

## Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 148

Everly 4 months later

It was scorching hot today, and Macey, Ava, Zoe, and I had just left from the final dress fitting. It wasn't my dress that needed altering, but Zoe's this time. Her growing baby bump was getting bigger every day. "I just need to grab bread and milk. I don't feel like stopping after getting Valarian from school," I tell the girls as we step out of the bridal store. "I'll come; I need to grab a few things too," Macey says, slipping her sunglasses on. Zoe pulled the sunshade over the stroller, and we walked the short distance to the shopping center. It was easier to walk than wrangle all three girls in the car and the stroller. Walking into the shops, I sigh as the cold air conditioning sweeps over us.

We walk through the shopping center when Macey shrieks, making us all nearly jump out of our skin when she takes off toward a store. "Man, this baby has more clothes than I do at this point," Zoe whines as Macey bounces on her heels, holding up a blue Winnie the Pooh onesie. "No, Macey, please! I am running out of places to put all his clothes," Zoe whines, but Macey wasn't hearing it as she wandered into the store. I waited out the front, the store was much too small for me to navigate the stroller around.

When Macey comes out, she is holding two bags full of baby boy clothes. "You're impossible," Zoe tells her, but she thanks her anyway. "So, have you and Tatum had any luck yet?" Ava asks her, nudging me aside and taking over the pushing of the stroller. "No. We met one surrogate the other week, but Doc said the chances of finding a she-wolf to donate her eggs is near impossible. So we thought of adopting," she sighs, and I nibble my lip. Tatum and Macey wanted a child, and Macey wanted to give Tatum his own child, but her options were limited.

And besides human donor eggs, she had had no luck. "The surrogate?" Zoe asks. "A little cooky, and Tatum worried she wasn't of sound mind to carry and hand the child over at the end," Macey says. "Some things aren't meant to be," she states as we walk into the grocer. I grab a few groceries, GXXcL:ll so does Macey. I was excited to get home, and poor Zoe's feet were so swollen from standing all day, so I knew she wanted to get home too. We were at the checkout, and I had just set my basket down when Zoe nudged me with her elbow toward the self-serve across from us.

Looking up, I see Amber. I tried to find her after the attack from Nixon, but as soon as she was better, she left the hospital. And I had no idea where she was even living, though we heard rumors that she was homeless. We constantly checked the homeless shelter to see if she showed up, but never found any sign of her. "Is it weird that I feel terrible for her?" Zoe whispers as she scans her minimal items. Macey leans against the register and peers over at her. "No, she lost everything. Her family, her pack. We have been where she is.

That is probably why," I tell her. Ava smiles sadly. Amber was our friend growing up, so seeing her down in the dumps bothered me. This was not the Amber we were accustomed to. The clerk bags our items when I hear her self serve register go off, saying her card declined. My stomach sinks, and I peer over to see what she is buying, only to find canned food and toilet paper. Was she really struggling that bad? "Evie." Zoe whispers, nudging me and nodding toward her.

Zoe was too kindhearted, and most in her position wouldn't care for the girl after all the heartache she sat by and kept tight lipped about. But we knew exactly what it was like to be in her shoes. "So who's going over there?" Macey sighs, looking at us expectantly.

A smile slips onto my face, and Zoe nods to me. Crossing over to the self-serve area, she tries her card again, only for it to decline before turning to the girl overseeing to ask her to remove some items. "Leave it," I tell the woman, waving her off. Amber jumps as I approach her. She was wary of me as I pulled my card from my wallet. "No, no. It's fine," Amber tries to stop me from tapping my card on the EFTPOS machine. Her cheeks flame as I pay for the few things she has. "You didn't have to do that," she whispers.

"Yeah, I did. Everyone needs help, Amber. Maybe not financially, but no one can say they have never struggled. And those that claim they never have, are liars." I tell her when I feel someone brush up against me. Amber steps back, and I notice it is Zoe. She holds her hand out to Amber, one of our business cards in her hand. "If you're looking for work, we need kitchen staff and cleaners," Zoe tells her. Amber takes the card and looks at it. "You would hire me?" she asks, clearly shocked. "Why?" she says while looking between Zoe and me.

However, it was Macey that answered as she came behind us. "Because we have been where you are," Macey tells her, and I see Ava waiting off the side with the girls in the stroller. "You made poor choices but did the right thing in the end," I tell her, turning to leave her be. Zoe wanders off over to Ava. I turn to follow after Macey. "Everly?" Amber asks, and I stop. "Thank you," she says, holding up the card and motioning toward her groceries.

I nod before walking off. Well, we tried and offered, it is up to her if she accepts our help or not.

## Valen POV

A week later As I sat at the bridal table, I watched her from where I was seated. While I twisted the ring around my finger, a smile appeared on my lips. Taking off the ring, I stare down at the engraving on the inside of the ring. At last, she had given herself to me, and now she would always be able to remind me how fortunate I am to have her in my life. 'My love, My mate, My Alpha.'the engraving read. I was complete with my Luna by my side, I was complete with my family, and I was complete with myself, content with the life we had built.

My feeling of completeness when I watched her dance with the girls and the children was something I had never experienced before. It was the last piece to put everything together, and she looked stunning. It was the perfect finish to everything.

Her hair was pinned back from her face, and her hair cascaded down her back in soft dark curls. Small flowers were pinned into her hair. She looked like some sort of princess in a fairytale. I couldn't wait to mess up her hair to see those curls turn messy and damp as I slammed into her from behind.

mShe wore an ivory and beige lace dress that hugged every curve of her body, flaring out at her hips in pale silk that seemed to enhance her every curve in a subtle way. Curves I couldn't wait to trace with my hands and mouth. As her arms were covered with pale lace, glimpses of flesh were visible, leaving me with a desire to press my lips to them and taste her milky skin.

The back was open, revealing skin that I knew later would be covered in marks from the brutal way that I was going to fuck her. I couldn't wait for the night to be over, so I could take her back to the suite and tangle my fingers into her dress as I stripped her from her.

The perfect vision that she was now had me anticipating the night's end. To see the meticulously done mascara smeared across her cheeks as tears streamed down her cheeks, and she lost herself again to me. I wanted that skin to be marked up for the world to see that she was mine, and now she was, in every way possible.

I watch her as she turns her head towards me and waves for me to dance with her. A smile spreads across my face as I get up from my seat and make my way across the dance floor, where she had spent the majority of the night.

When I walked up behind her, my hands fell onto her hips, and I glanced down at her. I saw she was tipsy, her cheeks flushed, her skin shimmering under the fairy lights. She turns in my arms, wrapping her arms around my neck, and I lean down, brushing my lips against her softly.

Although the music was too fast for the way we stood swaying from side to side, I couldn't care less as everyone, and everything slipped away, and it was as if there was only us here alone, as if nothing else mattered. Through months of chasing her, I regained her love and trust. There was a time when I thought she would be the biggest regret in my life. As it turned out, she was my redemption.