

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 96

For three hours, I had waited sitting in the council for my petition meeting. My ass was going numb, and this skirt was so tight it was digging into my hips. The cooling in here sucked too, and was making me feel queasy and when I saw Alpha Nixon walk out of the chambers with a smug smile on his face, my mood soured even more. I stood up, placing my folder on my seat and moved toward him. My appointment was three hours ago. My father comes out and rushes past, heading for the doors before I could even say anything to him. Not even a glance in my direction, yet Nixon was all too happy to approach me. He strolled over in his tailored suit, briefcase and his black leather shoes. He stopped in front of me, giving me the once over.

"How lovely to see you, Everly. What brings you here?" he asks with a sly smile. My eyes narrow at him as people pushed out the doors behind us, leaving the council chambers and heading out past security. They cast us nervous glances, which set me a little on edge.

"You know exactly why I am here," I growl at him.

"Oh, nobody told you?" he asks, smiling wickedly. He glances at the receptionist. My brows furrow in confusion at his words. No one told me or notified me to say it wasn't going ahead, so I had no idea what he was talking about

"Your meeting was postponed. We postponed it on compassionate grounds after hearing about your tragedy at the hotel. What a shame!" Alpha Nixon said in a mocking tone.

"Compassionate grounds. It was not necessary, I never asked for it to be postponed and nobody notified me that it had been," I tell him, glancing at the foyer desk and the woman behind it ducked her head when I turned my glare on her. That woman had stared at me for three hours and did not say a goddamn word, just kept saying be patient ma'am someone will be right with you!

"Not to matter, these things can't be helped. I was coming to see you today, anyway. I wanted to make you an offer," Nixon says, forcing my attention back to

him. I purse my lips and fold my arms across my chest, and scoff at his words. This man had done enough and I wouldn't accept any offer he ever made.

"How much for what is left of that dump?" he asks.

"It isn't for sale, and if it was, you would never be able to afford it," I tell him.

"Now, don't be rash, Everly. That place is rubble and soot, holds no value."

"Then what do you want with it if it holds no value? I know exactly what that land is worth and what it will be worth once I rebuild. Though I should say thank you for burning to the ground!"

"I have no idea what you are talking about," he says, fiddling with his cufflinks.

"Sure you don't, but thank you," I smile.

"And why is that?" Nixon chuckles arrogantly, and I lean closer to whisper to him,

"Because I just realized how much larger my pack is. You know numbers. That's all you Alpha's care about, the number of members you have, warriors. Well, I outnumber every pack here, so Alpha, I suggest you fall in line before I make you my omega bitch," I tell him. 2

"You are asking for war, Everly. How will your father feel going to war against his own daughter?"

"That is where you are wrong, Alpha Nixon. In two days' time, I will own his pack. Be wise to check your alliances because I will own you too," I sneer at him and Nixon laughs.

"I am the mayor of this city, or have you forgotten, I am not going anywhere Everly, I run this city, you are merely a rogue whore that trapped and Alpha, don't you read the headlines?" he chuckles.

"Savor your time as Mayor Nixon because you won't be the city Mayor for much longer," I tell him, leaning down and grabbing my handbag and folder.

"And why do you think that?" he asks I shrug.

"Reputation is everything in this City Nixon, I can't fall from grace because I apparently already did. As you said, I am just a rogue-whore who trapped an Alpha. But don't forget, everyone has skeletons in the closet, and I hear yours is full to the brim with dirty secret and cobwebs. Be sure to watch the 7 o'clock news tonight, I hear you staring in those headlines," I laugh before turning on my heel and walking toward the doors. Alpha Nixon grabs my arm and yanks me back earning some shocked gasps from a few stragglers leaving still.

"What have you done?" he sneered.

"I do not know what you're talking about," I tell him, sending him a wink. I shake his hand off before walking out the doors.

"Sign the petition Nixon; I am only just getting started, and by the time I am done, your reputation will be lower than any rogue-whore!" I tell him, shoving through the turnstile and out the doors into the blistering hot sun. My father is waiting by his car and goes to walk over to me, but halts his steps when Nixon comes out a few steps behind me.

Ignoring both of them, I climb in my car and send a text to Macey and Zoe to meet me at Zoe's apartment before putting it in reverse only when I glance over my shoulder I see Nixon's brand new Jaguar behind me. I slam my foot on the accelerator, hitting it so hard it pushes into the brick barricade in front of it. His horrified face made me chuckle as I wound the window down. I look out my window at his crushed back end.

"Whoops, I'm sure it will buff right out," I tell him before taking off cackling like a madwoman. I notice him race toward his car and clutch his hair as he looks at the damage. I rub my dash. "Good beastly, good girl." I tell my car. \$

The drive back to the hotel left me sweating, and I was pretty sure I needed to get the air-con re-gassed. By the time I reached the place I am drenched in sweat. In two days, with all of Valen's pack and every rogue in the city, we had stripped the place to the bare brick and scrubbed it down. The entire site was gutted, and contractors were walking around wearing hard hats and taking things inside to the kitchen and restaurant structure.

Giant jacks were holding up some of the floors above while new support beams were put in place. Pulling into the parking spots out front, I see the safety inspector. With a groan I shrug off my blazer and climb out of the car, I walk toward him, and he goes to open his mouth, no doubt with some complaint, but I pluck the paper from his grip that he was holding up.

"See you in a month," I tell him, not bothering to stop, I flip him the finger above my head, I was not in the mood to deal with him. I stroll to the back apartments and up the steps toward my old apartment. I unlock the door and flick the kettle on. Dumping my keys on the fruit bowl, it felt so normal, like home still.

Raiding the fridge and pantry, I grab coffee and milk out, yet the moment I opened the coffee canister, my stomach turned violently and had me rushing toward the sink. I hurled my guts up, spewing into the sink, wondering what came over me. Rinsing my mouth, I quickly clean the sink, wondering if I have heat stroke from sitting in the council foyer all day. Once my stomach settled and the kitchen clean, I was about to start making coffees when Macey walked in with Zoe.

"How did it go?" Macey asked, rushing toward the air-conditioning panel on the wall and turning it up full

blast. Zoe lifts her hair off the back of her neck, and stands under the vent in the living room. "Gosh, it is hot today," she whines, her skin glistening with a sheen of sweat. Macey walks over to the freezer once done opening the door and pressing her face inside it trying to cool down while I moved to one of the chairs at the dining table and undo the top button on my skirt. 1

"It was postponed, waiting for email on a new date, also I may have accidentally reversed into Nixon's

" I shrug before seeing Macey stealing ice cubes out of the freezer drawer she pulls her shirt open dropping them in her bra and Zoe and I stare at her.

"What, cooling my girls down," she says, like it wasn't an odd thing to do. She reaches for me and Zoe snaps at her.

"Nope, you best leave my ice tray alone. I know you aren't about to stuff them down your pants," she shrieks and Macey looks at her appalled by her words before she pops the cubes of ice in her mouth. 1

"Not all of us are like you miss hotbox, stuffing frozen vegetables in your pants," Zoe glares at me accusingly for telling Macey, and I giggle.

Macey starts making coffee and I tell them about my interaction with Nixon but when Macey sets the mug in front of me, I grab it and take a sip before my stomach turns again and I am rushing for the sink. Coffee comes out of my nose and mouth as I spew. Gagging on the taste, I quickly rinse my mouth and wet my face, trying to cool down.

Once I feel slightly better, I stand up and turn to find them both staring at me. "What your bloody milk must be off," I tell them.

"Wait, you were in heat right?"

"Weeks ago!" I tell them, shaking my head and grabbing a pepsi out of the fridge. I swallow it down to rid the rancid taste from my mouth. Macey clears her throat awkwardly and I glance at her. "What!"

"Hundred bucks says you're knocked up!"

"Nope, we used...." I stopped, did we use protection?

"She is up the duff," Zoe exclaims and slaps Macey's waiting hand. No, I couldn't be, my heat came and went.... In a day! I look at Zoe horrified.

"How long does a heat last?"

"Three or four days, give or take and from memory, yours lasted a night? Not that I am heat cycling you or anything," she says innocently.

"See, all the proof right there, you is preggers, means either he knocked you first dive into your coochie or nothing, you're definitely pregnant," Macey laughs.

"I can't be pregnant. I have the challenge in two days!" | snap at them, horrified. They glance between each other nervously. "Shit! I have tests we can check. Maybe your dad will postpone on compassionate grounds for the hotel," Macey offers while Zoe rushes off toward the bathroom.

Macey eyes her suspiciously when she comes out with four different pregnancy tests she returns with. "Why have you got half the chemistry tests?" she asks

"No reason," she says, shoving them in my hands.

"Wait, are you and Marcus trying to have another crotch goblin?" Macey asks excitedly. 1

"No, just in case," Zoe says. And Macey pouts fine, at least I get to be this one, cool aunty." Macey says rubbing my belly like I am a buddha and she can rub some good luck out of it.

"Please be triplets, or quadruplets, a whole damn litter!" she whispers. I slap her hand away. "I am not pregnant!" I tell her, and she folds her arms.

"Well, one way to find out!" i stalk off to the bathroom. Minutes tick by while I wait for the digital screen to light up and the other three that I took as a precaution. Chewing my lips, I glare at them, willing them to be negative and

cross my fingers and toes, praying to the moon goddess I'm not. I can't afford to be. I have a hotel to rebuild, a war brewing, a challenge and a Valarian!

Yet as the screen lit up and the timer beeped. I nearly dived into the sink basin where the tests were perched. I grab them, examining them.

"Wrong, wrong, wrong," I cry when I hear a knock before the girls barge their way into the small bathroom and I fling the third one back, hitting Macey in the head with it. She cringes but catches it.

"You jinxed me, undo jinx me now!" I demand as she reads the test before fist-bumping the air in victory and bouncing on her feet. "I'm gonna be an Auntie, again! You owe me...shit I forgot to tell you the bet!" she curses. Yet all I could think about was what fucked up timing this was as I sank onto the edge of the toilet and put my head in my hands.

"Come on, Evie. It's not the end of the world. Plus you won't be alone this time and Valen is great with Valarian and... Zoe says, but her words don't help so I drown her out as memories of my last pregnancy flood me and what the hell was going to do about the challenge?"