts out of the room.

"I can't do this, I can't keep living like this," I cry to Valarie.

"I wish I could take it from you, sweetie I do, I know how hard it is, but you will get through this, you have got through so much by yourself already, just remember who you are, you are better than him, better than what he makes you feel," Valarie says.

"I wouldn't be where I am without you," I tell her.

"The Moon Goddess brought us together for a reason. She won't let history repeat itself; you will find happiness, Everly. She won't turn her back on you too," Valarie says. I find her words strange but can't make sense of much and figure I misheard her as another wave of crippling pain washes over me.

Zoe returns with a hot water bottle and places it on my stomach. The pain eases off again, and I pray it stays away. Please be finished, please be done, I pray, sucking in a deep breath.

The following day I woke up later than usual. Zoe and Valarie let me sleep in after last night. Sitting up, I spot Zoe sitting on the floor on the rug with Valerian and Casey, her daughter. One in each arm while she fed them a bottle.

"Tandem feeding," I chuckle, and she nods, looking up at me before smiling sadly.

"Why didn't you tell me? It makes so much sense now," She says.

"I didn't want to talk about it; I don't like talking about his father. He didn't recognize me and tossed me away," I told her. I tried going back to tell him a couple of weeks ago. Valarie told me to try to speak

with him again, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I just kept remembering the look on his face.

The way he screamed at me and Valarie's story scared me even more. What if he tried to take Valerian from me like her mate did to her. I had no title anymore, my wolf pathetically weak and so small compared to what I should be. I was a rogue, hardly Luna material now.

Valarie said the longer she went without her mate, the harder it became to shift before she no longer could. Being rogue also doesn't help, making us weaker prey and easy pickings.

I don't know how she has endured this torture for years. I finally saw the man she called her mate. I never saw his face, but last week I saw his BMW pull up and watched him sneak into the office with his own key. Then the next morning, I watched him leave again; I hated what he did to her. I saw her heartbreak as he left again, and for three days afterward, she could barely get out of bed. She was depressed, and the only thing that worked was me asking her to help with Valerian.

I refuse to become some side piece; I would rather die than live the torment Valarie does. I loved her, but I now understood why she couldn't maintain this place. Him popping in and out of her life affected her more profoundly than she was willing to admit. Each time though, I noticed she grew weaker. Each time he left, her mind became fragile for days after. She even suffered nose bleeds and tremors. It was almost like watching someone suffer from withdrawals.

"I will make some coffee. Do you want some?" I ask, and Zoe nods her head, and I turn to our small kitchenette. Our room was completely functional, floors were re-stained and polished, the room repainted, curtains removed, and blinds put in their place. Thanks to Macey's brother, the rickety old pipes were fixed, and in the last two months, we had stripped and fixed all the rooms on the top floor. We were far from done, but each passing day showed progress, and the smile on Valarie's face was worth every ache, sprain, and splinter.

Valarie said we could take the day off today if you don't feel up to it," Zoe tells me.

"No, I need to work to keep my mind off him," I tell her. She nodded her head, and I hated seeing the sadness in her eyes when she looked at me. I know she was worried, but it made me feel weak and vulnerable.

"You have us; we have our village," Zoe says. Valarie told Zoe the same thing, we were building our village. The more work we got done, I believed she was right. We were definitely building something. We just had to remember not to give up. But with the girls and Valarie, I knew I had found friends for life, created my own family.

I missed my sister terribly, but not once has she called, and mum changed her number. I was the forgotten child. I no longer existed in their world, no longer had a place in their lives. I cried for a good hour when that realization hit. Valarie found me on the stairs after I tried for the hundredth time to contact my mother or sister; I just wanted to hear their voices, to know I wasn't forgotten.

"Their loss if they can't see how amazing you are," Valarie said. She sat beside me on the steps holding my hands.

"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," She told me.

Hearing a knock on the door. I get up and open it. Macey walks in before reaching down and taking Valerian from Zoe. She looks at me smiling sadly, and I know Zoe told her, yet I have no anger at my secret being out. I should have told them already.

"So, will you tell us now? I know Valarie knows, but she won't spill no matter how many times we ask, we won't judge, I swear," Macey says, and I knew they wouldn't, but it was me that wasn't comfortable, me judging myself.

But they were right; I could trust them; they deserved to know. It kind of felt like a relief and made the following words leave my lips easier, and it felt freeing.

The girls had so many questions over the last two months, I kept my secrets close to my heart. Their biggest was what pack I came from, I knew all their secrets, but I was ashamed of mine for some reason. They noticed my Alpha aura dwindling, and now it was non-existent. Now they had another secret added to the list. I refused to tell them the father of my child was my mate. I was ashamed and thought they would think less of me because my mate didn't want me.

"I am the oldest daughter of Alpha John of the Shadow Pack," I tell them, and they both gasp.

"You're Alpha John's disgraced daughter?" Macey gasps.

"Wait, I thought he only had one daughter. She was due to be the next Alpha?" Zoe says.

"Nope, he is my father, and when he found I was pregnant, he told me to abort to cover it up; I said no obviously, so he shunned me and banished me, stripping me of my title, I was supposed to take over the pack when I turned eighteen."

"Well damn, I feel like I should bare my neck in submission. I knew you had Alpha genes but didn't think you were from the second biggest pack. I thought you transferred into the rogue population from another city," Macey admits. I chuckle at her as she bounces on the edge of the bed, burping Valerian.

"Glad I was sitting down for that news," She mutters, nudging Zoe with her knee.

"Well, remain seated because if you find that scandalous, you are about to have a heart attack at what I tell you next," I tell them.

"Scandalous? You come from one of the most influential families in the City. How would we not be shocked by that, and what could be more shocking?" Zoe says, shaking her head. I suck in a deep breath.

"Valerian's father is Alpha Valen from Dark Blood Pack. He is also my mate," I tell them, their jaws nearly hitting the floor. Macey's head turns slowly,

her mouth wide open as she stares at Valerian before holding him up in the air.

“You mean to say that I am holding the spawn of Satan himself, that this cute little boy comes from the nutsack of the most vicious Alpha in the City and the notorious playboy himself?” Macey says, holding Valerian like she expected him to turn into his father and rip her to pieces.

“Yep, and that’s it. No other secrets, you know the rest.”

“That does explain the eyes. Doesn’t his family have some genetic thing with eyes? I think I read that somewhere?” Macey says.

“You’re worried about his eyes?” Zoe says, looking at Macey before turning back to me.

“Your mate and the father of your child is your father’s biggest rival. Damn girl, you really don’t do things half-assed; you go all in messing shit up, don’t ya” Zoe laughs. I chuckle as she looks me up and down.

“Yep, the Moon Goddess definitely stuffed me over, that’s for sure; bad enough, he is my mate, but he also had to be my father’s biggest enemy.”

“Count yourself lucky your father banished you. Could you imagine if the Blood Alpha knew you were Alpha John’s daughter and had his son, it would start a war, the City would become a bloodbath, and your father probably would have killed you,” Macey says, and I had to agree, maybe things really are working out for the best.

Alpha’s Regret–My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 15

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

10 months later

Weeks turned into months, and the Hotel was nearly unrecognizable. It was just four rogue women and three babies doing what I thought was impossible when we started. At times we saw no end in sight, and all of us wanted to give up. Fix one thing, find another issue, yet we managed it. We had four days before the health and safety inspector came out to check our progress, the first time he came out. He gave us a list of issues and snorted his laugh at us when we told him it was only us fixing it up. He shook his head and said it was impossible and that the place should be bulldozed.

Nearly a year had passed, in that time, we had fixed all the hotel rooms into immaculate rooms that simply matched or surpassed the other Hotels in the City. Macey and I went hotel shopping, as we called it, and sussed out the other Hotels in the City. We hired a room for a night to see the services and check out the rooms and decoration to develop our own ideas. The function room was one thing most of the Hotels didn’t have, whereas ours was big enough to hold weddings and formal functions.

Walking into the function room, it looked like something out of a fairytale wedding. Twinkling fairy lights hung from the ceiling joining in the center to a crystal chandelier which was one the most expensive thing Valarie paid for but the centerpiece of the room. We had done it up as a winter wonderland inside, elegant yet also sophisticated if needed, depending on the function.

All the hotel rooms were transformed, the pool area was restored, and the property's gardens were trimmed and well maintained. In the rear gardens, we found four water fountains that still worked. After a good tidy up, it had a tropical oasis feel.

The restaurant in the main building was fully functional, and all appliances have been removed and replaced with better stainless steel and energy- efficient ones. It had a children's play area that was fully enclosed and would eventually offer child minding services for employees and those staying in the Hotel. We still had so much to do, but our most challenging task was passing the health and safety inspection and finding people to help run the place.

We had made do with just fixing it up with little help from Zoe's child's father and Macey's brother. We still needed more workers to run this place. Four women couldn't be everywhere at once. Solar panels had been placed on every building to save money on the power for running the place when it eventually opened.

All that was left was the front gardens and painting the exterior, which was nearly done, but we had just run out of paint. Macey's brother was currently trimming the front hedges, and Macey was mowing the lawn with the ride-on mower she borrowed from her neighbor. Then on top of all the renovations.

Three nights a week, I went to the community college on the street behind us, and Valarie paid for my business courses, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, I attended campus.

I only had one month left, and I will have finished my studies in accounting, business management, and admin, I just hoped I lived up to Valerie's expectations. Since meeting Valarie and her taking us in, for the first time I was hopeful for the future and excited for what it would bring.

"You ready, Everly? I want to get back quickly. Hopefully, we will have enough daylight to finish that last side, " Zoe calls out to me.

"Yeah, I am ready when you are, " I call back to her while climbing in Valarie's truck. Zoe climbs in the passenger side, and I start the old beast up. Valerie waves from the top balcony with Valerian and Caasey in her arms, smiling and babbling happily as we turn onto the road head for the hardware store.

"I am beginning to worry about Valerie, " Zoe says, and I hum in agreement. She had become so illlately.

"Yeah, me too, I tried to convince her to go see the doctor last week, but she refused as always, " I tell her. Zoe shakes her head and sighs. Last week I walked in on Valerie during one of her coughing fits, only this time it was much different

as she wiped her mouth with her tissue covered in blood. When I confronted her about it and urged her to seek medical help, she said it had been happening for over a year now and not to worry.

I worried, and it was all made worse each time her mate stopped in to see her. I had been there nearly a year, and he was like a ghost. I saw his car come and go, but I was yet to see the man's face even after a year. Zoe and I called him the faceless Alpha. That was the only thing we figured out about him, and that was only by the apparent Alpha vibes he gave off.

"Do you worry that he is slowly killing her, that all this time coming and going is killing her?" Zoe asks. I say nothing because I know her mate was the reason she was so sick; I had already noticed it with myself. So going decades without your mate must be pure agony because I felt it with Valen already, and it had been months, not years.

I felt every time he was with a woman, each time it killed me a little more. Each time I shifted, my wolf form was weaker, a little smaller. My health deteriorated; I was always sick with the flu or stomach issues, and no matter how much I ate, I could never put on weight. My hair fell out in clumps sometimes, especially when he had been busy fooling around with women. Other times I felt drunk, making me question if he was an alcoholic. So I could only imagine how badly Valarie suffered after decades of this torture.

The more time went on, the more I felt him, and it was horrible. It was like the mate-bond was pulling me toward him, and resisting took its toll on me. He had no idea; I tried to reach out to him, fear of him taking Valerian stopped me each time. Valerian is mine; I raised him, I looked after him, and I would be damned if I let him take him from me like Valarie's mate did to her.

Pulling into the car park of the hardware store, Zoe and I hop out of the car, paint code in hand and the cash for the paint. "We need a new paint tray too ; I cracked the other one by accident, " Zoe says as we step into the store.

"You grab the paint; I will grab the tray, " I tell her, and we split off down different aisles. Walking down the paint section, I looked for the correct paint tray. It needed to be big enough for the roller brushes, finding it. I grab a spare just in case. Heading back to the front of the store, I see Zoe waiting in line; she smiles at me, and I step over next to her.

"Four Litres should be enough?" She asks.

"Yes, plenty and should have some spare, not much left to do now," I tell her, turning to the front.

My heart skips a beat when his scent wafts to me. My heart thumps erratically, and I swallow as I stare at the man's frame in front of me. Tall and intimidating as ever. I would recognize that scent anywhere as I stared at the back of his head. Emotion choked me as I observed him. Zoe was talking away, completely oblivious to me, trying to keep myself together.

I watch as he steps up to the counter to be served. Talking casually to the man behind the counter and he pays for his things before turning around and noticing me. He stops looking me up and down.

I gulp, looking up to meet the eyes of my father. We kind of stood there for a second, and I waited for him to say something. My mouth was suddenly so dry I couldn't say a word.

I hadn't seen him since the night I found out the blood Alpha was my mate, since the night he made me sit out in the rain before kicking me off his

territory and telling me to never come back. Despite all that, I missed my father, but the look of indifference on his face was enough to say he didn't miss me.

He snarls, his top lip lifting over his teeth as he looks me over before looking at Zoe, who had finally noticed Alpha John. The 2nd most intimidating man in the City and also my father. I opened my mouth to try to say something, to ask how mum is but before I could say anything, he turned and walked out the door.

Not one word, nothing. The look of disgust on his face was the same as when he found out I was pregnant. I blink back tears before regathering myself and stepping up to the counter with Zoe. She doesn't bother saying anything. What could she say? It would change nothing.

It was one thing when any of us went out, and we got the stares for being "Rogue-Whores" from everyone else, but my own father, my own flesh and blood, it hurt more. I just wanted him to care, maybe ask how his grandson is or how his daughter is. Instead, I got nothing but a look of disgust, like I was a piece of gum that stuck on his shoe and that stung. I was nobody to him.

Getting in the car, I look out the windshield to see his car. Refusing to let it get to me, I drive off, not even glancing back. The car is silent when Zoe reaches over and squeezes my knee gently, letting me know I am not alone. Pulling up at the Hotel, I let out a breath. I was home. This was home and all I needed.

All I needed was Valerian and our small village family. A family we made, not blood, my father proved there is more to family than just blood. Family is those that are there for you when the rest of the world turns their back on you. That is family. Unclipping my seatbelt, we got back to work, and I was more determined to prove I could do this without his help.