

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 31[1,209 words]

Chapter 31

Deckard

As I search for Amica, I can't stop wondering why she left. Did she realize I uncovered her secret and decide she couldn't face me? She **was** something else entirely? She shouldn't have run—she should have stayed and faced the consequences of her actions.

I drive slowly, scanning both sides of the road for any sign of her. My phone buzzes constantly as the IT team updates me on her last trail. From

I know she should be on the private road, but if she has left it, finding her will become much harder.

I press forward, my thoughts a whirlwind. Does Amica hate me **so** much that she'll leave without a word? She didn't. Drugs are likely still in her system, and without food, she won't last long.

She needs to eat breakfast. The

She didn't **take** anything **with** her—no money, no food, no clothes. What was her plan? How does she expect to survive out there?

Frustration churns in my chest, but beneath it is a gnawing concern. No matter what she's done,

my mate, and I need to find her before

I'm nearing the end of the private road, and there's still no signs of her. Frustration burns in my chest as I **realize** that once I leave this stretch of land, I'll have to rely purely on instinct to find her. But I don't care what it takes—I will find Amica. If I have to request surveillance of every mad in Mackwater, so be it. She has no right to leave without my permission.

Picking up my phone, I call the head of security. "Divide the Cama warriors," I **command**. "Spread them proportionally across towns. I want every corner covered—every alley, every road. If anyone sees her, I want to know immediately."

As I drive, I try to trace her scent, but it's faint—almost nonexistent. Even Canine is unsettled, I can feel his restlessness within me.

“You chased our Lans away! Canine accuses, his tone filled with blame.

Lignore his words, focusing on the road ahead, but then i thought. Could she have gone back to her former mate! The possibility alone made me angry. Could she still be in love with him!

The memory of her calling his name last night flashes through my mind. The way the drugs tok over her body, making her lour control makes my blood boil. If she’s gone to him, I swear there will be consequences. For both of **them**.

I quickly pull out my phone and scroll to Dane’s number and hit the call button...

The line rings twice before he picks up

“Alpha Deckard? **Wow, it’s a** pleasure to hear from you! To what do I owe the honor?” His voice carries an unseling enthusiasm, almost **as** if he doesn’t realize the gravity of the situation.

“Dane,” I cut in sharply. “I need your help. The woman you sold to me–Amica–has gone missing”

“What? Amica!” he exclaims, his surprise evident. “Why would she do that?”

“**Look,**” I stap, “I don’t have time for you to be shocked. If she comes to you or if you find her, let me know immediately. I already have my men searching. You’ll be rewarded if you assist in locating her. The promise slips out before I can think better of it, my desperation is quite evident and i am neve desperate,

“Oh, of course! I’ll have my people **search** for her and keep you updated he replies, his **tone** eager and disturbingly cooperative.

1 grit my teeth as the call ends, Calling her ex-husband was a last resort, but I had no choice. If there’s even the slightest chance she ran back to him, I need to know.

The thought of her returning to him churns in my gut like poison. Could she **still** harbor feelings for that man! Could she be running back to his

“I doubt that’s the **case,**” Canine growls in the back of my mind, cutting through my thoughts. His voice is calm but firm,

“I didn’t ask for your opinion!” I growl, my voice heavy with anger. “Your one jobs is to find her, but here you are, busy giving me your opinion! Who asked you for that!”

“Hey, don’t be mad at me,” Canine snaps **back**. “Tim not the one who lost our Luna”

“I did not lose her!” I bark, gripping **the** steering wheel tightly.

“Of course, **you** did!” he retorts. “Everything you’ve done since she arrived was to push her away! You even told her to leave, and now you can’t

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Chapter 31

handle the fact that she finally listened to you.

“We had a night together!” I counter, the frustration boiling over. “I wasn’t rude to her yesterday, not once. Then out of nowhere, she decides to leave without an explanation, and you blame me for that?”

Canine **scoffs**. “It’s not just about one day, Deckard. It’s everything you’ve done since she came into your life. She’s your mate, and you’ve treated

her like-

“I’m not going to argue with your” I cut him off sharply, my irritation at his tone reaching **its** peak. “Why am I even going back and forth with you?”

I take a deep breath, trying to steady the anger coursing **through** me. Deep down, I know Canine’s words are digging into the parts of me I don’t want to acknowledge. But I shove those thoughts aside

The only reason I’m searching for her is to protect my **pack’s** reputation. If word spreads that my mate left, it’ll give people something to talk about —something to criticize. Amica’s actions aren’t just about her; they reflect on me and my leadership

She’s trying to tamish my name and give my pack a bad reputation, and I won’t stand for it. If she thinks she can run away and make a spectacle out of this, she’s sorely mistaken

We were supposed to have a bonding ceremony—a sacred event that other packs likely heard about. But it never happened. I can only imagine the rumors spreading like wildfire now. The thought alone twists my gut

And then there’s the darker possibility—what if something happens to her? What if she gets hurt out there?

I’ve left the private road behind now, relying on instinct as I try to figure out where she might **have** gone.

“Where the hell did she go?” I shout, slamming my hand against the dashboard. The loud crack echoes through the car, but I don’t care.

I can’t pick up her scent. How far could she possibly have run on foot! It doesn’t **make** sense unless she had help. That’s the only explanation that fits. Someone must have aided her escape.

Damn it! Have I really **lost** her for good?

The thought **claws** at me, sinking in deeper with each passing second. If Amica is truly gone, where will I ever find another Luna?

A woman born of wild thorn blood, one who can temper my fire, **isn’t** just rare—she’s irreplaceable. I’d spent years waiting, and now the idea of starting **that** search all over again feels unbearable.

My mind keeps shifting between hate for Amica and possible regret for my own actions that drove her away

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 32[1,678 words]

Chapter 32

away from Alpha Deckard, and word has already spread that the bonding ceremony didn’t happen.

glad Deckard reached out to 1 asking for help in finding her. The Bloodhan pack is notoriously difficult to infiltrate, and this is the opening that could Enver me. Ever since I handed Amica over to him. I’ve been trying to keep tabs on that pack and on Deckard himself, but they’ve kept me

my debts were cleaned when I sold her, but I had bigger ambitions. I applied for membership in the Apex Circle—a seat at the table of the powerful alphas—but I’ve heard nothing back. Not even a whisper.

lide. I've craved that land of power, that kind of recognition. The Apex Circle represents everything I've ever wanted influence, respect, **and** plant among line, they will be my fiends! But I've been overlooked, year after year. It infuriates me.

What do their members have the I don't! What makes them so special? Iman alpha. I've led my pack with strength, claimed a Luna at the right time, and buih atlas. When I bonded with Amica. I thought for sure that would be my ticket in because her father had a bit of influence but the fool had de before I got what I wanted

Opportunity. If Amica has num, it creates chaos for Deckard and his pack. And chaos Chaos is where I thrive

If I odber 13 have leverage. Maybe even a way to worm my way further into the Bloodhane pack's affairs—or at the very least, to get the recommendation so desire.

I have done everything in my power to gain a place in the Apex Circle, I even borrowed money just to afford the form and participate in every prveling challenge they required. Yet, not once was I chosen

But I fed to give up. Year after year, I clung to hope like it the only thing keeping me alive. It became my sole purpose, my driving force.

1jmedelne groups dedicated to training men for the Apex Circle, groups that cost a fortune to be part of I **didn't** care—I paid the price willingly because they shared my ambition. In those circles. I met people who claimed to have insider knowledge about what it takes to be one of them, how to act, how to present oneself slowly. I molded myself into what I thought they wanted.

And yet they never saw me.

It infuriates me to no end. I

fired everything, drowning in debt to prove I was worthy, only to be overlooked time and time again. **Each** rejection felt like a dagger to the chest, and with every passing year, the debt piled higher, suffocating me under its weight.

The frustration began to consume me, to poison everything around me. Even the woman I called my wife became a source of irritation. What could she possibly do to help? She offered comfort—useless, hollow comfort. **What** good was that when it didn't change **a** damn thing? Comfor doesn't pay off debts or open doors into the Apex Circle. Comfort doesn't erase the shame of my failures.

No. It was never enough.

She became **a** constant reminder of everything I lacked, of my inability **to** rise above. Her attempts to soothe me only deepened my anger. I didn't need soothing I needed results. And when she couldn't give me that, she became expendable

Selling her to Deckard was my way of curing my losses. It was a practical decision, one that brought me closer to clearing my debts and earning the resources to try again. But now that she's gone **missing**? Maybe this is my second chance—my way to finally turn the tide in my favor

The last meeting I attended was when I overheard that the head of the Apex Circle, the most powerful **alpha** in Blackwater City, was searching for **a** woman of Wildthorn blood—for a ransom, no less. At the time, I didn't give it much thought. Why would Opportunities like that never aligned with my circumstances.

But then I got home, and there she was—Amica, sulking **as usual**. That constant mood of hers was unbearable, another thorn in my side. She had this audacity, this ridiculous idea that she could question the things I did, that she had a voice in how I ran my life. It's why I keep slapping her **back** into reality. She need to remember her place.

She **always** gets mad, claiming I come home drunk too often. Then she denies me her bed, which is the best thing about **her**! She **looks** at me with that candicending line as I disgust her. Who does she think she is! My patience with her has worn thin. I **do what** I want, and she should be grateful to have a roof over her head.

After putting her in her place that night, I sought out better company—a woman who actually knows how to treat **an** alpha. But sleep wouldn't come. My mind kept racing, thoughts swirling in the dark. That's when it hit me **like a** lightning bolt

Amica—she's of Wildthorn blood. Her mother's heritage made that clear, even if she barely acknowledges it. How could I have forgotten crucial detail

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Chapter 32

It was **as if** the Fates themselves whispered the realization into my ear. I had the key to everything I wanted, sitting right under my nose, and I'd been blind to it

All this fir

time, she had what I needed, and she hid it from me? The sheer audacity. When I pieced **it all** together, I knew exactly what had to be done —and I did it without hesitation. My debts were paid, and for the first time in years, I felt like I was finally edging closer to my dream a seat at the **Apex** Circle

But I didn't know she was going to his pack to become the Luna of the Bloodbane Pack. My own wife—**my** property—is now another man's wife. I thought she'd be a tool, used for some bizarre ritual or twisted desire like a sex slave. We alphas have our peculiar **tastes**, after all. That's what I expected. But no, it was something far different.

We **all** saw it that **day**. When Deckard hit her, claiming her as his Luna, his mate—his reaction said it all, I saw the bond in his eyes, the connection. How could this **happen**? How could my mate also be his mate!

Every time I think about it, it cuts deeper, like a wound that refuses to heal. But what can I do now? I already rejected her. She's no longer my mate by the laws we follow

Still, **it's** not all bad. The pain of losing her is outweighed by what I stand to gain. I keep reminding myself of that. I've made sacrifices for the greater good before, and this is no different.

by ultimate goal Genting into

Alpha Deckard knows me now I handed him his Luna **on a** silver platter. That connection alone brings me **closer** to my the Apex Circle will be **as** simple as spelling my name.

Let her play queen to his park—I'll be sitting at the table with kings

Contrary to what I expected, I've been completely shut out of Alpha Deckard's life. We should be allies by now—pals! After all, he has my ex-wife as his Luna. We share the same woman. Doesn't that mean anything!

I had no idea the fool was mateless all this time. How does someone without a mate command so much power and fear? If **not** for me—the one who made the ultimate sacrifice of rejecting my mate—be'd still be mateless And yet, after everything I did for him, I'm treated like some random outsider.

Even when I reminded him about my application to join the Apex Circle, he dismissed me. No acknowledgment, no favor, nothing

But now, Amica is missing. **She's** run away from him, and suddenly, he needs me. Needs my help to find her.

This **is** my chance. I can't let it slip through my fingers. If I and her first. I'll have leverage—not just over her, but over him as well.

Without wasting time, I call my men and my Beti, Cameron. Together, we take off inward the Bloodbane Pack's territory. Every second counts. If I get to her before anyone else **does**, I might finally get what I've worked so hard for

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the steering wheel tighter, my heart pounding with a mix of adrenaline and excitement. Cameron's words are a **balms** to desperation.

"Don't worry, Dane, we'll find her, he reassures me. "Tve already contacted some of my connections around the Bloodbane environs. There's no way she can escape them"

I nod, my eyes sharp and focused, fixed on the road ahead. My desperation is etched into every muscle of my face. I push the car faster, my thoughts racing even faster than the engine. If this opportunity falls into my hands, I can finally reclaim what I deserve.

The sudden Cameron's plone jars me from my plotting Cameron answers it swiftly

"Yes! Oh, yes! Where Wow! Okay, meet us at Billy Road. We'll make the exchange there without interruptions. Thank you so much. We're **on** our way!" he **says**, **his** voice brimming with excitement.

He ends the call and looks at me.

"What! Who was that?" I ask, my voice eager, my fingers clenching the wheel.

"My men" he **says** with a triumphant grin. They found her. **Amica** is with them"

"What? Are you sure?" I press, needing confirmation.

"It's true," he affirms. "They're heading **to** Billy Road to hand her over. Let's get there!"

The words are music to my ears. Amica **is** within reach, and I can practically taste victory. My mind **begins** to churn with all the **ways** I use this to my advantage. Whatever happens next. I know one thing **for** sure-she's mine to reclaim, and no one will **stand** in my way.

Islam my foot on the **accelerator**, the car roaring as we race toward Billy Road.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 33[1,328 words]

Chapter 33

I run as fast as my legs can carry me, my heart pounding in my chest. I can feel Ezra's emotions weigh heavily on me-I can feel her anguish, her sense of betrayal. But why is she taking it out on me! I've been betrayed ton. Deckard made a mockery of me in front of everyone

Now I'm fleeing the caule with no destination in mind. I deviate off the main road, fear gripping me at the thought of being seen. The new **path** is rough and unfamiliar, but I push forward, desperate to find a ride that can take me to town.

As I navigate through the twisting route, I hear cars approaching from behind. My breath catches—if they're coming from the **private** road, they have to be Deckard's men, I quickly duck behind the shrubs, crouching low as the vehicles pass. My heart thunders in my ears until the sound of engines fades away.

Once the coast is clear, I step out of my hiding spot and continue on foot, my pace quickening **as** I reach the end of the road. I take a sharp left **turn**. my legs burning with every step

Not long after, I spot a car approaching, Relief floods me as I wave desperately to signal it to stop. But the car speeds past without even slowing down, leaving me standing there, breathless.

The next car approaches, and I wave it down just like before. This time, it stops. Two men are inside, and they don't look like Deckard's men

Where

are you going?" one of them asks, his tone curious.

I hesitate. I hadn't even thought about where to go yet.

"The **park!**" I blurt out, the first thing that comes to mind.

It's not much of a plan, but I figure I can sort **things** out once I get there. **Deervalley** pops into my head—the **place** that used to be my home before the raid. My parents house might still be there, and even if most people have forgotten me, it's a place I can **return** to

"Alright, hop in" one of the men says.

I climb into the backseat, my heart racing but my expression calm.

At first, the men seem friendly, **asking** why I'm walking alone on such a desolate road. **Their** curiosity feels harmless, but I decide it's safer to be.

I'm relieved to have made it this far, but then a phone rings. One of the men answers, and the car falls silent.

I try to ignore the growing tension, leaning back in my seat. Exhaustion starts to creep in, my body **finally** succumbing to the fatigue. My stomach growls, reminding me I haven't eaten, though I have no appetite. The remnants of the drug still linger in my system, making my limbs feel heavy.

I tell myself I'll only close my eyes for a minute, just to rest—but before I know it, I drift off to sleep.

The next thing I hear is **a** sharp click. My eyes snap **open**.

I glance around, disoriented. The men are still driving, but something **feels** off. The road outside looks unfamiliar, nothing like the path to the park I had in mind.

“Uh, I think I’m good here.. you can drop me off now,” I say, trying to keep my voice steady, even though **fear is** clawing **at** me.

“What! No, we haven’t reached the park yet,” one of the men replies, his **tone dismissive**,

“Yeah, but I can find my way from here, I insist, forcing calm into my voice. My hands grip the seat tightly, ready to act if needed.

“Oh, come on, Amica. Aren’t you tired of **walking** around on foot? Just **rest** and let **us** take you to your destination, the driver says with a casual

Panic grips me **instantly**. They know my name. These have to be Deckard’s men, but why doesn’t the road look **familiar**?

“Sorry, who are you?” I ask, trying to keep my voice steady, masking the terror bubbling inside me.

The men en

ter exchange g

lances and burst into laughter.

“I think the more important question here is, where were you going?” the passenger smirks.

I reach for the door handle, hoping to escape, but it doesn’t budge. The door is locked.

Chapter 33

One of them pulls out a phone and dials.

“We have her,” he says into the receiver. “She’s with us now. We’re bringing her to you. Alpha Deckard and his ineis **are** searching everywhere for her. **You** can meet **us** at Billy Road for the exchange in ten minutes”

My heart sinks at the situation I am in. I’m trapped.

Oh no, where **are** they **taking** me?

“Please, let me out! I’m not **looking** for **any** trouble,” I plead, my voice shaky with desperation

“That’s not gonna happen, pretty,” the driver replies with a smirk. “We have to deliver you without fail in ten minutes, **so** brace yourself”

My heart pounds uncontrollably, my body drenched in sweat despite the car’s icy AC blasting against me.

I glance left and right, wondering if screaming would help, but the car is speeding too fast for anyone to hear me. I force myself to breathe, trying to calm down and think clearly.

If these are Deckard’s men, maybe I don’t need to panic. What’s the worst he could do to met But if they **aren’t**—if they’re someone else—then I’m in serious trouble.

Could they be the same men who tried to abduct me the last time? Why w

time? Why would **anyone** want to kidnap me? What use could I possibly be to them?

I stay quiet, my y instincts screaming not to make a scene. Right now, silence is my only ally.

The car slows, then veers onto **a side road**, finally stopping in a shadowy gange-like place. **My** pulse quickens when I spot a group of men waiting One of the **guys** who brought me steps out and makes another call.

Moments later, the hum **of an** approaching engine fill the air. A sleek black SUV pulls into the garage

I sit frozen, my gaze locked on the vehicle as the door swings open.

Dane.

My heart drops. My ex-husband steps out, his Beta, Cameron, following close behind.

Dane looks just like I remember—bt this time I wasn’t captivated by his look or aura, instead I was irritated. His aura of menace that sets my nerves on edge. He shakes hands with the driver, exchanges a few words, and then turns toward me.

They stride to the

to the car, and before I can think of what to do, Dane pulls the door open. His wicked grin sends a chill down my spine.

“Hello, Amica,” he | says, his voice dripping with false warmth. “Did you miss mer

“My beautiful Amica, never stable, always restless. Oh, how I’ve missed you,” Dane says, his tone sickeningly sweet as he **leans** in. He reaches out to touch my face, but I slap his hand away.

“**Don’t you dare!**” I hiss, glaring at him.

Dane’s expression hardens for a moment before he smirks. “Still felty. I’ve always liked that about you”

Turning to **his** men, he barks, “Quickly now! We don’t have time. Put her in the car—let’s go

Before I can react, the two men grab me, yanking me out of the car and shoving me into Dane’s **SUV**,

“Where the hell are you taking me, Dane? Let me go!” I yell, struggling **against** their iron grips, but it’s useless.

Dane hands an envelope to the **driver** of the first car, sealing whatever deal they had, and then slides into the driver’s seat. His Beta, Cameron, takes the seat beside me in the back, a smug grin plastered across his face

“Good to see you again, Miss **Amica**” Cameron drawls, his eyes shamelessly roaming over me. “You look plump.”

I shift uncomfortably under his gaze, biting back a retort as the car starts moving

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 34[2,006 words]

Chapter 34

Amica

Tespect Dane to **take** me **back to** Deckard, but as the ride stretches longer, it becomes clear that’s not his plan. The road we’re on started to **look** familiar, and a feeling settles in my gut.

He’s **taking** me **back** to his house

The Ironclaw mansion looms **abeul**, its dark, menacing silhouette sending a chill through me. As we drive through the gates, a wave of irritation and dread washes over me.

I hate this place.

Every stone of **this** mansion, every twisted tree in the yard, every smirking face of its pack members—all of it reminds me of everything I despise. The servants, Cameron, Dane, the bitches he **was** sleeping with.. I hate them all

Dane parks the car and wastes no time. He grabs me roughly, dragging me inside. His grip is unyielding, and though I resist, **it's** no use. The moment we step into the house, the heavy air suffocates me, filling my lungs with memories I wish I could forget.

im and shoves me inside. The door slams shut behind me, the sound echoing in my ears like **a final**

Without a word, he hauls me to my former room verdict

The **lock** clicks, sealing me in

I stand frozen, staring at the all-too-familiar space. The walls seem **to** close in on **me as** memories I've fought to bury resurface—nights **spent** crying myself to sleep, days filled with loneliness and **despair**.

My chest tightens, and rage bubbles up, threatening to spill over. I clench my **fists**, my nails digging **into** my palms as I fight the urge **to** scream.

I want to explode

I couldn't hold it in any longer. A scream ripped from my throat **as** I swept everything off the dressing table, sending it crashing to the floor. The sound of glass shattering barely cased the storm raging inside me

What the hell is hes

rup to now!

Moments later, the door creaked open, and there he was—Dane. He strolled in **casually**, a smug grin plastered across his face, as if he hadn't just dragged me **back** into this nightmare

“Wow, Amica” he exclaimed, his voice oozing with mock sincerity. “I never thought I'd get the chance to talk to you again. You look **good**, I must say. Dressed like royalty, no les

He sauntered closer, lus tongue darting out to **lick** his lips

os like the snake he was

“What do you want from me this time, Dane!” I yelled, my voice trembling with **anger**. “Are you planning **to** sell me off again to the highest bidder?”

His grin widened, clearly enjoying my fury.

“Oh, come on now,” he **said**, spreading his arms in mock innocence. “Don’t act like I didn’t do you a favor. You’re mated to the Alpha of the Bloodbane pack! If anything, I wish I were in your position right now.”

The audacity. My blood boiled at his words, and before I could stop **myself**, I spat back, “Then why don’t you put on a **dress** since you wish to be a woman, you fucking pussy!”

Dane moved closer, his hand landing on my face with a sharp sting

“You will not talk to me like that!” he yelled, **his** voice laced with anger. “I might not be your mate anymore, but I still have as much control **over** you!”

But his words no longer carried the weight they once did. I stared him down, unflinching. I wasn’t afraid of him anymore. That fear was a thing of the past. He doesn’t own me. Not now, not ever again. He was nothing more than a bloody kidnapper.

“What do you want from me, Dane! Why am I here?” I demanded, my anger simmering beneath my skin.

“The real question **is** why did you run away from the Bloodbane **castle**” he retorted, a smirk creeping onto his face. “**What** happened? Do **you** know that your mate is looking for you! He’s sent men all over Blackwater City in search of you. You **must** be feeling like some important shit right.

1/1

Chapter 34

now—such a lucky ass!”

There **was** a glint in his eyes, twisted admiration masking malice.

“Tell me **is** the Alpha not **fucking** you like I used to?” he sneered, his tone venomous

Before I could respond, he sat beside me on the bed, far too close for comfort. His hand, uninvited and revolting, began to slide from my leg up to my thigh.

Disgust churned in my stomach as his touch ignited an uncontrollable rage inside me.

I brush him off, irritation bubbling within me

“That is none **of** your business!” I snap.

“Of course it is,” he retorts. “I sold you to the Alpha for a good token, and **now** you run away... Don’t you realize how that tarnishes my reputation What the hell is wrong with you, Amica? Why do you haunt me even when you’re not here?”

“Listen, you fool,” **I say**, my voice sharp with anger. “You **have** no right to bring me here. I do not belong to **you** anymore!”

“Oh?” he smirks. Then why did your new mate call me first to ask for help finding your He knows you’ll always be mine. He knows I am your first love, **and** you’ll always come running back to me. And let me tell you something Amica, I did miss you. There are nights when all I can think about is you. Even when I’m with other women. I imagine your face,” he says, has tone dripping with twisted affection.

“If Alpha Deckard asked for your help to find me, then why the hell am I here? Take me to him instead of dragging me to this depressing house!” I frustrated

Dane pauses, his eyes narrowing as though trying to read me. “Oh wow he mutters. Then, as if a realization strikes him, he scoffs. “I see what’s happening here. Don’t tell me you’ve started to have feelings for Deckard? Of course, you have. He’s richer and more powerful **than I am**. Women are scum!” he yells, his voice echoing in the dim room.

“You sound hurt, Dane,” I retort, my tone mocking “But you shouldn’t bet you sold me, remember?”

“Yes, I remember!” he snaps, his voice rising. “But I never sold you to become his Luna. I thought **you** were going there to be his his sex slave or something But Luna” He lets out a bitter laugh, blowing a dismissive raspberry. “Does he even like you? I doubt he does!”

I sit there, watching Dane pace the room like a madman, his thoughts spinning out of control, his anger and confusion boiling over

“Listen, Amica,” Dane **says**, his tone shifting to something more serious. “I brought you here to ask you some important questions, and the quicker you give me answers, the quicker I release you.”

“Okay, **ask** your questions,” I reply, crossing my arms. Then, as my stomach growls loudly, I add truthfully. “But before that, can I **get** some food? I’m starving

His eyes widen slightly, and he nods enthusiastically. “Oh really? Of course! Without hesitation, he rushes out of the room.

As soon as the door closes behind him, I hear **faint** voices. Curiosity gets the better of me, and I quietly tiptoe **to** the door. Peeking through the **crack**, I **spot Dane talking** to Cameron just down the hallway.

“She’ll have no choice but to tell me everything she knows,” Dane says, his voice low but urgent. “She’s a member of the bloodbane **pack** now. The Apex Circle has their yearly gathering in a few days, which means they’ll announce their new members. Deckard **promised** to look into my application, I need to be sure that he did. That’s why we need someone on the inside

“Are

you sure she’ll talk? Cameron asks skeptically, his arms crossed as he leans against the wall.

Dane’s voice drifts through the crack of the door, **sharp** and **calculating**. “She doesn’t have a choice. She’s to be the Luna of the most powerful pack in Blackwater City. And I’m disappointed I didn’t know this earlier—I could **have** sold her for so much more! She must tell me everything she knows. The entire city is in disarray because this damn girl is missing!”

Cameron **stays** silent for **a** moment before Dane continues, “We still have the upper hand for now She doesn’t know the **advantage** she holds, she doesn’t realize the power she’ll gain **as** Luna. But I’ll make sure that never happens!”

Cameron chuckles lightly, leaning in closer. “I don’t **think** she can become as powerful as you’re imagining, Deckand doesn’t even like her. She had to run away from him because he treats her like **garbage**. It’s **clear** as day.

Dane grins, **a** sinister edge in his voice. “Then let’s hope it stays that way. We’ll do everything we can to keep it like

I step **back** from the door, my chest tight with anger and confusion. What the hell is he planning? Why **is he so** desperate to stop me from becoming Luna” And what does he think I know that’s so valuable?

Chaser 34

the plate and sta

||

I glama vgs, manyemang **my** eyes. “What wout of question te doar

“Well” he begins, feigning innocence, “he’s pamestul mul on nously weakbir; than 1 min. M least that miss he must make your happy. Lalud your a favor.

Dane huffs, throwing his hands up in stock exasperation. “The best you can do is show a bit of appreciation

like? What does he think about tw?

I smirk, saving the chances twist the ki “He bringly talks about yan?” I say ally

His face falls slightly, but he quickly monks it with a loved gem. “Marly, hole” be munters, his code laced wili beritation. I take another bite of food, pretending not to inther his slisappotatoent

“Oh, shoot op, bachy” Dane snaps, his voice filled vel cenou. “I know you’ve never warned anything penal tear me, bui

gove hum a mile. That makes me more impostat to him thank you’ll ever be. So tell me - The Apes Cinde Tonk he talk to you about it Who are that new Alphas set to be announced as niendiers?

I stay at hoon, stamused by the sheet alisonday of his words. He’s worse thanti remen

has convamed him entirely

“Listen, Dane,” Ubegin, keeping my voice as calm as proosable, “I knew nothing abosit what you’r

rdebusional. His longer for power

But he cuts me off before I can finish. “Of couse you don’t he barks, pising finisly. “Why so I even inthest Deckard is armun stone. Visa shakl kuone better—you tan away from him. And **where** did you cut tip? Back in my anal” He bites his lips, a sinister

“You kidnapped me!” I remind him

His pacing halis, and he states at

“Oh, please,” Dane says, his tone dripping with mockery, “tell me you weren’t elated when you found out I was the one to fad you best Annica, I know you. **I know you** miss me, and truthfully.. I nabos yout loo“.

I didn’t understand how the conversation stilled in this. His words felt like poison, each one making my skin crank.

He sat on the bed, far ton close to me, and his hands reached out, touching for in ways that made my stomach churn with disgust.

“Get your hands off me, Dansel” I snaps, glaring at him. “Deckard will find me, and you do not want to know what he’ll do to you if he finds **ou** you’ve laid a lundon me”

Daur lets enit a low chuckle, completely unbothered by my waning “Oh, forget Deckard, my love, but this what you His hand lingers, and | flinch, inching away as he leans in closer. “I rensender the way you tried the day I made you sign the divorce papers. I know you haven’t gotten.

He leans forward pressing his lips on mine, Out of tiles I slam his face with my hand as hand as I can...

E

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 35[1,435 words]

Chapter 35

Alpha Dane

This foolish bitch! She dares to slan

slap me across the facet “How dare you, Amical” I roar, my voice shaking the room

over the plate of food, the contents spilling across the bed. Her eyes is wide in panic, **but** it only

She scrambles away from me in fear, knocking ov fuels my **rage**

“Oh, you’ll regret this, I promise you!” I snarl, grabbing her by the hair and slamming her face back.

“So, you think you can lay your hands on me now? Is it because you’re screwing a powerful Alpha!” I pull my belt from my waist, gripping it tightly, ready to teach **her a** lesson she won’t forget.

But just as I raise the belt, my phone rings, breaking through the storm of my fury. The on the screen is unfamiliar, but something about the timing compels me to answer.

“Dane, do you have news for me?”

That voice-deep, unmistakable. Deckard.

Suddenly, **Amica** bolts like a madwoman, her voice slicing through the chaos.

“Fuck you Dane!” she screams, charging toward the door.

“Shit Shir Cameron, don’t let that **bitch** get out” I bellow, hanging up the call in a rush.

The realization sinks in—Deckard might’ve heard her voice through the phone. Damn in If it wasn’t him, then who else could it be? Only he would dare question me like that

From outside, I hear the commotion, Amica’s grunts and Cameron’s curses echo as they struggle.

“**Fuck!**” I yell, slamming my fist against the wall in frustration. Why the hell did I answer **that** call now of all times?

Before Lean calm myself, the phone buzzes in my hand again. The same number.

I don’t hesitate. I answer swiftly, my voice tight.

“Hello“”

“Dane, is there a problem? Do you have an update on **Amica**?” Deckard’s voice drips with controlled menace, his tone sharper now. He knows. Damn i He’s fishing for me to slip up

“Yes, Deckard,” I say quickly, forcing steadiness into my **voice**. “She’s here. She ran **back** to my pack, begging me to take her **back**. I was just about to bring her to you.”

Silence on the other end stretches long enough to make my palms sweat. Then, his response comes, cold and calculated.

“Oh no, Dane, don’t trouble yourself. I’ll come get her myself. Send me your address. I’ll be there shonly.

The line goes dead before I can respond.

Islam the phone onto the table, seething. Look at him, commanding me like I’m some errand boy. I hate him—his arrogance, his power—bur damn it, I want it I want all of it for myself

But I can’t let her go. Not yet. Not until I get what I need.

I storm to the living room, where Cameron has her restrained. Amica looks up, defiant despite the situation, her bery spirit fueling my rage.

Without a word. I stride over and wrap my hand slowly around her neck, letting her feel the weight of my power.

“Oh, Amica,” I hiss through gritted teeth, pacing back and forth like a predator barely restraining itself. “**You’ve** succeeded in pushing me to the edge Fuck! I try—oh, how I try to restrain myself, but all you **do is** piss me od!”

I release my iron grip from her neck, shoving her roughly onto the couch.

Taking a step back, I drag in a sharp breath, trying to calm the storm brewing inside me. My hands **clench** and unclench at my sides as I fight for **control**.

Chapter 35

“Okay” Lexhale deeply, forcing a mock smile onto my face. “I’m sorry I’m so sorry. Let’s start over, hmm! A clean slate

Amica glares at me, her hatred practically scorching the air between us.

“Why did you run away from your new mate?” I ask, lowering my **tone** to something smoother, more coaxing. “Did you discover something interesting about him? Or the pack, perhaps Something you’d like to share with me?”

III

“Bold of you to asume I’d **ever** say anything to your she spits, her voice dripping with venom. “You sold **me** off like livestock and **took** your dirty money. Go to hell, Dune”

Her words strike like daggers, sharper than I expect. My chest tightens with rage and something more primal. My mind floods with darker thoughts -pinning her to the wall, showing her exactly who she belongs to, making her beg-

But time isn’t on my side. Deckard could arrive any minute, and I still don’t have what I need.

Clenching **my jaw**. I force myself to focus. She’ll break eventually, she always do

“**Fine.**” I say, my voice softening **as I** lower myself to her level. “If you don’t want to tell me what happened. I won’t press. But I need your help. Amica. I’m asking you for a favor now

Her eyes narrow **in** suspicion, but I press on

“**The** Apes Circle,” I begin, my tone urgent. “No one truly knows what happens within it except its members. They’re bound by some unbreakable nath, something so deep **and** secretive. But I need to know, Amica. **I** need to know what it takes to get in, and I need it from a reliable source.

I pause **for** a while, to let the weight of my words sink in her head. “And I trust you

She scoffs loudly, crossing her arms as her face hardens. The anger still blazes in her eyes, and I know winning her over won't be easy,

"I know **you** don't believe me," I say quickly, leaning closer. "But one thing you do know for certain is that I'm the bener devil you know. **I've** heard the rumors, Amica. I know Deckard is worse **far** worse. **He's** a **diabolical** alpha, the kind who thrives on destruction. I'm scared of what he'll do to you. He's dangerous in **ways** I never **was**. No matter how terrible I might have been, you never had a reason to nun before. Remember that."

I let the words settle, my voice dropping to a whisper. "Remember the good times, Amica. You know it **wasn't** always this bad. It wasn't always chaos and pain. I'm still in love with you. That hasn't **changed**"

Her gaze falters for a moment, but I can see her walls are still up. I'll have to try harder.

"**Once** I get into the Apex Circle, I'll come back for you, Amica," I say, my **voice** filled with desperation. "We can be together, just like it used to be Happily, I promise.""

I search her face for a glimmer of understanding, some sign that she believes me. Instead, she **bursts** into a fit of maniacal laughter that echoes through the r

"Eat shit," she spits out,

My **anger** boils **over**,

and

d before I can sto

I can stop myself, I land another slap across her face. The sound reverberates as I take a step back, seething

That's when one of the guards rushes into the room, his voice panicked. "Alpha Deckard is here!"

"**Fuck!**" I curse under my breath, trying to think **quickly**. I turn to Amica, assessing her state.

Her hair is a tangled mess, and I move to smooth it down with trembling **hands**, my heart racing. Her face is another problem—red and sore from the slap. Damn it!

"Quickly, take her to the room and freshen her up? I bark, showing Amica toward Cameron, who grabs her without hesitation and drags her **away**.

Before I can gather my thoughts, I hear heavy footsteps approaching. My heart races as **Alpha** Deckard walks **in** his beta following close behind.

There he is, standing in my home, larger than life. His presence is overwhelming majestic, untouchable, like he owns every space he steps into.

Welcome, Alpha Deckard' I say, forcing a smile. "Welcome to my humble abode. Please, have a seat"

try to exude confidence, to remember that I am **an** alpha too, that this **is** my pack and my territory. But it's hard to shake the feeling that in his presence, my title **pales** in comparison.

Deckard walks in with an air of authority that demands attention. He doesn't bother looking around, his piercing gaze fixed directly on me. There's no warmth, no pretense of civility—just pure, unyielding purpose,

2/3

Chapter 35

It sets my teeth on edge. This is what infuriates me about him.

That the way he carries himself, like we're all beneath him. Like the rest of us are nothing more than insects scurrying at his feet. His arrogance is unbearable, but I swallow my frustration knowing I can't afford to show weakness—not now

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 36[1,417 words]

Chapter 36

Chapter 36

Deckard

at I never actually believe

My mind is a chaotic mess. The possibility of Amica going back to her ex crosses my mind as a thought—a silly thought, but I think it will actually happen. Until now.

to him

What the hell is wrong with her? Does she enjoy suffering? That bastard sold her off after she cheated, yet she chooses to crawl back to

And Dane—why the hell does he wait for me to ask before telling me she’s with him? What’s his game? Does he want her back? What kind of Twisted connection do they still slure?

I feel a wave of relief knowing she’s safe and **hasn’t** been abducted by some members of the Infinity Rogue. She’s safe. That should be enough. But

it’s not

Now, anger churns inside.

Some would **call** it jealousy, but I refuse to believe that’s what this is. No, this is irritation—pure, unfiltered frustration

I don’t want to chase her down. I shouldn’t have to. What does **it say** about me if I’m the one forcing her to stay, to want me!

But she’s mine now! I bought **her** with money, and only I have the power to reject her. If I don’t reject her, the **connection** stays—binding. unbreakable.

Shit I have to reject her.

With my beta at my side, we head to Dane’s line pack **after** securing the address. An hour later, we arrive at the house

This place Alpha Dane and Amica once lived here together as husband and wife. It’s decent. I guess. Not what I’m

ed to though. The Ironcla **Pack** clearly has some serious issues. You can see it in the way their Alpha carries himself—small, uncertain, like he’s pretending to be more than he

As our cars roll into the compound, everything comes to a standstill. All eyes turn toward us. Park members freeze mid-task, unsure of **how** to act. No one dares approach—until one brave soul finally steps forward

“Who are you here for?” he ask, his unease evident firmly.

“Alpha Dane, please take me to him,” I s
me to him,” I say fi

“And who should I tell him wishes to see him?” the **pack** member **replies**, a hint of **attitude** lacing his words.

“Deckard.” I answer, keeping **my** tone neutral, trying to avoid announcing my presence too loudly.

“Alpha Deckard!” he clarifies, his eyes narrowing slightly.

I nod slowly, hoping he’ll keep things discreet

“Oh wow! Alpha Deckard Welcome!” he exclaims, bowing deeply with sudden reverence,

Then, **as** if forgetting my request for subtlety, he yells out, “Alpha Deckard is here!”

He scurries into the house, and without hesitation. I follow closely behind. My beta, Lenoord, trails behind me, his expression **etched** with condescension **as** he surveys the surroundings with disdain.

We step into the house, and there he is—Dane, standing stiffly as though he’s been anticipating this moment

“Welcome, Alpha Deckard. Welcome to my humble abode, Please, have a seat,” he says, forcing a smile that barely conceals his discomfort.

“**Alpha** Dane, thank you for informing me,” I reply curtly, my tone carrying more weight than gratitude

“Oba’s no problem at all” he says **quickly**, almost **too** eagerly. “There’s no way I’d let Amica tarnish your name by escaping into the will.

She came back here in tears, begging me to **take** her back and forgive her.” Dane begins, his tone self-righteous. “But I am a man of honor. She’s in my **past** now. She’s “your” property—¹ sold her to you”

His unnecessary rant grates on my

my nerves, each word sparking irritation

“Can I see her now?” I cut him off, my voice firm and sharp enough to silence him.

Chapter 36

“Oh, quick to business!” he chuckles nervously, fumbling to cover his **unease**. Pulling out his phone, he dials a number. “Bring her here,” he curtly into the receiver.

Turning back to me, he **flashes** a fake smile. “What can I offer you while we wait! It’s such **an** honor to **have** you here, Alpha Deckard” He dives into pointless small talk, but I have no patience for it.

“It’s fine,” I reply coldly, hoping to put an end to **his** babbling.

Moments later, a man strides into the room, gripping Amica by the arm. His hand clamps down on her with such force that anger surges through me, **a** violent urge to punch him in the gut threatening to bail over.

Amica keeps her head down, refusing to meet my **gaze**. Her silence feels like a punch to the chest, but relief washes over me nonetheless. She’s here. **She’s** “ufe.”

“You can let go of her now,” **I** say, doing my best to keep the concern out of my voice.

The man shoves her forward, and she stumbles slightly. A part of me wants to catch her, to hold her close and demand to know why she did what she did. But another part of me burns with fury. Who the hell **does** she think she **is**, running away from “nie“?

She still **hasn’t** looked at me. I can’t tell if she’s ashamed, remorseful, or completely indifferent.

I stride toward **her**, each step deliberate and intimidating. My hand is her chin up, forcing her to meet any eyes. But as her face comes into full **view**, something catches my **attention**.

Her face is sore-red, bruised-and her neck **isn’t** any better. Anger ignites within me, a storm I can barely control.

“What happened to her face?” I demand, my voice laced with rage despite my attempt to rein it in. **I** already know I’ve failed.

“Oh, that!” Dane says with a smug grin, clearly proud of himself. “I had to teach her a lesson-for defying you and having the audacity to run **back** to me when she belongs to another.”

He pauses, **hasking** in his own twisted sense of justice. “It just goes to show that people never change. I don’t know how you plan to discipline her, Alpha, but my **advice**? Keep her on a leash and never let her wander too far.”

I stop listening the moment the word “discipline” leaves his mouth. My blood boils, and my wolf-my canine-stings within me, whispering furiously.

“He laid his hands on our matel Will you let that slide? Teach him a lesson!”

“Hm.” It’s all I can manage, my voice a low growl **as** I fight to contain the storm inside me,

I let go of Amics, my hand dropping to my side.

Without another glance at Dane, I turn and walk back to Leonard, my beta.

“Take her to the car,” I order, my voice cold and clipped. Leonard nods without hesitation, stepping forward to guide Arnica out

I reach **into** my **coat** and take out what was promised, handing it over to him, Dane’s **face** lights up instantly, his greedy fingers clutching the envelope.

“Oh, wow! It’s like I’m selling you all over again,” he says, laughing at his own **disgusting** joke

“I appreciate it! You’re too kind” he continues, **his voice dripping** with **fake gratitude**. “But you know, I **think** I’ll **use** this money **to** pay for my membership **into** the Apex Circle instead. You can vouch for me, right? I’d be a great addition to the gro—”

Before **he can** finish, I grab him by the neck and slam him against the nearest wall. My claws extend instinctively, pressing **into** his throat **as** a low growl escapes me.

“You dare touch my mate and then joke about it?” I snarl, my voice dark and **laced** with fury. “Do you think I’d let you **get** away with this?”

Dane’s smug expression vanishes, replaced by fear as my claws press harder, drawing a thin line of blood.

Dane’s beta, **clearly** alarmed, tries to rush to his Alpha’s rescue. Before he can even get close, I swing my right fist, catching him squarely in the /chest. The impact sends him crashing to the ground, gasping for air.

“Don’t you “ever” lay your hands on my mate!” I roar.

The words leave my mouth before I even process them. The reaction surprises me—but I can’t stop the surge of fury coursing through me.

2/3

Checkm

Chapter 36

Dane’s wide eyes betray his shock. He hadn’t expected this. Slowly, he nods, his fear evident. Satisfied that my message is clear, I release him, letting him drop to **the** floor.

T—I apologize, Alpha Deckard,” Dane stammers, massaging his bruised neck. He straightens himself, wruggling to maintain his pride despite the obvious humiliation.

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 37[1,449 words]

Chapter 37

Deckard

The drive home **is** silent. I don't know how to start or what **to** say to Amica. All I **know is that** I've been insulted in a way I've never experienced

before

I say nothing to her, and she doesn't speak either.

When we arrive bark at the castle, Bria, Gustein, and **Carl** are waiting to greet us. As Amica **steps** out of the car, Bria can't hide her **excitement**.

"You found her, my Alpha!" she says, but something in her tone rubs me the wrong way, I don't like it..

"Take care of her." I order, not bothering to acknowledge the elders' amusement or **their** greetings.

All I know is that I need time to think about what to do next.

How could she choose that insect over me? How could she go back to the arms of the one who **lays** his hands on her!

What a fool! It's so obvious this isn't the first time he's laid his hands on her. Yet she went back. It's clear now she must enjoy it. If she didn't, we wouldn't be in this mess.

Did she forget what the healer **said** about that ridiculous sickness of hers? Was she willing to die rather than be with me? Fuck! I hate what I'm feeling Why the hell do I feel bad that Amica tried to **run**? This is what I want, isn't it!

Yes. I know this is what I want.

I try to push all these thoughts aside, but they stay, gnawing at me. I take a few hours to map, hoping to escape the turmoil in my mind. But even when I wake up, it's the same. Amica. What the hell am I supposed to do with her!

There's a knock on my door.

“Alpha,” Bria says when I open it. I knocked earlier, but it seems you were asleep. I wanted to inform you that we’ve taken care of has also checked on her **and** recommends that she rests well.. of course, with you.”

her The healer

“It doesn’t seem like she needs me anymore!” I snap. “She was willing to survive out there without me. Who knows? Maybe she actually cant” Bra hesitates before speaking **again**, clearly trying to choose her words carefully. “It’s still so weird to me why she escaped the next day after the bonding ceremony was meant to happen. What happened to her yesterday. Alpha? If I’m not being forward, I apologize”

I don’t **give** her an answer.

“To me.” Bria continues, it seemed like something happened that really pushed her **to the** wall because none of this **adds** up!”

I snap, frustration building. “You know what I should be asking you, Bria. What happened yesterday? What measures did you take **to** ensure certain things happened between Amica and I yesterday?”

I stand up, walking towards her with intent. My glare a meant to intimidate, to make her **spill** whatever she knows. But as I get closer, I **see** it in her eyes—she has no **cluc**

“I don’t understand what you’re **talking** about, my Alpha. We all worked towards making the bonding ceremony a success yesterday. If something in **particular** happened that made Luna run **away**, please let me know so we can **get** to the bottom of this and teach the culprit a lesson”

I **narrow** my eyes at her, my gaze sharp. She looks clueless—either that, or she’s puning **on a** damn good act. Either way, I’m not buying it.

“Where **is** Amica!” I growl, the words slipping through clenched teeth. “I need to see her. Now”

“She’s been asleep for over two hours now, Bria responds, her tone almost apologetic. The healer says to let her rest...

I cut her off, the **words** seething out of me like a warning. “I don’t care what the healer **says**.”

storm out of the room angrily, why wouldn’t she be **asleep** after running around **the** city, searching **for** something she’d already thrown **away**!

I **decide to** check on her myself

I enter her room quietly, the door creaking slightly as it opens. She's asleep **just** like Bria said—peaceful, almost serene. Her **face** is **calm**, untouched by the turmoil she's caused. But as I stand there, watching her, wondering what the hell got in her head.

Chapter 37

I stand there too long, like a damn fool, just staring at her. My gaze shifts to the red scars on her face and neck—the marks that make my blue

want to wake her up, demand answers. To shout at her. But then, her eyes finally open.

She **locks** eyes with me, and for a split second, everything is tense. That before I can say anything, she quickly shifts, turning her back to me, facing the wall as if trying to escape my presence.

The **audacity**

"Cil. I'm glad to see you're awake, Amica," I say, my voice sharp, barely husky from the storm. "Let me just go straight in the point. How dare

She gives no reply, and I can feel my anger boiling over. I can't take it anymore.

I put my hand up to her shoulder, feeling some kind of reaction. Finally, she sits up to look at me, and I don't waste a second.

"Listen. I bought you with a huge amount of money, and I just paid another huge amount to get you back! I own you, Amica. So when I speak, you will listen. Let me ask you one more time—how dare you?"

She mumbles, barely above a whisper, "I am not a slave that you can buy and resell."

I laugh darkly, cutting her off: "Well, tell that to your ex-husband, who you shamelessly ran back to. He's **made** a lot of money off of you, yet you didn't even think twice before running back to him!"

"I did not run back to him," she **insists**, her voice shaking slightly

"**Maybe** because I found you there!" I snap, my voice rising. "Why did you run **away**? Why did you choose to leave at that time! Was it because of the bonding ceremony, or was it all just a false pretense to trap me with sex? Or maybe, maybe you knew that I find not the truth

"What truth? Tell me what truth!" she snaps, her voice filled with frustration. "**Do** you think it was my pride in behaving like a madwoman aroused you! Since I got to this place, it's been trouble upon trouble! And then you go about acting like the good person here, assuring me of my safety, but **what** did you end up doing! I became a ridicule to your

mistress and the mail I've become a ridicule to everyone here, so f'it rather die thin lie with a man whose sole purpose is to embarrass me in front of the world!"

Her words hit me hard, taking me **back** for a moment. The anger and hurt in her voice **are** sharp, raw. She's accusing me of everything I never meant to do: But it's her statement about the servants that hits the hardest. How did they know about what happened to her? Mary Leonfided in her, trusted her, and she couldn't even keep this one thing. I should have known better. I feel my jaw tighten, a new wave of betrayal rising in me. I

am not to shout, to lash out, but instead, I just stand there, silent, letting her words sink in,

"Oh. **Amica**, you are not here for me to fan your ego or make you feel like a better **woman**, I growl, my voice laced with venom. "I bought you, and I'll do whatever I want with you. You had your chance to run off for free, with no debt hanging over your head, but you chose to stay. Now, you're here, **so** you **can't** just decide to leave once the water gets too high. I will decide when you leave! Don't forget, now that your debt has diminished, you're mine **until** I say otherwise!"

away off his debt, I doubt

I step closer, the anger building inside me **as** my eyes burn with frustration. "If your ex-husband, who's **an** Alpha, couldn't pay you'd ever be able **to** pay even half of it. Now You sit here and do as you're told—because that's the price you pay now"

Without giving **her** a chance to respond, I turn and storm out of the room, slamming the door behind me.

My pulse pounds in my ears, and for a moment, I don't know if it's from the heat of the moment or for the weight of the words I just dropped on Amica Why the fuck do I even care?!

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 38[1,019 words]

Chapter 38

I hear Deckard found **her**—that wretched conniving bitch. Damn it Why couldn't she just disappear for good? But no, she had to run back to her nest of all people, as if that wasn't the most predictable move in the book. She's no fool, she's smart, calculating, and knows exactly how to play this twisted game.

I thought the little humiliation I threw her way was enough to send her packing for good. Clearly, I underestimated her. And now that she's back, I can't **shake** this bitterness. It

burns, festering with every thought of her. Why did Deckard even bother to search for her? We were better off without her. I thought we all agreed on that—so what the hell is he thinking?

I need answers. I need to see Deckard, to look him in the eyes and figure out what's going on in his head. I need to know where his mind **is** at and remind him. And if she thinks she's won, she has another thing coming.

I see him storming out of the castle, his jaw clenched and anger radiating off him like a raging storm. That bitch must've pissed him off again.

Perfect

one mine

“Deckard ‘I call cat my voice carrying across the courtyard. His piercing eyes snap toward me, immediately locking onto

“Mary? I need to see you?” he growls, **his tone** sharp and **commanding**.

ade him. “I need to see you too, my Alpha. What happened? Why did you go looking for that bitch? I thought we

I rush

sh to him, falling into step beside wanted her gane“”

He stops abruptly, turning on me, his face contorted with fury. “What did **you do**, Mary? I trusted you with something—told you **in** confidence— and **you just** couldn't keep your damn mouth shut! What the hell **is** wrong with you!” His voice **booms**, **his** anger crashing over me like a wave.

I feign confusion, trying to keep my composure: “What, Deckard **What** are you talking about?” I say, though deep down, I know exactly what he

means

His eyes narrow, **his** nostrils flaring. “Don't **play dumb** with me, Mary. You **know** exactly what I'm talking **about**. **It's** because of your shit—stirring that Amica ran away! You **couldn't** just keep it to yourself, could you? How many people did you tell, bulur”

The venom in his words stings, and I falter slightly under his glare. “Deckard, I didn't”

“**Don't** lie to me!” he cuts me off, his voice a raw snarl. “This is why I can never trust you with anything!”

I swallow hard, my mind racing. His anger is **palpable**, and for once, I feel like the ground beneath me **is** slipping away.

“What! I didn’t tell anyone, Deckard! I **just—**”

“Oh, please, shut up!” he snaps, his voice cutting through me like a whip. “Do you even realize what you’ve done? You’ve committed a crime, Mary **-a** crime! I could have you punished for this! Spreading false rumors about your Luma is a grave offense!”

His voice is low and raspy, vibrating with barely contained rage. It sends a shiver down my spine. He towers over me, his piercing gaze full of fury as if I’m the very embodiment of his disappointment. Then, without another word, he turns and walks away, leaving me rooted to the spot.

My heart feels like it’s **breaking** into a thousand jagged pieces. I watch him retreat, **my** throat tightening as tears blur my vision. I want to crawl into a dark corner and cry until the pain stops.

Deckard has never spoken to me like this before. Never. Not even in his worst moods. And now, he’s threatening me—me!—because of her

Does he hate me now? Is this it? Will he ever talk to me again

Amica. That scheming, manipulative woman. She’s succeeded. She’s destroyed everything—everything I had with my alpha. My Deckard

I heard **she** went back to her mate. Her mate! How can **Deckard** even consider taking her back after that? When did he become this way?

And he called her his Luna! His Luna. The words echo in my mind like a cruel taunt. What has happened to my **Deckard** in just a single day!

My heart feels like it’s being crushed under the weight of it all. I can’t bear the thought of him hating me—I’d rather die than let that happen. I have to fix this have to make things right between us.

After spending what feels like hours crying my **eyes** out, I start to think of ways to repair the damage. But every idea feels too small, too desperate. The thought of approaching him now terrifies me. He’s never scared me before, but the anger I saw in his **eyes**—it wasn’t just anger. It was disappointment. And that’s worse than anything else.

1/2

Latra Check-in

Vouchers

Chapter 38

I need to see him. I need to try, even if my hands tremble at the thought of facing him. I can't let this be the end. Not like this.

We are loved. Even if Deckard refuses to see it that way, I know the truth. That is what we are. We've been together for years, and what we share goes beyond mere intimacy. He is my confidant. Even with his egocentric nature **and** his habit of keeping his thoughts locked away, I understand him in ways no one else ever could. I accept him for who he is

And I refuse to let a stranger like Amica come between us—all in the name of being his so-called mate.

Who's to say that claim is even true? **She's** nothing but a disruption, a crack in the foundation of what Deckard and I have built.

What I need now **is a**

I need an alliance.

I need someone who despises Amica just as much as I do, someone who would relish the opportunity to see her fall. That is who I need to speak with. Together, we can bring her down and ensure she never comes between Deckard and me again.

She doesn't belong here. And soon, everyone will see that.

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 39[1,343 words]

Chapter 39

I struggle to breathe, choking on the tears I refuse to let fall as Deckard's words echo in my mind.

Dane has succeeded in painting me as the villain, and Deckard is no better. They're both despicable, two sides of

of the same coin

swear Dane will pay for every one of them. Maybe not today, maybe not

All the less, the baseless accusations—Eve endured them silently, but I swear tomorrow, but justice will come for him.

Right now, I hate everything. I harbor a burning hatred for Deckard that feels as if it might consume me. I'd rather die than trust him again.

This life, this nightmare he's forced upon me, is not what I want. But I know running away is futile. Last time, I underestimated just how powerful Deckard truly is, but now I understand. The conversation I overheard between Dane and his bria confirmed it—Deckard's **reach** extends farther than I could have ever imagined.

There's no escaping him.

So I've made my choice. If he wants me to play the role of his ceremonial **Luna**, then that's exactly what I'll do. But I won't just play along. (I'll own the role I'll be the Luna he doesn't deserve, the Luna who will haunt his every step

If I can't escape this life, I'll make sure it's one neither of us will forget.

This is my life now, and I won't let anyone chase me out of it—not Mary, and certainly not some petty servants who are beneath me.

If I am to become the Luna, then the

they will work for me, **and** I'll wield that power however I see fit.

I do not trust anyone. Not Deckard, not the servants, not Bria, and absolutely not Mary. They're all my enemies now.

I wipe the tears from my face, weeling myself against the whirlwind of emotions. Just then, a knock sounds at the door. It's **Bria**.

"Amica, welcome back," she says, her tone overly sweet "I was worried we'd never see you again. I thought you'd agreed to **stay**, so tell me why did you run away?"

For a moment, I stay quiet, letting her words hang in the air. My mind drifts **to** the ceremonial drink the servants gave me. It came from Bria. She, too, tried to sabotage me, yet here she **is**, pretending to care, acting as if she's on my side.

With a sharp, sarcastic tone, I reply, "Oh, I think it might've had something to do with a certain ceremonial drink—one **you** ordered the servants to

Her face flickers with something unreadable—guilt? confusion! I can't tell, but I'm watching her **closely** now, every word out of her mouth **a** potential weapon.

“I don’t know what you heard, **amica**, **but** I never ordered the servants to serve you anything” she says. “The ceremonial drink is only served to you by the priest, and it was never served because the ceremony never happened”

At this point, I **don’t** even know what to believe. I stick to my decision not to trust anyone, so it doesn’t matter if what she’s **saying** is true or **not**,

“Hmm, interesting-“I **uy**

“Look, amica, my only mission here is to make sure you marry our Alpha. I would never do anything to sabotage that,” she insists.

“And why are you on my side? Why do you want that to happen so badly! You don’t even know me, so why do you support me?” I **ask**, unable to hold **back** the curiosity that has been nagging at me.

on your side!” she replies, her voice sharp and her expression unyielding. Her serious tone throws me off, leaving i Thore

“Who said I am on yo

confused than ever.

“Lonly came here to tell you that the bonding ceremony is tomorrow night,” she continues, her words clipped and direct. “The Alpha has commanded it. There’s no time to waste anymore. This time, everything will be more secure, and there will be tight security everywhere. You will not eat until the ceremony **is** over, and even if you do, I am to serve you myself. I will take you to the altar personally. We cannot afford to get it (wrong this time,”

She delivers hier message with an air of finality before I can muster a response, she turns sharply and strides out of the room, leaving behind **a** silence thick with tension.

My mind races. Wow! Deckard isn‘ playing around. **He’s** not giving me room to breathe or even think. I just got here, and now the bonding

Chapter 19

ertemony is happening in less **than 24** hours.

And Elder What is ster all about? I knew it. I knew she had her own interations.

like everyone else bere.

The next morning. I’m jolted **awake** by a knock at my door. It creaks open slowly, i

“Good morning. Future Luna Amica,” they say in unison, their voters **soft** and deferential.

dowly, and two servant step in thei

two servants step in, their heads bowed low

FI

It **takes** me a moment to shake off the huer of sleep, Just eventually, I force myself to acknowledge their greeting

“Morning.” I mumble.

“We will be attending to you today and preparing you for the bonding ceremony this evening,” “Fint, we’ll take you for a spa sesakit”

“one of them announces, be

her tone overly cheerful.

“Pack.” I mutter der my breath.

The first bonding ceremony preparation had sparked an excitement in ime I didn’t want to admit, a feeling I’d buried under **layers** of skepticism **and** doubt. But this time! It feels like just another task 1 have no desire to take part in–yet one I have no choice but to endure.

“I **had** a spa session three days **ago**,” I say, trying to suppress my annoyance.

“Well, we were told that you’ve been under a lot of stress, **so** you need your holly glowing and relaxed,” one of them responds, her voice chipper and

rehearsed

1 sigh, kusemwang any argument I make will be pointless, But then something clicks–I’ve never seen these servants before, they look new.

work here in the **castle**, or were you hired specifically for this? Lask, narrowing my eyes slightly trying to clear my confusion.

“We are new hires,” one of them answer. “**We** were hired yesterday, and job is to **take** care of all the needs of the Luma.”

“It’s the fastest hire we’ve ever experienced the other chimes in, a bright smile on her face. “My name is Christy, she adds, stepping forward slightly

“Arud mine is Eatmsa,” the first one says with a slight bor. “We are honored to serve you, Lunat’

Their **eagerness** feels a little over the top, but **I keep** my thoughts to myself. This whole situation is spinning so fast, and now even the people serving me feel like strangers.

I’m surprised to learn these are my new servants. Where are the old ones? The thought nags at me, but I don’t bother **asking** further questions. **What’s** the point? Everything here feels Beeting and out of my control.

Resigned, I go through the motions of preparing for the ceremony, just as I’m supposed to. True to her word, Bria serves in drinks and food herself, but I don’t touch any of it. **I’ve** already decided to **fast** until the ceremony is over, determined to wait until De kit at the table and eat what everyone else is living.

The preparations move forward swiftly. A new set of dresses is brought out, each one more summing than the last. The one chosen for me is exquisite—far more beautiful than anything I’ve ever worn before.

The makeup is applied with expert care. It’s light but flawless, enhancing my features in a way that feels almost ethereal. Even the faint red **scars** on my face are delicately concealed, leaving me looking like someone out of a dream—like **an** angel.

But I don’t let myself linger on the reflection in the mirror. I’m not here to admire myself. I just want to get this over with.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 40[1,386 words]

Chapter 40

Deckard

I agree that the fault was mine for Telling Mary about what should have been a secret between Amira and me, but it won’t happen again. I am not a weak man who needs to confide in anyone—that’s simply **not** who I am. I tried it once, and it failed. That’s the end of it

I think about the next steps to show Amica that I am not joking and she is stuck with me until I say so. The answer is clear: I need to finalize the bonding ceremony **as** soon as possible.

This time, I won’t involve a crowd, and there’s no need for the grand announcement we had planned last time. We can save that for the wedding

The meeting with the members of the Apex Circle is fast approaching, and I can't afford to waste any more time. This has to be done swiftly and **decisively**.

ony will take place tomorrow evening. I instruct her to notify Amica and the elders so

I call Bria immediately to inform her that the bonding ceremony preparations can begin—this time, it will happen,

Tonight, I don't spend the night with Amica, **and** it feels strange. As I lie in bed, I find it impossible to fall asleep. I keep tossing and turning unsent by how quickly I've grown used to her presence. What kind of sorcery is this!

My mind drifts to the healer's warning about the consequences of us not being together, even

en for a single night. But then I think about the time she ran off and spent hours far from me, **and** yet nothing happened.

It doesn't make sense. The bond, it seems, is unpredictable.

She'll be fine, and perhaps it's for the best that I'm too furious to spend the night with her. Starting tomorrow night, she'll have no choice but to make my room her permanent **bedroom**

I finally manage to close my eyes near daybreak after hours of restless thoughts about her.

Canine kept pestering me throughout the night, urging me to go to her, to comfort her, but he's **a fool**. In his eyes, Amica can **do** no wrong. When I open my eyes, it's almost noon. The persistent sound of knocking on my door drags me out **of a** difull sleep.

"Come in," I mumble, my voice low, hoping whoever is outside might not hear. Unfortunately, they do.

Mary steps into the room, looking like she hasn't had any sleep at all

"Good morning. Deckard," she says sofily as she walks closer **and** sits at the edge of the bed.

"My Alpha, I noticed the preparations for the bonding ceremony have started again. You didn't tell me it was happening today." she trails off. "And why would I tell you that?" I reply curtly, not bothering to hide my annoyance.

"Please, Deckard, forgive me. I apologize for everything, I swear I never told the servants anything. They must have—"

“Oh, please, Mary. It’s too early for this. Can we talk later! I have a **splitting** headache, I cut her off, my tone sharp. I genuinely can’t **deal** with her

“Oh really?” she murmurs, her expression faltering. She **looks** hurt, but I don’t care. It’s going to take me **a** while to forgive her after all the trouble she caused with Amica.

“Yes, please,” I clarify, my **voice** firm

She hesitates for a moment, then slowly gets up and leaves the room without another word.

I can tell **Mary** is hurting, and while she might deserve it, I hate the thought of **any** woman suffering because of me. I’ll check on her later.

By nightfall, everything is set for the ceremony. The crowd isn’t as large **as** it was during the last attempt, but I prefer it that way. My **pack** members are present, along with the priest, and that’s all I need

The process is the same **as** before. I step onto the stage, standing tall as the leader of my pack. Soon enough, Amica’s name is called, and just as the murmurs begin to ripple through the gathering, Bria steps out with her.

The moment I see her, a rush of excitement stirs within me, bubbling uncontrollably. I force myself to keep it in check ‘s jus Canine

Chapter 401

Amica **is** breathtaking, dressed in a lime-green gown that clings to her figure perfectly. She looks like an ethereal goddess, her radiant skin glowing **as** if it had been bathed in moonlight. Her hair cascades down her shoulders, richly curled and bouncing with each graceful step she takes under the soft glow of the night

I feel the air shift, and for a moment, the world seems to pause, leaving only her presence to fill the space around me.

All eyes are on her as she walks forward. Her peachy, plum-toned skin is exposed with an air of class, and for a fleeting moment, I worry that the war on her face might show. But whoever dressed her tonight did a flawless job.

She’s not smiling as she approaches me, and I don’t know why I expected her to. We aren’t on good terms—she hates me, and I can’t blame her. A part of me almost feels the same way about her. Still, there’s no denying that this moment **is** all about her. Only her

As she reaches the aide, I extend my hand to help her. She hesitates for a moment, her expression unreadable. My eyes drift, betraying me as the slit of her dress shifts, revealing

her toned, sexy legs. The **neckline** dips just enough to tease with a hint of cleavage, adding an intoxicating allure to

Damn. All I can think about is what's hidden beneath that **dress** and how badly I want to uncover it

She finally takes my hand, her touch beunant but **firm** as I helped her up to the stage. The priest begins to recite my part of the oath. I listened intently, acknowledging each line without hesitation and responding with conviction.

When it was Amica's turn, she stood still, her chest rising **as** she took a deep breath before responding. Her voice, though soft, carried an edge of resolve that intrigued me

"You may **kiss** your Luna under the moonlight" the priest announced, his voice echoing through the still night.

I stepped closer to her, drawn by her enchanting blue eyes that seemed to challenge and captivate me all at once. Lowering my head, I pressed a light, deliberate kiss against her s

Esoft lips. The contact was fleeting yet electric. The crowd erupted into clapping and cheers, their joyous energy dling the atmosphere

As the celebration swelled around us, I feel a strange wave ripple through my body. It was subtle but unmistakable—a connection forming **a** tether bending us. I forced myself to ignore it, focusing on the ceremony.

The bonding drink was brought to us next, the priest holding it with solemn reverence as he hands it over.

The bonding drink, a simple strand of wine, is meant to symbolize unity between the Luna and Alpha—tradition designed to make the night beautiful and memorable, not to spark chaos like it did with **Amica** before

I took a sip of the wine, savoring the moment, then extended the goblet to Amica. Her head shook in quiet refusal, her lips pressed tightly together.

She can't refuse it—not here, **not** in front of everyone. It was the final rite of the ceremony.

"You have to drink this. It's okay," I whisper, leaning close to her ear. She hesitates, her body stiff.

"**Take** just a sip and don't make a scene, I urge, my voice firm but law enough to avoid drawing attention. For a moment, I thought she wouldn't, but then she finally lifted the goldet and took the smallest sip. Her hesitation was quite obvious, and I decide not to press her further, understanding the trauma she had endured before.

With that, the ceremony is complete. We were bound.

A strange feeling surges within me, something foreign and overwhelming, I can't name **it**, can't control it, but it was all-consuming. It is a need- raw, primal, undeniable. I want Amica. Not just as my Luna, not just as my mate-I want her entirely tonight!

Was the feeling the same pull, or **was** this madness mine alone?