

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 121[1,314 words]

Chapter 121

Amica

I don't know what Collin is talking about, but the certainty in his voice **scares** me. Is he just trying to rattle me?

Of course, he is. He's a prisoner on the brink of death—desperate men will **say** anything to twist the knife.

So why won't the unease leave me?

The sun is setting already, and night will soon be here, but there is no sign of Deckard or his men.

They were supposed to return today. They have to return today.

I proceed toward the castle after my fruitless conversation with Collins, my thoughts **a** storm of worry. Then—noise. A distant noise from the **gates**. I stop, trying to make sense of what is going on.

And then I see them.

They wear the armor of the Gamma warriors, but something is off. Their movements are too rigid, too suspicious, as if they are not returning in triumph but moving with quiet, unsettling purpose.

Then my eyes land on the man leading them—Dane.

My heart stop, Dane is here. If Dane is here... Deckard must be close.

A felt relief overpowering the fear that I felt before. My heart pounds while my hands tremble slightly. Deckard is back. He has to be.

But as I take **a step** forward, I became a it suspicious.

Something isn't right.

"The Alpha is behind. We won the war, and Scarface is dead... please, let us in," Dane says, his voice firm but rushed.

As I walk forward, I see **Mary** suddenly break into a sprint toward the gate **as** she **was closer** to the gate.

“Oh! They’re **here!** Open the gates, let them in!” she urges, her excitement barely contained.

The guards hesitate for only **a** second before allowing Dane and the **so**-called Gamma warriors inside. The moment they **step** through, something feels. off.

I stop **in my** tracks. **A** sharp unease grips **me**.

Why would Deckard send Dane ahead instead of Leonard, his **Beta**? Or **even** someone else?

Though I was still a distance **away** from the entrance, I try to take I take a **closer** look at the warriors entering the castle—there are **over** fifty of them. They wear the attire of Gamma warriors, but I don’t recognize **a** single face. That isn’t the strange part, though. Something about them **is** wrong.

Their eyes.

There’s **a** wildness in them, **a** vicious glint that goes beyond the aftermath of battle. I know that look—I’ve seen it before.

The look of **a** rogue.

A cold shiver runs down **my** spine.

This isn’t right.

Something is **very** wrong.

For a moment, my **heart** stops, and I struggle to breathe, making my chest tighten painfully.

I stumble toward one of the stone pillars, pressing my **back** against its cold surface as I **gasp** for air. **My** hands tremble as I clench them into fists, **waiting** for this sudden panic attack to pass.

From my hiding spot, I hear Mary’s voice

“Date, where is the Alpha?” she **asks**,

“The Alpha is on his **way** with the rest of the men Do not fear, Mary His voice is calm, too calm—but I know him too **well**, that is the tone of Lies.

“Can I speak with Elder **Bria**?” he continues. “She holds something that belongs to me. Also where is the Luna?”

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Chapter 121

“She’s hanging around somewhere,” Mary replies dismissively. Then, her voice sharpens with authority. “Send some men to fish her out.”

My stomach twists.

Mary and Dane—they know each other. More than that, there is something going on with them. This isn’t just **casual** familiarity. There’s something deeper, something darker at play here.

I swallow down my fear and move—slowly, cautiously—toward the next pillar, every step calculated. I have to get away.

Then, from my hiding place, I saw Bria. She **saw** me too, and I signalled to her not to **say** a word, but before she could know what was happening, Mary saw her.

But before she can register my warning-

“Ah, look who it is!” Mary’s voice cuts through the air like a blade.

Mary strides toward Bria, a **sly** smile curling on her lips. Before Bria can react, Mary grabs her by the wrist and drags her forward.

“You have a visitor,” she **says**, practically shoving Bria toward Dane.

Bria stumbles, confusion clouding her face. “What is going on here?” she demands, looking between them.

Dane smirks.

“Hello, Bria,” he drawls mockingly. “It’s me. Dane.”

Bria stiffens.

“I believe you have something **that** belongs to me,” **he** continues, his voice laced with amusement. “The Alpha finally succeeded in taking Scarface’s head, and you know who made **that** happen? Me.” His smirk deepens. “And since the Alpha rewarded you with something of mine, I think it’s time you hand it over.”

Bria blinks, visibly shaken. “W-What?” she stammers.

Her hands tighten into fists, but her voice trembles. “Shouldn’t we wait for the Alpha? Or at **least** one of his trusted men? Maybe his Beta—someone who **can** confirm **Scarface** is **really** dead?”

Dane chuckles. A slow, unsettling laughter

This isn’t right.

Bria is in **danger** And so **am** I.

Dane scoffs, rolling his shoulders back. “Well, that’s **what** these men are here **for**, aren’t they? They’re your Gamma warriors. **Just** look **at them**— **can’t** you see the signs of **war** on their **faces**? **They can** confirm everything for you.”

Bria stands her ground, “I don’t recognize them.” Her voice is firm,

Dane’s smirk twitches. “Come on, you stupid bitch,” he snaps, frustration bleeding into his tone. “Do you recognize **every** single Gamma **warrior**? Some **are** still on their **way** back, while these **were** assigned to me before the **battle even** began. Now quit wasting my time and hand **over** my one- million-dollar check.”

“Perhaps, sir, you could **wait a** little longer,” she says, carefully measured. “Until I’m absolutely certain of your claims. Once I am, **I’ll** hand **over** the check without **any** issue,”

A thick silence follows.

Even from **my** hiding place, I can feel **Dane’s patience** thinning. I can almost see the vein in his jaw twitching,

Then—A sharp crack slices through the **air**.

Bria cries out.

A **stap**

Even without seeing it, I know who delivered it.

Dane.

The woman-beater

I was boiling in rage I force myself to stay still.

Hold her down!” Dane **commanded**, his voice sharp **and** merciless.

Bria barely had time to **react** before another vicious slap landed **across** her **face**. She **gasped**, stumbling, her cheek already reddening from the impact.

“Why don’t you just hand over the check, Bria?” Mary sneered. “You’re too old to be this stubborn. Just give it to him already! And while we’re at it -where **is** Amica?”

Bria coughed, struggling to steady herself. “Fine... I-I’ll get the check for you, please allow me get it” she rasped.

Dane scoffed, shaking his head. “So why the hell were you acting stubborn in the first place? Would’ve saved us **all** some trouble.” He snapped his fingers. “Let her go.”

Bria’s footsteps **were** slow and unsteady as she moved forward.

This is my chance.

Heart pounding, I spin around and darted toward the nearest door, slipping into the corridor that led to the guards’ quarters. I had to alert them before it **was** too late.

The castle didn’t have enough guards here, the **rest** of the men should have returned now, but **if I** could rally even a handful of them, they could hold the fort until the **real** Gamma warriors arrived.

Bursting into the guard’s quarters, **I** scanned the room and spotted one of the men. Without hesitation, I rushed toward him.

“Listen,” I whispered urgently, “There are rogues in the castle. They’re disguised as Gamma warriors—don’t be fooled. Gather as many men as you

can. Now.”

“**Yes** Luna!” he **says**

Just then, my eyes landed on a familiar face.

Stephan. The Gamma warrior From my hometown.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 122[1,025 words]

Chapter 122

Amica

“Stephan... the castle needs to be protected! Rogues are here!” I gasped, barely catching my breath.

His eyes widened. “What? How do you know that, my Luna?”

“There’s no time to explain! Gather the men—now!”

“How many are we dealing with?” he asked, his voice tense.

“A lot—too many,” I said, my chest tightening with fear.

“Damn it!” he cursed under his breath. “We don’t have enough men here... Come with me, Luna. Stay close at all times!”

I had no choice but to obey.

We move quickly, gathering what warriors we can—twenty in total. It’s not nearly enough.

The castle is already on edge. Some of our men, having witnessed Dane strike Bria, stepped forward to defend her. But they weren’t met with reason—they **were** met with violence.

Shouts echo through the stone halls. The clash of steel rings out, followed by the sickening sound of flesh meeting fists. The sounds of grunts and cries echoed through the halls, each one sending a shiver through me. I clenched my fists, trying to steady my breathing. Though I couldn’t see what **was** happening, I was certain—those were our men.

Stephan led us swiftly through the guards’ quarters, sticking to the shadows **as** we moved toward the back of the castle. Every step felt heavier, the **air** thick with uncertainty.

We finally reached the garden—**an** open field, too exposed for comfort. The men crouched low, using the shrubs **as cover**, their weapons drawn, eyes scanning for movement.

Stephan turned to me, his expression grim.

“Luna, I need to get you somewhere **safe**. You have to stay hidden until this is over.”

Before I could protest, he gripped my wrist and pulled me toward a heavy door. I recognized the path instantly—he was leading me to the underground cells.

My stomach twisted. The cells?

What the fuck?

I wanted to fight him on this, to demand a better alternative, but now wasn't the time. I swallowed my frustration, forcing myself to move.

For now, I had to trust him.

There were other places I could **have** hidden—safer places. If only I knew the damn code combinations.

I had seen Deckard press a set of **transparent** buttons once, right there on the wall of our room, and a hidden door had opened. Another room lay beyond it—one I never dared to ask about. At the time, **we** weren't even speaking, and my pride wouldn't let me pry. Now, I regretted that more

than ever.

Bria might have known the combination. But Bria was in the hands of those monsters.

Stephan gripped my wrist firmly as we reached the cell door. I hesitated for just a second—this isn't where I should be—but he didn't **give** me time to argue. He led me **in**, shut the door behind us, and we descended into the underground basement.

The air was damp, thick with the stench of decay and something worse.

And then, Collin saw **us**

A slow, mocking grin spread across his face.

"Ah, back so soon?" he sneered, **his** voice like a blade

"Tell me. Amica, what seems to be the problem? Anything I can do to help?" He let out a dry, taunting laugh.

I clenched my jaw. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of a response

"**Pay no** attention to him, Luna," Stephan muttered, his grip tightening as he pulled me deeper into the prison. We turned **a** corner, moving beyond **Collin's** sight, but I could still feel his eyes—sull hear his laughter echoing off the stone **walls**

11:39 AM

Chapter 122

I hate this.

I hate feeling trapped.

O

Once we reached the door of the cell, Stephan led me inside and shut it firmly behind us. We descended into the underground basement, the air thick with dampness and the stench of captivity.

The moment Collin caught sight of us, a slow smirk stretched across his face.

“Ah, **back** so soon?” he mocked. His voice dripped with amusement. “Tell me, Amica, what seems to be the problem? Is there any way I can be of service?” He let out a low, mocking laugh.

“**Pay** no attention to him, Luna,” Stephan said, his grip tightening around my hand **as** he led me further in—away from Collin’s piercing gaze.

We stopped in front of an empty cell.

“I’m sorry, Luna Amica,” Stephan said, his voice low, almost pleading. “But you have to get inside. I must lock you up... **It’s** the only way to keep you **safe**.”

His words hung heavy between us.

I nodded, understanding his concern. “**It’s** okay, Stephan. I trust you. But **if** you **can**, please do the same for the helpless women in the castle. Keep

them safe too.”

His eyes softened. “**I** will.”

With that, he entered **a** code, and the heavy metal door swung open. **I** stepped inside, and **as** the door shut behind me with a final, echoing clang, **I** could only hope this nightmare would soon be **over**.

“Stephan!” **I** called out just before he disappeared.

He stopped, turning slightly.

“Please... be safe. **May** the goddess be with us all.”

His lips pressed into a firm line. “Thank you, Luna.”

And then, without another word, he hurried out of the basement, leaving me alone in the dim, suffocating silence.

I lowered myself **onto** the cold stone floor, my arms wrapping around my knees. I hate this. I hate sitting here, locked **away**, completely blind to what’s happening outside.

Why is Dane here with rogues? And why is Mary speaking to him like they share a **secret**? Does Dane have no shame? He’s an Alpha of a sovereign pack. Why would he lower himself to working with savages?

And where the hell is my Alpha?

My heart pounds. A sickening wave of unease rolls through me. Could something have happened to Deckard?

And Scarface Man? Is he really dead?

My thoughts race, spiraling into **panic**, I feel useless–trapped, waiting for something to happen. I should be out there. But instead, I’m sitting here, a prisoner of **my own** safety.

I press **my** back against the **wall**, trying to steady my breathing.

I need to see what’s going on.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 123[1,328 words]

Chapter 123

I am torn between sitting here quietly, waiting for all my problems to **go** away by letting other people sort it out, or forcing myself **to push** through the fear, **break** out of this prison, and do whatever I can to help

I am the Luna of this place. I can’t just sit down and watch these monsters

ers torment my people. That is not who I am. That is not who I was raised to

I take a deep breath, trying to steady my thoughts, but my mind is in turmoil. It does not make sense for me to go out there. Enemies surround me. Everything is beginning to make sense

The betrayal. The way Dane was able to **execute** his plans so smoothly, even though he wasn't physically here with us in the castle. It was **all** Mary. She was the one pulling the strings from within, orchestrating this chaos under our very noses.

I don't think I can sit here any longer.

The silence of this basement is suffocating. It's soundproof, far removed from where everything is happening, but the absence of noise is worse than the sound of battle. The not knowing is what eats at me. I can't just sit here, locked away in the dark, while my people suffer. I need to know. I need to get out.

If there is even the slightest chance that I can help—even if it's just a few people—I have to try

Immediately, I stretch my hand out, fingers trembling **as** they trace over the cool metal of the keypad. I can't see the buttons clearly from this angle, but **I rely** on my memory, counting each press carefully.

The first attempt fails. A sharp, deafening buzz fills the air, and the alarm blares loudly. My heart pounds, but I don't stop. There are no guards down here to hear it no one to stop me. I take a steadying **breath and** try again, more carefully this time.

The door unlocks.

For a moment, I freeze, my **breath** catching. **My** safety is now in my own hands. Stephan did everything he could to keep me protected, but I have chosen this

I exhale slowly, and step out of my cell. My footsteps **are cautious**, as I make my way **toward** the exit.

Then, just as I near the stairs leading out, I hear a voice

look at this? The Luna has decided to be stupid today."

I turn and see Collin, still locked in his cell, grinning like a **madman**.

"She wants to be a hero!" He throws his head back in laughter. "You're gonna regret it," he sings in a taunting tone.

I roll my eyes, ignoring him, but deep down, I low-key regret ever giving him food. Now he has the strength to talk shit

I find my way out of the basement, and the moment I step into the **open** air, the scent of battle. Blood. My stomach knots, and I gulp hard, forcing my legs to move despite the paralyzing dread creeping up my **spine**.

Search everywhere for her!”

Dane’s voice booms across the courtyard, sharp and commanding men. They’re looking for me

I pars myself against the nearest wall, my heart hammering against my ribs. Step by step, I navigate my way through the shadows, desperate lo **spot** someone—anyour—I know and trust. I have **to** get out. If **these** bastands **manage** to take down our men, I’ll be trapped here with them. defenseless

Where the hell is Deckard when I need hum

The thought of him makes me afraid What could have gone wrong! Why isn’t he here!

slip into the main castle through die garden, moving swiftly toward the kitchen entrance. The halls are eerily quiet, but **outside**, through terrace windows, the chaos is undeniable. Fires burn, illuminating the battlefield in an eerie, flickering glow. Men—my prople—are being **cut** down, overpowered. My hands curl into fats.

Whunders Dane really want

I rush into Deckard’s study, my heart pounding wildly against **my** chest. I know he keeps weapon here—heavy, dangerous weapons. My fingers fumble av I pull open a drawer, my breath **uneven**. **Then**, I see it a large pistol, cold and weighty in my grasp. It feels foreign in my hands, heavier than expected, but I tighten my grip.

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Chapter 123

I have never used a gun. before.

I have always been the Luna who sat pretty while my man did all the fighting. I played the role expected of me, staying protected, waiting.

watching. But this time this time, I have to take matters into my own hands

1inch toward the window and peek outside. What I see makes my stomach drop

We are losing

Our men—my men—are falling one by one. The rogues keep coming in and this is a recipe for distructions.

My pulse quickens when my eyes land on Stephan. He is hantling Dane, but he is weakening. He has already fought too many of them, and Dane- Dane is fresh, strong, barely winded.

Then, I see it

Dane moves swiftly, flexing his muscles as he overpowers Stephan. With a brutal shove, he throws him to the ground. Stephan groans, struggling to move. My breath catches in my throat as Dane raises his blade, its sharp edge hovering inches from Stephan's throat.

"Not" I scream before I can stop myself

Dane freezes, his head snapping in my direction.

Did I just **hear** her voice! Is that my Amical" he calls out mockingly

The not come out, Luna' Please stay hidden!" Stephan yells, desperation in his voice

Dane knows I'm here

"Oh, shut the hell up" Dane snaps.

1. ps. "I will d

I dig this sword into

into your gut now if she does not come

"Luna, please, do not come out. They will do **unspeakable** things **to** you if you do please, no matter what, stay hidden. I have sworn to protect you. my Luna, and I failed once before. Please-

His words cut off into a muffled gurgle **as** the blade pierces through his **neck**.

"**Yeah**, you can protect her on your way to meet the Moon Goddess, Dane sneers over Stephan's lifeless body.

EEEE

I squeal in pain, my body trembling as I press a hand over my mouth, stifling my cri

www

I never knew Dane could be this vicious. And Mary-she's searching for me. Is she seeing all of this? Is she really a part

‘Come out now, Amara I do not have all day!’ Dane roars, his **voice** thick with rage. I will begin killing everyone here one by one if you do not

My heart pounds. I know I cannot let that happen

At this point, I know I cannot let that happen

I wipe my tran and rise to my feet, gripping the pistol firmly in my hands.

“Fine! I’ll come out! Please, just don’t hurt anyone else!” Lery

My wolf no longer recognizes Dane–he has become nothing but a bitter enemy. Even **Ezra snarls** in irritation at the sight of him from afar.

“Good girl” Danescoffi

I don’t bother being smart about it–I make my way downstairs, my heart pounding. Once I step out of the house, I **walk** slowly toward the horrid

“Look ather, Dane **claps** mockingly. “The great Luna has finally decided to **grace** us with her presence”

As I continue forward, he leans **in** and whispers something to one of the rogues. The man immediately starts walking toward me.

Wirinot hesitation, Fraise the gut and aim **straight** at him

“Stop walking“” I cominated

“Oh, come on, my little Amica, Dane **mcks**, **his** suice dripping with condescension. “We both know you’re too weak entire bring? Please, drop that gun and stoji pretending to be tough”

Fear grips me, but the rogue–disguised **as** a tamna warrior–keeps coming

to hurt an ant, let alone an

My palms are sweaty, my hands trembling, but I refuse to back down.

I take a deep breath–then pull the trigger.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 124[1,262 words]

Chapter 124

I pull the trigger, and the gunshot echoes through the air, the bullet hitting the rogue right in **the** neck.

He staggers, his hands flying to the wound, his shocked eyes locking onto mine. But he doesn't stop—he keeps coming.

Panie rushes through me. I know if I don't finish him off now, it will be trouble.

He picks up speed, lunging toward me, and I pull the trigger twice more. The bullets tear into him, and he finally collapses to the ground.

“Get out of my castle. Dane?” I **yell**, my **voice** filled with **rage**

Dane merely chuckles. Drop the gun. Amica. You'll only hurt yourself with that” he says, as if speaking to a child.

But I don't listen. My rage fuels me, and I **walk** forward as quick as my legs can carry me.

Suddenly, a heavy force slams into my shoulder, sending a sharp pain through my body. The gun slips from my grip, clattering onto the ground.

Before **I** can react, strong arms wrap around me from behind, yanking my-hands together. **A** rogue restrains me.

Dane walks up to me slowly, picking up the **gun** from the ground

“Oh, sweet Amica, what the hell is wrong with your” he sighs, shaking **his head**. “Look at **what** you've done. **You** killed a man! You're a murderer!”

His voice drips with mock disappointment. “Ever since you arrived at this majestic castle, **you've changed**. You're not the girl I used to know! What has that bastard done to you!”

He cups my face in his hand, and without hesitation, I spit at him.

“Get your filthy hands off me, you worthless degenerate!” I snap.

Dane takes a step back, laughing. After that, His hand swings through the air, striking my **face** with **a heavy** slap.

I grit my teeth against the pain, my anger burning hotter. “What do you think you're doing, Dane! Do you even know where you are? How dare you!! Once Deckard gets here, you'll pay for all of this, I promise you!”

The mention of Deckard makes his entire face darken.

“Deckard. Deckard, Deckard!” he mocks, vol “Is **that** all you **can say** now! **You** sing his name like a damn song!” His eyes burn with something! hadn’t seen before. That used to be my name on your lips, but look how easily you switched. **Was** I really that easy to forget, or did you never truly love me at all?

“Or **was** it

was it your plan all along” he sneers. “Were you praying

you praying to be sold off to Deckard?”

For a moment, I almost believe he’s joking. But no–Dane **is** as serious as they come. And I know now, more than ever, that the man

“Yes, Deckard has always been my dream man,

pur

you made it so **easy** for me. dan’t y

t you!” I sneer at him. ” ever be. In fact, it’s an insult to even compare you to him. Just wait until he **gets his** hands on you!”

Dane throws his head back and laughs–a deep, hysterical sound **that** chills me to the bone.

“Well, guess what now? **Take** a wild **guess, Amica...**” He pauses, letting his words settle on me

Tonce

once **knew**

“He **is** a hundred times the man you’ll

A sick grin spreads across his face. “**Your** sweet **Deckard** is dead. The Scarface man finished him off for me. And now, his position is **vacant**–mine

to take

His **words** hit me like a gunshot to the chest.

“No it can’t be” I let out a broken laugh–**one** not of joy, but disbelief, pain,

“Oh, but it is,” he taunts. “Why do you think I’m here in the first place? The Blackthorn clan has been **erased**. Cone”

My breath catches, my world idring.

“And it’s not like you have an heir **of** anything,” he continues **cruelly** “And even if you did his gaze **flickers** down to my stomach,

Td perform a little beating surgery—**a** special one just for you. It would involve **dropping a** few punches on that little belly of yours.”

He laughs

you finally found her Mary calls from behind.

As she steps closer, her eyes scan the scene—the bodies, the blood, the chaos. Her face pales, her breath hitching

“What she **gasps**. “What happened here? Why have you

done this?” Her voice trembles, panic creeping in

1... I thought all you wanted was your ex-wife?” she cries, her body shaking. “You’ve killed everyone... Why?”

Dane rolls his eyes, clearly irritated. “Oh, **please, Mary**, don’t interrupt me. You were the one who suggested I capture Amica, so why is it so wrong if 1. expand on **that** idea a linie? Make it more beneficial to me?

And just like that, my worst suspicion is confirmed—**Mary** and Dane are working together.

“No!” Mary shouts, stepping closer, her voice filled with disbelief. “You cannot do this, Dane! Have you lost your damn mind? This is not your territory to **take**! And where the hell is Deckard? I thought you said he was coming!”

Dane smirks, foldinghis arms across his chest...

“Forget about him, **Mary**,” he says smugly. “Deckard is dead. The Scarface man killed him, and by the time his men return, this place will already be mine. His grin.

“In fact he pouses, his voice thick with arrogance. This place is mine now.”

“No, no, no! That is impossible! Mary cries, shaking her head violently. The Deckard I know cannot be dead! He’s not dead! And who the hell is this Scarface man! He is nothing compared to my Deckard! Tean spill down her face as she trembles.

“You better believe it, Dane sneers. “And you better pick a side before the rest of his men get here! I am the Alpha of this castle now. There is no more Bloodbane Pack. I claim this castle, **this** territory–I **claim** everything that Alpha Deckard once owned. And that includes his mates.” He smirks, “Who used to be mine”

A deep voice rumbles from behind us.

Are you sure about **that?**”

The sound is enough to freeze **Dane** in place.

In **an** instant, he shoves me aside, and I crash onto the ground,

“I thought you were wiser than this, Dane..

I know that voice.

My body stiffens **as** I slowly turn, hesitant, my breath caught in my throat. I know that it’s not Deckard.

No.

I know exactly whose voice it is.

But I’m too afraid to look into his eyes.

It’s him. The Scarface man.

Behind him **stands** a group of rogues, their presence heavy with menace. Beside them is an elderly woman, her face worn with **age**–she looks to be in her sixties, maybe older.

If he is here.. then something truly terrible **has happened** to Deckard

Dane goes silent immediately. **I see** it–the fear in his posture, the same fear he had inflicted on the rest **of us** when he stormed in here, acting **as** if he owned the place,

But now! **Now**, he looks small.

“I–I’m sorry, sir, Dane stammers, **his** voice shaking I was just keeping it warm for you

He sounds like a scared child, nothing like the arrogant monster from before.

“Shut the hell up!” the Scarface man snaps, his voice sharp and unforgiving.

you! Gentling them all pr

all prepared for our rule!!

“Who sent you here to kill everyone, huh? Do you want them to think I’m some ruler who doesn’t think before acting? Look at **this** mess you made

-for what?”

His **glare** alone is **enough** to make Dane shrink further, his bravado crumblin

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 125[1,538 words]

Chapter 125

Dane

H

I wait, growing more anxions with each passing second, feeling the tension rise inside me=more than even Deckard and his warriors. I know that if the Scarface man doesn’t show up, it will be disastrous for me. My money and reputation are on the line.

Finally, he appears but not in any way anyone would have predicted.

The battle that e t never wanted to be part of. But the Scarface man, he’s no

someone you can predict. 1le’s dark, and sinister

It’s almost laughable how Deckard thought he could defeat him so easily. Deckard’s arrogance is his downfall, and it’s satisfying to see his cocky pride get a dose of reality.

When the Scarface man arrives, everything shifts for me. I see my opportunity and grab it. Deckard and his men are fully occupied–hands and legs literally tied up. But I wait, hidden, patiently biding my time.

When Scarface and Deckard finally face off, my eyes struggle to withstand the blinding light and the raw surge of energy that blasts from the circle. The wind is brutal, but I hold my ground, my eyes locked on the scene, waiting for the victor to emerge.

I watch with my own eyes as Deckard loses his mind in the whirlwind. In that moment, I know he won’t survive. My fortune has turned in

my

favor

Without hesitation, I slip away from the battle, to seek out the rogues who aren't engaged in combat, those lurking on the edges, waiting. Without wasting a second, I tell them. "Scarface's new order head to Deckard's castle and take his Luna"

There's no need for further explanation. The moment the words leave my mouth, more men gather. After all, who wouldn't jump at the chance to storm the great Alpha Deckard's castle and bring it down?

To ensure our entry into the city, I have the men disguise themselves in the uniforms of the fallen Gamma warriors. A perfect deception.

Hot one thing I am certain of—Scarface has no interest in Deckard's position or wealth. He is the king of rogues, and rogues have no desire to be confined by pack laws or community rules.

My plan is simple—hand Amica over to the rogues, send her off to Scarface, collect my money, and see what treasures the castle has to offer. But for a moment, I get carried away.

The realization hits me like a drug. I can have my money, my power things I only dreamed of and to top it off. I can have Amica back.

Seeing her again after all this time stirs something deep inside me. Her skin is fuller, fairer, glowing like it did when we were newly in love—when we were obsessed with each other. Until she stopped enticing me.

But now? Now, she's been pampered, showered with the wealth of the Moodbane pack. And worst of all, she's been with Deckard—countless times. The thought of him touching her, claiming her, filling her up—damn. The fire in my gut twists into something dark, something raw. It turns me the

fuck on

I know he's dead now, but I'll keep his memory alive—with Amica as my souvenir. Yes, she will stay. She will remain here, a living reminder of him. Stepping into the castle, watching everyone scramble in fear, fills me with a rush unlike anything I've ever felt. Power. Absolute power.

To be the new Deckard To have every alpha in Blackwater and beyond bowing before me, my name on their lips, my cock in their throats. The thought alone sends waves of pleasure coursing through me,

Fuck

Luckily, Mary let us in while the guards were busy interrogating Stubborn at the gate. That old bitch—thinking she could hold on to my money like it belonged to her, Such a pathetic, laughable creature. She's lucky she didn't waste more of my time handing it over.

Deckard **always** rammed himself like he was some untouchable, all knowing leader, but look at him now. He took his strongest warriors into battle. leaving only the weak behind to defend this place, What a joke. And there aren't even enough of them to put up a real fight

It's crim—Deckard never expected to fall. Never saw it coming

And that's what makes his downfall even sweeter

To be fair, nonne could have casually strolled into the castle under normal circumstances

easted The city is leavily guarded, fortress of cerurity Any enemy attempting to breach its walls would have to fight through routiple layers of protective gates and survive the unyielding defrise before even dreaming of setting foot inside the castle

fit for us it was different Luch was on our side. We didn't need to break through the city's defenses because we arrived in the very saitie cars the Opana waffiore had used to leave for triste We were their uniforms disguising carselves as their ow

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It was almost too easy. When we reached the protective gates, the guards barely glanced at us. In fact, they cheered us on from the entrance of the city, celebrating what they thought were their warriors returning victorious. Fools.

And now, here I stand, taking in my new reality. I am the new Deckard.

But Amica is hiding. Does she really believe she can hide from me forever?

As the Gamma warriors deal with the weaklings—the servants, the elders, and the pitiful soldiers who dare to resist—I scan the battlefield unfolding within the castle walls. My men are cutting them down like grass, overpowering them with ease. Yet, amidst the chaos, one warrior catches my

attention.

A particular Gamma. He fights relentlessly, refusing to surrender. His strikes are swift, precise, deadly. I watch as he takes down several of the rogues, one after another, his

blade cutting through them without hesitation. Blood stains his hands, but he does not falter. Unlike the others, he is not backing down.

Who the hell is he?

He's already on his sixth rogue, cutting them down with ruthless precision. I narrow my eyes, watching him closely, realizing that if I don't act soon, he'll reach me next.

But he's too caught up in the fight.

Seizing the moment, I creep behind him, my steps silent against the blood-soaked floor. Then, with a swift, deliberate motion, I drive my sword deep into his thigh before yanking it out.

He grunts at the pain, his blood spilling freely onto the ground—but it doesn't stop him. With sheer determination, he finishes off the rogue he was already fighting, slicing through him before finally turning to face me.

Now he's limping, weakened, and I know I can kill him easily.

I decide to toy with him first. Flicking my sword with calculated cruelty, I stab him in different places, watching his reactions, savoring the way his body flinches with each wound. His face twists in pain, but I can see where his real concern lies—the deep gash on his thigh. And he should be worried. If he doesn't tend to it soon, he'll bleed out in less than an hour.

Smirking, I drive my boot hard against that same wound. He cries out, collapsing to the ground.

And that's when I hear it.

A cry from inside.

Her.

It amuses me that I don't even have to search for her—she comes to me on her own.

Amica rushes forward, her face twisted with worry, her eyes locked on the wounded warrior at my feet. The concern in her gaze is almost touching—Almost

I smirk, gripping my sword tighter, If she cares about him so much, then I'll use that against her. "Do as I say, or he dies," I tell her.

But the fool on the ground won't shut up. Even with blood spilling from his wounds, he still finds the strength to defy me. He grits his teeth, his voice hoarse yet firm. "Don't listen to him," he tells her. "Don't obey him."

I roll my eyes.

I don't have time for this shit.

Without another thought, I drive my sword straight through his neck, watching as his body setzes up before going limp. His blood pools at my feet. has miserable life snuffed out in an instant

I look up at **Amics**, expecting to see shock, maybe horror. But she should know by now—I still have plenty of others to threaten her with. This **Karne** is just getting started, and I'm enjoying every second of it.

The rooty is silent, **bravy** with fear 1 scan their faces the workers, the maids, the helpless onlookers. Their eyes are filled with terror, **staring** at me as if I am something beyond human And in a way, I am.

A g

Their god

I am the one who holds their fate in my hands, the one who decides who lives and who dies.

Amica should **know** this better than anyone she has always been wrak, to soft hearted, too fuolish. She would never let **anyone** get hurt which makes her easy to control

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Unlike Mary.

Mary is different—fierce, ruthless, unbothered by the suffering of others. She understands power.

Amica never **will**. And that's why she will always be beneath me.

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 126[2,212 words]

Chapter 126

Dane

To my surprise, she points a gun at me.

Where the hell did she summon the audacity to do that?

How cute.

Suddenly, Amica thinks she can be tough. It's laughable, really. I smirk, teasing her, warning her not to act foolishly. She's playing a dangerous game, and we both know she isn't cut out for this. I wave a hand, signaling the Gamma warriors to restrain her.

But then—she shoots.

I know Amica. She wouldn't hurt a fly, yet here she is, pulling the damn trigger. Not just once, but three times.

For a brief moment, I actually feel of fear. The way she charges at me, gun in hand, wild and reckless—it's almost like she's someone else entirely.

Has she been training? Taking shooting lessons behind my back? Where is all this rage coming from?

Before she can fire again, one of the rogues reacts swiftly, his blade slicing through the air. His strike lands—sharp and brutal—hitting her shoulder. The gun slips from her grasp, clattering to the floor.

Relief washes over me,

She's a damn fool for playing with a weapon she can't control.

I clench my fists, my body burning with the need to teach her a lesson. She's going to pay for that little stunt.

I'm going to beat the stupidity out of her.

Laying my hand on her, I can't ignore how soft and warm her skin is—more succulent than I remember. The second my fingers graze her, a rush of old desire floods me, clouding my thoughts.

Damn.

I miss this. The feel of her, the way her scent—coconut and citrus—fills my lungs. I inhale deeply, letting darker inside.

And then she ruins it.

‘Deckard this... Deckard that...’

calm me, but it only stirs something

Her voice grates on my nerves, repeating his name like a desperate prayer. Like he’s **the** only damn man who **ever** mattered.

Enough.

I grip her tighter, forcing her to look at me. “Deckard is gone, Amica,” I growl. “I’m the one running things now.”

But before I **can say** more, a voice cuts through

“Are you **sure** of that?”

My body goes rigid.

Darn it.

I had almost forgotten my reason for being here. Got distracted. And now-

“I thought **you** were wiser than this, Dane...”

My **muscles** tighten, **my** grip on Amica loosening as I turn.

I finally acknowledge him

Scarface

He stands at the entrance, his presence suffocating Behind him, a group of rgues walts, their expressions unreadable but **heavy** with menace. They aren’t **just** here to watch

And beside them, an old woman stands Her face is lined with age, her gaze sharp despite the years. Sixty? Maybe older. But **there’s** something about her—something unsettling

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I swallow hard.

*I... I’m sorry, sir. I was just—”

“Shut the hell up!” he snaps, his voice sharp as a blade.

I freeze.

“Who the hell sent you here to kill everyone, huh?” he snarls, “Do you want them to think I’m some reckless ruler who doesn’t think before acting? Look at this mess you made—for what?”

His glares at me like I’m nothing more than a pathetic little rat scurrying at his feet.

But something about his words sticks in my mind. A ruler?

Since when does he call himself that?

Still, I know better than to challenge him directly. Instead, I quickly try to redeem myself. “Don’t be angry, Scarface, sir. I was just about to bring Amica to you, but she was being stubborn... Look!” I gesture toward the fallen rogue, his blood pooling on the floor. “She even killed one of your

men!”

Scarface’s face darkens further.

“I never asked you to bring her,” he growls, his voice low and dangerous. “She comes with the spoils of battle. There was no need for you to storm in here solo with my men!”

I swallow hard, trying to backpedal. “Oh... sorry. Please, have her. Take her and be on your way to your mansion. Do whatever you like with her while I handle the mess here-”

Scarface’s expression twists into something even darker.

“Who the hell do you think you are to tell me what to do?”

His words slap me harder

“**You** have **overstayed** your welcome here,” he adds, his tone final. “Thank you for your services... but you are no longer needed.”

“**You** can leave now while I manage **my** affairs,” Scarface says dismissively, waving a hand **as if** I’m nothing more than an inconvenience.

I blink, feeling my stomach drop.

‘L... I don’t understand, **Scarface**,” I stammer, my voice shaking despite my **best** efforts to keep it steady. “Don’t you want to **go** back home? I mean... you already have what you came here for...” I trail off, scrambling to make sense of what’s happening.

But before I can process it, a sharp, electric like jolt explodes through my **jaw as** he punch me.

I stumble backward. My legs give out beneath me, and I crash to the ground, tasting blood in my mouth.

Throw this fool out of my castle!” Scarface roars.

No-no, no, no!

“**Wait!** No-**wait**, Scarface, please! I’m sorry!” I beg as the men **seize** me, their grips like iron. “Let me **serve you!**”

But they don’t stop.

I struggle, thrashing **against** them, when suddenly-

“What is that?

Scarface’s voice **cuts** through the commotion, his eyes locked on something that had slipped from my **grasp** in the scuffle,

The chespur

One of the rogues picks it up, inspecting it with a curious expression.

“It’s his cheque, Scar, the rogue says, holding it up

Scarface tilts his head “What cheque?” **He** step forward, his hand outstretched The rogue quickly places the cheque into his palm.

I swallow hard

“It’s **it’s** mine,” I stammer, watching Scarface’s **eyes** flick over the paper. ‘Deckard gave it to me

o

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The rogue scoffs. “It’s the ransom for your head, Scar.”

Scarface’s lips smirk as he studies the cheque in amusement.

“Oh, really?” he muses, lifting the cheque, turning it over in his fingers.

He looks impressed.

“You took the ransom for my head,” Scarface says with a slow, amused smile.

I can barely breathe.

“Yes, I remember,” Cleopatra, the witch, suddenly chimes in, her voice slithering through the room like poison. “Deckard wanted my help to catch you, and he promised me half of that money.”

Scarface hums in amusement, glancing at the cheque again. “One million dollars? Interesting.” He pauses, tilting his head. Then his expression darkens.

“But if I remember correctly, I was the one who found you, Dane—not the other way around.” His grin widens, but there’s no warmth in it. “And I was the one who instructed you to inform Deckard about our meeting. So tell me... how exactly does this money belong to you?”

A sharp, cruel laugh escapes him.

I feel my stomach turn.

“I’ll be keeping this,” he **says** wickedly, slipping the cheque into his **coat** pocket. “Because you don’t deserve it. And besides—everything that once belonged to Deckard is now mine.”

My world stops.

I can’t believe my ears.

It’s like **a** bullet just went off next to my head—I can’t think, I can’t process,

Everything **I’ve** worked for. Everything I’ve planned for.

Gone.

All within minutes of this Scarface bastard walking in.

What **have** I done to myself?

I miscalculated. I **played** the wrong hand.

And now-

Damn it!

Even Deckard wasn't this bad.

But I know it's worthless to fight this.

Even if I tried to cash that cheque, there's a **chance** it wouldn't **clear**—Deckard's dead, and without his confirmation, the bank might not honor it. And let's not forget—this is Scarface we're talking about.

It would be the height of stupidity to pick **a** fight with him, knowing damn well that I'd never win.

No, the smartest move now is to beg

To stay in his shadow. To keep myself close to him. Because let's face **it**—he's the only one with that kind of money at his fingertips.

And **who** knows? If I get on his good side, he might compensate me.

Or better yet—add me to the Apex Circle if it still exists.

Whatever happens, I just need to stay on the right side of things.

Without hesitation, I drop to my knees

“Please! Please, Scarface!” I plead, desperation traking from my voice “You can have the cheque—everything! You deserve it! But please, **don't** throw me out of here. I can be of better use to you than you can imagine

sing **my** forehead against the cold Hoor

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“Just let me continue to dwell around you! I beg you, Scarface, sir!”

“Point of correction,” Scarface growls, his voice thick with authority. “I do not deserve all of this because I fought for it. I deserve it because it belongs to me!”

His words boom through the castle walls, making my stomach tighten.

“It is my inheritance, idiot!” He sneers down at me, and I shrink under his glare.

“I am Darth Blackthorn—the sole heir to the Blackthorn Clan before that usurper came and stole what was rightfully mine!”

His eyes gleam with something dark, something ancient, as he steps forward, his presence almost suffocating.

“But now...” he spreads his arms, his voice dripping with finality, “I am back. The rightful owner has returned!”

His gaze sweeps over the terrified crowd—the servants, the warriors, the elders, me.

“Hear me, subjects! You will obey my command, for your former commander is dead!”

A shiver ripples through the crowd.

“I am the true son of Uther Blackthorn, and I am here now—so from this day forward, you will all bow to me until I decide otherwise!”

His voice rises to a deafening roar.

“Let it be known to everyone! Every Alpha, every Pack in Blackwater and beyond!” His chest rises, his expression triumphant.

“Alpha Deckard is dead!”

“The Scarface Darth is alive!”

Then-

“BOW!”

“BOW TO ME, ALL YE PEASANTS!”

His words crash like thunder,

I press my forehead against the cold stone floor, lowering myself deeper than anyone else.

I need him to see me.

To notice me.

To know that **I** am worthy.

This is a new reign.

And with it, new offices will be open.

I cannot let this opportunity pass me by.

Even if all seems lost....

It is not lost yet.

“Bow!” I command, my voice loud for everyone to hear.

The others hesitate but, one by one, they lower themselves in submission.

All except **one**.

Amica

She stands rigid, defiant

I narrow my eyes.

“Bow. Amica! This is the new Alpha of Alphas!” I shout, my tone sharp, hoping to break whatever ridiculous resistance she has.

Scarface lets out a satisfied laugh, **his** chest rising with pride.

Yes I like **that!** Alpha of Alphas! That is **who** the fuck I **am!**” he **roars**, his voice filled with **vigor**

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Chapter 126

I knew it. I said the right thing.

I need to keep saying the right things.

But Amica...

I glance at her again—she still isn’t bowing.

My teeth clench.

“Bow, Amica,” I urge, my voice lower but no less forceful. “There is no use being stubborn here. Alpha Deckard is dead. This is your new Alpha.”

Her eyes burn with fury as she takes a bold step forward.

“No! You are not my Alpha!” she spits, her voice trembling but unwavering.

I freeze.

What the hell is she doing?

Where did this bitch find such audacity?

Even I wouldn't dare look Scarface in the face and say such shit to him.

"Do you want to die?" I hiss, rushing toward her. I shove her down, forcing her to bow.

Scarface roared

"Get your hands off her!"

His anger is instant, sharp as a whip.

I recoil immediately,

Scarface steps closer to Amica, towering over her with a menacing presence. His eyes rake over her like a predator sizing up his prey.

"You do have some audacity not to bow to me," he muses, his voice laced with amusement,.

"Do you not see that I am to be feared? I killed your Alpha, and I can do the same to you."

Amica doesn't flinch.

I begin to feel sorry for her.

Is this how she wants her life to end?

Before she can respond, Cleopatra, the damn witch, speaks up, her voice sultry and knowing.

"Do not worry, Darth," she coos. "She will be bowing to you in no time—once you put your heir in her."

The room shifts.

Something about those words sends a shudder through me.

I glance at Amica.

For a brief moment, I actually pity her—being passed from one Alpha to another like some prize to be claimed.

Well **at** least she'll enjoy the luxuries that come with it.

I feel more sorry for myself because, unlike her, I do not know what my fate holds anymore.

Once the tension settles, I realize that Scarface **harnot** thrown **me** out

I can still go in and out of the castle as I please.

That's okay for now.

But deep down, I mourn the great loss I've suffered.

I notice Mary in the corner of my **eye**

She **won't** even look at me.

Chapter 126

I think she hates me.

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