

# Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 135

Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 135 Macey POV The following morning, I woke to a pinch in my neck.

I had hardly slept all night as I fought the urge, yet my attempts to stay awake were unsuccessful, exhaustion eventually taking me.

"Shh, my love, it is just a sedative," Carter murmured as he pulled the syringe from my neck.

My fingertips touched the spot.

He had handcuffed me to him during the night.

I had tried to shift out of my restraints, yet he pounced on me before I even made it a step from the bed.

Which earned me the handcuffs for my efforts.

He had also drugged me the moment he wrestled me back into the restraints.

I had cursed myself all night.

I should have held out longer, earned his trust.

All night I had stared at the ceiling completely paralyzed.

Panic coursed through me as he stabbed me again, this time.

"It's just precaution.

This won't paralyze you completely, just stop you from shifting mostly and is more of a muscle relaxant.

My father's invention, shitty man, but a smart one,' he says.

There was so much I could say about his father's intelligence, or lack thereof.

Yet I held my tongue.

Dr Carter waited for the drug to start taking effect, watching me as he got changed as my limbs became heavy, yet I still had feeling in them.

He sets a bucket by the bed and my brows furrow.

"In case you need to use the bathroom.

It should start to wear off just before I get back," , " he says.

I growled at him, disgusted that he would even think I would use it.

If that fucker thinks I am using that, he is surely mistaken.

I would rather shit my pants and watch him clean me with no working water here.

Pay back for keeping me locked up like a dog.

"I know it isn't ideal, but just in case.

I won't be long.

" My tongue feels thick in my mouth, so I smile at him, cursing him to the goddess.

He leans over the bed as if he sees nothing wrong with the entire scenario and pecks my lips.

I hate how the bond reacts to his affections.

The goddess really fucked up when she created us.

No matter how vile and despicable our mates are, our bonds flourished D;<w=,eo got excited from any form of attention.

All I know is when I meet her in the afterlife, I have few choice words for her about this entire mate bond bullshit.

One thing I have always been envious about with humans.

They seriously have no idea how lucky they are to be able to choose their own destiny and who they allow in it.

But no!

We shun them and are punished with death unless you're an Alpha and pack tethered.

What a crock of shit that is.

You really fucked that up, Moon Goddess!

Shouldn't the goddess be a feminist?

She is a woman, after all!

"I won't be long.

There is a town about an hour away, so try to rest because tonight we complete the mate bond," he tells me, brushing his knuckles down my cheek.

I turn my head away from him and he growls.

"We will complete the mate bond, Macey.

I would prefer if you willingly accept that, but if not I will make you submit," "he says, and I turn back to look at him.+

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He growls at me, forcing his aura out to show he is perfectly capable of what he threatened.

"Choose wisely Macey, sometimes it is better to give in," he says before walking out.

Yep, well, he just solidified it now.

If I can't find a way out of these restraints, I am shitting myself.

Let's see how willing he is then!

Whatever he gave me worked pretty quickly.

I found even lifting my head difficult, yet I could move, so that was something as I rolled off the bed and hit the floor with a hard thump and I groaned.

The floor was harder than it looked, or maybe it was because I felt like dead weight.

Yet once on the ground, I tried to sit up, managing to prop myself up against the bedside table.

Man, I felt so heavy and my body tingled like it had pins and needles.

I glanced around the room, yet even I knew it was pointless.

There was nothing here that would break the thick chain, and then what?

Should I try to roll my way out of here or army crawl?

I would be lucky to make it off the porch.

I stare at the plastic bucket before growling and smacking it with my hand.

The bucket skidded across the floor by the fire and that took way too much effort for such a small movement.

Minutes passed as I looked around the room before resting my head back on the bedside table, the angle making me stare off at the ceiling and fireplace.

My mind wanders to Taylor wondering what she is doing, gosh I missed her.

Wondering what she had for breakfast, wondering whether it was Everly or Zoe who tucked her in last night and kissed her forehead.

Time slipped by as I stared at the roof when my eyes moved to the huge antlers above the fireplace.

I wondered what they were off and if the poor creature suffered.

I was running out of time and he would be back soon and I was no closer to escaping and I had no idea Kalen and John were looking for me.

The girls would be questioning my absence.

They know I would never leave Taylor.

I just need to hold out a little longer, I thought to myself when Carter's words came back to me about having to mate with him.

My entire body shuddered with revulsion.

A tear slipped down my cheek.

I wanted to go home, back to my daughter and back to my idiot boyfriend who thinks I don't want him because he had a bad leg.

Fool of a man, what use is his leg to me?

I didn't care for his leg, only his damn heart.

Yet for some reason, my eyes kept going back to those hideous antlers.

I blink, my senses coming to me after my little pity party.

Chewing my lip, I wondered how much time I wasted being a sook.

How much longer did I have left?

I wasn't sure, but I had to try.

So, with every bit of strength I had, I pulled myself to my feet.

My legs were feeling a little better though the pins and needles feeling made each step agony, my muscles locking up, not wanting to cooperate.

I stagger to the fireplace, gripping the mantle to hold myself up.

I reach one arm up and tug on the antlers, trying to unhook the damn thing from the wall.

When I managed it, I wasn't expecting the weight, and it crashed to the ground with a loud a bang.

I collapse on the ground, the exertion far too much.

Yet now I got it down.

How will I get it back up there?

I was getting more movement, but nowhere near fast enough.

Shaking my head, I decided to figure out that later.

For now, I needed to break a piece off.

This place had no knives, not even a damn spoon.

It was terrible eating noodles with my fingers last night.

Gritting my teeth, I use the fireplace to help stand before grabbing one side of the antlers and stomping the end, trying to break one of the spikes off.

What felt like forever later, I managed to break off a chunk about the length from my elbow to wrist.

Now to get it back up there, I glanced up at the tiny hook.

As long as he didn't look too hard at it he wouldn't notice I broke a piece off.

Yet getting it back on the hook was another mission that left me staggering back to the bed covered in sweat.

I stare at the piece of the antler.

It was pretty blunt, so I definitely could brandish it as a weapon in this state.

I would never get enough force behind it while sedated.

Yet it was something, and something was better than nothing, so I tucked it down between the mattress and the headboard.

And just in time because it was only roughly ten minutes later that I heard noise from outside.

I held my breath as the door creaked open.

Carter steps in with a backpack over one shoulder.

He toes off his shoes, stepping out of them and leaving them at the door.

"Did you rest?"

" he asks as he walks through the cabin to the small kitchen.

He sets some stuff down before rummaging through the bags.

"I need to use the luxury bathroom we have here," I tell him, and he glances over his shoulder at me.

"I see you are still in a mood," he states, and I look away.

"How about we go to the stream where you can bathe before the sun goes down?"

I bought toiletries," he says.

"Sounds splendid," I drawl.

"Tone Macey or I will wash your mouth out with soap, so don't tempt me.

I am being nice.

I don't have to be," he growls, and I swallow nervously.

He was right.

I had to keep the bitch from my tone.

It would do me no favors here.



