

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 116[1,326 words]

Chapter 116

Dane

O

Mary and I made a complete mess of ourselves, and to be honest, I feel more confident than ever, especially with the motivation she gives me during our climax. It's like something inside me has snapped into place, I am powerful. I am strong. And I will make my enemies regret ever crossing me.

. I will seek the heads of all my enemies and make a spectacle of it for the whole world. I believe I can do this.

The one thing that scares me the most is the scarface man. This guy is dangerous, and I know he has a lot of powerful rugs. But that isn't my biggest concern. What really unsettles me is the feeling that once he gets what he wants, he will turn on me. Maybe he'll try to eliminate me. Maybe he'll expose me. Either way, I don't trust him. I know I'm playing a dangerous game, but there's too much at stake to back down now.

I don't understand. Something about this feels wrong. This shit can go one of two ways, but I only want it to go one way—my way. And that means getting my \$1 million. I just hope I don't get exposed.

I fall into a deep slumber after Mary and I pleasure each other, only to wake up a few hours later. I have been given a specific time to report to the training grounds of the Bloodbane pack. But as I lie there, still groggy from sleep, my mind keeps circling back to what Mary asked me to do.

She's a sharp woman, always calculating, always knowing the right move to make. There's no doubt she has a point.

But Amica—she's the real problem. And even if I manage to get her out of the way, I doubt she'll ever truly be gone.

Mary is right—Amca is sitting high on her throne, basking in a life she never even dared to dream of, while men go to war for her.

Who the hell does she think she is? She doesn't deserve this power, this privilege. And I know, somewhere out there, she's probably laughing at me, mocking me, because our husband has made it mandatory for me to join them in battle.

I know that Amica doesn't pray for my return, but I will surprise her, and for this reason, I am considering taking Mary's advice.

But how do I even get this Scarface man to know this?

We do not have any special means of communication. I only literally bump into him—or is it the other way around?

There is no **way** I can get to him. If I decide to leave now to share the information with him, there is no guarantee that I will find him. He might already be in Blackwater City. Who knows? That bastard moves quiet and quick.

Then I realize that I will need help. But do I really want to involve any member of my pack? Should I involve Cameron? **If** I do, that means I would have to share the same one million dollars with him. He would feel very entitled!

No, I should be able to do this alone. I don't think I need anyone's help. Like Mary said, I am strong and powerful... I can handle this.

I have to find a way around it. I don't know how—maybe I will come up with something the moment I see the formation of the battle.

I get up from beside me, go take a shower, and drive out to meet with the Bloodbane pack training ground.

A long **trail** of convoys fills the whole ground, but I have not seen Deckard yet. Why the hell isn't he here?

Oh, I wonder—maybe he is having his **last** shag with Amaka, or maybe he's taking his sweet time like a little princess to the enemy.

I just hope that he has said his goodbyes to everyone that needs him to because if he hasn't, he will wish that he did.

After waiting for almost two hours, watching the Gamma Warriors train and dozing off, finally, a man approaches me, asking why I am not training with the Gamma Warriors. I want to ask him who the fuck he thinks he is to speak to me in such a manner. I want to let him know that it is just a matter of hours before I finally become his master.

But his face does look familiar. I wonder where I have seen him before.

"I **have** done a lot of my training in my house territory."

"Well, I hope you're right because you will need it," he **says**, then finally approaches the **rest** of the warriors. He sniffs.

I can tell that he holds a position in the pack because he seems to have a high head above **his** shoulders. He is a good-looking man, **black** hair and very masculine.

He seems to have a Bloodbane pack member in him, and then I remember that his familiar face is from the **Apex** circle. This is Deckard's Beta.

Of course, he's proud. He has been with Deckard for so long that now he assimilates his **character**. Lucky bastard.

"Let's go," he finally commands, and everyone starts to move in formation into their different assigned rides.

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"You, come with me!" The Beta points at me. He commands and leads me to one of the coaster buses, and we both get in.

In the bus, it is just me, the Beta, and the driver.

Where the hell is Deckard? I wonder, my mind racing with possibilities.

As the trip begins, my anxiety grows. What game is he playing this time?

Why wouldn't he come along with his men? Is he trying to set me up? Does he know what the plan is?

I find myself sweating, my thoughts spiraling, thinking of all the possible reasons why he wouldn't join us. Every scenario feels worse than the last.

The uncertainty gnaws at me until I can't

it in

Wymore. I am forced to voice my thoughts.

"I haven't seen the half. Is he going to be joining us?" I ask, my voice steady despite my unease.

Silence.

No one gives me a response. It's as if I don't fully

exist.

I grit my teeth, my jaw tightening in frustration. I hate this guy. He is just a Beta, so why the hell is he acting like he's greater than me?

Yes, I understand that the Bloodbane pack is powerful—one of the most feared in existence. Their Alpha is the master of all other Alphas. Even an ordinary Omega in their ranks holds more authority than warriors in lesser packs.

But that doesn't give this Beta the right to treat me like I am beneath him. Does he even realize that I am now a member of the Apex circle? That I am no longer just some outsider?

The nerve of this bastard.

Such a cunt!

I decide to hold my peace while this storm rages within me. My mind is pacing, racing through every possibility. This was not the plan. Why is Deckard acting this way? Have I been discovered?

—

After what feels like an eternity, the bus finally comes to a halt. The door swings open, and there he is finally gracing us with his presence. No other than Alpha Deckard.

Something turns jelly in my heart the moment I see him. For a split second, I almost let out a pleased smile, but I catch myself just in time, forcing my expression into neutrality. No one can see that. No one must know.

As he steps into the bus, his scent engulfs the space—masculine, raw, and eccentric. It is overpowering, demanding attention.

“Alpha,” everyone choruses, including me.

“Let's get this bastard!” he declares, his deep voice slicing through the air, sending an unexpected shiver down my spine.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 117[1,118 words]

Chapter 117

Chapter 117

Deckard

All through the night, I find it difficult to shut my eyes because I can't wait to get this over with.

The Scarface man will die today. I truly believe that Dane knows what he is saying because he wouldn't risk being this stupid in front of everyone unless he was absolutely sure.

We have been preparing for this moment long before we even heard the news of him showing up today.

We drive all the way out of Blackwater, crossing into the next city, and even after that, we keep going, driving further until we finally arrive at a location in Rockvalley.

Rockvalley is mostly inhabited by smaller packs. I have never been here before, but I know it is one of the territories under my control.

We manage to secure a low field close to the exact location where Dane informed us that the Scarface man would be.

We finally reach the field. It is quiet and calm, with no signs of inhabitants in the area.

Just as planned, the Gamma warriors take their positions in premeditated areas, while others move to the main location to hide. We wait patiently for the Scarface man to arrive.

We intentionally arrive early at a location near the main battlefield instead of charging in recklessly. This could easily be a trap, and I refuse to walk into an ambush blindly.

From this vantage point, we can see when they arrive and anticipate any surprises before they happen.

Dane has been stationed among the men at the main location, and I have assigned warriors to keep a close eye on him. If he thinks he can feed us false information and then slip away, he's gravely mistaken.

We have all taken our positions. Though I was advised to keep my distance from the meeting point until I am certain of the battle's trajectory, I am too impatient to wait.

I don't care if this is a trap. Let it be. I am more than ready to face him, to destroy him, and to put an end to this once and for all.

Perhaps I am no coward, but I am the Dragon Wolf. I do not send my men into battle while I hide, only to emerge at the last moment to steal the glory. No—I take the enemy by the horns!

So the wait begins. Silence blankets the air as we stand ready, listening for every twig that snaps, every shift in the wind. Hours pass, but my faith remains unshaken.

The Scarface man is no coward. The way he is spoken about proves he is a man of his word. He has to show up.

It would be ridiculous if he didn't. Laughable, in fact.

I can sense the restlessness among my men—the way their eyes dart left to right; then back at each other. They are eager, tense. The weight of waiting presses on us all.

More hours pass, I tell you! Morning turns to noon, and my impatience swells. I refuse to believe that fool will not show up.

Maybe something is delaying him. Traffic, perhaps? A wardrobe malfunction? Maybe he needs extra time to compose himself, to ensure his appearance is fitting. After all, this is our first meeting, and I expect him to make an impression.

I grow more anxious and pissed by the minute. What the hell is keeping him?

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1 signal my Beta to come forward.

“Alpha, do you think he changed his mind? Or maybe our informant lied to us...” Leonard yawns, as if this wait is nothing more than an inconvenience.

“I hope Dane understands the consequences of lying to me about this. Even if there were none before, I will create one. And it will not be kind.”

Leonard raises a brow. “So what are you saying? Should we leave now, or wait a little longer?”

1 exhale sharply. “We wait. What if he prefers to attack at night?” Then a thought strikes me, and I smirk. “In the meantime, bring me that fool.”

Leonard drags Dane forward, and I can already see the fear settling in his eyes.

“Well, look who it is...” I sneer. “The fool who bragged so boldly, who bargained so strictly about the Scarface man.”

I step closer, my voice dropping to a dangerous growl.

TELL ME, Dane—why did you lie?”

“I did not lie, I promise you, Alpha...” Dane stutters, his voice shaking.

I narrow my eyes. “Then tell me, how did you even get your so-called information?”

“I... I... stumbled-

“Do not give me that bullshit about stumbling onto information,” I growl, stepping closer, my patience unraveling.

Dane swallows hard. “I went looking... I searched for him on my own. I followed some leads... Listen, Alpha Deckard, I did my best to get you the information. I shouldn’t be punished for this!” His voice rises, desperate. “I tracked him down, and when I saw how powerful he was, I didn’t dare attack. But I got lucky—I overheard him speaking with some rogues about their plan to attack. While I was listening, one of them spotted me... I barely made it out alive.”

The moment his words leave his mouth, the air shifts.

A thick fog slithers through the field, swallowing the space between us. The sky darkens unnaturally, like a storm rolling in too fast.

Then, from the mist, a low, eerie sound rises—a sound that sends a shiver crawling down my spine.

Something is coming.

“That’s him! He’s coming! I told you he would come! I told you!” Dane shouts, his voice cracking with hysteria.

“Shut the hell up!” I snap, scanning the area, every muscle in my body coiled for a fight. The fog thickens around us, so much that i could barely see.

“Take position!” I bark at Leonard and the others. Weapons shift, bodies tense. The scent of fear and anticipation mingles in the air.

Behind me, Dane whimpers. “Alpha... I want out. I did my part. Let me leave—”

The wind howls.

Then comes the sound of wild birds shrieking, their cries cutting through the mist like a warning. And then—whispers. Everywhere.

A chill snakes down my spine.

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I clench my fists. “Show yourself you worthless coward!” My voice rips through the air, laced with fury.

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The fog thickens, pressing against my skin like a living thing. Then, a voice—deep, amused, and laced with spite—breaks through the darkness.

“Deckard... my brother.”

The words slither through the mist, filling every corner of the field.

“It is good to see you... in flesh.”

And then —laughter.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 118[1,535 words]

Chapter 118

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Deckard

“Who the hell are you? Show yourself if you dare!” I snarl.

A sharp whisper cuts through the night as darkness thickens around me. Then comes the chilling howl of wolves, followed by the clash of fangs and claws.

“Attack!” I command,

But before I can charge forward, a violent whirlwind erupts around me, forcing my eyes to narrow against the storm. Struggling to keep my vision clear, I spot him—the Scarface man.

He stands before me, monstrous and hideous, a jagged scar across one half his face, making it difficult to know what he **truly** looks like.

He just as tall as me, his presence would terrify any ordinary man. But I am not ordinary. Now I understand why Dane was spewing nonsense—what a coward.

Yet, something about this man feels disturbingly familiar.

“It’s me, little bro.”

The words echo through a storm. We stand face to face, the whirlwind raging around us, while the sounds of battle echo in the distance.

I glare at him, my blood boiling. “I am not your brother,” I growl. “And when I’m done with you, you’ll know just how little I really am.”

“Oh, you don’t recognize me? Of course, you don’t!” he sneers. “It’s me, little brother. **It’s** Darth!”

His laughter is wild, manic, almost inhuman.

At that moment, it seems as if the sky itself reacts to his words, thunder rumbles, and a jagged **streak** of lightning flashes across the darkness.

“That’s impossible,” I scoff. “Darth **is** dead.”

“Oh, you wish I was.” His voice drips with venom. “You have everything that belongs to my father, everything that should have been mine. But it is truly me,

Deckard.”

“No!” I roar, summoning fire into my hands. Fury surges through me, and without hesitation, I launch at him with a burning strike.

But before my fist can make contact, he vanishes. Disappearing into thin air—right into the raging whirlwind that surrounds

1. me.

Then, from within the storm, she appears. A woman, her lips moving in a steady chant.

My chest tightens. The Scarface man has turned to dark magic.

Flames erupt from both my hands now, scorching hot, feeding off my rage. I close my eyes, but **I can** still hear her. The whispering. The mumbling.

My fire grows, raging higher, breaking through the whirlwind... yet that voice—**her** voice—gets to me. There's something about it, something crawling under my skin, slipping into my mind.

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And I don't like it.

The woman's mumbling continues—words I don't understand, yet they seep into my mind like venom

Suddenly, images flood my vision, images that stab deep into my soul. My childhood. My pain.

That day. The plane crash.

I see it all again—my father's mutilated body, the twisted wreckage of the plane, flames licking at the shattered remains. I see myself, just a little boy, wailing in terror. And I see him—Darth. My older brother, so desperate to prove he was strong enough to handle the situation.

I remember begging him not to leave me. Clutching his arm, pleading with him to stay, to not abandon me in the wreckage among the dead—the pilot, the cabin crew, our father. Their bodies broken, lifeless. The air thick with the sickening scent of burning metal and blood.

But he left.

Out of fear, I hid under a tree, forcing myself to keep my distance from the wreckage. I couldn't bear to look at the corpses. I sat there, trembling, waiting. All day, I waited for Darth to return.

But he never did.

Nightfall came, swallowing me in darkness. Hunger gnawed at my stomach, but fear was worse. I sobbed for my mother, for anyone. The night creatures began to stir—rustling, hissing, creeping closer.

And I knew.

Staying under that tree wasn't safe.

Returning to the plane **was** my best option. It offered shade, shelter, and places to hide from the night creatures.

Even though the thought of going back inside terrified me, I forced myself to do it.

That night was pure terror. Shadows moved in the corners of my vision, shifting, lurking—watching. Every time I closed my eyes, it felt like something would tap me awake, something unseen, something waiting. Sleep never came.

Morning arrived, but my brother didn't.

By then, hunger clawed at my insides, relentless and unforgiving. Desperate, I scavenged the wreckage of the plane for food, finding only food—but it was barely enough.

Because I was no ordinary werewolf. I was special, more powerful than most, and that meant my body demanded more. My hunger wasn't just physical; it was supernatural. I always needed the largest portions of food to sustain me.

So when I found food, I devoured it all without hesitation, without thinking of the consequences.

Without thinking of what I would eat if I stayed here for days.

And that is exactly what happened.

Hunger struck again before the next day **even** arrived. My blood burned, instincts sharpening—I needed to hunt.

The next day as night fell, I scanned the darkness for prey, my stomach twisting in pain. But then, a low, guttural growl cut through the silence.

I didn't know what it was. I didn't care.

All I knew was that I needed food.

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Then, I sensed movement—something rounding toward me at an unnatural speed. My heart pounded as I turned, expecting a small animal, maybe a deer

But it wasn't

Terror slammed into me

A brad—a massive lioness—charged at me, her golden fur barely visible in the dim moonlight. She was fast, impossibly fast, moving like a blur.

Before my body could react, before my legs could align with my brain's desperate commands to run, she pounced,

I hit the ground hard, my scream ripping through the night.

The lioness snarled, her breath hot against my skin as she sank her claws into my chest. Pain exploded through me. I thrashed, crying out, my hands scrambling for anything to defend myself.

With every ounce of strength, I shoved her off and crawled away, my heart hammering, fear clouding my thoughts.

But **she** wasn't done.

With a feral roar, she lunged again, her claws raking down my back. A fresh wave of agony tore through me, and I screamed, the pain unbearable.

Then—something inside me snapped.

My body jerked violently,

And everything changed.

Uncontrolled spasms wracked my body, violent and relentless. It felt like I was convulsing, my muscles seizing with raw, untamed energy. Heat surged through me, burning from the inside out.

The lion lowered its head, its fangs bared, ready to sink into my open wound. But the moment it tasted my blood, it recoiled, leaping back with a startled growl.

I was still trembling, my body vibrating uncontrollably, and I could feel the heat radiating from my skin like an inferno.

Yet, the lion didn't flee

It lingered, pacing, watching me with wary eyes before mustering the courage to strike again. It lunged, determined to finish what it started.

But this time, I burned hotter.

A strangled bark of fear escaped the beast as it stumbled back. Its instincts screamed at it to run, but it hesitated.

That hesitation was its last mistake.

A wave of fury unlike anything I had ever known surged through me. My body moved before my mind could catch up, rising slowly from the dirt. Fire ignited within me—my rage manifesting into something unstoppable.

The lion backed away. Its ears flattened. It knew.

It knew I was no longer prey.

But I didn't let it escape.

I chased it through the forest, fueled by wrath, by hunger, by something primal clawing its way to the surface. The hunt was

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over in seconds. With one brutal strike, I tore its head from its body, the mutilation swift and merciless.

Dragging the carcass back to the wreckage, I used my fire to prepare it for dinner.

For three days, I survived on lion meat. But my search for Darth never stopped.

Every night, I returned to the plane, trying every telephone, every signal, leaving desperate messages for help.

But help never came.

And neither did my brother.

I don't know how many days passed before help finally arrived, pulling me out of that bloody forest.

I told them about Darth. They sent men to search for him.

But they never found him.

The next memory struck me like a dagger to the chest—the one that finally shattered me.

Morning light filtering through a room.

My mother, lying motionless on the bed.

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I sat beside her, small and helpless, my tiny hands clutching at her still body, shaking her, begging her to wake up. But she **was** cold. Lifeless.

In this vision, I wasn't just remembering—I was there, watching my younger self sobbing, pleading. My mother, once so radiant, now a ghost of herself.

And then I saw it.

The single tear, frozen at the corner of her eye. She was poisoned.

She had died in pain.

She didn't deserve this.

The weight of it all—the loss, the betrayal, the rage—boiled over inside me.

And in the middle of this battle, I exploded.

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Chapter 119

Deckard

My fire-raging, uncontrollable.

I had lost control.

The witch's voice still echoed in my ears, her whispers crawling through my mind like a curse. I tried to open my eyes, but all I **saw** was fire. Nothing but fire.

She **was** gone, yet her voice remained, haunting me. I couldn't shake it. I couldn't understand what was happening to me.

The battle raged on around me—I could still hear it. The clashing of blades, the howls of wolves, the screams of the wounded. But all I felt was fire.

And then, the truth burned into me like an open wound.

It was truly Darth.

The scar-faced man—my tormentor from the shadows—was my brother.

But why? Why had he lurked in the darkness, striking at me like an enemy? Why hadn't he come forward so we could stand together, so we could be a family?

Why had he chosen to smite me instead?

Emotions warred inside me—anger, betrayal, sorrow.

Darth's mother, my stepmother, had been cruel. Cold. She had tormented my mother and me, never hiding her hatred. But Darth... he was still my brother.

Especially after my mother died.

Even as he grew colder, meaner, more distant, I still sought him out. I had no one else.

And he had never pushed me away.

Not entirely.

"Darth!" I roared, my voice swallowed by the inferno around me.

But all I saw was fire.

It was everywhere—raging, consuming, blinding. It felt like I had set the entire battlefield ablaze. The wicked, relentless mumbling still slithered through my ears, poisoning my thoughts.

"Darth!" I shouted again, desperate, furious.

But there was no answer.

Only the sounds of battle.

Only fire.

Only that cursed voice.

This fucking bitch—what the hell has she done to me?

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Snarling, I swung wildly, my hands cutting through the scorching air, hoping to strike something. Someone. Darth. The witch. Any fool who dared stand in my way.

“Shut the hell up, you stupid witch” My voice thundered through the chaos. “I swear, if I get my hands on you, I will rip your tongue straight out of your throat! SHUT THE HELL UP!”

I couldn’t take it anymore.

I ran

Blind, furious, desperate—I charged forward, hoping, needing to collide with something, anything, just to regain my sight, just to know what the hell was happening.

Then I heard it.

Screams.

Bloodcurdling, agonized screams.

The scent of burning flesh everywhere.

The werewolves—I could hear them, their frantic howls, their bodies twisting and writhing in agony as my fire cut through

them.

They were running.

Running from me.

And I couldn’t stop it.

As I ran, I slammed into something—something solid, yet not quite there. It wasn't a wall, but it felt like one. Every time I tried to move away, it threw me back, like an invisible force caging me in.

A spell. A trap.

No matter which way I turned, I was blocked.

“Alpha!”

Leonard's voice cut through the chaos.

“Leonard! I'm here! What the hell is happening?” My voice was hoarse, frantic. “Did I really lose control? Did I **set** our own allies on fire? Fire **is** all I can see!”

But then—

“Alpha! Alpha Deckard, where are you?”

I froze.

What?

“I'm right here! There's something blocking me from moving forward! Leonard, I'm here!” I shouted back.

But he didn't answer.

Instead, I heard him call out to the others. “We can't find the Alpha! And where the hell is Deans?!”

His voice was close. Too close.

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It sounded like he was right beside me, just within reach. And yet he couldn't hear me,

He couldn't see me.

Panic twisted in my gut.

“Where is that Scarface bastard?” Leonard growled.

I clenched my fists, rage and confusion colliding inside me.

Where the hell was Darth? And more importantly—what the hell had he done to me?

“Leonard! I’m right here!” I shouted, but then—doubt crept in.

What if I’m not actually here?

The thought hit me like a cold wave against the inferno surrounding me. I felt like I was here, standing in the middle of this battlefield, but... what if I wasn’t?

Something was wrong.

I could hear them. They couldn’t hear me.

I could sense them. They couldn’t see me.

It was as if I had been transported—ripped from one reality and thrown into another. And yet, all I could see was fire.

And all I wanted to do... was burn.

I fell silent, focusing—thinking.

What is this? Some kind of trap? A spell? A portal?

It felt like I was locked inside a prison of my own flames, a cage of endless burning torment. My own power, turned against

1. me.

Where the hell am I?

Then-

A presence.

Before I could react-

A fist slammed into my gut, knocking the breath from my lungs. Pain shot through me like a dagger, my body jerking forward.

Another blow—this time to my face—rattled

my

skull.

A voice, laced with venom and hatred, growled through the flames.

“That one’s for stealing my life all these years.”

Another hit.

“And this–this is for my mother, who died believing I was dead. While you–you–took everything that was mine. My inheritance. My title. My glory.”

I staggered, blood pooling in my mouth.

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Through the fire, through the rage, I finally saw him.

Darth.

And he wasn’t done yet.

“Darth!” I coughed, tasting blood even as the blows kept coming.

“It’s really you.. Why the hell have you been hiding in the shadows just to torment me?!”

Darth let out a dark, guttural laugh.

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“Because that’s what you deserve, idiot. You think you’re strong? Powerful? Look at you now–getting your ribs shattered and swinging at nothing like a blind fool.”

Another punch crashed into my side. I gritted my teeth, refusing to fall.

“What do you want from me?” I growled. “What have you and that damn witch done to me?”

I could feel the fire still raging around me, suffocating, disorienting.

“If you think I owe you something, then face me like a man! Or have you grown so weak you have to hide behind sorcery?”

I spat blood and raised my fists. “You’re my brother, Darth. I dare you—fight me fair. Come back with me, and let’s settle this to the death!”

I swung, fists cutting through the air, but I hit nothing.

Damn it.

I wasn’t used to being blind, and though my senses should have been sharp enough to compensate, something about this— this curse—was clouding them. I could feel him, sense him, but every time I tried to land a hit, he wasn’t there.

This wasn’t just a fight.

It was a game.

And Darth was winning.

“I’m no fool, Deckard. I won’t fall for your pathetic tricks.”

Darth’s voice was laced with pure malice, each word like a dagger to my skin.

“Everything you have—everything you’ve ever had—should have been mine. And now, I finally get to take it all back. I am the true son of Uther Blackthorn, while you... you’re just a bastard. And you always will be.”

I clenched my fists, my body trembling with rage.

But then—his next words nearly stopped my heart.

“And let’s not forget your precious Luna, Amaka.”

His laughter was a cruel echo in the flames.

“Lucky for me, she’s already lost that little mistake growing inside her. A tragedy, really. But now she’s free to finally carry my child.”

The world around me shattered.

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“You dare lay you hands in my mate! My Suice was pure *fury*, “You killed my *heart*?

I reared, launching fireballs willy into the abyss, my rape turning into a storm demtion

Darth only laughed harder

Look at your the great Alpha of Alpluas. A raging food, swinging idindly, throwing week lil fut like * Winty the

your-the

little frotvale a dad. world could see their non-listed Alpha now what a juke you've hermme?

This mocking laughter turned deeper than his fiste ever could

i staggered, wiping blood from my mouth.

Then, through the agony, I smirked.

"Darth." I rasped, my voice hoarse but laced with something new-ertainty

I coughed, spitting blood onto the scorched ground.

"I have something to tell you"

Darth scoffed, "Oh? And what pathetic last words do you have for me, little brother?"

I met the fire with a smirk.

"Is," I inhaled sharply. "Has been arrested?"

His laughter cut off.

I leaned forward, savoring the sudden silence,

"And right about *now*... she's either dying or already dead?"

"How is that any business of mine?" Darth scoffed, "Colin is just an uncle-nothing more. He had his foolish dreams of ruling, and now he's nothing but a pathetic second in power?"

I tilted my head, watching him closely, "It's sad that you feel that way... about your true father?"

Darth's expression flickered. Just for a second,

grove

"What the hell are you talking about?" His voice was sharp, but I sensed it-hesitation. A crack in his armor.

I smirked. “Colin claims he’s your father. And you know what? I’m starting to believe him... because you don’t act like Uther Blackthorn’s son.”

“What?” His laugh was forced, hollow. “That old fool is just talking nonsense.” He waved a hand dismissively. “Even if he is locked away in your castle, I’ll find him—because, at the very least, he’s still family.”

There it was again. That flicker. That unease.

He knew.

I pressed forward. “So tell me, Darth—how is my life yours when you’re not even Uther’s real son?”

Silence.

A long, suffocating silence.

Then—pain.

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Sharp. Deep.

I gasped, my breath hitching as something cold and unforgiving pierced my stomach.

Slowly, my trembling hand drifted down.

Wet. Warm.

Blood.

My blood.

Darth leaned in, his breath hot against my car.

“Shut up, little brother.”

6/6

**Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate -
Deckard Alpha 120[1,725 words]**

Chapter 120

Chapter 120

Amica

I feel uneasy ever since Deckard told me about his battle with the Scarface man. He is a dangerous maniac, and there's something eerie about him. I know Deckard is strong enough to defeat all his enemies, but this particular one doesn't play

fair.

Before I even wake up in the morning, Deckard is already gone. I thought I was up early enough to catch him, to wish him well before he left, but I am too late.

The unease stays with me all day. I can't eat, can't focus on anything—I just wait. I **pace** around the compound, restless, eyes scanning the distance for any sign of him.

That's when it hits me.

I might have fallen hopelessly in love with this man.

I have never worried about anyone like this before, and it terrifies me. This is Alpha Deckard. The Alpha of Alphas. I have seen what he can do with his fire—it is unlike anything I have ever witnessed. He is a force to be reckoned with.

So why am I afraid?

It's foolish. But I can't shake the feeling that something is very wrong.

I rejected breakfast earlier, and I still have no appetite for food. As I pace back and forth, lost in my thoughts, I suddenly feel a hand **tap** me.

"My Luna..."

I turn to see one of the servants standing before me.

"Lunch is ready. Please come and eat..."

"What? I am not hungry!" I say, waving her off, hoping she will leave me alone.

She hesitates for a moment but eventually walks away. However, before I can continue pacing, I see Bria approaching.

"My Luna, please," she says gently. "You do not need to worry about the Alpha. He will return soon. Please, come eat."

“Bria, I do not need food right now. I am not hungry.

She studies me carefully before asking. “So what do you need?”

What I need is for Deckard to return safely, but I know that no one—not even Deckard himself—can grant me that assurance. I take a deep breath, thinking about how to distract myself, how to pass the time without going mad with worry.

For some reason, my thoughts drift to the prisoner—Collin. I have not had the opportunity to visit him because Deckard would never allow it.

“Can I see the prisoner?” I ask suddenly.

Bria’s face goes numb. “What prisoner, my Luna?”

“You know what prisoner I’m talking about, Bria...”

Bria hesitates, her lips pressing into a thin line. “I don’t think that’s a good idea. He’s dangerous. He hasn’t had food for

weeks...”

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Chapter 120

“Then get me food. A lot of it. And bring two servants with me. Let me know when it’s ready.”

48%

Bria’s face is filled with uncertainty, but I don’t give her a chance **to** argue. I turn **away** and continue pacing, my thoughts too restless to settle.

“Hello, Luna!”

A voice calls out behind me, laced with a hint of mockery.

Of course. It’s Mary.

I sigh and turn to her, already irritated. “Mary. How may I help you?”

She smirks. “I see you’re restless. Pacing around like a little lost puppy...”

My patience snaps. “Mary, I suggest you watch your tone before you say anything more. I can order you thrown into a cell and leave you there for life.”

Mary raises her hands in mock surrender, still smirking. “Easy, Luna. This isn’t the Alpha’s first rodeo. He always comes back. To me... or to you, in this **case**.”

She smiles, and I feel my fingers twitch with the urge to **slap** that smug look off her **face**.

I don’t give her the satisfaction of a response. Instead, I walk away, my heart too heavy to waste time on her nonsense. She is the least of my problems right now.

An hour later, two servants approach, balancing trays of food in their hands. Two guards step beside me, their presence a silent reminder that what I’m about to do isn’t entirely safe. With a deep breath, I nod, and we proceed toward the prison.

The moment the door creaks open, a heavy, putrid scent rushes at me—urine, dampness, something rotten and unfamiliar. My stomach clenches, but I press forward, following the flickering torchlight down the narrow stairway.

It feels endless, like descending into another world, one where hope no longer exists. The air grows colder, thicker, suffocating. And then we reach it—the main cell.

My eyes land on him.

Collin lies on the ground, chained like an animal, his body weak, frail, barely recognizable. My chest tightens at the sight.

“Collin,” I call softly, but he doesn’t move. Doesn’t even flinch.

I step closer, forcing my voice to remain steady. “I brought you food. Please, eat.”

I nod toward one of the guards, and he hesitates before placing the tray just within Collin’s reach. But Collin doesn’t react.

For a second, I wonder if he even has the strength to.

The moment the scent of food reaches him, Collin moves with startling speed. His frail hands grasp the first piece of meat, and he devours it like a starving animal. His teeth tear through the flesh, his jaw working furiously as he chokes it down, barely chewing.

We watch in silence, the only sound in the cell the wet, desperate sounds of his eating.

Then—he begins to choke.

His body convulses, coughs wracking his frame as he clutches at his throat. My breath catches. For a moment, I think he might collapse right here. I glance at the guards, but they only exchange looks before one of them gives me a slight nod.

Let him be.

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My hands tighten into fists, but I don't interfere. After what feels like an eternity, he manages to grab the water bottle and downs it in one breath. A long exhale escapes him before he resumes eating—this time, slower.

1 step closer, my voice steady but firm.

“I need to speak with you, Collin.”

He finally lifts his head, and our eyes meet. His are hollow, sunken—full of years of anger and something even darker.

Then, his lips curl, his voice a raspy growl.

“You. This is all your fault. If you had come with us willingly, none of this would have happened. You would be happy *with* Darth by now.”

His breath is heavy, ragged with exhaustion, but his words still drip with venom.

“Tell me... what makes you think you're too good for my son? What is so special about Deckard that you chose him over Darth?”

The weight of his words sinks into me like a stone. Darth is his son? I feel my pulse quicken as I process the revelation. The Scarface man—the monster who has been tormenting Deckard, who has been clawing at his very existence—is Collin's son.

His voice drips with resentment, every syllable carrying years of bitterness.

“Yes, my one and only son! My only seed, stolen from his inheritance just like I was. Oh, Uther is doing it again—what he did to me, he's doing to my son! History repeating itself like a cursed cycle! We do not deserve this!”

I frown, my mind struggling to keep up. His words burn with something deeper than anger—something rooted in a past I barely understand.

“What?” I murmur, more to myself than to him. The way he speaks, the weight of his accusations... there is something more to this than I’ve been told.

I glance at the guards, their presence suddenly feeling intrusive. I need answers—now.

“Everyone, leave,” I command.

One of the guards hesitates. “Luna, he is dangerous. And now that you’ve given him food, we don’t know what he might do.”

“Fine. Stand by the door. If anything happens, you’ll reach me in time.”

They nod reluctantly and move to the entrance, their watchful eyes never leaving Collin.

I turn back to him, my voice quieter but firm. “What does Deckard have to do with all of this, Collin?”

His lips twist into a smirk.

“Oh, so Deckard didn’t tell you? How disappointing. It seems your dear Alpha has been keeping secrets from you.”

He leans forward slightly, his chains clinking against the cold floor. “Well, let me do the honors then.”

His next words send a chill down my spine.

“I am your in-law, Amica. And oh, what a pleasure it is to see you again.”

I stiffen, In-law?

He chuckles darkly, feeding off my confusion. “Funny, isn’t it? The first time we met, you were my captive. And now, the roles have reversed.”

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48%

His eyes glint with amusement?

“Well, I should be the one laughing now,” I say coolly, stepping closer. “Nothing should be funny to *you*, Collín, because when the Alpha returns, you will be put to death—after he’s done severing your son’s head.”

His laughter doesn’t stop. If anything, it grows deeper, more sinister.

“Hmm, are you sure about that?” His tone is almost mocking. “Yes, Deckard is strong and all that blah blah blah—but there are forces he has never faced before. And today?” He smirks. “The chances of his survival are slim. And when that happens, this whole castle will belong to my son!”

“If the Scarface man is your son, then how is he being cheated of his inheritance? Deckard got everything from his father. So it makes no sense.”

Collin clicks his tongue as if I’m a slow child. “Oh, don’t try to sound smart when we both know you aren’t. After all...” His lips curl. “I heard the rumors about you cheating on your mate before you were sold off to Deckard.”

My heart stutters, but I don’t let it show.

“It’s quite similar to what happened between Darth’s mother and me,” he continues.

Something in his voice shifts, a bitterness and something deeper. Pain? Regret? Hatred?

“Look,” he sighs, his amusement returning. “I’d advise you to get ready. Start preparing for what’s to come. Because you can’t escape it.” His eyes gleam as he leans back against the cold stone wall. “But don’t worry, I’ll remember this little kindness of yours when we finally conquer your Alpha.”

His laughter fills the cell again—weak, but filled with an eerie certainty.

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