

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 131[1,605 words]

Chapter 131

Darth

“The next time I ask you this, you will not have the liberty to use your tongue,” I growl, “Because I will rip it from your mouth with my bare hands before you have the chance to utter another lie.”

Collin’s eyes widen with fear, his breath coming in short, uneven gasps. He trembles as he finally breaks.

“Please... I beg you...” he stammers, “It’s not my fault. My brother—he took everything from me! I never had anything of my own. Not our father’s love, not the position of heir—nothing! He treated me like I wasn’t even part of the family, like I was an outsider meant to feed on the scraps of his wealth and power.”

His body began shaking with the weight of his confession.

“I told him, over and over, that I wanted to stand on my own. That all I needed was a piece of the inheritance our father left us. But he refused. He always wanted me in the shadows, beneath him. He never once believed that I was capable of handling anything. And that... that is what drove me to the edge.

I was a nobody until I met your mother,” he admits, his tone filled with **raw** emotion. “Sarah... she was the only one who **saw** me for who I truly was. She never judged me, never looked down on me like everyone else did.

But the day my brother laid eyes on her... I knew he would take her from me. I saw it in the way he looked at her. He wanted her. And once Uther wanted something, he always found a way to get it. But Sarah and I... we were in love. We were inseparable.”

His voice cracks, and he lets out a bitter laugh.

Then one *day*, my brother called me. He asked about Sarah. He wanted to know what she meant to me.

I **was** furious. Enraged. How dare he ask me such a thing? Who did he think he **was**? Did he want to take her too? Wasn’t it enough that he already had everything else?

But then.... in my anger, **a** thought crept into my mind. And I went with it.

I lied to him. I told Uther that Sarah and I **were** just friends. That there was nothing between us. That she wasn't even my type.

The moment Uther heard this, I **saw** it. The shift in his expression. The sudden gleam of interest in his eyes. He leaned in, his tone casual but intentional-

'Really? So you wouldn't mind if I pursue her then? She has caught my eye, and I believe she could make a fine mate.

The words cut through me like a blade. I should have fought for her. I should have told him no. But instead, my mind... it went **dark**.

I **saw** the pattern repeating-**always** in my brother's shadow, **always** beneath him, and now my future children would suffer the same fate. My son would be nothing more than **a** forgotten heir, an afterthought, just like me.

I refused to let that happen.

Sarah was hesitant **at** first. She loved me. She wanted me. But I made her **see** reason. I told her that she could **carry** my child, not Uther's. That our love would live on through the son she bore, and he would one day **have** everything denied to me.

I promised her that I would never **leave**. That I would **always** be by her side, supporting her in **secret**.

And... in time, Sarah agreed. She **saw that what** I wanted was our future, not just mine.

So, I took her to Uther. I introduced **them**. And Sarah... she played her role perfectly.

Uther fell for her, just as I had planned."

Collin's voice cracked as he continued, his hands trembling.

"At the **start** of their marriage, I **was always** there, **making** sure my seed took root in Sarah's womb. I couldn't **leave** anything **to** chance-I had **to** make sure she bore my son, not Uther's." His voice dropped to a whisper. "And when she finally **fell pregnant**, it was the **happiest** moment **of** our lives.

Then you were born, Darth. My son. Everything had gone **exactly** as I planned."

"But then, the prophecy came. And Deckard-was born, ruining everything."**he spat the name with hatred**

He let out a heavy sigh, wiping his tear-streaked **face**, "**I never tried** for another child. You were enough. I **didn't** even bother **to deny** the rumors. that I was incapable of

fathering a child. I let them believe **it**. I let it all fly because, **for** a time, everything was **perfect**.” **But** then it wasn’t.” His

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shoulders shook. “I lost everything. When I heard about the plane crash... I swear, it was as though my life ended right there. Your mother hated me. She blamed me for it all—and she was right.”

Collin fell to his knees, gripping my arms with desperation.

I am so sorry, Darth. You didn’t deserve any of this. Please... forgive me.”

“You ARE telling me that after everything you did, I still end up being the son who gets nothing? I have to claw my way to the top while you sit back and watch? Look at how much I suffer because of your greed!

You **ruin** my life! I should be the one—the Alpha of Alphas—but you contaminate me with your blood! You destroy every chance I have, you motherfucker!”

I lunge forward, my hand wrapping around his throat, squeezing the air from his lungs.

“You came posing as my protector, acting like you cared, but all this time, you were the cause of my misery! My whole life—every struggle, every hardship—all because of you! I will end you now!”

Rage consumes me, my grip tightening as I watch him struggle.

“Please, Darth_ please! I am so sorry... forgive me...” he gasps, his fingers clawing at my hand, but I don’t let go.

“Darth! What the hell are you doing?” Cleopatra’s voice rings out behind me. Cleopatra’s voice barely reached me through the thick haze of my fury. My grip on Collin’s throat tightened as his face turned a deep shade of red. The man who had ruined my life, who had stripped me of my true destiny, he choked, his eyes bulging. His hands slapped against my wrists, a feeble attempt to break free.

“Killing this bastard, as you can see_” I **growl**, refusing to loosen my grip.

“Leave him! Leave him now!” Cleopatra yells,

I ignored her.

I should kill him. Right here. Right now.

“I built myself from nothing!” I snarled, pressing my fingers harder into his throat. “I should have been the Alpha of Alphas! But because of you— because of your selfishness— I **have** spent my entire **life** clawing my way up from the dirt!”

“Darth__ please. I **was** only trying **to—**”

“Shut **up!**” I roared.

“Darth, I said let him go!” Cleopatra’s **voice was sharper** this time, commanding.

“Fuck!”

I yank my hands off him, breathing heavily.

“Do you know what this bastard did? Everything is his **fault!** Everything!” I roar, my voice echoing through the room.

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“Do you think killing him is the solution?” Cleopatra snaps **back**, her tone sharp and unwavering.

“I’m so sorry, son!” Collin cries, his voice breaking.

“Don’t you ever call me your son, you worthless degenerate!” I growl,

“What’s done is done,” Cleopatra interrupts. “Now, **we** need **to** move forward.”

“If Collin is truly your father, then there’s still hope,” she continues. “Collin is Uther’s brother, which means **you** still **share** the same bloodline. It might be weaker compared to his, **but** it’s **there.**”

“The dragon blood could have killed you instantly, throwing you into violent seizures, shutting **down** your organs—leading **to** death. But it didn’t. Your body didn’t accept **it**, **but** it didn’t completely **destroy** you **either.**”

I glare **at** her, my breathing still ragged..

Cleopatra meets **my** gaze. “The blood I injected into **your veins** was strong **enough** to **do** permanent damage **since your system rejected the** dragon’s power. But you survived. It only **hurt you**, and I was able **to extract** it. That means there’s **still** a **chance—still a bit of hope.**”

Hope.

The thought makes **my** stomach churn.

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“Becoming the Alpha of Alphas is still very much achievable especially now that we know that you still carry the blood. but we have to begin the ritual as soon as possible,” Cleopatra says firmly. “First, you and Amica must undergo a bonding ceremony—you need to get married.”

“We can arrange that immediately,” I say, the thought of marriage settling in my mind.

“First, we need the Luna to reject the Deckard,” she adds.

“I thought he was already dead. Why does she need to reject him?” I ask, frowning.

“It’s crucial,” Cleopatra explains. “In our eyes, she may still be bound to him. She needs to speak the words and sever the bond completely, making her body and spirit open to accept a new mate. The moment she does, you claim her immediately.”

“What difference does a marriage make this time?” I spit out, my patience wearing thin.

“This isn’t just any marriage,” she replies with a smirk. “This is a union with the Luna of Lunas. I have the Dragon’s Bane here, and I can use it to awaken traces of the dragon blood within you. Once I do that, the bonding ceremony will be effortless. You will automatically inherit the powers of the dragon’s blood.”

She steps closer, her voice filled with conviction.

“You will become fire itself—undisputed and unstoppable.”

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 132[1,088 words]

Chapter 132

Amica

I don’t know how much longer I can endure this. These animals—these rogues—are everywhere, instilling

tilling fear in everyone around them. I can't even begin to imagine the chaos outside the city. I feel trapped, powerless, with no clear path forward. But I have to find a way to drive them out of here—out of my city.

Right now, the rogues serve as my so-called bodyguards. They patrol my room, lurk in every corner of the castle, always **watching**. The servants and workers have been rounded up and confined in one of the halls, forced into submission under the weight of fear.

What can I do to change this! How can I make things better? Even I am nothing more than a prisoner in my own home.

If Deckard is truly dead, does that mean his Beta, his Omega, and the rest of his strongest warriors are gone too?

Fuck

Does anyone outside Blackwater even know what's happening here? **What** about those in Apex Circle! If I could just get a message to them, maybe—just maybe they could help.

If I could just find a room with a phone or a computer.. but right now, I'm locked away in a space that has nothing. No furniture, no windows, no way to reach the outside world. It's as if the room was deliberately stripped bare before they threw me in here. I didn't even know a place like this

existed in the castle.

Restless. I pace back and forth. frustration boiling inside me. Then, suddenly, I hear the door lock click open.

A rogue steps inside.

"Scarface requests your presence. Come with me," he says.

I don't hesitate. Anything is better than being trapped in **that room**

I follow him in silence, moving through the hallways. He leads me to another wing of the castle. As we step into the living room, I scan the space, expecting to see Darth—but he's not here.

The rogue doesn't stop. He keeps **walking**, leading me farther,

"Where are we going?" I **ask**, my voice steady but laced **with suspicion**.

"To see Scarface, **of course**."

The rogue leads me into one of the master bedrooms. He knocks on the **door**.

“Come in,” Scarface **calls** from inside.

I hesitate for a moment.

“Scarface asked you to come in closer... move!,” the rogue **says**, his voice thick with harshness.

I walk in slowly, my steps careful. Darth’s **eyes** shift from me to the rogue who let me in.

“Cane?” Darth calls, his tone calm but carrying an edge.

“Yes, Scarface?”

“Don’t speak to the Luna in that tone again.” His voice is low, quiet—but dripping with **danger**.

“Yes, Scarface, sir!” I quickly adjust his tone, bow my head, and shut the door behind me.

I step farther into the room but keep my distance, leaning against the wall.

At first, silence hangs between us. Then, finally, he **speaks**.

“You must be wondering **why** I **asked you** here. Well, I just wanted to have a conversation with you. I **know** everything right now is confusing. I know I’m the culprit—I killed your mate, **and** now I’ve **taken** over **this palace**. But you should know... this place was originally mine in the first

“You should have been here in the first place, and I’m doing everything I can to

correct the current

of my mistake”

I stay silent for a moment, trying to make sense of what the hell he’s talking about.

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“Well, I’m sure you’re wondering where all of this is coming from, but it has come to my attention that we need to get married as soon as possible,”

— says, completely devoid of remorse.

Of all the things I expected him to do to me, marriage was the last **thing** I ever thought would come out of his mouth.

“Oh yes, a wedding.” he continues casually. “And you don’t **have** a say

y in it. The ceremony will take place in a

a few do

days. Like **I said**, your opinion doesn’t matter. But before that, you need to reject your mate **in** front of everyone—then we can proceed with our **union**.”

I remain frozen, stunned by the smugness in his voice, unable to even process my thoughts. Who the hell does this ugly bastard think he is? Does heamuth believe I would ever marry **him**?

“That is never going to happen,” I spit out,

“Oh, but it will Amica,” he replies, his tone drips with certainty-

“You will reject your mate wholeheartedly and accept me **as** yours,” he continues, his voice eerily calm. “Then, we will proceed with our bonding ceremony and consummate our union. That is the only way for me to become the Alpha of Alphas. But if you refuse... He leans in closer, his breath hot against my i

y skin. “A lot of terrible things will happen—to you **and** to the people you care about.”

“Every day, I will choose someone—whether from Blackwater or beyond, woman or child—and I will rip them apart right in front of you. Every. Single. Day” He **smirks**, “It could be one person, or it could be more. But **I’m sure** you don’t want that, do you?”

My stomach clenches with dread, but I refuse to let him

“People will call me a monster,” he adds with a chuckle, “but they’ll never know what led me to become one.”

Here’s a polished version of your passage in present tense with better flow and clarity:

“In fact, I will make sure they **know** exactly why they are dying,” he continues, his tone disturbingly casual, as if this is all just a joke to him. “Their so-called Luna refuses to do what it takes to **save** them”

I **can** see it in **his** eyes—he’s a lunatic. The way

he

speaks,

iks, the ww

way he carries himself... He's completely unhinged. But that doesn't make him any less dangerous. Underestimating a madman is a mistake **I can't** afford to make.

I stand there silently, my mind racing **as** I try to figure out my next move. Then, something clicks,

Why does he need me to reject Deckard if Deckard is already dead?

But before I can dwell on it too long, another idea takes **shap**

shape-running-

I **escape** the castle, there will be no reason for him to kill anyone. I won't be here to witness it, and without an audience, he won't be able to achieve whatever twisted goal he **has** in mind.

I just need to find a way out.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 133[1,394 words]

Chapter 133

Amica

Marry Darth? The so-called Scarface man? Over my dead body. I don't care what's at stake-I will not be violated by another power-hungry brute against my will.

He watches me, expecting a reaction, but my mind is still reeling.

"Hey! Did you zone out?" We're getting married!" **He** shook his hands in the air whimsically **as** though it were a thing of celebration.

"I... well..." I stammer, struggling to hide my disgust.

Darth chuckles, shaking his head,

"Alright, I get it. I suppose it's too soon for you, huh?" He tilts his head, studying me with mock sympathy. "After all, we're only reconnecting for the second time, and I'm already

asking for your hand in marriage. Heh, maybe I am a bit old-school.” His voice drips with false charm,

Then his smirk sharpens. “I’ll give you a day to think about it. But make no mistake—by this time tomorrow, you’d better be used to the idea.”

He claps his hands together, “Alright, go have fun. But of course...” His eyes darken. “Under supervision.”

I turn to leave, rage simmering beneath my skin. But then a thought creeps into my mind.

I inhale sharply, forcing my voice to remain steady. “Please, can I be allowed back into the main **castle**? I am not comfortable in that prison. This is my castle, and I deserve to be treated with the utmost respect. And..” I swallow the lump in my throat,

Darth leans back, grinning like I just told him an amusing joke. “Oh wow! Such audacity! I like that.” His eyes glint “I always knew there was an edge to you beneath all that beauty.”

I hold my breath as he considers my request.

“Hmmm.... well, you are right,” he finally **says**, rubbing his jaw. “You’re still the Luna, and in a few days, you’ll be my Luna. You deserve queen treatment.”

He snaps his fingers. “Ben!”

The guard rushes in, standing at attention.

“Take the Luna wherever she wants to go in the castle, but keep a very close watch on her,” Darth orders, Then, with a smirk, he adds, “Oh, and take away anything that could make her do something... silly.”

His gaze flickers back to me, his smirk deepening. “I don’t fully trust you yet, my Luna-to-be.”

I don’t **react**. Instead, I nod, turning on my heel as Ben gestures for me to move.

Once I step into my room, my heart sinks. Everything is gone. My phone, my laptop—any gadget that could help me reach the outside world, even the television. The room feels emptier than before,

I exhale sharply, pacing **as** I try to think. I need a plan. I need to **get** everyone out of this nightmare.

I haven't seen the full extent of the damage outside, but I know it's bad. The rogues **have overrun** Blackwater, and every second that **passes** only strengthens their hold.

I can't be the Luna of rogues. I **won't** be.

Escaping now would be nearly impossible. I want to try, but something inside me—Ezra, my wolf—pushes **back** against the idea.

"Then what do you want me *to* do?" I **snap** at her in frustration.

"We cannot **reject** Deckard," she **growls**. "It's too soon. And worst **of** all, we cannot be bonded to that **savage**."

I let out a bitter laugh. "Oh, **please** tell me something I don't already know. Do **you** think I want to **stay** here? Do **you** think I **want to go** through the same hell I went through with Deckard?"

Ezra remains silent, but I can feel her **anger** vibrating **through me**.

"Well, it **wasn't** as bad as **it was** with Dane!" Ezra **snaps**.

I scoff. "Oh, **so** now we're comparing **our** different series of unfortunate events, are we?" My patience is thinning,

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"**It** wasn't all bad with Deckard. **It** was just trust issues, and he **was** starting to trust you."

I roll my eyes. "Right. Trust issues. That's putting it lightly."

"Deckard is your true mate, and I don't believe that he's dead. We should be out there, checking if our mate bond is strong enough to **lead** us to him, instead of being stuck here with these rogues. Our place is with Deckard!" Ezra pleads,

I let out a bitter laugh, shaking my head. "And what if Deckard is dead, Ezra? What if there's nothing left to go back to?" My voice wavers, but I push

forward.

“If I step out of this castle, it won’t be to find him. It’ll be for the freedom we deserve after everything we’ve been through. And you want me to go searching for **a** man who spent most of our time together treating me like absolute shit?”

Ezra growls **in** frustration, but I don’t care.

“You know you want to find him,” Ezra says, her voice firm. “Deep down, you know what your heart truly wants.”

“Deckard is dead,” I snap, my voice raw with pain. “And it’s sad, and it hurts. But if he were truly alive, he would be here right now. Have you forgotten how powerful he is? The most powerful Alpha. And yet, this diabolical man not only managed to kill him but also infiltrate Blackwater. None of our men are here, Ezra. Doesn’t that tell you something?”

Lira growls, her resistance palpable. Then why are you being forced to reject him if he’s truly dead?”

I pause. I’ve thought about that too. It doesn’t make sense.

“I think it’s something deeper,” I murmur. “Because we’re not just normal werewolves. Look, Ezra, this **news**—this loss—it hurts me more than anyone. And nothing will ever fill the void he left in me. I’ll regret every wasted moment, every chance we didn’t take to explore our bond. But then again.” I swallow the lump in my throat. That **was** all his fault.”

I take a deep breath, steeling myself. “**If** I find the opportunity to leave this place, there will be no turning back. No more mates. No more bond.”

It seems I’m just bad luck when it comes to these things,” I finally say, running a hand through my hair, my eyes stinging with unshed tears.

“Then how do we leave this place?” Ezra finally surrenders

I exhale, “I don’t know. **I want** to leave, but I can’t afford to get caught. If I do, it’ll be detrimental to everyone here.”

Then we sneak out tonight,” Ezra **suggests**. “We stay discreet, move carefully, and make sure no one sees us.”

For once, I agree with her.

That night, I sit close to the door, listening intently to every movement outside. The guard has been standing there for **over two** hours **now**. I know his routine—soon, he’ll take a break. That will be my chance.

I'm dressed in the simplest clothes I could find—nothing that will draw suspicion. My heart pounds against my ribs **as** I silently count the seconds.

Then, finally, I hear **it**—the sound of his boots moving **away**.

I waste no time. Slipping out of my room, I move swiftly, keeping my **steps** light as I navigate through the dimly lit halls. I make my **way** toward the back door—the one leading to the garden.

Freedom is **just a few steps away**.

The moment my foot touches the ground outside, I take off running, swift but careful. I move from one wing of the castle to another, my senses sharp, the scent of rogues thick in the **air**. My heart pounds as I pray I don't get caught.

Then, just **as** I round **a** corner, **a** sound stops me—a woman's muffled sobs.

I don't want *to* stop. I **can't** afford to **care** about anyone else right now. I'm barely holding myself together. But my body betrays me, my head turning toward the nearest window.

And **that's** when I **see** him.

The guard who led me to Darth. Ben or **whatever** his **name** is...

He has one of the maidservants pinned beneath him, his weight crushing her as she **struggles weakly**, **tears streaking** her **face**. **A strangled** whimper escapes her lips, but no one **comes to** her aid.

Rage ignites in my veins, burning hot and merciless. My nails dig into my palms, my **breath shallow**.

I want to scream. I want **to rip** him apart.

But if I make a sound, they'll know I tried to escape.

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Chapter 134

Amica

How dare het

That bastard.

I want to turn away, to keep running and pretend I didn't see it. But my body refuses to move. My blood boils, fury burning through every vein How dare he lay his hands on my people—my people. I can't ignore this. I won't

Without thinking. I spin on my heel and sprint back toward the building, my feet pounding against the ground. I don't care about getting caught anymore. Let them see **me**. Let them try to stop me.

As i ran, i could hear shout from behind—rogues have noticed me. They're chasing me now, but I don't slow down

I push forward, heart hammering, **lungs** burning, I crash through the entrance, shoving doors open, slamming my fists **against** every door as 1 move. I don't know which room he's in, but I'll **make** sure that bastard hears me.

Behind me, the rogues flood in, surrounding me **like** a pack of starved wolves.

“Luna, don't do anything reckless,” one of them warns, drawing his sword.

I glare at him, unflinching. My voice is sharp,

“You worthless cowards—get **that** bastard out here now!” I **roar**, my voice echoing through the halls.

“Open all the doors for me right now, or you won't have to worry about me—use your heads and **think** about what Scarface will do when he finds out!” I stut, my voice sharp **as** a blade.

The rogues hesitate, glancing at each other in confusion.

“What the hell is she talking about?” one of them mutter

I don't give them time to figure it out. I keep pounding on the doors, fists slamming against the wood. Then, finally, the bastard steps out of one of the rooms, adjusting his pants with a smug, irritating look on his face.

“What the hell is going on here!” he growls.

“**You** animal!” I scream, rage igniting like wildfire inside me. “How dare you”

1 lunge at him, my hand flying toward his face, ready to **slap** the filth right off him. But before I can land the blow, strong arms **yank** me back. The rogues hold me tight, restraining me.

‘Tis not lay your filthy hands on me you worthless prasants!” I yelled angrily.

“**Luru**, how did you get out of your room? Another voice cuts

cuts through- **it’s** the damn guard who was supposed to be **watching** me.

I twist in their grip, “This bastard–**this rabid** dog–forced himself on one of my servants **Who** gave you the right to violate my people?”

The room falls silent.

“Oli, please.” he sterns, rolling his eyes. “Is **that** why you ran all the way here? I was just **about** to cum, and you had **to** interrupt **me!** Damn it,

dis tuck with irritation, but

can hear is the sickening arrogance belund it. My rage swells, my

my mail digging

my palms **as** I fight the

He steps closer, his sonirk widening. “Look Luna **or** ex **Luna**, the **sooner** you understand that everyone in **this castle** belongs to the rogues now, the better for you. Hannah, or **whatever** her name is, has gotten used to my body. The moment I stepped into this palace, she caught **my attention**, and Tve been digging deer up ev since. His tone is made me wait to puke. “And trust me, Tim sure she enjoys it.”

I pushed, but ronigh hands tighten around my arms, yanking me **back**. I thrash **against them**, my fury threatening to explode.

“Vaucre all prisoners here; another rogue speaks up, his voice **casual**, as if we’re discussing the weather. “This is what happens to captives of battle, Lana. You should start getting used

you Luna, we would have made you a snack bart it serii **Sca**

carlace **has**

plans for you” he **said**

And that’s when it hits me.

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Not when I know what's happening within these walls, Not when innocent people are trapped here, suffering **at**

g at the hands of these monsters.

I can't run away and pretend I don't know.

Luna. I have to take you back to your **chambers** now, otherwise, there will be consequences, the rogue who was meant to guard me says, his grip tightening **on** my arm.

"No"" I snap, yanking my arm free. "Take me to Earth. Now I demand it"

The rogues exchange glances, hesitation flickering between them.

"There's nothing he can say about this," Ben finally speaks up, crossing his arms. "Everyone knows shit like this happens after battle. It's normal"

My

stomach churns at his words, but I keep **any** expression cold.

"What's your name?" I ask the rogue I had escaped from

"Kane, he replies, his voice cautious.

"Alright, Kane," I say, leveling him with a glare. Take me to Darth now, **and** I'll spare you."

A scoff ripples from Ben, 'Oh, please. There's nothing you can do, Darth knows what goes on here" He smirks. "Hell, he probably encourages

I clench my fists. These rogues are nothing like the **guards** I once knew. They **don't** fear d

If I want them to listen, I have to make them

consequences.

My gaze sweeps the room, searching for an opportunity, an opening-**anything** I **can** use.

Then I spot it

A pocket knife, barely visible, tucked into the belt of one of the **rogues**.

Perfec

it against my own neck.

As quickly as I could, I grabbed the knife from his pouch and pressed it aga

“What the hell is she doing?!” one of the **rogues** yelled, panic flashing in his eyes.

“**You** idiot” Ben snarled at the rogue I’d stolen the knife from “How the hell did you let her get **a** weapon!”

I tightened my grap on the blade. If you don’t **take** me to Danth right now, I will cause irrevocable damage, and trust me, it won’t just be to myself 1 amaune **Darth** would love to hear the story of how a group of incompetent fouls allowed their Luna to shit her own throat **under** their watch.”

Ben sullied his eyes, **unfazed** “Oh, please. You think that **so**

hover”

scares **us!** **Scarface** won’t even care. He might even **kill** you **himself** before the day is over

Let out a dark chuckle, shaking my head. “Oli, really? I doubt that. I tilt my chin up, meeting his gaze. “I am his Luna-to-be”

The second **the words** left my lips, their expressions shifted. Uncertainty.

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They rachanged **uneasy** glances, confused on w

“What?” I hear a low **mutter**

“Hinc” Kane finally muttered. Tat in go to him”

“Meanwlade. I want the rest of you to keep an eye on hien here,” I commanded, my voice firm. “Il he escapes.. your headh

Ben scoffed, rolling his eyra, “She’s bluffing. She has no authority to give unders”

The other riques hesitated, glancing between each other. Doubt flickered across their **face**

Let’s just do what the

he ways“nour of them unaltered, stepping forward

The others quickly

followed sint, grabbing **Ben** before he could protest further.

Is will roll”

G

Hey dont listen to her...” ben struggeled

Without wasting another second, I turned on my heel and followed Kane who led me out of the **building** to Darth, my pulse hammering in my

Finally, we reached the chamber, and the moment we stepped inside, Darth’s lips curled into a smirk.

“Amica!” Darth drawled, his **tone thick** with amusement. “What a pleasant surprise! Have you come to give me your answer **already?**”

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 135[1,641 words]

Chapter 135

Amica

“**What** a pleasant surprise! Have you come to give nie your ansiver a rady!” he smirked

“Well it dep

depends...” I say, standing tall. “But I will only marry you on one condition

Darth raises an amused brow: “Wow, a condition?” He chuckles, circling me like a preslator assessing its prey. “I wonder what gave you the audacity to bargain, and why the hell are you dressed **like** that?” His gaze rakes over me, sharp and probing

I ignore his remark and keep my voice steady. “One of your men raped my servant–Ben, to be precise. I want **his** head” My words land like a blade, sharp and unwavering

Darth stops pacing, thing his head slightly: “**Hmm,**” he **muses**, snilling the air as if testing my resolve. “That can give you freely.” A smirk rugs at his lips as he resuanes his slow prowl around me.

“But that’s not all.” I continue meeting his gaze **without** flinching. “I want my people released and allowed to move freely. If I am to be your Luna they must follow you of their own will–not by force. And I want your rogues out of this castle. If they stay, they must act like proper gamma warriors Disciplined. Respectful. Not savage.”

Darth stops in his tracks, his expression darkening. “You’ve laid quite a list of demands, Luna” His voice lowers, carrying a dangerous edge. “And let me remind you—you are in no position to make conditions.

I hold my ground. Then kill me now, because I will not rule beside a man who allows his people to be treated like dirt”

A tense **silence** stretches between us. Then, with a slow, deliberate nod, he smirks. “The so-called gamma warrior means nothing to me, so you can have **his** head for pissing **you** off.” He **leans in**, voice dropping to a **whisper**. “But as for the rest of your demands we’ll see just how much power you really have, my dear Luna-to-be.”

Here’s a refined version with better flow and intensity:

“I don’t want to fight with you, Amica,” Darth says, his voice laced with something almost resembling patience. “But I will have you reject your former mate. And you **will** not go on bossing me around. His gaze hardens. “If you refuse to reject Deckard willingly.. **Il kill** your people.”

His words **slam** into **me** like a dagger, but I don’t falter. Instead, something reckless slips from my lips before I can stop it

“Not if I kill myself first.”

The moment the **words** leave me. his expression darkens, his entire body going rigid.

“What did you just say?” His voice is dangerously low, lethal.

“You heard me,” I answer, my tone defiant.

In an instant, his hand clamps around my arm, squeezing with enough force to send a sharp jolt of pain through me.

“I could take **you** right here, right now, and make you mine,” he growls, his breath hot **against** my skin.

I inhale sharply, forcing my body not to tremble. I won’t let him see my fear.

“I doubt you u can,” I whisper, meeting his **gaze** with as much **steel as I** can muster.

His laughter erupts, deep and wicked. Before I can react, he **yanks** me forward, his darkened eyes burning into mine.

my **neck**.

Then, without warning, he **sinks** his fangs into my

A sharp, searing pain tears through me. My body weakens **instantly**, my legs threatening to give **up**

But before **I** can fully process what's happening, something shifts.

Darth shudders violently.

His grip on me loosened **as** if he's just been burned from the inside out. **With a** choked snarl, he shoves me away, staggering **back**. He **spits** onto the **floor**, **his face** twisting **in** confusion a

"Ald **What** the "Darth staggers **back**, his voice filled with **shock and** pain, **like** he's just been stung by a venomous beast.

"Scarface! Sir! What's wrong!!" The rogues rush toward him, concern flashing across their faces.

But Darth snaps. "Get your fucking hands off me!" he roars, his voice raw with fury. His hand clamps over his mouth as if he's trying to suppress

1/3

Chapter 100

something

"Get me Cleopatra! Now he barks, his eyes wild, filled with something I can't i

can't quite place—fractured image?

I press my **palm** against my neck, wiping off the blood, my breath unsteady. My body still feels weak from the bite, but the way he reacted.

something isn't right.

Darth's gaze snaps to me, burning with rage. "What the hell did you do to me?!" His voice is sharp, accusing, and he takes **a step** forward

A whimper escapes me before I can stop it. My instincts scream at me to move, to run, but my body is frozen, trapped under his glare

Before he can get any closer, Cleopatra storms into the room. "What happened?!" she demands, eyes flicking between him and me

"Darth, what's wrong?"

Her **gaze** shifts toward me, and as soon as she sees my hand pressed against my wrenched neck, realization dawns in her eyes.

“Did you?” She doesn’t finish the question. Instead, she strides toward me with purpose and yanks my hand away from my neck.

Pain flares through me, and I **recoil**, snarling. “Don’t touch me, you witch!”

Her grip tightens, her nails digging into my wrist. “You” she starts, but I rip my arm away, breathing bravely

Darth is still standing there, breathing raggedly, glaring at me as if I just poisoned him.

And **may** be.. I did.

“Did

1 you try to mate her?!” Cleopatra’s face twists with disappointment, her voice sharp with disbelief.

Darth glares at her but says nothing.

“Why the hell would you do that?” she snaps. “I told you—**you** cannot claim her until she **rejects** her **mate**! Why do

She st

storms

toward him.

1. eyes blazing “Let me see”

Darth hesitates but slowly lowers his hand from his mouth.

My eyes flick to him, and my breath catches. His lips—burned, **raw**, like he’d been scalded.

“Don’t you ever listen?”

Cleopatra’s **expression** darkens. “You idiot.” She exhales sharply, pinching the bridge of her nose. “She’s still bonded to Deckard. That means you now share the same blood.”

Darth’s jaw tightens. “She didn’t seem like poison,” he spits

“**You** cannot just force your way into her bloodstream” Cleopatra snaps, her frustration evident.

He wipes his mouth, **grimacing** at the pain. Then she needs to deny Deckard first. We'll **perform** the rite, **and** she'll be bonded to me"

Cleopatra nods. "Yes, but-

"Then let her deny him. Now Darth growls, **his dark** eyes locking onto mine waiting
ne like a p

a predator ready to strike. "Right here. Right now. I'm done

to heal first"

Cleopatra quickly steps between us. "No, Darth. Not here, not now. **That** burn needs to
1 exhale slowly, my heart pounding. Whatever just happened-it hurt him.

And I can use that.

Cleopatra's voice **hardens**. "It's too dangerous."

I heal fast. And when I do, you will be mine." He **takes a** slow step Darth exhales sharply, his expression darkening "Fine! I'll heal. And trust me- toward ine, his **gaze** locking onto mine like a predator sizing up its prey. "You act like you're too hard to get, Amica, but let me make one thing clear. -Liever ever wanted you.

I swallow, my pulse hammering.

it now! Now you're proving too difficult to tame

"I never entertained the idea of you as my mate," he continues, his voice dripping with disdain. "But And I love **a** challenge Whatever I want-1 get "

This eyes gleam

2/3

something dark, soatething unhinged.

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Chapter 135

"**You** will reject Deckard-whether you like it or not. And you will be mine"

The finality in his tone sends a chill down my spine, but my body moves before my

“No.” The word slips from my lips, defiant.

Darth sulls, his jaw clenching.

“If you want me to inject my nute,” Lay, standing taller, “then you must fulfill my conditions too.”

His eyes flash with rage. “You are in no position to bargain. You are a prisoner here.” He steps closer, his breath hot with fury:

“Get her out of my sight?” he roars

The room crackles with tension, but I don’t wait around to see what he’ll do next. I turn and rush out, my heart pounding as I make my way back to **my** chamber.

My mind spins, replaying every second of that encounter.

I might not have the upper hand I thought I did.

A maniac.

Darth is unpredictable. A mar

And I just provoked him in real time.

The sting on my neck still feels fresh, a dull ache pulsing beneath my skin

What the hell happened to him? Did my blood really burn Darth!

If it did what **does** that mean? How could my blood suddenly turn to **fire**!

Does this mean I still belong to Deckard? How! He’s dead. Gone. And yet—my body still reacts as if **he’s** here. As if some invisible thread still binds us together.

The thought of him resurfaces, unbidden. I remember the first time he sank his teeth into my skin. It hurt, yes, but it was a sweet kind of pain. Nothing like this.

Darth’s bite felt like poison seeping **into** my bloodstream. Even now, I feel weak, my limbs **heavy**.

for in my mind.

I press a hand to my forehead, exhaling shakily. I just need to rest. Maybe sleep will clear the fog in my

I close my eyes.

Darkness swallows me whole

When I **wake**, something is wrong

I try to move—nothing. My body refuses to respond.

A wave of cold crashes over me, seeping into my bones. My breath turns shallow, my chest tight with **panic**.

I try to call ou

oul—my voice barely a whisper.

No one hran tre.

No our cor

Whe

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 136[1,301 words]

Chapter 136

Deckard

The last thing I remember is the blood—warm and relentless—spilling, inum no

It's not the first time I've been wounded, but this, this is different

A sharp, burning **pain** spreads through every vein in my body, fraying me from the inside out, it's just a stab, I tell myself, but it doesn't feel like one. My organs feel like they're crumbling, folding beneath the weight of the pain.

I collapse, my body hitting the ground with a dull tuid. Darkness serps into my vision, but somehow. I'm ill aware

Sull conscious, even in the complete numbness swallowing me whole.

Then—Darth's voice.

“Look what I've done. Cleopatra? he cries out, his tone frantic—like a child showing off to his mother.

But before I can process anything else—all I hear is silence.

The world shifts in an instant. I'm no longer there

It is as if I've been pulled—from that moment or scene into another. A flash of movement, too fast to comprehend.

Who moved me? How?

There was to our

was no **one** else there.

And yet, my body is somewhere else, and my mind has no idea how it happened.

At that moment, the only thing on my mind is Amica.

How I didn't take her words seriously. How her worst fear has now come true.

I wonder how she'll feel when the news reaches her. Damn. I hate that things had to end like this—without us bring in a good **place**. But maybe. maybe it's for the better.

She might finally be free from all the chaos, from all the pain I dragged her into. I've put her through so much. I don't deserve her love, and yet — she still cares for me.

Maybe this is fate's way of fixing things

I exhale shakily, shutting my eyes, ready to surrender to **the silence**.

But then I see Darth's **face**.

Wicked Triumphant. And beside him—Amica, her hand in his

A growl rips through me. My wolf lunges, as if we are two separate beings, and it is ready to tear free from my body to stop whatever is happening.

Pain stabs through my chest—not from the wound, but from something far worse.

“Alpha!”

A voice calls to me, snapping me back.

“Alpha!”

Leonard **calls** again, his **voice** distant, fading into the darkness Then—nothing.

Oblivion takes me.

When I finally open my eyes to consciousness, the first **thing** I **see is** a palm-woven ceiling. My body feels like lead, stiff and **unresponsive** I try to move, bent pain bars run through me.

Then I notice them—needles. Dozens of tiny, sharp needles piercing into my

What the luck!!

Panic surges through me, and I attempt to yank them out, but my limbs refuse to obey. It's like I'm bound,

с/л

Chapter 1

I shift my gaze and see Leonard standing over me, his **face** filled with concern.

Len. Leonard? My voice is hoarse, barely above a whisper. Where where **am I?**"

He exhales sharply, in relief

"Oh, thank the Goddess! He turns to the others. "He's **awake!** The Alpha is awake!

The room stirs with movement, but I don't care about any of them. There's only one person I need to see..

"Is **Amica** here!"

I call out, desperation creeping into my tone. I need to see her. I need to apologize.

For everything

I need to beg her not to reject me—because right now, I am at her mercy.

My eyes focus on an elderly man before me. His white hair and thick beard give him a wise but rugged appearance. He's dressed in something that looks **ancient**—like sackcloth

Beside him stands a woman I recognize—Martha—she is the woman who treats

Amica.... But my

attention quickly shifts back to

her to the old

old man

“Who are you! And why the hell are you staring at me like **that**?” I snap, my patience thin.

The man immediately lowers his gaze, hands clasped in respect. “The name is Gius. Forgive me. Alpha. It’s just, an honor to have the Dragon- Blooded Alpha in my care. I’ve heard of your strength, witnessed your legend, but never did I imagine I would be the one tending to your well- being

I don’t have time for whatever praise he’s spewing.

“Get these damn needles off me! I snarl.

Martha quickly steps forward. “I’m sorry, Alpha, but we can’t do that yet. There’s still polson in your veins. We have to extract all of it”

Polson?

I **grind** my teeth, my mind racing back to the fight.

Darth

That bastard did something to me.

“Martha?” I call out, my voice hoarse.

“Yes, it is me, Alpha,” she responds.

“Where **is** Amica?” I ask again, urgency lacing my words.

“She is not here,” Leonard replies.

“Get her to me!” I command

Leonard sighs. “Sorry, Alpha, we may be in Blackwater, but we are nowhere close right now. Amica is **stuck** in the **castle with** the rest of the people. Scarface’s men have infiltrated Blackwater,” **Martha says** without hesitation

“Dan” The name slips from my lips.

Leonard’s face darkens. “We underestimated the battle, my Alplu. He has a powerful sorcerer hacking him—one who **managed** to paralyze our men in the **midst** of battle.

Only a few of us escaped. “We don’t even **know** how you got out. One moment you were **down**, bleeding out, and the next you **were** just there.

ir someone—or something—**moved** you” He pauses, then exhales sharply. “The Scarface man **claims** to be your brother and the rightful heu to the Blackthorn Empire.

We can’t fight him, Alpha. He is diabolical.” Leonard says, frustration evident in his voice

I let out a lone growl.

Brother? Of clairse!

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Chapter 136

“How long have I been like this” I demand

But none of that matters right now. Not the throne, not the just-only Amica.

I don’t care what it takes..

“How long have I been out?” Task,

Leonard exhales deeply. “You’ve been out for a week. We thought you would never wake up from the comma,

Silence settles between us as I process his words. A week? How could this have happened? This is **a** disgrace—to me, to my title: How did Darth manage to defeat me so completely, leaving me on to die?

As if reading my thoughts, the old man **speaks**.

“I know you’re wondering how you were **taken** down so **easily**. It was your fault.” His tone is blunt, “The poison in your blood is unlike anything you’ve encountered before. The sorcerer who created it.. she’s been studying magic for years, gathering knowledge from forbidden sources,”

“**What** kind of poison?” I ask

“One of the main ingredients is Dragonbane,” he says, watching my reaction closely

11

“It’s a rare plant,” he continues. “Used in ancient times to either tame dragons or enhance their power—depending on how it was prepared. People believed it was extinct, but apparently, that was a lie.”

“And you’re saying they used it **on** me?” I ask.

“Yes,” he **nods**. “And if Darth **plans** to harness it for himself, with sorcerer at his side did,” Glus answers. “She must have spent years gathering the right ingredients, studying your kind. The moment that blade pierced you, it wasn’t just a wound—it was a curse designed to break you.” he sighed. “If Darth knows how to wield it properly, he’ll become something far **worse** than a tyrant—he’ll be unstoppable.

“I don’t **care** about legends or rumors. I need to see Amica” My voice is firm, but my body betrays me—I try to rise, and a wave of dizziness know me back down

I you rush out now, you’ll be walking straight to y

“Alpha, please, Martha pleads. “You’re **still weak**. If you rush out now, you’ll be walking straight to your death

I curse under my breath

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 137[1,533 words]

Chapter 137

Mary.

What is this rumor Tr

I’m hearing about Darth wanting to **make** Amica his Luna?

What Why her!

There is nothing special about her, and I need to make him see that

Deckard is dead now. I lost him—but I didn’t just love him today. I had already lost him long before to Amica And now, even though I should feel griet, a part of me is glad. Because now, she knows exactly how it feels to lose the man she loves. Now, she is alone, drowning in the same pain she once made me endure.

She is nothing. She has no place in this castle. She was never legally married to Deckard—what they had was merely a bonding ceremony. Now that he’s gone, she has no rightful claim to anything here. She shouldn’t even still be here.

If anyone deserves to stand as the Lady of this castle, it is me. Everyone knows it. It is I who should inherit Deckard’s legacy—not her.

Darth's men are restricting everyone's movement, but I don't mind I prefer it this way

Tis finally time. I need to see Danh.

I've built a good relationship with the rogues, making sure they see **me as** an ally. Because of that, I enjoy a few privileges, like moving around more freely than the others. Sull, I **haven't** seen **Dane** since the day he left. I can't help but wonder what he's **up** to.

I plead with one of the rogues to take me to Darth immediately—I have something important to tell him. After **a** moment of hesitation, he agrees...

As we cross into Darth's side of the castle, my confidence falters for a brief second when I finally see him. His face is shadowed, his presence overwhelming, but it's his lips that catch my attention—they're burned. The sight unsettles me

"What do you want from me, **woman**?" His voice is sharp, edged with anger,

"I only came **to** see how well you're enjoying our castle," I say smoothly, stepping forward with calculated ease. "To know if you need anything And I want you to know, sir, that I am on your side. If there's anything you desire—anything that seems impossible to get in this place—I can make it happen."

I watch him closely, hoping he'll let his guard down and confide in me,

His eyes darken.

"Can you get me her?" His voice is low and raspy.

"Her! Who is her!"

ring to? Is he testing m

For a moment, I'm **confused**. I pause, caught off guard. Her? My

My mind races. Who is he referring

Then I wonder if he's trying to tell me something but **speaking** in riddles. I decide to play along

Sull, I don't falter. I tilt my head slightly, letting my lips curve into the faintest of smirks, as if I understand perfectly.

"Of course, I can get you her." I say smoothly. "Like I told you, there's nothing you need in this castle that she **can't** get **for** you. That's why she's here in the first place."

His expression darkens instantly.

“What the hell are you talking about, woman!” he snaps.

I blink, taken aback.

—

*re not even friends with her. I’ve seen how you talk to her, so don’t stand here feeding me this nonsense!” he **snaps**

It he talking about **Amica**?

This can’t be happening. Not her. Not again. I need to fix this ridiculous situation before **it spirals** further out of control.

“But why **are** you even chasing after that womant” I demand, stepping closer. “Do you realize what you’re doing! You’ll be a **husband**—her mate. Ii

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Chapter 137

makes no sense. Why would you want a woman who holds no real virtue in a place like this?”

I watch him carefully, noting the silence that follows. He doesn’t respond immediately, which i take as a sign that **he’s** actually listening Encouraged. I press on, my words gaining intensity.

“The **only** reason I couldn’t complete my bond with Alpha Deckard was because of that damned prophecy?” I say bitterly. “But he was the **only** man I ever truly knew. He chose me first. He saw something in me—something strong enough to take precedence **over fate** itself. We were ready to be together, regardless of what destiny had planned. He missed his chance, and in the end, he paid the price.”

I **take a** slow breath, letting **my** next words **sink** in.

“But you. You are stronger. More powerful. And you deserve someone fierce, someone unbreakable—someone without the stain of multiple

“Tadmire you. Danth,” I say softly, my voice steady despite the fear inside me. “A lot of people don’t understand you, but I do. I see the strength beneath your scars, the fire behind your rage, and it only heightens my attraction to you”

I take a step closer, my breath shallow as I search his face for any sign of weakness, any **crack** in the fortress he’s built around himself.

Deep down fear takes over me. But I push it aside, gathering the courage to let him see me—truly **see** me.

Darth is a dangerously beautiful man. Even with the **raw**, untamed energy of a savage rogue, there's an undeniable allure in his primal dominance. He radiates the power of a man who could not only protect his woman but conquer entire territories for her.

His brown hair is tied back in a ponytail, exposing the jagged scars on his face. Scars that would make lesser men look broken, but on him? They only add to the **raw** magnetism that makes my pulse race. And then there are **his** eyes—deep green, intense, consuming. They alone could strip the clothes off my body without him ever laying a finger on me.

“I see he **exhales**, his voice rough, unreadable.

Asmirk tugs at **h**

at his lips as he tilts his head, studying me like I'm a puzzle he ne

I'm a puzzle he never thought to solve.

“Mary. Mary, Mary.” He chuckles, low and knowing. “I had no idea this is what **you** had in mind.”

“I have more ideas up my sleeve if you'd indulge me. I purr, my voice dripping with seduction.

1 step closer, slow, until I'm standing **right** in front of him. He's **seated** on the golden **chair** like a **king**, exuding raw **dominance**. Deep down, my hands tremble, but I push **past** the nerves, determined letting my fingers trail upward, tracing a slow path **toward his** groin.

I feel **him** beneath my **touch**, still flaccid, **but I** am patient. I **keep** my strokes slow, intentional, **massaging** him, knowing the response will come. As my hand works, I lean in, my lips inching closer to his breathing him in

But before I can reach him, his hand snaps **around** my throat in a crushing **grip**. I freeze. His piercing green eyes lock onto mine, dark and unreadable, and **I shudder**—not just in fear, but something deeper.

“I **just** suffered a burn, **as**

as you can see..” he seethes,

I nod slowly, barely able to move with his hand wrapped tight around my throat, my breath coming out in shallow **gasps**.

“There are other spots on my body you can kiss he murmured, his gaze drifting downward before releasing his grip on my **neck**.

A slow smile spread across my lips-I **had** him exactly where **I wanted**.

I moved deliberately undoing his zip his pants with careful precision, my fingers grazing against his heated **skin**. Gently, he whips out his massive savage **apple**; it is the biggest one **Eve** seen yet.

Lowering myself to my **knees**. I **placed** a soft **kiss** on the **cap** and The **wrap** my lips around it, lubricating it **with** my tongue, then I buried it I'm my mouth slowly **shocking** but it wasn't an issue, my throat went wide **open** ready to receive **it** after the little gag

A **deep**, rumbling sound **escaped** his throat, something between a growl and a sigh of approval.

I pressed on, moving with intention, pouring every ounce of skill into my touch. And as I did, a sense of triumph swelled within me—because this moment, this power, was entirely mine.

“Umin..” **he** said, tasting a meal and contemplating the taste. His dick got hard in my mouth after it felt its warmth. And it felt **like** the **size** doubled. I went up and down with my lips, putting my all into it, and deep down, I felt like I had **finally** gotten it! After this, he will no longer see me **as a** stranger. He might even make me his mate. I love to give it everything I've got!

I placed my handle on his ball, milking **it as I sucked** every file nectar I **could** feel **his** cock receive, and then I let him push my head further. This signe, my throat tried to go **deeper**. I couldn't control my mouth, releasing every saliva. But Darth did not stop. Instead, he pushed deeper, and 1

was fighting for **my** life right there, slowly gasping for every air I could tell, but weirdly, in my near-death experience, I was uncountably wet. 1 sucked him up, moving in a rhythmic motion..

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 138[1,794 words]

Chapter 138

Darth

Why is her blood unclaimable? My lips burn like they have been dipped in molten fire. I have never felt anything like this before, or maybe I have... That one time Cleopatra introduced that blood into my system, I felt that way too, but this–this is even more intense.

I feel like I am being electrocuted and burned alive at the same time.

What is it about Deckard and the things he possesses? It is like he placed a mark on them, some kind of power beyond my understanding. What sort of force is this? How does he do it? How does he make the things he touches impossible to take?

Cleopatra cautions me for biting directly into her, but I don't understand why she **is** so mad. I am the one and only feared King of Rogues, now the Alpha of Alphas. I should be able to claim whoever I want, whenever I want. And Amica–her fair, smooth skin just sitting there, waiting for me to take it–she is irresistible!

I don't know if it's something about her stubbornness, the way she defies me, or the fire in her eyes that challenges my power. But the more she **resists**, the more I **crave** her.

I am someone who is never defied. I take what I want, whenever I want, because I am feared. But Amica... **it** seems like she does not fear me at all. I killed her Alpha–she should be terrified of what I could do to her.

She should submit to me. Even if it's out of fear, she should bow, but she refuses. She is unshaken, as if I hold no **power** over her.

The first time I kidnapped her, I expected terror, desperation–anything but that infuriating defiance. But she didn't cower. She didn't even tremble. Instead, she dared to command me, tearing off a wedding dress like it meant nothing, like she would not be forced into anything she didn't want.

And now, she walks around this castle, looking me in the eye, giving me conditions?

Speaking of that, I need to take the head of that worthless rogue, Ben, for putting me in a situation **where** I embarrassed myself–biting into something I should never have touched. The thought alone makes my blood boil.

I sit, deep in thought, replaying everything. Every challenge. Every defiance. Every time she looks at me like I am just another man instead of the most feared Alpha alive.

I cannot wait to clip Amaka's wings, **to** make her kneel. But Cleopatra **says** I can't **rush** the bonding ceremony **just yet**, and that only makes the rage burn hotter.

I can't wait to see Amaka reject Deckard.

I will do everything in my power to make **sure** she chooses me as **her** mate **instead**. Right now, she is the only **piece of** the puzzle standing between me and my position as the most powerful and feared **alpha alive**.

I sit there, grunting and grumbling **as** the battle **rages in** my mind.

Then, one of the rogues arrives, presenting Mary—the doctor.

There is something strange about her. I know I am **feared** and hated **because** of my ruthless nature, but she **doesn't seem** to **share** that fear. **Why?** What does she even want from me? I wonder **as** I listen to her speak.

When she finally says what she has to say, I can't believe she's being serious. Why would she **even** want me?

From what **I've** gathered, she **had** a relationship with Deckard, which must **have caused** a rift **between her and** Amaka. And now... she wants me.

I hear what she has to say, but I can't **believe** she's being serious. Why would she even want me?

From what I've gathered, she had a relationship with Deckard, which must have caused a rift between her and **Amica**. And now... she wants **me**.

She didn't even take time to mourn the death of her lover. **Yet**, for some **reason**, I find **myself** intrigued **by** what she has **to** offer.

I can smell the fear in her, but she doesn't **back** down. Instead, she moves closer. Why is she doing this if she's so afraid of me? I don't understand

her

I sit there, observing her like some kind **of specimen**. She shudders, **trying** to hide her fear, **yet** she still **steps** forward—approaching the **very** thing

that terrifies her.

It's as if she's fighting two battles within herself.

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Chapter 138

And then, slowly, she reaches out, placing her hand **lower** on me, gently massaging my cock while leaning in for a kiss.

I look at her like she's lost her mind. Why would she even try to kiss me after all I've suffered—the burn still fresh on **my** lips?

But I **know** exactly what I want from her... and it's not **a** kiss.

I looked at her like she had lost her mind. Why would she even try to kiss me when my lips still carried the sting of past wounds?

But I knew exactly what I wanted from her—and it wasn't a kiss.

I guided her head downward, directing her to where she truly needed to be.

She put in the effort to please me, but it wasn't enough. I craved more.

I had fun choking her **as** I watched life almost drifting from her eyes; gives me satisfaction. Maybe it is because I have taken so many lives, so common foreplay is boring to me until I feel like I have control of life, having the ability almost to take it and bring it all back...that **gasp** for air send unexplainable eaves of satisfaction through me! The only thing that comes next to that is taking a life.

Mary could have stopped if she wanted; she could have told me to stop choking her even though I knew that she was fighting for her breath with every little air that she managed to take in but she didn't,

She chose to be here. She chose to be treated this way—like **a** submissive plaything, **a** slave to desire.

And in that moment, I realized that **was** exactly what I needed.

Someone to use. Someone to dominate. Someone to satisfy my every craving. And Mary? She **was** perfect for it.

Blonde. Petite. Willing. Obedient.

I stopped pushing her down any further.

“Get up.” I ordered.

She lifted her head instantly, eyes wide with obedience.

I scanned her from head to toe, considering all the things I could do to her, **all** the **ways** I **could** take my **pleasure**.

“Follow me.”

I stood, and she trailed behind like **a** loyal pet, her footsteps light, barely **making a sound**.

Leading her into my master bedroom, I **turned** to her.

“Take off **your** clothes.”

Without another glance, I strode to my wardrobe, retrieving **a few** choice items—things I knew would serve my desires **well** against **her** delicate, yielding body.

I placed them on the bed and looked down **at** her smooth, almost **naked** little body..

“Pick **your** poison,” I said.

I could sense the confusion within her, but she tried to mask it, giving me the impression that she was used **to** this.

Slowly, she bent **over**, making sure I **had a** clear view of her arch, **and** picked one of the horse-like looking **whips** before handing it **to me**.

“One more,” I said, and **that** was when she couldn’t hide **it** anymore.

She gulped slowly before picking **up a** pair of handcuffs, and I couldn’t help but smirk.

“Lay down **flat**, Doctor Mary,” I commanded, and she obeyed

As she did. I took off my clothes and **walked** over to her with a jar **of** oil..

“Permit **me** to oil you up, Doctor,” I said.

She nodded slowly, and I proceeded, pouring the oil onto her chest, watching as it slipped **down** her breast and **trailed** toward her peach.

My hands followed the oil, kneading her boobs as though they were dough, and a soft moan escaped her **lips**

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Chapter 138

My hand slipped from her mangoes down to her papaya. She tightened her thighs together as my fingers went in for a massage.

“Open up, Doctor,” I said softly.

She slowly widened her thighs for me, revealing everything—her melon and hollow pear. I knew she could take all of me, but that wasn’t even what I was interested in.

As I gently played with her cherry pit, feeling how slick her whole body was with oil, more than just my fingers found their way into her hollow pear. She moaned as if I were already deep inside, but I hadn’t even begun.

“Bend over, Doctor.”

I slid my already glistening hand away from her and reached for the whip and cuffs.

“Give me your hands,” I commanded.

She placed them behind her back **as** though she had committed a crime.

Mary was already lying face down, obeying like **a** servant to a master, and the sight only fueled the fire inside me.

I brought the whip down against her ass, hard, and she let out a sharp cry.

Those **were** music to my **ears**.

I poured a generous amount of oil into my hand and massaged myself **as I** brought the whip down on Mary, harder than before. She screamed in pain!

That scream...

“**Yes!**” I exhaled, striking her again.

“Oh, **Scar!**” she cried.

“Stay still, Doctor! Tell me how much you like it!” I ordered.

I whipped her again, watching her light skin **turn** red, and the sight alone filled me with the utmost satisfaction.

“**Yes**, hit me harder,” she sobbed.

At that point, I didn’t **care** whether she **was** being **sincere or** not—I **just** swung again, my hand moving **faster** over myself.

“Arch that peach, Doctor!” I commanded hurriedly, pouring the remaining oil **over** her **peach** as she obeyed.

The sight of her **papaya** glistening, dripping–**practically** begging me **to enter**–only made my hunger intensify. But I had a better surprise for **her**.

Without hesitation, **I** pushed myself into her tight plum. **She** collapsed from her arched position, gasping.

“Oh, Scar! **You’re** so big!” she cried as I **felt** her plum stretch, expanding to **take** all **of** me in.

I then fucked her so hard, like a primal **savage**, that I, fumbling her little breast and kissing her ears, suddenly **felt** a hut rush from **her**...piss **or** cum, I have no idea, but **that** drove **me to** cum faster than I expected pouring into her to fill her **up** as I **scoffed** and moan “Let me taste that cum **scar!**” she whispered and I had to hold on a little, **taking myself out** from **mer** to **place** my dick in her mouth as she sucked the **rest of** the cum I was holding

I

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 139[1,216 words]

Chapter 139

Armica

Death’s reign will be terror, and I don’t think I **want** to stick around to find out what that looks like

Can you imagine him biting into **me**, trying to mark me with force? His terrible fangs filled with spite and poison! It hurts, and I am *glad* that he got burned‘ I don’t know what it is in my blood, but I am glad that my blood is poison to him too.

I cannot imagine being mates with him! Never!

I never expect that Darth could be even more evil–worse than I ever imagined him to be. I don’t know what made me think that I could have a civil conversation with him, negotiating conditions as if he were capable of reason.

How could he be so heartless, even after I tell him that one of his men raped one of my people apart? Yet he pays attention to it like it is something normal. And, of course, in the rogue community, it is.

I wonder how many women he himself has taken, how many he has killed by force. He tries to do the same to me by biting my neck, but thankfully. I still have Deckard's scar on me.

As I sit alone, thinking about it all, I begin to miss Deckard so much. At least, even if he **was a** nut job, one thing about him was that he gave me my freedom.

He never imposed anything on me—least of all himself.

He was compassionate enough to care for me, even though **a wall always** stood between us. The chemistry **was** there, undeniable, but it felt like he butk that wall himself, a barrier preventing us from reaching our full potential.

I wonder what life would have been like in **a** world where Deckard opened up freely—where he let me love him and loved me in return, without third parties hovering like shadows over **us**.

Since I heard the news of his death, my entire body has felt hollow, like it has no purpose left **to** remain **here—or** anywhere. I just want to turn my back on everything and keep walking until my legs and body give out

But deep inside, something tells me I have **a** responsibility to fulfill

Deckard **wasn't** perfect, but he was the best I had so **far** and I wonder what that says about me.

Before I can sink too deep into my thoughts, **a** knock sounds **at** the door. I tense, already dreading whoever it might be. When the door creaks open. I see one of the rogues stepping **inside**—not just any rogue. Ben.

He strides **in** with that **smug**, slow gait, his expression makes **my** skin crawl—smug satisfaction. He's mocking me.

"Take eat, Luna" **His** voice drips **with** sarcasm, and that infuriating smirk stretches across his face. I swear, **if** I could rip it off, I would.

"Who gave you permission to come in here?" I **snap, jumping** off the bed, my body coiled with tension. "**You're not** the one who usually brings my food. What happened?"

Ben chuckles, **his** eyes **gleaming** with amusement

"Well, as you can see, **things** have changed. I can walk in and out of wherever **I want** now. **Scar doesn't give a** damn about any of you, not even you, the almighty Luna of Lunas"

The mockery in **his** tone sends a jolt **of fury** through me.

“Get out. Now?” I command, my voice sharp, unwavering.

He merely laughs, **turning** to leave, but not before throwing one last dagger of words over his shoulder.

“Oh more. FAR as before you access the truth, you’re the Luna of

thing You have no authority **here**, and **you** never **will**, Ben sneers, “The **only** thing that ever set you apart from the rest of these people **is that you** had **an** elite cock inside **you**. But now? Now you might **even** be lower **than**

them

He steps closer, eyes darken

Just imagine it for a moment, he continues, voice taunts. “A rogue’s cock in you. That would ruin everything, wouldn’t it? You wouldn’t even **be** worthy of being an ordinary servant?

Has gaze drags over me from head to toe, slow and deliberate. And in **that** moment, I know—whatever is running through his twisted **mind** is pure

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Chapter 139

evil

“Get out of here now, I **warn**, my voice sharp, my body coiled with rage and disgust ‘Or I’ll scream at the top of my lungs.”

He chuckles, unaffected, as if he has all the time **in** the world. ‘Oh, I’ll leave for now.” He steps back, but before he turns **away**, he says my name— slowly, deliberately—“Sweet Luna Amica.

The way he says it sends ice through **my** veins.

My heart pounds so hard it hurts, but then, finally, he **turns** to leave....

I struggle to control myself, forcing my breath to steady after he leaves the room. No. I can never imagine having a rogue touch me, let alone claim

No. That will never happen. I would rather take **my** own life than let these men devour me like prey.

With a surge of anger, I grab the plate of food and hurl it to the ground. I refuse to eat anything that wretched fool brings me. But his words—his sile, twisted words—echo in my **mind**. As terrible as they are, **is** there a sliver of truth in them?

Have I truly become nothing more than a mere slave, powerless to change **my** fate?

I have always known—ever **since** I attended the Apex ceremony—that the title of Luna of Lunas is no ordinary position. I know the power and authority that comes with it, yet I have never utilized it to its fullest. Perhaps because I never truly needed **to** or maybe because of Deckard.

Deckard made me feel small

I had no respect, or at least, that's what it seemed like. But I never truly felt respected. Not when Mary's shadow loomed over me, as a reminder of how powerless i was here in the castle. **If** I couldn't even use **my** strength to chase out **a** mere woman—a pest in my own home—then maybe I never realized just how much power I truly hold beyond those walls.

But now?

Now, I have no choice.

The next morning, I decided to step out of the castle for **a** walk, desperate for some clarity. But **as** soon **as** I stepped outside, I noticed something strange—the demeanor of the rogues had shifted.

Usually, they watched me with eyes full of dark amusement, always **trying** to intimidate me. But today today, **they** avoided my gaze entirely. Their InoRemnants were tense, almost cautious, as if something had unsettled them.

I chose to ignore it and kept walking, my thoughts consumed by the same question—how do I get myself, and everyone else, out of this mess?

That's when I noticed *it*

A particular section of the ground **was** wet, the **water** tinted with an eerie shade of pink. One of the rogues stood nearby, **using** a hose to wash **it** wwwy.

Something inside me twisted

“What happened?” I asked, turning to the rogue assigned to escort **me**.

He set wry gaze then, with **an** almost casual tone, *he* said-

“You go your wish Luna. Ben has been decapitated.”

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 140[2,332 words]

Chapter 140

Darth

Even after the time I spend with Mary, I can't help but wonder what kind of relationship she had with Deckard.

But despite all the so-called recreation, my mind keeps drifting to Amica.

How long will it take for me to break her? To make her my slave? I can't wait to clip her wings. Who does she think she is, ordering me around?

Still, there's the matter of Ben. He needs to suffer for his crimes—but if I punish him now, it will seem as if I'm following Amica's commands. I can't allow anyone to see me **as** weak.

I decide to take a stroll around the castle, clearing my thoughts. That's when I **catch** sight of Ben, with his filthy hands tpping one of the servants

ass.

Pathetic.

This fool **has** no control. If I don't put him in his place, he'll soon defile every woman here—including the Luna. And that, I cannot allow that, can

I?

“Ben,” I call out from where I stand, watching him.

He stiffens before quickly turning and rushing toward me.

“Scar, sir!” he **says**, his voice **laced** with forced obedience.

I stare straight into his **eyes**, searching **for** any reason to **spare** him—but I find none.

“Your **face... it** annoys the shit **out** of me,” I **say** in irritation.

Ben swallows hard. “I... I don’t understand, **Scar...**”

I scoff. “Even your pathetic head doesn’t deserve to **sit** on **your** shoulders. I’d like **to** take it off.”

His eyes widen in terror. “What? What did I do? **Scar...** please...”

“Guards! Grab this fool,” I command.

The moment the words leave my mouth, my men rush forward, seizing him. He lashes against their grip, his face twisted in panic.

“**Is** this because of the Luna?” he cries **out, struggling**. “**Please**, I’ll apologize **to her!** I didn’t **even** do anything **to her**, but I’ll apologize—” His **words** scramble into incoherent babbling.

“Get me my sword,” I **say**,

One of the rogues quickly retrieves **it**, placing the fine **blade** into my hand.

Ben is on his knees now, his body bound, his pitiful sobs filling **the** air. He **begs**, pleads for **mercy**—but I don’t hear a damn thing.

All I want is his head.

I draw **my** sword, lift it high, and in **one** clean, **swift** motion, swing it through his neck.

His head separates from his body **with** ease. Blood spurts like a broken fountain, **spraying upward** before **splattering** across my face.

I close my eyes for a brief second, savoring the silence **that** follows.

“Clean this shit up and bring me the **head**,” I **sigh**, wiping **the** blood from my **face** as I turn away.

Amica will have no choice but to be mine now. I’ve done what she asked—I **have** Ben’s **head**. Let’s see how she dares to deny me what I want.

Once my lips heal, there will be no escaping for her.

She also asked me to loosen my grip on her people, but that is never going to happen. Give these fools a **little** freedom, and they’ll turn against me

in an instant.

With Ben gone, I've already chosen another rogue to take his place. It doesn't matter **who** fills the role—no one is **irreplaceable**,

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Chapter 140

Hierarchy? That's bullshit. I don't believe in ranks. There is no beta, no omega. I am the Alpha. I am the Beta. I am the Omega.

The only thing that exists under me is men—expendable, disposable, just like Ben was. And just like the one before him.

Now, I have two close men by my side—Philip and Roy. Unlike the rest, they drive me wherever I go and offer their opinions when I allow it. The others? They follow in a convoy, knowing their place.

Today, I step beyond the castle walls. My men have done a fine job securing the fort. Across the land, whispers spread like wildfire—tales of how the so-called great Alpha of Alphas fell at the hands of the infamous King of Rogues.

Blackwater is mine.

My rogues have taken full control. The former gamma warriors in charge of this place are rotting in prison after Cleopatra's magic worked its charm. Their rule crumbled like dust beneath my feet. No one is coming to **save** them—no one dares.

Their Alpha is dead.

Only fools would challenge me now. Anyone with sense will keep their head down and their mouth shut. Otherwise, they'll invite war upon themselves and their people.

As I move through the city, I survey Deckard's businesses. I must admit—he handled my family's fortune **well**.

He utilized it well, multiplying it beyond what I had expected. I'll give him credit for that. But now, it's time for the tide to shift because Darth is back in town.

As I make my **way** through the city, overseeing one of the businesses, I catch sight of **a** familiar **face**.

Is that... Dane?

I narrow my eyes, confirming my suspicion.

“Yes, sir,” Philip answers beside me. “That’s him.”

“Hmph. I had almost forgotten about that one.”

Without hesitation, I raise my voice. “**Dane!**”

He freezes at the **sound** of his name, turning **slowly as if unsure** whether **to** believe his **ears**.

“I had truly forgotten about **your existence for a while**,” I continue, **stepping closer**. “**You never returned to me after the last** time we spoke. What happened to **our** love?”

His eyes widen in shock. “Scar?” he breathes, like he’s **seen a ghost**.

A slow smirk tugs at my lips.

“Oh, it’s good to **see you out** here,” I muse, watching his expression shift between disbelief **and** unease. “**I didn’t expect to find you** wandering the city™

He lets out a nervous chuckle, shifting on his feet. “I–I didn’t expect to see you either.”

“Oh? **And** why is that?” I ask, tilting my head slightly. My **voice** drops into something **darker**, something edged **with** amusement. “This is my city. **isn’t it?** Or do you think it belongs to you?”

My gaze flicks to the man standing beside him, assessing. Neither of them speaks right **away**, and that hesitation tells me **all** I need **to** know.

Dane has something to hide.

“What are **you** doing here **anyway?**” I **ask**, eyeing him suspiciously. What business **does** he have **in my company?**

*Are you looking for **a job?**” I smirk, amused by the thought.

Dane lets **out** an awkward chuckle. “Oh, of course not, Scar. It’s just that.. **with** the news **of Alpha Deckard’s** absence, everything has fallen into utter confusion—even his companies. There’s been endless debate about who will take over, **especially since** he has no heir.

I tilt my head slightly, studying him. “**And** where do you fit into that situation?”

He quickly shakes his head. “No, I–I’m not trying to interfere. I **just** wanted to calm everyone down..”

I scoff. “What the hell is wrong **with** you, Danie! **Do** you hate that head on your shoulders?”

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Chapter 140

His face pales. “Oh no, Scar, please don’t misunderstand me! Everything I’m doing is in your best interest. I even—”

“Alpha Dane!”

A voice cuts through the air, interrupting him. A man rushes toward us, panting slightly. But the moment his eyes land on me, he freezes, his expression shifting from relief to fear.

His head drops in submission as he stammers, “Oh, Alpha Scar! I–I am glad I found you here. I have come to submit my payment for this month. Alpha Dane did everything he could to collect it as soon as possible—he even warned us that any delay might trigger your.... anger against my pack.”

The man swallows hard before continuing, “Please, I beg for your mercy. I brought the money as quickly as I could.”

Interesting. So Dane has been collecting payments on my behalf, has he?

“Please, forgive my pack! The delay was only because of the new levy increments,” the man pleads, holding out a thick envelope toward me. “Please, accept it.”

I take a moment to process the situation. The weight of the envelope, the urgency in his voice—it all reeks of deception. And Dane... oh, Dane. His hands are all **over** this mess.

I glance between the trembling man and Dane, whose head is bowed as if trying to shrink into the ground. He won’t even meet my gaze.

But I smile.

“It’s no problem, little Alpha,” I **say** smoothly, taking the envelope from the man. I wave him off, dismissing him like the insignificant insect that he is.

Now, my attention **turns** to Dane.

His whole body is rigid, **a** faint tremor running through him.

“Would **you** mind explaining what’s going on here, Dane?” My voice **is** calm, but the weight of my words is deadly. “**I seem** to be a bit lost, so please... enlighten me.”

I take **a** slow step toward him, then another. “I am standing right here,” I continue, tilting my **head**. “And yet, you’ve **been** collecting money in my name from all the Alphas in **Blackwater**. How **generous of** you.” I **pause**, letting my words sink in.

*So, Dane, let’s not waste time. Hand over everything. Every **last coin you’ve** collected. And while **you’re at it**, give me the **records** of everyone **you** took it from.”

I watch as the color drains from his face. We both know **exactly what’s** coming **next**.

“Oh, of course! But not many people **have** paid yet because I only made the announcement a week ago, Dane stammers, **sweat beading on** his forehead. “Pedro is only the third person to **pay**, so **if** you want all the money, **I’d have** to **get** it from my house.”

I smile, slow and deliberate. “Awesome. Let’s go to **your** house then!” I push him forward, guiding him toward the car. He hesitates, **but** I motion **for** him to sit beside me. The drive is silent except for his shallow breathing, the occasional nervous swallow.

I already know how this will end.

When we arrive, Dane scrambles to find the money, fumbling through his things. But in the end, the only money he can present is the **envelope we just** collected. Predictable.

Dean back, watching him squirm **as** I ask the inevitable question. “And the rest **of the money?**”

He opens **his** mouth, searching for an excuse, but I don’t need to **hear** it. Instead, an idea sparks in my mind. A **rather** amusing one.

We return to the castle, but this **time, Dane** comes with me. I’m not letting him out of my sight.

He’s an idiot

But **an** idiot like him might just prove useful.

After bringing Dane back to the castle, I order the rogues **to place** him **in a special** room—one where **I** can reach him whenever **I** want. **He won’t be** able to run or scheme behind my **back**. He belongs to me now,

The scene I witnessed earlier gave me an even better **idea**. I command my men **to** spread the word make it known far and wide.

There is **now** an official decree.

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Chapter 140

Every pack will pay tribute to me, the true Alpha of Alphas. There will be a deadline.

Any Alpha who fails to meet it? They will be removed—locked away, stripped of their title. And in their place, A rogue will rise.

By the time night falls, I settle into bed, But just as I begin to rest, an announcement interrupts me—Mary has come to visit.

I allow her inside, watching **as** she approaches with a delicate smile,

“My king,” she greets, her voice soft. “I didn’t want to stay alone tonight. I was wondering if I could spend the night here with you.”

I smirk, leaning back against the headboard.

“Last night was great,” I admit. “I liked that you let me have my way with you.” My voice drops lower as I continue, “But I share my bed with no one. I **have** demons to fight every night.”

I narrow my eyes at her. I know exactly what she’s trying to do. But I won’t fall so easily into her games.

“Oh, okay, Scar,” she **says**, her voice dripping with false sweetness. “Can I just stay here and hang out with you for a moment before I return to my chambers?”

I know why she’s here. She wants to seduce me.

She moves closer, lowering herself onto the edge of my bed. “I heard what you did,” she murmurs, tracing a finger along the fabric of the sheets. “You finally granted the Luna’s request—you cut off the head of the rogue that crossed her path.”

She lets out **a** soft, mocking chuckle. “I **just** wonder why you think she **deserves** to be listened to.” She leans **in** slightly, her voice dropping to a whisper. “Amica is a joke, **Scar**. And it’s ridiculous to see you, the mighty Alpha of Alphas, bending to her will.”

I don’t **react**. I let her **talk**.

“Even when Deckard **was** alive, he never let her command him left and right,” she continues. “He made her listen to him, not the other way around. **If** I were you, I’d make sure she understands that.”

She leans back with a smirk, crossing her legs. “You should **treat** her with more of an iron fist.”

“**Well**, Mary, since when did you become the **special** advisor to the Alpha of Alphas?” I **scoff**, tilting my head **as I** watch her. “**I don’t** recall hiring **you** for that position.”

Her smirk falters slightly, but **she quickly recovers**, batting her **lashes as** if she still holds some **sort** of influence over me.

“For your information,” I continue, my voice dropping into a low **growl**, “I didn’t killed Ben because Amica requested it,I did it because he deserved it.”

I see the flicker of irritation in her eyes. **She wasn’t expecting** that **answer**. Good.

I lean forward slightly, my gaze pinning her in **place**. “Now tell **me**, Mary... why **does** it bother you so much that I did **what Amica** asked?”