

## Alpha's Regret-My Luna Has A Son Chapter 139

### Chapter 139

Macey POV "You're right. It is inevitable. 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, my fingers slipping beneath them.

My fingers tremble as I grip them and slide them down his legs, only for him to grab my shoulders and haul me up his body. He crushes me against his body, and he rolls on top of me, his body sliding between my legs and pressing against me as he purrs. His hands reach for the thin slip dress as he bunches it before removing it over my head. He tosses it aside, his lips going to my chest. My skin buzzed and came alive at his touch, tingles spreading everywhere as he captured my nipple in his mouth. His lips trailed down my ribs, nipping and grazing my flesh with his teeth. I swallowed, trying to ignore our bond that was telling me to give myself to him. Yet it was hard when, despite not wanting his hands pawing over me or his lips tasting me, the sensations were overwhelming, yet down there, he would be distracted.

He nips at my hip, shoving my legs apart, and I feel beneath my pillow to the edge of the bed when his mouth is suddenly on me; I cry out at the pleasurable sensation as his tongue sweeps over me while my fingers search for a piece of the antler I broke off. The chain on my ankle seemed to annoy him when he shoved my leg higher and spread me wider for him, yet I needed to move closer to my side of the bed, knowing the antler was at the very edge of the bedhead.

Yet my hand fists the sheet when he sucks my clit, an involuntary moan escapes my lips, and I hated that he could play my body like a damn instrument thanks to the bond we shared.

"You seem distracted," Carter murmurs against my lower lips, and my hand freezes in its search. I glance down at him to find him watching me, and his eyes flicker to that of his wolf side. It was eerie staring into them and seeing my face reflected back at me.

"No, I am just worried about Taylor," I tell him, which wasn't a lie. I was petrified for her. I didn't want Nixon anywhere near her, BXWDNEP if I didn't tell him the truth with him feeling out the bond, he would know I was up to something. Carter sits up on his elbows. He kisses my knee before he looks at me, his eyes scrutinizing my face. "You will be reunited with your daughter soon enough, but for now, we complete the bond, Macey," he says, dipping his head and running his tongue along my thigh. He grips my hips, his hands going beneath my ass so he can lift me to his mouth. His hot mouth covers me, and I squirm, wiggling closer to the side needed.

While he is distracted, I slowly move my arm above my head again, placing my other hand on his head and fisting his hair while my fingertips search the edge of the bed.

Carter growls against my clit, the vibration sending shock waves through me when I brush the edge of the antler.

I gently pull it out, knowing it isn't 100 percent straight, and if it bangs on the wood, he would

be alerted; I leave it beneath my pillow for easy reaching before tugging on his hair and moving my hips; he growls at me, trying to hold me still when I jerk his head back by his hair; he lifts his head and crawls up my body, settling his weight between my legs, and I wrap my arms around his neck, hugging him closer to kiss him. My tongue delves between his lips, and he kisses me back hungrily when I feel his erection pressing against me. I wrap my legs around his waist, rolling my hips against him, and arousal floods me, which helps me keep up with my plan yet also clouds my mind as my body decides it wants to overtake all rational thought.

Carter groans against my lips, his tongue tangling with mine as he tastes every inch of my mouth, and tears spring in my eyes at what I was about to do. He was my mate, and if he hadn't had done what he had, no doubt I could have loved him. But I also loved Tatum, and that love was pure, not tainted by death and anguish.

Carter was willing to love me despite me not being able to give him kids, despite me being rogue, so it saddened me that the one person who actually wanted me was toxic. I couldn't have him. Yet, despite hating the man, I wanted him, just like I wanted Tatum, yet the bond made the feeling stronger. Some rational part of me knew the bond made me feel that way.

And now I was about to kill the one person whose soul should be linked to mine, my twin flame, and I was about to extinguish the fire and replace it with his blood and death, including my own. Carter rocks his hips against me, his hand going between our bodies as he positions himself at my entrance. His lips travel down to my mark on my right side. He sucks on it, nipping at my flesh, and I run my fingers through his hair.

My throat suddenly developed a lump as I choked back emotion, and I kissed his cheek before he thrust himself inside me. He groans, and I roll my hips against him while he buries his face in my neck and breathes against my skin. My hand leaves his side to beneath the pillow beside me. I couldn't get his heart from this angle, yet still, I wrapped my hand around the piece of antler.

His tongue traces over my mark, and I would miss that feeling that only made tears stream down my face as he moved slowly, rocking his hips against me when I gripped his hair. I locked my legs around his waist, and his hand gripped my thigh. A sob tore from my lips as I plunged the antler into his neck. He stills and gasps, startled, and I could feel the pain through the bond, the betrayal he felt while I choke on a sob at what I just did. I grip him harder when he tries to push off the mattress, and I jerk it out only to plunge it back in, blood spurted across my face and gushed out of him, and his hand tried to pry my hand free, holding the antler in my fist. "Macey," he chokes, and I break

at the sound of my name leaving his lips. I twist it, causing more blood to pour out. I felt it go through his windpipe, and heard him gurgle.

“I could have loved you, and I would have loved you,” I cried as I clutched him.

“But you hurt my sister,” I breathed. Carter gurgled, trying to lift up, but my legs were locked around his waist, my feet locked behind my ankles as I held onto him as he struggled to breathe.

“Fuck your mate bond. No, mate bond is stronger than the bond I have with my sisters,” I tell him as he chokes on his own blood. It spews out of his mouth and coats my shoulder, face, and

neck with its warmth. His last breath beside my ear will always haunt me, same as the pain that sliced through my chest as sharp as a razor edge; it cut right through my heart and made my soul bleed as a coldness settled over me, so cold, it felt like death, and I knew it was his and mine.

I felt the part of me that was connected to him die along with him. The bond tether and agony tore through me, and I hiccupped a sob. Kalen said killing your own mate would have consequences, and it felt like I was rotting from the inside out as I felt blood trickle from my nose instantly.

I sniffled, feeling his dead weight crushing me as his body went limp, and it took every ounce of strength I had left to crawl out from under him.

I was drenched in his blood, and I looked at his body face down on the bed before my shaky hands tucked the blanket up, as if I could pretend I was tucking him in instead of being unable to look at what I did. Yet as I did, my legs went from under me, and I fell heavily beside the bed. I killed him. I killed my mate and knowing that only killed me even more.