

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 81

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"You're going to marry mum?" Valarian squealed, hurting my ears, his little eyes lighting up as he danced and wiggled in his seat. "Well, I hope so, that is why we are going to the jewelers. We need to find her a ring," Valen claps his hands excitedly.

"Oh, I know. What about grandma's rings? Grandma had heaps," Valarian says. "Her mother?" I ask him, a little confused. But he shakes his head. "No, Grandma Valarie, your mum. They are in the storage shed, mum has where she keeps all grandma's stuff," he says.

"I don't remember seeing a jewelry box in there," I tell him. "No, mum packed it in a box after I dropped it, and had all my grandma's "Yep, they didn't take anything, just wrote rogue whore on the brick walls, Aunty Macey scared them off," "Language! And you remember this?" I ask him.

"Ah, it was only last year, when mum got her 5 star rating for the hotel, just before Christmas. Mum thought it was another Hotel owner. Aunty Macey smacked one in the head with her bat when they tried to get in the office area," Valarian laughs, making a swinging motion with his hands before he shrugs. Daily new more chapters update on: noveljar.com

"And she didn't call the police?" I ask him. "She did, they laughed at her and said it was her problem, so mum moved the jewelry from the safe, said it would be the first place they looked for valuables," "And how do you know where she hid it?" I ask and Valarian drops his head.

coa "I accidentally knocked a box over and broke the jewelry box. Mum spent hours crying, trying to put it back together with glue. She wouldn't stop crying, she said it was Grandma favorite possession," Valarian tells me, making my brows furrow DO "You made her cry?" I ask him.

"Yes, but I don't think it was the jewelry box. I think it was because I lost a stone out of one of the rings when it smashed. I t was Grandma's mother's wedding ring.

She said it was a priceless family heirloom, and the jewelry box was given t o grandma, so it must be the ring, because the box looked ugly," he says with a shrug while looking down at his hands in his lap. 3 OS "Do you think we can sneak in the back way?" I ask him.

"Backway of where?" DC poca "The storage shed," I tell him. "Like a secret agent?" he asks, and I chuckle when my phone starts ringing again. BE "You should answer it. She is probably freaking out." Valarian states, and I sigh and quickly answer it. Daily new more chapters update on: noveljar.com

Everly's voice comes through the speaker. "Ah, where are you taking our son?" she asks. Valarian snickers. "Father-son outing. Where are you?" "I just got home. Zoe went into heat, so I had to ring Marcus. Luckily, Macey is going to take Casey for the night because I feel exhausted today.

Bloody wet weather always makes me tired!" "Well, we should be home before dinner," I tell her before turning the car around at the roundabout and heading for the storage locker. oc poo G 3 "Where are you taking him? It's pouring down, Valen.

Not suitable weather to be out and about. Over the radio, I heard it's going to get worse overnight too," Everly screeches through the phone. "Father-son outing," I tell her, and she growls.

I glance at Valarian in the mirror before pressing a finger to my lips. He giggles and nods. "Fine, I will start dinner, I guess. Oh, can you grab more milk and coffee on your way home? Oh, and Oreo ice cream?" "Oreo ice cream?" "Yeah, I feel like ice cream," "But it's raining?" I ask her. "Just get the ice cream, Valen!" she says. "Fine, I will grocery shop too, then. I love you," I tell her. "I love you

too. Don't forget my ice cream, "Everly says, hanging up. The rain had eased off a little by the time we reached the hotel, but the car park was flooded, and the wind was horrendous.

I drove around the back of the Hotel, pulling up behind the functions room where the storage locker was before grabbing the spare key from my glove box. The trees were bending over from the wind, the sound of the wind whistled past the car, and the storage locker door rattled loudly. Daily new more chapters update on: noveljar.com

Yeah, I couldn't take Valarian out in that! I sigh, not wanting to get out in this weather either. "Yellow Box?" I ask while turning to look at Valarian sitting in the back. "Yes, unless mum moved it, maybe ring and ask her.

It is in the brown cupboard. It has boxes stacked in front of it." I nod, turning the car off. "No, this is a surprise. You can't tell your mother." I remind him, and he nods. I hold my pinkie out to him. "Pinkie, promise?" "I can keep a secret," Valarian whines, but wraps his little pinkie around mine. "And it isn't a secret.

It's a surprise. And you don't keep secrets from us," "Isn't that the same thing?" Valarian asks. "No, because I will be telling her, well, I will be asking her, so it is a surprise." a "Sounds like a secret to me!" Valarian says, and I don't bother arguing with him.

The kid would win. "Wait here. I don't want you getting wet. The last thing I need is your mother going off at me for getting you sick," I tell him before shoving the door open and rushing out toward the storage locker.

It took me a good thirty minutes of moving boxes before I got to the cupboard, and I found the yellow box he mentioned at the bottom of it. Taking the lid off, I nearly choked on my spit as I pulled it out. Tears brimmed in my eyes as I chuckled.

I always wondered what happened to that ugly thing. I had made it in wood class the first year of high school and gave it to my father. Opening the lid, I see my

name burned into the wood. Dad must have given it to her. I thought my father threw it out. Daily new more chapters update on: [noveljar .com](http://noveljar.com)

It had a huge, gaudy looking wooden flower on top. We were making mother's day boxes. Growing up, I always hated mother's day because I didn't have mine around. So I always gave them to dad. However, it was definitely broken and I could see Everly had used superglue to put the splintered wood back together. Some bits were still broken and had gaps where she couldn't glue the pieces back together in it.

Biting my lip, I now knew it wasn't the jewelry Everly was upset about. It was because she knew mum treasured the box she kept the jewelry in. She had to have known because she wouldn't have put it back together, because it was the ugliest box I had ever seen and definitely not a work of art.

Suddenly I was glad I am an Alpha because I was not going anywhere with my carpentry skills, that's for sure. She kept it, all these years and she kept it. I chuckled before grabbing a towel and wrapping it around the box before tucking it under my arm and rushing back to the car. Opening the car, I placed it on the passenger seat before rushing back to lock the shed back up.

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Chapter 82

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Everly POV

Hours passed, and dinner was going cold while I waited for Valen and Valerian. Not that I made anything special; I was too tired and wanted to sleep. So I only made spaghetti bolognese.

However, Valen said he would be home before dinner, and dinner was cooked two hours ago. Glancing at the clock, it was 7:30 PM, and the storm outside had intensified. Lightning streaked across the gloomy sky, not one star in sight as the clouds blocked out even the moon. Walking back into the living room, I snatched my phone off the coffee table and redialed his number. The phone didn't even ring; it went straight to voicemail.

Waiting another 10 minutes, I picked up my phone again to call when it began ringing in my hand. A private number came through, and I sighed. Finally, he thought to ring back. Only when I answered I wasn't expecting the feminine voice I heard.

"Hello, is this Everly's phone?" comes my mother's voice. Shocked, I pull the phone from my ear to look at the screen before placing it back.

"Mum?" I asked.

"Oh, thank God, I thought your receptionist gave me another wrong number," she says. I didn't know what to say. It was one thing seeing her on the day of the Alpha meeting, but I found myself suddenly lost for words on the phone. I no longer knew how to speak to the woman who gave birth to me. So much had changed, and I had changed. My family were suddenly strangers to me, and I no longer identified myself with them anymore.

"Are you there?" she asks.

"Ah, yes, sorry. Why are you calling?" I blurted, without thinking. She had never rung before, not even when she promised to when I turned up on her doorstep that stormy night. So many broken promises, our relationship now non-existent.

"I um. I wanted to check on you after the incident with the rogues. Your father tried to see, but your mate wouldn't let him in."

"Well, you could have visited; he let Ava in," I tell her, and she falls quiet. I found it hard to make chit-chat with her. The silence as we tried to think of what to say was awkward.

"So, how have you been?" she asks, and I bite my lip, hesitant to answer. Did she genuinely care? Something bothered me with how she rang out of the blue.

"Yeah, good, waiting for Valen and Valarian to get home," I tell her.

"He looks so much like his father," she says, and I nod, moving into the kitchen and covering their dinners.

"So, ah, how is Ava?" I ask, trying to divert the conversation.

"Ava is Ava. She is being difficult."

"And why is that?"

"Because she wants to go away to university, she doesn't want to take over the pack," My mother says.

"Well, find someone else to take over then," I tell her, looking at the clock and the minutes ticking by. I was starting to worry that something had happened because I had heard no word. Placing the phone on the loudspeaker, I searched for Valarian's tracking device in his watch...

"It's not that simple, and you know that," she answers.

I watched it load before seeing he was at the shopping complex and sigh when I see it leading toward the car park and know they must be on the way home now.

"Are you listening?" my mother asks. "Yes, still here," I tell her, turning the loudspeaker off.

"Sorry, I was checking an email," I lied. I had no idea why I lied, but it wasn't like it was any of her business.

"There is another thing I wanted to talk to you about."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Your father said you put a petition in to change the laws surrounding the rogues,"

"Yes, interested in signing it?" I ask, knowing I needed at least four Alpha signatures.

"No, but you should pull it. You are drawing unwelcome attention. Your father nearly had a heart attack when it hit his email. Withdraw the application, Everly," my mother says and laughs, shocked by her words.

"I am being serious. You have no idea what is at stake!" she snaps.

"Did dad put you up to this?"

"No, yes... But he is correct. Are you hoping to start a war? It will change nothing. No Alpha will sign that petition. It will change nothing but cause issues within the City."

"I am not pulling the petition, Mum. I don't care who it upsets. It is time things change. This is a good thing," I tell her.

"It is reckless and will cause trouble for your father. You have no idea what you are getting yourself into. You have been Luna for all but 5 minutes and are making poor choices already!" she says, and I scoff.

"I know exactly the trouble it will cause in the City, and it is why I am doing it. Try living in the rogue's shoes for once, mother. Without your credit cards or the pack's money, you wouldn't last one day. Nothing you say will get me to pull that petition, so jump on board and accept it. I don't care about your reputation or dad's. You never cared for mine." I snapped back at her.

"You are going to start a war!" She screamed.

"War?" I laugh.

"I have been at war with the packs since I was 17. Packs don't scare me, mother. I learned to live on my own without a pack. Instead, I built an empire. And I sure as hell don't need a pack because I have something far more valuable than a pack of mindless idiots that follow orders from Alpha that has no care for his people. I have a family, and families fight for each other. You may not have fought for me, but I will fight for mine!" | tell her before hanging up.

I cursed, annoyed she would ring me just to get me to pull a petition and berate me. Shaking my head, I was about to ring Valen again when I heard the front door open and close.

"Finally!" | sighed with relief as I walked toward the hall. Valarian comes rushing toward me excitedly, soaking wet.

"It's raining," Valerian says, and I chuckle." I can tell. Where did you and your father go?" I ask him just as Valen steps past me, pecking my cheek as he heads for the kitchen with grocery bags.

"Ah, we went to get groceries," Valarian says, looking around me to look at his father, who was unpacking the grocery bags.

"Where else did you go?" | ask him when Valen calls out to him.

"Go get out of your wet clothes, quick. Mum made dinner," he says, and Valarian rushes off before I could question him more. I purse my lips, watching him run off.

"How was your day?" he asked before I could question him on why they took so long.

"Good, yours?" Valen shrugs and turns to the microwave to heat Valarian's dinner.

"Worked at the homeless shelter, you should come by tomorrow so I can show you around" he says nod when he rummages through another bag, pulling out my ice cream and chucking it to me.

"Oh, you remembered," I tell him, placing it in the freezer. Yet Valen was being awfully quiet, making me wonder what he was up to. I went to ask when Valarian rushed out in dry clothes and sat at the table. Valen pulls his dinner from the microwave and takes it over to him while I watch them both.

"You two are up to something," I tell them, and Valarian looks up at his father. I narrow my eyes at them both.

"What?" Valen asks.

"Well, first, he usually tells me all about his day when I see him, and I got vague answers. You were both two hours late, and it doesn't take two hours to get two bags of groceries from a shop that is two minutes from here," I tell him.

"Hm, well, care to explain why our son has a tracking device on his watch?" Valen retorts.

"You know why. Besides, it is for his safety, so don't change the subject. Where were you both?" I told him.

"Shopping," Valen says, and Valarian nods his head.

"Fine, don't tell me. I will check his tracker data later," I smirked, folding my arms across my chest.

"No, need. I made him leave it in the car except when we stopped to grab groceries, but you will know soon enough anyway," Valen chuckles, and so does Valarian.

Valen returns to the kitchen and heats his own dinner up and mine, and we sit down and eat. After dinner, Valen stayed busy working on his laptop while Valarian did his homework. Bored with watching TV, I walked over to see what Valen was working on.

"What are you doing?" I asked, peering over his shoulder.

"The design company wants to know what I want on the sign." I looked at his sign design. It looked good but was kind of dull "Mountainview Homeless shelter" was also kind of predictable.

"You don't like it?" Valen sighs.

"How about you let me design it?"

"You want to help? What about your petition?"

"I can do both. Is this the designer you're going through? I also know a better designer who is local and has a cheaper signage manufacturer," I tell him.

"Who is your designer, the same one that did the murals along the restaurant walls?" he asks, and I nod.

"Yep, I know she would love to do it,"

"She?"

"Me," I tell him.

"Wait, you did the murals in the restaurant," I nodded.

"Yes, and the one in the pool area along the fence. We couldn't find anyone to do them back then, and used to paint. Your mother found one of my drawings and

asked me to have a go at doing a mural. I did one, then she got me to paint all of them," I laughed.

"You don't paint anymore?"

"No time anymore, but I was going to ask if I could do a mural out the front of the homeless shelter anyway, so I can design your sign and send it off to get it made?" I told him. He thinks for a second before nodding

"Any other cool things you can do?" I shrug.

"No, but Macey did all the welding statues in the gardens," I tell him.

"Macey can weld?" he asked.

"Yep, she used to do odd jobs as a welder/metal fabricator around the city," I tell him.

"Huh, I did not know that," he murmurs thoughtfully, and I shrug before messing Valarian's hair. I glance at his work to see him finished and now just doodling on the edges of the paper.

"Right, that is sorted, then. If you give me a list of what you want when you can, I will order it in," Valarian says, and I smile. I hadn't painted in so long, so I was excited about the challenge. 1

Hearing my phone bing with a message, I check it. I didn't recognize the number, but knew undoubtedly where it came from by the statement it held.

'Think, Everly, you could destroy everything you worked so hard for, pull the petition, or the packs will come for you.' I growl, annoyed at the threat, and Valen looks over at me.

"What's wrong?" Valen asks and I shake my head. "Nothing, I will sort it," I tell him before placing the phone back down and walking off to get Valarian ready for bed.