

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 52

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I had every intention of coming over here and dragging my son out and beating this stupid man senseless, though I probably would have needed help to do such a thing, and it all backfired.

"Stay, I will sleep on the couch," Valen says gripping my arm.

"You would sleep on your own couch?" I scoff.

"Wouldn't be the first time. Also, pretty sure I have passed out on the floor more times than I count," he says.

"No, I have to go see Zoe anyway."

"Call her and stay. The Hotel will survive without you for one night,"

"I don't even have clothes here,"

"I own a washing machine and dryer; I also know how to use them,"

"Ha, very funny. You're probably a better cleaner than I am with your OCD. But I don't think that is a good idea, I can't," I sighed, rubbing my temples.

Since when did my life become so complicated? I had so much going on. The Alpha meeting was in a few days. My employees were missing, the rest sick. Now the drama with Casey's father, and now I had to fight my damn bond every second the day. I felt like my grasp on control was slowly slipping. Everything is being thrown out of wack.

"I don't want to confuse Valarian more than he already is,"

"What do you mean, we are about to announce to the City we are mates Everly? How would you being here confuse him," he asks, leading me out of the room and into the hall. He shuts Valarian's door before stopping to look at me. How does he not get it?

"Yes, exactly announcing we are mates, but that's it. I don't want him thinking we are suddenly a family like everyone else. It is different,"

"You are making this different. To me, it is straightforward. I am yours, and you are mine. That's what mates are, Everly. We are supposed to be together, so why

do you keep bloody fighting it?" I don't bother answering. Instead, I go look for Marcus.

"I sent him home," Valen calls out behind me. "You sent him home?"

"Yes, because I hoped you would stay,"

"I don't want to stay, Valen. I don't know how I can make it much clearer,"

"You know what your issue is. You are so used to being in control. You call me OCD, and yet have you looked at yourself?"

"Excuse me, I am nothing like you. I didn't f*cking torture you for years. I sure as hell didn't ask for your god damn help; that boy in there, I raised him on my own. While you stuck your dick in every bitch in the city and spent the last few years drunk out of your f*cking brain, we are nothing alike," I snap at him.

"I have apologized, I can't f*cking change it, or I would. So stop throwing it in my face every two seconds. I am trying to make this work while all you do push me away. I know I f*cked up, but you could have done more too, don't put all the blame on me,"

"Done more? You kicked me off your f*cking territory, I tried telling you over the phone, and you laughed at me,"

"My private life is far from private Everly there were plenty of events in the city where you could have come right up to me with him, and I would have recognized him, f*ck you could have sent me the DNA tests or coun-ordered them, you make out I am a drunk," He pauses for a second he appeared to be thinking before he shrugged.

"Well, I was, but I wasn't drunk every second of every day. I still had obligations to the pack and city. Don't tell me there was nothing else you could have done. And the reason you didn't was because that meant you ran the risk of f*cking losing him, so don't put the blame entirely on me, you f*cking hate me, I get it but you also could have found another way and your hate towards me is why you didn't," I blink at him when Valerian's voice reaches my ears.

"Mummy?" Valerian murmurs, making Valen spin around to face the hall.

"Why is everyone yelling?" I went to pick him up when Valen did before I got the chance.

"Come on, I will tuck you back in; you have school in the morning," Valen whispers to him, kissing his head.

"Stay or don't. I am done arguing. My keys are on the bench if you want to leave," Valen says while walking off with a sleepy Valerian in his arms. I could hear him murmuring to him before I turned around walking into the kitchen to look for his

keys. I snatched them up, intending to leave, when I stopped when I heard Valarian was crying in the room.

Moving down the hall, I stop near his door listening to Valen try to calm him. Wondering if I should intervene. "I don't want to stay if mummy can't. Does she think I don't want her because I wanted to stay here? You don't have to make her leave." Valerian sobbed. My head clenched at his words. Did he think I blamed him or his father? I was the one trying to leave. I went to walk in when Valen's voice stopped me.

"Your mother is angry with me, not you. She will come back. Daddy did the wrong thing, that's all,"

"But she is leaving and not taking me with her, why wouldn't she stay?"

"Do you want me to take you home?" Valen asked him.

"But I want to stay here too," peeking in the door, Valen rubs his face.

"I am right here. I am not going anywhere," I tell him before Valen no doubt tries to retake the blame. Maybe he was right?

Perhaps I could have done more or maybe it was the bond making me think that or the fact Valarian was upset. Although, I always noticed when events were held in the city. We made sure not to organize events on the same weekends. He wasn't wrong about that part; he was a part of many events where I could have approached him. Moving into the room, Valen looks at me before looking at

Valarian. "See, she is right here,"

"And you will stay?" Valerian asks, and I look at his father before nodding.

"I will stay; I just need to ring Aunty Zoe. I will be here when you wake up," I tell him. Quickly leaning down, I peck his cheek.

"Go to sleep. It's late," I tell him. Valarian snuggles underneath his blanket. I watch as his father gives him a kiss before I walk out of the room.

I walk into the living room and sit on the couch, pinching the bridge of my nose. Valen was still in his room, and I sent Zoe a message to see if she was still up. I waited for a reply, but I figured she was asleep when I didn't get one. I would tell her tomorrow, it probably wasn't a good idea to tell her over the phone, plus I knew she wouldn't sleep once I told her.

"Are you ringing, Zoe?" Valen asks, walking out and stopping next to me. He falls on the couch beside me.

"You didn't have to take the blame," I tell him. "He will find out eventually anyway,"

"You're right; I could have found other ways to tell you," he nods.

"Well, I know now," He says with a sigh before getting up.

"I will get you some clothes to sleep in unless you are sneaking off, I can distract him until you get back in the morning?"

"I told him I would stay, I will stay on the couch," I tell him. He goes to say something but I cut him off.

"Your apartment Valen, I will sleep on the couch," I tell him and he purses his lips but nods before walking off.

He returned with some clothes and a towel before pointing me in the direction of the bathroom. Everything in his bathroom was so clean and white. Undressing I stepped in and turned the shower dials. Seriously, who has dials?

Water sprayed out like a damn tsunami blasting me in the face and I placed my hands up shielding my eyes. So much for not wetting my hair.

I turned the other dial only to find water sprayed out the wall making me shriek when my *ss is suddenly pelted with a force that water shouldn't come out and it was freezing cold. I tried to shut it off when music started blaring from somewhere. What the f*ck, the bathroom suddenly turned into a rave and I was being waterboarded while my *ss was filling with water.

Was this Karma? Did I break a mirror or something? I tried covering my ears over the horrid radio blasting from god knows where, while trying to shield my eyes as I spun the dials trying to shut it off.

"Everly?"

"How do you turn it off?" I screamed. "The blue dial,"

"I can't see a blue f*cking dial, your dial is broken," I shriek at him when another jet of water suddenly comes from the roof, the f*cking roof. I shield my head and my *ss, forgetting the ears, I would go deaf but my *ss can't take any more. I felt like I was in a carwash, not a damn shower.

Suddenly the water cuts off and I hear laughing. Scrubbing my hands down my face I blink my eyeballs aching.

"Off" Valen said pointing to one dial.

"On, and that one is pressure," he says pointing to the third dial while laughing.

"You couldn't have a normal functioning shower?" I snap while choking on water.

"Maybe yours are dated?"

"My *ss feels like it just got blasted to the damn moon,
who in their right mind wants an *ss blaster in the shower,"

Valen chuckles looking down before I realized while I was drowning and choking on the water I was also very much naked. A shriek left my lips as I shoved past him to grab a towel to cover up. Wet tiles and my coordination were not a good mix tonight as I collided with him taking both of us out. Valen tried to grab me but I was done for.

Valen wheezes as I go tits and *ss up before landing on the floor on top of him. I felt like this was some sort of set up and I was being punked, surely this couldn't get any more awkward.

I was so wrong when I realized I was looking at his feet which meant I was on top of him with my *ss on his face. How? Just how?

"Your *ss really did get blasted," Valen chuckles. Please moon goddess strike me down and put me out of my misery! I scramble off, and there was no ladylike way I could have avoided him seeing me when now he had an internal view, not even my gyno got that close and personal with my never regions.

"Good to know you wax," Valen adds, his commentary was not necessary. If only he saw it two weeks ago it looked like the a*****n jungle, with my winter fur coat. I was foul when I got that call saying I was three years past my last pap smear. Thank god, I was or he would have been coughing up a hairball.

I snatch the towel off the basin covering myself trying to keep some dignity even though I was pretty sure most of went down the drain along with my ability to speak. I cleared my throat.

"Do you want me to fix the shower?" I nod and hum looking anywhere but at him. He snickers trying to contain himself as he turned it on for me. He then takes his shirt off motioning toward the shower.

"I have already seen you, so no point hiding from now, Everly," he chuckles before shedding his pants and stepping in.

"Get in the shower Everly, we are even now, I have seen yours and you have seen mine,"

"I was just a bit more polite and didn't chuck my genitals on your face," Valen snickers, and I growl at him. I made sure to keep my eyes on his before he raises an eyebrow at me. I roll my eyes but he was right nothing much more he could see so I dropped the towel and hopped in.

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"Can you not stare," I snapped at Valen. His roaming gaze made me self-conscious. My body was not what he would be used to, my stomach wasn't flat, my hips had faint stretch marks and my boobs didn't sit perky on my chest anymore. My body was ruined from carrying Valarian. While he stood looking like he just stepped out of a sports magazine all hard chiseled muscle and tan complexion while my skin was pale in comparison and I looked frumpy.

"Does my staring bother you?"

"Ah, yeah. I wouldn't have said it if it didn't," I tell him, turning away from him.

"You have had a baby, that doesn't make you look any less appealing, Everly, so don't shy away from me now," he says, putting his head under the shower spray to rinse the shampoo from his hair.

Easy for him to say, I don't have ex's for him to compare himself against. Whereas I have seen the girls in the papers that he kept on his arm, even met one of them. As if I wouldn't feel inadequate compared to their perky fit bodies while I looked like used goods.

I quickly washed before hopping out and wrapping a towel around myself. Valen leisurely moved about as he got out, uncaring that he was standing around naked in front of me but unlike him, I averted my gaze instead of gawking and kept my eyes strictly above his pecs.

I yanked his shirt over my head before undoing the towel when I realized the pants were gone.

When I tried to leave the bathroom, Valen stepped into my path. Moving the other way he did the same thing. "Trying to escape me?"

"Valen, I am tired, please. I don't want to play these stupid games. Just move aside," I tell him.

"Always so serious,"

"And you are always annoying me. Please move,"

"I will, but you have to sleep in the bed with me," I shake my head, and he folds his arms across his chest and looks down at me.

"No,"

"Fine, we will sleep here then," he shrugs before leaning against the door and with a devious smile on his lips, and I glared at him.

"Fine, but I want the bathtub. You can have the floor," I huffed before turning around and walking over to it.

Somehow I don't think his OCD ass would cope with sleeping on the wet floor.

"Are you really that bloody stubborn?" Valen asked. "Yep," I tell him, popping the P.

Valen growled behind me, and I climbed into the bathtub. I have slept in worse places, but I know he hasn't. He would not last long.

"Everly!"

"Valen!" I retorted. His growl bounced off the tiled walls before he suddenly yanked me out of the tub.

"Good thing I am also stubborn. Would you look at that we have something in common, and you are sleeping with me," Valen growled while I struggled to get out of his grip.

"Valen," I snapped. My fists hit his chest as he tried to pull me from the tub. He laughed before tossing me over his shoulder. I banged on his back before digging my elbows into it.

"You can be a jerk,"

"Imagine Valarian's little face when he finds you in my bed instead of on the couch,"

"That is guilt-tripping and you know it, don't use our son to get what you want,"

"What I want is for my mate to sleep in the same bed as me. I never said I would try to sleep with you, but your squirming is making it rather difficult" I dug my elbows in deeper and his back arched as he walked up the hall toward his room, he pushed his bed room door open with his foot, and I growled at him.

"Do I need to find something to tie you down with, or will you behave?"

"Do that, and you will wanna sleep with a towel wrapped around your bloody neck,"

"Why would I want to do that?"

"To stop me from cutting it while you sleep," I snap at him.

"Then I am definitely tying you to the bed," I growled, my legs and arms flailing before I stopped and growled at him.

"Fine, but I am the big spoon," I tell him. "Are you trying to ruin my masculinity,"

"Take it or leave it," I tell him before I am dumped on the bed. A squeak left my lips at the motion, and I growled while he chuckled at me.

"Fine, you can be the big spoon," Valen growled as he climbed on the bed. He tugged the covers back before climbing underneath them.

"I was happy to just share the bed with you, but hey, if you want to hug me, I will take it," Valen tells me, and I rolled my eyes at him but climbed underneath his blankets.

Gosh, his bed was comfortable, like a cloud, and I would never ever agree to take the couch again. I realized how uncomfortable my bed was, which I used to believe was comfortable. I was pretty certain he just ruined my bed for me now. Ah, and his scent made me want to roll around in it, not that I did. I have some control, but I suddenly never wanted to leave his bed.

"Ah, are you forgetting something? What about spooning me?" Valen laughed.

"I'm too comfortable to move now, hug yourself," I yawned before feeling the bed shift under his weight. Valen pushed my shoulder, wanting me to roll on my side, but I was actually considering biting him for moving me. Although the warmth he offered made me shut up and wiggle back against him.

"I prefer being the big spoon," He said, snuggling against me. He shrieked when I jammed my freezing cold feet between his thighs.

"How can your feet be cold when you just had a shower?" He growled, and I snickered.

"If you want to be the big spoon, you also get to be my feet warmer," His chest vibrated against my back with his growl, but he didn't move; instead pressed closer, and I succumbed quickly to sleep.

The sound of my phone ringing in the living room woke me. Valen groaned behind me, and I blinked around at the room to find it still dark but could see the sliver of light peeking out the sides of the thick block-out curtains. "Turn it off," Valen snarled while pressing his face into the back of my neck.

I yawned about to toss the blankets back and climb out to retrieve my phone when I realized the tune playing wasn't my alarm but my ringtone. The noise cuts off mid-tune.

"Thank god," Valen mumbled when it started blaring again, and I sat upright. Valerian's voice reached my ears.

"Hey, Aunty Macey," Valerian said from the living room. I peeked over at the bedside table to see Valen's phone on charge and I moved out of his grip to snatch it. I pressed the power button, and the screen lit up, telling me it was midday. A gasp escaped me and I lurched upright.

"Valen, get up. We slept in," I snapped at him before hitting his shoulder just as I heard Valarian's footsteps run up the hall toward the bedroom. The door opens further.

"Mum, Auntie Macey said she needs to speak to you about Zoe. She is crying," Valarian said while holding the phone out I took it, placing it to my ear.

"Hey, I am sorry I am late. I-"

"Why haven't you been answering your phone. Amber and Micha just rang Zoe and said they are on their way to get Casey,"

"What," I said, jumping out of bed. I raced to Valen's dresser and opened drawers before grabbing the first set of pants I laid my hands on. I ripped them up legs.

"I am not at the Hotel, Zoe rang me hysterical. I am stuck at the morgue. I need you to get to her," Macey sobbed, and I nodded.

"I'm on my way,"

"Wait, why are you at the morgue?"

"They think they found Emily. An officer picked me up to identify her,"

"Her son,"

"I have no idea. Get to Zoe," Macey said, hanging up. My head spun, and Valarian stared up at me worriedly.

"Is Auntie Zoe alright? I didn't want to wake you, I'm sorry," Valerian cried and Valen looked around confused. "It's not your fault, but I need to go. She will be fine," I told him.

"What's going on?" He yawned.

"I need your keys; I have to get back to the hotel," I tell him.

"Stay with your father. I will be back when I can," I told Valarian before rushing out the door. I snatch his keys off the bench and herald for the door just as Valen came out carrying our crying son.

"Everly, what's going on?"

"Micha mate found out about Casey. Zoe needs me over at the hotel,"

"Is everything alright?" I looked at Valarian, not wanting to say much in front of him, especially since I didn't exactly know what was going on. All I knew was I let Zoe down. I should have gone home and told her last night what Officer Richard said.

"I will send Marcus to meet you, Go. I will meet you over there," I nodded and rushed toward the front door.

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Chapter 54

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son by Jessicahall Chapter 54

As I jerked to a stop in the staff car park, the scene unfolding before my eyes made my blood boil. As Micha tried to yank her away from Zoe, Casey clutched her mother's clothes and wailed. Staff members attempted to separate them, and I tossed my door open and got out.

"Micha, what the f*ck," I snapped at him. Zoe looked up, and I rushed over to her side, shoving her behind me and getting between them.

"Take Casey inside," I told her when I noticed a woman come stomping over in a rage. Her blonde hair hung loosely in waves and her face made up looking like she was about to step into a photoshoot. She looked every part the perfect housewife until she opened up her mouth.

"Micha, grab the kid and let's go," She snapped.

"Amber, get back in the car," Micha groaned, turning to face his mate. I pushed Zoe toward the doors of the Hotel. Before looking at some of my staff.

"Where is security?"

"The perimeter was breached. They are fixing the fence and out of radio range," One of them told me. F*ck! I cursed under my breath.

"Like hell, I will. She stole my baby. I should be the only person having your Kid Micha. Now get Casey, and let's leave. She is a rogue whore. Just knock the dumb bitch out. No one will care, and your father will get you off anyway," Micha scrubbed a hand down his face, and I could tell he didn't want any of this happening, but Amber was a nut job and also his mate. She was always loud and outgoing at school, but I was shocked to see how cold- hearted she was now. Micha turned to look at me and I glared at him.

"I'm sorry Everly, step aside. I want my daughter,"

"Want your daughter? Where f*ck were you for all these years, coming and going as you pleased, Casey barely even knows you,"

"Regardless, she is still mine," He says, trying to shove past

me.

"Wait, Everly? Is that you?" Amber said, finally looking in my direction. I glared at her.

"Holy shit, is you. Everyone wondered what happened to you? Your father said you ran away," She gushed with tears in her eyes. Is this bimbo for real right now. She tried to embrace me, but I stepped away from her.

"Everly?" Amber said. I can't believe she dared to look hurt in the situation.

"Leave both of you, or I will be forced to call the police," I tell them when Micha made a run for the door and jerked Zoe back by the back of her shirt. She smashed against the ground before he grabbed Casey, and I moved to her holding her arm.

"Let her go Micha," I snarled.

"This has nothing to do with you Everly, now stand down,"

"Like f*ck I will, now let her go!" I yelled, and he let go. He appeared shocked, and so was I. My aura rushed out, and he paled, taking a step back from me, but it wore off quickly, and he snarled that I commanded him before he lunged at me. I shoved Casey toward Zoe just as he knocked me down on the ground.

"F*cking command me Whore, who do you think you are?" He spat, trying to pin me when my head smashed onto the concrete. I saw stars for a second, my vision going black

and I heard Zoe scream before hearing a scuffle. My surroundings blurred when he was suddenly gone from on top of me. Amber's blood-curdling scream made my heart thud thinking it was Casey or Zoe that got hurt when I heard the sound of flesh on flesh. I turned my head to see Marcus stand upright from pummeling Micha, who was curled in the fetal position on the floor.

"Zoe, Casey?" I gasped as Amber rushed toward Micha on the ground. Marcus snarled, which made me look back at him as I got to my feet. My head was pounding and I could hear sirens in the distance heading our way. But I was too distracted by the look on Marcus's confused face. He turned his head to the side, slightly looking around me, and I followed his gaze to see Zoe looking white as a sheet of paper, her eyes wide, and I rushed to her side and gripped her arms and shook her.

"Zoe?"

"Zoe?" Marcus repeated behind me, and her eyes were locked on his. I peeked over my shoulder at him.

"Casey's mum, right?" Marcus asked her and Zoe nodded. I was seriously worried she was about to pass out with how clammy her skin went. Marcus yanked Micha to his feet by the front of his shin. Amber squealed and ripped at his shin.

"So you must be the father?" Micha nodded just as Marcus headbutted him. The sound of his nose breaking made me flinch, and blood spurted out when Marcus's fist connected with his jaw. Marcus let him go, and he fell to the ground in a heap just as Zoe fainted.

Casey shrieked, and I only just caught her as she fell forward into me. Tires screeched to a stop as cop cars pulled up everywhere and Officer Richards jumped from the first vehicle. Marcus growled, and he backed up with his hand on his gun.

"Pull it, and I will end him, Richard. What will be?" Marcus growled at him. His entire body trembled as he fought the urge to shift and I looked back at the terrified Officer Richard's who looked at his bleeding son on the ground at Marcus's feet. Amber sobbed over the top of him.

"Whatever he did, I will see it is fixed," Officer Richard murmured with his hands up.

"Good, make sure he stays the f*ck away from my mate," Marcus snarled before stalking toward me. He grabbed Zoe, scooping her up in his arms while I stared dumbfounded. It now made so much sense. How did I not see that?

"I spent hours in the washing liquid aisle trying to find that scent, not proud to say it, but I even tasted a few, and all I had to was follow your daughter home, hmm," Marcus said to an unconscious Zoe.

"Wait, Zoe is your mate?" Officer Richards asked, just as shocked. Marcus growled at him before holding out his hand to Casey, who looked up at him, his shirt drenched in her father's blood.

"Come on, princess, let's take mummy inside," Marcus said to her. She looked over at me, and I nodded for her to go with him and was about to check on Micha when Marcus called out to me.

"You to Everly, leave the bastard Valen is on his way," Marcus said as he walked toward the Hotel doors. I rushed ahead of him and opened up the door for him when he stopped and looked back at Officer Richard's who was fussing over his son.

"I suggest you get him out of here, Richard. I left him breathing. Valen won't for touching his Luna," Marcus told him. Officer Richard motioned some of his men over, who were all staring at me oddly.

"Luna? But she is a rogue," Amber blurted out.

"Shut it, you over-opinionated mutt," Officer Richards snapped at his daughter-in-law.

My eyebrows raised at his words and two of the other officers rushed over peeled Micha off the ground, who groaned in pain.

"You have done it now, boy," Officer Richards snapped at him.

"Ah, Everly," Marcus called as he nodded toward the next door leading out the back of the restaurant. I shut the door and rushed over to him just as I did. Zoe came too, and projectile vomited all over the front of him.

"Well, not the reaction I was hoping for, but still it's a reaction," Marcus said while Zoe stared wide-eyed at him.

"You're my,"

"Mate," Offered Marcus, and she nodded like she thought he was a figment of her imagination. I was beginning to wonder if this whole scenario was a figment of mine too.

"And I just spewed on you," Zoe squeaked. Marcus looked down at the front of his shirt. He shrugged.

"At least I can help you shower?" Marcus chuckled. Zoe nodded, looking at him like a deer stuck in headlights.

"You can't shower with her. You will see her privates," Casey said, and I completely forgot she was there. Great observations Everly, deserve a pat on the back, I thought sarcastically.

"Oh right, we will shower with our clothes on, can't have that," Marcus agreed with her. Casey nodded her head, accepting that answer.

"Want to see where we live I have all the trolls movies, and they have a TV show, Valerian doesn't like to watch with me, but you can," Casey said, tugging on his arm and leading him out. I followed them. My head was throbbing, and once inside, I flopped on the couch and called Casey over to me while Marcus went and helped clean Zoe up.

Casey rummaged through her movies, placing Trolls on, and I rested my head back on the couch and rubbed my temples. "Aunty Everly, is my dad going to Jail?"

"I'm not sure, sweetie. Are you upset?"

"No, I don't want to go with that lady. They tried to take me from school, mum drove really fast on the way home, and that crazy woman drove into the side of mums car in the parking lot,"

"She what?" Casey nodded, pressing play.

"Yep, the school went into lockdown, she said she was my mum but I already have a mum, the school locked me in a cleaning closet until mum got there and security dragged them away, but then they chased us,"

"No one is taking you from your mother, I promise," I told her holding up my finger. I would sell the damn Hotel to pay for the legal bills if needed but I doubted it would

come to that now. Casey nodded and gripped my pinky. "Why wasn't valerian at school?"

"We slept in," I told her just as the door burst open and Macey rushed in.

"Oh, thank god," Macey said, running in and scooping up Casey. She hugged her tight.

"Where is Zoe? Woah, what happened to you?" Macey said, looking at me.

"Huh?"

"You have a huge egg on your head," Macey shrieked, and I felt my head before touching the back and wincing. Pulling my hand back, blood stained my fingertips. Great, that's all I need.