

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 3[1,800 words]

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Amica

I wake with a sharp gasp, snapping my head left, then right. This isn't my room.

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I blink rapidly, trying to ground myself, but nothing here is familiar—the bed, the furniture, even the air is different. It's **not** Iron Claw.

I push the sheets off me, throwing them aside in a rush until my feet hits the floor—it is harder than I expect. I leap out. Almost immediately, I begin to pace the room, desperately searching for something—anything—that makes sense. My eyes catch on a small clock whose numbers are glaring back **at** me, confirming my fears,

Six hours. I was asleep for six hours!

Dane... Did he really leave me here!

No, it can't be true. It can't. My breath comes faster, my chest tightens as I spin, looking frantically for a way out of this strange room. Tears sting my eyes, wetting my cheeks despite my will to hold them back and think of a way out. I dash past corridors—there must be **a** way. The hallway of the bedroom stretches endlessly, every turn leads **to** another unfamiliar space. Where's the damn exit?

Suddenly, I stop—staring **at** my reflection in a mirror at one of the rooms. My breath hitches again. There it is. The bite." Deep and dark, etched into my skin like a curse. I gasp, my trembling fingers reaches up to trace it. How... Why?

Why did he do this to me?

"Ezra?" I call out, shaking, desperate for answers from my wolf.

"Ezra!!" I yell, this time around but she doesn't respond.

“I know you can hear me.” I whisper, more to myself, than to her,

Still, she disregards me.

I bolt from the room which seems to be a walk-in closet. I begin to scramble away and finally, at the end of the bedroom, there is a larger door—an exit. I throw it open, into a main hallway. The space stretches before me, lined with multiple doors leading to more unknown **rooms**, I pause, biting my lip, thinking

I can’t use the front door. The gammas—I saw them earlier. They’d catch me in an instant if I were to make a run for it like **that**. No. I need another way out.

One by one, I begin to open the doors in the hallway, searching for something—a large window, a gap, an exit—anything that could lead me out. My hands tremble as I turn each handle but they do not **reveal** anything nothing useful. Until: there. A window, Large enough to slip through.

I enter into the **room** and I rush to the window. The cool glass presses against my fingers as peer outside, desperate for an escape. But when I look down, my stomach drops. There’s **nothing** to stand on, no ledge, no foothold—just an endless drop. I’m in some sort of **mansion** tower, far higher than I’d imagined This place, this Bloodbane house, is more massive than any

mansion I’ve ever seen.

I scan the surroundings frantically, until my eyes catch on something—off to the left, there is a huge tree growing close to the outer **wall**. It’s thick branches look sturdy enough to climb. I could just get to a window closer to it, I might have a

chance.

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Night cloaks the world outside, offering some cover. The gammas won't spot me easily in the dark. With that thought, I tear myself away from the window and rush out of what appears to be a receiving area. The **space** smells of mint and leather, but I barely register it.

As I step into the muted corridor, I pause. It's faint at first, but with each step, it grows clearer—moaning. The unmistakable sounds of intimacy.

“Ah, yes... take me...

A woman's voice cuts through the silence. Next, it is followed by deep, guttural groans from a man. I freeze, horrified, my body instinctively presses against the wall. I am filled with curiosity—or is it panic—one of those pushes me forward. I inch closer, peering through the slightly ajar door.

Inside, I see her—straddling him. Her body moves in a slow, grinding rhythm over him, her head thrown back, moaning in ecstasy. His hands grip her thighs, his eyes shut as she rides him

I gasp, too loudly.

The man's eyes snap open, and for a second, everything stops. It is him, Deckard! Panic floods through me, and before I know it, I'm sprinting away, as fast as my legs will carry me..

As quickly as a second, I can feel him close behind. Just knowing **that** he is somewhere behind makes the hairs on my neck rise. Before I can take another step, Deckard's hand latches onto me—stronger than anything I have ever felt.

I freeze, staring up at him, wondering how the hell he caught me so fast. How did he manage to put on his pants **in** such seconds?

“Don't—don't touch me,” I whimper, stepping back. He runs a hand through his tousled hair, devoid of any real emotion “Do not be dismayed,” he says with a grim edge to his voice. “We haven't even started...”

Am I supposed to feel better that he and the woman in the room didn't begin their acts yet?

I watch him fasten his belt; his titan chest is still exposed. His body is marred with scars—evidence of scuffle, death wounds and more. Jagged lines cross his chest and abdomen, each one is a reminder of his brutal nature as it has been rumoured.

“You marked me!” My voice is **raw**

His gaze sharpens. “We are mates. Do I need to reshuffle your memory? There’s a bitter mockery in his tone, as if he’s amused by my defiance.

“I don’t need or want a second chance mate! You cannot keep me here and force me to become what you want!” I crack.

His grin fades into something darker when I speak up for myself “It’s been spread far and wide **that** you cheated on your ex-husband, and that you’ve been stripped of your title as Luna of the Ironclaw pack. I don’t think you belong there anymore. Tell me, what is your plan?” His voice is cold, matter-of-fact, **as** if he’s discussing the weather.

He digs his fingers into his thighs and he steps closer to me, to continue his smoky, sardonic-snarled voice.

“If you don’t want me as your second chance mate, reject me.” His eye burns with an unholy amber fire despite being depths of silver, holding me in a glower that is better suited to hell.

As I stare at him, my courage falters and my gaze falls away. I want to flee. I want to scream. He is a beast.

Deckard draws a mocking hand-down his person, with lips twisting in distaste. “I am sure you do **not** wish to bond with a

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waking nightmare like me. So, raise a hand say those words.”

With a shaky breath, I raise my hands but my wolf screams on the inside.

“No. Do not reject him! Amica, we need him to protect us.”

“He is all we have. You need him.”

I don’t need anyone to protect **me**. I interact, gritting my teeth and swallowing the lump in my throat.

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Regardless of what my **wolf** says, I won’t accept. I do not know this man. And from what I can see, he doesn’t want me too. How can I feel protected when I don’t even feel safe around him Maybe Ezra is wrong about this. Maybe it’s because she feels so broken hearted about Dane—she must be speaking from pain not logic. How is it possible that I get

a second chance mate when I haven't even been rejected for up to 24 hours? Is this some cruel fate to be tossed from one wolf **to** another?

My hands tremble uncontrollably, but I force them to steady as raise them. Deckard waits, watching me closely, almost

tracks. expectantly. Just as I part my lips, ready to reject him, a voice from behind stops me in my

"Amica, wait!

I turn sharply and see an older woman I recognize—one of the elders who determined my fate. Instinctively, I take a step back. I don't trust anyone here.

"Don't let him fool you! You're making a mistake." she says, her voice is full of concern, though she's from the Bloodbane pack,

Maybe, **just** maybe, I could have believed her if she weren't one of them.

"This...this is all a mistake." I pulse.

"I know how you feel, she continues gently. "You feel as though your choices were stripped away. Dragged from one mate to another, with no say, and now, you're trapped. But I promise you, there's more freedom here than you can imagine—if you let me show you."

"Bria, that's enough!" Deckard snaps. His expression doesn't shift **cold**-blooded

"Why would you throw away the chance of becoming Luna to the Bloodbane pack?" she asks, completely ignoring Deckard's command. "If you leave, you'll be branded as the ex-**mate** of Alpha Dane, and the world will mock you for your mistakes. But here, you will be worshipped, despite your mistakes."

Her words hit harder than I want them to. For the first time, *I* hesitate. I think of the lies Dane spread about me, and reality sinks in. I've been branded as a disgrace, an outcast. Dane has already ensured that I won't be able to step foot near my family's home. The **pack** was already turning against me before left. Now, I have no place there anymore.

"Being Luna of the Bloodbane pack means ruling, not just over Blackwater City but the entire country. Your word could become law."

She reaches for my trembling hands, lowering them gently. Her gaze holds mine, and in that moment, it has become clear to me. This is the only choice I have. I could wallow in my pain, sulk, and let despair consume me. But what good would that

do?

Isn't it better to feel shattered yet wield power—the kind of power that ensures I'll never be treated as I was before? Never humiliated, never **cast** aside again.

Can I do this, though? Can I bond with a second-chance-mate-man I didn't ask for, a man who holds no love for me? A

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man whose gaze sears a hole in my chest. Even now, as I think about it, I can feel his shadow upon me, prowling soundlessly in his large frame, carefully studying the decision that I will come to make.

I **have** chosen. I don't care about love this time. I just wanted to be protected.

"1-1 **will** stay." I choose.