

# Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 128[ 1,466 words ]

Chapter 128

Amica

Deckard isn't dead. He can't be.

And if he is... where does that leave me?

Our relationship has always been complicated—strained, uncertain—but we **were** finally getting somewhere, **weren't** we?

Especially in these last few days. I wasn't even sure about staying in this castle anymore, not after discovering what we truly were to each other in a mythical sense and that he has kept me in the dark about it because he thought it was irrelevant... Though, at this point, it doesn't feel mythical **at** all. Every consequence of that bond reflects mostly in me.

I realize Deckard's death might not even be my biggest problem.

Dane, that madman. Scarface—the one I swore I'd never face again. They're here—all of them.

The castle is falling apart. And in the middle of it all, I'm standing here, watching it crumble before me without a plan.

I could leave. I should leave. There's nothing holding me here anymore. No throne. No bond. No future.

And yet... these people, this place, they're no longer just Deckard's. They're mine too.

So, what do I do? Do I run? Or do I stay for them?

If Deckard is truly dead, then the bond between us should be broken. But it doesn't feel that way. He still feels alive to me...but if he is gone, I'm free. Free from the sickness that made me weak-

So why don't I feel relieved?

Why does the thought of leaving make my chest tighten instead of feeling lighter?

Darth sits on the throne, a twisted mockery of the power that once ruled here. The grand hall, once sophisticated with elegance, now reeks of filth and ruin. The castle has

changed, But it's not the stones or the walls that have changed—it's the people who now call it home.

Rogues.

"I am looking for **a** man." His gaze sweeps the room before landing on me.

"I'm sure you know him **well**, Amica. I am looking for my uncle, Collin." He leans forward, "Tell me, did your Alpha kill him?"

to **twist** this in my favor. But it's useless.

For **a** fleeting moment, I considered lying. Weighing my words carefully, wondering if there **was a**

This castle belongs to him now. He will **tear** through every inch of it, and the truth will come out soon enough.

I lift my chin, meeting his **gaze**. "**Yes. Your** uncle **is** locked in the underground **cell**."

Darth's expression flickers before he laughs, **a** low, amused sound.

"**Really?** He's alive?" He scoffs, shaking his head. "And why is that? Why did Deckard keep him breathing?"

He leans **back**, smirking. "These conventional **Alphas... so** sentimental. No matter **what power** runs through their veins, they're still weak. No wonder he died so easily."

"If Deckard is truly dead—**if you** killed him, as you claim—**where's** the proof?" My **voice** is **steady**, challenging.

Darth's amusement deepens. His eyes **gleam** as he studies me, head tilting slightly, **as** if seeing me for the first time.

"**Wow.**" He exhales, almost impressed. "You're much bolder than the last time I saw **you**." **A** smirk tugs at his **lips**. "The **last** time... **you were on** your knees, begging **me** to take **off your** clothes."

**My** stomach tightens, but I say nothing.

"And now?" He **gestures vaguely** at me. "**Now, here you are**, standing **in defiance**. What **happened to our love?**"

He chuckles as if **it's** all a game, but I refuse **to give** him the **reaction** he wants.

I do not reply.

**“You know** what, **Amica?**” Darth drawled, his smirk **never fading**. “Why don’t you take me **to** the **cell**? Take me **to** my **uncle**... and **maybe, just** maybe,

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I’ll be generous enough to tell you where your man’s body is.”

He rose from the throne with a slow, grace, crossing the hall toward me. I barely acknowledged him, my attention fixed on Bría. She was trembling. barely holding herself together after the torment she had endured at the hands of Dane and the other rogues.

Darth stopped beside me, towering over where I sat.

“Get up,” he commanded.

I didn’t move.

Bria clutched my arm weakly. “Please, Luna... don’t make this worse,” she whispered. “Just do what he says.”

Before I could respond, Mary shot up from where she was sitting.

“If she won’t show you, I will,” she said, wiping at her tear-streaked face. “I know every passage of this place—I’ll take you.”

Darth turned his gaze to her, assessing. “And who might you be?” His said curios. “I don’t believe you’ve introduced yourself yet.”

Mary swallowed hard before answering, “I am Mary... a doctor.” There was a slight tremor in her voice, but she stood firm, **as** if the title alone could make her presence matter.

Darth chuckled, unimpressed. “Doctor Mary.” He let the words roll off his tongue like an afterthought. “Your willingness to help is noted...But I’d much rather the Luna show me the way.”

His gaze returned to me, expectant, waiting.

“Well, Amica, show him,” Mary snapped, her voice sharp with resentment. “Don’t cause any more trouble for us. People have already died because of you!”

Her words cut deep, but I **was** too drained to retaliate. Instead, I glanced around the room. Bria, pale and trembling, clung to my aunt, Pamela. Their eyes—wide with **fear**—pleaded with me **to** comply.

Swallowing my pride, I **rose** to my feet.

I walked ahead, leading Darth through the winding corridors of the **castle**, his footsteps steady behind me, his presence pressed down on me, suffocating.

“Follow us,” he called **to** one of his guards, and the man fell in line without question.

The **air** grew damp **as** we descended into the underground basement. The **scent** of mildew and **rusty** iron filled my lungs. As soon **as** Collin caught a glimpse of Darth, his **face** lit up, his **voice** cracking with joy.

“Darth? Oh, Darth! Is that really you?” He let **out** a strained laugh, his **eyes** gleaming despite the grime coating his skin.

Darth stepped forward, his expression darkening. “Collin! What the **hell** have they done **to** you?” He said

“I knew you would never leave me here. I knew you’d come **back** for me—no **matter** how long it took!” Collin’s **voice** broke **as** he spoke, thick with emotion.

**Darth’s** jaw clenched. “Open the cell. Now.”

The guard scrambled to obey, keys jingling as he unlocked the **heavy** iron door. But Collin was still bound—thick chains wrapped around his **wrists** and ankles, keeping him shackled.

“Where are the keys to the chains?” **Darth** demanded, his voice **sharp** and unwavering. “Get them and open him up. **Now.**”

The guard fumbled with the keys, his hands trembling as he obeyed. The **metal** groaned as the **shackles** fell away, finally setting Collin **free**.

Collin staggered slightly, his body **frail**, his **once**—imposing stature reduced to a **shadow of** itself. But **despite** his **weakened state**, he managed to throw his arms around Darth, clutching him in a **desperate** embrace.

Darth stiffened for a brief moment before returning **the** hug, “**What have** they done to **you**, Collin?” His **voice**, though **rough**,

“Did they **starve** you?”

Collin let out a weak chuckle. “Oh, **yes... They** did everything **they could** to break me, **to** make me **reveal** who **you were**. But **I never** did. I trusted that **you** would come for me... and you **did**.” His voice **wavered** with emotions.

Without **another** word, **we** turned and walked out **of** the bunker,

“I need **two** guards **here! Now!**” **Darth’s voice** boomed through **the** hall.

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Within seconds, two men appeared, standing at attention.

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“Take my uncle,” he ordered. “See that he is cleaned up and fed until he is full.”

The guards nodded, moving swiftly to assist Collin. As they led him away, he cast a glance back at Darth.

Darth turned to me, his lips curling into a slow, amused smile. “Now, back to you, Luna,” he drawled, taking steps closer. “I did promise to tell you about Deckard if you brought me here. And I’m a man of my word, so... I’m happy to inform you that—well, your man...” He paused, tilting his head as if savoring the moment. “He’s dead. As dead as they come.”

“And his body?” He let out a soft chuckle, “Fed on by savage rogues. So, really, there’s not much left of him that you’d recognize.”

I sucked in a sharp breath.

Darth studied my face, waiting—perhaps for tears, maybe for me to break. But I refused to give him that satisfaction.

“So forget about him, Amica,” he said, his voice turning almost light, as if he were offering friendly advice. “This is a new reign. Get used to it.”

Then, with a slow, mocking laugh, he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving me standing there—frozen.

# Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 129[ 1,346 words ]

## Chapter 129

Mary

If Deckard is dead—truly dead, as this scar-faced man claims—then I am utterly and completely screwed.

Oh, Deckard! The thought of never seeing him again hurts my chest. I hate that our last moments together were filled with tension, that we left things unresolved. I never got to kiss him, never got to whisper a final word, never got the chance to hold onto him, even for just a second longer. And now, he's gone—ripped from this world, leaving nothing behind but a gaping emptiness.

But if I'm being completely honest, for months now, all my hopes of making Deckard truly see me have been slipping further and further away. It's as if, no matter what I did, he had already made his choice. Slowly but surely, he became so fond of Amica- that he even almost gave her the one thing I had always wanted from him: a child.

Even when I tried my best to sabotage her, to hurt her, to make her disappear from his life, I still couldn't have him. Not in the way I wanted.

And now, Deckard is dead. Gone. Killed by this merciless stranger who calls himself Darth,

Darth is our new alpha, our commander, He rules with an iron will, colder and harsher than anything I have ever known. He isn't just some outsider who took over by force—no, he is Deckard's blood. His brother The son of Uther Blackthorn, as he so proudly claims. That means his power runs deeper than just an alpha's authority.

I have always been drawn to power. Strength, dominance, these things have always captivated me. **If** I had **ever** found a man more formidable than Deckard, I would have gone to him without hesitation. But the truth is, I never did. Deckard **was** the strongest of them all.

But now, Deckard is dead.

And just like that, everything he once had—his title, his lands, his rule—now belongs to Darth. He is the new force, the new ruler, the one who holds all the cards. What was once Deckard's to command now bends to Darth's will, and no one can challenge him. No one dares to.

But I see this for what it truly is—an opportunity.

If I can get close to Darth, if I can make him see my worth, if I can become indispensable to him, then everything changes. I will no longer be the woman who **was** overlooked, the one who fought in the shadows for scraps **of** affection. No—I will be the one by his side. And this time, I will make **sure** no one takes that from me.

**So** when he calls on **Amica** to take him to the cell and she **hesitates**, trying to stand her ground, I **see** my opening. Without wasting a second, I step forward, offering to lead him myself. But he rejects me, brushing past my attempt without a second thought.

That's fine. I expected this. I have no plans to back down.

Everyone here hates him. Everyone here **fears** him. But I? I will show him nothing but **loyalty** and devotion.

I know for **a fact** that Darth has no mate yet. That means he is unattached, unclaimed—an opportunity waiting to be seized.

This is my chance to **secure a powerful Alpha for myself**, I just need to be smart about it, to find **a way** to make **myself** indispensable to him. To make him see me as the only woman worthy of standing by his side.

After we were finally released from the introduction session, I found myself wondering—had I made a mistake by staying behind in this castle? Deckard had asked me to leave, had made it clear that there was no **place** for me **here**. And **yet**, I stayed. Something in me refused to walk **away**, refused to let go of the life I had fought for.

I sat in my room for hours, thinking, plotting. I needed a plan. And then, just like **that**, **it** came to me.

Without hesitation, I got up, left my room, and went to find him. **But** when I searched the **castle**, he was nowhere to be found.

Instead, I **saw** something **unusual**—**a** flickering glow outside, **a** fire burning bright against the darkness. Curious, I followed the light, my **steps careful** and silent **as** I made my **way** toward it.

Darth, sitting alone in front of **a roaring** bonfire, the flames casting shadows **over** his **scarred face**.

What the hell is he doing? Why does he **act** so **primal**, so untamed?

I hesitated for **a moment**, then forced myself forward,

Slowly, I walked toward him, **my** voice soft but confident.

“Hello... Darth... hi.”

I swallowed, keeping **my posture** composed

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“Mary the doctor?” he says, his voice carrying something I can’t quite place.

“What are you doing, sir?” I ask, though something deep inside warns me against speaking to him.

“Keeping warm under the moonlight, as you can see,” he replies, his tone flat, uninterested. “What do you want?”

“Oh, it’s nothing...” I say quickly, “I just wanted to let you know that I understand everything that is going on. A new reign has begun, and we have to forget the old. I am in no position to argue or protest against that. Anything you need, let me know. If I can be of help, I will. And if not, I will find someone who can.”

He watches me for a moment, and I feel like I’m being studied, picked apart piece by piece.

“Interesting,” he finally says. “I’ll keep that in mind. But tell me, Doctor Mary, do you live here?”

“Oh yes, I do,” I answer, trying to keep my voice steady.

“Right in the same house as the Alpha and his mate?” His gaze sharpens. “Are you just a doctor that happens to live here, or is there more to you?”

I freeze. I know exactly what he **is** insinuating

“Oh, well, I truly am a doctor. My team and I help here at the castle sickbay, but you are right—I am not **just** an ordinary doctor...” I smile. “I am quite acquainted with the important people of this pack, and that includes Alpha Deckard... **rest** his soul,” I **say**.

“Ah, I see. Is that why you speak to the Luna in such a manner? Because you used to warm the Alpha’s bed?” His words shock me, and I do not know how to reply.

“Wha... that is not... well...” I stutter.

“**Did I say** something wrong, Doctor Mary?” he **says**. Something about his tone makes me uneasy. It’s like he is drilling into me, searching my soul, picking apart my lies. I am too shocked to deny him **answers**.

“Well... it is not what you think it is... Deckard and I could have never worked,” I say, like a fool caught in the **act**.

“Okay,” he says simply and throws a stone into the fire.

\***So why are** you here? Oh, wait—you wanted to let me know that **I** have your support... yeah, **got it**,” he **says**, and it completely throws me off my confidence. I suddenly feel so stupid, standing there in silence, unsure of what to say.

Why is this one so weird?

“**Is** there anything **else**?” he asks dismissively.

“**Err... yeah**, the rogues... some of them **are** injured. Can my team and I look at them?” The words tumble out before I can **stop** them.

What the hell am I saying? I **have** no interest in caring for the rogues! **I hate** them. Why would I even want to look **after** those animals?

“Well, then **I can** start with you,” I **say** quickly. “You’ve been fighting all **day**. I’m sure you’ve sustained some injuries. **Please**, let me look **after you**.”

He scoffs, his smirk **lazy** and unreadable. “**I sustained** no injury,” he **replies**. “But you can go **after** the **rogues**. They might **appreciate** the touch **of a** beautiful woman on **them** more **than I** do.” he **chucked**

Disgust twists in my stomach immediately. What **exactly** is he insinuating?

## Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 130[ 1,235 words ]

Chapter 130

Darth

My uncle Collin has truly been of great help to me during all this time of trying to find my way back home. He is the one who found me when I was lost, the one who helped me build my army, especially after he was cast out of the pack by Deckard. And now, after all of that, he finds himself locked up once again, this time as Deckard’s captive—all because of me.

I can say without hesitation that Collin has been more of a father to me than my own blood ever was. My real father, the great Uther Blackthorn, rossed me aside like I was nothing the moment he realized his bastard son carried power. A threat to his perfect legacy. But Collin? Collin has always been there—for my mother and for me. He stood by us when no one else did.

Collin deserves everything I have to offer him.

“Darth. I hear that you wanted to see me?” he says, his voice familiar and steady as he walks toward me.

“Oh yes. Uncle. I hope you are well—rested and relaxed now,” I say, watching as he comes closer and takes a seat beside me.

He looks at me for a moment, a proud gleam in his eyes. Then, with a slow nod, he speaks. “Look how far we have come! After all these years. everything we have been chasing is finally within our grasp. Deckard is dead. No heir, no legacy left behind. The throne is yours. I am so proud of you, my boy.”

A small smile tugs at his lips, and for the first time in a long time, I feel the weight of our victory settling into my bones.

“Hmm. I called you here to thank you and offer you a few gifts for all your loyalty.”

Collin smirks shaking his head slightly. “Oh, Darth, you do not have to do that. Seeing you at the top is enough of a gift for me.”

“Well, that is not enough” I say firmly. “Pick any one of my father’s companies that you would like to be CEO of, and it will become yours—along **with** its branches all over the world. It also comes with other enticing perks.”

Collin’s is speechless. Then, his face lights up with joy. “Oh really? Wow!” he exclaims, his voice thick with happiness.

He could not stop thanking me.

“You are now the Alpha of Alphas. **You**, Darth! Thanks to Cleopatra...”

“Not yet, Collin,” I correct him, my expression turning serious. “You are right about all this being thanks to Cleopatra, but I am not yet the Alpha of Alphas

Collin’s brows furrow in confusion. “Why?”

I inhale deeply, gathering my thoughts. “There is something I have been meaning **to ask** you, Uncle, but you **were** yanked from our hands before I ever got the chance.”

He listens intently **as** I continue.

“The blood we got from Deckard’s heir... it did not work on me.” I let the words settle between us, waiting for his reaction.

Collin’s face twists in shock. “Why wouldn’t it work? Did Cleopatra get her formulas wrong?” he asks,

“Oh no, she didn’t,” I say, “The blood burned me. Cleopatra claimed there’s only one **reason** for that...” I let the weight **of** my words settle.

Collin leans forward, “What reason could that be? And if it **didn’t** work, how **did** you manage to defeat Deckard?” His questions come in a rush, his urgency palpable.

\*Cleopatra says I **am** a bastard. That I **am** not the true son of Uther Blackthorn.”

Collin recoils as **if** struck. “What blasphemy! Why would she say such a thing? **If we** didn’t hold her in such high regard, I would **say** she **deserves** punishment for speaking such nonsense!” he protests angrily.

“You’re not listening, Collin,” I snap, **my** voice low but firm. “Cleopatra didn’t just say it. The dragon blood **rejected** me. It burned me. If I were truly Uther Blackthorn’s son, I should have strong traces of the dragon blood within me, **right**? But my body reacted **to** it as if parasites **were being** injected into my bloodstream.” My breath got heavy.

“I need you to tell me the truth, Collin. **Who** is my real **father**?”

Collin’s face hardens, his mouth opening, then closing. He **scoff’s**, shaking his head. “How the hell am I **supposed** to know **that**?”

Callin’s **face** twists with frustration as he **yells**. “**As** far as I know, Uther is your father, and you **are his son!**”

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I watch him closely, reading every flicker of emotion on his face. “You know,” I begin, my voice calm “growing up, I noticed the closeness between you and my mother. But I always assumed you were just fond of her. The way you always had our backs, the way you treated me as if I were your

own son—even now...”

Collin shifts uncomfortably, his hands curling into fists. “Wha... what are you driving at, Darth?” His voice wavers, and I could see beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

“Let me finish, Uncle,” I say, my voice turning sharper. “Even now, as a grown man, I still see your unwavering support.

“It’s strange, isn’t it? That you’ve **never** fathered a child after all these years. And yet, you’ve always been there for me. You have never been on good terms with Uther, not since I could remember, but despite that, you never distanced yourself from me or my mother. Why? What kind of loyalty is that?”

Collin’s breathing quickens...

“I know you’re Uther’s younger brother,” I continue, stepping closer, “but there has always been this rift between the two of you. I never understood what it was about... but now, it all makes sense.”

Collin eyes darting away from mine, and in that moment, I know—I’ve struck the truth.

“Was it over my mother? Tell me!”

As I speak, memories flood my mind, pieces of a puzzle snapping into place. It was all there before—right in front of me. The hushed conversations, the glances, the times I walked in on them standing too close, whispering in tones too secretive for mere in-laws. But I was just a child. How could I have understood?

But now I do.

I get up and take a step closer, towering **over** him, my presence demanding the truth. “I’m ordering you to tell me, Collin. Lying will only make things worse for both of us—especially for you. So answer me. Are you my father?”

Collin rises from his seat, his **face** drenched in sweat and his stance uneasy.

“Darth, please,” he pleads. “I don’t want you to do anything you’ll regret. I am not your father. You have to stop saying these things. Your true father is Uther—my brother. You know that. I... I have **never** been able to father a son of my own.” His voice shakes, but he presses on. “That is why you’re so important to me. It **doesn’t** matter what my relationship with my brother **was** like... You are like a son to me.”

His words hang in the air, but they do nothing **to** douse the fire burning inside me. My instincts tell me otherwise. I know he’s lying.

I couldn’t take it anymore. My hand swung hard across his **face**, the impact sharp. Blood trickled from his nose, staining his lips as he stumbled back in shock.

