

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 181[1,619 words]

Chapter 181

Darth

“Oui, Samantha what the hell are you **doing**?” I mummur, able to hide the thrill rising in my voice

,

Her fingers are still wet from where she touched herself, and the sight only furls the far already burning inside me

I glance at Ivar and smirk, giving his **ass** a playful tap “Look who you were so worried about, Ivar She clearly wants in

Turning back to Samantha, **Iraise** a brow. “Would you like to **join us**?”.

To me **surprise**—and pleasure—she nods, her lips parting slightly with anticipation.

“Come here,” I say, my voice low, just loud enough to reach her.

She walks forward **and** settles beside me on the bed, her bare skin **brushing** against mine.

I walk over

to get a bottle of lube **and** a dildo black dildo. I hand it to Samantha, her fingers trembling slightly as she takes it, eyes wide with curiosity and desire.

Then I turn to her

“Bend over.” I command

Without hesitation, he obeys, arching before me, in submission. I slick my hand with lube and trail it down his back, over his hips, and lower—my hand finding him already hard.

I massage him slowly before pouring a generous line of lube over his lower back. He **shivers** beneath my touch.

With steady hands, I press forward, inserting myself into him, inch by inch, into his tight and firm ass, feeling its **walls** grip on tightly to my cock like a plunge.

I groan as the sensation swallows **me** whole.

I grip his waist and start to move, slow **and** firm, letting each motion roll through us while I spank his ass as hard as I can just to hear him moan in pain, but he is not meaning hard enough.

I quickly pick up one of the whips laid on the bed, and as I pound him, I whip his **ass and** back like I am riding a horse.

“Ah fuck!” he let out. I can tell that the pain is getting to him so I fuck him harder.

“Yes, I want to **hear** you scream! Fuck! I exhale, seeing the red marks on his soft **ass** and back heightened my testosterone, but as I raise my head a little, I sight Samantha, who seems to be having as much fun as we are with the dildo, already deep inside her,

“Fuck she **looks** so good! Looking down at her pink pussy as it clings on to that fat dildo clings to the walls of her pussy, releasing juice that I want to

She is lost in her own enjoyment.

“Samantha? Are you ready for me now?” I couldn't help but long for her even while my cock was stuck in another's tight

Ivar began throwing his ass back unexpectedly, pushing his hips back against me in rhythm. faster and **harder**, like he's trying **to** drive me wild- and it's working and I can't help but think is this his way of keeping **me** all to himself and away from Samantha? It is **working** because I am about

“On your **back.**” | growl.

With him as

He obeys immediately, turning beneath me with that unreadable expression on his face. I slide back inside him, this time locking eyes his body welcomes me again. His **cock** stands tall, glistening, and I can't take my eyes off it. Off him.

I wrap my arms tightly around his neck. I want to kiss him-gods, I want to. His lips are right there, tempting me. But something in me hesitates. **Would** that make **me** look **weak**? Would he see through me?

He starts to stroke himself, slow **and** deliberate, and his moans grow louder. He's close. Fin close.

I lower myself toward his mouth, our lips brushing-but he stops mir

His hand grips my neck, firm but not aggressive, **just** enough to keep our lips apart. My breath hitches. Lock eyes with him as I release my full shot

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Chapter 1st

into his ass before finally collapsing on him.

“Fuck.” Lexhale, collapsing onto him, breathless, spent, and somehow, urished.

I turn **to the side**, and there she is—Samantha. Her body is still, the dildo forgotten on the floor beside her. She’s fallen asleep her expression peaceful satisfied

har has already **came** on himself too. He gets up silently and walks over to clean himself. When he returns, he’s wrapped in a robe, composed and unreadable. He stops at the foot of the bed and looks down at me.

“So, where’s my room?” he asks calmly.

I frown, **confused**. “What! **You will**

here beside me.

“I’d prefer my privacy,” he says without hesitation.

I stare at him, stunned. What the hell! I’m usually the one insisting on privacy, pushing others away, making sure no one shares my space. But Ivar

he’s something else entirely

“Oh, I s

I see. You’re playing hard to get now, Ivar.” I say, voice edged with disbelief. “Tell me, what’s the issue? Didn’t I **fuck** you well enough!”

He lets out a faint, insincere smile. “Oh, you did. In fact, I was impressed”

Then what’s the problem?” I demand, sitting up. “I’m the Alpha here, yet somehow you’re the one making all the rules. And the **craziest** part? I’m letting you

“I’m not making rules,” he **says**, his voice quieter now, but sharper. “You took me from my pack and made me your entertainment. An ordinary sex boy. That was your choice. Alpha.”

“Oops–my bad,” I say with a smirk “But then again, you seemed to enjoy every second of it. You didn’t even let me get a taste of Samantha. You wanted me all to yourself”

I stretch out on the bed, my eyes locked on his. “Don’t get me wrong **I’m** not complaining. The way you threw that fat ass back at me? Magnificent. And the view from the front? Even better. Damn, Ivar. You know you had a good time. I need you beside me.. for when my cock gets cold and **hard** at night”

“I know that’s all you need me for,” he says, jaw tight. “But do you really have to throw it in my face like that? Like you didn’t already humiliate me enough–calling **me** out in front of the other Alphas, turning me into your plaything in public”

He folds his arms, voice sharp. “You could’ve at **least** given me the courtesy of secrecy. Now the whole realm knows that tonight, you humped me

like a wild bean.”

“Oh, please,” I scoff. “Like you didn’t want to be humped. Your eyes were on me the entire ceremony. Not once did you break that gaze. Do you think I just go around looking for fine men to mount? I’ve never felt this part of me come alive before. But clearly–you have”

“So what if I **have**?” Ivar snaps, his voice cracking with restrained fury. “You’re right my eyes were on you all night. But it was just admiration, that’s all. You couldn’t let me have that quietly? You couldn’t speak to me in confidence?”,

He steps forward, eyes blazing “Did you really have to **humiliate** me in front of everyone! In front of my damn mate?!”

I go silent, studying **him**. Watching how his chest rises and falls. The way his words land, the tension behind them... it’s too real.

And then it hits me. His mate bond–it’s hollow. I feel it. Like an echo of something that was never real. Or maybe it’s just the pull I **have** toward him–**this** unexplainable draw that makes everything else fall quiet when he’s near.

He sees the realization in my eyes

“Oh yes,” he says, his voice softer now, bitter, “I know what you’re thinking–and you’re **absolutely** right.”

He looks away, ashamed, yet unable to stop himself.

“I’m mated to a Luna, but attracted to men. To you. The bond? **It’s a** sham. I did it for what was at stake–my birthright. My future. The title of Alpha. I **took** her because I had to. Because no one can ever know the truth. So I keep the lie alive. Every. Single. Day”

His voice shakes, but he doesn't stop

“Once in a **while**, I get an escape. A night like this. A moment. But I'm never free—not really. No one must ever know. That's why I took a mate. To **have** heirs. To finally fulfill my duty and then live my life.”

He turns **back** to me, and this time, **his** gaze isn't angry—it's broken

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Chapter 1st

“But look at what you've done,” he **says**, voice low and heavy. “You shattered all of that. You exposed me. Not

it for love. Not for truth. But for your selfish, homy gain”

“I'm just a pretty face and a tight ass to you, aren't I Ivar says, voice steady but laced with pain. “But it's fine, Scar. You're the Alpha of Alphas. You can do whatever you want to anyone. And we—your subjects—we just have to obey.”

His words hit me harder than I expect. In all my thirty-four years, no one has ever poured out their heart to me like this. Not like this. I know I hurt people. It's in **my** nature. **Part** of the power I wield. But I've always justified it always seen it from my point of view.

But this, this is different. I truly hum Ivar

He exhales **shakily**, eyes wet but unbroken. “So please let me go lay in a separate room, I know what I'm good for making you cum. I've done **that**. Now I'd like to retire for the night.”

He doesn't wait f

for my answer. He turns, back straight, pride intact, and walks away.

And I just watch.r

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Chapter 182

Dunh

Damn it. Why do I give a **fuck** about him or the things he said? This is who I am. I take what isn't meant to be taken. That's **always** 1 ruthless, dominant, untouchable.

s been my way

But now, something gnaws at me.

Something about Ivar hangs still in my mind long after he's gone. His words echo in my head, looping around the same danur question: why do f care? I don't even understand it myself.

Samantha lies beside me, still fast asleep. Her breathing is steady, her body curled into the sheets, but I can't rest. My eyes are wide open, my still, but my mind is racing. The room feels too silent, too still—his absence makes it colder somehow.

body

I try to shut my eyes and force sleep to come. It doesn't. Every time I start to drift off, the memory of his voice, his moans, the way he looked at me... it crashes in like a wave, dragging me under again.

When morning comes, I finally rise from bed. Samantha is already gone, the sheets where she slept crumpled and cold. Maybe she slipped **out** early. Maybe she feels embarrassed after last night. She was drunk—too **far** gone to know what she was doing. I don't blarne her.

I shake the thought off and head to freshen up. There's only one thing on my mind now.

I need to find Ivar..

1 follow his strong scent through the hallways and find him in one of the extra rooms, lying across the bed. He looks even finer than he did last night—hair tousled, skin glowing in the early morning light, **his** robe barely holding together.

But the moment he senses my presence, he shuts his eyes like he's asleep.

I smirk. He's pretending, but I know better.

"Well, good morning, handsome," I say smoothly, leaning against the doorway.

No response.

"Come on, **Ivar**," I continue, stepping into the room. "You can't stay mad forever."

He stays silence. He doesn't even flinch.

"I mean seriously, why did you refuse to warm my bed last night?" I ask my voice softer, almost leasng-though there's something real behind the words.

Finally, he speaks, voice cool and sharp. "What? Will you deny me a night's rest loo?"

"Of course not," I say, stepping closer. "You needed it. I gave you space, didn't I But that's not how things should be between us not after last night. I want us on good terms."

He lets out a low, humorless laugh. "Do you even know how to have a proper conversation with a person?" he snaps, opening his eyes at last. They're tired.. but piercing. "Have you ever apologized to anyone before? Or perceived your own deeds a wrong? Or **do** you just **float** through life in your own delusions!"

His words hit me harder than I expect. Still, I don't show it.

But deep down. I know he's right

"Why wo

would I ever have

to apologize to anyone? Do you even know who I am?" **I snap**, my voice rising with frustration,

"I forgot," he shoots back, his tone laced with sarcasm. "Please, remind me."

I glare at him. "Oh, I see-you're trying to be funny now."

His words are getting under my **skin** in a way no one else's ever has

*Can you **leave** me alone, please!" he suddenly shouts.

"I don't want **to**," I say, breath heavy. "And I don't understand **what**

If you

want me to

want to do to make **it right!**"

"Lam Scarface," I continue, louder now, pacing the **room**. "The **King** of Rogues. I have never been wrong! I don't do apologies! I've never been in a

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situation where I had to second guess myself or **ask for** forgiveness. This is who I am—and I won't apologize for it!"

"I take what I want, when I want. And I do whatever the hell I please with it."

I stop, turn to him, voice sharp. "Do you want me to **call** another ceremony? Return you to your fake mate in front of the other Alphast Humiliate you all over again! Because let me tell you right now—I'm not doing that!"

His eyes burn with anger, but **beneath** it, something else—something pained.

"You think I **have** a problem with you taking what you want?" he says, voice low but steady. "You're wrong"

"Ladmire that about you, Scar. You have the freedom I crave. You can do whatever you want, damn the consequences. But me?" He scoffs bitterly. "I **have** to look over my shoulder at every step. I have in pretend every single day—walk a line that isn't mine, **hold** onto a mare bond I never asked for You don't understand what that's like.

"You have no idea how many Alphas wish they could be you," Ivar says, his voice tight with restrained emotion. "How many of us want to **break free** from **the shackles** of doing what's right just because the community **says** so. **Even** the so-called Alpha Deckard was bound by those **same** rules. Bur you?" He pauses, shaking his head slightly. "You took power by the horn—with an iron fist,"

I raise a brow, trying to piece him together. "From the way you're speaking. It sounds a lot like admiration. So tell me, why won't you **share** a bed with me then?"

usk it sincerely, genuinely confused.

His jaw clenches. He looks away before finally replying, "Why would I? Why would I want to lie beside someone who clearly sees me as nothing? You made that perfectly obvious to the whole damn world. You chose **Samantha as** your mate—and me?" He scoffs. "What am I to you, **Scar**?"

I **laugh** dryly, unsure whether to be amused or annoyed. "Oh, I see. So what do you want, then? You want to be an Alpha? Or maybe, a Luna?" 1. add with a mocking smirk.

His eyes blaze. "Of course it's a joke to your My life is **a** joke now, right?" His voice rises. "After everything you've done to me—after you tore apart the image I worked so hard to maintain—you think I'm just some entertainment. A novelty. A **fuck**

He steps closer now, chest rising with rage. “You ruined me in one night and still expect me to just crawl back into y

> your arm

“Okay. I apologize,” I say, **my** voice lower **than** usual. “I want you to be more, Ivar. I find that I enjoy your presence. It’s **strange, but** all **night**, y kept creeping into my mind. And even this morning, I came all the way here just to find **you**,”

“Oh wow, thanks for the great effort,” he replies in sarcasm.

I sigh, frustrated but trying to **stay** calm. “Alright, tell me what you want then. What can I do to make this right?”

you

He crosses his arms and looks away, “Sadly, that ship has sailed too far,” he says, voice tinged with self-pity. “I’m already exposed and humiliated. There’s no coming back from that.”

I go quiet, letting his words sink in. For a moment, the weight of what I’ve done actually hits **me**. Ivar’s **entire** world—his image shattered by my selfishness. Daman. I shouldn’t have to worry about this. But I do. And now I have to do something

After a long pause, I speak “Okay.. what if I make you my Beta?”

His gaze snaps to me, caught off guard.

“You’d be more powerful than most Alphas.” I continue. “To others, you’d stand shoulder to shoulder with me. Every decision I make, you’d be part **of** it. You’d know things before anyone else. You’d never be seen as less again.”

“Really? You can do that” he **finally** turns to me, a **spark** of enthusiasm lighting up his face. It clearly catches **his** attention.

“Yes, I can do **that**,” I **say**, firm and confident.

He tilts his head, studying me, “What about your Luna then? What about Samantha?”

“What about her?” I ask, unfazed

“Well where does that leave her?”

“It leaves her as my **Luna**. She’ll bear my pups and give me heirs,” I reply smoothly. “But she will never stand equal to you. Not in power. Not in presence.”

har rises from the bed, this time with a **soft** smile curving his lips. “**Thank you,**” he says, reaching **out** to hold

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1 chuckle lightly. “I think I deserve a bit more than a hand **tap**

Without hesitation, he leans in and plants **a** slow, deliberate kiu on my lips. It’s **deeper** than before—warmer, more real:

But as our lips part, a strange weight settles on me. What the hell **am** I doing, making promises like this? Carelessly, without thought. That’s not me. I don’t promise. I take. And yet here I am—giving, offering, bending in ways I never imagined.

Am I really going to follow through with all of it

I guess. I will. Maybe it doesn’t hurt to do things differently for enor

Amica thought she was the best thing that could ever happen to me. But look at me now—I’ve not only replaced her. I’ve doubled the deal. Two prople to keep my nights warm. Her ex-husband at my side, whispering bold ideas **into** my car.

Life as the Alpha of Alphas is turning out sweeter **than** I ever imagined.

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Chapter 183

Chapter 183

Dackard

Setting up secret meetings and rallying **a** few trusted Alphas is no easy task—but it’s necessary. One by one, they come, shocked to see me alive. I beg them to keep any return between us, at least until the time is right

What shocks me more is the news I hear in return. Darth **is** already basking in the glory of being **Alpha** of Alphas. He's **taken** another man's mate **as** his own, claimed Alpha Ivar for himself, and killed an Alpha right there in front of the entire Circle—without consequence. But then again. I should've expected nothing less from him. He's a rogue to his core, and no title can wash that off

And Dane—**Amica's husband**. That coward is still alive. I **always** knew he **was a** snake, Everyone thought I was paranoid, but now they can see why|| never wanted him in the Apex Circle. Let them enjoy their illusion of power, Let them pretend the throne is theirs. It won't be for long

Meanwhile, men keep arriving—warriors from various **packs**, answering the call, one after the other. Pennywise Island, with its vast **terrain** and hidden pockets of land, becomes my sanctuary and my stronghold. I **find** a perfect training ground for the men Each day, they grow stronger. I watch the men train, bleed, fall, and rise again. When I'm finally satisfied with our numbers and the strength we've gathered, I stop recruiting. The army I need is now standing before me.

Most of the Alphas beg to be part of the battle—not for honor, but for vengeance. They each have personal scores to settle with Darth.

Alpha Austin, for **one**, is seething with rage. Darth stole his fated **Luna**—the woman he cherishes more than life itself. Every **night**, he's haunted by the thought of what she might be enduring in **Darth's hands**. He wants to take Darth's head himself. But unfortunately for him, that head belongs to me. Still I allow him to join the war. His anger will serve him well in battle.

Then there's **George**—Alpha Ivar's Beta. He burns with fury too, not just as a warrior, but **as a** man loyal to someone he deeply respects. He wants to fight because he believes Darth humiliated **and** belittled his Alpha in front of the entire Circle. I understand where he's coming from—his sense of duty, his loyalty—but there's something else in his eyes. To me, it feels **less** like vengeance and more like heartbreak. Like an angry lover whose love has been stolen.

But what do I know!

Leonard would do the same for me. He already **has**. He took me to the ends of the earth, risked everything—even his Luma—to get me healed. His loyalty to me **is** unmatched. If there's anyone who understands what it means **to** stand by someone through the fire, it's him.

And maybe George feels the same for Ivar.

But something about what George says doesn't sit right with me,

“Please, my Alpha,” he pleads, his voice shaking with emotion. “I need to go into battle with you. I understand you want to face Darth alone because of the complicated family ties, but you have to see it from my side. He humiliated my Alpha—right in front of the entire Apex Circle! He took him from me like he was nothing just to make him his damn plaything

His fists slam **against** the wall, knuckles turning red. His eyes burn with rage.

“I can’t even imagine **what** he’s putting my Alpha through every night. He’s bending my man **over**”

His voice breaks, and for a moment, the room is quiet. George isn’t just a loyal Beta. This is more than duty.

And it’s not my fault Darth has stirred an entire storm of enemies. He’s made a village’s worth of men burn with vengeance. But still, I can handle him. Alone. That is unless his **damn** witch stans crawling into my head again.

“George,” I say, my tone calm but firm, “I think I have enough men already. Don’t worry—I make him pay. I do my best to get your Alpha back. That’s a promise.”

He doesn’t respond right away, just stands there, breathing hard, his fists still clenched. I see the pain in his eyes—

But this is my fight.

And when the time comes, I’ll make Darth bleed for every soul he’s broken.

“Alpha, pleaser” George cries out, stepping closer. “I need to see him dead. Even if I don’t fight, I just want to see his lifeless body...yank **his** damn cock off that arrogant frame so next time he knows exactly where not to stick in!”

“Well, I **say**

with a dry edge, “he’d be dead already—there won’t be any sticking going on after that”

George breathes out sharply, catching himself. “Oh, yes.. sorry. I **got** carried away, I just—damn—I hate that bastard so much.”

His voice trembles slightly, but he tries to hold it in

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“Please, my Alpha. Let me comes

me come with you.” he begs **again**, desperation bleeding through every word.

I sigh watching the fire in his eyes burn hotter **than** ever. “Okay. Fine. You can come. But I’m warning you now–Darth and his rogues don’t fight

George scoffs bitterly. “Oh, that’s quite evident,” he mutters, gaze drifting to a faraway place, like he’s reliving something he’d rather forget.

Later, when I return to the beach house, Amica rushes into my arms, wrapping herself around me like she’s been holding her breath all day. Her kiss is soft but full of longing, and every time I look into her eyes, I’m reminded why I need to win this war. For her. For our upborn heir. For the future we deserve.

We settle in for dinner, and as I recount the day to her, her **eyes** stay on me–attentive, supportive, loving

But halfway through **the** meal, the door creaks open. The air shifts. Freya steps in without invitation, her voice interrupting the moment.

“I’m **glad** the alliance is coming together well, **Alpha**,” Cleopatra says coolly as she steps further into the room. “But have you truly thought about the fight ahead! Do **you** honestly see yourself winning? or are you just going off pure instinct?”

“Wow, Freya,” I mutter, lurdly hiding the irritation in my voice. “You’ve really mastered the art of terrible timing haven’t you? Couldn’t think of a better moment to bring this up?”

“My intrusion won’t matter when you’re dead, she replies flatly, **taking** a seat at the table like she owns the place, “So it’s better to face it now–if jou actually plan on surviving.”

I clench my jaw but stay composed. “I’m stronger now. And I’ll be more prepared for Darth than I was the last time. At least this time, I know what I’m up against,”

She smirks, shaking her head slowly. “Oh really! Leonard filled me in on how you were **conquered**. A sorcerer who doesn’t just fight with claws or teeth–but with your mind. That’s a whole different kind of power, Alpha. One that doesn’t just strike–it consumes.”

She leans in, her tone sharper. “How do you plan to beat that?”

I open my **mouth** to respond, but she cuts me off with a raised hand.

“Don’t bother answering. There’s **no** simple way to counter magic like that, You need more power to conquer power. **And if** you want to win this **war**.. I need to **get** your mind ready for what’s coming. I need you put your mind to work tonooight!”

“**I’m** sorry, Freya,” I say, my voice low but firm. “But I don’t fully trust you enough to give **you access** to my mind. History taught **us** not to.”

She laughs softly, the sound like silk brushing against steel. “You’re right to be cautious. You shouldn’t trust me. I don’t play fair–none of us sorcerers do. It’s in **our** nature.”

She **leans** forward slightly, her eyes glittering “But there’s something about you and Labout the bond we share... it stops me. No matter how hard I try, I can’t bend your **mind** to my will. Do you know why?”

I say nothing.

“Because you’re my Alpha, she says simply “And with **Alphas**, power flows both ways. I can’t take what you don’t willingly give. Your will is the only thing **I** will ever **obey**.”

“You can’t say things like that to me. Freya,” I reply, jaw tightening. “My mate is right here you **know** that”

“Yes,” she nods. “I know. And I don’t care.” Her voice trembles–not with weakness, but with fierce conviction. “All that matters to me is your safety.”

I scoff, already rising f from my seat. “Well, thank you for caring. But I can handle this on my own.

I turn to Amica, who’s **been silent** through the entire exchange, and gently take her hand. “Let’s go to bed, my love.

She rises with grace, her eyes warm as always, steadying me in ways Freya never could.

Together, we leave the table behind and **walk** into the quiet of our chambers. We step out onto the terrace, where the night wind brushes with **its** cool blessing. I hold Amica close, breathing her **in** grounding myself.

our

r skin

Amica rests her head on my chest as I run my fingers through her soft, silky hair. I trail them gently down her **arm**, caressing her skin with slaw.deliberate strokes. The wind hums sofily around us, and for a moment, it feels like the world has paused just **for** us.

“My Alpha_” she murmurs, then goes quiet.

I can tell her mind is racing.

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“You’re thinking about Freya,” I say, already knowing. “Don’t worry about her. She means nothing to me.”

Amica doesn’t lift her **head**. Her voice is soft, but there’s weight behind it. “But what if she really can help you win this battle!

I sigh, drawing my hand **back** to her waist, “Honestly, I doubt **she’s as** powerful as she claims. Ever since she showed up, all **I’ve** seen is tricks and relles. No real power, nothing tangible. Just smoke and shadows.”

*She might still be useful” Amica says, finally looking up at me. “Even if she’s not what she seems, there’s something dangerous about her. **and** clever. And if there’s anything she can **do about** the mind control, even the smallest thing, I think we should let her try”

I pause for a moment, taking in her eyes

“**That?**” I **ask**, brushing a strand of hair from her face. “Don’t worry. I have full control **now**. My mind **is** my own. I won’t let anyone in again. I’ll be fine.

“no my Alpha, the battle is in two days and i can’t lose you again like i did before. You muu do everything you can to be safe? She got up angrily from where we cuddled and barge out of the room.

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Chapter 184

Tanh

Not long after, **I** summon the media to make an official announcement–Samantha **is** my Luna, and Ivar. **Ivar** is now my

Let them talk. Let them choke on their words. He’s not just some plaything I parade around. No, he’s far more than that now. He holds power in this pack, stands beside me where everyone can see. This should silence whatever gossip has been spreading,

It's only been two weeks since he came here, but **damn**, it feels like I've known him forever. I swear, the way he looks at me, the way he treats me it's like he actually loves me. And that! That's new for me.

Funny thing is. I thought I'd be **wrapped** up in Samantha—thought she'd be the center of my attention, the one I'd be obsessed with exploring. But Ivar. he's kept me occupied in ways I never expected. I haven't even thought about Samantha the way I **assumed** I would. Not once.

I've never felt **this** kind of affection from any woman before—not this real, this raw, this consuming. I didn't think I'd get this lucky, **especially** not in the middle of all this chaos.

Because of that. I've loosened the leash. I give Ivar full freedom to move **around** the territory as he pleases, even reach out to his old pack if he wants. He's not a prisoner here. He's become something more—a better man than when he arrived. Stronger. Respected.

And most of all, mine.

Ivar's Beta paid him a visit at the castle today, and though I trust Ivar completely, there's something about that man—George—that makes my instincts flare. He seems **a** bit too angry, too tightly wound. More than just a concerned Beta. Something about him feels off

Later that evening, Ivar is nestled comfortably in my arms, his body warm against mine **as** we lounge in our private **quarters**. He tells **me** about his day, about the things he did, the people he spoke to. His voice soothes me, but I can't help the question that slips from my lips.

your Beta that

"Ivar," I begin gently, brushing my fingers through his hair, "I don't want you to think I'm being nosey, but did **you make** it clear to your you're here of your own free will? That you enjoy being here with me?"

He shifts slightly, looking up at me with confusion.

"**What!** I don't understand what you're saying," he replies. "Isn't it obvious? I've been upgraded from whatever position I held before everyone can see that. Of course George knows I'm here willingly. I even told him to take over **as** Alpha of the pack. That's how much I've moved on."

I nod slowly, holding his gaze. "Good **that's** good," I **say**, but I **don't** voice what still lingers in my mind.

Something about George's eyes when he left the fire behind them—it wasn't just loyalty. It was personal.

And personal feelings often make people reckless.

“Hmm... well, I couldn’t help but notice his anger,” I mutter, my fingers pausing against Ivar’s skin. “It was a little more intense than it should’ve been. I caught him stealing glances at me like.. like he wanted to kill me if he had the chance”

Ivar chuckles softly, that familiar **teasing** glint in his eyes. “I don’t know if I’m hearing this right, but it kind of sounds like you’re a little jealous

“Oh, please,” I scoff, but I can’t deny the unease brewing in my chest. “You know I’m right.”

He sighs and shifts so he **can** look at me properly, expression **softening** with something close to amusement. “Yes, you are right actually. George has always **had** feelings for me—since we were boys. But I never felt the same. Still, he’s been loyal Jealous, yes. Possessive sometimes. But loyal all the same. I’ve always been clear with him about where I stand.”.

“Hm. I see.” I say slowly, still not fully convinced. Jealousy **is** a dangerous thing in the hands of someone smart and bitter.

Then Ivar’s tone changes—more serious, his **playful mask** slipping.

“George told me something important. And I think you should **hear** it.”

I raise an eyebrow, heart already beating faster. “What is it”

“The Alphas,” he says quietly. “They’re coming **for** you. They’re forming an alliance, planning war against you. And they’re **not** just throwing idle threats—they’re serious, Scar. Dead serious.”

I sit up straighter, my jaw tightening

“So it begins,” I whisper.

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“Oh wow,” I say with a smirk, reclining deeper into the cushions. “Well, I’d be surprised if they weren’t. For a moment, I thought all the Alphas around here had turned into scared little **pussies**.”

Ivar stares at **me**, dead serious, “Why are you smiling? You should be preparing for war!”.

“Come on, Ivar,” I say with a **dismissive** wave, “do you really **think** those little **Alphas** could conquer me! They can’t. They **won’t**.”

“Well, George sounds very certain that they **will**,” he shoots back, his voice laced with concern.

That catches my interest. “**Wait** is **George** going to be one of the warriors who stands against me!” I grin darkly, “Interesting: I would love to watch someone **die** for love. So poetic don’t you think?”

“No! That’s not what **I’m** trying to say,” Ivar snaps, suddenly sitting up. “Scar, listen to me- know you’re used to battles. I know you walk through blood **like it’s a** morning stroll. You’ve seen more death than most of us will in ten lifetimes, and somehow, you always survive.”

He pauses, his voice in

trembling slightly now

“But I’m not like you. I only just found my footing here only just got to feel what real power and freedom taste like. I’ve finally **earned a** place where I’m respected, where I matter. I **don’t want** to lose that. I can’t go back to being who I was. I can’t return to that version of myself.”

I stare at him in silence for a beat, before finally saying. “Then don’t. No one’s going to **take** this from you, Ivar. Not while I still breathe.

Joh please,” I scoff, the weight of my ego comfortably filling the room. “I killed the former Alpha of Alphas–my own brother. What can a pack of disgruntled mutts do to me?

Ivar doesn’t laugh. His **face** is tight with unease. “**What** if all the **Alphas** come in their **numbers**? You shouldn’t underestimate what a **pack of** angry, desperate Alphas can do when they band together.”

I shrug, casually sipping my wine. “I have Cleopatra. I **have** warriors. And **soon**, I’ll have even more. Let them come. Scar never **loses a** battle.”

Ivar looks unconvinced, but I don’t need his approval. I’ve already begun to act.

As soon as he leaves the room, I summon Cleopatra. When I tell her what Ivar revealed, her eyes flash with surprise–but only for a moment. As always, she composes herself quickly and places a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

“Let them try,” she says smoothly. “We’ll be **ready**. I’ll prepare the defense **spells** and set protective barriers around the inner sanctum.”

1 nod. “Good. Make sure our sentries are alert at every border. I want eyes in the skies and claws in the ground.”

The only part **that** annoys me? Ivar still doesn't know when the attack will come. Apparently, George kept that little detail to himself. And that pisses me off. Why wouldn't he tell Ivar? Unless he doesn't trust him anymore. Or maybe he suspects Ivar **has** gone soft.

Either way, I don't care

Let them come whenever they want. My army will be ready. My castle will be fortified. And when they arrive, I'll show them exactly why the name Scar is carved in blood across every territory

2/2

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 185[1,651 words]

Chapter 185

Deckard

Amica is mad—but I don't care. There's no way I'm letting that witch crawl into my mind.

The last time a watch **got** in **there**, it nearly broke me. I still wake up drenched in sweat from the nightmares—trapped in a twisted loop of memories I can't unsee. The only thing **that** pulls me back is Amica. Her touch, **her** scent—it anchors me to the present, reminds me that I'm not alone in the dark.

No. Never **again**.

I won't let anyone invade my mind.

Freya claims her powers can help me, but I don't trust her, But I know who I am. I'm the Alpha of Alphas. The Dragon Blood Alpha. My bloodline was forged in war. My will is unshakable.

Cleopatra's tricks won't work on me.

I've kept the date of the battle to myself. No one—no one—knows when we're moving. Not **even** Leonard or Amica. It's not that I don't trust them it's the others I don't trust. News **always** finds its way **out**—especially in Blackcastle. Secrets have a way of slipping through the cracks there, like whispers on the wind.

Last time, it nearly cost me everything

Not this time.

I know for sure now—Amica had nothing to do with any of the betrayals back then. I know her better now. I see her clearly, and that clarity brings someone else to mind.

Mary

Mary was always good **at** scheming—sharp, subtle, dangerous. I remember how she used to look at Amica, how her smile **would** twitch at the corners whenever I let my guard down around her. She hated Amica. That much is clear now.

Is it possible that **Mary** was behind all the whispers, the manipulations, the betrayal that stained the castle walls! Did she **plant** the **seeds** of doubt and sabotage just to ruin **Amica's** place by my **side**?

Yes. I believe she was responsible—for some, if not all of it.

And I can't help but wonder how is the faring now, with the news of my supposed death still fresh in the world's mouth!

I won't ask Arnica. Even if my curiosity is harmless, there are some question that feel too dangerous to voice especially knowing how she feels **about Mary**. Well would i blame hert

Tomorrow night, we return to Blackcastle.

We infiltrate the city quietly, from **the** shadows—and I kill Darth with my own hands. No more planning. **No** more waiting.

Everything is **ready**. The jets **have** arrived, lined up in silence like loyal wolves ready to pounce. My army, trained and eager, is set to strike.

We'll land in the secluded forest, just beyond the castle walls. From there, we move in

By this time tomorrow the rogue Alpha will **fall**,

For now, I have everything I need right here.

Amica sits beside me, smiling—genuinely smiling—as she rubs oil gently across my back. Her hands are soft, warm, careful. Each stroke soothes my muscles and quiets the storm in my chest. For a moment. I let myself enjoy this peace.

But then I remember there's no such thing as a perfect moment to deliver heavy news.

And so I say it, as casually **as** I can manage.

"I am leaving for Blackwater tomorrow"

Her hands pause.

"What? What do you **mean**?"

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I sit up slightly, looking back at her. "The battle. It's tomorrow. The men and I will leave by nightfall by **this** time tomorrow, I'll have Darth's head on a platter."

She's frozen. Her hand rests lightly at my lower back, no longer moving.

"Why are you just telling me this no

now!" Her voice is quieter now, filled with that familiar edge of worry

I shrug, trying to downplay it. "No real reason. I didn't see the point in saying it earlier. Whether it's today or tomorrow. it was always going to happen. I just needed to be sure of the timing, and now I am. I want to end this and get our lives back."

She doesn't say anything right away. The room is quiet, except for the sound of the waves outside and the subtle rustle of the sheets.

Her touch returns, softer now, slower.

"Hmm, I see," she says quietly, then goes still beside me, laying her head on my shoulder.

The silence stretches and it unsettles me.

"Do you have something to say to me?" I ask, worried by the sudden stillness in her voice.

"Oh yes," she says at last, her tone laced with calm resolve. "I'm looking forward to the battle tomorrow too. And this time. I won't be falling asleep We'll leave together. Don't worry-I stay hidden, well enough to wait for you until the battle is over,"

I sit up slightly, already shaking my head. "What? **No**, Amica. You're not coming with me. I'll come back here for you myself when it's all over.

She laughs-soft, amused, **like** I've just told the funniest joke she's heard all week.

"There is nothing on earth or in the skies that can stop me from coming with you this time, my love," she says. And this time, her voice sharpens- low, and unmistakably serious

She means it.

Of course, I never intended to take Amica to Blackwater. The very idea of putting her in that kind of danger sets fire to every protective instinct in me. But something in the way she speaks—unshakable, like her decision has been made long before this moment—tells me that arguing will be pointless.

Her mind is made up.

And truthfully, I can't blame her. Not after what happened last time. Not after what we both lost.

I exhale deeply, my hand finding **hers beneath** the sheets,

Her eyes tell me everything I need to know. Even if I refuse to take her with me, she'll find a way to meet us there—and that would be far more dangerous

"So tell me," she says softly. "what's the **plan**, my Alpha

I sigh, brushing a strand of her hair from her face. "Okay, **Amica**. You can come with us. that once we arrive in Blackwater, you'll be taken to a secure, undisclosed location. You'll be protected by **my** best men. Your safety is paramount to me. I can't afford to be distracted worrying about you while **I** face the enemy.

"Oh, that's no problem," she replies with a gentle smile. "In fact, I **don't** need anyone to guard me. I just need to be close enough to feel your presence, my love"

"You will be guarded, Amica," **I say** firmly, locking eyes **with** her. "There's no negotiating that."

She holds my gaze for a moment, then sighs in surrender. "Fine."

"Good," I nod. "Now try to get some rest. You've been **wide** awake **all** night"

"Okay," she whispers, then wraps herself around me, her head resting on my chest. I hold her tightly, feeling the quiet rhythm of her breath steadying against me.

"**You** don't **have** to hold me so tightly. I murmur against her forehead. "I'm not running **away**, I promise.."

"It's either this," she whispers back, "or I keep my eyes wide open night

The next morning, all the men are armed and ready. The **final** preparations are **made**, and the jets take off into the cold silence of the dawn. By nightfall, we land in the outskirts of Black Castle. The moment our feet touch the soil, war begins.

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As the soldiers check their weapons and sharpen their focus, Freya walks up to me, her steps light, her face unreadable.

“My Alpha,” she says in her usual calm, measured tone. “May I have a **word**?”

“**Speak**,” I reply without looking away from the troops.

“I just wanted to wish us good fortune in the battle ahead,” she begins. “You’ve made it clear that I won’t be allowed into your mind, and I respect **that**. But it’s dangerous, you know. I hope your will is strong enough to withstand whatever Darth throws at you. He plays dirty, and his sorcery is not something even the strongest warriors can easily resist.”

I glance at her, searching for any hidden intent behind her words.

She continues, “Whatever happens, just know that I’ll be there with you. Even if I can’t be inside your mind, I’ll be doing everything I can from the outside to help you win this fight.”

“**Thank** you f

you for your kind words, Freya. Don’t worry—I believe we’ll **win** this one” I say with confidence.

She lowers her voice and steps closer. “I just want to ask for one thing, please.. Just as Darth has his own sorcerer at the heart of this battle, I would also like to be yours. Let me be your sorcerer, my Alpha.”

I pause,

then nod quickly, hoping to dismiss her before she draws more attention. “Of course, Freya I could definitely use the extra hand.”

Truthfully, I’m not entirely convinced of her strength. Most of what she does feels like smoke and mirrors—tricks, illusions, whispers. But perhaps those **tricks** might come in handy. **And** at the very least, it keeps her close where I can watch her.

At exactly 7 PM, the night sky is pierced by the roar of engines as the choppers fill with men. Ten of them in total. Each aircraft is loaded with warriors—strong, loyal, and ready **to** spill blood.

The last chopper holds the heart of the operation: Amica, Freya, Leonard, **Austin**, myself, and a few other **trusted** fighters. Each **of us is** armed and connected **with** comms—small, powerful communication devices tucked securely in place.

I need constant **updates**. Real-time information from every Alpha leading the other nine choppers. This is a coordinated strike. Precision is everything.

I'm the last to board. After helping Amica climb in and fastening her in beside me, I glance back at the dark horizon one last time

Then I step **inside**, seal the door, and we lift off.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 186[1,268 words]

Chapter 186

My mind caces as we scar through the night sky. Every second in the air brings ine closer to Darth—to the moment I finally drive him and his witch to their knees and watch their brads roll.

For a brief moment, I wonder what it would feel like to **have** a real conversations with him—brother to brother. **Just** once. But my wolf growls at the thought, a sharp reminder that Darth knew exactly who I was when he tried to kill me.. or thought he **had**.

Part of mir wishes things had turned out differently, that we could have cleared the poisoned **air** between us. But those **days** are long gone. The moment he went after Amica, not once, not twice, but sunk lus filly fangs into her neck—he sealed his fate. That alone is sin I will never forgive.

My grip tightens armuul Amica's soft hand, She feels the shift in me—she always does. Without a word, she leans in and presses a gentle kiss to chin, pulling me out of the storm in my brad.

“We will overcome this,” she whispers, her voice like cabin in chans.

And I believe her

We're close to Black Water—I can smell it from here. I can smell
my city.

The choppers descend toward the lasting zone, and as soon as we touch ground, wolves begin shifting, muscles rippling and bones snapping in the moonlight, traily for war

I **take** Amica's **hand**. This tine, her grip is tighter-like she never wants to let go.

"My love her voice **cracks**, trembling with emotion. "My heart is with you. May the goddess be with you..

She clings to me, and I hold her just **as** tigluly. Then, with one final kiss. I tear myself away and lund her over to two trusted men..

"I'll be back for you as soon as it's over" I whisper, forcing the words through the lungs in my throat.

Her scent Exles with each step she takes away from me, like a dream slipping out of reach. But I **can't** look **back**.

Now it's war.

The first wave of my men slips through the forest as directed, their movements swift and silent, blending into the darkness like **shadows** with teeth. Some men are on foot while some in their wolf. Freya is right by my side even though she feels like an extra load right now, i hope her tricks **come** in handy soon

We're close-Black Castle is just ahead, towering beyond the outer ridge of the city.

But something feels wrong

Leonard, just ahead of me, halts suddenly and raises a clenched list-the signal to stop. My entire line freezes **instantly**. The forest is dead silent. sunnaturally so. I narrow my eyes, scanning the **terrain**. That's when I see them-eyes gluing in the darkness. Dozens of them.

Rogues.

They slither out from behind the crumbled walls of the city's edge like **snakes**. Dirty, snarling beasts with wild eyes and no allegiance but chaos. They block the hidden entrance we were supposed to slip through, crouched low like they've been waiting

Someone ripped them off

I press down on the comm device clipped to my ear.

"Ambush!" 1 hiss through the **comm device**.

"Austin, pull **back**. Do not engage. It's a trap-we've been tipped off!TM

Ashurp good fears out of me. My fists clench as I turn toward the second line of my men. I can already hear the clash of steel and fangs from up

my mask and so does everyone else.

I slam the comm button. “**Mask** on soldiers, release the potion—now!” I pull up **my**

Without hesitation. Leonard pulls the crystal vial from his belt and hurls it to the ground ahead of him. It shatters with a sharp **crack**, releasing a

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glowing, violet mist that begins to rise into the air

“Freya then mutters something in a disturbing whisper, making the potion sporad strangely across the air faster

The rogues already begin to charge through the trees, fangs hard barking as they barrel toward us—but then **i** warta

The **potion** hits.

The mist ends into their lungs mid-snarl, and instantly, their eyes wisten in horror. Tiny chanc

hold. One by one, their veins fish a deep shade of purple, glowing briefly before they collapse in fra

aati, i linking violently as

More rogues behind them stop in their **tracks**, watching in terror as their comrades fall with no explanation. They don’t wait for a second wanting panic erupts among them. The remaining rogues turn and fler, howling into the city like housh set nu far

I grit my teeth.

“The city’s alert now.” I mutter, watching the shadows shift in the distance. The calm before the next wave,

The city is awake now.

I can feel the shift in the air—the pulse of fear echoing from within its walls, Distant bells begin in tall, faint hist witch know we’re here. No doubt, they’ve felt the ripple of **magic** in the forest. They’re watching.

“No one moves into the city yet I say firmly. “We hold our ground in the forest, until the battle begins

city is clear

The men begin to pull back, hiding in the dense brush, behind thick trunks and boulders soaked with rain—lent, watchful, waiting.

moss and rain. Everyone falls into

They’ll come

ones are masked—deadly

It doesn’t take long. Another wave of men surges from the city, stumbling but the forest in staggering numbers. These ones are much better prepared. I watch from the shadows as they move like a restless tide, thinking they have the upper hand,

A line of Turned werewolves on my side charge forward even before the rogues reach us, jumping on the rogues and attacking them in an ambush

A low snarl rumbles through the trees—the Chaos erupts.

The rogues stumble, disoriented from the surprise, their formation **breaking** as confusion sets in

And then comes the second wave—Massive werewolves, honed from years of sear and survival, charge through the underbrush like living weapons, They don’t bark warnings. They don’t hesitate. They just hit, matching the numbers of the rogues!

I can hear the satisfying sound of Flesh rearing and Bones crack, Screams ripple through the trees.

Now the noise has reduced again, although I can still hear cries of rogues who weren’t totally **finished**. This is the third batch of Darth’s men sent in, and we have managed to lay them all to **rest**

I feel like we have this battle under control if we maintain this **pace** but suddenly I feel a shift **in** the air, the cloud is darker and the air is mistier, I have seen this before. Darth’s witch is at work

The **noise** dies down again.

Only the scattered cries of wounded rogues who weren’t totally finished fill the air. My men breathe heavily but remain alert, forming a wide perimeter. This is the third batch of

Darth's men have been put to rest—most lying in bloodied piles, others crawling into the shadows with **their** last breath clinging to their lips.

It feels like we've got this under control. The rhythm of the battle is ours if we just keep this pace

But then I **feel** a shift in the air.

The wind stills

The clouds **above** twist and darken, covering the moon like a shroud. The branches in the **forest** sway without wind.

I know this feeling

And then the Mist creeps in, slithering low along the ground like serpents through the grass. It is natural. It has with **dark** energy.

Darth's witch

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She's here. Or at least, her magic is

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 187[1,574 words]

Chapter 187

"Dark magic is here!" Fu

"Yeals, no shit, Freya" I snap, but I pause when I see the look on her face. She's not scared—she looks impressed.

the sudden change in atmosphere. I don't know which one worries me **more**

The nuist

Lin the

the air thicker as we all **wait** for **whatever** is coming. The silence stretches on, the waiting even longer, **and** it makes us restless. Still, we stand our ground. Then, a sound rips through the air—barking and maring i comes in a harmonizing wave, loud But we can't see anything yet.

Fun alienit to urge my men to

nge when Freya suddenly stops me, placing her hand on my shoulder.

“No, not yet,” she says calmly.

“What?” I turn to look at her, confused, wondering what the hell she thinks she knows about war,

“Trust me,” she says firmly. Those are distracting noises. We need to leave the woods and lead into the city. Ecan tell where this energy is coming from. Half of the men should stay here, while the other half we head to the root of the battle.”

“Umm, Freya, I'm sorry but

“Do you want to win this war?” she cats in, her tone sharper now.

“Then let me help you, my Alpdi

“Fine,” I say, knowing there's no time to argue. Her plan might just work. Heading to the heart of the battle is inevitable anyway.

I call it a few of the Alphas to stay back with half

ndering them to boldl the line and protect our current ground. The rest of us take

strategie turns through the woods moving fast and low as we head for the city. Our destination is clear—Blackthom Gavle.

As we approach the city, we find a line of werewolves matlourd just before the **mist**, standing like silent soldiers waiting for the right time to strike Luskily, they're facing forward. They don't see is coining

We stinke

Their formation shatters on it. My wolves fight like they've been starved of blood, every swipe and bite filled with fury. The ambush catches them completely off guard and that way half of the men we left in the woods know is time to charge and so they do. While chaos erupts behind us, the rest of us push forward, heading straight for the castle.

Unsurprisingly, once we arrive, we find it heavily guarded—more rogues, sibling and ready.”/

We are outnumbered here—but it doesn’t matter. They’re just rogues. Nothing more.

Leonard and the others slage straight into the light, claws clashing and snarls ripping through the air. I, on the other hand, release my fury in flames. The fire roars from within me like it’s been caged too long, and now it answers only to rage.

This time, it’s different.

The fire bursts from my core, larger and hotter than ever before. Whatever Freya did with the Dragon’s Bane—it’s unbelievable. My **flames** twist and surge I

feel like they have a will of their own, dancing across the battlefield, seeking enemies with every flicker.

With one furious outburst. I burn more

here than

ten rogues in a single wave. The ground beneath them scorches black. Bones crack, fur turns **to** ash

“Alpha Deckard is alive!” one of them screams as she streaks toward him—but he’s too slow. The flames catch **him** mid-**run**, swallowing his cry

in an inferno.

“Alpha Deckard is alive! Inform Scarf”

“Let Cleopatra know!”

“We can’t fight here”

They hear them shouting—scattered, confused—but I **don’t** give them the chance to run back to their masters

With Godspeed, I charge forward, grabbing the nearest rogue with my burning grip. He lets out one shriek before turning to ruin in my hand. Another lunges, but I twist midair and engulf him in flame. One by one, they crumble before me—bodies folding to the earth like blackened leaves

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Some of them even beg—shamelessly, pitifully—before their death. But their cries don't move me. I smear their dame faces and leadies until they're nothing but charred, unrecognizable remains.

Now the air is thick with the smokiness of roasted flesh. The stench of burning fur, blood, and fear coils in any hangs lake

ahar.

I press forward, nearing the castle gates—but of course, more rogues come trooping out

As soon as they spot me, confusion **spreads** across their faces. They freeze, caught between fight and dight. I can see the disbelief in their eyes, Ty thought I was dead. That's what they've been told. They look like they've just seen a glost return to claim vengeance,

Some of them begin to reverse, as if doing so slowly enough might keep them invisible. But see them

wolves—far more than expected.

I suspect the few who slipped away went to inform **Darih**—because suddenly, outside the castle spells deer with s They come from both behind and in front of us, surrounding us in thick ranks. These aren't just ordinary rogues anymide.

Their eyes are bloodshot, their bodies twitching, their movements jerky. They look like they've been injected with something—wone kind of twisted concoction. A dark enchantment, a drag, maybe both. They **snarl** like animals beyond reason, thick salaiva dripping from their jaws, drooling like rabid hounds straining at the trashu

They are out of control.

They stand there, brewing like a storm cloud, as if waiting for a signal from someone we can't yet see.

“Deckard!” his voice echoes through the mist. “Why the hell do you refuse to the

It's him. I still can't see him, but I feel his presence like a thorn under my skin

“I guess **I'm** just waiting for you to take the lead,” I reply, raising my voice: “Alter all, you are my older brother”

We're surrounded now—Leonard, Freya, and just under twenty of our best men. We form a tight circle, hacks against one another, every our of us ready to bleed

There are over fifty wolves facing us, each one of them thirsty for blood. Their **eyes** gleam, wild and ravenous. And yet, they wait. That's what unseules me. They're **not** charging. They're not attacking. They're waiting for something. Or someone.

And then—Freya

She starts whispering.

It's not like anything I've heard before. A **language** that doesn't belong to this world, yet it feels like it belongs in my hours. Her voice isn't fond, but it somehow echoes in every ear around us, threading though the air like alkand steel.

“Charge!” Freya commands.

I don't know exactly what the hell she just did, but I trust Leonard, Austin, George, and the rest of the Alphas with me—they can handle whatever

this is

My men surge forward, growling and ready to rip through the enemy, but instead of meeting resistance, the wolves facing us start **backing** away. Whimpering. Like seared dogs. Tails tucked, Eyes wide. It's almost... pathetic.

We all hesitate, watching in confusion.

“What the hell is going on?” I muster under my breath.

“**They** see you all as their biggest fear,” Freya says behind me, her voice calm and steady. “They can't face you

Whatever spell she cast, it trusted their senses

“Take them now!” I yell, and my men don't wait. They pounce, **savage** and merciless, tearing into the rogues like they're nothing but meat. Screams echo around us, but the strangest thing is—they don't fight back. They just take it, paralyzed by fear.

I have forward, past the camage, eyes fixed on the looming caule ahead. Every wolf that crosses my path steps back, snarling low but making space like **I'm** death itself walking.

They don't attack me

They part for me.

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I don't waste time on them. Let the rest finish them off. I have one target now

As I step through the gates of Blackthorn Castle, a deeper mist wraps around me warping the **halls** and walls until it barely **looks** like the home I

"Darth! Come out now,

1command

now, you coward?"

Tid advise you to leave my castle now while you still have your head. You're disturbing my peace, Deckard!" Darth's voice booms.

I can't see him yet, but I hear him—clear, angry, and somewhere within the

Then it starts again.

A familiar whisper

That damn witch.

"Not the same **old** trick again, you bloody witch!" I yell. "Why don't you face me for once and feel **what** it's like to be gutted alive?"

But the whispers continue. I can already feel her **voice** creeping into my mind, wrapping itself around my thoughts like a serpent. She's trying to take over my mind. Again.

Not this time.

With every ounce of willpower, I roar loud enough to shake the ground beneath my feet. I feel a low rumble answers me from beneath the earth. The sound grows deep and angry—until suddenly, it vanishes,

Just like that.

Gone

I don't get a second to breathe before I feel a hand tap behind me. Reflex kicks in, my fire surges out in a blaze, unleashing it upon whoever it is but when I spin around, there's no one there.

Nothing.

Then turn forward again..

And there she **is**

The old witch. Cleopatra

Standing right in front of me, cloaked in mist and shadow, eyes gleaming with poison.

I then angrily

summon my fire again to burn her to crisp, she needs to diet—but this time, nothing comes.

I can't feel my fire. Did this witch just take my fire?

3/3

AD

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No Ads

Chapter 188

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 188[1,344 words]

Chapter 188

Darth

“What the hell did you do to me. witch!” I growl, fury **rising** in my chest.

She ults her head, mocking, her voire laced with venom.

“You want

to fight an old woman like me? I **had** to disarm you first. Otherwise, that would be unfair. She smiles, slow and cruel

“**You** must be dumber than you look if you think I need my fire to beat the shit out of you.” I snap, stepping forward.

With lightning speed, I close the distance between **us and** wrap my hand around her crooked neck like she's nothing more than a brittle, useless chicken. She gasps, choking under my grip. My other hand draws back, ready to **slam** a blow into her damn face-

But **she** slips from my grasp.

Vanishing.

Gone, like smoke in the wind.

spin around, scanning the shadows, my senses sharp-but she's nowhere to be seen.

"You're nothing without your fire. Alpha Deckard: Nothing!" her voice cackles from every corner, echoing **off** the cold **stone** walls.

"You're just a vessel... carrying something far greater than you," she sneers, her voice slithering through the mist like a cure,

"And you're nothing without your filthy dark magic, you ugly twatt" I hark back, my voice echoing with rage.

But before I can **take** another step, a fist comes out of nowhere-crashing into the side of my face like a boulder

I stagger back, slammed hard into the stone wall. My ears ring. My vision blurs.

Then I hear it

A voice

Low, dark

"Do not speak to my Cleopatra **in** that tone."

I rise slowly, brushing dust and blood from my shoulders. My jaw aches, but I smile..

"I'm actually glad to see you, Darth," I say with a low chuckle. "I've anticipated this moment for far too **long**"

He steps forward, seething rage burning in his eyes like wildfire.

"**What** the hell is **your** problem?" he snarls. "**Haven't** you **lived** enough? **It's** my turn now-just fucking die!"

Without warning, he charges, wild **and** reckless, fists clenched like a beast **unchained**. **But** Fin ready,

I sidestep with speed, slipping behind him **in** a blur. My claws ignite with raw fury as I drive them deep into his back, dragging downward with **savage** force.

He screams—a deep, guttural roar that shakes the fog—and stumbles forward.

But before I can follow through, he vanishes into the fog, slipping away like **a shadow**.
Now **I’m standing** alone

“Come out here!” I bellow, my voice cracking through the silence—but all that **answers** is the echo of my own rage

I can’t hear anything—not my men, not Freya, not even the sound of fighting. The fog is thick and heavy, curling around me like a cage

This isn’t normal

This is **her**.

That damn witch. This is her doing again. Her twisted illusions. Her spells.

She wants to trap me in my own mind.

1/4

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ay intact. I matripped of my fire, darmed, but a

(1 ligla den wah everything For got. The wright of itað

a weirwall. Au Algdia. The Alpdia of Alphat.

over, his majestic form marging forth. The shalt is prettur effortless—he’s everything

Now, bom da yon take over the mind of an malmal!

Bills the air, sharp and primal. The moves swilly, silting the air

ing the air, hunting for them. I can smell them to

the h

Wahin the mist, I see him. That dann gary wodf, his fenly sleek and peoweful, with that nigly sear running across his face—a mark of my past, of the

bodies crashing together with one-shaking force. My loins tear into his, sinking deep, while his

I dig deeper, feeling his seed spilling into my dark sensation fucks the fuck in my chest. This done, Finn not going to let him escape.

Threw him now, right where I want and I don't stop. Flow at every part of him can catch, hurled lay rage, tearing into flesh like it's paper,

I hit the ground hard. Without thinking, I shift to

innumerable human form—my clothes already torn to shreds, skin scraped and bloody. In

Hook toward to where Barth is. Blood stains the grass

—this Ideal Thick, almost black, already at reeks of magic. Of potions. Of something

He's not just a werewolf anymore.

And that's the line—because killing him won't be the end either. I'll turn his damn body inside

But now he's vulnerable. Again

Who the hell does he keep fucking?

spectacle to be the

the world see

My chest heaves as I rise slowly, every nerve on high alert. My eyes sharpen. My senses stretch farther than ever, through the fog

This isn't a fight—it's a damn game of hide and seek. And I'm done playing—

"Dach!" I yell through the fog

"Why don't you come out and let's finish this **like** real men? What are you too afraid to face your line brother?"

My voice echoes, bouncing mockingly through the mist. I push further, letting my words slice deeper..

wonder I took your place all those years ago. You're no Alpha, you're less than an Omega. You're a damn runt—and **that's** all you'll ever

Chapter 188

“Who even knows if you’re truly the son of Ferguson Blacksbom-”

Before I can finish the sentence, I feel it. The fury riding it. Him.

Darth comes crashing down on me in wolf form, fangs bared and wild with rage. What I said must have struck a nerve—good.

My senses are sharper than his temper. As he descends, I grab his legs midair, stopping his claws just before they shred into my flesh. My feet slide back across the ground, digging in, fighting for balance as his weight crashes into me. His snarls are deafening—**fangs** snapping inches from **my** face, his breath hot and rabid stinks of rogue’s breath.

I’m losing ground. My heels scrape. My muscles **strain**.

Then I fill

And just as his jaws **are** about to clamp down on **me**

BOOM!

A loud explosion rips through the fog. The ground trembles. Darth jerks back mid-attack, startled by the **blast**.

It’s the sound of a gun

The fog begins to lift, parting slowly as I catch sight of Austin stepping forward—his gun still **smoking**. He **just** shot Darth’s wolf **from** behind,

And now... Darth has vanished into thin air.

“I **had** him, Alpha. Don’t worry. I’ll kill him?” Austin says, stretching a hand out to me.

“Oh Austin_” I mutter, **rising** to my feet. “You shouldn’t have come. This is between me and Darth”

“Not anymore, **Alpha**” His **eyes** burn with rage. “That was before he laid has filthy **hands on** my Luna. I told you—I swore I’d kill **him**! **Look** at his damn blood all over the floor!” He laughs, half-crazed, clearly proud of the damage he’s done.

Then he lifts his **head**, calling into the mist.

“Samantha I’m here now, Samantha! I’m coming for you baby—just hang on?”

I feel the anger rising in my chest again.

“Austin, please—leave, Now!” I yell, urgency lacing every **word**

“No, Alphas” he snaps **back**.

While we’re still in the middle of the argument, another wolf emerges **from** the thinning fog

It’s snarling—loudly. Angry Vicious.

1 squint.

fog

Austin lifts **his gun, aiming** straight at the beast’s head—but just as

as he pulls the trigger, the gun jams.

I don’t recognize this one.

Who the hell is that

“What the-!” he mutters, panicked. He tries again. **Nothing**. Again. Still nothing.

The weapon refuses to fire, like it’s cursed.

The wolf begins to **charge** forward

Without thinking. I rush forward.

“Austin, down!” I yell, shoving him to the ground **just** in time as the wolf lunges. I meet the beast **mid**-air with my **bare** hands, grab one of its hind legs, and **snap**-break the limb clean in two. Its pained howl cuts through the air like a blade. I throw the creature against a massive stone pillar it crashes, **hard**, squealing in agony.

But as I turn **back**-

Austin is on the ground.

3/4

Chapter 188

Bleeding

Wounded

田

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 189[2,219 words]

Chapter 189

Deckard

I sprint toward Austin, my heart pounding like a war drum.

“Austin! What happened? He didn’t even touch you! What the hell happened?” I demand, kneeling beside him.

He gasps, his face contorted in pain, one blood-slicked hand pressed tightly to his gut.

“It’s... not him,” he croaks, eyes wide with fear as he lifts a trembling hand and points behind me-

But there’s no one there.

I don’t need to see him to know.

Darth.

“Stay down,” I order, already rising to my feet, my senses on high alert.

Austin groans and tightens his grip on his wound. Blood pools beneath him, dark and thick.

“Where’s your gun?” I ask, looking around.

He lifts it weakly, and my stomach twists.

The barrel is bent-mangled like someone crushed it with their bare hands.

No bullet could’ve **ever** made *it* through.

How is that even possible?

Then I realize.

Magic.

*Damn it...” I mutter under my breath. “Stay down, Austin. Don’t move. I’ll handle this.”

I scan the fog—searching, listening.

Movement catches my eye. The wolf whose **leg** I shattered earlier now lies in **a** heap—but he’s no longer a wolf.

He’s shifted. Human again. And as the mist clears, I finally see his face.

It is Ivar.

What? Why the hell **was** he fighting me? He’s one of us. He’s supposed to be on our side.

“Oh, George is going to lose **it**,” I mutter.

Almost instinctively George rushes forward.

He drops to his knees beside Ivar.

“Ivar! Alpha **Ivar**—what happened, my love? Who did this to you?” he roars, panic and fury in his voice.

Ivar points a bloodied finger **at** me.

George’s eyes flick to mine, wide with disbelief.

“Deckard? No.. **that’s** not possible. You’re on our side.”

I shake my head, barely holding onto my patience. There’s no time *for* this! Brace yourself, George,” I snapped. “**He’s** coming.”

Out of the thinning fog stepped Darth.

His massive **form** emerged like a demon from a nightmare. Blood streaked down his chest and smeared across his torso like war paint. He was shirtless, wounded—but unshaken. The gashes on his body only made him look more monstrous.

1/6

20

Chapter 189

His eyes burned. No longer just red—but black around the edges, wild and hateful, like the very darkness of the world had seeped into his soul. “So...” he drawled, lips curling into a maniacal grin.

“You think you can kill me?”

He let out a twisted laugh, the sound echoing unnaturally through the clearing.

“I see you’ve been practicing since the first time I killed you. How noble. How foolish.”

He spat blood to the side.

“This time, you won’t get the chance to crawl back. I’ll dismember your body and feast on your bones before the sun **sets!**”

Beside him, she emerged–Cleopatra.

Silent. Her voice rose in that eerie whisper, weaving damn spells.

Austin lay on the ground, bleeding but conscious, **eyes** wide with horror.

George stood now with rage.

You bastard!” George roared, voice cracking with fury. “You dare lay a hand on my Alpha?!” he yells the moment he sees Darth.

Without a second thought, he launched forward, pure rage propelling his every step.

“No! George, stop!” I shouted–but I was too late.

Darth moved like lightning.

+20)

In the blink **of** an eye, his clawed hand shot out, snatching George mid–air by the oat. George kicked and thrashed, but Darth held him like he was weightless. His **claws** dug in. Blood began to spill.

Then, with **a** sickening, unnatural strength, Darth yanked his other hand across George’s abdomen, and tore him open–spine to gut.

Blood exploded in the **air**, splattering **across** Darth’s face. He grinned, smeared in blood, looking even more demonic than before–like **a** creature from the deepest pits of hell. **George’s** body dropped lifeless to the ground,

I froze–**rage** coursing through every inch of me.

I don’t think.

I just **run**.

I charge **at** Darth with a **roar that** shook the earth—but then the air shifted. That whispering. That damn whispering.

Cleopatra.

Her voice slithered **through** the wind like venom, a chant twisted in **a** language not of this world. I felt the atmosphere **thicken**, my legs growing heavy, the wind pulling against me like invisible chains.

But I fought **it**—with fire in my veins and **fury** in my bones.

Still, **Darth** advanced.

Cleopatra moved beside him, her eyes glowing with unnatural energy, and placed a sword into his hand.

And then—he stands in front of me.

He stabs **me**.

The blade plunges straight into **my** chest, tearing through muscle **and** bone **like** parchment. My breath hitched. The pain was instant—and worse, it **wasn't just** physical

Something is entering my bloodstream.

Something dark, just like before

I gasp, stumbling backward, the world spinning. My legs gave out. My vision blurred.

2/6

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Chapter 189

I fall

But I couldn't stay down.

in the midst of blood and fire and death—Freys appeared.

she kneels beside me, her voice cutting through the fog like sunlight through storm clouds.

“You are the dragon itself,” she whispers, her hand over my heart. “Let your fire burn.”

Her voice ignited something in me.

A spark—no, a storm.

“I am the dragon itself,” I whispered back, my eyes glowing gold, my body trembling **as** flames surged from my **core**.

I feel weightless. Lifted by something unseen, an ancient power older than time itself. My body is broken, bleeding—but rising. My eyes fluttered open and there she was.

Freya.

“You are the dragon itself,” she whispered, her voice soft yet absolute, echoing like a prophecy carved into the heavens. “Let your fire burn.”

And I believed her.

Because the fire was already there—coiled deep inside me, aching to be released.

“I am the dragon itself,” I growled, and at that moment, I felt the ignition.

A pulse began in my chest, and then it exploded.

Flames surged from my eyes, tracing **across** my skin like molten veins. My heart thundered. My feet no longer touched the ground. My **fire**- unstoppable.

I lifted my hand and unleashed it.

A column of **pure** dragonfire **erupted**, roaring toward Darth and Cleopatra.

But Darth, that coward, vanished into the mist—disappearing before the **flames** could find him.

Cleopatra stayed.

She raised her arms chanting. A dark **magical** shield bloomed around her, absorbing the brunt **of** my **fire**. It shimmered violet and **black**, resisting the heat like it **had** been **forged** in nightmares.

Her voice **grew** louder. **Fiercer**. I felt her trying **to pull** the **fire** from me, to **steal** it again.

But I snarled,

“**You cannot** take the **fire from** the dragon!”

Then I heard **Freya's** voice join mine. **Her** chants **waved through** the air, locking against Cleopatra's with fierce precision.

Suddenly, **Cleopatra's** tone shifted.

Her chants turned guttural, corrupted. She no longer sounded like a **witch**.

She sounded **like a** demon.

The sky responded.

A thick wind stirred. An eerie, chilling howl rippled across the battlefield. Then—**they** came.

Wolves

They emerged in, maybe more. I couldn't count them fast enough

At first, they looked like ordinary wolves—brutal, angry, savage. But then I looked closer.

They shouldn't be alive.

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Chapter 189

Some had massive, gaping holes in their chests, exposing broken ribs and torn lungs.

Others dragged shattered legs behind them, the bones splintered and jutting out at weird angles. A few still had their intestines trailing behind, tangled and dragging through the ground like a ribbon

These weren't just any wolves.

They were dead.

Dead werewolves.

And Cleopatra—that witch—had brought them back. Her hands were lifted high, her eyes glowing with the same vile darkness I saw when she tried to steal my fire.

The undead pack didn't hesitate. They snarled, barked, and charged straight at us.

With a roar, I turned my flame on them—pure dragonfire igniting the field. The air grew thick with heat, screams, and the awful stench of burning fur and flesh. One by one, they lit up like kindling, the fire reducing their cursed bodies to ashes

And then—I remember Ivar.

He wasn't near us. He couldn't run.

His leg—I had broken it.

“No!” I turned, heart pounding.

But it was too late.

A small cluster of the undead wolves had broken through the flames and reached him...

I watched in horror as they descended on him, their jagged teeth tearing into his flesh while he was still alive, ripping him apart piece by piece.

He didn't scream.

That somehow made it worse.

Guilt slammed into me like a boulder. That was my fault.

All that **was** left of them were scorched bones and ashes.

I looked toward Ivar's body—what was left of it.

“I'm sorry.” I whisper.

I walk slowly toward Cleopatra but She doesn't flinch.

Her body is tired but those eyes—those vicious, defiant eyes—are **still** burning with hate. She's not giving up. Not yet

“If you keep going like this.” I growl, voice low, “you will be next.”

I glance around, scanning the shadows, sniffing for blood, power, him.

“Darth!”

My voice tears through the battlefield.

“Where are you, you bastard? Come out and take your death like a man!”

Silence answers me.

Cleopatra remains still—cerily quiet. Watching. Waiting, I don't know **what** she's planning, but I can feel it

“Deckard!”

The voice cuts through the stroke

I freeze

It's a voice I know

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Chapter 189

I turn and through the haze, I see him—Collin. Bloodied, bruised, but very much alive. Standing there with his chest heaving, his hand on his hip like some tragic hero past his prime.

“Why are you after my son's life?!” he roars. “What the hell has he done to you—apart from trying to take what truly belongs to him?”

I blink. “...Collin?”

My heart stutters, confusion blooming in my chest.

His son?

What the hell is he talking about?

Before I can even wrap my head around it, he plants his feet firmly in the ash and declares, “To get through Darth, you must go through me!”

I don't hesitate.

“Gladly.”

In speed, I close the space between us and grab him by the throat, lifting him clean off the ground with one hand. He snarls, swinging claws at me, slashing wildly. But I barely feel them.

I stare into his eyes—searching. Searching for a reason not to end him right here.

For a second, I find nothing but desperation.

But then—I remember.

I know the truth now.

Collin—he had a hand in my mother’s death. Him, and that vile woman who gave birth to Darth. They helped make it happen.

The rage inside me spikes, hotter than my flames.

With a roar, I fling him like a ragdoll, his body crashing into a stone pillar with a sickening crack. I hear bones snap, and Then he gets up.

Breathing like a beast, eyes burning, his body trembles as it begins to shift. Claws burst from his hands, fur tears through his skin, and in one fluid, violent motion—he becomes the wolf.

He charges.

But before he can reach me, something faster intervenes.

Leonard.

His white wolf form descends like a divine judgment, claws sinking deep into Collin’s back and dragging him down mid-leap. Collin hits the earth hard, howling in agony. He tries to roll, to defend, but he’s too slow.

Leonard shows no mercy.

He tears through him—gut to chest—and then, with **a** final snarl, **his** jaws clamp down and rip Collin’s throat from his neck. The head falls to the side like **a** discarded mask.

Then—

“What kind of Alpha are you?!” Cleopatra screams,

“You’ve killed everyone! That **was** a father defending his son! You’re heartless! He has no one now! No one but me!”

She steps forward, face twisted with rage and sorrow, arms raised.

Tll show you what it **means** to have someone powerful standing behind you, you wicked, empty Alpha!”

Her voice deepens, laced **with** ancient venom, and she begins to move unnaturally, her limbs bending **as** she chants in a language I don't recognize. The sky darkens instantly. The wind howls. The clouds churn.

Then they come.

Rats. Bloodsucking and shrieking.

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Chapter 189

Ravens—eyes red, claws sharp, screeching from the heavens.

They pour from the skies like a flood of nightmares, swarming us from the north and south, attacking with fury. I try to fight them off, but they close in, surrounding me like a cloak, whispering madness into my ears.

My mind begins to slip. The whispers claw into my sanity.

I'm losing it

I can barely hear Freya behind me, invoking her own magic to push back, to anchor me, but my focus is elsewhere.

I grit my teeth, shaking, growling Cleopatra is draining me, just like before—but Freya, I can feel her pulling back. Fighting it. Fighting for me.

And I've had enough.

I'm done being a puppet for witches and manipulators.

I'm done.

I throw my head back and let out a roar that cracks the air, and I ignite—a blazing inferno erupting from deep within me.

The birds vanish in flame, the darkness pushed back by my light.

I'm no longer man. No longer wolf.

I am fire.

I can't see anything else—just flames. Endless, beautiful, terrible fire. My body is moving, yet still. I'm conscious, yet drifting.

I am fire.

o6

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 190[1,583 words]

Chapter 190

Leonard

I don't know what kind of witch Cleopatra is, but it has to be the highest kind—the darkest kind.

The screeching and maniacal laughter of these creatures... it's enough to drive a man insane.

I'm forced to shift back from wolf to man, claws and fangs replaced by grit and fists just so I can fight back with whatever strength I have left. But Deckard... he isn't fighting anymore.

They gather around him like a cloak of shadows, clinging to him, whispering madness. They crawl **over** his skin, his face—but he doesn't flinch.

He doesn't scream.

He doesn't even fight.

I've never seen anything like this. Deckard **is** just—still. Too still. And Freya and Cleopatra—gods, they're locked in a brutal clash of power and sorcery, each one trying to tip the scale. But Deckard... **I** think he's overwhelmed.

This evil is too much. I have to help him. I need to fight through it.

I push forward, teeth clenched, trying to slice and shove through the mass of winged nightmares. But it's useless. The harder **I** fight, the more they swarm me, like they're feeding on resistance. The more **I** struggle, the more they drown me.

Then i see light

A blinding light erupts from Deckard.

No sound. No warning. Just flame—pure, consuming,.

The **creatures** that covered him don't even get **a** chance to flee. They burn instantly, turned to nothing but **ash**. And even the **ash**? Gone. Vaporized.

Deckard stands in the middle of it all, his body ablaze—but not burning.

He is the **flame**.

He moves slowly, but each **step** pulses with **power**. There's **a** stillness to him now. A terrible calm. Like something inside him has awakened—and it cannot be stopped.

And **as** I watch him walk through the **fire** like a **god risen** from ruin, I know one thing for certain:

This is no **longer just** a battle.

This is reckoning.

The **fire** rises—a **roaring pillar of** flame shooting into the **sky**, burning away the swarm of **bats** and birds like they **were** nothing but smoke and **feathers**.

The creatures screech as they **fall**—charred, twisted, **lifeless**, raining down like scorched **leaves** in a storm. Some try to escape, flapping desperately into the open sky.

They **don't** make it

The fire chases them, climbs after them like it's hunting their **fear**, and **devours them** mid-flight. Even the ones that almost get **away** are caught in its scaring reach, burning up before they **ever** touch the clouds.

And Deckard...

He's not the **man I know**.

His body is still, but his eyes—his eyes are pure flame, **and** there's nothing human left in them. It's like he's been taken over **by** something deadly.

He doesn't blink. Doesn't breathe.

Don't know I'm here.

I *sear* through the chaos, reaching for Freya, grabbing her arm and dragging her to safety—anywhere away from the firestorm forming around

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Chapter 190

The flames are consuming everything—stone, trees, the earth beneath our feet.

“Deckard!” I shout, my voice cracking through the heat.

No response.

He doesn’t hear me.

UTMAY

Cleopatra, that damned witch, turns and bolts—her old legs flailing, her face twisted in terror. She doesn’t get far.

The fire catches her mid-run, wraps around her like a noose of flame, and in an instant, she turns to a pi.

Nothing but a scream and a burst of ash where she once stood.

Then Deckard starts to move.

Slow. Controlled. Dangerous.

Each step he takes **leaves** fire in its wake. He doesn’t speak, but I know—I know—he’s searching for Darth.

And whatever part of Deckard still exists in that inferno?

Wants blood.

Would you like to switch to Deckard’s POV now **as** he hunts down Darth—or show what Darth **is** doing in hiding, watching this unfold?

My eyes scan the chaos—and then I **see** him.

Austin.

He’s wounded, crawling, barely able to move.

“Shit—” I lunge forward.

But it’s too late.

The fire **gets** to him first.

It swallows him in a **wave** of heat, and he vanishes—just like **that**. **No scream. No chance.** Just gone.

“Deckard is **out** of control!” I turn to **Freya**, panic and fury building in my chest. “What the hell do we do?”

The **fire** is spreading **fast**, curling around the walls of the **castle**, turning **stone** to molten ruin. **If we** don’t act now, this whole place—this entire city —will burn.

Freya’s face is pale, **fear clear** in her eyes. “**We can’t** control him,” she breathes. This... this **is** beyond my magic. He’s lost **to** it. **He was** pushed too

far!”

I grab her by the shoulders, “Then **fucking** think, **Freya!** There **has** to be something—anything—we **can** do **to** stop him before he **takes** the whole damn world with **him!**”

She hesitates, **eyes** flickering as she wrestles with something inside her.

“Well.... I **don’t** know. Maybe... I mean, I’m not sure it’ll even work-”

“**Damn** it womn, tell me what **it is!**” I shout.

“**Ice,**” she says finally. “**It’s** ice.”

I stare **at** her. “Ice? **Freya,** I don’t think **any** amount of ice can put out **that fire.**”

Her eyes lock with thine, desperate but determined. “**Not** just **ice**—ancient ice. The kind from the oldest bloodlines... the kind that’s not supposed to exist anymore.”

I step back, my mind racing.

“Then find it,” I say through gritted teeth. “Before there’s nothing left to save.”

I’m talking about his Luna,” Freya says, breathless. “She’s ice. Maybe maybe she can stop this. I’ve never seen anything like it, but it only **makes** sense She’s his balance. His opposite”

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Chapter 190

“You think she can calm him?” I ask, eyes narrowing.

“I don’t know if it’ll work,” she admits, voice trembling. “But if anything can reach him now... it’s her.”

“Should I go get her?” I ask, already turning, but I freeze.

My eyes catch Deckard moving through the wreckage like a god of fire. Slowly, I creep behind a series of pillars, motioning for Freya to stay close. We move quietly, shadows slipping between crumbling stone, watching him.

He’s not looking around anymore—he’s hunting.

Deckard is searching for Darth, and nothing in his path matters. The fire moves with him, scorching everything he passes. Walls collapse. Statues melt. The very ground beneath his feet cracks and sizzles.

Then I spot him.

Darth.

The bastard is trying to run—darting from one ruined corridor to another, desperate to escape the heat that’s now driving him out like smoke. I don’t know how he’s lasted this long.

And then I wonder—why aren’t we burning too?

I glance up and finally see it.

Freya’s protective magic forms a thin, glowing dome around us—barely holding back the inferno.

“Haven’t you done enough?!” Darth screams, his voice echoing through the collapsing ruins. “You’ve killed everyone—you even killed Ivar! That’s enough now! I’m your older brother and I order you to stop!”

I still can’t understand how he manages to sound authoritative when his voice is trembling with fear. He’s running, darting through debris like a rat, fast and panicked—restless. Exhausted. Cornered.

“Alright then!” he yells, chest heaving. “Why don’t you face me like a man—without your damn **power!**”

Deckard turns slowly, his eyes like burning coals, his voice cold and distant—like something otherworldly has taken over.

“Too late for that.”

We’re in trouble.

Deckard stalks toward Darth, **fire** cracking at his feet with every step. The heat curls the air around him. There’s no humanity in his movement anymore—only vengeance.

Darth, desperate, throws himself at Deckard, fists flying like a child throwing a tantrum. It’s pathetic. Weak.

This, he whispers, voice low, like death itself, “is for Amica.”

Wha: happens next... I’ll never forget.

Deckard’s form shifts, warping into something unnatural—half-wolf, half-man, but still engulfed in blazing fire. His claws erupt, long and glowing like molten steel. And in one swift, savage motion, he drives them deep into Darth’s belly, tearing through skin, flesh, and bone.

Darth’s scream is the sound of a soul being ripped from its shell.

Deckard twists his claws and rips upward, dragging out a steaming mass **of gore—**his **guts** spilling onto **the** stone,

Darth collapses, choking on his own blood.

The fire doesn’t stop burning.

And neither does Deckard.

Darth is still standing—barely. Blood gushes and dries up from the gaping hole in his abdomen. But Deckard doesn’t stop.

In one clean, ruthless motion, he slashes Darth’s throat with his blazing **claws**. **The** sound is sickening—wet and final. Then, without flinching, he grabs Darth’s head, tears it from his neck like it weighs nothing, and lifts it high like a trophy of wrath

This is monstrosity.

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Chapter 190

I stay frozen behind the broken pillar, Freya clutching my arm. Deckard’s eyes sweep the battlefield, glowing like hellfire, searching—hungry for more destruction.

I don't even think he knows who we are anymore.

This isn't the Deckard I know.

This is the dragon.

And I'm terrified.

Freya and I don't dare move. The castle is burning around us and he is the storm at the center of it all. The fire isn't just burning the place down- it's devouring it, hungrily eating through every memory, every wall, every inch of what once stood proud.

We want to run to Amica, but even that is dangerous now. The flames could tear us apart before we reach her. I fear for her... and I fear for my life.

I hold my breath, unsure of what to do-when suddenly, a voice cuts through the fire.

Soft.

"My alpha?"

4/4