

Alphas Regret-My Luna Has A Son By Jess Chapter 46

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The drive back was quiet however, not awkward, just a comfortable silence. I believe me marking him suddenly made everything more real. It was, in a sense, easy to play off that he is my mate, easier to deny our bond or our weak one anyway. Now though, people would find out, the entire City would realize Valen had been marked, the paparazzi would go berserk, and I now I worried what that meant for Valarian. I could handle the drama's the media would portray.

Valarian was a child and I knew once it was out, a lot of people would have something to say about it.

Also, I could already imagine the rumors. People would believe. That he knocked up some rogue whore and was forced to take me as his mate, the things I could see them saying about me in papers would sting me but could damage my son. I was used to negativity, yet no child should have to deal with that.

"I think we should move the Alpha meeting," I whispered. I hated the idea of confronting my father, yet I knew it would be worse if he found out via a news article. I knew I should care what he believed after everything. I was an adult now, and he no longer controlled my life, but for some reason, it nagged at me. Some part believing that he shouldn't find out through a news outlet.

"You want to push it back?" Valen asks. I shake my head.

"Move it forward. Once the media gets their hands on this story, it will blow up; it should be announced to stop it hurting Valarian."

"Anyone says anything about our son Everly, and they won't have a city to live in,"

"You can't just kick people out of City; that is not the answer, Valen, and that is not what I am worried about,"

"Then what are you worried about?"

"Worried about what version of our strange... whatever." I sigh, rubbing my temples before looking at him.

"They are going to say some horrible shit about you being with a rogue whore, Valarian has only just found about you, well about who you are, and I worry that what they say about both of us will have an impact on him,"

"Then I tell them the truth, simple,"

"It's not that simple. You have a reputation to uphold in this City Valen, one that holds power,"

"I don't care about my reputation Everly, they can say what they want about me, they do anyway. But If you think I am going to let you take the fall for all it, you are mistaken,"

"They will say I am gold digger, someone who trapped you, probably even say Valarian isn't yours,"

"That they can't say, you can tell by his aura, plus DNA will shut them up," "My father is going to lose his mid," I mutter, shaking my head.

"Surprisingly, my father took it pretty well," Valen adds, making me think of Kalen and my meeting with him earlier, "

"I saw your father earlier today," I admit looking back out the window. "Did he threaten you if he did tell me? I will handle it," Valen says.

"You would really go against your father for a rogue?"

"For you and Valarian, I would go against the entire world if needed," Valen says, and I chew my lip. I could feel he meant what he said. Feeling him made his words hold more meaning and I didn't know what to think about him. He could lie through words, but not through the bond, so to feel that he meant exactly what he said kind of threw me off.

"He didn't threaten me. He told me to let you mark me," He chuckles.

"Yeah, he is a good father, strict, but he means well, mostly, "

"Is that why he tried to get you to marry my sister, "

"No, idea what he meant by that. He has hated your father for decades. It makes no sense to me," Valen admits, and I could feel his worry through the bond, making me realize he too noticed his father's change in attitude.

"Are you worried about your father finding out?" Valen asks as we pull into the hotel parking space. He stops the car.

"Yes, and no. I will be relieved I don't have to keep it a secret, but also scared of everyone's reaction, "

"Why didn't you just tell him," I raise an eyebrow at him and he laughs. "Yeah, that was a dumb question," he adds.

"Do you think he would have kicked you out if he knew?"

"I have thought of that actually, thought about telling him, especially once I found out you were in fact, my mate,"

"Then why didn't you. Would have saved you being homeless, "

"Your father was not the only one that worries about his reputation, Valen. When he found out I was pregnant, he tried to get the doctor to abort him, sweep it under the rug so no one would know and I could still take my place as Alpha. Like Valarian was some dirty secret, " Valen growls at my words and his knuckles turn white as he grips the steering wheel.

"I couldn't do it, so he kicked me out. I believe the reaction would have been the same or worse if he knew you were his father, "

"You think he would have pinned you down and made you abort if he knew?"

"No, I believe he would have killed me or come after our son once he was born to use a tool against you. I couldn't allow that,"

"And now, what's changed, "

"He has you. I know you will keep him safe, " I admit. I could tell just by his reaction to having a son. Zoe said it herself too. She knew Valen's intentions were good, unlike some we had come across over the years.

"Can I ask how you came into the possession of a hotel, being rogue," Valen asks, looking out at the place I called home, my village. I loved this place, not just because of what it had given us but because of where it came from and the history behind it.

"It was given to Valarian and me. We inherited it" "By your grandparents?"

"No, by the woman who owned it, when you kicked me out of the packhouse, I went home or tried to anyway. Dad was gracious enough to let Valarian in the house after my mother begged him because it was raining, the next morning, dad tossed some money at me, and

he said he never wanted to see me again, that I was causing problems between him and mum, so I went back to my car. Grabbed a few things walked here and met a woman," I told him. I looked over at the doors where the main front counter was. I could still picture her clearly like it were yesterday.

Valarie sitting out the front with a smoke between her lips, rough as guts but with a heart of gold, she was a tough woman, a remarkable woman.

"I thought she was someone staying at the Hotel, " I chuckle.

"She was rogue also. She gave us a fresh start, offered me a job, paid for my schooling, she gave me

hope. Then when she died, she left it all to me," "Is that how you met Zoe and Macey?"

"No, I met them at the maternity ward. When I was given the job we needed help to clean it up, the place was a dump, she gave them jobs too, said we would build our own village that family is what you make, so once it was running and I found out about it inheriting it, that's what I did, I built our village, our village of rogues."

"I guess I owe her one. She seemed like a good woman, "

"She was; I could only dream of being half the woman she was. No words could describe how great she was,"

"Have you got pictures of what it looked like before? I honestly never knew the place existed," Valen laughs.

"You want to see?" I laugh before opening the door.

"Come, I will show you," I tell him. Valen hops out of the car before locking it and follows me toward the front entrance. Walking in, the bell sounds and the secretary looks up.

"Coffee?"

"No, we are fine, Jenny. Shouldn't you be knocked off?" I ask her, knowing Emily should have been in for the afternoon shift.

"I knocked off an hour ago, Emily never showed, and I have been trying her cell but no answer," That was very unlike Emily. She never missed a shift.

"She may have come down with that bug that's going around, " Jenny tells me. I nod. "Knock off. I will handle the front desk until I can find someone to come in,"

" Actually, I don't mind. I could use the overtime if that is alright?" I turn to face her, and she looks down, fiddling with her fingers.

"Your son?" She nods her head. Jenny was in her fifties and had a son, who was constantly in trouble, especially with the police, and she managed to get him into rehab a few weeks ago, making me wonder what was going on. With everything going on lately, I hadn't had a chance to ask how he was doing. He sometimes helped the gardeners here and the handy woman.

"Everything alright?" I ask her.

"Yeah, it's fine, " she answered too quickly. "Jenny?"

"I didn't want to ask because you bailed him out last month already, and I still owe you for that,"

"You don't owe me anything, so what has he done now? You know we have emergency funds for staff, its there to be used, to help when someone gets stuck, "

Her eyes dart to Valen for a second, and I completely forgot he was still behind me. I glanced back at him, and he looked at me.

"Nothing, he is doing great actually, but the hospital is making him leave," "I thought it was a three-month program?"

"It was supposed to be, but he isn't a priority on the waiting list,"

"But if he already got in, he should be fine to stay. I am assuming you are talking about some rehab facility or medical facility?" Valen answers behind me.

She looks at him for a second before looking at me. She then does a double-take of Valen, her eyes zeroing in on the mark on his neck. It was no secret in the Hotel that Valen was my mate, yet we rogue stuck together, and I suddenly worried what the other woman would think. I knew they would be happy I had a mate but hoped they didn't think they still couldn't come to me. "You marked him?" she asks.

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"Yes, but it can't get out at the moment, now don't change the subject. What do you need?"

"They are kicking him out unless he is a paying patient. They said they haven't got the beds for a rogue, " She answers.

Bullshit, it's only at half capacity, " Valen growls behind me. Jenny looks down.

"It's because his Rogue Valen, no one helps rogues, you should have seen us getting this place running. We couldn't even get a handyman in without blackmailing them, " I tell him and he seemed appalled at my words. Considering who his father was, he didn't seem to hold the same views of rogues, well, at least not as strongly.

"How much?" I ask her, knowing how hard she tried to get him in there. 311000, " She breathes before rubbing both hands down her face.

"Use the funds. It's what it is for. When he gets out, he can come work at the hotel for a bit," I tell her.

Knowing that was a big chunk out of the emergency rogue funds, not that anyone would complain, it's what it is for.

"Don't worry about it. I will handle it," Valen says behind me.

"It's fine, Valen. We have the money here,"

"I don't care about the money. They gave him a place

there. If he is doing well and not causing trouble, they have no reason to kick him out, that place relies heavily on donations and tax payer's money. I'm assuming it's the main hospital since rogues can't use the private ones," She nods.

"I will take care of it, if not. I will place him in one of the private ones if they kick up a stink, but they won't. My pack funds half of that hospital," Valen tells her with a shrug.

"But I will need his information," Valen tells her, and she looks around her desk before grabbing a sticky note and writing his name and dob on it and address. She hands it to him, and Valen folds it placing it in his pocket.

"Are you sure, we have a fund for this sort of stuff?"

I tell him.

"Positive, but I would like to know more about this fund you have for your employees," he answers.

"Thank you, Alpha," Jenny nods, and I see her shoulders relax like a tonne of weight had just been lifted off her shoulders.

"Go home, Jenny, rest," I tell her, but she shakes her head.

"I am good until you find someone to take over," She says just as Tatum walks in. The bell sounds, and I glance over at the door.

"Ah, just the man I want to see," Valen says, and Tatum raises an eyebrow at him. "Ah, yeah. Didn't you want me to keep watch again?" Tatum asks him, unsure.

"Nope, change of plans, I will tonight, but I have another job for you," He motions toward the desk.

"You want me to move it?" Tatum asks, confused. "Nope. I want you to man it. Everly is down a staff member,"

"What?" Tatum asks before staring at Jenny. "Yeah, I don't think that is a good idea,"

"Are you saying I can't answer some phones and work the front desk?" Tatum asks like I just insulted his intelligence.

"It's more than answering phones," I tell him.

"Can't be that hard," Tatum says, walking around the desk. Jenny looks up at him wide-eyed before looking at me.

"See, he can handle it," Valen says. Why could I tell this was a bad idea. I pinch the bridge of my nose and shake my head.

"Valen, he is a security guard, not a secretary," I explain.

"See, killed two birds with one stone, he is now guard and can do whatever Jenny was doing,"

"This is a bad idea; I am sure I can find someone else, "Nonsense, Jenny will show him, and you can show me these photos," Valen says, nudging me toward my office out the back. I glance at Jenny, and she shrugs before getting up. Tatum takes her seat, and she starts explaining things to him and how to use the different phones.

With a heavy sigh, I give in, though he would definitely be the most buff secretary we have had manning the counter. He looked out of place behind the desk with its pink stationery.

Unlocking my office door, I step in and move to one of the bookcases grabbing down the Hotel photo album. I sit at my desk, and Valen comes over to stand beside me.

Opening the front page, there was an old black and white photo of Valarie's parents from when they owned it. I pull it out and pass it to him. In the photo were a man and a woman holding a baby, which Valarie said was her.

"That doesn't look too bad?" Valen states and I snort before flicking through to when I first came here and the photos Zoe and I took. I passed them to him before also grabbing one out Macey's brother took of us facing the ruined hotel with our backs to the camera. All four of us standing out the front. Valarie was also in it, cigarette between her fingers as she looked at the rundown place. I hand it to him.

"This the woman?" He asks, and I nod. "And Macey, Zoe," he says.

"So you all started it together. The place looked like a dump," He states. "It was,"

"So the four of you did all this?" he asked, sounding incredulous.

"Yep, four rogue -whores and three babies restored this entire place," I tell him. "Who took the photo," "Macey brother,"

"He didn't help?" I raise an eyebrow at him. "What are you trying to say?" "Nothing, just four women, fixed all of this,"

"We may be women, but we are resourceful. Besides, Macey is more manly than her brother. She fights like a guy too, so stay on her good side," He laughs, handing them back.

"Noted, she definitely looks like a scrapper, "

"Oh, she is. I watched her beat a man with a 20 kg bag of flour once. She hauled it around like it weighed nothing,"

"What he do?"

"He asked her how much?" "How much for what?"

"How much for a night Valen, he thought because she was a rogue, she was prostitute, that was when we first opened up. It was a bit of shock when they found the place was run entirely by rogues. We ended up with a few creeps in at first, "

"So how did you handle that,"

"A few of the older ladies started bringing their sons in for the night shifts. Day shifts were easier. Macey would turf anyone that looked at us wrong, " I laugh.

"Come on, we should check Valarian and give Zoe a break, " I tell him, and he follows me through the hotel to the apartment. I was stopped a few times by different staff, and by the time I got back to the apartment, it was dark.

Walking in, Zoe was doing puzzles with the kids. She smiled as she glanced over the back of the couch at me before her eyes narrowed on Valen and her lip pulled over her teeth. She stood abruptly, pointing an accusing finger at him before remembering the kids were in the room.

I had no idea why she was mad, but I could tell she was livid about something. She stepped over the kids and moved toward him. Valen, completely unaware of her anger, says hello to her when she opens the door behind him and shoves him out, slamming it shut behind her. I moved to the kitchen window and peered out, and Valen had his hands in the air. I cracked

the window open a little to eavesdrop.

"You keep your creepy sniffing friend away from my daughter," she snarls. I glance at Casey, wondering what happened. Valerian looks up at me.

"Aunty Zoe is upset because we asked what shampoo and washing liquid she used," Valarian explained, which only made me more confused.

"You tell him to jeep his sniffer away from my daughter, "

"He just liked the soap you use," Valen tried to explain.

"Casey said he sniffed her repeatedly, " Casey growls at him.

"I will speak to him, but it was nothing bad. He just said the soap smells nice, geez,"

" It's fucking creepy. You don't go around sniffing peoples kids, if that don't set off alarm bells in your head, nothing will,"

"My beta is not a creep. He would never harm your daughter Zoe," Valen defends Marcus.

"Keep him away from my daughter, " Zoe huffs before going back to the door. She steps in and straightens her clothes, going back to the kids like nothing happened.

Valen stepped in, looking awkward as hell but the tension left the moment Valarian spotted him and jumped up off the floor.

" Dad! " he squealed, rushing over and Valen caught him and picked him up, kissing his cheek and hugging him tightly.

"I missed you, " Valerian gushes, squeezing tight.

"I missed you too," Valen tells him before setting him on his feet. Zoe watches them, and I noticed Casey did too before looking up at her mother and snuggling against her. It must be hard seeing Valarian with his father. Casey saw hers but usually only for s minutes when

he would stop in randomly before telling her some lie about needing to go to work. Yet she hadn't seen him since Officer Richards found out.

"Are you staying for dinner? One of the chefs sent up stuffed capsicums, you'll like those, "

"There is plenty there. She always sends up too much," Zoe says. Having calmed down, her eyes dart to Valen's neck, and she raises an eyebrow at me before smiling. Of course, she would be happy. I look at her when Valen speaks.

"I was hoping to stay the night. Tatum is playing secretary in your foyer, and since Marcus is definitely off the table now?" Valen says, looking at me.

"You can stay for dinner, but we don't need a guard, "Please, mum, he can sleep in my bed; I'll share with him," Valarian whines.

I tell him.

"That's not necessary, Val. We have a couch, but your father has," I stop knowing he admitted to wanting to stay, proving he has nothing better to do.

"One night, and only one, Valarian," I tell him before also looking at his father, so he knows not to ask for a second night.

"Ah, see, I get to stay for the night," Valen tells him while Valarian tugged on his hand, dragging him towards his puzzle.

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Chapter 48

It was strange having Valen under my roof, awkward. Everything I usually did for Valarian, he suddenly asked his dad to do. Like cut up his food, I was suddenly no longer needed; he asked for his father when it was his bath time. Most of my afternoon was spent twiddling my thumbs since I only had to heat dinner up. Yet Valen never once complained and seemed to enjoy his son's constant attention.

Even as I went to put Valarian to bed, he asked if his father could tuck him in, I know it was childish, but nights were the only time I got to spend with him, really, so it bothered me more than it should. I was so used to juggling things between Zoe and me that it felt unnatural having someone willingly helping us, ruining our usual routine, I suddenly had time on my hands, and I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

Once Valarian was tucked in bed, Valen returned to the living room. He scratched the back of his neck before looking at the empty spot beside me on the couch.

I rolled my eyes before moving over, and he smiled before coming to sit next to me and draping his arm across the back of it.

"Finally, Casey is down for the night," Zoe says, coming out in her pajamas while braiding her hair. I had always been envious of how she could do that, I had tried and ended up only making a knotted mess, yet she did it so effortlessly.

Zoe comes over and sits down on one of the kids'

bean bags, the bag almost swallowing her petite frame as she sinks in it. "I'm so damn tired," she yawns, covering her mouth with her hand.

"Ah, and tomorrow will be worse. We are down three staff in the kitchens, one in the creche playgroup. Two waitresses and have a full house," Zoe sighs.

"Emily must also have the bug. She never showed up for work tonight," I tell her, getting up off the couch and walking over to the bookcase for my folder.

"I already checked the rosters for tomorrow," Zoe tells me. I sat back down with the folder going to the events diary.

"I know, we will have to manage. I can work the lunch and night rush if you can handle the kids in the morning,"

" Sounds like a plan. I will wake you at eleven. If we are still down the next day, we can swap. Macey already pulled doubles two days in a row," she says, and I nod.

Zoe glances at the diary, "What are you looking for?"

"We need to find a date to move the Alpha meeting forward," I tell her, but the earliest date I could make work would be one week head, so instead of three weeks, it would be two.

"The lzth?" I ask him, and he looks over my shoulder, flicking through the pages before scrubbing his hand down his face.

"What's wrong with this coming Friday?" he asks while looking at the empty slot.

"That's six days away, it wouldn't be enough notice, and I am not sure I can get supplies in early enough," I tell him.

"Get what you can in. The rest I will organize from one of my Hotels and have it sent over. You still want to announce it, right?" I nod best to get it over and done with.

"Then it has to be the sixth, I can go unseen for a few days, but two weeks, two weeks, the media will come looking for me," He tells me, and I sighed but nodded.

"Though I am a little shocked it has stayed under wraps already, I am surprised one of your staff haven't sold the story yet," He says, and Zoe glares at him.

"They aren't staff; they are family, we are all family, we stick together," She says, and Valen sticks his hands up in the air in surrender.

"Settle down; you and Macey are the most aggressive rogues I have ever met, geez," he says.

"Sorry, I am just overtired," She rubbed her eyes before reaching over and grabbing Casey's school jumper off the ground. I also yawned, my eyes feeling like sandpaper, and I regretted taking my pills earlier now that I had to do some planning.

"Shit, I forgot to wash it," Zoe groans.

"Grab one of Valarian's out for tomorrow," I tell her, and she nods before sniffing it. Her brows pinch together before she suddenly buries her face in it.

"What is that? Gosh, it smells good. I want to eat it,"

she says to no one in particular. Valen raises an eyebrow at her and twirls his finger beside his head, and I chuckle when he mutters, "cuckoo."

"What? You smell it then," she snarls, tossing it at his head.

"I wouldn't want to offend you by sniffing your daughter's jumper," he mocks, and she rolls her eyes.

Valen sniffs it before pulling a face. "Ah, yuck. I can't smell anything but Marcus; thanks for making me get a whiff of my Beta," he says, shaking his head.

"You can't smell it," Zoe asks.

"Yeah, I can smell it. It bloody reeks of him," Valen says, rubbing his nose. I take it from him and sniff it.

"Yep, definitely your Beta," I tell him. Zoe rubs a hand down her face.

"I must be more tired than I thought. I thought I could smell vanilla bean and fudge," she pouts for a second.

"Now I want vanilla bean and fudge," she mutters unhappily.

"Cravings, are you sure you are not pregnant?" Valen laughs. Zoe looks at him, appalled.

Not unless I am giving birth to baby batteries or a baby bunny vibrator," She spits at him. I chuckled at her while Valen just blinked, shocked at what she said.

"Go to bed. I will fill out the order forms," I tell her while laughing. She nods, yawning as she gets to her feet before moving off to her bedroom, muttering

about finding some vanilla fudge tomorrow.

Night, Zoe," Valen chuckles, and she flips him off over her shoulder before disappearing down the hall.

"She is definitely my favorite out of your friends,"

Valen states.

"What's wrong with Macey?"

"Ah, she threatened to castrate me and put me on an ants nest. Tell me what is right with that one. Who says that, let alone thinks of something like that?" I laugh before looking over at the table.

"Tatum dropped some clothes off for you while you put Valarian to bed. They are on the table," I tell him before reaching over to the coffee and grabbing a pen from the drawer. I sit back, pulling the order forms out to fax off tomorrow. Valen gets up and rummages through the bag Tatum dropped off.

"Can I borrow your shower?"

"You can't borrow it, but you can use it," I tell him. I peeked up at him, and he had a silly grin on his face, and my lips tugged in the corners.

"Towels are in the hallway, "

"Valarian showed me earlier," He says and walks off down the hall while I turn my attention back to my task.

Valen POV

Her shower was tiny, and every time I turned or moved, I was knocking crap down off the shower caddy or smashing my elbows on the walls. Getting in, I nearly knocked myself out of the showerhead; it

was that low, and why was everything pink? Pink shampoo, pink soap, pink shower curtain, and floor mats; it was like a pink explosion in here. I didn't pick her for a girlie girl.

I should have used the kid's bathroom, not the joint one between Zoe and Everly's room. Turning back to the task at hand, I grab the pink loofa and sniff it. It smelt of Everly, so the fluffy pom-pom pink thing must be Zoe's.

I was bending down under the showerhead trying to wash the shampoo out when I heard the door open and thought at first it was Everly until I listened to the mention of fudge mumbled, and I froze. That wasn't Everly.

"Remind me to ring Emily tomorrow to check on her, " she sings out. I froze, wondering what she was doing before I heard that she was peeing. Were they that comfortable peeing in front of each other? Then again, Marcus and I were close, and he had no care about taking a leak in front of me.

"Everly?" She asked. I said nothing before suddenly the shower curtain was ripped back, and we made eye contact.

Her weary gaze goes to my shocked one, and her eyes widen when she screams, scaring the crap out of me, and I grasp the shower curtain, trying to shut it while she tries to cover herself where she was sitting on the toilet peeing.

The shower curtain was flimsy as I yanked it closed only for it to rip off, and the motion caught me off guard. I lost my footing on the slippery surface. I somehow ended up sprawled out on the floor, my legs spread in a very inappropriate manner, exposing me to a very horrified Zoe, and my head bent awkwardly in the corner of the shower.

"Shit, f*ck. I thought you, ah I can see your penis and balls I can see it all, I want to unsee it," Zoe shrieks, covering her eyes.

"Everly!" She calls out.

"Shh, shh, stop, don't call her in here," I choke out, trying to un-wedge myself. Bloody, how embarrassing and awkward. We made eye contact, eye contact, while both of us were in a very vulnerable state.

"What, are you alright? Oh my god, you're bleeding, I will get Everly," She gushes, about to run from the room, but I moved, grabbing her ankle as she went to dart out.

"I'm fine, let's just never speak of this moment again," I gasp, my back killing, and I reach behind me before pulling out a pink back scrubber that was digging into my rear. I dropped it on the floor before looking up at Zoe who was staring at the ceiling.

"You good dude, alive?"

"Just great," I tell her, covering myself with the torn shower curtain.

"Nice chat," she says, quickly closing the door. I stumble out of her death trap shower and over to the mirror. The corner of my ear was bleeding and running down the side of my face. I clean it up before drying and putting on some boxers. Will add that memory to the most awkward situation file in my head. Man, I can never look that girl in the eye again.

Walking out, Everly is passed out on the couch. Her mouth was wide open and her head bent back awkwardly, and I sighed, relieved when I realized we hadn't woke her.

Scooping her up, she didn't even wake, making me wonder how much she actually works since she could sleep through all that noise I just made and Zoe screaming. Walking up the hall, I stopped when Valarian called out as I passed his door.

"Are you sleeping in here, dad?" He asks, rubbing his eyes.

"Go back to sleep. I will be here in the morning when you wake up," his eyes move to his mother in my arms.

"Can I sleep with you and mum?" he asks, suddenly brightening up excitedly and I look down at Everly. I was planning on sleeping on the couch because Valarian's bed was way too small, but if Valarian is in there, maybe she won't mind?

"Please?" he whispers, but he is already climbing out of bed.

"Okay, but be quiet, we don't to wake your mother, "

"Mum could sleep through a tornado. The only thing that wakes her is her alarm once she is asleep, Aunty Macey let off an air horn once, and she didn't even move, yet her alarm wakes her, " He shrugs, walking ahead and pushing the door open.

"Really?" I asked him.

"Yep, probably the medication that Grandma Val gave her. She takes them sometimes when she can't sleep. She took them just before dinner, " Valerian says as I place her down on the bed. I thought she took panadol, so this was news to me, yet she did give me a funny look when I caught her popping pills

like she was caught doing something she shouldn't be doing.

"Valerian climbs in the middle, " tugging the blankets up.

Grandma Val works here?" I ask him, climbing in beside him.

"No, she died when I was a baby. She gave us the hotel to build our village, " Valerian says, yawning. He places his head on my chest and snuggles closer.

"If you were a baby, how do you know she gave them to your mum, "

"Because I heard Aunty Zoe and Aunty Macey arguing with mum over her taking them, something about them making her infertile. They said Grandma told her to take them only sometimes if the pain is too bad because they have wolfsbane in them, and she shouldn't spend her life numb, " I stared up at the ceiling feeling guilty. Wolfsbane was poison to werewolves, but it also had medicinal properties in low doses, like pain relief because it killed the nerves and paralyzed you temporarily, yet too much could kill you.

"What does infertile mean? " Valerian asks. I don't answer and just ask another question. "And your mum doesn't take them all the time?" I ask him, and he shakes his head.

"No, Aunty Zoe banned them from the house, but she has a secret stash in the pantry. I saw her grab them out earlier while Zoe wasn't looking. She keeps them in the sultana's box. Zoe hates sultanas, and so does Casey, "

I glance over at Everly passed out cold. "Get some sleep," I tell Valarian kissing his head.

"Love you, Dad," Valarian mumbles. "Love you too," I tell him.

Tomorrow I would find that stash and confront her, I thought to myself as my eyes closed.