

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard

Chapter 20

Chapter 20

Amica

The **council** meeting left me restless, The Bloodbane pack is nothing like the one I knew before. There's something ominous about these people—from the elders down to the warriors.

Earlier, I **met** Deckard's Beta, Leonard. He barely spoke, but his eyes looked like he had a lot to say.

Is this really **my** life now?

The bonding ceremony is tomorrow. Do I have to spend the rest of my life bound to another Alpha who sees me **as** nothing

more than an obligation? Someone who treats me like I'm beneath him? The only silver lining is that **this** time, I know what I'm **walking** into. There will be no surprises **with** Deckard—he's made his disdain for me clear from the start.

After the introduction and Deckard's biting words, I retreat to my chamber, his harshness still echoing in my mind. Should I run now while I still have a chance, or should I stay and endure this fate the Moon Goddess has laid before me?

The suffocating walls of the castle do nothing to help my thoughts. I need air, space—something to clear my head. With the meeting still in progress, the castle is eerily quiet, so I decide to take a walk.

I stumble upon a back door that leads outside. Curiosity pull me forward until I find myself in a garden, breathtaking in its serenity.

It is beautiful with rich flowers, looking homely and welcoming

I walk deeper, letting the peace of the night soothe my restless heart. When I finally stop, I lie on the soft grass, staring up at the full moon.

There i lay wondering if the moon goddess could see me

Why would she bind me to this fate?

The cool night breeze lulls me, and I shut my eyes for just a moment, surrendering to its embrace. But that moment stretches into **a** slumber.

I'm startled awake by the sound of footsteps—heavy, urgent, **like warriors** preparing for battle.

“We found her!” one of them yells.

Found who?

I bolt upright, my heart racing, only to find myself surrounded by a circle of gamma warriors. Their stern faces and weapons around me.

“What is going on?” I ask, confused, still trying to shake off the remnants of sleep. Then I see him—Deckard—pacing toward me, his face thunderous with fury.

“Leave us!” he commands, The gamma warriors vanish immediately, their footsteps fading into the distance.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he hisses, his voice low but seething with restrained

anger.

“L. I think I dozed off,” I—stammer, my words unsteady under **the** weight of his glare.

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Extra Check-in

Vouchers

Ad-Frib

Exclusive Profile

Reading

Badoo

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“You were trying to escape, weren’t you? You **fool**,” he snaps, his voice rising slightly. “Next time you start something, make sure you finish it! That,” he points sharply toward a path beyond the garden, “is the way out—not here!”

“I wasn’t trying to escape.” I begin, my voice trembling.

“Oh no, of course you weren’t,” he cuts in sarcastically. “You were just trying to get **as** far away from me as possible, weren’t you? What’s next? Falling ill again? Don’t think I don’t know your games, Amica. You’ve been introduced to the pack, and now everything that happens comes back to me.”

His words sting like a whip, each **accusation** heavier than the last

“Get up,” he commands, his tone leaving no room for defiance.

I try to get up, but my foot catches on the hem of my gown, and stumble. Before I can fall, Deckard’s arms are around my waist, pulling me to him. For a brief, charged moment, our lips brush against each other, barely touching.

“Sorry,” I mutter, breaking the silence as he releases me slowly, his **hands** lingering just a second too long before pulling

MOROT

“Ah, you found her!” Bria calls out from behind us, her voice light, but there’s a knowing edge to it. “You were so worried.”

Deckard ignores her completely. Without a word, he grabs my hand, his grip firm as he pulls me toward the castle.

“Let go of me!” I protest, yanking at his hold. “You’re hurting me!”

“What **do** you think you’re doing, taking a nap in the garden at night?” he snaps, his voice low but venomous. “What kind of image are you trying to paint for everyone? Do you think this is how a Luna behaves?”

I have no chance to reply. His pace quickens, dragging me along until we **reach** the room. Finally, he releases my arm, and I rub the **sore** spot where his fingers dug into my skin.

“From now on,” he says, his tone icy, “you will act like a Luna and carry yourself as one. After all, you’ve already announced yourself as one, haven’t you? But let me tell you something, Amid—you won’t last here. I promise you that.”

I **stand** frozen, trying to process everything. I don’t understand him—one moment, he’s furious, his touch blazing with anger, and the next, he’s indifferent, cold as **ice**. What happened in the last day to make him so bitter toward me!

I change into my nightwear, slipping into the silence of the room. Avoiding Deckard’s gaze, I lie beside him and shut my eyes, trying to will away the turmoil in my mind.

Sleep eventually claims me, but it is far from peaceful.

I find myself in a dark, suffocating room where accusing voices surround me, echoing from every direction.

“It is her! She’s a cheater!” one **voice** shouts, filled with venom.

“No, she’s the Dragon’s Luna!” another argues, but there’s no kindness in the tone.

“She must pass through the fire!” a voice booms, **and** suddenly, ablazing furnace appears before me.

“She must pass through the fire!” the chant grows louder, overlapping with itself, coming from everywhere and nowhere.

Before I can move, hands grab me—strong, unyielding hands. They lift me off the ground and carry me toward the inferno.

No! Please, don’t do this!” I scream, thrashing **against** their grip **Please!** I’m begging you!”

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Extra Check—in

Vouchers

Rooding

Exclusive **Profile**

Badda

10:03 Mon, Feb

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But my cries fall on deaf ears. The heat of the flames licks at my skin **as** I'm lowered closer and closer to the fire.

The pain is unbearable, the fire consuming me as I scream like a maniac, every fiber of my being struggling against the torment.

And then—a hand grabs me, pulling me out of the nightmare.

I open my eyes, gasping for air, drenched in sweat. Deckard **is** above me, holding my shoulders firmly, his grip grounding me to reality. His piercing eyes cut through the fog of my terror

Without thinking, I reach for him, throwing my arms around his neck and holding him tightly, desperately. My heart races against his chest as I cling to him, seeking solace from the lingering fear of my dream.

For a moment, neither of us speaks. The only sound is my ragged breathing and the steady beat of his heart.

Deckard didn't hesitate. He embraced me with a strength that was both comforting and overwhelming. His hold was a shield against all the chaos in my life, and my body responded. I melted into his warmth, inhaling his scent—a blend of earth and power—that soothed my wolf and quieted the storm within me

My lips sought his, almost without my realizing it, and when they met, it was electric. It felt as though he could read my thoughts, his lips parting to deepen the kiss just as I pressed closer to him.

A soft moan escaped me as his strong hands explored my body. The rational part of my mind screamed at me to stop, to remember who he is, what he represents, and why I can't trust him. But that voice was drowned out by the raw, unrelenting desire that took over.

chest He didn't stop. His lips traveled down my neck, grazing my skin in a way that made me **shiver**, **trailing** lower to my before finding their way back to my lips. The heat between us was undeniable, my body ached for him, praying and begging

for more.

And then he stopped

His lips lingers near my ear, his breath warm against my skin as he whispers, "You are safe now."

What

Why does he keep playing games with me, and why do I keep falling for them!

And just like that, it ended. No more kisses, no more fire. Instead he pulled me close, cradling me like a child, his hand softly patting me as if to lull me to sleep.

I wanted to say something—something **sharp** and cutting to let him know I am not his to toy with. To tell him he that I can see through his little mind games. But i wanted him there, I didn't wait to ruin what one might call a good moment.

I could feel his arousal pressing against me, My body was ready for him, screaming for release, and yet he chose that exact moment to stop..

Why does he do **this**? Why does he ignite the flames between us only to walk away? I am clearly the fool here!

I shouldn't have let it go this far. Next time, I'll push him away before he even has the chance to pull me in.