

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 22[1,010 words]

Chapter 22

Mary

The bonding ceremony is today. Every step Brings Amica closer to Deckard, and Traunot allow that happen. I refuse to sit idly by while she takes what is rightfully mine. Deckard is my man, my destiny, and if the Moon Goddess won't favor me, I'll take matters into my own hands.

Amica doesn't belong here. She's an outsider, a disgrace. Mary's not worthy of being the adulteress who failed in her predestined marriage tainted by betrayal. And yes, the pain weighs on her like a warm blanket of saving face infuriating

I've decided to plan to put an end to this

raid. A plan to get her out of the picture by any means

The bonding drink—a red concoction shared by the Alpha and his Luma—will be my weapon. It's the final step in solidifying their union, but isn't served until the ceremony is complete. I've been careful, staying out of sight, avoiding suspicion. After all, I know this castle better than the ever will. Every secret passage, every unspoken rule—this place is mine.

While the rest of the pack prepares for the grand event, I make my move. Slipping into the shadows, I head toward the chamber where the ceremonial drink is kept. If I can alter it, even slightly, it will all unravel. Amica will be exposed for what she truly is: weak, unworthy, and undeserving

Deckard will see through her lies. He'll realize that I am the only one fit to stand by his side.

This is my moment. My destiny. Nothing will stop me from claiming what is rightfully mine).

I summoned one of the servants I trust the most, someone whose loyalty to Mary is unquestionable. With careful precision, I instructed her to prepare a special drink for the Luma—a drink that would pass as the bonding drink but laced with something extra,

something potent. It would ensure that Amica disgraces Benell before the ceremony even begins.

The servant nodded obediently, not daring to question me. I've spent years cultivating this network of loyalty among the staff. Most of them are under my thumb, and no one would dare defy me. Soon enough, the task was carried out with precision. The "bonding drink" was served to Amica, and any servant confirmed that she drank every drop.

The next step of my plan involved her intended Carmina warrior. I sent for him under the guise of an urgent message. A false command, supposedly from Deckard, instructed him to escort Amica to the ceremony and ensure her safety. The irony of it made me smile—her protector would unknowingly deliver her right into the heart of my scheme.

Now I

plans were in motion, I turned my attention to my appearance. The bonding ceremony may celebrate them, but I would make sure eyes were on me. I selected a white silk dress that suited my curves perfectly, a dress so stunning it could rival that of a queen. My makeup was bold and striking, every detail crafted to distract and captivate.

When Deckard arrives

sers me, he'll question everything. The Moon Cress may have chosen her, but she **doesn't** know him like I do. She doesn't belong here, and soon enough, everyone will see it. Tonight, I'll make sure of it.

This should be my ceremony. My flowers. My audience. My moment. And yet, here I am, watching it all be handed over to a stranger who doesn't deserve it.

But not for long. If everything goes according to plan, this entire charade

will come crashing down in spectacular fashion.

Deckard, the love of my life, stood near the altar, commanding attention without even trying. His aura of authority radiated across the hall, drawing everyone's gaze. In rugged handsomeness and sheer dominance made my lady respond in ways I couldn't ignore. How could Amica even begin to understand a man like him? She didn't deserve his love, his power, his protection—not the way I did.

Tension clenched my fists, steeling my resolve. Soon, this little farce would unravel. The Laina-no, the imposter—would find herself caught in a dishonorable position with that Gamma fool, all thanks to my carefully orchestrated plan. Deckard's pride would be shattered, and when **that** happens, he will seek solace—comfort—in the arms of someone who truly loves him. Tonight, Deckard will remember who he belongs to. Not her.

Mr

That my lower lips, my mind swirling with thoughts of how Deckard's anger would eventually be channeled into me—how he'll **unleash** that sinem on y lly tonight, turning his fury into raw passion

The ceremony was already unraveling **as unease** spread among the crowd. Deckard's jaw tightened, his eyes scanning g the room for any sign of the Lana. The murmurs were growing louder

Where is the **Lana?**" someone yelled from the back, their voice sharp with Impatience.

Bria, ever the problem, stood from her seat, determined to play hero. "I'll go and get her," she said, her tone annoyingly self-assured.

Touldn't let that happen. Biria was too loyal, ton careful—she'd cover up whatever scandal was unfolding. My plan relied on Deckard sering

1/2

Chapter 22

everything with his own eyes.

"I **think** the **Alpha** should go himself, I interjected smoothly, my voice laced with **fake** concern. "She **could** be shy **or** afraid. No one else should approach her but him."

I saw it then the spark of anger flickering in **Deckard's** eyes. The suggestion struck home. I knew him well enough to know that his pride, his control wouldn't allow him to ignore this. He couldn't stomach the idea of his Luna hiding from him on their bonding day.

The tension in **his** jaw, the way his hands **flexed** at his sides, told me my plan was working. The crowd's murmurs turned into restless whispers, and Deckard's growing fury was palpable.

It **was perfect**. Soon, he'd see his so-called Luna in **a** compromising position, and that simmering anger would boil over the whole **pack** would ser her for what she truly is

And when it all came crashing down, I'd be here. Waiting

2/2