

TWO | Q: REGONN

Kade

We'd set out around 7:30 AM after training and breakfast, on our way to Canyon Woods.

"I'm happy this isn't that far of a drive; it means I can get back to my Sugar Bear as soon as this is over."

"I like this side of you; it's a relief to see you like this," Xander replied.

"What are you talking about?"

"The last time we made this drive, you were twenty-one or twenty-two and still made all your decisions with your d**k. It was frustrating trying to represent our pack while also keeping you from screwing all their omegas all the time."

"I wasn't that bad; I was just testing the waters."

"No, you weren't bad; you were terrible. Thankfully you found Morgan and have calmed down. I honestly thought you'd had an STD before you found your mate; I'm glad I was wrong."

"I always used protection in case you were wondering; I wasn't an idiot."

Xander just chuckled and focused his attention on his phone. Was I really that bad? Looking back, I could have practiced a little more restraint, but I was young and dumb. I've changed now, that's all that matters. I shut my eyes and rested my head on the window. Ninety minutes from now, we'd be there, and if things went my way, we'd be heading back home a short while later.

When we arrived at the packhouse, we were escorted to a small conference room. Upon entering, I was surprised to see that there were only ten other wolves there waiting. At the summit, there were more than seventy-ve, so where was everyone else?

"Maybe we're early," I said to Xander as we took our seat.

"You're never early, and it's 9:30 on the dot. I doubt that twenty other packs would show up late."

At that moment, Alpha Thorne walked into the room looking more than a little stressed out and took a seat at the head of the table.

"I want to thank you gentlemen for coming on such short notice; I know how busy we all are. Running a pack is not an easy task. With that being said, I'll get right to the point. Four years ago, I hosted the Northwestern Summit here in my home, and you were all in attendance. At some point during that weekend, my seventeen-year-old daughter Marisol met, slept with, and became pregnant by one of you."

Murmurs and chatter started up around the room; what the hell was going on here?

"No disrespect, Alpha, but how can you be so sure it was one of us? There were over fifty other wolves here that weekend," Xander stated.

"Yes, that is true. However, all of them were mated at the time. I don't believe a mated wolf would sleep with a young girl and leave her pregnant."

This sucked. But I wasn't worried at all. The only woman I'd ever slept with without a condom was Morgan, and I never touched ranked females. They would bring far more trouble than the hour or so of fun with them was worth.

"This happened four years ago, and you say she became pregnant. Why take so long to say something?" someone asked.

"She refused to tell me what happened that night. She hid the pregnancy for as long as she could, and when it was discovered, she didn't want to talk. I've hoped that she would find her mate and that he would accept the child, but we haven't had any luck.

So, I decided that we need to find Cameron's father. There were only ranked pack members here that weekend; men of substance and honor, for the most part. I'm asking that man to take responsibility for his actions that night."

"So, how do you propose to find out the truth?" Another alpha asked.

"We'll perform a DNA test, but to narrow the field down, would you gentlemen mind rolling up your sleeves?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Marisol doesn't remember anything about the man from that night, except that he was covered in tattoos."

"Kade, what the f**k did you do?" Xander asked.

The room was empty, except for the two of us; everyone else was asked to leave once my ink covers arms were revealed.

"I didn't do s**t, Xan! How dumb do you think I am? You've got to know I was more responsible than this."

"All I know is you were wild and reckless the last time we were here, and none of the other wolves who were just around this table have all of those," he yelled, pointing to my arms.

"You know me, Xander, better than almost anyone else on this planet. You have to believe me; I've never been that stupid. The only woman who could ever possibly have my child is Morgan, no one else."

"Fine. Let's just see what they have to say; it's possible that someone else here that weekend could be the father; you're not the only guy on earth with more tats than common sense."

My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I pulled it out to see Morgan had sent me one of her signature silly pictures with her face scrunched up and eyes crossed with the caption "Missing you like crazy." I adored this woman, and even though I knew that I hadn't done anything wrong, I was worried about what was getting ready to happen. I couldn't stand for her to get hurt; I wouldn't let that happen.

Alpha Thorne walked in a few minutes later with a young girl I could only assume was Marisol. She had a lot of his same features but in a feminine and more youthful package.

"Beta, I believe you know my daughter; Marisol, this is Kaden Thomas, he is the Beta of the Blue Moon pack," Alpha Thorne stated.

"Blue Moon? But that's one of the biggest packs in the country," I heard her whisper to her father.

He looked at her, confused, then led her to a chair. I watched her as she moved and honestly had no recollection of her, let alone sleeping with her. She looked shy and innocent when she walked in, but now she looked terrified, and I couldn't understand why. Now was a good a time as any to gure it out.

"So, how are we going to do this? I'll gladly take any test you'd like, but I'm 100% sure that I'm not the father of your child," I looked at her and said.

"You were the only man I was with, so I'm 100% sure you are," she softly replied.

"What's the end goal here? My Beta is adamant that he is not the father, but on the off chance he is, what exactly do you want from him?" Xander asked.

"I want him to take responsibility, as I previously stated. He needs to be a father to his son; he also needs to marry Marisol."

I shot up from my seat, enraged.

"I'm not marrying her! I already have a mate; I'm already engaged."

"You're not marked, Beta. Under wolf law, if an unmarked ranked male impregnates an unmarked ranked female, he is required to marry her to not tarnish her family name. Does Blue Moon not follow wolf law?" Alpha Thorne turned to Xander and asked.

"Please do not besmirch the character of my pack, Alpha. Of course, we follow wolf law. However, there is no proof that what your daughter is saying is true."

"Are you calling her a liar?"

"I am! I don't remember touching her; I never slept around with ranked chicks for just this reason. Too much f****g drama. I don't know who knocked her up, and frankly, I don't care, but I am not that kid's father."

"You will watch how you speak about my daughter, Beta, or face the consequences."

"And you will not threaten him or any member of my pack, not now or ever," Xander stood and boomed.

"You will take the DNA test, and when the results come back positive, you will marry Marisol and assume my role as Alpha of Canyon Woods, Beta. If you refuse, then I will declare war on Blue Moon. I understand that we are much smaller, but there will still be casualties; I guarantee you. Are you willing to lose lives in your pack simply because he was immature and reckless and refused to own up to his mistake, Alpha? If you are, then you're not the wolf I thought you were," Thorne stood up and stated. He then took Marisol's hand and led her from the room. Before the door closed behind them, she turned to me and smiled.

Xander sat down and rubbed his eyes.

"Morgan is going to kill me when she hears about all this s**t," I said.

"I swear man, that test better come back negative, or I'm going to kill you myself."

Before we headed home, I stopped by the clinic and completed the DNA test. It would take a few weeks for the results, but I didn't care. I already knew what they would be. On my way out, Marisol approached me in the hall. She reached out to touch my arm, but I quickly stepped back. I didn't want anything to do with her, definitely didn't want her touching me.

"I'm sorry that I didn't tell you sooner, but I didn't know anything about you and had no way to find you. I would have been happy to leave it in the past and raise our son alone, but my father is getting old and is adamant that he needs to pass the pack to another strong, capable wolf. He doesn't feel that he has another fourteen years in him to wait for Cameron to come of age."

"First of all, he's your son, not 'ours.' Please get that straight, I have no children and have no intention of having any with anyone other than my mate. Second, when the results come back and prove that I'm not the father, you will be right back where you started. I'd suggest you spend the next few weeks guring out who Cameron's father is and speak to him. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to get home to my ancé."

"Wait! Please. Did you want to see him? He looks just like you. Once you see him, you'll know that he's yours. He deserves his father; all little boys need their father."

"No, Marisol, I don't want to see him. I don't mean to be a d**k, but he's not mine. Why get his hopes up by introducing us just to disappoint him a few weeks later? I'm sure he's a great kid, and you're right, he deserves a father; so, go find him." I walked around her, out of the house, then climbed in the back of the truck next to Xander.

"Is everything alright?" He asked.

"**k no, but there's nothing we can do about it now. Let's just get home. I never want to see this place again."