

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 101[1,197 words]

“He woke up a while later in his usual rage and found Brenda beside him. The memory of his lost family still lingered in his

heart, fueling his destructive instincts.

Blinded by rage, he tried to unleash his fire upon Brenda, but to his shock, the flames refused to burn her. Brenda was terrified for her life, trembled and fell to the ground, begging for mercy.

After a moment of uncontrolled rage, Rufus finally calmed down and took in his surroundings. Consumed by the weight of his grief, he collapsed in sorrow. Yet, instead of fleeing, Brenda stayed by his side, offering comfort.

When his fire failed to harm her, his wolf stirred within him and whispered a single word: “Mate.”

Brenda Pendragon was the first woman to ever tame a dragon blooded werewolf. It wasn't just her unwavering patience that kept her by his side, even after he had tried to kill her—it was he very blood **that** had saved him. His body had accepted her presence, recognizing the bond between them.

Over time, Rufus fell deeply in love with Brenda, and together they built a life, welcoming a son into their world.

Their happiness was short-lived as the Rufus hunts began once more. Word of his destruction had spread—tales of a whole village reduced to ashes by his flames. He became a wanted **man** pursued by Everyone—kings, witches, **and** powerful beings—sought Rufus, either for revenge or their own selfish desires. Some wanted his **power**, others wished to see him destroyed. for the chaos he had wrought.

Rufus knew his family would never be safe, so they lived in secrecy, their identities and location constantly concealed. No one knew where they were or what they looked like. Each time they were discovered, they fled, moving farther into the shadows, always one step ahead of their hunters.

But the forces pursuing him were beyond anything he had ever faced.

At a point, it wasn't just mere mortals seeking for Rufus—supernatural entities, creatures of legend and nightmares, **joined** the hunt. Even within the fortress he built for his family, peace was fleeting

Time and again, they were attacked. Rufus tried his best to protect his family.

His only confidant was a man named Alexandra Saint, the one person he trusted. Alexandra oversaw the vast wealth and properties Rufus had gathered and abandoned over the years, ensuring that, even in hiding, Rufus and his family had the **means** to survive.

Rufus was a wise man. He knew his time was limited, especially with the relentless hunt for him. Though he constantly moved from place to place, he always acquired properties, ensuring a future for his children. To protect his legacy, he placed everything under the care of his most **trusted** friend, Alexandra Saint.

Alexandra was **known** as an extraordinarily wealthy man, but few knew the true source of his fortune—Rufus. Rufus never minded that his friend lived comfortably off his wealth, as long as most of his assets remained in the names of his children.

But Rufus understood one thing he would be haunted until the day he ceased to exist. His past sins would never be forgiven, and peace would always be beyond his reach. One day without informing anyone, he set out on a journey

Brenda fell gravely ill, struck by an unknown ailment with no apparent cause. Desperate to save the woman he loved, Rufus was willing to trade the world for her health. He turned to Alexandra, for help and he was able to get them a meeting with a mysterious wise man who was said to have all the solutions to everything in a far town.

They embarked on a long journey to seek the **wisdom** of a revered sage, a man known for his knowledge of **fate** and the supernatural. Upon their arrival, the wise man refused to let Rufus set foot in his home, fearing the immense power that radiated from him.

"You are the Dragon-Blood Alpha," the sage declared, his voice trembling with reverence. "The dragons have favored you."

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protected you. But your time among the children of men is drawing to an end. Soon, you will ascend to dwell with those who have shielded you from the **wrath of this world.**"

He explained that the dragons feared humanity's greed—feared that men would uncover their secrets and twist them for selfish, destructive purposes that could doom both mankind and dragonkind alike.

Then, turning to Brenda, the sage spoke with sorrow. “She has been marked for your kind. When the next Dragon-Blooded Alpha arises, he may never find his mate, for he will not have the chance to bear heirs.”

His words carried an ominous weight, foreshadowing a fate neither Rufus nor Brenda had foreseen.

Rufus was never meant to procreate. He was an anomaly—an enigma that appeared once in centuries and then vanished. **leaving** behind only legends. But he and Brenda had shattered that ancient order when she gave him her blood, and his fire refused to burn her. Their bond had rewritten fate itself.

The dragons, enraged by this defiance, stripped his offspring of their supernatural gifts. They decreed that the dragon’s power would not return until a distant descendant arose—one deemed worthy to wield their fury. A descendant whose heart would not be tainted by vanity.

None of this **made** sense to Rufus. To him, the so-called wise man had proven himself a fool. But all doubt vanished the moment he returned home—only to find Brenda gone.

At first, he thought it was a cruel joke. But **as** he searched, desperation gnawing at him, the truth became undeniable—she had vanished without a trace. They said that she had risen from her sickbed and left without so much **as a glance** at her son

Her disappearance shattered Rufus into pieces and he began to believe the words of the wise man as it crashed down on him and **for** the first time, he truly believed them. Accepting his fate he called his only confidant, Alexandria Saint, and told him that he was embarking on a journey. Alexandria understood and swore to protect Rufus’s son

Rufus left his home that night and was never seen again. It was sad that he ascended to the realm of dragons, for the only thread keeping him bound to the mortal world—his mate—was gone.

Brenda, on the other hand, awoke in a world she did not recognize, with no memory of the family she had left behind. She built a new life, unaware of the love she had lost. Only when she lay on her deathbed, old **and** frail, did the memories return—flashes of a past filled with fire, love, and sorrow. **But** it was **too** late because moments before she took her final breath.

The people of the Wildthorn bloodline recorded her last words dismissing them as the ramblings of a dying woman. But her story was never truly forgotten. Pamela sighed

“Alpha Deckard is the centenary enigma—the first since Rufus. And you, you are his chosen one. The one meant to tame his fire. He is your mate, even if you do not yet understand it.”

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Chapter 102

Chapter 102

Amics

This story has always been told as folklore in our family, a tale no one ever thought to question. It was never necessary- until now. No one believed we **had** any real connection to the Blackthorn clan.

But Deckard is different. He **is** one in a thousand—the first in centuries deemed worthy to inherit the dragon’s gift. And you. out of all the Wildthorn bloodline, were chosen. Not just to tame his fire, but to ignite it.

Only a few know the truth, and those who **do** are dangerous. They want you—not for who you are, but for what you represent. To separate you from Deckard is to end him, just as fus was only kept tethered to this world by his mate

You and Deckard are bound in ways neither of you fully understand. It is more than fate—it is a cycle, a reincarnation of something far greater than yourselves. The power of the Dragon Blood Alpha has been sought for centuries, and together, you and your mate are the strongest force this world has seen in generations.

But those hunting you do not seek power for balance or destiny. They want to destroy the dragon’s legacy or twist it into something monstrous for their own gain. And that is why you must never let them take you.

After Pamela finished telling her story. I struggled to believe it. I had heard whispers of such tales before—stories passed down about the Wildthorn bloodline. Just myths, **nothing** more. But hearing the depth of it now, spoken as truth, felt **surreal**

Did Deckard know about this legend! Was this why he refused to let me go? Was I nothing more than a tool—just a **means** for him to grow stronger and bear heirs?

What am I even saying? That was the reason he bought me in the first place. He never pretended otherwise.

But then, why is he suddenly acting like he cares? Deckard **is a** user. He always has been. **And** yet, I’m trapped. I **can’t** run.

If I leave, I die.

If I stay, I lose myself.

Damned either way.

And then there's Brenda. I can't deny the truth in her face—I see my mother in her features, aged but unmistakable. The urge to embrace her overwhelms me, but I force myself to hold back

"Can I hug you?" The words left my lips before I even realized I had spoken them

Pamela's eyes welled with tears. "I've been dying to since I found out you were alive.

I wrapped my arms around her, holding on tightly. Memories of my mother and father flooded my mind, the ache of missing them pressing against my chest.

"You don't have to leave today, do you?" I **asked**, wiping away my tears. "Please stay with me **as** long as you want. I'll have the maids take care of everything I let out a sad chuckle, trying to lighten the weight in the air.

Amica." She hesitated. "Are you alright? I heard about the loss of the heir... and how serious the kidnapping was. How are **you** holding up here, all alone?" She paused, **as** if struggling to find the words. "Some were saying those rogues.. violated

you?

"Oh, no. That's not true." I reassured her **quickly**. "But I did lose the pregnancy I forced **a** smile. "Don't worry, Aunt Pamela,"

That night at dinner. Deckard wouldn't stop pestering me about my conversation with Pamela. I had made sure no one save

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me sneaking **into** her room, but the moment I excused myself away from the meal, his suspicions ignited.

"What did you talk about?" His gaze was sharp, unrelenting.

"Just family," I replied, keeping my voice steady.

But I could tell he didn't believe me.

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Deckard has kept many things from me, including this heavy secret. He treats me like a **child**—like I'm living in an unknown world when he should have told me everything before I got into this. My life has been at stake since the moment I was bound to him, yet he kept it all hidden, playing the role of my protector while keeping me blind.

That night, I tried my best to keep my answers short and plain, but rage burned inside me. And yet, he wouldn't stop **talking**.

"Don't worry," he said, his voice calm as if he were offering **reassurance**. "It doesn't matter if Pamela is real or not. My job is to protect you, and no matter how close the enemy is, I would die before letting harm come to you"

"That is enough, Alpha!" The words ripped from my throat before **I** could stop them. My vision blurred with unshed tears.

Deckard's brows furrowed. "What is wrong?"

He sounded concerned, but I knew better. He had no idea—no clue what was really wrong. And that made me even angrier.

Deckard took **a** step toward me, but I backed away, shaking my head. My chest heaved with every breath, my vision blurred by tears.

"It's **you**," I spat, my voice breaking. "You are what's wrong. Always acting like a shield around me but never letting me in. Would it kill you to tell me what I'm up against? To tell me the truth for once?"

His expression darkened, but I didn't care. I was too far gone.

"Since the moment I got here, it's been one near-death experience after another, And to think—you knew all along! You knew and still didn't bother to explain. Instead, you just pose as **my** savior over and over again while I walk blindly into danger. My voice cracked as the weight of my words crashed down **on** me. "I lost **a** child to this shit!"

My tears fell freely now, but Deckard just stood there, his gaze unreadable.

"What are you talking about?" His voice was **calm**, controlled. "What are you up against?"

I let out a bitter laugh, **wiping** my face with the back of my hand

“Everything, Deckard! Your history, your enemies—I know nothing about any of it, but you do! You keep me in the **dark** while I suffer for things I don’t even **understand!**” My voice wavered, but I didn’t stop. “I don’t want this anymore. I **don’t**

want you any more.

The words tasted like poison, but I meant them. I was done.

“I’m tired of my life being bound to yours. And what do I get in return?” My voice dropped to a whisper, raw with pain. “Suffering and posing as a protector. That’s all you’ve ever given ne

You **have** made a promise to me and you must keep it. Once you Capture **the** Scarface **man**, you will release me of these bonds I will reject you!”

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Chapter 103

Deckard

Her words cut deeper than I could have ever imagined.

“Amica, why are you saying these things ?” I asked, my voice tight with frustratio. “All I have done nothing but protect you!”

“That’s exactly the problem!” she snapped. “Your protectiont Youve always known why I needed it, but you kept the truth from me. What I really need is protection from you!”

Before I could say another word, she turned and stormed out of the room, leaving me standing there, stunned.

A strange coldness washed over me,

What just happened?

Why is she talking to me this **way**?

Did Pamela—tell her something something terrible about me?

But Pamela doesn't even know me. What could she have said that would make Amica so furious?

I have never seen her like this—so sharp, so full of fire, so willing to confront the pain she once buried.

She walked out. She's too angry to even stay in the same room with me tonight. And now, I don't even want to be here either.

I know she's raging, and even though I don't fully understand what's going on, I refuse to invade her space. She needs time, and for once. I'll give her that. But tomorrow, I'll get to the bottom of this.

Sleep refuses to come, so I leave my chambers, deciding to spend the night in the study. Maybe focusing on something else will help clear my head. But as I make my way through the dimly lit corridor. I nearly collide with Mary, dressed in her nightgown.

"My Alpha," she says, her voice laced with concern. "I heard the noise from your room. Is everything alright?"

"There's no problem, **Mary**. Go back to bed," I reply, my tone firmer than intended as I step past her.

But she doesn't move. Instead, she tilts her head, crossing her **arms**. "Oh, come on, **Deckard**. You know I know you better than anyone in this castle. Her eyes narrow slightly. "Something's wrong. I heard the argument. I saw the Luna storm out, looking like she was ready to tear someone apart."

I clench my jaw. The last thing I need right now is an interrogation, but Mary—relentless as always—won't let this go

"Did you do something to upset her?"

"Of course not! I would never.." I say, a bit too defensively.

Mary watches me closely, her lips pressing **into a** knowing smile. Yes, I know. You're Deckard—the great Alpha who **would** never hurt anyone. There's no one as selfless **and** as caring as you" she says, her voice softening "I've been blessed- fortunate, even—to have seen that side of you.. even though our time together was cut short."

A flicker of sadness crosses her face, and I began to feel the guilt greeps in. I don't know why, but seeing her like this unsettles me.

Suddenly, I feel an unexpected urge to confide in her

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“**Mary**, you don’t have to say things like that,” I murmur, “You’re sorry.” I sigh, running a hand through my hair.

She shakes her head, brushing my apology aside. “It’s late, Mary. You’ve had a long day. Go to rest, I say, my voice quieter now.

But she doesn’t move. Instead, she tilts her head slightly, watching me. “You don’t have to worry about me,” she says. “I can’t sleep right now. And lucky for me, I found someone else who’s going through the same thing.” A small, almost playful smile tugs at her lips. “We can stay together.”

I’m on my way to the study. You can join me if you’d like, Loffe. Mary is calm,

She falls into step beside me, her silk nightgown brushing against her hard nipple.

Noticed the Luna has a new visitor,” she says after a moment. I’ve never seen her raise her voice at you before. Yet, within just a few hours of this woman’s arrival, she’s already furious with you. What could this stranger have told her?

There’s an agenda beneath her words—spite, perhaps—but I can deny that she has a point.

What did Pamela say to Amica?

Mary hesitates before speaking again. I’m sorry to pry, but there’s a resemblance between them. **Could** this woman be her mother?”

I shake my head, exhaling. “No, Mary. That’s not her mother. Just a long-lost relative.

Mary hums softly, tilting her head. “Well, she seems to have a strong influence over her,” she muses.

Silence settles between us,

For some reason, in this quiet, I feel the urge to pour my heart out.

“Amica wants to reject me.” The words burn in my **chest**. “She said I’ve put her through too **much**. She accused me of keeping things from her, of controlling her and now, now she resents me for it.”

Mary remains silent, her expression unreadable.

I sigh, shaking my head. “I shouldn’t be burdening you with all this. It’s unfair to you.

She lets out a soft breath. “Ols no, Deck, I understand. And I’d be lying if I said it doesn’t hurt, but I do understand. Ljust wish you would treat me better than you do. We don’t have to be enemies.”

Regret tugs at me. I’m sorry, **Mary**”

I step closer, taking her hands in mine, offering a sincere apology. But something shifts in her eyes—something hopeful

Before I can react, she leans in and presses her lips to mine.

For a moment, I freeze. Then, reality slams into me, and I gently push her away.

I didn’t **mean it** that way, **Mary**, I murmur,

She forces a small smile, though I see the flicker of embarrassment in her eyes. “Oh. sorry. I must have read the wrong signals

Mary’s voice turns softer, coaxing, “Back to your issue. I think you need to remind the **Luna** that you are in charge here. You saved her from her abusive **husband** and **gave** hepa life most **could** only dream of. So what if she faces a little danger now. and then? That comes with the territory, and you are here to protect her.”

I narrow my eyes. “How do you know her ex-husband **was** abuse? I **don’t** recall ever telling you that.”

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She falters, just for a second Ol w–well, he sold her off for mary, didn’t he? It’s obvious everything about that

relationship **was** toxic. Besides, she used to cheat on him, didn’e That alone screams abusive, Deckard, the chuckles, but there’s something forceil about it.

Hmm..“Emarmit, not entirely convinced

She steps closer. “Look, my Alpha, Amica shouldn’t have the rigle to make such decisions You are her Alpha. You should keep her under control. And this new woman? The one who just waltzed into your life and suddenly turned Amica against you? She’s the real problem here.

Mary’s voice takes on a sharper edge. “You should confront her. Make her repeat everything the said to Amica in front of you—then make her pay for spreading lies.””

Her words settle in and stairs anger within me. Because as much as I hate to admit it, there is some truth in them.

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This woman—Pamel—is a stranger. She shouldn't have the power to twist Amica against me.

And yet, here I am, watching everything fall apart because of her

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Chapter 104

Mar

Blackthorn Castle **hasn't** felt like home since Amica came back Deckard barely looks at me, let alone checks on me. It's pathetic, really—how he parades around like the devoted husband when I know the truth.

Dane told me to wait, to talk to him when he's in a better mood, Remind him of the good times, go soft on him. And if that doesn't work? Well, there's always another way.

And tonight? Tonight proves I still have a place in his heart. He tells me what's troubling him, confides in me like old times. He may pretend otherwise, but I know he still has a soft spot for me. He's just too wrapped up in his hero complex to admis

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So, I'll handle things myself.

Pamela as i perfect excuse for me to get into their business again An opportunity to get deckard to look my way again

And if Amica thinks she can erase me? If she thinks her little fairytale romance will last?

She has no idea what I'm capable of

The next morning, I take e two servants **and** a guard with me to Pamela's room. I don't need Deckard's permission—but i war tell everyone that i am workin on Deckard's order And when I give an order, they listen.

By the time dawn stretches across the sky, they've dragged her out of the room, her pathetic struggles muffled beneath the cloth mask I had them the around her face. No one needs to hear her screaming.

I wait in the garden, standing tall as they shove her down before me.

Take off the mask," I order.

Pamela gasps as the fabric is yanked from her face. Her wide, bewildered eyes **land** on me,

"Hello, Pamela," I say smoothly, folding my arms. "I hear you've been running your mouth, filling Amica's head with all kinds of ideas, making her disrespect our Alpha." I step closer, tilting my head. "And I don't take kindly to liars."

She coughs, "**Who** are you? What do **you** want?"

Her tone was so **casual** so unaware of who she's **dealing** with. I slap her hard across the face, the sharp crack echoing through the garden.

"You will speak to me with respect, I sneer, watching the red bloom across her cheek. "Now, tell me what exactly did you. say to Amica to about Deckard?"

Pamela **looks** up at me, defiance flickering in her eyes,

I take a deep breath. This woman-this nobody-thinks she and up to me? After all I've been through, after everything I've lost because of her precious Amica?

I step forward, crouching to her level, my nails digging into herein as I force her to look at me.

Her face turns red, and satisfaction swells inside me, if she truly means something to Amica-if she's a mother figure or anything close-then this is even better. I can take out all my anger on her for what that stupid girl has cost me.

I can't wait for Aunica to find out that I'm **doing** this under Deckard's orders

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"I have nothing to say to you, Miss, the woman says, her voice steady despite the fear in her eyes. "I **don't** know who you are. nor was I introduced to you when I arrived at this castle. If the pha truly ordered this, then he is the only one I will speak

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Her deliance grates on my nerves.

I grabs her by the hair and yank hard, relishing the sharp gasp she lets out. "Listen, woman, you are nobody. There is no one here to protect you.

I lean in, my grip tightening "Your precious **Amica** has been nothing but trouble since she stepped foot in this place. But even she who only holds the ceremonial title of Luna-never dared to raise her voice at the Alpha until you came along and filled her head with lies."

I smirk, watching the woman tremble beneath my grip. "I could order the guards to put a bullet in your skull right now, and just like that, you'd be forgotten. No one would care. No one would mourn you." I tilt my head, my voice dripping with amusement. "So if you still want to walk this earth, I-suggest you tell me exactly what I need to know-now. Because I have nothing to lose...but your life? That's a different story."

touch. only this were Amica instead. My time will come. But for

I revel in the power, in the way she shudders under my to **now**. I'll enjoy this,

"What the hell are you doing, Mary?"

The sharp voice behind me makes me stiffen.

Turn, slowly, already irritated before I even see her face. Bria storms toward me, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Who asked you to do this?" she demands.

I roll my eyes, exhaling in annoyance. "Look, Bria, this is none of your business. I'd rather you stay out of it"

But she doesn't listen. She rushes forward and shoves me back, catching me off guard for a second.

I stumble slightly but recover quickly, letting out a slow, mocking laugh. "Pathetic" My lips curl into a smirk. "If I pushed you with the same force, you'd be dead by now."

I straighten my posture, crossing my arms as I glare at Bria. "Torking under the Alpha's orders. We had a lengthy discussion about this last night." My voice is firm, unwavering

Bria's eyes narrow. "That's impossible," she snaps. "The Alpha would never ask you to do something this barbaric. What are you, a rogue? We don't act like this!"

She rushes to Pamela's side, helping her up from the ground like she actually matters.

I scoff, rolling my eyes. "Listen, you old bitch, I'm in the middle of handling an assignment, and I don't need your useless interference. I **take a** step closer, smirking as Bria stiffens. "If you really want to know if I'm telling the truth, why don't you **go ask** the Alpha yourself?" I tilt my head. "But in the meantime, I'm busy dealing with this one, so stiggest **you** scram."

"Dragging a defenseless woman out here early in the morning reatening her life? This is insanity, Mary! **Deckard** didn't order this, did he?"

I tilt my chin up defiantly. "Deckard has enough on his plate. I'm just doing what needs to be done."

Bria takes a step forward, lowering her voice. "And you think this will make him see you? Make him love you?" Her **words** cut sharper than I expect

I clench my jaw. Love? Love has nothing to do with this.

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"This is about loyalty," I snap "Something Amica clearly lacks Something you seem to be lacking too

"Aunt Pamela, what the hell is going on here?" Amica's voice ruthrough

Her eyes dart wildly, taking in Pamela's disheveled state. "What are you doing here, Aunt Pamela? I've been looking for you everywhere—why are you crying?"

Pamela snuffles, lowering her head like a pathetic little lamb.

Tm so sorry, Amica. This was all Mary's doing. I truly apologize Bria speaks like she's afraid of her

"Who touched you?" Amica's voice is a dangerous growl, thick with **barely** contained rage. "Who dared lay their hands on you?"

Pamela hesitates for a moment before slowly lifting a trembling finger—pointing right at me.

Asmug smile spreads across my lips. Good. Let her know exactly what I've done. Let her seethe **in it**.

Then, before I can fully enjoy the moment, a sharp crack explodes **across** my **face**.

My head snaps to the side, my vision blurring as the sting spreads through my cheek. For a few seconds, all I hear is a dull ringing.

I blink rapidly, trying to refocus.

Did **that** bitch just hit me!

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Chapter 105

Chapter 105

Amica

That night. I he alone in my room, replaying everything Pamela just told me. My hate i feel for Deckard at this moment is burning hot–howe dare he keep this secret from me?

Sleep doesn't come easily. Even when I finally shut my eyes, my dreams pull me into another world.

I dream of Brenda and Rufus.

But in the dream, I am Brenda, and Deckard is Rufus. It's overwhelming—an emotional storm that shifts something inside me. For the first time, I see Deckard in a way I never have before

The **dream** feels too real, as if I'm not just **watching** but living a different life, five centuries in the past. Every emotion, every Touch, every ounce of love Brenda feels for Rufus—I feel it too.

When I jolt awake, my heart is racing.

Maybe I took things too far, telling Deckard I would reject him.

I stay in bed for a moment, thinking about how I'll face him today. Then, I remember—I have someone here who feels like a mother to me.

I threw off the covers and hurried to Pamela's room. But the moment I stepped inside, I did not find her there. Confused, I begin calling out for her, asking the servants and guards if they we seen her.

Some claim they haven't.

Then, one of the guards finally speaks up.

"She's in the garden with Miss **Mary**."

What the hell could she be doing with her? I wonder as I rush toward the garden.

From a distance, I spot Mary standing with Bria and Pamela. Two other servants and a guard are also present.

My heart pounds at the sight.

Mary **hasn't** bothered me in a while, but now she's suddenly with Pamela? What the hell is she up to?

As I move closer, I notice Pamela's face-red and tear-streaked. She looks like she's been crying. Bria stands between her and Mary, locked in what seems to be a heated argument.

"What the hell is going on here?" I demand,. "Aunt Pamela, what are you doing here? I've been looking for you everywhere -and why **are** you crying?"

"I'm so sorry, Amica," Bria says quickly. "This was all Mary's doing. I truly apologize for this."

My mind spirals with chaos at the thought of what Mary might have done.

What did she do to you? Who laid hands on you?"

Pamela hesitated, her lips trembling, but before she could speak her hand lifted slightly-pointing at Mary

A cold, violent rage unfurled within me.

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Mary had touched my aunt.

And worse-she still had the audacity to **sanirk** at me, her expresion dripping with mockery.

My vision blurred, **and** before I could even process it, my **hand** moved on its own. My fist connected with her face in a **sharp**, satisfying crack, sending her staggering back.

Mary's eyes widened in disbelief. "How dare you touch me?!"

She lunged at me, but I was ready,

I grabbed her by the hair, yanking hard, pouring every ounce of my anger into that grip. She clawed at my hands, struggling to free herself, but I was stronger.

With one final jerk, I flung her backward

She hit the ground hard, landing like a worthless leaf.

For a second, silence.

Then she shrieked, voice wild with fury, "I know you didn't just push me, bitch!"

Something in me snapped.

"And I know you didn't just call me a **bitch**. My voice was ice, sharp enough to cut

Everyone around us—Bria, the servants, even the guards—immediately bowed their heads.

As soon as Mary noticed the others bowing their heads, she was momentarily stunned into silence. A moment ago, she had been breathing heavily, seething with rage, but now she was struggling to control herself, sitting there on the floor like a child who had miscalculated her steps and Gallen.

Slowly, she pulled herself up, dusting off her clothes with deliberate movements.

"I was only following the Alpha's orders," she said, "You can ask him yourself. We had a long conversation last night about you and your aunt, and we both decided she needed to be taught a lesson"

I scoffed. "I think **you** need to stop taking whatever it is you're on Mary."

Her eyes darkened

"The Alpha would never have such a conversation with you, let alone instruct you to pull something this stupid"

Mary let out a short, bitter laugh, "Oh, really?" She took a step closer. "You've known the Alpha for what—a few months? And now you think you understand him?"

Her voice was dripping with mockery.

I've been by his side for six years, Amica. Six. I know what he wants before he even speaks it. He confides in me when **he** s struggling. When he's down, I am the one he turns to

She ulted her head, her lips curling into a smirk.

"Yes, I know Deckard has his walls up. But if you really think you're the one *who* truly knows him... you're delusional. No even you the so-called Luna-can change that.

Mary's words hit me *like* a slap to the *face*

16.06 Wed, Feb

Chapter 105

"If you think I'm lying, then why do I know about your little argument with the Alpha last night? Oh, wait-sorry, the light And how do I know that you threatened to reject him over something so silly?"

She took a step closer, her smirk widening as if she was relishing he moment.

I couldn't believe it. Deckard had been talking to this idiot?

My blood ran cold. How could he? The fight we had last night-our private, painful fight-was already public knowledge to Mary. That meant their connection wasn't just lingering in the past; it was still very much alive,

I hadn't spent the night with Deckard.

Does that mean she had?

Every time I try to be rational, every time I convince myself to give Deckard the benefit of the doubt, he turns around **and** spits it back in my face.

And now, Mary was standing here, airing my personal business front of everyone like it was her right. I clenched my fists, fighting the urge to let my anger consume me

I refused to give her the satisfaction of seeing me crumble.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Mary," I said, keeping my voice steady. "Maybe you're just delusional. But there's no way Deckard would have had such a conversation with you, because it never happened."

Mary let out a slow, mocking laugh.

"Oh really? All right, if you're **so** confident.. why don't you ask him yourself?"

The amusement in her voice made my skin prickle

“Because he standing right behind you”

My breath caught in my throat.

turned around slowly, my stomach twisting into knots as i saw Deckard stepping forward.

AD

Comment

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 106[955 words]

Chapter 106

Deckard

I barely slept last night. My mind was ton between the brutal fight I had with Amica and how to fix things, and the unsettling conversation I had with Mary.

She had a point—I should interrogate this issue further. But then there was the kiss.

74%

I don't want to be cruel, but I'm starting to realize that Mary's presence here, her attachment *to* this place, might be giving her the wrong impression.

I haven't felt drawn to Mary in months. Maybe even longer. And think I know why.

It's Amica.

She has taken up space in my mind, in a way I never expected. When I'm with her, I don't imagine it being this good with anyone else.

What I had with Mary—it was only physical. A fleeting attraction Nothing more.

These days, even that small spark I once felt for Mary is gone. Now, I see her as just another person—nothing more.

As soon as I wake up, the same heaviness that put me to sleep lingers in my chest. It's unsettling.

I decide to go to Amica's room, hoping she's calmed down enough for us to talk. I need to fix this before it spirals further. But when I get there, she's gone.

"Where is my Luna?" I ask a servant as I step out of her room.

"She's... out in the garden," the girl replies quickly before scurrying off, her reaction making me instantly suspicious.

Without wasting time, I head for the garden. From a distance, I spot Amica—but she's not alone.

Bria, Mary, Amica... and her aunt.

Their voices reach me before I even get close—heated, sharp, an argument already in motion.

Then I hear Mary's voice, loud and clear.

"Oh really? All right, if it didn't happen, why don't you ask him yourself? He's right behind you now."

Amica stiffens. Slowly, she turns.

My jaw tightens as I step forward.

"Amica? What is going on here?" I ask.

"Tell her, my Alpha," she presses, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Tell her how her so-called aunt is causing problems in our pack. Pamela is right here—this is the perfect opportunity for her to admit what she told Amica that made her speak to you with such disrespect!"

I freeze.

The little discussion Mary and I had last night—now exposed in the open for everyone to hear.

How could she?

1/3

5

Chapter 106

She stands there, smug and unbothered,

“My Alpha,” she continues, “I hated seeing you so troubled. You poured your heart out to me, and I couldn’t bear to do nothing when you were hurting so badly. That’s why I took it upon myself to help you.”

I glare at her,

“I brought her out here,” she gestures to Pamela, “so she could explain herself—tell me the truth about what she wants and why she’s really here. I can’t stand by while you get exploited because of your accommodating nature.”

She keeps ranting, spinning her nonsense, justifying her actions like she did me some great favor.

“What?” I exclaim, my voice sharp with disbelief.

I can feel Amica’s stare burning into me, her emotions unreadable, but I know she’s waiting for my reaction.

I clench my fists.

This is going too far.

“I’m so sorry, Deckard,” Mary says, her voice laced with something between desperation and defiance. “Sometimes I just feel like you have no one to watch your back. Tell me, why is it a crime to help you when I see you drowning? You seemed very worried that night, and of all people, you chose me to pour your heart out to. And there happened to be a kiss in the middle but I know you were just feeling vulnerable at that moment, but deep down, I can see the heaviness in your heart

She watches me carefully, searching for a reaction. For a flicker of doubt. A sign that I still trust her.

But I don’t.

Her words feel like a trap. I should have known that being kind to Mary would never turn out well. It’s in **her** blood to be spiteful. There’s nothing I can do to change that.

My jaw tightens. I don’t have the patience for this.

“Get the hell out of here, Mary,” I snap. “I don’t want to see you right now.”

Her face twists in anger, but she doesn’t argue. She knows she’s crossed a line. With a sharp glare at Amica, she turns and

storms off.

Now, I finally turn to Amica. She hasn't moved, hasn't said a word, but I can feel the fire burning beneath her silence.

"Everything you just heard has a good explanation," I tell her, my voice softer but firm. "I never asked Mary to do anything. I stumbled upon her last night after our fight and..."

I trail off.

She doesn't look convinced.

Damn it.

"And you kissed her... and also poured out your heart to her," Amica says in a low, almost lifeless tone.

I feel a sharp pang in my chest.

"I did not kiss her," I say quickly. "She misread the moment and kissed me."

Amica lets out a bitter laugh, shaking her head.

2/3

16:07 Wed, F

Chapter 106

"Of course she did," she mutters. "She's been your mistress longer than I've even known you. She could always steal a kiss from time to time... why am I even mad?" She exhales sharply, like she's tired of it all. "I'm aware that you do not belong to me, Deckard. You never did."

Then, before I can say anything else, she turns on her heel and walks *away*.

I should stop her.

I should say something.

But I don't.

I just stand there, watching her leave...

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 107[1,045 words]

Chapter 107

Deckard

After the incident, I call Bria to ask what she would do if she were in my position, but her response only frustrates me.

I've already apologized to Pamela and instructed Bria to ensure she gets the best care while she's here. As for Mary, she's keeping her distance—good. Sometimes, I almost forget how much resentment she harbors toward **my** relationship with Amica, even though she claims otherwise.

Amica still refuses to speak to me. I can't stand her not speaking to me, so I have kept myself busy and only return to my chambers at night to sleep in my misery.

I've thrown myself into the search for the scar-faced man, spending most of my time outside with the troops.

But today, I decide to visit Collin in his tiny prison. He's been in there for over ten days now, suffering through the harsh conditions and still refuses to speak.

As I step into the cell, the stench of sweat and piss fills my nose.

Collin is slumped against the cold stone wall, his body weak while his wrists and ankles bound in thick chains. He barely lifts his head to acknowledge my presence.

I smirk, tilting my head. "Collin... how are you holding up?" My tone drips with mockery.

I hold up a plate, the scent of freshly grilled meat wafting through the damp cell. "I was just having a meal with my Luna and thought I'd bring you a little something," I say, my voice laced with amusement. "A nice, rare steak—so fresh it's practically still breathing. The blood, perfectly warm, mixes with the smokiness of the woodfire. And to top it off, a bottle of ice-cold water. Sounds tempting, doesn't it?"

I swing the large slab of steak across his face from where I stand. He growls, his body tensing and saliva dripping from his lips and pooling onto the filthy floor.

"Calm down, boy," I say, smirking. "You're wasting what little strength you have left. And let's be honest—you're not getting this meat. Unless, of course, you've got something useful to tell me... Something that might help me capture the scar-faced man. Do you?"

Collin lifts his head, his breaths heavy and ragged. “Deckard,” he growls, his voice hoarse. “Do you remember that I’m your uncle? That I’m the closest thing you have to a father? Why don’t you show a little mercy? Give me some water, a bite of that steak... and then I’ll tell you everything you need to know.”

I chuckle, watching him struggle against the chains. “Why don’t you tell me what I need to know first?”

He hesitates, his chest rising and falling rapidly. “Okay, fine... I’ll tell you! His eyes flicker with desperation. “But promise me—promise me you won’t hurt him.”

I tilt my head, feigning curiosity. “Come on, Collin, you know I can’t do that. He killed my heir.

“Well, there’s no use begging... I know he’s strong enough to defeat—”

“Oh, shut up, Collin!” I snap, cutting him off. “I don’t give a damn about what he can do. Just tell me who he is.”

Collin lifts his head, locking eyes with me. “Fine... The scar-faced man... is my son.”

For a moment, I stare at him, then burst into laughter. The sheer ridiculousness of his words makes my chest shake. “Oh, please, Collin. I may have been young back then, but we all know you’ve always been—for lack of a better word -impotent. You’ve never been able to father a child!”

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16:08 Wed, Feb 19.

Chapter 107

+5

His expression doesn’t waver. Well, you’re wrong about that, Deckard,” he says, his voice calm, his gaze steady. “I did father a child. No one knew the truth, but he’s alive today. And very soon he’ll pay you a visit.”

I scoff, crossing my arms. “Does this so-called son of yours even now he has a father who’s spent his entire life being irrelevant? And now, suddenly, you want to claim him—for bragging rights?”

“Well, I’ve told you all that I can,” he mutters.

I lean against the cell bars, smirking. “It’s been over ten days since I captured you. If this Scar-faced menace is truly your son, why has he abandoned you without a second thought? He doesn’t even care if you’re dead or alive?”

Collin’s jaw tightens, his eyes darkening. “He doesn’t know that I’m his father yet,” he admits, a hint of regret slipping into his

voice.

I chuckle. “So, you’re a deadbeat. Got it. Tell me where to find this son of yours.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t give you that information... Please, can I have that steak and water now?”

I shake my head. “Oh no, dog. You didn’t give me anything useful. What you told me is nothing but gossip—I can’t use it.”

With a wicked grin, I toss the steak onto the ground, just far enough that he can see it, smell it, but never reach it. Then, I tip the bottle, spilling the water onto the dirt floor, watching as his eyes fill with despair.

His silence is pitiful.

Satisfied, I turn on my heel and walk away.

I was on my way back to the castle to rest for the night when my men intercepted me.

“Alpha, you have a visitor,” one of them said.

I frowned. “Who?” I wasn’t expecting anyone.

“It’s Mr. Dane Blackwood.”

I stopped in my tracks, my irritation flaring instantly. “What the hell is he doing here? Throw him out.”

“He says he has something important to tell you.”

I scoffed. “Throw that piece of shit out of here. And if he resists, beat the hell out of him. Leave him with a scar—something to remember me by.”

“Yes, Alpha!” The guards bowed and rushed off to carry out my orders.

I clenched my fists, shaking my head at the audacity of that man. What does he want this time? Is he still pining for Amica? Does he want her back?

If she cheated on him, why the hell does he still care? What a pathetic fool. He sold his wife for money, and now he can't stand that she's thriving without him.

What a miserable, spineless cunt.

2/3

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Chapter 108

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 108[1,138 words]

Chapter 108

Chapter 108

Danc

"The Alpha has refused to see you," the guard in a harsh tone.

I clench my jaw. "Listen, I have useful information about the man he's hunting. Tell him that I'm sure he wouldn't refuse me!"

The guard doesn't even flinch. "The Alpha does not care for whatever message you have. Leave now, or

"Or what?" I snap. "You'll throw me out? Or you'll-"

Before I can finish, a fist slams into my stomach, knocking the wind out of me.

"Wait-" I choke, but another blow crashes against my face, splitting my lip open. I stumble back, blood dripping onto the ground, yet they don't stop.

Deckard's men beat the shit out of me before tossing me out like bag of garbage.

I groan, wiping the blood from my mouth. That bastard. What will it take for him to hear me out? He doesn't even know why I'm here!

I came to give him information about the Scar-faced man, to tell him everything I know, to tell him that he will be ambushed. But this-this is what I get in return?

Its Fine.

What a bastard! Now, I don't even care what happens anymore. He deserves to be conquered by the scar-faced man.

But I must get him to hear what I have to say—except this time, he won't get the truth from me.

Deckard hates me now, so how do I make him listen? I either find someone he trusts... or I force him to hear me out.

Mary.

She could help me. He listens to her. She needs to help me.

As soon as I get home, I grab my phone and beg Mary to come over.

In a few hours she arrives in my room..

“What the hell happened to you this time?” she sighs, arms crossed as she sees me lying in bed, groaning in pain.

“Deckard!” I spit out. “Your Deckard!”

She rolls her eyes. “Oh please, Deckard would never stoop so low

“Oh, really?” I laugh bitterly. “You know him so well, huh? He's so damn strong and mighty that he can never do any wrong

in your eyes?” My jaw clenches as I sit up. “For your information this isn't the first time he's done this.

Mary just stares at me, unimpressed.

“Really? You must have done something to deserve it.”

I let out a bitter laugh, wincing at the pain in my ribs.

1/3

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Chapter 108

“Of course. Dane Blackwood, always the villain, right?

“So tell me, why did he beat you to a pulp?” Mary asks, her arms folded.

“Nothing!” I snap. “I didn’t do anything to deserve this treatment Everything I’ve done has been for his own damn good, and this is how he repays me?”

Mary groans, rubbing her temples. “Damn it, Dane, I don’t lave me for this. I have my own problems! Why did you call me here?”

I grit my teeth, swallowing my anger. “Fine! I have information on the location of the scar-faced man.” I pause, watching her reaction, but she doesn’t flinch.

“This information is so important to Deckard that he’s willing to pay a million dollars to anyone who can find him. I have legit intel, but he won’t even give me a damn chance.”

Mary doesn’t look surprised. She doesn’t even look interested.

“Mary, did you hear what I just said?” I ask, narrowing my eyes.

“Oh yeah, I hear you,” she says with a shrug. “But I don’t see how this is my problem.”

“What?” I blink. “I don’t think you heard me right—the scar-faced man—

“The scar-faced man is no concern of mine,” Mary says coldly. “He is not my enemy. In fact, he serves my interests. He kidnapped Amica, and that works in my favor. Why would I want him found? If he sticks around, he might actually help me solve all my problems—something you have failed to do, despite everything I’ve given you.”

She tilts her head, smirking. “Maybe I should’ve fucked the scarfaced man instead. He seems more capable, more grounded in his shit. Maybe I should seek him out.”

I stare at her, rage boiling under my skin. “What the hell is wrong with you, Mary? I called you here to help me, and now you’re talking nonsense!” My hands tighten into fists. “I need you to talk to Deckard. Get him to grant me an audience. He needs to hear me out—I can bring him exactly what he wants on a gold platter.”

She scoffs. “And how does that benefit me?”

“And how does this help me, huh?” Mary sneers. “What do I gain The Alpha captures his Luna’s enemy, flaunts his head in front of her, and suddenly their bond is stronger? No thanks.” She crosses her arms. “Sorry, Dane, but there’s nothing I can do to help you. Besides, the Alpha isn’t even speaking to me at the moment—I might have pissed him off a little.” She chuckles, completely unbothered.

Frustration burns through me. “Mary, don’t do this! I need you!

She just shakes her head, already turning away. “Find another way. And if you ever have something that actually benefits me, then maybe–maybe–I’ll listen.” She waves a dismissive hand. Otherwise, I’ve had a long day, and I need to rest.”

“Mary–don’t leave! Mary! Mary, please!”

She doesn’t stop.

Damn it!

What the hell do I do now? If I don’t meet Darth’s demands, he kill me.

I slump back, my mind racing, but then–ping! A notification. My gaze flickers to my phone.

2/3

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Chapter 108

What do I do now? Darth will kill me if I don’t meet the demand he set.

I sat there, racking my brain, until a notification popped up on my screen. An email from the Apex Circle.

And just like that, I knew exactly what to do.

I have everything I need right here. As a partial member of the Apex Circle, I can send the message myself–and Deckard will have no choice but to grant me an audience,

Oh yes! But I am no fool. I have my plans.

That one million dollars will be mine before I lead Deckard straight to his death–and there will be no way for it to trace back to me afterall he will indeed meet the scar face man.

After that, I will claim his position for myself, proving my worth to the Apex Circle. Once they see how strong and relentless I am, they will have no choice but to accept me.

Without hesitation, I grab my laptop and type out a message, making sure *to* copy the entire Apex Circle.

And now, I wait.

Will his pride be so strong that he refuses my help just because he hates me?

I doubt it.

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 109[1,554 words]

Chapter 109

Chapter 109

Dane

Ever since I sent out those emails, my phone hasn't stopped ringing. Calls from left and right, all from members of the Apex Circle.

I won't lie—it feels good to be the one holding the information everyone wants. For once, I feel important.

Lying in bed, I let my mind drift to the future—the glory that awaits me when Deckard finally falls, his power stripped away, his position mine.

Everything I've suffered, everything I've endured... it's all about to pay off.

Oh, Deckard.

I can already picture his face—first, when he realizes I was right all along. Then, when the weight of his defeat crushes him. when he's weak and conquered....

That look. That moment.

A shudder runs through me. Fuck.

Why does Deckard do this to me?

In another world, maybe we could have been friends. If only he'd swallowed his pride for a moment, he'd see the truth—

I'm just like him.

I close my eyes, letting my mind drift back to the best moment ever had with him—the day I brought Amica to his castle.

I had always admired Deckard from afar, but that day, I saw him up close.

The way he grabbed Amica, sinking his fangs into her neck, sent a shiver through me. I watched the color of his eyes shift. darkening with an emotion I couldn't quite place.

He looked so majestic, his presence commanding, his raw male aura irresistible.

For just a second, I wished it was me instead—wished I was the one feeling his fangs pierce my skin. But I knew *that* wouldn't be the last time I saw him.

And every time after, whenever I laid eyes on him, my heart skipped a beat.

But he's too damn proud. Too much of an arrogant bastard to see what's right in front of him.

It's almost tragic, really. Deckard and I? We'll never have a chance not as friends, not as anything more. No redemption. No

second chances.

Because now, it's *too* late.

I am the new Deckard.

As I sit in bed, watching the chaos I've set into motion, I can't help but smirk.

The thought of him makes my cock aggressively hard. I whip it out of my pant to stroke when suddenly, I receive a phone call from an unknown number. I pick up, and his voice vibrates through the speaker, sending waves through my body.

1/4

16:08 Wed, Feb 19

Chapter 109

"How did someone lie and say you have useful information on the Scarface man?" he asks, his voice echoing in my ears.

His vibrating voice echoes in my ears, sending waves through my body. Quickly, I apply my thick saliva on it, then wrap my hand tightly around the head of my cock. I begin stroking, imagining Deckard's lips wrapped around it the same way. A pleasing smile spreads across my lips. With my eyes closed, I picture the sensation of Deckard's warm kiss, and a surge of excitement rushes through me.

"Can you hear me, Dane?" he says.

I suddenly realize I had forgotten to respond. “Oh yes, Alpha Deckard. That is why I came to the castle, but you had your men throw me out!” I sigh, caught in the pleasure of what I’m doing.

“Okay then, how did you come across this information? And what is it that you have to say?” he asks.

Oh well...”

I stroke slowly, enjoying every moment of it, applying more saliva to make stroking my fat cock at fruit go more smoothly.

“Are you going to talk or are you still savoring the moment?” he said just like he was right here seeing me

“Oh, sorry Deckard. I dont think I can tell you this over the phone...” I continue stroking

“We should meet up so that I can give you all the information...yeah”

“Fine meet me at my castle tomorrow at non...dont worry, the guards will let you in,” he said

“Yes Deckard,” I say but he already cut off the call

I stroke harder, feeling my juice mixed with my saliva felt like I was dipping my fat cock in a tight ocean, especially as I picture Deckard’s body, his voice, his eyes, anger, and violence when he hit me.

“Oh yes... oh Deckard, yes... I’m coming for you-ah...”

“Oh yes.....oh deckard yes, you are so hot deckard, imcoming for you ah...” i found myself mumbling gibberish as i came aggressively on myself, my body moved in weird motion allowing for pleasure to move through every area of my body before i collapas on thr bed breathing heavily. Damn, that was so intense, i feel likee i snap one or two ribs in the process of orgasm but it was worth it.I feel like I might have snapped a rib or two in the process, but it was worth it.

Now, I just need to reach out to Darth to inform him and confirm when everything will go down. I have no time to waste. I grab my keys and head out.

Driving to that wretched place where Darth and that insufferable witch reside is nothing short of grueling-three long hours on the road. But I don’t have a choice. As I grip the wheel, excitement hums through my veins. I can feel it-destiny unfolding before me.

The Moon Goddess always presents me with opportunities, and this is one of them. Darth was right to entrust me with this task. Bringing Deckard to him is no small feat, but I am the only one capable of pulling it off.

I press down on the accelerator, a wicked smile curling on my lips. The hunt has begun.

I'm cruising down the open road, my mind lost in thoughts of what's to come, when the sharp blare of a horn pierces the

silence.

Through my side mirror, I spot a black G-Wagon tailgating me aggressively, its headlights flashing as it honks relentlessly. I ignore it. There's no reason for this idiot to be harassing me. But then-

BAM!

2/4

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Chapter 109

A violent jolt slams me forward as the G-Wagon crashes into my bumper.

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73%

Rage ignites inside me. Without hesitation, I slam on the brakes and throw open my door, stepping out with fury burning in my veins.

"You fucking bastard! I'll beat you to a pulp! Get out of that damn car now!" I roar, fists clenched.

The driver doesn't move immediately. He just sits there. The windows are tinted, shielding him from view.

I stomp toward the vehicle. "I said get your dumb ass out of the car, now!"

Finally, the door swings open. The moment his boot touches the asphalt, a cold shiver runs down my spine. There's something about his presence—something lethal. But I don't back down. I'm dangerous too.

And then he steps out fully, and my breath catches.

The Scarface Man.

I stumbled back several steps, fear gripping my chest.

“I–I’m so... so sorry, sir. I didn’t know it was you,” I stammered.

The Scarface Man stepped forward, his presence suffocating. “You fool. Did you not see I was honking at you?” His deep voice sent a chill dothrough me

“I’m sorry,” I mumbled.

“You idiot,” he sneered. “Now you have to fix the dent on my car. Or better yet, buy me a new one!”

I was quiet for a moment, staring at him, wondering just what shade of asshole he came in.

His eyes narrowed. “So tell me, why are you here? Apart from ramming into my ride?”

My stomach twisted. What? How did he know I was coming here I hadn’t even reached his route yet.

“Answer me!” he growled.

I swallowed hard. “Yes... I–I came to inform you that the plan is in motion. I’ve secured an audience with Deckard. He wants to meet immediately.”

The Scarface Man threw his head back and laughed. “Ha! I knew you weren’t totally worthless. You actually came through.”

Then his laughter faded, and he looked down at me like a scolding father. “Tell me... have you no shame?”

I frowned. “What do you mean, sir?”

“You sold off your wife to another man, and as if that wasn’t enough, you’re running around like a lapdog, chasing a culprit for that same man. Are you his slave? Or are you just that stupid The Scarface Man sneered. “What kind of loyalty is this? Or is it love?”

I clenched my fists. “No... I only did it for the money. I need the money...”

“Of course,” he chuckled. “Whatever helps you sleep at night.”

He stepped closer, his voice dropping into something darker. “I meet with your Alpha in three days. You need to come up with a story–something believable–about how you

tracked me. If this plan fails..." He leaned in, his breath hot against my face. "Your head will go with it."

3/4

Chapter 109

He shoved a folded piece of paper into my hand. "This is the address and time of the meeting

I swallowed hard and took it without a word.

He turned away, heading back to his car, but just before getting, he smirked over his shoulder

"Oh, and... you owe me a new car!"

With that, he sped off, leaving a cloud of dust and dread in his wake.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 110[1,464 words]

Chapter 110

Deckard

That imbecile.

How dare he?

Dane, of all people, claiming to have information on something so delicate—it's laughable. He's nothing but a worthless fool. A pawn. There's no way he knows anything of real value.

Or could he?

I don't have the luxury of dismissing him outright. Not after he copied the entire Apex Circle in that damn email. He must be certain of something to make such a bold move. If he's wrong it will be his disgrace to bear. But if he's right... then finally, finally, I will have the chance to avenge Amica.

That fool will pay for what he did to my Luna.

At noon the next day, Dane arrives as promised. I don't bother hiding my disgust as I watch him sit across from me.

He clears his throat, trying to mask his unease. "It is an honor that you're willing to hear me out, Alpha. I truly appreciate it."

I lean back in my chair, arms crossed, eyes cold. "Get to the point, Dane. Before I lose my patience. I know all you want is the money, so think carefully about what you're about to say. If this information is wrong, there will be consequences."

Dane chuckles nervously, but I see the slight tremor in his fingers. "Oh no, Alpha, I'm certain of it," he insists. "I happened to be... fortunate. Took a little vacation with my woman—away from Black Water. And while I was there, I saw the scar-faced man with my own eyes. And to make things even better, I know exactly where he's going next. Live. Unguarded."

That gets my attention. My fingers drum once against the table. Interesting," I say. "So tell me—where?"

Dane's expression shifts slightly, and I already know I won't like what comes next.

"Well, Alpha Deckard, that's where we might have a little... disagreement."

I exhale slowly, my patience thinning. "Choose your words carefully, Dane."

His shoulders tense, but he pushes forward. "You see, this scar-faced man... he's no ordinary person. He's terrifying. Powerful. Some even say—" he hesitates before forcing a grin,

some say he's stronger than you. But I doubt that."

I don't react, there was silence in the air while my eyes pierce on him.

Finally, I exhale through my nose, rubbing my temple. "So what exactly are you saying?" My voice is low: now, edged with irritation.

I narrow my eyes, barely believing the nonsense spilling from mouth.

"This is about the ransom you promised," he says, his tone smug "I'd like to have it before I tell you anything."

I let out a slow breath, reining in the urge to snap his neck right here. "You must think me a fool," I say, my voice dangerously calm. "So you're saying you won't give me the information unless you get paid first?"

Dane smirks, as if this is some sort of game. "Well, Alpha, business is business."

A dry chuckle escapes me, but there's no humor in it. "You expect me to just hand over a million based on your word alone? Tell me, Dane—what exactly have you done aside from stumbling onto a piece of information?" I lean forward slightly,

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letting my presence bear down on him. "Did you capture him? Did you kill him?" I shake my head. "No. All you have is a location and a name. That's not enough."

His smirk falters slightly, but he recovers quickly.

"How do I verify that what you're telling me is true?" I continue my voice lower, sharper. "You won't see a single coin until I see Scarface for myself."

Dane exhales, rubbing the back of his neck. "Look, Alpha Deckard, don't take this the wrong way, but I'm just looking out for myself here." He shrugs. "I mean, what if you don't survive it?"

Silence stretches between us.

Then, I laugh—dark, slow, calculated.

Dane stiffens.

my wolf clawing at the surface. My eyes shift, darkening with rage.

"You think I won't survive?" I murmur, my amusement fading as I stare him down. "Dane, you should be more worried about what happens to you if you waste my time."

His throat bobs as he swallows hard. Smart.

"Now," I say, my patience nearly gone, "tell me everything you know. Before I decide you're not worth keeping around."

Dane barely flinches. He's either incredibly stupid or too blinded by greed to recognize real danger.

"Like I said, Alpha, I'm just looking out for myself. Please, don't take this the wrong way." His tone is smooth, calculated. "Why don't we strike a bargain? You arrange for my

payment the moment you confirm my information. Otherwise. He shrugs, a smirk tugging at his lips. "I think I'll just keep it to myself."

Disgust curdles in my chest. The sheer arrogance. The slimy, self-serving nature of this man is almost laughable. And then it clicks. This is the man Amica was bound to?

No wonder she cheated. No wonder she sought something more. I had judged her so harshly, blamed her for betraying her vows—but now, staring at Dane Blackwood, I understand.

She must have been desperate to escape.

I lean back, letting my rage simmer just beneath the surface. He's not a man. He's a parasite.

"Fine, Dane Blackwood," I say, voice calm but laced with venom. I'll make arrangements for your payment—as soon as I lay my eyes on Scarface."

His smug expression falters slightly, but I press on.

"In fact," I continue, my lips curling into something between a sheer and a smirk, "I'll write a check in your name right now -to be handed to you later. One million is nothing." I let the words sink in before delivering the final blow.

"It's the person receiving it that I'm worried about."

Mockery drips from my tone,

"Oh, thank you, Alpha!" Dane breathes out, relief dripping from his voice.

Pathetic.

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He sounds like a man who has never had a real fortune to his name before. So easily satisfied. So eager. A fool, through and through. Look at him, practically trembling over a mere million Amica dodged a bullet.

I wonder just how many other ways he has failed as a man. It's obvious now—he never satisfied her, in any way that mattered. There is no chance a man like him could have ever pleased her. Not physically. Not emotionally. Not in any way

that counted.

She deserved more.

Dane finally tells me what he knows—Scarface’s location and the exact time he will be there.

I don’t trust him. Not yet.

So, I make sure he understands the stakes. “You’ll be there that day, Dane,” I tell him, my tone leaving no room for argument. “You will stand among my soldiers when we confront this man. If your information is true, you will have your reward. If not...”

I let the silence stretch. He gulps. Good.

Let him feel the weight of his own greed.

Truthfully, I don’t want to believe him. A part of me still thinks this is all a lie, another desperate scheme. But I am out of time, out of patience. Desperation is an ugly thing—even uglier when it grips a man like me.

That scar-faced bastard dared to lay his hands on my Luna. He exposed her to dangers she should have never knowi

If I hadn’t arrived when I did, things could have ended far worse. And my heir....

My hands clench into fists.

He must pay.

I will bring his head to Collin—even though I know he’s spouting absolute bullshit about Scarface being his son.

Maybe Collin is clinging to some twisted delusion, but I guarantee he’ll descend into total madness once he sees the head of his so-called son lying at his feet.

Good. Let him break.

Once I’m done dealing with Dane, I immediately gather my men the warriors who will accompany me into battle. If this information is true, Scarface will be there. And I know better than to underestimate a man like him. He might have a few tricks up his sleeve.

As for Dane?

I doubt he's smart enough to orchestrate a real alliance. He was probably just lucky enough to stumble across information. Still, Scarface runs with rogues, and I won't have those worthless pests getting in my way when I go for their master's head

I assemble my Gamma warriors—the fearless ones. The strongest. The most ruthless. And I place my best man as their commander.

Three days.

That's all that stands between me and the end of this.

I don't trust Dane. Not for a second. But if this leads me to Scarface, then it will have been worth it.

Still... Dane is an idiot.

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