

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 1[2,100 words]

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Amica.

My mate's fist slams into my cheek with such brutal force that I stumble back. I didn't see it coming. One moment, I'm calmly carrying **his morning** tea, the next, the tray is knocked from my hands, and the scalding liquid splashes across my lap. Quickly, my skin turns red..one would think fire was seared to my skin.

I let out a scream, scrambling on the ground in **pain**.

"You worthless thing! Can't even do one thing right, can you!?" His voice is venom, a far cry **from** the man I once knew.

I clutch at my lap, shifting my dress to try and ease the sting. Yet, before I can even breathe, his fingers dig into my arm. yanking me up from the floor. Dane towers over me and his hold is excruciating.

I don't recognize him anymore. Where are those soft eyes that used to look at me with love? His golden-brown hair, always soft to the touch, is **now** dishevelled, like that of a wild animal. The jaw I **used** to kiss is clenched, and all the warmth I once felt from him is gone.

"Look at you, pathetic. I don't even know why I bother with you he spits, pushing me away and I stumble into the table.

I am not going to cry today. I've shed enough tears over the past four months, hoping that this was all just a nightmare, clinging to the hope that one day I'd wake up and realize this was all a nightmare.

But it seems I would never wake up..

It all started when he **couldn't** secure a spot for our pack in the Apex Circle, the elite coalition of werewolf packs in Blackwater City, Dane wanted us in that circle so badly, but no matter how hard he pushed, our pack was always overlooked.

At first, it was just frustration-anger at being excluded. Then, the whispers began-rumours that Dane was deep in debt, owing massive amounts of money to other pack leaders. The stress changed him or could it be that he was always like this but I failed to

see it? He started drinking, shutting me out completely. And when I tried to talk to him, tried to help, he lashed out. His anger turned to violence.

He hit me. Again and again.

He promised my father that he'd protect me as his Luna, as his wife. But those promises are broken. Every single one of them. Today, I've made up my mind. I'm **done**. I'm walking away from this **marriage**, from this life.

I don't know how long I have been gripping the edge of the table but my knuckles have turned white. Behind me, I feel Dane's presence. His hands move to push my dress up.

"Stop it!" I gasp, twisting around to face him, trying to shove him away.

Still, he presses his need against me and a cruel smirk twists his lips. "Yeah...deny me sex. That's fine. I'll just get it from the omegas."

My lips tremble **as** the truth sinks in—he's been cheating on me suspected it when the female omegas began to look down

on me too.

The door swings open, and Cameron, Dane's beta, walks in, a paper and pen in his hands. The look in his eyes isn't unfamiliar anymore. He used to regard me with respect, but now like everyone else in the pack, he's changed—following Dane's lead like **a** shadow.

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"Sign these, Cameron says, flatly, as he hands me the documents

My hands shake as I take them. I scan the paper and here, my worst fear is confirmed werewolf legal system for mates. Divorce papers. Dane has already signed his part.

It's from the Council of Bonds, the

I swallow the lump in my throat, pulling the pen from Cameron hand. With one last glance at the man I once loved. I place the paper on the table and quickly scrawl my name.

As soon as the ink dries, a **wave** of finality washes over me, but before I can process it. Dane turns toward me, raising his hand in the air.

“L, Dane Union. Alpha of the Ironclaw Pack, reject you, Amica, daughter of the late Alaric, as my mate and Luna. You are no longer bound to me, and I release you from any claim or responsibility.”

His voice is so cold, so empty, it feels like a death sentence. The moment he utters those words, something inside me shatters. I feel the tear deep in my chest, a physical pain as my wolf withdraws, pulling away from him. Ezra, my wolf, lets go -silent, distant-and I’m left hollow, broken.

“Now, I require one simple thing from you... Dane flicks his finger lazily.

He and Cameron exchange a look before they burst into laughter

“I will leave the pack house immediately.” I cut in, determined not to play whatever twisted game they’re planning.

Dane’s grin vanishes, and his eyes darken. “No, Amica. You’re not going anywhere. I may have divorced you, but *I* own you.”

I freeze. “What in hell are you talking about!”

Before I can process anything, two gammas enter the room, blocking the doorway-their presence is making it clear I won’t be leaving. Panic rises in my chest and I take a step back.

“What.what are you going to do to me?” My voice breaks despite an attempt to sound strong.

Dane smirks with cruel delight. “You see, I owe a lot of debt. But one of the wolves I owe is someone I don’t ever want to mess with, ever. Therefore, I’ve made arrangements. I’ve sold you to the Alpha of the Bloodbane pack-Alpha Deckard

His words hit me like a punch to the gut.

There is no one in Blackwater City who doesn’t know of Alpha Deckard. They call him the Alpha of the Emberhowl bloodline. These wolves are beings of fire and heat. Rumor has it they can play with flames-their claws and fangs ignite scorching heat, allowing them to bite **down** and leave a trail of fiery destruction in their wake.

They can walk through fire as if it were merely a warm breeze. Its these terrifying abilities that places them at the top of the hierarchy, the most feared and revered wolves in the city. They control the monuments and the very ground we walk on. To be associated with them is to invite **death itself**.

“Sold to Deckard.” I whisper, it sounds like a cruel joke. But then, **I** speak up again.

“I am no one’s property. You cannot sell me to anyone!” I hiss

“Goodluck telling that to Deckard when you meet him. At one point, I thought Deckard would kill me for my failure to pay the debts,” Dane says casually, like he’s discussing the weather.

“But then I heard he was looking for a pristine female bloodline of Wildthorn wolves. And I wondered, where could I find one of those... if I could, he would wipe out a large portion of my debt. I heard he’s paying millions for such a wolf. And then

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it struck me...your mother was never a native of the Ironclaw pack. She was a Wildthorn. She left her pack in the European leagues to be with your father. So now, I have what Deckard wants. And he doesn’t care if you think you’re your own property. All I have to do is tell him I have you.”

His words slam into me like a force I can’t process fast enough.

Tears–real, unstoppable tears–spill from my eyes.

With a cracked voice, I **plead**. “No, don’t do this to me. Dane. Please!

My vision is blurred from the tears. “Dane! Have you forgotten the promise you made to me? You swore **you’d** protect me, that you’d love **me** until our last breath.”

“Yeah, I used to love you, Amica! I have to say... I’m going to miss being with you, lying between your legs. There’s no woman in **this** pack who can compare to you when it comes to beauty. But, you see, I value my life a hell of a lot more than your **body**, your breasts... your face, and the part behind. Take her at once!” Dane orders.

His **gamm**as latch onto my arms in a rough manner and they begin to drag me out.

After three hours.

Tears blur everything around me but I can still make out the towering buildings. Around me are intimidating structures that loom above like shadows in the sun. This isn't the Ironclaw pack. No, it's far bigger, more fortified than anything I've ever seen. High towers scrape the sky in imposing shapes, dominating a green landscape.

Is this the Bloodbane pack?

I am dragged out of the car by Cameron into a strange surrounding

My head spins, and I can't focus on much.

"If you know what is good for you, you will keep quiet!" Cameron threatens.

We enter into one of the buildings and **there** are gamm

My ears ring, but I catch snippets of Dane's voice.

"I have brought her for Alpha Deckard. She's of Wildthorn bloodline."

A grand, dull-colored door opens in front of us. For the first time in hours, I stop crying, long enough to see a man step out.

Tall. Easily in the realm of 6'1. The fabric of his dark shirt clings to his chest, strained over hard muscles and his trousers- heavy, military-like-speak of a man used to command. He looks like a soldier, built for war.

His cheekbones are high, shadowed just enough to give his face an edge of ruthlessness, like the chisel of a master sculptor. And then there are his eyes, a piercing silver, flecked with shards of onyx, as if tiny fragments of night had settled within them. Everything about him screams control, power-someone who could break you with **just a glance**.

Once that gaze lands on me, the air becomes too thick to breathe

Alpha Deckard... Dane begins and I gasp.

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This is the **Alpha** of the Bloodbane pack!

“Thank **you** for taking the time to see me... Dane continues with false sincerity.

But before he can finish, **Deckard** cuts him off sharply, his voice is a dark symphony of wicked tones.

This is her? **The** Wildthorn offspring?”

“Yes,” Dane quickly responds. “She was formerly the Luna of the fronclaw pack, formerly my wife but...but she cheated on me with a bastard! The lie is spat out as if it physically pains him

I open my mouth to protest, to defend myself, but I’m silenced by the sudden, searing pain of Cameron’s claws digging into my arm.

“I’ll check for myself” Deckard’s onyx-flecked eyes are on me and he begins to step closer.

It is in this moment that I realize no one is coming to save me. Its just me. I have to save myself. I glance at the knife strapped to Cameron’s belt, remembering everything my father has ever taught me. My hand moves quickly, almost without thinking. I reach for the blade with a precision of desperation.

I hurl it across Deckard, but he slaps the knife from my hand as if it were nothing more than an annoyance, a mere inconvenience. His hand moves like lightning. Before I even realize what’s happening, he grasps a hold of my face, and his mouth is on my neck, sinking his teeth into me with terrifying else.

This is the end. I am going to die.

I am expecting hot, searing pain.

Yet, the **pain** I expect never comes.

Instead, a strange, delicious heat blooms in my chest, spreading like a slow burn that fans out from my neck. It’s not just my **neck**. The heat pools lower, settling deep in between my legs in waves of electric desire.

When he releases me, I watch the silver in his eye bleed into a deep obsidian. Veins of gold threading. The gold in his eyes are **alive**, molten.

And for wolves, it can only mean one thing.

A signal—a claim that he has found what he seeks

“Mate.” The word falls from his lips like a command.

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