

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son  
Chapter 143

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Valen POV

We were finally going home, and I was beside myself with panic and I think that this was the slowest I had ever driven in my life.

Cars were honking their horns behind me, and I glared at the driver in my mirror. Does he not see the baby on board sticker?

"Valen 50kms is already too slow for this strip. You're doing 20 under," Everly hisses at me as cars overtake me.

"We have fragile cargo in the car. What if their little heads wobble?" Just saying that has me reduce my speed more. It wasn't worth the risk!

"We are more likely to get hit with you going this slow," Everly scolds, and I sigh.

"I'm serious, Valen. Speed up or let me drive. They're more durable than you think,"

"They are newborns!" I catch Everly rolling her eyes.

"I get this is your first newborn, and you want to wrap them in cotton wool, but seriously, they are durable, geez. Valarian fell off the bed once, screamed his damn head off, but he is perfectly fine,"

"You dropped him off the bed?" I ask, horrified.

"No! Of course not! He rolled off. Damn near had a heart attack." She laughs.

"Why are you laughing?" I asked, outraged. She was not holding them if she was going to be dropping them.

"Nothing. Just something your mother said when she raced to our room because I was screaming like a banshee thinking I killed him."

"What did she say?" I asked, curious.

"I told her what happened, and her reply was. He's screaming. He's fine. It's when they don't make noise that you worry." I raise an eyebrow at her.

"How old was he?"

"6 months old. Don't even get me started on how many times I smacked the kids head on the door frame lifting him into his car seat. He turned out perfectly fine." she states while all I could think was how the heck my son was still alive? He should have brain damage with all these bumps to the head.

“Perfectly fine? The kid has OCD. See what dropping him did?” Everly sighs and shakes her head.

“I wonder where he gets that from. I bet the entire house is baby proofed,” she taunts.

“OCD is not genetic,” I tell her.

“I would debate otherwise,” she retorts.

“And I don’t have OCD,” I argue.

“So you didn’t babyproof the entire place?” she scoffs, I swallow.

“Of course not!” I tell her, opening the mind-link. She shakes her head and peers out the window.

“What’s up?” Marcus asks. He was watching Valarian for me since I couldn’t fit everyone in the car. “All the baby proofing stuff, hide it. Undo it. I need to prove to Everly I don’t have OCD. She thinks I am OCD,” I scoff.

“Ah, but you do have OCD,” Marcus replies and I bite back the urge to growl at him.

“No, I don’t! Just do as I ask, damn it. I am five minutes out,”

“On it,” Marcus says, and I cut the link.

“So, are you going to tell me the names you picked?” Everly asks, leaning over to check the babies.

“You will find out tomorrow when I pick up the bracelets,” I tell her, and she hisses, clutching her stomach as she turns back to face the front. “Sit still before you hurt yourself,”

“I’m fine,” she says as I pull into the parking garage.

“That was the slowest damn drive of my life. Next time I am driving!” she states, shoving the door open. Now, to master these capsules, they were a real bitch to get in. I had to get my father to show me, who was just as useless, and he then enlisted John to help, but he was no help either.

So we all gave up and let Zoe and Macey handle it. Everly plucks a capsule out, then the middle one while I was still struggling to undo the one I was in charge of.

“Squeeze the handle. The red button on the side and lift!”

“I am squeezing and pressing. It’s faulty.” I tell her, becoming flustered.

Everly clicks her tongue and walks around to my side, one baby capsule in each hand. She sets them down and pushes me out of the way with her hip. I glare at her when it takes her two seconds to do it.

Now she was just showing off!

“You’ll get the hang of it,” she says, walking toward the elevator while I grab the baby bags. Man, these tiny creatures owned some shit. I felt like a mule carting it all up. When the elevator doors open, Marcus opens the mind-link as I step inside. “How do I get the toilet things off? I can’t even open the lid,” Marcus tells me. “What? How am I supposed to know? I didn’t install them. The handy person did just before you got there,” “Not even Valarian can open it. I had to piss off your balcony earlier because of this contraption.” He growls. “Valarian is pulling down the gates. I don’t get it. Why do you have gates up when they can’t even lift their own heads, let alone walk?”. Everly presses the button impatiently, crossing her legs. “Are you okay?” I ask her. “Yeah, I need to pee,” she says, and I blink “Get the damn toilet thing off! Break it for all I care!” I scream at Marcus through the link. “I’m trying! What do you think I am doing?” Marcus snarled as the door opened up. Everly waddles like a duck to the door, shoving the key in the lock. She twisted frantically and growled before the door opened, and she rushed inside. I trailed behind her to see her set the babies down next to the couch before she darted off up the hall, and I heard a crash. “Valen!” she groans. I set baby C down and rushed up the hall to find she had tripped over a gate. She hauls herself up to run to the bathroom. Marcus rushes out just before she enters, and she slams the door. And I look at Marcus, who shakes his head. The next minute, I hear her scream. “Valen!” she snarls as she tries to undo the toilet trap. I cringe and wait for the door to open. “Not OCD, huh?” I smile awkwardly as she folds her arms across her chest, her overfull boobs giving me a delicious sight. Those puppies were huge, and I and I couldn’t wait to touch them. “Eyes are up here!” Everly says while I lick my lips, imagining them jiggling above me as she rode my cock. “And now you get to clean the bathtub because I just had to pee in it,” she growls, pushing past me. Damn it! \*\*\*\*\* Everly POV Watching Valen, I found it rather amusing. He treated them like they were made of glass. “Should she be crying like that?” he asks, watching baby C scream her head off as I switched boobs since she was struggling to latch while Valen passed me, Baby A, so I could tandem feed.

“She is fine,” I tell him, though I was getting sick of calling them the baby alphabet. I wanted to know the names he chose, but he was remaining tight-lipped. Baby B was asleep. Or was until a few minutes into feeding. “Can you grab her?” I ask him. Although he was already walking to her bassinet, he leaned over, cooing and pulling faces at her.

I watch him lift her before he subtly sniffs the air before holding her at arm’s length, his fingers behind her little head as she stretched and farted. “You need to change her,” Valen demands, and I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Please!” he offers. “No, you need to change her. I am feeding these two.” I tell him with a smirk. I knew he could change a diaper. I had seen him change wet ones, and now he gets to change a shitty one. Valen pursed his lips determined, and I tried not to smile and laugh. As he set her down on the end of the bed, gathering what he needed just as Valarian walked in.

“Ew, what’s that smell?” “That would be dynamite butt,” Valen says, pointing to her squirming on the bed. He took her onesie off, unclips the nappy, and heaves instantly.

“Nope!” he says. “Yep! You gotta get used to it,” I tell him. He heaves again, which makes Valarian heave while I watch, amused.

I’m not helping. He needs to get used to it. I am not being in charge of diaper duty for all three babies! “I’ll swap ya.” he pleads, giving me puppy dog eyes.

“Oh, you figured out how to breastfeed?” I ask and he mutters something, tugging his shirt over half his face. “Why is it black like Tar?” he chokes out. He cleans and wipes, heaving the entire time, his face turning red, and when he is finally done, he dresses her.

“Run this to the bin for me,” he tells Valarian, dumping the nappy in his little hand. Valarian stares at the diaper that his father placed in his hand horrified. I watch as he pales, just as Valen picks up the baby. “Valarian?” I ask a little too late because he throws up all over Valens’ pants.

I watch Valen’s eyes widen, and he blinks a few times before quickly glancing down at his pant leg. “Sorry, dad,” Valarian says, gripping his father’s shirt to wipe his mouth on. I press my lips in a line trying to stifle my laugh. I watch as Valen sets the baby down before he gags, running for the toilet to throw up himself. I sigh. Yep, this would be interesting, I thought to myself.

