

# Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

## Chapter 61

/ Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son By Jess  
Chapter 61

Valen POV

Tucking Valarian in bed, I was excited to get back to Everly. Finally, my balls are so blue that I just want her to touch it and even look at it. I would take anything at this point; I ain't picky, I will probably blow a load just by the sight of her pretty pink vagina.

Walking to the door, I had a spring in my step until my spawn opened his little mouth. "Can you read me a book?" Valarian asks; I froze with my hand on the door mid escape. Please be a five-page pop-up book with one sentence on each page. 2

"Sure," I tell him turning around and stepping over Casey, who was asleep on his trundle. Valarian holds up the never ending story. It literally was a never-ending fucking story. The thing was at least five hundred pages. Please be big lettering like page size, one letter a page big letters. '

Valarian shuffles over, and I squeeze next to him on the bed, having to fold myself like origami to fit on the pint-sized human bed and open this book which, of course, was to do with space just like his bedroom. (Daily Latest Update [www.Novel.Com](http://www.Novel.Com))

At least it's educational, I groan. Which idiot brought this book? Wait, I did; I was that idiot. I would never encourage nighttime reading again; I get it now! Valarian looks up at me, blinking and yawning with a cute little face staring at me expectantly. I start reading and get to some part on the milky way and glance down, hoping he is asleep, but then I make eye contact with eyes that match mine. He was awake! Why, why do you do me like this! I was aware I was chucking a tantrum, knew it was a tantrum but for the love of God, go to fucking sleep! (Daily Latest Update [www.Novel.Com](http://www.Novel.Com))

Stifling a growl and the urge to toss the book out the window, I continued reading. I knew Everly could feel my frustration, possibly feel the weight in my damn balls too. Zoe owes me big for her crotch goblin waking my boy when I could finally get in some sexy time. ?

Even reading to Valarian, she kept mumbling about pink unicorns or some crap. I was damn near tempted to duct tape her mouth shut or put her in the hall. Lucky she is cute and kind of growing on me. To be honest, she had me at Uncle Valen, so I guess I wouldn't disown her yet, and I would let her stay. I continued reading this encyclopedia on space. An hour goes by, and I swear I heard Everly chuckle in the room down the hall. She was enjoying my torment, enjoying my blue balls. i

I almost did a happy dance when I noticed the fruit of my loins had finally crashed and carefully snuck off his bed. Stepping over Casey only to find her staring up at me, and in her hands was another book.

"Ah, sweetie, my throat is dry," I tell her, and she pouts, fluttering the lashes of her big hazel eyes. "You can have a sip from my drink bottle, Uncle Valen," she says while beaming and holding it up. That bloody word again, but it sounds so endearing. 'Uncle' has a nice ring to it. That's it. Zoe is on my most wanted list, off with her fucking head.

Casey moves over and rummages on the shelf pulling out a book that thankfully only had about twenty pages. She holds up her drink bottle to me, and I shake my head. Definitely not drinking from that after she slurped on it.

"For your throat, so you can read," she said, and I heard Everly snicker. She is sorely mistaken if she thinks she is getting out of it, or would be by the time I was done with her.

No amount of willpower could stop the gagging cough as I squirted the tiniest amount of her water in my mouth. The time it took for me to swallow it and not run for the bathroom and sanitize my mouth was the longest few seconds of my life. It was like forcing myself to swallow a golfball.

"You can have some more; I don't mind sharing," Casey chirps. Does she not know whose father I am? Does she not see that he gets his strange behaviors from me? Casey insists on me drinking some more of her backwash drink bottle, and I gag. The water tasted slimy. It shouldn't taste slimy. Why is it slimy?(Daily Latest Update [www.Novel.Com](http://www.Novel.Com))

That was definitely spit and I think, a piece of cookie. I looked at the drink bottle and the tiny hole at the top before looking down at Casey. How? I wanted answers on how she could get a cookie in her drink bottle. It makes no sense, and I just swallowed it.

Casey, now happy my non-existent thirst was quenched, hands me her book. I was going to hunt down the author or director, whoever invented prancing trolls, and murder them. They deserved death. I understood Valarian's hate for the movie, show, whatever the heck it was.

The kid was obsessed. And I don't mean slightly; I am pretty certain Casey was their number one fan. They should be giving her freebies at this point. She was a walking, talking promotion for them. Even the hairbands in her braided hair had princess poppy on them. I settled next to her reading it to her. I tried to skim a few lines to hurry it up.

But she caught me. She is obsessed. I don't know why she needed me to read it. She knew it word for word and could probably recite it backward. After the fifth read-through, she finally passed out, and I made a quick dash for the bathroom and chugged down half a bottle of mouth wash before brushing my teeth and finishing the other half of the mouth wash. I needed to cleanse my insides of the bacteria I had just ingested. I shiver at the thought of the germs in that bottle.

I sneak back to my room with a sigh of relief and shut the door and flick the lock. I mentally debated dragging the dresser in front of it, too but figured surely they couldn't pick a lock. (Daily Latest Update [www.Novel.Com](http://www.Novel.Com))

Turning around, I looked at the bed. Nope, not happening. She was asleep. I did not just ingest a slobbered on piece of cookie and drink spit water, and read half the damn library for her to fall asleep before I got back.

Nope, she is paying up. I briefly wondered if I could get her to pay up for the kiss she owes, maybe kiss my little head instead of my big one. I ponder cursing Zoe and the kids for a few seconds before climbing in the bed like a creeper and stalking my mate. Sneaking between the sheets, I climb between her legs only for her to knee me in the face.

"Shit, are you alright?" She mumbles, half asleep.

"Valen, it's late," She whines and yawns as I shove her legs apart and grip her ass in my hands and drag her pussy closer for me to feast on. I suck on her thigh, and she jumps as I nip and suck at her skin, working my way to my prize.

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Everly POV

It was the feel of warm hands on my skin that pulled me from my sleep; I tried to stay awake for him, but after the first hour passed, sleep was calling me, so I had drifted off into oblivion. I was still stuck in the remnants of my dream when I felt him grab my legs, Half asleep and startled awake, I acted accordingly and brought my knee up, kicking my leg out before recognizing the tingling sensation moving up my thighs.

"Shit, are you alright?" I gushed, hoping I didn't hurt him, though why he couldn't wake me, like a normal person I did not know? I heard him grunt and curse under his breath before dragging me closer to him.

"Valen, it's late," I yawned, rubbing my eyes when I felt his hands grip my hips and his shoulders force my legs further apart. I had no time to worry about the fact his face was between my thighs when I felt his breath on my skin before feeling his tongue and mouth lave the inside of my thigh as he sucked on it, moving his lips ever so slowly to where I wanted it.

Sleep was forgotten as arousal teemed throughout my body when his warm breath caressed over my slit before his hot, wet tongue curled between my folds, licking a line to my clit. His tongue was ferocious, swirling and lapping, teasing and tasting as he devoured me.

My eyes closed as I became lost in the sensation of his mouth on my flesh. My skin prickled with heat as my entire body became hot and flushed. Valen's hands moved from my ass to my thighs as he spread me wide before dipping his tongue inside me and tasting my desire as it spilled out onto my thighs.

His deep, guttural groan vibrated through me as he pushed me closer to the edge. His mouth left no part of me untouched as he retraced his path back to my clit and sucked on my throbbing bud that had developed its own pulse.

My pussy clenched as the first simmering ripple of my orgasm washed over me, and I saw white, my mind blissfully blanked, and my back arched as he shoved me over the peak, free falling blinding through the pleasurable waves of my climax.

My hips rolled, and my pussy pulsed against his hot mouth as I rode the tides of my orgasm. His mouth moved to lap at the juices that spilled from me as I melted against the soft sheets, blissfully relaxed as my body cooled down and I tried to catch my breath. I shuddered when his tongue flicks over my clit one last time teasingly, tickling before he crawls up my body and rests his hips between my legs. His erection rested against my sensitive pussy.

Valen kisses my jaw, nipping at my skin, and I yawned when he bit the skin along my shoulder, breaking the skin and making me hiss. He laughs softly, licking and nibbling my lips as he rolls his hips against me. ,

"You're not sleeping. I'm not finished with you yet," he growls, and my lips tug in the corners, yet I was so ready for sleep now. "Can I do an IOU?" I chuckle.

"You do owe me; a kiss. Don't think I have forgotten," Valen chuckles, nibbling and licking at my lips. He rolls his hips against me, making me gasp as he brushes against my clit. I groaned, kissing him back when his tongue sweeps across my lips and brushes the tip of my

tongue.

My fingers slide through his hair before gripping it and dragging his mouth closer as I tangle my tongue with his. He shivers when I trace my fingertips down his side to the waistband of his shorts, pushing them over his hip as I lifted my knees and rolled my hips against him.

He groaned against my lips, helping me get rid of his pants as he used his hand to shove them down his legs before kicking them off. He settled his weight back between my legs and moved his pelvis against mine. His thick cock slid between my folds before pressing against my entrance, and I squirmed, moving up a little before he could shove inside me and glared at him.

"Forgetting something, I am not having a baby right now,"

"No, but nine months sounds alright, though," I raise an eyebrow at him, and he drops his head against my shoulder and groans. "Fine," he sighed before sitting up and leaning over to his bedside table. He flicks the lamp on and rummages

through the drawer, removing a foil package. He tears it with his teeth before settling between my legs and rolling the condom on before huffing in annoyance.

"Happy?" Valen mumbles against my lips as he kisses me, and I nod, kissing him back and wrapping my legs around his waist before twisting and forcing him on his back. Sitting up, he *growls* at me while I rest my weight against his hips. His hand moves up my thigh to my hips, his thumb brushing over the faint marks that line them from carrying our son, his eyes following his hands that move up my side, across my ribs to the side of my breast.

He brushes his thumb over my hard, peaked nipple before leaning up to take it in his mouth while his arms wrap securely around my waist. He lifts his weight, dragging us higher up the bed so he can lean against the headboard. His mouth not leaving my skin as he licked and flicked my nipple, teasing it between his teeth. I moan softly as the bond flares with desire, and I roll my hips against him. Moving my hand between our bodies, I wrapped my hand around his large, thick length and positioned him.

My weight sank down on him and my walls clenched around him at the feel of his cock filling me. Valen leans his head against the headboard and sighs while I get used to the feeling of having something inside me after so long. Leaning forward, I kiss him, gently rocking and raising my hips slowly as I find some sort of rhythm. He kisses me back eagerly, his tongue delving between my lips, dominating mine while his hand slid up my neck into my hair. He grabbed a handful, pulling my head back while his lips traveled down my jaw and neck. My hand fell behind me onto his thigh as I moved against him while he sucked and licked my breasts before clutching me back to him and kissing me deeply.

His hands gripped my hips, my skin pinching between his fingers as he moved my hips faster and set a new speed. My hands gripped his shoulders as he built up friction, my pussy clenching around his thick cock soaked in my juices. My hips moved faster as I chased the feeling building inside my stomach. After my breathing turns harsh, I push his hands away, chasing after the sensation, only to be slow down again when he grabs my hips. His worry slivers through the bond like he thought he would hurt me.

"You won't hurt me, have had a baby remember," I murmur against his lips as I kiss him. His worry seems to slip away as he kisses me back. "Then grip the headboard," he mumbles between kissing me. Reaching up, my fingers grip the headboard above his shoulders when he grips my hips, lifting them before slamming me down on him and making me gasp. His cock bumped painfully against my cervix. It was a good pain as my walls squeezed around him.

Euphoria slips through me as he continues to roll and lift my hips. Our bodies moved in sync as I felt my stomach tighten, felt the heat wash back over my skin, making goosebumps rise all over. His grip tightened, his nails digging in, and I felt his legs tense beneath me just as I came undone.

My pussy clenching and milking him as my orgasm ripples through me; he groans as he finds his own release. His grip loosens, and I roll my hips, riding out the remnants of my pleasure before crashing hard into his chest.

Valen's breathing was harsh as we both tried to catch our breath. Valen's lips press to my shoulder before he turns his face toward mine, which lay heavily on his shoulder. He caresses my lips with his before brushing his nose against mine.

"I love you," he whispers, and I smile, bumping his nose back with mine before pecking his lips. "What's there not to love? I'm pretty great," I chuckle. "Is that right?" he teased; wrapping his arms around my waist, he flipped me onto my back.

"Should I be hurt you didn't say it back?" he laughed softly, nipping at my jaw to my lips.

"No,"

"Then say it," he whispered while licking the seam of my lips. "Tell me you love me, save my ego," I chuckle at his words before gripping his face in my hands and pushing him back so I could see his face.

He was breathtaking when vulnerable. He was all the time, but the uncertainty of three words I could see truly worried him.

"I love you, Valen Solace; I have since I found out you were mine," I tell him, letting him. "The whole time?" he laughs, and I chuckle. "Yep, all that time, I just loved to hate you then."

"And now?"

"I just love you," I whispered, wrapping my arms around his neck and tugging his lips back to mine.

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The following morning was a rat race, as we tried to get the kids dressed and ready for the day. Pulling a shirt over Valarian's head, he instantly whined as I crinkled the collar.

"Valarian, I haven't got time, not today," I told him. Of all the days he wanted to have a meltdown, it had to be the day of the Alpha meeting. It would be held at 3 P M, and I was a nervous wreck already. Valarian chucks a full-on meltdown, tugging at his shirt and crying. Valen came over from making his and Casey's cereal. The shirt looked acceptable to me before gripping the hem and lifting it off him.

"Calm down, the Hotel is fine, Everly. You're stressing for no reason," Valen says while wandering off to get him a new shirt. Valen returns with a button-up one and carefully does the buttons, making sure not to wrinkle his shirt before sitting Valarian at the table.

My brain felt fried with the list of things I had to check once back to the Hotel and help set up, though Valen assured me he would help. How I wasn't sure because I needed him to watch both kids since Zoe and I would be helping set up.

"I have to duck down to the council really quick, then I will head to the hotel to help you," Valen tells me.

"Well, you need to take the kids with you. Zoe and Marcus are already setting up, and I need to check the restaurant and check off the catering supplies," I tell him.

"No, my father is watching them for us, and I already asked Zoe who was fine with him taking Casey too, you just have to meet him downstairs in the wine garden. There is a kid play area," Valen says, coming over and pecking my lips.

"Wait, what time," I called after him.

"Just head down after they finish eating. Dad's taking them to the movies and to lunch and will meet us at the Hotel," Valen called over his shoulder before walking out the door. I sighed, looking over at the kids who were happily eating their fruit loops. Thank god Kalen was taking them. I don't think I could handle their sugar rush today.

The wine gardens were lovely, though the stares I received from everybody were beginning to annoy me. I couldn't wait until it was out just so people would fuck off with their glares.

Casey and Valarian were climbing on the climbing frames and swinging on the frames when I got a text message from Kalen saying he was running a little late. Though I was surprised he had my phone number, Valen must have given it to him.

"Ah Casey, don't eat that," I tell her, racing over as she was about to eat a snail.

"But why, that lady is," Casey says, pointing to the woman at the tables who was eating Escargot snails. Valarian pulls a face at the woman as she eats one that was on her lettuce. "Still don't eat it. Snail slime is poisonous," I tell her, wiping her hands free of the handful of snails she had collected from the garden.

"Then why is she eating them?" Argh, come on Kalen, then you can answer these questions. I

internally groaned.

"Because they are a delicacy, and they are cooked, not fresh from the garden," I tell her.

"Gross, if you ask me, why would anyone eat a slug?" Valarian asked, plucking a snail from the garden where I just made Casey drop them. It came out of its shell, and he drops it, pulling a face, and I chuckle at him when a voice from another table reaches my ears.

"Seems Alpha Valen needs to up his standard, especially for the price we pay, letting rogues in here, such a shame," the middle aged woman says, turning her gaze to me. Valarian growls at her, shocking me, and goes to say something, I grip his shoulder gently, and he looks up at me and I shake my head.

"Mind your place, boy, rogue-whores and their mutts shouldn't be allowed in the presence of the elite," she sneered, and I glared at her. Biting my tongue. I was not about to cause a scene.

"I will have to put in a complaint. Looks like the Alpha is letting in all kinds of riff-raff in here,

"It appears so, ma'am because he let you through his doors," I tell her, sick of whining voice, she seemed appalled that I would even talk back to her, let alone call her the riff-raff.

"How dare you? Do you have any idea who I am?"

"No, and I don't care to. I have standards, and you don't meet them," I tell her, and she huffs, tossing her napkin on the floor before stomping off just as Kalen steps into the child's play area.

"Sorry, I am late, I got caught in traffic," he turned to where I was staring after the woman.

"Everything alright?" He asked.

"Fine, I need to go," Kalen nods, and I turn to the kids, and Casey is stuffing her pockets full of snails. I click my tongue, leaving Kalen to deal with it before pecking them both on the cheek and telling them to behave.

"I will find you later, dear," Kalen says, pecking my cheek and hugging me much to the disgust of those around us. Somehow I don't think I will get used to his sudden affections toward me. I roll my eyes before leaving and looking for Tatum, who was supposed to take me back to the Hotel. Only when I walked out the front doors, I stopped, seeing Valarie's truck. I blinked and took a step back, and Tatum climbs out of the driver's seat and shuts the door. My hands went to my eyes, and I rubbed my eyes, holding back the tears. I thought he crushed i

"Is it?" I couldn't believe my eyes. Tatum smiles before tossing me the keys, her old key

chains still attached along with the pendants of four steel cut-out girls and three babies. The three key chain pictures of Valarian, Casey, and Taylor were also still attached. I kissed the keys, trying not to become emotional over an old truck.

"He didn't destroy it?" I choked.

"Nope, kept it in the garage. I filled it up for you, but she needs a good clean, pretty dusty down there," Tatum says, and I nod.

"Valen said you were stressed this morning. He was going to give it back tonight, but then rang and asked me to give it to you, to help cheer you up," Tatum laughs. It definitely did that. I hugged him quickly.

"Thank you," I tell him before jumping into my truck. I reach over to the glove compartment and unlock it.

Relief floods me when I see the letters from Valarie inside; I pull them out, making sure they *were* all there, including the one for Valen, which was still sealed. I swallowed before placing it back.

It had arrived a few weeks after her passing along with the others for when the kids grew older. I was so devastated about the car because I thought they would never find out what was in them. Placing them in my handbag, I would put them in the safe back at the Hotel. Why I didn't in the first place was beyond me. I also grabbed out her storage locker key where all her belongings were and chucked that in my bag along with them. Starting my baby up, she roared to life. I smiled before pulling out heading home.

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Kalen POV

Something must have happened with that woman I saw leaving as I watched Everly leave. She seemed upset, turning back to Valarian and little Casey. Both were in a mood.

"Poppy, can you get us a drink?" Valarian asked, and I smiled. He looked so much like Valen when he was his age, his big amber eyes looking back at me reminded me of his father, though Valen had grown out of his dimples.

"Of course. What would you like?" I asked them both.

"Banana milkshake," Casey squealed, and I smiled before looking at Valarian, though I had a funny feeling of what he would ask for before he said it, especially if he was indeed like his father.

"Vanilla, please," I nodded, happy I was right before looking around for the servers. Not seeing any, I spied the bar, which only had a small line.

"Okay, wait here; I will be right back. I am just going over there," I point the bar out, which was only a couple of meters away before stepping through the playground's safety gate. Excited for the day I planned out to distract the kids.

It kind of reminded me of when I used to take Valen out. Every Sunday was our day. Every Sunday was an adventure when he was a small boy, always hunting for unknown places to take him.

I place the kid's orders and order them some subs to take with us too, before turning to look back at them. I waved before realizing they were gone.

Two minutes, if that, I had turned around for only a few moments and they just disappeared. Racing back to the playground, I searched the tunnels, climbed into the cubbyholes at the top, and checked the slides. They were gone, and my stomach sank, my heart racing like a drum at the thought of losing them.

"Hey, the kids, the kids that were in here, did you see where they went?" I asked, grabbing a security guard's arm. He looked behind me at the playground and shrugged.

"I didn't see any kids, Alpha Kalen,"

"I want all hotel security looking for a boy and girl. The girl is in a pink dress with, um, um, what is the name?" I tried to think of the name of that show she liked, the one Valen complained about. "Trolls, it's a pink troll's dress, the boy a light blue button-up shirt and navy slacks," the guard starts rattling off their descriptions across his radio before turning to me.

"Their names?"

"Casey and Valarian," I tell him scanning the wine the gardens for any trace of them. How could I lose them, and why would they leave?

"And whose kids are they are?"

"My grandkids just fucking find them," I snapped, darting off and yanking my phone from my pocket. My hands shook as I punched in the numbers, I dial my son's number again, missing a couple of numbers in my haste as I ran through the foyer, l

looking for any sign of them. I manage to dial the correct numbers a few seconds later, scanning the place while I wait for my son to answer.

"What's up?" My stomach sank at the thought of what I was about to tell him, and I felt sick like

I was about to throw up. Everly, and he would never trust me again. My heart thudded painfully against my ribs, so hard I was at serious risk of heart attack. Do these kids not realize I am old? I can't get a fright like this.

"I lost them, I lost the kids,"

"What do you mean, you lost them?" my son snapped, his voice slightly hysterical.

"They

were right there, then I went to get them a milkshake, and I turned around. They were gone," I panicked, racing through the restaurants and bars, looking for them.

"They couldn't have gone far; I am on my way." Valen replies.

"Okay, I will ring Everly," I tell him, dreading that call.

"No, let's see if we can find them first. They couldn't have left the hotel," Valen says, hanging up

I had every member of available staff looking for them, the entire security personnel was searching, and even a few police had showed up to help me search the damn place when a call came over the radio.

"Found them. They were in the kitchens hiding," A chef calls over the radio. The immense relief I felt could not be explained as I made my way to their location. Pulling my phone out, I called my son back to let him know, and he told me he was nearby here. No doubt to rouse at the kids for hiding on me. Walking into the kitchens, both kids were sitting on milk crates, the chef standing over them with his arms folded not looking impressed.

"I caught them tampering with the mayor's wife's food," the chef tells me, and I put my hand on my hips.

"Well, haven't you two been up to mischief," I asked them.

"She was mean to my mum," Valarian huffs, and I tilt my head.

"Who was?"

"That lady with the curly hair and pig's nose," Valarian said before getting up and walking to the double doors. He points out a table, and my brows raise. Alpha Nixon's wife, she was a nasty woman.

"What did she do?" I asked him.

"Said we weren't welcome in here, called us riff-raff," Valarian says, and I growl.

"You should not have run off like that. You should have told me. Your father is distraught and on his way here," I tell him, and he drops his head. The chef watched as I turned to look at him.

"You didn't serve her the spoiled food?"

"No, caught them just in time, sir," I nod.

"Very well, I will take it to her and make these two apologize," I tell him, and he nods, handing me a tray that had escargot on it and a bowl of soup. I give the children a scolding look before noticing a snail in Casey's hand and chuckle. "Were you going to put live ones in her food?" I laugh, shaking my head?

"She is the one that wants to eat slugs," Valarian pouted before glaring out the doors at the woman. I glanced around and noticed the chef was busy cooking at the back, and no one was paying attention.

"I saw nothing," I tell the kids, placing the tray down and turning my back on it.

"Huh?"

"I saw nothing," I tell Valarian, nodding toward the snails in Casey's hands. She pulls more from her pocket. How many did this kid stow away? Valarian giggles when a waitress notices, and I nod to her. She glances at the table number on the tray before looking out the door and pressing her lips in a line as she snickered.

"I saw nothing either," she says, sending me a wink.

Grabbing the tray, I see the snails had been replaced and one was even swimming around in her soup. "Allow me," the server says, and I glance at her name tag. "Thank you, Stacey," I tell her, handing it to her. She nods, smiling at the two mischief-makers behind me who were giggling, taking the tray out and setting it in front of her.

She nods and thanks Stacey while we watch from the kitchens when Valen busts through the doors. Relief is clear on his face, and the kids duck behind me, peering up at him under my arms.

Valen

lets out a breath, "You two have some explaining to do," he scolds before being cut off by the shrill screams coming from the restaurants. I try not to laugh as I watch the woman spit her food out and jump back from the table. Valen turned, looking out at the commotion while the woman was shrieking and waving waiter's over.

The kids laughed behind me, and I erupted and joined them, and my son looked at me before

folding his arms across his chest. "What did you do to the City Mayor's wife?"

"I saw nothing," I tell him, and he looks at the children.

"Pop said we could," Valarian snitches and I look away, well I thought it was quite funny. "I stand by what I said; I saw nothing," Valen sighs. "I hope she chokes," Casey says, pursing her lips and squinting her little eyes at the woman. "And why is that?" Valen asks her.

"Seems the woman doesn't like rogues in your hotel, son," I tell him.

"Good, let's introduce you both then, shall we?" Valen asks.

"She was mean to mum," Valarian pouts with teary eyes.

"Well, we can't have that, can we?" Valen says, holding his hand out to my grands on. If only I had the balls all those years ago to have Valarie on my arm and by my side. I thought guiltily. I won't allow my son to make my mistakes.

"But dad, she is the mayor's wife,"

"And this city is owned by me and Pop. We elected her husband as mayor, and I can easily remove his status," Valen tells him.

"Good, then I want to be the mayor," Valarian says, and I chuckle.

"Aim higher, my boy. No name holds more power than Solace in this City," I tell him, and he looks up at me with a sparkle in his eyes. Oh, he would be a terrific Alpha one day.