

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 161[1,180 words]

Chapter 161

Dane

I don't know where Amica found the audacity to plan an escape from this place.

62%

50

I've never known her to be so bold, but it seems recent events have changed her. Now, she goes around threatening and blackmailing people. No wonder Mary suggested we kill her.

Damn. I don't agree with that.

I never actually wanted Amica dead—I just wanted to make her life miserable, to ensure she never had anything good again since she's no longer with me.

And now, I find out she might be pregnant with my child, yet she's about to pass it off as Darth's.

With the kind of opportunities coming my way because of Mary's pregnancy, I can't let anyone ruin this. Not even Amica.

But then—she escaped.

And honestly? I'm relieved for Mary, At least now, I know Darth has no other choice but to marry Mary.

My son will become the heir to the Blackthorn clan.

Just look at our fortune.

For the first time in a long while, I finally smile.

Darth, on the other hand, is furious—no, heartbroken—over Amica's escape.

He managed to capture a few of the Gamma warriors who fled, but none of them confessed to anything. After questioning them a few times and getting nothing, Darth killed them without hesitation, without even blinking.

Every day, he sends his men out to search for Amica, ordering them not to return until they find her. I almost pity them. If I were one of those fools, I'd leave and never come back. But for some reason, they stay.

I don't get it, why do they keep following him? He's a fucking monster.

And what I really don't understand is why Amica matters so much to him. Is he... in love with her? Because every time he speaks of her, he sounds like a man with a broken heart. What kind of hold does this bitch have on men that they can't stop obsessing over her?

She isn't even that special!

I shake off the thought, I decide to pay Mary a visit—this calls for a celebration.

I make my way to her chambers, knocking lightly on the door. A few seconds pass before she opens it, but the moment she **sees** me, she yanks me inside, shutting the door swiftly behind us.

“What the hell are you doing here? You can't keep coming to check on me like this!” she hisses.

I smirk. “Why are you talking to me like that? Is it so wrong for me to visit the mother of my child?” I tease,

Her eyes darken with fury. “What? Don't you ever say that, Dane! Do you have any idea how dangerous it is to talk about shit like that? There are ears everywhere in these walls!” she snaps.

“This child belongs to Darth and Darth alone,” she emphasizes, her tone sharp.

1/3

Chapter 161

+50

“Oh, of course, I know that,” I say, “But you don't have to pretend around me, Mary...”

I step closer, placing a hand on her belly, feeling the slight swell beneath my palm. Slowly, I draw her in, leaning in for a kiss.

But she shoves me away—hard—like I'm nothing more than an annoying pest.

“What the hell is wrong with you, Dane? Stay the fuck away from me!” Mary seethes, stepping back. “I do not belong to you anymore! And if you ever try this shit again, I swear I'll scream so loud Darth and his men will come running!”

Her voice is sharp, filled with irritation

“Do you even use your head? Do you want to die?”

I narrow my eyes, trying to read her. Is this just the pregnancy making her this hostile? Or... does she actually mean it?

I chuckle, shaking my head. “I guess the hormones are keeping you on edge right now. But that’s okay.”

I take a step closer, lowering my voice. “But you shouldn’t be in a bad mood, Mary. Amica is finally gone. That means Darth has no choice now—he’ll have to make you his **mate**. And when that happens, our son will be the heir to the Blackthorn Clan! Aren’t you excited, my love?” I try to cheer her up but her eyes blaze with fury.

“Stop talking to me like that! There is no we, no our son, no my love!” she spits, her voice shaking with anger.

“Don’t you get it? It’s over, Dane! In fact, there was never even an us! And if you ever thought otherwise, let me make it clear now—it’s over!”

Her face is set, She’s serious.

Or at least, she thinks she is.

“You can’t talk to me like that, Mary. And it is not over between us!” I snap, my voice low but firm. “I’m not asking for too much, am I?”

I didn’t demand that you give me my child, nor did I ask you to marry me. I’ve accepted things as they are—no arguments.”

I step closer, my gaze locking onto hers. “But one thing I won’t accept is you telling me it’s over. That’s impossible. You belong to me, Mary, and so does the child growing inside you. You’d better get that into your pregnant head now, otherwise

“Otherwise what, Dane?” she cuts me off, her voice rising in challenge.

“Otherwise what? What could you possibly do to me?*

She takes a step back, her eyes blazing with defiance. “Tell Darth? I dare you, Dane!”

Her words hit like a slap, but she doesn’t stop there.

“You’d better stay away from me because soon, I’ll become the Luna of Lunas, and I will not be associated with your kind. These pathetic little visits of yours? They end now!

Once I am bonded to Scar, I won't even know you exist."

And just like that, she shatters me.

Unbelievable.

After everything, this is how she treats me? Like I'm nothing? I don't deserve this. All I ever did was treat Mary like the high- class woman she is—or at least, the woman I thought she was. But instead, she chooses to act like a common tramp.

2/3

Chapter 161

2 Apr

"Oh wow... I see, Mary. I'll respect your wishes. My voice to callin, fit thede, I'm No

"Yes, do that! And get the hell out of here comos!" dhe epire, chaving me toward the door like I'm come day ding

But at this moment, everything becomes cryed lear

I put the wrong woman on a pedestal.

Mary is nothing but a parasite, feeding off opportunities, clawing her way to the top she was never mine she was only ever loyal to herself

And I see it in her eyes. She means every word. She wants to discard me like garbage before she even secures *her* place at the

top.

But I won't let that happen.

Telling Darth about us isn't an option—but there has to be something I can do.

Something to remind Mary that I am not a man to be played with.

At this point, I don't mind sabotaging it all.

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 162[1,448 words]

Chapter 162

Danh

I can't believe Amica deceived me. How could she?

The world is so wicked—it's impossible to find real sincerity anymore. Maybe Cleopatra was right. These women aren't shit. No woman will ever truly love me for who I am. Especially not with this ugly face.

Damn it. How could I have been so stupid?

Now, I'm stuck with Mary. At least she accepts me for who I am. But this isn't over. Not by a long shot.

I had plans to treat Amica with love and respect, but now I see the truth—she doesn't deserve it. She deserves to be treated like the tramp she is, with no love, no respect, no regard.

I haven't given up on finding her. I will find her. It's only a matter of time.

And when I do, she won't be my mate. She won't be my equal. She'll be my prisoner. My toy. My slave.

I'll break her. Force her into submission. Make her beg.

And when she does, my whips will leave beautiful, unforgettable marks on that soft, petal-like skin of hers. Marks *that* will remind her—she belongs to me,

I'll leave that pretty little face untouched, but beneath her dresses, she'll bear my mark. A constant reminder that she belongs to me.

After she ran away, I sent my rogues after her. Every last one of them. Then, I ordered the rest of my men to track her down. But that wasn't enough. I wanted to go after her myself.

I called Cleopatra, instructing her to come with me on the search. But, as always, she had something to say.

"It would be incredibly foolish for you to abandon your position just to chase after some woman," she warned, arms crossed.

“You don’t even have enough trusted men here to hold the fort. What if you leave and someone takes over the city before you return?”

It’s not your job to be out there hunting her down—you have men for that.”

Her words only fueled my frustration.

“But Cleopatra! These people fear me! That is my mate gone rogue! And this is your fault!” I snapped, my anger boiling

over.

“You should have let me mate her the moment I had the chance!

But no—you always have something to say! Always one useless caution or another!

‘Don’t do this, don’t do that!’ You talk to me as though I’m some child!”

I yell but Cleopatra didn’t flinch.

Instead, she stared at me, unimpressed, as if I were a fool throwing a tantrum.

“Well, you were dumb enough to sink your fangs into her neck—how did that turn out for you? With a more battered and uglier looking lip!” Cleopatra sneered, her eyes flashing with amusement.

1/4

17:54 Wed, 2 Apr

Chapter 162

My hands curled into fists. “You can’t talk to me like that! I am the Alpha of Alphas!” I roared, my voice shaking the walls.

But she only smirked. “Oh, mighty Alpha of Alphas—then why don’t you go sniffing after your Luna of Lunas like a stray dog? Meanwhile, men who aren’t even half of what you are will take over everything you’ve built.”

I clenched my jaw, but she wasn’t finished.

“So what if you don’t find your Luna? After all, Deckard is dead. There’s no one left to fight for what’s yours! You have it all, Darth! You have me by your side! No one would dare challenge you.

Let your men hunt her down while you focus on real power. If they find her, great. If they don't—then so what? You will

survive.”

Her words scraped against my skin like daggers.

“Survive?” I spat. “I don’t want to survive, Cleopatra. I want to be unbeatable.”

With a growl, I turned on my heels and stormed away, but her stupid voice still lingered in my head.

I will never stop searching for her—I must find her. But as much as I despise admitting it, Cleopatra had a point. I cannot abandon my territory for this hunt. I have men for that. What I can do is find people here who might know something.

With that thought, I personally select one of the elders—an old woman who always seemed a little too close to Amica.

She kneels before me, her frail frame trembling under my gaze.

“What is your name, woman?” I demand.

“Bria,” she replies in a weak voice.

She’s fragile... She will break easily.

I smirk. “Hello, Bria. I called you for one reason. I know you talk to the pup. You seem close to her, **so** you must know something.

Tell me where is Amica going?”

Bria’s lips quiver. “I—I don’t know, **sir**. I advised her to **leave** this place, but she was determined to find help.” Her voice

creeks.

“Help? From where? Who would dare aid her here?”

She hesitates. “I... I don’t know, **sir**,” she whispers.

I let the silence drag, watching her squirm.

“Something tells me you lie, Bria,” I finally say, my voice dangerously low. “Who did Amica seek out for help? Are we expecting someone? Did she run off to men who would steal my inheritance from me?”

“Who are they? What are their numbers? How strong are they?” I growl, my patience wearing thin.

Bria trembles before me, her voice barely above a whisper. “Please, I don’t know! I’ve told you everything I know!”

Lies. I can smell them. Either she’s hiding something, or she’s too much of a coward to admit it. Either way, I have no use for her whimpering.

“Sir, I swear! I don’t know who she knows... she might have just taken my advice and left without trying to seek help!”

I tilt my head, pretending to consider her words. Then I smirk. “Hmm... so it was you who gave her that terrible idea, right?”

2/4

Chigner 102

Brits eyes widen in panic “No sir please it was all her idea! Please She’s begging now, realizing she’s said too much.

couch to her left, washing her squirm knowing you tell her I know she cares about you?

will teach you a lesson. Bria. Maybe just maybe this will bring Amica back. I

mean We are close at all scar 1-there’s someone-

Before she can finish her sentence. I unsheathe my claws and slit her throat in one swift motion.

Her body crumples blood pooling at my feet

exhale, shaking off the momentary thrill of the kill. Useless. If she can’t give me the information I need, I’ll find someone

who catch

After I’m done with Bria, one of the Gamma warriors comes running in from outside.

“Scar. Scar, sit back calls, breathless.

I turn to him, my irritation flaring. “What? What the hell do you want from me?”

7. I'm sorry to innude, si..." His eyes dart to the mess on the floor-Bria's lifeless body, the blood seeping into the cracks.

1 smirk. "Do you want to help me clean this mess, or what?"

Ye-yes. I'll help, sir, but that's not why I came. I have... very delicate information I just came across."

I roll my eyes, already growing tired of this conversation. "What is it now, Barry? Must you always act like you have something important to say?"

Barry always has something to say. He's one of those boys desperate to impress me, always sniffing around for scraps of my approval. I can't stand ass kissers.

"Scar, sir, I swear-this one is real. I overheard Dane and Mary arguing when I stepped out to take a piss..... Dane said something to Miss Mary about her pregnancy!"

"My pregnancy? What the hell could Dane and Mary have together? Why would they be in a room alone?" I demand,

"Are you sure about this? If I find out you're making this shit up, I'll gut you right here, Barry!"

"Oh no, Scar sir! I swear it's the truth!" Barry insists,

"Dane and Mary spoke as though like they were lovers! If you ask me, Scar, something isn't right between them. Their argument was intense-

I pause moment processing his words, Mary and Dane? The idea is absurd... could this even be true?

"**Hmm**," I mumble, pacing the room, **my** fists clenching. "Thank you, Barry. You can go."

He bows slightly before retreating, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

No.

Mary wouldn't be stupid enough to betray me... would she? And yet, why the secrecy? What reason would she have to be locked up with Dane?

1 exhale sharply, **my** jaw tightening.

Tonight, I will get **my** answers.

17:54 Wed, 2 Apr

Chapter 162

I send a message to Mary, summoning her to meet me....

4/4

AD

Comment

Send gift

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 163[1,414 words]

Chapter 163

Chapter 163

Mary

I'm glad I've finally put Dane in his place.

I can't believe that worthless degenerate ever thought I would end up with him. It's unfortunate that I got pregnant by him my first pregnancy, no less—but I refuse to let that mistake define me.

This child belongs to Darth, and what I say stands.

At least Dane seems to have accepted the truth now. There is no more connection between us. He will have no access to me or my baby.

And now that Amica is gone, this place is mine. Everything belongs to me.

As I rummage through the kitchen in search of food, a rogue approaches, holding a box.

“Ma’am, Scar requests to see you, and **he** asked me to give you this,” he says, handing it over.

I take the box and lift the lid, revealing a stunning, seductive gown. My lips curl into a smirk. So, Scar wants me to dress for the occasion.

I run my fingers over the fabric, admiring its elegance. He knows how to please me.

Snapping the box shut, I glance at the rogue. “Tell him I’ll be there soon.”

As he bows and takes his leave, I clutch the dress to my chest, With Amica gone, my path is clear. This kingdom will be mine, and soon, so will Scar.

I make my way to my chambers, ready to claim what’s rightfully mine.

A gesture! Wow. I can’t believe it—I’m actually receiving gifts from a man. Deckard never did that for me.

Inside the box, there’s a note.

“In *that* blue **dress**, meet me when the moon is full... Mother of my heir.”

My heart skips a beat. Oh my goodness—what could this mean?

Is he about to mark our bond tonight? Yes! That has to be it! Finally, everything is coming together. I will have my own mate. I, the Luna of Lunas.

Shame on you, Amica! Wherever you are, I hope you rot in the shadows so I never have to lay eyes on you again.

I quickly finish my meal and rush off to prepare. Tonight must be perfect.

I take a long,

shower, Foaming my skin with the finest soap, letting the scent of luxury cling to me.

My hands moves over my body, ensuring every inch is smooth and soft because i know tonight’s gonna be special!

I apply my best skincare, spritz on the perfect fragrance, and finish with a flawless touch of makeup. I slip into the dress. It fits like it was made for me.

Admiring myself in the mirror, I look good, I step out of my chambers and make my way to the castle gates, searching for the driver who is to take me.

1/3

17:54 Wed, 2 Apr

Chapter 163

While I wait for the driver, I spot Dane wandering around like a lost dog, moving aimlessly as if he has nowhere else to be

The moment he sees me, his eyes widening. Then, as if drawn by some pathetic force, he walks toward me shamelessly.

“Wow, Mary... what’s the occasion? I mean, I know you always look good, but damn, you’ve never looked this good for *me*?” His audacity makes my skin crawl.

“Do you never learn, Dane? What the hell is wrong with you?” I say with my fee serious. I’ve told you to stay out of my way. From now on, you will address me as Luna Mary, the Luma of Launas. Do you understand?”

But, as always, he refuses to listen. He stands there like a fool, acting as if my words mean nothing.

“Where are you going, Mary? Where are you taking my baby?” he demands.

I roll my eyes. “If you must know, I have a date with Scarface. And tonight... will be full of surprises.” A slow smirk creeps onto my lips. “By tomorrow, you won’t be able to approach me anymore—except from a very safe distance”

Before he can speak again, the driver pulls up.

He steps out, opens the car door for me, and I slide inside without sparing Dane another glance.

As the car pulls away, I catch a glimpse of him in the mirror—standing there, looking like a fool that he is.

The driver takes me to a secluded beach; private, serene, and bathed in the soft glow of the full moon.

Once I step out of the car, the sound of gentle waves fills my ears, I follow the path laid out for me, and there, by the water’s edge, stands Darth.

There’s something in the air tonight—maybe it’s the full moonlight, or maybe it’s the way he carries himself—but he looks desirable, even with the scar across his face.

Tall. Commanding. His full, short hair is styled effortlessly, a few strands falling over the side of his face in a way that only adds to his allure.

Tonight is the night. I can feel it. He’s making this moment special—more special than I’ve ever been treated before.

“Scar!” I call out as I approach him.

His lips curl into a smirk. “Mary?”

“You look beautiful in that dress...” he murmurs, taking my hand and brushing his lips against my skin.

“You’re glowing differently tonight, Doctor Mary,” he says,

I smile. “I’m glad you noticed.”

His fingers tarry against mine as he tilts his head, studying me. “So tell me... what’s your secret?” he teases.

“I think a big part of it is your heir,” I say, placing a hand on my belly. “He’s been trouble, but I wouldn’t expect anything less from the future leader of the Blackthorn clan.” I say

Scar chuckles, “Oh yes! The heir!” He smirks before adding, “My heir, right?”

I freeze. What?

The question throws me off, but I quickly regain my composure. “Of course, it’s ours.” I force a smile. “I’m sure it’s a boy. The way he troubles me is different.”

Darth hums, studying me with an unreadable expression. “Hmm... Now that Amica has left me, I’m stuck with you.”

2/3

Wed, 2 Apr

Chapter 163

His words send chills through me. But before I can *react*, he tilts his head slightly. “Don’t get me wrong, Mary, I wouldn’t have minded being stuck with you—if only you were a tiny bit sincere with me.”

My heart stutters in my chest. “What are you talking about, Scar?” I ask, my voice softer now. “I am sincere with you! **If** there’s anything you want to know, then ask me, my Alpha.”

I try to sound confident, but the attraction I felt moments ago is quickly shifting into Fear.

Darth doesn’t say anything at first. Instead, he reaches out and places a firm hand over my stomach.

“Mary, tonight is the full moon, and I want to make you my mate. Everything feels perfect.”

He pauses, but his eyes, once filled with admiration, now darken with something more dangerous.

“But before that happens-” his voice drops to a low whisper, “is there **anything** you might want to tell me?”

I knew it! I knew something special was going to happen tonight. But why is he **acting** so strange? Scar is different—maybe that’s just how he talks, how he moves.

“Scar, I am an open book with you, and I love you! Nothing would make me happier than to be bonded to you, my love.” I meet his gaze, hoping *to* ease whatever tension is creeping into his voice.

He studies me for a moment before speaking. “Alright then... would you mind telling me about the nature of your relationship with Dane?”

My heart drops.

My chest tightens as panic sets in. Does he know? Did Dane tell him?

Oh, Goddess—he can’t know!

I force a scoff, masking my nerves. “There... there is no relationship, Scar! How could there be?” I shake my head, adding a bitter laugh. “That guy is a worthless punk! Amica’s ex-husband? Please. How could I have anything to do with someone like that?”

I curse under my breath, hoping he buys it.

Scar hums, tilting his head slightly. “Hmm...”

I swallow hard. Maybe... maybe I can still convince him.

His expression is unreadable. Then, suddenly, he leans in and presses a wet, lingering kiss to my lips.

I stiffen.

Then, his mouth trails lower—down my jaw, to my neck, then further, grazing the top of my cleavage.

A shiver runs through me, but I don’t know if it’s excitement or fear.

Do

Comment

to fuc

AD

Send gift

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 164[1,799 words]

Chapter 164

Darth

I kiss her lips, then trad down her neck, letting my touch make her feel safe.

But my mind is restless How do I know if she's telling the whole truth? Or

lyhug?

Her heartbeat is fast-too fast I can feel it beneath my lips as I kiss from her neck to her chest, Is it fear? Or guilty

I pause, then pull back slightly. "I'm sorry for doubting you, Mary. I believe you"

Relict flashes across her face, but I don't stop there. "I want to make love to you right here," I munnur, my voice low, "You're the only one who stood by me when everything came crashing down. You are my future."

I slide my hands down, gripping her ass firmly before pulling her back into a deep kiss.

She stiffens

"I'm getting cold, Scar. Please, can we go back to the castle?" Her voice is nervousne

smirk. "Oh, really? I just wanted us to get out of the castle for a change away from everyone. Just you and me, under the full moon"

Aty fingers trail along her arm. "You know, Sex on the beach?"

She swallows hard, nervous,

“Yeah, but I think the baby is uncomfortable here. I suddenly feel tired...” she says, placing the back of her hand against her forehead.

I watch her carefully. Tired? Or just looking for an escape?

“Oh, I guess I’ll have to take you home and make you feel warm then...” I say, scooping her up effortlessly.

She lets out a small gasp as I lift her above the sand and carry her toward the car. Her body is tense in my arms, but I pretend not to notice. Instead, I place her gently into the seat before sliding in beside her and starting the drive back to the castle.

The silence between us *is* heavy, thick with unspoken words,

I can hear her heartbeat—loud and erratic.

Why is it still racing? She shouldn’t be afraid anymore, I dropped the subject of Dane.

When we reach the castle, I take her hand, leading her toward my chambers. But suddenly, she stops,

“I’d love to lay in my own bed. I just want to rest now. I had a wonderful time, Sear Good night.” She pulls her hand from mine.

I immediately grab it again, tightening my grip.

“Oh no, where are you going. Mary?” My voice is smooth, persuasive, “The night is still young. Stay with me in my chambers. Don’t worry—I’ll take care of you. After all, this is my child. I will take care of both of you.”

She swallows but her hesitation obvious.

I take her hand and lead her into my chambers, closing the door behind us.

Slowly, I kneel before her, slipping off her shoes with deliberate care. My fingers trail up her legs as I rise, reaching for the zipper of her dress.

“Would you like to take a shower?” I ask,

She hesitates. “Oh no, it would be better if I just get into some cozy clothes,” she says quickly,

“OK... but first, I have to keep you warm”

Before she can respond, I slide the dress down her shoulders, letting the silky fabric pool at her feet.

Now, she stands before me in nothing but her undergarments.

She shivers—not from cold, but from something else.

Turning away. I walk to my closet, retrieving what I need. I lay them out in front of her, watching her expression shift.

1/4

1:00 PM

Chapter 164

A whip. A pair of handcuffs. Other delicacies.

I smirk, tilting my head. “Pick your poison, Mary.”

She swallows But she **doesn’t protest**.

Instead, she **slowly raises** a shaky finger, pointing to the lightest of the whips.

How adorable.

I pick it up, along with the cuffs. “Don’t worry. I’ll **go easy** on you.”

I step closer, taking her hands in mine. I feel the slight tremor in her fingers, the **way** she tries to steady her breathing.

Maybe she thinks I’m about to kiss her. Maybe she thinks I’ll whisper something **sweet** against her lips.

But no.

Instead, I turn her toward the wall, raising her arms and fastening the chains above her head.

One **wrist**. Then the other.

JOh, DARTH, please... I don’t have the energy for this. Your baby needs rest,” Mary pleads, **fear** in her voice.

I ignore **her**.

“My baby... hmm. Tell me, Mary, **is** this truly my child?”

She tugs at the restraints. “Scar, please let me go. I’m weak and tired. This could hurt the baby.”

I trail the whip lightly down her chest to her thighs. “**Relax**, Mary. I just want us to have a good time.”

Her tone change from fear to A soft moan escaping her lips.

“Do you like that?” I ask in a lighter tone, but she only whimpers. I unhook her bra and placed my lips on her firm and tender nipples, then sucked

it softly to make her feel at home. Soon, I think the fear evaporate from her and be replaced by sounds of pleasure!

I place my hand on her ass and press it against my cock to make her feel the bulge.

“You like that?” I ask her.

“Hmm... **yes**, I do, Scar. Untie me so I can please you the way you deserve,” her voice soft, but I can sense the desperation beneath it.

I don’t release her. Instead, I trail my fingers over her, brushing against her panries. I push it aside and let my hand explore her clit.

Her emotions flicker between hesitation and surrender,

I press further, coaxing a sigh from her lips. “Oh, Scar...” she exhales her voice a melody okweakness and pleasure.

КИНЕ

I bring my fingers to my lips, tasting her juice. They **say** the truth is bitter—perhaps that is why she tastes **so sweet**.

I grip her waist, drawing her closer **as** I lower myself. My lips brush against her skin, indulging in the juice she offers. A heat runs through her, her legs unsteady beneath my touch.

But beneath the sweetness, I **taste** something else. I **taste** Dane.

I rise and pick up the whip, staring at her **teary eyes**. I want to torture her now, but I need to **make** her believe that I believe her.

I walk behind her and on her little ass, I **release** the whip!

She whimpers

I whip her again and **again** and again until her moan turns to cries.

“Ahh!” she cried **out**.

“**Scar please!**” she begs.

Yes, I love to see her **beg**.

2/4

Chapter 164

I then lift her above the ground, my **cock** already hard from her reaction. I **release** it from my pants and insert it in her while she wraps her legs around my waist.

I fuck her, and she holds on to me **as** she trusts me, while i thrust her. •

My hands and cups find their **way** into her **ass as** I fuck her, and suddenly nm, I **feel a** gush of warm liquid against my skin while her moans get more intense, and her grip on me **gets** tighter.

I start digging her until I felt my climax reaching its peak, and I poured my hot come into her pot.

She slowly releases her grip on me, her breathing steadying.

“**Scar**, I need to lay my head down,” she murmurs.

I walk over to the table, pick up the keys, and unlock her restraints.

“Let me help you,” I say, lifting her gently and carrying her to the bed.

“Thank you,” she whispers before closing her eyes almost instantly.

I stand there for a moment, watching her belly rise and fall, my mind racing. If the rumors are true, what will I do with her?

Without hesitation, I put on my clothes and step out. I summon one of the guards and instruct him to bring Dane to my chambers.

Without

After a while, Dane arrives, looking like a fool-**as** always.

“Scar! To what do I owe the honor? I hope there’s no problem? I thought you’d be having a good time with Mary right now...” He rambles on, completely oblivious.

I say nothing, just watching him in silence. Tonight, I will get my answers.

“Mary, you say!” I glare at Dane, my patience gone. “I heard you’re the father of the child Mary carries!” I accuse string straight into his eyes but *he* voids my **gaze**.

“Wha...what are you talking about, Scar? That’s not true!” His betrays him.

I smirk. “What were you doing inside her room last night? You do realize this is my castle, right? You know I have men everywhere, don’t you?”

“Scar, maybe your men misheard your men. I was **never** in her room. We’re not even close!” He exhales heavily,

“Then tell me why the hell do I taste you in her?” My voice rumbles, low and dangerous.

I rise from my chair, my anger rising. Dane stumbles back, barely able to stand. His knees buckle, and he collapses onto the floor.

“You and Mary thought you could deceive me, didn’t you?” I snarl. “You thought you could pass another man’s child off **as** my heir...just like they did to my father!”

“Forgive me, **Scar!**” Dane drops his **face** to the ground, trembling.

Before **I** can lash out, **a** voice cuts through the tension.

“What **is** going on here?” Cleopatra storms into the room,

“What do **you** think, Cleopatra? You turned out to be right! I’m so sick of it... why do you **always** have to be right?” I yell in frustration.

Cleopatra folds her arms, watching me with that same judgung knowing look.

“**Scar**, darling! What is going on?” Mary’s voice echoes from the **staircase**.

I turn my head and see her standing **at** the top, hesitation in her **eyes**.

“Come down, **Mary**.” I try **to** steady my **voice**, but a growl slips through.

She takes a step **back**. “What’s wrong, darling? You’re scaring me, **Scar...**”

Cleopatra scoffs. “I always knew **it**, DARTH. I **just** wanted **you to** see it **for yourself**. That child **was never yours**. But if **I** had told **you**, you would’ve thrown **a** tantrum as usual.” She pours more fuel into the fire.

Mary gasps, stepping back further.

“Come back here, Mary!” I roar.

3/4

1:00 PM ·

Chapter 164

But she turns and runs.

I follow, her panicked breathing filling the air as she dashes through the hallways.

“Please, Scar! Forgive me!” she cries.

I climb the stairs, steadily tracking her every move. She’s frantic, darting from one corridor to another, searching for an escape. I don’t bother to run; I just walk, knowing I will catch up with her. She heads toward the other staircase, her steps hurried, her breath ragged.

Then I hear a loud thud.

4/4

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 165[1,058 words]

Chapter 165

Darth

I rush toward the source of the loud thud, my heart pounding. When I reach the stairway, I see Mary sprawled at the bottom floor, her body curled in pain.

But she doesn’t stay down for long. She clutches her side for a moment, wincing, then begins to roll—slowly at first—before pushing herself upright. Her movements are sluggish, but she doesn’t stop.

“Mary, stop!” I command, She doesn’t.

Without hesitation, she stumbles to the door, wrenches it open, and bolts outside.

My patience finally snapped I’ve put up with her bullshit for too long

With a burst of super speed, I cut her off, appearing in front of her in an instant.

She freezes, breathing heavily with her Wide eyes meet mine, filled with shock-like she actually thought she could escape me.

“Scar.... please, I love you,” she chokes out, her voice trembling.

I let out a low, humorless chuckle. “You love me enough to damn me to a terrible future by giving me a child that isn’t mine?” I sneer.

“No! I didn’t mean to hurt you,” Mary gasps, staggering back, her hands trembling as she clutches her stomach. “Deep down, all I wanted was for you to love me!”

“Deep down hmm?” I let out a cruel smile. “Then let’s see what’s deep down there!”

Without hesitation, I unsheathe my claws and, with inhuman speed, slash through her belly. Flesh and muscle tear apart beneath my strike, and warm blood spills down her dress.

She lets out a strangled gasp, eyes wide with shock, but I don’t stop.

I plunge my claws deeper, seeking the bastard she dared to carry, and rip the zygote from her womb.

Mary chokes on a breath, her body convulsing as she collapses to the ground. Within seconds, she went still.

Everyone outside stops to stare. Dozens of eyes are locked on me, their faces twisted in horror.

I step forward, blood dripping from my hands, my voice thundering through the air. “Now, where the hell is that bastard Dane?”

The moment my words break the silence, everyone scatters, fleeing like terrified rats.

I turn sharply and storm back inside, my boots leaving red-stained prints in my wake. But when I reach the spot where I left him, Dane is nowhere to be found.

My rage erupts. “Where the hell is he?!” I roar, my voice shaking the walls.

“Easy, Darth,” she **says**.

“He ran away while you were dealing with Mary, did youu thinkn he would wait?” Cleopatra steps forward. Her calm voice vexes me.

“What?” I snap, barely containing my fury. “Why would you let that happen? Where the hell did he go?”

“I don’t know!” she **says**, “He ran for his life! I think he escaped through the castle gates.”

My fists clench. “**What** the hell, Cleopatra! You could’ve stopped him! What do you have your powers for?!”

She shrugs, unbothered. “Why would I waste my energy on a fool like him?”

I let out a low, frustrated **growl**. “Damn it.”

She sighs, crossing her arms. “Look, we **have** limited guards at the gates. You might not find him **now**, but you will—sooner or later.”

Her words do nothing **to** soothe the storm inside me. I feel nothing for Mary, not anymore. But the thought that she carried my child... That alone was enough to make me **care**.

And now, Amica—my Luna—has escaped, and I have no idea where **she is**.

And my heir... my supposed heir... was never even mine.

1/2

1:00 PM

Chapter 165

Fuck.

I walk into my chambers, the weight of everything crashing down on me.

Without bothering to clean the blood off my hands, I drop onto the bed, staring up at the ceiling. The scent of iron lingers in the air, **a** reminder of what just happened.

What **a** miserable existence.

It isn’t enough that I’ll never know true love—no, fate has to **twist** the knife deeper. I had already accepted that love wasn’t meant for me, but to be deceived by someone I deemed worthy? That cuts deeper than any blade.

I was denied **love** from the start. My father never gave it to me—he **was** too busy showering it on someone he **saw as** better, more deserving. And now, history repeats itself.

It infuriates me. It breaks me. That someone **as** powerful, as formidable as I am, could have his heart shattered by people who don’t even come **close** to matching my strength.

But as I drown in this storm of mourning and anger, **a** realization strikes me.

This **is** why I became what **I** am.

This is why I forged myself into something untouchable.

I don't have the luxury of devastation. I don't have the weakness of heartbreak.

I don't sit and grieve.

I take what I want—by force.

Amika **is** what I want.

I don't care if she runs to the ends of the earth. She doesn't have to love me—love is meaningless. All I need from her is the ultimate power she grants to an Alpha. That bond, that strength... it belongs to me.

And she will learn that.

I'll give her exactly what she deserves—a life where she knows nothing but servitude. She'll be beneath me, **a** slave to my will.

Cleopatra calls it weak for me to go after her myself. She doesn't understand. None of them do. I need Amika here with me. She is mine. She will bear my heir—my true heir.

There will be no choices, no mercy. She will birth several heirs for me until I decide **I** am done.

Until I am tired of creating my legacy.

And Dane— that **bastard** will not escape my wrath.

Does he have **to** interfere with **every** woman I claim? He's **a** pathetic fool, a parasite feeding off what belongs to me. But once I find him, he'll **regret** ever breathing in my presence. His body will be a message, **a** gruesome spectacle for the entire city to witness. They will **see** what happens to traitors—to **weaklings** who dare defy me.

But **first**, Amika.

I don't **care** what anyone **says**—I'm going after her myself. And no one needs to know.

I'll leave the castle in silence, disappear like **a** shadow in the night. And when I return, it will be with her, bound to me, **exactly** where she belongs.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 166[1,161 words]

Chapter 166

Amica

The deal with Freya isn't that bad. If she wants my hairpin, she can have it. It's just a simple trade, but then it means I would not have much left to bargain with if it turns out that she's lying to me.

I **take** a deep breath and hand over the hairpin. She holds it between her fingers, turning it slowly as she admires it.

"Wow, it smells **like** you," she murmurs before sliding it into her hair.

I watch her, searching for any sign of deception, but she is a bit hard to read.

"Wait here for a moment, and then **we** can leave!" she chirps, spinning on her heel and dashing off before I can even react.

I exhale. Well, I **guess** I've been scammed."

Minutes pass. I sit there, convincing myself that she'll come back.

Maybe she just needs time. Perhaps I'm just being paranoid.

But just when I'm about to give up and start searching for another way out, Freya reappears, her weird smile stretches **across** her **face**.

"All right, now let's go!" she announces, already walking ahead.

I quickly get up and follow closely behind her,

From the tavern, we make our way to a lone tree where a horse waits, its reins tied loosely around the trunk. Freya mounts it effortlessly, and I climb up behind her.

Without hesitation, she nudges the horse forward, and we begin our journey.

my heart pounds With every step. A part of me screams not to trust her, but what choice do I have?

If stepping into danger is the price I must pay to see Deckard again, then so be it. I would walk through fire and storm just to be reunited with my

mate.

The road gets quieter as we enter a more secluded path.

The only sounds i hear now are the clatter of hooves against the ground and the occasional neigh of our horse. But i can feel eyes watching us **as** we

move.

“Freya, how much farther?” I ask,

“Don’t worry, we’re almost there,” she replies,

Then she grips the reins tighter and urges the horse to **go** faster.

I can’t stop thinking about the Gamma warrior who came here with me but got separated at the **gates** of Red **Valley**. And Leonard—where the hell **is**

he?

What about the **rest** of the Gamma warriors? I know some of them **were** captured, but I can’t be the only one who made it **back**. I tell myself we’ll **reconnect** soon, but I can only hope they’re **safe**. Are they searching for me right now?

I know they’ll find me **as** soon **as** they find Deckard.

After what feels like another twenty minutes, **we** finally arrive at a small, ominous-looking house.

“This is it. Your **mate** is **here**,” **Freya says** without bothering to **get** off the horse.

“**What?**” I ask, **surprised**.

“Get off the horse,” she repeats, her tone **sharper** this time.

I hesitate for a moment but obey, sliding **off** the horse and landing on the dirt **road**.

“**Well**, I **have** other things **to** attend to. **See ya!**” she says playfully, then rides **off**, leaving me standing alone in front of the **scary** house.

I stood there for a moment, **trying to process** what had **just** happened.

Was Freya setting me up?

1:01 PM

Chapter 166

I glanced at the house again, hesitating. I had no idea what was waiting for me inside. Something didn't feel right.

Pacing back and forth, I hope someone would come out, giving me a clue about what to expect. But the house remained silent.

The entire village was weirdly quiet. Everyone seems to mind their own business, but I can tell they are watching. The houses in this area are scattered, no gates or fences, just people staying in their own lanes.

Frustrated, I decided to do something reckless.

"Deckard!" I call out.

"Deckard!" I shouted again, hoping-praying-for a response. Instead, I attract unwanted attention.

A few villagers step out of their homes, to gazes My heart pounds at the sight of this. I know it isn't safe.

Taking a deep breath, I murmured to Ezra, Let's do this. Then, with one last glance around, I stepped toward the house.

I pushed the front door open and found it unlocked. Stepping inside, I was surprised by how much larger the house was on the inside compared to its modest exterior.

A heavy scent of herbs and strange incense filled the room. The dim lighting in the room forced my eyes to adjust as I moved further in. But beyond the scent of incense, I caught something else; his scent.

My heart pounded.

"Deckard!" I called out, my voice trembling, I moved cautiously toward the couch where a figure lay. As I got closer, I could finally see him.

It's him. It's really him!

"Oh, Deckard!" I cried out, rushing to his side. His body radiated an intense heat, his skin almost burning to touch.

His eyes fluttered open with confusion. He stared at me, his expression blank...

“Amica? Amica... Is it really you?”

“**Yes!** It’s me!” I sob, wrapping my arms tightly around him.

And then, as if my touch finally convinced him tht this is real, he whispered,

“My Amica.”

Deckard held me tightly, his arms locking around me **as** if he never wanted to let go.

“Shit... it’s really you!” he breathed, his voice thick with disbelief.

“Oh, my love! I’m so sorry. I’m so, **so** sorry,” he murmured, his forehead pressed against mine.

I cupped his **face** in my hands, my fingers tracing the edges of his jaw before pressing my lips to his..

“I thought you were dead,” I whispered between kisses, unable to stop myself. Every second lost had been torture, and now, I need to feel him—to make sure he isreal.

“I’m sorry for making you think that,” he said, his voice laced with regret.

“You don’t have to apologize for anything,” I assured him, but he kept murmuring his apologies, his grip on me tightening.

Then, **a voice** cut through our moment like **a** blade.

“And **what exactly** is all this noise about?”

I pulled **away** from Deckard and turned toward the **voice**.

A woman stepped out from the corridor, her figure illuminated by the dim light. **She** was slim, with long, red-haired, dressed in a dark, gothic style that clung to her body in an intentionally seductive way. **Her** pale **skin** contrasted sharply with her blood-red lips.

But my attention snapped to something else entirely.

Perched in her **hair**—bold and shameless—was my hairpin.

My stomach twisted.

What the fuck?

1:01 PM

Chapter 166

Her cool **gray** eyes **swept over** the room, lingering on Deckard before shifting to me.

“Who are **you**?” she asked, stepping forward into the light.

I stand up to her, meeting her **gaze**...

“I’m Amica,” I said, my voice steady. “Deckard’s fated mate.”

I narrowed my **eyes**

“And who the hell **are** you?”

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 167[1,449 words]

Chapter 167

AMICA

Deckard’s arms stiffened slightly around me as the woman smirked, tilting her head just enough for the dim candlelight to glint off my hairpin.

“Oh? So you’re the one we’ve been waiting for?” she mused, crossing her arms.

Her voice **was** smooth, confident, but something about it made my stomach **twist**.

“I’m Freya,” she continued. “The one who’s been keeping your mate alive.

What?

How is that even possible? If she’s Freya, then who was the lady who brought me here?

And why does this Freya have my hair accessory?

I force my voice to stay calm. “Please, I’m a little confused... Where did you get that hairpin?”

“Why would you ask me something like that upon first meeting me? Do you want one for yourself?”

I can't tell from the tone of her voice that she will not be an **easy** person to deal with.

I keep my expression neutral, though my mind **is** spinning.

I still can't understand how her name is Freya and how she **has** the same hairpin I gave away just an hour ago. The woman who led me here was also named Freya. How **is** that possible?

My eyes narrow as realization creeps in. "Oh, I see what's going on here. It was you all along, wasn't it? You were the one who led me to this place... What are you, a shapeshifter or something?" **I** ask.

Freya's expression darkens. "Why are you saying these things to me?" she snaps.

She **steps** closer, her **gaze** piercing.

"For someone who's meeting me for the first time, you're quite rude!" she **accuses**.

"**I** just told you I've been keeping your mate alive, and the first thing **you** do is call me names? Who the hell do you think you **are**?" **Her** voice **rises** with irritation, her posture growing rigid.

I know she's trying to twist this, but I don't have time to go back and forth with her. Deckard is more important right now.

Two women. Same name.

One brought me here. The other stands before me, wearing my hairpin...the same one I gave the other woman

None of this **makes sense**.

And something tells me This Freya is not my ally.

Taking a **breath**, I softened my expression. "I'm sorry if I offended you," **I** said, choosing my words carefully. "I'm just confused. The woman who led me here **was** also named **Freya**, and she"

She took a **step closer**, her grey eyes flashing. "I don't care how you got here **or** who brought you here," she cut me off,

I force myself to **stay** calm. 'She's lying. I know she is. But right now, I don't have time to argue with her—I need to focus on Deckard.

"I'm sorry if I offended **you** in any way, I'm just a bit confused **because** the person who brought me here was also named **Freya** and..."

“I don’t **care** about how **you** got here or who brought you here,” she interrupts, cutting me off mid-**sentence**.

I **stay** quiet for a moment, letting her words sink in. She doesn’t seem to want to entertain any more of my questions.

“You had to learn to heal him, right? Then let us begin!” she **says**, her tone sharp and commanding.

Deckard takes my hand, giving me a gentle but firm signal to let **it** go.

“Right, I’m sorry,” I **say**, surrendering. After **all**, **it’s just** an ordinary **piece** of hair accessory, **I can get a million of them if** I wanted to—though that would only be possible if the cards fall **back** in **our favor**. **But** I don’t **care** about that right now.

1/3

+50

Chapter 167

“Yes, let us begin,” I **agree**, trying to push aside the unease

She falls silent for a moment and begins **to gaze** studying me carefully, almost like she’s measuring something. Then, her eyes dart back to Deckard.

“I hope your mate has told you that this healing comes with a price, and he has agreed to **pay** it!” she **says**, her tone cold

I glance at Deckard, who is struggling to keep his eyes open, clearly exhausted and in pain.

“What price?” I ask in concern.

“It doesn’t matter. What matters is that he has agreed” her tone is dismissive, as if she’s giving me no room to argue.

I hate her already!

But I can’t shake the feeling that something’s wrong.

;

“Don’t you think it’s unfair to make a deal with someone who’s barely **alive**, without **even** telling them the consequences? Where’s the fairness in that?” I challenge her, my voice rising slightly but I keep it controlled so as not to anger her.

“Hm, well, that doesn’t matter now. He’s already agreed to the terms, hasn’t he?” she counters, as if brushing off my concerns like they’re irrelevant.

Why don’t we make new terms right now, between the two of **us**? I’ll give **you** what you want!” I stand up to her, trying to hold my ground.

“Well, you’re not the one who needs healing, are you?” She turns and **walks away** from me, her back to me as **she** focuses on Deckard.

I walk **over** to him, my hand gently resting on his chest. My heart pounds with worry, but I’m not about to back down. I **have** to protect him— whatever the cost.

“You better stop with this back-and-forth now, or your mate will die in no time!” her voice is nonchalant. Hearing her say that weakens me and for a moment, I freeze. I’ve come this **far**, but maybe it’s best to let go of this argument—for now. I’ll have to face her later, once Deckard is healed.

I walk over to him and place my hands around him gently, offering him support.

“What do you need us to do?” I **ask**, my voice calm despite the turmoil inside me.

“Hm, good question,” she says, almost as if impressed. “Well, I’ve prepared a room for the both of you. Don’t worry, I’ll help Deckard up to the room. The two of you will lay together in that room.” She pauses, her eyes narrowing. “You will take a cold shower, and then you will spend the night with him. Let your bodies unite as one.” She murmurs

“By morning, I will see how his body responds to you. Truly, **you** are his destined mate. Once he’s **recovered**, I will administer further potions.”

She walks over to Deckard and pulls him up, guiding him toward the room.

“I can help him!” I **say** firmly, taking Deckard by the other arm. I don’t trust this woman, and I don’t like the **way** she’s touching **my** man.

Together, we **assist** Deckard to the room she mentioned. The room is dark, lit only by a small candle on the nightstand

We help him into the bed, making sure he’s settled, and then I head to the bathroom to take **a** shower.

There’s already a dry towel in there, and I quickly wash myself off, feeling the cold water **revive** me. There’s also a night garment waiting for **me**, and for a moment, I hesitate. It feels **strange**—too convenient—but I have nothing else to **wear**. After all, I escaped Black **Castle** with nothing but the clothes on my **back**.

I finally decide to **wear** it and **step** out of the bathroom.

As I enter the room, I hear her **voice**. “I can see the night garments fit perfectly!” she **says**.

I **freeze**, startled by her words. Why **is** she still in the room? What the hell is she doing here? My **heart** starts to **race**

“Are **you** going to be here **all** through the night?” I **ask** with irritation.

She doesn’t seem bothered by my tone. “Well, I just wanted to make sure you are **well** settled. Is that such a **crime**?” she replies before **finally** leaving

the room.

I let out a breath allowing the tension in my shoulders **ease** as she exits.

Bitch! I murmured under my breath

I slowly walk over to Deckard, who is lying on the bed, and place my hand on his **face**. I can hardly believe it! He’s **here**, in front **of** me. After all this time, I can hold and feel him again.

2/3

3/3

1:01 PM ·

Chapter 167

I lay beside him, my body curling into his. Despite the heat radiating off him, I take in all the warmth, feeling **it** spread through me.

They **say** this will heal him, and though his body feels like fire, I don’t feel the intense burn. Instead, I feel a soothing warmth,

His eyes **are** closed, and I follow suit, shutting mine **as** well, letting the moment wash over me.

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 168[1,914 words]

Chapter 168

Deckard

The moment I see Amica—though only a light blur at first—I think it’s another dream. I’ve been having a lot of those lately, illusions crafted by a desperate mini. But then she touches me, and gods. I feel it. Her touch is real. It’s her My Amica. Here with me, on the flesh

My heart, weak and worn as it is, nearly gives out from the jolt of emotion that shoots through me. It’s almost enough to kill me—bon schat’s left to kill in a body already this broken! I am a shell of the man I once was too weak to escape the grasp of the witch who holds me here.

Bai now. Amica is here

Everything that happens after our reunion fades into a muffled blur, Voices come and go, but I can’t focus on them. All I feel is her—her presence, her warmth, her soul tethered to mine. Her touch sparks something inside me, something that had been fading. My heart, fragile and failing, bears with new purpose. For her.

Even without Freya’s recommending Amica’s cure, **just** the sound of her name is reason enough to stay alive. To keep fighting

The voices around us continue to exchange work—about healing, about price, about consequences. But I can’t bring myself to care. I’ve made peace with the cost. As long as I’m breathing, as long as **she’s** near, I know I’ll find the strength to endure

Then, after some shifting and motion, I feel myself lowered onto something soft—cool fabric, warm light—and know I’ve been placed on a bed. I sink into it, my body barely **able** to hold its shape, but my mind clings to the one truth that matters: She found me.

After that, I fall into an endless slumber. The next time my eyes open, the first thing I see is Amica, wrapped **around** me. My heart pounds with joy she’s real. I glance **around** the room and immediately notice that it’s different from where I was before

The air smells of fresh mint and warm candle wax. It’s calm here.

I look back at her—my Amica—sleeping soundly, her arms still locked around me. Even in her rest, there’s a crease of worry on her forehead. She must have been through hell **to** get here. I lift my hand gently to her chin, needing to feel her softness again. My mate. My Luna. My everything

And then I realize something

I feel better

The burning pain that has tormented me for days-weeks, maybe-is gone. I no longer feel like I'm being consumed from within. The fever that clung to my bones has faded. I'm still weak, yes, but.. I'm not dying anymore.

I can move. I can breathe without feeling like I'm swallowing flames.

All this time—after all the herbs, the potions, the acupuncture and spells—I had **no** idea that she **was** the cure all along. Her touch. Her presence.

I stare at her beautiful face. She lets out a soft sigh from **exhaustion**, and I can't even begin to imagine what she's gone through. She came here alone? Through Red Valley!

I lean forward slowly, **careful not to** wake her, and press my lips gently to hers

Her eyes open softly, hazy with sleep at first, then widening with a in relief and overwhelming joy.

"Deckard You you're awake" she gasps, then immediately presses her lips to mine in a kiss that steals the breath from my lungs.

She pulls back just enough to press her **hand against** my cheek and then to my neck, checking my temperature with gentleness

"**Your** temperature, it's better now. How do you feel, my love?" –

I exhale slowly, my hand reaching up to cover **hers**. "**Tim** better now that you're here, Amica," I whisper. "I missed you so much... so passing day became torture without you. And all this time, I didn't know.. you were the cure to **my sickness**."

deeply that each

My

voice cracks slightly as I look into her eyes—those eyes I've dreamt of endlessly

"Amica. I didn't mean to leave you alone. I went to battle with a **broken** heart—driven by i

y the need to avenge the death of our baby..., and to make

things right between us. To come back home, **ask you** to be my wife, and finally put all our pain behind us."

I was afraid. Afraid to return. Afraid that when I did, **you** would tell **me that your** heart had moved on **because** I promised to let you go if you wanted. I kept imagining you rejecting me. and the thought of that of living without you—made life feel like meaningless."

I draw her closer, speaking from my i

Chapter 108

”

“Amica I don’t want to lose you. Please, don’t reject me. Don’t walk away from us love you?”

My pride, my ego—none of it matters anymore

Im com- [nursery for not telling you the te

about our hood, about everything. I munnur. “I’m si ant —”

Deckard

save your energy” Amica curs in gently, her voice just above a whisper, soft and aching

she pauses, searching my face with tearful eyes. “When I **woke** up that morning and found you gone my heart shattered. I just -I knew something bad was going to happen that day

ew—deep down.

Her voice cracks slightly, and she lets out a small breath. “But what hurt me most. is that you left without crying goodbye. You didn’t give me the chance to hold you one last time before you disappeared me than sir

She gently presses her hand against my chest, right over my heart, feeling it heat beneath her palm Slowly. catch it. holding is firmly against me

vishe

starts to pull her hand away, but I

We both keep our hands there, still and connected, feeling the steady beat of life inside me

“Tim sorry—” I start again, but before I **can** finish, she leans in and presses her lips no mine.

Thr

is full of longing, of passion withheld for too long. I can feel how much she’s yearned for this moment...

And I've been starving for it too.

I wrap my arms around her, pulling her close. The taste of her, to feel her warmth

My hands stroll down to her thighs as I return her kiss, feeling the softness of her skin beneath my fingertips. I press her body against heat between us rising **as** her soft moan escapes into my mouth—gods, how I missed my woman.

Every nerve in my body comes alive with the feel of her—**her** scent, her cold, her **presence**. My lips **kiss** from her mouth to her neck, slow her collarbone. The silk nightgown she wears brushes easily aside, revealing her full breasts, and I breathe in deeply, ignoring the moment.

“I missed you so much,” I whisper against her skin, the words barely holding back the emotions **s**

tions swelling in

in my chest.

She moans again, then gently pushes against me with hesitant hands. “I don’t want to hurt you you’re just starting to get better”

I look into her eyes and place a soft kiss on her lips. “Oh baby. I want this. I want you”

“I need this too.” she whispers back, her breath **catching** mid-kiss.

We both chuckle lightly, like lovers who’ve found each other after being lost for too long. Her fingers trail down to my shirt, undoing the buttons slowly, reverently. She plants kisses **across** my chest,

Amica slowly took **off** the buttons on my shirt and kissed my neck down to my chest, paying attention to my nipples, she played her tongue around it for a few seconds before proceeding down to my crotch **area**.

She slowly unzips my **trousers** and cases them off, her fingers moving so smoothly that they send shivers across my skin.

Now, she has succeeded in stripping off all my clothes. I am exposed before her, naked, vulnerable, yet completely at ease in her presence.

My cock is already hard and erect just by her touch. Amica massages me a little bit before wrapping her tender lips around me. A wave of excitement ran through me **just as** I felt her lips on me. Cold, perfect, and just teasing the cap with her tongue

my love.” I whisper, my voice thick with need

Then she buried my length in her mouth, her eyes meeting mine as the dude

And just like that, slowly but steadily, with our eyes locked with each other's she massaged my **cock** with her lips, sending pleasure through in. It seemed like I was experiencing pleasure for the first time.

I can bury myself in

in her

gwaves of pleasure

I can't take the teasing anymore, I need to be buried in you. "I **say**, sitting up to turn her over so I can b

But she gently pushes me back down with one hand, her eyes filled with both power and tenderness. "Not yet she whispers, and at that moment. I surrender completely—letting her lead,

"I'll take care of

care of you, my Alpha" she whispers, her voice a soft mix of love and longing. I feel enough **in** stir every inch of me

"I will take care of you, my alpha" she says in a tone that is higher than a whisper but seductive

She sits right on top of me, slipping my cock in her tight warmth. He let out a loud moan before finally taking my full weight **in**. I lean in to kiss her, wrapping my **hands** tightly around her while she takes me on a trip of undeserved pleasure

She slowly grinds her waist around me while my lips play around her breast, **sucking** intently.

Chapter Ins

've missed you so much she breathes, and her voice—trembling with emotion—makes my heart pound faster than it

Her voice drives me crazy, and I don't know where I found the strength to turn her over.

"Oh, baby" she gasps, gasping breathlessly, caught off guard but loving the shift. She wasn't expecting it and neither was T, but the alpha in me will not leave my woman on to and unsatisfied even if I am dying.

It is my turn to give her pleasure. She spread her legs apart, allowing me to come in. Then, with her fingers, she played with her clit while I fucked her extremely wet pussy

The sight drives me crazy. She massages her clit in a sweet motion just **as** I pound her very wet cunt. The sight alone was enough to send me reeling, but the feeling of her, the way her body responded to **mine**, was everything. I can feel that she truly misses me.

“Oh, I’m gonna cum” she **announced** as she moaned, and his body began to move in a quick spasm of excitement.

I weakened my defences just to hear them say that, I pressed **my** weight on top of her, kissing her as I felt my cock hitting every wall in her pussy.

“Fuck Tmi coming now” The friction against her quickened my cum too. I felt a hot moist against my skin, and I moaned in surrender as my warm cum gushed into her and sounds of pleasure erupted in the air,

I collapsed back on the bed, and we were both breathing **heavily**.

SHE turned to me.” Are you okay?” she asked in concern, still recovering from the pleasure

“Never better!” I **say as** we both giggle like kids.