

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son

Chapter 80

Chapter 80 Valen POV

It was bucketing down as Marcus pulled up out the front so I could pick Valarian up from school. I stepped out of the car into a puddle; the gutters overflowing and spilling onto the footpath. The drains were blocked. The water flowed down the gutter, rushing like a river and filling my shoe with water.

I growl, shaking my foot to get the water out of my shoe before racing for the school's front door. Marcus waited behind in the car because he was on the phone still, the audio going through the car's Bluetooth. My toes squelched in my shoes as I walked on the slippery floors to the primary office.

On the way here, I called ahead. So when I stepped into the small office, the secretary called up to his class the moment she saw me walk in to let the teacher know I was here to collect him.

"He will be right down, Alpha," the secretary tells me, and I nod to her before walking around the room and looking at the school awards hanging on the brown brick walls. I shrugged my coat off, which was drenched from the downpour, and draped it over one arm as I looked around. Daily update on:

"Scouts found nothing," Marcus says, walking into the small school office. He shakes his head, spraying water everywhere, and I growl when it gets some on me, wiping my face with the back of my hand, and he laughs, running his fingers through his wet hair. He had been on the phone with the scouts to check if they had found anything about Emily's missing son.

"You tell them to head back? This storm looks like it will be a big one," I ask him, and he nods before dialing a number into his phone. I watch as he holds the phone to his ear, his face lined with worry.

"Zoe is not answering her phone. I have tried to call five times today," he whines when I look at him questionably. Marcus hangs up when she doesn't answer and sends her a message instead. He purses his lips in frustration, and I raise an eyebrow at him as he glares at his phone screen.

"She is probably working," I tell him, and he sighs.

"I know, but she feels funny through the bond; I feel so hot!" he says, tugging at the collar of his shirt.

"They have the heaters up way too high here," he growls. He had been complaining all day about the heat and spent most of the day in just his button-up shirt, while I spent most of the damn day shivering and only just took my blazer off because it was drenched.

"Just go if you want. You don't have to come with me," I tell him just as his phone starts ringing. Daily update on:

"Hm, Everly," he says, showing me the screen. I motion for him to not tell her we are together, pressing a finger to my lips.

"I know, I know," he says, walking off to take the call out in the hall. A few moments later, Valarian appeared in the office with his teacher, his bag slung over his shoulder, and I reached down and took it from him, chucking the strap over one shoulder as I kneeled before him.

"Here you go, Alpha, you just need to sign here," she said, handing me a printed slip and a pen with his student information and photo. I reach up and lean on the desk and quickly sign it before grabbing Valarian and pulling his raincoat from his bag. I place it on him and button it up before picking him up and standing pack up to leave.

"I forgot my umbrella, so we need to make a run for it," I laugh, and he pouts, not happy about getting wet. Just as I was about to head for the door leading out to the hall, Marcus came rushing in, the door narrowly missing us as he burst through it. He looked frantic and chucked me his keys.

"I gotta go. Zoe is in heat," he says, and I only just catch his keys before they fall on the floor.

"Ah, I can drive you home," I call out to him, but he is already shifting into his wolf, his clothes shredding up the hall before he bursts through the doors leading out, hitting them in his wolf form so hard they smack against the walls.

"He will get wet," Valarian says, watching after him.

"It will be quicker, though. He won't be restricted to the roads. He will be fine," I tell him, walking down the corridor. Valarian sighs, and I hoist him higher before draping my jacket over his head and pushing the door open. We make a run for the car out front, and I become drenched even worse, my white shirt turning see-through. Valen squeals and whines that he got drenched too, despite having the jacket covering him. I place him in his booster seat before jumping into the driver's seat.

Valarian's teeth were chattering as we got in the car, so I turned the heater on full blast to warm and to try to dry my shirt a little bit. Pulling away from the curb, we head further into the city, heading for our destination, when my phone starts ringing through Bluetooth.

"Who is love muffin?" Valarian asks, looking at the screen, and I snicker.

Everly would probably demand I delete that name from my contacts. Daily update on:

"Your mother," I chuckle, and he scrunches up his face.

"Aren't you going to answer it?" Valarian asks, and I shake my head.

"Nope, I don't want your mother to know I kidnapped you from school early,"

"She will keep ringing. And she probably already knows. My watch has a child GPS tracker in it," Valarian says, just as the phone cuts out. Only for it to ring again.

"It has a what?" I asked him while looking in the rearview mirror at him. He holds up his wrist to show me his black watch.

"Yep, it is linked to her phone. She got it after I went looking for you when I ran away, said it was so she could keep an eye on me." he says with a shrug.

"Where are we going anyway?" Valarian asks.

"To the jewelry store," I tell him, and his tiny brows pinch together.

"Is that why you pulled me from school to go shopping? I wanted to do the show and tell; I brought my dinosaur to school today." Valarian pouts.

"Well, I need you to help me, since your mother doesn't wear jewelry. I don't know her tastes, so I want you to help pick it out," I tell him.

"Mum doesn't wear jewelry. Maybe you should get her flowers. Mum like flowers, but make sure it's in a pot. She said cut flowers die and are a waste,"

You want me to ask your mother to marry me with a flower?" I ask him, glancing in the mirror, and he nods before I see his head whip up, a big grin on his face.

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Chapter 81

Chapter 81

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

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

"I don't remember seeing a jewelry box in there," I tell him. "No, mum packed it in a box after I dropped it, and had all my grandma's "Yep, they didn't take anything,

just wrote rogue whore on the brick walls, Aunty Macey scared them off,"
"Language! And you remember this?" I ask him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just get the ice cream, Valen!" she says. "Fine, I will grocery shop too, then. I love you," I tell her. "I love you too. Don't forget my ice cream," Everly says, hanging up. The rain had eased off a little by the time we reached the hotel, but the car park was flooded, and the wind was horrendous.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I always wondered what happened to that ugly thing. I had made it in wood class the first year of high school and gave it to my father. Opening the lid, I see my name burned into the wood. Dad must have given it to her. I thought my father threw it out. Daily new more chapters update on:

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

Biting my lip, I now knew it wasn't the jewelry Everly was upset about. It was because she knew mum treasured the box she kept the jewelry in.

She had to have known because she wouldn't have put it back together, because it was the ugliest box I had ever seen and definitely not a work of art.

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