

Alpha's Regret—My Luna Has A Son Chapter 119

Chapter 119

Trigger warning some might find this chapter distressing contains SA.

Zoe POV

“Did you grab the paint thinners?” I asked Ava as we lined up at the hardware store. She rummaged through her basket, holding up the tin, and I nodded. We were revamping some of the outdoor furniture and had stopped on our way to do the school run to grab a few things before picking up the kids.

“You think it will get it off?” Ava asked, reading the instructions on the back of the tin.

“Yeah, it'll work. Just don't get it on your skin, it burns like a bitch,” I tell her while we go through the self-serve. I take the tins from her and quickly scan them. We pay for our items before walking back out to my little car.

We were loading everything into the trunk when I heard the screech of tires on the road. We both look over our shoulders to see a red van speed past at alarming speeds. Both of us watched the commotion on the main street before the car left our sight.

“Geez! Bloody twit. It's a school time,” Ava says, shaking her head. I sighed, quickly closing the trunk before climbing into the driver's side. I had just started the car and Ava was climbing into the passenger seat when my phone rang. It was Marcus checking if I was still right to grab the kids, I told him we were on our way to the school before quickly hanging up, and he promised to meet me at home.

We clip our seatbelts in and pull onto the road. We were driving past the reserve toward Valen's pack where the school is when the roar of an engine was heard coming up fast behind us. Ava looks behind us and groans.

"It's the dickhead from the hardware store," she says, turning back to the front. Must be the day for idiot drivers. Going

around the slight bend, I am jolted forward in my seat. My head hits the steering wheel and I vaguely remember hearing Ava scream and the sound of creaking metal when everything went black.

My head pounded when my vision returned, and pain slithered up my spine. The smell of oil and rubber reached my nose as I dazedly blinked to find

I was upside down, my eyes blurred GBKY;5Je throbbed to the same beat as my head, smoke and dust filling the inside of the car from the smashed windows.

The scent of blood wafted to my nose and my hands hung above my head as I realized we had crashed. I tried to remember what happened, but I groaned, dazed and pained. Looking over at Ava, she also groaned before tugging at her belt. I tried to warn her and reached for

her, but it was too late as she undid her seatbelt and crashed onto the roof of my upturned vehicle.

I tried to put my hand on the roof to support my weight when shooting pain washed through my hand. I shrieked, looking at it to find my thumb dislocated when Ava unclips my seat belt and I land on my busted hand.

“Zoe, what happened?” Ava murmurs, clutching her head and my surroundings spun as I rolled onto my back. I glance out the window to find we were in the reserve. How long had we been out for?

“The truck,” I groaned, rolling back only to see feet racing toward us through the broken window. A gasp escapes me and my eyes widen when I see a man reach in through the broken window and grip Ava’s hair, just before she turned to see what I was looking at. He started yanking her through the smashed, mangled window. Ava screams and thrashes and I grip her legs, trying to hold her when she is yanked from my grip.

Her screams rang out loudly when a man I had never seen before punched her and knocked her out. Her body goes limp and I crawl out the window of my wrecked vehicle and try to stop him, only to forget about the other two set of feet I saw.

Arms wrap around my torso as I scream for them to let her go. Her body was floppy over the man’s shoulder. Twisting, I try to turn in the man’s grip, trying to get loose before I sank my teeth into his bicep. He growls and lets go, allowing me to escape his clutches. The man with Ava walks up the steep incline, and I chased after the man who grabbed her. Before I could reach her, I was tackled, and the air expelled from my lungs with an oomph. I wheeze, trying to catch my breath when I feel the mind link open up.

“What do you want to do with this one?” A deep baritone voice calls out above me as I thrash trying to get out from under him, his knee pressed in the center of my back

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crushing my lungs.

“Bring her. Boss may let us keep her,” I heard another voice call out and the man above rolled me over, his hand wrapped around my throat, and he smiled cruelly. His dark hair falling in eyes when I heard Marcus’s voice flit through the mind—link.

“Babe?” Marcus screams through the link.

“Marcus!” I shrieked.

“Oh, we’ll have fun with you alright,” the man growls, flashing his teeth as I try to free myself. I scream when I feel his tongue roll across the side of my face and he groans lewdly. His friend behind him is laughing and I try to alert Marcus when a fist connects with the side of my head. I gazed dizzily up at the sky, my eyes losing focus when I am hit again and see nothing but darkness.

Motion and bumps woke me. We were in the back of a van, and my hands were tied behind my back. My fingers felt like they were losing circulation when I hit the side wall before hearing a chuckle.

A whimper escapes me as I lay on my trapped arms and I look up only to be kicked in the stomach by the man sitting along the side wall. His legs were what I had slid into. I grunt at the impact and am winded instantly when the van stops, causing me to roll onto the other side. The double back doors are swung open. I suck in a harsh breath as pain rattled through all of me and I could taste my own blood and smell ... smell. Turning my head, I searched

for her to find Zoe also tied up and another man with ash blonde hair was pawing at her and squeezing her breasts. Her chest was littered with bite marks, her shirt had been torn off her and she was only left in her bra and black slacks. Zoe was unconscious and completely limp. Fear coils and slivers through me. No! I gasped.

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I growl at him and struggle against my restraints. “Don’t touch her, you sick fuck!” I scream at him when I see the man push his hand down her pants. At the same time feel a pinch in my neck, and the dark-haired man waves a syringe in front of my face.

“That’ll do bitch. Now quiet or you will get a taste of what she gets,” the man who kicked me says. He sweeps his dark hair from his eyes before he gripped my arm, dragging me from the back of the van. I felt funny. My vision tunneled yet I remained conscious, although I felt the wolfbane burning through my system, stunning my wolf and muting the mind link. I cursed myself, I should have played dead and alerted my father. Yet I was helpless as I felt the drug take effect and I was tossed onto the cold concrete floor. My head bouncing off it painfully when Zoe falls beside me.

“Zoe?” I groaned. She was drenched in blood, and I knew I was too, but she had a

deep gash across her forehead and blood dribbled out the corner of her mouth.

“Zoe!” I cried when I saw the man who stabbed me in the neck also stab a needle into hers. She doesn’t respond. When I hear the sound of footsteps, my eyes try to glance around. My body was paralyzed, and it wasn’t until the footsteps drew close enough that I could see his face.

Carter ... A growl vibrates and dies in my chest. He wore a dark blue suit. Carter looked like his father, only more unhinged. His eyes are half red and half green like snake eyes, the aftermath of being a forsaken. His scent was also off, not rogue but also not smelling like a pack wolf either. His hair was a styled messily like he had run his fingers through his gelled hair. Tattoos poked out from under his open buttons on his white dress shirt and on his arms where his sleeves were rolled to the elbows.

“Who is that?” Carter asks, motioning toward Zoe with his hand.

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“Some whore she was with. I think Ava called her, Zoe?” the dark hair man says while looking over at his buddy, who shrugs.

“Ah ... Just a rogue whore,” the blonde

man says.

“She isn’t. She is Beta Marcus’ mate,” I tried to rasp out as my tongue thickens, swelling in my mouth. My words are not even audible with the way they slurred. My heart raced in my chest when I saw him bend down and grip her face, turning it to look at her. “She is marked,” Carter

sneers.

I watch as Carter stands up and nudges her onto her back with his foot and he sighs, looking at his men before his eyes roam over her half undressed body.

“Do what you want with that one. No one touches John’s daughter though, I need her alive for now,” Carter says and the two men chuckle darkly. The blonde man licks his lips as he bends down to grab her.

My heart sank into my stomach, a pit forming as I watched her get tossed over his shoulder before I am also grabbed. We appeared to be in some sort of warehouse, but as they moved toward a door, we were suddenly descending stairs. I tried to take everything in, looking for an escape and trying to remember my way through the tunnels as they navigated the twists and turns.

We seemed to be in the old emergency evacuation tunnels that ran beneath the city. They were all supposed to have been closed up years ago but it was obvious Nixon’s pack had been opening them, because after about 10 minutes of walking I was deposited onto the cold floor in a part that opened up wider creating a large space. Zoe is dumped beside me, and she grunts as she comes to when hitting the hard ground. She blinks rapidly as she wheezed while trying to catch her breath.

Her eyes fell on me and tears burned my

eyes, and she opened her mouth, but like me, she couldn't get her tongue to work. Yet it didn't stop her blood-curdling scream when one of the men started ripping her pants off. I wanted to help her, yet was powerless to do anything but watch as she screamed. I sobbed when Carter wandered into the room, his shoes loud on the concrete as he made his way over.

He saunters over to me and crouches beside me. Carter peers over his shoulder, as his men fight over who would get her first. He smirks and taps my face in his hand.

"Don't worry *Ava*. I will make sure you get to watch," he purrs, sweeping my hair away from my eyes.

"Should have taken me up on the marriage proposal. Oh well," He clucks his tongue.

"Your sister and father made an enemy of the wrong person. But," he pauses when

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Zoe screams and Carter laughs as I watch one of the men run a blade between her breasts and cut her bra away. Yet all she could do was lay there and watch what they did to her. A whimper escapes me.

"Now, if Valen and your father don't meet my demands, that will be you next," he says before rising.

Zoe cried and screamed before she just stared off vacantly, like she suddenly became an empty shell. Her eyes staring at the ceiling and her screams died out when the dark-haired man pushed her legs open and pushed inside her.

I screamed and cried, clenching my eyes shut, unable to watch as they raped her. Praying someone would get to us before they killed her. Yet as the hours dragged on, I lost track of time. And on regular intervals I was jabbed, just like Zoe, with a needle.

I had no idea how long had passed and I had dozed off when I heard footsteps of the two men and Carter returning, along with another man. Carter nods toward his men who then dragged a screaming Zoe from the room, down the tunnel and around the corner into the next room. Her screams rang out loudly, and I threw up, choking on my vomit as it suffocated me.

I prayed they would kill me, I couldn't handle her screams, handle her cries and what I saw. I wanted to tear my eyes from my head to unsee the horrid things they did to her. The horrid things I was forced to watch and the vile things she endured.

Only death didn't come, because Carter swiftly walked over, turning my head enough that I did not aspirate on my own vomit.

"There, that's better. Can you see? Don't want you to miss the show," he taunted, wiping my wet eyes before he grabs my hair, he drags me through my own vomit and to where I had a better view of the new man raping my friend. Anger burned through me and I roared, my anger

forcing words out.

“I hope he rips you to fucking shreds, you fucking pig!” I screamed and Carter laughed. He dropped me on the floor, the back of my head smashing the pavement when I saw his foot come toward my face and everything went black. 1

Time was lost to me when I came to, though this time I had feeling in my limbs, yet my mind felt stunted. Warmth bled into my back and her body shook, which made me turn my head to find Zoe huddled beside me, her knees clutched to her chest, yet the dead look in her gaze was off-putting. Sluggishly, I pull myself up to a sitting position and lean against the wall she was leaning against. I press closer to her, trying to warm her naked form. She looked like she had bathed in blood.

“Zoe?” I murmur, but she just stared vacantly ahead and I turn my head to find Carter on the phone.

“Well, I will hand the little one back, send the rogue to get her. But Ava stays until you stand down and hand the city back over Valen, and don’t forget my money,” he snarls into the phone before hanging it up.

“What’s going on?” one of the men ask glancing over at us.

“Grab her, her friend is going to do the exchange at the bridge,”

“And if she doesn’t bring the money with her?”

“Then we toss her over, but Everly won’t risk her sister. You watch Ava,” he says to the ash blonde one.

“Grab the bitch. She is coming with us.”

“What about Valen?” The dark-haired man says.

“Not an issue, he knows he follows the woman I kill Ava, he wants her back, he stands down as Alpha and relinquishes his pack to me,” Carter says and I gasp.

“And John?” the man asks.

“He wants to swap places with his daughter. We’ll let him sweat it for a bit, maybe send him some pictures. But I think our only chance is to keep her. John would die for his girls and Valen knows that. We aren’t doing the swap. Besides I want John to live with knowing he is the reason his family is dead,”

“Well, obviously. But what next?”

“Once Valen stands down, the city is ours, then I will get revenge on Alpha John when I kill his daughters and grandson,” Carter says, confusing me.

“And her?” he motions toward me.

“We kill her, but first we’ll play with her first,” he cackles loudly while walking out. The dark-haired man moves toward us and reaches for Zoe, who spits on him. He backhands and I launch forward only to be kicked in the face by the other man and she is dragged out kicking and screaming by her hair.

