

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 111

Chapter 111

I kiss him back before remembering his ring in my hand and pulling away when he growls, gripping the back of my neck; his lips cover mine again as he kisses me deeply, his tongue dominating my mouth.

Oh, well, I guess I'll give it to him later. I thought as he pushed me against the entryway hall stand.

My ass hit it, making everything on the top rattle, and my handbag fell off with a thud. I put the ring box in the small bowl that rocks precariously on the edge when he grips my thighs, making me shriek as he sits me on top of it..

He chuckles, his lips moving to my neck, but I grip the collar of his shirt, yanking him toward me. I bit down on his lip with a growl and kissed him as he pushed himself between my legs, my fingers working down his button, trying to undo them as lust burned through me, searing my veins and making my skin warm. My fingers trailed down the hard ridges of his chest and abs before I tugged on his belt. 1

Valen's tongue tangled with mine in a fight for control that I was on the verge of losing when I pushed him back, trying to undo his damn belt. His fingers wrapped around my wrists, prying my hands away before his arm went around my waist.

The other to my thigh before he hoisted me higher and nearly stumbled into the dining room table as I wrapped my legs around his waist when he growled about to press me against the dining room table when I pulled away and shrieked.

"Candles, Candles!" I tell him as he nearly lifted and cooked my ass on a heap. "Whoops," he laughs, turning and heading for the bedroom.

"No! Put them out first," I gasp, and he groans before moving toward the table and blowing them out quickly before he turns toward the hall leading toward our room.

What about the rest? Now I had pointed out the candles. I kept thinking of the fire hazard in the living room, dining room, and kitchen. Valen did not seem to care as his lips left mine and nipped at my chin and neck before his teeth grazed over my mark, making me grip his hair to tug his head back. His hands squeeze my ass, and I moan into his mouth. But the candles!!

"Valen the candles," I murmur around his lips that assaulted mine as he pushed me against the bed and pressed himself between my legs. His weight kept off me with his arm beside my head as he rocked his hips against me, making me moan softly, "Valen the candles. Candles!" I shrieked, and he groaned. Pulling away and looking down at me.

"They're fine," he growls, nipping at my lips, but I shake my head. "Eventually, I will smell them if they set anything on fire," he says and I purse my lips.

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"Geez woman, you're a pain in my ass," he purrs before pushing off me and walking out, muttering about having to blow out the candles. I heard him groan and I laugh as he blew them out. ?

"Fuck! Whose stupid idea was this?!" I hear him curse, and I laugh as I move toward the edge of the bed and remove my shirt and bra when he walks back in, tugging his belt from his black slacks. I reach for him the moment he is close enough, gripping the waistband of his pants and

ripping him toward me. I

I unzip his pants before yanking them down his legs, making him laugh as he steps out of them when I grab his hard cock in my hand, wrapping my lips around the end, licking up the pre-cum and he groans. Valen's hips jerk, and he sighs. His fingers ran through my hair. I ran my tongue up the side of his shaft, sucking on the tip. I move my hands between his legs, cupping his balls before tugging down on them. He groans as I take him in my mouth, sucking every inch of his aroused flesh, bobbing my head as I find my rhythm, while enjoying the noises he made. I knew it was hard for him not to thrust into my mouth as he wanted, his legs shaking when I grip his hips, pulling him onto the bed.

"I'm not sure how I feel about you manhandling me," he laughs as I shove him backward on his back and move to kneel between his legs. My fingers wrap around his shaft, and I stroke his hard length before dipping my head and wrapping my lips around him again.

"Fuck!" he curses, his hand fisting my hair as his cock glides over my tongue. Lifting my eyes, I watch his reactions as I suck harder, enjoying the way his hand trembled in my hair as he tried but then failed to not force me down on him. I gagged and growled, and he lifted his hands in mock surrender, placing them behind his head.

"I won't touch, promise," he smirked. I returned my lips to his cock, swirling my tongue around the tip.

"But I am glad I was right," he chuckles, and I looked at him, taking more of him in my mouth and his lips part. "Right about what?" I mind linked since my mouth was full of his girth. "That you would be eating my sausage," he laughed, and I graze my teeth up his cock and raise an eyebrow at him. 2

"I'll be quiet, just keep sucking, I'll be quiet," he says, winking at me and I cover my teeth with my lips and continue sucking his cock while running my tongue along his length.

"Just eat your sausage," he chuckles, and my lips leave his cock with an audible pop, and I was about to go off at him when he sat up, gripping my arms and yanking me on top of him before rolling, so our positions were reversed.

He kisses me softly, cutting off the profanities I was going to spit at him. His hips roll against mine, and I gasp before he sits back on his knees and grips my thighs, pulling them down my legs. Valen tosses them aside before gripping my knees, pushing them apart before running his hands up my thighs, exposing me to him. His gaze making me hot. I never felt self conscious with him, the complete opposite, so I didn't feel the need to cover up or close my legs as his eyes trailed over my naked body. 2 His gaze between my legs, his hand moving down my thigh to the apex of my legs so he could brush his thumb against my clit, his fingers splayed across my lower abdomen as he rubbed his thumb over it, making me moan softly as he teased me. I rock my hips against him, but his other hand pushes on my thigh harder, holding me still. His hand moves, and he runs his fingertips over my lower lips before twisting his hand and slipping his index finger inside me, making me gasp as he slides it out, watching as he corkscrewed back in.

He added a second finger, and I threw my head back, lifting my hips for him. He fucked me with his fingers, sliding them in out, watching my reactions as he forced them in deeper and

his thumb pressed against my clit. I squeezed my eyes shut as I felt my orgasm building and getting nearer as he built up friction. The bed dipped, and he sucked on my nipple before tugging on it with his teeth. He sits back, watching his fingers plunge inside me, before placing his other hand on my chest and squeezing my breast. Moving his fingers harder and faster while squeezing my breast with the other and rolling my nipple between his fingers, watching me squirm. The entire room smelled of lust and my arousal.

Valen leans down and kisses me. There was an urgency and heat to the kiss as our tongue tangled. His tongue was hot as it dominated my mouth. He pushed my leg higher, trapping one between his arm and body as he positioned himself at my entrance before sinking his hard cock into my depths and our bodies came together, his hips flush against mine.

Valen held himself up before dragging his cock out and sliding it around my opening and farther up towards my clit and coating himself in my arousal. Valen groaned before he pushed the head of his cock inside again. 1

He pushed in slowly, inch by inch until he was sheathed deep inside me. His lips move to my neck and up my jaw before kissing me. He pumped into me slowly. His cock brushed all the right places and drove me wild with the slow pace. I rock my hips against him, wanting him to move faster.

When he squeezed my thigh harder before he grabbed my hips and began pounding into me. My muscles squeeze around him whenever he thrusts into me. My skin heated, and my breath turned to pants as I rolled my hips against him, trying to take more of him. Enjoying the friction he was building up, my skin warmed, and I felt my walls grip his cock as my orgasm rolled over me, making me cry out. His lips cover mine, swallowing my moans as he slows, letting me ride the orgasm out while I trembled beneath him. Valen pulls out abruptly.

And I sat up on my elbows and watched him climb off the bed, knowing he hadn't finished. He wanders into the closet before returning with a bottle of lube, and something else tucked in the palm of his hand. He knelt on the bed, watching me as he dropped the bottle on the blanket beside him, but not whatever was in his hand.

Instead, he gripped my ankles and ripped me toward him, making my head hit the mattress. His hands gripped my hips, wondering what he was doing when he flipped me over and tugged my hips up in the air. I groaned when his cock pushed inside me with one thrust before he dragged it out slowly.

His hand pulling my cheeks apart so he could watch himself slip in and out of me when I felt his hand move over my ass, his thumb pressing against my back entrance. I squirm when he

probes it with his thumb and I pull away slightly, only for him to pull me back, slamming me back on his cock. I groaned, relenting, and he pumps himself into me a few times before slowing, his thumb still pressing against my back entrance.

"Valen, you are not sticking anything in my ass," I growl at him, and he chuckles.

"Really?" he purrs, pressing his thumb down harder and making me squirm.

"I won't hurt you, and I will stop if you don't like it," he says and I roll my eyes as he thrusts into me slower. Not hurt? Yeah, right! Has he seen the size of his cock? It wasn't going anywhere near my ass.

"Nope! Not happening!" I tell him.

"It's happening. I'm locking in the hubs and going up the mud track," he says,

"Don't be crude! And no, we are not!" I screech. "We're going to brown town!" he states with a laugh. I "Fuck, you suck at the dirty talk," I snarled, but also couldn't help but laugh at his vulgar words.

"I'm fucking that ass," he purrs before slapping my butt and making me hiss. He rubs it, and I jump when I feel the cold sensation of the lube as it trickles between my cheeks. Valen thrusts into me, his thumb returning to my ass, and I growl but figured I would entertain his silly little obsession with my butt.

Valen groans as his hips slap against my ass, and I push back against him, meeting his thrusts when his hand on my hip moves, his rhythm remaining steady, and I moan as his cock hits my cervix. This position was deeper and so much more thrilling when he grips my shoulder, shoving it down to the mattress.

Valen pushed the top half of me entirely on the bed before he picked up his pace, pounding into me and making me scream as my walls grip him, fluttering around him, when I feel his thumb slide into me. It wasn't painful, just an odd sensation, an odd but good sensation making me push back against him.

"See?" he murmurs, drawing his cock out slower and slamming back into me. His hand fisted on my hip suddenly started vibrating as he reached around, pressing something small against my clit. The sensation makes me gasp as it sent shock waves through me.

It took everything not to sink into the bed at the feeling. Valen leaves his fingertips there, and I move my hips against them when he moves them away, making me growl at the loss of his fingers and the vibration. He leans forward, gripping my wrist and tugging it behind me, and dropping the bullet-shaped thing in my hand.

"Touch yourself with it. Just don't press the button until I tell you too." he says, drawing my hand back toward my hip. He didn't have to tell me twice. I wasn't a prude and spent a reasonable amount of time searching adult toy stores with the girls.

My hand moves between my legs, and I moan as I run the device between my swollen pussy lips while Valen rammed into me, his thumb still inside my back entrance. He pulls out of me, and I miss the fullness of him stretching me when I feel him grip my hips and drag me to the edge of the bed. I squealed as he set me back on my knees, then shoving my top half down when I went to sit up.

He kneels at the end of the bed before I feel his hand lock around my wrist, placing my hand back between my thighs. I moan at the vibration of the small toy when I feel his hot breath sweep over my pussy.

His hands on the back of my thighs pushes my legs open more before he forces his tongue inside me, licking up my arousal as it spilled from me, and teasing more out of me. His tongue moving between my folds and back to my entrance, hungrily tasting every part of me, when his hand on my ass moves between my cheeks, and I feel him shove his lubricated finger inside my back entrance.

I moan at the sensation when he slides his finger out, adding another, stretching me while I play with the toy in my hand. His fingers pushing in deeper and harder, and my walls clench.

There was something thrilling and very sordid about it, but erotic, too. Valen sucks on my swollen lower lips, dipping his tongue inside before standing and lining himself up with my back passage.

He presses the tip against my back entrance, and I tense. "Press the button on the top of it," Valen purrs, and I do. The vibration grew stronger, and I moaned, my body relaxing as he rubbed my ass before pressing further inside me.

I choke, my hand clutching the sheets as I hold my breath, and he stills, pulling my hand back between my legs, "Don't move your hand," he says, kissing my shoulder and pressing the button on top again. The thing felt like it would vibrate apart in my hand as the vibration

intensified. And I quickly place my hand back between my legs. Valen remains still, and I feel him coat himself in more lube, working his cock into me slowly

"That's it," He whispers, leaning down and kissing the side of my ribs, his stubble making me

a my sensitive skin. I moaned as the small device vibrated against my clit, and Valen increased his speed before I felt his hips slap mine, and he groans. Valen stills for a second when I rock back against him. He let me move against him for a few minutes until I was moaning mess and slowed my pace. He gripped my hips, slamming into me; I was so close and was pushing back against him, taking what he gave me. Valen's grip tightened on me, and he pumped into me harder. I cried out as my skin tingles when he gripped my shoulder and ripped me back against him, his chest pressed against my back as he thrust into me. His hand flat on my stomach moved to my hand between legs, and he took the device holding in place, sliding it between my soaking wet folds and rubbing it against my clit, his lips travel down my neck as he sucked on my mark, his other hand squeezing my breast.

"Cum for me," he purrs, licking my mark before grazing his teeth over my mark. I come apart with a scream, his arms the only thing holding me upright as my legs trembled, wanting to give out from under me as he sank his teeth into my neck, remarking me and extending my orgasm. Valen groans against my neck, and I feel him still inside me. He clutched me tighter, and he pulls his teeth from my neck before trailing his tongue up my neck and sucking on my ear.

"I love you," he whispers.

"I love you too," I tell him out of breath when he pulls out of me.

"I'll run you a bath," he chuckles behind me before kissing my shoulder. I nodded breathlessly and collapsed on the bed when he spoke again.

"And I should probably reheat dinner, even though you just had a feed of sausage," He laughs, and I reach for my pillow before lobbing it at him. He ducks and laughs while walking into the bathroom.

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It was the incessant noise of my phone ringing that woke me the next morning, and had me untangling myself from Valen. He growls, trying to tug me back to him while I lean over him reaching for my phone. The screen lit up, and it was still dark outside so it must have been early. Valen's hands trail up my sides before he purrs, his lips locking around my nipple as I snatch my phone from the bedside table as I lean over him. Peering at the screen, I see Macey's picture pop up on the screen. I sit up and Valen tries

tugging me back to him and successfully pulling me on top of him. I push off his chest, straddling his waist as I answer it. Valen's hand rubs my thighs as he mutters under his breath.

"Macey?" I ask, answering the call and holding it to my ear. "Macey?" I say again when I hear a choked whimper "I didn't know who else to call. I can't go home. My brother moved back in with my mother when I moved out. Zoe's place is too small, and you know we clash when living with each other," she says before sobbing. 1 "Mace, what's wrong?" "Can Taylor and I come stay the night? I know it's terrible timing, but I told him, Evie. I told him and he stormed out. I don't want to be here when he gets back," Macey cries. 6

"Of course, come over. I will set up the spare room," I tell her and she quickly says goodbye. Valen stares up at me, his amber eyes glowing in the dark as he peered up at me. "What's going on?" he says.

"I think Tatum just broke up with Macey," I murmur and he sits up.

"What?" Valen says, shocked, but I didn't want to say anything because I wasn't sure what was going on myself. I climb off him and retrieve some clothes.

"I need to set up the spare room," I tell him and he gets up, grabbing some shorts. "I'll help," he says and I nod and Valen pulls his pants on. A

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Chapter 112

Macey POV

I felt like an idiot ringing Everly, but I couldn't sit there and try to hold myself together in front of Zoe; she was too emotional, and seeing her cry would make me bloody cry. The woman was a damn onion. Zoe wore her emotions for the world to see. I loved that about her, but I just wanted silence right now.

Everly was the opposite. I swear she is made of steel. It took a lot to break the woman. Everly was our rock. She was the glue that held us all together; she never judged, questioned, and was just there when you needed her, no matter what.

So that is why I chose her. I would have gone home to mum, but even she wasn't an option. She would blame me, and rightfully so. Mum loved Tatum, and so did Taylor. Now Tatum was just another person ripped away from her right as she got used to them, another way I had failed her.

Taylor was at Zoe's, and I was going to go over and pick her up, but I decided against it as I climbed into my car. I felt terrible knowing I was ruining her night, yet I knew Tatum would come home eventually, and I couldn't face him. I just hoped he only needed time to get himself together.

I should have known better. Werewolf men are all the same. They want heirs, something I couldn't provide. Was it too much to ask for somebody to want me and not what I could give them?

My phone vibrates as I am about to pull out of the driveway. I stop, and my hands are racing to dig it out of my handbag shakily. Tatum's name pops up. It is only a text message, and I open it.

Tatum: Can you leave the back door open? I have lost my keys.

Macey: I'm still home; I haven't left.

Tatum: I will grab some clothes tomorrow while you're at work.

Macey: Want me to drop some clothes over to you? Where are you?

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Tatum: No, and I am at Creed's place. I don't want to see you right now. Just leave me be. You and Taylor can stay there until we figure something else out.

Macey: I'll leave my keys in the mailbox for you. I am not staying in your house while you sleep on your friend's couch. I replied before tossing my phone back into my bag.

It rings, C)4;|»Gd I ignore it. I don't want a handout, and I am not living in a house that belongs to someone

who wants nothing to do with me.

Turning my car off, I twist the house key off before heading inside. I grab one of the moving boxes from the shed and load up some of Taylor's toys that I know she won't go without before grabbing her school clothes and my work uniforms, and our documentation. The rest I will organize to pick up

later. If not, I'll just dip into my savings to replace it.

I knew how this worked. It wasn't the first time I let myself get my hopes up. Once I had my bag packed and a box under my arms full of Taylor's stuff, I flicked off the lights and locked the door.

Dropping the key in the mailbox before popping the trunk. I drop everything in before climbing into my car. I drove to Everly's, angry with myself. If I had told him from the start, I could have avoided all this. We would still be perfect strangers that f*cked once on a desk. How it should have remained.

Yet as I pulled up at Valen's and Everly's place, I couldn't bring myself to get out of the car. My mind was plagued with what I would tell Taylor. She really likes Tatum, and he was good to her and the first real father figure she had. Her own father was a dropkick.

Taylor's father, Preston, beat me when I told him I was pregnant. He hoped I would lose her. I was warned by my mother not to get involved with him. My mother was right. He was no good. Mum then patched me up, and we waited to see if I would miscarry. But my girl was a fighter.

My next encounter with Preston was at the shopping center when I was with Valarie. I lost sight of Valarie as I wandered down an aisle with Taylor. Yet the panic I felt when he walked into the same aisle with his pregnant sister nearly made my heart stop. Preston looked into the pram and snarled when he realized he didn't successfully abort his own child.

I had left the aisle in search of Valarie when she couldn't be found, so I went to the parking garage. I had just gotten Taylor into her car seat when he attacked me from behind. He slammed my head into the door trim, splitting my forehead open. Luckily, the keys were still clutched in my hand, and all I kept thinking was that I needed to lock the car. I needed to protect her from him, so I hit the key fob and got to my feet as he tried to rip the car door open.

Me or her. And I chose her. I would always choose her, even if it cost my life. That's what being a parent is. You give your last breath so they can take another. I was a rogue, and Preston was Slasher Pack's Gamma's son. His reputation was on the line, and Taylor could destroy it.

So I did the only thing I could at the time. I hit the speed dial on my phone, which was Valarie's number. I then dropped the phone while he smashed the windows, trying to get to her. Until Valarie could get to her, I needed to keep him distracted. And that's what I did. Taylor was screaming her head off in the car, but I just kept thinking I couldn't let him touch her, so I kept getting back up.

So, as he reached through the driver's seat window to unlock her door, I picked up a broken piece of glass and plunged it into his neck. Valarie came out moments later, frantic with a bat she had stolen on her way out that she grabbed from one of the display stands. Yet it was too late, Preston was bleeding out at my feet, and I was looking at prison time. Or so I thought.

Valarie had grabbed my arms and shook me because all I could do was stare at his dead body, choking and gasping for air as he stared at me helplessly.

"You didn't kill him," Valarie said to me. I remember staring at her when she raised the bat and hit him in the head. Once, twice, thrice. "I did! Now get in the car while I clean this up," she said.

However, I couldn't function, and she ended up putting me in the car, and she made a call. At the time, I was in too much shock for it to register who she called, yet he came.

"Get home. I will take care of it," Kalen told her, and that was the end. Kalen took the wrap and said it was self-defense. The camera footage miraculously disappeared, and it was splashed over every newspaper about how Slasher packs Gamma's son attacked the Blood Alpha's father.

Only four people really knew what happened. Valarie, Kalen, and Everly, and myself because when Valarie brought me back to the hotel, she rang Everly to help clean me up. After that, we never spoke of it again. Yet today, I still have the bat, the bat Valerie gave me. 1

After that, she put me in self-defense classes and watched Taylor for me while I went to every class, determined not to feel helpless again.

Yet right now, as I sat in the car park of Valens hotel, one so similar to that place, I was reminded of that helplessness, only this time it was my fault. My phone rang in my bag, and Everly's ringtone played. Reaching over, I grabbed it out and answered it.

"Where are you? Did you pick up Taylor?"

"No, I didn't want to wake her or Zoe," I answered. "Okay, where are you?" She asked.

"In the car park," I admit. I just couldn't be bothered

moving and destroying their good night while mine fell apart. So stupid! So, so stupid! I thought when the phone hung up. I couldn't remember if I said goodbye or not or if I hung up on her. I felt numb, stuck in memories of men's worst and the one good one I drove away.

The driver's side door opens.

"Move over," she says, and I unplug my seatbelt and slide into the passenger seat. She climbs in, starting my car before leaving the underground car park and going to the rooftop car park. She parks up the top and swings her door open.

"Get out," she says, walking to the front of the car. She then climbs on the hood and rests her head against the window.

"Everly, it's freezing! And you're pregnant," I tell her, but she pats the hood, and I roll my eyes.

"Best warm me up then," she says, and I laugh, climbing up beside her. She wiggles closer, the metal creaking under our weight. Everly rests her head on my shoulder, and I wrap my arms around her. And she asks what happened and I explain, then we watch the sunrise together.

"Where's Valen?"

"Dunno. Probably still inside," she says.

"I'm sorry for ruining your night,"

"Na, you're good. Valen knows us girls are a package deal," I laugh because she was right, no one would ever come between us three, we had a sisterhood stronger than any bond.

"He'll come around, Mace," Everly says. "And if he doesn't?" I ask.

"Plan B! And Valen gets an extra wife," she laughs. I sigh. Everly could always switch a situation.

1

"I am dreading telling Taylor," I admit and she nods. "It will be alright. She has you, Zoe, and me." I nod,

knowing she is right. We had each other. Always each other.

We lay there in silence, watching the colors of the sky change when someone clears their throat. I turn my head to find Valen holding a blanket and a tray of coffees.

"Room for one more? Or will we break this rice bubble car?" I laugh because we have definitely dented the hood, yet we shimmy over, and he climbs on next to Everly, passing us our coffees, and Everly raises an eyebrow at him.

"Don't think I don't know that it was Macey or Zoe swapping out the coffee in that jar," he says, kissing her cheek.

"It was me," I lied for Zoe, and Everly laughed. Valen clicks his tongue.

"You three are terrible, but I'll let it slide," he laughs while chucking the blanket over the three of us.

"Did Evie tell ya you may have an extra wife?" I chuckled, mucking around with him.

"Really? Sounds like a bad reality show," he says, kissing her head and rubbing her arms to warm her freezing skin.

"I will have the hotel set up one of the apartments for you until you and Tatum sort everything out. If you don't, you know you're always welcome here. Until your hotel opens up, then I'm sure you'll want to move back there," Valens says.

"Yeah, true. I could stay with Zoe if it puts you out too much," I tell them.

"Or you could stay at one of the apartments there since you own it," Everly says when Valen moves, digging in his pocket. He hands me some rolled-up documents.

"What's this?" I asked.

"We wanted to give it to you and Zoe when we opened back up," Everly tells me.

I unrolled it and looked at it to find the title changed. Mine and Zoe's names are now on it, as equal partners with Everly.

"I can't accept this! Zoe won't accept this!" I tell them, shaking my head.

"You can and will. Everly wanted to cut you, girls, in any way, but I don't want her taking your money. Save it for the arcade. But you all built that place, made it what it was. And you looked after my mate and son when I didn't, so I will foot the bill as my way of saying thank you. And you will accept and sign it," Valen says.

"And you're okay with this? It was your mother's," I asked him.

"Of course! Besides, you just said I had an extra wife, so I'm not losing anything," he laughs.

"Guys, I can't. "

"If not for you, accept it for Taylor," Everly says, cutting me off. I nodded, and Zoe was going to lose her sh*t.

"Thank you," I tell them, not knowing what else to say. They both nod, and Everly lifts my arm and places her head back on my shoulder

