

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 42[2,041 words]

Chapter 42

Deckard

I know what **I'm** feeling, but I can tell Amica doesn't feel the same. And I'm not the kind of man who forces himself on a woman.

I still think about **that** night—the night I almost **gave** in to **what** I was inly feeling. Thank the Goddess for Mary and that knock on the door, which stopped me from making the worst mistake of my life. If I'd taken Amica in her vulnerable state, I would have hated myself forever, and she would've hated me even more for taking advantage of her.

1. e. Even though I'm

But tonight is different. Tonight, we're bonded as mates. There's a connection between us now, something new and undeniable. still angry with her, Canine isn't. And neither is my **definitely cock**

I want her. I want her more than I want anything—more than the air I breathe. But I know she doesn't want me. Why would she All I've done is make her feel like an unwanted guest. And **truthfully**, a part of me still believes that she is

What I feel inside is something far beyond my control. It's raw, primal, and driven by forces I can't begin to understand. And I **can't** fight it. But I am certain this feeling will go away once I have her. Right now **all** I want **is** her. No substitute

Fuck! Watching her struggle with that dress, **all** I want to do is tear it off her and claim her right here, right now. She **looks** divine, even after the long day we've had

Even earlier, **standing** at the altar for the bonding rites, couldn't **stop** myself from getting lost in her beauty. **My** mind kept wandering—who prepared her for this ceremony? Did they do something add some kind of spell to make her look so enchanting!

But deep down. I know the truth. Amica doesn't need **a** special day or **a** touch of magic to captivate me. She does that effortlessly, every single **day**. with **no** effort at all. And the more I see her, the stronger her hold over me becomes. It's maddening, and yet I can't bring myself to resist.

And this makes me wonder—is that why it felt like **a** piece of me was ripped away when she rant After everything we shared that night, the intimacy, the passion, the temptation. I saw a side of her a side I have never seen before. Aside that needed me! Yet the very

next morning, she chose to leave. She didn't **just** walk away; she tried to vanish from my life completely

How was she begging me one night to fuck the shit out of her one night and the next day she tries to leave my life for good! And worst of all, run back to that worthless excuse of an ex? It was cruel! The thought alone boil my blood.

When Amica left the ceremony earlier to retire for the night, everything else lost its meaning. The music, the laughter, the celebration—it all blurred into the background. My focus stayed on her, the way she walked away, the way she carried herself. That was the highlight of the entire night for me.

Not long after, I decided I'd had enough of the charade. As I turned to leave, intending to follow her **trail**, I heard my name being called. The voice, clear and sharp, came from behind me.

It was **Bria**, escorted by a few elders. She approached, holding a cup in her hand—the cup carrying the bonding drink.

“Congratulations. Alpha. We're **glad** this one came our successfully,” Gustien says with a pleased expression.

Bria steps forward, her gaze stern **as** she hands me a small cup. “Here. The Luna didn't have enough of the bonding drink. It's compulsory for her

opens the womb for male pups, she explains. Both of you must finish it”

Without hesitation, I take the cup from her hands, my jaw tight as I nod. There's no point in discussing it further. I turn and head toward the room, my thoughts swirling.

After the little charade that happened in the bathroom, which was **a** bit funny to me, I went back to the room to get prepared for bed, I lay in bed **waiting for** her to come **out**

The memory of the bathroom scene flashes in my mind, **and a** faint smirk tugs at my lips. The **way** she fumbled with **her** dress, the mixture of frustration and shyness—it was amusing in its own way. But now, as I lie in bed, waiting for **her** to emerge, my **patience** begins to wear thin.

She's taking forever. Is she planning to sleep in there? It doesn't matter. I think, exhaling slowly. I'll wait. One way or another, she'll have to face me

It **takes** forever, but she finally comes out dressed in her sleepwear. She **hasn't** made an effort at **all**, but it doesn't matter—she's even sexter when she isn't trying. She slips into a simple pair of pajamas and quietly lies down at the edge of the bed, **keeping** her distance.

I get off the bed, grab the rest of the bonding drink Bria handed to me, and walk **over** to her

“Here. Drink this,” I say, holding the cup out to her.

“What? I don’t want that!” she snaps, glaring at me.

1/3

Ad-Free Reading

Chapter 12

“It’s compulsory. Amica” I explain, trying to keep my voice steady. “This isn’t some **trick** or sabotage. I’ve **had** some too, and I’m fine. **Besides**, you’re here with me now.”

She narrows her eyes, her expression hardening. “Oh, so I’m just supposed to suddenly trust the great Alpha Deckard!” she fires back, her voice

laced with sarcasm.

“Look, I don’t have time for this. It’s compulsory, so you’d better drink it now,” I my

She crosses her arms dehantly. “I’m not drinking it, and there’s no way you can force me to!”

ep closer, locking eyes with her “Of course I can. **I’m** your Alpha now,” I reply, my voice low but commanding.

I take a step

“No!” she protests, but before she can say anything more, I press the cup to her lips, gripping one of her hands to stop her from pushing me away. A Little of the drink makes it into her mouth, while the rest spills over me **and** onto the bed.

She looks up at me, her eyes wide, and I hover over her, still holding the cup. “Oh I’m sorry about that,” she says softly, her voice suddenly gentle.

Our eyes lock, and something shifts. My body reacts instantly—I’m hard without warning. Without thinking I **lean** down and press a kiss to her beautiful defiant lips. To my surprise, she doesn’t pull away. **Instead**, she grabs my shirt, her fingers clusching me tightly, pulling me closer. I thing the cup on the floor.

Our lips moving **to** a rhythm all their own, I find myself on top of her, my hands lifting her effortlessly as I lay her back on the bed like prey I'm about to consume. Both of us are breathing hard, like animals in heat

That's exactly what we are now. Her legs are crossed **as** she watches me intently, like I'm a performer on stage meant to entertain her.

My cock is throbbing, harder than it's ever been, but my focus remains on Amica. Her breathing matches mine, perfectly in syne, **as** if we're already one. Amica's eyes strolled off my body, and now fixated on my **hard** cock pointed at her. She bits her lower lips and that sent me out of control

I close the distance between us in an instant, grabbing her by the waist and pulling her into a heated kiss. My hands move to the hem of her pajama shirt, lifting it **away** with ease. It slides off her, leaving her bare chest exposed, her breasts pressing softly against my own.

I trail kisses down her neck, my lips exploring every inch of her skin, until my **tongue** finds her nipple. I take it gently into my mouth, sucking with deliberate care. Her moan is soft, almost a whisper, but it's right in my **ear**, and it's music—pure, intoxicating music.

A flash of our last night together races through my mind, vivid and electric. It had been rough, raw, intimate—she couldn't stop herself then, couldn't hide how badly she wanted me. That memory fans the flames of my desire, driving me into a state of insatiable hunger.

Slowly. I **kiss my** way down to her belly button, my **hands** sliding to the waistband of her pajama pants. Amica lifts her hips ever so slightly, granting me silent permission. I pull them **off** gently, revealing a her cute white linteric panties that hug her curves perfectly.

Burying my face between her thighs, I inhale **deeply**, savoring the scent of her **arousal as it** is impossible to resist.

Her scent grows stronger, and I feel her wetness beginning to seep through the fabric. Damn. I can't hold bark anymore. My claws make quick work of her panties, tearing them **away** in one swift motion. Now she's completely bare before me, her beauty breathtaking and raw,

Her hips move in slow in circles, a silent plea that matches the need in her eyes. I know exactly what she wants—I can feel it in the **way** her body) responds to me.

I lean in, inhaling deeply one last time before I dive in, letting my tongue explore her warmth, casting her, savoring her Her moans grow louder, filling the room and the sound that drives me wild. Her fingers ran through my hair, pulling me closer, while her hips rock against my face, guiding me deeper into her.

Her knees tremble, unsteady beneath her, and I haven't even truly begun. Slowly, I lift my head to meet her gaze, wanting to see every ticker of reaction to what I'm doing to her. Her arms loop around my neck, pulling me closer. I press into her, tasting the sweet, cranberry-like essence she gives so willingly.

Her moans rise, louder now. In **fuels** me, urging me to continue. I strip off my pants, letting my cock spring free, thick and hard.

Amica's eyes widen, her gaze locked on me like a **child** mesmerized by forbidden candy.

I let my hand wander between her legs, finding her clit and massaging it slowly. Her wetness fills my fingers, warm and inviting. Amica's eyes grow **glavy**, pleading silently, begging **me** to end the torment and give her what she wants.

Leaning in, I position myself at her entrance, taking my time. Slowly, I push into her, inch by inch, until I'm buried completely inside. She exhales sharply, a single wordless sound—"Oh—escaping her lips as her walls grip me tightly, holding me in place.

The sensation is almost too much. I want to stay buried in her forever, feeling every inch as the walls of her passy grips my cock so tight. Slowly, deliberately. I begin to move, savoring the way she feels—hot, soft, perfect. She feels so good, so right, that nothing else exists but her and this.

Check-

Ad-Free Reading

Chapter 12

My lips find hers as I move in and out of her, each kiss deep and consuming. In this moment, it feels like we're true lovers. Her legs open wider, welcoming me completely, and her arms wrap tightly around my waist, as though she has no intention of letting me go.

Suddenly, I feel the warm gush of her release coating my cock, her moans spiraling out of **control**, the heat of her body, and the way she holds me ignite something primal in me. My own release rushes forward, unstoppable, and my groans match hers **as i** lock my hands with hers. Together, we cry out, our voices mingling in perfect harmony.

Wave after wave of pleasure courses through me as I spill my warmth deep **inside** her, feeling hers still pulsing against me. All of my warm cum deposited in hers and hers on me as I finally collapsed on her.

After a moment. I roll to the other side of the bed, giving her space **to** catch her breath while I do the same.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 43[1,268 words]

Chapter 43

my eyes map open, the first thing I feel is Arica in my arms. Last night

it wasn't a dream. It happened. It was beyond words matter. Even if the area was the best I've ever had, Arica is still what she is. She's the woman when run

I've mucked her now. We're landed. But that doesn't mean we've suddenly become lovers. A mark disrupts her lartrayal, hey chooters, but she's still a cheater. She's done it before and she is bound to do it again.

I untangle her hands from me, careful not to wake her

of bed. I glance back at her, lying there so peacefully, her snores filling the

room now, with her head a wild mess and her expression so serene. Part of me wants to stay. To hold her. Tarun my fingers through her hair and feel her warmth against

If I stay, she might wake up and start believing this that area is real. Things I can't give her

Then it hits me – the bedsheet. Damn it. The elders will never believe we commented the bond without the proof they expect. I head to the door, making it open as quietly as I can. Arica stirs slightly but doesn't wake. Good. The last thing Fred is asking questions I don't have answers for.

The hallway is empty. I expect the elders to all be standing guard, watching, waiting for proof of our bond. But they're gone. For once, their absence feels heavier than their presence.

I head to one of the rooms to use the bathroom and freshen up for the day. As I rinse my face, and freshen up. Once I'm ready, I step out of the house, my focus elsewhere. Then I immediately spot Arica walking toward me with purpose. The look on her face says it all—she has something to

me know what

"Bria," I start quickly, hoping to cut her off. "I was too tired last night. I just... I fell asleep."

Her smile is too bright, too knowing. “Oh, don’t worry about that,” she says with a diamonder wave. “We believe everything that needed to happen

Here for me, trying to see of her words. My row furrows as I study her expression. What does she mean by that! I want to ask, but something holds me back. Could they have heard
ust Was the rinise prol enough for therm

eding Fissing–something she’s

Bria is far too cheerful, and it puts me on edge. I don’t like it. Her happiness feels misplaced, like there’s something already discussed with the other elders,

Shaking off the unease, I head out to the Gamma Warrines training ground. The moment I arrive, I’m greeted by a resounding round of applause. The sound catches me off guard, and for a moment, I just stand there, my jaw tightening as I realize the news has spread farther than I could’ve imagined

Leonard strides toward me with a smirk plastered across his face. “Well, how was your first night with your mate? Should we be preparing for the

cries of a diew hiele wont be trashy

I meet his gaze with a flat expression. “I don’t know,” I reply dryly: “Maylie you should’ve spent the night with us to be sure

Leonard grins and claps a hand on my shoulder. “Ola, I don’t need to spend the night with you. The elders have already confirmed it. I’m proud of

“Whur” My head jerks toward him, “How the hell?” I trail off, realizing there’s no point in finishing the question. It’s a lost cause. Whatever conclusion the elders have reached, I can’t change damn much

“My Alpha

The soft, familiar voice behind me pulls me from my thoughts. I turn to see Mary approaching, her presence an unexpected relief. Leonard, ever perceptive, gives me a knowing smirk before walking away.

night go?” she **asks**, her tone light but probing

“Do you really want

want to know?” The words slap out before I can stop them.

“Oh, wow never mind then she mutters, her voice tinged with jealousy. It’s light, but I catch it. And as much

where does this leave me now, my Alpha Mary **asks** softly, her **eyes** searching mines

I want to ignore it, I can't. Her

Chapter 43

I look at her for a long moment, choosing my words carefully. "Mary, don't think I've forgotten what you did. Don't try to guilt-trip me when we both know you're not innocent either."

Her gaze drops guilt flickering across her face. "I know, and I'm sorry," she whispers. "I promise it won't happen again. Please, let me make it up to you tonight, my Alpha

As soon as the ays that my mind drift to Amica. How would she react if she found out I shared a bed with Mary so soon after our bonding ceremony! The thought twists something in me, but I shove it aside.

It doesn't matter. I shouldn't care about Amica's feelings. She's a cheater-she deserves a taste of her own medicine. Right!

1. y. "But we **can't** do that in my place anymore. Amica and I share a room now

"Fine." I say to Mary.

Mary's lips curve into a teasing smirk. "Okay, **that's** fine. We can still meet up there-I'd love to see what your new room looks like."

"Oh, no. Rumors would fly, and I can't have that. I reply sharply, already regretting entertaining **this** conversation.

"Come CA.

Deckard, it's you and me she presses, her tone dripping with confidence. "I'm sure everyone in the castle already knows we're sleeping together. And this would be a good way to remind Amica that she hasn't won anything-bonding rites or not!"

"Not in my room, Mary," I say firmly, cutting her off. "in the **castle but** not in my room

She shrugs, her grin widening. "Okay, my Alpha. I'll settle for that," she says, her tone dripping with satisfaction.

As she **walks** away, her confidence lingering in the air. I feel the weight of my choices pressing harder. Even with Mary **gone**, my mind refuses to let

go of Amica. No matter how far I try to push her from my thoughts, she slips back in, her face, her voice, the way she feels.

Maybe **Mary's** right. Spending time with her might distract me. It might be the only way to take my mind off Amica.

I spend the rest of my day with Leonard, visiting some of my businesses Blackwater City holds the heart of my empire, though **my** ventures extend far beyond its borders, even crossing into other countries. My family, aside from being a part of the ancient Dragon **Clan**, **has** aquired significant wealth over generations, establishing **us as a** name of power and prestige

Real estate was the foundation of our fortune. My ancestors acquired vast hectares **of** land all around Blackwater, shaping the city's landscape with their developments. We practically own Blackwater!

Over time, our interests expanded. Soon they moved to art, collecting artifats and art works became an interest of my great grand father What began as a hobby turned into a lucrative business.

He founded a firm dealing in buying rare paintings, as well **as** valuable collections of art, sculptures, antifacts, and even ancient jewelry. These treasures, many of which cost millions, are sold to buyers around the world and furthered strenghten our influence across and beyond **boarders**

As the business passed from father to son, each generation added their own business interesese and innovations, ensuring the family's legacy continued to grow.

our name became synonymous with success across industries that extended well beyond Blackwater,

2/2

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 44[1,457 words]

Chapter 44

Deckard

My father, **Blake** Blackthorn, had two sons: me and my stepbrother. The difference between us, however, **was as stark** as night and day. While he was the legitimate heir, born of a noble union, I was the **bastard** child of **an** affair—a **product** of my father's indiscretion with a lowly servant who happened to be my mother

From what little I know of her, my mother was a quiet, unassuming woman. When she discovered her pregnancy, she might have hoped for support, but the reality **was** far harsher.

My stepmother, furious upon learning that a servant carried her husband's child, wasted no time in casting my mother out of Blackthorn Castle. My father claimed he loved her but to me he **was a deadbeat**, because he did nothing to stop it. He **was** ashamed to have impregnated a mere

SENTITL

For **years**, **my** existence remained an uncomfortable truth buried beneath layers of family shame. My mother and I were thrown out of the castle- until the prophecy emerged.

I spoke of a lost child, one who would “wield the fire of the dragon as a weapon and become the Alpha to all other Alphas under the sky of the Moon **Goddess**” It reignited the whispers of our bloodline, of the Emberhowl—an ancient legacy of power said to run through our **veins**,

For generations, there had been no evidence of that power. At times, it seemed like nothing more than a tale spun to respect among rival clans, My father's line carried the Emberhowl name, but without proof, it was little more than a hollow title.

That changed when I was born

When the prophecy came, my father had no choice but go in search of my mother and I.

I was only three years old when he found **us**, living in isolation, in a poor village.

Returning to the **castle** was a whirrind. At first, there was a semblance of respect extended to us, born not from affection but from obligation. My father and a few others made an effort to treat us like family—He handed my mother the Emberhowl heirloom which formally beling in my stepmother and that was the beginning of the problem,

my stepmother was another story entirely. Her disdain for me and my mother knew no bounds. She couldn't stomach our presence and wasted no time forging alliances with my uncle to see **us cast** out or worse.

Life at the castle was anything but safe, and my mother paid the ultimate price. At four years old, **she** succumbed to a mysterious illness. I still remember that night vividly. She held me in her arms as I fell asleep, in her warm embrace. But by morning, her body had turned cold, her skin had also turned purple. I woke up unable to free myself from her lifeless grip, confused and terrified.

I cried for what felt **like** hours, until finally, a maid entered the room. The sight of me clung to my mother's lifeless form brought **a look** of horror

to her face.

soon the truth came out—my mother had been poisoned.

The irony of it **still haunts** me because we had shared the same meal the night before, yet I was spared while she was **not**,

sometimes the image of her lifeless body flashes in my memory, it is one I cannot escape. I have pictures of her but no matter how much I try, that final memory always haunts. It's a ghost I carry, one that fills me with rage whenever I think about her. The Emberhowl heirloom was the only thing I have of my mother apart from a **few** pictures.

From that time forward. I was raised by a nanny my father hired, Her name was Diana, and she became the closest thing I had to a mother. Her warmth **and** care shielded me from the coldness of the castle and the bitterness of my stepmother

By the

age of 11, I was already marked as the next Alpha of all Alphas in **my** generation. I had an older brother, Darth, who was the logical heir. Yet, even at that young age, I was exhibiting abilities and strength that went beyond what anyone expected. The entire castle began **to whisper** my name with reverence. They called me “The young Alpha,” even though I was just a boy.

When I turned 12, my father decided it was time for me and Darth, who was 13 then, to accompany him on a tour of our family's businesses across the country. It **was** supposed to be a bonding trip, **an** opportunity for us to learn about the empire we would one day inherit

On our way back, the engine of our private jet failed. The plane fell from the sky and crashed into the wilderness, leaving only Darth and me as survivors. My father, the pilots, and the crew were all gone. It was just the two of us, stranded in a hostile and unfamiliar territory

Darth, being older and more headstrong, refused to stay near the crash site where help might eventually find us. He was determined to find **a way** out on his own. On the other hand, I felt an unease I couldn't shake—a primal sense of danger that warned me to **stay** put. I tried to convince him to **wait** with me, but he wouldn't listen

1/2

Youchen

Chapter 44

He left, promising to return with a **plan**.

He never came **back**

D

I waited for days, dwelling on the food and water I found in the crashed plane and hope that he would appear through the dense forest. But time passed and he didn't show up,

Help eventually arrived, and I insisted that my brother **was** alive. Search parties were sent **out**

s were sent out to comb the wilderness, but they found no trace of him. The only body recovered was my father's. He **had** died before the plane even touched the ground.

I **was** taken **back** to the **Blackthorn** Castle, where the devastating news was broken in my stepmother. Losing both her husband and her only son shattered her completely

Her mental health began to unravel. She would often talk to herself, claiming she could hear my father's voice or that she had conversations with

Dunh

As for me, everything changed the moment my father was laid to rest, I was officially named Alpha of the Blackthorn clan and the Alpha of Bloodhane **pack**, the Alpha of all Alphas. The weight of responsibility pressed down on my shoulders like a mountain, and I had no choice but to

see to the occasion. I had to focus all my energy on being the leader my father and the pack needed me to be.

My uncle, Collin, was a different **kind** of threat. He had always harbored a deep hatred for me, and I knew he had conspired with my stepmother to kill my mother—and possibly me too. Their plans might have succeeded if not for the tragic turn of events that left my father and stepbrother out of the picture

With my stepmother descending into madness, Collin's ambitions were become altered. He was my only daughter and I **have** been Named Alpha of all **Alphas** even before my father's death. The prophecy was quite popular and I had the elders by my side

Despite my position of power, Collin remained a thorn in my side. He frequently forged alliances with other powerful packs, aiming to destabilize my leadership. Some of the attacks our pack faced were orchestrated from within, fueled by his treachery.

But I have survived it all.

I am on top now on top

Everything is in my control.

The last attack Collin orchestrated cost me **dearly**. I **lost** a number of my men—good, loyal warriors who had trusted me to lead them. But this time. I had anticipated his betrayal. I had set a trap so precise, so foolproof, that there was no escaping it. Collin, in his arrogance, **walked** straight

into it

I finally had proof of his treachery—an undeniable evidence of his involvement in the attack

In front of the entire pack and the council. I laid it all bare. I exposed him for what he truly was **a** traitor to his blood, his family, and his pack. The council's decision was unanimous, their voices echoing through the hall like a death knell.

Collin's punishment was exile.

He was banished from the pack, stripped of his **rank** and **all** ties to the Blackthorn name

The last I heard of him, he **had taken** up with the **rogues**—those worthless, wandering outcasts who **had** no loyalty and no purpose.

Good riddance.

2/2

o

AD

Comment

Send gift

No Ads

Chapter 4V

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 45[1,479 words]

Chapter 45

ake up to fod myself in the room. What the hell came over me last night? I thought we hate Deckand

As the thought in

right crosses my mind. Ezra's voice ainers, satisfied and cabs "The hate is all **you**"

"Pain it." 1 maater, getting off the bed and taking in my viruslings, well This is my new life now. I am the Lana of the Bloodbane pack.

Even though I never wanted this, Evandt deny it feels **like** a better place than the last **pack** I belongeilta,

Even Dane couldn't deny it. He made it so obvious in the way he spoke to me and in the conversations he had with his Beta

The Apex Chicle Festival is tomorris.

in tomorrow. It's the ceremony Bane has shamed about his entire life--the sour suffered for because he coullect get in

Now I will be attending as the Lana of the Bloodbane pack. I will be introdusled to the civele.

So i cant **runs alivitove**. I'm here to stay. Everyone here will have to respect nie, including mary and i will not let her words get to me anymore.

Ive owed to be smarter in my dealings and to become the best Lima I can be. Even if Deckard hates me, no one will ever speak to me like I'm less. The way I was treated at the frons law pack will not be repeated here.

Im not running anymore. Fins here to stay. Everyone here will fure to respect me, including mury and i will not let her words get to me anymore.

thead straight to the shower and once **I** step out of the room, two new servants are already waiting for me, greeting **me** with polite bows. They escort me to the dining hall without a wond

As I sat and my food is being served. Bria enters inmorately as my food is being served.

"Lunal Good morning," she greets nie with a satisfied look on her face. "I hope your **night** was splendid"

"Very well, Bria" I reply, keeping my

“Tomorrow is the Apex Circle Festival. You’ll be attending a brief training session this afternoon on how to behave and accommodate all the guests who will be welcoming you. All eyes will be on you, Luna. You must take this seriously,” she says.

“It’s alright.” I reply dismissively, watching her how **her** head and turn to leave.

“Bira” I call out just as she’s about to exit,

She turns back, her face attentive. “Yes, Lana!”

“There were three servants who attended to me on the day of my bonding ceremony.” I begin. “Que brought the drink, while the other two got the ready. Can I see them?”

“Oh. Luna Amica, the Alpha fired them the next day because he believed they were compromised. New ones have been hired,” Bria says, her face casual yet firm

I can hardly believe it. I almost smile at her words but manage to keep my composure. Deckard did that? Wow. Maybe he cares—a little. Or maybe he just did it to save the reputation of his pack. The contradicting thoughts swirl in my mind **so** I **quickly** dismiss the idea of **him** actually caring

Later in the afternoon, I attend the training session, and that’s where I learn something unexpected—I will automatically become the No. 2 member of the Apex Circle. Dane would lose his title if he found out about this.

The training is meticulous. I’m taught how to be receptive to the guests who will come bearing gifts and warm greetings.

As I move through the castle after training. I notice something strange—the way people look at me **has** changed. Servants and **pack** members stop

to greet me at **every** turn, **their** voices filled with respect. It’s **only** been a **day**, but the sudden shift is unbelievable.

I found it strange that I hadn’t seen Deckard all day. How does a man **leave** a woman to her own devices after spending the night with her? He **gives** off the attributes of a scum, but why do I care? He can do whatever he likes—we share no deep connection, after all.

At dinner, Deckard **was** already seated at the table when I arrived. Ezra’s mood brightened immediately as she caught his scent, practically purring in my mind

I froze for a moment, unsure of how to greet him. Should I call him Deckard! Alpha! Or. Mate!

“Lost evening. Amua” he greeted casually before I could decide

“Goost evening,” I replied, my voice steady as I take the seat beside him

Ac Llif my spoon to **take** my first late, **a** voice echoed from the entrance of the dining hall.

Good evening. Deckard Oh, I am starving!”

Mary aisle forward confidently She leaned in, körd Deckard on the chain, and sat herself on

other side of him like she owned the place.

my appetite evaporated as **my** grip on the spoon tightened. Ezra grow acily in the back of my mind

My blood boiled with rage

I watched her. Who the hell does she think she is? The audacity of her presence made my skin prickle

I want to grab herby y the hair and shove her song face in the steaming bowl of musled putaturs sitting before hier. But the sane, composed part

of me held me back

My eye twitched just bearing her voice but I reminded myself of the vow I’d made–1 workin’t let her provoke me like she had before. She nearly won when I ran off the last time. Not again.

Though I have lowl

my appeine, 1 force myself to eat, each lite tastes sour in my mouth.

Halfway through the meal, Bria entered

“Alpha” she began, her four **steady** as she addressed Deckard, “the updated list of the chosen members for the Apex Circle has been released. The council **inisists** you review it to ensure it meets your satisfaction lielone tomorrow’s main ceremony”

Once I heard “Apex Candle,” my mind clicked–dis was it. This list held Dune’s destiny, and 1 prayed his name doesn’t make it onto it.

Deckard rose from the table immediately, the list in Isand, and left with Urla, leaving me alone with Mary

I waste no time. I stood and strode over to her, hoping i am intimidating enough

“What are you doing here, Mary!” I demand.

She tied her head slightly, a sly smirk creeping onto her face. “Wow! You’ve never called me by my name before. What’s changed? Could it be because of the bonding that happened yesterday? Or is it because my Alpha finally fucked you last night?”

Her words hit me like a bullet. Did Deckard tell her about last night? is it already common knowledge?

I crossed my arms and narrowed my eyes at her. “I think it’s because I’m now your Luna. **That** deliriously has something to do with the bonding ceremony. I **say**

Mary laughed, the sound grating and cold. “Oh, darling” she said mockingly, “being Taina isn’t just about a title. It’s about respect. And I don’t see you commanding much of it”

I will not to give her the satisfaction of seeing me lose control. This isn’t the Ironclaw pack. I am not the same woman as i used to be

Try one cutting.

“I think it’s because I **am** now your Lana! I definitely had something to do with the bonding ceremony!” I reply sarcastically, my

“Oh no,” Mary counters, her smirk, widening. “I think it’s because you got fucked real good last night. You’re glowing differently.” She leans forward, “Well let me tell you something, Amira. Deckard is mine, and I know you know that. You’re only with him for ceremonial reasons, but touch his heart. So don’t get too confident, because our little pillow talks can make or break your life,”

I chuckle coldly, refusing to let her words rattle me. “Oli, Mary, you can have his kidney for all I care! I am the Luna now, and you will address me as such I don’t want you coming here for **breakfast** or dinner–this is not your house!”

Mary’s eyes narrow, and she lets out a short laugh. “Well, that’s not for you to decide,” she sneers. Looking around, she calls out to the servants, “Grace Ruth! Please get me a bottle of wine, this bitch just made me thirsty. Grace!”

I arch an eyebrow and smirk. “Oh, are you calling the servants? The ones you conspired with? How sad. The Alpha fired them for me. My smile widens as her expression falters slightly. “You have no minions in conspiracy with anymore” I giggle and without waiting for her response, I turn on my heel and walk away.

But even as I leave her behind, I feel the anger simmering beneath me. This isn’t enough. Mary won’t fully respect me **as** long as she keeps sleeping with Deckard

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 46[1,181 words]

Chapter 46

Deckard

I finish screening the list for the next Apex Circle members with Leonard. The list gets longer every year, and I have to cut people off. Each year, we **can** only add two new members, and if we're picking more than two, it means we lost someone.

As I **scan through** the names, **one** jumps out at me—Amica's ex-husband. The sight of it makes me laugh. He's been applying for **years**, apparently.

Damn, he really wants to be part of the Circle, but let's be real—he's not Apex material. It's obvious. He's ton desperate, and desperation doesn't belong here. The men of the Apex Circle are loyal to the death, but I don't see an ounce of tut in Dane. No heter, no integrity.

I don't know him well, but from the little I've seen! I don't like him. Not even a line.

There's no way I'll ever allow someone like Dane into the Apex. That's a **fart**,

On my way back to the castle, I nm into Mary inside the house.

"What are you still doing here so late?" **Lask**, narrowing my eyes.

"Baby, have you forgotten! You promised we'd spend the night together today," she **says**, her voice sweet but insistent.

Damn, I do renseember saying that. But right now? **I'm** not sure if I'm up for it. For some reason. I've been looking forward to seeing Arnica tonight. She's the last thing I want to see before I go to bed, and I know this **feeling** isn't entirely mine—it's all canine's doing.

"Oh. Mary. I'm too tired. Can we do this tomorrow?" I ask, trying to dodge the sitiLibon

"No! You promised," she whines, then softens her tone. "Don't worry, I won't wear you out. I promise she does what she does with her voice when she wants to get fucked

I've been **distant** from Mary lately, and maybe it wouldn't hurt to spend the night with her. Keep the peace.

"Okay, fine." I relent, leading her to one of the guest rooms downstairs.

She giggles like a child, thrilled by my agreement, and we step into the **room**. I **strip** off my clothes and lie on the bed, my mind already wandering elsewhere, even **as she** buzzes with excitement.

“Let me get in the shower **real** quick! Come join me, babe...” Mary calls out as she rushes into the bathroom.

I don’t n

The idea of joining her doesn’t appeal to me

cal to me in the night. Something about it feels... off

Soon enough, she comes out, completely naked, her skin still glistening with water.

“Deck, why didn’t you join me?” she asks, walking toward me with a seductive sway,

“I’m sorry,” I say, trying to sound genuine. “I just have a lot on my mind...”

“Well, let me ease the load for you,” she whispers, taking my hand and placing it on her boobs. She **leans** in, her lips pressing against **mine**.

I **kiss** her back, but it feels... empty. My body isn’t responding like it usually would. This isn’t me

“So, I heard you consummated **your** bond with your new Luna **last** night,” **Mary** says, her voice sultry as she **trails** kisses down my face and to my

neck

“It **seems** the whole Blackwater knows about that,” I reply, with sarcasm

Her **lips** pause against my skin. “You know it doesn’t matter to me,” she **says**, her voice soft.

I don’t respond. My mind drifts to **Amica—her** eyes, her scent, her fire. For **a** fleeting moment, I wonder what she’s doing right now, whatever is happening here with Mary, it doesn’t feel right.

“Of course, you’re the mighty Alpha Deckard.” Mary says, her voice dripping with mockery **and** seduction.

She leans closer, her breath warm against my ear. “So, show me the things **you** did to her. How did you fuck her? Do the things **you** did **to** her to Mr. Babe

I pull back slightly, meeting her gaze. “Why would you want **that, Mary?**” I ask, genuinely curious, though part of me already knows the answer.

or without hesitation. She presses her body against mine, grinding herself over

her matters into her own body, literally. She pulls down my pants and wraps her hand around my cock,

awkwardly, trying in vain to laugh it off. “Don’t worry, all you need

is this little man here, he’ll do all the work?”

Her attempt at humor feels hollow. Something is wrong—not with my body, but with everything. Mary’s face, her voice, her

And I know exactly why

Mary wraps her lips around my cock, sucking with a suction that would have **worked** any other time. I try—really try—I will myself into getting

feeling the opportunity, Mary quickly straddles me, aligning herself, and presses her wet pussy against

me. Just as prickly as it starts. It went

a few more times, her penetration almost unbearable, then I’m exhausted in more ways than one. I finally sigh and lean back, accepting

“Don’t worry,” I say, pressing a kiss to her forehead. In some ways we can **skip** the intimate activities for now.”

Mary sighs back, her body tenses. She closes her eyes, her tension evident on her face,

“Please tell me what’s going on,” she says, her voice quieter than before, sounding frustrated.

“What do you mean?”

“I know exactly what she’s referring to.”

“It’s never happened before,” she exclaims, her voice rising. “Even in your most tired days, your dick has never been too tired. Why can’t **you**

get off the bed completely, grabbing a

pillow and slipping it over her head. Her movements are sharp, almost angry, as

I stay silent for a moment, watching **her**, unsure of what to say

“Please, Mary, don’t turn this into a thing. “Toslay is just not our of these days,” I say, trying to keep mys

“Oh wow! So what day is today! The slay **I’in** suddenly not sexy anymore? Or the day I start losing value in your eyes?

I feel my patience thinning. “What the hell is wrong with your Do we have to gri intimate every single night we spend together! Can’t you just stay here and cuddle with me? Look, Inreil to sleep—I’ve got a long day abrad of me tomorrow. So please, stop this alrely”

I hope my words put an end to the tension, but her scuff tells me otherwise. She doesn’t respond.

“Listen, Mary,” Lcontinur, rubbing a hand over my face, “you don’t have to stay here tonight. Since I can’t give you what you want and you’re clearly not happy in just cusdille, maybe you should spend the night at your place.”

Her face falls, and for a moment.

“Oh no, Deckant, please. Tin sorry,” she says quickly, the edge in her voice replaced by desperation. “I’m just not **used** to this. Of course, we can spend the night just rudding”

High, knowing she’s not satisfied but unwilling to push further. She crawls back onto the bed and wraps her **arms** around me, resting her head on my chest

Het her stay, but iny mind is elsewhere.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 47[1,389 words]

Chapter 47

I’ve only seen Deckard once today, and that was **at** dimer. He didn’t even sleep in cair room. Honestly, Tim not bothered, having the whole room to myself is a relief. No need to feel awkward or constantly on edge around him.

My wolf has been unusually quiet all day. The only time I felt her stir way when Deckard greeted **us** at the table earlier. I slept peacefully last night, and Deckard’s absence wasn’t missed.

This morning, as soon as I wake up, my two servants begin preparing me for the ceremony at the Apex Circle. Anxiety hubbles beneath my calm exterior. The dresses

prepared for today are far more elaborate and exotic, emphasizing the importance of the occasion

I haven't seen Deckard at all today, and his absence makes me curious about where he's been. Once I'm fully dressed and ready for the journey, the door opens, and Deckard finally appears

He pauses in the doorway when he sees me. His gaze lingers for a moment, and I can't quite read his expression. Then, as if remembering himself he picks up the pace **and** strides into the room,

"Morning." Deckard says briefly, heading straight for his wardrobe

"Morning, I reply, deciding to leave the room to give him his privacy.

As I walk out, I **notice** Mary walking out from one of the rooms downstairs. She's still in her nightwear, which only fuels my irritation. She approaches me with her usual **smirk**, ready to provoke,

"Look at the Luna, **all** dolled up for the **Apex** city!" she says mockingly. "I heard you got the best dresses designed by the finest designers. Well, do us all a favor and make sure you look **as** good as your makeup and dress do. Try not to let your true nasty character show and disgrace our pack like you usually do

I simply **stare** at her, **unfazed**.

I'm tired of seeing her walk in and out of this house like she owns the place. It's obvious she spent the night here, and the sight of her strolling **around** in her **nightclothes** makes my blood boil

"Don't you have a house of your own? **Lask**, my irritation slipping into my tone. "Or are you as homeless as you are worthless?"

"Oh, look! I

The

Luna is beginning to **find** her voice," Mary mocks loudly,

One of the servants passes by, her steps slowing as she catches the commotion. Ma

Mary notices her and seizes the moment to raise her voice

"In **case** you didn't know," Mary continues, her voice loud enough for anyone nearby to hear, "I spent the night here with the Alpha. You can imagine what happens when two lovers spend the night together. But you think I'm the worthless one? You're the Luna

whose mate refuses to spend the night with her—less **than** a day after your bonding ceremony!”

The servant cleaning the hallway chuckles softly, her reaction adding fuel to the fire burning **inside** me.

I turn sharply, my voice commanding. “Hey, you servant What is your name!”

The woman looks startled, her eyes darting around before landing on me. “Me?” she asks hesitantly

“Yes, you!” I snap, my irritation clear

“**Nora**,” she replies, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Well Nora, you’re fired. I don’t want to see you here when I get **back**,” I declare,

Mary lets out **a dramatic** gasp, her **mockery** reaching new heights. “Oh, wow! The Luna has begun misusing her power because another **woman** is sleeping with her mate, she cries out dramatically

Nora’s face pales, and without another word, she hurries off clearly devastated.

“You better **respect** yourself, Mary, I say as calmly **as** i can while fury is boiling within me. “You could be next”

Mary **smirks**, unbothered by my warning. “Oh, what are you going to do so mer” she mocks, her voice dripping with disdain. “Ooooh, I’m **so** afraid of your wrath!”

I **refuse** to engage further. Instead, I turn and walk away, leaving her grating presence behind.

Chapter 47

Fury bubbles inside me as I step outside, heading to the garden in search of fresh air to calm my nerves.

Who does he think he is to treat me like this? I will not be disrespected. Mary will learn her place.

ds to understand where she stands, and i will

1 pace around the garden, anger simmering **as** I replay her audacity in my mind. The nerve! She needs to teach her.

“Luna!” a voice calls from behind me, pulling me out of my thoughts.

Irum to see Stefan, the Camma warrior, his brow furrowed with concern

“Hi, Stefan,” I say, managing a faint smile.

“Are you all right!” he **asks**, **his** voice was gentle

“Oh, please, **it’s** nothing,” I reply, brushing off the **concern**. “I just needed a breath of fresh air from the castle”

“I was asked to come find **you**. The Alpha is ready, Stefan **says**, respectfully.

I take a deep breath, steeling myself for the day ahead.

“And congratulations on the successful ceremony, he **adik** with a Gint smile

I hiss under my breath.

“Luna Amica,” Stefan says, stepping closer, “you have to cheer up for the ceremony. Many people are there to see you, and only you. If you go looking troubled, there will be rumors flying around. Don’t let anything or anyone ruin your day **today**”

“Hmm... anything,” I echo, mulling over his words. “You’re right, She’s **just a** “thing * Why should I be worried about something so unimportant?” | **say**, forcing a smile.

Out of the corner of my eye, I notice my servants carrying two large suitcases into one of the cars. Curiosity gets the better **of** me.

“How long is this ceremony supposed to last?” I ask one of them.

One servant hesitates before replying. The journey is **quite far**, Luna. We’ll need to lodge at a hotel before leaving for the ceremony tonight. It’s certain we won’t be returning home today”

I nod, processing the information. A whole day away from the castle. Perhaps this will give me the time and distance I need to calm my thoughts and figure out how to address the **situation** with Mary—and with Deckard.

Finally, we were ready to leave. I spotted Deckard coming out from the house. Each time I saw him, my heart would leap. But today, it leaped in

anger

I refused to make eye contact and climbed into the car, settling in the back seat. Of course, he followed and sat beside me. The silence between us lasted for a while almost suffocating, as the driver started the journey.

For a long while, the only sound was the hum of the engine. Then, suddenly, the radio came on. It seemed like the driver was trying to save

save us from ourselves, to fill the void with something other than tension

I closed my eyes, hoping to escape the awkwardness through sleep. Thankfully, it came swiftly.

When I opened my eyes again, the view outside the **window was** entirely **different**. We were in another city, vibrant and bustling “Are **we** close?” I wondered, but I **had** no interest in speaking to Deckard—or anyone, for that matter.

A few more minutes passed, and we arrived at a luxurious five-star hotel his towering facade was a testament to opulence, the perfect setting for what I asumed was to be a grand affair.

The welcome **is a** bit overwhelming. It feels like everyone in the place knew exactly who Deckard was—**and, to my surprise**, they know me too. Of course they do

They greeted us with such respect and hospitality, almost **as** if we were royalty. I was handed flowers and gifts from the staff, their smiles wide and cheerful. It was **clear** that Deckard held some significant power here.

We were escorted into an executive lounge, a lavish space that **seemed** to have everything we could possibly need. The bed was **adorned** with **petals** and roses, an extravagant touch that seemed out of place, especially given the circumstances. On the table sat expensive champagne, alongside exotic fruits and rich chocolate, “was this Deckard’s idea?” I wondered.

Nah, I doubt it. The grature seemed to thoughtful, for someone like him. Deckard is too much of **a** scum to pull off something like this. i musi

Tulsa Check A