

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 109

Read Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 109- Everly POV

Two weeks later

"Everly wake up. You're late again," Valen says, shaking me out of my deep sleep. A growl escapes, and I tug my pillow over my head. He growls, ripping the heavy drapes open and flooding the room with light that seared my

eyeballs from their sockets..

"Everly up!" Valen growls, ripping the blanket off me. My eyes felt like sandpaper, and I was so damn exhausted. No matter how early I went to bed, I always woke up feeling like crap, and it didn't help that he watched me like a damn hawk. And wouldn't allow me any coffee, making me question if that was an addiction. I usually had two before I even did the school run, and now no caffeine has resulted in me becoming a zombie.

"No, leave me," I whined.

"Valarian was ten minutes late yesterday and today. The tantrum I just dealt with was insane! Now up! You were supposed to do the school runs the last two days, and on both days, he couldn't wake you, and I had to come home!"

"I'm tired," I told him, reaching blindly for the

blanket that he tugged away.

“Up!” he says slapping my backside and earning a growl.

“Why,” I whined.

“Because it is time to get up!” he snaps.

“Time for you to get up. I don’t have to be anywhere,” I growl. It was my day off. I wanted to sleep!

Valen growls and storms out of the room, and I snuggle beneath my blanket when I wrinkle my nose at the smell of coffee. The smell I couldn’t stand sent me running for the bathroom, but damn, did I miss the taste and the energy buzz. The scent grew more potent, and I growled as his scent wafted in from behind me and the pungent aroma of caffeine goodness.

“I swear if you made that just to make me get up to puke, I would provide the damn vasectomy myself,” I snarl before I gasp, my throat burning. It was such an odd reaction to the one thing I loved. Once I threw up, I was good to drink it. Just the initial smell always got to me.

Flushing the toilet, I quickly rinsed my mouth while glaring at him in the mirror as I watched him take a sip. He was pushing my limits. I snarled as I stood up while he smiled tauntingly.

“Ah, be nice, DJAA [3_3 I may let you drink it,” he says.

“Hand the coffee over, hun, or I feel this mining deal may not go through,”

I tell him, “I hear the owner is a real bitch without her morning coffee,” and his smile falls.

Maybe him knowing now would play to my advantage. When I brought it, I knew if the packs

knew, they would hunt me down and probably kill me, but with Valen and my Dad behind me, no one would dare touch me now.

“You can’t blackmail me, and that was my land you brought,” Valen tells me.

“No claims, therefore, no-man’s-land and now my land,” I tell him, putting my hands on my hips.

“I still can’t believe you did that, and you nearly started a war between me and slasher pack

Alpha.”

I reach for the mug, but he pulls his hand away. “That land would make a nice protected reserve,” I muse, folding my arms across my chest. He glares at me before cocking his eyebrow at me and not taking his eyes from mine while sipping

the coffee.

I purse my lips. "Maybe I might sell the land right out the back of your territory. Slater, I heard, was looking to extend. I am sure he would offer a good amount for the spot right at the back. Do you know where I am talking about? Where your

packhouse is," I told him.

"You wouldn't dare, then you would get yourself in trouble!" he says and smirks.

"It was kind of the intention when I brought it, you know, to cause trouble, and I hear it was quite the headache for the Blood Alpha," I tell him, and

he clicks his tongue.

"Fine, one coffee, one Everly. And once that jar is gone now more, it should last you a while," he

says.

"The whole jar?" I ask excitedly, and he nods.

"Deal?" he asks, holding out his hand.

"Two a day?" I retort.

"One!" he says.

"Three!"

"One!"

"Three, and you have a deal," I tell him, and he

growls.

“Two then,” he says, and I smile, shake his hand, and he gives me the cup. I take it excitedly and have a sip before it comes spraying out my mouth as I spit it back in the cup. Valen laughs.

“What the fuck, Valen! That is not coffee,” I snarl.

“We had a deal,” he laughs. “And you shook on it,”

“Yes, a deal for coffee! Not whatever the heck that is!”

“Decaf!” he says, and I growl. “Well, I know never to let you go over a contract. Always verify what you’re making a deal on, Luna,” Valen laughs. I pull a face at him and flip him the finger behind his back as he walks out. I get dressed, pouting about my coffee fix that was not coffee.

Once dressed, I texted Zoe and Macey to see what they were doing since the hotel was under renovations. We had so much spare time on our hands, and it was like the moment we stopped working, all of us crashed and burned.

Working seven days a week for months on end, you don’t realize how tired you become until you have one day off. The girls agreed to meet up with me for lunch, and before I knew it, I was driving over to the hotel to check everything was remaining on schedule while Valen told me he was going to see his father, who was meeting him

at the homeless shelter.

Everything seemed to be happening so fast but it was a drama free day which I liked.

Valen took care of most of the debts while I waited for my accountant and some agents to sell off some of the land, selling off everything besides the land behind our pack and my father's old pack, and out of spite, I was also keeping the land behind Nixon's it might come in handy later on.

Valen seemed rather shocked about everything, as one would be, but mostly, I knew I had it but never actually thought of doing anything with it. I brought it out of spite, but it may just be what saves us from going under. Valarian's money was locked in a trust until he came of age. I could get

it out, but the hoops to jump through would be a pain in the ass. Plus, the thought of touching it

sickened me.

The day slipped by slowly, and the girls and I went to lunch in the city center. It felt odd being served and not doing the serving. We all looked and felt out of place. People stared and muttered mainly at Macey because she smelled rogue still.

The waiter places our food down in front of us and a tea. Glancing at the waitress. "I think you gave me the wrong one?" I ask her. She smiles apologetically.

"I'm sorry, Luna, but,"

"Valen!" I growled and she whisked away quickly. I knew that must be Valen's doing, seeing as it was one of his pack cafes we were sitting at.

Macey glances around before sliding her cappuccino in front of me and sends me a wink.

“I saw nothing, and I think he is being ridiculous

over the caffeine thing,” she declares.

“And cheese,” I tell them, glaring at my salad.

“Cheese?” Zoe asks.

“Yep, listeria, oh and fish, apparently mercury levels and since he can’t be bothered looking up which fish best to steer clear of, he has banned all fish, oh and mayonnaise. I will kill him by the end of this pregnancy. Every night he has his nose in a baby book,” I say with a roll of the eyes.

“Yeah, fuck that,” Macey says, and Zoe glances around like she is waiting for him to pounce on

me over the coffee Macey gave me.

“Have you told Tatum yet?” I asked Macey, she kept avoiding it. Although, she had admitted that he had been hounding her since Tatum found out about my pregnancy, especially now that they had officially moved in with each other.

“I will,” she sighs, picking at her caesar salad. Zoe smiles at her sadly. And I felt terrible because I was pregnant with not one baby but three, and

Macey couldn’t have one.

“What about you? What’s going on with you and Valen?” Macey asks, spearing a piece of lettuce and popping it in her mouth. I knew she was

trying to change the subject away from her not telling Tatum, but I would let it slide this once.

“Fine, he is super annoying and clingy now, but I was thinking,”

“Thinking about what?” Zoe asks, biting into her wrap and watching me. Yet it had been nagging at me, and even though we had marked each other and I was Luna of his pack. When I signed the titles the other day, it bothered me that I was using my last name because, technically, the pack on the paperwork were separate packs.

“Do you think it would be strange if I proposed to Valen? I know it is usually the other way around, but—” my cheeks flush. Macey stops mid-chew to stare at me, her eyes narrow.

“Wait, you want to get married? I thought you were against the whole thing, and it’s just a piece

of paper and blah blah blah,” Macey says.

“Well, I was, but Valen is handling Dad’s pack for me, but he has to run everything past me because technically, I am Alpha.” I tell her.

Zoe snickers, “And Valen is your Luna,” she laughs. I nudge her, but technically whoever held the titles was Alpha, so I was his Luna, and he was

mine.

“And Valarian has his name now and“.

“Oh my gosh, Everly, if you want to marry him, marry him, damn, you don’t need to give us a list of reasons why you should; it ain’t a business deal. Just admit you want to marry him!” Macey

says.

“So, when are you going to do it?” Zoe asks, and I

shrug.

“I don’t know, I would have to get him a ring first....just saying that sounds so backward.” I shake my head.

“Why?” Zoe asks and I shrug. It just did, and my

face fell.

“What?” Macey says.

“What if he says no?” That would be mortifying,

yet they both looked at me like I was absurd.

“He is your mate, nothing more permanent than the mark on your neck, but you think he won’t

marry you?” Zoe says, shaking her head.

“I told you, ladies, we can become nonsexual lesbians if necessary. I will gladly marry you both. If Valen says no. And the same goes for you,” she

says, nodding to Zoe, and I laugh.

“But I ain’t eating pussy. I don’t even like the look of my own vagina, let alone getting close and personal with either of yours. Valen says no. I’ll ditch Tatum and marry ya. I gotcha, baby girl,” she says and winks at me. I laughed. It did sound

rather silly that he would say no.

“I say do it. Besides, you got options! Macey is your backup plan if he says no,” Zoey says, snickering before going back to eating her food. We all ate and made small talk before deciding to

check out some of the jewelers when we came

across one hidden up some side alley.

“I did not even know this place was here,” Zoe says, glancing up at the sign. ‘Dion’s Jewelers’ I shrug, opening the door and stepping inside to find some rough-looking biker man sitting behind a glass cabinet, glasses perched on the end of his nose as he read something. Tattoos covered his arms, chest, and neck from what I could see

poking out from his button-down shirt. 1

He glances at us while we look around. “Luna, ladies, ah, what a surprise. What can I do for you today?” he asks.

“She is looking for an engagement ring for her mate,” Zoe answers him, peering into the glass displays. He nods, sipping his can of coke and stepping into the main area where we were before

turning to look at Macey.

“Oh, not me, her. She is going to propose to Alpha Valen,” Macey tells him, and my cheeks heat. The man coughs on his drink before punching his

chest.

My eyes widen as he chokes on his drink, and I move to pat him on the back while he gasps. “Are you alright?” Macey asks him.

“Went down the wrong hole,” Dion gasps, sucking in a breath. I stepped away from him as he cleared his throat. The man was a giant and not what I expected the jeweler to look like.

“How about I show you a few things, then?,” he says awkwardly.

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Alpha’s Regret–My Luna Has A Son Chapter 110 – “When are you going to do it?” Zoe asked as we waited for Dion to polish it. He was taking forever. Macey drummed her fingers on the counter impatiently. How long does it take to polish a ring? I thought to myself.

“I don’t know. Kalen said he could take Valarian tonight. I could try to make us dinner and do it tonight?” I said try because the smell of food really made me gag; he may be eating Chinese from a container. How romantic, not. Although, I should probably buy Chinese after I drop Valarian off at Kalen’s because the more I thought about it, the less it seemed possible I was going to be cooking.

“Yeah, do it tonight before you chicken out, and I will tell Tatum,” Macey says, peering through the door out the back of the jeweler’s.

“Really? You’re going to tell him?” I ask. Macey sighs but nods her head.

“Yes. Well, if you have the guts to propose, I should woman up and tell him,” she says. “So much going on today, so exciting!” Zoe gushes. “Exciting? I am about to possibly ruin my relationship while she gets married!” Macey says, nodding toward me. “Tatum won’t leave you over

something you can't control," Zoe says, and I agree. He didn't seem the sort to run just because he couldn't have kids. He loved Macey.

"We'll see, but I am about to jump this counter and polish the damn thing myself," Macey growled.

"Kalen was alright with taking him at short notice. I can take him for the night if you want me to?" Zoe offers.

"No, he seemed excited," I tell her.

"What did you tell him?" Macey asks.

"Told him I wanted to have dinner with Valen," I shrug. Dion finally returns, and he looks extremely sweaty and nervous. "Are you ok?" I asked him.

"Yeah, just not feeling well, Luna,"

"Ah well, then that is our queue to leave before you give us whatever you got," Macey growls

-stepping back from him like he has the plague. Dion chuckles, handing me the small jewelry bag and my receipt.

"Thanks," I tell him before we all leave. We had to race to the school because that took way longer than we thought.

Macey bought another cappuccino as we left, sneaking it to me when I hopped in the car. I

sighed in relief before reaching into the tote bag in the back. Macey took the decaf coffee jar FNEGR3K1 emptied it into a bin near my car before Zoe filled it with real coffee that she snuck from home.

“I did not give that to you, and if he finds out, I will totally deny it and blame Macey,” Zoe states with a soft laugh.

“Wait, why blame me?” Macey asks.

“You’re scarier than Marcus,” Zoe says. Macey clicks her tongue and folds her arms.

“Is that so?” she asks.

“Marcus thinks so. Besides, Valen is his Alpha. I can’t get him into trouble,” Zoe tells her.

“Oh, I see. Choosing cock over your sister. I will remember that,” Macey tells her.

“No, I am not! I just know you would protect me better than Marcus,” Zoe says, batting her lashes at Macey. “Yeah, yeah. Whatever you say,” Macey says.

“He won’t know; it is the same jar, and I’m a werewolf, not a bloody human, and Doc said Caffeine has no effects on were-babies; he is just being anal,” I growled, twisting the jar lid back on. I placed it back in my tote bag before we said our brief goodbyes, and I followed the girls to the school.

We waited out the front of the school for the bell to ring, leaning against the brick wall out front. “Geez, my hands are sweaty; I am so nervous,” Macey says. “Yeah, I feel a little nauseous myself. Should I get down on one knee? I have no idea what I am going to say,” I admit. “I say go all Alpha on his ass and toss it at him and say we are getting married,” Zoe says aggressively. “Gosh, calm down, mighty mouse, why so aggressive?” Macey says.

“Channel your inner Alpha Female,” Zoe states and I raise an eyebrow at her. “She is an Alpha female, Zo,” Macey laughs. “I guess you’re right, so yeah. Do that! Why not? They mark away without asking. Just shove it on his finger and say pick a date!” “Yeah, don’t listen to her, but I probably wouldn’t get down on one knee. I just couldn’t picture that,” Macey says with a shudder.

“You two are not making me feel any better, but what will you say to Tatum?” I ask Macey.

“No idea, but I will wait until Taylor is in bed, then I will bring it up,”

“Want me to take her?” Zoe asks.

“Really? That would be good. Then I can try to tell him... No... I will tell him at dinner he is always in a good mood at dinnertime,”

“I would be too if my future mate was a chef,” Zoe says.

“Fill in, chef! I am not a chef, but yeah. I am a pretty good cook, if I do say so myself,” Macey says. “Make him that crème brûlée he likes; that will soften the topic,” Zoe tells her. “I don’t know!” She groans, “but yes, I will make him something nice, but Tatum really wants more kids.”

“It will be fine, Macey,” I tell her. She bites her lip nervously, and I had never seen her so anxious about telling someone something. Macey had no filter, and at times her words could be brutal, so to see her so nervous told me she really liked Tatum.

The kids came racing out when the bell rang, and Macey made arrangements with Zoe to drop Taylor off to her, and I buckled Valarian in.

“Ring me if you need me,” I tell Macey, and she nods. “Good luck,” Zoe calls to both of us. “And I will see you at 4:30 PM Mace,” Zoe calls out. Macey waves to her and nods once before climbing in her own car with Taylor. Jumping in the driver’s seat, I headed home and got a bag ready for Valarian, and packed him some clothes for the night.

However, when I got to Kalen’s, he didn’t seem to want me to leave. He kept wanting to show me stuff and talk. Man, could he talk the leg off an iron pot. I tried to remind him I was going to cook Valen dinner tonight, but still, he insisted I stay. Definitely Chinese food; it is what I declared by the time I was about to leave when Valen mind – linked me j just as I sat in the driver’s seat.

“Having fun with dad?” Valen laughed. “Did you set me up?” I asked him, and he laughed through the link. “Yep, Dad said you were dropping Valarian over and were going to make me dinner?” “Well, it looks like Chinese now. It’s almost dinnertime already,” I say with a sigh.

“Good thing I organized dinner then,” Valen says.

“It better not be your sausage; I was actually planning on cooking actual food,” I growl. “It is real food, but you will definitely have a feed on my sausage later,” Valen laughs. “What are you making?”

“Hurry home, and you’ll find out,” Valen purrs through the mind link. I laugh and cut the connection.

Driving home, I parked underground before grabbing the small velvet box out and slipping it into my handbag. It felt like it weighed a ton; I couldn’t believe I was actually going to do this, and my palms became sweaty as I waited for the lift to take me to the top floor. Nerves twisted in my stomach as I pushed open the door while giving myself a pep talk, Zoe’s idea sounding better and better.

Yep, I was going to do what she said, or I would chicken out. I wandered down the entry way flicking the hall light on and shaking my head, wondering why it was so damn dark. And I knew he was home, and I could smell something cooking. “Valen?” I called out, but got no answer. I mutter to myself, and drop my bag on the hall stand, rummage through it, and grab the small box out, gulping I turn the corner into the living room and kitchen to find the whole place lit with candles on every surface and rose petals.

Stunned, I stopped and gaped, wondering how long I was gone, knowing this must have taken

some time to set up, it was only 5:30 PM, and I left here at 4:30, and there were hundreds of candles. I considered the fire risk briefly when Valen cleared his throat making me realize he was right in front of me on one knee. “I planned on doing this next week. But Dion called, so I had to improvise,” Valen says. “How?” I asked; this would have taken more than an hour?

“Marcus, and Tatum, while I cooked and screamed like a banshee for them to light them, and rip roses apart,” Valen chuckles.

“You don’t get to take this from me,” he whispers before turning his palm over, and opening a velvet box, revealing a ring. “I watched, I saw, and I loved you more, so Everly Summers, will you marry me?” Valen asks. Thank god, he asked because I was about to chicken out, yet I couldn’t stop the stupid grin that split onto my face or the tears that rolled down my cheeks as I nodded my head. “Yes,” I replied, and he let out a breath before taking my hand and slipping the ring on my finger. I peered down at it. Recognizing the ring, only now it was shiny, and the stone was replaced.

“Is this?” I was about to ask, recognizing it as one of Valarie’s rings, and he stood up.

“My mother’s, yes. Valarian helped choose the stone, but,” he slips the ring off, showing the inscription inside it was what he said.

‘I watched, I saw & loved you more.’ “I will spend the rest of my life loving and watching you,” he whispered before slipping the ring back onto my finger before lifting my chin and kissing me.