

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 49[1,350 words]

Chapter 49

When we finally reach the ceremony, I am unerly and completely stunned. This place does **not scream** wealth, it screams it at the top of its **lungs**. Wherever my eyes roam, there's luxury oozing out of every nook. The room is **alive** with two kinds of glamour.

First, there are the people—dressed in their finest, their colors so bright and their jewels so blinding. Then, there's the decor. The chandeliers are mude to glitter like they're from the stars, the walls have the most intricate patterns, and even the cutlery appears to be of solid gold

This is every thief's fantasy.

Out of everyone looking extermely gorgeous and expensive, I can say for sure that I am one of them.

The emerald necklace resting on my collarbone alone could buy several prime plots of land back in Blackwater City. And the ring on my finger! Priceless. It looks **like** a family heirloom, the kind of treasure soaked in centuries of secrets

Soft muse fill the room—opera singers, a grand harp, and other instruments I don't even recognize. The melody is hauntingly beautiful, making everything feel surreal.

Even if I am not getting love like 1 would like the rest of the lovers here

As m—this power, this respect, this attention—it's intoxicating. Maybe **love** isn't what I need after all. Power? Now that's something I can work with.

As we walk in. Deckard tightens his grip on my arms, leaning close to whisper in my ear, "You're meant to smile and look like you're in love." His tour was commanding but Lam irritated so I don't even bother replying. Let him think what he wants—I don't need to force a simile. This place alone is my mout

Soon, we're led to our seats. They're elevated, set apart from the rest, like we're royally—or something close to it. The eyes of the crowd is grazing Over us makes me anxious.

The opera begins with the music is breathtaking. The voices, so hauntingly beautiful, swirl around the room, wrapping us all in their magic. But Deckard won't let ine have any moment. He's relentless. His hand slides onto my thigh. A few minutes later, he's holding my hand, his thumb brushing against my skin. Before I can process une move, he's

pressing a **kiss** so my forehead, his lips lingering longer than they should. What is this performance for the crowd.

He's overdoing it. There's no need for any of this; everyone is too engrossed in the opera to care. But Deckard seems determined to play his role to perfection

Then, after the first performance, a man in an impeccably y tailored royal-blue tuxedo takes the stage. Ha, voice smooth **and** authoritative as he welcomes everyone.

I can feel it. Every

y head in the room turns toward us, their eyes boring into my skin

They raise a roaring applause echoing through the hall. The orchestra strikes a sweet, delicate tune on the piano as if to accompany their

I force a smile, but the nerves churn inside me. Deckard's expression doesn't falter. He sits there as if this is his natural habitat, soaking in the attention with ease. I try to do the same, but all I feel is the weight of their gazes pressing down on me.

The room filled with cheers and applause as the sweet sound of a piano played in the background.

One by one, Alphas and Lunas came forward, showering Deckard and me with gifts. The offerings were incredible—land deeds, keys to houses and cars, rare jewelry, and even checks written in my name.

It felt unreal. In my Twenty-five years, I'd **never** been treated **as** someone so important. That's when it hit me—right now, I'm the most powerful **Luna** around. People look at me with respect, admiration, even envy. Well, everyone except Deckard, Dane, and of course, **that** jealous Mary,

These people actually like me. Some even with they were me—I can see it in the way some of the women sneak glances at Deckard, throwing little winks and smiles his **way**,

And honestly, I get it. Deckard looks incredible tonight. He has that rugged, effortless kind of handsomeness that doesn't need to try. Everything about him screams confidence and power. Those golden eyes of Isis—ugh, they could **make** anyone spill their deepest **secrets**.

He's got this presence, this way of commanding a room without even **speaking**. And his looks! Let's just say breathtaking doesn't even begin to cover it. If he weren't such a pain in my ass, I'd probably be falling for him, hard.

No wonder Mary can't stand mr. Who wouldn't want to be in my shiniest

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But as amazing as all this attention is, there's a nagging thought in the back of my mind. Power and admiration are nice, sure, but they come with complications. Complications **like** Deckard—handsome, infuriating, and far too easy to get lost in

My ryr follows Deckard as he moves through the crowd, greeting guests with that signature charm of his. Damn, I'm getting carried away.

"Oh wow, you two are **so** in love?" one of the other Lamas exclaims, catching me staring. I instantly regret it. How could I let my guard down like

Deckard notices too. He meets my gaze, and I quickly look away, pretending to focus on the lady who just called me out. I force a polite smile, even **as** my face burns with embarrassment

After receiving our mountain of gifts, the ceremony kicks into full swing with an endless lineup of dazzling performances. Soon, it's time for the ball dance. **Deckard** and I are supposed to lead the floor, with the other couples following

I remind myself of the quick lessons I got yesterday—how to hold myself, how to glide effortlessly. It's all paying off.

But Deckard is staring straight at me, and **it's making** me uncomfortable. His gaze is so intense, like he's trying to seduce me! I can't stand it. I shift my focus anywhere but him.

"Look at me," he says, his tone soft but commanding. "Your gaze should be on me

And like an idiot, I obey. My eyes lock onto his, and suddenly, I'm **not just** lost in his gaze but in the **way** his lips taste when they meet mine—like the rich wine we just drank, mixed with something **raw** and undeniably masculine. Heat blooms through me, making my thighs clench

Before I can even process what's **happening**, another hand grabs me by the waist. My eyes snap open, and I find myself face-to-face with a man **who** stands about 5'8", dressed impeccably. Everything about him screams royalty

to meet you, Amica. Tim Marquis, the Alpha

"Apologies for pulling you away **from** your mate," he says with a charming smile, "but I've been dying to meet you of the Redwolf **pack**."

"Sorry I had **to** steal you away from the warm emirate of your mate," the man says, his voice smooth and confident. "But I've been dying to meet you ever since I heard about you, Amica, I'm Marquis, the Alpha of the Redwolf pack."

He offers a polite smile as he introduces himself

“It is my honor to meet you, Alpha Marquis,” I reply, bowing slightly.

“Oh, you don’t need to do that,” he **says** quickly, waving a hand “I’m the one honored. You’re far more beautiful than the stones let on! You **really** must visit the Redwolf pack sometime—we’d be delighted to how you”

1. h. I’ll add it to my list... I begin, but before I can finish, another hand takes mine, guiding me away in a smooth motion.

sand **sly**

This goes on for what feels like an ecrity. Three different partners sweep me across the dance floor, each offering their polite remarks an smiles. I **manage** to keep up with the changing pace, but by the time I’m returned to Deckard, I’m both relieved and annoyed.

“Miss me?” he asks, a playful smile tugging at his lips.

I roll **my eyes** but can’t help the small smile that creeps onto my face. He’s joking, of **course**. But did miss him?

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Chapter 50

When the stance ends, now It’s time to announce the new members in the Apes Cile, and it’s clear they **take** this poem very seriously, where I sit. I can **tell** the nominees are locked **away** in some ultra secure root completely cut off from everything happening here. They can’t see or hear a thing

One by one, their names are called. The first man walks in bludbolded led carefully in the censeral the man. Everyone watches in silence as they remove has blindfold, lening hum **take** in the majesty of where he is. His expression says it all—be’s oviralelnici.

The the second name is announced, and the process repeats. Another man ruters, blindfolded, maware of whi

They only choose two alphas from what must have been a mountain sit applications. And, of com use of thean, is Hane

I almost laugh out loud. It’s ridiculous for him to think he can get in still, I misage **to** keep my expression neutral, tough it takes some effort. Honestly, I hope he never gets to enjoy any of this. That’s me being as nice as I can manage after all the wrap he’s put me though

atmosphere in the

The swearing in of the new alphas concluded with a shist verensomy to **ush**

to vusholly their place in the Apes Circle Suddenly, the grand hall grew heavy, almost suffocating. It felt as though the sky outside Bul darkened even more, swallowing what little light remained

At first, I thought it might be part of the ceremon—a dramatic flair to mark the occasions—but then the noise began. A strange, antars sound, distam yet loud enough. It grew louder, into chaotic wireches. Lomilcht'i place it at best

Deckand got on his **feet** in an instant “stay here. **Do** not move, he andere nur, his eyes hand **and** strict. I nodded, though the urge to alisobey filled me as curity clawed within

A handful of other alphas followed him as he strode toward the massive doors. My heart hammered in my i best, but I wasn't about **ins sit** still Ignoring his command, I ran toward the nearest witslow, joined by a few of the mher lunas Together, se pressed against the cold glass, peering into the darkness outside

What I saw frore me in place

The night sky was alive with weird movement—thousands, maybe tens of thorsands, of enormans, **will** hats. Their wings beat furiously, filling air with a itttating sound of fluttering and scratching. They swarmest in every directions, their slurp cries penetrating the thick glass. This is an

me, but I couldn't look away. What on earth is the Some bizure ritu A sted part of the co ceremony! No one had prepared for for something like this

most of the alpha and betas gathered outside, theant to face whatever was happening, while a few betas remained behind—ingbe in protect the women or keep the hall secure every nerve in my body someained to run, but I stayed monsed by the window, my eyes glued nuthe scene unfolding –

As the alphas stepped out, the bats attacked. Some wing wildly, trying to want them off, **Deckard**, however, remained calin, his golden eyes scanned the chaos as he moved forcard. He wasn't one to flinch, even in the face of such madnews.

And then it happened. A hideous higure began to take form, rising from the swarm of bats. At first, it was impossible to tell what it was, but **some** shape became clearer—a towering figure, nearly seven feet tall. It looked like a man, but it wasn't. His entire boily **was** cloaked in a mass of bun. their bodies shifting and churning to create his form. It was horrifying, like something out of a nightmare.

Then he spoke..

“You will give me what is mine, or everyone here dies!” The **voice** was rasping, heavy with menace, and echoed unnaturally, as if it came from everywhere at once.

Gasps filled the air behind me.

I couldn't look **away**, my heart is pounding as I watched Deckard take another step forward. He didn't fanch, didn't even seem Lized by the monstrous figure before him

“Who are you!” he demanded, his tone sharp

The figure didn't move, but the bats around him swirled faster, as if agitated. The air **grew** colder.

“Everything that is mine, you will give me the bat-like figure screeched again, its voice **as** grating as **nails** on glass repeating the sme statement. The repetition made my skin crawl, and I wasn't the only one.

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Deckard, clearly done with the drama, let out an annoyed growl, Without hesitation, he drew his sleifge-like fire sword. The blade roared to life. glowing a fence, mohen red. Wiilia swih motion, he dashed at the hat-covered monster. The are of fire tore through the figure, sending the bats closest to it to burn instantly, their ashes scattering before they even hit the ground.

The test of the lots shrieked an fury. Some managed to fire, swirling away ints the night, while others dissolved into nothingnew. We all held our breath, hoping the slash would expose whatever man-or monster-was hiding beneath the swarm.

But it didn't. The figure remained i

ural intact, its form slufting as ahengla was made entirely of hats. It wasn't a man at all-it was all hats, some kind of entay controlling them. My greates shock is seeing the remaining bats let out a collective sound that sounds like laughter and mocking. Then, just. in suddenly as they had conie, the **bats** began inalisperse, vacating the sky **like a** retreating army.

The hall fell eerily silent for a moment, That's when the howling **began**. Long, chilling tries that echoed through, Wolves. And these were not from The Apex Circle.

Deckard's head snapped to the source of the noise. His expression darkened. “I need all alplas out! We are under attack!” he bellowed,

The alphas rushed into action, their movements swift and agile. “Open the gates” Deckard commanded. The massive iron gates creaked loudly as they swung open, revealing wild rogues enveloping the building, their eyes shimmering with wicked intent. These weren’t like any wolves I’d encountered before—They good in an uneasy silence, their eyes ready for death, their movements tense **as** if awaiting a command.

From within the wolves, a voice emitted, deep and ominous.

“We did not come for trouble. and over the Luns, and we will leave. You’ll never hear from us again, the voice declared

Deckard’s anger could not be mistaken. “Who the hell are you, and what Luna do you speak of” one of the **alphas** harked angrily, stepping forward

What other Luna can I **mean**, if not the Luna of Lumas?” the voice replied, dripping with spite.

Deckard’s eyes lit up with fury.

“How **dare you?**” he roared, his voice a thunderclap **in** the night. Without hesitation, Deckard charged his fire sword slicing through the air with deadly accuracy

This fiery blade split through the heads of the wolves in the front line, their lifeless bodies collapsing to the ground, metallic scent filling the air. Heads rolled to Deckard’s feet, **and** the remaining rogues bowled in detainer

Ceremony that began with love **and** celebration hail transformed into a gory battlefield. The ground turned slick with the blood of rogues, and dismembered limbs littered the once-pristine courtyard.

Yet the rogues kept **charging** like wild, mindless beasts. Their attacks were relentless,

“They’re being controlled,” another alpha yelled, slamming his wolfish opponent into the ground

The rogues are thinning out now. Their numbers reduce, and even those still fighting move sluggishly, their attacks are weaker and less coordinated. Yet they went on charging

Finally, silence falls. The last rogue collapses, lifeless, unto the blood-soaked ground. Deckard wastes no time, as he begins scouting the area, eyes scanning for any sign of life among the corpses.

I cling to the edge of the window, my hands pressing against the cold frame, **What** were these rogues talking about? What could they possibly want from me? their hostility feels familiar. They’re the same wolves that tried to kidnap me at the camping grounds.

My mind races. How do they even know who I am!

A shiver courses through me, **my body** refusing to still. My gaze drifts back to the hall.

I realize I'm trembling **not just** from fear but **from** the weight of every gaze in the room. When I finally snap out of my spiraling thoughts, I notice

that all eyes are on me.

Some of the women begin moving toward me, their faces had concern in them

they reach out to comfort me. Soft hands touch my shoulders, gentle words surround me

but it does little to calm the storm in my chest

Who were those rogues, and what did they mean when they said I was the one they wanted!