

# Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 25[ 2,903 words ]

Chapter 24

Deckard

“I want you. I want you now, my Alphas” Amica grabs onto my suit, her eyes wild, filled with a thirst I don’t recognize.

“What?” I snap, staring at her in disbelief.

“What has happened to you this time? Put on your dress now, and let’s go to the ceremony! You can’t escape this time! I gave you the chance to leave, but you refused. Now get dressed!” I command, my voice En

But it’s as if she doesn’t hear me.

“No, no,” she gasps, her face flushed. “It’s hot. I need you. I need you inside me, or I’ll go crazy!”

I freeze for a moment, “What?”

Before I can process her words, she charges at me, grabbing at my suit with trembling hands. She starts planting desperate kisses all over my face and neck, her lips fevered and frantic.

“Stop this madness now, Amica!” I growl, trying to push her off.

She doesn’t listen. Her movements grow more aggressive, her hands tugging at my clothes, her strength catching me off guard.

I manage to shove her back onto the bed, breathing hard as I stare down at her. Her chest heaves, her eyes glazed, as if she’s possessed by something beyond her control

Now I’m convinced-this isn’t normal.

I search the room for any sign of something-anything-that could explain why she’s acting like this.

“What do you want?” I demand, scanning the room

-What did you

“You don’t want melt” she spits, her voice laced with fury and desperation. You can’t give me what I want! Fine! I’ll find someone who will!”

She springs up from the bed, ready to bolt for the door, but I’m faster. I grab her before she makes it even a step and lift her off the ground. carrying her back to the bed.

“Not happening.” I growl, setting her down firmly.

face

She struggles against me, but I hold her there. The door is already broken-there’s no lock to stop anyone from walking in, and the last thing I need is someone finding her like this.

She’s half-naked, her flushed skin glowing under the dim light. If anyone sees her like this, rumors will spread like wildfire, and I won’t let that happen.

I scan the room quickly, searching for something-anything-to cover her. My eyes land on one of the beautiful dresses meant for the ceremony, draped neatly over a chair. I grab it and attempt to put it on her, but she thrashes, fighting me off like a wild thing

“Damn it, Amica,” I mutter under my breath.

With no time to waste, I yank the blanket off the bed instead and wrap it tightly around her, ignoring her protests. In one swift motion, I scoop her into my arms and carry her out of the room. She’s not safe here, and I need to get her somewhere secure-somewhere no one will see her like this. My room is the only place I can think of

As was close to my door, I hear footsteps behind me, followed her voice.

“Deck?”

I freeze, turning slightly. It’s Mary. Her gaze shifts from me to Amica.

“What happened to her?” she asks, stepping closer.

“She’s sick,” I reply quickly, keeping my tone even as I grip Amica a little tighter in my arms.

“Sick!” Mary’s eyes narrow with suspicion. “Let me see. I’ll check on her-”

“No” My voice comes out more forceful than I intend, and she stops mid-step. “She just needs rest. I’ve got this”

Mary looks unconvinced, her brows furrowing as

g as she studies me. I hold my ground, refusing to let her see the truth-or

or the fir-I've already told

duct busther. I say with forced cabins, my

"She just needs to rest a bit. We'll be out in a minute."

Truch into the time mud don the door behind me, leaning against it for a brief second to collect my thoughts.

hed, where Anden wilhes testlessly. Her base is flushed, her eyes unfocused as I place her gently on the mattress.

to bed, de whispers, her volcé soli aisl yratining. "Comie lay with me, Dane. I miss you. I forgive you."

'Thor' Herex-husband's

in this s

kho's too liber Helt what that such is clear this who could've done this in hier! What in the world did she ingest to put her in

Law a found through my loafe, paring as my wolt growls in frustration. My pack is outside waiting, elders glaring at the clock, ready to question why Abel alpha and eventummol his cum mate. What do I sell

These hals, please" Ander's weder qölvvers, and I took to see her eyes glistening with tears. "I need you."

the despersion in luen ustler makes sommelling bit line spaji.

Achenschere fods, mages bubbling og inde me. I may not have wanted her-may have been different to this whole bond-but seeing her like this, vulnerable mul pleadise for sisteone who's not me.... it lights a five I can't put out.

16%, bokso? I whisper, pulling her close into an enduace...

"Na Rynek okay, Dame: I will not be okay.. Help inse she pleads, her voice breaking.

Like know what to do. It's clear she's been diggeil, and it's tearing her apart. I don't know how long the drugs will stay in her system or what will hoppen it she doesn't get what she wants. Who do I call? Who can help her?

We sing this time with desperate aggression. I freeze, trying to steady her as her hands clutch at me.

There's rely on thing that might calm her down. I don't know if I can  
can give it to her.

Abath the sea has me like lieluning

Na slemen werkiting anvilen second, I park her up and carry her to the bathroom. She  
doesn't resist, but her breathing remains uneven, her body tense. tek her idowin and  
crefully remove her underwear, my movements quick but gentle

love" she means sofily, as though I'm already doing something to her.

Winter body is honning up, every inch of her radiating heat and unrelenting sexual  
appeal. I clench my jaw, forcing myself to keep control..

- your taste!" he urges, his voice echome in my mind.

hat they you think I'm doing?" I grow back under my breath.

vanethilty. Evase her clothes off trying to keep my thoughts clear as her body leans  
heavily into me. She can't manage anything on her own right

I take a deep breath and strip off my ceremonial suit, tossing it aside. I can't risk soaking  
it. Now in just a t-shirt and shorts. I help

and 1 steady her as the drops but her flushed skin. She shivers at first, her body jerking  
against mine, but 1 hold her up.

runs over her 1 grip he

her arms gently, helping her stand, and I hope-"pray"-this is enough

spend, her eyes halt badded as the water runs

mick and mean cock, which I've been struggling to control. The instant she touches me, I  
stumble under the water, ending up

Chapter 21

fully in the shower with her. The water is down on her lead Justy

ties, making me completely, my clothes now drenched and clinging to my

Her fingers wrap around any already hand cock, betraying all my restraint. My holy reacts  
instinctively, stareling fully erect beneath her touch.

She states at que, her lips parting slightly as her expression shall to ase

waiyi yeni mom, my love, she whispers

prewing her hare dliest against me.

I grab ber, crashing my lips against hers in an aggressive kiss. This time, I'm not thinking anymore. All rationality slips away as my hands move to her body, pulling her closer, desperate to feel every inch of her against me. The sound of the water pounding around us fades into the background. and give in fire raging between in.

I cannot pericnl like I haven't thought about days like this, but I don't expect it to be like this. I never imagine it as something I have to suppress The muur Try to supquess it, the more it drives me crazy. As we kiss, she means solily in my car, and it only drives me off the roof. 1 pin ber against the wall, farbig for. Her slack hair is wet, and her face glows in all the makeups she has on. Everything in her holy tells me that she wants

I slowly trace my hands from her neck down to between her tisigiss. My lips are on her juicy moist and nipples. Her moans get louder as my fingers play around her already wet clit

"My conkis on a rampage, it can't wait to be buried deep inside her. I do not want to take her so son" I lift her up from the ground and carry her out of the lathnams to my bed. Her smooth, wet skiu in mine feels like we are in sym, and that is where it is meant to be. Slowly, I bury my bead between her warm thighs, trocading her bright pink pussy against her brighter så in. I ran my tongue on it up and down, and her hand is my head, supporting my movement around her as her in gross linder. Siulienly, diere comes a knock on the done.

"Leave us alone?" Amica yells. The knocks bring me back in my senses.

## Chapter 25

After I hear the knock on the door, I stajs

ap back to

to my senses. I manage to suppress my canine urges for the moment, but Amica is still completely

out of control.

"Leave us alone?" she screams, her voice wild and unhinged,

It's clear that nothing will calm her except. sex. But I know that if she were in her right mind, she wouldn't want this. I've already let things go too

\*Deck, my alpha! Please tell me what's going on so I can help Mary calls from outside the door.

Should I tell her! I hesitate. Mary wouldn't take this well.

"No, I can't tell her. She'd be furious."\*

"Mary, please get the healer I say through the door, my voice desperate.

"What do you mean, Deck? \*1\* am a lealer!" she replies, clearly confused.

"No, Mary, please. I need the old woman." I beg her, I pray she listens.

"Fine," Mary says, her tone clipped.

"Mary..." I call out just before she walks away. "Please tell no one," I beg her,

"Okay." she replies softly, and I listen to the sound of her footsteps Exclng away from the door.

Amica is already back at **my** neck, her lunds all over me.

"Let's fish what we started," she whispers, trying to pull my dick out of my pants.

"No." I pull her up immediately, holding her stealy

"I know you're worried that you might be taking advantage of me, Deckard, but you're not. I need this," she says, her voice trembling, tears brimming in her eyes.

Her words hit me hard. She's aware now—she called me by my name. Whatever was in her system is starting us clear, which means shell feel better

"It's **okay, Antica**. I'm here for you." I whisper, my voice calm. I grab a t-shirt and slip it over her, trying to cover her bare form, 1 gently guide her to the bed, pacifying her, brushing her hair **back as** I wait for the healer.

Soon, there's a knock at the door. I exhale in relief. It's the healer.

I quickly open the door, and the **healer** steps in with **Mary** trailing behind **her**.

Amica bolts up as soon as she sees them, rushing into the bathroom and locking the door behind her.

The healer frowns, turning to me. "What happened to her?"

“I don’t know. She seems to be on the **hyper** side...” I trail off, my voice faltering. I struggle to explain without giving too much away. I need to be careful—she’s the Luna, and the last thing we need **is** rumors spreading.

“Hyper? As in drugs or alcohol!” the healer **presses**, narrowing her **eyes**.

I glance at Mary and then back at the healer. “Mary, can you please wait for us outside?” I ask softly. “Ainica is ashamed, and I don’t want to **make** mullers worse for her”

Mary hesitates, her gaze shifting between us, but then she nods. “Okay,” she says reluctantly and steps out of the room.

I let out a breath as the door clicks shut, turning **my** attention back to the healer.

Mary’s face is one of pure annoyance as she realizes I’m keeping things from her. But I have to contain the situation. The more people who know, the harder it’ll be to trace the source if the news gets out. It feels **like** a betrayal of Amica’s trust to keep sharing this with everyone. She’s been through enough already.

1/3

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## Chapter 25

Finally, **Mary** huffs and leaves the room, closing **the** door with **just** a little too much force. I turn to the healer and grab her gently by the arm

**100**

“Now listen, I need your total confidentiality **on** this issue **and** on any issue concerning me or the Luna. You’re the only one who knows about this.” I pause, trying to steady myself before continuing.

“**What’s** your name?” I **ask**, **my** voice firm but calm.

“Martha, Alpha...” she replies softly.

“Now, Martha, if I hear a single word about this outside these walls, I’ll **have your** head.” I stop, realizing how **harsh that** sounds, and quickly soften my tone. “This isn’t a threat. I just need **to** know I can trust you to keep this professionally confidential.”

Martha’s eyes widen slightly, but she nods. “I am part of my job **to** keep my patients **matters** private, Alpha,” she assures me, though her **voice** carries a slight tremor.

soften

Through the door, I can already hear the faint sounds of Amica shifting uncomfortably. I release Martha's arm and gesture toward the bathroom door.

"She's hypersexual, Martha I don't **know** what to do for her," I finally admit, the words Teaving my mouth like a weight I've been holding

**Manha's** brows knit together in confusion. "I don't understand, sir.."

I step closer to the bathroom door. "Amica! The healer's here. Please, you can trust me. She's the only one here with us-she'll help you." I say softly, trying to sound reassuring.

After a moment, the door creaks open, and Amica steps out She looks fragile but still clings tightly to me, her arms wrapping around my waist like I'm her only anchor.

"What did she take!" Martha asks, studying her with a sharp but concerned gaze

"I don't know," I answer, frustration seeping into my tone, "Please, just do something-anything-to make her better."

**Martha** places her hand gently on Amica's forehead, feeling for her temperature.

Amica buries her face in my chest, her breath hot against my **skin**. "Let her leave so we can finish what we started, Deckard, she whispers, her voice trembling with desperate **need**.

**Martha's** head snaps up **slightly** at that, her expression uneasy. After a moment, she hesitates before asking, "Sir. have you tried to help your Luna

1 pull back to lo

to look at her, my brows furrowing "Is that the only solution!"

"Oh, no-no but an **orgasm** would-," suddenly realizing she might have said too much." She stops mid-sentence, her face **paling** as she realizes the implications of her words.

I glare at her, my jaw tightening, but before I can **say anything**, she quickly rectifies herself "I-I will give her something to calm her. It should help her sleep, and when she wakes up, she'll be better"

I sigh in relief, though Amica's grip on me doesn't loosen.

She pulls a mixture out of her bag, carefully measuring it before taking the glass of water from the table and mixing it in.

“Please **give** her this. Make sure she drinks all of it,” she **says**, handing me the glass. I gently bring **it to Amica’s** lips, helping her sip until she finishes every drop. Her breathing remains **heavy**, her body trembling slightly in my arms.

I lead her back to the bed, laying her down as I softly pat her back, hoping the mixture will **take** effect soon. “**Stay** with me.” she whisper, her voice calm Slowly, her eyelids flutter closed, and her breathing evens **out**, though **it** still sounds slightly labored

The healer **stands** silently, observing Amica’s state until she finally drifts into a deep sleep. A wave of relief washes over me as I carefully pull a blanket over her, tucking it gently around her shoulders.

“Thank you” I tell the healer quietly, my gratitude **laced** with exhaustion. She **nods**, her expression professional yet concerned.

Martha advised that I watch her to make sure **that** her breathing is normal and try to wake her use from time to time to make sure she’s **conscious**

Once the healer left the room, a sense of relief washed over me. Amica is finally calm, her breathing steady as she sleeps. But now, **what** do I tell the people outside, eager and waiting for their pack Luna to make her appearance!

**As** I stepped into the hallway, Bria approached me, her face lined with concern.

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Chapter 25

“She’s not feeling well,” I said cuntly. “The ceremony will be postponed until she recovers”

“What?” Bria replied, her confusion evident

“Cio tell them outside, Brix” I snapped, my patience wearing thin. **Without** waiting for her response, I turned **hark** toward my room, leaving her standing there in bewilderment.

Once inside, I closed the door behind me and leaned against it for **a** moment. The quiet in the room was **a** stark contrast to the chaos swirling outside. I moved to the bed and sat beside Amica, watching her as she slept pracefully. For now, that was all that mattered.

AD

## Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 26[ 1,032 words ]

## Chapter 26

Mary

plan didn't work the way intended Deckard was supposed to repose her after birding i

I'm beyond furious that my plan d

Wait, where is the damn gamina warriort

What did Deckard do with him, and why is he hiding everything. The idea that for might hem actually laid with, Annie a muakes me se jealousy, the kind that beirris and twists in my gut. He waddla't be couldn't Cradd la The thight alone feels like a betrayal of everyone! done for him, everything I'

I have so many questions, and it's driving me imane that Deckard won't talk to me. Then he that me more! Its the already wement the into his head? Into his heart! No that is not possible, Deckard could never fall for any woman. He raily has an atom of affect the ghee and I huren at He has nothing left for any woman.

One thing I can grudgingly be thankful for is that the stupid bonding ceremony didn't happen. But I can't shake the nagging fear that wry scheme has somehow brought them closer. What was I even thinking, spiking her drink with a mix of hard drugs and an intense aphrodina.

How could I have known Deckard woudl be the one to satisfy her? The thought makes my blood bod

I want to expose her, to lay bare everything that did and didn't happeri, but I know it's a risk, a log one. Still, I don't care. Derkend kept me dark, and if he won't trust tre, why should I protect his precious secret? Those who know about it will take the fall, riper tally that meddling old healer.

centirely. If she's gone, I could have direct access to her medical preceds I'd be the

This could be my chance to remove the healer from the picture e one to treat her, the one to hold her fate in my hands,

The thought sends a shower of satisfaction down my spine, but I pause, forcing myself to ste overthinking I need anvers, and there's only one way to get them

I head straight to Bria. She's nosy, but she might know something useful.

"What's happening with the Lain!" I demand, crossing ing arms as I stare her down. "What's the Alpha biding that he won't let anyone see her? And now the bonding ceremony is canceled? Or what?"

I expect confusion, maybe even alarm, but Bria's expression is frustratingly neutral.

"Well, Mary," she says, tilting her head, "you're closer to the Alpha than I am. Shouldn't you know what's going on better than anyone?"

Her words cut, but I keep my composure. "Well," I say, lowering my voice conspiratorially, "I heard the Luna was misbehaving so badly that the Alpha had to step in and keep her under control."

Bria raises an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Did you hear that from the Alpha himself?"

"No," I reply quickly, feigning indifference. "A line birdie."

"Who?" she presses, her curiosity sharpening.

Her questioning makes my stomach twist. Of course, this was a mistake. It's titia, after all—always digging, always prying. I feel the first flicker of regret, but it's too late to take it back now.

"You shouldn't go about carrying rumors, Mary. You should know better than that," Bria's tone dripped with condescension. "You are an important member of our pack, and you know the rules. If a pack member carries such rumors, then—"

"Oh, that's enough, Bria!" I cut her off sharply, my patience snapping.

"What is it? I was only telling you about what I heard. You didn't have to turn it into a sermon," she snapped back, indignant.

I didn't bother replying. The irritation bubbled over, and before she could say another word, I turned and left her presence in haste.

I realized my mistake as soon as I walked away. I shouldn't have gone to Bria first. Her self-righteousness only made things worse, and now I couldn't risk the wrong story spreading. I should've whispered it among the servants instead.

Anger coursed through me as I replayed the scene in my head. Was Deckard truly laying with that "laich"? And after what I saw entering her room! Did Deckard not see it? Or worse, did he choose to ignore it?

1/2

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Chapter 26

Amica is proving to be more of a threat than I anticipated. Her silence only makes her more dangerous, like a predator folding

I needed to find someone else to confide in—someone who could help me piece this together without drawing suspicion. My eyes scanned the room, and then I saw her—the healer

Without wasting a moment, I quickened my pace, striding straight toward her.

“Hey, Manha?” I call out sharply from behind

She stops and turns, her face a careful mask of politeness. “Miss Mary: Is there an issue?”

“I should be the one **asking**,” I say, closing the distance between us. “Were you able to resolve the, hypersexual issue tapping her shoulder with feigned concerns.

Martha’s face flickers with confusion—or perhaps annoyance. “What? What are you talking about! I don’t know anything about that,” she replies.

Firmly, her tone cool and dismissive.

“Oh, please, Manha. The truth is as clear as day, I just want to know if you’ve fixed her, so I can inform the guests accordingly,” I say, my patience already fraying

“Miss **Mary**” she **says**, maintaining her composure, “If you want to know anything about the Lama, I suggest you ask the Alpha directly. I’m not at liberty to disclose patient information to “just anyone,”

The words hit me like a slap, and I feel a wash of rage bubbling beneath my skin. “Just anyone!”

“Not just anyone!” I try not to **snap**, despite my efforts to stay calm. “The doctor in the room who called you here, remember?”

“I understand, Miss Mary,” she says but I hate how calm she is as her calmness only fuels my anger. “But I don’t have the permission to discuss this. Please, speak to the Alpha if you need answers.

With that, she turns on her heel and walks away, leaving me standing there, angry, fury radiating through every inch of my body.

Stupid fool

# Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 27[ 1,174 words ]

Chapter 27 **Chapter 27**

Amica

I open my eyes and freeze. I'm in Deckard's room... wearing his shirt

Wheth

My head throlis, and as I hold it, the room spins slightly. Slowly, I start piecing things together. What day is it Wait, it's supposed to be the day of the bonding ceremony. Oh no.

The memories of yesterday flood back, hining me like a tidal wave.

I was horny. Extremely horny,

Everything comes rushing back, replaying in my mind like an old film on fast-forward. I groan, burying my face in my hands. The embarrassment is unbearable. Did I really do all of that!

1 tried-oh goddess, I really tried-to keep myself in control. Especially when I heard that knock on the door.

It was Stefan. The Gamma warrior

The moment I opened the door and saw him standing there, I knew I couldn't trust myself around him. My entire body burned with an intensity I couldn't shake. I slammed the door shut, locking myself inside, desperate to ride out the storm.

1 prayed it would pass. I begged the moon goddess to make it stop. I even **tried to** help myself, but nothing worked.

And then I caught it.

**His** scent.

Deckard

My mate.

The moment his scent hit me, it was like wildfire spreading through my veins. My body, my soul-everything inside me demanded him. And nothing else mattered.

The effects of whatever was in my system left me confused, my thoughts scattered and irrational. I couldn't always tell what was real, and the idea of which mate it was kept shifting in my mind.

Dane!

I didn't care.

1. e. That scent **was** familiar, intoxicating. The moment he broke through the door, I couldn't hold back. I threw myself at him, desperate, begging him to take me, to satisfy the fire raging inside me,

At first, I didn't understand why he hesitated. I was his mate, wasn't I? This is what mates do! But as I became more aware, I realized it was truly Deckard standing there, not Dane.

That only made me want him more.

I craved him with an intensity that left me trembling. I felt like I would shatter into a **million** pieces if he didn't give me what I needed.

But he kept hesitating.

I couldn't understand it. There **was a** bonding ceremony waiting for **us** outside, a public acknowledgment of **what** we were destined to become. This **was** inevitable—so why was he holding back?

He tried everything **to** calm me down, to ease the torment burning through me. But I was beyond reason. I knew what I wanted, and it wasn't comfort or patience.

us was too strong, His resistance began to crack, and

Even Deckard, with all his discipline **and** strength, couldn't hold out forever. The pull between us was too strong, even his body betrayed him. What was in the air couldn't be ignored, not by either of us

But then, there was a rude interruption that only made me **angrier**.

The thought of it all makes me cringe. Every embarrassing thing that happened floods my mind, and I feel sick with shame. I can't imagine facing Deckard ever again. How could it? He'll see me as some kind of harlot because **I** acted like one.

1/3

Chapter 27

Who could have done this to me?

I've never felt that way before, so it had to be something I took. My mind immediately goes to the drink the servant **gave** me. But when I looked for **the** cup afterward, it was gone. No evidence.

The maid claimed it was legit, but does that mean they were all in on it! Was Bria part of this, toot Damn, I thought I could trust her.

I need to get out of here.

I push myself off the bed, even though my head is still spinning. Every movement feels like a battle, but I can't stay here any longer. I wonder how many people know what happened. Have I become a laughingstock to everyone?

**It's** evident enough—I didn't even make it to the ceremony.

Okay, no more hesitating. I need to leave this place now.

I **reach** the door and open it slowly, peeking into the hallway, Looking left and right, I tiptoe through the corridor, heading toward my room. Just as I'm about to open the door, I hear another one **creak** open behind me. I freeze, heart pounding.

Turning slightly, I **see** him—**Deckard**, standing in the doorway of his room, my clothes in his hands.

"You're finally awake," he says, his voice **steady**, though there's a flicker of relief in his eyes.

I can't look at him for too long. The shame weighs **too** heavily,

"How do you feel?" **he asks**, stepping closer and placing **his** hand gently on my forehead to check my temperature,

I manage a nod, unable to find my voice.

He takes my hand without another word and **leads** me back into his room, sitting me on the edge of the bed. He lowers himself onto the bed beside me. his presence commanding, yet oddly comforting.

"Do you remember what happened to you yesterday?" he asks, his tone calm but probing

I should've expected **this** question, but my mind races for an answer. Being truthful might not work in my favor right now. I avoid his gaze, my hands clenching the hem of **his** shirt—still the only thing I'm wearing.

I nod slowly, signaling that I don't remember anything. It seems like the safest response, at least for now

“Okay,” he says, his tone steady, but I can sense the frustration beneath. “What did you **eat** yesterday! Do you remember taking anything out of the ordinary!”

The question feels like

a trap. Why is he bel

being so kind all of a sudden! What is he really up to?

Despite my doubts, something deep within urges me to mention the drink. “I only had a light breakfast,” I say cautiously, “and the bonding drink **was** served during my makeup **session**.”

tone made me suspicious. “That’s not served until after the

Deckard’s eyes narrow at my words “Bonding drink?” he **asks**, something about his tone in bonding is declared by the priest. Who gave that to you?”

The servants,” I reply, my voice barely above a whisper.

He stands abruptly, anger flashing in his eyes. “I’ll get to the bottom of this,” he growls.

He drops the clothes he was carrying onto the bed and heads for the door. “Freshen up and get so

some breakfast,” he instructs firmly before disappearing into the hallway.

I sit there for a moment, staring at the **closed** door. His reaction doesn’t feel like pretense. If the bonding drink really isn’t served until after the ceremony, then he must know that something isn’t right.

Ezra, my wolf, stirs within me, **her** instincts buzzing. Trust him, **she** seems to whisper

Perhaps I don’t need to run away **after** all. If Deckard is determined to uncover the truth, maybe—**just** maybe—I can trust him to set things right.

2/3

## Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 28[ 1,472 words ]

Chapter 28

Deckard

If Amica claims she **was** served the Blonding Drink, when the drink is only served by the priest after the bonding rituals are complete, then someone is playing a dangerous game. Bria, perhaps. She's been trying everything to push us together, and Amica nearly fell for it.

Yesterday, I fought the hardest battle of my life. I've fought and won countless wars, but Amica is my greatest opponent. Last night, she bested me with the **weapon** of sexiness. **Thank** the goddess for that divine intervention the knock from Mary.

Bria will have to answer for this. I need to know **what** she's plotting. And then there's Mary. I've been keeping too much from her. She'll start to think I don't **trust her**, and I can't have dur.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?" **Mary's** voice pulls me from my thoughts. I sigh, feeling the weight of the situation **pressing** down on me.

"Privately, in your room," she **insists**, emphasizing the last part like it's non-negotiable.

"Wait," I tell her, raising a hand. "I need to see Brin first

Before I **finish** the sentence, the elder herself crosses my path. Timing or luck—I don't care.

"Elder Bria, a word." I call **out**, my voice firm, leaving no room for refusal.

Is there a problem, Alpha?" she asks, stopping in her tracks, her expression feigning innocence.

Her clueless aci won't work on me. Not today.

"Oh yes, there's a problem!" I snap. "Tell me about the little stunt you pulled yesterday? Don't you think you're a bit too old to be playing childish

**Bria's** eyes widen slightly, but she **masks** it quickly with her usual composed facade.

"What game or stunt do you speak of, Alpha?" she **asks**, her gaze shifting brielly to Mary **as** though seeking **an** ally or distraction.

"The Bonding Drink!" I bark, stepping closer, my anger barely restrained. "Why did you serve it to Amica in her room before the ceremony even started? And what did you put in it? Don't play dumb with me, Bria. I know you're one of the few people with access to that drink, so tell **me** what the hell did **you** do?"

Her expression falters, but only **for** a moment "The Bonding Drink? Alpha, it was never served. It remained with the priest the entire time, and we packed it all up after the ceremony didn't happen yesterday," she replies, her tone calm but defensive.

“So on whose order was the Bonding Drink served!” I roar, my voice echoing down the hallway.

“Hold on, **Alpha**,” she says, raising **a** hand in an attempt to placate me. “Let us call the maids who were in her **room** yesterday. They should know something.”

She hurries off and soon returns with three maids trailing behind her. They stand in a nervous line, avoiding my gaze,

“Did any of you see the Luna take **a** Bonding Drink yesterday!” I demand, my tone **sharp** and unwavering

Each of them shakes their head vigorously, one by one. “No, Alpha, the first stammers.

“We didn’t see her **take** any drink like that,” another chime in, her voice barely audible.

The third maid wrings her hands and adds, “The only thing **we** saw was water, Alpha. Nothing else.”

Their **denials** pisses me off—Somebody is lying, and I intend to find out who,

“**So** who then served her?” I thunder, glaring at the maids. “I know one of you is lying, and if I find out who it is, I will have your heads!” My voice booms, leaving no room for doubt about the gravity of my words.

Before I **can** press **them** further, **Mary** steps forward and grabs my arm. “Deckard, please,” she says, her voice softer but firm. “We don’t know what the truth **is** yet. How are we even sure that someone here served that drink to her?”

She pulls me toward my room, shuts the door behind us, and locks it

“Deck,” she says again, more gently this time, “please tell me what’s going on so we can put our **heads** together and resolve this. Her face shows nothing but sincerity, and for once, I consider the possibility of **trusting** her with the truth.

1/2

Chapter 28

I sigh heavily, pacing the room for a moment before I finally relent.

I explain the events of the previous night—the inexplicable state Amica was in, my suspicions that someone tampered with the Bonding Drink, and my belief that Bris might be behind this in a twisted attempt to force Amica into bearing an heir for the Bloodbane pack.

Mary listens intently, her arms crossed and her brows furrowed in thought. When I finish, she shakes her head. “Hmm, I don’t believe Bria is the mastermind here, my Alpha,” she says cautiously. “**What** if Amica took whatever it was herself? What if this was her way of solidifying her place in the Bloodbane pack? Think about it—since she arrived, all she’s done is pull stunts to get your attention. This could be another one”

I narrow my eyes at her, unsure whether to accept her reasoning or dismiss it outright. “You think she’s working alone?” I ask.

“Possibly,” Mary says, her voice low but firm. “Or she could be working with Bria. Either way, she might be more desperate than you realize.” Her words settle in the room like a heavyweight.

“Did you even try to ask her if she remembers anything?” Mary inquires sharply.

I sigh **heavily**. “She doesn’t remember anything,” I admit.

Her lips curl into a knowing smirk. “Of course. How convenient, isn’t it? My Alpha, please, don’t forget who you’re dealing with. She’s not some Hive, innocent woman you stumbled across. She’s an adulteress—a woman whose husband had to sell her off for her sins. And even then, that punishment was too lenient. In fact, he might have done her a favor by sending her to the most powerful Alpha in Blackwater City.”

Her words sting, but I can’t deny there’s truth in them.

Mary steps closer, her voice lowering but growing more intense, “Do you really think she’d let herself be cast out from under your protection without a fight? I wouldn’t. She knows her position here is temporary, so she’s doing everything in her power to secure it. Can’t you see? She’s trying to get pregnant, Deckard! A child would tie her to you permanently and solidify her **place** in the pack.”

I swallow hard, reviewing her accusations.

“She’s playing you” Mary continues, her tone dripping with disdain. She knows exactly how to manipulate you—how to use her body, her desperation, and her charms. And it’s working

The flashes of last night come rushing back, unbidden and unwelcome. Amica’s pleading eyes, her soft, desperate whispers begging me to stay, to give in **to** her. The way I foolishly obeyed her, unable to resist the pull she has over me.

I clench my fists, the weight of my mistakes bearing down on me. For far too **long**

Mary is right—Amica isn’t innocent. She **never** has

been. And I’ve been blind to

She knows no man **can** resist her—least of all me, the Alpha of the Bloodbane Pack. Her face, her body, every curve perfectly sculpted to tempt Soft, supple, and irresistible. I catch **myself** almost biting my lip as flashes of **last** night invade my thoughts—how she made me feel, how hard it was to deny her. But then I snap back to reality.

I can't let this continue. I've gone soft on Amica, and it's clouding my judgment. I've strayed from my path, allowed her presence to destabilize me. This **cannot go on**. If I don't act now, she'll **leave** an indelible mark on my life and my pack—a mark that could bring ruin. Once she casts her permanent shadow, it'll be too late. She will have done irreparable damage.

Thank the goddess for Mary. She's opened my **eyes** to the truth. Amica will now **face** a version of me she's **never** encountered before. Whether she's acting alone **or has** conspirators, I'll ensure every one of her plans crumbles. She'll have no choice but to flee **from** my pack,

“Please, Mary” **I say**, turning to her with seriousness in my tone. “Keep the details of this between us. I don't want this to become **gossip**—it's too embarrassing for me and for the pack.”

She smiles warmly, placing her hand on mine. “Of course, my love. You know you can always **trust me**. Whatever's on your mind, you can confide in me. My only purpose is to serve **you**, my Alpha”

**trust me**. Please, don't **keep** things **from** me again.

Her arms wrap around me in a comforting hug, and for a brief moment, I feel the weight on my shoulders lighten. Mary is **my** ally, my confidant. With

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Eor my

## Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 29[ 1,227 words ]

Chapter 29

Amira

After freshening up as Deckard told me to, I made my way to the dining hall, hunger hitting at my insides. To my surprise, the table was empty. No servants were in sight, no dishes being laid out—just silence.

My stomach growled impatiently as I scanned the room, hoping to find someone to help. With no one in sight, I ventured into the kitchen, but it, too, was deserted.

Where is everyone?

Frustrated, I returned to the dining table and waited. Just as my patience began to fray, I caught sight of a servant hurrying past. I lagged her down and asked her to bring me food. She nodded nervously and hurried off.

As I waited, footsteps echoed faintly from the hallway leading to Deckard's and my rooms: I turned just in time to see Mary coming from the

shadows

Her presence felt wrong—it left my room no longer belonged there!

and she hadn't been there. So why was she now strolling out of that hallway as though she

The moment her eyes locked with mine, she froze mid-step, her expression briefly unreadable before slipping into something slurper—something deliberately provocative

"Well, well," she drawled, a sly smile spreading across her face. "It is **is** the future Lama herself!"

Her voice dripped with mockery. The satisfaction beaming in her eyes, I couldn't yet pinpoint the

I straightened in my seat, meeting her gaze head-on

behind it

—I see you're hungry

ry for f

food today and not the Alpha's dick, Mary sourd as she approached the table.

I froze, her words hitting me like a slap. "What? What do you want from me?" I managed to say, my voice barely steady.

"Oh, please, Amica. My baby told me all about your little horny charade yesterday. She laughed mockingly,

“What were you thinking? That you could just trap the Alps between your legs! At least have some shame! You could’ve waited for the bonding ceremony to be over **before** pulling such a desperate stunt”

Her words rang in my ears like a hammer striking **(an** anvil. My chest tightened. I can’t believe he told her!

I felt a **wave** of humiliation wash over me. How could I have tried him? Now Mary knew, and soon the entire pack would know too.

I sat there, numb, unable **to** form a response. My **hands** clenched the edge of the table as my stomach churned.

The servant returned with **food** and **placed** it in front of me. For

moment, I thought I could pretend Mary wasn’t there, but she wasn’t finished.

“**Look** at you, the so-called future Launa of Bloodline,” she sneered. “You thought you could foul the Alpha? Instead, you’ve made a spectacle of yourself. How much of a failure can one person be? First, you failed at your precious marriage. Now, even with the most powerful Alpha in Blackwater City handed to you on a silver platter, you still managed to ruin everything”

She laughed coldly, and to my horror, the servant smiled, clearly holding back her laughter as she adjusted the plates in front of me.

I stared down at my food, my appetite replaced by the bitter taste of humiliation.

Another servant p

passes by, and I can see the laughter in her eyes.

No. I can’t believe this. Have I become a joke even to the servants? Have they all **heart**.

**Tears** blur my vision as I push myself up from the table. My chest feels heavy, my heart pounding with humiliation. I can’t stay here—not after this. What could be worse than this shame!

Hurry back to my room, my tears spilling freely once I’m alone. Let myself cry until there’s nothing left, my chest hollow and aching

It’s time to leave

I don’t have a plan, no idea where I go or what I’ll do. But I know I can’t stay here a moment longer. The embarrassment is too much.

1/2

3:15PM c d

## Chapter 29

place. I don't know if I make it out of the castle, but I have to try.

Grabbing a veil, I cover my face. My **hands shake as** I pull it into place. I

I slip out through the back door leading to the garden, knowing it isn't as heavily guarded as the others. There's a single guard sitting nearby, but as soon as I see him, he gets up to patrol the other side.

This is my chance.

I move quickly, taking the left path while he walks to the right. My heart pounds in my chest, fear and determination driving every step. I don't

look back

I slip out as fast as I can, turning left while the guard goes right. My heart pounds in my chest, but I keep going. There's no turning **back** now,

I find my way to the far end of the garden, where the shadows are thicker. From here, I can see another guard standing near the pool, relaxed I need him to move

### 1. his posture

Spotting a small stone on the ground, I pick it up and throw it in his direction. It **lands w** with a faint clatter near him

g to investigate. I make

The guard immediately straightens, his head darting around as he looks for the source of the noise. Once he starts moving to my **move**,

I run silently toward the pool and slip behind it, finding a small passageway that leads **to** a walkway. From here, I catch a glimpse of the compound. The decorations for the bonding ceremony are still up, **along** with rows of chairs for the guests

Deckard never asked them to take it **down**? The thought flashes through my mind, but I push it aside, It doesn't matter anymore.

The castle looms large behind me, its size a reminder of how difficult it will be to escape. But I'm determined.

I've managed to get **past** the minor guards so far, and now I've walked a fair distance from the castle.

From where I'm standing, I can see the main gate

te in the distance. But i can also see the guards stationed there. My heart pounds **as** I try to think. How can I leave without being noticed

arching

are watching. Taking a

I pick up a stone and crouch low, hiding in the shrubs. My eyes lock onto a car parked a Entle way from where the guards and deep breath. I aim carefully and throw the stone with all my strength.

The sound of the stone hitting the windshield is loud, and the glass cracks on impact. Almost immediately, the car's security alarm blares, loud **and** disturbing.

The guards react instantly, rushing toward the noise to investigate.

This **is** my chance

1 spring from my hiding spot and dash toward the gate, running past the car's entrance without looking back. My heart thunders in my chest, but I don't stop. Even if someone sees me, I can't risk hesitating.

Before I know it, **I'm** outside Alpha Deckard's castle. I made it. I can't believe I actually made it!

But **there's** no time to celebrate. The road ahead is straight and open, leaving me exposed. I begin walking as fast as I can, eager to put as much distance as possible between me and the castle. I need to **get** off the straight road before anyone comes looking for me.

2/2

## Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 30[ 1,432 words ]

Chapter 30

Deckard

In three days, I have a meeting at the Apex Circle—a gathering of the most prominent Alphas, each a spectacle than **a** meeting, **a** show of power and alliances.

BOR with their Lun

and Beta.

more of

**I've** never brought a Luna to this event because I've never had one. Over the years, rumors have spread like wildfire, whispers claiming I'm incapable of fathering a child. At first, I ignored them. But with time, even I began to wonder.

Mary and I have had countless nights of passion, fiery and unrestrained. I'd expected her to come to me with news of a child, a signi were nothing but lies. Yet, it never happened.

Other women—cager, desperate even—would have been honored to bear my child. But it was always the same. Nothing.

I had come to terms with it, told myself it didn't matter. A Luna was a luxury, not a necessity. Or so I thought.

The words of the old

Oracle haunt me, words I once dismissed **as** cryptic nonsense:

that t

“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.”

now, Amica lingers in my mind, in my thoughts, in my

At the time, I didn't care. Wildthom blood? A fated mate! It sounded **like a** fairytale. But no every breath. It angers me.

She stirs something in me I didn't know I was capable of feeling, it's her defiance, her strength...i can't **explain** it.

I am **Alpha** Deckard of the Wildthorn pack. I don't need her, I tell myself. I don't need anyone. And yet, I can't stop thinking about her. Even **as I** fightin

Those words echo in my mind even now, shaping my decisions, driving me forward. When my pack wouldn't let the matter **rest** and my wolf refused to choose, I had no other option.

was only seventeen when I became Alpha—too young, **too** consumed with ruling, to worry about finding a Luna. Why should I have cared then? But after five years of leading the Wildthorn **pack**, the pressure mounted.

I finally gave in, turning my attention to the search. I sold the council what the Oracle had said, **laid** out the impossible requirement: a woman of pure Wildhorn blood. And they searched tirelessly.

WerC

**For** years, women came e forward, each claiming to be the one. Each proclaiming their lineage, their worth. But none passed the test. None w worthy.

Until her

It had to be her. Amica. The woman Leannot trust. The woman who challenges me at every tum. She is supposed to be my fated mate.

The irony burns like fire in my chest. Of all the women who could have stood beside me, fate chose her.

This year at the Apex Ceremony, my pack **plans** to make **a** statement. The ultimate Alpha presenting the ultimate Luna—a symbol of our dominance, our unity. It's **a** show of power, of perfection. That's why the bonding ceremony had to be rushed, why everything needed to be

flawless.

And **what** did **Amica** do? She ruined it. Her stupidity, her impulsiveness turned everything into a mess,

Yet even now, when I think of her, my **anger** is tangled with something else. Something dangerous. Something I refuse t

use to name

After Mary leaves the room, I pace furiously, my mind a **raging** with anger and betrayal. Amica. How could I have **been** so blind? Who is the conspiring with!

Canine, on the other hand, remains calm.

“Don’t you see what’s happening here?” I sap, **my** voice echoing in the silence. “What do you **have** to say now! You always have something to

ing to say—

“I don’t believe our mate would do such a thing” he responds, his tone steady, unwavering

I let out a sharp, bitter laugh, “Of course, you don’t. You’re just a horny bastard. She could set the whole pack on fire, and you’d still make excuses

1/3

Chapter 30

**for** her

His silence only furls my frustration. My **fists** clench, my nails biting into my palms as I storm out of the room

I make my way to Amica’s chambers, driermined to confront her. She’s not there.

“She must be at breakfast,” I mutter, turning on my **heel** and beading for the dining hall.

But when I get there, the **sight** only stokes my anger further. Her place at the table **is** empty, the untouched plate of food mocking me.

A growl rumbles in my chest, low and dangerous. Where the hell is she?

Where the hell did she got

I call over on

over one of the maids and demand an explanation. She stammers, saying Amica left her food untouched and went back to her room.

**surface**, and I know it will be dangerous if I don’t get

My anger rises, burning hoiter with every passing second. I can feel it clawing its way to the su answers soon. She’d better show up now,

“Find me Bria!” I roar. The **maid** scurries away, her face pale with fear,

I make my way to the garden, hoping to find her there **as** I did last time. But it’s empty.

“Have you seen her?” I ask the guard stationed at the door

't seen her

He shakes his head quickly, looking nervous. "No, Alpha. I haven't

Fuck!

Minutes later, Bria approaches, her face filled with concern. "Alpha, what's the matter?"

"Amica," I **say**, forcing myself to **speak** normal, though the effort feels like trying to hold back a storm. "Where **is** she?"

"**Isn't** she in her room?" Bria replies,

I take a deep **breath**, barely containing the fire building within me. "If she were, why the hell would I be asking you? The words come out sharp, laced with the frustration and restlessness gnawing at me.

Bria flinches slightly, but I don't care. I need answers, and I need them now.

e is restless, searching

Bria quickly calls one of the guards, her voice urgent **as she** orders them to alert the rest. The castle shifts into chaos, Everyone is for Amica. The possibility that she might truly be missing sends **a** cold chills into my chest.

"How has no one seen her? Are you all a bunch of fools?" I roar, my voice **echoing** through the hall

Then it hits me- the cameras.

I storm into the surveillance room, the IT technician scrambling to his feet as I enter. I **scan** through the footage, my eyes darting across the screens. Nothing. She doesn't appear to have left the house.

"Check the gates!" I **bark at** the technician, frustration and urgency thick in my tone.

For **a** moment, it seems hopeless-just blurry, uneventful clips. But then I see it

The guard near the back gate, running toward the entrance. And there she is, Amica, sprinting as fast as her legs will carry her.

My **fists** clench at my sides as I **watch** the footage, fury boiling in my veins. Look at her. And look at these idiots I've hired **as** security.

"She's running off right under their noses," I growl, barely containing my **anger**. "Find her. Now."

Why the hell did she run away?

Without wasting another second, I storm downstairs and find Bria. “The Luna is on the run, I announce, my voice sharp and commanding.

Immediately, I issue orders. “Get men in the **cars** and search the surrounding areas. Others go on foot. Call me the moment

**anyone** spook her.”

Bria nods and rushes off to carry out my

by commands, the tension in the caule growing by the second.

Vouchers

Chapter 30

I **grab** my keys and get into my own car, determined to find her myself. My hands grip the steering wheel tightly as I drive down the private roads, scanning every turn and shadow for a glimpse of her.

Before I left. I’d told the IT team to monitor the surveillance on the private roads. “I want updates every five minutes. This is my frmitory- couldn’t **have** gone far,” Til harked at thein

But **as** I drive, a question gnaws at me, refusing to let go.

Why did she escape?

Did something push her to this? Was it me? Or is this part of some la

My jaw tightens **as** frustration. I don’t know what’s worse—the thought that

larger plan, sommeiling Fran’t see

calanger out there or the possibility that the wants to leave pur

AD