

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 110

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

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

"Yeah, do it tonight before you chicken out, and I will tell Tatum," Macey says, peering through the door out the back of the jewelers.

"Really? You're going to tell him?" I ask. Macey sighs but nods her head.

"Yes. Well, if you have the guts to propose, I should woman up and tell him," she says. "So much going on today, so exciting!" Zoe gushes. "Exciting? I am about to possibly ruin my relationship while she gets married!" Macey says, nodding toward me. "Tatum won't leave you over something you can't control," Zoe says, and I agree. He didn't seem the sort to run just because he couldn't have kids. He loved Macey.

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

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

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

"What did you tell him?" Macey asks.

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

"Yeah, just not feeling well, Luna,"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wait, why blame me?" Macey asks.

"You're scarier than Marcus," Zoe says. Macey clicks her tongue and folds her arms.

"Is that so?" she asks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Want me to take her?" Zoe asks.

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

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

"Fill in, chef! I am not a chef, but yeah. I am a pretty good cook, if I do say so myself," Macey says. "Make him that crème brûlée he likes; that will soften the

topic," Zoe tells her. "I don't know!" She groans, "but yes, I will make him something nice, but Tatum really wants more kids."

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

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

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

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

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

"Good thing I organized dinner then," Valen says.

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

"Hurry home, and you'll find out," Valen purrs through the mind link. I laugh and cut the connection.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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