

## Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 147

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Another Four weeks later. "Keep your eyes closed," Valen said as I walked blindly with my hands out in front of me when I heard Macey and Zoe's voices. "Is that Zoe and Macey?" I gasped, trying to lift Valen's blindfold over my eyes. He slaps my hand away, and I reach out blindly before slapping someone. "Ouch! That you Everly?" Macey asks. Valen blindfolded me before we left and refused to tell me where he was taking me. "Oops, sorry," I tell her. "Wait, are you blindfolded too?" I ask her.

"Yeah, and Tatum sucks with directions. I tripped over the gutter back there," Macey growls. "My bloody knee is killing," she growls. "Kids slow down and away from the paint; it's still wet!" Marcus screeches just as the sound of their voices reach my ears. A hand grips my arm. "Glad I'm not the only blind one around. I was becoming paranoid he walking me off a cliff," Zoe says, and I know it, her hand on my arm. It slides down to grip my hand and gives me a squeeze just as my hand finds Macey's.

"Those pricks conspired against us!" Macey hisses. Though with them here, I had a good idea of where I was, which was surprising. Valen said the Hotel wouldn't be ready.

He had every excuse to keep us away from this place, from a gas leak to plumbing issues and electrical faults. "I swear if they have ruined our hotel?" Zoe hisses, and I chuckle, knowing there would be blood.

"Maybe the cliff was a better idea," Marcus mutters, and Valen laughs behind me. "Okay, can we take these off? We figured out where we are?" Macey says.

"One second, you have to lift your legs and step up onto the wall," Valen says. "Wall?" I ask, shuffling my feet, not wanting to trip. "Shouldn't be an issue for you, Macey.

You're good at lifting ya legs around ya ears," Tatum snickers, and she growls. "Language, you brute! Or I will jam your legs behind your head and test your flexibility," she growls at him.

1 My feet hit something, and I know it's the wall Valen mentioned.

"You couldn't have walked around the wall," "Na, too much entertainment watching you all trying to lift ya legs high enough," Marcus laughs. All three of them laugh behind us, earning growls from us.

Valen grips my hips, placing me on the little wall.

It wasn't very high yet, I wobbled, holding my balance, FRYCM? NL felt the girls wobbling on their feet too.

"Now stay there. And don't fall, or you'll ruin the garden bed beneath you," Valen says. I sigh impatiently, wanting to take the blindfold off.

"Okay, you can all remove them now," Marcus calls, and I rip mine off at the same time the girls do. I untangle my hair from it before looking up. We all gasped simultaneously at the sight before us.

Our Hotel was restored to its former glory, but that wasn't what made me gasp; I knew what the plans looked like.

I was shocked that the old fountain was gone that sat in the center of the driveway. In its place was a huge statue. Zoe cups her hands over her mouth in awe, and Macey squeezes my hand as we look up at ourselves. The statue was amazing.

Valarie stood up the top, and a photo I had of Valarie was used, but instead of the banner she held in that photo, she held the sign for our new Hotel.

'Village Retreat' Beneath her was a statue of Macey, Me, and Zoe.

All standing at the bottom, on a pile of tools and rubble.

We all had our arms cradled, a baby in all our arms, and I knew they represented Taylor, Valarian, and Casey and our struggles to get this place up and running.

"This is amazing," Macey whispers, her arm sliding around my waist as she rests her head on my shoulder, and Zoe does the same. 1

"It's perfect," Zoe whispered as I stared up at the women who inspired us all. Valarie would have loved it, and I knew she would be watching. Knew we made her proud because I was proud of what we built.

We had built something, something extraordinary. Something that made all our hardship so worth it.

Zoe snorts, choking on a sob, and I rub her back, looking at her when she points toward the massive statue. "Look at the shirts," she says, pointing at our uniforms.

The detail was magnificent, and no wonder Valen was putting it off for so long. It would have taken ages to have made.

Even the little details like our name tags on our shirts were included, and I read the tiny little detail on them. Instead of our names, it had something else. 'Watch me! "We watched," Tatum says.

“We saw,” Marcus adds. “And we loved you all more,” Valen finishes. Macey snickers. And Zoe and I laughed at them.

“Shall we go inside?” Marcus asks us, and we all nod eagerly. Walking into the restaurant, we find all our old staff waiting, dressed in their uniforms, the place decorated and food on all the tables.

“Welcome home,” Valen whispers behind me, and I see Ava walk across the restaurant with the girls in the stroller, a huge grin on her face.

“Wait, who’s having a baby?” Macey asks, pointing toward the back of the room where a baby bunting hung along the wall. Cakes and candy decorated the tables in that corner. “We decided to kill two birds with one stone, the grand reopening,” Valen says, and I gape, looking at my sister, but she shakes her head.

“You said we would wait,” Zoey hisses at Marcus. My eyes widen and so does Macey’s. Zoe glanced at her nervously, and I knew she was worried about telling Macey from the look on her face. She blushes and Macey’s mouth opens and closes like a fish in her shock. “You’re pregnant?” she whispers.

Rushing over and cupping Zoe’s non-existent belly. “Yes, I was trying to hold off telling everyone until I was showing,” she mumbles. “You’re pregnant!” Macey gushes excitedly before the smile falls off her face completely. “Wait, you’re pregnant, and they knew before us?” she says, outraged, pointing to Tatum and Valen. “Marcus wasn’t supposed to tell,” Zoe growls at him, and he smirks.

“Oh, I bet it’s gonna be—” Macey starts to predict when Marcus clamps a hand over her mouth. “You quiet with your witchy voodoo. It will be one baby. One!” Marcus says before shrieking and ripping his hand away from her mouth. “Ew, you licked me,” Marcus says, wiping his hand on his jeans. Zoe and I laugh. “

Oh, let me help you open all your presents,” Macey gushes excitedly, steering Zoe toward the table at the back. I watch them wander off when an arm drops across my shoulders. Looking up, I see it is my father. “Your mother would have loved this,” he whispers as I rest my head on his shoulder.

“Mothers, you were as much Val’s as Valen is,” Kalen says, gripping my shoulder and leaning down to peck my head. I nodded, wiping a stray tear at their words. “Yes, they would have,” I whispered. “Bloody dust,” I curse.

“Terrible isn’t it,” Kalen mutters, passing me a handkerchief.

1 “Pop, pop,” Valarian screeches, wanting Kalen’s attention. “I have been summoned,” he says, wandering off. Dad snuffles and I look up to find his nose all red and his eyes puffy as looked around the place. I offer him the handkerchief, and he dabs his eyes before clearing his throat.

“You really showed them, bub. Showed me,” he says, and I nod. Unable to form words. “I’m proud of you, proud of what you built and the Alpha you have become. Most of all, I am proud that you’re my daughter,” he says, pressing his lips to the side of my head and wrapping his arms around my shoulders.

“I love you, kiddo,” “I love you too,” I tell him, squeezing him back. We stand there for a bit, watching everyone.

“So, what’s next?” dad asks, and I look up at him, resting my chin on his chest. This man was once my hero. Then my rival, but now he was just my dad. “What’s next is you walk me down the aisle,” I tell him and he chokes, nodding his head and crushing me against him. “I’d be honored,” he whispers, squeezing me tight.