

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 122

chapter 122

Ava POV

Carter had me moved, and I appeared to be in some basement. I had been asleep for a few hours or maybe days I was unsure when I heard the door open. The man I hadn't recognized in my dazed state came down the stairs. His scent was familiar, and I couldn't figure out why at first. He had a blue cap on his head and a handkerchief tied around his face like last time. Yet with my sense of smell and taste returning, my eyes widened when I recognized the scent. A scent I smelled around Amber. Micah!

He walked over to me, where I sat in the corner, my wrist handcuffed to a drainpipe. He produces a needle, stabbing it into my thigh, and I yank on my restraints and snarl at him when he turns and simply walks back toward the stairs.

My eyes began to blur, yet I fought to keep them open. "Micah!" I tried to call, but my voice was barely a murmur, yet it was enough to make him freeze on the bottom step, and his entire body tensed as he gripped the handrail. He turned slowly, and his eyes roamed over me, and I knew without a doubt it was him. Something shriveled inside me and died as it dawned on me that he raped the mother of his child.

"When they kill you, I hope it's slow," I growl at

him.

He growls and stalks toward me, "They will never know, and you won't be alive to tell them," he sneers, gripping the back of my hair. I glare at him. "No woman forgets the face of the man that fathered her child, just like they never forget the face of their rapist," I sneer at him, and he shoves me back. My head bangs on the pipe, and he rips his hat off, clutches his hair, and screams in frustration. "Fuck!" he curses, kicking a wooden chair.

"I had no fucking choice. Do you think I could just stand there and watch? They would have fucking killed me!" 1

"You deserve far worse for what you did, and I can't wait for Marcus to give it to you," I spit at him through clenched teeth. "She won't remember. They drugged her," he says, shaking his head. I don't know if he was trying to convince himself of that or me. Either way, he was wrong. Zoe was out of it, but she was not that far gone. She wouldn't have missed a scent she was accustomed to through her daughter. My head spun and throbbed where I bumped it, and Micah scratches his chin when he snarls. Wandering around the basement, looking at the shelves, he snatches a piece of timber.

"I am not going to jail because of you," he sneers, tapping the timber on the palm of his hand, my eyes open frantically as he stalks toward me, and I yank on the cuffs in a last-ditch effort to free

myself. "They don't need to know, and Carter was planning on killing you anyway," he says slowly, trying to convince himself this would work. He lifts the piece of timber, and I gasp when he swings it, clenching my eyes shut, only I hear a crash instead. My eyes open, and I sag against the wall in a huffed wheeze when I see Carter shove him. I didn't even hear him come in.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Carter bellows, gripping the front of his shirt. Micah was on his back, hands up in surrender. Carter snarls at him before shoving him.

Yet the tension rolling off Carter was palpable, his Alpha aura menacing and straightens his suit. He picks up the knocked-over wooden chair, sits the chair back upright, and takes a seat.

He puts his head in his hands. "Zoe?" I murmured. My lip quivered, and Carter's head lifted, and his eyes went to me before flicking away.

"Your friend is alive. The rogue girl Macey got her," he says, staring off blankly at the concrete wall behind me. He mutters, but my ears can't pick up the sound, and I let out a breath of relief. At least Zoe is alright. Micah sits up and tries to get to his feet.

Carter watches him, and his lips press in a line when the two thugs come down the stairs from before. My muscles start to go numb, and tears burn my eyes when they move toward me.

"Don't touch her," Carter snaps at them, and they pause, looking at him. "No one touches her," Carter says, looking at each of them.

"But you said," the dark-haired man says. "I said no one touches her," "Geez, bro, what crawled up your ass?" "Nothing, I just need to think?" Carter says, rubbing his temples before running his fingers through his thick, blonde hair. The two thugs look at each other before looking at me. Micah also appeared confused as he glanced between the three men when Carter's phone rang. He looks at the screen, and a silly smile splits onto his face and he looks up, noticing everyone watching him.

He rejects the call before looking at his men before his eyes fall on Micah briefly. He nods to his men, who instantly snarl and start stalking him while he backs up.

"Wait, what's the meaning of this? Carter, we had a deal," Micah says.

"Deal changed because now my plans have changed, chuck him in the trunk while I figure out what to do next," Carter says, and Micah fought but was no match for the two men who quickly overpowered him. "Wait, why have our plans changed? I thought we were killing the bitch and kid," the blonde-haired man asks while holding a struggling Micah.

"I need to think of something else first. Something has come up."

"So, what do you want us to do?" Carter ponders for a second and bites his lip, looking at the ceiling. "We hand over a piece offering, and get me everything you have on that rogue girl, Macey," he says, and the men look at each other, confused, and my brows furrow.

"The feisty bitch, I wouldn't mind taking a bite out of her," the dark-haired man spoke, his words cut off when Carter launched out of the chair and punched him. The man staggers back, and Micah uses that chance to escape up the steps. The blonde man gave chase. Yet I couldn't tear my eyes from Carter, who was pummeling his own man bloody before he stomped his head into the ground, spilling blood and brain matter everywhere. Horrified at the display of violence happening in front of me, I remained quiet and still.

Carter kills the man in front of me, his face barely recognizable, and the blonde man returns, stomping down the steps and stops when he sees his dead friend. When Carter stands upright, he begins shrugging his suit jacket off. He tosses it on the broken chair before slowly undoing the buttons on what was a white shirt which was now stained red.

I watched the blonde man's Adam's Apple bob in his throat as he swallowed. "Find Brendan, clean this piece of shit up, and get

me another shirt," Carter snaps at him with not so much as a stutter, like killing his own pack member meant little to him.

"Ah, Boss, Micah," "Fuck Micah, he can get himself out of his own shit. I have bigger issues, now get me everything on that Macey girl and gets this place cleaned up and fucking feed her, and get her a drink," he says, pointing to me. The mani nods swiftly, rushing off up the steps to do his bidding. C

Carter removes his shirt before moving toward a rusty sink basin in the far corner. He washes his bloody hands before drying them on a rag. When he is finished, he pulls his phone from his pocket. He types in a message and smiles to himself.

I watched him, his entire demeanor changing when his phone rang. He answers it. "Hello, little mate," Carter purrs and a gasp leaves me. Who was he speaking to? 6