

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 51[1,438 words]

Chapter 51

Deckard

I do not understand this new attack from the rogues. It is deliberate, calculated. Somehow, they've been fortified by someone or something—that emboldens them to dare step into Apex City

I'm livid. How dare they? What do they want with Amica, my Lunat What could possibly make them think they could come here, disrupt this sacred gathering, and demand her like she's some prize to be claimed

My eyes begin scanning every bloodied body, every severed limb, searching for any sign of life. I need answers, Who sent them!

Yet no matter where I look, there's no one alive. Not a **single** rogue left breathing. It's almost impossible to wipe out an entire pack in a battle of this scale. Yes, I beheaded many of them myself, but others should still be clinging to life. This isn't **natural**.

Then it hits me. They've done it again—just like the **last** time. These rogues finish off the job themselves, ensuring no survivors remain to be questioned. They look their own lives. **It's a** pattern, a tactic. Whoever is orchestrating this madness is very careful

If I get my hands on whoever is responsible for this humiliation, I swear I will put them through seven deaths. Seven. For the disgrace they've brought to me, my pack, and the Apex Circle.

I glance around the once-elaborate hall. The floor is a gray canvas of blood and torn bodies. This event was meant to be sophisticated, a night of elegance and celebration.

Now, it's a battlefield. A nightmare. And I

I won't let it stand.

The situation consumed my mind but the one thing that keeps hanging is Amica.

I pushed past the chaos, my boots echoing against the blood-soaked ground as arrangements were made to clean up the carnage outside. My only thought was to find her, **to** ensure she was safe.

As I entered the ceremony hall, my eyes scanned the room until they landed on her. She was huddled among the other Limas, their faces pale with fear. But Amica—her fear was raw.

The moment our eyes met, she broke away from the group, running straight toward me. My arms opened instinctively, ready to catch her. As she reached me, I pulled her into the tightest embrace, holding her as if to shield her from the world.

“I’ve got you.” I murmured into her hair.

he clung to me, trembling slightly, her breath shaky against my chest. I tightened **my** hold,

She

Behind us, the other alphas began to trickle back into the hall as the beras worked tirelessly **to** clean up the mess outside. The tension was palpable. the fury simmering just beneath the surface.

Then a voice cut through the room.

“This is a slap in the face of the Apex Circle, something that has never been heard of! The audacity” Clive, one of the most senior alphas, bellowed. **his** voice echoing off the walls.

Murmurs erupted across the room, growing louder with each passing second.

“Yes!” the crowd roared in

agreement

war against us, and lay claim to our Luna! This cannot go unanswered. **This** means war!”

“Common rogues dared to step onto Apex grounds, wage war Clive’s voice rose, his words igniting the crowd.

The hall erupted into shouts of agreement and anger swelling like a tidal wave. My grip **on Amica** tightened as I listened. **War**, If that’s what it would take to put an end to this madness, then so be it.

“But what could they want from our Luna! She just got bonded to the Alpha perhaps the Luna is familiar with these people and she could shed some light on this issue!” another Alpha, Ralph, says. The words hit me like a thunderclap, and I feel the anger stir in my chest.

The room **fell** into a tense silence after Ralph’s suggestion, But it wasn’t the suspicion I felt that angered me—it was the implication that Amica could be word to this madness.

lived a simple life before coming to the pack as my wife. What could she possibly have or know that these

“What do you mean by that! Amira has lived rogues want?” i say angrily.

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phocayev daned for a moment, but i was Carl, she oldest alpha in the room, who spoke next

ined the Walchborn, Bloodluse. Avery tare bloodline Dayum remember the prophecy allout who your mate would be? The Alpha has been wanting ton his music, and out of all the Wildimons boostinows, Luna Amica is the one and conly chosen one for you. I think there is something this misas karties that threatens the enemy. And for that season, the Alpha and Lama must be protected at all costs.”

, as if the truth had just landed.

the rosson fell into a stammesh silence at his works. Everyone absorbed Carl’s declaration while The quiet stretched on, as hind now they were trying to make sense of it

Let the silence hang in the air for a momem before stepping formand, my eyes never leaving Ainica. “We will adjourn this meeting until our next gathering in two weeks. Inced to take my 1 sata boune,” Lantiscs, my valor **calm** but lim. “Thank you all for coming, and I’m very sorry about this. I will get to the bottom of this I promise you that.”

As 1 Komhed speaking. Fiumed to Antica, atel wer silently left the hall,

Luke Annica’s hand in mine, **my** grip tightening slightly as we make our way toward the exit. it before we can get far, Leonard hurries in, his voice

led with urgency

“Wow of the new alphas is dead. He lost his life in the hill

The main erupts in shocked marmurs, and 1 paine, as the urns because like a heavy cloud. I’m no stranger to loss, but hearing of another death- exponully so **soon** after the clams-hits diffeverly

I **take** a deep breath, forcing my thoughts to seule. “Prepare the wood and compensation for his **family**.” I under, my voice steady despite the chaos. “The **Luna** and 1 will pay his park a visit”

With that, I leave the ceremony hall, and the remaining alphas and their Lamas follow suit. I walk quickly to the car, Once **I've** settled her at the other side, I wan the surroundings, keeping an eye on everything as the rest of the alphas **drive** off, ensuring no one's lingering, **no** surprise **attacks**.

My shat, **soaked** in blood **from** the rather **chaos**, I quickly remove it, not wanting to draw attention **or** provoke unnecessary questions. The **last** thing I need right now is the press catching wind of any of this

When we finally pull up to the hotel, I see them—the press, their cameras flashing waiting outside anticipation. I can't believe I almost forgot. It's always like this after the Apex Cinsle's yearly ceremony but it is worse this year because of Amica. I have a real companion now. The aftermath, the

questions,

I sigh inwardly, Lueed to shield **Amica** from it all, keep her safe, even if that means facing **this** madness head-on

The location of the feast is always a secret. But somehow, the press managed to track us flown to our hotel—probably from some leak **about** where

was staying. It's already **too** late to do anything about it, and now we're surrounded by these vultures.

The

guards move quickly, forming a barrier around my car, creating a pail so Amica and **Lean** get through.

“Alpha, **what** happened to your shirt!” one of the reporters calls out, his voler sharp, trying to capture the **smallest** detail.

Then, another voice cuts through, and my blood boil. “Lama Amica, how does it feel to be given **a** second chance opportunity even after cheating on your foriner mate!”

I feel the heat nistem my chest, but I know better than to lose control in front of the press. That's exactly what they want. They want a scandal

I step in front of Anica, my voice calm but firm, “The Lana never cheated on her ex-mate. They separated due to irreconcilable differences.

The reporter isn't done. He presses, “Well, that's not what her ex-mate says”

The words hit me like a slap. Her ex has been talking to the press. That idiot. I can feel the anger sinner beneath the surface, but I **force** myself to **stay composed**. I won't give them the satisfaction of seeing me lose my temper

Eddon't respond any further. I signal for the way to be cleared, and the guards continue to push through, allowing us to move forward. The moment

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Chapter 52

Mary

Seeing Amica living the life **that's** meant for me makes my blood boil. She's at the Apex Circle ceremony right now—my ceremony! The one I was supposed to be a part of the one I should be attending, not her. She's automatically become a member of the Apex Circle, something I could only dream of

They say those ceremonies are beyond comprehension **unless** you've been there, that the world inside that place **is something** only the chosen get to experience. But here I am, stuck on the outside, watching her take everything I deserve.

She doesn't even deserve it. She's not worthy of the position, the respect, the power! She's nothing compared to me. I could have been the Ultimate **Luna**, the one to command that respect, but she took that from me. It makes me sick.

I know what I need **to do**. This intruder, this Amica, is nothing more **than** an obstacle—an obstacle that needs to be wiped out of the way. If she dies, it won't change anything unless she has **a** heir. Then the Alpha will be forced to choose a new Luna, and that will be me.

The thought of it makes me smile, but it's a long game. I **can't** wait that long. A year! It's **too** much time to waste. I need something quicker. Something that will make her life hell. If I can't be at the top, neither will she. I'll make sure of it. Every single moment she spends in **this Pack** be misery

She **thinks** she's won, but I will make her regret ever stepping into this world.

She won't **last**.

I decide **to** pay **a visit** to Amica's ex. Alpha Dane—he seems more bitter than I am, and that intrigues me. Turns out, he's the one behind those nasty newspaper publications about his ex-wife. He hates her so much, and I can't say I blame him. Selling her of wasn't enough for him. No, he **had** to make sure she never had peace, even **after** she was out of his life. I heard Deckard paid him a second time to get her off his hands.

How could a woman be so desperate? How could she keep chasing a man who doesn't want her! The thought of her irritates me to my core. She **thinks** her beauty can trap men, but it's not working. If **her** ex-husband isn't falling for it, what makes her think Deckard will? Deckard isn't some fool. I know **my** Alpha. He won't **fall** for her tricks.

I decide to take advantage of Deckard being away and head **over** to Ironclaw Pack to see Alpha Dane. When I arrive. I **ask** to see him, but his pack members say he isn't around. I ask when he'll be back, and they tell me he'll return after the Apex Circle ceremony is over.

Wait What? **What** does his kind have to **do** at the Apex ceremony? I think they're joking at first but why would they? They don't even know me. Does this mean Alpha Dane is now a member of the Apex Circle? How did I not know this?

Why would **Deckard** allow him to join! It doesn't make sense. This **is** bad. I have to figure out what the hell Deckard is planning. He's not a fool, but **why** would he involve someone like Dane? It's dangerous

Just as I turn to leave, a bus honks irritably at the front gate of **the** house. It's a black bus with no windows, stopping right in front, and out steps

Dane.

I've only seen him a few times before, but I can already tell from his **face** that something's off. He's disappointed, and for good **reason**.

"Alpha **Dane!**" I call out, but he **doesn't** respond

His men greet him, but he gives them no reply either. It's clear—things did not go well for him at the Apex Circle, or wherever it is he's coming from. Of course, it didn't. What did he expect

"Alpha Dane!" I try again, hoping to get a reaction.

"Who the hell are you, woman, and why are you bugging me?" he growls, clearly frustrated.

I keep my calm, knowing this is my moment. "Oh, I'm sorry to disturb you, but I'm someone who **has a** severe interest in you."

His guards **make a** move to throw me out, but I'm quick to **act**. "I know that you were just rejected at the Apex Circle, and I know about **your** ex-wife Amira," I snap, watching his face change.

I have **his** attention now.

He slowly turns around when he hears my words, signaling to **his** guards to **leave** me.

He chuckles darkly. "And what the hell do you know?" he says angrily as he starts walking toward me.

I take a deep breath **and** meet his gaze, steadying myself. "Please, give me a chance to talk to you privately, and I tell you everything you need to

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He stops for a moment, considering my request. Then, with a shrug, he gestures for me to follow him inside.

The house is dimly lit and feels strangely lifeless, so this is the shit hole amica used to live, I hide my surprise, making sure to keep my demeanor composed.

He motions to a seat. "Sit," he **says**, and then walks off to pour himself a glass of whiskey.

"Do you mind?" he **asks**, his tone somewhat mocking

I shake my head. "Oh no, I'm fine."

"Of course, you are!" he retorts, taking a large gulp from his glass before pouring himself another.

His eyes never

never leave me as he settles into his seat, taking in my presence.

"So, what is it that you know, and who the hell are **you**?" His words are blunt. If I don't answer carefully, I **know** he might lash out.

Take a deep breath, **making** sure my words come out **with** authority. "My name is Mary Edinberg, and I'm Alpha Deckard's long-time lover__i sull

At those words, his eyes flash with something-**anger**, yes-but also something else. A spark of admiration, or perhaps curiosity, flickers across his face. It's like he's taking me in, studying me from head to toe, trying to gauge me or **something** else entirely

“Himpli. So, you mean to say you’re still fucking him?” he asks, his voice laced with amusement. “When’s the last time he fucked you?” His eyes narrow as he studies me, his lips curling into a half-smirk.

The question stings, but I hold my ground. “Well, We spent the night together in his castle last night if that counts,” I say with quiet pride, not backing down

He lets out a long, slow breath, his expression softening **just** a line **as** he sips his whiskey, “Wow, you were right when **you** said **you** could **be of** help to Mr. Mary: You’re exactly the one I need—not that bitch” His tone is filled with years of resentment.

Do you mean your ex-wife?” I emphasize, pushing him to acknowledge our common enemy.

“Who else could I be talking

about?” he snaps, irritated, before taking another gulp of his drink.

He then leans forward, letting the words come out **slowly**, carefully. “So, tell me. Why did you let your mate be taken from you by someone as dumb as Amica? You seem like the smart one.”

He sips his drink again, his gaze distant, and I **a mixture** of bitterness and regret. He’s not just angry, he’s wounded.

“Well, that’s all thanks to the bitch up there,” I say, my voice dripping with scorn. There’s **a** silence between us then, one that stretches far too long. **We** both sit in it, our frustrations.

Finally, he snorts, a laugh escaping his lips, and I follow suit. We both laugh, not out of joy, but **as** a release. It feels strange—our shared hatred. binding us together in a way neither of us expected. The laughter is **manic**, almost hysterical as if we’ve both **finally** lost our minds

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Chapter 53

Bane

There's something about Mary that pulls me in—a sharpness, a boldness, and the way she carries herself. Her blonde long hair and Of course, Deckard is fucking her. She's a high-class woman, the kind of woman who turns heads without even trying. If Deckard ends her worthy enough to get a taste of his cock, then she's definitely worth my time too. And after the disaster of a **day** I've had, **I'd** love to give her a taste of mine.

The thought sends a **small**, wicked grin to my face. She might even be exactly what I need to unravel Deckard, piece by piece. That bastard. I know he saw **my** name on that damn list and intentionally placed me in the finals just to humiliate me in front of the Apex Circle. He'll pay for in

"I want to help you get **what** you want while you also help me. It's **that** simple," Mary says, her voice interrupting my thoughts.

"Hmm," I **say**, narrowing my eyes. "And what do you think I want now?"

"To be a member of the Apex Circle. It's obvious—that's the one thing you **crave**," she says, her tone confident, like she's already figured me out.

She's good. Too good.

"Well," I **say**, leaning back in my chair, the whiskey burning pleasantly in my throat. "That was the only thing I wanted, until a few minutes ago." I let my eyes stroll on **her**, savoring the way her expression shifts, and then add with a smirk, "When you caught my attention."

She laughs, and the sound is sweet,

but I can't know **for** sure

"Oh, come on, Mary, drink with me!" I grab a second cup and pour her a glass **away** with a nod this time.

a generous amount, ignoring her earlier refusals. I'm not letting her get

She gives me that teasing smile, her eyes glinting with mischief. "I'll only drink if you promise to tell me everything that happened at the Apex Circle

"Ah, yes, **the** Apex Circle," I say, handing her the glass and settling beside her on the couch.

I swirl my whiskey, taking a long sip before diving in.

"It's all a goddamn mystery. They **had us** in a car with no windows, blindfolded the entire way, Can you imagine? They treat us like fools, dragging us through all that just to reject me again."

Mary focus **is** sharp despite already being on her second glass.

“But there’s one thing I know **for** sure.” I say, lowering my voice like it’s **a** confession. “I smelled her.”

“Amica,” I say, the name curling on my tongue. “And blood—a lot of it.”

Her third glass is nearly empty when she scoffs. “An attack? At the Apex Circle? That’s not possible. Do you know how secure that place is

I lean in closer, lowering my voice. “I don’t know what happened exactly, but something did. That **much** I’m sure of.”

Her eyes narrow, and for the first time, she seems truly interested, like **she’s** piecing together **some** plan in that sharp little mind of hers.

“Well, I figured **as** much,” I say, letting my voice drop “but I’m certain something different happened this time. No matter. I have you now. Mary, and you can help me get that information from your Alpha”

As I speak, I let my **fingers** slowly trail over her fair thigh, drawing lazy circles that make my intentions clear

| eyes—betray

She pushes my hand away, **a slow and** deliberate move, but I know better. Her body might resist, but her **eyes**—those seductive brown eyes—**she** wants this. She wants me.

“Oh, come on, **Mary**,” I purr, leaning in just a bit closer. “Don’t you want to give Amica **a** taste of her own medicine? She’s taken your

your **man**, **living** your life. It’s only fair you taste what’s hers. Be with the man who used to have her—the one she still wishes she could have.”

The thought sends a wave of heat through me, and I can feel my cock harden with anticipation. Just imagining all the things I could do to her **revenge** has never looked so enticing.

I stand abruptly, **faking** indifference, but it’s all part of the game. I make sure she sees the strain in my

by pants, My cock print is heavy and hard to Let

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her know what she’s missing out on, what she could have if she gives in

I catch her glance **trace** downward, just for a moment, and I smirk to myself. Then I pretend **the** I am walking away.

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I then she does in

She coughs, a soft sound that's almost deliberate, like she's trying to draw my attention. I ignore her, keeping up my again, and this time. I glance her way.

"you **okay**?" I ask, moving back to the couch, placing my hands on her shoulders, shening concern.

That's when she does it—pressing her lips against mine with sudden urgency.

I did not hesitate. My hands are on her waist, in an instant, pulling her closer **as** she climbs on me. Her hips rock against my cock, teasing, driving me wild with every movement

Reaching behind her, I find the zipper of her **skirt**, pulling it down slowly, creating space for her to sit on my cock. She fumbles with my own zipper, almost frantic in her movements. When she finally frees my cock. I hiss at the harshness of her eagerness, her aggressiveness nearly snapping my **cock**

As she aligns **herself**, her weiness grazing against me, a thought strikes me like lightning. This **is** Deckard's woman. He's had her, **tasted** her, probably for years—rven last night!

And somehow, that realization makes me even harder. The idea of taking what was his, of claiming her for myself—it's intoxicating.

Before she can fully take me in. I tip her onto her back, surprising her. I strip her bare, **slow** and intentional, savoring the view of this gift that has come to my doorstep unbidden.

I lower myself over her, my lips trailing down her body. If Deckard has had her, I'll ensure she never forgives the taste of me.

I spread her legs wider, exposing her fully, and let my tongue explore her, consuming her weiness like it's my last meal. The taste drives me insane, her juices flooding my senses as I picture Deckard down here, his cock claiming her. The thought feels me,

I don't hold back, my tongue is working aggressively, my nose buried in her scent as I breathe in the essence of her of him. It's maddening I feel like I'm drinking in all the years she's belonged to him, and it only makes me hungrier.

In my other hand. I grip my cock, already slick with precum. I stroke it slowly, teasing myself, letting the image of Deckard **flood** my **mind**. What does he look like when he's inside her! How does he sound? Does he claim **her** with the same ferocity I crave now!

Mary means loudly, tplacing my hand on her perky nipples, Tumbling her little breast. Her thighs tremble under my hands, and I know she's close. I feel the way her body tightens, her cries growing desperate, pleading for me to come in.

"Oh. Danel Fuck me now!" she begs, her voice breaking with need

But I not done. Not yet.

I pull back slightly, licking my lips **as** I watch her writhe beneath me. I grip her thighs tighter, spreading her further apart as if to stake my claim

"Not yet, Mary," I growl, my voice low and gravelly. "I'm just getting started."

I dive **back** in, **tasting** her deeper, **as** if every stroke of my tongue will bring me closer to the man I hate most. I want to fuck her like Deckard. I want

to be Deckard

No-I want Deckard.

I'm in the middle of a session with another woman, but thinking of him completely takes over my mind. My hand is on my cock, **stroking** aggressively, and I'm dangerously close to cumming-without even being inside her. No. I **can't** let that happen.

I stop abruptly, my breathing heavy, and excuse myself, telling Mary be right back.

I rush to the **bathroom**, **slamming** the door shut behind me. My **eyes** are closed, my cock still in my hand. I grip the head, stroking faster **as** the **image** of Deckard fills my mind-Deckard with Mary, taking her like he owns her. That thought alone sends me over the edge.

My cum

cum erupts uncontrollably, hot and relentless, and Fin lets gasping for air. I've never felt anything like this. My lips brush the tip of my finger, tasting my cum, imagining it's Deckard's, and the rush of arousal hits me all over again.

I force myself to clean up quickly, wiping away the last traces, and straighten myself out. When I return, Mary is waiting, sprawled awkwardly on

The chair.

Without wasting time, I turn Mary over, guiding her into position. She **arches** her **back** perfectly, and I slide into her, my thoughts consumed by Deckard. The way she moans sends a jolt through me, but it's not her voice I hear in my head—at's **his** presence I'm chasing

Gupter 33

I grip her hair, pulling it **back** as I thrust harder, matching the intensity of the fire coursing through me

"Toes he **fuck** you **like I do**?" The words leave my mouth before I can stop them, raw and demanding.

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"Oh yes, baby," she replies breathlessly, and somehow, that response ignites something uncontrollable in me. My release comes and I spill everything inside her, the force of it **leaving** me trembling.

I collapse against her, both of **us** gasping for air.

"**Wow**, that was fun, Lets do it again!" **Mary** says, her **voice** light, **as** if this moment didn't just tear through me like a storm.

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Comment

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 54[1,344 words]

Chapter 54

Chapter 54

Once we return to the hotel, Deckard jumps into the shower quickly, the sound of **rushing** water filling the silence. He asks if I want to shower too, but I shake my head, refusing.

I can't. I'm too shaken, too haunted by the horrors of **today**. Blood, wolves, people—so many dead. And for what! For me?

I don't even understand why I need saving. I don't know these people. I've never hurt anyone. All this chaos, this nightmare, began the moment I arrived here, and I have Dane

to **thank** for it. I'll never forgive him. He will pay for everything he's done the betrayals, the lies, the way he dragged

me into this mess.

The **whole** world sees me as the mate who betrayed her husband now. The humiliation follows me everywhere—through the whispers, the stares, even the press. My name smeared, my life shattered.

Dane did this. He ruined everything. And one way or another, I will make sure he pays.

My thoughts are a tangled mess But then, amidst it all, my mind flickers to the one sliver of comfort I felt during those harrowing moments.

Deckard

The way he went after our enemies the moment they dared to mention me. The rage in his eyes, the inferno of fury that he unleashed, leaving our adversaries trembling **and** falling to their knees,

The images of gore still haunt me, and the sheer brutality of it all could have landed me in a sick bed. The first time I saw Deckard yield his fire, terror gripped me—and Ezra too. I never wanted to be with a man who carried such fury.

But here I am. I've done more than just be with him. I'm committed to him. I've shared a bed with **him**. And today, I saw him **again**, countless times, yielding that fire to sever my enemies' heads from their bodies.

And yet, when the **chaos** subsided, all I wanted was to be wrapped in his embrace. I **think** he wanted the same.

That wasn't a performance for the others in the Apex Circle. **That wasn't** a ploy to show strength or solidarity.

That was real

Maybe it was our wolves acting, but what happened there—and everything that followed—**is** genuine. It wasn't just survival, or necessity. It **is** us

What about the way he defended me! Not just in front of the Apex Circle members but also in front of the press. He stood there, persistent, claiming me as his mate. My mate.

I've only been with Deckard for a **short** while, yet the number of times he's protected me, defended me, and stood up for me far outweighs anything Dane ever did in our entire marriage

I feel a chill run through **me** and pull the duvet tighter around myself, watching as Deckard steps out of the bathroom. He's changed into something more comfortable, his presence calm.

"Deckard "I call softly, my voice almost breaking.

He looks up instantly, his face clouded with concern as he comes closer. "Are you okay?" he **asks** gently. "You need to take off your gown. Don't

– clean you up since you don't want to shower."""

His says softly, and before I can protest, he carefully pulls the duvet away. His movements are respectful, as he helps me out of the heavy gown. replacing it with cozy pajamas

Then, without a **word**, he grabs a set of wipes and **sits** beside me, gently cleaning my face and neck. Each touch **is** tender, as though he's trying to crave the **horrors** of the day with every cleanse.

This is the man who stood against the world for me today. The man who sees me at my **weakest** and still **offers** strength.

He then went further to prepare **a** cup of hot tea, **carefully** helping me **drink** it before tucking me in under the duvet again.

Climbing in beside me, he wrapped his arms around me, spooning me with a protective warmth.

"Thanks for having my **back** today," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

"**That's** nothing." he replied, his voice low and steady. "It's my job."

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of course he is proud" in

od in his embrace, I drifted into **a** calm sleep, free from the nightmares.

The next morning, the first thing I noticed as I opened my eyes was that all our bags were already packed. The only thing left out was the outfit Deckard had laid out for me to wear for the **day**,

"Where are we going?" I asked, my voice groggy from sleep.

"**Buck** home," Deckard replied without looking up, his attention focused on **his** laptop.

Home

I don't feel like going back because I knew what awaited me. fights, dramas, and challenges, one fool after the other trying to make my life

miserable

And then there was

The thought of her made my blood boil. I hated the way she hangs around like a thorn in my side, always inserting herself where she wasn't wanted. I wished, deep down, that she'd just disappear and never come back. Her presence is irritating

But I've also realized one undeniable truth now I possess immense power. A whole pack of Alphas **is** willing to fight for me and even die for me.

I am the Luna of Lunas. If all these people can treat me with such love and respect, who the hell is Mary! **Or** some lowly servant

doesn't matter if I'm **here** for ceremonial reasons **alone**, I am the one they **all** recognize no

now, Mary may have been warming Deckard's bed for years, but no one knows her. She remains in the shadows, while I stand in the spotlight. Let her continue sneaking around—her significance ends at the bedroom door.

My purpose is greater. My job here is to have his offsprings, **to** secure a legacy, and that's exactly what I will do. Yet, a small part **of** me worries. I was with Dane for two years and never conceived a child.

But soon after, the cracks

At first, I told myself it was for the best. I needed more time to enjoy my marriage before bringing a child into our lives. But soon in our marriage started to show

Within **just** a few months, my marriage to Dane became a living hell. The thought of having a child with Dane always led me with dread. I couldn't bear the idea of my child witnessing the way my own husband treated me So **after** every encounter, I used herbs **to** ensure I wouldn't conceive. These herbs lasted for months, protecting me from pregnancy and sparing me from the heartbreak of **raising a child** in such a toxic environment Now, as I look **back**, I feel an odd sense of relief that I never had his child. It would have been a cruel tie to a man who brought me nothing but pain.

am to fulfill

my purpose, I must believe that this time, things will be different. Still, the

Deckard is different. Strong, protective, and respected. 11 am to shadow of doubt remains—**what** if I am the problem!

In fact, I **often** refused to sleep with him when the marriage became a mess, and that only furred his anger. But I didn't care. Every night, I prayed to the Moon Goddess to change him—to bring back the man I thought I knew before marriage. But my prayers went unanswered.

Now, it seems the Moon Goddess has given me a new fate. She's handed me a second chance, a new mate, but with challenges that feel heavier

er than the burdens of my **last pack**. At least this one doesn't come with domestic and emotional abuse. I do not love Deckard so there is no way he can break me!

Deckard's voice pulls me from my thoughts.

"Go take your bath. We're visiting the pack of the Alpha who died yesterday first," he says, his tone firm yet gentle.

I nod, rising from the bed. As much as I'd rather stay hidden under the duvet.

2/2

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 55[1,062 words]

Chapter 55

Deckard

We visited the family and **pack** of the Alpha who had been killed **during** the Apes, Carcle ceremony hrst. It is a tragedy, an event meant to be a velebestion, turned in a bloodbath and mourning. Teant bring back the dead, but I offered my condolences, hoping it would bring even a shred of wonton to the grieving

Anusa, rver so kust, spoke to the **family** with wonds of solace and presented gitis beyond what I had prepared. She treated them as though they are

slow family of her boo

his clear to me the commands respect effortless, watching her, I couldn't help but admire the way everyone adored her. It's natural for her.

When we returned to the castle, the news hadn't reached yet. We'd managed to keep it under control, but I knew it was only a matter of time before the whispers began, so I have to let them **know**.

The **attack on** Amica ean, me **up**, driving me to the edge each time I think about it. What do these bastards want?

to

Why did they suddenly come for my mate! One thing was certain though—whoever was behind this would regret it. I would ensure that

To address the gravity of the situation, I called a meeting with the elders of my pack and had it **all** out for them, so let them know the intensity of the attacks. "The I una must be protected at all costs," I declared. "It now falls on every member of this pack to **ensure her** safety"

Once the meeting concluded and the elders began to leave, Mary approached me **as** I was leaving the **hall**.

"Well, if I didn't know you better. I'd say you've drifted from our original plan," she said.

I stopped, turned to face her, and replied evenly. "I'd prefer it if you spoke plainly instead of dancing around in parables"

Her smirk deepened.

"Deck, we planned to **kick** Amica out as soon as the opportunity came, but all you've done since **she arrived** is protect her Mary rants

"And what exactly am I supposed to do? Not protect her? Let her die!" I say, my patience already wearing thin.

"No, my Alpha But don't you find it strange **that** all of this is happening only after she got here? Why would those degenerate rogues attack, and worse, at the Apex Circle of all places! This has never happened before her arrival. Don't **you** think she might have something to **do** with it?"

I sighed deeply, with exhaustion. "If she truly has something to do with it, we'll investigate, and the truth will come out. But I doubt she's involved"

"Oh, so now you suddenly trust her!" she snapped,

"I don't have time for this, Mary," I said firmly, making it clear that I was done entertaining her baseless accusations,

Her face flushed red with anger. “Deck, you’re changing toward me. Where do I stand now?”

I could feel her eyes beginning to water. Not wanting to **create a** scene, I grabbed her arm and pulled her into a quiet room nearby. Closing behind us. I used to face her.

“Enough, Mary,” I said, my tone low. What is wrong now?” I asked, trying my best to sound calm despite the tension

“You know what’s wrong,” she shot back, her voice cracking as if she were on the verge of tears. “You’ve completely tossed me aside for her!”

the door

know the situation. I’m the Alpha-1

I cupped her face gently in my hands, leaning closer. “Mary, I know I’ve been busy these past weeks, but you know have responsibilities, duties that can’t wait. I miss you, and you know **that.**”

Her eyes glistened with frustration. “How? I don’t see it, and you never show it,” she said, wrapping her arms around me. “Even your body doesn’t respond to mine anymore.”

“So, because of that one time?” I asked, sighing

“Well, it’s never happened before.” she muttered, her voice burdens with longing

I sighed again but leaned in, planting a firm **kiss** on her lips. Her lips trembled with hunger, a soft moan escaping as she melted into the kiss

I placed my hands on her hips, my fingers browsing her soft curves as she wrapped her arms around my **neck** to pull me closer. “Oh, baby, I missed you” she whispered, her voice trembling with longing.

Chapter 33

around my waist as I carried her to the table. I laid her down, leaning over her, ready to show her that I was

Lift her effortlessly, her legs wrapping around me still the man she remembered

Our kisses deepened, her hands moving with urgency. She unzipped my pants, reaching inside to grasp me, Slowly,

1. y. I felt myself respond to her. I could feel the excitement in her body as soon as she saw my boner

The door creaked open.

I turned my head sharply, catching sight of Bria standing in the doorway, her face pale with embarrassment.

“Sorry, my Alpha!” she stammered before **hautilly** shutting the door behind her.

“What the hell, Bria!” I growled,

“Don’t let her get to you, baby,” Mary cooed, her hands already sliding back to me. She **spread** her legs **again**, urging me to continue. “Forget about

But for me, the mood is entirely ruined. I sighed heavily, kissing her softly on the lips before stepping back and zipping my pants.

“What’s wrong?” Mary asked, her voice a mix of surprise and irritation

“I need to go out. We can continue this later.” I replied, straightening my clothes.

“Why can’t we continue now?” she pressed, her tone rising slightly.

“Bria just **walked** in on us! How **can** I continue after seeing her wrinkled face?” I shot back, shaking my head in exasperation.

Mary let out a small laugh, though it lacked humor. “Oh, you’re right, babe. That old witch! Fine, we’ll meet up later. Can I spend the night with you

I hesitated, knowing my answer wouldn’t sit well with her. “Amica just went through a traumatic experience. Leaving her by herself **isn’t** wise. But you can stay around, and when I have free time, I’ll come see you.”

Her face fell slightly.

“Amica, Arnica, Amical” she muttered under her breath before rolling her eyes. “But **yeah**, it’s fine, I’ll take what I can get.”

She retired reluctantly.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 56[1,272 words]

Chapter 56

Mary

It's time to take everything **I** can get, use every lule opening to my advantage, I know Deckard. He's not in love with Amica—it's just dury. He feels responsible for her and that's it.

Every other night, I'll be in that castle, staying right under her nose, making sure she knows I'm not going anywhere. Let her see me, let her feel it— Im not leaving, no matter how much she **wants** me to.

I've packed my thing, ready to settle in. I'm making myself comfortable in that caule for as long as I need to Deckard won't **say** a word, he'll let **me** stay. He always does.

Spending time with Amica's husband has given me the clarity I needed. I know her—her past, where **she's** come from—and now, exactly where she is. That means I can control where she's going.

Dane hates her, **just** like I do, and that only makes me want him more. The way he's looking to destroy her—though I won't pretend he isn't delicious to look at. But it's his hunger to ruin her, to crush her completely. That hunger matches mine, and it sets me on fire.

We **finalize** our plans after a few rounds of mind-blowing sex. Amica will wish she were dead by the time we're through with her. Her name will be dirt in the Bloodbane pack, and no one will want her as their Luna—not even **Deckard**

As usual, I make my way to dinner when I know **Amica** will be there with Deckard. I want her **to** see me, to feel me in her space. But tonight... something about **her** seems different. She's in a better mood, almost relaxed. It annoys me more than I'd like to admit.

When I reach the table, she's already there, sitting alone.

"Hmm, where's the Alpha?" I ask the servant casually as they set down my plate.

"He hasn't arrived yes," she replies

"Oh well, I guess I'll have to endure eating alone.. with a little inconvenience lurking around," I say with a smirk, making sure my voice carries **just** enough venom to sting.

Finally, Amica **speaks**, her voice calm but **firm**. “Mary, I’d prefer if **you didn’t sit at the same** table as me for dinner”

I can’t help but **chuckle** at her attempt to show herself. “Oh, Amica, don’t make me laugh” I reply, leaning back in my chair. “Why don’t you take **that** up with the Alpha? Let’s see how far **you** get with **that**.”

“Listen, Mary,” Amica says, her voice **steady but** laced with authority. “I don’t need to **consult anyone** before making decisions that directly affect me. I **know** you’ve heard it before, but just in case you’ve forgotten, let me remind you—I am the Luna of this **pack**, and you will show me **respect**”

Her words hit like a slap, but before I can respond she turns her head slightly.

“Guards” she calls, her **tone** Eight. Two **guards** hurry over to where Em seated, their presence making my blood boil.

“I need

you to escort Miss Mary to her room, along with her food” she orders, a soft, infuriating smile playing on her lips

What is wrong

with her all of a sudden?

“What? You must be joking,” I snap, glaring at her. “Do you know how **long** I’ve been in this palace? Stop embarrassing yourself, please” I say

One of the guards steps closer, “Miss Mary, please follow us. We will escort you to your room. His **hand** hovers too close to me, and I shoot out of my chair.

Don’t you dare **lay a** hand on me, you fool!” I snarl, my voice echoing through the hall. “I know when you were hired. What gives you the right to treat me this way!”.

“Take her.” Amica says calmly, her tone maddeningly composed as though this is beneath her

The second guard places his hand on mr. and that’s thr

’s the **last strane**,

*Get your freaking hand off me!” I yell, jerking away as I stand. The other **guard**, unfazed, **picks** up my plate and starts walking ahead, clearly ready to escort me like some petulant child.

“Fuck off!” I spit, storming into the room. I **slam** the door behind me with enough force to rattle the walls, shutting it in the faces of those useless guards

1/2

Chapter 36

I pace the floor, fury boiling inside me. Who the hell **does she think** she is **What** gave her the audacity to speak to me like that, to order me around in her pathetic, calm little tone?

What’s changed! She attends the Apex Circle ceremony once—a ceremony she doesn’t **even** deserve to be at—and now she thinks she has **power**! And those guards... those useless guards! Suddenly, they listen to her, respect her, act **like** she’s the **Alpha**.

I’m livid. My fists clench **at** my sides Where the hell is Deckard? If he were here, none of this would have happened. She wouldn’t have dared speak to me like that. She knows she’s only holding that title because of him

I sat on the edge of the bed, my **anger** simmering as I **wait**. Deckard will return soon, and when he does, I’ll tell him everything. He needs to put this bitch in her place.

I decide to wait outside, positioning myself where I’ll see him before anyone else does. My heart pounds with anger and anticipation. It **takes a** while, but eventually, I spot him. Deckard finally arrives

The moment he steps toward the castle, I rush to him, my arms around his neck. My voice trembles, teetering on the edge of tears.

“Deck. Deck...”

He pulls back slightly, his brows furrowed in concern. “What happened, Mary! What’s going on? Tell me!”

“**It’s** Amical Your new mate, I cry, my voice shaky. “She ordered the guards to throw me out of the house”

His face hardens, disbelief “That’s impossible. She would never do that”

Without another word, he marches into the castle, his movements swift and determined. I follow at a distance. He storms into the living room, but she’s not there. His jaw tightens as he heads to her **room**

“Please, I’ll **deal** with this,” he says firmly, turning back to me for a moment before shutting the door behind him.

I stand there, unable to hear what's happening inside but imagining the confrontation. It takes longer! I expect, but out. His face is calm, unreadable..

eventually,

5. be steps back.

"Mary, I apologize on her behalf, Deckard says, his voice calm but firm. "But Mary, you need to stop getting in her face all the time. You're only making things worse."

The moment those words leave his mouth, it's like a sharp, cold slap across my face. My ears ring with disbelief.

"What? Why would **you say** that to me?" I demand my voice cracking.

He sighs.

ran off to tell the servants, I wasn't here to see **what**

"Mary, last time, you told the servant something I shared with you **in** confidence, and then she ran of happened, but I can imagine the harsh things you must've said to her to push her like that"

For a moment, I'm speechless. His words strip me of my defenses, leaving me exposed and raw My chest is heavy as I search his face, desperate to find the man I know—the man I love. But all I see **is** someone slipping further away from me.

Amica has poisoned him against **me**, and it shows. It's in the way he **looks at** me now, the way he doubts me. She will **pay** for this.

1/2

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 57[1,391 words]

Chapter 57

Tesday **is** the meeting with the Apex Dinle. As we mune, Frake in the **sight** of everyon remos now the natural element Here, **in** this, the **real** power play g

mani they

The meeting starts with the introduction of the newest member. Ayda Make. He's gaming, ambitious, Andri out own has fallen -a member sload **low** than an hour after puning **us** we're losses in allows the vacan

The discussion went on for a while with so much **back** and forth about theories about and stair

I was looking **for** one not person to mention Antica as a sumptert anul i was willing to teach him a lesson he will behaved this time Instead the spoke absent protecting the E

Yeah thats what i love

I did not bang Amica, along with une tay because i licht want in attract undersary attention to her,

Amyway the meeting is frustrating, but necessary

When we talk about the demise of the Late member. His death is a message, bon then we neeil so replace lum

As I drive home, I think about everything allover aga

Mary s suggestion that Amica might be mvolved in the attack seeitos far-fetched to me. Amica's world has been confined to her former pad idea that she has connections capable of orchestrating such an event makes in sense, it is quite illogical

A few days after the mesdent, my team gathered intel pointing to a possible regue camp right within Blackwater City | joined them to investigate While we didn't encounter any rogues, their scrit was mumistakable-a clear sight they've lieti liete recently.

It's baffling. How could rogues establish a presence in our city soutout defection! Their milicity is both alarming

The synty in Blackwater Cay is airtight-**or so** I thongly. There's no way rogues could stilirate this place unless someone from the inside is aiding That's the only explanation. I've instructed my im to kerja discreet watch on the location we discurril Noi

displays. I want them to observe quieth; taser who comes and goes.

Amica's safety is me priority, whether I want to admit it or not. She occupies my thoughts more than she should, and every decision I **make it** to circle back to her. Mary wasn't entirely wrong-Afterall **that it's** the mate **hons**), isn't it? hi has to be.

Amica's thriving in her role here, settling in as if she **was** meant to be part of this **pack**. She doesit seem to miss beers or entertain any ilmnights of running **back** to that pathetic excuse of a woll.

Yet, I can't fully trust her. I've let myself be vulnerable with her, more than I've ever intended. And damn it, I can't **get** her out of my mind.

Every time I close my eyes, it's her. Her scent, her touch, the way she responds to me it consumes me. I can't deny it anymore. Nothing else, no one else, interests me. Her voice, her moans, the way she feels—it's all I crave. Every night. I find myself wanting her, needing her to do that nothing else can. I hate **it** as much **as** I want it

But I can't let her get too comfortable. I can't let her see just how much power she has over me. My body may ache for hers, but I'll be damned if I let her know just how deeply she's managed to invade my every **waking** thought

When I arrive home. I barely step out of the car before Mary rushes toward me, her face red with anger, her hands fluttering as she speaks. Her voice **is sharp** and quick, filled with **accusations**.

"Deckard, she threw me out of the house like I was some common servant! Amica humiliated me in front of everyone!" she cries, clutching her chest like she's just been gravely wronged.

I **raise** an eyebrow, skeptical. Still, the claim shocks me enough to demand answers. What would possess Amica to **make** such a bold move!

I head straight to Amica's room to confront her. She's there, calm as ever, folding clothes like nothing happened.

"What did you do to Mary!" I **ask**, my voice low and controlled, though the anger slammers beneath it. "Did you really kick her out of the castle! What gives you the right to do that?"

She doesn't even **look** up, her focus still on the neat stack of clothes she's organizing. "First of all, I didn't kick her out of the castle yet

her tone even "Just the dining hall. I told you earlier, didn't I? Well, you asked me to use my magic powers to keep my subjects under control, and that's exactly what I did"

Chapter 37.

I ran against the doorframe, crossing my arms as I assess her, a mix of irritation and amusement bubbling within me. "Oh wow" I say, my tone laced with mockery. "I can see you're leaning into this role a little too **quickly**. You had better **be** careful because you can slip" I say but she doesn't give a reply

The thought of Mary being outmaneuvered by Amica—of all people—is almost too good to be true. For once, Mary is the one who has to scramble, and it's downright hilarious.

“And what exactly are you doing folding clothes?” ask, feigning nonchalance but genuinely curious. “Don’t we have servants for that?”

Her hands don’t faller as she places another raily folded piece onto the growing pile, “Im setting them aside for the auction. We’ll donate the pereds to the Backwater orphanage.”

I blink, caught off guard “Since when do we have an auction?”

“Since I organized a” she says rally

Of course, she did. I stare at her **for** a moment, debating whether to press further. Part of me is impressed by her initiative; the other part doesn’t want to admit it. Instead, I wave it off, pretending to the indifferent.

“Do whatever you want, I mutter, turning to leave. **But** as I walk away, I can’t **shake** the growing realization that Amica might just be a force to reckon with.

I’ve promised not to interfere in the matter any further, so I decide to find a **way** to make amends with **Mary**. When I approach her, she’s visibly unimpressed, arma crossed and a scowl firmly planted on her face.

After her bedde protest, she finally retires.”It’s fine if that’s how you’ve chosen to handle it. I **accept**,” she says with **an** edge to her tone, then **pauses**, her eyes narrowing slightly,

“Come and take a shower with me. I guess that’s the **one** thing that can make me happy **after** the horrible e

e experience.

That’s when it hits me; I’d told her to come over earlier today. A promise made, whether I feel like fulfilling it or not, must be kept.

“Alright let me just grab a few things for work.” I say.

Mary smiles, clearly interpreting my compliance av **a** attention, even if it has to **be** forced.

victory. Even though my heart’s not in it, I remind myself that she deserves my

We have **been** together for **too** long and she seems to understand me.

I gather the necessary materials for work and settle into her room. The plan is to get through my **tasks** quietly, but Mary keeps pouring wine, glass after **glass**, **and** handing them to me with a sly smile. I can see her angle from a mile away—I know she’s trying to get me drunk. She wants to reignire whatever passion she thinks we’ve shared

It's amusing, mally, because getting drunk is nearly impole for me. She knows this, but her determination is stubborn. I let **her** keep pouring, though, while I focus on my work.

I'm reviewing the list and have finally selected a replacement for the deceased alpha. Mary **keeps** interrupting me with more drinks, planting kisses all over me. I've drafted the message containing the new alpha's name..i think I sent it when Mary can't hold back any longer. Suddenly, I feel unexpectedly dizzy. When Mary pulls me away from my desk, I just follow her and collapse onto the bed. I feel her helping me remove my clothes: her touch tickles, making me even skepler. The last thing I remember is a sensation down there, my **cock** getting hard-Mary working wonders with her tongue, then everything fades to black

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 58[1,514 words]

Chapter 58

Mary

alir's winning, he has no idea-I'm always ten steps ahead.

I might not know every

ry little detail about what happens in the Apex Circle, but I've been here long enough to listen, to observe, and to learn.

Deckard may have fired a few mids because of that useless Amica, but I still know everyone who works here. Some of them might **have** shifted their loyalty to her, but many still owe their allegiance to me. They just keep it quiet, as they should.

Even among the guards, I have allies. One of them happens to be Deckard's driver, Galus.

Gaius lost his mate a long time ago. For a winle, be kept to himself, but then I started noticing how often he was around me. At first, 1 brushed it off, but then it became different. began to notice him in a way I sadn't before.

For reasons Tean't squite explains, Gamis started to linger in my thoughts. Kandorn moments of my day would bring his face to **mind**. And then, even

my dreams, there he was. My wolf **has** started to acknowledge himni, too.

Until one day, Gaius came to me and Laid everything bare. He claimed I am his new mate. His words were so sure, so resolute, that I couldn't even deny it.

Do feel something for him! Of course, I **do**. But the only mate I've ever wanted is Deckard. It doesn't matter what my woll **says** or how my heart Butters when fattas **is** near. I **know** what I want, and I refuse to settle for less.

That's why I've stayed here, **why** I've endured in much, waiting-hoping-that Deckard's wolf will finally recognize mine and accept me. That's the only way I'll ever truly know if **I've** won. If I **can** finally conceive, that will be my proof.

But it never happened. Not once. And then, the elders started whispering in Deckard's car, pushing him to take **a** mate. I never believed he'd actually do it. Not until that lowlite **Amica** showed up.

She's more than just some pathetic, cheating mate. I can feel it in my bones. There's something about her that doesn't s right, and I'm going to uncover every last secret she's hiding.

Gaius and I have always shared a romnection—a derp, undeniable bond that I couldn't ignore, no matter how much I tried. When he finally confessed his feelings for me, his love, I'll admit, I was curious. **Gaius** shows me a kind of love I've never experienced before.

He surprises me with gifts at the most unexpected times, and I never have to beg for his attention. He offers is freely, wholeheartedly. Unlike Deckard, **Gams loves** without hesitation, without shime, and Lean't deny that I've enjoyed the warmth of his affection and the way he showers me.

But I've been honest with him. I've told him time and again **that** I can't love him the way he loves me. My heart belongs **to** someone else—**Deckard**.

He knows it. Everyone knows it. Deckard is the only one I've ever wanted. But wanting him feels like chasing something I can never have.

And yet, Gaius doesn't give up. He believes—truly believes that one day I'll see things clearly. That one day, I'll stop chasing a man who will new be mine and finally recognize the love standing right in front of **me**,

never

Oh Transer it can feel it, I remember my first night with Gaius—electric and breathtaking. He was everything I needed in that moment: tender, attentive, and utterly devoted. Calus knows how to touch me, how to **make** me feel like **a** woman should feel. He loves me with a gentleness **that** is intoquating, and when we're together, he **makes me** forget—for a fleeting insient—the ache of wasting someone else.

But that's all he gets in a fleeting moment. Gaius is just the driver, a temporary escape on my path to the one I truly desire. He fucks me with **such** reverence, so lovingly, but that will never be enough. Gaius isn't an Alpha, not even a **Beta**. He's **just** a pack member, ordinary and powerless. He doesn't command fiery respect, doesn't control anything except the car he drives and, occasionally, my **orgasm**.

I won't lie to myself—he **is** attractive in his own way. But it's painfully clear he cannot give me what I need. What I deserve. I want to stand beside power, to share it and wield it. I crave the kind of influence and dominance only Deckard can provide.

Of course, Gaius knows about my relationship with Deckard, but he's powerless to stop me. He's tried—several times—and I've made it clear to him that while I enjoy his company, nothing and no one will distract me from my ultimate goal.

There were **moments** when Gaius, in his naive optimism, suggested we run away together, **start** a new life far from here. The idea **is** laughable. I've told him plainly he can have half of me or nothing **at** all. And because of the bond we **share**, he can't bring himself to walk away. He clings to what I offer, content to **take** whatever scraps I throw his way.

I know, deep down, he will harbor hope. He thinks that now, with Amica as Deckard's new mate, I finally give up my chase and choose him. But Gaius is wrong—so, so wrong. My sights are set, and I've never been more determined. There is no way my destiny ends **with** a common driver!

1/2

Chapter 38

It doesn't matter how long I love to wait or what obstacles I must overcome. Gaius may offer love and loyalty, but my ambition burns brighter than **his** affections. Deckard is my **goal**, my destiny, and I will stop at nothing to claim what is rightfully mine.

Gaius wraps around my finger. He gives me what my body craves, and more importantly, he **keeps** me informed. Our silly pillow **talk**—his way of baring **his** soul—often reveals things he shouldn't be telling me. Through him, I stay up to date on everything happening outside the castle and, most crucially, within the Apex Girdle.

Deckard is set to choose a new member for the Apex Girdle, a decision that could **shift** power dynamics in **ways** I need to anticipate. Laick, or maybe Exte, was on my side when I found myself in the room **as** he began drafting the email to the chosen candidate.

I'm always prepared for opportunities like this. Among my carefully hidden arsenal are pills, **so** potent they could tranquilize seven horses for hours. I slide one into the bottle

of **ancient** wine than **Deckard** loves, a wine I've been pouring for him all evening under the guise of being the

As I keep serving him **glass** after glass, I position myself near his desk, pretending not to notice the screen while watching closely for the name of the new member. The moment I catch a glimpse of it, I spring into action, distracting him with playful kisses and teasing touches,

It **doesn't take** long before the drug begins to take effect. His body slackens, his focus weavers, **and** I smile to myself. Timing is everything, and

OF COURSE IT WORKS! The drugs are strong—strong enough to put a normal wolf **into** eternal sleep. If Deckard isn't careful, he could fall into a coma. But I know Deckard is resilient, strong beyond reason. He'll survive, **as** always.

As soon **as** I get him to bed, I strip off his clothes and waste no time. I've been craving him for days, **and** now he's mine to enjoy. I take him into my mouth, savoring the way his body responds to my touch. His rock hardens, and the way his body reacts excites me, but my focus never wavers from my real objective

With his eyes fully closed and his body plant. I move swiftly, I make my way in his laptop, ensuring it doesn't go into sleep mode.

There in the drafted email. My lips curl into a smile. Replacing the name and email address **is** easy enough, swapping us the original choice for Alpha Dane. Then, I schedule a meeting for two days from now to officially induct the new member of the Apex Circle. One click, and the email is

Mission accomplished, I turn to where Deckard lies. His body remains at my mercy, and I decide to finish the little game I started. I take my time, indulging myself, knowing that this moment is mine and mine alone, but Deckard's cock goes soft quickly before I get back, and I couldn't get it back **up**, I must use it to satisfy myself. I am pissed, this was never an issue until Amica

But it is fine, very

very soon their world will be over.

Morning comes, and I'm up before Deckard stirs. I leave nothing to chance. As I prepare to leave, I instruct one of the servants to inform Amica that the Alpha **has** summoned her in his room.

I'll see how she handles the aftermath of this little game.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 59[1,358 words]

Chapter 59

“Why did **you** rati dor

ough the haze in my head. My skull feels like it’s filled with clanging bells, and any
vinican Ideas for rally for using on Annie a standing over me, her tone sharp and angry.

“What?” I groan, sitting up in bil trying to make sense of everything. My mind secanddes
to piece together the events of last night. Where the hell in Mary!

“You called for me. What do you need?” she demands,

“I did?” My throat in dry, and the words come out rough

“Vex, dada’t you?” she **snaps**, her irritation plain as day.

“oh Don’t worry about. stomach drop

*Emutter, my brain still foggy as I watch larr lease, Duce the door clicka sled behind her, I
pull back the sheer and feel my

back.

“Oh, **Mary Fuck** The sight confirms what my gut was already telling me—I did something
stupid. Something cart take lat

Think Amica know She knows something

nubil tell from the book on her face that she was mad about something.

Try to put Hthat behind me and get losy with my slay Canine la broken Amica’s trust! I try
to ignore him, but I do not feel good ala hell did I even sleep carelessly last

I was feeling wane wwert sensation.

ingr. Mary is always looking for new what she wanted, lint at what cost? | ferl

det me reu throngdut the day because he kept reminding me that I have what happened
last night. How could I let myself **go** so foolishly? How the

Emy Bonly but I was too sleepy to fight it. Why would I Denjoyed it, I guess, and I didn't even leave a

re up sex lives, and I guess this is one of them. Daman it Why did I let is happent At least. Mary gui

Once I **stejnim** of the **house**, I spot a small gathering of women armind something

ig fat looks like a ceremony Amica **stands** at the podium. I remember her mentioning a strull auction last night, lit I didn't expect to ser it today.

Thad hoped to **spend** the night with Amica. We've only been together once since the ceremony, and it's already been two **weeks**. I can't believe it's taken this long

But now, Fin surprised to see that she isn't chasing after me. Was I not good enough Was the night we spent together nelerwhelming for her? Or **has** she **just** had better experiences, considering how dain experienced slar is

It **pisses** me off that she

not coming after me. It feels like in the only one still thinking about her. Did she cast some kind of spell on me!

he's supposed to be my mate, right! So why the hell do I feel like I'in the only one stuc

"Maybe it's **because** you've made it clear her tour here is limited, Canine's voice run through my thoughts.

Oh, slait up? Nu tine asked for your opinion.

But maybe Canine **has** a point. She is a cheater. She's going trcalips back into those same damn habits as soon as she gets the chance.

I stand there, watching Amica glow under the soft light of the sun and the beautiful sundress that clings to her curves,

She's effortlessly charming the Lunas into buying her already worn clothes, It's like she's got this power over everyone,

I start feeling a strange naix of shame and frustration. I can't facelier-not now. I feel like I've disrespected her, for real this time. I think she knows something but She won't even talk to me about it. At least last time, she let me know how passed she was and I could try to smooth things over. But now I don't know She's keeping her distance, and it makes everything feel even more complicated.

Why the hell am I even bothered by all of this f'in Alpha Deckard. I can do whatever the hell I want. Annica's always known that Mary was picture, right

y was in the

TYIII

Jadont **have** a problem reading things with Mary. All I feel for her now is oldagation. But if Mary decided to find someone else today, I wouldn't be beanad Tve tolthet that over and over again. Yet, **she keeps** refusing to stick around through my bullshit, and I cant blame her. I've given Mary everything Iran, but with Anka... I want to give her everything

Chapter 39

This **isn't about** Amica, though, not really. **It's** more about the guilt I feel. And damn it. **Canine** has his paws all over this too. Fuck him.

Later that night, Amica just takes her side of the bed, says "Goodnight, and rolls over. Did she know that Mary and I slept together last night!

(Dean't stand it anymore, so I force myself to speak, since she's not giving me anything

"And how did the auction go!"

"Quite well," she replies without even bothering to look at the

I feel off tonight. There's this ache inside me, a longing for affection--no, not just from anyone, but **from** Amira. I'm too damn proud to ask for it, and she's keeping her distance. Her scent is driving me crazy. How is it possible to **have** her so close, yet still be unable to **reach** her! My pride. though it won't let me **take** what I want.

I lay there, turning it over in my head, until I hear her soft snoring

Frustrated, I punch my pillow and get up, deciding to grab some whiskey since sleep won't come. But as I head down the hall, I find Mary lurking around the kitchen.

"Mary?" I call out,

out, needing to make sure it's

sure it's really her.

"Deck! What are you doing out? Can't sleep" she asks,

"Touche! I didn't remember that you said you'd come over today. I had to ask.

“It feels so lonely at my place tonight, so I decided to stay here,” she says, stepping closer and kissing me on the chin.

I slowly pull away, a sense of discomfort growing at me

“Yeah, last night was a blurry one. What did you do to me? I joke, and we both laugh it off. But deep down, something feels strange about last night. It’s Mary, though, so I know I **can** trasher

“Come sleep with **me** tonight, Mary says, trying to lure me in with that familiar, seductive tone

Oh, Mary, let’s do that another time!” I quickly reject the offer, not in the mood for her games tonight.

I head back to my room. But as I lay beside Amica, I can feel her body grow cold. It makes my heart race for a moment. She’s sleeping peacefully, but that coldness it unsees me. Could this be because I have been distant from her! I have not been a good mate to her and I would not forgive myself if anything happens to her.

I shut my eyes and

I quickly move closer, spooning her, wrapping my arms around her. I need to feel warmth, something to chase away the unease. I shut my eyes and try to sleep, hoping the comfort of her presence will calm me.

Two days later.

My phone begins ringing off the hook in the morning. First, it’s my Beta, whose call I missed. Then, when I check again, there are hundreds of missed calls

What the hell is going on!

I call Leonard to get some answers. “We’ve been trying to reach you. Everyone’s here for the meeting. We’re waiting for you,” he says, his voice laced with frustration.

“Waiting for me where?” Lask, completely thrown off

“**You** must be joking, right? We’re all **at** the meeting you called regarding **the** newest member of the Apex Circle. We’re waiting for you.”

What is going on? I can’t remember scheduling any meeting.

“But I have no meeting planned for today.” I say.

I rush to my computer, pulling up the calendar. As I scroll through my sent items, I freeze. Not only have I scheduled a meeting, but I've also selected a new member for the Apex Circle.

How the hell did this happen!

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 60[1,306 words]

Chapter 60

(this even happen!

Dane Raymond Dane Raymond

An in to join the Apex Circle I didn't send this! That's not the name L approved, and there is absolutely no way I would allow someone like him in come anywhere near me or my pack. This has to be some kind of twisted joke. But in shouldn't even be possible. Who would dare do this!

I'm off the bed in seconds, already storming **out** of my quarters, **heading** straight for the meeting location.

The end I step inside. I'm greeted by the other **Alphas**, their cordial smiles **and** nods doing little to calm the storm inside me. I don't waste time

"So we're meeting our new member today, right?" **I say**, careful to **keep** my voice steady, hiding the imitation beneath the surface.

"" they reply, their voices echoing in harmony

"Great" I manage a faint smile. "Let's not delay: Please, will the new member of our circle step forward and introduce himself?"

I step back. I won't announce him I refuse to. Let him show his face!

And then he does.

Dane. **Amara's** ex-husband.

He steps forward with that smug, self-assured look I hate **so** much.

Is someone trying to play **a** stupid prank on me!

I didn't put Dane's name on the email I sent. I know I didn't. So how did it get there? Who would've had access to **send an** email from my computer! I has to be someone **close to** me—someone who thinks they can gain something by having Dane in the Apex Circle.

Dane steps forward, walking with that arrogant, almost theatrical confidence, **his grin** stretching from ear to ear. He's enjoying this. Every second of

The crowd erupts in cheers, clapping and celebrating him like he belongs here. But my beta, Leonard, looks just **as** confused as I feel. His eyes meet mine briefly, questioning, uncertain.

I want to stop this. Right here. Right now. End the induction before it's too late. But I can't—not without losing my composure in front of the **entire** circle. As much as I want to tell everyone this is wrong, he doesn't belong here, I can't even explain what's happening when I don't understand it myself

Dane approaches me, his hand extended, smug confidence radiating from him. I hesitate for half a second before taking it. His grip is firm, too firm, and as I stare into **his** eyes, locking onto them without breaking contact, I see it.

He knows something

v moment

I can feel it. There's **a** flicker of satisfaction in his gaze, **a** glimmer of something **deeper**, **as** if he's holding onto **a secret** and **savoring every** of my confusion

"Thank you, **thank** you, Alpha Deckard!" Dane **says**, laughing in delight as he basks in the attention. His voice grates on me like nails on a chalkboard. The more I hear it, the angrier | gei, but I keep my face neutral. For now.

Once the ceremony is over. I stay seated, as the crowd were doing their thing, my thoughts swirl. But my brooding is interrupted by Leonard's.

"I don't know what you're planning with this, but it'd be nice to know where your head is at because... Daner Why?" His tone mirrors the confusion I feel, his arms crossed, his frustration obvious.

I let out a sigh and lean back, rubbing my temples. "Look, Leonard, someone's playing games with me. I never sent Dane's name I swear. The next person in line was Ales Bower Ales Bower Why would I do something this reckless! I can't even stand the sight of him!"

Leonard narrows **his** eyes. "Then who do you think could've done it Who has **access** to your computer!"

Chapter 80

pause. There is only one person who comes to mind, and my stomach sinks. “Amica, I mutter

Lemand seeswaden “Asia” You think shr

While Tom will try to piece everything together, Danse’s stupid voice interrupts.

Deckard” he calls out, hurrying toward me with a wide smile plastered on his face.

Before I can react, he clasps my hand in his, shaking

it with fervor. “Wish I never thought this day would come, but you made it happen. I am indebted to **you**”

His happiness makes my stomach turn. I yank my hand free, forcing a tight smile. “It’s fine,” I say curtly, before walking off, leaving him behind

I waste no time. I **rush** back to the castle, my thoughts racing as I rehearse what I’m going to say to Amica. She has no answers—or at least a damn good explanation.

As soon as I step out of the car, I spot Mary near

the entrance. Her face lights up when she sees me, but as soon as she notices my expression, her

“My Alpha what’s wrong?” she

says **asks**, hurrying toward me. “You look furious. “Tell me what’s going on.”

“Something terrible has happened,” I say, pacing the room. “Someone managed to hack into my email and sent a message to the Apex Council, announcing Dane as the newest member of the Apex Circle,

Mary’s face revealed her confusion. “**Who’s** Dane?”

“Amica’s **ex**-husband” I say bitterly,

“Want that wretch? How Mary asks in disbelief. “There is no way someone like him fits into a circle with such prominent members. Dane? The man who sold his own wife to cover Debest Deckard, you can’t let this happen. It taints your name! People will question what kind of Alpha you are || Blowing with the wind like him into the Apex Circle!”.

Her words

strike a nerve, **making** me even more frustrated.

I don't know who could have done this. I snap, pacing back **and** forth. The morning after we were together, I woke up feeling weak, like I was drugged. Where did you go that morning?" I turn to her.

Mary tilts her head, confused but **calm**. "I had a patient to check on, so I left in a rush," she explains. "But Deck, who could have accessed your Laptop! No one was even in the room when I left. And more importantly—who would benefit from sending **Dane's** name to the council?"

Her voice softens, and I can see the wheels turning in her mind. As she analyzes the situation, my own thoughts begin to fall into place. A name I – didn't want to consider has been in the back of my mind like a serpent.

(At that moment, I glance toward the hallway and see her—Amica. She's walking inside, oblivious to the storm brewing in my chest.

Without another word to Mary,

I stride toward the castle, my **anger** building with each step. This ends now,

"Hey!" I call out, I hurry after her. "So you think I wouldn't find out about what you are hiding?"

Amica turns around, her face looking clueless.

"**What are** you talking about?" she asks, her voice showing innocence. But her eyes? They can't deceive me.

"Don't play dumb with me. Amica," I growl, taking a step closer to her. "I'm this close to **losing** my shit with you! To think I was **actually** giving you a chance, hoping you'd changed, but no—you're still the same manipulative cheat your ex-husband threw out **and** sold to pay off his debts."

Her eyes widen slightly, but she doesn't speak. I press on, my voice rising despite my attempts to stay calm.

"When will you learn, Amica! When?"

I'm losing now my patience unraveling with every word. I know she's the one who tampered with my email. Who else would be foolish enough to drag Dane into the Apex Circle! But what baffles me is how far she's willing to go for something—or someone—that's so clearly doesn't want her.

ine pathetic,” Espil, “Chasing after someone who doesn’t even want you. What’s the
culgame here. **Antica**! Tell me, because I’m not in the

色