

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 131

Deacon shifts uncomfortably on the spot, looking at Clarke while the other council members glance at Deacon, making me wonder if Deacon was only doing this as a favor to his brother, whom we were now aware was a traitor.

"We found evidence at John's packhouse," Deacon declares and I laughed because it even sounded ridiculous.

"Before or after the forsaken attack?"

Or during?

"I ask Deacon, but he says nothing.

When I see Clark step forward and John growls and snarls from where he was pinned before hearing the sound of screeching tires across the intersection.

Glancing over, I see Slasher Pack's Alpha climb out of the car.

Alpha Daxon and I were on good terms.

However, he didn't have the best relationship with my father, seeing as reportedly my father killed his son Preston.

Yet Preston himself didn't have a stellar relationship with his own father, who had threatened to remove his title for misdoings and the attention he constantly got from the media.

Yet Alpha Daxon was a good Alpha, a little old school like my father, but good.

Though, it made me wonder why he had come here.

Was he helping Nixon too?

"Fucking bastard, you found nothing!"

Your men turned the place upside down, and nothing.

I know this was for Amber, Clarke, you prick!

"John growled, and Clarke nodded to the main officer, pinning him before one of the officers smashed his baton across the back of his head.

I pressed my lips in a line, and one of the older council members glared at Clarke, who gave the order.

Turning my attention back to Deacon, I fought back a growl.

"I don't remember you fighting on the front lines, Deacon.

So while patient 'zero' or Luna Claire was dying protecting the city, were you planting evidence?

Or was it your brother?

"I ask him, wondering what the Alpha was doing here as I felt his aura getting closer.

"And where was Nixon?

"I ask his Luna, turning my attention to her.

"Fleeing, that is where the scum was.

Does it upset you that he left you behind with his psychotic son?

"Alpha Daxon says, coming up behind me.

"Dax," I acknowledge as he comes to stand by me.

"I am sorry by me.

"I lost over 100 of my men in that forsaken attack, and not once did I see one of Nixon's men step out to protect our city.

In fact, half of them were fucking forsaken, so how can you believe this Ludacris bullshit?

Now let John up.

"Alpha Daxon growls.

"We have evidence that this was all thought out, and Nixon was framed," one of the older council members says, stepping forward with documents, and Alpha Daxon growls.

"Go, I will handle this," Alpha Daxon nods to me.

"Give Everly my best," Alpha Daxon says, making me wonder if that was why he was here.

Because of her?

Yet when I went to move toward my car, a gun was lifted, and I growled furiously, only to feel Deacon's daring hand grip my shoulder.

My reaction was instantaneous as I reached back, gripping his shoulder and letting my claws hook into the thick band of muscle along his shoulder and neck before flipping him over my shoulder and onto the hood of my car.

The bang of his body as the air expelled from his lungs on impact was audible as I removed my claws and gripped his forearm, giving it a quick twist and popping his shoulder out when I felt the first dart hit between my shoulder blades.

Reaching back I yank it out, feeling the OO DO ***** toxin burn but it would take alot more than one to drop me.

Big mistake.

Daxon howled with laughter.

"Oh, you foolish pup," Daxon laughed at the young officer.

I spun so quickly that the officer had only time to gasp as he came up behind me and I gripped the barrel of his dart gun, slamming it into his face and disarming him.

He clutched his face and bleeding nose when I turned the gun on him, letting off three shots in his chest.

He staggers back, and the rest of the officers lift their weapons, pointing them at us.

"Ah ah, I would advise you, that doing that isn't a wise decision," Alpha Daxon states as I get ready to shift while Alpha Daxon just leaned casually against the hood of my car with his arms folded.

Deacon groans behind me and scrambles off my hood, only for Alpha Daxon to shove him away.

"Unless you want to take on an entire city, I suggest you step down and let this man get to his mate," Alpha Daxon says, and I look at him.

He nods over his shoulder, and I see hundreds of people stepping out from between the buildings and cutting across the roads.

2 "It appears your council holds no power here, not against my people," I tell the council members when I see Everly's rogues coming to our aid along with the Slasher pack the council look around nervously at all the enraged face coming toward them.

"Seems you have found yourself in a predicament.

I suggest you leave my city.

They will fight for my Luna," I tell the council, knowing full well they were here for her.

"And Alpha," Alpha Daxon says behind me before baring his neck to me.

I press my lips together and give him a nod, glad for once that our city would stand and fight together as one and because of the woman who would fight for them.

"You earned that position when you stood beside me to fight for my people, our people, and my pack will stand with you now," Alpha Daxon says, and I smirk, turning back to the council who glanced around nervously when they found themselves completely surrounded.

"Let him go," Deacon gasps, clutching his arm.

"What are you doing, we-" Clarke goes to say, but one growl from his brother shuts him and Deacon nods to Alpha Daxon, just as John was let up.

I wave for him to come to me, but he shakes his head.

"I have somewhere else I'm needed.

Take care of my daughter until I return," he says, confusing me, but I shake my head.

I didn't have time to ask what was going on.

I needed to get to my mate, whose panic was bleeding into me through the bond.

However, the roads were blocked OO with cars which was taking time, so I shifted.

My bones realigned and snapped before I tore off in the direction of the hospital.

People scattered, getting out of my way, and I trusted Alpha Daxon would handle things.

"Marcus?

"I mind link.

"Yep, I got the school run.

Get to your mate," he says, and I cut the link, my paws scraping concrete as I cut up alleyways and tore through my territory.

The sight of the huge hospital building coming into sight made me run harder, knowing she was just there.

“Where are you?”

” I ask her, feeling her worry.

“They are rushing me in for a c-section.

Where are you, Valen?

You aren’t here,” she cried through the mind link as I smashed through the front doors.

The people in the foyer shrieked and scrambled away when one of my nurses pointed down the corridor.

“Second floor, Alpha,” she said, and I tore off for the stairs.

Buzzers went off in the distance.

As I got to the floor; I found the doors opening by security as people flurried everywhere.

My heart pounded in my chest as I shifted back, racing down the hall to find the surgical ward, following the directions of my pack as they pointed out which way to go before I came to a set of double doors.

Before I could push them open to find her, a nurse gripped my arm, tugging me to a small room beside it which I found is a washroom.

I washed my hands, and arms while the nurse tugged a hair net down over my head before handing me a mask.

There wasn’t much more I could do than that before she thrust a gown at me.

I quickly yanked it on and rushed to the room next door to find Everly laying on a table.

Her arms strapped down out in a T 000 OC O position, and I scoot around behind them to find Everly with her eyes closed, muttering to herself while nurses pulled up a tent looking thing preventing us from seeing as they cut into her.

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An anesthesiologist stood by her head to monitor her, and they stepped aside for me when a nurse sat a chair by her head for me.

I nodded to the nurse, and they moved off somewhere as I sat down.

Focusing on Everly, I placed my hands on the side of her face, I leaned down, pulling my mask from my face briefly, and kissed her forehead.

"I don't break my promises," I whisper to her when her eyes fly open and her lips quiver.

"You made it," she breathes, while staring up at me.

"Yes, I made it.

Always for you," I tell her while Doc and the nurses hurried around while also explaining what they are doing, yet I focused on Everly trusting they know what they are doing.

She was my focus.

"Valarian?

" Everly asked.

"Marcus will get him for us," I assured her.

"And my father?

" Will be here when he can," I tell her while brushing my thumbs down the sides of her face.

"Everly, you may feel some pressure but shouldn't feel any pain," Doc tells her, and I suck in a breath.

Doc explained that the steroids Everly was put on should have helped the baby's lungs develop, and she was past 33 weeks, so the fact she carried them this long was good.

Yet we all held our breath when he declared the first baby was out briefly, holding the baby above the curtain so quickly I missed it.

Yet Everly stared wide-eyed in panic when they rushed off with the baby.

"Why isn't she crying?

" Everly worries when Doc declares baby 2 is out, who instantly starts screaming.

Moments later, the first one gave a screech, and I let out a breath, all panic leaving with the breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

“Baby just needed some suctioning to clear the airways” A nurse told us when Doc spoke through what he was doing as he searched for baby number three before she was out, too.

At the same time, the nurse came to place babies one and two in my arms.

We heard baby three’s mighty scream as it filled the room.

Yet I was amazed and awestruck at the two little bundles in my arms, unable to tear my gaze from the little creatures we created when the nurse brought baby three over bundled up in a hospital blanket.

Everly coos as she tries to see, and I lean down so she can see better and I lean down so she can see better when the nurse places baby three on her chest for a few moments.

All her panic slips away the moment she does, and the bond blooms with love and tenderness.

Never in my life had I ever felt so complete.

After the nurse checks Everly and they are stitching her up, the nurse awkwardly placed baby three in my arms, and I stared down at our three perfect little girls, and I couldn’t wait for Valarian to meet his little sisters.