

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 68

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Toward the end of the night, everyone had calmed down, and the cleanup began. In spite of the exhaustion and aching feet from standing on them all night, after the incident with my father, the night turned out well. In addition to introducing me to many people, Valen made an official announcement to the media at the end of the meeting. Therefore, as everything was about to come to an end for the night, I was eager to crawl into bed. However, I noticed Kalen lingered a little longer when Valen came over with Valarian asleep in his Arms.

"I have people on the way to help with cleaning up; they will be here soon. Come home, I need to get him to bed," Valen said, leaning down. Valen pecks my lips when I looked up at him and I smooth down Valarian's hair when Kalen walks over to u

"Actually, can I speak with you for a minute?" Kalen asked, and my eyes went wide. He wasn't seriously going to tell him, now was he?

"Ah sure," Valen motioned toward a nearby table, but Kalen shook his head and reached for Valarian. Valen watched him, staring oddly at his father while my heart beat frantically in my chest. Kalen handed Valarian to me and I grabbed him; Valen's brows wrinkled, and I could feel his confusion through the bond.

"We can stay here for the night," I told Valen, and he nodded.

"Fine, I will be up in a minute; just let me go lock my car back up," he tells his father before walking off.

"I didn't mean right now," I hissed at Kalen when Valen was far enough away..

"I need to get it over with; it's time Everly. Besides, if I don't do it now, I worry I won't be able to bring myself to do it," he sighed. I chewed my lip, slightly worried about what would happen; looking toward the car park where Valen went to lock his car, I sighed before nodding.

"I'll get Zoe to watch him for me and I will be back in a minute," I told him, before quickly escaping back to the apartment. Zoe was also setting Casey down to bed when I walked in. Marcus was resting on the couch with his head back.

"Fun night," Marcus chuckled, while shaking his head.

"It's about to get worse too," I told him and he sat up, but I shook my head instead, quickly taking Valarian to bed and stripping his shoes off and jacket before tucking him in. He would pitch a fit in the morning about sleeping in his clothes, but right now

I had bigger issues to deal with, like the explosion I was expecting when the news of Valerie came out..

"Zoe, can you watch him for me for a few minutes?" I asked, her while walking back out to the living room. She was removing her shoes and looked over at me.

"Of course, is everything alright?" she asked and no sooner

than she said it, did Marcus jerk upright when we heard a thunderous growl that was clearly an Alpha's roar of rage. My heart skipped a beat as I ran for the door. Marcus though, was faster beating me down the steps and he took off.

The door flung against the door with a bang and I cringed at the sound, hoping it didn't wake the kids as I raced across the gardens to the restaurant.

Horrified staff stared out the window at the parking lot and Marcus shoved through them and out the doors. I gasped when I saw Valen punching into his father. Kalen was on the ground while Valen rained blow after blow into his face. Blood spraying everywhere and I pushed past my stunned workers and through the glass doors just as Marcus grabbed him, ripping him away from his face only for Valen to slam his hands into Marcus's chest and launch him, backward and into the side of a car. His body creating an outline in the metal as Marcus shook himself out, looking dazed.

"Valen, stop," I called out to him while racing over to him. He snarled and punched his father again, and I grabbed his arm. Kalen didn't even fight back and had his arms up, letting his son pummel him bloody. Valen roared when I grabbed his arm and yanked it back, making me fall backward. My ass smacked the ground, and I grunted at the impact. The hard ground caused my tailbone to ache.

"Valen stop," I screamed, getting to my feet again and grabbing him. My grip on both his arms, however, was ineffective. Having never seen him so angry before, I was

afraid he would kill him. Despite my minimal weight compared to his muscled frame, I shoved him and was pretty sure that I injured myself in the process. I toppled on top of him and he sat up, but I scrambled back and moved in front of Kalen as Valen launched himself at him.

In anticipation of the impact, I closed my eyes, but the crash never came when a ferocious growl screamed from him and my eyes opened. The gasp that left me sputtered as I found myself suddenly nose to nose with his

wolf form that towered over me. He lifted his paw in the air with claws extended, looking for a kill before they abruptly retracted as he placed the paw on my shoulder. I could feel Kalen shaking behind me and Valen snarled, snapping his teeth at his father's legs. I grabbed his furry head and pulled on his ears to draw his attention away from his father.

"Stop," I said in a barely audible whisper after catching sight of his eyes sparkling with tears, and he struck my hands down with a massive paw. He sat up, blood streaming down his face, and Valen paced in his wolf form to find a way past me to reach his father. However, I knew he wouldn't attack me to get to Him.

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"I'm sorry, son," Kalen choked out and groaned. Turning my head, I looked at him. Kalen's face was so swollen he was barely recognizable. He coughed before placing his fingers in his mouth and removing a tooth. Valen's answer was a growl when I helped Kalen to stand. The sound of cracking bones reached my ears as I heard Valen shift back behind me. Keeping a grip on Kalen, who was unsteady on his feet, we moved toward his car, and I fished his keys out of his pocket and unlocked his car for him.

"I'm alright, dear. Go, check on my son," he hissed, falling heavily in his seat. With a nod, I turned to find Valen had walked back to his car.

"Valen?"

I called, and he turned to look at me as I walked over to him. The look he gave me made me stop.

"You knew, you knew and said nothing," he said and bit the inside of my lip and nodded. Hurt shone in his eyes as Valen looked at the Hotel.

"She gave you this place, didn't she?" he asked.

My lips quivered as he turned his gaze back to me. "She recognized your son," I told him, and he sucked in a deep breath.

"You should have told me," he said, and I could feel his heartbreaking, the sadness for a loss he didn't actually lose all

those years, the sinking feeling that I betrayed him.

"Valen, wait. Just let me." He got in his car and slammed the car in reverse, smacking into the brick garden out front of the main office before tearing out of the driveway. The engine of his car roared as he floored it down the street.

"I take it that is what you meant when you said it would get a lot worse?" Marcus said as I rubbed my arms against the cool breeze. He stopped beside me with a groan while rubbing his lower back, and Kalen pulled out of the parking space before winding down his window.

"He will forgive you. It's me he is truly angry at," Kalen said with a sigh. I nodded and watched him leave.

Three days later. The only time I had heard from Valen was via text message. Three days had passed, and he was still angry at me. I knew he spent most of those days drunk. Could feel the unease sitting in my stomach through the bond. Standing out front of the school, Valarian and I waited for him to come to get him, yet the feeling through the bond was like he was passed out and asleep. In no way was I letting my son go with him if he was drunk. Therefore, I hoped it was just my guilt for not telling him sooner.

"What time is it?" Valarian asked me, looking both ways down the street for his father's car. Retrieving my phone from my pocket, I glanced at the time and sighed. He was almost an hour late.

"He will come, he promised on the phone," Valarian said while nodding his head and walking back to the bench seat that sat in front of the school. I wandered over to him and sat next to him.

"Maybe he is in traffic?" Valarian said, fidgeting with his fingers.

"How about we ring him when we get home? Maybe he is busy,

"But he promised he would be here," Valarian said while looking at me teary-eyed. He had been asking for his father since the morning after the Alpha meeting. Asking where he was and when he could see his father and I kept making up excuses.

"Did you have a fight?" he asked, and I turned to look at him.

"You did. You upset him and made him leave us, didn't you?"

"No, he is upset about his mother," I tell him, and his eyebrows furrow.

"But Nana died years ago?"

"And people stay sad for a long time," I tried to explain.

"Well, you can take me to him," Valarian said, hopping up and walking toward the car. I tried to ring Valen on the short walk back to my truck, but he didn't pick up.

"I don't think he is home. We can try to ring him when we get back home."

"No! He promised me. I want to see him. I want my dad!" Valarian screamed at me. Startled at his outburst, I stared at him before pulling myself together and kneeling beside him, wiping the tears that streaked down his cheeks.

"Valarian, I don't think you should see him right now. Your father needs time," I tell him, but he shakes his head.

"What if he needs me, please, Mum! Please," Valarian begged, and I dropped my head and pinched the bridge of my nose. I sighed before looking back at his big amber eyes filled with tears. "Fine, but we just knock, and if he doesn't answer, we go home," I tell him, and he nods. Valarian bounced on his heels excitedly and raced toward my car, climbing in the back and buckling himself in. Jumping into the driver's seat, we headed to his Hotel.

The regret I felt upon stepping out of that elevator was instant. No guards stood in the corridor, yet the smell of liquor had Valarian pinching his nose. Grabbing his arm, I tried to steer him back into the elevator when he took off, racing down the hall. I chased after him when he pushed inside the door that was wide open.

"Dad! Dad!" Valarian screams excitedly before he falls silent. Rushing through the door, I could see Valarian standing in the hall, where it opens up to the living room. Valarian looked over his shoulder at me before looking back into the mess. Glass crunched under his shoes as he walked off in search of his Thapa father.

"Valarian, wait," I called, trying to catch up to him, only to stop when I walked in and saw it for myself. Broken glass lay everywhere, the couches were upturned, and the china was broken, blood spatter was on the walls, and the place looked like it had been burgled. I followed the sounds coming from Valarian before finding him standing in the doorway to the bathroom.

"Dad?" Valarian murmured, and I gripped his shoulder only to find Valen passed out on the tiled floor.

"What's wrong with him?" Valarian asked, looking around at the mess. I could tell that now he had found his father. He was on the verge of a meltdown as he took in all the mess and the state of him.

"How about I ring Pop, and you stay with him for the night while I look after daddy, okay?" I asked him as he shook. His eyes teared up, and he glanced over at his father on the floor.

His entire body was shaking, and he nodded his head before stepping into the bathroom and leaning down to shake his father's shoulder. "Dad?" I heard him murmur, and his father groaned but didn't wake. Valarian leaned down and kissed his cheek. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I called Kalen, who said he was on his way over to collect Valarian for me.

Once he had, I walked back into the house before cleaning the place. Furious that he let it get this way, knowing full well what his son was like. The place was trashed and stunk like a brewery. Sweeping up the glass and mopping the floor, I then walked back into the bathroom. Now that the hall was clear of glass, I dragged him to his room. It took me 20 minutes to lift him onto the bed. He groaned and mumbled but never woke, and by the time I was done, I was absolutely livid. I drove all the way back to the hotel, fuming and snatched the letter and the keys from his mother out of the safe before driving back.

There was no excuse for breaking his son's heart as he did. Fair enough, he was pissed at me, but Valarian didn't deserve to see him like that, and I also blamed myself for bringing him here. About an hour later, I had found all the liquor bottles in the place and started tipping them down the drain when a hungover Valen stumbled out, bumping into the TV unit and clutching his head in his hands. Ignoring him, I continued pouring the bottles down the sink when he rubbed his eyes.

"Everly?" he questioned, seeming confused before his eyes blew wide.

"What day is it?" he asked.

"Monday, you were supposed to pick Valarian up," I told him, trying to keep the anger out of my tone. He muttered before he groaned and clutched his hair, banging on the side of his head with his fists.

"Why are you here?" He asked, staggering to the kitchen counter before falling onto a stool. He dropped his head onto his arms.

"Did you not hear me? You were supposed to pick him up, but

instead we came here and found you passed out on the floor in the bathroom." his head whipped up from his arms.

"Wait, Valarian was here?" he asked, and I glared at him.

"Yes, you promised him, then he walked into this place looking like a shithole with you drunk,"

"He saw me?" Valarian asked, and the feeling through the bond was guilt and panic as he looked around the room for him.

"Where is he?" he asked, getting up and rushing to his son's room.

"He is not here. Your father has him," I told him, and he froze before snarling and turning on his heel and stalking toward me.

"You let him take him?" He growled angrily.

"Yes, because he asked for you and you were unavailable. I understand you're upset, but don't punish your son for it, Valen," I told him, walking over to my handbag. I rummaged for the letter Valarie sent to me for him after her death. Her handwriting was on the front. I swallowed the lump that formed in my throat, and tears pricked my eyes just thinking of her before I turned around.

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Chapter 70

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"She always watched; you just didn't know. She watched you your entire life. Don't let her down by having to watch you destroy yourself," I tell him before thrusting the letter at him.

He takes it, reading his name on the front. "What's this?"

"From Valarie, it arrived in the mail a couple of weeks after her funeral along with a few others," I told him, and he turned it over between his fingers. After shaking my head, I grabbed my bag from the counter and headed for the door.

"She's dead, Everly. He kept her from me, and now she's dead," he said, and I stopped. Tears burned my eyes as I stopped and turned to face him.

"She is only dead if you believe she is. That hotel is her legacy, hers. All those women and the rogues? She helped build that. I hated your father for so long and what he did to her; I may never forgive him for that, but if he hadn't, none of that would exist. All those people, she gave them their lives back, that hotel gave them their lives back. She isn't dead, Valen. Everything I am, Zoe is, Macey, your son, is her. Gone, yes, but she is not dead because no one will forget what she has given to us." I told him. Valen shook his head before falling back onto the stool. He clutched his head in his hands, and his shoulders shook as he broke down.

"He lied; all those years he lied to me," Valen cried, and I

chewed my lip to stop it quivering before walking over to him. I ran my fingers through his hair before taking the letter from him. He looked at me, and I placed it in my handbag.

"What are you doing?"

"Come with me?" I told him, and he shook his head.

"I want to show you something," I tell him, pulling on his hand.

"But first, you need to get dressed; you stink," I tell him, groaning as I pull him to his feet, and he chuckles. He snuffles and tries to kiss me, but I pull away.

"Did you make out with an ashtray?" I asked him.

"That bad?" he asked, and I nodded, pushing him toward the bathroom. I turned the shower on, and he pulled his clothes off. After retrieving him a towel and fresh clothes, I sat next to the sink basin.

I messaged Kalen and checked on Valarian, who he said was asleep. When Valen got out, he changed, smelling and looking like the man I loved.

"So, where are we going?" he asked as I retrieved my bag and keys.

"You'll see," I told him, leading him down to my car, his mother's old car.

"This was hers, wasn't it?" he asked, stepping aside and

staring at it. Biting the inside of my lip, I nodded before chuckling.

"She taught Zoe how to drive in this thing. It's why it has a dent in the back," I chuckled, pointing it out. He looked at the back tailgate at the pole mark, where she reversed into it.

"I almost crushed it," he whispered.

"But you didn't. Good thing too. All the letters were in the glove compartment," I told him before climbing in. Valen hopped in beside me as I started her up. He stared vacantly out the window for most of the drive.

"What was she like?" he asked as we pulled up at my hotel.

"I'll show you," I told him, climbing out of the car. Valen's brows furrowed, but he reluctantly got out. Grabbing his hand, I walked him around to the storage sheds at the far back of the property closest to the reserve.

Digging through my bag, I retrieved the keys I got earlier when I went home to grab the letter. I unlocked the padlock and kicked the slide lock.

"It wasn't until after she passed and I was going through her things that I realized why your father was so afraid to have her by his side. This, this is who your mother was," I told him, lifting the roller door. The shudder groaned as it rolled and banged open. Leaning in, I flicked on the lights. The fluorescent lights blinked before buzzing, staying on, lighting up the huge shed. Valen gasped and stepped inside, and I followed behind him.

The room was not only filled with all her belongings but her past. "Your mother came from a wealthy family. This hotel was the first one built in Mountainview City. The City was built around it. Valarie's father refused to join any packs as they formed around the City." I told him as he looked around the place.

"All this is hers," he asked, looking back at me, and I nodded. Valarie had a lot of secrets, most I kept close to me, ones I never knew, but she trusted me with after her death.

"After her parents passed, they left her this place, your father discovered her, and they had you, but because of all this, and the uproar she caused in her younger years, your father worried about it damaging his reputation," I told him, glancing at all the banners that hang from the walls. The posters and huge blown pictures of all the rallies she attended.

"She wasn't a rogue-whore like everyone thought. I believed she was like me. It wasn't until she died that I understood what she meant when she said me and her were the same. She was mislabeled like me. She allowed everyone to see her that way, but she wasn't. Your mother was an activist. An Activist for the Rogues, and all this and the hotel were all hers. Her legacy and what she fought for." I told him, grabbing a picture off the wall.

I handed it to him; it was a blown-up newspaper clipping, Valarie front and center leading the protest with her banner

held high, passing him another. It was of her standing on the roof of a cop car to rally her troops.

"She stopped when she fell pregnant with you. Everyone eventually forgot. Then I met her, and she met her grandson, and she started fighting all over again, only this time instead of fighting in the streets, she gave the rogues a home, and she asked me to continue it," I told him, looking around at the memories that were once hers.

Moving to the back, I grabbed an old scrapbook. It was old and heavy, filled with every news clipping of her son, and at the back were photos of every event he attended that she snuck into. Grabbing the other down, it was of him gr

owing up. I handed it to him, and he looked down at them before moving to clear off a box. I stood off to the side and watched him open it.

"She always watched Valen. She was there; you just didn't know it." Valen nodded, turning the pages. I handed him back his letter before giving him the key.

"I will let you look. Just lock up when you're done." I tell him before pressing my lips to his shoulder.

"You kept it all these years?" he asked, and I looked over at him. My lips quivered, and I cleared my throat. This place always reminded me of her.

"Yes, because she wasn't just your mother, Valen. For a while, she was also mine," Valen nodded and turned back to the scrapbook. I smiled sadly before turning and walking back to my apartment, wiping my tears as I went.