

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 151[1,518 words]

Chapter 151

Dane

Mary is pregnant. How is that possible?

No woman has ever gotten pregnant for me before. Amica never did, so I never even imagined what it would feel like to have kids.

Mary and I messed around for **a** while, but I never thought anything would come of it. And now, hearing that she's pregnant for Scar? It shocks me.

What the hell is wrong with her? Has she been sleeping around all this time?

What **a** hoe!

I just need to get back on my feet and claim what's mine.

It's obvious she craves power. Since she couldn't get it from Deckard, **she's** latched onto Darth. She's nothing but a leech, a parasite clinging to the most powerful host she can find. But pregnant... for Scar? That doesn't add up.

The way Amica looked at me when Scar announced it—she knows something.

And I need to find out what.

Is this child really mine? Am I about to be a father?

There's only one way to find out.

I make my way to Mary's chamber, my mind racing with questions. I want to break down the door and demand **answers**, but instead, I force myself to knock—slow,

“It's open,” she calls.

I step inside, and the moment she sees me, shock flashes across her face.

“What the hell are you doing here, Dane?” she snaps.

I smirk, leaning against the doorframe. “What's the problem, Mary? Are we not lovers anymore?”

You haven't seen me in a while, and already you've moved on?"

"That's exactly what I've done," she says, folding her arms. "I've moved on with my life. Why **are** you here?" She pauses, then smirks.

"Wait, let me guess—you heard the news about Scar and me. You should be happy for me, Dane. I finally found a powerful man, one who matches the status I deserve. and Soon, I'll be his Luna."

She smiles, proud, as if she's already won.

"And the pregnancy?" I ask, "How many months are you?"

She scoffs, rolling her eyes. "How dare you ask me that? This is between me and my man."

"Oh, **you** mean between you and the father of the child," I correct

"**Yeah**, what difference does it make? The father of this child is Scar," she states defiantly.

"Don't you dare lie to me!" My voice rises with anger. "How is that even possible? When did you start screwing Darrh? I know for a fact that the **last** man you had constant intercourse with **was** me!"

This pregnancy is mine, **Mary**! You better **tell** me the truth now before I find out the hard **way**."

She glares **at** me, her **expression** twisting in disgust. "What the hell are you spewing **out of** your mouth, Dane?"

She steps closer, her voice dripping with venom. "Stop being such a **loser**. You lost your woman, you lost **me**, and **now you're** trying to pick up the scraps?" She laughs coldly. "Forget about the **scraps**, **Dane**, because even that is not available to **you**! I could never be pregnant **for** you!"

She spits the words out like poison, but I'm not convinced. Not **yet**.

I move slowly toward the door, pretending to leave, but my mind is **already** working on a way **to** make Mary confess. **I grip** the handle, pausing just long enough for her **to** take the **bait**.

"Yeah, get out! **You've** lost in both **ways**, and don't you **dare** come back here accusing me **of** shit again!" she spits.

Without hesitation, I push the door shut and twist the lock.

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10:20 AM

Chapter 151

Her confidence **wavers** instantly. “What the hell are you doing, Dane?” Her voice shifts from defiance to uncertainty.

I turn back toward her, my **gaze** locked onto hers. “Finding out the truth, Mary.” My voice is low, steady.

I take slow, deliberate steps toward her, watching **as** she stiffens where she sits on the bed.

“Stay away from me, Dane!” she snaps, her bravado returning.

I ignore her, reaching forward and yanking down the thin lace strap of her sleeveless nightdress, exposing the swell of her heavy, sore breasts.

“What the hell are you doing?” she hisses, trying to sound outraged, but her voice betrays her—it comes out **as** a mere whisper. I smirk. She wouldn’t dare scream.

“Look at that,” I murmur, my fingers barely brushing the air between us. “I don’t remember those being this big before, Mary.” I meet her eyes again, my voice like steel.

“How many months gone did you say you were again?”

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“Dane, get the fuck away from me! Now!” she hisses, her voice low. “I’m warning you! You’re messing with Scar’s Luna and his heir!” She scrambles to pull her top back up, but I don’t let her.

“No, no, no...” I whisper, my voice dangerously soft as I lean in closer.

Before she can react, my hands cup her swollen breasts, my fingers grazing the sensitive flesh. I lower my lips, tasting her, teasing her. A gasp escapes her lips—half pleasure, half frustration—**as** my other hand kneads the other.

Then I pull away just enough to meet her eyes. I clear my throat, smirking. “Hmm, These taste like mine.”

“You can’t go around saying things like that!” she says, but her voice isn’t as firm as she wants it to be.

I tilt my head, studying her. “Tell me the truth now, and I’ll let you go, let you do whatever you want. But if you don’t...” I lean in, my breath warm against her skin. “I will hover over you until you break.”

She gulps, trying to maintain her composure, but **I** see through her. Beneath all that defiance, I know the truth is clawing its way to the surface.

“Look, Mary, I just need to know the truth!” I say, my voice tight with urgency. “I’m not asking you to hand this child over to Scar. I mean, he’s the Alpha of Alphas—having his heir is a win for you. And even if this child is mine, I wouldn’t be stupid enough to claim him, not when I know he’d have a better future here under Scar’s name.

“But I need to hear the truth from you, Mary. I need it now. Or else-”

“Fine!” **she** cuts in, her voice sharp with frustration. “This **is** the **last** thing I need right now!”

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I narrow my eyes at her. “What do you mean by that? Who else knows?”

She exhales, her gaze darting away. “Amica.”

My stomach drops. “Amica?” I repeat, stunned. “Since when are you two friends? When did you start confiding in her about something this.... **delicate?**”

“I didn’t tell her, you fool!” she snaps. “She figured it out on her own.”

“How the hell did that happen? How could you be **so** careless, Mary?” I run a hand through my hair. “Do you realize what this means? If this **secret gets out, we’re** both screwed!”

Panic **grips** me, and I turn **back** to her. “We need to leave. I think we should run away.”

“Why would I run when **we** can just **get** rid of the problem?” **Mary asks, .**

I **stare** at her. “Get **rid** of Amica? How? We can’t do **that!** Scar would be furious! He’ll find out and kill us both!”

Mary scoffs, rolling her **eyes**. “And why would **Scar care** about Amica?”

“Because she’s his Luna **of** Lunas,” I say firmly, watching **her reaction**.

But instead of fear, she laughs—**low** and bitter. “No, no, you don’t know what you’re talking about. Things **have changed**. I am his Luna of Lunas now. I **carry** his heir.”

I shake my head. “Well, that’s not **what** he told me and Amica not too long ago. He’ll probably keep you as his concubine.”

I tell her but she doesn’t see pleased to hear it her expression darkens instantly, “Oh, **I can’t** let that happen,” she **scoffs**. “We have to **get** rid of Amica —this time, finally! She needs to die.” Her **voice** is shcold **as** ice....

“Wait, Mary!” **I take a step back**, hands raised. “We have to think this through. Killing Amica? That’s **a** bit... intense, dont **you** think?”

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Chapter 151

“Listen, Dane, she’s out for blood!” Mary hisses, “She hates me! You know i have put her through shit! she knows I **was** the one who killed her baby! It’s only **a** matter of time before she spills all my secrets to Scar.”

“Oh shit! How did she find out?” I snap.

Mary hesitates, then mutters, “I... might have told her by mistake.”

I look at her, disbelief washing **over** me. “Mistake! What the fuck, Mary?” **I** run a hand through my hair, pacing. “She’s going to tell Scar. We’re fucked!”

“Not if we get rid of her first,” she says, her voice tightening with deadly intent. She steps closer, her eyes sharp and unwavering.

“Do you understand what I’m saying, Dane? We have to do this.”

I exhale shakily, nodding slowly, thinking of the weight of our next move.

I guess we have to kill Amica before she gets us killed.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 152[1,751 words]

Chapter 152

Amica

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Now that I know Mary's secrets—and she knows I could expose them at any time—I have to be extremely careful. She is dangerous, and if she **was** willing to kill my unborn child, I know she would do far worse to me if given the chance.

There is no **way** I am going to the chamber to have a pointless conversation with her. I will stay out of sight, waiting for the perfect moment to reveal the truth.

This gives me the freedom to move around the castle unnoticed and the power to release the information whenever I choose. That is my first task.

I go to every room where people have been locked up and order the guards to open the doors. Before unlocking the cells, I address everyone. *I am truly sorry for everything **we** have been through.

It is true—the Alpha is dead. Power has shifted from one to another, and we all know that Darth is in control now.

He has allowed to release whoever I want to release and I know that you all are in discomfort so I am here to release you please I would beg you when you finally get out there, do not rebel against rogues because it would only do more danger to us than them. so please everyone let us return to our respective position and not cause any trouble. I believe that with time we will prevail.” i said those words with a teary eyes.

Then allow the rogue to release all of them.

“Lun, I am sorry but **we** cannot release the guards” he said after opening the gates for Bria, My aunt Pamel, some of the elders, workers and servants

“What do you mean by that? You just heard me speak to all of them, they will behave!” i said slowly gettting angry

“I heard you but these are orders from scar himself, He only permits you release those who would help you. The Gamma warriors are of no use right now! You already have us!” he let out a useless smile.

“Shut that trap you call a mouth, or I’ll have your head for lunch,” I snap, irritation and frustration boiling over.

“You haven’t been feeding my people properly—you and the rest **of** your worthless kind. Look at them! Look how thin and weak they’ve become!” I step toward him, my posture daring him to challenge me.

His dumbfounded expression goes slack. He didn’t expect me to lash out like this.

“Luna... please, take it easy,” another rogue mutters cautiously. “They’re free now. They can feed themselves as much as they want. We rogues are not chefs or kitchen keepers-”

“You’re not?” I cut him off, narrowing my eyes. “What’s your name again?”

“Ken?” he answers hesitantly.

“Yes, Ken. Well, what you **are**... is a headless man,” I threaten, my voice dripping with cold fury.

“Please, Luna! You don’t have to do that! Unlike Ben, I haven’t done anything to wrong you,” he pleads desperately. “I’m **sorry** for not feeding your people properly, but I’d really like to keep my head.”

I let the silence **stretch**, watching him **squirm**.

“Alright,” I **say** finally. “Tell me **what you** need me **to** do, and **I’ll** consider it.”

“Hmm,” I hum, pretending **to** consider his words. “**You’re** right, Ken. You do still have use for your head. And do you know what you’ll use **it** for?” I pause, letting the tension build.

“You will personally feed these guards—morning and night. You alone, Ken!” I command. “The maids will bring **you food** every day, and you **will** make **sure** they eat. Do you understand?”

Ken swallows hard, nodding stiffly.

At that moment, a new idea sparks in my mind—**an** idea for rebellion.

No one is coming **to save us**. **If** we **are** going to **escape** this nightmare, we have to do it ourselves. And somehow, that responsibility has fallen **on**

1. **me.**

With everyone freed, I lead them back to the main **castle**, where I have been staying with Decker

Once we are alone, Bria turns to me, her eyes filled with **gratitude**. “**Amica!** Thank **you!**” she **says earnestly**.

I shake my head. “Don’t thank me **yet**, Bria. **We have a long way to go**—I can’t even **smell victory**.” My voice **drops to a whisper** as I glance around cautiously.

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Chapter 152

“Darth plans to make me his mate, I need to get out of here. We have to find the members of the Apex Circle and bring them to our aid.

Our Alpha may be dead, but this is still our home. And I refuse to let it fall into the hands of these rogues.”

Bria sighs, her voice **weak** and uncertain. “I understand that you want victory, Amica, but... this is far more than just a common infiltration. I’m sorry, but you might not be able to save everyone—except yourself.”

Her words strike a nerve, but she continues before I can respond.

“If you ever get the chance to leave this place, take it. **Save** yourself. You’re the only one still holding the hearts of the people against the new ruler. Everyone else—including the Gamma warriors—hates him and wants to fight, only because you do.

But if you marry Darth... or if you leave... **we’ll** have no choice but to pledge allegiance to him.” She hesitates, then adds, “Apart from being an usurper, Darth is also Deckard’s brother.”

Her words send a chill through me.

I narrow my **eyes**. “So what exactly are you saying to me, Bria?”

She meets my glare, her expression firm. “Don’t start a battle you can’t win.”

I scoff, shaking my head. “Well, it’s a shame you aren’t the Luna here, Bria... I am.”

I take a deep breath, my frustration boiling over. I am tired of people telling me what to do.

I will not marry Darth. And I will not leave this place without a fight.

Here’s your passage with better structure, emotional depth, and natural flow:

I have no heir.

That means I have no rightful claim to fight for this position.

But does that mean I should let Mary, Dane, and Darth win?

They have put me through so much—so much pain, so much loss. They deserve to pay.

Mary killed my child.

Darth killed my mate.

And Dane.. that worthless degenerate threw me into this mess.

Fuck. Should I really leave without a fight?

The next **day**, Darth stood before me, his expression smug as he made his announcement

“In one week, **we will** be bound and married.”

His words echoed in my head, but all I could **focus** on was the disgusting joy on his **face**.

two week.

That means I have **two** weeks—**two** weeks before **I** am trapped forever. **two** weeks **to** escape this place and find help.

Because once **I am** married to him, there will be no hope for me.

My mind starts racing, working **through a** thousand **different** plans, searching **for a way** out.

Then, I remember **Ken**—the rogue I assigned to feed the warriors in prison.

Aplan begins to form.

As soon **as I** return to the castle, I summon the maids. “Prepare food for the soldiers,” I order.

And while they **work**, I take a small piece of **foil** and slip **a** message inside. I bury it deep within the food—**just** enough **to** stay hidden.

This is how **I** will reach them.

Every day. Until **it** is time.

The food is meant **to make** them **stronger**—so that **when** the **day of war comes**, **they will** fight relentlessly.

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Chapter 152

At night, I summon Ken. The servants follow behind him, carrying trays of food, ready to deliver them to the men in prison.

I make sure I am the one to personally oversee the deliveries. I cannot risk suspicion.

So every night, the maids take food to the prisoners, and hidden within the meals are my secret messages—notes to my warriors, preparing them for **what's** to come.

The next morning, I wake to an unsettling sight—preparations are being made in the castle. Looks like renovation or a ceremony is coming up

My heart trips. Has the bonding ceremony been moved up sooner than expected?

Or is this for some other event?

Confused, I decide to pay Darth a **visit**.

I find him overseeing the work from his terrace, his usual arrogance on full display.

“I just saw the preparations outside,” I say, forcing a smile. “What are we celebrating this time?”

“You of course, Our Love!” Darth says, his voice overflowing with excitement. “I’ve decided to move our wedding closer!”

My heart stops.

“My lips are fully healed now, and last night, I had a dream about us—about our future together,” his eyes gleaming with disturbing enthusiasm. “You will make me the most powerful Alpha the world has **ever** seen. And my heirs—our heirs! Damn, I can’t wait to consummate our bond. That’s why I’ve decided to bring our bonding sooner.”

I feel sick.

“Cleopatra said it’s the right time, so it has to happen!” he adds, as if that seals my fate.

His voice softens, taking on an almost affectionate tone. “You have given me a peace that no one else ever has, Amica. I cannot wait to have you as my Luna. **I** cannot wait to have pups with you.”

He says it so happily, so sincerely, **as** if he hasn’t destroyed everything I loved.

I hold my breath, my mind spinning. This **is** real. This is happening.

He isn’t waiting a two weeks.

“It’s going to happen in three days, Amica,” he repeats, grinning. “Look around—I’m changing everything to make it perfect for you. It will be better than that sham Deckard prepared for you.”

My chest tightens at the mention of his name.

“You will look like **a** queen,” Darth continues, “And I will have the whole world here to witness it! The news, the **press**—everyone.”

I feel like screaming. But instead, I force out a nervous laugh.

“Heh... i—I am indeed excited,” I say, my voice trembling just enough to sound believable.

He beams. “Of course, **you are**.”

Before I can **react**, he strides **over** and presses his lips against mine—**wet**, forceful, unwanted. Then his tongue slides against my lips, seeking

entrance.

I hold my breath, swallowing my disgust, my entire body fueled by pure revulsion but I can’t let him see

He finally pulls **back**, grinning like a man satisfied with his achievement.

“You taste like honey,” he murmurs, **eyes** filled with **dark** amusement.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 153[1,285 words]

Chapter 153

Amica

That slurping, disgusting kiss from Darth **was** the final push. I needed.

If I wasn’t already determined to escape, that sealed it.

I want to carve out my own tongue just to erase the feeling.

The next morning, after sending food to the gamma warriors as usual—this time with a special message hidden inside—I summon Ken.

He arrives quickly, looking nervous.

“I heard my men are in discomfort,” I snap, my voice sharp with anger.

“What? That’s not true!” he blurts out. “I delivered all the food that was sent to them, I swear!”

“Oh? Then let me make this very clear—in two days, I will be Luna to Darth. Which means your days are numbered if you don’t find a way to make my men more comfortable.”

Ken stiffens, panic flashing in his eyes. “Luna, please—what do you want me to do? Just tell me, and I will. You don’t have to threaten my life.”

“You will-”

Before I can finish, my blood runs cold.

Mary.

She strides into my house as if she belongs here, her presence alone making my skin crawl.

My body tenses, my anger barely contained. “What the hell are you doing here?” I yell, my irritation flaring.

Mary raises her hands in mock surrender. “Hey, please—I came for peace...”

Her eyes wander around, taking in the busy servants, preparing food There’s something calculating in the way she observes everything, something that sets me on edge.

I don’t trust her.

“Get the hell out!” I command, my voice sharp with fury.

Mary doesn’t flinch.

“Please, Luna! I just want to have a word with you, and then I’ll leave,” she says, stepping closer.

I glare at her, but with a small nod from me, the servants quietly **excuse** themselves, leaving us alone.

Mary exhales dramatically, then tilts her head. “I don’t mean to be an inconvenience, but I feel a little deceived. You promised to visit me last week, and yet... you **never** did.”

She sighs, placing **a** hand on her chest. “I **was** just wondering—what **exactly** was the problem?”

I scoff. “Does it seem like there’s a problem, Mary?”

But She doesn’t **answer**.

I **take a** slow step toward her, my **expression** cold. “Have I exposed **your** dumb little **secret to** anyone?”

Mary shakes her head.

“Then why the hell **are you** in my **space?**” My **voice** drops lower, **laced** with venom. “You know how **much** I **can’t** stand you, **yet** you choose to breathe the same **air** as me. What is wrong **with you?**”

A smirks. “Something’s different about **you**, Luna. **Your** voice, **your** presence... **it’s** changed.” She folds her arms.

“Could it be **because** your wedding **to** Darth is **happening in just a few days?**”

Her smirk deepened. “If **you** ask me, I’d **say you** seem **a** bit more confident powerful, even. In **fact**, you’re far more commanding with **Darth than you ever were** with Deckard.”

I just want to rip that smirk **off** her **face**.

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Chapter 133

“You’ve won Arnica”

Mary’s voice shifts, the arrogance in her tone faltering. If I didn’t know better. I’d almost think she wanted me to feel sorry for her. I could never!

“Even with this silly pregnancy of mine? she continues bitterly. “Darth still refuses to make me his Luna.”

I let **out** a dry laugh. “Well, it’s not my fault that you throw yourself around **like a** worthless whore.”

Her eyes darken, but she forces a **smile** out. “There’s no need for **insults**, Amica. I only came here to have a reasonable conversation with you.”

I fold my arms.

“Why? Here’s some advice—stay out of my way. If you provoke me, I won’t hesitate to throw you under the bus.” I step closer, warning. “Right now, you don’t even register as relevant in my life.

You’re a parasite, **always** leeching off a new host.” I tilt my head. “First Deckard, Dane... now Darth.”

I pause, letting the weight of my words sink in

“Stay Out Of My Way.”

Mary studies me, her lips pressing into a thin line.

Then, to my surprise, the smirks.

“I see.” Her voice is quieter now, almost teasing. “Permit me to ask you something, Amica. Is there a possibility that you actually like Darth?”

My stomach turns.

“What?!” I snap, in disgust

“You could run away from this place, to escape this fate,” Mary says, watching me closely. “Yet, you *stay*.” She tilts her head, eyes narrowing. “It makes me wonder... do you actually enjoy the power that comes with it? Or are you just pretending?”

I cross my arms but say nothing.

She sighs, stepping closer. “I’m just trying to understand what’s going on here. **If** you’re only pretending to have an interest in him, then listen to me—I can help you leave, Amica.” Her voice lowers. “Trust me.”

Trust her? I almost laugh. Why the hell would I ever trust this tramp?

I remain silent, letting her dig her own grave.

Mary exhales sharply. “Fine, Let me tell you the truth since you already seem to know so much.

She takes another step forward, her voice laced with frustration.

“I do have feelings for Darth. I want him. But no matter what I do, he only has eyes for you—because of what **you** represent.”

Her words drip with resentment, and for once, she’s being honest.

“I want a life with him,” she continues. “I’ve dreamed of it. But there **you are, always** hovering in the **way**.”

She pauses, waiting for a reaction, but I don’t **give** her one.

Finally, she lowers her voice to a whisper.

“If you don’t want to **marry** him—and I know you don’t—then let me help you **escape**.

Her eyes gleam with something unreadable.

“Tonight.”

I **remained** quiet, letting Mary’s feel like the spokesman of this show.

Then, with a smirk, I leaned forward.

And how exactly do you think Darth would **react if** I told him about **your** little plan **to** send me **out** of the castle tonight—for your own selfish reasons?”

Mary flinched, but I didn’t let her **speak**.

This bonding ceremony is **happening, whether you** like it or not. And **if I were you**, I’d take your own **advice** and leave before **it’s** too late. **My** voice Hardened. “**Now**, can **I go** back to what **I** was doing before **you** interrupted me?”

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Chapter 13

I see the partial surrender in her demeanor and without another word, she rose from her seat and walked out

But I didn’t relax

I didn’t trust her

She was up to something I knew it Why else would she still remain here, knowing full well that held her darkest secret in my hauser

Damn. I had no more time to waste

Quickly, I called for Ken

As soon as he arrived, I gave him his next orders precise instructions for the warriors still locked away.

“I want you to make my

en as comfortable as possible,” I said homly.

The prison is too congested Separate them—each warrior should have their own cell. Do you understand me?”

Ken hesitated. “But Lama, that’s a lot of work

Ken is the perfect person to use for this. He is a young rogue, and I still sense his naivete and lack of experience.

cut him off with a glare. “Then you’d better get started quickly.”

I stepped closer, lowering my voice. “This is the only gift I can give my men before the wedding.

Don’t stand in the way of their comfort, Ken”

He swallowed hard and nodded.

That night, I ordered some of the maids to follow Ken to the prison. I needed to know immediately when the plan was set in motion

Everything is falling into place.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 154[1,271 words]

Chapter 154

Leonard

Before leaving for Red Valley, I beg Freya for something that will make entering Blackwater easier for me and my men. She hands me a small spray bottle filled with a strange liquid.

“Since you’re heading into a city full of rogues, take this,” she says. “It’s a rogue scent. Spray it on yourself and your men—if it works, you’ll be able to walk past the guards without suspicion.”

I nod gripping the bottle tightly.

With no time to waste. I set off for Red Valley. My mission is clear—find Amica and bring her back. She is the only cure for my Alpha, and I will do whatever it takes to get her to him, even if it means I may not return.

The few other remaining Gamma warriors are to accompany me once i reach them at our former hideout.

The journey back is anything but easy. With nothing on me, I am forced to steal, lie, and move in the shadows just to make my way back to where I came from

A day and a **half later**, I finally reach our hideout, where the other gamma warriors wait for our return.

Thankfully, the Gamma warriors remain steady, Without wasting a moment, I gather them and inform them of what needs to be done.

We have to go back to the Black Castle,” I say firmly. “We need to get the Luna out of there.”

We **sit** together, strategizing for a while, going over every possible scenario. Entering Blackwater itself may not be a problem—we have no way of knowing who will be guarding the gates. Will it be our own men, or will it be the rogues?

I suppose we will have to find out.

Once the plan is set, we begin our journey toward the city.

We make sure to move only at night, careful not to attract unnecessary attention. But even with all the precautions, I know one thing—we must be ready for anything.

As we get closer to Blackwater, **I turn to** my men. “Take your positions,” I command, assigning each of them to a different entrance.

There are multiple **ways** into the city. And one **way** or another, **we** will get inside.

Then, we begin

I successfully enter the city, and the moment I step inside, I can tell something has changed. The **faces** around me look hollow, joyless. Even the intruders, the so-called conquerors, do not bother to guard the city as strictly **as I** would have expected.

They are arrogant—confident that no one would dare rise against them,

After all Deckard the only one who can defeat them is dead.

As I move deeper, I spot **a few** Gamma warriors. My heart sinks. They seem to **have** surrendered to this new **power**. “They look defeated, stripped of the pride they once carried.

I **make a** conscious effort to avoid eye contact, unsure **if any of** them **have** willingly pledged allegiance to **Scarface** and his army.

Normally, Blackwater's entrance is heavily fortified, no matter which gate one tries to enter through.

Security here used to be ruthless—searching **every** person, scrutinizing **every** arrival, But now? The strict checks are gone. People are hardly **leaving**, yet many are pouring in freely

I know the news of Blackwater's fall has spread far **and** wide. Ordinary people would **avoid** this **place**.

The ones entering now? Mostly rogues.

I serve carefully, noting every detail. Then, without hesitation, I continue my journey.

This city used to be beautiful in my eyes. But now? It looks like ruins—**even** though the buildings still stand.

The fear fills everywhere the closed marketplaces, the eerie **silence...** it all makes Blackwater **feel** like **a** ghost **of** what **it once** was.

I guess the people never truly realized what they had when Deckard ruled **as Alpha of** Alphas. In just one month under this **new regime**, the **city** looks like a dump.

I manage to **navigate my way** toward Blackthorn Castle, moving carefully through the streets. When **I arrive**, I linger near **the** outskirts, searching

1/3

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Chapter 154

for a familiar scent.

I know our people are inside, being held hostage. If I can get the attention of the right guards—the strong, loyal ones—I know this mission can succeed. But... I can't smell them.

What have these damned rogues done to them?

Our Gamma warriors are some of the fiercest fighters I've ever known. They would never surrender easily to a band of notorious rogues. We've fought these kinds of enemies before—and we've always won.

Yet now, something feels different.

I teeth stay hidden, determined to figure out my next move.

I know some of our men them have died fighting. Their blood has been spilled for this kingdom, for their honor. But what about the rest? Were they captured? Tortured? Forced to kneel before Scarface and his band of rogues?

It's impossible that all of our warriors were slain. Or... is that exactly what happened?

Dammit. Our kingdom has fallen hard.

As I reach the back of the castle, I spot some of the men who came with me. They've already arrived, waiting in the shadows.

There's a secret passage hidden within the thick shrubs—one that only a select few know about.

Deckard gave me directions a long time ago, showing me how to navigate this place. Only he and I know of its existence.

Once we are all gathered, **we** move quickly but carefully.

Through the dense shrubs, **we** find the hollow tunnel that leads to the hidden entrance. At the end of the passage, an ancient wooden door stands before us.

I place my hand on it, feeling the rough, weathered wood beneath my fingertips. Slowly, I push it open.

The door creaks, the sound echos

Beyond it, a pitch-black tunnel stretches before

us,

swallowed in silence.

There is no power here, leaving us to **rely** on **our** night vision instead of lighting a torch. We cannot afford to alert anyone **to** our presence.

With silent nods to each other, **we step** inside.

The mission **has** truly begun.

Slowly, we made our way down the tunnel, taking **a** turn before continuing forward.

After what felt like an eternity of silent steps, we found a stairway.

Without hesitation, **we** climbed—each step creaking under our weight—until we **reached** the top, where a **heavy** iron **cover** blocked our path.

It resembled a manhole, thick and rusted with age.

I carefully unlocked it from my end, wincing **at** the faint groan of **metal** against stone. Damn it, too loud.

Praying we hadn't drawn any attention, I motioned for two others to assist me. **They** understood immediately, stepping forward to help with the weight.

slowly we pushed, inch by inch, until the cover shifted slightly to the side.

I peered through the narrow opening.

The first thing I saw was movement—several **pairs** of boots patrolling the area above us. Shit. **I** couldn't tell how long their rounds would last, so I pressed my ear to the ground, listening.

Fifteen agonizing minutes passed before the footsteps finally faded into the distance.

Wasting no time, we lifted the cover fully, emerging one by **one**, careful to **keep** low and hidden behind the thick shrubs surrounding the castle.

Once the last man was out, I sealed the manhole shut, ensuring no **trace of** our entrance remained.

Just as I turned to regroup, my instincts flared—movement.

Something, or someone, was coming toward us.

2/3

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Chapter 154

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I barely had time to react before I signaled for my men to remain still. Our mission had only just begun, and already, danger was closing in.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 155[1,260 words]

Chapter 155

Amica

Tonight is the night of my escape. The bonding ceremony is tomorrow.

It's now or never.

The gamma warriors know the plan. I **have** fed them well, slipping them secret messages with every meal, keeping them motivated. Tonight is the night for action.

The maids escorted ken to the prison secretly and once he got there, he began opening the cell for rearrangements to make my men comfortable.

The first gamma warrior to step out seizes the opportunity—pouncing at Ken from behind, gripping him by the neck.

Ken began put up a fight with the Gamma warrior

Damn it! Noise is one thing that we do not need right now! So now We move into the next phase of the plan.

The maids storm into the basement prison, their faces masked, carrying the special potion we spent a week perfecting. Aunt Pamela guided through the process, ensuring every ingredient blended into something lethal—lethal enough.

It's a powerful mix of chloroform and unnamed herbs, potent enough to knock a werewolf out cold with a single breath.

Now, **we** just need to make them inhale it.

Luckily, the basement is a confined space—perfect for keeping the potion's effect concentrated enough to work.

The maids move swiftly, their thick masks secured tightly. They distribute extra masks to the imprisoned wolves who are yet to be freed, slipping them through the barricades of the cells while the gamma warrior wrestles with Ken.

Ken fights like a man possessed; I guess what motivates him is the fear of knowing or not knowing what Darth would do to him if he found **was** incompetent.

out he

But the gamma warriors are driven by rage and frustration; They have been locked up in a cell and hardly fed, Ken's rage can not be compared to

theirs!

+58

The Gamma refuses to relent, he **releases** powerful blows **till** Ken's resistance weakens. Blood trickles from his lip, his breath comes in ragged gasps, yet he still struggles.

With a final blow, the gamma warrior forces him down, pinning him to the cold stone floor.

He presses a knee into Ken's chest, snarling down at him. "Open the cells."

Ken, trembles his hands fumble for the locks, unlocking the remaining prisoners.

The moment the last door swings open, the warriors pull on their masks.

The potion is then released into the air so that Ken and every other rogue around would pass out and be unable to make noise.

Within moments, the **gas** spreads, snaking through the prison. One by one, once Ken Inhale I, his body went limp before he even realized what was happening.

The prisoners waste no time. They rush out of the cells, guided by the maids who wait just beyond the basement doors. But **we** won't **stay** unnoticed for long-

Only **a** few of the gamma **warriors** manage to slip away unnoticed, but the moment one of them is spotted, I know our **cover is** blown.

"Heey! Who **are** you?" a rogue shouts, his **voice** sharp with suspicion.

That's all the signal I need.

Chaos erupts.

The rest of the gamma warriors burst out of the basement **as** the **rogues** sound the alarm, their furious howls splitting the night air. Within seconds, the clash begins-**growls, roars**, and the sickening crunch of bones fill the battlefield. I can't tell which side the agonized screams belong to-I only know that everything has spiraled into madness.

I hold my forth, hiding **low** within the thick shrubs, my breath shallow No one can see me.

Then I hear it—the thunderous charge of the gamma warriors storming the gate, their sheer numbers overwhelming the **rogues** stationed there. It's

1/3

11.39 **AM**

Chapter 155

the opening I need.

Hidden beneath my dark cloak, I move swiftly, my heartbeat hammering as i hear the battle cries around me.

My feet barely touch the ground as **I race toward** the gates, without bothering to look back!

Then suddenly a hand grips me from behind.

No

+58

I don't turn.

I struggle violently, throwing every ounce of strength **I have** into breaking free.

“Who **are** you, and where **do** you think you're going?”

The voice **is** firm. A guard.

I can't stop now. I need to act fast.

Without thinking, I spin around and sink my teeth into his arm, biting down hard until I taste blood.

JAHH!” he yells, jerking back in pain.

But before **I** can move, With his other arm he swings at mesmaking me off!-I hit the ground, face-first. Pain shoots through me, any time getting up.

I cannot waste any time now!

Darth will be alerted anytime soon and it would be impossible to get away from him once he does!

As I push myself up, I **grab** a handful of sand. The rogue steps closer, his vision still on me, his steps quick.

I throw the sand into his eyes, making it difficult for him to see

He growls, stumbling back, rubbing at them.

But he's not stopping.

but

I

"The Luna is getting away!" he yelled, and that caused more rogues *to* come forward, but I did not look back. I started running like crazy!

Only two guards stand between me and the gate. I can get past him. I push forward, ready to fight if I have to.

Determined, I ran forward, and that was when I saw some men run in through the gate. A group of rogue-like-looking men began clashing with the guards. I know they **are** rogues, but why are they fighting the guards at the gate?

I don't stop to figure it out!

I did not wait to think about it; I quickly took my chance and ran out of the gate without looking back. Then, running towards me was someone who looked different but felt familiar!

HE looks like Deckard's Beta, Leonard! I am not sure, so I only gave him a glance, and he gave me the same and continued running!

Our eyes meet for a brief second. Then we both keep running.

But then—he stops.

But then I hear him stop!

"Who **are** you and where **are you** running to?" **He** asked. His **voice is very** commanding, Anyone would stop at that to know who is talking. I hesitate for **half a** second, but not for long; quickly I pick up **pace**

"**Wait!**" He yells **as** he runs after me

I'm looking for the Luna!"

That voice—I know it. Leonard.

I freeze for a moment before slowly turning back. With trembling hands, I pull down the hood of my cloak.

“**Amaka!**” he calls out, his **eyes** locking onto mine.

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Chapter 155

1. me. Leonard! We came to get you out. We **have** to **leave**?

I was confused

o

“Get her out of town exorrechilly I will meet you soon, and if I don’t go back to Red Valley without me he commands the men behind him, who all tewed like regurs and men wasted no time in earrounding me as a shield as we **run**.”

Confusion wirk in my mind. What is happening?

Then Lenard turra to his men. “Get her out of here safely! I’ll catch up soon. If I don’t, go back to Red Valley without me and look for the sorcerer Freya”

His words hit me like a blow

“Wait—what? Leonard, you’re not coming”

But before I can protest, his men move fast, forming a protective shield around me as we break into a run.

I don’t look back

But my heart is screaming—**Why** isn’t he coming with me? What’s going on?

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 156[1,539 words]

Chapter 156

Leonard

As **we** reach the **back** of the **castle** and slip into the tunnel, the sound of approaching footsteps stops us in our tracks. **I** know it **isn't** safe. I hold up a hand, signaling my men to **stay** quiet **as I** strain to listen.

The noises **grow** louder, chaotic.

It doesn't take long **to realize**—the **castle** is under **attack**. Although I can't **yet** determine who the attackers **are**. But this might be our best chance to **get** inside unnoticed. If the enemy is already within the walls, then the front entrance could be unguarded or, at the very least, weakened.

But I worry because If the entire **castle** is on high alert, finding Amica will be far more difficult. This could either work in my favor or worsen things.

I turn to my men. “We go through the front.”

Without wasting time, **we** move forward toward the castle's main entrance. Our boots pound against the dirt, **as** we move forward.

As **we** reach the gate, first a number of my men charge in, clashing with the guards stationed there.

Beyond them, the castle is in utter chaos. The fills with battle cries and

I stay behind with the **rest** of the men, watching from a distance as my men storm the gate. I hesitate only for a moment before urging the rest of my men forward. We sprint toward the entrance, but just as I pick up speed, a shadow moves in the corner of my eye.

A cloaked figure runs out of the castle gates.

I don't want to stop—I can't afford to—but something about the way she moves forces me to. There's urgency in her steps, it seems she's running for her life, this **is** different. If she's running out of the **castle**, then she must be one of ours.

I have to speak to her. I have to be careful.

Before **I** can call out, she runs.

“Wait!” **I** call, but she doesn't stop..

I need to make her listen.

“I'm looking for the Luna!” **I** shout.

She skids to a halt. My words hit their mark. Slowly, she turns, hesitating for only a moment before reaching up to lower the hood of her cloak.

My heart slams against my ribs.

Amica.

“It’s me, Leonard!” **I say**, breathless. “We came to get you out. We have to leave–now!”

Her expression shifts–confusion, disbelief, something unreadable flickering across her face. But there’s no time.

I snap back to my men. “Get her out of town successfully. I’ll meet you soon. **If I** don’t, go back to Red Valley without me!”

The command is swift, absolute. My men **react** immediately, closing in around her in a protective formation.

She is **safe**. For now.

And I **have** unfinished business.

I command my men to take Amica out of Black Water immediately–to get her somewhere **safe**. If I don’t meet them soon, they must go to Red Valley without me. I don’t know **if** my instructions **are as clear** as they should be, but I trust these men. They are capable. They will get her to where she **needs** to be.

We had planned for this.

Red **Valley** is dangerous, but four strong warriors **can’t** all be fools. They know the risks, and *they* know what’s **at** stake.

Still, I see the confusion in Amica’s **face**. She wants **answers**, but I don’t **have** time to give them. Not yet. My priority now is to slow the rogues down, to stop them from chasing her. And I have another mission–one I can’t ignore.

Mary.

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Chapter 156

A knot of worry tightens in my chest. I have to find her. I have to make sure she isn’t hurt. I can’t imagine what she’s going through right now.

With no more time to hesitate, I turn and sprint into the **castle**, knowing full well the danger that awaits me. The moment I cross the threshold, enemies rush at me from **all** sides. I don't stop. I don't **slow** down.

I cut through them, one after another, destroying anyone that comes my way.

As I fight, a sudden, chilling sensation spreads through the air, prickling at my skin. I know this feeling. It's dark.

The witch.

And not just any witch—**It** is that terrible witch that put Darth in this position. She is powerful

Yet, the battle **rages** on around me. Steel clashes, men scream, blood stains the stone floors. But I know staying here is suicide. It is foolish remain **when** I am fully **aware** that I stand no chance against this force.

Then, a voice cuts through the **chaos**.

“Where is Luna?”

The name is **roared** with such fury that even some of the rogues stop fighting. But not the gamma warriors.

They fight relentless, their defiance only fueling the anger in Darth.

Darth moves, He strides toward a gamma warrior locked in combat and, without hesitation, plunges his claws deep into the man's back

Blood spurts across the floor in a sickening splash.

The warrior cries out in agony, but Darth isn't finished.

With a slow, merciless motion, he drives his claws even deeper. Bones snap, flesh tears, and then—ripping through muscle and sinew—he pulls the man's heart straight from his ribcage.

From behind.

Like it was nothing.

The gamma warrior gives up before the agony can fully consume him. His body goes limp, collapsing onto the blood-soaked ground.

At the sight of this brutality, the other gamma warriors falter. Their rage turns to fear. Some of them freeze, overwhelmed by the sight while

Others, especially those near the exit, take their chance—they turn and run, dragging a few survivors with them.

This is my moment.

I move cautiously, sneaking toward the gate, careful not to draw attention. Every instinct screams at me to escape while I still can. But then—

A voice stops me dead in my tracks.

“I told you she can’t be trusted!”

Another **voice answers**, steady and cold.

“**Mary**, this is not the time,” Darth responds.

My blood runs cold.

Mary?

No. That can’t be right.

What the hell is going on?

I inch closer, staying low, pressing **myself** into the shrubs. My heartbeat pounds in my ears **as I** try to make sense of what I’m hearing.

Mary is speaking to **Darth**.

Why?

Why the hell would she be talking to him like that?

Then, she **speaks** again, her **voice laced** with something **sharp**, something bitter.

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Chapter 156

“Well, she is right, isn’t she? You shouldn’t have trusted her the way you did. You need to realize it’s impossible for someone **to just accept** you for who you are and begin to trust you!”

I don’t understand.

Who is she talking about?

And why does it sound like **she’s** standing beside the enemy?

“Amica lied to you,” an older woman’s said.

I tense. That voice—deep, commanding, laced with something unnatural. That has to be the witch.

58

“What **do** you mean, Cleopatra? What **is so** wrong with me that no woman can love me for real?” DARTH yells, and for the first time, I hear something unexpected in his voice—pain.

So much pain.

Before Cleopatra can answer, Mary’s voice rises, sharp and desperate. “What is wrong with him that makes it so difficult for a woman to fall in love with him and be truthful? **I** am in love with him! And I accept him for who he is!”

I **freeze**.

Mary... what?

A bitter laugh slices through the tension, and Cleopatra snaps back, “Oh, shut up, bitch! I’m not talking about you, parasite! We are talking about **real** women!”

Her words slap Mary like a whip,

Mary stays silent.

Cleopatra’s voice shifts, turning low and dangerous. “Who **is** responsible for this?” Her eyes sweep the darkness, searching.

I hold my breath.

The last shred of hope I had—that I could get **a few** people out, maybe even Mary—**is** crumbling fast.

I have to leave.

But before I can slip away, Darth's voice **roars** again, thick with rage.

"Whoever is responsible for this, I will crush!"

His his voice like thunder shaking the ground.

"Warriors, **go** out in numbers and search for my Luna! Find her!"

His voice cracks, and for the first time, I realize—he's not just furious.

He's heartbroken.

I scan the battlefield quickly, searching for the **rest** of my men. Maybe they managed to escape with the others who ran out.

Maybe they're already safe. But if anyone **is** still trapped inside, they'll have a choice but to blend in with the warriors searching for Amica s *they*

move out.

It's the only way out now.

"Find her now!"

Darth's voice booms

From where I crouch, I can see the gate. It's my chance.

Keeping low, I crawl **across** the ground like a soldier, moving carefully, silently. Then, iswiftly I push up and runoff. I don't look back.

I just run.

"There! Who is that?!" a voice shouts behind me

I hear the shift of armor, the **scrape** of boots against **stone**.

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Chapter 156

They've seen me. But I don't stop.

I force my legs to move faster, pushing past the burning in my muscles.

Then, the sound I dread—footsteps.

They're chasing me.

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 157[1,538 words]

Chapter 157

Leonard,

I can't believe this.

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+58

I always knew Mary was obsessed with Deckard—always looking at him like he was the only thing that mattered in the world. And even though I had feelings for her, I kept them to myself. I respected her choices because I knew they had something between them.

But I also knew the truth.

Deckard could never give her what she wanted.

And I was right.

The moment he found his mate, he cast her aside without a second thought. I saw it coming. I saw the way she looked at him, desperate for something real. And now? She's just left behind, forgotten.

I did speak to her about my feelings once. I laid it out clearly. But she wouldn't budge. Not even when I knew—I knew—she had feelings for me too.

I told myself she just needed time. She was heartbroken, confused. Eventually, she'd realize what was right in front of her. She'd realize I was the one for her.

But now I wonder..."

Maybe she knew exactly what she was doing.

Maybe she liked playing with my feelings—keeping me close enough to hold on to, but never close enough to truly have. She wouldn't let us be together...

But she also wouldn't let me go.

The moment Mary sees me forming a bond with another woman, she gets mad—furious, even. She pulls me back in, dangles hope in front of me like a prize just out of reach. It makes no sense. Why the hell does she care if she doesn't want me?

She teases me, plays with my emotions, making me burn for her. Just when I think she's finally going to choose me, she retreats—back into that endless cycle of uncertainty.

It's exhausting.

After a while, I accepted the truth—she was never going to be mine.

But that didn't stop me from feeling.

I still watched over her, still cared for her, still wanted the best for her.

Going back to Blackstone Castle, I had only one goal—to save the people I care about. Mary and Amica. Because of Deckard.

But now?

Now, I don't know what to think.

What relationship does Mary have with Darth? How could she be so desperate? So shameless?

As I run, the rogues chasing close behind me, my heart feels heavier than my pounding feet. The pain of what I just witnessed gnaws at me, threatening to slow me down.

Mary—my Mary—standing with Darth. Defending him.

I remember the whispers, the stories.

That maybe—just maybe—she rejected her fated mate... just to chase after Deckard.

I admired her courage—I really did. But I always thought that, at some point, she would accept the truth. That she would realize Deckard was never meant to be hers. That there **was** more to life than chasing a man who would never choose her.

It wasn't long after I first laid eyes on her that I started catching feelings.

I watched her from a distance before even approaching, studying her, trying to understand her. And when I finally did, I could swear—her energy toward me was different. Positive. Like maybe, just maybe, she saw me the same **way** I saw her.

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Chapter 157

Fine. Let's say she never had feelings for me. Let's **say** she always wanted Deckard. But if that's true, then why—the moment he dies—does she switch sides so easily?

To his evil stepbrother.

Like he means nothing.

Like she's **just** replacing one obsession with another.

Mary is a snake.

And Deckard needs to know it.

58

I shake the thoughts from my head and focus on running. My feet pound against the dirt, my breath comes fast, and I force myself to open up my **senses**. I search for the scent of the Gamma warriors, for any trace of my people who escaped.

I have to find them.

The rogues **are** relentless.

I know I can't outrun them forever, so I stop taking the straight path. Instead, I veer off into the woods, weaving between the trees, cutting sharp turns to throw them off. Anything to keep them distracted—anything to keep them from chasing after Amica and the warriors with her.

The entire city is on high alert now. They're all searching for us.

Getting into Blackwater **was easy**. Too **easy**. Darth never expected an intrusion—he never needed to. His name alone was enough to instill fear, to keep outsiders from daring to enter.

Except the rogues.

Most of our men never even got the chance to fight. Some were decapitated, others arrested or stripped of their strength by magic. And too many... too many were killed.

But I'm still here.

I know this city better than most of these rogues. I know the places they don't, the hidden spots they wouldn't think to check.

I duck behind a jagged rock formation, pressing my back against the cold surface. My breath is ragged, my pulse hammering in my ears. I force myself to stay still, to wait for them to pass.

But even as I hide for my own survival, my mind is elsewhere.

Amica.

They must not find her.

If they do if they catch her—then I have failed.

And if I fail...

Deckard will die.

“He’s hiding around here—make sure you find him.”

The rogue commander’s voice is sharp, filled with authority.

“The rest of you, find Luna or anyone associated with this. A lot of them have escaped, so it won’t be hard to get our hands on a few.”

I hear their footsteps **scatter**, some heading toward the city, others remaining close—searching for me.

There **are** too many of them.

Far more than the Gamma **warriors**.

I grind my teeth, knowing what this means. Many of our people will be caught. Some might already be.

I inhale deeply, drawing in their **scents**. Seven.

There are seven rogues nearby. I can’t take them on like this. Not **as** I am.

I need to shift.

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Chapter 157

But shifting now would be a mistake. It's too loud. Too slow. They'd hear me before I even finished.

I need a distraction.

I grab a rock, weighing it in my palm before hurling it **as far as** I can in the opposite direction. The sharp crack of it hitting something solid echoes through the **area**.

The rogues snap to attention.

"There!" one of them shouts.

They rush toward the sound without hesitation.

The second they do, I let go of my breath and focus.

It's time to change.

My bones snap violently, the pain tearing through me like fire. I try to suppress the howl rising in my throat, but it's impossible. The transformation is brutal-unyielding.

Mid-shift, a heavy weight crashes against my back.

One of the rogues.

He's trying to stop me.

Fool.

I slam my back against the rock behind me with all my strength. The impact sends a sickening crack through the air.

Warmth splatters against my skin.

Blood.

The rogue's body slumps behind me, his lifeblood coating my face, seeping into my mouth.

The taste ignites something dark inside me.

My pulse surges. My senses sharpen.

I lift my head and sniff the air. The others are close.

I see them rushing toward me, but all I feel is hunger.

They are prey.

With blinding speed, I lunge at two wolves charging forward. My claws slice through their flesh like hot blades through butter.

A strangled yelp—then silence.

I seize them both, smashing their bodies together with bone-crushing force.

I don't stop to see if they survive.

I don't **care**.

I leap onto the nearest hill, standing above the battlefield.

My eyes scan the chaos below.

My prey is **everywhere**

Four men remain.

They come from different directions, their eyes locked onto me, their movements precise.

I scan my surroundings, calculating.

The best **way** to end this quickly.

With a powerful leap, I jump from one hill to another, closing the distance between **us**. Then I drop down—fast and brutal—grabbing the nearest
rogue.

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Chapter 157

He fights back, clawing **at** me, but I don't let go.

We crash to the ground, rolling down the steep, wooded hill.

Branches snap. Leaves rustle. The earth shifts beneath us.

But I make sure his body takes the **worst** of it.

My claws dig deep into his flesh, tearing through skin as we tumble.

The ground vanishes beneath us, and I see it—the **jagged** rock below.

A split-second decision.

I release him mid-roll, twisting my body to another direction but He doesn't get the chance.

The rogue slams into the sharp stone with a sickening crunch. The rock pierces through his back, impaling him where he lands.

I hear his gasping, choking breaths as he hangs there, helpless.

But I don't stop.

I land hard by the stream at the bottom of the valley, my body aching from the impact. My vision swims as my form shifts back to human, my body exhausted from, the fight.

I think I lost the **rest** of the rogues **for** now.

I don't have time to check.

Ignoring the pain, I push myself up, staggering to my feet.

I need to find the rest of my men.

4/4

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 158[1,445 words]

Chapter 158

Amica

I follow the men Leonard **assigned** to me, and **we** run as our **lives** depend on it. **Getting** caught by Darth's men would be the worst thing that could happen to me right now! I can't **go** back to that shit **place**!

We **race** into the night, **aware** of eyes on us, but everyone minds their business. I'm guessing it's because they don't know who I am since my **face** is concealed by the cloak.

Since the rogues outnumber **us**, **we** split into groups to keep them off our trail.

Two gamma **warriors**, **Peter** and **Jack**, run with me **as** we take strategic turns and corners until **we** reach a port, where we hide and wait for Leonard. **We** have to **stay** hidden because the rogues **are** now searching and asking questions.

For half an hour, **we** wait for Leonard, but he doesn't come.

As **we** sense the rogues drawing closer

we start to move slowly from one position to another to hide. At some point, waiting becomes too dangerous. We are already here we need to **leave**! We don't know the condition of the other two gamma who got separated from us while running, and *they* don't know **ours** either but Leonard is the one person I am worried about. I hope he isn't hurt!

"We **have** to leave now!" one of the men says, his breath raspy and urgent.

"No! Leonard said he's coming!" I protest, unwilling to leave him behind.

"He'll meet us, but **we** have to go now! If we stay here any longer, **we'll** get caught!" the other gamma insists. Without further argument, I nod in agreement.

Slowly, Peter of the gammas warriors leaves our hiding place docking low to reach the bank to prepare the boat while we watch from our hiding spot. We hold our breath **as** he undocks the boat, moving carefully to avoid being seen. He succeeds in starting the engine, then signals for us to

come.

Jack grabs my hand, and we run toward the boat as fast **as** we can. I climb in quickly, but just as we're running, one of the rogues spots us! He quickly chase off after us, closing the distance fast. We barely manage to get on the boat, but before we can push off, the rogue leaps onto Peter's back, digging his claws in viciously into his spine!

Peter struggles to fight off the rogue despite his injuries, but between steadying the boat and defending himself, he's losing ground fast.

Peter fought **as** hard as he could but the rogue kept reaching to damage him digging his claws and teeth his body and tearing him to bleed. Peter's fight back **was weak** compared to the damage he was getting from the rogue

Jack keeps me behind him, shielding me before jumping in to help. The rogue has already done serious damage to Peter, but Jack doesn't hesitate- he slashes the

creature's throat and drives his blade deeper before shoving him into the water. The rogue vanishes beneath the surface **as** we speed off.

Peter is slumped on the deck now, bleeding heavily. His breaths are heavy, his **face** pale. It's clear he's not going to make it. Or maybe he will—I don't know.

I rush to him, lifting his head into my lap.

“Peter, Peter, you're going to be okay,” I whisper, but I'm running out of words and positivity.

I'm no healer like **Mary**. I didn't prepare for this. I never thought we'd be facing a life-or-death situation like this.

I ask, my voice trembling, **fear** twisting in my chest.

“What do you want me to do?”

Jack's voice is sharp, **almost** cold.

“Just leave him, Luna.”

I snap my head up, my heart “What do you mean?” My voice filled with irritation and the sound of tears threatening to **fall**.

I can't leave him! **Can't** you see he's dying?” I cried out.

“He's gonna die **anyway!** He's going **to** slow us down!” Jack snapped.

“We are going to Red Valley. **It's** a long way from here, and **we're** being chased. He's going to slow us down!” **Jack** hammered.

“No! I'm not feaving him. **He's** coming with us, and we will get him **treated,** I commanded. **Jack** didn't **argue** further, but I could **hear** the surrender

1/3

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+58

in his voice. He didn't agree with me, though.

Jack focused on steering the boat while I tended to Peter. His breathing **was** growing louder but weaker. Blood flowed heavily from his back and neck.

I pressed my hands against his neck, trying to **slow** the bleeding, but his **gasps for air were** getting shorter. I had never had so much blood on my hands and clothes before.

He isn't going to make it. I know it.

Maybe **Jack** was right. **Maybe** trying to save Peter **was a** waste of time. But it is too late, I was already too emotionally invested.

I looked up at **Jack**. He **was just** staring at me, waiting for me to accept the inevitable.

Our eyes meet, and then I look back at Peter. He has gone completely still, his body stiff, his

Dead.

eyes cold.

"You have **to get** yourself cleaned up for the journey ahead, Luna," Jack says. After the weird silence of death

I wipe my eyes and slowly push Peter's lifeless body off me.

Will you hold the wheel for me, Luna?" Jack asks.

I move **over** and take the wheel while he pulls Peter's cold body up and dumps it into the sea. Without a word, he steps back and **takes** control of the boat again.

The rest of the ride is silent until we reach a secluded river bank where we finally step onto land.

This bank had no people in it, just rocky and cold, separate from the main bank because it has no people in it.

We abandon the boat, letting it drift away, and I take a moment to wash the blood off me.

Thankfully, my cloak is dark colored but the bright-colored gown underneath is stained. Washing it only leaves me drenched and it's still colored with bright red even after washing.

"The cloak is fine, but your gown... we need to get you something new," **Jack** says.

Without another word, we head into the nearest town. We blend in with the bustling market crowd and continue our journey on foot.

I know we're still within sight of the rogues, but the stranger we act, the more likely we are to get caught.

Jack manages to steal a new set of clothes for me, and once I change, **we** set off on the next phase of our journey.

From one city to another, town to town, village to **village**, we move steadily, never staying stoping for any sort of leisure. Finally, we reach the last stretch of the journey the next journey that will take us to Red Valley.

At this point, worry gnaws at me. What about Leonard and the others? The men who fought to give us a chance to escape—are they even still alive?

Before we set off for Red Valley, doubt creeps in.

Why the hell are we even going there?

I've heard of Red Valley before, and it's not the kind of place people just walk into. It's dangerous. A place spoken about in whispers, with fear laced into every word.

We're in a different town now, **far** from where we started. Why **can't** we just settle **here**? What's in Red Valley that makes **it** worth the risk?

"I think we should **wait for** Leonard," I **say**, my voice firm.

"**No**, ma'am, we have **to keep** moving now! We need to reach Red **Valley as** soon as possible—there's no time!" Jack **says** urgently.

"Why the hell **are we** even going there?" I snap. "That **place** is too **dangerous**! We should be heading for the Apex Circle. We need its members to know **what** is going on. They **can** help us fight and take **back our** city instead of running like cowards!"

"We're going to see the Alpha!" Jack shouts back.

His words hit **me** like a slap. My anger falters. "What Alpha?" My **voice lowers**.

Alpha **Deckard**, he says. "**He's** in a terrible **state**, and **he** needs **you** to get better. We **have** to..."

I don't hear the rest. The only thing that registers is Alpha Deckard.

2/3

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"My Alpha is alive?" My heart pounds in my chest.

“Yes, he is, but **we** need to...”

“And he’s in Red Valley?” I cut him off urgently,

“Yes, but-

“Then what the hell are we waiting **for?**” I yell. “Let’s **get** a damn horse!”

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 159[1,176 words]

Chapter 159

Deckrd

My time here with Freya has been nothing short of unsettling.

I know she’s a sorceress—strange things are expected—but the way she looks at me is Weird.

It’s not curiosity.

It’s not pity.

It’s something else entirely, something I can’t quite place.

63%

450

Here I am, trapped, fighting for my life, and yet I can’t shake the feeling that this woman is studying me like I’m a puzzle...

She comes and goes, hanging round just long enough to make her presence known. Watching. Silent. Then she disappears and then come again, This time she sticks around...

And then, finally, she speaks.

“So, tell me, Alpha. How does it feel to possess so much power?”

Her voice **is** smooth, almost playful.

I glare at her. “How do you think I feel, woman? I’m lying here, helpless, while you stare at me like I’m some wounded animal. You tell me—how should I feel?”

She doesn’t flinch.

“I don’t need to pry, Alpha,” she says simply. “I just have questions. And I need to know... what is your Luna like?”

My jaw tightens.

Of all the things she could ask me, this is what she chooses?

Freya continues watching me, waiting, her expression unreadable.

I exhale sharply.

This woman **is** insufferable.

“What would you do with that information?” I say, my voice edged with irritation.

Freya tilts her head, a slow smirk playing on her lips. “Well, I was the only one who could tell you what you needed to get help. Don’t you think I deserve an answer to my questions?”

“What you deserve is your payment, Freya,” I snap. “Even though no one knows what ridiculous thing you’ll ask for, I’m still here, aren’t **I?**”

She chuckles, amused by my frustration. “Hmm, Alpha, you seem angry. Even in your weakness, you manage to hold onto that arrogance. That’s interesting—and fascinating.”

Her gaze lingers on me for a moment longer before she rises and walks away.

I don’t know if she’s finally decided to leave me alone, but I don’t care. Relief washes over me the moment she disappears from sight. I hate her prying eyes, the way she watches me like she already knows things I don’t.

1/3

62%

Chapter 159

I shut my eyes, hoping to rest, though I know sleep will never come.

But then-

In the silence, I feel her.

I snap my eyes open.

She's there again, standing over me, holding a bowl with water in it. "I need to dampen you, Alpha. You're burning up again," she says, her voice calm but firm as she kneels beside me, bowl and towel in hand.

"I don't think that's necessary, Freya," I say, hesitant.

"I'll wait here for Leonard to return with my mate. She is my cure remember? She is my " I say hoping she gets the message.

She simply hums, unimpressed by my protest. "That doesn't mean I won't take care of you to the best of my ability. You're under my care until you're not."

Without waiting for permission, she dips the towel into the cool water and presses it against my chest.

I tense.

There's something about the way she moves—slow, deliberate. The way the cold towel drags over my burning skin, pressing firmly yet gently, almost like an expert masseuse.

"Freya, please, I don't need this," I murmur, my discomfort

She doesn't stop. Her hands move steadily, deliberately, tracing from my chest down to my navel. My breath catches, just for a second-

Then, just as I brace for something more, she lifts the towel back to my face, wiping it clean as if I'd imagined the entire thing.

I exhale sharply.

She dips the towel into the water again, wringing it out before pressing it against my thighs, massaging with the same unhurried precision.

"Freya! What are you doing?" I say, watching as her hand moves up slowly, too slowly.

She tilts her head, smirking. "Making you feel better, of course. What do you think?"

I narrow my eyes. "Wait... do you think I want to-?"

Her expression twists instantly, shifting from amusement to fury. "Oh, please," she scoffs. "How dare you think so worthlessly of me? I am insulted, Alpha! All I have ever done is *try* to make you comfortable—I feed you, I clean you, I watch

over you.

And yet, you're so egocentric that you assume I would do something so distasteful?"

Her voice rises with every word, laced with pure indignation.

I sigh, weak, exhausted. "Don't be angry, Freya. I never even said anything. All I asked was for you to stop."

She clenches her jaw, eyes flashing. "And why would you ask me that? You are my responsibility!"

In her frustration, she yanks her hands away—accidentally releasing the bowl of water.

Cold liquid crashes over my body.

17:52 Wed, 2 Apr

Chapter 159

"Shit!" she gasps, eyes wide. "I am so sorry!"

< 62% #

Before I can even react, she's already kneeling over me, frantically pressing the towel against my drenched skin, trying to fix what she just did.

"Please don't worry about it, Freya. After all, I'm burning," I say, hoping to get her off me.

"No, please, allow me..." she insists, dampening my skin with the cloth. Water spills over me, mostly missing its mark, but when she begins to wipe, her touch lingers—too long, too deliberate—on my groin.

"Freya, it's fine," I say firmly.

"No, Alpha. Please, let me help you..."

This time, she doesn't just wipe. She drops the towel to the side, pressing her hand against me, massaging me through my

pants.

"What the fuck?!" My grip tightens around her wrist, my voice turning ice-cold. "Freya, get the fuck off me!" I growl.

My fury meets her Steadfast gaze. She doesn't blink, doesn't flinch—just stares at me, unapologetic, as if she knew exactly what she was doing and doesn't regret a damn thing.

Slowly, I loosen my grip. She yanks her hand away, snatches up the towel and bowl, then stands.

Without a word, she turns and walks away, leaving me there—tense, seething, and wondering what the hell just happened.

What is this witch trying to do to me?

It's not safe for me to stay here any longer. I know she can't overpower me, even in my weakened state, but she *has* powers. And right now, I can barely stand on my own two feet. Now, I'm realizing that this place isn't as safe as I thought.

How the hell do I get myself out of here?

As I'm pondering my escape, she returns, standing above me once more.

"You are mine, Alpha," she says with a smile. "You might not realize it now, but you are. Everything points to the two of us being together."

Her eyes gleam with certainty, an unsettling confidence.

"And don't even think about running away," she continues. "Every road will lead you back to me."

Still with that weird smile on her face, she finally walks away.

Damn. I need to get out of here.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 160[1,175 words]

Chapter 160

★62%

Ever since I heard that Deckard is alive, my chem have stopped pounding uncontrollably.

What has he been going through all this time it is no wonder i couldnt bring myself to reject him—not even in my mind.

And Ezra—she's practically bouncing with excitement.

“I told you he wasn’t dead! I begged you to let us go find him, but you wouldn’t listen!” she hammers, her voice **sharp** with triumph.

“Well, as you heard, he’s in a terrible state! Did you detect that too?” I mock,

Jack and I **manage** to get a horse and ride **for** what feels like an eternity until we finally reach the outskirts of Red Valley.

As we draw closer, I can feel the strange energy **in** the air, thick and unnatural. The people here are not normal. Sensing the change. Jack and I abandon the horse and continue on foot, moving cautiously until we reach the entrance of the village.

Just as we are about to **step inside**, an old man **stumbles** toward us. He looks frail, covered in dust, his eyes sunken with age and exhaustion

“Aliens” he croaks, pointing directly **at** me.

Jack **pulls me** away, urging me forward as he continues walking

Before I can process what’s happening, a rough, scaly hand grips my other arm.

“**Alien!** Where do you think you’re going?”

I turn sharply, heart pounding, only to see the same dusty old man clutching me with surprising strength.

The moment Jack notices, he yanks the man’s hand off me and, without thinking, strikes him with the back of his hand. The old man stumbles, nearly losing his balance.

“Oh **shit**,” Jack mutters, his eyes wide with regret. “I–I’m sorry, old man—”

But before he can **finish**, the old man lets out a piercing yell

“**Run, Amica!** Run inside! I’ll meet you!” Jack shouts.

Panic grips me. I don’t want to leave him—I don’t want to be alone in this strange place. He’s the last familiar person I have here.

But I obey. Without hesitation, I slip into the crowd, weaving between strangers as my heart hammers in my chest.

“Alien!” the old man cries out again, his voice rising above the noise.

Jack sees now—this man only wants trouble. He curses under his breath, then turns and runs too.

I blend into the crowd of unfamiliar, strange-looking people. How am I supposed to find Deckard now?

First, I manage to slip out of the dense throng, my heart still racing. I know asking questions right now would be dangerous, but sooner or later, I'll have to.

Spotting a dimly lit tavern, I slip inside and take a seat, waiting-hoping-that someone I know will walk through the door.

1/3

Chapter 160

Leonard said he would return. Jack said he would return. But where are they? Why can't I see anyone? Not even a single Gamma warrior.

"When Leonard was about to leave us, he told us to go to Redvalley and find someone," I mutter under my breath, trying to recall the name, "Was it Fred? Frank? Francesca?"

Damn, I can't remember. I do not want to leave this spot—I don't want to risk losing my only chance at finding Deckard. But there's no time to waste. They said Deckard is in critical condition, and every second that passes makes me more desperate to see him.

I sit there, lost in thought, trying to find a way to naturally gravitate toward him.

I should be able to do that. But something about this place feels... off. It is unsettling—like multiple forces clashing against each other, this place reeks of evil and dark magic. I just know!

Maybe I should ask around...I glance left and right, searching for a face I can trust.

As I scan the tavern, a young woman approaches me.

"I see you're new here," she says smoothly. "Are you looking for something in particular? A love potion? A bonding spell? Perhaps a silent, untraceable poison? Or maybe... you wish to bear a child? I can give you all that."

Her voice is light, almost playful, but her words send a chill through me.

She doesn't look a day over fourteen—maybe fifteen at most. Or younger. I stare at her, trying to understand how someone so young could speak so casually of such things.

For a long moment, I say nothing. Then, finally, I shake off my doubt. "Oh no," I say carefully. "I'm looking for someone. Can you help me?" I study her closely,

A slow smile spreads across her lips. "Of course, I can help you. Who are you looking for?"

I hesitate at first, then take a breath. "I'm looking for a healer."

"Of course, I'm a healer!" she smiles "What's the problem? What are you suffering from?"

"I'm not suffering from anything," I reply. "It's my mate—he's the one who's sick. But another healer is already taking care of him."

Her eyes flicker with recognition. "Hmm...Yes... I might have heard about him. I can take you to him," she says, then pauses, tilting her head. "But first, you'll have to pay me."

"Pay you? I don't have anything to give."

"Oh, it doesn't have to be much," she purrs, eyeing me up and down. "Maybe that glowing necklace you have on... or that beautiful jade hairpin. It must be worth something."

I instinctively touch my hairpin, my fingers brushing over its surface.

"Yes, I can give you my hairpin. And you're right—it is valuable. But you have to take me to my mate first," I say, hoping I'm not striking a bargain with the devil.

She smiles, "I get it. But..." She leans in slightly. "Once we start the journey to see your... mate... you hand over the hairpin."

Her eyes flick to my face, analyzing me. "I mean, it's just a hairpin! And judging by your skin... and the way you smell," she inhales deeply, "you're rich. I know you have more where that came from."

I sigh in surrender. She's right—it's just a hairpin. One of the many gifts Deckard gave me when I first arrived at Blackthorn

Castle.

2/3

Chapter 160

I doubt it holds any real meaning to him, though everything I've received from him means the world to me. But I have plenty of gifts. I am the Luna of Luna, and I'm showered with treasures from time to time—some I've never even bothered to open. The jade pin is nothing.

"Fine," I say, giving in.

"What's your name?" I ask, studying her.

"Freya," she replies with a smile.

Could this be the same name Leonard told us about?

“I’m sorry to ask, but... do you know a Leonard? He was here not long ago, *I* explain

“No, I haven’t heard of anyone with such name,” she says, then adding an innocent curiosity, “Is he also your mate?”

I snicker. “No. Never mind,” I say quickly.

Maybe it’s just a coincidence. Maybe the person Leonard spoke about wasn’t Freya after all.

“Please, take me to him,” I urge, my patience running thin.