

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 55

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My head throbbed even more as Macey watched me with worry, and she came over to me and prodded the bump on my head with her finger. Which only made it hurt more with her attempt to examine it.

"It's o my bleeding a little; I bet it hurts," she said, poking it again.

I laughed, which caused me to clutch my head in pain. "Ah, yeah, because you keep poking it," I responded. "Shit! Sorry," she chuckled and stopped.

"Maybe you should shift; it may help heal it a little quicker?" Macey offered. That was the last thing I wanted to do. It always seemed like too much effort these days to shift, and I hated my wolf form, it made me feel weak. I tired quickly and didn't want to spend the rest of the day like a zombie because I shifted for a meager bump to the head.

"Maybe later, we still have heaps of work today, oh the morgue. Was it Emily?" I asked her. With ever thing going on, I forgot to ask her.

"No, it was some homeless woman. She must have stolen some of Emily's clothes. I recognized the tie-dyed shin, but it wasn't her," Macey told me, and I let out a breath of relief. Thank the heavens. However, it still left me wondering what happened to her and what was happening in this city. So many people were missing, and I was beginning to worry something bigger was going on that we weren't aware of or grasping fully.

Murders were rare, disappearances rarer in this city, yet multiple have happened in the last few weeks. More problematic was the amount of forsaken trying to get into the city. What were they running from? They mostly stayed away. Lately, there have been repeated attempts to breach the city's borders. Also, even the forsaken that had been tagged and tracked had gone missing without a trace.

"What are you thinking?" Macey asked, sitting down on the couch beside me. I shook my head; I had no idea what to think. These days, it seemed like it was drama after drama. I looked at her about to answer when both Macey and I tensed. Both of us looked in the hallway's direction.

Macey's head turned to me before she covered Casey's ears and mouthed.

"Are they?" she nodded toward the hall. My lips pressed together in a line as I listened to the noises down the hall, trying not to laugh. Casey, none the wiser, looked at us.

"How about ice cream? Let's get ice cream," Macey said, scooping up Casey.

"But I wanted to show Marcus the Trolls movie," Casey complained before jutting out her bottom lip as she pouted.

The noises became slightly more audible, and Macey hurried to the door before she stopped and glanced at me.

"Tell Zoe I have Casey," she exclaimed, rushing out the door before I could protest. Why do I have to tell her? I groaned and got to my feet before making my way down the hall. I tapped on the door and heard things that would haunt my memory. Zoe was like mine and Macey's little sister, and there were some things we just didn't want the mental image of. And this was one of those things, especially when she made those sons of noises. I blanched.

I cleared my throat and knocked again. "Ah, Zoe, Macey has Casey while you um... she just has Casey," I told her before rushing away and out of my apartment.

Safely outside, I made my way back to the main building and headed toward the restaurant. I had just stepped inside when the door leading in from the front burst open, and Valen stepped inside looking furious. His eyes scanned around the place before they fell on me and the relief on his face was clear. "I'm fine," I said with a wave of my hand as he rushed over to me.

A few late stragglers had come in for a late lunch and peered over at us, and I smacked Valen's hand away as he reached out to me. He went to say something before he noticed we had an audience in here, and we were prime entertainment.

"What happened?" Valen asked. He grabbed my elbow as he led me out of the restaurant and down the hall toward my office. I spotted Casey and Macey in the creche with bowls of ice cream. Casey waved as we passed the glass window, and I smiled and waved back.

"It's handled, Valen. Marcus handled it; Micha and Amber came and tried to take Casey. I got knocked over, and I am fine," I told him as he stuffed me through my office door.

"Marcus said you were hurt," he said while examining me over while I rolled my eyes.

"I am not a child. You don't need to check me and kiss away my pains," I growled as he poked and prodded me. "Wait, where is Valarian?"

"With my father, I called him over to watch him for me," I sighed.

"He is a good father, Everly; you don't need to worry about my father. I trust him with our son," Valen told me. Giving Kalen the benefit of the doubt, I let it go. He had never shown signs he was a threat to our son and also told me he wanted to be part of his life.

"And where is Micha now?" Valen asked.

"His father took him away. It's sorted; just leave it be."

"I won't do that. Micha is part of my pack, and he will be punished."

"Punished how, Valen? You can't go killing people over a dispute."

"He hurt you," Valen snarled.

"I am fine, but you may have to speak to Micha about keeping his mouth shut and Amber because they are aware we are mates now. Marcus hammered him pretty good; I don't think he needs another beating."

"Wait, where is Marcus?" Valen asked, only now recognizing he wasn't with me. I laughed and cupped my mouth, and Valen stared at me.

"What?"

"Zoe and Marcus are mates," I chuckled. His eyebrows almost disappeared into his hairline before a thoughtful expression crossed his face. "Huh, now that explains the sniffing," he murmured. "That makes so much sense. How did I not figure that out?" He said.

I thought the exact same thing, both of their weird behavior made it even more apparent that they were mates while poor Casey was stuck in the middle of their sniffest.

I chuckled, making my headache worse, and I winced before walking to my desk in search of painkillers. Valen gripped my hand when I pulled out the packet of paracetamol.

"You said you weren't hurt," he growled.

"I bumped my head, just a headache," I told him, snatching my hand out of his grip. Valen stared at me before a growl escaped him, and he started prodding the bump on the back of my head.

"I'll f*cking kill him," he snapped, storming out of the room before I could stop him. "Wait, Valen. Just leave it be," I shrieked, chasing after him as he made his way outside to his car.

His car beeped as he unlocked the doors before tossing the doors open and I raced to the other side. "Valen, stop. Let it go," I said climbing in the passenger side.

"Get out," Valen growled. Fur was growing along his arms as he fought to remain in his human form. His eyes flickered with his rage, and I canines protruded.

"No!"

"Everly!"

"No, Valen. Either I come with you, or you don't go." "Everly!" Valen snapped, and I raised an eyebrow at him.

"I won't let you hurt him or do something you can't undo. It was a dispute, that is over now, and no one needs to die over a bumped head," I told him. Valen's claws slipped from his nail-beds, he clenched his fists on the steering wheel. He went to say something else, and I glared at him.

"Micha is Casey's father. He may be a shitty one, but he is still her father. You hurt him, and it could upset her, so no. You will not touch him or whatever it is you were planning on doing to the idiot," I snapped at him. Valen seemed shocked by my outburst, but retaliating would only worsen things. And Zoe didn't need the added drama when she was about to enter a custody battle against him. This would just add more fuel to the fire.

"You can't expect me to do nothing,"

"That's exactly what I expect. The issue is over. Officer Richards looked like he was going to give him hell anyway over the drama he caused. He seemed genuinely embarrassed over his son's actions and no doubt would deal with him,"

"As his Alpha, I can't let it slide when he hurt my mate," Valen snarled.

"And as his Luna, I won't allow you to kill him," I retorted and he seemed taken aback by my words.

"Are you trying to pull rank over me?" He scoffed.

"Not trying, I am. If you hurt him, Valen, it will just cause more issues. I don't want the pack hating me before I even join it. Micha and his father are well respected in your pack and this city. I sure as hell don't want to walk in, disturbing the peace straight away, just because he hurt me before he realized who I was," I tell him.

Valen seemed to calm down and folded his arms across his chest, turning slightly to look at me.

"So you are my Luna?"

"Shut up, and take me to my son," I told him. He didn't start the car; instead, Valen continued to stare at me while I stared out the window, trying to ignore his gaze.

"I can't believe you are trying to pull rank over me, and you haven't even let me mark you yet," he chuckled.

I folded my arms across my chest and turned to my head to look at him. "So what will it be, Alpha?" I asked, and he clicked his tongue and shook his head, muttering under his breath.

"Oh, so now we are turning to blackmail?" He chuckled. "Yep, you want a Luna; I don't want blood on my hands,"

"Technically, his blood would be on my hands, not yours. I wouldn't want you to break a nail," Valen taunted.

"Broken nails never fazed me, but you make things worse, and I may just have to change my mind on this entire Luna business," I tell him.

"Is that so?"

"Yep," I tell him. He scratched his chin.

"It's not up for discussion," I told him when he opened up his mouth to argue.

"What about a compromise?"

"That would make it up for discussion," he chuckled and shrugged.

"I won't hurt him," he growled the last part out, clearly not liking it.

"If?" I stared at him, and he smirked before a cocky smile split onto his face.

"If what?" I asked, glaring over at him, knowing he would ask for something that he knew I wouldn't want to agree to.

"You give me a kiss,"

"You want a kiss?"

"Yep, that's my deal. Take it or leave it,"

"What, right now, here?" I asked, looking around and praying for an excuse that someone was around. I found nobody.

"One kiss!" I told him and he smiled triumphantly.

"One kiss," he repeated. I pressed my lips in a line and glared at him. He laughed and mid-laugh, I leaned over and pecked his lips before sitting back in my seat.

"They're done," I chuckled.

"Ah, that's not what I meant by a kiss."

"A kiss is a kiss," I told him.

"That is not what I meant, and you know it, I have kissed my father better than that." He growled.

"You kiss your father?"

"That came out wrong. I meant on the cheek, in greeting, not a romantic way!" I laughed.

"What, you don't kiss people?" he asked.

"Well, I don't kiss my father, that's for sure," I said.

"Stop it, you know what I meant," Valen said, becoming embarrassed at his word vomit. It was strange to feel him through the bond, although I liked that he was the one who was embarrassed for once.

"I know what you meant, and I think it is sweet that you give good old dad a peck on the cheek. Bet that makes him happy that you haven't outgrown your father's love," I tell him. I didn't want him to think I thought it weird. It was totally acceptable. It just shocked me that he was that close to his father. Although neither of them appeared too affectionate, Valen was always happy to receive and give our son hugs and affection. It made me think of my father when I was still his daughter, not his biggest shame.

He, too, was a good father and never turned our affections away until I got pregnant and went from daddy's little girl to daddy's Rogue-whore daughter. But I was glad he had a strong relationship with his father. That would never be a bad thing. Though it made the entire Valarie mess more upsetting, knowing how much it would hurt Valen to know his father lied to him all these years.

"So about this kiss you cheated me out of?" Valen chuckled.

"I did not cheat you. You cheated yourself," I told Valen as I motioned for him to start the car.

"I kissed you. It's done; now let's go. I need to get back to do some work," I told him.

"Fine, but you owe me a kiss still, and a proper one," Valen taunted while starting the car.

"And I will make you pay up," he added as he reversed out. I chuckled and shook my head at his words.

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We drove through the City, but when Valen didn't turn onto his territory, I glanced over at him. Wondering where we were going when he stopped at the police station on the City's main drag.

"You're doing this now?" I asked as he unclipped his seatbelt.

"Yes, Officer Richard's mind-linked and said his son and Amber are still here. I told him to hold them until I got here," Valen said before getting out of the car. I rushed to unclip my seatbelt and jumped out, and he started walking up the steps. My heart raced in my chest at the thought of what he would do.

"You said you wouldn't hurt him," I gushed, racing after him and gripping his arm. He kept walking into the building, and some officers opened the door for him as they came out. They tipped their hats to him and continued to their patrol cars. I shook my head and looked at Valen.

"I said I won't, though I bloody want to. But Amber is part of your father's pack, and Micha is joining it. So if you want her to keep her mouth shut, I need to speak to them and Officer Richards." Valen explained, and I sighed a breath of relief.

Valen didn't bother speaking to anyone, he just navigated his way around like he owned the place. He probably did; I wouldn't put anything out of his price range. When we came to a locked-off area. Valen tapped on the perspex window, and the officer, who looked half asleep, jolted upright in his seat, nearly falling out of it. He quickly reached over and hit a button, and Valen opened the door and held it open for me. He then grabbed my hand, leading me down the long corridor before I came to some holding cells.

Officer Richard leaned against one, and he stood straighter as Valen entered. Baring his neck to Valen. Amber sat in the chair behind a desk and glared at me. Valen growled at her, and she dropped her head quickly.

"Alpha, I have spoken to him, and he has reassured me it won't happen again," Officer Richard said while shooting a glare at Amber.

"No, it won't. I want them both kept here until after the Alpha meeting," Valen said before turning to Amber.

"And in cells," he said. Officer Richards nodded to two men, and Amber jumped up and shrieked. The noise hurt my ears as they grabbed her. They dragged her kicking and screaming toward the cell Micha was placed in while she chucked a full-blown tantrum worse than a toddler. Valen growled and stepped toward them before gripping her face.

"You can't command me. You are not my Alpha," she sneered, and I could see his rage as his entire body trembled and the back of his shirt ripped as he tried not to shift. Her eyes widened with fear and I swallowed, actually feeling bad for her despite the trouble she caused.

"Be glad I'm not because if I was, I would have stripped you of your title. But your mate is one of my men, and if you don't get your ass in that cell, the only place you will see him is in the forsaken territory," Valen snarled at her. She gasped, and her eyes flicked to Micha in horror.

He shoved her face away, and the officers let her go. Officer Richards opened the cell, and she turned her nose up and walked in as if she wasn't just humiliated or embarrassed herself while acting like a fool.

Valen turned toward the cell where Micha was. He was bruised and bloody, but mostly healed from the beating he received from Marcus. Micha cowered when Valen turned his icy glare on him. Valen's shirt was torn, and his skin rippled as he tried to contain himself. "Consider yourself lucky, Micha, that your Luna is forgiving. You and I both know I am not. The only reason you are still breathing is because of her, so do you have anything to say?" Valen asked him. Micha turned his head toward me, stuttered out an apology, and thanked me for sparing him. I just stared in disbelief.

"Now, either of you speaks one word of Everly being my mate to anyone. You and your entire families will be considered a traitor and made forsaken, am I clear?" Amber looked at me but nodded her head.

"Take their phones and print off the custody forms,"

"Custody forms?" Amber asked, standing up. Micha growled at her, and Officer Richards glared at her. "Yes, Micha will sign all parental rights to Zoe for Casey and drop the custody battle. I expect all relevant documentation to be filled out, signed, and filed when I return after the Alpha meeting." "After the Alpha meeting, I am meant to be attending,"

"Tell your father you have food poisoning. I don't care, but neither of you will leave this cell until after. If I hear one whisper around this City that Everly is my mate, both of you will no longer live in this City," Valen said, before turning to me. Officer Richard cleared his throat, and Valen looked at him.

"Um, Alpha, if Micha signs all rights away, does that mean my wife and I can't see her either? It would break my wife's heart, Alpha,"

"I never said he couldn't see her, but I want it all legal, so he can't take her from Zoe. If Zoe allows it, I don't see an issue with any of you remaining part of Casey's life, and that goes for Micha. If those papers aren't signed and sent off, and a copy waiting when I return, I will send your son Rogue, and he will leave my City, that's if I don't decide to kill him," Valen warned him.

"The relevant documents will be here when you return, Alpha. Thank you," Officer Richard said, before glaring at his son and Amber.

The other officers bared their necks, and Valen nodded before tugging me out of the room and back down the corridor.

"Would you really make them forsaken?" I asked once back in the car.

"Yes, and yes, I would have killed him if you didn't make me promise not to," Valen answered. He tugged off his tom shirt and tossed it in the back, before pulling away from the curb.

"Are we going to get Valarian now?" Valen nodded, but by the stern steel gaze he had out the window, and the burning rage I felt through the bond, I knew he was fighting with himself not to go back and tear Micha apart. Just as we were about to turn up the street toward Valen's place, my phone rang. Macey's name popped up on the screen, and I quickly answered it.

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"I will be back soon," I said when I answered.

"No, it's fine. I got someone in to cover you. I figured you were concussed, but Zoe isn't answering, and I am on tonight, and mum has hurt her knee again, so she can't watch both girls. Can you and Valen please, please, come to get Casey for the night?"

"What do you mean Zoe isn't answering? Did you knock on the door?"

Macey cleared her throat before speaking in a hushed voice. "I did, but I don't think she could hear me over all the showering sounds coming from the house," she hissed. I snorted. Who would have thought?

"They are like damn rabbits. I have been up there twice now, and I swear my ears are bleeding. Anyone would think we are running a brothel with the noises leaving your apartment,"

"What's a brothel, Aunty Macey?" I heard Casey asked in the background.

"Ah, a place where people get foot massages," Macey answers awkwardly. Valen chuckles but turns the car around, hearing her.

"Yep, we are on our way now. Meet us out the front," I tell her.

"Thank God, but you need to talk to her,"

"Why do I have to talk to her? You're the eldest?" I told her.

"Because I can't say anything after what you saw the other day and don't say you didn't tell Zoe. I know you did, and you're the only one not getting la.. foot messages around here," Macey corrects herself.

"Ah no, you talk to her,"

"I will scissor paper rock you for it," 1

"Fine deal, but don't cry when I win, like I always do." Valen raises an eyebrow at me and shakes his head. I say goodbye and hang up the phone.

"Are you two seriously going to fight over who is giving Zoe the sex talk?"

"Yes, unless you want to do it?" I asked hopefully.

"Not a chance. Wait, what do I get for it if I do?" Valen asked, and I folded my arms. I was not making any more deals with the devil, and I know he would pick his words wisely if I did, so I couldn't get out of it. We

pulled up out the front, and Macey was waiting out front with a bag for Casey.

"I chucked some of Taylor's spare clothes in it for her, and school was canceled. I just got the notification because of a covid case," I sighed and nodded. Damn pandemic. 6

Macey buckled Casey in, before stopping at my window and holding her fist out. I rolled my eyes, and we quickly played rock, paper, scissors while Valen laughed at us. Macey fist-pumped the air when her scissors cut my paper. "No!" I cried.

"Sucker, I finally beat you," she said, doing a victory dance and shaking her ass at me. I shook my head in defeat.

"I expect a total reenactment of the cringingness of that talk and proper behavior in our hotel," Macey said triumphantly.

"Fine, but you get the next awkward talk."

"No, way, the last talk still haunts me when I had to explain to both you girls the importance of pap

smears."

"You could have just told us you didn't have to diagrams and or reenact on our dining room table. I haven't looked at the table the same, and you owe me a desk," I tell her.

"If I have to give you girls awkward talks, I will be thorough. Valarie always said get your facts straight, and I did that," Macey said.

"We were mortified,"

"Valarie thought it was pretty funny, even help me do the diagram," Macey laughed. I chuckled.

"Damn, she sounds like a cool old lady," Valen said, and both Macey and I froze, forgetting entirely about Valen and how casually we spoke of his mother. 1

"She was. She was a marvelous woman," Macey said with a sad smile. I nodded before saying goodbye.

"Love you, Casey," Macey called. Casey waved. "Love you too," Casey retorted, blowing her a kiss. Valen drove out and back onto the highway, and Casey leaned forward in her seat.

"Look, Uncle Valen, I brought Trolls. Auntie Macey said I could because it is your favorite," she said, holding up the DVD to show him.

"Uncle Valen?" I asked her.

"Hmm, Auntie Macey said he was your boyfriend and would marry you one day."

"Did she now?" I asked.

"Yep, so that makes him my uncle, but if he is my uncle, how will I marry Valarian? Wouldn't that make him my cousin? Though Taylor said she is and that I would have to marry Uncle Fester from the Addams family, I told her na ah, I am," Casey said. I snickered, and I saw Valen smile as he glanced at her in the mirror.

"My boy is a lady's man." I smacked his thigh, and he grabbed my hand before I could pull it away. He kissed the back of it when he lifted it to his lips, before keeping hold of it on his lap. 1

"So can we watch Trolls when we get to your place?" Casey asked.

"Yes, we can watch it on repeat, if you like," I told her.

"Yay, Valarian is going to be so excited about our sleepover," 1

"Casey, you live with Valarian. Every night is a sleepover," I chuckle.

"Oh, right? I guess it is," she said, bouncing happily in the back of the car.

The drive was short, and I was looking forward to lying down. Yawning, I stepped out of the elevator and followed Valen to his apartment. He unlocked the door, and the first thing I could smell was pancakes. My brows furrowed, and I followed Valen in with Casey, who ran ahead.

"Ah, not trolls," I heard Valarian whine.

"Oh, where did you come from, little one?" I heard Kalen's voice. Casey pointed to us down the hall, and Kalen walked over and looked at us. "I'm Casey, and I came with them,"

"Oh, you're back. We were making pancakes," Kalen said, before rushing back to the kitchen as he plated u

"Pancakes and ice cream for dinner, dad, really?"

"You never complained when you were a kid," Kalen told him.

"Want some? I made heaps," he said, pulling a huge tray off the stove. Valen shook his head.

"Why not, pancakes for dinner, it is then," Valen laughed.

Kalen was dressed in a suit with a white apron on and chef hat. He looked alien standing in the kitchen.

"And some for Miss Casey," Kalen said, handing her a plate. Both kids raced excitedly toward the table with their plates. When Kalen shocked me as I walked to the sink, wanting to get a glass of water. 1

He hugged me and pecked me on the cheek, while I remained stiff and still as a statue. "Everly dear, so happy to see you again," he chirped. I looked at Valen, who shrugged and tried to steal a pancake from the tray. His father smacked his hand with the egg flip.

"Let me plate it up the way you used to like," he scolded, and I chuckled while Valen seemed to pout before stealing one. "You rotten little sod," Kalen barked at him.

"Has no manners, Everly, anyone would think a Neanderthal raised him," Kalen said, shaking his head, while making Valen's pancakes with a choc chip smiley face with two blobs of ice-cream for ears.