

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 16[1,219 words]

Chapter 16

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Mary

Deckard and I have been special friends for as long as I can remember. He comes from the bloodline of the dragon wolf, a heritage that makes finding a mate nearly impossible for him. Emotional connection doesn't come easy for him either, yet somehow, we've managed to find comfort in each other.

For me, it's different. I'm in love with him deeply, irrevocably and I would lay down my life for him without hesitation

Since we were teenagers, my heart has been his. I even rejected my own mate, believing that someday. I might **have at** chance with Deckard. I was content with the idea of never bearing pups if that is what it takes to be his. Who wants weird- looking minions anyway? They ruin everything!

I've never seen myself as the kind of girl who dreams about pups the moment she finds her mate. While others fantasize about nurturing a brood of little ones, all I've ever wanted was him. Just Deckard. Nothing more, nothing less.

I hate it. I never realized just how much until I found out I would never be able to bear pups with the one I love.

Who needs pups anyway? Screw them! Deckard is all I want.

As a descendant of the dragon clan, finding your perfect mate is **almost** impossible. Deckard is part of that rare category, and to me, that was a blessing—a guarantee that we'd always be together. No competition. No mate bond to tear us apart.

Being his Luna had always been my dream. The Luna of Ironclay. That title alone holds **so** much weight, and it's all I've ever wanted since I understood what it meant. I imagined it, dreamed of it, craved it—but the mate bond was never there.

I've tried everything I could to make it work. Everything. The only thing holding me back is the one thing I can't change no matter how many times we're together, no matter how hard I try, I can't give him what he needs—an heir.

When I realized the truth, I fought against it with everything I had. But it is what it is. This pattern has existed for **generations**, dictated by the Moon Goddess herself. That spiteful witch couldn't just let me have my happiness.

I prayed this day would never come—the day I'd see Deckard, the man I love, bonded to someone else.

Deckard is strong, commanding, relentless, and fearsome. That what drew me to him in the first place. It always thrilled me that, with all that hardness, I was the one he softened for. In the only one who has ever seen his sweet, tender side beneath the unbreakable shell. He hides his emotions from the world, but I don't care. I love him exactly as he is

When she came into the picture—this **so**-called future Luna—I knew it was only a matter of time. The elders wouldn't allow Deckard to choose his own Luña; they demanded an **heir**. But even as I watched them force him into this **bond**, I didn't panic. I didn't fear,

I know Deckard. He can't love her. Not truly. Even if they tie him to her, his heart is untouchable. He doesn't love, and I've always been the one who holds the key to his softer side.

The bond means nothing if there's no love to back it.

I **already** have the best of Deckard—the part of him no **one** else can reach. There's nothing left for anyone else. That thought keeps me satisfied, at least **most** of the time.

But Bria... Bria is testing my patience, and so are the elders. They're forcing my Deckard to spend time with her. It's **so** obvious what they're trying to do—forcing **their** wolves to bond to they **can't** stay apart.

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I know Deckard, though. That trick won't work on him. He's stronger than **that**. He's capable of resisting anything they throw at him.

Sure, I know the **Alpha** is expected to share a bed with **his** Luna. But what does that mean, really? Sex is just a physical act—it doesn't mean love. It doesn't mean anything. She'll be nothing more than a figurehead, a placeholder Luna.

And me? I'll hold all the real power,

Honestly, she's only made things easier for me. Everyone knows her past—**how** she was with another man before, how she betrayed him. That's not something Deckard can ever overlook. He despises betrayal. He could never love someone like her.

She's just **a** tool for the elders, a means to an end. Nothing more.

I can't stand her—Amica. **That** manipulative bitch knows exactly what she's doing! I'll give her credit where it's due; she plays her game well. That sick card of hers?

It's **pure** genius. She figured out how effective it is the first time she fell ill, **and** now she's turned it into her ultimate weapon—a damn remote control to summon Deckard to her bed whenever she pleases. And it's working. Better than even she probably expected.

The pity card. It's a classic move, and I can't deny it—she's playing it to perfection.

How many more nights will they have to spend together before this so-called illness of hers magically disappears? I doubt we'll ever find out because even the elders are eating it up. Especially Bria

Amica doesn't even have to try too hard. She just needs to flip whatever internal switch it is that triggers her little episodes, and Deckard will come running. Every single time. He's too afraid of her dying on his watch, of **tarnishing** the pack's reputation. And she knows it

She's not just playing the game—she's winning it for now. But I see through her, and I'm not letting her win this war.

It's fine. All I need is a plan—a solid, foolproof plan—to frustrate her at every turn. Amica needs to know who really runs this place, and soon enough, she'll **have** no choice but to pack her bags **and** leave.

The thought of the two of them in there, spending the whole night together, drives me insane.

I was so close—Deckard finally agreed to let me take charge of her medical care. With her file in my hands, I could've controlled her treatment, dictated her **recovery**, and ensured she remained weak and powerless. But somehow, something

went wrong.

Bria. That meddling, old, mateless busybody. She's always hovering, always watching, and always in my way. I **don't** know what her deal is. Maybe she's jealous that I have the alpha wrapped around my finger while she's left to rot in obscurity. Or maybe she's just bitter. Either way, she's a problem that needs solving.

Deckard trusts me, but Bria keeps undermining that trust, painting me as someone I'm not. She's the one with hidden motives. She's the one who's jealous and conniving. **And** as for **Amica?** She's nothing more **than** a gold digger—a whore who doesn't deserve the title of Luna.

I won't let this happen. I won't let her get the power that comes with being the Luna of the **Ironclaw** park. I'll do everything in my power **to** sabotage her, to disgrace her, and to make sure she falls before she ever **rises**

Extra Check-in