

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 61[1,295 words]

Chapter 61

“What! Deckard, please!” I plead, my voice trembling as I try to **make** sense of what is happening. “**Can** you **just** tell me what is going **on**! I swear, I have no **ideal** My eyes search his face, but **all** I see is fury—no, worse than that. Hatred.

This isn’t anger born of frustration. This is real. Deep. Like he truly believes I’ve done something unforgivable.

I rack my brain searching for answers. **What** could I have done? Is there something I’ve missed? Something I did? I try to recall every moment, every detail, but nothing **comes** to mind.

“Oh, don’t play dumb, Amical” A Mary’s venomous voice says, her lips curled in a smug, wicked smirk. “He’s talking **about** you slipping your ex- husband’s name onto the Apex Circle list, **like** no one would notice”

“**What?**” I stammer, “L., I didn’t do that!” My words falter

in the list? How did your ex

“Of course, you’d deny it Mary snaps, stepping closer. “Then tell us, Amica, how did Dane’s name magically appear on husband, **of** all people, get chosen as the next member of the Apex Circle? Tell us!

This even makes me wonder if the attack at the Apex ceremony had something to do with you. Because one moment, they kill the newest member of the circle, and the next, your ex-husband’s name magically appears as the newest chosen member”

character.

Her accusations hit me like thunder, and I can’t deny its heaviness. This isn’t just an accusation, it’s **a** full-blown assault on my character.

I turn to Deckard, my heart sinking further when I see **his** expression. His eyes—they don’t just look angry. They look like he believes her.

“Deckard,” I whisper, my voice trembling. “I swear on my mother, I have no idea what you’re talking about! I didn’t—”

“Oh, of course,” Mary sneers, interrupting me. “She wears on her mother’s Someone who’s dead and gone. What difference does **that** even

n make even if you swear on your life? **It’s a useless** cath!”

I freeze. her words cuts deeper **than** I’d like to admit. My mother’s memory isn’t something I invoke lightly, and for her to mock **it** crurl

I like this—it’s

“Why did you do it, huh? Tell us why you did it! Is it because the Alpha chose to spend the night with me again? Is this out of jealousy?”

My stomach churns as her words drip with venom

“You know the Alpha will never fall in love with you,” she spits “so why are you even jealous? Isn’t the position of Luna enough for you! You’ve already got that, Amica. But no, now you want to bring in your ex-husband to take the **position** of Alpha of Alphas? You’re ridiculous!”

I stand there, struggling to find the right words, **to** defend myself. But how do you argue against something so twisted, so absurd, when the person accusing you already seems to have everyone else convinced!

remains cold, distant

I glance at Deckard **again**, hoping for even the smallest sign of understanding, but his face remains

Deckard, who had been silent through Mary’s tirade, **suddenly** grabs my arm, his grip firm. He drags me **into our** room without a word, slamming the door shut behind us with a loud thud that makes me flinch.

“Listen, Amica,” he growls, his voice dangerously low but laced with rage. “My patience is running very thin. You’re going to tell me everything you know about this—everything—or there will be consequences. Severe ones.

I stare at him my heart pounding...

“Tell me how you did it he demands, his voice rising. “I know you had access to my computer because **you** were in the room that morning I don’t know how you pulled it off, but I know it was you. All the logical evidence points straight to you!”

I open my mouth to speak, but he cuts **me** off.

“You’re the only **one** who has something to gain from this,” he spits, his golden eyes blazing with anger. “You’re still in **love** with your mate, aren’t **your** Admitt

My chrit tightens at his accusation, and before I can respond, he presses on

“The last time we had a little misunderstanding, you ran to him. What did you promise him, huh? What did you offer him to **take** you back! Tell

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he roars, his frustration boiling over.

Tears stream d

down my face as his accusations crash me.”

“I didn’t do anything!” I cry out, tears streaming down my face. “I only came to the room because you called for me! I didn’t touch your computer, and I didn’t touch anything that belongs to you!”

My voice cracks, but Deckard doesn’t seem to hear me. His breathing is heavy, his chest rising and falling like a storm ready to erupt.

“Ahhh?” he suddenly rears, his voice echoing through the room. Before I can react, his fist slams into the nearest mirror. The glass shatters instantly, shards scattering across the **floor**, and crimson streaks bloom from the cuts on his hand as his blood drips freely.

“Deckard!” I gasp, scrambling to my feet. I grab a towel from the table and rush to him, wrapping it around his hand as quickly as I can, trying to stop the bleeding. My hands tremble as I press the fabric against his wounds, but his eyes don’t soften—they only burn brighter with fury

“Get your hands **off** me, Amica,” he says in a low, menacing tone, his voice barely above a whisper

But the intensity of it sends a chill down my spine. He doesn’t need to yell—the sheer force of his anger is enough

I immediately step back, releasing his hand despite the ache in my chest. My wolf whimpers, the sight of his **blood** spilling uncontrollably tearing at me. All I want is to help him,

Without another word, Deckard storms out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

I collapse onto the floor, staring at the bloody towel and the shattered mirror. My hands are **st**

are **shaking**, confused. How can I prove my innocence!

I quickly get up from the floor, wiping my tears, and follow Deckard's scent. My heart pounds as I track him to the hall, where I find him talking to

Bria.

"Did you see **what** the woman **you** and the council forced upon me has **done**?" Deckard says, his voice sharp with anger. "She has brought disgrace **to** the park!"

Bria **stands** firm, her expression cautious yet calm. "Mary told me, but my Alpha, are we even sure she did this? Shouldn't she at least get a clunce to defend herself?"

"Who else could it be? Deckard snaps, his frustration boiling over. "Who else has Dane's interests at heart if not her! You forced me to bond with a woman who is still in love with her ex-husband, and I am reminded of that every single day by her stupid actions!"

While he's speaking, Mary appears out of nowhere.

"Alpha, I don't think you should let this go without her receiving punishment for what she's done!" Mary suggests, "Otherwise, she'll take you for a fool. You must punish her."

Deckard's jaw lightens, his gaze darkening. "Oh yes, she will be punished, she'll feel **the** pain" he says, his voice low **and** cold.

He turns, his piercing eyes locking onto mine as he **walks** towards me, my heart sinks,

***Kneel!**" he commands, his voice sharp and authoritative.

I tremble under the intensity of **his stare**. He **steps** closer, and I see him pull his belt from around his waist,

The leather snaps as he folds it in his hand, the sound echoing in the room.

"The rest of you get out" He commands

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Chapter 02

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I said there, trading at her demolding barn, teu lepassen ng enge must be part of me that wants to protect her despite in all. She can't walk away

sally say, my weder low and adorje. Tar la li alijs Booms my hand, latting the ground with a dull dusd.

walk out of the hallway Hela and Mary are waiting jo

“My Alpha de por think that's reenight. Mary Im

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chec, my voice doopplocio a firmie prowl. “Mary, low would po

„realizing that she's coverstepped. Finally, she stopped following me

My indiel spinning with unanswer

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Will | Terhion attend meetings convening the elder Will I allow linn besocialize anel potentially

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now that hurting her mould.

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But I know better. **She's** nothing but a snitch, a fox hiding in the den of wolves.

li **seems like** she **was** truly scared of me in that moment, but fear doesn't absolve her. She doesn't deserve me. She doesn't deserve the luxury and protection that comes with being here within my territory. She **doesn't** deserve the position or the respect she's been given.

She deserves nothing.

I should send her away. I should reject her. This act alone is treachery enough to justify **it**.

But Camise voice sharp and disapproving. “**You** didn’t have to **scare her** like **that**. You don’t **even** know if she’s guilty.”

I grit my teeth, barely holding back the wave of irritation his words bring “Of course, there you go again! She can do no wrong in your eyes, right! Just that the **fuck** up if you have nothing useful to **say**?”

But Canine doesn’t relent. “Tu just saying, you can’t keep blaming her for everything that goes wrong in the **pack**.”

“I wouldn’t have to blame her if all the evidence didn’t point to her?” My frustration bails over. “She brought her ex into the Apex Circle, Garine! **Don’t** you get it You need to shat up now—I need my head cleart”

The silence that follows is deafening, but my mind refuses to rest. I can’t think straight.

I take a long drive away from the castle, hoping the open road will help. But when I **return** that night, exhausted and no closer to a solution, my thoughts are still consumed by **her**

age, she is all I **can** think about.

No matter how angry I am, no matter how justified I feel in my rage, she is

I feel the urge to see her, but I force myself to stay put. **Has** she eaten today? The question pounds in my mind refusing to be ignored.

I try to shake it off, but the thought persists, I can’t stop worrying. Has she had anything to eat?

Eventually, I give in. I call Bria. “Take her some dinner,” I instruct. “I don’t want to see her just make sure she eats.

I tell myself it’s enough. She doesn’t deserve anything more, not after what she’s done. But deep down, I know the truth—I **just** can’t stand to **face** her right now

I retreat to the study, burying myself in work to avoid thinking about her. But then I hear it—voices in the hallway, frantic and loud.

The Lunar li’s the Luna! **No**.”

freeze. My breath catches. I don’t wait for confirmation: I’m already on my feet, running **as** fast as my legs can carry me.

“What’s wrong with the Luna?” I demand, my voice sharp and urgent as I approach the commotion.

Bria turns to me, her face **pale**, her eyes wide with panic. “It’s the Luna! She’s... she’s cold! So cold!”

“What do you mean cold!” My heart drops. A crushing wave of fear rushes through me, and Canine howls in

“I don’t know! She’s just so cold” another servant cries out

I shove past them, bursting into her room. My heart dropped, fear consumed me, and my wolf ached.

mind

of **her** has been drained

Amica is lying on the bed, her body trembling her skin pale and ice-cold. She looks almost lifeless like the very essence of

“Get **the** healer!” I roar. “Now!”

My wolf aches, clawing at me, screaming to do something, anything, to save her.

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Chapter 63

DECKARD

I pounce on the bed, the movement sudden and forceful, hoping the jolt will startle her awake. But nothing happens.

She’s **cold**. Too cold. **My heart races**, in fear. She can’t die on me. She can’t.

her like a child as if **my** warmth alone could bring her back.

I sit on the bed, pulling her up into my arms, wrapping my arms around her to cradle her

“Amica! Please wake up! **Wake** up now—I command you! My voice is sharp, desperate. She has **always** feared my tone, obeyed my commands.

Surely this will reach her. But she doesn’t move, doesn’t even inch.

My heart tightens painfully. “Fine!” I retire, trying to control the breaking in my voice. “I’m not mad at **you** anymore for the reason I forgive you! No... I believe you! The words rumble out as I clutch her **closer**. Just wake up!”

She remains still, her body lifeless in my arms. The fear claws deeper into me.

“Hurry with the healer, Bria!” I **yell** again, louder this

is time, my

my anger fueled by the helplessness consuming me.

Footsteps approach hurriedly, and I look up to see Mary entering the room, her face etched with concern.

“My Alpha, what is wrong with her?” she **asks**, **her** voice had worry in

“Please, let me check her—just until the healer arrives,” Mary offers, stepping closer

For a moment, I **hesitate** but logic forces me to let her approach. “Do it,” I snap, holding Amica even closer as if afraid someone will take her from

the.

“Oh **yes**, heal her! Her body has gone cold. What is wrong with her?” My voice is filled with panic as I step aside, allowing Mary to check her. After

Mary is a doctor. Fanyone can do something it’s her

Mary leans over Amica, placing her fingers on her neck to check for a pulse. “She has **a** weak pulse,” she murmurs, her voice steady but cautious.

“you cannot let her diet” My eyes born into hers, pleading, commanding. I need her to understand the gravity **of** this.

“I will try my best, my Alpha,” she assures me, her tone calm despise the chaos, and she immediately begins pulling out medical supplies from **her** biz

“I need the room warm,” she instructs, her focus never wavering “Shut all the windows and turn on the heater

Without hesitation, I urge the maids to follow **her** orders. They scurry about, **closing** every draft, turning the room **into a** cocoon of heat

Mary pulls out a drip from her duffle bag and begins setting **it up**, I don’t stand idly by—assist her, handing her what she needs, hoping to **make** the process as fast as possible.

She pulls a syringe and begins searching for a vein on **Amica's arm**, but her efforts seem fruitless. She tries injecting multiple times, but there's nothing

"Her veins are faint, almost disappearing, Mary mutters, her face tight with concentration.

1 glance at **Amica**. Pale White **as** a ghost. She looks so fragile,

Once I notice Mary struggling to find Amica's vein. I move to sit beside Amica on the bed. I take her hand in mine, rubbing it between my palms, trying to warm it **back** to life. "Try this one," I **say**, guiding Mary to a spot that feels faintly warmer

Mary nods and tries **again**. This time, it is **a** success. She finds the vein and carefully injects the needle, attaching the drip. The slow flow of Liquid begins to pass into **Amica's** body

"What do we **do** now!" I ask, still worried

"I need to monitor her **vitals** closely before I decide on the next steps, Mary replies, focused but cautious. "I don't want to **risk** anything that could cause her heart to relapse."

"Oh, okay. We'll wait until she gets better." I say Ermly. "I'll stay right here, keeping her warm"

Mary glances at me,

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hesitation in

her

reyes.

"Deck, **please**," she begins, her voice soft. I can take care of her. Why don't

(rest! You've had **such a you**

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long day"

My hrad **snaps** up, and I glare at her, "Why would I ever do that?" I demand, "Why would you even think that being beside my own mate would

muke me tired?“.

Mary takes a step back, sensing my annoyance. I

“Do you think **I’m** a weak alpha who can’t handle his responsibilities?” Tanap.

For some reason. Mary’s well-meaning suggestion ignates something in me

e–something that imitates

“I’m so sorry, Deck. I didn’t mean to upset you” she begs, but I cut her off with a sharp

pa gesture of my hand, silencing her immediately

“I will sit right here until she gets better,” I say through clenched teeth, turning my **attention** back to Amica. I keep my hands on her, moving them over her face and body, trying to measure her temperature, praying for even the faintest sign of warmth.

Not long after, the sound of hurried footsteps fills the hallway. Bria enters, followed closely by **the** old healer, Martha.

“You’re here–thank the goddess She’s gone cold again! Do something!” I b

“I bark at Martha as I watch Amica’s **still** form.

Martha inclines her head slightly. “Good evening, my Alpha,” she greets me calmly, her wise eyes scanning the room with an air of quiet

reservation

There’s no

time for pleasantries. She steps closer, placing a hand on Amica’s forehead. After a moment, she nods, her expression unreadable.

“What happened to her. Alpha? What caused her to relapse like this?” she **asks** while setting her bag on the table and pulling out various potions and

“She was just in the room, she…….” My voice trails off as I realize that no explanation I give will make sense–not to them, not even to myself. This is all my fault, I pushed her too far. I failed her

“You did not seed to instructions, **Alpha?**” **Martha’s** shaken voice says, “Her wolf is petrified! You are **treading a dangerous path** here, Alpha. Very dangerous.”

“**Take** out the drip,” she commands **sharply**. “Thai won’t help her.”

-What

10 Mary snaps, her voice rising. “You can’t do that?” She steps forward, her anger directed at Martha. “I need her to respond to treatment. I don’t need your mumbo jumbo interfering with her recovery!”

Martha’s gaze doesn’t waver. “Fine,” she **says** curtly. “Leave the drip. But you cannot administer anything else. I need **to** know how every little thing she’s exposed to affects her. If you **override** me, I can’t help her!”

Mary scowls but backs off slightly, her frustration evidens. “This is ridiculous,” she munters under her breath, folding her arms and glaring at the

Mariha pays her no mind and begins lighting incense, the fragrant smoke curling into the room. She moves deliberately, her hands steady as she murmurs words I can barely make out

o in disbelief.

“This is bullshit,” Mary mumbles again, louder this time, throwing her **hands** up

Martha stops mid-motion, turning to look at me directly. Her eyes pierce mine, “You didn’t take heed to my advice, Alpha,” she says. “**now** you’re going to be the death of her

Her words hit me like bolts of electricity in the chest.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 64[1,528 words]

Chapter 64

Deckard

rightfully

“A wild thorn werewolf mating with a dragon blood werewolf creates disaster if they are wrongly ected. But when they are righ connected, they make fire—a beautiful, consuming fire that lights the way and burns their adversaries.

Be careful, Alpha,” Martha warns as she pulls **out** a potion and begins applying it to Amica’s pale, lifeless facr

“Help me remove all her clothes,” she instructs, her voice firm. “You will be the one to apply this over her holy

I glance around the room, “Everyone, leave us!” I command, and Bela and the servants scurry away without hesitation.

Mary remains rooted in place, her arms crossed, defiance written all over her face.

“Mary, please wait outside. I’ll call you back in soon,” I say, softening my tone. She hesitates but eventually steps out of the

Hurn **back** to Amica, Learefully remove her clothes, revealing her Trail, pale **body** and all i fecel is gu

all the pain I’ve **caused** her

She looks so fragile, so undeserving of all

1 dip my hands into the oily

y potion and begin spreading it over her cold skin, Fach touch feels like an apology I can never yoke,

Martha’s eyes kept boring into me, before she finally seaks. “**Why** is it so difficali for you to help **her**, Alpha! Do you despise her sa mnox li that you’d rather let her fade away than accept her as your mair!”

Her accusation stings, but I don’t respond, Instead, I focus on the **task** at hatsl, willing Amica’s warmili to return beneath my touch.

“You need to **realize** who you’re talking to, woman. That one could cost you your head” Esmap, Her meddling questions are the last thing I need nicht now

Martha a stiffens but lowers her gaze. “I apologize, my Alpha. Please don’t take offense at my words. They come only from concern for her well- being. If she **survives** this, it’s imperative that she **never** endures such strain again?

-Shut up and do your jobs” 1 bark, dismissing her attempt at explanation.

What the hell is wrong with her! Does she think **I’d** insentionally harm **Amica**! Why **can’t** she just focus on fixing the mess instead of pointless concerns!

I glance down at Amica’s frail form, pale **and** almost lifeless beneath my hand. It’s not just Martha’s words that unsettle me–The inah is Eve failed her in ways I can’t even begin to excuse.

What's **so hard** about lying beside her every night Why have I let her sleep alone in this cold bed, day after day! The rage I felt last night—when I discovered her connection with her ex—**has** blinded me. And then there's **Mary**...

I've spent too much time with her, let **her** distract me from what matters.

No, it's worse than that. I cheated.

The thought burns through my

mind like wildfire. Amica doesn't deserve this, not from

The.

Yes, I'm fully **to** blame for this, and I'll do whatever it **takes** to make it right.

After I finish massaging her with the oil, Martha hands me another potion to administer orally, I carefully tilt Amica's head, managing to get **a** small amount into her mouth while the rest spills down her chin

Manha prepares several more potions and gives me strict instructions to administer them at intervals. She then wraps **Andra** securely in a blanket..

"If you will, my Alpha, provide a place for me to rest so I can check on her periodically until her conditions stabilizes," Mandia **says, almost** parading.

"You can stay right **here** in this room!" I offer without hesitation.

She shakes her head firmly. "Oh no, that is your role. Alpha. You are the only one **who** can **make** her better. Her recovery depends entirely on you

"What do you mean?" I demand, irritation flickering in my voice.

"I mean this is between you and your wolves," she explains calmly but resolutely. "I cannot interfere any further. Whatever healing she needs now can only come from the bond you share. I will stay nearby, but I cannot remain in this room with you both."

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"Okay. Bria will prepare a room for you" I say calmly.

Martha nods. "Also, we do not need to turn up the heat in the room or close all the windows. That will not make her better. I'd advise allowing proper ventilation to come in"

Her calm explanation feels like an undoing of **everything** Mary had set up, but for some **reason**, it works. I don't have the energy to question it

anjaliore.

I call out to Bria to escort **Martha** to her room, and once they leave, I turn on the **air** conditioning to make Amica more comfortable.

A voice interrupts my thoughts, sharp and accusing.

“So, I’m guessing you don’t need my help anymore?” Mary says, her tone laced with irritation.

I turn **slightly**, keeping my composure. “You’re undoing all the care I provided with that old woman’s—what **was** it—fetish nonsense,” **she** continues, her complaints grating

I don’t have the patience for her rants.

“I will call you

you when we need your attention” I say, keeping my voice calmly but but leaves no room for argument.

Mary left the room quietly, and I didn’t feel even a shred of guilt. By now, she should be sensible enough to recognize when her antics cross the line

It imitates me how she sometimes acts **as** if we are

lovers. We are not.

The only reason I tolerate her is because of this lingering feeling **that** I owe her something. But I’ve been clear—blunt, even that she shouldn’t expect anything romantic from me. I gave her a choice long ago: if my terms didn’t suit her, she was free to leave. Yet, she chose to stay, and often wonder why

Sometimes, **late** at night. I think about her motives—about why she sticks around when I can’t give **her** what she clearly desires. She plays it off like she’s fine with the arrangement, but I see through her. She’s aching for something more, something I’ll never offer

That’s the truth of it. Every woman dreams of love and belonging, of being someone’s first choice. And as much as I wish she’d find a mate who could **give** her that, she doesn’t seem interested.

It’s almost as if she’s waiting for the impossible—for something I’ll never give

There’s nothing I can do to change Mary’s mind. **She’s** an adult. She knows what she wants, and I have no energy left to argue about it

As for m

me, I don't expect to receive what I'm incapable of giving

The truth is, I don't know what love feels like—especially the kind that's mutual, where two hearts beat for each other in perfect sync.

Lately, though, I've been feeling something I **can't** quite explain. And no, it isn't love.

I don't love Amica.

The way my chest tightens when she walks into a room and effortlessly commands every gaze—it isn't love

The searing ache I felt when I **discovered** she'd fled my castle to return to her pathetic excuse of an ex wasn't the pain of a rejected **lover**.

And when I smashed my fist through the glass, and she rushed **to** fetch a towel, her hands trembling as she cleaned my wounds—despite my anger directed at her—that wasn't love either.

It couldn't be

How could be love when she acts so selfless, so kind, even when I'm undeserving? When the mirror I shattered could've **easily** been her face! How could anyone endure so much and still show up with warmth

I would never hurt her. **But** I can't say the same for that worthless ex of hers. Hurting **her** seems to be something he does **as** a habit, a vile one he'll regret if I ever get my hands on him.

The anger I felt when I saw her swollen face after Dane hit her—that wasn't love either.

And now, as she lies here fighting for her life, the fear clawing at me is like nothing I've ever known. But even that isn't love. Deckard **Blackborn**

does not love

I just want her to come back in life. That's all

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Chapter 64

Then why do I feel this ache to apologize, even though she was the one who betrayed me? Why couldn't I stay away from her for a single day without my thoughts spiraling back to her!

I don't care about apologies or forgiveness. I'd give them freely

if it **meant** starting fresh, wiping the

I just need her to live.

slate clean

I need to see her eyes again—those brilliant, bright orbs that calm the storms in me like nothing else can.

Her thick, black hair cascading in soft curls, **making** her look effortlessly stunning. Her skin, smooth and flawless, like rich milk.

She

commands attention with her beauty alone, but for me, it's more than that. She commands my heart, my feelings, my very thoughts.

The agony I felt when I saw her cold, lifeless body. I never want to feel that again. Never.

I'd fight the gods themselves to bring her back.

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 65[1,187 words]

Chapter 65

Alpha Deckard

That night, sleep evades me entirely. I spend every moment in the room restless, the room, checking on **her**, watching her **chest** rise and fall, ensuring each breath follows the next.

Her body is warmer **now**, so why won't she s

wake

me up

She doesn't get to **do** something so reckless, **so** unforgivable, and then collapse **like** this. She wouldn't get to leave without explaining her side of the story—without answering for her actions.

My wolf is silent, drowning in his own despair. He won't speak to me, and honestly, I don't know who's more broken right now—him or me

I sit by her side, waiting for any sign of life—a move, a **blink**, a word. **Anything**. But all she **does** is lie there, motionless...

Morning doesn't come quickly—Martha steps into the room, her expression calm, but I don't miss the flicker of concern in her eyes as she approaches the bed.

“Alpha, we must wait and see how the treatment takes effect,” she says calmly, though it does little to soothe my fraying nerves,

I glare at her, frustration boiling over. “Martha, why isn't she waking up! I did everything you **asked**—I gave her all the potions, I stayed by her side all night. I even slept beside her, holding her to share my warmth. And yet, she still won't wake up!”

Martha sighs, her tone measured but firm. “She will recover in time, Alpha. But this is the consequence of ignoring my instructions last time.”

Before I can respond, **Mary's** voice cuts through the room.

“Or maybe she doesn't know **what** she's doing anymore” Mary snaps, stepping forward. “The first time was just sheer luck, and now she's clueless! Admit it. Martha—you're not a doctor. All you have is your ridiculous fetish nonsense!”

I turn toward her, my patience unraveling, but she goes on.

“You should never have let me stop her treatment, Deckard!” she accuses,

- sa obsessed with Amica's treatment?

Her words make me pause, but not for the reasons she **might** think why is Mary s

It doesn't make sense. Mary **has** made it clear she wants Amica gone, **so** why the sudden need to play healer? Why this urgency to be the one in charge of her care!

“Deckard, how would you feel if you lose her because you refused to let a proper doctor, someone who actually knows what they're doing, take care

of her!

Do you want your reputation in shambles! The word will spread—you killed your Luna—and that’s not something the pack will forgive

She steps closer, her eyes narrowing. “I’m only looking out for your reputation, no matter what grievances you or anyone else have with Amica. I **am** a doctor, and my greatest joy is being the reason someone survives. Let me do my job!”

Before **I** can respond, Martha steps forward, her one even but resolute. “Miss Mary, this situation goes beyond your know it. Please, allow me to do my work without interference.”

“Nothing is beyond my medical field?” Mary roars, her voice thick with anger

medical expertise, and you

I glance between the two women, t. Both are adamant, both claiming to act in Amica’s best interest. But the intensity of their argument leaves me

spinning

What am I supposed to do? I just w want Amica to open her **eyes again**.

I **feel** unerly lost, powerless to make the right call for the first time in **years**. All I know is that I can’t **afford to** lose her. Not now. Not ever

“My alpha, please,” Mary buggs “Let me check on her, just her heart rate. Once I have that, I’ll know what to recommend.”

“Fine **Lay**, my voice firm but cautious. “Do **what you** need to do for now, but let me be clear—Martha is still in charge of her care. Her condition improved when Manha administered her potion. You’re not to do anything **that** interferes with her recovery. Understood?”

Mary nods **quickly**, relief washing over her **face**. “Thank you, my Alpha. I’ll do my best”

She hurries **out of** the room and returns moments later with her bag Placing it on the table, she **retrieves** her stethoscope and begins her

1/2

End Prote

Chapter 63

After **a** few minutes, she scribbles something on a piece of paper.

I've written out a list of medications. I'll get these drugs and add them to her next drip. I be back so she says as she leaves the room.

Mary's dedication surprises me. She doesn't hold grudges when it comes to saving lives. Even with all her flaws and the base she has with Amica, I can't deny that her selflessness in moments like these is admirable

Martha, calm as ever, administers another round of potions to Amica

"My alpha," Martha says softly, "it would be best if you stayed close to her as we wait for her to fully wake from this coma."

That word—coma—sends a chill down my spine.

"So you're saying there's a chance she won't wake up?" My voice betrays my fear, cracking slightly at the end.

"Amica is doing much better **than** she was yesterday. I am confident she will pull through"

Her attempt at optimism doesn't quite soothe me. The thought of Amica not waking is too unbearable to entertain.

"I'd **advise**," Martha continues, "that we avoid disrupting her treatment unless her condition worsens. But ultimately, that decision is yours to make."

Before I can respond, **Bria** steps in, "I stand with the healer, Alpha. Martha has been consistent, and Amica is improving. We should continue with her treatment plan."

"Fine" I say at last. "But if there's no noticeable change by the end of the day, Mary will take over"

Bria **nods** and steps forward. "Alpha, please take a moment to rest and freshen up. We'll watch over Amica, and you can come back to check on her as soon as you're **done**"

I agreed, and With one last glance at Amica, I leave the room.

I'm halfway through my shower when a loud knock pounds on the door.

At first, I ignore it, letting the water wash down as I try to wash away my exhaustion but the urgency in the **knock** lingers in the back of my mind, When I finally step out and dry off, I open the door to find Bria standing there, her expression alight with excitement.

"Amica **is** awake!" she announces

I barely process her words before I **rush down** the hall, still half-dressed, my damp hair dripping onto the floor. My heart races as I fling the door open to her room.

There she is

Amica lies on the bed, her eyes open, scanning the room as though trying to piece together where she is. For a moment, the sight of her takes my breath away. She's alive. She's here.

Without thinking, I cross

is the room in a few quick strides and **pull** her into a hug. My arms wrap tightly around her fragile body

Not long after Amica wakes, Mary arrives, carrying a **tray** laden with drugs and a syringe.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 66[1,304 words]

Chapter 66

Oh she's too clever for her own good

Every time she messes up with **Deckard**, she pulls this little act-falls "sick" like clockwork. And suddenly, she's the center of his world again, lying there all helpless, twisting him around her finger

The way she plays it is almost too perfect. If I didn't know better, I'd believe it **myself**.

rfret. She must have some

kinde of dark magic, because it looks so convincing-her pale face, her lifeless body.

Could she be a witch? It wouldn't surprise me. The way she manipulates the situation, turning on that sickness card whenever she pleases.

I had plans for her. Oh, I had such good plans. But Deckard won't leave her side. He hovers over her like **she's** the most precious thing in the world. He doesn't trust me alone with her, and that's the problem.

When I first saw her cold, still body, I nearly let my excitement slip. The thought of her being gone for good was almost too sweet. But I had to **keep** it together. Deckard was right there, watching me like a hawk.

So I put on my best concerned face, played the part of the dedicated braler.

I'll bring her back, just enough to earn Deckard's trust. He has to believe I care, that I'm trying to **help**. And when the time is right. I'll finish what I started.

Bui Deckard... He complicates everything. Always in the way, always looking at her like she's his whole world. I'll have to be patient. Let him think **I'm** on his side. Let him think I care about her **as** much as he does

When did he become this way? Since when does Deckard care about every little thing **that** concerns her? Even after he saw her betrayal—after she spat on his trust and ran back to that pathetic excuse of a man—he still wants **her** to live?

What's happening to him? **Could** it be love? No, it can't be. Deckard doesn't love. He doesn't bow to weakness. Yet, there's no denying the way his eyes cling to her, desperate, as if her life is the thread holding him together.

And then look at how easily he dismissed me. I, who has stood beside him all these while. The moment that frail old healer walked in, I became invisible to him. **Like** I didn't matter.

The pain in my **chest is unbearable, realizing** that in **Deckard's** eyes, I am no longer the person he relies on. **I'm** no longer the **one** he needs. The feeling of being cast aside, of being **useless** to him—it burns deeper **than** anything I've known.

He didn't crumble, didn't falter, so why should he now! Why is her life

But really, what's the big deal if Amica dies! He was fine without her before. He **so** critical to him!

Still, I take solace in one small victory. I have managed to plant the seed of doubt in Deckard's mind, convincing him that Amica was behind. making Dane a member of the Apex Circle. And why wouldn't he believe it? The evidence and facts were strong—strong enough to blind him with suspicion

Let him grapple with that. Let him question her loyalty, even as he clings to her life.

I hope she dies. Honestly, I do. But when I checked her pulse, something felt.. off. **Weak**, yes, but there was something else. Something I **can't** quite put my finger on, and it's driving me mad. I didn't have enough time to confirm it, but the thought won't leave me alone. **I** have to know what it is,

All night, I toss and turn, restless and consumed by the possibilities. If what I suspect is true... no. It can't be. It doesn't make sense! How could she **of** all people? I The thought alone twists my insides in a **way that** holds me up, fuming in the dark.

But Deckard... be's with her all night, glued to her side like some lovesick fool. I can't stand it. His obsession with her is suffocating, and it keeps me from doing what **needs** to be done. **I** need just one moment alone with her, one moment to confirm this gut-wrenching suspicion that refuses to let me go.

Morning finally comes, and I hurry to her room. Relief floods through me when I see she's still unconscious. Perfect. She's still as pathetic as ever.

I work fast. I convince Deckard—again—that I'm the only one who can truly help her. The old healer is a fool, and I make sure Deckard sees takes everything I have to keep up the act, to make him trust me, but it works. He gives in.

face

And then, I confirm it. The truth is right there, staring me in the fa

Amica. Is Pregnant

1. How could she dare! After all the betrayal, all the chaos, she's somehow carrying a child?

wer her for the manipulative, cunning creature she is, this changes everything. This her way of

heartbeats. That's why I needed to confirm it again.

in was just her heart, **weak and** irregular as it was, struggling to keep her alive. Hut on. The second heartbeat is there, stronger now

per great with the heir to the Himalayan pack. My pack!

4th, what misery has fallen upon me since we've been here. Met All these years, all those moments we shared—every touch, every stolen night – none of it led to this. But now, this bitch comes out of nowhere, and suddenly, she's the one carrying Deckard's child? The thought alone feels like a

Unbelievable (Hottie I mean) let this happen, I can't let this happen. No one knows yet.

now yet. No

one but me. And I'll **make** sure it stays

pregnancy ends here and now I will terminate it without anyone ever knowing. Not Deckard, Not Amica. No one

is supposed to leave any traces behind

Quickly. Time to gather

from a trusted source. Everything is carefully planned—wrap the vial in mislabeled packaging, just in case

All I need to do is slip it into her drip. No one knows she's pregnant, so no one would suspect that she had an abortion. It's perfect, it will

flow out

Talbar told me, Talbar wanted Amica to get pregnant. It would have given her the perfect opportunity to ruin her. I'd have exposed her, implicated her tipster vile, unforgivable act. Something that would ruin her

The plan was simple—let her have the baby, then ensure the park takes the baby away from her. They'll assign me as the rightful mother. The only suitable mom for the future Alpha

But not like this. Not this soon. It throws everything into chaos, Deckard doesn't trust me the way he used to. He's changing—becoming someone I can't recognize.

I can fix this, then. Well, again, baring the net conception. By then, I'll have worked my way back into

of Deckard's mind, ensuring that I'm the

one who understands him. And one he can rely on. The only one

Why

the room, ready to administer the

erical medication" my heart nearly stops—Amica is awake.

Panic grips me, but I force myself to stay calm. Do they know already? No, they can't. They don't. There's no way anyone could've figured it out. Still, this complicates everything

Monica is sitting up in bed, her face pale, her body trembling with weakness, Bris is fussing over her, feeding her carefully, while Deckard watches her like a hawk. His eyes are solid, filled with a kind of care I've never seen before,

Dainn at She shouldn't be awake! Not yet. Not when I was so close to putting an riil tocall of this

Ledersch my hats, bating back the rage simmering insile me

“Wow, she is awake!” I say, plastering a

ca Lake smile on my face.

hastupi

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 67[2,078 words]

Chapter 67

What a relief it is to see her alive.

Mantha truly knows what she's doing.

An hour later, Mary walks in with the medication she prescribed, only to find Amica awake. She freezes for a moment, **clearly** shocked, but quickly regains her composure.

“**h's** good to see her awake, Mary **says** smoothly,

“But she still looks **frail**. Allow me to run this one drip on her to keep her hydrated” the mys

Before I can respond, Martha steps in her voice **calm** but firm. “Oh no, Mary, there's no need for **that**. Don't worry—I've already started it, and I' see it through. Let's not complicate her treatment.” She **smiles**, but **leaves** liule room for argument

Mary doesn't look happy. Her lips press into a thin line, but she rods,

Amica hasn't said much since she woke up. She's quiet, her energy clearly drained, **and** I don't know how to act around her now. After hugging her earlier, I feel like I've let my guard down—just a little.

Bat she doesn't need to see that. **She** doesn't need to know how much her situation worried me.

Her betrayal is not something I've forgotten, but for now, I don't care about that. All that matters is her well-being.

Mantha pleads with me **this** time, she repeats her earlier recommendations but with a desperate voice I haven't heard before. It's almost **as if** she's afraid something worse might happen if I don't listen.

Two days after the coma scare, Amica seems to be improving, She's still delicate, though. **Fragile**, like a porcelain doll that might shatter **at any**

moment.

to me. She's been

We haven't had any real conversations—just me checking on her wellbeing while she avoids my eyes and barely speaks a word to me silent and I hate it,

I notice she's been sleeping a lot, which I suspect is just an aftereffect of her sickness

If I didn't know better, I'd **say she's** angry with me. But what reason could she possibly have! She's the one who betrayed the pack, not me. And yet, here I am taking care of her, putting her needs above everything else

I can't make **sense** of her silence, but it's starting to gnaw at me.

Tonight, she looks different—better. When she comes to the table for dinner, she's wearing **a short** red dress, free and sexy. Her skin seems to glow more than usual, and her breasts, are they fuller, or is it just my imagination? Maybe I just miss her.

And tonight, for some reason, I'm feeling, romantic. That's funny because "romantic" and "Deckard" have never belonged in the same sentence.

It's a quiet dinner, just the two of us. That's when I notice the table—decorated with candles, cherries, champagne, chocolate. The setup feels intimate **and** sitting across **from** me is my mate—a beautiful woman, glowing like a queen.

I know Bria had something to do with this.

"Chocolate!" I try to **break** the **unbearable** silence as I offer, holding the box toward her **but** She **shakes** her head.

"What about cherries?" I **ask** again, trying to **draw** her out, but she only shakes her head once more.

“**Okay**, this is getting ridiculous!” The words burst out of me before I could stop them. “I’ve been enduring your silence for so long. First, the silence when **you** fell into **a** coma, and now that you’re **awake**, you won’t even **say** a word **to** me?”

I didn’t realize how frustrated I was until the words started spilling out.

“What do you want from me? Ifer tone is soll, almost too soft, but it doesn’t **make** the question **any** less infuriating

“What do I wa

want from you?” I echo, “You know that’s a ridiculous question, **right**? The **real** question is, what do you, **Amica**, want from me? What do you want from my pack? Why did you comenit such treason?”

Her eyes widen, and then she spits out the words, “I did not commit treason! I don’t want anything from you!”

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Chapter 67

“Oh, then tell me why you’re so eager to **see** your new pack perish” My voice rises, the frustration bubbling over “I may not be the perfect mate, but I’m sure as hell not the worst! And yet, you do something so despicable, sa vile, that it camishes my name and endangers us all!”

Her chair scrapes loudly **against** the floor as she stands abruptly, her face flushed with anger.

“I cannot take this anymore!” she snaps, her voice trembling but strong.

She takes a step back, shaking her head as the words pour out of her like **a** dam breaking, “I am tired of being accused of something **I** didn’t do! I am tired of my entire existence hinging on how you decide to treat me. It’s like you hold the keys to my survival, Deckard? You decide if I live or not. You decide if I freeze or not I can’t. I won’t take in anymore!”

Her voice cracks and Her breathing is heavy.

“And how do you think you make me feel, Amica!” I snap, my voice raw with frustration

“You came out of nowhere and took a hold over my life, Everything I do, I think about you. Everything. What condition are you int Are cold! Are you hurt? Are you doing something reckless at this very moment!

you hot or

And why aren't you talking If you're silent, why does your silence feel different this time! Are you mad at me?" I rake a hand through my hair, pacing as the truth spills out. "I never had to worry about you before I knew you existed. But ever **since** I laid eyes on **you**, you're all I can think about. I can't sleep when you're not well I can't function when you're like thir

"I **didn't** ask for this?" she yells, cutting through my tirade. Her chair scrapes against the floor as she storms out of the dining hall, slamming the door behind her.

I stand there. My chest heaves, and my eyes fall to the bowl of cherries on the table. With a surge **of** anger, I swipe it off, sending it crashing to the

floor

I've said too much. Too many words, too much truth. But who does she think she **is to** speak to me like **that**? And why why does it bother me so damn much!

No. She doesn't get to walk away from me like that

I barge out of the dining room. I won't let her **walk** away—not this time.

"Hey!" I call after her, "I'm talking to you! You have no right to walk away from me. All you've done since you got here is humiliate me!"

She spins around her eyes blazing.

"Then let me go!" she snaps, her voice trembling with emotion. "It's not worth it anymore! This stupid sickness... it makes me weak. I feel like shit. Since I got here, it's been one problem after another!"

I close the distance between us, "Well, you had your chance!" I growl, stepping **closer**. "I gave you the chance to leave, but you refused. And now it's too late, Amica. You've altered the course of my life, and there's no undoing that."

She retreats as I advance, her back pressing against the wall. I tower over her, my voice low and firm. "You're Luma now, and I am your Alpha. I am your protector, and you will be loyal to me and me alone! No one else. Not your **stupid** ex-

My words trail off as the air between us shifts. We're inches apart now, breathing the same air. My eyes lock onto hers—big, defiant, and filled with

emotion.

She doesn't look away, and neither do L. Her chest rises and fall with every breath, I don't move, and neither does she. We're frozen in this moment, caught between fury and something far more dangerous,

A strong, pull draws my lips to hers. I lean in, but she hesitates, her hands pushing me away.

I step back instantly, breathing heavily, the animal in me barely restrained. Her eyes glisten with tears, and quill crashes over me. I feel like an idiot for letting my **passion** control me

T'm sorry. Amica. I'm.." My words **are** cut off as she suddenly steps forward, her hands grabbing my shirt, and before **I** can process it, her lips **crash** into mine.

I freeze for a second, stunned by her boldness. I respond, meeting her fervor with my own, and the kiss deepens, growing more aggressive

Her back **presses** against the wall as I push closer, and she doesn't resist. Instead, her soft moans fill my ears, kindling something primal within me. I trail **kisses** along her jaw, down to her neck and further to her full heavy breasts, which seem even more alluring than I remembered.

My lips capture her nipple, savoring the taste, moving slowly, teasingly. Amica's fingers tangle in **my** hair, guiding me, pulling me closer as explore

her.

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Chapter 67

I slide my hands around her thighs, lifting her effortlessly above the ground.

There's something undeniably different about Amica this i

time. Her body responds to me with a hunger different from the one i remember..

Her legs wrap tightly around my waist, her breath hitching as our kiss deepens. I carry her to the bed, laying her down with care but without

brutation

My hands find her full, supple breasts, **kneading** them gently as I kiss her. Slowly, my fingers **trail** down, lifting her gown to reveal her smooth, tempting thighs. I slip her underwear down her waist, exposing her completely.

she gasps when my fingers find her clit, moving in a sweet, Amica's mans grow louder. She's soaking wet, and I can **barely** hold myself back.

My cock aches for **her**,

"Oh, my Alpha" she moans breathlessly, her voice trembling with pleasure.

Her voice push me over the edge. I bring my fingers in my lips to taste her sweetness, unable to resist. I turn her over gently, unzipping her gown, The fabric slides away, revealing her full beauty, and I pause momentarily, taking her in. What is this body!

She looks good in front I took her behind, and like an animal, my mind kept analyzing how to savor the beauty in front of me. I pull off my T-shirt, **and** from behind. I took her. We are both naked, I slowly insert my cock **into** her, and she lets out a sweet gasp. Her pussy clings tigllaily to my cock, not letting it go. I felt **a** surge of adrenaline rushing through me as I savor her slowly, kissing her neck while my hand manages her clit. Amica **is** moaning loudly, and it is only fueling the rage in me

"Oh, I miss you, I miss you so much!" I continue to kiss her, and as I hit her from behind, her well-rounded **ass and** hips hit back to my lonso, vibrating and moving Sexually, making the sight more amazing and my cock hander.

Amica slowly tilts her neck to look at me, and the sight of her beautiful face draws me in for a **kiss**. Our bodies move together, creating warm friction. Her means grouer loader, filling the room and driving my desire higher. My hand stays firmly on her clit, applying more pressure as her body responds to my touch.

"Fuck, I'm gonna **cum!**" she gasps, b her voice trembles

I feel the tension in her wall of her pussy cling to me, pulling me deeper. li's as if her climax summons ready to release. "You're so **wel**, my love. I fucking "I whisper, kissing her **car** and neck.

ss mine, and the pressure

builds within me

I move my **hand** from her clit to **her** fall, **soft breasts**, **caressing** them as her **body** arches against mine. "I'm cumming so hard, I'm sorry." she cries out her voice breaking as she lets **go** completely

Her body tightens around me, and I feel the warm gush of her release against me. At **the** same moment, my own climax crashes over me, **and** I release into her with an intensity that leaves me breathless,

We both sigh in unison, our bodies spent **but** still pressed tightly together. I slowly pull out, but I don't let her go. My arms remain wrapped around her, holding her close, unwilling **to** let this moment end.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 68[1,430 words]

Chapter 68

After hearing that Dane is not a member of the **Apex** circle, no one feels the sting of disappointment more than I do. And yet, somehow, **I'm** the one everyone blames for the betrayal.

How is this my fault: I don't even communicate with him. Every interaction I've had with Dane since I left frondaw **Pack** has been against my will.

Who could be behind this? **And** how do I prove my innocence?

Who here has enough contact with Dane to help him infiltrate the Apex circle? The thought of him still being tied to me in any way makes my blood boil.

He doesn't deserve this. He doesn't get to win after ruining me after tarnishing my name and my reputation. The Moon Goddess must be laughing at me because there's no other explanation for this madness, so cruel, and I hate her for it. What kind of sick game is this?

I thought the Apex circle doesn't accept fools. So how did this one manage to get past them? And yet, this is the one being blamed.

I don't know who's responsible, but I can feel it—this has Mary's name written all over it. Every disaster here always traces back to her somehow,

I already feel sick the day before the terrible accusations came my way. When they hit, they shatter me into pieces. Seeing Deckard's fury directed at me—breaks something inside. I've witnessed his rage before, but never has it been aimed at me.

My wolf feels the blow even harder. He's so furious then, for a moment, I believe he's capable of hurting me over something I know absolutely nothing about.

And then he accuses me of being involved in the **attack** at the Apes ceremony. The sheer absurdity of ind

When Deckard looks at me with rage in his eyes, ready to unleash his wrath, a haunting flash overtakes me. My ex-husband's face replaces his those moments of assault replay themselves vividly in my mind. The way Dane used to hit me. It's all there again.

This is Deckard. He's never been gentle. His strength and brutality have always been his shield. Of course, he would use his hands on me. Of course, he's no different from the man who broke me before.

Ezra **is** petrified. She trembles. How can the one I call mate do this? How can fate be so cruel as to throw me into the same nightmare again! Are they all the same?

He's going to strike me. I can see it. And once it starts, it won't stop—not unless I leave this place.

But then he doesn't

To my

ny shock, Deckard hesitates. His hand never falls. Instead, he turns and commands that I be locked in a room.

Fear consumes me. Heartbreak And sadness—leap, soul-crushing sadness—engulfs me whole.

It feels like a curse, a steady shadow haunting **my** every step.

Tears streak down my face as I sit in the suffocating silence, searching for answers, desperate for a way to prove my innocence. But deep down no one would believe me. They never do

Suddenly. My body **shivers** uncontrollably, goosebumps rising in waves. I **grab** a blanket, trying to **ward** off the cold, but it's useless. This isn't normal. This **isn't** natural.

to steady myself

The room spins as I attempt to steady myself, my legs weak beneath me. I stumble toward the door, hoping for some escape, darkness crashes over me

But before I can reach

When my eyes open again, I'm somewhere else. The old healer, Martha, is there, her weathered face a mix of concern and calm. Bria's worried eyes dart toward me, but it's the sight of him—Deckard—

“Oh, fuck” I whisper under my breath, my voice barely audible.

Before I can process what’s happening, Deckard moves toward me, e, pulling me into a hug—warm, strong, and comforting. Why? Why does it feel genuine!

My mind screams at me to push him away, to reject his touch. But something in the way he holds me it feels real it—the sincerity in his eyes.

Chapter 68

Mary stands a few feet away, arguing with the healer about something I don’t care to hear. Her voice grates on me, but I let it fade into the background. Whatever it is, it doesn’t matter. None of this does.

I zone out, my mind heavy with exhaustion. This **place**, these people, this life—it’s all too much. Darse **has** ruined my name so completely. It doesn’t matter what I **say** or **do**; no one will believe me. Not even the title of Lama holds any weight anymore.

I wish I could vanish. Just disappear to some place where no one knows me. A chance to start over without the baggage of my past following me like

And then there’s Mary. Always **there**. Lurking Watching, Planning. She thrives on my downfall, feeding off every humiliation that comes at me. She is threatened by me, though I don’t understand why Deckard doesn’t want me I’m here out of obligation, nothing more. She still shares his bed—**he’s** hers in every way that counts. So why **can’t** she leave me in peace!

She won’t stop until I’m utterly destroyed. And that’s why I can’t let my guard down. Mary is not innocent in any of this. I can feel it. She’s involved

In some way.

What if she’s aligned herself with Darse! It’s absurd, I know, **but** I can’t ignore the possibility. She’d do anything to see me fall. She’d even make deals with devils if it meant driving **the** final nail into my coffin.

After I finally get out of intensive care. I stay quiet, lost in thought; Deckard has been acting strange—playing the role of a caring partner, which he’s not. I **see** through **it**. He’s

only pretending because he's terrified of what it would mean for his reputation if I were **to** die under his prosecution. **It's** not out of concern for me. It never has been

He thinks I'm a traitor, a liar. He believes the work of me, and there's an changing his mind.

We're having dinner tonight, as required by this cursed condition that's tied my life to his. I hate it. I can't even storm off or make a decision out of spite because the consequences would be fatal.

The dinner setup is odd. If I didn't know better. I'd say this **is** a romantic dinner; Candlelight, a perfectly arranged table—it's too intimate to be casual. But there's no way this was Deckard's idea. Someone else must have put this together

cared about

What's even stranger in Deckard himself. He's trying to offer me chocolates and cherries like we're a normal couple. Since when has he care what I like?

And now, because I refuse to talk to him, he's flaring up, his temper showing through his polished facade

I can't hold it in anymore. All the frustration, all the pain I've been building up, comes spilling out. I let him have it, all of it.

But his reply shocks me. What a narcissist talking about how he has to worry about me as I beg him to,

Who fucking cares about his worry when my life is at stake?!

I couldn't stand his presence anymore, so I left as I felt tears about to flow out of my eyes, I can't let him see that! He has seen too much of me.

But he wouldn't leave me alone, he had to follow me back to my room, ranting about how he never had **to worry** about me till I came, Like I am the one **who paid** a fortune to get a mate, or it is who is desperate to find a mate.

Things took a weird turn quickly after he kissed me. I did not expect it. I was furious, I needed him to get out of my space! He vexes me! But no, he had to kiss me

rily, and then he apologized. He had to apologize!

I pushed him off angrily,

What the hell is up with him?

And what is wrong with me? My reaction to that kiss was a relief, but I want him more! I want all of him!

I am furious, and the tension in the air is high, but it is begging for something else. I found myself running back to him for more, and he grabbed **me** without hesitation, Kissing me more passionately and **passionarily** with a passion I have never felt before.

And

amb

Comment

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 69[1,071 words]

Chapter 69

Antica **claims** she knows nothing about Baur's sudden selection to the Apex circle. I find that hard to believe, health is most important to me. But I will from henceforth keep a close watch on her every move. I may

won't pursue her further

Now that Dane has managed to **secure** a place, he probably thinks he can enjoy all the privileges that come with it. That's not going to happen, I'll

not use of it

Two days later, I call an impromptu meeting with the members, including Hane. He arrives with that sting stirring in irritation. That I keep my expression neutral, as always.

his face, and I can feel my wolf

"Thank you all for **gathering** on such short notice," Hane begins, my tone calm but firm. "And let's take a moment to welcome our newest addition to the

A few polite nods follow

"I want to officially welcome you, Dane," I say, turning my attention to him. "However, I must clarify that your position is currently probationary. You are not yet a full member of the Apex circle

His brows furrow, and I can see the confusion or perhaps annoyance

this face. Good. He should.

uncomfortable

This decision is not without reason,” I continue, letting my gaze sweep over the moon before landing back on him. “Your inclusion was not part of the original selection. You were only considered after the unfortunate passing of one of our chosen members. Because of this, there are certain bases you do not tick.”

I pause, “The members have expressed concerns. Your selection feels unearned. A position in the Apex circle is not merely given—it must be proven.”

I can feel Dane struggling to maintain his composure.

“**Firstly**, You are unmarried and, therefore, lack a recognized Lana,

Yusis do not meet the usual threshold of having a minimum liquid cash balance of \$3 million in your account

Additionally, you will need to prove your worth in combat against one of the existing members—and win“

I pause for emphasis, letting my words sink in. “Until then, **you are** entitled to limited benefits but cannot participate in all of our meetings or decisions. **Only** you fulfill **these** requirements, only then can you be considered a full member of the Apex circle?

A few ripples ripple through the room, but I don’t care. Let them talk. If one thought he could walk **in** here and outsmart the Apex circle, he’s about to learn just how challenging this journey will be.

“What?” Diane’s voice cuts through the murmurs, sharp and incredulous. “These requirements were not stated when I was applying

and see the cracks in his composure, Exeddy **what** I want. The more he reacts, the closer he gets to disqualifying himself.

This makes no

lineet his gaze. “The Apex circle is not for the faint of heart, Dane. It’s a place for those who can meet the highest standards. If you find this unfair.

down you’re welcome to sleep

The room falls silent, all eyes on him

“Well, you weren’t our first choice,” **I say**, my toe sharp **and** laced with mockery.
“Frankly, you weren’t our choice **at all**. And we both know how things turned out with the original pick*

Dane’s jaw tightens, but he masks it with a measured no. “It’s alright, Alpha. I respect the **circle’s** decision and **find** the requirements challenging That’s precisely why I’ll rise to meet them.”

I let out a forced smile, “I’m glad you understand the requirements and take them like **a** real Alpha. Now, we’ll move on to other matters that don’t concern you. You may leave the meeting.”

I watch the smug look evaporate from his face as he bows slightly and exits the room. His departure feels like a **small** victory.

One he’s gone, I turn to the remaining members. “Now that we’re clear of interruptions, let’s focus on the real issue at hand—those damn rogues who dared to attack us

Chapter 6

The night is quiet as I make my way home, On my route,

1. c. 1 spot Mary Iraning agatust a tree, her face drawn in an expression at malappara

“What’s with the long fare?” Task, stopping a few paces away.

She looks up, her lips **pressed** tight before she speaks

“My Alpha, I’ve been meaning to sprak with you, but you’ve been so occupied with your me

mar

I know she means it tis sting, but I don’t give her the satisfaction of a reaction. “Alright, **Mary**: Speak your inboud?

something. It’s become

teliat slar’s alone is inforgi

“It’s about Amica. I just wanted to know if you’ve noticed one she always pulls these lande stunts every time shir a patten, a laba. And every single time, she manages in get away with it. But dus I’m afraid you’re going to let it slide again, like you always in”

my face for a reaction, then adds,

She pauses, studying my i

“I’m sorry, but if you don’t **take** actions this time, I’m afraid I’ll have to”

Her words trail off, the implied threat lunging in the air

I stay quiet for a moment, letting the weight of her audacity settle between us.

“Oli, Mary” I say, my voice dripping with innocent amusement. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think you’d just said a threat against me. And if that’s why this **is**, I’d **love** to know where you find the audacity to speak to me in such a manner. Do you realize who you’re talking to?” I snarl,

showing disdain.

Her face pales slightly, but she holds her ground.

“I stare you, Mary,” I continue, chuckling darkly, “I dare you to follow through with whatever you think you can do, just try it.”

“My Alpha” she stammers, her earlier confidence faltering. I’m sorry if that sounded like I was of shit and-

threat, but I just feel like you let her get away with a **dare**

“Her” I **snap**, citing her bluff. “Her is your Alpha, and you will speak about her with respect!” My growl rumbles through the air, making her flinch

“Oh, **Mary**,” I add with a tired sigh, my patience running thin. “I swear I do not have time for your nonsense today. My Alpha is waiting for me unless you have something of real importance to say, you are dismissed.”

Without giving her a chance to reply, I walk away, leaving her standing there with her ridiculous accusations.

Comment

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 70[1,495 words]

Chapter 70

Who the hell does Deckard think he is? Every move he makes, every word he says, is designed to grind under my skin. He’s doing everything in his power to push me, to see if

I'll snap. Does he think it's was easy for me to get here! Does he have any idea what it took for Mary and me to pull off the brilliant maneuver that landed me this seat

Lowe **Mary** a great deal for helping me achieve this **dream** I've been chasing for so long. If only I had met her earlier—life could have been so much sweeter. Still, I'm grateful she's here now. She's an incredible woman, the kind who knows how to get things done, unlike Amica

Amica had no one, no connections, and a pathetic background that held no weight. She's nothing compared to Mary. I can't help but wonder why Mary hasn't used her brilliance and influence to claim the position of Lima for herself. She could do it, I know she could

Deckard is as stubborn as they come, and I know it'll take a hell of a lot for Mary to sway in. But with me! She doesn't need to do much to prove she's worthy, just being who she is—that's enough. It's enough to make me want her.

But Deckard? That man wouldn't know a good woman if she stood right in front of him, screaming his name. Mary did what I've been chasing for years—she made it happen **its** a matter of weeks. Weeks! I couldn't have done it. All **Amica** ever gave me was empty words of encouragement, and look where that got her—nowhere.

And now Deckard!! He's pissing me off! Everyone in my pack **and** beyond knows I'm in the Apex circle. Hell I threw a massive celebration when I got back, raising **glasses** to my success. And now! Now I have to tell them I'm not a full member? That fucker fucking probation! How am I supposed to explain this without looking like a fool no I won't because that would be stupid.

This is all Deckard's doing. He's punishing me because I fought my way here. He's trying to make me regret it, but he has no idea who he's dealing

with

He'll regret this. I'll make sure of it.

Where the hell am I supposed to get liquid \$3 million!

And a wife! Well, that's not a problem. Finding a Luna is the least of my worries—there are thousands of women out there who'd jump at the chance now that they think I'm in the Apex circle.

But \$3 million! That's a different beast entirely. I barely managed to clear my debts, and there are still a few people I owe. How the hell am I supposed **to** come up with that kind of money!

I could have spoken up right then, could have protested, but what would've been the point? I'd only look desperate. I would never win against Deckard. He knows exactly what he's doing—humiliating me in front of everyone.

This is worse than not being in the circle at all. I'm stuck in limbo. I can't attend their meetings. I'm excluded from discussions, and I won't even get invited to any of their ceremonies. What's the point of even being here if I'm treated **like** an outsider!

I hate Deckard. I hate him with everything in me. The way he carries himself, the way he looks at me like I don't belong. He knows how **hard** I've fought to get here, and now he's dangling the prize just out of reach, making the requirements impossible to meet.

And then the final blow—combat. I have to fight one of the members and win. Seriously! Like I haven't proven myself enough already!

This is a game, and Deckard's playing it to make sure

But I'm not backing down. I've come too far. If it takes blood, sweat, and every ounce of cunning I've got, I'll meet their damn requirements,

It's bughable—what are we, rogues? How is nobody questioning the absurdity of these requirements! Not a single voice raised in protest. It's ridiculous.

But I can't give up now. No, I've come too far for **that**. At least my name is known in the Apex circle, and that's a start. I might be on the fringes now, but I won't stay in the dark for long. I'll find a way around this, no matter what it takes.

a name, connect

connections, or

First, I need to find a wife. Not just anyone, though it has to be someone who brings more to the table. She needs to have the audacity to make **things** happen. Someone like **Mary**.

I've **seen** what **Mary** can do with so little, and I know that together, we could accomplish incredible things. She's smart, resourceful, and relentless. If we joined forces, we'd be unstoppable.

I don't understand why Deckard didn't choose her as his Luna instead of Amica. Mary is everything Amica **isn't**—strong, capable. Deckard's stubbornness blinds him, he doesn't recognize greatness even when it stands right in front of him.

1/2

Extra Check—I

Chapter 70

Well, his loss is my gain. If Mary and I join forces, there's no limit to what we can achieve.

Mary is supposed to visit today, and **honestly**, I can't wait. At least let me get the Luna part squared away so we can move on to bigger things.

When evening comes,

Mary arrives **at my place**, looking grumpier than usual.

"Hey, why do you look so sad!" I say, trying to lighten her mood. "Come on, don't give me that look. For someone who's done such incredible things for me, you don't deserve to look ad-ever. Tell me what's troubling you, and I'll make it go **away**."

She huffs, crossing her arms. "Well, it's your ex-wife. Can you make her go away? Tell me, what the hell is her problem? And how the hell does she do it with that weird sickness of hers? The one that shows up every time sha has a misunderstanding with Deckard!"

"Sickness! What sickness are you talking about?" I reply, genuinely confused, "Amica was never sick. She's always been a strong woman."

Mary looks at me like I've just said something absurd.

"Well, she's not strong **Mary** snaps, "Tell me, does she have a weak wolf!"

I nod slowly, still **trying** to piece together her anger and where this is coming from

"**She's** always sick now, and I hate her for id It's like she's manipulating the entire pack. She knows how to turn Deckard, the strong and formidable man he is, into a pathetic, helpless child who can't function when she's down. And it pives me off?" she yells, her voice trembling **as** she catches her breach.

falling for her, isn't he?

"Oh wow, so you're saying Amica has already gotten to the Alpha! He's falling

Mary whirl on me, her eyes blazing. "Why the hell would you ask me that?! Of not, he isn't! He just feels pity for her, and that pity could influence his judgment. That's what worries me

"Oh wow" I say, shaking **my** head in disbelief. "She's obviously pretending Amica was never sick before-this is a game, a front she's putting on for the Alpha. And she's playing it so well. Unbelievable."

Mary looks at me with frustration

“Don’t worry, Mary,” I **say**, **placing** a hand **on her shoulder**. “We’ll **work** something out together. You **can’t** let her games bring you down, alright?”

She exhales sharply, nodding

The one who should be furious here is me” I say

“And why **is** that?” Mary replies, her voice sharp but confused. “You got what you wanted with the Apex circle, didn’t you?”

“Sadly, I **didn’t**.” I **admit** bitterly. “Deckard suddenly brought up some ridiculous criteria—things I don’t have?”

“Oh baby,” she says, her tone shifting to mockery. “Don’t tell me you’re going to start whining like a little bitch because of some stupid conditions! I gave you everything you wanted on **a** gold platter, and now you’re saying you can’t take it because of some conditions? You’re so ridiculous

“Hey, Mary, calm down,” I **say** defensively.

“I never **said** I’d just give up. It’s just **frustrating** that after all the effort you put in, Deckard trampled on it. But it’s fine—I’m not giving up yet. I’ll meet all the standards he laid out. I just, admire you so **much**, Mary. You’re so fierce.”

is beside her, my voice softening **as** I reach to brush the hair away from her face gently

“You’re beautiful, and you have so much to offer... it’s just tragic that Deckard is too blind to see it. But I do. I see all of you, and I don’t take it for granted. That’s why I’m using this moment to ask you to be my mate, my wife, my partner. I’ll give you everything Deckard was never able to **give** you...”