

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 2[2,017 words]

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Deckard Blackthorn.

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“The woman who carries the pure Wildthorn blood shall be your fated mate, Alpha Deckard. She **alone** will bear your seed. Her body will vessel your powerful heirs. None but she can endure your fire, and through her, your lineage will reign unchallenged, continuing the flame of **your dynasty**.”

I was **only** seventeen when I became Alpha, a young age to take on a burden so heavy, but I carried it without complaint. According to the ways of the moon, my wolf, Canine, was supposed to choose my mate during the first mating season. He didn't. Not a single female in the pack **stirred** his interest, not even a flicker. Their scents? All useless. Forgettable.

As always, I did not care. Why would I? I am not in a rush. My rule is strong, my dominance unquestioned. I wield fear like a blade; no one can ever challenge that. This pack and every other pack in the city has bowed to me without needing a Luna by my side. Ten years passed, and it was still the same—Canine didn't so much as twitch for **a** single female. The silence from him **was** deafening.

The elders became restless and their incessant talks of **tradition**, of balance, of the need for a Luna began in full force.

But what I do need and cannot deny, are heirs. My pack needed my blood in their veins to survive beyond me. And so, when the elders finally brought the seers before me and relayed the prophecy, I listened. They spoke of a woman born of the Wildthorn lineage, of a mate who could take my fiery seed and bear the pups I needed to continue my legacy. That is all that mattered.

So I spread the word: “every Wildthorn wolf or offspring of Wildthorns was to be brought before me.” Each one paraded before my eyes, each scent inspected by Canine, but nothing. Not even a spark of recognition. More than a hundred women, and none was the one. None had the power, the essence a Luna of Bloodbane must carry.

Until her.

She is ethereal—that was my first impression. And then, I saw her face, only to falter for breath. A perfect pale oval with **brown** eyes, an elegant nose, and rosebud mouth. For the first time, the Wildthorn that has been brought before me is a renaissance art in the flesh. In that span of a second, I take note of the black kohl and sheets of ice in her eyes.

She is furious—perhaps sorrowful. It shows. I have never seen hair **that flows** in this manner of waves, black **as raven** feathers. Heavens. I am a throne of pride yet; I can vouch that her beauty doesn't need to speak to command attention. Every inch of her face, every lash, every contour, **is a work of art that** betrays nothing but the calm before a storm.

My wolf and heart betray me **with** an unwelcomed thud. She cannot possibly be my mate? Canine is just doing this because he wants some action. I clench my fists at the absurdity of it. I am Alpha. I do not bend for beauty.

Yet, what I first thought was mere beauty reveals itself **as** something far more dangerous—a woman who dares to raise a blade to me. My **gammas**? They themselves tremble at the idea of sharing a gym with me during training. But her? There's a fire in her eyes that I could easily extinguish if I chose to. However, her temperament means little to me. My mate will never be a woman who has been touched by **another** man. Divorced or not, I refuse to accept what has already belonged to someone else.

My pride would never let me claim **a woman** who's been claimed before. But worse, one that cheated on her former bond. The very idea grates against every inch of my being. But the moment I **sank** my teeth into her neck—everything shifted.

My blood roars, my eyes **turn** gold, and my heart pounds as if I were ablaze. I don't know if anyone saw, but my fingers tremble as I release her. **Canine** rises within me, and he's the one to speak the word I cannot deny: "Mate."

There is an audible gasp in the room. From the looks of it, the elders cannot believe that today's submission would

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be the woman who can vessel my seed. A fiery blush heats her cheeks as she stares at me with a mortified squeak. Her face is blotchy—it is horror and mortification.

“She is the Alpha’s mate!” One elder yells.

“She is the Luna!”

“The future Luna!”

“Ib–beg your pardon?” She stammers, clutching her neck.

I take **a** step away from her to process this nonsense.

Me? The Alpha of the most powerful bloodline is a second chance mate? Is the moon goddess joking somewhere in the head

The wolves who brought her, are surprised. I don’t think they understood what they were bringing her into it.

“1–Alpha Dane looks at me.

“Where are the certificates of your divorce?” I grit in annoyance.

Alpha Dane looks **back** and forth, looking at the woman he has brought to me.

“I sent my lawyers to the council of bonds to process it. The judge has already decreed it. We just needed to sign and submit” He answers.

“**Get** me the certificate of finality tomorrow **and** all your debts will be cleared-”

“No!” A guttural scream comes from the female wolf who is my supposed mate. “I will play no part in any of this!”

She **starts** to back away, searching for an exit, but my **gammas** move in, surrounding her. I lift my hand, signaling them to stand down. One look from me is all it takes. I need her calm, no comered.

I’ll explain everything. She doesn’t understand yet, but I can give her anything she wants, anything to make her stay. As Alpha of the Bloodbane pack, is there anything I wouldn’t give her? Well, except my heart and love.

I can see her legs trembling. It is due to the tension of my bite, coursing through her, even if it wasn’t meant to harm. It’s still poison to anyone who bears it. She won’t last on her feet much longer, and I know that.

I move closer, watching her carefully, ready to stop her fall

Her shaking hand goes to her hair to understand what’s happening to her all at once.

A lot **of** things are happening, but also, the bond forming between our wolves is also taking hold. I can feel it **too**, the pull her **wolf** linking to mine, merging. The connection is searing, inescapable.

“Stay back!” she shouts, but the panic in her voice only makes me move faster, closing in on her.

I watch her stumble with tears streaking her face. The sight of it twists something deep inside me, but I can’t help the **dark** chuckle **that** escapes. How am I supposed to accept her as my mate? A destined partner. She is not even of my bloodline. Worse, she’s a divorced woman who cheated on her former mate. Destiny really is **a** fucking joke.

“I said stay back, you viper!” she cries out but is losing control.

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I see the dizziness take her. I sprint towards her and my long limbs stretch out as I catch her just before she collapses. She fights against me, weakly at first, but the mate bite is too strong for her to fight.

What the hell is her name!?” I growl, squirming her weightless body in my arms..

“Amica.” My wolf answers before **Alpha** Dane can ever do so.

I scoff at the voice of Canine who lives in the depths of my soul,

“She is our vessel. She is our mate.”

“I am not accepting her.” I stubbornly seethe.

“You must! You will!” Canine contends.

“When have you ever forced me to do something I do not want to do?” I evoke, believing Canine won’t speak back.

“This time, I will.” He speaks back.

He most definitely, speaks back.

“She just needs rest. In a few hours, she’ll be able to stand before you,” Mary, the pack’s healer, my childhood friend and exclusive sexbuddy, says as she joins us in the receiving room of the pack house. I am facing three elders of the pack. Alpha Dane and his entourage have left, leaving his ex-wife in our hands.

“When she wakes, we’ll speak with her,” Carl, the oldest elder of the Bloodbane pack, mutters. There are more than a million elders in our pack, but these elders are the only chosen ones. I respect them enough to tolerate their advice.

“No,” I cut in, my voice is firm, like iron. “I’ll speak to her. Alone

“Deckard.” I turn to my right to acknowledge Mary’s voice “she’s afraid of you.” She says.

“She’s not the first. Fear follows me, it’s nothing new.” I snap.

“She’s right, Alpha-” another elder begins, but I don’t let him finish.

“I’m not choosing her.”

“What!?” The elders speak in unison, shock rippling **through** them.

“We all witnessed it. She’s **your** mate!” Elder Bria, the strictest among them, hisses, locking eyes with me, daring me to defy the truth.

“**And?**” I throw back. “How do you expect me to bond with **a** woman who wasn’t loyal to her last mate? She cheated on Alpha Dane, **and** he threw her out like trash. He rejected her! And now you’re asking me to take another man’s discarded filth?” My words ring out like a war drum.

“**You** have **no** choice.” Bria

snaps

back. Her eyes

burn—she is not just speaking to me as an elder but as a teacher.

I am **alpha**. I am the law. I will not be **a** second chance mate for woman unworthy of me!” I **growl**, regardless of what position Bria is taking to advise me.

You need a Luna. Gustain, the quietest of the elders, speaks up even though his voice is tight with discomfort.

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“Fine. Then, I choose Mary.” I say and it warrants a gasp.

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I don’t look at Mary. I feel no shame in saying it. Mary and I have known each other intimately for years. We’ve explored each other’s bodies since we were teenagers. I could have made her Luna easily, but the elders of the Bloodbane **pack** are strict about who must become Luna. The Alpha must have a fated Luna—that’s one of the oldest laws.

“You blaspheme!” Bria screams, her outrage **shakes** the

“Blasphemy? Who have I blasphemed **against**, Bria?” I **snarl**, eyes blazing. “What about the Moon Goddess who cursed me with an unworthy mate? Is **that** not the insult here? To bind me to someone tainted—used—by another man?”

Bria remains unfazed but her lips tightens. “You and Mary can indulge in your little affair for all I care. But as for the seat of **Luna**, it will be claimed by the Wildthorn—unless you’re ready to battle the entire **pack** for it. We have waited ten long years for this **moment**, Deckard. Do you think we will bend so easily now that we’ve found her?” She warns, like **a** threat coiled in

the air.

I exhale slowly but anger is truly simmering. “I’m telling you, Bri—this woman you all shove in my face will bring nothing but shame to this pack. And when it happens—sooner than you expect—your precious laws will crumble alongside her.”

Yet, Bria declares with finality. “Until then, there will be a bonding ceremony.”

I don’t respond. I simply walk past Mary. I pause beside her and quietly, I speak.

“See me. Tonight.” I whisper..

I’ve got a plan. I’m going to make this “**so**—called mate of mine,” reject me. She’ll walk away on her own, and when she does, I won’t **have** to lift a finger to be rid of her.

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