

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son chapter 115

My hands hit the door, jarring them with the force as I burst onto the roof. Ava screamed and ripped the kids behind her body, using herself as a shield, and I twisted, slamming it shut. The racket coming from the stairwell was deafening as I stared at the door where I had just abandoned my mother—pulling my gaze from the door. Ava rushed over, jamming a piece of a broken pipe she ripped off from somewhere through the handle and line that ran to the vents on the roof above the door.

Yet all I could think was, I left her in there. I ran and left her behind. Ava whimpers as she secures the bar; I didn't have to tell her. She knew because mum didn't come out behind me. Yet as she turned to look at me, I could see her heartbreak.

My entire body shook with adrenaline and shock. I left her. I thought when a tiny hand slipped into mine. Looking down, I find Valarian looking at me.

"Grandma will be okay," he says, only I knew she wouldn't be. I swallowed and blinked back tears before turning

to him and picking him up. "Yep. She found another open door," I tell him while walking over to the girls. I placed him beside the girls, where they were huddled on the ground by the air conditioner vent.

Ava moves to the ledge of the building, and I follow her, checking over my shoulder to make sure the kids don't follow. She looks over, and so do I, and the City was in utter chaos and ruins. Buildings in the distance were on fire, screams rang out loudly, and a frenzied battle could be seen from here on the main street. Warriors were trying to hold the forsaken back from the borders. Valen was right. There were hundreds of them. They just kept coming.

The street directly below us was a scene from a horror movie as our men tried to keep them back. Two forsaken were dragging another wolf off, and I didn't want to think what they were doing to him as they yelped loudly.

"Her tether?" Ava asked me, and I swallowed. "Not broken yet. She is fighting," I whispered, staring out blankly. I noticed from up here that not one of those forsaken were trying to get into Nixon's pack directly across from us.

They were targeting ours C?"{v2? + the Slasher pack. "How was the city outnumbered?" Ava gasps when an explosion goes off down by the cafe on the main street. Carnage. There was no other way to describe it, and the Pack warriors were outnumbered.

Slashers Packs men were trying to stop them from getting in, but a few slipped through, and just like our men, they couldn't hold them back, they just kept coming It should be impossible that so many could go unnoticed, but when one of the sky-rise apartments across from us caught on fire, more screams rang out from the apartment building as Forsaken got inside, and I just hoped the roller shutters and the locked stairway door held.

The mind-link opens up, and I hear Zoe." Is Casey alright?" "We are on the roof," I answered while peering over my shoulder to look at the children, and she sighed before she sobbed through the link. "And Marcus? Is he there yet? I am being blocked out. I can't get a hold of anyone," she asked, but I couldn't lie to her either. "Not yet, but Zoe, the city," I don't finish. The place looked like a battlefield. "As long as Casey is safe," she says. "Are you safe?" I ask her.

"I'm in the basement with some of the younger workers. But Macey, she...." "Macey, what? Zoe?" I asked, panicked. "She heard the sirens when I opened the doors and bolted out. We tried to stop her, "Zoe says. "She has no phone.

We have no service in here, and" 1 "She has no pack link," I finish for her. My heart was beating faster at her words. "We think she went to warn the rogues at the reserves and homeless shelter. This side hasn't been hit yet," Zoe tells me. Yes, because they were all over here trying to access our pack and Slashers, while Nixon's remained untouched. That wasn't a coincidence.

The mind-link is stretched when I feel Valen force it open, and Zoe is shoved out. "We are trying to get to you. You just need to hold tight a little longer," he said, though pain radiated through the bond, and I knew he was hurt. "What about Marcus? Zoe is trying to get a hold of him."

"No idea. Everyone is blocking the pack link so we don't become distracted. We... "the mind-link cuts off abruptly only for Zoe to reopen it, having felt the connection from Valen override hers. "Marcus?" "They lost sight of each other. Marcus is fine, Zoe. Valen would have felt the tether break," I tell her, though I had no idea if that would remain true.

I felt helpless as I watched our pack getting slaughtered on the streets below while I was holed up on a roof, unable to help them. 4 BB Tatum POV Teeth, claws, blood, and fur. Everything was a blur as I tried to hold them back. I was screaming through the link for Valen to get here when a few slipped past me. Men called through the link that they were on the way. Yet as one fell, another replaced it.

They seemed to just keep coming, and I was taking a beating. The venom in my system was starting to make my muscles ache and lock. The only thing keeping me on my feet was adrenaline and knowing that Taylor, Valarian, and Casey were in that stairwell. I just hoped they got inside the building and weren't sitting ducks. My back leg is ripped into simultaneously as two attacked snarling.

I pivot and twist, nearly ripping my leg off in the process. 1 Yelps and snarling ripped from the stairwell, causing me to become distracted as I tried to double back only to be jumped on. His claws ripped through my fur, making my back arch, and his teeth were like a serrated knife as they tore into the back of my neck. The stairwell, the stairwell, I kept thinking, while trying to toss him off as more flooded into the stairs, escaping past me while I was being ripped to shreds.

My teeth sank into its front paw, and I felt the crunch as its bones broke under the pressure of my jaw, forcing him to release me long enough to fling him off. I turned, running for the stairwell, my vision blurring as I ran when forsaken were suddenly running back out of the stairwell. My heart jolted seeing the rabid creatures running when one dropped as a huge, molten-colored wolf tore into its neck.

And it took me a second to realize it was Claire. Yet she didn't look like a pack wolf but one of the forsaken. Her blood-red eyes were savage, and venom was oozing and dripping from her teeth. Panic coursed through me, knowing if she turned on me, I would have to kill Everly's mother when her head twisted in my direction. Her lips pull back as she drops her head, snarling and stalking towards me before she runs at me.

I snarled back when she lunged, only she missed, and I jumped aside, skidding on the slickened, blood-soaked floor, only to see her rip into a forsaken that must have been coming up behind me.

Four more rush through the barrier and I jump over her, jumping into the fray. She was a full-blown forsaken. However, she was fighting our side, not theirs, which gave her an advantage, as they kept recognizing her as their own. With the savage gleam and the way she fought, you could tell John trained her himself.

She was just as lethal, but with a vicious edge, she tore into them, locking her jaw each time and tearing them to shreds, not even flinching as they tore into her back. Relentlessly, she fought, saving my ass twice and I hers as we fought tail to tail, trying to hold them back.

My back leg was useless, and I was running on three, the other hanging behind me. "We're in the street," Valen called, and I couldn't reply. I was too focused on the wolves in front of me. We needed to try to push them back to the street. Claire was taking on three, but even she was on the losing end this time as I ripped one off her that was ripping into her flank, her jaws locked around another one's neck.

My paw swipes at the other, and we push them back and keep pushing them back up the ramp. Daylight broke as we kept forcing them further back when she let out a whimper as we made it out the front of the hotel. Pivoting, I ran towards her when a deafening howl ripped through the air as she swayed on her feet. Her throat is torn out, and her front legs buckle when a giant black and grey wolf starts ripping them off her, and another Forsaken tackles me.

I break the wolf's neck and turn my head to find it was John. The three dead, forsaken lying around him, and John now stood naked petting her wolf. Her chest rises and she wheezes as blood pools around her when her chest appears to deflate.

And the agonized howl that turned to a wail shook me to the core when I heard Everly's wailing scream ring out above as she felt her mother's link disintegrate. 8 Everyone stops at the noise, even the forsaken who are flooding into the street. Valen's wolf was huge and the one beside him equally big, and I recognized the wolf as the Slasher packs Alpha.

When Marcus's Grey wolf rushed past me toward the forsaken, his coat tainted red, and the chaos started again. John's angered roar made my fur stand on end, and he shifted. He erupted and barreled towards the forsaken with blind fury, ripping them apart as the bloodshed started again. Yet as an observer, I realized something. They were heading here, and they were running for the Alpha's homes, making this targeted and well thought out.

From what I heard, the rogue's side and Everly's hotel side of the City remained untouched by the information coming through the link. The carnage only happening on one side. Nixon had to be behind it. And he was casting the rogues as the ones starting it. Chaos ensued as

we battled, our men falling and the forsaken kept coming. Valen and the Slasher pack Alpha, even John and Kalen, were lethal beasts.

The four Alphas working together as they got right in the middle of the battle, huge towering beasts compared to the Forsaken. Not a speck of fur was left untainted, their coats dripping in blood, both theirs and the Forsaken. This is what made them Alpha's, pure lethal muscle and precision like no other. Despite their massive sizes, they were fast and ran through them like a bowling ball knocking down pins.

The street's gutters ran like rivers with blood, and it stained everything. They didn't stop, but neither did the Forsaken. These numbers should not exist! How could they outnumber us? Three packs were fighting, and we were still somehow outnumbered, or so we thought until the snarls shook windows.

The deafening force of pure rage reverberated around the street, everyone stopping to stare down the end of the road looking for the source of the rumbling noise when Macey appeared. My heart stopped as she ran from down the street straight at us with a huge bat in her hands. Fear coursed through me, and I ran towards her as the forsaken took off in her direction.

Only to start skidding across the ground as they tried to stop and double back when the Rogues tore up the street towards us. I stopped as she led her army of Rogues to the battle, and they were a sight to be seen.

Our men were given rest as they jumped into battle without hesitation. Saving those who shunned them, cast them out, and fought as one. Pack members and Rogues were fighting alongside each other and painting the street red with the blood of the Forsaken and proving their innocence and their own desperate need to fight for our City. Teeth sank into my neck, and I was flung across the road.

My head smashed into the gutter, and I could hear screaming in the distance before I felt air blow the fur across my face as her bat connected with the wolf's skull with a thud. My eyes blurred as I opened them to see her bashing its skull into the earth with brute force.

Her clothes were stained with blood, her arm bleeding from where she had been bitten. But even covered in blood, she was beautiful as she fought. And I caught sight of Zoe's small white wolf protecting Marcus, who was trying to protect her when Macey screamed. My heart thumped and felt like it left my body as I tried to get to my feet, staggering as the venom took hold.

Only it wasn't a scream of pain but a war cry as she flung her bat at the wolf, ripping into Alpha John. She grunts when she is tackled from behind, only for Kalen to rip the wolf off her. I was delirious as I tried to find my footing and get to her, and I felt my surroundings flip and turn on their axis before I succumbed to the nothingness.

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Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 116 Everly POV There are no winners in a war. Either way, somebody loses, and even the winners lose. They lose friends, family, humanity, and themselves. We won the battle, but no one wins the war because no one walks away unscathed after witnessing such carnage, such loss, and it always ends in grief. Grief shows you how valuable life is but also how cruel life is. It shows you the darkness of losing someone. Then it shows you the light in appreciating others more. You realize how precious life is but also how short life can be. You learn how torturous it can be when you lose someone you couldn't imagine living without, but somehow you do. Somehow, you're still breathing even when the pain of grief is so intense you believe it will kill you and sometimes wish it would, just so you don't have to know the pain of losing them. Standing in this hall with hundreds of peering faces staring back at us, you could see their grief as if they wore it like armor, as if it was branded into their very being like a tattoo, screaming their anguish. You could hear their gut wrenching screams as they realized the pain they were feeling wasn't hurt loved ones but broken bonds, and broken families, broken. 1 Nothing will kill your soul more than losing a loved one. Nothing will break you down more than realizing you will never hold them again, never hear their voices, never see them. 1 We stood on a podium while Valen called out the names of loved ones, needing them to come forward to claim their dead sons, dead mates, and dead parents, and while trying to mask my own grief, I witnessed theirs, felt theirs with each broken tether. How Valen called out the names, it was almost as if he was desensitized to death, expressionless. Yet, through the bond, I knew he was barely holding it together as their screams and pain rippled through him like a stone tossed in the lake, that rippling tide on repeat, and I don't know how he bared it as he tried to keep the bond blocked, though those that sifted through I felt, felt him, felt them. We won the battle, but we lost too. One hundred seventy-six lives were lost, Ninety-one bonds are broken, meaning a possible Ninety-one more lives to wither away until either they die slowly

or their bond does. Most of those deaths were men, F<}<g%AN she-wolves rarely lived without their mates. Yet seeing my father sitting vacantly ahead, I knew he wished it killed him. Valen called the names, and we heard their cries. It felt surreal, like a nightmare, a loop of horror that we were desperately trying to wake up from. When he finished, we made our way out and met up with the council investigators; they were raiding my father's house when the attack started and they quick to jump in to help. Then while we cleaned up, they raided Nixon's pack. A vast majority of the forsaken turned out to be his own people, unbonded males that apparently volunteered in the name of science, put up their hands for their own suicide, half his pack gone, and for what? The other half was shocked, and Nixon used the attack as an escape from the city. They were left abandoned. As each forsaken shifted back after their death, we were left with their true identities. He killed his own people. The rest were the missing rogues. They were promised money, a cure, and a pack for their sacrifice. A sacrifice that ended in their deaths. Some thought it was worth the risk. We were shocked to C: — Jul-1:1 —hta . onload I had find that his daughter was dead. He had apparently switched off her life support before fleeing the city, leaving behind his son in a padded room, which we learned held the cure in his veins. 2 His blood was the key needed to save them. The investigators told us that Carter was shocked by his father's plans, that he had nothing to do with it or knew anything of it. That he, too, was a victim of his own father's cruelty. A pack that was now left to him, Nixon had moved all his money and took every cent the pack had before running away like a coward leaving behind his mate, his son, and killing Carter's sister. I thought I knew evil, but 'Nixon proved he was more than evil. There wasn't an accurate word to describe what he had done to this city, to his own people and his family. 2 Carter had handed his blood samples to the Slasher pack and Valen's pack for tontina Castor tunaaminoala Nivan had testing. Carter was a miracle. Nixon had accomplished something. He accomplished finding a cure for the incurable. He was planning on infecting the world and then selling the cure to them. 2 Zoe was standing by the car with the kids and Kalen . I touch Valen's arm, and he looks over at me. I nod toward Zoe, and he gives a swift nod before I make my way over to them. Valarian and the girls were sitting in the back of the car with the heating going as the night turned terribly cold, cold-like emptiness we all felt. I look at them, checking on them before leaning against the hood next to Zoe, when my father wanders out looking rather lost. I was about to go to him when Kalen gripped my arm. "I'll go check on him," Kalen says, and I nod, grateful. "Macey is still with Tatum. He has gone in for surgery to try to save his leg," Zoe whispers to me. "And Macey, she was bitten, wasn't she?". Zoe shakes her head. "She isn't infected. She called me before her blood tests came back clear, however, Tatum is riddled with venom, and they aren't sure if he will make it," "Marcus?" she nods toward him, where he is walking over to Valen, who is still talking to the council investigators. "He is fine, Beta blood. He is stronger than most, but so many are infected. Hopefully, Carter's blood really is the cure that's needed," Zoe says, and I swallowed. "Have you seen Ava?" I asked her. "I gave her your spare house keys," I nod. Ava had said she wanted to stay with us the night. Dad too, was staying at our place, not

wanting to go home without mum. We waited. Neither of us knew what to do, so I left it to Valen and the Slasher Pack Alpha. They seemed to be in their element dealing with all the aftermath, and I didn't know the first thing about dealing with the werewolf council or what we do from here. When they are finished talking, and everyone eventually leaves, Valen comes over with Marcus. He rubs his hands up my arms. His touch was warm, making me realize how cold my skin was. "You should be in the car. It is too cold out here," he murmurs. "Where did our fathers go?" "Your father is staying with mine. Yours was apparently pretty drunk by the time dad finished talking to him," "I could go for a bloody drink myself," Marcus says, sounding exhausted as he nudged Valen. Zoe shoots him a look, knowing I don't like Valen drinking, and he had been drinking recently over the last few weeks, and I didn't want him to fall back into old habits. "Come on, I should get you home," Valen says, pulling me closer to use himself as a shield to protect me from the wind. He moves to the back of Zoe's little car, where Valarian had fallen asleep with the girls. "Am I taking Taylor, or are you?" I asked Zoe. "Marcus and I will take her," Zoe answers, and I nod, grabbing Valarian's blanket after Valen grabs him. I kissed both the girls who were sleeping soundly before following Valen to our car. He puts Valarian in the back, and I place his blanket over him while clipping him in. We drove home in devastating silence. 1 I was glad it was dark because I knew the roads were still painted in blood, a storm was brewing above, and I was hoping most of it was washed away by morning, Yet, we still had plenty of clean-up to do, plenty of people still missing because it was dark before we found the vast majority of bodies, Valen parked out in front of the hotel instead of underground. I stared at the front by the hedges where my mother's body was before Valen gripped my hand, pulling my gaze away. Those were the most harrowing hours of my life, sitting on the rooftop watching, trying to keep the kids distracted from witnessing the horror scene below us. Trying not to scare them, and when it was all said and done, Valen's desperation to check on us sent him to the roof. Not ideal, considering there wasn't a speck of skin that wasn't covered in blood. 1 Luckily the kids were half asleep, so hopefully, they don't remember seeing him, though I knew Valarian did. He didn't stop trembling until after Valen stepped out of the shower clean, and he realized it wasn't his father's blood, though he had remained silent ever since. It was impossible to convince the kids to keep their eyes closed while we left the roof, but Marcus brought blankets up to check over their heads while we carried them to the first accessible floor so they wouldn't see the forsaken my mother killed in the stairwell. 1 Getting home, I unlocked the door, and Valen immediately went to put Valarian in bed, though the sound of crying I could hear up the hall made me move to the guest bedroom I nudge the door open to find Ava in bed, huddled under the blankets; her body shook as she sobbed. Quietly, I move toward the bed before climbing in behind her and wrapping my arms around her, hugging her as close as my belly would allow. I held her, and she cried, the sound breaking me into a million fractured pieces with sharp edges that pierced my soul. "She's gone," Ava whispered. I nodded my head against her back and sniffled. "I know," I whispered, not knowing what else to say. I couldn't take her pain; it was mine, too, though I wished I could stop her from

feeling it. She cried herself to sleep, and I held her until then. Slipping out of bed, I moved toward my room. Pushing the door open, I find Valarian in our bed, Valen wrapped around him. I slip my pajamas on, and Valen lifts his head. "He came in about 20 minutes ago," he whispers. I nodded my head before quickly slipping into bed on Valerian's other side. Valen drapes his arm across both of us, his hand rubbing the side of my belly. Ill was worried you would try fighting |