

## **Alpha's Redemption: My Luna Has A Son by Jessica Hall**

### **Chapter Sixty-One**

Everly

4 months later

It's scorching hot today, and Macey, Ava, Zoe, and I have just left from the final dress fitting. This time, it wasn't my dress that needed altering, but Zoe's; her growing baby bump is getting bigger every day.

"I just need to grab bread and milk. I don't feel like stopping after getting Valarian from school," I tell the girls as we step out of the bridal store.

"I'll come; I need to grab a few things too," Macey says, slipping her sunglasses on. Zoe pulls the sunshade over the stroller and we walk the short distance to the shopping center. It's easier to walk than wrangle all three girls from the stroller to the car and back in again.

Walking into the store, I sigh as the cold air conditioning sweeps over us. We're wandering through the shopping center when Macey shrieks, making us all nearly jump out of our skin as she takes off toward a store.

"Man, this baby has more clothes than I do at this point," Zoe whines as Macey bounces on her heels, holding up a blue, Winnie The Pooh onesie.

"No, Macey, please! I'm running out of places to put all his clothes," Zoe complains, but Macey isn't hearing it and simply wanders further into the store. Zoe and Ava reluctantly follow her in and I wait out the front, since the store is much too small for me to navigate the stroller around. When Macey comes out, she's holding two bags full of baby boy clothes.

"You're impossible," Zoe tells her, but she thanks her anyway.

"So, have you and Tatum had any luck yet?" Ava asks her, nudging me aside and taking over the pushing of the stroller.

"No. We met one surrogate the other week, but Doc said the chances of finding a she-wolf to donate her eggs is near impossible. So, we thought of adopting," she

sighs, and I nibble my lip. Tatum and Macey want a child, and Macey wants to give Tatum his own child, but her options are limited. And besides human donor eggs, she's had no luck.

"The surrogate?" Zoe asks.

"A little cooky, and Tatum worries she isn't of sound mind to carry to term and hand the child over at the end," Macey says. "Some things aren't meant to be," she states as we walk into the grocery store to do our shopping.

I'm looking forward to getting home, and poor Zoe's feet are so swollen from standing all day, I know she wants to get home too.

We're at the checkout, and I've just set my basket down when Zoe nudges me with her elbow toward the self-checkout across from us. Looking up, I see Amber.

I tried to find her after the attack from Nixon, but as soon as she was better, she left the hospital. I have no idea where she's even living, though we hear rumors that she's homeless. We constantly check the homeless shelter to see if she shows up, but never find any sign of her.

"Is it weird that I feel terrible for her?" Zoe whispers as she scans her minimal items.

Macey leans against the register and peers over at her.

"No, she lost everything; her family, her pack. We've been where she is. That's probably why," I tell her. Ava smiles sadly. Amber was our friend growing up, so seeing her down in the dumps bothers me.

This is not the Amber we were accustomed to. The clerk bags our items when I hear her self-checkout register go off, saying her card was declined.

My stomach sinks and I peer over to see what she's buying, only to find canned food and toilet paper. Is she really struggling that bad?

"Evie," Zoe whispers, nudging me and nodding toward her. Zoe is too kindhearted. Most in her position wouldn't care for the girl after all the heartache she sat by and kept tight-lipped about. But we know exactly what it's like to be in her shoes.

“So who's going over there?” Macey sighs, looking at us expectantly. A smile slips onto my face, and Zoe nods to me.

As I cross over to the self-checkout area, she tries her card again, only for it to decline once again. The girl watching the registers asks her to remove some items.

“Leave it,” I tell the woman, waving her off. Amber jumps as I approach her. She’s wary of me as I pull my card from my wallet.

“No, no. It’s fine,” Amber hurried to say as she tries to stop me from tapping my card on the card reader. Her cheeks flame as I pay for the few things she has.

“You didn’t have to do that,” she whispers.

“Yeah, I did. Everyone needs help, Amber. Maybe not always financially, but no one can say they have never struggled. And those that claim they never have, are liars,” I tell her. I feel someone brush up against me; Amber steps back, and I notice it’s Zoe. She holds her hand out to Amber, one of our business cards in her hand.

“If you’re looking for work, we need kitchen staff and cleaners,” Zoe tells her. Amber takes the card and looks at it.

“You would hire me?” she asks, clearly shocked. “Why?” she says while looking between Zoe and me. However, it’s Macey that answers as she comes up behind us.

“Because we’ve been where you are,” Macey tells her. I see Ava waiting off to the side with the girls in the stroller.

“You made poor choices but did the right thing in the end,” I tell her. Zoe wanders off over to Ava and I turn to follow Macey.

“Everly?” Amber asks, and I stop.

“Thank you,” she says, holding up the card and motioning toward her groceries. I nod before walking off. Well, we tried and offered; it is up to her now if she accepts our help or not.

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Valen

A week later

I watch her from where I'm seated at the bridal table while I twist the ring around my finger. A smile appears on my lips and I slip it off, staring down at the engraving on the inside. At last, she has given herself to me, and now she will always be able to remind me how fortunate I am to have her in my life.

'My love, My mate, My Alpha.' the engraving reads. I'm complete with my Luna by my side, I'm complete with my family, and I'm complete with myself—content with the life we've built.

My feeling of completeness when I watch her dance with the girls and the children is something I've never experienced before.

This was the last piece to put everything together, and she looks stunning. It's the perfect finish to everything. Her hair is pinned back from her face, cascading down her back in soft, dark curls with small flowers pinned into it. She looks like some sort of princess in a fairy tale. I can't wait to mess it up, to see those curls turn wild and damp as I slam into her from behind.

She's wearing an off-white and ivory lace dress that hugs every smooth line of her body, the pale silk flaring out at her hips and seeming to subtly enhance her every curve—curves I can't wait to trace with my hands and mouth.

Since her arms are covered with pale lace, glimpses of flesh are visible, leaving me with a desire to press my lips to them and taste her milky skin. The back is open, revealing skin that I know will later be covered in marks from the brutal way that I'm going to fuck her.

I can't wait for the night to be over so I can take her back to the suite and tangle my fingers into her dress as I strip it from her. The perfect vision that she is now has me anticipating the night's end—to see the meticulously done mascara smeared across her cheeks as tears stream down her face and she loses herself to me again .

She is mine now, in every way possible, and I want that skin to be marked up for the world to see that.

I watch her as she turns her head towards me and waves for me to dance with her. A bigger smile spreads across my face as I get up from my seat and make my way across the dance floor, where she's spent the majority of the night.

When I walk up behind her, my hands fall onto her hips and I glance down at her. She's tipsy, her cheeks flushed, her skin shimmering under the fairy lights. She turns in my arms, wrapping her own around my neck, and I lean down, brushing my lips against her softly.

Although the music is too fast for the way we stand, I couldn't care less as everyone, and everything, slips away; it's as if there is only us here alone, as if nothing else matters.

Through months of chasing her, I managed to regain her love and trust. There was a time when I thought she would be the biggest regret in my life.

As it turned out, she was my redemption. Chapter Sixty-Two

Everly

A year later

Zoe and I sit with Valen and Marcus as we wait for Doc to tell me how many viable eggs they were able to extract.

"Man, I have never been so nervous in all my life!" I whisper to Zoe.

"I know! My hands are shaking," she whispers.

"What if she says no?" Zoe worries as she bounces her son, Noah, on her lap. Macey was unable to find a surrogate or an egg donor. Zoe had come to me and told me she wanted to offer to carry a baby for Macey, yet she wasn't sure she was comfortable carrying a baby that was biologically hers. When I had spoken with Valen and told him what Zoe wanted to do and that we just needed an egg donor, he had sighed heavily.

"You want to donate your eggs?"

I nodded my head. I needed his blessing because it was a big ask for him, knowing biologically the child would be mine and Tatum's, though I wouldn't be carrying this child, and it was just eggs I had no intention of using—this was not my child but theirs, and Zoe was the vessel.

“As if I would say no,” Valen had said.

So Zoe and I had gone to all the appointments, made sure everything was safe and would work out before deciding to present it to Macey. We didn’t want to get her hopes up only for them to crash down again.

We had all witnessed her heartache when she couldn’t find a donor or a surrogate. She desperately wanted to give Tatum a baby, though we all knew he was content with Taylor, but in Macey’s eyes, their little family wasn’t complete. We wanted to help her complete it.

The door opens and Doc walks out, and I think all four of us suddenly forget how to breathe as we stare at his desk as he sits down and goes over his notes.

“Seven viable eggs. Now, you just have to ask,” Doc tells us, and we all let out a breath simultaneously.

I squeeze Zoe’s hand excitedly and she squeezes mine back. We have it all planned on how we’ll ask her. A little corny, but we’re excited to see their faces.

“We’ll ask at the barbecue tonight,” I tell Zoe, and she smiles. Noah babbles on her lap excitedly, eating his hands with no idea what’s going on.

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The packhouse is full of family.

Kalen and Dad are wrangling the girls. Ava is chasing the kids around the huge climbing frame while they pretend the grass is lava—apparently Ava is the lava monster.

Tatum is with Marcus and Valen as they man the meat; the smell of sausage and steak on the barbecue makes my mouth water as I carry a salad bowl out and place it on the table. Zoe is giving Noah his bottle and talking to Macey about the upcoming event at the hotel and arrangements that need to be made.

“Zoe!” I sing out, and she looks over at me, her lips curling up at the edges as she stands.

She passes Noah to Macey. “Can you give him to Marcus? I just have to help Everly for a second,” Zoe says.

“Sure,” she replies, taking him while Zoe makes her way over to me. Macey sets her beer down, eyeing us as we disappear back inside.

We walk into the kitchen and I grab a boiled egg from the fridge, chuckling at the silliness of it, while Zoe finds the little plastic medical diagram of a womb she bought off eBay.

“Ready?” I ask her, grabbing the paperwork showing she has seven viable eggs available, if she wants to use them.

Macey is talking to Marcus with Noah perched on her hip when we come back out. Marcus, spotting us coming out, nudges Valen, who places the tongs down.

“Tatum?” he calls out and waves him over.

Tatum raises an eyebrow at us as we stand with our hands behind our backs, but Macey is far too distracted talking to Marcus, who swiftly steals Noah from her arms just as we stop behind her.

We both fall to one knee in some strange proposal position, making us giggle. She still doesn’t turn around. Tatum looks at us as if we have lost our minds before clearing his throat loudly and sipping his beer. Still, Macey is absorbed with lecturing Marcus about Goddess knows what.

I sigh and reach up, tugging the back of her shirt. When she spins around and looks down, I hold up the boiled egg and chuckle. She stares at us amused as she takes the egg—it’s obvious she thinks we’re just being silly.

“If we are having an egg and spoon race, I am totally winning that shit!” she states

“Macey, will you let me be your egg donor?” I ask her and her smile slips off her face as she gapes at me, at the same Zoe offers her the little plastic gyno-womb model.

“Macey will you put your baby in me?” she asks and Macey takes the plastic womb.

Valen reaches down, plucking the doctor’s paperwork from my hands and passing it to her.

“Wait? Are you joking?” she asks, staring between us. Valen taps the paper, showing her the number of viable eggs she has, and Tatum reads over her shoulder.

“Wait, you're both okay with this?” Tatum asks, looking between Marcus and Valen.

“Of course!” they both say simultaneously.

“We can have a baby?” Macey asks, stunned, her hands shaking as she stares at the boiled egg and little womb.

“Is that a yes? Because my knees are killing me kneeling like this,” Zoe whines.

“Are you sure?” Macey asks, tears glistening in her eyes, and we both nod.

“Positive! Let us do this for you,” Zoe tells her, and she sniffles but nods.

“So that’s a yes?” I ask, my knees also aching at the position. All she does is nod her head again, unable to form words.

“Yes!” she finally croaks out, and Zoe and I beam with excitement for her.

“We’re going to have a baby!” she suddenly shrieks, hauling us up and into her arms and—since she’s taller than us both—crushing us against her breasts. Tatum, Marcus and Valen join in on our group hug.

As we all separate, Tatum screams out, “We’re having a baby!” while hugging Macey and kissing her head.

“You’re having a baby!” I laugh as the kids all scream excitedly, rushing over to join in the celebrations of our little village growing larger.

Chapter Sixty-Three

Macey

Seven eggs later and one finally stuck! The joy I felt when we found out our baby made it past what they considered the safe date was overwhelming. Zoe was devastated each time; just as devastated as me. Some part of my mind thought it just wasn’t meant to be, that Carter had ruined every chance I had once he marked me—the venom of his bite had serious ramifications. I can’t even try to use my own eggs.

The city scientists managed to scramble and find a safe vaccine, thanks to Valen's genetic mutation—he's an anomaly and so is Valarian, entirely immune to the effects of the venom—yet for me, the damage is done. Every year for the rest of my life I will need the vaccine to keep from turning forsaken. Things could have been worse, I suppose; I could be dead, just like Emily, and all the others who were infected. Tatum is also subjected to yearly vaccinations too.

Last year, our lives were turned upside down, but one thing we're good at is rebuilding; and each time we do, our foundations are stronger, reinforced with love and family.

Our tribe has grown, our city united, and for once, we aren't separated by borders, rules, or stereotypes; the name 'rogue whore' is long forgotten. No, those are things of the past—a past I hope will never be repeated.

Instead, the Slasher pack Alpha stood down and submitted to Everly and Valen, and the entire city is now one pack; just people, co-existing together peacefully, choice given freely and everyone united. Valarie's dream has come true, and for that, I am grateful. It shows all our hard work and sacrifice paid off.

"Here we are," Doc says, pointing at the screen. Zoe grips my hand as Doc moves the device over her rounded belly. He turns the screen so I can see better. Zoe gazes up at me with a smile on her lips and Everly drops her chin on my shoulder, looking at the screen from behind me. Crammed in the small space like sardines in a tin can, we all watch as Doc finishes the ultrasound.

"You're having a little boy," Doc confirms, and Tatum does a happy dance and fist pumps the air. He didn't really care; Doc could say the kid had three heads and he would be just as excited.

Excitement bubbles within me, and Zoe, I can tell, is just as ecstatic. On the way back to the packhouse, Zoe and I discuss going baby shopping.

Valen and Marcus are at home on baby duty, and tonight we're doing a gender reveal at the packhouse, but as the car pulls up out front, we hear utter chaos inside. Everly groans, resting her head back on the headrest beside me.

"If we're quick, we can back out of the driveway before anyone notices," she chuckles.

“Nope, we’ve been spotted,” Zoe says, and Everly and I lean forward to look out the windowshield. Valen is frantically scrubbing the second floor window, a peg on his nose and wearing gloves.

“Is that—” Zoe looks at Everly.

“Yep. That is poop. Definitely back up, I am not dealing with that today,” she whines, but Valen points angrily at the window. Tatum winds down the window and sticks his head out.

“Are you good, Alpha?” he calls out and Valen shakes his head, trying to open the window, mouthing something, or maybe he’s yelling, it’s hard to tell because he can’t seem to open the window.

“What? We should come back later?” Tatum taunts.

“Yes, that is what he is saying, come back later,” Everly says, tapping his shoulder. “Quick, let’s escape. I hear a bottle of wine and eight hours of sleep calling from the hotel,” she says, and Tatum chuckles at her, not realizing she’s dead serious.

“Do you need help?” he yells out. Valen nods his head viciously, pointing and motioning for us to come help.

“What? I can’t hear you?” Tatum yells out the window. Valen presses his lips in a line and facepalms himself before he starts pointing angrily while Everly continues to block the mind-link.

She giggles; Valen hasn’t realized that when he facepalmed himself, he smeared shit down his face.

“Oi, shitface, we’ll come back at a better time,” Tatum hollers, and Valen glares at him, pointing angrily and tapping the window.

“Yes, now let’s go,” Everly says, tapping Tatum’s shoulder. “Quick!” she snaps at him.

Zoe giggles and I lean a little closer, peering out.

“He still hasn’t noticed,” Zoe laughs. No sooner than she says it, Valen removes the peg, then sniffs the air before looking at his hand like he suddenly grew extra fingers. He blinks, ripping a glove off and wiping his face on the back of his hand.

“Go! Go, now!” Everly squeals, then groans when he loses his stomach on the window he was trying to clean. Valarian wanders over to his father standing at the huge bay windows, holding his sister out like she’s contagious, a peg on his nose too—she’s naked, legs kicking, and we realize who the pooppy culprit is that removed her diaper and decided it would be fun to paint in it.

“Darn it,” Everly groans, tossing her door open. I follow, climbing out after her while cackling my head off when she stops abruptly. She points up at the window. “No, Valarian! Hold—”

He doesn’t hold it in. Turning green at seeing his father puke, he just adds to the muck on the window as he, too, loses his stomach. Little Claire just cackles, clapping excitedly and patting Valarian on his head.

“You would think he would have a stronger stomach by now,” I tell Everly with a shake of my head as we head inside.

Everlyn and Summer are sitting on the mat with building blocks while Marcus—with Noah over his shoulder—tries to stop Taylor and Casey, who are playing tug-o-war as they fight over a book.

“Geez, we’re gone for an hour and the place is in chaos,” I mutter.

The girls freeze from their fighting, hearing my voice, and I narrow my eyes, giving them both the look. They straighten up, turning into perfect little angels and batting their eyelashes, knowing I don’t mess around when it comes to the naughty corner.

“Thank the Goddess!” Marcus says as Everly rushes up the steps to sort her out her kids and Valen.

Zoe waddles in and collapses on the couch, Tatum coming in behind her and passing her some cushions as she lies down.

Suddenly, Tatum claps his hands loudly, drawing all the kids' attention. They immediately stop and stare at him.

“Time to play a game,” he cries out and they jump excitedly, “called, find the house!” he continues.

They groan, though Casey and Taylor start cleaning up the mess they had made. Evelyn and Summer plop back on their bottoms, tossing their blocks back in the bucket, just as the doorbell rings and I peer over my shoulder to see a figure through the stained-glass. Wandering over to the door, I pull it open to see Alpha Daxon, John, Derrick, and Kalen.

“Grandpa!” Taylor squeals behind me and rushes over to her grandfather. He scoops her up, propping her on his hip and stepping inside just as Valen comes down the stairs, drying his face with a towel.

“Dad! Great, you’re just in time,” Valen exclaims.

“I am?” Kalen asks.

“Yep, shit explosion upstairs. I nominate you to take my place,” Valen says, and Kalen looks at John.

“Rock, paper, scissors?” he asks John.

“He’s your son,” John says.

“He’s your son-in-law!”

John raises an eyebrow at him and I watch as Daxon steps closer and pecks my cheek.

“Afternoon, love,” he chuckles, moving to help the girls clean up. Just as I’m about to close the door, I see Ava’s car pull into the driveway and step aside to wait for her, too.

Ava wanders in, a bottle of wine clutched in her hand, and stops in her tracks, watching her father and Kalen argue over who is helping Evelyn upstairs. They stop as she enters, both turning to face her.

“Ava! My favorite-est daughter,” John exclaims with exaggerated delight.

“What?” she groans.

“I’ll give you—”

Kalen sifts through his pockets as Ava pops her hip and places a hand on it. He pulls out some cash—a few fives and a ten. “\$25?”

"Nope! Whatever it is, no!" she says and Kalen nudges her father, who starts fishing in his own pockets. He pulls out a twenty.

"I'll add \$20 and a peppermint," John says.

"Have I told you why you're my favorite sister-in-law?" Valen says, reaching for her and leading her upstairs.

"I'm your only sister-in-law!"

"Exactly! And that's why you never have to compete for that special spot."

I clear my throat and raise an eyebrow when the mind-link opens up.

'You know you're my favorite, just don't tell the others,' Valen says, and I shake my head while closing the door. Chapter Sixty-Four

Everly

Four Years Later

"I don't like it," Valen growls, pacing the living room. I sigh, trying to work through the backlog of paperwork I've been avoiding. If he paces any more, I'll need to replace the damn carpet.

Valen stops next to the coffee table. "Do you hear it? Does it not bother you?" he demands.

I raise an eyebrow and shake my head, turning back to the paperwork resting on my lap until my pen suddenly disappears from my hand. Annoyed, I huff, pinning him with a glare.

"Can you hear it? It's driving me damn insane!"

"Hear what?" I ask, shaking my head and holding my hand out expectantly for my pen.

"Exactly!" Valen hisses, passing my pen back. "It's so quiet," he mutters to himself.

I roll my eyes. Is he seriously still carrying on over this?

"Yep, it's great! I can now scratch my ass without one of them being up it."

Valen glares at me.

"I'm going to get them." He snatches up his keys, and I groan and rest my head back on the couch.

"They have been at school for not even two hours. This is part of life; kids grow up. They need to go to school, Valen!"

"Then we homeschool! Simple. Problem solved."

I blink at him before pursing my lips. "And who would be doing this homeschooling?"

"You, of course. I have to work."

Uh, uh, no fucking way. I finally have six hours of freedom; I am not giving that up.

"Nope, if you want to pull the girls from school to 'homeschool,' you are doing the damn homeschooling," I growl at him.

"I have a city to run, I can't homeschool; you'll have to quit and do it," Valen tells me.

"Exactly why am I homeschooling if you aren't going to be here?" I ask him. He grumbles, pacing some more.

"I can't take the damn silence. It's too quiet, too fucking quiet, Everly. How does it not disturb you?"

I don't even bother answering.

He's being irrational. The man hates mess, hates loud noise, and suddenly the girls start school and he's on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He cleaned the house frantically in an hour, and the next hour, he's paced the floor so much I swear I see tracks.

Valen stops again, and I wait for his tirade when he jumps. "I got it!"

I toss my paperwork aside. Clearly, I'm getting no work done today. I glance at my mate, his tailored suit ruffled from his stress, the top two buttons on his shirt undone. He stands with his hands on his hips like he has a solution to the problem I didn't know we apparently had.

My eyes skim over his face, and his lips tug up into a smirk before I meet his dazzling amber eyes. I'm ogling. I do that too much these days, but when my eyes go to his, I don't like the look on his face. He's too upbeat, like there's some joke I'm not in on. His smile grows devious.

Before I can demand to know what he's on about now, he slowly, methodically walks around the coffee table as if he's stalking prey and not his mate and wife. He stops in front of me and I raise an eyebrow at him. There's something sinister about that smirk on his face that makes my ovaries shrivel up and die instantly.

I shake my head, and he nods, licking his lips.

"Nope, out of the question, not happening," I snap at him. Before I can give him a list of reasons for why we have too many children and more is not an option, he grabs me and tosses me over his shoulder.

I beat his back as my paperwork goes everywhere, scattering on the floor.

"I am putting another bun in this oven," Valen declares, stalking off toward the stairs.

"Like hell you are!" I growl, biting his damn back and thumping my fist against his ass.

"It's the only solution. Problem solved," Valen tells me while I grip the handrail on the stairs. He is brought to a stop, but twists, prying my fingers off.

That's it, the bastard asked for it. I open the mind-link, pulling out the big guns. I search for his father.

'Hey, Evie. What's up?'

'I am about to kill your son. So, I will need someone to help bury the body,' I growl at him.

'Very intriguing. I'm listening.'

'Bring a shovel.'

'Man, that is a big hole to dig. I will ask your father to come help and tell him to bring an extra shovel,' Kalen tells me.

I grip the wall cornice with my fingertips while Valen cackles his head off like a madman as I hang on for dear life and for the sake of my womb.

‘Exactly why are we plotting to kill my son?’ Kalen asks.

‘The bastard is trying to impregnate me!’ I snap at him, as if it’s his fault. Well, he spawned him, he can deal with him.

‘Like right now? I really think this is hardly the time for a mind-link. I love you, Everly, but there are just some images of my daughter-in-law I don’t want in my head.’

‘Not now, now! He’s trying to kidnap me. Bring a big fucking shovel, so I can beat him with it.’

‘So this act hasn’t been performed yet..... Oh.... If it is a boy, can we name this one Kalen? Oh, or maybe Kal?’

‘You’re supposed to be on my side!’ I screech at him.

‘There are sides?’

I growl at him through the link as Valen turns onto the third-floor stairwell.

‘Yes, there are sides. Now pick one! Either you sort out your son, or you help me bury the body,’ I snap at Kalen. He sighs.

‘So, back to this name situation; Kal would be fitting for a girl too.’

‘Dad!’ I snarl at him.

‘Fine, fine.’ He sighs, shoving the mind-link open and including Valen.

‘Oh, you want to do this telepathically? I can whisper sweet nothings in your head instead of your ear,’ Valen purrs.

‘Please don’t—not while I am here,’ Kalen quips.

Valen stops and I feel his hand come down on my ass over my skirt. I jump and yelp.

‘That’s damn cheating, and you know it—they always take your side,’ Valen growls.

‘Because I’m his favorite!’ I snap at Valen, gripping a door handle for a moment before my fingers slide off.

‘I am his son! This is some bullshit!’ he huffs, stopping outside our bedroom, though still not putting me down.

‘Valen, put the Luna down and step away from your mate.’

‘No!’ Valen huffs defiantly.

‘We have plotted your death and organized the location for your body,’ Kalen warns him.

‘Is it at least a nice resting spot, and will you visit regularly and clean it?’ Valen taunts.

‘Put the Luna down, son,’ Kalen argues. I snicker to myself, listening to them bicker.

‘Nope! I’ll cut you a deal—if it’s a boy, I’ll name it Kal,’ Valen states triumphantly.

Kalen falls silent for a second. “Oh, really?”

I growl and Kalen chuckles awkwardly.

“Such a strong name—your counteroffer, Evie?”

His poor father gets dragged into all our arguments, playing mediator. I think hard about my offer.

‘Valen will mow your lawns for the next year,’ I declare through the link. Valen scoffs, his hand coming down on my ass again.

‘Now, that is a nice offer. Backyard too?’

‘Yep, even weed the gardens,’ I assure him.

‘You can’t offer me!’ Valen growls.

‘As Luna, I think she can,’ Kalen adds. ‘So many choices,’ he taunts, but we all know who he’s going to pick— me! I could shit on that man’s lawn right in front of him, and he would say it was the neighbor’s cat.

'Put the Luna down, Valen. Don't make me cover up your murder,' Kalen tells him, and Valen growls.

'Fine!' He huffs and I go flying. A shriek leaves me as he dumps me on the bed and I bounce. Valen smirks down at me with his hands folded and I feel the mind-link dissolve.

"You always cheat and play dirty," he accuses.

"I don't want any more kids," I tell him.

"Two more?" Valen pleads, crawling onto the bed. I shake my head, finding his pleading amusing.

"Fine, if you want two more kids, then I want a Ferrari," I tell him, knowing damn well he wouldn't waste money on one. He's more frugal than me these days.

Valen jumps off the bed and rushes from the room. A moment later, he returns and jumps on the bed, dropping something between my cleavage peeking out of my blouse. I grab it, giving him a deadpan look.

"There, I got you a Ferrari!" he declares and I shake my head. A toy one.

"One more?" he begs.

Nope, I am not changing my mind. He gently cups my face in his hands.

"Three more?" he offers.

"How did we go from one to three?"

He laughs. "So one it is!" he declares.

"Definitely not. I'll buy you a puppy," I tell him.

Valen pulls a face at me. "I am not having a dog shit on my floor."

"But a baby can?" I deadpan.

"They wear diapers. Please, please, just one? I'll look after it." He gives me his best puppy dog eyes, but I am not falling for it. I shake my head.

He groans, dropping his head against my shoulder.

“Fine, I’ll take the puppy,” he whines before lifting his head. “But can we at least still pretend to make a baby?” he asks, his amber eyes glinting back at me as he rocks his hips against me.

I grab his head, pushing him down.

“I can be persuaded,” I chuckle.

ChapterSixty-Five

Everly

Six months later.

“Frankie, get back here with my damn shoe!” I shout, chasing the damn dog through the house. He races up the stairs, my heel in his mouth, while I try to catch the little turd. His short, stumpy legs run a million miles an hour as he tries to evade me.

“Frankie!” I screech as he darts into one of the kid’s rooms. He peeks over his tiny shoulder, giving me a challenging look before hiding under Valarian’s bed.

“Come here, puppy, puppy; give me my damn shoe, or I will make one out of you,” I growl at him.

I reach for the squirming beast and grip the heel, and it becomes a game of tug-of-war.

“Give me my damn shoe!”

“Should have chosen the baby,” Valen says behind me, and I jump, bumping my head before I wiggle out from under the bed.

“We have a meeting, and your dog stole my heel!” I snap at him.

Valen whistles, and Frankie yelps excitedly.

“Now, Frankie,” Valen calls. I see his little head poke out from under the bed with my slobber-covered heel in his mouth, then slink his way out. I eye the little Frenchie. Does he not realize I could shift and eat him? The rotten little sod still tries my patience. He races over to Valen, dropping my heel at his feet.

“Who’s a good boy,” Valen says while crouching down and patting his little head.

“Good boy?” I snap, snatching my heel that is now not only covered in slobber but also chewed on.

“Leave his shoe fetish alone. He gets it from his momma,” Valen chuckles, scratching his belly while Frankie’s tongue lolls out the side.

Valarian comes in to see what all the commotion is. He scoops Frankie up, taking him from his father.

“Is Momma being mean, Frankie?” he coos, pulling faces at him. If anything, the dog has done wonders for their OCD. It’s practically nonexistent, though Valarian and Valen still have a thing about coasters.

“Who would have thought that breed of dog is so damn naughty,” I scold the cute little squashed-face dog. He licks frantically at Valarian’s face.

“Don’t listen to her, Frankie. You’re a good boy, and I know where she keeps her favorite shoes,” he whispers.

“Valarian, don’t you dare,” I scold him, and he snickers, walking off. While trying to fix my clothes for my meeting across town, I look down and groan. I’m covered in his fur. No! Now I need to find something else to wear.

Walking out of the room, Valen follows me back to our room so I can change quickly. Once dressed and semi-presentable again, he then follows me downstairs. Macey and her son are playing blocks with Taylor and Casey. It’s the middle of summer vacation, and everywhere I look, I’m stepping on children or playing Russian roulette with toys. Yet, I wouldn’t have it any other way. It’s chaotic and messy, but so worth it.

“Are you going to meet this new Alpha coming into the city?” Macey asks.

“Yes, we’re just waiting for my father to get here to help with the kids,” I tell her, and she nods. Zoe is working, covering my shift at the hotel today, while Valen, Marcus, and I go to check out this new Alpha wanting to move into the city.

We value our way of life here and won’t accept just anyone who might ruin that peace. But werewolf cities are becoming fewer since the new human government regulations and seizures of land and there is nowhere to house everyone. Since

werewolves are centered around pack communities, we've had no choice but to accept two new packs.

The first one was easily dismantled and spread out, and Alpha Daxon, Taylor's grandfather, decided to reunite his pack. Years ago, he had stepped down and given us ultimate control, and we still have it, but with the city's growing numbers, and pack members growing antsy with so many strangers, they feel more comfortable in their own packs.

No matter what, though—whether or not they ultimately decide to join one of our packs or remain as rogues—the old laws on rogues will never be accepted in our city again.

So far, we've had no issues, and most of the pack members that did come here either joined ours or Alpha Daxon's. The Alphas didn't care for titles and land as long as their packs could stay together, so the city is more council-run now; everyone equal, everyone gets a say.

Yet, we have qualms about this new pack. Slowly we've extended the city borders all the way out to the mountains; subdivisions have gone in, and even a new railway. But this new Alpha doesn't want to join another pack—he wants his own, and that's what this meeting is about. He wants to buy half my land—he wants the forsaken territory.

We had no plans for it, so I am considering it, but before we agree, I want to meet him—sus out exactly who he is and any intentions he has. We won't allow disruption to the peace we finally have here.

Hearing the door open, a chorus of 'grandpa' rings out as the kids rush toward him and I smile.

"Love you, Dad. Bye!" I call over the chaos while grabbing Valen's hand to escape for a moment's peace by ourselves.

Chapter Sixty-Six  
Everly

The meeting with the new Alpha goes off without a hitch.

Alpha Lee is around the same age as Valen, perhaps a few months plus or minus, though not as clean-cut. The new Alpha is more of a rough-around-the-edges type of guy.

He also has a son around Valarian's age. We learned he's a single father and had built his pack from nothing—all on his own. He didn't mention any family besides his son, so we take it as a sign that the man has no one who helped him after his wife passed.

His story is very similar to mine; his pack is originally a pack of rogues who had lived in Lake City but were forced out by the human councils who took over.

After meeting him, we decide to invite him back home for dinner. We think it's a nice gesture and could help us to get to know him better. Everyone knows how wrong trusting strangers is, and this guy technically is just that—a stranger—so although we're friendly and nice, we're also still slightly cautious.

Until his pack settles in, we've decided to give him Nixon's old pack lands, which have been pretty much abandoned. We'll give him time to use the land until he builds out the land he's purchasing and extends his borders out.

Checking my phone, I sigh. Valen is still talking to Alpha Lee, while I'm watching and waiting in the damn car. I want to get home—the comfort and warmth is calling me back. It pulls on my heart like a magnet as the odd feeling of missing the kids overwhelms me. They drive me up the wall, but there is no place I would rather be.

Besides, we still need to tidy up before the Alpha and his son arrive in two hours. We can't let them think we're slob, and with the way I left the house, with toys scattered everywhere, it will look like it. People judge others when they enter houses, and I would be damned if I allowed anyone to judge me, especially the new Alpha.

I know that Macey and Zoe are already tidying up, and my father is setting up the tables out back, but I still want to get home and freshen up before his arrival.

Plus, I want out of these damn heels. They're fucking killing me.

The urge to beep the horn at him is strong as I watched him happily chatting away to Alpha Lee on the steps. However, something seems off. Valen is super excited

about something; I can see it from here. Not that I don't want to see him happy or excited, but damn, it makes me a little suspicious about their conversation.

I arch an eyebrow and focus on them as I try to figure out what they're discussing. The feeling through the bond is almost giddy, yet I can feel the hint of nervousness about something.

I'm just about to actually go through with beeping the horn when I see them shaking hands.

"Finally!" I mutter to myself as Valen strolls over to the car.

He climbs into the driver's seat but I don't give him time to settle in before I turn my entire body to him.

"What are you so excited about?" I demand while he unbuttons his suit jacket and shrugs it off.

My suspicions about his out-of-character behavior grows when he tosses the jacket in the back seat. Usually, he hangs it up and ensures it stays neat for the next time he might need it. I watch as he plugs in his seatbelt, then shrugs again.

I raise an eyebrow at him.

"What? I can't be excited about a new pack coming to the city?" he asks, while turning the key in the ignition.

I shake my head; I just want to get home to shower. If that means that I have to miss out on some answers, so be it.

"Alpha Lee will be at our house in three hours instead of two, he just needs to duck home real quick," he adds as his eyes focus on the road ahead.

Lake City is on the other side of the mountains. Before the bypass went in it would have been a four-hour round trip. The new road and tunnels cutting through the mountain lessened that time by more than half.

"Sounds good; gives us more time to get everything ready." I speak right as a yawn escapes me. To minimize the awful sound, I cover my mouth with my hand.

Valen hums as he drums his fingers on the steering wheel. There has to be something he's hiding from me. There just has to. I can see how much more weird

he's getting with each passing second—feel it through the bond like alarm bells going off. He can barely sit still in his seat.

Once we arrive home, I see that my father and Valen's have recruited help in setting up because the street is lined with cars. The barbecue is open to whoever wants to attend to meet the new Alpha. Just for that fact alone, I'm not surprised by the number of people here.

They have a chance to meet someone new and get free food. I mean, who wouldn't take up on an offer like that? I would fall for the free food offer alone if it meant I didn't have to cook—screw everything else.

Valarian comes rushing out of the house the moment our car pulls into the driveway. I feel as if every time I close my eyes, that boy somehow manages to grow. Literally by the second, I swear. And now, he's getting so tall that he's nearly as tall as me.

Not to mention that every day he looks more and more like his father. He's a carbon copy of him, just a little smaller. Well, he's smaller for now.

"Where are the girls?" I ask him as his father scoops him up, hanging him over his shoulder.

Valarian laughs and giggles as he dangles half upside down. "Out the back with Pop," he answers while he's trying to wrestle out of his father's grip.

"Is Marcus home?" Valen asks him as he finally sets our son on the ground.

"Yep, just got home," Valarian tells him. "So Alpha Lee has a son?" he asks excitedly.

"Yep, his name is Sam," I tell him as I smile at my son and grab the last of the files from the back seat along with my purse and Valen's discarded suit jacket.

I roll my eyes at the piece of clothing. Our son might have distracted me when we pulled up, but this once again reminds me of how suspicious my mate is acting. Which, in turn, annoys me, since I both want to know and drop the matter at the same time.

Valarian and Valen move toward the door and I huff at them; like father, like son, for fuck's sake! No, no, guys, don't you mind me, I'm all good being the damn donkey of this family and carrying everything, I think to myself.

"Thanks for your help!" I call after Valen and he stops in midstep.

His brows furrow, then his eyes widen when he finally sees how much I'm struggling as I try to juggle everything I'm carrying. Valarian laughs as his father quickly rushes back to help.

"What's gotten into you?" I snapped at him. He isn't usually this distracted. Once again, he gives me a vague answer of being excited about the new Alpha coming to the City.

As soon as I've dropped everything inside the downstairs office, I spend the next two hours helping to set everything up for the barbecue, making some salads, and getting the kids' table set up. When I'm done, I check on the triplets and go upstairs to shower.

I'm just stripping off my clothes when I hear scratching on the bathroom door before it's nudged open by Frankie. I pat his little head as he lies down on the bathroom floor mat, though I eye the Frenchie suspiciously as I finish getting undressed. He still isn't forgiven for his earlier stunt of eating my heels.

"You better not be in here to cause mischief," I warn him. He cocks his head to the side and his tongue lolls out of his mouth. My wild guess is that the little shit actually thinks he's winning and will earn himself some extra pats by being cute. I shake my head at him as I toss my heels off next to the door and climb into the shower.

Halfway through my shower, I glance out to find Frankie licking the shower door. His big eyes are watching me as he tries to open the glass and climb in with me. He is a terror.

I snap it shut as he nudges it with his squished nose.

"No, go harass Valarian or the girls!" I tell him as I squeeze some shampoo in my hand and start washing my hair.

Rinsing it out, I open my eyes to find Frankie is eyeing me through the glass, only this time he has my designer high heels in his mouth.

I point at him. “Don’t you dare.”

He drops it, and I’m just about to go back to showering when he grabs it again and darts for the door.

I try to slam the door shut before the little mutt takes off out the door, but he weaseles his chunky body out the door just in the nick of time.

I growl as I shut the water off and jump out of the shower. Angrily, I snatch my towel off the rail and wrap it around my body as I dart out after him. He’s standing by the bedroom door, looking in at me. These are my only heels he hasn’t slobbered on.

“Here, puppy, give me the shoe,” I try to coo like Valen does when he’s calling the dog spawn of Satan. I creep forward as I hold my hand outstretched, but he takes off again.

“Little fucker!” I curse, chasing after him. “Frankie, get back here!” I snarl at the pint-sized dog. I’m going to skin it and turn it into slippers!

He darts for the stairs and I snap at Valen through the mind-link to help me, but get no answer. The mutt moves to the second floor and turns for the last set of steps.

“Get back here!” I order the half-a-dog.

He stops briefly—the little bastard is taunting me. I slow down, trying not to spook him as he adjusts his grip on my \$1,000 heels he’s drooling all over.

I’m nearly beside him when I try to snatch the shoe, but he takes off down the next set of steps. I must sound like a stampede of elephants coming down the stairs as I chase the mongrel, then see Valen heading toward the stairs out of the corner of my eye.

Just as I’m taking the next step, my foot slides out from under me. My scream is visceral as I step on a Hot Wheels car and start somersaulting down the steps. Everything slows down—time, everything. My stomach flops and I go ass-up just

as Valen opens the front door. Valen shrieks, and I feel his panic as I land on my back, butt naked, my towel having unraveled and disappeared.

“Crap, are you alright?” Valen asks, helping me sit up to find Alpha Lee standing at the front door.

I blink at him and his son.

“Dad, I see her boobies!” the boy whispers, tugging on his dad's jacket while pointing at me.

The Alpha shakes his head, coming out of his shock, and his hand covers his son's eyes as he gapes at me.

I shriek, yanking Valen in front of me to cover my nude body. Frankie is definitely becoming my next set of slippers.

Alpha Lee clears his throat, looking up at the ceiling. “We’ll go around the back way,” he says, rushing off.

I grit my teeth and look at Valen. “Where is he!” I growl, my eyes scanning the area. I find Frankie chomping away on my heel by the fireplace.

“I’m sure it was an accident,” Valen defends his thief of a dog.

“It dies! I kill it!” I scream at him, absolutely livid. That dog is my nemesis, and now he is my next set of slippers.

“How about you go get dressed, and I will go speak with the Alpha?” Valen offers, edging closer to his devil dog. He scoops him up before I can wring its neck.

“Besides, I have a surprise for you later that’ll cheer you up,” he adds.

Valen steps closer to me, quickly pecking my cheek before darting off with his shoe goblin. I growl as I start stalking back to the room to get dressed.  
ChapterSixty-Seven

Everly

As I walk back down to the barbecue, I feel like I’m doing a damn walk of shame. After the adventure that shoe-shredder of a half-dog pulled me into, this sure feels like one of the most embarrassing things I’ve ever experienced.

The new Alpha's son saw me butt naked! Well, so did the Alpha, but at least he didn't say anything. The little guy, oh yeah, he went full on and pointed at me with his finger just to tell his dad he could see my breasts. I'm sure he's already told the story to the entire party, which, by no means, makes me feel any better.

Yet, as I join everyone, I notice Alpha Lee seems to have brushed off his unfortunate introduction to the packhouse. His son and Valerian have become quick friends—way faster than I imagined, but that makes me feel a little better about everything.

As I scan the crowd, I notice that Taylor and Casey also seem to get along with Sam pretty well, and the boy doesn't seem to be traumatized by meeting my breasts before he met me

My cheeks heat up again as I recall the incident. That fucking mutt is so darn gone; he has no idea what's coming for him. Oh, I've got a better idea—how about I make a damn hat out of his skin and gift it to the very man who brought the menace into my life?

For the time being, I focus back on the barbecue. We have guests, many of them, and it's already enough that two of them witnessed me at my worst. The others won't see how far I'm willing to go for revenge.

Just like the meeting, it goes off without a hitch, everyone enjoys themselves. As the night comes to an end, Valen's excitement becomes almost uncontrollable when we all hear the sound of an engine revving out the front.

"Ah, finally arrived!" Alpha Lee says as he slaps Valen's chest. Valen nods for me to follow him and Alpha Lee.

"Who is it?" I ask him, but he remains tight-lipped.

As we pass Zoe, she chuckles, and once again, I grow suspicious of her odd behavior.

"What?" I ask her.

"Nothing, congratulations," she snickers, covering her giggling with her hand. My eyes narrow on her. I'm about to ask her what she means when Valen grabs my

hand and tugs me after him. He leads me up the side of the house, stopping just before we round the corner to cover my eyes with his hands.

Yeah, nothing to bloody worry about—just a shoe shredder, my mate keeping secrets, and an entire pack of people who seem to know something I don't.

"Valen, what are you doing?" I hiss at him as I feel sidewalk turn to driveway under my feet. I keep tugging at his hands, but he doesn't release me, so I give up on trying. Just a second later, he stops me again.

"Thanks, Cole," I hear Alpha Lee tell someone when Valen's lips kiss the side of my neck.

"Remember when you said if I wanted another baby, you wanted a Ferrari?" Valen purrs in my ear.

My face drops. What the hell does he mean by those words. And I don't like the cocky tone of his voice. What has my mate done now?

He finally lifts his hands from my eyes.

"Ta-da" Valen cries out triumphantly.

I blink at the Ferrari in the driveway.

I said that because I knew he would never get me one! It was nothing but an excuse to get out of the damn baby talk!

And yet, here it is, a bright canary yellow Ferrari sitting in my damn driveway. Alpha Lee tosses me the keys and I barely catch them before they hit the ground.

I stare at them, only to hear laughing from the side of the house as Macey and Zoe peer around the corner at my horror. How is my worst nightmare amusing them? Had they lost the last remnants of their minds? They know I have goals to accomplish—they even helped me plan!

I shake my head as I finally reach the understanding of what Zoe's 'congratulations' were for. Valen thinks he's spitting another litter out of me. Heck no!

"No, we have the future-slippers dog!" I tell him.

“A deal is a deal!” Valen huffs as he plucks the keys from my hands. I shake my head and glare at Alpha Lee. I know he owns the most car dealerships in the country, but.... No!

Alpha Lee puts his hands up in surrender.

“He asked, I delivered.” He laughs.

“And for half the price!” Valen chirps in a stupidly happy tone.

I turn slowly and clench my teeth. “We have my slippers,” I tell him, pointing to Frankie, who’s excitedly watching from the front window.

“Now, I need a robe—your pelt will do just fine!” I growl at him.

Valen’s face falls and he backs up. “Hey, I delivered on my end, a deal is a deal!” he says as he folds his arms across his chest.

By now, both our fathers and those who remain are in the driveway, getting ready to leave or just watching us.

“He has a point, Evie. A deal is a deal,” Macey chimes in and I shoot her a glare, to which she just laughs.

“And about the name? Is Kalen or Kal still on the table?” Kalen asks.

I press my lips in a line, shooting my father-in-law a look to ‘shut it’. He shrugs as my father wanders over with Ava, both ready to leave. He stops, giving me a hug and kiss.

“Congratulations sweetheart. Hopefully, this one is a boy.” I slap his arm and he laughs, rushing off before I can kick him too.

Valen smirks, thinking he’s won. He may have won this one. But he has to sleep sometime.

We bid our farewells to everyone and head back up the side of the house to clean up when Macey speaks up.

“I predict this time it will be quadr—”

I clamp my hands over her mouth.

“Shut it! You jinxed me last time,” I snarl at her, and she laughs, swatting my hands away.

“Hey, that reminds me. Valen, you still owe me that foot rub!” she calls after him.

He peeks over his shoulder. “I am not touching those Neanderthal feet!” he says, and she growls.

“You’ll be rubbing my feet!” she snaps as she darts after him. I shake my head and Tatum laughs as she gives chase.

## **Chapter Sixty-Eight**

Later that night.

I knew from the beginning that it was a bad idea to agree to Valen’s deal, although I know, undoubtedly, he will not be letting me get out of it. I’d started it myself, of course, by saying I wanted a damn Ferrari if he wanted a baby. I underestimated him and his eagerness. He had laughed at me and said he would take the puppy. I thought that would be the end of it. Apparently not!

“How about some fish?” I offer and Valen smirks.

“Not a chance, you’re paying up!” he purrs as he climbs onto the bed.

“A guinea pig?” I ask.

“Not a chance. You’re not getting out of it,” he growls, nipping at my thighs as he crawls up my body. He pushes my night dress up, then kisses my stomach. “I am filling this womb—a deal is a deal,” he growls, nipping at my flesh.

“You got a Frankie!” I retort.

“And now a warm womb to house another pup!” he chuckles.

“That’s double-dipping!” I snap.

“No, but I don’t mind double-dipping tonight to ensure you are filled with my seed,” he laughs. I roll my eyes at him. I should have asked for a jet.

I shake my head and start to protest some more—try to talk my way out of it—when he silences me with his lips as he settles between my legs. I moan into his mouth as his tongue invades mine, his hard, muscled body pressing against me;

sparks spread across my flesh. Every inch of my skin is covered in goosebumps, and my breath hitches as he devours my lips in a soul-sucking kiss.

I feel like I'm on some sort of high, which makes it hard to see straight. I can't concentrate. It's all too much, and Valen knows exactly how to get what he wants—how to get me to comply. And I know he'll get what he wants because he's not going to give me a chance to back out. Yet, some small part of me doesn't want to anyway and is coming around to the idea.

Valen breaks the kiss, then tugs off his shirt with one hand, tossing it aside. A smirk dances on his lips as he sits back on his knees. I raise an eyebrow at him as he reaches for my night dress again. A gasp of surprise leaves my lips when he yanks on it, ripping it straight up the middle.

"Valen!" I hiss at the sting. "I just bought that one," I pout.

He chuckles, uncaring, eyes solely on the prize he thinks he won.

"You owe me a—"

He forces my mouth open with his tongue, and I have no choice but to oblige as he presses his weight against me, cutting off my words once more.

I shiver, the pool of arousal in my panties only growing more prominent as my heart beats out of my chest. I want more. I want so much more. And so I allow him to explore my mouth with his tongue in a rhythm so fast I can barely keep up with it. His claws rake my hip as he shreds my panties, earning another growl from me, which he ignores. Yet, I feel the hint of a smile on his lips as he kisses me.

My hands roam across the hard muscle of his chest as I surrender, allowing him what he wants. Reaching down, I push his boxers down.

"Hmm, somebody changed their mind," he hums.

"Just shut up before one of the kids barges in," I tell him.

At my words, he wastes no time—he slips inside of me. I feel every inch of him as he penetrates me, making me gasp.

"Fuck," I groan, leaning up and nipping at his mark. Valen shivers and a deep purr rumbles from his chest. My breath hitches when he pulls out, then thrusts back in,

shooting electricity through me. I can feel the sparks everywhere, making me tingle. My body is warm, my heart flutters, and my stomach swirls. The sensations are overwhelming, and he's savage as he continues to pound into me the way he knows I like.

The moan that leaves my lips sounds like a shout. Every sound falls quiet in my ecstasy straight after, my body freezing beneath him.

It shoots down between my legs now, making my body quiver as I reach my orgasm. Everything is so bright and so sensitive. I can't take it. It's too good. Too much. My muscles spasming around his cock draw a growling sound from his lips.

I've already come embarrassingly quickly, but this entire thing is only starting for him now. He leans down and his mouth brutally attacks my throat. His teeth dig into my skin, biting just to deal with the pleasure he's feeling himself. He's purring into my skin, fucking me relentlessly and rocking my body so hard I start to lose my mind.

A smile spreads across my lips as he picks up his rhythm and I moan, taking whatever his body has to offer. He thrusts harder, his movements crashing against my body and making my breasts bounce along with the thrusts. I love the feel of his hunger, pushing inside of me and making him moan. I love knowing that it's my body that's making him feel utterly blissful, and I love the feeling through the bond—his desires melding with mine.

When he angles himself more, I feel my walls clench and I gasp, my eyes opening again. There's a hazy look in his eyes and he smiles down at me as he fucks me with force and urgency. We're both breathing heavily, moaning and groaning. It's all so in sync as he chases to finish it.

He moves faster and harder, squeezing his eyes shut as he focuses on the feelings that shoot through his body, and his lips crash against my own. The sensations build between my legs, and before I know it, there's a sudden wave of bliss that crashes down on me, making me moan.

Valen's movements slow as my pussy grips him, my inner walls pulsating as my orgasm washes through me—he slows with a groan and he falls quiet for just a second, until a loud growl escapes his throat. He thrusts forward, then stills, his cock pulsing, filling me with his cum before he collapses on top of me.

My fingers trail up his sides while he catches his breath, and I hold mine under his crushing weight until he rolls, pulling me with him.

I rest my hands on his chest, propping my chin on them as I watch him. Valen leans forward, a devious smile on his lips as he grips my hips and drags me higher. He bumps my nose with his before kissing me and letting me rest on top of him.

“Give me a minute,” he growls, and I raise an eyebrow at him.

“No, I need sleep,” I whine.

“You can sleep once you're knocked up,” he laughs.

“I have plans, Mr. Solace,” I growl at him.

“So do I—to fill this womb.” he chuckles.

I shake my head. Now is not the best time to get pregnant, but is there ever a right time? We'll see what happens, I guess.

Valen sweeps my hair behind my ear and groans.

“You don't want any more,” he sighs like he was hoping I changed my mind. In a sense, I have, but the timing... I have big plans, goals to reach.

“No, that's not really it,” I admit, and he smiles.

“Then what is it?”

“The state meeting. I can't be pregnant for that—I'll be run off my feet.”

“I'll rub them,” he offers, and I roll my eyes.

“How am I going to look after a baby while running for state?” I ask him. For the first time, humans are allowing us in office and I want to rid us of the rogue laws for good—win our cities back and fight for equal rights.

“With my help. Always with my help,” he promises. I chew my lip and his fingers trail up my sides.

“So you decided you're going to run for it then?”

I sigh and nod my head.

“Are you sure, Mrs. Solace?”

I tilt my head, watching as his lips tug in the corners.

“I don’t know about that. I have my doubts. What you’re planning is unachievable—you’ll never do it,” he taunts.

I sit up, straddling his hips as I raise an eyebrow. “Is that right?”

He shrugs. “Impossible. You can’t run for office,” he growls, and I grip his face, then nip at his lips, feeling his tug up into a smile.

“Watch me!” I growl.

Valen grips the back of my neck and his lips press against mine as he rolls me onto my back, crushing me into the mattress.

“Always,” he promises, leaning down and recapturing my lips.

The End