

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 6

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

Quietly sneaking up the side of the house, I stop at my sister's bedroom window. Looking in, I see her asleep in her bed. I tap on the window before I see movement; she flicks her lamp on, squinting around the room before looking at the window. Waving at her, my sister's mouth opens, and she becomes immediately alert before she rushes over. Ava throws her window open, and I pass her my bag, which she places on the floor before taking Valarian from me, so I can climb through the window.

"Sis!" She cries, hugging me. I inhale her scent, tears flowing down my cheeks, before pulling back to look at her. She clutched her mouth before a sob escaped her.

"He's beautiful," she chokes out. I gently closed the window, and she hugged Valarian close, smelling his tiny head. I was soaked, my hair dripping from the rain.

"Gosh, I have missed you. Dad wouldn't let me look for you; he has me on a tight leash," she says, tears streaking down her cheeks.

"Grab some dry clothes, take whatever you want," she whispers while pointing at her dresser, and I rummage through her drawers. I find some warm clothes trying to be quiet, so I don't wake my parents down the hall. Putting on some of her pajamas and had to roll the pants to hold them up. My sister watches me before she breaks down again.

"You're so skinny," she sobs, sitting on her bed and looking at my body. She was right. You could see most of my ribs, my hip bones jutting out, I had lost so much weight, and this is the smallest I have ever been.

"I'm fine, Ava. I'm okay," I try to reassure her. But she shakes her head, looking at my son rocking him. Rummaging through my bag, I retrieve him a nappy. Thankfully my shirt kept him dry and the blanket that's wrapped around him.

She moves over, leaning on the wall, and watches my son fall asleep in her arms. I sat next to her, laying my head down on her shoulder before breaking down. Ava tried to soothe me, and I could feel her crying silently beside me. How things had changed, Ava was my best friend, and I loved being her sister. You could never beat a sister bond, someone who knows your hardships, knows what it is like to grow up with the parents you have, someone who shares every milestone with you and every heartbreak.

I missed having someone to talk to. Mainly receiving judgmental glares or few words to show their disgust of me. Nobody asked anymore how I was, nobody cared, and I was stupid enough to believe Beta Marcus would be able to help, stupid enough to think my mate would accept me.

"How is mum?" I ask her, and she shakes her head.

"She is okay; she asked dad for a divorce when he kicked you out. But you know mum, she would never leave him," she tells me, and I nod.

It was unheard of for mates to get divorced. The bond stopped mates from being separated. It weakened them, two souls, together, or that's how it is supposed to be. I wasn't looking forward to the rest of my life feeling my mate whenever he was with another woman that wasn't me. I wasn't looking forward to raising our son on my own or being alone.

When Valarian stirs, I get up and grab my formula before realizing I had no bottled water.

Waving the bottle at my sister, Ava passes my son to me before grabbing his bottle from my hand.

"How much?"

"120 mils," I tell her, and she nods, opening the door when my son cries out really loud. I try to muffle the noise and soothe him by giving his dummy, but he spits it out.

My sister stares at me in panic. Quickly closing the door before it is thrown open and bangs against the wall. My father walks in. He looks at me. A growl escapes him, and I cower away from him; my sister gets between us and shields me from my enraged father.

He shoves her out of the way before stalking toward me. "Please, Dad, please," I beg. He grabs my hair, and I scream, and so does my son in my arms as I try not to drop him. My reflexes wanted to pull his hands away. Instead, I held my son, letting my hair tug painfully from my scalp.

"Mum, mum!" My sister starts screaming frantically before I hear feet slapping on the tiles.

"Please, Dad, Mum, help me. Mum, please," I beg her when she rushes in, her mouth open in shock as my father starts dragging me toward the front door by my hair.

My mother grips his arm, pleading with him "John, please let her go; she has a baby in her arms,"

He shoves her aside before dragging me down the hall to the front of the house. "Dad, please, it is raining outside," Ava begs our father. My mother is also frantically trying to stop him. My father does not care; he growls at them, ignoring them and my cries. He opens the front door when my mother shoves him.

"John, she is daughter, please," she begs, tears in her eyes and streaming down her face.

"That whore is not my daughter," He growls, his canines protruding.

"Dad, please, it is freezing outside," Ava begs.

"I said no, I will not have a rogue whore for a daughter," he screams, his face turning red in his anger.

"Then take him, please. I will stay outside; just don't put him out. Please, Dad, he is your grandson," I choke out. He growls at me, his hand shoving me out the door, about to shut the door in my face.

"Please just look at him, Dad. He will get sick, just one night, then I will leave," I plead.

My mother reaches for Valarian, but my father pushes her behind him. "John, at least let me take him, let me take my Grandson," my mother cries. He lets me go looking down at my son before staring at my mother, who was sobbing her hands outstretched for him, those same hands that held mine when I was a little girl, now grasping the air for my son.

"Give him to her, but you stay out. You aren't welcome here," he says before walking off. My mother rushes over to grab Valarian before hugging me briefly.

"I will watch him; I will stay by the window," she says, and I nod.

"Ava has his baby bag," I tell her. My sister clutches my fingers nodding. Tears rolled down her cheeks as her lips quivered.

"It's okay, Ava, I will be fine," I tell my sister behind her before my dad yells at them, making them jump.

"I'm sorry, I have to," my mother says, closing the door. I nod before the curtain in the living room opens, and the lamp flicks on. I saw my sister rush off toward the kitchen, and my mother sat on the lounge with him next to the window so I could see him.

"He has your nose," she says, smiling sadly at me and I smile sitting on the chair out front on the porch. I shiver my sister's flannelette pajamas become soaked as the rain blows toward me on the patio area. Listening and watching my mother through the window feeding my son his bottle.

At least he is warm and dry, I think to myself. Huddled up on the chair, I tuck my knees to my chest, trying to warm myself and shield myself from the cold and the strong gusts of wind.

It doesn't take long before I start shaking uncontrollably, and my teeth chatter so hard I thought they would break. My mother tapped on the glass where I rested

my head. I could see her heartbreak at watching me sit in the cold and stormy weather.

"Shift sweetie, shift to try to stay warm," She says, placing her palm on the glass.

"I haven't shifted yet," I tell her, and she looks at me sadly. Shifting was a big thing with werewolves; it was coming of age. Your wolf was meant to represent your future in the Pack, yet I hadn't shifted, and it was not celebratory like it was for most wolves; it would be purely necessity.

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What was there to celebrate? My failures, the fact I am pack-less and homeless, that I am raising a baby on my own because the father refused to believe he got with a seventeen-year-old because he couldn't recognize me as his mate.

"Shift! Please, Everly. I can't watch you suffer in the rain, please," My mother begs, sucking in a deep breath. "You can do this, Everly," I whisper to myself. It isn't how you imagined shifting, but you need to put your big girl panties on and do what's required. I tell myself that nobody will be celebrating for you, not anymore, before stripping my saturated shirt off. I hang it over a railing along the far wall before shredding the pajama pants. I look around; it is late at night no one will see me. Even if they did, they wouldn't pay any attention to the disgraced Alpha's daughter.

My mother taps on the window, and I look in at my son drinking his bottle in her arms, gazing up at her nice and warm. His eyes get heavier and heavier the longer he feeds on his bottle.

"Thank you," I whisper to her. She smiles sadly while nodding her head.

"I'm right here. You don't have to be alone for your first shift," my mother says, and I nod. Usually, when a wolf shifts for the first time, they go running with their family, they have a big celebration. Me, I was shifting to stay warm, funny how things turned out. I was transitioning out of necessity while everyone else shifted for celebration.

I have been able to feel my need to shift for months; however, being pregnant, I couldn't change without causing harm to my unborn baby, then it did not have anyone to watch him while I did. This was my only chance, yet I dreaded seeing myself in wolf form. Alpha's were supposed to be big, but I had been stripped of my title and my Pack.

I hadn't shifted on my eighteenth birthday like I should have, and all these things affected our wolf's strength. Swallowing down all emotion, I kneel on the ground, stretch my fingers, and stand on my toes. My neck cracks first, my face twisting and morphing. Everything stretches and moves when I feel the first snap of bone.

It was agony, I knew it would hurt, but I never imagined it like this. The first shift always hurts, apparently.

“Don’t think of it, just envision your wolf,” My mother tries coaching through the glass window. It shouldn’t be like this; it wasn’t meant to be like this; Dad always promised mum and him would be there to help me through it.

“Deep breath and shove everything behind it, force the shift don’t wait for it, force it, Everly,” My mother says, and I suck in a deep breath, trying to envision what I would look like. Would I be a sandy color like my mother or Black like my father? A scream tore out of me that turned into a howl as the shift took over when I threw everything behind it like my mother said, bypassing the agony of shifting. Suddenly my hands were replaced with paws, my skin covered in thick fur, my face was more prolonged, my canines felt sharp as I ran my tongue along with them. Looking at my paws and my tail trying to see myself. I appeared to be a strange off-white color, almost a blue hue under the moonlight.

Using the glass to look at myself, I was pure white, my fur one color only small, tiny, and thin. So small, I looked like an omega as I peered at myself. I looked up at my mother in the window, holding my son, one hand covering her mouth in shock. She was shocked at my size, the size of a castaway. I was easy pickings, and my wolf would only get smaller and weaker the longer I went without my mate too.

My father comes over and looks out the window, a stormy look on his face; he is disappointed. I was not much bigger than a german shepherd, which is embarrassingly small. Most rogues would be more significant than me. Was this punishment from being stripped bare of everything? This is what’s left of me? My father tugged the curtain closed like he couldn’t look at me any longer like he was disgusted, and I was too.

Mortified at how weak I was. I press my nose against the glass, and I hear my father walk off when my mother tugs the curtain open a bit before sitting on the couch so I can see my son. Watching him through the glass, wishing I could comfort him but knowing it was best this way. He was safe and warm and, more importantly, dry.

My mother managed to get him to sleep and made him a makeshift bassinet on the couch, and eventually, I fell asleep. My head rested on the brick ledge under the window. When the sun starts to come up, I quickly shift back, putting on my drenched clothes and carefully ringing them out to try and remove some of the water. I had just pulled the sopping wet clothes on when the front door opened, and my father stepped out of the house. I looked up at him from my spot on the ground near the window where I was crouched. He doesn’t even look at me, instead tosses me some cash rolled up in a rubber band.

“I want you gone before I get home, don’t ever come back, Everly,” He says before walking toward his car, not even glancing at me. I reach forward, grabbing the rolled-up cash looking after him.

Despite how badly my heart was breaking, he couldn’t even acknowledge me. I still loved the man. He was my father, and tossing me away like garbage hurt; it

hurt severely, making me realize I was nothing but garbage to everyone. The door opens, my mother puts her head out to see if he is gone before ushering me into the house.

My sister comes running out with a backpack and some dry clothes. She hands me a towel, and I dry myself off before slipping on the jeans, shirt, and hoodie she had brought out for me.

"Here, take these," She says, handing me a pair of her Nike shoes. I slip the socks on before placing the shoes on my feet. My mother was still holding my son like she didn't want to let him go.

"I rang a taxi to come to get you," My mother tells me while my sister hands me a bag.

"Some clothes, toiletries, feminine products, girlie stuff. I also put all the cash from my safe in there," My sister says, and I swallow. "Ava, I can't take that," I tell her.

"You might as well. I can't go to university now anyway. Dad is making me take over the Pack next year," I suddenly felt guilty. Not only did I fuck my life up, but I ruined my sisters too. Now she was being forced to be Alpha. Ava wanted to go to uni and study some science thing when I was still here. She is wicked smart, and I ruined her plans by getting pregnant. Ava didn't look upset, though, just like she accepted it.

"Take it, my old phone is in there too, and the charger I will make sure to recharge it every month for you so I can get ahold of you," Ava says, and my mother nods.

"He doesn't have to know. What he doesn't know won't hurt him," my mother tells me.

"So, you will come to see us, visit us?" I asked her; hopefully, her face dropped.

"No, you know I can't, but you can send us photos of. You never did tell us his name," My mother says.

"Valerian," I tell them. They looked at me funny, but I thought it went with his father's name, even though he will probably never meet the man, but at the time, I had hoped, now not so much.

"See, you can send a picture of Valerian to us, and we can use video chat; it will be the same," My mother says, only it won't be. It will lack the connection, the physical contact. Chewing my lip, and I nod, not adding my thoughts. That was as good as it was going to get. I was alone; not even my mother was willing to go against my father for her daughter. I shouldn't have expected her to. It was near impossible for someone to go against their mate.

I never realized how much I missed human touch until I no longer felt it, only my sons. I craved contact, any form of interaction, conversation, someone to talk to that could talk back.

"You okay, Everly?" Ava asks, and I nod, seeing the cab waiting out the front. I take my son, my sister's bag she packed for me, and the baby bag.

"I will not see you again," I tell them, letting those words sink in; I wasn't welcome back here, and they were too scared to come to see me. This would be it. They said they would ring, but we know it will only be texts if they manage that without my father realizing it.

My sister squeezes me tight before letting go, and my mother clutches my face, her eyes filled with tears. "You can do this. You will be alright," She says, her face lined with worry; she knew with how small my wolf is that I would suffer if anyone came for me. She knew I would not be able to protect myself.

If they knew my mate had also tossed me aside, they would realize I was basically as good as dead. Without my mate, I would slowly deteriorate until there was nothing left, and I won't be able to shift and be practically human. Once that happens, I am as good as dead.

"Are you telling yourself or me that?" I ask her, her brows furrow; she knows there is nothing out there for us. We were rogue, and nothing good ever happens to rogues; they merely exist amongst the packs, surviving day to day, praying we don't get picked off by bigger prey because, at the end of the day, no Pack would intervene for a rogue, even if they have a child.

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Chapter 8

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I had to hold my son on my lap in the back as the taxi driver drove us to the train station. We drove past a rundown hotel on the way to the station, and I think I may just have enough fuel to get my car there; hopefully, I did. After spending the entire night in the rain, I wanted a hot shower, wanted something warm in my belly, but most of all, I wanted the safety of four walls, even if it was only for one night.

I tell myself that one night is all I need to let it out, then I can suck it up and figure something out. I handed the taxi driver some cash from the wad my father gave me. I had no idea how much my sister snuck into the bag, but getting my keys from the baby bag, I unlocked my car and climbed in, pulling the hatchback down when I realized I no longer had a car seat.

Shit! I think knowing how long I saved for that car seat. I open the bag and empty my pockets after placing my son in his box bed. My father gave me \$525. I snort. Gee, thanks, dad. I think to myself. But that would buy roughly 16 Tin's of formula and 4 boxes of nappies, so it would keep me out of trouble for a while.

Opening the bag my sister packed for me. I found feminine products. Hair products, makeup. Some black slacks and a blouse and some black flats assuming she placed them here if I managed to get a Job Interview. I find her old touchscreen phone and a charger before finding an envelope. Opening it and pulling out all \$100 bills. I feel a lump in my throat form; she gave me everything she had.

I knew she did. There was nearly eight thousand dollars in the envelope. She gave me all her savings, and I felt a tear slip down my cheek. Turning the envelope over, I see her neat handwriting. *'You can do this. I love you.'* It was written on it, and I nodded at her words on the envelope. She was right. I could do this, I could because I had no choice. I would make it work.

Packing up some clothes and refilling the baby bag, I pack a little bit of food to eat later before changing my son. Once he is dressed with a fresh bum on. I grab my umbrella and toss my bag over my shoulder along with the baby bag before scooping up my son.

Locking my car, I then start walking, deciding to head to the rundown Hotel I saw. I wondered how I had never noticed it before, but even if it was just for one night, I could pretend I was normal. After a decent shower the other night before being tossed aside by my mate and my son's father. I now longed for a tiny piece of normal. Some dignity, a chance to feel human even if it was for only one night.

I walked to the rundown Hotel; the rain was only light and had nearly stopped when I reached the two-story rectangular building. It had peeling paint, and the gardens were overgrown. The sign out the front hung down, and the neon lights flickered as they tried to remain on. The lines in the parking lot were faded, and the hotel numbers on the door were barely visible. Reaching the office, a woman sat on the chair out front with a cigarette between her fingers. Pushing on the door, the bell sounded, and the woman sitting smoking spoke behind me.

"I will be with you in a second just let me finish this," she says, holding up her smoke. She stares at me, watching me, her eyes roaming over my appearance before stopping at my son in my arms.

"He's yours?" She asks. I nod, looking down at him and tucking him closer.

"The father?" She asks, and I shake my head.

"Not your mate's?" She asks, and I feel tears burn my eyes at her words.

"He is your mate, so why are you here?" She asks curiously, pointing to the chair beside her.

"She leans over looking at my son" she appeared to be in her fifties with dark hair cut to her shoulders. She had her nose pierced, heavy eye makeup, and a tank top and jeans.

"He has strange eyes; reminds me of someone I used to know; amber eyes are usually a family trait. Not many wolves in MountainView City with eyes like that," she says.

"So the blood Alpha is your mate and his father," she says, and I look at her. She smiles and nods when I say nothing.

"Powerful family, so why aren't you with your mate?"

"He didn't recognize me and kicked me off pack land before I could tell him about his son," I admit.

"And your family?" She asks. I fall silent, and she nods once before speaking, "My parents thought I was a rogue whore too, funny how things turn out."

"So you have a child?" I ask her.

"Had a child, his father took him"

"So you are rogue?"

"I am many things but rogue whore? You and I aren't so different. My name is Valerie, and you are?"

"Everly, this is Valerian," I tell her, and her eyes sparkle.

"Suiting, after his father," the woman says.

"How do you know?"

"About his father?" The woman asks, looking at my son.

"Only one bloodline I know that has amber eyes. Come on, let's get you a room," Valarie says while getting up. I followed her into the small office.

"I take it you have no ID?" She says, and I nod.

"I have an old bus pass," I offer, but she shakes her head, waving me off.

"I don't believe you will give me any trouble,"

"Here, fill this out while I hold Valerian," she says, holding her arms out. I pass her my son, and she wanders behind the counter, sitting down while I fill out my paperwork. Yet I had no address, no keycard that actually worked anymore. I put the mobile number down for my sister's phone.

"You hungry, I am cooking a roast, but it's just me and too much for one

person. You can join me if you want, say around five; it should be done," she says, nodding toward the door behind her. There was a beaded curtain, and I could smell what smelt like a lamb roast. My belly rumbled at the thought of a home-cooked meal.

"How about you get settled in, have a shower, and come through that door when you are done. We can have dinner together. It would be nice to have company. Not many stop over for the night anymore, and you can tell me how you ended up a rogue," she tells me. I dig through my bag to give her cash from the envelope when she hands me my son.

"No, keep it. Be nice just to have company, haven't had anyone stay in months now," Valarie tells me, and I look around, the place was a dump, but it was still nicer than the back of my car.

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Chapter 9

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

The sun was searing my eyes out of my head as it lit up the back of my eyelids. I was just about to force myself up when Marcus burst into my room, the door slamming into the wall loudly, the noise rattling my already pounding headache.

"Ah, good you're up," he says just as I sit up, rubbing my eyes. I wave him off, but he doesn't leave. Instead, leaning on the wall beside my dresser.

"What?" I ask, my head pounding in my skull. I look around my room to find some redhead in my bed and groan, praying I used a rubber. She was tangled in the sheets, and just seeing her there irritated me. Stupid dick; why does it always pick bimbos.

"The rogue girl in my room, where did she go?" Huh? What the fuck is he talking about? I was too hungover for his dramas this morning. I stare at the woman in my bed. Her hair spread out on the pillow while ignoring my Beta.

"Oi, whatever your name is, get up," I tell her shoving her shoulder. She groans, rolling over flashing us her tits. I growl at her, and Marcus snorts.

"Get rid of her," I tell Marcus, getting up to pee. I push the bathroom door open, my senses coming alert. I could smell some faint scent in here. It made my mouth water but was so faint, making me wonder what chemicals the cleaning lady was using.

"Valen, the girl in my room, where is she?" Marcus asks, following me to the bathroom.

"What girl?" I mutter, shaking my dick before pulling my pants up. I spot the trash can and see a used condom, thank fuck for that. I think to myself.

"The rogue girl, Everly. I picked her up last night and brought her here," Marcus says, and I pinch the bridge of my nose trying to remember last night.

My head was pounding, but I remember coming home, and the slag in my bed was whining about a rogue before it clicked, coming back to me. But I couldn't remember her face. However, something was nagging me about the situation.

"Wait, you brought her here?" I ask, peering over at my Beta leaning on the bathroom door.

"Yes, and she has a name Everly, her and her son; I found them sleeping at the train station."

"What?" I ask, horrified looking at him.

"She had no kid with her," I tell him, and he looks at me, his lips pulling back over his teeth.

"Valen?" He growls; if he was anyone else. I would knock him on his ass for taking that tone with me, he is lucky he is my best friend, or he would be lying unconscious on the floor.

"Grab my keys; I didn't know she had a fucking kid. I never would have kicked her out last night if I had known," I tell him.

"Are you fucking serious? It was pouring with rain," Marcus snaps at me.

I suddenly felt terrible, praying I didn't hurt her; I couldn't remember. My memory is hazy, and I am sure I was still pretty intoxicated with the way the ground kept moving as I walked.

The woman in the bed stirs, sitting up and rubbing her eyes before running a hand through her hair. I roll my eyes at her grabbing some shorts from my walk-in and a shirt.

"Get your shit and get out," I snap at her, scooping up her dress and chucking it at her.

"Baby, what's got into" fuck me, why they gotta be such cling ons.

"Don't baby me, get the fuck out of my bed and packhouse," I snap at her. She wasn't one of my pack members. God knows where I picked her up from.

"Out now!" I yell at her, forcing my Alpha aura over her. She jumps up, tugging the dress over her head before grabbing her shoes. She shoulder barges Marcus on her way out the door, and I grab my keys off the dresser. Hoping I didn't destroy my car again driving home drunk.

"You're not driving; you still look half tanked. Hurry up, maybe she went back to her car," Marcus says. I feel guilty as shit knowing I kicked the girl out in the rain with a baby. If Marcus brought her here, she must have been in dire straits because Marcus never brings anyone to the packhouse.

"What did you say her name was again?" I ask, wondering why he was so interested in this rogue.

"Everly, she smelt familiar..." he says thoughtfully.

"And I can officially say you aren't the only freak with eyes like your father."

"What do you mean?"

"Her son, he had the same eyes as you, freaky as fuck, could almost pass him off to be your son," he chuckles.

I shove my feet in my shoes, growling at his words. That's the last thing I needed, an illegitimate child. It would be another thing for my father to breathe down my neck about.

"What you never know, you have a new girl on your arm every night probably have fifty kids you are unaware of," Marcus laughs.

"How old is she?"

"Dunno, but I could tell she hadn't shifted yet, so must be young," he says with a shrug.

"Well, not mine then; I won't go near jailbait."

"She wasn't that young, probably eighteen. Well, nearly seeing as she hadn't shifted," he says.

"Did she say what pack she is from?"

"Nope"

"Well, come on, let's see if we can find her. Maybe they might have room at one of the hostels to put her in for a few weeks" They really need to get rid of that law. We have a few what the other packs would call rogue whores in our Pack, disgusting how the other Packs just turn their backs on them.

I sat in the passenger seat of Marcus's car, the motion making my stomach turn as I press my head against the window. I must have nodded off because I woke up to Marcus shaking my shoulder. Looking up, we were pulling into the transition on no man's land.

"That is her car," Marcus says, pointing to a rundown wagon.

“Well, go on, see if your damsel in distress wants to be saved,” I tell him, waving him off. It was pretty overcast today; the storm last night was massive, giant puddles in the car park had ducks swimming around in them, making my guilt worse knowing I forced a woman and baby out in this weather. He looks in the windows, and I sigh, tossing the door open and walking over to him.

“She isn’t here; I wonder where she went?” He says, looking around before walking off toward the train station.

“I will see if the guards are on and if they have seen her,” He sings out over his shoulder. I peer in the windows of the busted-up wagon. The thing looked like a death trap.

The car’s rear was like a mini grocery department of baby items, tins of formula, and nappies. Canned food, a duvet, and a pillow. Hardly any personal items, yet I could see a photo album jammed between the passenger and driver’s seat.

Marcus comes back, shaking his head. CCTV shows she left this morning with a bag and her son.

“Might have gone home?” I suggest, and he shrugs. Walking to his car. He opens the backdoor before pulling out a baby capsule. I help him by placing it beside her car before rummaging around for a pen and paper.

“Leave a note with your number. You think she would contact you?” I ask him, and he nods, finding an old envelope, scrawling his number on it, and putting some money in it to use a payphone if she hasn’t got a phone. He places the note inside the capsule; I look around at the clouds. It looked like rain was going to come back.

“It will get wet, give the note and car seat to security to give to her,” I tell him, and Marcus nods, walking off toward the train station with the capsule in his arms. Not much we could do when she wasn’t here, and I needed to go crawl back in bed or get my stomach pumped; either would do if it meant getting rid of this sickly feeling in my guts and this pounding headache.

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Chapter 10

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

We settled in the room, and I washed Valerian down with a wet cloth. It was a little too cold today for me to give him a bath right now. Once Valerian had settled and was napping, I had the longest, hottest shower in ages. Trying to wash the memories of last night away.

I found my mate, saw him, and he didn’t recognize me. But worse still was knowing he was with another woman. The agony that it caused as I ran home was

heartbreaking as well as painful. When Marcus took me there, I hoped that he would recognize our son and get the help we needed, that maybe everything could be fixed, especially once I realized he was my mate. Allowing hope for the first time in ages, and I caught a glimmer of it only for it to be taken away, and now I was failing my son once again, that much I did know.

I was failing my son; he would never have a father. I would never again have mine and how I longed to go home, where I was loved and the cherished Alphas daughter. Instead, I am now ashamed and scum, forbidden to speak to my sister in my father's eyes. Not even my mother would fight her grandchild or me. I knew she was hurting, but I could never choose anyone over my son, so how could she choose Dad over me?

My life had fallen apart; I didn't think it could get much worse, but then it ripped my heart out too. I thought my luck was changing when he stepped into the bathroom. Every piece of me, screaming for him. I truly realized how powerful a mate bond is for the first time. Nothing thrilled me more, well, until I saw the look on his face.

The way he yelled at me and ordered me off his territory. Only to have my father toss me outside in the rain afterward. Forcing me to watch my son being looked after through a damn window out of reach because I no longer deserve Human decency from my own family.

I thought I could do this. I thought I was stronger than this but everyone breaks. Everyone has a breaking point, and I have reached mine, everything damn thing weighing me down suddenly becomes too much, and I break. At least no one could see how F*cked up I really was while I cried in the shower, letting the shower wash away my sorrow. Wash out the pain I felt until it brought me to my knees.

Making it startlingly clear how alone I was.

Loneliness was deafening and cold, no one to tell you it would be alright, no one to help you pick up the pieces, no conversation, and I had lost my sense of self. I was no one now, just a mum, just another rogue whore for everyone to look down at. Even though I am not. He is my mate, who didn't see me. I realize how small and insignificant I am to everyone except my baby boy.

Hearing a knock on the door, my head jerks up from where it was pressed to my knees. I get up quickly, shutting the water off and grabbing a towel.

"Everly dear, open the door for me."

"Sorry, just a sec," I call back, checking Valerian before tugging a shirt over the towel to try to appear presentable.

I open the door to find Valerie standing there with a tray in her hands and two plates on it.

"Thought I would come to join you in here. The time must have slipped you by," Valarie says. I quickly take it from her, and she steps inside, walking to the small table.

"Oh, I am so sorry, I didn't realize how much time passed," I tell her, glancing at the old analog clock on the wall. Was I really in the shower that long?

"It's fine dear, I could hear you were upset, so I thought I would come and be an ear to listen," she says, and my brows bunch at her words. She points behind me to the bathroom.

"That vent there is directly above my kitchen. It echoes through the pipes. I keep meaning to get someone in to fix it, but no one wants to help a rogue whore" she says. My face heats, and I touch my cheeks.

"I 'm sorry. I didn't realize; I hope I didn't disturb you," I tell her; she waves me off.

"You forget I have been where you are, I would have put you in another room, but this is the nicest one left and is functional. The place is falling apart," she says. Valerian starts fussing, and I move to get up when Valarie does.

"Go get your pajamas on; I will watch him. Isn't that right, Sugar? Yes, I love me some baby cuddles," she says, smiling brightly down at him as she scoops him up into her arms.

"Go on, get dressed, and then we can talk," she says, and I nod, quickly digging through my bag and grabbing some clothes out before rushing to the bathroom. I dressed quickly and came out with my hair wrapped in my towel.

"He is such a sweet boy," Valarie babbles to him. He eventually drifts off, and she places him back in bed.

"So, what makes you upset? Why the tears?"

"It's nothing. Everything just got to be too much," I tell her as we unwrap our dinner from the aluminum foil.

We tuck in eating, and I tell Valarie everything, bleeding my heart and soul out to her, the pressure lifting off my chest. I didn't realize how talking to someone who listened could feel relieving. Valarie also told me she found her mate when she was my age.

Because she was an Omega, he didn't want to tell anyone because it would bring shame to her mate's family. These days it was uncommon for someone to be so prejudiced over Ranking. The most heartbreaking part was he never rejected her, kept her around, refusing to let her go because he couldn't handle knowing she would belong to someone else.

She said she became just another side piece so he would stay strong; rejecting mates weakens us, yet I thought it was disgusting he would force her to endure that agony of being alone.

When she fell pregnant, he took her son, said it was better if he raised him. She said besides pictures, she hadn't seen her son since he was a baby. He doesn't even know she exists because her mate told him she died during birth. Her story was tragic and gut-wrenching, yet she still loved him despite it.

"Have you thought of moving on?" I ask her, and she shakes her head.

"He still comes in every couple of weeks to stay the night," She tells me with a shrug like she never thought about finding anyone else.

"Can I ask you something, something a little personal?" I ask her. I needed to know; I needed to know if I would be tortured my entire life.

"You can ask me anything, but then I want to ask you something," she says, and I nod.

"When I found my mate, he was with another woman. The pain... I mean, does it feel like that all the time? Will it feel like that every time he is with someone?" She swallows, her eyes turning glassy. Valarie sits back in her chair, looking towards the window, and she gulps.

"You will learn to endure it. After a while, even welcome it"

"Why would I welcome it?"

"Because it makes you angry, I love my mate, but I also hate him. Sometimes hating them hurts less than realizing you will never have them. It reminds you to keep on living despite what they did to us.

Hold onto that anger because sometimes it is the only thing that will keep you going," she tells me.

"I get a script though, powerful painkillers, they help take the edge off, but if he's anything like my mate, it is over quickly before the drugs set in" She laughs.

"Bloody two stroker, tosses his mate and wonders why he can't F*ck right," she laughs to herself, and I snort at her foul language, trying to hold my own giggle. She sighs, and I smile sadly at her.

"So, what's next for you?" She asks.

"Unsure, probably go back to my car, see if I can get my old job back, though he said no last time I asked"

"How about I hire you? I need help here; not that much can be done to save this dump now" she laughs, and I look around the room.

"What do you think? Or do you think it is too much work? I could always burn it?" Valarie says with a laugh.

"I have been tempted to, but before me, it was my mother's, so I am attached to this place," she tells me.

"I think it just needs a clean-up, new linens and carpets and some paint" I could go on, but the list would be never-ending.

"So if you are interested, you can live here for free, and I will provide meals and a wage, say 3zs an hour?" She says, and I nearly choke on my spit. I wasn't even making half that an hour at the Restaurant when I was working.

"Are you serious?" I ask, a little shocked.

"Very, I could use the company and the help. I don't even know where to begin, and honestly, I lost motivation to do it years ago. We can fix this one up first for you and Valerian," she says, looking around. Tears well in my eyes at her generous offer.

"Don't suppose you got any friends; this might even be a bit much for both of us," she mutters, breaking off a piece of the table, the wood crumbling in her hand. I think of Zoe and Macey from the maternity ward.

- "I might know two other girls from the maternity unit; I could try and contact them,"
"Rogues?" She asks, and I nod.

"Good, tell them I will give them \$25 an hour. I am good for it. I have more money than I can spend in this lifetime, so it would be good to get some help. It would be nice to see this place up and running again;

it used to be the most popular Hotel in the City when my mother had it. Also has a function room out the back, weddings used to be held here but not since it started falling apart."

"So no one comes out when you ring?" I ask her, what is wrong with people? Who would turn her away?

"Nope, I organize workers, and they never show up. My mate keeps tabs on my phones; he is paranoid. I know it is he's doing," she says with a sigh.

"Well then, I will try to call the girls and see if they are looking for work. Would it be an issue if they brought their babies to work?"

"Of course they can; there is even an old play center off the side of the Restaurant downstairs, we could fix it up for when they are older and can play. Take turns watching them. While they are little, we can just strap the babies to us."

“Macey, I know has family, Zoe though I think is like me, she was a little quiet and young, so I am not sure if she could get a sitter.”

“Well, if either need somewhere to stay, there are plenty of rooms, there are units outback, but they need a lot of work, ” She tells me.

“Well, I will let you rest, and let me know when the girls can start if they are interested. Come down for breakfast in the morning too. Here” She says, handing me a key.

“That will let you into my studio, so you have access to the kitchen if I am not here, which is rare; I have nowhere else to go, ” She chuckles.

“Thank you, Valarie. You have no idea how much this means to my son and me.” “No need to thank me, Everly. So I will see you in the morning, and we will start ordering supplies, should be a pen and paper in the drawer. If the moths haven’t eaten them, write a list of what needs doing that you notice, and we can go over it tomorrow, ” She says before looking down at Valerian on the bed. She brushes her finger down his little nose, her eyes softening before she clears her throat and nods to me before walking out.