

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 171[1,452 words]

Chapter 171

Deckard

I try to control the hot surge moving through me, but I can't.

It's too strong. It's more than rage or power. It's force, Raw, untamed.

This is Dragon Fire. I feel it deep in my bones, in the cracks of my soul. It burns with a fury I've never imagined, let alone wielded.

And I unleash it.

But at the very last moment, I fight it forcing the blast to swerve away from where Amica stood. I don't know if it worked. All I know is that the fire was released

A scream shreds through the air. "No!"

I fall hard onto the scorched floor, flames dying down around me. Smoke clouds my lungs. My chest rising and falling like I've run a thousand battles back to back. But I don't have time to breathe, or to fall apart.

Amica.

Where is she?

I stumble out of the circle, vision still blurred with smoke and ash. "Amica!" I cal panic tightening in my throat.

Then I hear another voice-loud, furious.

"Look what you've done!" Freya storms toward me, eyes wild,

"Why did you swerve the fire? You've destroyed my things!" She yells to the wreckage-

"What the hell is wrong with you?!"

I ignore her, still seeking for Amic And when I finally spot her-curved up, covered in ash but breathing-I drop to my knees beside her, my hands shaking as I reach out.

"Amica," I whisper, voice cracking. "Please..."

My heart seizes.

Just seeing Amica like that—still, quiet, surrounded by the aftermath of my fire—makes my entire world **freeze**.

“Amica, my love?” I whisper. I rush forward, gently lifting her warm, limp body from the ground.

Her skin is smudged with ash, her breathing shallow, but she’s still warm.

I cradle her tightly, carrying her out of the thick smoke, desperate to get her to clean air, to safety.

“Amica.. wake up! Please—wake up, now!” I plead, my voice trembling as I shake her gently.

Then—thank the gods—she coughs. A soft, raspy sound, but it’s everything to me. Relief floods my chest,

I lower us both to the ground, brushing the hair from her face. “Are you okay? What do you need? Talk to me,” I say quickly, my eyes scanning her for wounds.

“Deckard...” she breathes, her voice barely above a whisper.

Then she opens her eyes.

“Did it work?” she asks.

She’s asking if it worked? Not even a second of concern for herself. Just... me.

Before I can answer, Freya appears, hurrying toward us, her expression tight with frustration.

“Of course it worked!” she **snaps**. “Didn’t you see how the fire burned half the side of my building?!”

Then I turn on Freya

I rise slowly to my feet, gently setting Amica **down**. “You.” I **growl**, **walking** toward her. “What **the** hell were **you** trying to **achieve**?”

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She takes a step back, then another, until her back hits the wall.

“You knew I would lose control. You knew I might hurt her—you wanted me to hurt her. You wanted me to kill her, didn’t you?”

Her eyes widen, but she doesn’t speak.

“I don’t know why you’re saying that, Alpha,” she stutters, voice shaky. “There was a protective shield around the door. That’s why I wanted you to concentrate your energy there...”

“Amica was also standing there!” I snap, stepping toward her again. “Why the hell didn’t you warn us that this would be so dangerous? You knew exactly what you were doing—and you’re going to pay for it.”

I glare down at her, my fury radiating off me like heat from the fire I just released. I don’t know what I’m going to do with her—but I know she’s not getting away with this.

Before I can say another word, a familiar voice breaks through

“Deck...” Amica coughs weakly, drawing my attention. “It’s alright... all that matters is that it worked... Don’t worry. I’m not hurt, only a bit startled.”

She pushes herself upright slowly, her voice soft but steady. “Please, Deckard... come to me.”

In a heartbeat, I’m at her side..I kneel beside her, taking her hand in mine, heart still pounding from everything that’s just happened.

The door—once sealed shut—is now wide open before us, the magical barrier gone.

The best time to leave.

We owe Freya nothing now—not after this. Not after she nearly killed Amica.

Not after she gambled with our lives.

“You’ve destroyed some of my precious things, Deckard!” Freya yells, her voice sharp with rage. “Now you owe me more than you did before!”

“I don’t owe you shit!” I snap, my voice cold and final. “My Luna and I are taking our leave now, and I’d advise you not to try and stop us.”

Her face twists with fury. “You cannot leave this place without paying your debt. The consequences will be dire!” she roars,

I lift Amica gently in my arms, shielding her from the smoke. I move toward the exit, ignoring Freya’s tantrum behind me.

But just as I step out of the house, I see someone rushing toward us—Leonard, wide-eyed and breathless.

“Alpha!” he calls, sprinting over to me with disbelief in his eyes. He pulls me into a quick embrace. “You’re healed! Oh, thank the Goddess!”

He looks around, confused “What happened here? Where’s Freya?”

Before I can speak, Freya storms forward, standing between us with wild eyes and shaky breath.

“Your Alpha is trying to leave without giving me my payment!” she snaps, pointing a trembling finger at me. “You’d better advise him otherwise, Leonard. No one owes Freya and walks away!”

She’s breathing hard, her voice strained and trembling. Her mascara has smeared beneath her **eyes**, like she’s been crying—whether from rage, fear, or desperation, I can’t tell.

“That’s not possible,” Leonard says firmly “Deckard would never **owe** anyone.”

“If he doesn’t pay me,” Freya growls, “I’ll bring this whole place down and make sure we all die in it!”

Leonard turns to me, confused and growing concerned. “What do we owe her, Alpha

“She’s being ridiculous,” I say through clenched teeth. “Don’t listen to her. We’re leaving this **place** now. **I’ll** send my men with her payment in full. I don’t owe anyone either.”

But Freya is shaking her head

“**He** owes **me** a bond!” she screams. “You **can’t repay** that with material things!”

Leonard’s confusion deepens. “That’s not possible. The Alpha is already bonded to his Luna. **So** why would he **owe you** a bond?”

Freya’s mouth **twists** bitterly. “**Well**, he agreed—when he **was weak**, when **I** was nursing him **back**—he promised that **I** could ask for my payment when he was healed. And this is **what** I deinand!”

She steps forward, **her voice** dark, commanding. “Tell him to unbond his Luna.. and mark me instead.

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“That is not possible. Deckard would never owe anyone!” Leonard says, standing his ground.

“Well, he owes me! And if he doesn’t pay, I will bring down this entire place and make sure we all die in it!” Freya threatens, her voice cracking

“What exactly do we owe her?” Leonard asks, turning to me.

“She’s being ridiculous. Don’t listen to her. We’re leaving this place now,” I say sharply. “I’ll send my men to deliver her payment in full. I do not owe anyone anything.”

“He owes me a bond!” Freya screams. “That’s not something you can repay with gold or soldiers or promises!”

Leonard shakes his head, clearly confused. “That’s not possible. The Alpha is already bonded to his Luna, so why would he owe you a bond?”

Freya steps forward, her expression twisted with spite. “He agreed—when I told him I would ask for my payment once he was healed, and he said yes. That was a promise. Now I’ll tell you how to fulfill it.”

She glares at me, her voice sharp and final.

“Tell him to unbond his Luna... and mark me.”

“Please, do not be ridiculous,” Leonard says, stepping forward. “Lady Freya, you never told us you would ask for something impossible!”/

He draws closer to her, eyes firm but pleading. “You should’ve asked me instead of a dying man. You know I would have done anything to see my Alpha live again!”

He places a hand on his chest. “Let it not be him. I would like to take the place of my Alpha and be bound to you instead. Please, accept me!”

Silence falls over the room like a heavy cloud. Freya stares at him—stunned, almost amused.

Then she scoffs, a twisted grin curling on her lips as she sizes him up from head to toe.

“Why would I want you?” she spits. “You are nobody.”

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Chapter 172

Deckard

“I don’t have time for this, Amica needs me.”

“She’ll be fine!” Freya snaps, “She’s just shaken. No real harm done!”

“Alpha, please,” Leonard steps in, voice calm, but I can hear the edge of urgency. “Let’s stay and settle all these while we are here instead of making rash moves **we’ll** regret.”

“Yes, listen to him. He’s **wiser** than he looks!” Freya tosses in, ever the nuisance.

“Shut your mouth, witch,” Leonard growls, and to my surprise—she obeys.

“Deckard!” he turns to me, eyes searching mine, waiting on the choice I haven’t yet made.

I glance down at Amica. She’s too still in my arms. Fragile. A low snarl rumbles from my throat before I can stop it.

“Freya will watch her,” Leonard says quickly, catching the flicker in my eyes. “Under our supervision, of course.”

He moves ahead, expecting me to follow—and I do.

This isn’t the time to bolt. I just got my strength back. Charging off into the unknown without a plan would be stupidity. And I’m no fool. Not

anymore.

I listen to Leonard and follow him into the house. I can hear the subtle shift in Freya’s breathing—relief.

He leads us to a part of the house that the fire spared. I lower Amica gently onto the couch, carefully

“I’m okay,” she whispers. “I promise, my Alpha. I’m okay.” She tries to sit up, stubborn **as** ever.

I step out through the wreckage, find a cup, and bring her some water. She drinks without a word. “I’m okay” she smile, She is trying to be strong.

For me.

A while later, Freya disappears into one of her rooms. I wonder what she is up to this time but I don't care, My only **concern is** Amica. Leonard, though—he wants **answers**.

“What’s the plan?” he asks.

“First, I get Amica to safety. Then, **I** take back my kingdom,” I say without hesitation.

“**I just** came from Blackwater, Alpha,” he replies. “What I saw there.. you wouldn’t believe. And we can’t storm the city with a handful of men. **Now**

that you’re back, **we** can summon the Apex Circle. We need numbers.”

I grunt, **jaw** tight with fury. “I’ll take Darth myself if I **have** to. But first—we go to Pennywise. I can regroup there, **get** word out, reach who we need.”

Pennywise. One of mine. A quiet **city**, tucked **away**. I own properties there, **a place I** go when I want to disappear. No one’s ever followed me there.

I’ve never brought anyone to that **place**. No one **was ever** worth it.

Until now.

Truth is, I **never** shared much with anyone—unless it was business. Outside of that, no fun, no games. I never saw the point.

Until Amica.

Things between us **weren’t perfect—far** from it. But there **were** nights I’d lie **awake**, wondering what **it** would be **like** if **we just disappeared** somewhere. Just the two of **us**. No titles. No war. No blood.

But there was **always** something in the **way**. **That shadow** in my chest—the **fear** that she didn’t **love** me. That one **day**, **she’d** turn on me. **Just like** she did Dane. That wound never fully healed.

“Pennywise?” Leonard asks, breaking into my thoughts. “What’s there?”

“You’ll **see**,” I reply.

“Alright... then what **about** the **witch** who wants **you**?” he adds.

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“You deal with her,” I snap. “She’s your problem now. You already promised yourself to her.”

“Well, she doesn’t want me,” he mutters. “And honestly, I don’t think it’s smart to cast her aside. She’s powerful, Deckard. We could use her against

Darth.”

I pause, not because he’s wrong—but because I hate that he’s right.

“Hm. Maybe. But the real question is—does she want to help?”

“Leave her to me. I’ll convince her,” Leonard says, too confident for my taste.

“Yes. Do that. We don’t have time to waste,” I reply, watching him walk off to find Freya while I turn back to Amica.

I kneel beside her. “My love, we’ll be out of here soon. I promise.” I press a kiss to her forehead.

“What if we can’t?” she asks softly. “Would you take Freya’s deal?”

I shake my head. “I’d rather lose the world than lose you.” I cup her face in my hands, letting her feel every ounce of truth in my words.

Her eyes well up, and before I can say another word, her lips are on mine. ‘I meet her kiss with all the fire I’ve kept buried—like it’s the first and last time.

Then, the moment was interrupted.

“I’ve agreed to come with you. I’ll help you fight your battle,” a voice cuts through

I look up. Freya. Of course.

I turn to Leonard, raising a brow. Whatever he told her... it worked. But I’m not sure I want to know.

“I will not take you as my mate,” I say, making sure there’s no room for confusion. “But your reward will be arranged—and it’ll be worth it.”

Freya doesn’t respond. Typical. Instead, she turns away.

“Let’s leave this miserable village behind and get to a city that suits us,” she announces, disappearing into one of the rooms yo **pack** her bags.

She gets us horses. Leaving Redvalley is easier than getting in—not a single barrier in our way. Strange, but I don’t question it.

Eventually, **we** arrive at a port Freya claims will give us quicker **access** to the main city.

I’ve got nothing on me. **we’ve** got passport, no cash. Not even a damn phone. Normally, one call would get me anything I need—but that’s the problem.

I can’t risk Darth knowing I’m alive.

I plan to come like a thief in the night.

Once we get out of Red Valley, we take a speedboat straight to Windsville. Still keeping a low profile, I let Leonard handle everything on the **surface** -talking, paying (with Freya’s money of course), asking questions. Freya handles the lodging, pays for a place where we can **rest**.

Meanwhile, I study the map of the town, looking for the nearest **city** where I have loyal allies.

Briksburg.

I know people there. The Alpha—Bernard—is a friend. I’ve had his back more than once. He owes me, and more importantly, I trust him. That’s rare these days.

That night, **all** four of us cram into **a** single hotel room. It’s not ideal, but it’ll do. We plan our route to Briksburg. Leonard volunteers to **scout** ahead for information while Amica and I stay behind, out of sight.

Just as he’s about to leave, he turns to Freya. “Please come with me. I could use your help out there.”

Freya doesn’t even flinch. “Oh no,” she **says**, her eyes fixed on me. “I’m fine right here.”

Leonard shoots **me** a look—silent, but **clear**.

I nod once.

This Freya... she’s trouble. And we both know it.

I have no intention of engaging **with** her. Not a word. I **won’t give** her the satisfaction of thinking I have any interest, even the **slightest**.

“Why don’t you and the Alpha go out and scout for whatever we need for the journey while I stay here with your Amica?” she says, that weird smile curling on her lips.

I meet her gaze, unflinching. “There’s no way in hell I’d let that happen.” My voice is cold, direct. “You must think I’m stupid, Freya. I’d rather Leonard, Amica, and I go out to find what we need—and leave you here—than let you stay here alone with Amica.”

She huffs, clearly annoyed.

“Okay, okay, fine. I’ll go alone. I’ll be back as soon as I can.” Leonard says.

Leonard leaves, leaving the three of us in the room.

“Great! Anyone hungry? I’ll pay as usual!” she mocks, picking up the phone by her bed.

I don’t respond.

“There’s a lot you need to catch up on,” Amica says softly, nestled in my arms as we lay on the bed. “Since you left, it’s been crazy.”

“Really? Fill me in,” I say, genuinely interested, though my mind is still half on the situation around us.

Before she can answer, room service knocks and delivers food. They don’t stay long.

You guys won’t turn down food, will you? I’m sure your Luna is starving after that long journey!” Freya chimes in, her voice too loud.

“Of course not. As long as it wasn’t prepared by your hands,” I reply sharply.

I stand, taking the food for both of us. “Well, thank you,” I say to Freya, though it comes out less grateful and more pointed than it should.

Amica and I eat, but Freya’s eyes never leave us. Even after we’re done and back under the covers, she watches.

Damn it, I can’t stand her.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 173[1,227 words]

Chapter 173

Amica

The next day, we make our way to Briksburg, Leonard manages to get everything we need to **leave** the current place behind. Deckard’s friend Bernard, the Alpha of Briksburg,

arranges our transportation to his city, but he has no idea Deckard is alive until he **arrives** at the port to **receive** us. When Bernard **sees** Deckard, his face falls in shock, and then he rushes to embrace him.

Bernard takes us to his mansion and treats **us** as the important visitors we are. He arranges a special room **for** us, and as we enter the luxurious bathroom, Deckard offers to help me with the shower.

He scrubbed the soft sponge between my peaches while the shower water ran down from my head to toe. Every touch of his hand made my body go wild, awakening my senses in a way I had never felt before. I stared down at him, watching as his cock go from flaccid to hard in a **matter** of seconds. I bit my lips unconsciously, just watching his body react to mine.

“Damn! my only intention was to help you take a shower, but i am sorry now...” He sighed softly and kissed me once but I am hungry for more; I kissed him back and with sexual urgency, raised me above the ground pinning me to the wall while his **fat** cock desperately found its **way** into me.....

I let out a sharp moan while my fingers dig into his back as he fucked me with care and yet with the right amount of aggression that made my knees weak.

He then pinned me against the wall and entered me from behind, with every thrust sending waves of excitement into my **nerves**.

“Fuck deckard!” I moan, and from the bathroom, he carries me to the bed, where he opens me up like a **peach** and buries his face in between **my** thighs, tasting and taking me in like I was his dinner.

I cry out his name in pleasure as his tongue hits the right place in a circular mode, making me extremely wet and begging **for** more and taking in all the moisture I let out.

“Ah fuck yeah..” I exhale as I feel the intensity of pleasure. Deckard rose from between my legs, and his **eyes** caught mine, locking it in like I **was** the prey he was about to devour.

Quickly, I bent over and surrendered myself to him.

“Oh good girl!” he exhaled at the sight. He took both my hands and pin them behind me, then slowly buried himself into my dripping pussy “Oh fuck” he exhaled and made deliberate movements to **satisfy** me. First, he went slow, and then the **faster** he went, I felt my climax getting **to** its peak.

“Oh Amica! You are mine....” He grunts, “I fucking love you!” His words quickened my cum, Making my body stiffen, and the walls **of** my pussy grabbed his cock tighter, my moans louder; my body moved in spasms **of** excitement, and so did his s. He poured his warm cum into me, and we both collapsed on each other....

Soon, we're called to dinner. I found **a** comfy short gowns in the wardrobe, while Deckard **wears grey** sweatpants and a white T-shirt, which accentuates his broad chest and strong arms.

His presence only makes him more magnetic.

As soon **as** we enter the dining room, I notice **Freya's eyes** glued to him. **I** can practically **see** her gulping, trying **to** control **her** obvious fascination with him. Stupid witch!

At the dining table, we're greeted with an **extravagant** buffet—**meats of all** kinds, fruits, and an array **of** exotic dishes. I sit right beside my Alpha, his hand resting on my thigh **as we eat**.

His touch **casual** and **playful** sends a surge of warmth through **me**, and I can't help but **giggle** from time to time, feeling the intimacy **between** us. I know Freya's watching **us**, but I **deliberately** ignore **her**, letting the sound of my laughter and **giggles** obvious enough **to** drive **her** mad.

Bernard breaks the silence. "I knew it. I knew killing the **Alpha of Alphas** was impossible! You don't know how much **I prayed to** the Moon Goddess that the news was false! But we **heard** nothing from you, and **we** couldn't make it **back to defend your city after** we learned that the **usurper** was your own blood. **Our** hands **were** tied—it **became a** family matter."

His **says**, and **I can** see the sincerity in his **eyes**.

"**I guess it is**," Deckard replies, his **voice** calm **but** laced with something **a bit of**.

"Things **have** been **strange, Alpha. Your** brother **called** a meeting with the entire **Apex Circle** to **keep** us **updated** on the **new developments**. The last time he gathered **us**, he told us to be on the **lookout** for his Luna-to-be."

"Who's his Luna-to-be?" Deckard asks, his **voice** tinged with **curiosity**.

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"Your very own Luna!" Bernard points directly at me with weird smile.

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Deckard steals a glance at me, a look that **says** it doesn't matter, but **I** catch the flicker of something darker beneath the surface. **His** jaw clenches **as** my name was called.

True, I haven't kept him updated on everything that's happened while he was gone. I didn't have the chance. But now, seeing the shift in his demeanor, I know he's furious, even if he hasn't fully said it.

The atmosphere around us changes. I feel it in the way Deckard's hand moves off my thigh, and how he **places** it firmly on the table, absent-mindedly playing with his food. He's trying to keep himself under control, but the anger **is** there, simmering beneath the surface.

"Wow, the Luna didn't inform us about all this when we got to Red Valley. We're just hearing it now," **Freya** comments looking directly at me, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Everyone falls silent, But no one gave her a response, just an awkward silence.

"Well, for reasons unknown, Darth has always wanted everything I had..." Deckard says, his voice low, eyes narrowing slightly. He is trying to defuse the tension, but he can't even defuse the tension brewing within him.

"Yes, I heard the news. If she hadn't managed to escape the city, they would have gotten married. The wedding was supposed to be the next day, **we** were all invited!" Bernard continues, almost as if he's trying to provoke a reaction from Deckard.

don't understand why he's saying all this-like he's trying to push Deckard's buttons.

"A wedding! Oh, wow! You missed that information too, Amica?" Freya adds, a little too gleeful in her delivery.

"Well, the Luna was already escaping the castle when I found her. She was already out of there! You have no idea the chaos the castle was in when I got there. Our Gamma warriors were already fighting Darth's rogues. Amica planned all this!" Leonard steps in, his voice firm, saving me from the accusing voices.

"Wow, she's truly the Luna of Lunas!" Bernard compliments, clearly impressed by the story.

But Deckard didn't seem convinced. His expression darkens, and the tension in his jaw is quite clear.

He's angry, and others might not notice it but I do, it's clear he's trying to keep his emotions in check, but the anger simmers just beneath the surface.

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Chapter 174

Amica

After dinner, I feel so exhausted I can barely keep my eyes open. I excuse myself and head straight to bed while Deckard stays behind for a strategy meeting with Bernard and Leonard about how we're going to reclaim Blackcastle.

I should be at that meeting—I know I should—but sleep pulls me under, heavy and irresistible. Deckard promises to fill me in later, and that's the last thing I remember before crashing onto the bed.

I don't even hear him come in.

But then—like a **whisper** slicing through a dream—I hear a voice. Cold. Accusing.

"So when do you plan on telling me about your little escapade with Darrah?"

The words pierce through my sleep like ice water.

"Did you also plan on never telling me the two of you were a couple?" His voice is tight. "How could you keep something that important from me?" My eyes flutter open, the weight of sleep still heavy in my limbs. I see him standing there, staring at me like a stranger.

"Deckard?" I whisper.

He doesn't move. His jaw is clenched so tight that I can see the muscle twitch.

"It's messed up that I had to hear it from someone else, Amica."

"We only spent two nights together, under the constant watch of a witch—what time did I even have?" I say, sitting up now, trying to meet his eyes. "So you were never going to tell me what transpired between the both of you?" he demands, eyes narrowed.

"Transpired? What are you talking about?" I ask, voice sharper than I intend. "Nothing transpired! He wanted me—for reasons I still don't understand—and he needed me to reject you as my mate so he could bond with me. But I escaped before that could happen," I explain, my voice growing firm.

He scoffs.

“Hmm, so he just let you be for over a month? Didn’t touch you? Didn’t force himself on you?” His voice drips with jealousy. “I know how powerful

he **is**...”

“Oh, yes he did...”

Before I can finish, his fist crashes through the wall. The sound **of** cracking wood echoes through the room.

“I knew it!” he snarls,

“Wait!” I scramble off the bed and wrap my arms around him from behind. I can still feel the fury radiating off his body, but I hold tighter.

“You didn’t hear the **rest** of it,” I say quickly, pressing my cheek against his back. “Darrh tried to claim me but it was impossible for him. My blood.... it burned him,”

“What?” he turns to me, his expression shifting—he looks more interested now, hanging on to my every word,

“He couldn’t claim me without me rejecting you **first**,” I explain softly, “at least that’s what his **sorcerer** said. That’s why I escaped from that **place**. **Even** though we all thought you were dead... there was no way I could reject you.”

He pauses, eyes locked on mine. His voice lowers, tender now.

“Hmm... tell me, how did my death make you feel?”

“Like a dead woman,” I whisper.

He takes my hands gently and kisses them, his lips warm against my skin.

“Sorry to let you down,” he murmurs, “but **I’ll** live **a** century more with you, my love.”

I giggle and pull him in for a kiss.

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The next day we leave Bernard’s mansion. He prepares a private chopper for us, ready to fly us straight to Pennywise.

I’ve never been on a private plane before. I can barely sit still from excitement. It’s an eighty-minute flight, and when we soar above a lush tropical **island**—the most beautiful

one I've ever seen—I gasp. Right at the heart of it stands an exotic beach house, gleaming in the sun like something out of a dream.

To my surprise, the airplane lands directly on the beach. Deckard jumps out of the chopper first, then reaches for my hand, helping me down gently.

The wind is wild, thrashing my hair around, and the rotor noise is deafening. Deckard leads me away from the chaos, his hand firmly gripping mine as we walk toward the beach house. Leonard and Freya follow behind quietly. We turn for one last wave and bid farewell to Bernard.

“Welcome to Pennywise,” Bernard says with a small smile, his voice full of pride. “One of our many properties.”

“I can’t wait to show you around,” Deckard adds, watching my face light up.

I’m completely lost in the beauty of the place. The serenity swallows me whole, and all I can do is marvel.

It would have been so easy for Deckard and me to fall in love all over again in a place like this—just the two of us, no war, no witches, no threats.

Tall coconut trees sway in the breeze, heavy with ripe fruit. The ocean water glistens, **as** clear as truth. The sand beneath my feet is warm and bone- white, scattered with the most delicate seashells and smooth pebbles.

Deckard takes me by the hand again and begins showing me around the beach house—a stunning structure of glass, wood, and stone, blending perfectly into the landscape like it was born from the island itself.

And for the first time in a long while, I feel like maybe... just maybe, peace is possible.

The wind is wild, and the noise from the chopper is almost unbearable. Deckard leads me away from the chaos, his hand firmly around mine as we walk toward the beach house. Leonard and Freya follow behind us. We finally turn back to bid farewell to Bernard.

“Welcome to Pennywise—one of our many properties,” Bernard says with a slight smile on his face.

“I can’t wait to show you around,” Deckard adds, glancing at me with soft eyes.

I’m completely captivated by the beauty and serenity of this place. All I can do **is** stand there and marvel.

It would have been so easy for Deckard and me to fall in love if we were alone here—just the two of us, wrapped in this peaceful paradise.

Tall coconut trees sway above us, heavy with fruit. The ocean sparkles like polished glass, clear and endless. The sand is warm beneath my feet, bone-white and scattered with the most beautiful seashells and smooth, glistening pebbles.

-an elegant space with wide windows, open air, and the smell of salt and

Deckard takes my hand again and leads me through the beach house- sunlight everywhere.

“This,” he says, pausing in the middle of the hallway, “this is the moment I fell in love with you. This is where I imagined us together—just the two of us. Waking up next to each other, cooking breakfast and dinner together... forgetting the outside world for a while.”

My heart flutters. Here, surrounded by waves and wind, it finally feels possible.

“Well, it didn’t work out then, but it’s working out now. This is perfect, my Alpha...” I whisper, pressing a kiss to his chin. He giggles—a genuine, boyish sound—and his smile stretches from his eyes to his lips, soft and radiant.

Once we step into the beach house, Deckard gives me a quick tour, then leads me to our bedroom. The space is airy and elegant, sunlight spilling through open windows, the ocean breeze gently stirring the curtains.

“Relax here, or take a stroll around the island while I head into the city with Leonard,” he says. “There are only a few servants here, but they’ll attend to whatever you need.” He kisses me on the forehead and leaves,

I take a shower, letting the warm water wash over me, then change into one of the many beach outfits already prepared for me—light, flowing, perfect for the salty air.

As I step outside toward the beach, lost in the scent of the sea and the lull of the waves, I suddenly stumble—nearly bumping into someone.

“Oops, sorry!” I say, startled. I hadn’t even seen her there. It’s like she appeared out of nowhere.

Freya

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She stands before me, eye ved like daggers, lips curled in a smirk.

use you didn’t see me,” she says coldly. “It’s the same way you won’t see it coming when I finally yank Deckard out of your hands.”

She doesn't blink Doesn't move. Just stands there, seething beneath the surface like a storm waiting to break.

"What? What the hell is wrong with you?" I demand, shock and anger mixing in my voice.

"You heard me right, Lama. Your title is temporary, I hope you know that," she retorts coolly, a sly glimmer in her eyes.

I scoff. "Look, I've dealt with your kind before. Trust me, you're nothing but an ordinary nuisance."

Her hips curl into a creepy smile. "Trust me, you haven't dealt with my kind before!"

She steps closer, her gaze locked onto mine. "You, Alpha, didn't want to leave me alone with you just a few days ago. But now, here we are—just the two of us alone. I wonder, what changed now?"

I feel my pulse quicken and my jaw set tight. "The Alpha knows I'm more than capable of protecting myself against a witch like you. Listen—if anything happens to me, there will be grave consequences," I growl, stepping even closer until I'm almost in her personal space. "But if I get my hands on you right now, nothing will be able to stop me. The maids and guards here will assist, and I'll toss your body into the ocean. Nobody in these parts knows you, so no one will even look for you!"

Even as I threaten her, I know deep down that she's no ordinary witch—a blood witch, dangerous and unpredictable.

"Hmm. quite brave of you," she sneers. "You do know I'm a witch, right?"

"And you do know I'm the Luna of Lunas, right?" I shoot back, my anger spilling over like boiling water.

She tilts her head, watching me like a predator sizing up prey. "Alright then, Luna of Lunas," she hisses.

The die is cast. We'll see who has the last laugh between us. I've tried to deal with you in a civil manner, but you've refused. You really think everything is about to be rosy from here on out? If I were you, I'd leave this place while I still could. Forget all about Deckard, because the future is a lot bumpier than you can imagine."

I smile sweetly, but every word I speak is laced with venom.

"Well, it's a good thing I love bumpy rides. My alpha can testify. In fact, I'm sure you've heard how excited I get during such rides. If you listen well enough tonight, you might hear it too."

I give her a final look, a smirk tugging at my lips, and walk away—leaving her standing there...

I hate her.

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 175[1,232 words]

Chapter 175

Deckard

Leonard and I step out into the city using one of the rides from the beach house to scout for men first before getting the message out

Our first stop is at the home of a man named Arthur Connor. He is not only a member of the Apex Circle but also the alpha who heads this small island. We head **directly** to his residence without any prior announcement.

As we reach the gates, the guards approach us, asking who we are looking for. I pull my hoodie tighter around my face to conceal my identity.

“We request **to** see Alpha Arthur,” Lenard states confidently.

“And who is asking? Do you have an appointment?” the guard inquires, his voice steady.

“We don’t need an appointment. Tell him the Beta of the Bloodbane pack is here to see him!” Lenoard commands,

The guards exchange skeptical glances,

“Bloodbane pack?” one of them announces, with a hint of disbelief creeping into his voice. Then he lets out a snicker, prompting the others to chuckle softly among themselves.

“The Bloodbane pack doesn’t exist anymore, and you should know what that means. There’s no alpha, so there can’t be a beta!” the guard says, tucking his arm into his pocket, clearly ready to make a fuss and embarrass us.

“Listen, little man, it would be wise for you to go inside and deliver the message. My patience is wearing thin!” Leonard insists, trying to contain his anger. I can sense the tension and prefer to stay out of this escalating confrontation.

“Tell me something, Beta. Are you sure you’re the beta of the Bloodbane pack, or are you the beta of the

“What do you mean?” Leonard replies, his frustration poaching dangerously.

“There’s a new pack now,
beta?”

new pack?” one of the other guards taunts.

replacing the Bloodbane pack, you know—**ever** since Alpha Deckard died. The new alpha is Alpha Scar! So, are you his

Leonard’s rage surges, and with a swift movement, he leaps over the barricade meant to block our path and tackles the guard who had dared to speak out. His claws extend as he slashes the man across the chest. The other guards rush to intervene, but Leonard is too quick for them, easily tossing them aside as if they were mere obstacles.

More guards rush out, quickly surrounding Lenard.

“Get up!” one of the guards commands him.

I step through the gate slowly, still covered in
my
hoodie.

“Call Arthur now!” I. The guards pause, glancing at one another, curiosity etched on their faces as they wonder who I am.

command.

At that moment, Arthur appears, walking into the scene, his expression a mix of surprise and concern.

“Get your men, Arthur. We need to have a word!” I say, confidently striding past the guards.

“Al... Alpha?” Arthur stutters, his **eyes** widening in recognition. “Is that you? **Is... is** that truly you?” I don’t respond; instead, I continue walking past him. Arthur signals to his men to halt the commotion, and Lenard **ris**es, following closely behind me.

“Alpha?” Arthur rushes ahead, still trying to confirm if I am real.

“I’d like to keep my identity concealed for now, Arthur. **Please** lead us to a place where we can discuss,” I say **as we** walk.

“Okay, okay, sure!” Arthur replies quickly, leading us inside to his living room, where we finally come to a stop.

I finally **take** off my hoodie, revealing my identity

“It’s **really** you... My Alpha—it’s truly you! How is this possible?” Arthur **stares** at me, his expression a mix **of** shock and awe.

“**Yes**, Arthur. It’s me. I’m alive,” I **say** firmly.

“But how? We all believed you were-”

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“Dead. I know. But that does. I matter now.” I step closer, lowering my voice. “What matters is that I’m **back** and I need your help to reclaim Blackwater

Artha hestates, troubled. “But Tackwater is already=”

“I know who holds it now,” Ion in “That’s why I need to move carefully. I need to send word to the other Alphas—quietly. Scarface cannot know I’ve returned. If he catches even a whisper, everything falls apart”

Arthur runs a hand through his beard, thinking “I can give you men my Alpha. As many as you need. That’s not the problem. The real risk is spreading the message without alerting the wrong ears. If we’re going to take back Blackwater, we must strike when they least expect it.”

He pauses, then adds with a frown. “But there’s another concern. Darth is rallying support among the Apex Circle. They all believe you’re dead. If Scarface learns otherwise, things could get messy. It won’t just be about territory anymore—it’ll force every Alpha to choose between two brothers. And that that could tear everything apart.”

“So what are you saying, Arthur?” I ask, my voice low and steady. “If it came down to choosing sides... would it be a difficult choice for you? And why?”

Arthur shifts uncomfortably. “Not for me, Alpha. My loyalty has never wavered. But I can’t say the same for the others.” He sighs. “There have been whispers... arguments.... about who truly deserves the title Alpha of Alphas.”

He pauses, reluctant.

“Speak,” I command.

He hesitates, then says, “Some claim that if you were truly the Alpha of Alphas, your brother wouldn’t have been able to defeat you so easily. Others believe Scarface was the rightful Alpha all along, and you only wore the crown because you took it before he was ready. That’s why no one intervened when he took Blackwater—they saw it as him reclaiming what was his.”

His words hit harder than I expect. I feel the sting in my chest, sharp and cold. But what can I do? The damage has already been done.

“And you, Arthur?” I ask, watching him carefully. “What do you believe?”

He looks me in the eye. “I believed the same at first, Alpha. You’ve never lost a battle—not one, not until Scarface. So when news spread of your death, I didn’t want to accept it. But as time passed and Scarface took the reins... I told myself that if anyone could defeat you, it had to be someone greater. It was the only way it made sense.”

I nod slowly, absorbing his honesty. I can’t even blame him. His logic is sound—and that’s what hurts the most.

“But you’re here now!” Arthur exclaims. “You can’t be killed! You’re here—which means there’s still fight left in you.”

Silence falls between us. Thick. Heavy. The weight of everything said lingers in the air like smoke.

Then I finally speak.

“Good. You’ll give me men. Deckard and I will reach out to the remaining Alphas ourselves. You’ll open the gates of Pennywise for the army—let them in, pack by pack. They’ll need a place to gather, a place to grow until we’re ready to take Blackwater.”

“Yes, yes, Alpha. I will do whatever you need me to do,” Arthur replies quickly, his voice filled with urgency and conviction.

But something about all he said earlier still twists in my gut. A slow churn, like something spoiled settling at the bottom of me.

Does this mean I can’t trust anyone?

Is everyone just waiting to take the side that benefits them the most?

I guess... this is where I find out who’s truly loyal—and who’s just playing the game.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 176[2,240 words]

Chapter 176

Darth

“Well!” Cleopatra’s interrogates. “What exactly have you gained from abandoning your post to chase after a woman who clearly despises you?”

I glare at her. “I don’t have time for your nonsense, Cleopatra.”

She lifts an eyebrow, unfazed. “Good. Because it’s about time you realized your little search was pointless. Amica is gone—and she made it very clear she wants nothing to do with this place. You, on the other hand, have bigger problems now.”

She circles me slowly, “Don’t worry. I’ll find you a suitable Luna for the meantime. What you should be doing is tightening your grip on Blackwater. Rule it like the fortress it was meant to be. How could the city allow outsiders to walk in and take Amica—without anyone noticing, without a single whisper getting to you?”

She stops in front of me, eyes hard. “Go out there. Shake the city. Make it loud. Make sure everyone who’s been keeping secrets pays the price.”

And strangely, her words settle in me like fire catching on dry wood.

She’s right.

Everyone who let Amica slip away... everyone who kept quiet...

They all have to pay.

I don’t even know what annoys me more right now. Amica definitely sits at the top of the list—but then again, there’s Mary.

“You need to let out all that aggression,” Cleopatra says, her tone softer now, almost calculated. “I know it’s not just about Amica. You’re hurt... because of Mary’s betrayal.”

“I don’t want to hear about *it*,” I snap, cutting her off before she can say more.

I don’t want to think about it.

It’s probably the worst betrayal I’ve ever faced.

I was actually... excited. The thought of a smaller version of me had stirred something. I wondered what he'd look like, I imagine how I'd train him to be fierce—maybe not as ruthless as I am, but strong. Commanding.

But I was right all along.

I could never raise a child to be kind... logical... soft like these weak, sentimental werewolves. No. He has to understand that this world doesn't give men like us anything.

Not love. Not loyalty. Not respect.

You take it. By force.

Because love, loyalty, care—they're not free. You buy them with power, with fear, with blood if necessary.

No one loves unconditionally.

You have to instill fear in people—real fear—until they bend to your will.

I'm still actively hunting for Dane. That idiot had the audacity to fake a pregnancy just to trap me. If I ever find him, I'll gut him alive in front of all of Blackwater—make an example so brutal they'll whisper about it for generations.

hire

For now, I'm following Cleopatra's advice. Since Amica has vanished into thin air, no one needs to know how much I want her—or how much power I could draw from her.

I already have the position I always dreamed of. I'm here now. This city, this throne—this is my inheritance. That's all anyone needs to know.

No one knows I'm a bastard. But does it matter? Even bastards bleed royal if they fight hard enough to claim it. I am a Blackthorn. That truth

stands.

As I step out into the city, my mind is a storm—I move toward the Blackthorn Company building, my senses sharpened, lungs pulling in deep breaths as if I can catch her scent—Amica. But there's nothing. No trace of her.

I enter the building. The moment I walk in, everyone rises from their desks, stiff with fear and reverence. I don't look at them. I don't speak. I head

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pter 176

straight for the damn office, shutting the door behind me with a force that shakes the glass.

Truth **is**, I don't know what's going on here. I don't know how to manage this... empire. But I know enough to understand one thing—there are people for everything. People who can make the gears turn, if I choose them wisely.

The problem is... I don't trust anyone.

The last proper education I had was when I was a teenager—when Father still tried to shape me, still believed I could become the man he wanted at the helm of the Blackthorn legacy. He taught me about the business, the power it held across continents. But I barely remember any of it now. Those lessons are distant echoes, buried under years of violence, survival, and war.

Now **I sit** in this office, **at** the top of an empire I didn't earn the traditional way.

I took it.

And yet... I still need someone I can trust to help me hold it.

While I'm lost in thought, a knock on the door pulls me back to reality.

“Mr. Darth?” a voice calls.

man steps in, dressed in a tailored suit and wearing far too much confidence for someone I don't recognize.

“What?” I snap, irritation rising.

“Please, can I have a word with you?” he says, smiling like he's about to sell me something.

“And who the hell are you?” I ask, eyes narrowing as I watch him cross the room like he owns it.

“It's me—Randy, sir. I see you every time you come in here,” he says, still grinning like an idiot.

“I've never seen you in my life.”

“Oh sir...” he laughs lightly, as if I just told a joke. “I’m the CMO here. We’ve met a few times. I’m surprised you don’t remember!”

I stare him down, still blank. “Alright, Randy. What do you want?”

“Well, Mr. Darth,” he begins, adjusting his tie like he’s gearing up for a speech, “you haven’t been around much lately, and since the death of our former CEO, there’s been some confusion among the board. Whenever there’s a pressing issue that requires the CEO’s-”

“You’re beating around the damn bush,” I cut in, voice cold. “What the hell do you want from me?”

“I... I’m sorry, sir. I was sent by the board,” Randy stammers, and just like that, all his fake confidence vanishes.

“You’ve ignored every invitation to our board meetings,” he continues nervously. “So, when we saw you arrive today, we had to schedule another one immediately.”

I raise a brow, a slow, amused grin tugging at the edge of my mouth. “Hmm. So you’ve been watching my every move... I see.”

“No—just... only when you’re here,” she says, voice dropping. He’s sweating now, even under the full blast of the AC. I like that.

“Meeting, huh?” I scoff, leaning back in the chair. “Fine. I’ll attend your silly little meeting. You can leave now.”

He doesn’t need to be told twice. He scrambles out of the room like a rodent chased from the shadows.

I have no interest in their damn meeting. I don’t even know what they plan to talk about. Business reports? Shareholder politics? It’s all noise to me.

A distraction.

But I can’t ignore this place forever. If I want to keep control, I need someone who can deal with this boring shit—someone who understands how this empire works.

And unfortunately, there’s only one person who fits that description.

Someone I don’t trust. Someone I hate.

Collin.

My damn father.

The man who built this company... and **was** yanked out of it like trash.

2/4

Sapter 176

The man I swore I'd never ask for anything.

But maybe... just maybe... I'll make him work for me now.

Like he should've from the start

Fuck, I hate even thinking about it—let alone saying it.

That fool. The one who damned me. The man who twisted the course of my life with a single decision and sent me spiraling down the wrong path.

Collin.

The bastard who called himself my father.

I locked him away the day I seized power, and only because Cleopatra begged me not to kill him. I should've ended him then. But now... now I might have to let him out. Just long enough to serve a purpose. He can be of use—until I've learned enough to manage the businesses myself.

Not that I give a damn about boardrooms or balance sheets. I don't want to run Blackthorn. I just want the wealth. The power. The freedom to live on my terms, unchallenged, untouchable. And for that—I need this empire to run smoothly.

The thought pisses me off more than I care to admit, but I rise anyway and make my way back to the Blackthorn castle. Down to the dungeons.

The air down here is Damp. Stale. The kind of place time forgets. When I reach his cell, I barely recognize him.

He's

a mess—hair matted, face hidden behind a jungle of greyed beard, his body sunken and foul with rot. The man who once stood in power now looks like a ghost, half-dead and forgotten.

Then he speaks, voice fragile but oddly hopeful.

“Son... Darth, is that you? Have you come to visit me, son?”

I step into the light, my eyes cold.

“Don’t call me that,” I hiss. “Don’t ever fucking call me your son.”

He freezes. Silence settles in the cell like dust. He knows I mean

1. it.

Good.

He’ll speak when spoken to.

“You look like shit,” I mutter, eyes dragging over his sunken frame. “And to be honest, I don’t feel a damn ounce of pity for you.”

I pause, letting the silence bite. Then I step closer, voice low and direct.

“I’m only here for one reason, Collin. I need your help handling the formal affairs. The business. The boring shit. Can you do it? Can I trust you- one more time?”

He doesn’t hesitate. Of course he doesn’t.

“Yes, of course, son—I mean... Darth. I’ll handle whatever you want me to. You can trust me,” he says, desperate, clinging to the sliver of a second

chance.

That’s all I need to hear. I turn to the guard. “Get him cleaned up.”

Even after they scrub him down, Collin still looks like a man dragged out of the grave. His suit hangs on him like fabric on bones, and I can’t tell if the guards ever fed him or not. Then again, I can’t remember if I even told them to. Doesn’t matter.

After he eats, I toss a proper suit at him and have him driven to the Blackthorn building.

We don’t speak much during the ride. He knows better.

Once **we** arrive, I step out without waiting and he follows, shuffling a few steps behind me like a ghost desperate for purpose.

We make our way through the halls, straight to the boardroom. I push the doors open, expecting a full table—power players sitting upright, eyes on me, waiting to kiss the ring.

Instead...

Empty chairs.

3/4

Chapter 6

Not a single bastard in sight.

They invited me. They scheduled the meeting.

And they don't even have the decency to show up?

My blood boils. I don't say a word. I just turn, shove the boardroom doors open so hard they slam against the wall, and storm out.

They'll regret this.

Every single one of them.

"Where is that fool? Where the hell is everyone?" I roar, my voice echoing through the halls like thunder crashing in a storm.

Randy comes stumbling toward me, wheezing like a broken pipe, with two others trailing behind.

"Mr. Darth, sir! Did you call me?" he pants, breath hot and thick like he just ran through fire.

I don't waste a second. I snatch him by the throat and lift him off the ground with ease, his legs kicking in the air.

"Who the hell do you think you are, you worthless peasant?" I snarl. "Do I look like a fool to you? You think it's funny to trick me into showing up to a meeting no one else attends?"

"Pl-please... sir..." he chokes out, eyes bulging as he claws at my grip.

I savor the sound of him struggling-sweet, pathetic music-until another suit rushes toward us.

"Please, Mr. Darth!" he stammers, hands out in surrender. "We had the meeting... it was three hours ago. We waited, but you never showed. We thought you weren't coming, so... we left."

I freeze.

"Oh."

1 drop Randy to the floor like trash, and he collapses, gasping and coughing as he tries to suck the air back into his lungs.

“Then set the damn meeting again!” I bark. “I’m here now, aren’t I? I want every single one of them in that room—now!”

An hour later, the boardroom is full again, silent as a tomb. No one dares to speak first. I let the tension hang for a moment before stepping to the head of the table with Collin beside me—freshly groomed, dressed in a proper suit, but still bearing the haunted look of a man who just clawed his way back from hell.

“This,” I say, gesturing to him, “is Collin Blackthorn. He’s the new Assistant CEO. That means I’m still in charge—don’t forget that—but from now on, all company matters run through him. If he says jump, you jump. If he says bleed, you ask how much.”

They stare like I dragged in a stray dog off the street. And honestly? I did. A caged, beaten, aging dog I should’ve buried. But he knows this game better than anyone else here. And he’ll play it until I’m ready to take over for real.

{

I can feel their judgment. Their confusion. Their fear..

“Good“, Let them whisper.

I didn’t come here for their approval

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 177[1,664 words]

Chapter 177

Darth

The search for Dane isn’t nearly **as** hard as I thought it would be.

The coward ran, of course. After what I did to Mary—his precious little bitch—he had no choice. But I know Dane too well. He’s greedy to a fault. Spineless, yes, but addicted to greed, no matter how small. He may have fled, but he could never stay away for long. He’s still Alpha of that pathetic little pack of his, and letting go of even that crumb of power? Not in his nature.

The moment he vanished, I sent my men after him, I told them to surround his home. Not to engage—just watch. Dane's not reckless enough to return right away, but I knew it was only a matter of time before the itch to reclaim control got the better of him.

And it did.

He starts sending out messages—quietly at first—reaching for his Beta, nudging the lower ranks of his pack. Testing the waters.

I give the order for my men to vanish from sight. Publicly, the place looks clear. Abandoned. They pull back just enough to let him think the danger has passed. But really, they're still there. Watching. Hidden in plain sight.

When we catch word that Dane is trying to sell his home, I know we've got him.

The idiot thinks he's being careful.

But he's walking straight into my hands.

Of course. The fool needs money.

I send one of my men to pose as a buyer for Dane's house. We hand over a partial payment in cash—enough to bait the trap—and request to meet in person before completing the deal.

Dane, ever the desperate bastard, agrees almost immediately. Thly
is behind him.

He has no idea what's coming.

moment

money in his hand, the paranoia fades. He thinks the worst

When he shows up for the second payment, my men move in. He's gagged, masked, and dragged back to Blackcastle like the pathetic stray he is.

He arrives weeping beneath the mask, trembling like a leaf **caught** in a storm.

"Please," he whimpers, voice muffled, "I didn't do anything wrong! I just want
my full payment. I don't deserve this!"

I let him kneel there, then speak

“Are you sure about that?” I ask, stepping forward, watching him cower like a cornered animal.

I motion for the mask to be removed. The moment he sees me, he goes pale. His lips tremble as he swallows hard.

“Scar... Scar, I’m so sorry! Please, forgive me!” he stammers,

“Shut up,” I cut him off, “You’re boring me, Dane. I expected more spine from you. Don’t beg you.”

1. me. Don’t

act like one of the helpless. It’s beneath

He lowers his eyes, ashamed.

“So you thought you could plant your child in my care and have me raise your bastard?” I growl, my

Dane trembles before me, his lips quivering as he tries to speak.

voice low bu

dangerous.

“Scar, I **swear**—it **wasn’t** my idea! It was **all** Mary!” he blurts out, panic spilling from every word. “**She** never even told me she was carrying my child! I found out myself... and by the time I did, she’d already pinned the pregnancy on you. I confronted her that night—your guard must have overheard us!”

I stare at him, my rage boiling just beneath the surface.

“And how long,” I ask slowly, “have you been fucking her? You thought you had the right to stick your cock in a woman I was fucking? Who the hell do you think you are?”

“No, no! That’s not what happened!” he cries out, his hands raised as if shielding himself from my wrath. “I stopped sleeping with her long before

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Chapter 177

you **ever** came around. I swear it on my life, my Alpha! I would never dare lay hands on what's yours. I wanted to tell you the truth, but I didn't know how you'd react. Please... I beg of you..."

He drops to his knees, bowing at my feet, his voice shaking with fear.

I stare down at him, disgusted.

Begging. Whimpering.

Exactly what I expected from a coward like Dane.

I want to kill him. I truly do. But that would be far too easy... too boring.

The truth is, I have no one. No one by my side. No one to talk to.

And Dane—this idiot—is right here. As much as I want to tear him apart, something stops me. Something tells me he might still be useful.

He's a fool, yes. But even fools serve a purpose.

"Get up, Dane," I command.

He scrambles to his feet, shoulders tense,

"I don't believe your story," I say, slowly circling him. "Not completely. There's too much missing. But I do know one thing—Mary orchestrated this. That much is obvious."

He nods quickly, desperate to stay in my good graces.

"I'm not going to kill you, Dane."

His body slumps with relief, and he exhales a grateful, "Thank you, Scar. You won't regret this."

"But," I say, holding up a finger, "there's a condition."

He straightens again, alert.

"You'll stay by my side—always. That way I can keep an eye on you. You see, everyone I trusted has betrayed me. Amica. Mary. Deckard. One by one, they showed their true colors. Now I sit on a throne, surrounded by wealth, by power... and yet I have no one to share it with. No one I care about who hasn't turned their back on me."

I pause, and for a moment, I hear my own voice tremble. I didn't mean to let all that spill.

“It’s lonely at the top,” I say quietly. “Especially for someone like me.”

Dane stays silent, unsure of what to say.

“No, you’re not alone, Scar,” Dane says suddenly, his voice shifting from trembling fear to something softer... almost sincere. “I’m here. I’ll be here for **as** long as you want me I’d never betray you.”

I scoff. “Of course you’d **say** that. You’re just trying to save your pathetic life. You don’t want me to kill you.”

“You’re right—I don’t,” he admits. “But that’s not all there is to it. You know I aided you to take down Deckard, You wear his crown now because of that moment.”

I narrow my eyes at him.

“We’ve always hated the same people, Scar. We’ve always wanted the same thing- I’m not asking to be your friend, I’m offering loyalty... if you’re willing to put the past behind us.”

His words hang in the air for a moment.

I don’t trust him completely—but for the first time in a while, I don’t feel alone.

Dane leans closer, “You should call a meeting,” he says. “Gather every Alpha across the continents. Let them see the new face of the Apex Circle.”

I raise an eyebrow.

“I’ve never seen them face to face,” I admit.

“Well, now’s the time,” Dane replies. “You’re not just part of the Apex Circle, Scar. You lead it now.”

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Chapter 177

I remember him once rambling like a child about the Apex Circle, treating it like a sacred brotherhood. It was his dream to be one of them.

Fool.

But maybe this fool still has his uses.

Dane leans in, eyes gleaming like a man who's just remembered something devious.

"There's a ceremony," he says, "a grand, exotic ritual the Apex Circle throws once in a year. You should call for one. Make it official. Let them see that the Apex Circle now bows to you."

I tilt my head, considering it.

"It would also be the perfect opportunity for you to choose your Luna," he adds quickly, excitement lacing his voice. "Since Amica thinks she's too righteous to stand beside you, you should pick someone more... fitting. Someone worthy of your name, your throne."

I frown slightly. "I thought all the men and women of the Apex Circle were already bonded to one another."

Dane smirks, his voice dropping into something darker. "How else do you prove your dominance, Scar? Bonded or not, if you want her, she's yours. That's the point. The Luna of the Alpha of Alphas is chosen by force, by fire. Hell, if you want two-three-even that is your right. You can remake the rules. You're above them now."

He chuckles, a sinister little laugh that doesn't sit right with me.

I can feel something brewing behind his eyes. "Spill," I say sharply.

"Well..." he starts, voice low, "you could choose the Luna of one of the strongest Alphas. Imagine it-ripping one of their precious bonds apart, claiming her before them all. A bold move. Savage. But it would cement your place. Show them that loyalty to the old ways means nothing under your reign."

He pauses, watching me closely.

Take what's forbidden, Scar. That's how legends are made."

Dane leans in again, that twisted little grin returning to his lips. "Or... if you're in the mood for something different," he says, voice slick like oil, "you could even choose an Alpha for yourself. Imagine bending one of them-someone powerful-bending him over just to satisfy your needs. That would send a powerful message. It speaks Power, Scar. Real power."

I narrow my eyes. "Oh yeah?" I say, a dark smirk tugging at my mouth. "I can imagine that..."

Then Dane pushes it too far.

"Imagine bending someone like alpha Deckard over," he whispers, "making him choke on your cock-"

“Hey!” I snap, voice rising like a whip crack. “That’s my blood brother, you sick bastard!”

His grin fades instantly. “I–I’m sorry, Scar. That was out of line. I got carried away–but you get the idea.”

“Oh, I get it,” I say, eyes narrowing.

He goes quiet. Good.

I know Dane. He wants a seat at the table. He dreams of standing beside kings–of being one. But that’s not a problem. Let him dream. Let him crawl. But I don’t dream.

I take.

I become the nightmare

Now

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 178[2,068 words]

Chapter 178

Darth

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Just as Dane advises, I waste no time in announcing a grand ceremony—one that will officially introduce me as the new head of the Apex Circle. The Alpha of Alphas. There’s no room for delay. Power waits for no one.

I assign Dane, Cleopatra, and a few others to handle the preparations. The ceremony is to be held in three days at the Apex City known only to a few within the Circle.

Two days later, we arrive in Apex City. Dane is beside me, cager as ever. Cleopatra, calm and calculating, walks just behind. This city holds memories–deep ones.

It was here that I first saw about her.

Amica.

Cleopatra told me everything back then—how getting Amica on my side would solidify my rule, how she was the missing piece to becoming the most powerful werewolf the world had ever known.

I had only seen glimpses of her from afar until that day.

I remember that moment clearly. The first time I truly saw her.

Amica stood beneath the sun, a vision of untamed grace and silent power. Her skin gleamed like rich milk under the sunlight. Her hair—long, flowing, silk-like—framed her face like a halo of shadow.

She wore a deep blue dress that clung to her like it was made for her alone, the fabric catching the wind in the most hypnotic way. Around her neck, a diamond necklace sparkled like it had been forged from the stars themselves, with matching earrings that kissed her jaw with every turn of her

head.

She didn't just walk into that gathering—she stole it.

And ever since then, I've never been able to forget.

That day, I planted fear in the hearts of every single member of the Apex Circle. I came that day to take what is mine. And now I am here today finally stepping into the light—it's eerie. Poetic, even.

But what brought me the most joy... was Deckard.

The moment he hears me speak Amica's name, something inside him snaps. He completely unravels. Watching him spiral in front of the Circle—was a pleasure I didn't know I needed. That was the real victory.

Now, I return. Not as a challenger. Not as an outsider. But as the Alpha of Alphas. My throne sits high above the rest, and I take my place like I was born in that seat. I may not have the woman I desire—not yet—but this is still a win.

As I sit on the high seat carved from obsidian stone, I watch the room fill with color and movement. Every Alpha from every corner of the world is here, dressed in their finest—their silks, leathers, furs, and jewels all shining under the crystal chandeliers. It should be a celebration.

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But something's off.

Their faces are stiff, their movements hesitant. No laughter. No toasts. Just glances. Whispers. Silence between songs.

Even the harpist plays like he's in mourning. A slow, almost grieving melody that makes the room feel colder than it should.

Dane steps forward to speak, introducing himself proudly to the crowd. But his voice bounces off an unresponsive room. They clap, but it's weak. Polite. Forced.

As he talks, I scan the room, my eyes hunting for the most radiant woman in attendance. If Amica refuses her crown, then I will choose another Luna. One who will **wear** it with pride—and fear me like she should.

I won't **leave** this ceremony without something beautiful—and mine.

let everyone introduce themselves!" I command from my elevated seat,

Heads turn. Even the musicians freeze mid-note.

"Oh yes!" Dane jumps in, his voice full of excitement as he **faces** the crowd. "Everyone will introduce themselves to the one who gathered us here. Then, in his own time, he will tell you why."

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Chapter 178

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He's practically giddy, like a child finally allowed to sit at the adult table. I can feel his joy radiating from where he stands

One by one, the members of the Apex Circle stand and speak. I sit still, watching, my eyes sharp and calculating. Some offer their names with dignity. Others barely lift their heads.

They don't need to like me. They just need to obey.

As the parade of names continues, I observe them all. Impressive warriors. Stunning women. Powerful auras. Dane was right—it is hard to choose.

Then I **see** her.

Alpha Austin of the Unity Pack stands to introduce himself, and beside him... Luna Samantha.

Beautiful doesn't do her justice. She's ethereal—her skin soft as moonlight, her posture elegant and proud. The kind of woman made to sit beside a king, not a forgettable Alpha like Austin. He doesn't deserve her. I can feel that truth burn in my chest.

But just as I drag my gaze from her, something else catches it—a man.

Alpha Ivar.

Dark hair. Piercing eyes. A quiet power that settles around him like a storm just waiting to break. And he's... breathtaking.

The most beautiful man I've ever laid eyes on.

I blink once, then twice.

Interesting.

This night just got a lot more complicated.

I've never looked at a man that way before. Never even considered it.

But today... something shifts.

Ivar. Alpha Ivar.

I don't know how he does it, but I need him. It's like some dark, magnetic pull I can't resist. He stands there like he owns the damn moon—strong, composed, hair falling across his face like a fallen angel carved out of rebellion and silence. His skin... flawless, untouched by the harshness of the sun, like the world has dared not bruise him.

And beside him, Luna Vee? Please. She doesn't deserve him.

I do.

Once the introductions die down, I rise from my throne-like seat. All eyes turn to me.

"Well, well, well... This is a beautiful ceremony, isn't it?" I begin, slowly scanning the room. "Although, I must say, I'm not feeling the same enthusiasm I felt the last time I graced this place. What's wrong?" I sigh, exaggerated and full of mock concern. "Am I making you nervous?"

A few Alphas glance at one another.

"I suppose I don't need to introduce myself," Dane claps with exaggerated energy, trying to stir the others into following. They do... weakly. But it's fine. I didn't come for their

applause—I came for their loyalty. “but I will, nonetheless. It is me Darth Blackthorn, popularly known as Scarface the king of rogues.”

I pause, letting the name settle like a storm cloud over their heads.

“I am glad to tell you that a new title has been added to that name.. I stand before you now as the Alpha of Alphas—your leader, your superior, and the head of the Apex Circle,”

Silence.

Then murmurs.

And I catch it again—the way Ivar looks at me. Or maybe I imagine it.

Either way, the hunt has begun.

“Wow!” Dane shouts, clapping his hands with wild enthusiasm.

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Chapter 178

“Come on now—spare some accolades for the Alpha of Alphas!” he yells, rallying the room. The others join in, slowly, their claps hesitant but obedient.

“Thank you,” **I say** with a smirk, raising a hand. “Thanks for the warm welcome.”

“I should’ve introduced myself much earlier, but you know how it is—ruling comes with distractions.” I glance at Dane. “Thankfully, I now have a very useful individual by my side.”

“You all know him—or you should. If not, let me do the honors,” I gesture toward him. “Dane Blackwood. My special adviser, the one who orchestrated this beautiful gathering. Please... show him some appreciation.”

Dane steps forward, bowing dramatically as a few more polite claps echo through the hall. I sigh softly and step back into the center of attention.

“Well, now that it’s clear there’s a new sheriff in town,” I say, “I’d like to make a few things clear.”

The room stills.

“All former benefits granted to the previous Alpha of Alphas have been tripled... and made compulsory.” I pause, eyes narrowing. “Please, do not make me send reminders for your monthly payments. I already have every record. And let’s just say—if any of you even think about delaying your vows, the consequences will be... severe.”

A wave of murmurs ripples through the hall.

I smirk.

“Oh, I didn’t ask for your opinion.”

Silence.

“Now,” I continue, stretching my arms slightly. “Please, enjoy the

I I pause again, voice dropping into something a bit darker, colder.

“But before you lose yourselves in wine and laughter... I have

Cremony.

that

we’re all properly acquainted...”

e more announcement to make.”

“I’ve made a decision...” I announce, “I’ve decided to take a Lunette podwill,

A quiet gasp sweeps through the room.

“Oh yes,” I continue, grinning. “And guess the most interesting part about it?” I let

“My Luna will be chosen... from among you!”

out a low, wicked cackle.

The hall erupts. Murmurs crash like waves, startled voices overlapping in confusion

Then, one voice **dares** to rise above the **rest**.

“What are you even talking about?” the fool barks. “There’s no single woman here! Every Luna present is already bonded to her mate!”

There’s a wave of agreement—a few heads nodding, others whispering. But I’ve already locked onto him. The man brave enough to challenge my word.

He's not impressive. Not handsome. Not strong. Certainly not someone whose Luna I'd want.

"Hm," I hum, fixing my gaze on him. "What's your name, Alpha?"

"I am Alpha Fredrick of the Cloud Pack," he replies, trying to sound bolder than he looks.

"You're right, Alpha Fredrick," I say with a nod, calm... too calm. "No one here is single. But that changes nothing. I still want one of these Lunas for myself."

A hush falls over the room.

"Do you have children, Alpha Fredrick?"

I see it instantly. The flicker of panic. The stiffening of his shoulders.

Think carefully before you speak," I warn, my voice suddenly frigid. "Because if I find out you lied to me... the consequences will be dire."

He swallows hard.

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Chapter 178

"Y-yes," he stammers. "I have kids..."

"Good," I say, stepping closer. "How old is your oldest child... and what gender?"

"I... I have a daughter. She's fifteen... Please- Alpha...please" Alpha Fredrick blurts out, panic flooding his voice before I've even finished my thought.

"Oh, please!" I snap, waving a hand dismissively. "You're an Alpha, don't embarrass yourself."

He shrinks back into silence, and I turn my attention back to the

"As I was saying, before Alpha Fredrick's little interruption-"I

Gasps ripple through the hall.

crowd,

the room, silencing every whisper, “-I have chosen my Luna.”

19817174317th voice steady and cold.”

“Luna Samantha of the Unity Pack...” I say, “Step forward please to st I glance over at Cleopatra, seated elegantly near me, her dark eyes g

The murmurs return, louder now, rippling into outrage and disbelief.

“There will be consequences if she refuses,” I say.

Cleopatra smiles slowly. “Oh, absolutely.”

gleaming

www.donusement.

F

Samantha rises from her seat slowly, poised but visibly trembling. Her pale hands grip the edge of her flowing dress as she steps toward the podium. Her mate, Alpha Austin, immediately follows, grasping her hand like a man on the edge of losing everything.

“Alpha Austin...” I say, tilting my head slightly. “Did I ask you to come forward?”

He stands firm. “No, you didn’t. But she is my mate—and she’s clearly uncomfortable with this

His voice is firm, but his eyes betray the fear he tries to mask.

“Well, get back to your damn seat, Austin.”

He doesn’t move.

‘summons.’”

After a long pause, Alpha Austin lowers his gaze and releases Samantha’s hand, turning away and walking back slowly.

The room falls utterly silent.

And there she stands—Luna Samantha—bathed in candlelight, beautiful,, trembling, and entirely mine.

“Walk over to me, Luna Samantha.”

i command

She hesitates, trembling, but obeys. Each step she takes is slow driven more by fear than loyalty. The murmurs have died. All eyes are on her. But mine? Mine are fixed on the graceful sway of her hips, the perfect curve of her frame. She’s stunning. A prize. She will be mine!

She finally stops before me.

I rise from the throne and take her delicate hand in mine. Her skin is cold. Frightened. But I smile—softly, deceptively.

“Now,” I murmur, “reject your mate.”

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 179[1,595 words]

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Chapter 179

Chapter 179

Darth

“I said,” I whisper again, my tone calm but laced with lethal intent, “reject your mate. Right here. Right now. Or you’ll be the reason he dies tonight.”

“Please Alpha... I don’t want to do that please...” Samantha trembles, her voice barely holding together.

“Oh, Samantha,” I sigh, tilting my head. “There will be time for begging and pleading later. But not now. Now is simple—either you reject him, or he dies.”

“Please, don’t kill him!” she cries out, desperation tightening her voice.

“No! She won’t reject me!”

Austin’s yells angrily. “She’s my mate! You can’t take her!” he roars, charging forward.

But he underestimates me.

Before he can reach me, I vanish from in front of Samantha and reappear in a flash–fueled by rage and speed. My hand is already at his throat, lifting him effortlessly into the air. His feet kick uselessly as I squeeze, watching the panic rise in his eyes.

The crowd gasps.

Samantha spins around, confused at first, only to find me standing where Austin once was–my hand wrapped tightly around his neck, his body suspended above the ground.

“Austin!” she screams, her voice cracking.

“Please–Alpha, please don’t kill him!” she begs, falling to her knees, her hands clasped in front of her.

But I don’t look at her. I look at Austin. And all I see is weakness. Pathetic, trembling weakness.

“I guess it’s too late now,” I murmur with a cold smile, my eyes locked on Samantha.

Tears stream down her face, but her voice–though trembling–rises above the silence.

“I, Samantha Woodberry, reject you, Austin O’Connel, as my mate... and sever every bond between us from this day forward,” she says in a rush, the pain in her voice barely masked by fear.

Satisfied, I release Austin, tossing him to the ground like discarded trash. He lands with a dull thud, coughing and gasping for air like a fish out of water.

“Your mate has rejected you, little Austin,” I say, grinning down at him. “Now be a good boy and do the same.”

Still wheezing, Austin struggles to his knees, fury burning in his eyes–but helpless all the same.”

“L... Austin O’Connel... reject Samantha **as** my mate... and reject every bond between us. from today.”

His jaw is clenched tight, **his** voice venomous. But it doesn't matter. His anger is delicious—because **it's** powerless. That's the beauty of it.

He can hate me. All of them can. But none of them will ever stop me. I can see it in their eyes, that quiet, creeping fear. They know what I'm capable of

If can humiliate and almost kill one of their strongest...

Imagine what I'll do to the rest of them.

“Awesome!” Dane claps, practically vibrating with excitement.

Chapter 179

In a flash, I'm back in front of Samantha. Gently—almost tenderly—I brush her hair aside, exposing the curve of her neck. Then, without hesitation, I sink my fangs into her soft skin.

Gasps ripple through the room, followed by hushed, horrified murmurs.

Her body goes limp almost instantly. I catch her in my arms before she collapses completely, cradling her like something precious... fragile.

Confused, I glance around. “Is that... normal?” I murmur, turning to Cleopatra, who lounges like a queen in her seat, watching everything with wicked amusement.

“She's fine,” Cleopatra says smoothly. “Just overwhelmed by your energy. It's... intoxicating to some”

Across the room, I hear it—Austin's pathetic sobbing, Whimpering, like a kicked dog.

“No!” he cries, “No, please!”

Weak. Absolutely pitiful.

Dane steps forward, still grinning like a fool. “It is my honor to present to you, for the very first time—Luna Samantha! Soon to be Samantha Blackthorn!”

He claps.

No one else joins him.

Doesn't matter. They will, eventually. They always do.

I raise a hand to silence the murmurs. “Oh, I'm not done,” I say with a smile that turns stomachs.

The room stills again. All eyes on me.

“I intend to take one more person from among you,”

More gasps.

More fear.

More fun.

“What–this is preposterous! We cannot just sit here while this man takes our Lunas and does whatever he pleases! We are mighty Alphas! We can fight back–we are not slaves!” one brave–or foolish–soul finally dares to speak.

I burst out laughing (

“Who told you I want a Luna this time?” My voice is amused, but laced with threat.

I rise slowly from my seat, the air thick with tension. “You, with your loud mouth... I see you have a death wish. And lucky you –I’m in the mood to grant it.”

I turn to Cleopatra, who **hasn’t** stopped smirking. “This man just threatened my life. He tried to initiate a coup right here, in front of everyone. What are you going to do about it?”

Cleopatra doesn’t respond with words. She simply lets out a soft, slow laugh–and the man begins to choke.

Eyes bulging, he grasps at his throat, gasping for air as invisible hands crush his windpipe. I stroll toward him, unbothered, watching him writhe.

*P–please.” he wheezes, his body folding in on itself, knees buckling.

The look on his face–pure panic, helplessness–does something to me. Something wicked. Something primal.

I crouch in front of him and, without hesitation, extend my claws and slice his throat clean. Blood sprays across the floor as his body slumps to the ground, twitching.

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Chapter 179

“Consider that a warning,” I say, standing tall. “To anyone else here who thinks they still have a say in this new era.”

“You all think you can fight me?” I snarl, letting the silence hang heavy. “Maybe consult your former Alpha first—oh wait. You can’t. He’s fucking dead!”

I burst into wild laughter, the kind that shakes the room. Dane joins me, clapping and laughing like a hyena. The others remain still—too afraid to do anything else.

“Now, let’s get back to business!” I shout, striding back to my throne and collapsing into it with a deep breath. “Like I was saying before that fool interrupted—I’m not done choosing from the beautiful faces in this room.”

I scan the crowd slowly, then call out, “Alpha Ivar!”

Gasps ripple through the air. Ivar’s Luna—what’s her name again? Ah yes, Vec—immediately bursts into tears. She rises shakily, already expecting the worst.

“Sit your ass down, Luna. No one called your name,” I snap coldly.

She drops back into her seat like a puppet with cut strings, sobbing quietly.

Alpha Ivar,” I repeat, more softly now, almost with affection. “Please... come forward.”

Ivar rises to his feet, masking his fear with a calm exterior. He walks toward me, every step measured and steady. I like that. I like a strong man. I can’t have two crying bitches around me.

As he approaches, I take my time admiring him. That face—elegant, symmetrical. Strong jawline. Eyes like frostbitten skies. He isn’t too tall, which is perfect—I like to move my toys around. I can’t see his ass from here, but I can feel that it’s tight. Firm. Made for me.

Yes... I think I’m going to enjoy this.

He finally stops in front of me, locking those piercing blue eyes with mine.

I grin, pleased. “I’ll also be taking you with me, Alpha Ivar.”

Gasps ripple through the room.

Dane claps, spinning dramatically as he announces, “Wow! This has never happened before! Hail Alpha Darth—Alpha of Alphas, first of his kind!” His voice booms, but no one joins him. Not a soul dares.

“An Alpha taking another Alpha?” Dane continues, laughing awkwardly. “This is history!”

Behind Ivar, his Luna-Vee-breaks down. “No, please! Don’t take my Alpha!” she wails, her voice trembling like glass about to

shatter.

“Stop, Vee,” Ivar commands, his voice firm and calm.

She goes quiet immediately, muffling her sobs as she lowers her head.

I raise **an** eyebrow, amused. “Wow. He has his home under control too.”

I smile wider, dark and hungry.

I think I’m going to enjoy breaking this one.

Ivar stops a few feet from where I sit, standing tall-defiant, but not foolish. He bows his head slightly. Just enough to show respect, not weakness.

“I have one last announcement to make,” I say, rising once more. My voice is low,. Dangerous.

“Alphas, I know most of you hate me. That’s fine. I’m not here to be liked. But advise you-get used to the new order. Because if you go against me, you don’t just lose your position... you lose everything. Your packs. Your lives. Your loved ones.” I let that last part settle like a knife in their throats,

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Chapter 179

“But,” I continue, grinning now, “if you cooperate, we’ll be very happy together. Life can be... pleasant. Just stay on my good side. That’s all.”

I wave my hand. “Now-back to the celebration.”

Music starts again, weak and forced, as if the instruments themselves fear me. The crowd moves stiffly, pretending to enjoy what remains of the ceremony. But I don’t care. I’ve won.

Eventually, the night draws to a close, and my private guards-my loyal wolves, my priests of war-escort me out, their eyes alert for the slightest twitch of rebellion.

We return to the luxury hotel where I'm lodged—at the heart of Apex City, where no one dares cross me.

As I walk through the lavish halls, I think about my prizes. My beautiful new catches.

Patience, Darth, I remind myself. Let them marinate in fear, in uncertainty.

Let them tremble in the dark.

Soon.. I'll feast.

Comment

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Send gift

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 180[1,567 words]

Chapter 179

Danh

"I said" I whisper again, my tone calm but laced with lethal intent, "reject your mate. Right here. Right now, Or you'll be the reason he dies tonight."

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1/4

Chapter 179

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Eyes bulging, he grasps **at** his throat, gasping for air as invisible hands crush his windpipe stroll toward him, unbothered, watching him writhe.

“P—please.” he wheezes, his body folding in on itself, knees buckling.

The look on his face—pure panic, helplessness—does **something** to me. Something wicked. Something **primal**.

I **crouch** in front of him and, **without** hesitation, extend my claws and slice his throat clean. Blood sprays across the floor as his body slumps to the

ground, twitching

“Conuder that a warning.” I say, standing tall. “To anyone else here who thinks they still have a say in this new era

“**You all** think you can fight me?” I snarl, letting the silence hang heavy.
“Maybe **consult** your former Alpha first—oh wait. You can’t. He’s **fucking** dead”

I burst into wild Laughter, the kind that **shakes** the room. Dane joins me, clapping and laughing like a hyena. The others remain still—do anything else.

“Now, let’s get **back** to business!” I shout, striding back to my throne and collapsing into it with a deep breath. “Like I was saying before that fool interrupted—I’m not done choosing from the beautiful faces in this room.”

I scan the crowd slowly, then call out, “Alpha Ivar

Gasps ripple through the air. Ivar’s Luna—**what’s** her name again? Ah yes, **Vee**—immediately bursts into tears. She **rises shakily, already** expecting

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Chapter 179

the

“Sit your **ass** down, Luna. No one called your **name**,” I snap coldly.

She drops **back** into **her** seat like a puppet with cut strings, sobbing quietly.

“Alpha Ivar,” I repeat, more softly now, almost with affection. “Please come forward”

Ivar **rises**

sto his feet, masking his fear with a calm exterior. He walks toward me, every **step** measured and steady. I like that. I **like** a strong can’t luv two crying bitches around me,

As he approaches, I take my time admiring him. That face—elegant, symmetrical, Strong jawline. Eyes like frostbitten skies, fle isn’t too tall, **which**

is perfect—I like to move my toys around. I can’t see his ass from here, but I can feel that it’s right. Firm. Made for me.

Yes. I think I’m going to enjoy this.

He finally stops in front of me, locking those piercing blue eyes with mine

I grin, pleased. “I’ll also be taking you with me. Alpha **Ivar**.”

Gasps ripple through the room.

hane claps, spinning dramatically as he announces, “Wow! This has never happened before! **Hail** Alpha Darth–Alpha of Alphas, first of his kind!” His **voice** booms, but **no** one joins him. Not **a soul** dares.

“**An Alpha taking** another **Alpha** Dane continues, laughing **awkwardly**. This is history!”

Behind Ivar, his Luna–Vee–breaks down “No, please Don’t take my Alphas she wails, her voice trembling like glass about to shatter

“**Stop**, Vee.” **Ivar** commands, his voice firm and calm.

She goes quiet immediately, muffling her **sobs** as she lowers her head.

I raise an eyebrow, amused. “Wow. He has his home under control too.”

I smile wider, **dark** and hungry.

I think I’m going to enjoy breaking this one.

Ivar stops **a few** feet from where I sit, standing **tall**–defiant, but not foolish. He bows his head slightly. Just enough to show respect, not weakness.

“I **have** one last announcement to make,” I say, rising once more. My voice is low, Dangerous.

“Alphas, I know most of you hate me. That’s fine. I’m not here to be liked. But I advise you get used to the new order. Because if you go against me, you don’t just lose your position... **you** lose everything. Your packs. Your **lives**. Your loved ones.” I let that last **part** settle like a knife in their throats

“Bat” Leontine, **grinning now**, “if you cooperate, we’ll be very happy together. Life can be.. pleasant. Just stay on my good side. That’s all”:

I wave my hand “Now–back to the celebration.”

Music starts again, weak and forced, as if the instruments **themselves** fear me. The crowd moves stiffly, pretending to enjoy what **remains** of the ceremony. But I don’t care. I’ve won.

Eventually, the night draws to a close, and my private guards–my loyal wolves, my priests of war–escort me out, their eyes alert **for** the slightest switch of rebellion

We return to the luxury hotel where I’m lodged the **heart** of **Apex** City, where no one dares cross me.

As I walk through the lavish halls, I think **about** my prizes. My beautiful new catches.

Patience, Darth, I remind myself. Let them marinate in fear, in uncertainty.

Let them tremble in the dark.

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