

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 111[1,833 words]

Chapter 111

Amica,

Pamela remains in the castle, untouched—no one dares lay a hand on her. As for Mary, I haven't seen her since the incident, and I can't help but wonder what she's plotting this time.

Pamela's presence has been a comfort. Since she arrived, we've talked endlessly about my parents and the **legacy** of the wildthron bloodline. She has such a gentle spirit, always checking in on me, wanting *to* know how I feel and where I stand with Deckard.

She is indeed rooting for my relationship with him.

At one point, she even remarked that the bond between Deckard and me is unbreakable—that no matter how much we fight, we're always drawn back to each other. At first, I thought she was being naïve. But after everything that happened with Mary, I've had a lot to think about.

I was terrified the day before, and just when I dared to believe we'd have a peaceful day ahead, Mary shattered that hope. once again.

I don't know what hold she has on him, but at the same time, I can't shake the feeling that Deckard enjoys having her around. If he didn't, she wouldn't still be here.

And yet, I keep forgetting the terrible promise he made to me before we were married—that my only purpose **here is** to bear his pups.

But why do I sometimes feel like he truly cares for me? Or am I just projecting my own feelings onto him because, against all reason, I'm falling for this man?

These past few days without speaking to him have affected me in ways I can't even explain. I've been sleeping in separate room, avoiding him at all costs. Even when he tries to talk to me I respond with nothing more than a word and it is killing

1. me.

I've also noticed something strange among the Gamma Warriors It's as if they're preparing for battle, yet no one has told me anything. The secrecy unsettles me, and I can't help but wonder—what is going on?

At night, I watch a silly documentary on the television, but then I feel his presence. It's strange how I can sense him nearby, even when I don't want to, especially knowing Ezra will never let this go.

She's been pleading with me to make up with him, saying he has his reasons for everything he's done.

"Amica, can I have a word with you?" His voice is calm, too calm

I sigh, setting the remote down. "Sure." I sit up, bracing myself for whatever he's about to say.

I've been avoiding him for days, trying not to look at him because know one glance will calm every ounce of rage in me. Yet now, he sits beside me on the same couch.

"Will you not say a word to me?" he asks, his tone expectant,

I turn to face him, my voice cold. "I have nothing to say to you, Alpha."

"That's fine, but I do have something to say to you." His voice sharpens slightly. "I apologize for the shit Mary put your aunt through. I never had any conversation with her where any action was planned. And Amica, there's been so much rage between us, and I don't feel good about that. It's best we resolve this now." He says with authority.

"Oh yes, let's resolve it now, your highness, because it hurts your feelings," I mock, my tone dripping with sarcasm.

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Chapter 111

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"Stop acting childish, Amica," he snaps, frustration creeping into his voice. "I'm trying to come down to your level here, and you're making fun of me. That's not fair."

"Oh, how right you are, the great king, coming down from his high horse to speak to a poor peasant like me!" I can't stop myself from letting his words get to me. The words come out before I can even think. He sounds so pompous—he doesn't even know how to apologize properly.

“Look, I can’t keep going back and forth with you in this little game of **sarcasm**. I have important things to say, and you’re just making a joke out of it,” he said, exasperated. “I think I’ll go to bed now, but I’d prefer if you joined me. And before you accuse me of having selfish motives, I can feel the cold seeping from your body. I don’t want you getting sick. So, please- let’s go to bed now. You need warmth!” he commanded.

“What?” I scoffed at how ridiculous that sounded. “I’m not cold. I know that for sure.”

“Of course you aren’t,” he said dryly. “Until you pass out, and I’m the one left worrying and carrying you around. I don’t have the strength or mental capacity to deal with you collapsing on me right now, so let’s go to our room-now.”

“No!” I shot back, turning my gaze toward the screen.

“No?” he echoed, arching a brow.

“No!” I repeated firmly.

“Fine,” he muttered.

He stood up from his seat, walking away, and for a moment, I thought he had let it go- until I suddenly felt his arms scoop me up from beneath.

“Put me down!” I struggled at first, but deep down, I knew he wouldn’t relent.

By the time we reached the room, he pushed the door open, carried me inside, and gently placed me on the bed. Then, without hesitation, he locked the door behind him.

“I don’t want to be here, Deckard. Please, let me go,” I pleaded.

“This is exactly where you should be,” he said, his voice unwavering. “It doesn’t matter if we’re fighting or ready to tear each other apart-I’d rather keep you close and fight you, knowing you’re strong and healthy, than give you peace while worrying about your safety every damn minute.”

His words hit me in a way I didn’t expect. They sank into my skin, leaving a lingering warmth I didn’t know how to shake. But I had nothing to say in return.

Instead, I lay on the bed, turning to the other side so I wouldn’t have to see his face.

“Would you like to take a hot shower?” he asked, but I didn’t respond.

I heard him step into the bathroom, the sound of running water filling the silence. A few minutes later, he returned, turning off the light before settling into bed beside me.

The moment I sensed his presence, I instinctively turned to the other side. But before I could put more distance between us, he wrapped his arm around me from behind.

“I don’t think that’s necessary,” I muttered, trying to push his hand away.

“Shhh,” was all he said, and that riled me up.

“Don’t..”

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Chapter III

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Chapter 111

I turned swiftly, ready to give him a piece of my mind—but instead, my lips brushed with his in an unexpected kiss. And the worst part? He caught it like he had been waiting for it.

His lips moved against mine, while his tongue explored and claimed, before I could even think to pull away, I found myself sinking into the moment.

I tried to push him off, but he caught my lower lip between his teeth, biting down just enough to send a sharp sting through me. For a moment, I swore I tasted blood—but Deckard took it all in, not letting a single drop go to waste.

Fuck.

I can't resist him, yet I hate him so much. His insufferable pride, his ego—it all pissed me off.

My bare chest pressed against his, my hardened nipples brushing against his skin, and it sent a jolt through me. My body betrayed me, every nerve alight with need.

I hate him. I want him.

And I just want to grab him.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 112[1,127 words]

Chapter 112

Chapter 112

Amica

I might be mad, but he knows exactly how to make my body submit to his will.

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I fight him in my mind, but my body betrays me. His hands grip my butt, kneading it firmly as his lips claim mine in a deep, possessive kiss. A spark of clarity rushes through me when I realize where this is heading, and I try to resist

“Hmm... no,” I mumble.

“No?” he murmurs against my skin, his lips trailing down my neck, planting slow, lingering kisses before returning to capture my lips again.

“Hmm...” I breathe, but I can't bring myself to say it again. My body won't allow it.

Deckard's hands roam further, his fingers massaging my breasts with a deliberate tenderness. His lips trace back to my neck, leaving sharp but soft bites in their wake. A moan slips past my lips—unintentional, undeniable, a betrayal of my weak

resistance.

Every touch sends heat surging through me, making me ache for more.

Then, just as suddenly, he presses a gentle kiss to my forehead and stops.

The sensual touches stop, and instead, he simply wraps his arms around me, spooning me from behind.

“Fine. Go to bed. I need you warm,” he says, his voice calm, as if nothing just happened.

What?! Fury bubbles inside me, but I bite my tongue, swallowing my frustration. What the hell does he think he’s doing? And who the hell does he think he is? He riles me up like that—gets me trembling, aching—and then ends it with a damn forehead kiss?

Is it because I said no? Well, I never thought he’d actually listen. I didn’t want him to listen. I just wanted something... more.

I lie there like a fool, unable to say the words clawing at my throat—that I didn’t mean it like that. That I wanted him to tease me a little longer, to push me, to make me beg.

But now? Now I’m lying here, drowning in frustration, the female version of blue balls.

Deckard is playing games with me. And worse? I know he knows exactly what he’s doing. Because why else would he leave me hanging like this?

I can still feel his hard cock pressing against me. What’s he gonna do with that?

I wait, arching my butt slightly against him, hoping he’ll change his mind. But he doesn’t. Instead, he just tightens his hold around me and, within minutes, drifts off to sleep—leaving me sewing in frustration.

I have no choice but to fall asleep mad.

The next morning, the scent of something mouthwatering stirs me awake. As my eyes flutter open, I find Deckard hovering above me, his piercing gaze locked onto mine.

“Cute snores, by the way,” he teases.

“What the “I gasp, startled, before recognizing those familiar, tense eyes.

“Don’t scare me like that!” I snap, sitting up/

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“Oh, I didn’t mean to,” he says, smirking. “I just got lost watching you sleep... it’s beautiful.”

Before I can respond, he turns and lifts a tray, revealing an impressive breakfast spread—cherries, grapes, poached eggs, bacon, and more meat, and a **glass** of water.

“I had this healthy breakfast brought to you,” he announces cheerfully, placing a small bed table over my lap before setting the tray down.

“What are you doing?” I ask, my voice wary.

“Taking care of my Luna,” he says smoothly. “How are you feeling today?”

“Very well, Alpha.”

I watch him silently, wondering what he’s up to this morning. Still shirtless, looking even sexier than last night—he’s tormenting me, and we both know it. But I won’t give in. I’ll play this game with him, even though it’s damn near impossible, especially with his bare chest on full display.

And those grey sweat pants... hanging low on his hips, teasing me with the outline of his dick.

The scars on his chest—marks of strength, power—I want all of I want him to use it on me.

For a moment, I lose myself in thoughts of what those strong arms could do to me, my mind spinning with images I shouldn’t be entertaining. I gulp, snapping back to reality.

He picks up a cherry from the bunch, holding it up to my lips. I part them without hesitation, my *gaze* still locked on his chest as I take it in—only to accidentally graze his finger with my teeth.

A sharp, unintentional snap.

The second it happens, my eyes widen. Shit.

“Oh? Are you that hungry?” he teases, slipping his finger into his mouth, licking it **slowly**.

I swallow hard.

“Oh, sorry,” I say, though I’m not sorry at all. Every part of me—Ezra, my body, my very soul—is burning for his touch. But he’s tormenting me, seducing me, playing some wicked game I can’t quite figure out.

“I can feed myself,” I say, trying to hold my ground.

“Okay,” he replies casually, but he doesn’t move. Instead, he settles beside me on the bed, his presence heavy, inescapable.

“Amica, I wanted to talk to you last night, but you were too angry for a conversation.” His **voice** is calmer now, steadier. “I know you’ve noticed the Gamma warriors preparing for battle. Tomorrow, the pack will face Scarface Mane. We’ve gathered new intelligence, and if it’s true...” He leans in slightly, his gaze locking onto mine. “I will bring you the head of the man who stole our heir and put you through that trauma.”

My breath catches.

Scarface Mane...

“What?” My voice comes out in a whisper. “now and who \odelayed him.ll me? Who found him? How?y

My heart slams against my ribs. His name alone is enough to send my world spinning.

“Hey, take it easy...” Deckard soothes, his voice steady yet firm. “No one will ever hurt you again, Amica. I’m putting **an** end to this tomorrow.”

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“No, Deckard, you don’t understand.” My chest tightens. “He’s dangerous. Too dangerous. There’s something ominous about him and he hates you.”

He smirks, unfazed. “Come on, I’ll kill him for you.”

“But I heard things—things that make me believe he’s stronger than we think. I don’t want you to go,” I plead, gripping his

arm.

He scoffs. “I can handle that little rogue without even breaking a sweat. I don’t care what powers he thinks he possesses.”

Before I can stop myself, I push the tray aside and throw my arms around him, holding him so tightly I forget what we were even arguing about.

“Oh... okay,” I whisper against his chest. “Then I’ll wait here for you. I won’t eat, I won’t sleep... until you return...”

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 113[1,554 words]

Chapter 113

Deckard

For the first time, I feel Amica’s true emotions for me, And for the first time, I am totally vulnerable with her—something I never imagined for myself. I don’t recognize who I am anymore. And yet... I like it. I like how she makes me feel, and at the same time, I hate it. She makes me feel- something no one has **ever** done.

I am the Alpha of Alphas. I have never worried about anyone before. Yes, I protect those under me, but I have never been emotionally attached to anyone. I command, I conquer, I protect—but I have never been ruled by emotion. No one has **ever** made my heart **race** the way she does, stolen my sleep, or shaken my control. No one has ever kept me awake at night.

Who is this woman who seems to dictate the course of my life? Making me do and feel things I never thought I was capable of?

And when she tells me no—it cuts deeper than any blade. I never accept no from anyone—least of all from her. And yet, I’d rather she come to me willingly.

But today... today, when she reacted to me meeting that scar-faced man, something inside me broke. whatever defenses and walls I had left-

shattered.

No one has ever cared about me like this before. Not even Mary, not in a **way** that I can feel it deep within me and know that **it** is for real.

Everyone sees me as the unshakable Alpha—the one who needs no affection, no softness. And they were right. I never needed any of that. Until

now.

I scoff, shaking my head.

“Then I’ll wait here for you. I won’t eat, I won’t sleep... until you return...” she grumbled.

“That’s ridiculous. You will do no such thing, Amica. I’ll **go** and return before you even realize I’m gone. And when I do, I expect you to have made your choice—to **stay**.”

I watch her, waiting, but she doesn’t back down.

“I know our relationship had a rough start,” I continue, my voice steady. “But everything **I’ve** done since you arrived has been to protect you. I **never** thought you’d have a problem with that.”

Her laugh is bitter, eyes burning with frustration. “Because you’ve treated me like a child—like someone incapable of understanding. You never let me in. I **was** dragged here against my will by a man who rejected me the same day. And you—” she swallows hard, voice trembling with anger. “You called me **your** mate that **very** night, only to treat me like nothing. Like I **was** some mistake you had to endure.

“But the difference between us, Deckard? You knew what this world **was**. I didn’t.”

“You know the story. **You** know about the prophecy. How could you not? **You’ve** spent your whole life searching for the woman with Wildthorn blood!”

I exhale sharply, shaking my head. “That is **just a** story. **A** legend twisted over time. The only truth in it is that **we** are mates.”

I step closer, my gaze locked on hers. “Do you have any idea how many Wildthorn women **I’ve** come across **before** I finally found you? **Yes**, I am of

a special breed. And so **are you**. **You—**” my voice drops, rough with meaning, “you **are** the only woman to **ever** carry my heir.”

I run a hand through my **hair**, exhaling. “**If** you’re upset that I didn’t bore you with some myth I **never** believed in, then I **apologize**. It **never** made sense to me. **But you—**” my **voice** softens slightly, just for a moment—“your presence does.”

I hesitate, then press forward. “I know there’s a rift between us **because of** how **we met**. But I don’t **care** about that anymore. I **don’t** care that **you** cheated on your **ex**—he’s **an** asshole **anyway**. **Just as** long as you don’t do the same to me.”

“Bore me? **It was** my right to know! I **am** just as much **a part of this as you!** And for the **last** time—I **never** cheated on Dane,” she **snaps**.

I shrug. “I don’t care **if** you did. He deserved **it**.”

Her jaw clenches. “I did not cheat on him. That was **just** a lie—to **make it** easier for him to **sell** me off **if** anyone asked.”

I exhale sharply, raking **a** hand through my **hair**. “**That** is so messed **up...**”

And suddenly, **it** all clicks into place. This so-called Dane is **an even** bigger bastard than I thought. I might not fully believe Amica—but this? This is exactly the kind of thing he would do. I know it.

“Then why do you keep running back to him every chance you get?” **The** words slip out before I can stop them, my **voice** tight with frustration. “The last **time**, you left here and ran straight into his arms. And for what? So he could treat you like shit all **over** again?”

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It’s the one thing that eats at me—an ache I can’t name, a wound that never heals.

Every time I think about her too much, I shut it down. I remind myself that she would leave the moment she gets the chance. She would run right back to that worthless bastard. And yet—my heart still beats for her.

“Because that’s what you choose to believe!” she fires back. “You never gave me the benefit of the doubt—not once since we met. You always assume the worst of me. So tell me, what’s the point of going back and forth with someone whose mind is already made up?”

Her chest rises and falls with anger, eyes burning with frustration. “Why the hell would I go back to the man who sold me off for money? Dane found me for the same reason he got rid of me—money!”

I freeze.

Oh, **wow**.

Of course, I was a fool to believe his lies over hers. That bastard would do anything for money—even find his way into the Apex circle.

“I...”

“I know that wasn’t you,” I say before she can defend herself. “It’s clear now. I don’t know how he pulled it off, but I believe you.”

Her lips part slightly, **as** if my words catch her off guard.

I exhale, running a hand through my hair. “I’ve messed up—badly. And I want to start over.” My voice lowers, more certain now. “When I return, we will go through with our wedding—the one that was interrupted. But first—” my gaze darkens—“I’ll make him pay for everything.”

“It doesn’t matter,” she says, voice tight with frustration. “You enabled him from the very beginning. You’ve always treated me like an outsider— even when Dane wasn’t in the picture. Not just with him, but with everything. With Mary. With the constant back and forth. The kidnappings” she exhales sharply, shaking her head. “I should have known what I was getting into.”

Her eyes glisten, but there’s no weakness in them—only resolve.

“And to make it worse,” she continues, “you **treat** me like shit and hurt me over and over again—with your mistress.”

My stomach tightens.

“A simple sorry won’t undo the damage you’ve done,” she says, her voice quieter now, but **every** word sinks into my skin like a blade.

She **pauses**, letting the weight of it settle.

Is she really going to **reject** me when this is all **over**?

How do I return to this **castle** at night and not find her here? The thought alone is enough to shatter me. How do I just let her **go** after everything she’s made me feel?

She straightens, a flicker of something unreadable in her **gaze**. “I truly hope you catch this man and make him pay for his crimes, my Alpha.” A **small** breath. “And until then, I will be wary—until I’m sure of your safe return.”

Then, without another word, she turns and walks out of the room.

Leaving me standing there—feeling like the ground beneath me **has** disappeared.

She leaves me there, forcing **me** to sit with her words, to **feel every** sharp edge **of** the emotions **she's** just dragged me through.

A heartbreaker. **That's what** she is.

She lured me in, made me **feel** things **I've never felt** before, **and** now—she **leaves** me hanging. Alone.

No. No. She's just talking. Just letting **off steam**. I know she loves **me**. **She has** to. We're destined to be together—just like that stupid mythical tale

says.

I never cared for that story—until now.

The first time I saw her, I went numb at her **beauty**. And the moment I sank my **teeth** into her, I knew I had to have her. Until Dane told me she cheated. He twisted the truth, poisoned my mind, and made me bury my attraction beneath my pride,

Because how could I—**the** Alpha of Alphas, the dragon-blooded werewolf, **the** one who **has** walked these lands for centuries—wait this long for a **mate**, only to be given a rejected one? A cheat?

It was **an insult**.

But it was my own damn fault. I **was** too slow **to** find her. If I had claimed her first, she never would have gone through any **of** this.

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And now, the very thing I once refused—is refusing me.

And it makes my heart bleed.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 114[1,129 words]

Chapter 114

Deckard

The next day—the day that I plan to put an end to Scarface.

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The night before, I place **a** check of a million dollars in Bria’s hand, telling her to hand it over to Dane once we are done fighting the Scarface man. I do not want to have anything to do with him after this, and I told her to make sure to call the press so that they can all know that we paid our dues. But I **have** other plans for Dane... **just** not today.

“Alpha, **it** would be best if you hand over the check to him yourself. There are rumors flying around that the Alpha detests Dane because he used to be married to his wife. It would be **a** good opportunity for you to clear the air and set the rumors straight—that the Alpha has nothing against anyone except his enemies.”

“Dane Blackwood is my enemy. The rumors are true!” I hissed.

Bria sighed, hesitating before she spoke.

“Fine, but we do not want outsiders to know that...”

“Let them know,” I cut in sharply. “Dane is nothing more than a desperate **scavenger** who stumbled upon useful information. He is not special. Whatever business remains between him and this pack is purely transactional. Nothing more. Nothing less.” My voice dropped lower, a quiet promise of finality. “You will present the check to him in front of the press on my behalf, and that is final.”

Bria pursed her lips, clearly holding back words she dared not say. “**Yes**, Alpha,” she murmured before turning on her heel and leaving.

Silence settled over the study **as** I leaned back in my chair. My fingers drummed against the armrest, but my mind wasn’t on Scarface, nor the fight that awaited me tomorrow.

It **was** on **Amica**.

She haunted my thoughts—her words, her accusations, the fire in her eyes. She had sliced me open with the truth, left me exposed and bleeding, yet all I wanted **was** to pull her closer.

A sharp knock **at** the door.

“Come,” I said, my voice carrying more irritation than I intended.

The door creaked open, and the scent of lavender and something undeniably familiar filled the room. Mary stepped in, wrapped in **a** sheer nightgown that clung to **her** curves, **her** golden hair cascading **over her** shoulders.

I clenched my **jaw**.

“My Alpha,” she purred, stepping **closer**.

“What do **you** want?” I snapped, **barely** restraining my annoyance.

She hesitated, twirling **a** loose strand of **hair between her** fingers. “I came to apologize... for everything.”

“I know but you **are** going **to** war **with the** king of rogues tomorrow, **I came** to **wish** you well...”

“**Mary**, I am not in the right frame of mind to accommodate your shit tonight. What **gave** you **the** audacity to drag that woman out **of** her room and torment her in the blistering cold **of the** morning?”

Mary crossed her arms, her expression twisting into something smug. “I was only doing it because I **was** worried about you. I have never seen you this disturbed before, and it made me sad. Look, **you** might not be affectionate or caring towards me, but that’s on you. **You can’t** control how I **feel** about you, and I **will** bring **wreckage** to anyone who **dares** mess with you!”

I exhaled sharply, **my patience** snapping **like a frayed** thread.

“Shut. The. Hell. Up. **Mary**, I growled, my **voice** dropping dangerously low. “**I have had** enough **of** your bullshit. I’ve put up with you **for** long enough, and I don’t even know how I managed to

I took **a** step closer, letting **my** words sink in. “You messed **with** someone I care about. But unlike **you**, I **don’t** bring wreckage to people just because I feel like it. I think before I act

She flinched, but I didn’t care.

I **was done**.

“No.” she **cut** me off before I could finish **my** sentence. “No, Deckard, don’t say it. I am sorry. Please, forgive me. I **beg** you—do not pass your

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judgment on me just yet. All I have ever done is love you. I don't deserve this!"

"I don't care what you think you deserve. You crossed the line, Mary, Hurting Amica's aunt? That's low, even for you!"

"**Please**, Deckard," she cried, running toward me, arms outstretched. "Please, I beg you, forgive me. I'd die if you drove me away. I promise not to cross my boundaries again. It wasn't meant to go like this, but I understand now. Amica is your Luna, and I swear I won't harm her. Just... please don't toss me away like a piece of garbage!"

I exhaled, my resolve unshaken.

"Mary, it's best for you to move out of the castle for now—until all of this is resolved."

She gasped, her **eyes** widening in disbelief, but I ignored her pleas. I knew her too well. She was filled with spite, and the moment I turned my back, she would change her colors again.

I **was** done playing her games.

"No! Deckard, no! You cannot do this to me!" she yelled, her voice shaking with desperation.

"Don't cause a scene, Mary. Don't embarrass yourself," I said, my tone firm. "This isn't a big deal. You can still come and go from the castle as you please, but for peace—and for Amica's convenience—it's better this way."

"Amica! Of course!" She immediately wiped her tears and released her grip on me, her expression hardening.

"Can I at least **have** a few days before I finally move out of the castle?" she asked, her voice suddenly softer. "I didn't renew my lease last month, and my apartment has already been rented out..."

I scoffed. "Really, Mary? We both know that's a lie."

She was grasping **at** anything to **stay**, but for a fleeting moment, her tears touched something in me. Maybe I was being too harsh.

1 sighed. “Fine. I won’t throw you out of the castle, but you have to move out of this wing. You can **stay in** any other part of the castle, but I don’t want you and Amica cohabiting. It’s not good for any of us. That’s the best I can do for you, Mary.”

She stared **at** me, searching for a **way to** argue, but I was done. My decision was final!

“It is alright, **my Alpha**. You are kind. At least you are merciful enough to give me a befitting punishment for my crime,” she sniffed.

“I heard **you’re** going after the **Scarface man** tomorrow. I know you’ll crush him as usual... I will miss **you** while you’re gone.”

She hugged **me** one last time before finally leaving the room, her scent lingering in the air long after she **was** gone.