

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 142[2,781 words]

Chapter 141

MARY

Time with Darth is range but enjoyable. He refuses to let me share his bed at night, but that doesn't matter. What matters is that I do share his bed —just not in the way be franc

The sex is rough, brutal even, leaving my body aching for days. Hut I find myself enjoying it more and more. There's something thrilling about the way he takes control, the way he owns me in tumse moments..

I've secured certain advantages. I move freely throughout the castle, going wherever I please. No one stops me-not the guards, not the rogues, not even Dantly himself. I come and go as I wish unchallenged,s

And Amica? I haven't heard a single word about Darth making her his Luna again. Maybe he's finally beginning to recognize my worth. Maybe he sees that offer more than she ever could

I was surprised to hear that Dane is now in the castle. Darth refuses to let him leave-something about a debt, about owing too much money. Until he pays what he owes his so-called freedom is nothing more than an illusion. But that is none of my concern.

I have found my place, I stand beside true power. And that is all I have ever wanted.

I don't need to waste my time looking at people like Ikane anymore.

This morning, I wake up feeling weak, my body sore in ways I didn't expect. Could it be from last night? The heat, the roughness, the pain-all of it still aches on my skin. But this is different. Soreness is one thing, but the fever creeping over me, the nausea twisting my stomach-that's something I can't ignore.

Am I getting sick!

se away the fever and aches. Then I collapse back onto the

I force myself out of bed, swallowing a few pills and popping two punkillers to chase away mattress, letting sleep claim me again. But then Hours pass, longer than I realize.

When I wake, a heavy drowsiness, My body feels drained, weak. What the hell is wrong with me?

Then, it clicks.

I haven't had my period in a while.

What?

Panic scize

seizes me. Could it be? No, no, daar's impossible. But.. is it!

Oli, shit

I need to take a test

My Heart pounding, I rush to the medical center, grabbing a handful of pregnancy test strips. Back at the castle, I head straight to the kitchen and gulp down as much water as iny stomach can handle, forcing myself to wait as the minutes crawl by

This can't be happening.

Of course, it

I take long before I feel the urge. The moment I step into the bathroom, I grab the test, sit down, and took a piss on the

I close my eyes, heart pounding, waiting. Finally, I force myself to look.

Two Fucking, Red Lines

I'm pregnant

My bread catches in my throat. My mind spins, piecing together the timeline. It must have happened about two weeks a I stated being with Darth. Higla! is that pussilde!

Holy shit

That there's only

here's only one person thin baby could belong to

And it's not Deckard

It's that fucking Lane.

ago-right around the time

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A wave of regret crashes over me. How could I be so damn stupid: “This is not the time for a pregnancy—especially not with a lowlife like him.

What a useless mistake.

Home dal I not notice the signs! Mysore, swollen breasts! The exhaustion? The nanea! How could I have been so careless, not even tracking my

All the time I was with Deckard, I never eveni lud

1 was wil wah Dane, I didn’t even consider this a possibility.

oscure. I got so used to that safety, so used to things not happening-so much so that when I was

Now, it’s real

I didn’t even see my period last month. Hell, I

Hell, I can’t even remember if I had it the month before

Shut Shit, Shit

How do I get away with this! How do I maneuver my way out of this mese

The pregnancy is still carly=1 can tell. That means I still have time. Time to fix this.

If I play shes right, I can make Darth believe this child is his. He’d be thrilled to hear he finally has an heir. I doubt anyone has ever gotten pregnant for him before. I would be the first.

And that changes everything

This could be exactly what I need. The solution to all my problems. No more threats. No more Amica.

If Darth believes this child is his, there would be no reason left to hold hack. He’d have to claim me completely-his mate. his woman, his and his

But there’s one problem...

All this while, he's never fully comes inside me. He's taken me in every way imaginable-spilled himself in different places-my anus, mouth. breasts and all but never in my pussy Although there is a possibility that his cum could have gotten into my pussy while we were being rough But if I want this plan to work. I need to make him believe it without a shred of doubt.

I need to find a way to make him come inside me fully.

He is just so weird that he likes my butt so much.

Tonight i have to make that happen. I will make sure he comes inside me. That way, he won't have a single reason to doubt me

Thus pregnancy as unexpected as it is, it excites me. Because for the first time, I win. I have finally won against Amica

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I can't wait to see her face. Their faces. Every single one of my adversaries when they declare me Luna.

Amica will have no choice but to leave. This place will be mine.

Who would have thought that Darth-the same man who killed my one true love-would be the one to finally give me what I've always wanted? Victory Power. A future.

Darth is nothing like Deckard. He may be cold, ruthless, impossible to read, but unlike Deckard, he belongs to no one. He has no ties, no chains. That makes him predictable. Just like every other werewolf, he will do what is right. And I will be the one to make sure of it

At night. I played my role perfectly-innocent, naive. And as expected, he fucked me raw, bund, rough-both holes, both ways-until I collapsed in

And I slept a happy woman.

A few days later. I finally told him

Tin porgnana “

But these words made everything freer,

Danfis expresum didn't flunge.

I couldn't tell if it was Tiappiness

Chapter 142

Mary

still unreadable.

“You’re pregnant? For me?” He stares at me, his face si

“Yes, I am, Darth! I’m shocked because I’ve never gotten pregnant before in my life!”

All the time I spent with Deckard, I never got pregnant-not even a scare. It was simply impossible for that to ever happen because I wasn’t his mate. But with you. I-I didn’t see this coming, Darth. I would have been more cautious.” I try my best to play the naive part.

“Then why are you worried?” he asks

“Isn’t this what you wanted? We’ve been fucking aggressively, so what do you expect!”

“Um- L_ L”

“What?” His voice hardens. “You don’t want to have a child for Scar? Am I that hideous that you wouldn’t want your child to look like me!”

“Oh, Goddess, no!” I step closer to him, my heart pounding. I search his face for a sign, anything to hold on to. “It would be an honor to carry your heir. Scar. You are special, stronger than any werewolf who has ever walked this earth. Why wouldn’t I want to bear your child?”

I pause, my voice catching as emotion

tion swells in my throat. I’m only concerned that you wouldn’t want me to carry your heir since.” I stop. swallowing hard. “It seems like all anyone in this castle ever talks about is Amica Amica, Amica. Isay, shaking my head.

“I’m so tired of it. I heard about you wanting to mate her. And now, here I am, carrying your child. What hope is there for me?

What place do I have in your life!”

I take a shaky breath, forcing myself to say the words I dread. “Maybe I should leave. That way, I wouldn’t disrupt your plans.”

rover me

A low growl rumbles in his chest. His eyes darken as he steps closer, towering over

“You will do no such thing,” he commands, “Do not ever utter such words again” He warns.

His hand slowly finds my belly, warm and firm against my skin. His touch is possessive, claiming "I am not my father," he says, his voice raspy.

"You do not need to concern yourself with me mating another. I am the Alpha of Alphas, I will take whoever I want-but you carry my heir. That means something"

His fingers press slightly against my stomach, his gaze locking onto mine

You m

mean something"

"Amica!" I call her name as if I were the one who christened her, my voice commanding

She barely stirs, lounging lazily on her bed, her expression says she doesn't care but I don't care about her either

"What are you doing here, Mary?" she asks, not even bothering to sit up.

I scoff, folding my arms. "You should show me some respect now, you know!"

She raises a brow, then snirks. "And why is that? Wait, let me guess. Is it because you're running around fucking the Scarface man?" She snickers, her tone dripping with mockery.

My heart stutters for half a second, but I quickly mask my reaction. "How did you know that?" I ask, feigning indifference.

Amica rolls her eyes. "Oh, please. It's not that hard to tell who you're fucking, Mary. You wear it all over you like a second skin. She gestures lazily. "I could tell from the very first day Scar took over this place.

You threw yourself at him like the desperate whore you are. And now look at you-walking around this castle like you own it. It can only mean one

thing

My nails dig into my jun

my jilms, but I keep my face neutral. I won't give her the satisfaction.

She lets out a slow sigh, her gaze burning into mine. "Tell me, Mary- I thought you loved Deckard. I thought you wanted to be with him at all costs. After all those years you spent together. She tilts her head, feigning curiosity. "I would have never imagined you'd move on so quickly-and to his archnemesis, no less. His brother."

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Her words are cruel. But she isn't finished.

She leans forward slightly, her voice turning venomous.

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So tell me something. Mary Did you fuck Sear the same night he killed your lover?" her voice was low but carried a cile whisper.

use me?"

"You have some audacity!" I snap, trembling with rage. "How dare you speak to me like that? How dare you accuse

I take a step closer. "You! You fucking bitch! Have you forgotten how you came here and stole what was mine! Everything I had been building for years-you ripped it away from me without a second thought! You turned me into nothing more than a nuisance, a pest in Deckard's eyes.

Do you have any idea what it feels like to be unwanted by the one you love!"

I pause, breathing hard, then laugh bitterly after i remeber.

"Oh, wait, I think you do." I narrow my eyes. "That was your situation with your ex-husband, wasn't it? That is why he sold you off like a common merchandise.

You were

were nothing to him, just a burden to be discarded. So tell me. Amica-how could you, of all people, make another woman suffer the same way?

now, eyes flashing with amusement

She sits up no

"Oh, please. Mary." She sighs, shaking her head as if I'm being ridiculous..."Do not stand here and pretend like I was the one who created the rift between you and Deckard. That crack was already there, whether you want to admit it or not she laughs

"You were never meant for each other," she says, her voice cool, almost pitying. "Deckard never saw you as his equal, let alone his mate. You were just a toy, something convenient.

He used you when it suited him, and when he was done, he tossed you aside like a broken plaything”

she mocks

Tell me, Mary-why do you refuse to see that? Why do you keep clinging to a fantasy that never existed?”

“That’s exactly what’s happening with Scar too,” she ridicules. “You’re his toy all over again”

’she sizes me up with her eyes. “He use you aggressively” she scoff

I let out a snicker, forcing a smirk onto my lips. “Oh, that’s funny to you, huh?” I shake my head, pretending her words don’t hurt

I take a slow step forward, lowering my voice just enough to make her listen. “Well, maybe you’re right about Deckard and me. Maybe we weren’t meant to be. Because believe me, I tried-tried everything-to give him a child. But no matter what I did, it never happened.

Meanwhile, you-“I glare at her with pure resentment. “You sleep with him once or twice, and suddenly, you’re with child.”

I pause, savoring the moment, “Hmm but you see, I was smart enough to catch on quickly-and get rid of it.”

I watch her closely as I say the words, letting them sink in.

I want her to know. I need her to know. It was mine

Her entire body goes rigid. And then, finally, finally, she turns to me fully, her eyes wide, her face drained of color.

“You?” she whispers, almost disbelieving.

I smile, slow and cruel. “Yes, me

A laugh bubbles up from my chest, dark and satisfied. “What did you expect! I am a doctor, after all. A doctor who hates you. And I was given access to treat you. What did you think I was going to do?” I chuckle, shaking my head.

That does it. She rises from the bed, her movements stiff, her breathing sharp.

Tilt my head, watching her closely. Now she’s paying attention.

“Oh, why are you so shocked?” I sneer as I watch the horror settle in her eyes. “Did you really think I was going to let you have Deckard’s child? Let you make me the laughingstock of the entire community?”

I let out a cold chuckle “Please That was never going to happen *

I take a slow step forward, watching in her stunned silence. “But anyway, that’s the past now. Deckard is dead, a new Alpha is here, and that’s exactly why I came to share some good news with you”

Her jaw tightens, but she says nothing. I smirk..

“Unlike Deckard, Scar’s attention isn’t divided. He’s not bound to anyone I pause deliberately. Letting her sit in the uncertainty for a moment.

—but very soon, he will be. And guess who it’s going to be?” I let the question hang in the air just long enough before crushing whatever hope she might have left. “It’s me. I am pregnant with Scar’s heir.

Satisfaction courses through me as I say the words out loud, as I finally win. “So you don’t need to worry about your position anymore. He is mine. And that makes me your new Luna.” I fold my arms, chin lifts high. “So you will show me respect=”

I don’t get to finish...

Amica moves so fast I barely register the shift. One moment, she’s standing still, and the next, She attacks.

Before I can react, before I can step back, she rushes into me, sending me crashing to the ground.

The impact knocks me to the ground, and before I can scramble up, she’s on top of me, her hand swinging.

Slap!

Pain explodes across my face, my vision blurring..

I gasp, struggling to push her off, but she’s relentless, she strikes with another slap. My cheek burns, and my ears ring.

I try to stop her arms, twisting beneath her, but she’s too strong and angry. At that point I began to wish I never confessed because it seems she wants to kill my baby too

“Guards!” I scream, but she doesn’t stop.

like she

Panic erupts through me-what if no one comes? What if she kills me? I fight harder, my nails digging into her skin, desperate to throw her off. but she is not yeilding

“Help!” I cry out, my was so desperate for help.

I barely have time to process the struggle before the door bursts open.

The guards worm in.

yanking Amica off me. She thrashes wildly in their grip, her eyes blazing with fiery rage, Like she is redy to kill me.... You stupid bitch! What the hell do you think you are doing?”

course!” she screams,

I shout, my chest heaving as I wipe the blood from my lip

Amica fights against the guards, her face twisted with fury.” kill that thing inside you-just like you did mine, of course!”

For a second, the words hit me like a blow. But I don’t let her see it

I straighten, brushing invinsible dust off my dress,

“That is never going to happen,”

I yell “Sear will hear about this, and you will get the punishment you deserve.” I glare:

at her, seething. “You fuck

fucking idiot

Without waiting for a response, I turn on my heels, lifting my chin as I march out of her room, leaving her screaming behind me.

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Chapter 143

DARTH

An heir uhnt

I never imagine what it feels like to have my own heir—until now. Amica and I will create powerful, unstoppable heirs, especially because of the blood she carries. **But** somehow, Mary has become the one bearing my child.

Doctor Mary. She was nothing more than a way to relieve my stress, a fleeting distraction. But now, she **has** become something more.

Mary is a nobody, **a** parasite searching for a host, and she has latched onto me. She was meant to be Deckard's plaything, nothing more. The moment she threw herself at me. I **saw** her for **what** she was—an opportunity to be used, nothing else. **And** I planned to use her to the fullest.

IIAP

she is pregnant.

That is good news, I suppose. **Having** an offspring of my own is

is always good news. But Mary's child can never be my heir.

The plan remains unchanged.

Amica is my true mate. She will carry my true heir.

Here's a more refined and immersive rewrite with deeper characterization and atmosphere:

As for Mary, she will remain by my side—my concubine, or perhaps something more.

“My doctor concubine, I muse, the thought bringing a twisted sense of amusement.

I can keep them both happy.

I am eager to share it with Cleopatra.

After careful thought and back and forth with myself, I make my way to her chambers.

The moment I step inside, the thick, choking scent of incense overwhelms me. Smoke fills the air, so dense I could barely see, making the entire place feel **like** it's on fire.

Are y

you trying to burn

n down

Blackthorn Castle, Cleopatra? I only just acquired it!” I call out,

But as I move deeper into the chamber, something feels off. A muffled sound—low, breathy, **and** unmistakably intimate—catches my attention. Then another. Moans, slip through

I stop short, in disbelief

What the hell **is** going on here?”

I parting through the thick haze just enough to reveal the scene before me—a grotesque display of pleasure and indulgence.

Cleopatra, on top a man, her body naked and in the dim light. Her breasts flap with each movement, her expression **lost** in desire. Disgust filled me

“What the hell.

Cleopatra?” My voice rises, “Aren’t **you** too old for this?”

The sight burns itself into

mind, an

image I wish I

wish I could unsee.

I turn away sharply, covering my eyes **as** if that could erase **what has** already been seared into my memory.

“Oh, my eyes” What in the name of the goddess have **you** forced me to witness?” I exclaim painfully

“Hey, don’t disturb my punishment. Next **time**, knock **or** something?”

Cleopatra gasps, her voice un

Uneven S struggles to **catch** her breath, moaning between words.

I watch, disgusted, **as** she **rocks** her body on him **like** an unsteady child, completely unbothered **by** my presence

“Hold on, let me finish the whimpers and grunts, her movements inconsistent, lost in pleasure.

Then, with one final gasp, **she** stiffens

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Her body locks up with her breath fastening, and for a moment, her eyes roll back in a way that makes her look like she was dead. I **was** afraid!.

That’s it I’ve seen enough.

Inurn away. “Please, Cleopatra, find me outside,” I say, my fingers against my temple, “I have something **important** to discuss,”

“Wait” the murmurs lazily. Tm already done.”

† glance **back** as she finally shifis, peeling herself off the man beneath her. That’s when I recognize him.

“What the hell are you doing here, **you** fool? Get the fuck out

The rogue—one of my own men, scrambles to his feet, snatching his pants and shirt in a desperate attempt to flee

Cleopatra, utterly unbothered, stretches with a yawn.

“Oh, don’t threaten the poor boy. He was about to cum” she says nonchalantly before collapsing onto the bed, wrapping the sheets lazily around her body.

I let out a sharp breath, shaking my head. This woman is beyond redemption.

“What is so important that you had to disturb me at such a delicate time? Cleopatra asks, her voice thick

Isco, shaking my head.

“Damn Cleopatra. I did not expect this from you. I’m traumatized by your saggy and weak,” I say, still regretting **having** witnessed any of it. She stretches lazily, completely unbothered. “Well, no

no one asked you to watch.”

you. In **case** you haven't heard... I'm going to be a father! I announce, a smug smile

"Fair enough. But anyway, I came to share some good news with you. In c spreading across my face.

Cleopatra blinks at me, then tilts her head in genuine surprise. "Really? How did that happen? When did that happen! Gods, I did not expect **such**... interesting news from you, Doris

You've exceeded my expectations. You've actually done something impressive for once."

Her expression shifts, curiosity giving way to excitement. "Wait-how did you manage to get Darth? Or did you force her? Tell me everything I arch a brow. "Darth?

"Yes," she **says**, waving a hand dismissively. "Finally, you will have a true heir-one that carries the dragon blood. You have an heir!"

I hesitate. The excitement in her voice doesn't quite match my **reality**. **Because** the truth is this heir isn't from Amica. **It's** from Mary. what I have to tell her.

And Cleopatra **is** expecting something *far* different from

"But **listen** carefully-this **isn't** what you think. Amica isn't pregnant. She never was. Unless I drugged her, which I didn't"

I pause a moment, then drop the truth

I'm talking **about** Mary. Dr. Mary"

Cleopatra freezes, her expression darkening in **an instant**. "What? No. That can't be right. We can't possibly be talking about the same Mary"

I fold my arms. "Of course, we are. Which other Mary do you know?*

Her disbelief turns to frustration.

"You must be joking. **Why** would your ven do such a thing! No I do not believe y

She throws her hands up, paring like she's about to combust

"You had one job,

Dumbr

of One! To impregnate Amiral Tell me, I

hand can that bet

I chuckle, unbothered by her outburst. “Hey, no need to yell at me like that. There’s still plenty of liquid in the blood bank to **go** around. Today it’s Mary’s turn. tomorrow it’ll be Amica’s”

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Cleopatra glares at me, unimpressed. “You have no business impregnating the likes of Mary! Amica is—and has always been—the plan!”

“Oh that is not an issue,” I shrug. “The **plan** still stands! today is Maty’s turn and tomorrow, it will be Amica!”

She narrows her eyes. “So you’re telling me **you** now have an heir.. **with** Mary?”

“Yes, that is my

my child, and I won’t toss him away!” I declare firmly.

Cleopatra eyes me, arms crossed. “Hmm.. And how exactly **are** you so sure the child is yours? You only **just** got here a short while **ago**.”

I scoff, shaking my head. “Mary wouldn’t lie to me, Cleopatra. She wouldn’t dare.”

She smirks in amusement “Well, it wouldn’t hurt to find out, would it?”

Her words settle in my mind, stirring an irritation I hadn’t expected.

Mary could never be foolish enough to lie to me about something this important. I don’t need proof—I know the child is mine. But if Cleopatra wants to waste her time digging for answers she’ll never find, she’s welcome to it.

As for me, I have more important **matters** to attend to

My heir is coming. And I need to prepare for his arrival.

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Chapter 144

Chapter 144

Deckard

She needs **to** know that I'm **alive**—even if **I** can't stand on my own **two** feet.

Leonard and I are here with Martha and an old man, somewhere secluded, somewhere I don't quite understand. The poison lingers in my body, seeping through me slowly despite the potions and mixtures I've been given.

I **hate** this feeling of helplessness. I am burning and drowning in my own fire, trapped in a body that refuses **to** obey me. I **have** never felt this **useless** in my life.

I don't know what's happening with Amica. I don't know what **state** she's in. But one way or another, I will get out of this.

Leonard returns with a few men—just enough to form a small army, but nowhere near what we need to stand against Darth and his battalions of

rogues.

I need alliances. I need warriors willing to fight for me. But it seems like the world has already buried me.

No one fights for a dead man. No one risks their lives for someone who is barely holding on.

Why would they? Why would anyone sacrifice men for **a cause** that no longer promises victory?

I understand that better than anyone—because in the state I'm in, I feel like I might not make it.

It seems pointless to make plans when I can't even be sure I'll live to see the next day. What I need is to recover, to stand on my own two feet and

take back control.

If that means storming my own castle alone to face Darth, then so be it—even if it kills me.

But this **is** Darth we're talking about.

He has lived among the rogues for ages, becoming one with their **lawless** ways. And yet... there must still be something inside him **I** can use, something **I** can tap into.

After all, **we** share the same blood.

I remain trapped in this sickbed, my skin **raw** and blistered from the flames that burn me from the inside out. I feel like a damned grilled chicken, sizzling in my own fire.

A voice cuts through my haze of pain.

“Martha, **we’ve** been here for so long, and the Alpha’s condition isn’t improving! What the hell **is** going on?”

He can’t eat, can’t sleep, can’t do anything. All he does **is** feel pain

And we don’t have time for this.

There are enemies to defeat, battles to win. Yet here **we** are, watching our Alpha **waste** away. Do something, Martha! Do something, **Gaius!**” Leonard snaps, pacing furiously. His frustration seeps into every word. He complains often, but this time, I can’t blame him.

Today, Martha comes to update me on my condition, her **face** grim. She describes it **as** something she has never seen before.

I force out a bitter chuckle. “That hurts my feelings, Martha... Do you think I don’t already know that? Do you think I don’t understand the situation I’m in?” My voice is hoarse, my body **weak**, but my mind is still sharp. “You and Gaius need to find me a way out of this!”

I take a shallow breath, then call out, “Leonard... it’s time. Take me away from this place.”

Leonard hesitates, looking toward Martha and Gaius for guidance.

Martha sighs, shaking her head. “Alpha, we **are so** sorry this **process is** taking so long. We are doing everything **we** can to **restore** your health, but the poison in your bloodstream **is too** strong.”

Gaius steps forward, his expression **grave**. “The **sorcerer** who poisoned you didn’t just use ordinary magic. He sought out **ancient** knowledge to ensure **your** death. And to undo it... **we** need ancient knowledge of our own.”

“**Sir, if you** wouldn’t mind me suggesting... given how dire this situation is, I believe we should go to Red Valley.”

The moment **Gaius** utters those words, the room **tenses**.

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Chapter 144

*Red Valley?" Leonard exclaims, his voice sharp with disbelief. "We cannot go there! This is the Alpha **we're** talking about!"

He turns on **Gaius**, practically snarling. "That is no place for the Alpha of Alphas!" he yells

Gaius holds his ground, unfazed by Leonard's outrage.

"You are right, Red Valley is a cesspool of magical swindlers, **degenerates**, and outcasts. But it is also home to the most ruthless and powerful **sorcerers** and the alpha is in need of one.

There are no rules there—no boundaries to magic. They practice freely, unrestrained by ethics or fear." He **explains**

Martha nods in agreement. "I understand the risks, but if there is any place where we might find the knowledge to cure the Alpha, it's there. **Yes**, it's dangerous, but we will go with him. We will protect him with everything we have."

All **eyes** turn to me.

Gaius takes a step forward. "What do you **say**, Alpha Deckard?"

I push myself up, ignoring the searing pain that rips through my body. My voice **is** weak, but my resolve **is** iron.

"We are going to Red Valley."

There is no room for argument.

Gaius nods, his expression unreadable. "Then we go in disguise. We stay low, move carefully."

I don't need him to tell me that. I know the stories.

Red Valley is not a place for a traditional Alpha. It is not a place where anyone simply walks in and expects to leave unchanged.

The **sorcerers** there don't need introductions. They can sense who you are before you even speak.

In this enigmatic enclave, the most formidable witches and sorcerers **have** found refuge, each weaving their own intricate spells and harboring secrets as dark **as** the obsidian stones that pave the winding streets.

Trust **is** a rare commodity, while Deception is the norm here

Novists are often trapped in magical illusions; most times, losing their possession is not enough. Their identities are also at risk, replaced with something... miserable.

It's whispered that some have wandered into Red Valley, only to emerge as entirely different individuals, their past selves erased by potent

enchantments.

I've heard stories about these sorcerer tools like 'Kitsune'—they are foxlike spirits that can take over people, usually young women.

They sneak in through their fingernails or even through their breasts.

When this happens, the people act differently and might even get some wild, temporary abilities, making it hard to tell where they end and the spirit begins.

There are many more grotesque tails of events at the Red Valley; it **is** like the underworld of witches. Shapeshifters, possessors and so on

I don't know what to expect when I get there, but **I** know that I need to be fine. I need to get back on my feet and take back what is mine.

After a few hours of preparation and disguise, we begin the journey to Red **Valley**.

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AD

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**Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate -
Deckard Alpha 145[2,323 words]**

Chapter 145

*Deckard

The road to Red Valley does not welcome travellers. It stretches on, dry and cracked, with untreatable whispers... By the time we pass the last village before Red Valley. I know for certain—we are no longer in a place ruled by mare men

We **travel** in a truck that is not ours. Leonard took it from a man who should have held his keys tighter. Martha had warned against anything too loud, but the road does not offer quiet choices. The truck groans under us, and the dust it kicks up does not settle.

The four of us proceed and passed through many villages

The journey y takes us through lands that do not call to travelers.

When we got to Ocean Valley, the mad stopped. Our only way forward is to go through Water. We leave the truck behind pay for a speedboat. The boatman does not ask where we are going because that part of the ocean only leads one way.

The sea is kind, or at least indifferent. My skin, always burning, finds a brief peace in the salt air. But the land does **not** forget. The moment we step hack onto solid ground, the fire returns, digging deeper, as if to punish me for daring to find relief.

Now we have reached Gold County. The road here allows nenher wheels nor mercy. We must go on foot or take a horse, though neither choice will change where we are going Red Valley does not care how we arrive—only **that** we do.

Leonard went ahead on foot to speak with the townspeople. Gold County does not deal in silver or favors—only in gold, and only in what can be held in hand. When be returned, it was **with a** chariot and a rider, a man whose name we did not **ask**. The **price** had been Leonard's gold chain, and that was enough. Here, words mean little. Metal speaks louder.

We rode through the night. The whispers came, as they always do, curling in from the edges of the dark. That part does not unsettle me—I have known whispers for as long as I can remember. What I do not know is the thing that presses in now, thick and unseen. It is not the night. It **is** not the wind It is something else entirely, and the farther we go, the stranger it becomes.

I do not know if I am dreaming I do not know if I am awake. I sit inside the chariot, but my body tells **me** otherwise. I feel the earth beneath my feet, the brush of leaves against my skin. The trees loom close, though I know there are none on this path

Then I see them—six small Egres standing in the shadows, Dwarfs. Their faces are solemn, their heads shaking as if in mourning.

“Why are they crying?” I ask

Martha turns to me, her brow creased. “Who?”

“The dwarfs.” I say, my voice steady, though my hands are not

She watches me carefully. “We are inside **a** chariot,” she **says**. “‘s only us here

So **I** keep quiet. I close my eyes. I know now that I am hallucinating-

The chariot moves forward, wheels groaning against the road. The night thickens, pressing in from all sides. It is as though the very air has turned to tar, dragging against my skin. The whispers rise, not from one place but from everywhere at once, threading through the darkness like unseen hands reaching

I glance to my left. Then my right. And in that shifting, suffocating night, I see him—a small boy at the edge of the woods, crying for his mother. His voice is thin, lost in the wind, but I **hear** it as if he is right beside me. And all Lean think of is the child I lov

“Don’t **leave** him.” I plead “Please, get him off the side of the road. We can find his mother” I move to climb out of the chariot

“You can’t come out. Alpha—Martha’s voice is sharp, urgent. She grips my arm, and Galus is beside her, holding me back.

“How can you be so heartless!” I struggle against them. “That **is a** child. A child, alone in the woods at night, calling for his mother, And you want to abandon him?” My voice is breaking. I do not **know** if it is from sorrow or rage. Perhaps both.

“Don’t leave him! Please, get him off **the side** of the road—**se** can find his mother?” I lunge **forward**, trying to climb **out** of the chariot

You can’t come out. Alpha Martha grips my arm, her fingers tight with warning. Gaius is **quicker**, wrapping his arms around me, holding me

“How can you be so heartless?” My voice shakes. “That **is a** little boy, crying alone in the woods for his mother, and you just want to abandon hum?”

Martha’s **face** is tight with worry. “There is no one there,” she says, her voice careful. “How can you even **see** a boy in the woods when the whole chariot is covered” She pulls back the curtain peering outside.

A long silence. Then, softly, she says, “There is nothing out there, Alpha” |

Chapter 113

Llanis tightens his grip. “His condition **is** getting worse. We need to hurry? There is fear in his voice now

Up front. Leonard glances back. “What’s going on?”

The Alpha’s o

condition is getting worse!” Martha yells. “We need to hurry!”

Then I hear it again.

Papa!”

The boy’s voice is louder this time, desperate, cutting through the air like a blade.

I freeze. My breath catches.

“That is my son. Lee We need to go gri him!”

“No, you do not have a son, Leonard says sharply Without another word he snaps the reins, urging the chariot faster, pushing us away from whatever lingers in the dark.

The ride is forment, stretching on into what feels like eternity. My mind twists, pulling me through visions that may not be real, or perhaps are more real than anything I have ever known. The whispers crawl beneath my skin. Shadows shift where there should be none

At some point, Galus murmurs a spell under his breath. The words are soft but heavy, sinking

under.

into my bones. Sleep takes me like a tide, pulling me

When I open my eyes, the world is different. I hear voices—real voices, not the whispers of the **road**. People. We have reached a place where people

still exist.

“Where are well **Lask**.

a

“Shhh,” Martha hisses, her hand pressing lightly against my chest. “We are at the entrance now. You go by a different identity here. We all do.”

I try to stay still but my breath betrays me. It is uneven, **too fast**, too aware.

Somehow, we **pass** through without trouble. No one **stops us**. No one questions us. After all the warnings, the **fear**, the secrecy, I wonder what was all the fuss about!

Once inside, Caius and Martha step out of the chariot,

“We’re going into the **tavern** to find a healer, Martha says “Wait here with him”

Leonard gives a small nod, but his eyes are watchful. He does not trust this place. Neither do I.

“We are looking for a healer. A strong

gone!” Martha’s voice is firm as she sees to Leonard. “Please watch after the Alpha. We will return as soon as

Then they are gone, swallowed by the tavern doors, leaving only silence and the weight of my own weakness pressing down **on** me.

Leonard comes to the back of the chariot, his face unreadable **as** he checks on me.

“Leonard, please,” **I rasp**. “Get me out of here. I need to find a healer on my own”

“That’s exactly what Galus and Martha are doing, Deckard,” he says, arms crossed

“They’re old and slow,” I snap. “I don’t have time to wait. I feel like time is running out, **like** whatever is wrong with me is tightening its grip. I can’t just sit here. I’m **an** Alpha-1 have **to** find a **solution**, even if it kills me.”

Leonard exhales sharply, glancing around **as if** expecting someone to **overhear** us. “We don’t **know anyone here**! This place **is** dangerous. We could be deceived, or worse!” His voice is tense, **his** frustration barely contained. “And look at you! You can’t even stand on your own two feet. You’re slower than those old and slow people you’re talking about. You’d only slow us down”

He shakes his head. “Maybe I should go on my own.”

There is truth in what he says, but I cannot stand the thought of sitting here, waiting, **doing nothing**. The weight of my own helplessness is worse than the pain in my body. Even my legs **betray** me—I try to stand, but they crumble beneath me. “No,” I say, gritting my teeth. “It doesn’t matter. If I look weak, then I’ll blend in with the peasants

here. No one will suspect anything” I glance at Leonard, who still hesitates. “**Assist** me, Leonard” He exhales through his nose, reluctant but resigned.

Finally, he steps forward **and** pulls me up, letting me lean against **his** shoulder. The moment I put weight on my legs, my body protests, but I refuse to let it win. Head down, body draped in damp sackcloth, I move through the **streets like** a beggar, clinging to Leonard for support

Now we begin the search for a powerful healer.

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Chapter 71

Just moments age, Howard had forced Serena to stay and entertain Zach against her will

But now that she’d finished reviewing the propul and project details, Howard and Sarah we teady to cast her aside like yesterday’s trash.

Things weren’t going to be that easy

“Business is about capability. Zach and I may have unresolved personal matters, but when it comes to work, everything is in black and white. If he wants to break the contract, he’ll have to pay the penalty Tansen Group and I won’t lose a thing.” Serena sid

Howard was at a loss for words. Sarah, on the other hand, shot to her feet as she slammed her hands on the table.

“Serenal. How can you be so ungrateful? Don’t forget. It was Dad who made an exception and promoted you to where you are now

“Jansen Group is only standing today because my mother fought to keep it. Wherever I am now, Learned it! But you!

“You weren’t even born into the Jansen family. You just carry the family’s name. Do you really think you have the right **to** slam the table at me?”

Serena’s les gaze **was** like a blade slicing straight into Sarah’s chest. The **sharp** sting made Sarah suck in a breath

The door swung open again.

Sarah was seething, but she had no choice but to swallow her rape. Her chest was burning with frentation.

As Zach stepped in, he took in the tense atmosphere. “I need to speak s

“But this project is mine...” Sarah’s eyes were filled with grievance.

k with Setina alone.”

“The decision is mine.” Zach’s cold or left room for argument. His indifference toward Sarah **was** palpable

Seeing this, Howard quickly grabbed Sarah **and** ushered her toward the adjacent conference room.

She yanked her hand free and yelled, “Dad! Are you really just going to stand there **and** watch while she mocks me and let an outsider trample all over me?”

The project comes first. Let’s wait until the contract is signed. Then, I’ll find a way to fix things for you.”

Howard’s gaze shifted toward the white wall separating the rooms. It **was as** if he could see straight through it to Zach and Serena sitting inside.

13 years of history. That was something worth exploiting

In the next room, Zach took a seat across from Sex while his gaze locked onto hers. They don’t want you here. They won’t accept you.”

Serena met his eyes without flinching, “I know.”

Her nonchalant response made Zach pause, but he quickly recovered.

“If you’re willing to forgive me and let go of the past, I’ll personally put you in charge of this project. That way, you’ll have your footing in Jansen Group and be able to do whatever you want.

| lost interested: “

After leaning back in the chair, she tilted her chin slightly, looking down at him with a mixture of amusement and disdain.

“A Foster Group project? Do you think that’s enough to establish me? Don’t flatter yourself. Even without **your** project, I have my own ways!”

my own ways **to** stay on top

Zach’s expression darkened. His snarl was ice-cold as he cut her off. Without a word, he slid his glowing phone across the table. “Is this what you mean? By dinging to a **married** man?”

A photo of Hugh leaning **in** and talking to another **woman** was on the screen. He lace wasn't visie. All that could be seen was a slender, elegant figure holding a wine glass with a relaxed

Hugh, ever composed, woce **his** alcold expression. But his gaze was steady, locked onto the woman in a way that suggested intimacy.

Serena narrowed her eyes as **she** felt confused.

If anything, Hugh looked even colder toward that **woman than** when he spoke to her. Where was the so-called intimacy!

Zach, however, lapt tałng. "That woman is **Hugh's** wife. Mr. Larson has quite the reputation, and his newlywed wife must come from an equally prestigious background

"If the finds out that Hugh is keeping you as his mistress, do you **think** she let you off easily? Serena, out of respect **for our** past, I'm warning you know when to stop. If Mrs Larson cocles after you, a man like Hugh won't even besitate to abandon you.

"But I'm different. If you come back to me, I won't hold anything against you. We can even revisit the idea of marriage."

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 146[1,725 words]

Chapter 146

Deckard

Leonard and I **stagger** through the **streets** and somehow end up quite a busy market.

"**Wait** here. Let me **ask** around," Leonard **says**, seating me down on a **log** before disappearing into the crowd.

I **stay** alert, scanning my surroundings for anyone who might be able to help.

"Hey, **sick** man!" a little girl calls out **as** she walks up to me.

She looks no older than eight or nine.

"You can't sit here. That's the beggars' spot," she announces.

"What?" I ask, confused.

“**You’re** sick, not a beggar, right? Then **get** a healer! This **is** Todo’s spot, and he won’t take kindly to seeing someone else here. He can be quite hostile, I tell you.”

Do you know a healer? A powerful one...” I **ask**.

She giggles. “There **are** plenty of healers in Red Valley. It just depends on what kind of healing you’re looking for...”

She pauses, staring at me with an unsettling gaze.

“Sexual healing, spiritual healing, emotional healing...” she trails off.

I frown, wondering why a little girl is speaking this way, but I don’t have the strength to question it.

“I can tell you need spiritual healing... I can take you to my ma. She’s gonna heal you,” the little girl **says**, her voice light but oddly confident.

“What’s it gonna **cost?**” I **ask**, shifting uncomfortably under my hoodie **as** sweat clings to my skin.

She shrugs. “I guess you’ll have to find out once you get to my ma.”

Every instinct in me screams that this **is** a setup. I don’t care how young she **is**—Red Valley is not a place where innocence **is** guaranteed. People assume children can’t be part of the schemes that run through this town like a sickness, but they’re wrong. Sometimes, they’re the best at it.

“Look... what’s **your** name?” I **ask**, narrowing my eyes at her.

“**Freya**,” she says without hesitation.

“Freya, I’m sorry, but I don’t think I can go with you,” I reply, trying to keep my voice firm but polite.

She sighs dramatically. “**Oh well**, I tried. When Todo gets here, though... it’s gonna be nasty.” **Her** lips curl into a mischievous smirk **as** she steps

back.

Before I **can** respond, I **hear** Leonard **voice**

“Alpha! I got a **healer!**” Leonard calls **out**, his voice triumphant.

“Alpha?” **Freya** repeats, her **gaze** snapping **to** me, curiosity flashing **across her face**.

“No, that’s not me. I’m Ralph,” I **say quickly**, remembering that Martha and **Gaius** said we need to hide our identity here.

She doesn’t look convinced, but before she **can** press further, Leonard steps forward, leading an older man with him. The man’s **face is** lined with **age**, he might be legit...i think

“Bernard!” Freya calls out as she recognizes the old man.

The moment their eyes meet, his expression shifts–his **face**, lined with age, now **heavy** with Guilt. Maybe **even fear**.

“Oh, Freya, please...” His voice is **barely** above a whisper, **a** quiet plea.

Her stance changes instantly. Gone is the **playful, teasing** child. Now, **her voice** is sharp, cold. “Should I **tell** them? Or do **you** walk **away**?”

Leonard tenses beside me. “Tell us what?” he demands.

Bernard doesn’t hesitate. “Alright... I’ll go.” He turns on his heel, retreating into the crowd like a man who **has** just escaped judgment.

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Chapter 146

Leonard curses under his breath. “Whobisvthid little girl and Why did you chase our healer off? A **few** people **swore** he’s powerful!”

Freya scoffs. “Yeah, **a** few other swindlers.”

Leonard frowns, frustration clear on his **face**, but Freya doesn’t wait **for** him to argue. She turns to me instead. “Look, the longer you stay here, the more likely you are to **get** swindled–**or worse**. People are noticing you now, you smell new. If **I were** you, I’d leave. **Now**.”

With that, she spins on her heel and starts walking **away**.

I stare after her, my mind spinning. Do I trust this little girl or not? Everything about this town is twisted, and I don’t know if she’s genuinely trying to help or **if** she’s playing an even **deeper** game.

Before I can decide, an angry voice cuts through the air.

“Hey! That is my **spot**! Who the hell are you, tainting this place with your sweat and heat? You don’t belong here!”

I turn **to** see a dusty-looking man storming toward me, rage twisting his features.

My gut clenches.

Todo.

Freya **wasn’t** lying.

And **now, our** cover is about to be blown.

“Shit. Let’s follow her, Leonard,” I grunt, struggling to push myself up.

“Follow who? The little girl? What about Martha and giaus?” Leonard asks, his voice filled with doubt.

“**Yes**—her name is Freya, Martha and Giaus will findbus” I say, barely managing to stay upright.

Leonard quickly grabs my arm, steadying me. “Freya!” I call out, but my voice is weak, barely a whisper against the noise of the market.

“Freya!” Leonard shouts, his voice carrying farther.

We take off after her, weaving through the crowded streets. My body protests with every step, but I force myself forward. Freya moves fast, slipping through gaps between **villagers**, avoiding watchful eyes. Eventually, she leads us away from the thick of the crowd, down a quieter road where only **a** few people linger.

The air feels heavier here, quieter, like the town’s chaos doesn’t quite reach this place.

Freya glances back at us, then at me. “The distance **is** a bit lengthy, and I don’t think Ralph can last walking that far. Where’s your horse?”

Leonard exhales sharply. “**Our** horse **is** far from here....”

She clicks her tongue. “I **have** one, but it’s not built for three. Still, we **can** try.”

She strides over to a large tree and unfastens the reins of a black horse. The animal snorts softly, shifting its hooves in the dirt.

Leonard helps me onto the horse first, struggling under my weight. Once I'm on, he swings up behind me, and Freya takes the front. The horse protests for a second before steadying under the added burden.

Without another word, she kicks the horse into motion.

The ride is rough. Every jolt sends fresh **pain** through my body, but I grit my teeth and hold on. The farther we travel, the more the town's noise fades behind us. The streets grow **narrower**, the **houses sparser**.

After what feels like forever, Freya **pulls** the reins and the horse slows to a stop in front of a small, weathered house. Its wooden walls **are** worn, and a single dim lantern glows faintly from inside.

"We're here," she announces, slipping off the horse with ease.

Leonard and I dismount, though I nearly collapse the moment my feet touch the ground. Freya doesn't wait for us **to** recover. She pushes open the wooden door and gestures for **us** to follow.

Inside, the house is dimly **lit**, the air thick with the scent of herbs and something else—something unfamiliar, yet strangely comforting. Shadows dance along the walls from the flickering light **of a** single candle.

I don't know if we've just found safety **or** walked straight into another **trap**.

I'll get my **ma** now. Please **wait**, Freya says before slipping into the shadows, leaving us alone in the room.

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Chapter 146

The air is thick with the scent of incense and herbs—earthy, almost calming. Under different **circumstances**, I might have found **it** soothing. But right now, I can't. My body is shutting **down**, my vision flickering between darkness and light. Still, I force my **eyes to stay** open.

Minutes pass.

Then, finally, footsteps.

A young woman **steps** into the room. Her ginger **hair** catches the candlelight, and she carries the scent of herbs—**tea** tree, lavender, something else I can't quite **place**. She looks young for someone who **has** a daughter like Freya, but I **guess** magic does wonder.

there's an air of authority about her, something both knowing and unshaken.

"Hello," she greets, her voice smooth but unreadable.

Leonard jumps in immediately. "Hello! You're Freya's ma? Please, help us," he pleads, desperation clear in his tone.

She doesn't **waste** time on introductions or pleasantries.

"Take off his clothes," she orders.

Leonard hesitates, caught off guard by the abruptness of it. "Oh. Okay," he says, already reaching to help me.

stop him with a weak hand. "I got it," I mutter, voice hoarse.

Slowly, painfully, I peel away my clothes, feeling the weight of the woman's gaze **as** she studies me. It's sharp, dissecting—like she's reading something beneath my skin, something beyond just flesh and wounds.

"What is your name, master?" she **asks**, her tone holding something... deliberate.

"Ralph," I manage to say before my body betrays me, forcing me back into the chair.

A small, knowing smile tugs at the corner of her lips.

"I prefer to call you the Alpha," she **says** simply.

Leonard and I exchange glances, tension crackling between us.

How the hell does she know?

"Did **Freya** tell you this?" Leonard **asks**, his voice edged with suspicion.

The woman tilts her head slightly, her expression unreadable. "**Yes**. I am Freya."

Leonard frowns. "No, I'm talking about your daughter."

She blinks, unfazed. "I don't have a daughter."

Leonard exhales sharply, frustration creeping into his voice. "Okay, I'm talking about the little girl who brought us **here**. The one who called you

her ma

“I don’t know what **you’re** talking about, **sir**,” she **says** smoothly. “But I am Freya.”

A tense silence stretches between **them**.

“You know **what?** It’s fine, Leonard finally mutters, rubbing a hand down his face. **He** exhales sharply, shaking his head. “Just—please heal him.”

“Well, that comes at a price,” she **says**, watching him carefully.

“We **were** told,” I manage to **say**, though my **voice is barely** more than a whisper.

Leonard straightens. “So what’s the price?”

She smiles, “It depends. But let’s get to the healing first. Once he’s better, you must pay me my **price**.”

Leonard clenches his **jaw**. “Fine. We’ll pay. If it means leaving him here **while** I go **get your** payment, then **that’s what** I’ll do.”

As I watch them go back and forth, my gut twists. This deal is going to be a shady one—I can feel it. But at this point, **what** choice do I have?

Their voices start to fade, their words blurring together. My body **feels heavier**, the room warping, shifting.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 147[1,947 words]

Chapter 147

Amica

The intuition **was** always **there**—a suspicion buried beneath the chaos of the kidnapping and everything else that had happened. I felt that **Mary was** behind the loss of my baby, but how could I **have** been sure? How could I **have** trusted my instincts when I had no evidence?

It was a terrible experience, one I hate **to relive**. But hearing her confess -hearing her admit, without shame, that she was the one responsible- fills me with a **rage so** deep it shakes me.

How could I **have** been so stupid? How could I have let her lay her hands on me, knowing full well the kind of hatred she harbored? I should have known. I did know. But I let my guard down.

I blame Dekard for this. I blame him for everything. His useless, degenerate mistress killed my unborn child, and I will not rest until I do the same to her.

The **fact** that she now carries Darth's child? It's almost laughable. If she weren't responsible for my miscarriage, I might have even been curious to see how she'd handle it. Mary. Pregnant with Darth's child. What an absurdity.

But there is no curiosity. No sympathy. No pity.

I hate her. And because of that, there is nothing to feel sorry for.

If Mary is truly pregnant, does that mean Darth won't bother to claim me again?

That should be good news. He already has a Luna now—he has no reason to need me anymore. That should be a **relief**... should be. But the more I think about it, the more that relief curdles into something **else**.

If Mary becomes Luna, it means she'll have power. **Real** power. And knowing her, she won't just **use** it to rule—she'll use it to make my life a living hell. Not just mine, either.

I need to get out of here. I need to leave with my aunt before it's too **late**.

As I'm lost in thought, a knock sounds **at** the door.

Not that it matters. No one **here** actually cares **if** I want them to enter or not. The knock **is** just a courtesy in case I'm naked.

2 2 2

Before I can even turn toward the door, it swings wide open.

A rogue steps in, his face shadowed, his presence imposing. His voice **is** rough, clipped. "Scarface requests your attention. Now. Follow me."

I don't argue. I don't ask questions. **I** just go.

As I step outside, my eyes scan the area—and then they land on him.

Dane.

My breath catches.

What the hell is he doing **here**?

Is he back to form **an** alliance with **Mary**? Or is he here to gloat, to rub it in my face that I've lost my mate?

"Dane!" I call out, my voice **sharp**, unwavering. There's no hesitation, no **fear**. I don't care who **hears** me.

He turns, **eyes** narrowing as he stalks **toward** me, his presence **as** suffocating **as ever**.

"Amica?" He scoffs, his tone dripping with mockery. **"What audacity?"**

Stopping just in front of me, he tilts his **head** slightly, sizing me up like I'm nothing more than an inconvenience. **"What gives you the right to call me out like that? Do I owe you money? When did you develop such-"** He chuckles **darkly**. **"- audacity?"**

Something inside me snaps.

"When I realized you're a worthless piece of shit," I spit, **my voice steady**, unshaken.

His smirk falters. **"What?"** He blinks, as if he didn't **hear me** correctly.

"Where are you taking her?" he suddenly demands, turning to the guard beside me,

"Scar needs her attention," the guard responds.

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Chapter 147

Dane exhales sharply, rolling his shoulders before turning **back** to me. **"Don't worry,** I'll take her to him. I just need to give her a piece of my mind first."

The guard **nods**, stepping aside without a second thought.

As soon as **we're** alone, Dane closes the **space** between us. **"What the hell is wrong with you?"** he growls.

I don't let him speak another word.

Before I can **stop** myself, my hand swings through the air, landing a sharp slap **across** his face. The sound of the impact echoes around us.

For a second, I **can't** even believe I did it.

Dane's head jerks slightly to the side, his **jaw** tightening as he slowly turns back to face me. His expression darkens, his eyes burning with fury.

"Amica!" he **roars**, grabbing my wrist in a bruising grip.

I don't flinch.

I meet his rage with my own.

"What are you going to do?" I hiss. "Kill me? Just like you killed Stefan? Just like you led my Alpha to his death?"

Dane throws his head back and laughs. A deep, cruel laugh that grates against my skin like rusted metal.

"Oh, true," he sneers. "I had forgotten about that." He keeps laughing, shaking his head.

"Alpha Deckard this, Alpha Deckard that... The Alpha of Alphas... blah, blah, blah!" He rolls his eyes, his expression twisting with something bitter, something unhinged. "Damn, I **was** so fed up with that shit. Do you have any idea what it **was** like, listening to that every damn day? I didn't even **know** what I would do **if** I had to take one more second of it."

Then his amusement vanishes, replaced by something colder, darker. He steps closer, his presence looming over me.

"You have no right to lay a finger on me," he growls, his voice low and menacing. "Have you forgotten your place? Have you forgotten why you should stay in it?" He tilts his head, eyes narrowing. "Or do you want me to beat the snot out of you?"

I don't move back. I don't shrink away.

Instead, I step closer.

"I **dare you**, Dane Blackwood." My voice is steady, my breath brushing against his face.

"Go ahead. Show me my **place**."

I tilt my chin up, challenging him.

"**Tell me**, or better **yet**, show **me** what you plan to do that you haven't already done before."

The corner of his mouth twitches, his nostrils flaring as he takes in my words. He leans in, just a fraction,

“**You** seem to have **grown** some balls,” he murmurs, his **eyes** flickering... intrigued.

He sniffs,

“And **you** seem to have lost **yours!**” I hiss,

With the **little space** between **us**, **I grab** his useless balls and yank-hard.

Dane lets **out a** strangled **cry**, doubling **over as pain** shoots through him. His **face** contorts, his mouth twisting in agony. But with the back of his hand, he **slaps** me **across** the **face**. **Hard**. The impact sends me staggering, my vision blurring for **a second**.

But I don't let that stop me.

Through the sting of my cheek and the pounding **of** my pulse, **I scan** the ground, **desperate**. Then I **see** it—a **jagged** stone, half-buried in the dirt.

I snatch it up without hesitation.

Rage surges through me, white-hot, unrelenting. My body **moves** on instinct, fueled by **anger**, by frustration, by everything Dane has ever **taken from** me.

‘I hope you die, **Dane!**’ I scream.

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Chapter 147

He doesn't **see** me coming. He's still hunched **over**, nursing the pain in his groin, completely **unaware** of the danger looming right in front of him.

With all the strength I can muster, I hurl the stone at **his** head.

The sickening **crack** that follows sends a rush of satisfaction through me.

Dane stumbles back, eyes wide with shock **as** blood trickles down his **face**. His fingers fly to his forehead, trembling, feeling the warm wetness of his own blood.

Then his **expression snaps**.

Pure, unfiltered rage fills his **eyes**, his lips curling **back** in an animalistic snarl.

“I'm going to kill you, Amica!” he roars.

Before I can move, his hands clamp around my throat.

I choke, my body instinctively struggling against his grip as he tightens his hold. My lungs scream for air, my **nails** claw at his wrists, but he doesn't **loosen**.

Then-

What is going on here?!"

A voice cuts through the chaos.

The guard who excused us earlier comes running, his eyes darting between us in alarm.

"Release her now, Dane!" he shouts.

But Dane doesn't let go.

And I-

I am running out of time.

"Didn't **you see** what this bitch did to me?" Dane snarls, his **face** twisted with rage. His grip on my throat remains, unyielding, his fingers pressing hard against my skin.

"I don't care!" the guard snaps." Scar needs her now. Leave her alone!

For a moment, Dane hesitates, his **jaw** clenching. Then, with a final squeeze, he releases me. I stumble back, gasping, desperate to reclaim the breath he stole from me.

Dane doesn't **leave** right **away**.

He leans in close, his breath hot against my **ear**.

"This is **why** no **man** will **ever** want you," he hisses.

I go still.

"Every other woman in the world was able to **satisfy** my needs- **except** you," he continues, his voice dripping with cruelty. "You **were never** enough for me. And you **sure as** hell weren't enough for Deckard."

His words slice through me, but he isn't finished.

'Look **at Mary**," he taunts. "Sweet. Smart. And so much better in bed." His lips curl into a smirk. "**I see** what Deckard **saw** in **her**. **It's** why he kept **fucking her**."

The moment hangs **heavy between** us.

And then, just like **that, he's** gone.

I don't move. **I** don't breathe.

I just stand there, the words poisoning my mind, crawling under **my skin**, stinging.

The guard doesn't **give me time** to **process**. **He grips** my arm and pulls me along with him, dragging me through the corridors. **I barely register** the movement, my thoughts drowning in the echo of Dane's voice.

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By the time we **reach** Darth's chambers, my body feels numb.

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Chapter 147

The moment **we** step inside, Darth's eyes narrow.

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What happened to her?" His voice is sharp, cold with barely contained fury.

The guard stiffens. "No—it wasn't me, Scar!" he **says** quickly, raising his hands in defense.

Darth's gaze darkens. "Then who?" His voice drops to a lethal growl. "Get that fool to me. Now."

The guard doesn't hesitate. He rushes out, leaving me alone with Darth.

I stand there, still, my body tense, my eyes refusing to meet his.

I know he's watching me.

I know he sees everything.

In a few minutes, the guard returns, dragging Dane behind him.

Darth's eyes lock onto me, sharp and unreadable." Is this the person who hit you?" he asks, his voice low but carrying an undeniable weight.

I don't hesitate. I nod.

Dane stiffens beside me. * Scar, I can explain—she hit me first— ”

“Da-da-da...” Darth interrupts, waving a hand dismissively.

The room falls into a tense silence. Dane swallows hard.

* Do you know who that is?” Darth asks, his voice now edged with something dangerous. “Answer me, Dane!”

Dane shifts uncomfortably. “It’s... it’s Amica, “he stammers.

Darth’s lips curl in disgust. “That is just her name. She is the Luna of Lunas... That is her true identity.”

The weight of his words presses into the room like a storm cloud.

And you had the audacity to lay your hands on her?” Darth’s voice drops into a deadly whisper, the kind that precedes bloodshed.

Dane opens his mouth, but no words come out. Fear flickers in his eyes.

Darth rises from his seat, his presence suffocating. ” I should take your head from your neck,” he declares, his tone final, absolute.

Dane goes rigid.

And I...

I watch, waiting to see if Darth will follow through on his word.

4/4

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 148[1,375 words]

Chapter 148

Amica

Oh, finally, this day has come.

Dane does not deserve his head. The moment Darth **says it**, satisfaction spreads **across** my **face** in the form of a smirk.

Dane drops to his knees, bowing **so** low his forehead nearly touches the ground. "Please, **Scar**," he pleads, **his** voice shaking. "I didn't just hit her out of nowhere! She came for me! Look at my head—she threw a damn stone at me! And she yanked my balls so hard I thought they had detached from my body!"

Darth raises **a** brow, unimpressed.

"**Please**, Darth, I'm sorry!" Dane's voice cracks, his hands trembling as he clasps them together in desperation. "I had no idea you planned to make her your Luna. Do whatever you will to me, but please don't kill me. Have mercy!"

Darth turns to me, curiosity dancing in his dark eyes. "**Is** it true?" he **asks**.

*You yanked his balls and hit him with a stone?"

There's something amused in his tone, like he's holding back a laugh.

I **say** nothing.

A beat of **silence**.

Darth bursts into laughter. "Oh... **wow**... please don't fucking kill me!" he mocks between chuckles, coughing slightly **as** he struggles to contain himself.

I fight it, but the sight of him laughing—so uncontrollably—nearly breaks my composure.

I **press** my lips together, but I feel **it** creeping up,

But even as I hold it back, one thought lingers:

I wish I did more than **just** yank his stupid balls and break his head.

"Oh! Well, you deserved it, Dane. You're an actual idiot,"

Darth scoffs, shaking his head. "Look, that doesn't give you the right to **lay** hands on my Luna—to-be.

"What?"

The word barely **leaves** my lips, **a** whisper too low for anyone to hear.

My heart stutters for a moment. What the hell is he talking about?

I thought he was with **Mary now**.

She is pregnant.

Isn't she?

Darth exhales, running a hand through his hair, like he's debating his own words.
"Well, I called you here for a **reason**, Amica..." His said

"I know **that** we **were** supposed to be bonded in a few days, but... one thing led to another, and... **well**, you know the story." His eyes flicker to mine, as **if** waiting for some kind **of** acknowledgment." But I want you to know that that hasn't changed. Even though... there are new developments, **we are** still going to be bonded. ●

He sighs after saying **it**, like he's trying **to convince** himself **as** much as he's trying **to** convince me.

I don't respond.

Because **what** the **hell** am I supposed to say to that?

And then he drops the bomb.

Mary happens to be pregnant with my child, Amica..." His voice is light, cautious—like he expects me to **care**." Don't be mad... I didn't plan this." H actually says that.

1/3

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Chapter 148

Like I'm some lover who **gives** a shit about what he does.

I stare at him, **a** slow, simmering **rage** bubbling beneath my skin.

I don't know whether **to** laugh in his **face**...

Or kill him **where** he stands.

"**I was** just having fun with her and I didn't expect that it would become such a big deal...but she is pregnant now and I can't deny her" as he spoke like a fool, my eyes darted from him to Dane!

Earlier he was telling me about how sweet it **was** for him fucking Mary.

At this point it seems like Mary has fucked all the men in blavkwater.

I wonder what man is left unturned by the mighty Mary!

No one is **free** from the tentacles she whips. I hate her to my guts and I will make it my mission to see her fall.

Now all these **got** me wondering if truly that child belongs to Darth. When did he even get here to impregnate her? Its just a month!

Does it mean she fucked him the same night he got here?

Who knows, the so called baby might belong to to one of the guards or some other unnamed sexual partner she has somewhere around the world, **or...** Dana!

I look up at Dane with a knowing smile once I hear him talk about Marys pregnancy.

Darth's eyes go still, shock flashing **across** his face as he registers my words. I don't look away-I want him to see me, to really see me.

Could the baby truly be his?

Does **it** even matter?

A reckless impulse grips me, and I decide to do something truly ridiculous.

I step forward, slow and deliberate, until I'm standing right in front of him. Then, with a sickeningly sweet smile, I place my hand lightly on his.

'Congratulations," I murmur, my voice just loud enough for him to hear.

Then, without another word, I turn and walk away.

Behind me, Darth sputters in confusion. "What-what just happened?!" His voice is filled with genuine cluelessness.

"What did you tell him, Amica?" His tone sharpens, turning demanding.

! glance **over** my shoulder, keeping my smile firmly in place. " I only told him that I have forgiven him."

A lie. A beautifully crafted, venom-laced lie.

Darth eyes me suspiciously, but I continue, my voice soft and unbearably kind. "I know that he hurt me, Darth, but I am willing to let **go** and forgive him. It doesn't matter how many times he hit me or tried to hurt me-it just shows that he is hurting more."

I shift my **gaze** to Dane, whose **face** is twisted with confusion and suspicion." I forgive you, Dane, "**I say** again, my voice syrupy sweet.

*Please do not behead him – I pause, just briefly. ” Yet, I mean.”

Darth raises a brow at that, but before he can say anything, I smile wider.

There will be plenty of reasons to behead Dane later. But for now?

I plan to enjoy taunting him, blackmailing him.

Darth watches me for a long moment, then chuckles darkly. “Wow, look at that. The Luna of Lunas... so forgiving, so generous, SO... HOT!” His grin widens. “That is why she is to be my **mate**—as soon as **all** is settled.”

I keep my expression calm, **my** smile polite.

But inside?

I am screaming. Never!

2/3

2:27 PM

Chapter 148

Darth’s voice **is** smooth, confident—so sure of himself, so utterly detached from the storm brewing inside me. “I know you’ll extend the same kindness to Mary. She’s in a delicate state now, carrying my child, so I want you both to be on good terms.”

Who the hell does this guy think he is?

Bond with him! With this delusional fool? Over my dead body.

I stare at him, my expression unreadable, even as my mind seethes. I hope his wounds never heal. I hope every breath he takes is filled with suffering. I hope—no. I know I do not wish him well. And Mary?

I **wish** her worse.

Darth. Mary. Dane.

I wish to see all three of them choke on their own calamity.

Darth leans back in his chair, his arrogance suffocating.” Dane, you should be thanking my Luna—to-be right now. She just saved your life because, left to me, your head would already be rolling. ” His tone hardens, shifting from amusement to command. “Thank her.”

Dane hesitates. His pride wars with his fear, but he knows—just as I do—that in this moment, I am the one deciding his fate.

“Am... Amica, please forgive me.” He swallows.

It's hilarious to see! I know he would never say that on his own. Not if his life didn't depend on it.

Dane calling me Luna of Lunas? I don't believe it.

I savor the desperation in his voice. This is the same man who, just moments ago, wanted to crush me. Now, he's begging.

Pathetic!

I let out a soft hum, my smile sweet—too sweet. But my eyes? My eyes hold something are telling him..“Your secrets aren't safe with me, Dane. *

And the best part?

Darth is watching. Listening.

If I so much as hint at what he and Mary have been up to behind his back, Dane's life is over.

Oh, this is going to be so much fun.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 149[1,618 words]

Chapter 149

Deckard

The next time I open my **eyes**, after what feels like an eternity lost in unconscious oblivion, the only comfort I find is the vision of Amica's face.

She feels so close... yet impossibly **far**.

She looks **angry**—I know she is. I don't need an expert to tell me that. But beyond the anger, there's something worse. She looks pale, drained, and unbearably sad.

The sight of her hurts me deeper than any poison ever could.

I can't see **myself** in this vision, can't tell if I'm even there. But I hear my own voice, distant but firm.

"I will be back, Amica. Please, just hold on a little longer. I'm coming for you, my love."

Then the vision fades.

When I finally wake, the first thing I see is a blurry ginger figure hovering above me. My head spins, my vision sharpens, and I recognize her- **Freya**.

The pain is still there. The heat still scorches my insides. The poison still pulses through my veins, a cruel reminder that I am neither dead nor truly alive.

Why the hell am I still here **if** all of this suffering refuses to leave me?

"Oh, you're awake, **Freya** announces,

I grunt, shifting uncomfortably. "Yes, but not better." I still feel pain in my body and veins. "What the hell did you do to me? I feel worse!"

Freya smiles, completely unbothered by my suffering.

"Of course you do."

I glare at her. "What are you smiling about?"

She tilts her head, amusement flickering in her **eyes**. "At least you're strong enough to get angry."

"Do you even know what you're doing?" I snarl, my patience wearing thin.

Her expression hardens. "Careful... wounded Alpha," she warns,

I scoff. "I'm no Alpha. I defend-

"You cannot lie to me, Alpha, I know exactly what you are. You're a wolf. A powerful one at that."

I huff a bitter laugh. "Yeah, well, you're a witch. You should know."

I let the weight of my disappointment settle into my voice.

"But if you're as powerful as you claim, I shouldn't still feel like I'm dying."

the amusement in her eyes fading. “Why would you say that?”

I meet her **gaze**, unwavering. “Because Freya is supposed to be powerful... I guess they were wrong.”

Her lips press into a thin line. The **air** around us seems to shift.

“I am Freya,” she states, voice sharper **than** before. “And whoever said I was powerful knew exactly what they were talking about

She leans **in** slightly. “You should be careful how you **speak** to me, wolf”

Her smile is gone now,

“Remember, I **am** powerful

“Where is Leonard? I need him to take me out of this **place!**” I grunt, my frustration bubbling over.

Freya tilts her head, **smiling as** if my suffering amuses her. “You mean the one you came with? He left.

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Chapter 149

4 freeze. “What the hell do you mean by that?” I struggle to sit up, but my limbs feel heavy, my strength still failing me.

Freya sighs, watching my feeble attempt. Td advise you to **stay** down, unless you want the potion in your veins to clot with your blood and kill you within minutes

My body tenses. “What?”

Fear grips me. I don’t want to die—not now. Not with everything **at** stake. Gritting my teeth, I force myself to stay still “Where is Leonard? What did **you** do to him?” I demand.

Freya rolls her eyes. “Nothing. I just needed to **have** a private conversation with you. He’ll be back soon.”

Her tone **is** calm but I don’t trust her...She steps closer, her gaze darkening. “Now, Alpha,” she murmurs, “Tell me everything about you.”

I glare. “You already know who I am, i thought” I mocked

“Oh, I know you’re more than just an Alpha,” she corrects. “**I** felt it the moment you arrived. The heat that radiates from you, the power simmering beneath your skin. You **are** something else, something more.”

Her gaze strolls down my body, assessing, searching for something...

“**I** know what your cure is,” she finally says.

My breath stills. “Then tell me.”

She smirks. “I could. But unfortunately, I won’t-unless you tell me everything **I** want to know.”

“What do you want to know?” **I** ask her.

“What is your name?”

“Ralph.”

“Your real name!” she **says**.

“Ralph Vanderous.”

The fake name slips off my lips easily.

“You know I can make you tell me the truth, right? It would just hurt you, and I wouldn’t want you to be in more pain than you already are. I don’t think your body can take any more suffering, Alpha,” she threatens.

“Why are you doing this? You already asked that **we** pay a price, and we agreed to that, so what the hell is wrong with you, Freya?” **I** growl, my anger seeping out of my pores.

*I do not take threats very lightly, young woman. I am the Alpha of alphas, and I have had enough of your bullshit. If you do not have a cure, I would love to get the fuck out of here!” **I** snarl, my rage building.

“I knew it. For someone of your power, it’s hard to hide who you are. It seeps from your pores even without you knowing it,” she chuckles.

“So you are the Alpha of Alphas... the dragon-blooded Alpha. I have heard of you. I hoped that I would meet you one day, but I didn’t expect it to be this way. But this... this is perfect.”

“Where is your mate?” she asks, and the question cuts through me like a blade.

“Why do you ask?” **I** say, swallowing hard.

*She is your cure. You need her. Her body enacts cold while yours enacts heat... there is a balance in your being. But at a time like this, you need her more than she needs you."

Her words shatter me. She truly knows me but how? How does she **even** know that my mate's body enacts cold? It makes perfect sense. All this **time** searching for a cure, all these desperate attempts—when the answer was something I already had.

"I can only **manage** your sickness for **a** while, but soon, it will get worse. You won't even be able to move, and then... you know what comes next."

"You have to find your **Luna**, but you cannot leave this place. That is my condition," Freya says, "I don't care how you manage to get a **message** to her, but she **must** come here as soon **as** possible. And you- she tilts her head, a smirk creeping onto her lips, "you have to stay. I need you here to ensure I get my payment

Her words unsettle me. I don't fully understand what she's asking for, but the revelation that Amica is my cure makes too much sense to ignore. I **am** fire. She is ice. A perfect balance—one I've been too blind to see until now.

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2:27 **PM**

Chapter 149

I go silent, lost in thought. How the hell do I **get** Amica here? I can't even stand on my own two feet, let alone send a message across the lands.

"Where is Leonard?" I **finally** ask, my voice sharp. "He's the only one who can help me find her. So wherever you've locked him up, or whatever spell **you've** cast on him, undo it now. Otherwise, you get no payment."

Freya lets out a small, amused laugh. "I haven't done anything **to** him. No spells, no locked doors. He left, talking about finding some people."

I narrow my **eyes** at her. I don't trust her—not for a second. But without Leonard, I'm stuck here.

"Then I guess we wait for him to return," I **say**, frustrated.

A **few** hours later, Leonard arrived.

The moment he **saw** my eyes open, he ran toward me, his **face** lighting up with relief.

"Alpha! You're awake! How **are** you feeling? Are you still in pain?" He asks with concern.

“I feel like hell,” I say, my voice dry and weak.

Leonard’s expression twists with anger. He turns to Freya, rage clear in his face.

Then what the hell have you been doing, woman? I thought you said you were going to heal him! **Are** you just wasting our time here?”

His fury burns hot, his patience clearly spent.

“**Take** it easy, Leonard, I mutter, trying to calm him. “She told me the cure for my illness. **Now**, I need you to help me get it. I don’t care how you do it.”

Leonard straightens, his jaw tightening. “Anything you need, Alpha. Just say the word.”

“The Luna cure. You have to bring Amica here.”

He exhales sharply, rubbing a hand over his face. “Hmm...”

Leonard’s determination is unwavering as he speaks.

“I will gather the few men I **have** and do whatever it takes to get her out of the city, even if it’s the last thing I do.”

His voice carries a depth of loyalty that I have always known, yet in my current state—weak and helpless—it sounds different. It is raw, sincere. I have never needed anyone as much **as** I do now.

“Thank you, Leonard,” I say, meeting his gaze. “Did you find Martha and Gaius? You’ll need them for this journey. I don’t want you going alone.”

He shakes his head, frustration flickering in his eyes.

“It’s been difficult tracking them down. Asking around too much would only draw unwanted attention, and we can’t afford that. Time is against us, I could be heading straight to Blackwater to get Amica out of that Blckwter. Don’t worry, Deckard—I swear to return with her.”

I nod, trusting him completely.

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 150[1,970 words]

Chapter 150

Amica

There is no way I can become Darth's mate, and even worse, share a bed with the same man that Mary has been with. What kind of twisted fate is this? Why does she always end up entangled with every man in my life?

And now this fool, Darth, has the audacity to suggest that Mary and I become rivals over him—as if he is some prize worth fighting for. As **if I** care about him at all. That marriage will never happen. The bonding ceremony, or whatever nonsense he calls it, will never take place.

His wounds **are** healing, and soon enough, he will regain his full strength. Staying trapped in this fortress will be a death sentence. Every attempt **I've** made to escape has failed. I need a new plan.

I need to get closer to Darth. I need to earn his trust, make him believe in me—enough that **I** can move freely through this castle, just like Mary **does**.

Even though I despise everything about him—his face, his presence, the mere sound of his voice—and if I had even the slightest chance, I would drive a knife straight through his heart, I know that killing Darth is impossible. At least, not yet.

I push myself off the bed, I KNOW THAT If I'm going to survive this, I need to act fast. It can't be that difficult to befriend Scar. After all, he's already managed to put Dane and a few of my enemies in their place. Maybe I can use that to my advantage.

And soon enough, Mary will get what she deserves too. But then what? What will I be left with?

Pushing those thoughts aside, I knock on the door, and the guard stationed outside pulls it open.

"Take me to Scar," I demand.

He says nothing, just nods and leads the way. As we walk, my mind is already working through different strategies—how to make Scar trust me, how to maneuver my way through this mess—but before we can reach Darth's chambers, I see her.

Mary.

She approaches me with that sickeningly sweet smile, the same one she always wears like a mask.

"Amica!" she greets, her voice dripping with false warmth.

I stop walking, watching her closely **as** she steps closer.

“I assume Scar has already spoken to you about the situation?” she says, tilting her head slightly.

I arch a brow, crossing my arms. “What situation, Mary?” I ask, “Are you referring to your bastard pregnancy?”

The guard stiffens beside me, but I don’t care. Let him hear. Let the whole damn castle hear. Mary’s smile falters for a brief second before she quickly masks it, but I see something behind her eyes—anger, shame, maybe even fear.

Good.

Mary’s face pales, her eyes widening **as** she tightens her grip on my arm. Her nails dig into my skin, but I don’t flinch. She yanks me roughly into a secluded corner, away from the guard’s prying **ears...**

“What the hell are you talking about, Amica?” Her Sharp angry voice, drops into a harsh whisper.

I offer her a slow mocking smile. “Oh, you know exactly what I’m talking about,” **I say**, “Your little bastard pregnancy you’re so desperately trying to pin on Darth, when we both know the truth.”

Mary’s nostrils flare as she glares **at** me. “Where the fuck did you hear that?” she hisses, her voice shaking with barely contained. “who told that Amica **tell** you **that?** Tell me!”

I chuckle, **shaking** my head. “Do you really think you can fool **everyone?**” I lean in slightly, lowering my voice. “**Mary.** The child isn’t Darth’s—**it’s** Dane’s.” She freezes, For the first time, true panic shows in her **eyes**,

“You go around spewing nonsense like this, and you’ll regret **it,**” **she** spits, her **voice** trembling with **rage.** “I am more dangerous than you think, Ainica. **If you** cross me, I **will** make your **life** a misery.”she threatens

I scoff, yanking my arm free from her grip. “Not if I make your life miserable **first.**” I take a **step** closer, my eyes locked onto hers. “**Just** imagine, Mary—how **will** Darth react when he finds out the **truth?** That the child you claim is his belongs to none other than Dane?”

The color drains from her **face.**

“What!” She whisper

I smile. “You heard me.” you

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Chapter 150

Mary quickly grabs my wrist tightly.

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“Wait, Amica! You... you have to take it easy,” she stammers, her voice cracking. “I don’t know what you think you know, but you’re wrong! You can’t just throw around accusations like that!”

“Oh? Can’t I?” I lean in, lowering my voice to a whisper. “I don’t think you understand, Mary. The tables have turned. You should be afraid of me

now.”

Her breath hitches, but she quickly masks it with a scoff. “Listen,” she blurts out, her words tumbling over each other. “This child belongs to Darth! I – I have been having intense intercourse with him from the time it came here and you cannot even imagine how things got between us...” Her eyes darting around nervously, **as** if grasping for an excuse.

I watch her carefully **as** she tries sohard to convince me.

A slow smile spreads across my lips. “Oh, Mary,” I murmur, shaking my head. “O don’t need to know about your disgusting nights with Scarface? How pathetic.” I snort.

“Spare me the details–I don’t have the stomach for it.”

Mary’s lips part as if to argue, but she hesitates. I see it now, She’s hiding something. And now, I know I’ve hit a nerve.

Mary’s hands tighten around my arms, her fingers digging in as she pleads. Her voice is shaky, desperate.

“Listen, Amica, I know we’re not on good terms... especially after the terrible things I confessed to you! But I swear, I didn’t do it! I only said those things to hurt you... I’m not the reason you lost your child.” She lies through her teeth, searching for an escape from the noose tightening around her.

I scoff, shaking my head. “Too late, bitch. The ball is in my court now and is already rolling.”

I try to pull away, but she grips me even harder, her nails nearly biting into my skin.

“Wait! Wait, please!”

I watch her squirm. “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you, Mary, are at my mercy. And why is that, hmm?” I press, stepping closer. “Could it be because I am right? Because this child isn’t Darth’s, but Dane’s?”

I chuckle darkly. “Oh, yes. That same look is exactly what I saw on Dane’s face when he heard you were pregnant with Darth’s child. Suspicious, don’t you think?”

“Amica, please...” she whispers.

I lean in, my voice dropping to a chilling whisper. “Now, get your filthy hands off me before I do something you’ll really regret.”

Mary’s hands drop instantly, **as if** my skin had burned her. She stumbles back, shaking her head. “F–Fine... okay, fine,” she stammers. “But please, Amica, you don’t have **to** tell Darth! Please don’t–things will get worse! It’s not true, I swear!”

Her voice trembles, her body trembling right along with it.

I smirk. “Oh, Mary... I love watching you beg.”

She sniffles, her lips trembling as she looks at me like a trapped animal.

“Let’s just have a discussion. I can come into your room later. I will talk like my matured people. No insults, no snarling at each other–just a proper conversation,” she begs.

“So that **you** can inject me with one **of** your Kai injections? Oh no, I’ll have to pass on that, pregnant **Mary**! I do not want to see my room!” I use my shoulder to brush her off and **walk away** from her.

My suspicions are confirmed. Although I have no plans of revealing her secrets–not yet. It is too soon. I need him to be much more invested in this pregnancy, and then, **at** the peak of his happiness, I will give him the news.

I quickly turn back around to make sure **she** isn’t preparing to run away. “Mary!” I call her, and I can see her eyes already filled with tears.

“Maybe we should **have** that discussion later. For now, I’ll **zip** my tongue.” I smile, and she exhales, releasing the hot tension she held within her.

Then, I proceed to Dath.

Once I get to Darth’s, my heart beats faster **at** the sight of his lips–almost healed.

At first, it seemed like they would never **recover**, but I think Cleopatra **has** found a way around it. And soon, it will only be **a** matter of days before I am forced to marry this man. But if pretending is what it takes to accomplish my mission and escape from this **place**, then that **is exactly** what I will

1. do.

“Why did you want **to** see me?” he asks, his voice rough

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Chapter 150

“I... I just wanted to apologize to you for everything. We might have started off on the wrong foot, but as time passed, I realized that things have changed. In a short time, **we** will be bound together, so I **was** hoping I could gain your trust before that happens,” I say.

Darth narrows his eyes, studying me like a predator. He doesn't trust me; not yet

“Interesting,” he muses, tilting his head. “You? Apologizing?” he says, unconvinced. “That can't be the only reason you're here.”

I force a light chuckle. “You're too wise, Darth.” I shake my head, faking amusement. “You're right. There's something else that's bothering me... and **it's** about Mary.”

His expression shifts instantly, growing serious. “What about her?”

Not now, Amica! My wolf warns in the back of my mind...Fine!

“I... I'm not comfortable with Mary being in the same space as me,” I say “I've suffered this before... I don't want to go through it again. I can't bond with a man who still keeps Mary in his life.”

I knew this

was all a facade. You

Darth's serious expression slowly twists into a smirk, “Oh, Amica,” he murmurs, stepping closer. “I always knew it. I I do have feelings for me, don't you?” His smirk deepens. “I saw it the day you asked me to pull off your wedding dress.”

He sounds entirely too pleased with himself, but I only lower my gaze slightly, Let him believe whatever he wants.

As long as I get what I need.

“you do not need to worry about Mary! She is just a plaything! Nothing to be taken serious!

You are my top priority! He hives closer to me cupping my face in his hands.

Oh good please, I know he’s not about to kiss me

“I will kiss you now, but my lips you know” he said in a voice I would guess he was trying to be seductive.

“You on the other hand has sacred...too clean to be tainted. look at how beautiful you are!” he sighed

I force a small smile and nod, biting back the disgust rising in my throat.

“Ken!” he suddenly calls, his voice echoing through the room.

The guard rushes in without hesitation. “Scar!”

“I want you to make my future Luna **as** comfortable as possible,” Darth commands, his tone filled with authority. “Release anyone she release and do whatever she says. I need her happy from now on.”

wants

you to

My heart pounds, but I keep my **face** neutral. This **is** it. This is the leverage I need.

Darth turns back to me, his eyes dark with possession. “See, my luna? Everything you could possibly want is now within your reach if you just Cooperrate with me.”

I let my lips curve into a small, grateful smile. “Thank you, Darth. This means more to me than you know.”