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## Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 136

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 136 "I'm sorry," I tell him, yet those words tasted like poison on my tongue.

He smirks before turning back to rummage through the backpack.

He pulls out a silkie slip dress.

He tosses it at me and it lands on the bed.

I pick it up, holding it up.

Hardly practical, but better than a bra and underwear.

"Don't suppose you bought underwear?"

"I ask him.

"You don't need them," he says and I chew my lip.

I suddenly wished I had a period.

I bet he would change his tune then.

Carter comes over to me and passes me a muesli bar.

I tried to unwrap it, however, my fingers were not cooperating properly, yet I had a good chunk of my mobility left, though I was a little worried about trekking in the woods like this.

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Carter takes it from me and opens it, peeling back the wrapper before handing it back to me.

"You should have all your feeling back soon," he tells me as he kneels next to the bed.

He pulls my legs to the edge of the bed, rubbing the sides of them before gripping my ankle.

He takes the key from around his neck and undoes the padlock before rubbing my ankle.

I watch him.

If only he wasn't a psycho, I could get used to the tingles from the mate bond, the way my heart raced when he was close, his intoxicating scent.

If only he wasn't responsible for destroying so many lives, I may have come to love him, yet the bond yearned and called out for him despite my mind knowing I couldn't keep him.

But that didn't stop me keep him.

But that didn't stop me wishing things were different, so I could.

"Can you wiggle your toes?"

" he asks and I try.

They move to his satisfaction, and he smiles before leaning down and kissing the top of my foot.

"I can carry you.

It isn't far," he tells me, placing my foot down before walking over and grabbing the backpack.

He places two towels in it and the bag of toiletries before tossing it over his shoulder.

He then scoops me up and heads for the door.

Carter was right, it wasn't far, yet the moment he set me down, he rummaged through the bag and produced the handcuffs.

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I didn't see him slip in the bag.

I growl G>?

q; +an fold my arms.

"Macey!

" he snaps and I glare daggers at him.

Carter sighs and glances around at the river that flowed slowly.

"Macey, give me your hand," "I won't run, you would catch me if I did," I tell him and he seems to think for a second.

I lean forward and grab the bag at his feet and rummage through it grabbing out a bar of soap.

And some shampoo.

Carter sighs loudly above me before crouching down next to the bag.

"You hold my hand then and I won't cuff you," he says.

"Deal?

" he says.

At least I won't be handcuffed, so I nod my head.

Carter starts removing his clothes and I can't help but admire his toned body, at least until he removes his pants and I know he plans on using that thing between his legs on me, which makes me look away.

He offers me his hand, yet I don't remove my bra and underwear.

Carter leads me to the river before walking into the water.

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I followed when he sat down.

The water wasn't that deep and even sitting only came up to his chest.

I sit next to him, my hand still in his when he pulls me in his lap.

Instead of becoming angry and trying to shove him away, I allow it; hoping to gain a little trust.

The last thing I want is to be drugged while he has his way with me.

Carter takes the shampoo that was tucked in under my arm.

"Since I am sitting on you can I at least have my hand back?"

"Will you run?"

"I shake my head and he lets my hand go.

I start lathering my skin with the soap when Carter grips my hair and turns me sideways on his lap.

"Dip your head back.

" he says softly and I do, letting him wet it.

He turns me back before pouring the shampoo in his hand and setting the bottle between my thighs.

He washes my hair and rinses it out while I sat there awkwardly.

"I won't hurt you Macey, relax," he says.

Wouldn't hurt me, but making me submit doesn't fall into that category?

Yet when he unclasped my bra.

I growl at him, clutching the front and losing the soap.

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"Almost lost it," Carter says, producing the soap I dropped.

He tugs on my arm, covering myself.

"You have nothing to be shy about," he says, and I fight the urge to tell him to go fuck himself.

Carter tosses my bra to the grass beside the river and before insisting on washing me.

Despite me not wanting him to, I had to admit I loved the feel of his hands on my body.

The bond makes his touch pleasurable, sensual, yet I do my best to ignore it.

All too soon, though, we headed back to the cabin.

Carter let me walk yet back to the cabin.

Carter let me walk yet kept a strong grip on my hand as if he thought I would run.

Though I knew that would be a stupid thing on my part.

"I have a surprise for you," he says, tucking me under his arm as we climb the last incline to the cabin.

The sun was going down now, and I looked out above all the trees, no one would hear me scream, no one would know I was out here if he killed me, and no place to run to and I wasn't even sure where I was.

Carter leads me back inside before chaining me back to the damn bed.

I move to the front of the fireplace, trying to warm up.

The temperature had significantly dropped and this thin night dress was hardly warm.

Carter, noticing me shivering, grabs the blanket from the bed, draping it over me before going to the kitchen.

He returns with a block of chocolate.

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I blink at him, yep chocolate will really take my mind off being kidnapped, held against my will, marked and all the other shit he has done.

"Thanks," I tell him, trying to muster as much excitement as possible.

Yet he chuffs before going to cook dinner.

Tonight's dinner consisted of Irish stew in the can, though it tasted better than the noodles and was more filling.

Yet as darkness swallowed the place, my nervousness amped up to magnitude levels and I could see he was getting impatient with my excuses of saying I was warmer by the fire or the constant I need to pee.

He even went so far as not allowing me water after the third time of claiming I needed to pee.

"Macey," Carter says, patting the bed.

I open my mouth.

"I know you're stalling and I know you don't need to pee, or go for a walk, and it isn't cold in here," he pats the bed and I look back at the fire, earning a growl from him.

"One,'" he snarls, and I look at him.

"My patience is running very thin Macey," he growls and I feel his aura slip out, the hair on my body stands on end, yet I wasn't completely defenseless against it now he had marked me.

Nevertheless, it still hurts like a bitch.

," he growls, forcing the crushing "Two, pain down on me.

I grit my teeth, trying to feel for my own nonexistent aura to try to push back against him when he pummels me with his aura, making me scream and double over.

Sweat coats my skin and I glare at him.

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You will submit to me.

You have been rogue for too long and are no match for me yet,” he snaps, and his eyes flicker to the monster that lives inside him.

Carter growls and goes to get up when I raise my hand.

“Fine, fine,” I tell him, and he drops his aura while I catch my breath.

Yet I climbed to my feet, walking over to the bed.

The entire time he watched me as if he was getting ready to strike the moment I made a move wrong.

The moment I am close enough, he reaches over and rips me onto the bed.

“See wasn’t so hard,” he purrs before kissing me.

His kiss is gentle, his touch is gentle, yet my skin crawled and he growled.

I could feel his frustration through the bond.

“Why are you being difficult?

We are mates Macey, it is inevitable,” he purrs, nipping at my chin and working his way to my mark.

He sucks on it and tingles flood my body and an involuntary moan escapes my lips.

“I know you hate me, but we can get past that,” he says.

“I can’t have kids,” I blurted.

I don’t know why I blurted it, maybe hoping he would run like every other man, yet all he does is look down at me.

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"I'm aware, and I don't care.

You are my mate,' }) "You don't care that I can't give you an heir?

" I asked, a little shocked.

"No.

And we will have Taylor once my father finds a way back into the city to retrieve her for us," he says, dipping his head down to capture my lips.

Yet his words made me have to fight to block the bond.

All I could think was his father was going to take my daughter.

Over my dead body, he would touch my daughter.

Carter, not realizing I had shut down at his words, continued tasting my skin while all I did was stare.

My mind was all over the place.

Until I felt him slide the dress up over my hips, snapping me out of my troubled thoughts.

I grip his hands and he growls, but I push on his shoulder.

He looks at my hand on his shoulder and I suck in a breath and push him to roll onto his back.

He reluctantly does, though it was clear he didn't trust me.

He leans against the headboard.

"What are you playing at?

" he asks, and I figured he would find my abrupt change of mind suspicious.

"You're right, it is inevitable.



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But that doesn't mean it has to be unpleasant, right?

" I ask before climbing between his legs.

He watches me as I reach for the waistband of his pants.