

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 36

/ Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess

Valen POV

The moment I laid eyes on him, I knew he was mine when he suddenly squealed loudly and barrelled toward me on his little legs and crashed against me. I imagine the look on my face was of pure horror at first as the pint-sized creature clung to my legs.

Tatum and Marcus just stared gobsmacked, and Marcus had his mouth wide open like he trying to catch flies.

"I found you, I found you, I knew I would find you," The boy screams, bouncing on the balls of his feet. I pat his back, not knowing what to do with the kid. Yet touching him only made this scenario more real, I was kind of thinking my drink was spiked, and someone slipped me hard drugs, and for a second, I kind of hoped they had until I got a whiff of his scent.

He was a Rogue, but his Alpha aura was strong, too strong for just me, indicating both his parents were Alpha born. Only another Alpha would scent the potency of his aura even as small as he is, but his scent was also familiar.

"So he is yours then?" Tatum asks, stepping into my apartment. I blink before staring down at him, his big amber eyes staring up at me. There was no doubt. he was mine. And I nod, apparently I have a son? But how, who wouldn't jump at the chance to have a kid to an Alpha? What woman in the world would hide it, that's assurance for life having an Alpha's child, what woman doesn't want that?

"Who did you knock up?" Tatum asks while Marcus just rubbed his chin; he raises a finger in the air like he was about to say something then closed his mouth before opening and closing it. First time I had seen him lost for words.

"Everly...She has a?" he doesn't finish when I pick up the creature that apparently came from my family jewels. I press my nose into his neck, wondering if I smelt right. I near dropped him when I am smashed with her mouth-watering scent perfuming out from his pores along with mine.

The boy giggles and tucks his chin as my stubble brushes his neck and face. "Stop, it tickles," He laughs, and I couldn't help but smile at his adorable cackle before he reaches for my neck with his tiny hands, and I place him on my hip, sniffing his head.

"Your mother is Everly Summers?" he nods.

"Yep, and I am Valarian Summers," That would be changing, I thought instantly.

"Mum will be so happy, now you can be with my mum, I can take you home to surprise her, and we can be a real family," he says, smiling with all his teeth on display. Somehow I did not see that happening, but it raised another question, how the hell did I get her pregnant when I hadn't slept with her.

"Valarian?" I murmur, making me wonder if he was named after me and what a resemblance to my mother's name, Valarie; she died when I was a baby. I liked the name but was shocked she would name him after me, yet how did she manage to keep him

from me, and more importantly, how is he here without her?

"How old are you?" I ask him.

"Five," He answers, holding up his hand fingers splayed out, and I look at Marcus.

"How?" I ask him, and he shrugs.

"Well, I am sure you know-how," Marcus says, and I raise an eyebrow. Of course, I know-how. But I wanted know-how it was possible; it made no sense.

"He is Everly's," I repeat to him, and he nods.

"Get in and close the door," I snap at them both in case someone comes up here looking for me. I definitely didn't want anyone overhearing how the mother of my child kept him a secret from me.

"I'm hungry, dad. I haven't had lunch. It took all day to find you," Valerian says, and Marcus walks over to take him, but I tug away from him, not wanting to put my new son down. Instead, hugging him closer and smelling his scent, god we smell good together, I thought.

"I will make the food then," Marcus says, and I nod to him. I hated Marcus's cooking, but right now, I wasn't willing to put him down as if he would somehow vanish, and it would all be a dream, one I didn't want but now suddenly couldn't imagine not having him in it. Please be real; if I wake and it isn't real, I may just consider that I have lost my mind because who dreams this shit up? And actually wants it desperately to be true. I always wanted kids but never dreamed of them. "Uncle Marcus will make you something to eat," Valerian nods and eyes Marcus curiously.

"He doesn't smell like you?"

"I am an only child, so he is not a real Uncle, but he is like my brother to me,"

"Ah, you have a village too? Mum and I have a village, Aunty Zoe and Aunty Macey, are mums village, did your dad make you leave too as mums did? He called her names, and we had to build our own family," Valerian states, and I blink at him.

"How about you tell me all about your village, and then I think we should ring your mum?" Valerian nods.

"So you aren't coming home with me?" he asks.

"How about we try to bring your mum here?" I tell him while walking into the living room.

"Thirsty, there is chocolate milk?" Marcus calls out to him, and he nods. Marcus continues to the kitchen, and I place him on the couch sitting across from him on the other. Marcus brings him a glass of milk, and Valerian takes it from him, gulping down half the glass before looking around at the coffee table. His brows furrow, but he doesn't set the glass down and I clench my teeth, I knew Marcus did it to see my reaction by the smug smile on his face, but I was shocked by Valerian's following words.

"Where are your coasters? You need coasters," he says, sitting like a statue as if the thought of placing the cup down would make the world stop.

"Definitely your kid," Marcus says, rolling his eyes before walking off, and coming back with a coaster. I watch as Valerian places the coaster on the coffee table when Marcus gives it to him before he makes sure his cup is perfectly centered. The coaster is straight, making me remember Everly finding me coasters when I visited her.

She said one of the kids of the rogues was a little OCD. Now I wondered if she meant our son. Valerian clasps his hands in his lap, looking around and twiddling his thumbs.

"How did you find me?" I ask him.

"Mum, showed me a picture on the internet and I got maps, but I couldn't find your street. Casey got the wrong maps. And then I found him, and Tatum brought me here,"

"I take it you're the missing rogue boy, I heard about on the radio?"

"I was on the radio?" He asks excitedly, and I smirk.

Tatum chuckles, watching as he stands by the couch Valerian sits on.

"Yes, and I imagine your mother is quite worried about you,"

"Mum always worry's about me,"

"I imagine that is what mothers do?" I tell him, and he nods.

"So, tell me more about your Village," I ask him. "What do you want to know?"

"Do you know which pack your mother came from?"

He shakes his head and chews his lip like he was thinking.

"I know mum had a sister, and they used to be best friends, she doesn't like speaking of her real family,

"So you have never met her parents," He shakes his head.

"No, they called mum a rogue whore and kicked her out because mum had me, but she isn't a rogue- whore right?" he says, his brows furrowing.

"Why would they do that?" he asks suddenly. I didn't know how to answer that, but from what I know, Everly was nearly twenty-three, so that would have made her Seventeen or eighteen when she had him. But then Everly's words flooded my mind, "I am not a rogue-whore" she said, so that meant she knew who I was and what I was from the beginning?

"Did your mother say why she didn't tell me you existed?" he shrugs.

"She said she did tell you, but you didn't believe her, then she said she couldn't," Marcus also looks at me, and I try to think for a second.

"What do you mean she couldn't," He scratches his head.

"Why couldn't she?"

"In case you took me off her, Mum thinks I don't listen, but I do, she thinks you would take me away from her, but you won't, right?" I lean forward and brace my arms on my knees before scrubbing a hand down my face.

"No, I won't take you from her," However, I would if she didn't tell me how the hell this was possible and also why the hell she kept him from me.

"How old are you?" he asks randomly. "Me?" he nods.

"Twenty-nine," I tell him.

"Your old," He snickers.

"You won't think that when you're my age," he goes to ask something else but I speak before he could.

"I think we should ring your mother, she would be worried, and I think I should talk to your mummy," I tell him and he nods.

"So you will come live with us now?" I pause because I knew that wasn't going to be a possibility anytime soon, or maybe it could be. If only it were that easy. I had no idea, this was the last thing I expected, but I suddenly felt like shit, that she had been raising our son on her own, looking after him all this time.

I pull my phone from my pocket when I realize something else. I met her when she was rogue and kicked her out of my packhouse. My stomach sinks. I kicked my own son and mate out in the rain when she was homeless and living in her car. The thought sickened me, he was right there all this time and I did nothing for either of them. No wonder she hates me.

Marcus places a plate of grilled cheese in his lap, and he stares at it before looking up at Marcus.

"For real, how is it possible for you to be so much like him when you have never met?" Marcus says, walking off and returning with a butter knife and fork as well as a placemat.

"They're happy now?" he asks, and Valarian goes to open his mouth. I dial Everly's number listening to it ring. Marcus watches Valarian before speaking again when Valarian still doesn't start eating.

"Yeah, yeah, I will get you a napkin," he laughs, walking off, and Valarian smiles and so do I. Marcus ruffles his hair when he returns before passing him the napkin.

"Grilled cheese can be eaten with your hands, it's finger food," Marcus tells him, and Valarian scrunches his face up. That's my boy. The phone continues to ring when after a few seconds she finally answers.

"I really haven't got time right now," Everly says, hanging up on me. I shake my head before redialing her number.

"What, Valen?" She growls into the phone.

"Want to explain how I have a boy with amber eyes and a startling resemblance

to me sitting across from me?" I ask her, and she falls silent for a second.

"Valarian?"

"That would be him, we need to talk. One of my men will be waiting for you out the front of my hotel," I nod to Tatum, and he nods back to me before walking out. "See you soon," I tell her hanging up before she can say anything. If she wanted our son back, she could come to me.

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Everly POV

My hands trembled as we pulled up out front of the Hotel. Officer Richards had driven me and had escorted me to Alpha Valen's penthouse apartment. I wracked my brain trying to figure out how he had Valarian was here. (only desirenovel) Did he spot him at the school and take him? Did Valarian look for him, or did someone notice the uncanny resemblance between them? I had many questions, but nothing terrified me more than what happened now that Valen knew he fathered a son.

He would have to kill me before I ever let him take my son. My nerves were shot, my eyes burned from spending all afternoon and night balling like a baby. My mind instantly went to he was kidnapped, or one of the Forsaken had killed him. The relief I felt when I found out he was alive and ok was as crushing as the thought of losing him. There was nothing worse than thinking you lost a child; the what-ifs, the sheer panic, and frantic places your mind takes you were a pure nightmare. Your mind instantly goes to the worst-case scenario.

The thing you fear most in the world, losing them for good, your child suffering, and you could do nothing to help them. No sort of fear could compare to thinking you lost the most important person to you. Fear, once your parent changes. You no longer fear the boogie man. You no longer fear the dark, at least not for those same reasons you once did.

Being a parent, you become the boogie manhunter. You don't fear him anymore. You fear ordinary people taking your child, your neighbor, the person hanging around the children's parks; you fear people in general. You suddenly become the person checking under the bed, the person entering the shadows first, not because you don't fear them still but because you fear them for a different reason. You fear them because you know the child behind you relies on you to keep them safe.

No, you don't fear the dark; you fear what's lurking in it that could hurt your child. Just the same as you no longer fear death, what you truly fear is leaving them behind, knowing nobody would love them more than you. You fear what would become of them without you.

So losing a child, no matter how briefly, nothing can compare to that sort of fear. The little person that has you getting out of bed each morning because the morning wouldn't be worth waking up to without them.

Before children, I couldn't picture a life with him in it. Yet, once he was born, I can't remember a time when I didn't have him like it wasn't worth remembering. Children become all-consuming, you can't remember not having them because your life becomes somebody else's, it wasn't yours anymore, it becomes theirs, and you live each day for them, so to think you lost one? You just lost your reason for breathing.

Without them, there is no life worth living. So no fear compared to how I felt for

those grueling hours of frantic searching and thinking the worst. Sometimes your own mind becomes your worst tormentor. So moving into the elevator, I felt myself breathe, knowing he was safe, yet my anxiety never lessened because now we were back to fear number one. Someone taking my child, except it would be his own father this time.

I moved from foot to foot as the elevator traveled up to the top floor. The Hotel was lovely, and I was shocked to find that Alpha Valen's floor was heavily guarded. Exactly who was he expecting to attack him? You had to use a key in the elevator to get to this floor. Officer Richard grabs my arm when I step out. He walks me to the middle of the corridor containing one door and five guards. Each one stared at me curiously. It must be strange for them to see a rogue girl visiting the Alpha, oh the scandal that would result in the media, if I was spotted here. Officer Richards knocks on the door before suddenly walking off.

"Psst," I hiss at him, and he stops. "Where are you going?"

"Work, I was told to drop you off, not hold your hand," he says with a smile. I was about to retort that he should remain if this turned into a violent custody disagreement when the door opened, and Beta Marcus was suddenly standing in front of me. "Luna," He says, and I scrunch up my face.

"Yeah, don't call me that. Where is my son?" He steps aside, motioning for me to come in, and I step past him. The place was all open-plan, and I realized the entire floor was just his apartment. Large windows ran the whole length from floor to ceiling, looking over the City. I bet the view would be breathtaking at night.

Hesitantly walking around, I notice another security guard sitting on the couch when I spot Valarian on the sofa beside him. The huge security guard had a game controller in his hand, and Valarian glanced at me before shrieking.

"Mum!" he squeals, placing the controller he had in his hands down and rushing over to me. But before Valarian reached me, Alpha Valen scoops him up with one arm before depositing him back on the couch. Valen kisses his head before looking at the security guard, who nods to him in some silent message.

"Stay here. I need to speak to your mother," Valen tells Valarian as I step closer, wanting to see my boy. I try to move toward him. My heart frantically thumping in my chest as I reach the back of the couch when Valen grips my arm and suddenly starts walking. I stumble as I am forced backward before shoving him off, earning me a growl from him.

"Don't f*cking touch me," I hiss at him, making sure to keep my voice low so Valarian doesn't overhear as we stand in his oversized kitchen.

Marcus leans on the counter, and my eyes dart to him when Valen steps closer, caging me in with his huge body and pressing me against the counter.

"You want to explain how the f*ck we have a son that I had no idea existed until he turned up on my doorstep,"

"Well, for starters, you don't have a doorstep, just a door," I tell him while rolling my eyes. If he was going to talk to me like shit, then this conversation is over before it started. I push on his chest, but he places his hands on either side of my hips, refusing to move.

"I am not in the mood for more of your 1, ies, now answer me," he growls.

"Who the f*ck do you think you are? You are not my Alpha. I will not tolerate you talking to me like some child that needs a scolding now back up," I tell him and glaring at him. His aura slips out, and the only thing keeping me upright is his body pressed against mine.

A whimper escaped my lips, having forgotten just how powerful an Alpha aura was when directed at you in anger, and he was angry, no that wasn't a strong enough word. He was livid.

"Don't test me, Everly, you know exactly who I am and what I am capable of, just remember if you want to leave here with my son, you better start speaking," He

warns when Marcus comes up behind him and grips his arm. My eyes dart to him over Valen's shoulder.

"Valen, calm down," Marcus whispers to him, and he growls but steps back. I breathed deeply when his aura slipped off me, allowing me to stand without wanting to collapse in a heap at his feet.

"How?" Alpha Valen says, leaning on the counter. He looks over his shoulder at our son, who is unaware of the tension behind him.

"Geez, I don't know Valen, crept into your bed and left without saying a word."

"What?" He growls, and I scoff. Is he really that stupid? He runs his hand down his face before rubbing his temples.

"Explain. Why would you not tell me?" he growls.

"I did tell you, same as I told you I wasn't a rogue whore,"

"I am pretty sure I would remember if I had a son, Everly. Don't bullshit me; it's bad enough you fed that shit to our son," he snarls.

"I did tell you, I also F*cking tried to tell you the night you kicked me out of your packhouse in the F*cking rain with our newborn son, I tried to tell you when I was pregnant, what did you expect me to do beg and plead for you to believe me because I F*cking tried that too, but you secretary kept telling me to bugger off, and that she would put an AVO on me"

"Was I drunk?"

"Which time, most of our encounters were when you were obliterated, not my issue that you are an alcoholic, I did my part."

"You are so frustrating. You kept my son from me. My son is rogue because of you," He snaps, pointing an accusing finger at me. I growl at him, and he laughs, tossing his hands in the air.

"Laugh, go on. You think it is funny, you thought it was funny when I told you I was pregnant too, laughed like it was the funniest thing you ever heard," He stops staring at me.

"There is no way I would have ignored someone telling me they are pregnant,"

"I would never sleep with a seventeen-year-old, especially a mongrel related to Alpha John, well newsflash asshole, you did!" I spit at him.

"Excuse me?"

"That's what you said, then laughed and hung up on me; I tried to ring you back and you said if I ever rang with my lies again, you would skin me alive, that you wouldn't be associated with a mutt of Alpha John's," I tell him before looking back at my son on the lounge.

"No, wait, repeat that. What did you just say?" F*ck does this fool have amnesia to go with his OCD?

What a messed-up combination that would be, though I would like watching him clean the same spot repeatedly. However, I shake that thought away when he steps closer, and I am forced to take a step back.

"Your last name is Summers," he states.

"It is now, it is my mother's maiden name, my father stripped me of his name the day he stripped me of my title because I fell pregnant to you, my father refused to have a rogue -whore for a daughter, just like you refused to believe you had fathered the child of mutt," I tell him.

Alpha Valen stares at me. "You are not an Alpha; I would feel it if you were," he says, folding his arms across his chest.

"I have been a rogue for five f*cking years, my aura is gone now, you sticking your dick in every bitch you came across for the past four and half years making sure my aura was obliterated. My aura is weak because of you, "

"What are you talking about?" He snaps.

I snarl. What part wasn't he getting? Looking at Marcus, I shove past Valen before grabbing him by the collar of his shirt and slamming my lips against a startled Marcus who had his hands up in the air.

Valen staggers, clutching his stomach, and I release Marcus, who looked like he was about to faint at what I did. Turning to Valen, I pointed at him.

"Now imagine how bad that would hurt if I f*cked him. too." I growl at him.

Valen's fists clench at his sides, and Marcus puts up his hands, taking a step away from him and me. "She kissed me," He yaps out when a furious growl tears out of Valen. This time earning the attention of our son.

"Mum?"

"Everything is fine, honey, play with your um... new friend," I tell him, glancing at the behemoth of a man sitting next to my son playing video games when he looks like he should be chasing down the hulk. Valarian stands looking between us.

"I will be over in a minute buddy, sit down, please," Valen tells him, and he glances between us again before reluctantly sitting back down and returning his attention back to the game.

"Tatum, his name is Tatum," Valen says with a sigh, pointing to the man on the couch beside Valarian.

"Great, are we good now, we all on the same page? If so, I will grab my son and be on my way," I tell him about to step past him when he blocks me with his arm.

"No, we aren't done yet," Valen says, his teeth pulling back over his teeth.

I sighed, folding my arms across my chest. I don't know what else we possibly had to talk about.

"If you are Alpha John's daughter, how come he has never mentioned you?"

"Did you not listen to a thing I just said? He thought I was a rogue -whore, shunned me for it like all the other packs do,"

"But you're not,"

"Very observant of you, now if you will excuse me, it is a school night, and I need to get my son home, "

"He isn't leaving," "Like hell, he isn't, "

"He is my son too. You can't just decide to keep him to yourself, "

"And you don't get to wake up one day and suddenly decide to be a mate and father. It doesn't work like that," I retort, and he suddenly rises taller, standing over me when Valarian is suddenly at our side. He tugs on his father's shirt, and he instantly steps back, looking down at him.

"I'm tired," Valarian yawns, and Valen looks at me when I bend down to pick him up.

"Have you eaten?" I ask him.

"Marcus made him grilled cheese; he also had some ice cream," Valen answers, and I nod.

"Come, we should get you home for a bath and bed," I tell him, glancing at Valen, who sighs but nods.

"I will run you home, " he says, reaching for his car keys from a bowl on the bench.

"Are you going to come home with us?" Valarian asks his father, and I swallow.

"Not tonight, but I will pick you up in the morning to take you to school," I glare at him but keep my mouth shut.

"Really?" He says, brightening up and looking alert.

"Yes, your mother just needs to let me know what time to get you," He asks, raising an eyebrow at me. I suppress a growl knowing it would only upset Valarian if I said no.

"He gets up at seven AM," Valen nods before reaching for him, and I let him take him. "Come on, we can talk more tomorrow. He should get to bed," Valen says, and I followed him

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Valen led us toward the door, and I was relieved he was letting me take our son home. Valarian had his head rested on my shoulder when Valen opened the door. My footsteps faltered, and I froze when I noticed his father talking to one of the guards out front. Valen also stopped, and I watched his father laugh at something one of the guards was telling him when he turned, and his eyes went to us standing in the doorway of his son's apartment.

I drop my face into the Valarian's shoulder, and Alpha Kalen growls when Valen steps in front of me, blocking the view I had of his father. My heart fluttered frantically, noticing the man, and I fought the urge to take a step back.

"Why the f*ck do you have a rogue-whore in your apartment- " His words cut off as his eyes settled on Valarian in my arms, his head just poking out above Valen's shoulder. He looked at his son and sniffed the air before shoving past Valen, and I stumbled over my own feet moving a step away.

Valen's growl resonated off the walls as he tossed his father against the wall, making me jump. A hand grips my shoulder before I am yanked backward and out of the way. Valen pins his father against the wall. Valen's forearm was resting against Kalen's throat.

I looked over my shoulder to see who had grabbed me and found Tatum and Marcus behind me. Marcus jerks me behind him, and Tatum grips my arms holding me steady before Marcus moves to the middle.

"What is the meaning of this Valen, that boy," Kalen growls and looks back over at me, and his eyes narrow before shock flitted across his face.

"You," he pointed at me, and Valen growls at his father in a clear warning.

"Everly! And you ever approach her like that father, and we will have issues," Valen warns, his canines slipping from his parted lips at angled toward his father's throat.

"You know her? " Kalen asked, looking back at his son, and Valen sighed.

"Yes," Valen says, letting his father go and fixing his father's jacket. Kalen readjusted his tie before he glanced between us. Valarian stirs in my arms and lifts his head before turning to investigate what is going on. Kalen's eyes widened when Valarian turned his head and looked at him.

Having never met Valarian, Kalen took a startled step back when his eyes fell on his grandson. he looked even more shocked than seeing the woman his mate left everything she owned to.

"Mummy, who is that man?" Valarian whispers to me as he pats the side of my face, trying to get my attention. My eyes remain on the man responsible for killing the woman who made me who I am today.

"He is your grandfather," I tell Valarian while pressing my face to his and inhaling his scent, allowing me to calm some. Kalen blinked and went to take a step forward when his shoulder brushed

Valen, who had once again moved into his path.

Marcus also moves more blocking Alpha Kalen and taking up a protective stance behind Valen.

"You have a son?" Kalen gasps as he turns his head to look at Valen.

"Yes, and this is Everly; she is my mate, "

"What? The rogue-whore is your mate?" "Call her that once more, father, and see what happens," Valen warns. I was a little shocked to see him defend my title

against his father, and I saw Kalen swallow. Kalen waves his hands in the air, and it is clear to me he was trying to get over his shock. I shuffle my feet awkwardly and rely on Valen to keep his father in check. Marcus and Valen looked over at me, struggling to hold Valarian's weight. Valen's eyes fell on my shaking arms; he moved past Marcus and reached for his son. I pulled back, not wanting Valarian anywhere near Kalen, but Valen growls at me, and I reluctantly let him go and allowed Valen to take him. My arms instantly felt empty, and Valen placed Valarian on his hip, kissing his temple before reaching for my hand and tugging me toward him. "Everly, this is Kalen. Dad this Everly; my mate," Valen introduces us, unaware that no introductions were necessary. Kalen held out his hand to me, and Valen looked at me expectantly. I hesitantly placed my hand in his firm grip. Kalen yanks me toward him inhaling my scent. Valen growled menacingly behind me and saw Tatum and Marcus step closer like they were about to separate us and intervene if necessary. Kalen squeezed my hand painfully. I gritted my teeth when he shocked me by hugging me, squeezing the air from my lungs, and I felt my back crack. "Nice to meet you, Everly," but the underlying warning in his tone I did not miss. Kalen pushed me back, holding me at arm's length, and pulled his face away; his ambers eyes met mine. A chill ran up my spine at the cold look he gave me. "Nice to meet you," I murmured back. The energy rippling off his father could not be missed. Not even by Valen, who looked at his father like he was about to toss him away from me. Kalen patted my arms before he gripped my shoulders, and his demeanor swiftly changed. "We will have to catch up some time, sort this Rogue business out. My son can't have a rogue for a mate; the press would have a field day," He said, his eyes scrutinizing my face, and Valen cleared his throat beside me. "We would like to keep things quiet for now, father, at least until I wrap my head around the fact I have a son and mate," Valen tells his father. Kalen pats my shoulder. "Yes, I think that is for the best, for now," Kalen said before looking at Valarian. His eyes softened as he stared at his grandson, and he pinched his chin between his fingers. Valarian stares up at him curiously, but Kalen's face held none of the animosity he had towards me. "He has our eyes, son, looks like you when you were his age," Kalen told Valen, who nodded in agreement. "What is your name, son?" Kalen asks Valarian. "Valarian papa," He answered, and I thought back the urge to cringe at the endearment Valarian used. "Good name, a strong one, just like your father's. I look forward to getting to know you better," Kalen tells him, brushing his cheek gently with his thumb. "Where are you all going?" Kalen asked, turning his gaze to his son. "I am taking them home; it is a school night," "Your mate and son aren't staying here with you?" Kalen asked before he looked over at me. I looked at Valen when he answered, saving me from having to. "No, I was about to drop them home," "Nonsense, there is plenty of room; they should remain here; you will have to mark her. We can't have anyone noticing your mate is a rogue now," Kalen said, and I took a step away from Valen and bumped into Marcus behind me. "In good time, Father. Now, if you will excuse me, I need to get my son to bed," Valen tells him before he reaches over and grabs my hand. Valen tugs me out of the door after him, and Kalen steps aside at Valen's dismissal, and I could feel his eyes on me as I walked with Valen to the elevator. Instinctively, I stepped closer to Valen, I hated that I did, but his father terrified me more than Valen did. Valen glanced down at me for the action but didn't say

anything as he hit the elevator button. Valarian yawns, mumbling as he tries to get comfortable in his father's arm, and Valen tugs me against him and places his arm across my shoulders. For once, I didn't shove him away, preferring his closeness and the safety it offered instead of remaining awkwardly at his side under his father's watchful gaze.

"Tatum!" Valen called, and the monstrous man moved toward us. He stopped beside me and looked at his Alpha.

"You are now assigned to Everly and Valarian," Tatum nods and smiles down at me.

"Of course, Alpha," he answers, and I wondered what Valen meant when the elevators doors opened, and Valen tugs me inside. Tatum also steps into the elevator with us, and I let out the breath I had been holding.

"I am sorry about my father; he has " He paused. "Has strong views about titles," I offered, and Valen sighed.

"Yes, I will take care of it,"

"No need," I tell him while I reach for Valarian, but Valen pulls away.

"I have him; he is fine. I won't drop him, Everly," Valen says, pressing his nose against Valarian's hair and inhaling his scent.

The drive back to the hotel was silent. I had climbed in the back with Valarian when we got to the car.

Valen told me he would get Valarian a booster seat, and I said nothing. I had no idea how long until the novelty of having a child would wear off, so I didn't bother to argue that he wouldn't be taking our son anytime soon. Just as the car pulled up out the front,

I clipped Valarian's seat belt while Valen parked the car. He got out quickly before scooping a sleeping Valarian into his arms and tossing his jacket over him to shield him from the rain.

I led Valen to the apartment I shared with Zoe, Tatum looking around alert, which bothered me. He surely didn't mean Tatum would be following us, did he? My employees would never get any work done if Tatum hovered around. The man was huge and looked like he belonged in a cave grinding bones to make his butter, not following a rogue girl around and child.

"I can take him," I tell Valen, who growls at me and pushes past; he sniffs the air before walking up the hallway, and I follow. Zoe was sitting up in her bed with a book placed in her lap. She was with me when we got the phone call about Valarian, so I knew she would have waited up, and I would have to fill her in.

"In the morning," I tell her, and I close her door after she nods to me.

Walking over to Valarian's little room, I see Valen sitting beside him, tugging Valarian's shoes off before he tucked the blankets around him. I watched, safely tucked out of view as he tended to Valarian. He then switched the small lamp off and went to get up, and I moved away from the door when Valarian spoke, making me pause.

"You aren't leaving me, are you? I need you," Valarian says, and Valen pauses.

"Mum needs you too; she won't admit that, though, so don't do on me for telling you," I hear Valen chuckle softly.

"I am leaving, but I will be back in the morning,"

"Do you pinky promise?" Valarian asks, and I couldn't help but peek back into the room. Valen stares at his outstretched pinky before gripping it, giving it a shake, and Valarian laughs.

"No, like this," Valarian says, looping his pinky through his father's.

"That means you can't break it. Pinky promises are special," Valarian tells him.

"Ok, I pinky promise I will be back in the morning to take you to school, now get some sleep," Valen tells him, re-tucking the blanket around him. I walk back off to the living area and see Tatum waiting by the door patiently.

"7 list, you said he gets up, right?" Valen asked as he walked up behind me. I nodded my head, and he stopped beside me.

"You don't have to do the school run, Valen," "Well, I do now. Apparently, I can't break a pinky promise Everly, and I want to, I am not asking. He is my son too," Valen says, and I pressed my lips in a line.

"It's late. I will let you get to bed. I will be back tomorrow. Tatum will be outside if you need anything,"

"Wait, you aren't expecting him to remain here?" "Ah, yes. Either he stays, or I do Everly,"

"It's the middle of the night. What could possibly happen? We are going to bed. I am capable of looking after my son,"

"Our son and you are so capable that our son escaped school and found me, that shows a lot about your parenting skills,"

"Don't talk to me about parenting, Valen. Where were you the first five years of his life? I didn't know he would go searching for you; he has never taken off before so, don't you blame me for that,"

"Either way, Tatum stays, or I do, so which is it? I won't leave you both unprotected when forsaken are running around at the back of your hotel," I look over at Tatum. If I had to choose, it would definitely be the giant.

"Fine, but one night only, I won't have him scaring my employees,"

"Fine, have it your way. I will stay tomorrow night then," Valen says before pecking my head and walking toward the door before he stops. He turns looking back at me. "And you heard my father Everly, I can't have you running around rogue, you have a week to get your head around letting me mark you, or I will do it by force if necessary, I won't have my son remain a rogue," he tells me before walking out and closing the door giving me no opportunity to protest.

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 39

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

Valen POV

I couldn't sleep; all night I tossed and turned, knowing they were both over there and so close yet out of reach. It gave me a little comfort knowing Tatum was there with them, yet everything screamed I should be the one protecting them. How I had failed. No wonder she hated me. I would hate me too if our roles were reversed.

Now a few past incidents made sense, why I could never hold a relationship to save my life, why I had trouble with my sex life, the sudden bouts of depression seeping into me. Now it made me wonder if I knew all along on a subconscious level, and it was my body trying to stop me from making the idiotic decisions I sometimes did.

She felt it, felt it all, and didn't say anything. When she kissed Marcus, the pain that she caused was brief yet painful all the same. How did she endure years of my infidelity? I may not have known about her but she certainly knew of me, which made me groan at how stupid I was. The countless brothels, the woman and she endured that pain over and over for countless long years.

Five years, for some reason, that number kept popping up in my head as I tried to dredge up any memory that would lead me to her. Why was that number so significant? Besides the obvious, of course. Yet something nagged at me, tugged as it should matter to me. Five years, five years I muttered under my breath when I felt my breath leave me altogether, and I gasped, nearly choking on my own spit as I lurched upright.

The Alpha meeting, the fairy girl, the girl who snuck out on me the following day. Could that have been her? I was pissed off that she left before I even woke, something told me it was Everly, yet I never saw her face, and Marcus woke me the following day, and she was gone. He said he passed the girl and I remembered it irritated me because I was angry he didn't stop her.

That girl has remained in my thoughts for 5 years already and was one of the many things that got me through each night. Finding myself often thinking of the girl dressed as a fairy, yet I could never explain why she would randomly pop into my thoughts.

Marcus had told me to look for her, yet when I checked the registry, I could never find her name, which now made sense; she was underage. She wasn't supposed to be in that side of the hotel, which was for only adults and and future Alphas. She shouldn't have been where I was, and I always thought it odd when I went over the registry of attendees. I could never find anyone that even resembled her. No ID had me jumping the way Everly did.

I had spent weeks searching the Hotel database, yet she would have been in the kid's section. I cringed at that mental thought, don't go there. Creepy as hell, yet I remembered that night kind of. I remembered how I was drawn to her, and no matter where I turned, I found myself in her vicinity again, drawn to her like a moth to a flame. It had to be her, and it made sense why she would have run. I spent weeks angry that she ran out on me, but it suddenly made sense because if Alpha John was her father, I could imagine the trouble she would have got in if she had been caught with me.

That was back right in the middle of a brutal war when land was being divided again after we brought out half of Silver stone Pack lands, they fell under hot water with debts, and we settled those debts in exchange for a good size chunk of their territory giving us ownership to half the City. A war ensued too many lives were lost to violence in the streets, constant attacks, though my pack killed just as many as John's did, we weren't completely innocent.

Alpha John was furious and our feud only got worse. It added fuel to the fire, so it made me curious what changed between my father and John that they were now willing to marry me off to his daughter. What were chances I would be mates with one of his daughters, just not the one they were trying to make me marry? Nothing made sense, my father, hated Alpha John, but now they seemed amicable, friendly, and it made me wonder what John had over him. My father was not a man to back down to his rivals, more like stomp on them and kick them to the curb. My phone buzzes beside where I lay, and I glance at it to see Tatum's number pop up. Quickly opening it, I answered the phone.

"Everything okay?" "Yes, Everly went for a run. Should I follow her or stay with your son?" "Um, do you know where she went?" "I asked, but she said it was none of my business and walked out," "Just give her space; if she isn't back after an hour though, ring me," "Okay, boss," Tatum says, hanging up. Going through my phone contacts. I quickly rang her, hoping Everly would be more talkative on the phone, then face to face. We only seemed to argue when in each other presence, but I was slowly starting to understand why. "What? Valen," She answered after the third ring. She sounded tired, her voice strained. "Tatum said you left the apartment,"

"Zoe is there, I didn't leave by himself, and I figured your friend would watch over him unless there is a reason I shouldn't be leaving Valarian with him?"

"No, Tatum is fine. He is safe. I was just concerned where you were going this late at night "

"The reserve, however, I am headed back home because someone fixed the damn fence again. I had it reopened yesterday afternoon, and someone keeps fixing it," Everly curses, and I hear her kick the mesh. I pressed my lips in a line knowing it was my fault.

"Ah, that may be my fault. Marcus told me the fence was broken. I sent someone out to fix it," "Of course, it was you," She sighed. "Well, I will stay on the phone with you, make sure you get home okay. How was I supposed to know it was intentionally opened, " " I am capable of getting home Valen, and It's fine, a lot of use it as a shortcut, it is fine I can wait until tomorrow or something, " She said though she sounded like she was almost breathless.

"Please, this doesn't have to be an argument just don't hang up until I know you're back with Tatum. Do you always go running this late?" She doesn't hang up on me, so I figured she was giving in.

"Then why are you running so late? " Everly doesn't answer straight away, and I glance at the phone to make sure it is still connected.

"Because I need to," She finally says though it sounded more like a murmur and like there was more meaning to it than that. "What do you mean?" it doesn't matter, Valen. Anyway. I am at my door. Your bodyguard is staring at me because I look like a drowned rat from the rain. Can I go now?"

"I just want to make sure you are home safe," She groans, the noise sounding annoyed. "I will grab you a towel, and if you get beaten in the morning by a petite girl with an angelic face, it is just Zoe, I live with her, " Everly warned him and I could only imagine the amused look he would have had at that. I hear Tatum grunt at that, and I smiled, amused that she would warn him she lived with someone, he already knew, he would have noticed the extra scents. (desirenovel.com)

"Okay, can I go now? Tatum is sleeping on the couch and I am tired, "

“Yes, Everly goodnight, ” I tell her, and she hangs up. I sighed now to convince her to let me mark her.

I stared up at my ceiling ; I couldn't help but smile despite the fact she hated me. She still named our son after me. Valarian was my middle name and my father's middle name. All the men in our family had the same middle name, well, except Valarian, obviously, which made me wonder what it was. Yeah, my dad definitely had a thing for the letter V.

Valen Valarian Solace, what a mouthful that was growing up, yet I knew he named me also in honor of my mother Valarie with a mix of his name too.

We had the Alpha meeting coining up soon, it wouldn't be long now, and I would have to put everything out in the open. I just hoped Everly would let me mark her with in the next week. I wasn't so sure I could actually go through with forcibly marking her, not after everything I had already made her endure, and I didn't want to give her more reason to hate me.

On the plus side, I now had more excuses to see her since we shared a son together. I never gave much thought to being a father, I have always wanted kids because it was expected, but I never really pictured children. However, meeting Valarian, it is all I wanted to be now, Pck everything else ; I just wanted my mate and son. Wanted to be a part of his life and hers if she would have me. Rolling on my side, I set my alarm. I had a pinky promise to keep, and I had no intentions of breaking it.

Alpha' s Regret–My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 40

[/ Alpha' s Regret–My Luna Has A Son By Jess Jar](#)
Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 40

Everly POV

Yesterday was rough, last night even tougher. I didn't get any sleep; my entire body was aching from tossing and turning. The mate bond grew stronger each time I saw him, and the pain of denying it was getting harder to ignore. I rolled out of bed and to the sound of soft murmurs. That meant Zoe was awake as I heard her trying to wake Casey in the room beside mine. Getting to my feet, I quickly opened my door to see her in all her bedhead glory. She yawns and smiles at me.

“Morning, ” She says, turning her attention back to Casey's open door before she does a double-take.

She stepped away from me, and Casey went to step out of her room when Zoe shoved her back inside the door and quickly shut it. Casey banged on the door.

“Just a minute, sweetie, ” Zoe said before gripping my arm.

"What happened? Did that bastard hurt you? I will f*cking kill him," She whispered yelled.

" Swear Jar," Casey called through the closed door while I tried to figure out what had got into her.

"Huh?" Zoe ushered me into the bathroom, turning me to look in the mirror, and I gasped at what I saw. Blood smeared my face, and the dark rings under my eyes looked like I got into a fight and was on the losing end of it. I reached for a washcloth and quickly washed my face, but no physical injuries were present.

"Must be a nose bleed," I tell her, which was something that was becoming more frequent. Whenever I saw him, it seemed to me that something would get worse, headaches nosebleeds. I blink at my reflection before leaning in when I

notice the discoloration of the whites around my eyes, no longer white but blood red.

"What the f*ck?" I whispered.

"You need to figure out something soon, Everly, "

"It's fine; I will go see a doctor, " I tell her, though I knew it was pointless.

"No, you need to see your mate. Or mark someone," Zoe gasps, and I stare at her in the mirror. Her eyes were watery, and as she watched me, concerned.

" It's been four and half years, Everly, and you are already deteriorating. What will it be like in another five years? How much worse? " I shrugged. I had no idea, but clearly, that wasn't the answer she was after because she stalked off down the hall. The moment I stepped out of the bathroom, I heard a shriek before her voice reached my ears.

"The bodyguard right, geez, you scared the crap out me,"

Walking into the living room, Tatum was sitting up. " You get many breaks-in to sleep on your uncomfortable sofa?" He groans, and I hear his back crack. He tosses the blanket aside before making his way to the kitchen and flicking the kettle on.

"Coffee?" He asks, giving Zoe the once over; she was wearing her silky pajamas with kittens on them and rainbow toe socks.

"Nice socks, " Tatum smirks, and she glares at him. He was barking up the wrong tree if he was going to mock her socks, she had an entire collection of those toe socks, and in the wintertime, she even liked to wear them with her flip flops. She called them her winter editions flip flops. She growls at him, and he purrs back at her, which shuts her up quickly before she pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes at him.

"Uncle Tatum," Valerian screams, rushing out. Anything would think they knew each other all their lives with Valerian's excitement. At the same time Tatum scooped him up, there was a knock on the door.

"That would be your father, kiddo," Tatum said, placing him down. Valerian moved to the door and swung it open before bouncing on the balls of his little feet.

"You came back; you came back,"

"I pinky promised, didn't I," Valen tells him, picking him up. He stepped into the apartment, and the apartment felt smaller suddenly, with two bulky

men taking up space.

Coffee, boss," Valen nods to Tatum before Tatum turns to me.

"Coffee, what happened to your eyes?" He says, shoving past the table and knocking a chair over.

"Allergies," I stated as he gripped my face with his huge sausage fingers. Zoe scoffs beside me, and he glances at her before raising an eyebrow at me when I swat his hands away. Valen comes over and grips my face, and I jerk away from his tingling touch.

Allergies?" He questions when Valerian suddenly speaks against me.

"Mum gets them all the time, and nose bleeds. She gets a lot of nosebleeds," Valerian says, and I press my lips in a line. Valen looks at me, and his lips part before he nods and looks at Valerian.

"Well, mummy needs to see a doctor. I will take her," He tells Valerian, and I went to object when Zoe adds her two cents worth.

"Good idea, she sees doctor Mary at the rogue center," Zoe says, folding her arms across her chest, and I noticed Tatum's eyes dart to her cleavage, and I glare at her.

"My mate is not going to a rogue center," Valen states before realizing what he said to Zoe, who is also a rogue.

"And why is that?" She says, dropping her hands to her waist and popping her hip. Oh, careful, Valen, you may just get into an argument you can't win with her.

"Good enough for rogues. It should be good enough for everybody, or are you admitting that this City is discriminative?" She says with a glare.

Valen says nothing, just turns away from her, choosing not to answer. Good thing, too, because Zoe was a firecracker before her morning coffee.

Never cross paths with Zoe if she is in a bad mood and hasn't had her morning coffee yet. She may be small, but damn she got a good right hook. You only have to ask the pool boy to know that or Macey's brother.

"Okay, how about we get you ready for school Valarian," asks Valen while walking off into his room down the small hall. Tatum hands me a coffee giving me a worried look before handing me an extra cup.

"For the boss,"

"Your boss. Not mine," I tell him stalking off down the hall to find my mate and Valarian. Stepping into the room, Valarian pulled his clothes out of the wardrobe while Valen looked around. Stopping beside him, he takes his mug from my hand and sips it."

"Does not look like a kids room," He mumbles to me. "Valarian doesn't like a mess," I whisper back.

"You know I can hear you, right?" Valarian asked as he laid his clothes on the bed neatly.

Valen chuckles and turns around and Valarian eyes his father's cup before going over to his little desk, pulling out two coasters, and sitting them on his bedside table.

Valen lets out a breath just like I had seen his son do many times when he found something relaxing.

Apparently, coasters were relaxing. Placing mine on the coaster, I moved to his wardrobe, retrieving his shoes from the bottom of his and placing them beside his perfectly made bed. It was one of the first things he did.

The moment he got up, he made his bed. I had even caught him making Casey's or remaking mine.

That's one of the reasons I made sure to shut my door of a morning. Sometimes his compulsions became a little much. I was more a roll-out of the bed of a morning and made the bed before I climbed back in it sort of person.

We helped him get ready, and Valen watched everything like he was learning something new. It made me nervous while I gelled my son's hair and flattened his collar when Valen suddenly started unbuttoning his shirt. I just buttoned because Valarian whined about the collar not being completely wrinkle-free. How either of them could spot the tiny crease was beyond me.

"It isn't necessary I ironed it the other day,"

"I can feel it, I can feel it, I know it's there," Valarian cried as Valen undid the last button.

"I will do it," Valen tells him, giving him a worried look as Valarian had a meltdown.

"Breathe, buddy. It isn't the end of the world; it can be fixed," Valen states, walking out before stopping in the hall. He scratched his head before looking back at me.

"Where do you keep your ironing board and iron?" He asks.

"Ah, the laundry where else?"

"Well, mine is in my linen closet," He says with a shrug.

"See, I told you and Zoe it belongs in there," Valerian huffs.

"Yes, the dryer puts lint on-"

"The ironing board," they both say at the same time, and I fold my arms and raise an eyebrow. Valen chuckles and shakes his head.

"Definitely, my kid," he chuckles, walking off to find the laundry.

While the kids ate breakfast, I was onto my second cup of coffee when Valen glanced up at me briefly while he cut Valarian's pancakes.

"I will be by at one to pick you up," Valen states. Now, what did he want? It was bad enough I had spent my early waking hours with him this morning.

"And why is that? Valarian doesn't finish school until 3,"

"I am taking you to see the doctor,"

"No, I will go myself. You don't need to come to a doctor with me; I am fine,"

"I will pick you up at 1,"

"Valen!" I spat at him, and he pins me with a glare, his aura slipping out, and my grip on my mug tightened.

"I will pick you up at 1; it isn't up for discussion," Valerian glances between us. The tension in the room was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Tatum cleared his throat, and I was thankful when he changed the subject.

Valen ended up taking Valarian and Casey to school much to Casey's amusement. She happily kept asking if being Alpha meant he could kill people and get away with it before asking if she could banish her teacher because she and Valarian said she looked like a poodle.

I shook my head at that, but Valen politely answered all her questions before offering to take her to school. Zoe ended up giving in when she got a call from Casey's father, who she had been trying to avoid since his parents found out about Casey.

Walking through the hotel, I headed for my office. I waved and smiled at my secretary as I passed her before escaping into my office. Turning the lock, I moved toward my desk only to freeze. Alpha Kalen was sitting behind my desk. His leg crossed over the other in a reclined position.

"Good Morning, Everly. I thought it was a good idea; I stopped by for a little chat," I pursed my lips, folding my arms across my chest. "Is that so," I asked.