

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 72[2,555 words]

Chapter 71

Mary

I can't believe how ridiculous Dane is being right now

"Mary," he says, his voice trying to sound persuasive. "This isn't such a bad idea. I'm **an** Alpha, and now I'm a member of the Apex circle. I'm as powerful as Deckard. What's wrong with you being my Lunat **I'm** attracted to you, and I admire you enough to make you my wife. We would be unstoppable together"

My blood boils at his audacity. "Do not say that again!" I **snap**, my voice cutting through his nonsense. I belong to Deckard and Deckard alone. Don't think that just because we spent a little time together, I've forgotten my goal. Yes, the sex was good, but **not** good enough for me to forfeit my

I stand, glaring at him, fury blazing through me. "I've done my part, Dane. Now it's your turn. You need to do everything in your power to get that bitch of an ex-wife out of my **man's** life. Damn it, do I have to do everything for you!"

I'm **snap**, unable to believe he thought he could sway me with such a pathetic proposition

"Fine! You didn't have to take it the wrong way." Dane says, his tone with frustration. "Deckard saw you available before paying a fortune to bring Amica into his life, so what makes you think taking Amica out would make any difference!"

"Oh wow," I scoff, glaring at him in disbelief. "Now you insult me. After everything I've done for you, now you've got the guts to talk to me that?"

"It's not an **insult**, Mary," he **replies**, exasperated. "It's just reality! Deckard doesn't love you the way you love him. But me! I can give you what never will—love and a title I'm not just anybody **anymore**."

He steps closer, his eyes gleaming with ambition. "We both **hate** Amica. I want her out of the picture as much as you do. I'll make it happen, not just for you, but because I want her gone too. But don't let's stop there. Let's bring them both down—Amica and Deckard—and claim their position for

I can't believe the nerve of him. My voice drips with contempt. "You must be out of your mind, Dane. What do you **think** all of this has been for but so I can end up with some wannabe bourgeois Alpha? Get a job."

“Look, I got your name onto that list, Dane, and I can get it off just **as** easily I **warn** him.
“The moment I feel you’re no longer useful to me, you’re done. Do you understand?”

His eyes widen, and he stammers, “Hey, babe, I’m sorry! Please, you don’t need to get all mad is it a crime that you’re so attractive I can’t get you off my mind? You love me imagining all sorts of things—like having you as my wife Look, I’m sorry I said those things to you, but I’m not sorry for how I feel.”

He steps closer, his hands wrapping around mine in a way that’s almost too intimate, his voice dipping into a pleading, sensual tone. “It’s alright. III. do everything you’ve asked to help you achieve your goal. I just want you to be happy”

Then, as if to twist the knife in my gut, he adds with a sly smile, “As for me, 176 start searching for my Luna. A woman as smart and driven as you! That’s a tall order. I doubt I find someone like you **in** such a shon time, but I know I can manage

Something Bares hot and furious **inside** me at his words. The thought of him searching for someone else—of some other woman by his side, carrying his name and standing as his Luna—makes my eliest tighten with unbridled anger.

Manage? Oh, we’ll see about **that**.

“Cheer up, Mary? Or do you want me to cheer you up? he murmurs, leaning closer. Before I can process has words,

Dane leans in, planting his lips on mine. My first instinct is to push him away, to slap some sense into him for daring to think this is acceptatile after his audacity. But I don’t

Why don’t

My head screams that I should shove him off, yet my body betrays me. His kiss deepens, his lips exploring mine, and to my dismay, I find myself parting my lips, granting him access.

What’s wrong with me?

I hate his guts—don’t I? But the way his hands start to wander, cupping my breast, sends a rush of heat through my veins

“I’m sorry, baby,” he murmurs against my lips, his voice rough yet apologetic, as his free hand irsals down my thigh.

Chapter 71

Iman softly, trying to stifle it, but it escapes anyway. Damn him for making me feel this way when I know I shouldn't. His hand ventures further. diding over the curve of my bum, and I can't take it anymore.

All thoughts of restraint vanish. I climb on top of him, my hands fumbling for his belt as I yank his **cock** free from his pants.

He's hard, and the sight of him only makes me homier, heat pooling in every part of me. Without hesitation. I wrap my lips around his cock. wanting to taste him. The moment I do, i find myself wanting more

Dane groans deeply, his voce strained with pleasure as I tease him, my lips and tongue playing over his length

was the last time you were with Deckard? When did he **last fuck** you!" His words.

Oh, Mary, he breathes, his voice low and filled with desire. "When w are rough almost demanding

"Not too long ago."I manage to reply, my voice a little muffled before I continue to slurp on his cork.

Ah yes, I feel his cock suddenly get harder in my mouth, and his moans got louder. His waist began to move in rhythm with my brad.

Yes Mary suck it like that my linle bad girl!" he moans

I could taste his precum in my tongue and that only made me wer

Dane quickly turned me around, my back landing on the bed, and I took off my pant aggressively, positioning my pussy on his mouth, and began tasting my wetness.

"Yes 1 raste i..." he exhale.

He began to mack on my pussy as though he was starved. Something about the way he cats eat up. His tongue is concentrating on the right spot, and it in driving me crazy. I can feel that Em **coming soon**, but I am not ready now.

"Dane. I need your big fat cock inside of me now!" I struggled to speak through all the pleasure I was feeling "fuck me now!" I yell out, commanding him our of the cloud he is In, and he snap out of it, raising his mour head from my pussy.

"Anght get up and bend over" he takes his cock on his hand and did as he commands

He inserted his fat cock into me while holding my hand together behind my **back** and began i pounding me

fuckyeah Lexhale

“How does Deckard fuck you! How did he fuck you the **last** time he did Tell me mary” he gasps within his breath

“I took total control of him! I lay him flat and took control of that massive dick and fuck the shit out of a me!” I breathe heavily

“Ah fuck Mary, you’re gonna make me cum so hard I’m gonna fuck you like he does.”

He takes out his cock from behind me and quickly laid on the bed

“Get on top of me Mary, fuck me like you fucked him!” he commands

until his liquid came pouring inside of

I don’t know what game Dane is playing, but I enjoy it. Quick, I got on top of him and began to grind my pussy on his crotch while his dick was

inside of me

“Ah fuck in gonna fucking cum. The way my clit massage on his pubic hair drives me crazy

“Okay baby I will cor

come to Dane placed his hand around my waist, pressing my pussy against him tightly, his hands and legs are stiff as I slowly grind him, and I feel the same thing. Stiffness.

“Fuck Mary lovely!”

Chapter 72

con me like a **cold** slap

I’m fished. She’ll have won—for good—and I can’t let that happen.

knows yet, at least. I don’t think so. If anyone had caught **wind** of it, the news would be everywhere by now, it would already be splashed

Amica when I checked on her, and we can’t just sit around and watch it happen.” I

“I say, cutting through the haze as Dane

the aftermath of our moment together

is the one thing living rent-**free** in your head,” he mocks “**What** is it this time?

ke Amica in the

1 eyes, y voice sharp. “How would you feel if you found out your ex-wife is pregnant by her new husband?”

- falters replaced by a dismissive laugh. “Amica” Pregnant! That’s impossible.” He waves the idea off, shaking his head. “She never soe when we were together—not even a scare. This is why I detested her. I never got one bit of good news from that woman

1 thought you hated her because she cheated on you” I pause, watching his reaction.

uys hastily, brushing it off as if it’s just another detail in a long list of grievances.

I take a moment to study him, narrowing my eyes as I assess his behavior. Something doesn’t sit right. “So, what is this about Amica being

He scots, the sound dripping with mockery. “Well, that’s impossible, She’s lying to the whole pack,” he says with a cruel laugh,

She doesn’t even know,” I reply. “I’m the only one who does. **Tim** a doctor, remember? I checked her **myself**.

His expression freezes, the smile fading from his face. “What?” He sits up straight, his tone now dead serious “**That’s** impossiblet How could she?” He grabs my hand tightly.

inot let that happen”

are we going to do about it?” He ask, leaning closer

He inhales sharply has gare dark with resolve. “I just need to get access to her, like I did before. We’ll get rid of that growing zygote in her

Once I step back into Blackthorne Castle, everywhere feels strange. The grand walls and familiar corridors now seem foreign, like they’re suffocating me. I feel like I’m becoming **an** unwanted guest. And it’s all thanks to that bitch

But I know I can fix it. I have to. All I need is to talk to Deckard, to make him see things my way again. If I can win back his trust, everything will fall into place

I langer around the compound, finding a shaded spot close to the garden as I wait for **Deckard**. My heart pounds with every passing moment. What if he refuses to even hear me **out**!

The instant I spot him approaching, my body reacts before I think. I hurry towards him, calling out “My alpha hurry to meet up with him, desperate to close the distance

He sighs, his expression unreadable, though the weariness in
riness in his eyes pierces me

“My alpha, please.” I plead barely able to **catch** my breath. “**Can** I have a word?”

“What is 1. Mary?” he **asks**.

ow hard. “Please, my alpha, let me apologise.” I begin, my voice trembling “I was a fool,
clouded by jealousy. But you cannot blame me, can

Chapter 79

your When you give all your attention **to** her, it feels li

1 pause, gauging his traction. He says nothing.

like you’ve forgotten our original goal—driving her out of

Idus place.”

“It seems.” I continue, choosing my words with caution, “the more her crimes she commit,
the closer the two of you become.” I try to keep my tone light, but there’s more on my
heart to pour out than I dare let slip

He looks at me, his gaze heavy and cold. “Is this an apology,” he asks, “or more
accusations?”

The way he looks at me, so distant, so dead in the eyes—it shakes me to my core. He’s not
in love with me, I know that. But to see him **look** at me like I mean nothing? That’s a
different kind of pain, one **that** tears through my chest like glass but I force myself to
stand firm. Maybe I’m just imagining things

“Oh no, I apologise for it all—it’s all my fault,” I say quickly, desperate to keep the peace.

Deckard’s eyes soften slightly, though his voice remains steady. “Mary, I don’t even know
what you’re apologizing for in the first place. To my knowledge, all you’ve ever done is try
to help, right?”

“You’re right, Alpha,” I reply, nodding as if trying to convince myself as much as him

“Right. So, I apologise to you if I’ve ever made you feel like you’re doing anything other
than that. I’m sorry. Mary. I do appreciate your efforts,” **he** says, his tone **sincere**. His
words catch me off guard, surprising me enough to draw a small smile to my lips.

“So...how is she **doing** now? An Amica, I mean, **I ask**, struggling to

ogling to get her name past

past my lips without choking on it.

“Oh, she’s better. She gets stronger every day, he replies with a casual case that stings more than it should.

Til like to check up on hier and monitor her health from time to time, I say, testing his reaction.

“If Amica agrees, then of course you’re free to do so, he says

ays without hesitation.

My stomach tightens, “So I have to **take** permission from Amica to check up on her now?” **The** words spill out before I can stop them, sounding more bister than I intended.

Deckard’s expression shifts, “**Of** course you do. What do you think I am? A tyrant? **She’s** conscious now; she can make her own decisions.”

“Well” I stan, beat rising in my chest, “she’s under your care, and you’re her Alpha. You should be able to tell her what to do or not to do. If you were my Alpha, Til hand over my free will to you completely. All you ask is what I’d do, and I wouldn’t **do** anything unless you told me to.” My voice carries desperation and longing as I try to appeal to him.

“Mary, appreciate that,” he says softly, “but I would never impose like that. Amica is her own person. You can approach her, and if she allows you to check on her, great. But if not, there’s nothing I can do—she already has a doctor,”

His calin explanation feels like a dismissal, but I try to mask my frustration. “It’s alright, my love.” I say, my tone shifting into something more seductive. “I miss you, Deck. I want to see you tonight. I’ll be in my room, expecting you.”

Derkand sighs: “Oh, Mary. I can’t risk it. I’m sorry, I have to stay with Amica tonight. Otherwise, she might develop some sort of illness again.”

His words hit me like a slap So irritating! All I can hear is, Mary, I can’t be with you anymore because of my new Luna. Mary, I feel nothing for you.

Hate Herl

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 73[1,321 words]

Chapter 73

tirstami

an' keep my mind off Amica siner her last sickness, she is all I think about.

I keep telling myself it's because of what the **healer** adviseid, but deep down, I know it's more than that. There's something different about her—a glow I can't quite explain. I take her everywhere with me now, unwilling to risk anything happening to her.

Tonday, Martha has returned to check on her. She's **taken** Ainica's healths very personally, convinced she's been mistreated in some way. I watch as Martha tends to her, my thoughts tangled in the strange shift in my feelings.

When Martha finishes her examination, she pulls me outside, her expression serious.

"The Luna is in better health today," she begins. "We need to keep it that way. Please, Alpha Deckard, **stay** close to her. If not, her condition might worsen, and if she falls into another coma—Nhe doesn't finish the sentence, but the implication is clear.

"Time I figured that already." I reply curtly.

"Aml, Alpha Deckard, the Luna appears to be with child,"

"What?" My heart skips a beat. "With. With my child? The words stumble out of me, disbelief fills me,

"Yes, she is over three weeks along." Martha confirms.

I grip her shoulders, searching her eyes for any trace of deceit. "Are you sure of this, Martha? Absolutely sure?"

"It's true, my Alpha," she says firmly, meeting my **gaze**. "The Luna **is** pregnant. A bit over three **weeks**"

A flood of emotions hits me all at once—shock, pride, I can't describe it. "My heir!" I exclaim, barely able to contain my excitement. "Does she know

"That she does," Martha replies.

"Don't worry about it. I'll break the news to her myself. Thank you, Martha." My eagerness cuts her off mid-sentence.

But Martha isn't finished. "Alpha, she's in a very

delicate condition. Any stress-

-no matter how minor—could harm her or the baby. Please, she needs ultimate care and—”

“Yeah, yeahs. I understand,” I say, waving her off. “I’ll make sure she’s well taken care of” I barely hear the rest as I turn and hurry back to the room.

Amisca is sitting **on** the bed, her posture relaxed **but** regal, her beauty somehow **even** more striking in this moment.

“How are you feeling?” I **ask**, my voice softer than I intended.

“Why are you smiling like that?” Her brow knits in suspicion

“What?” I reply quickly, trying to tone it down. “I’m not smiling”

“Yes, you are! And you never smile!” Amica states,

“s not true,” I counter quickly, though I can’t seem to wipe the grin off my face.

“I’ve never **seen** you smile before,” she challenges,

“Oh, alright! Since I **can’t** ever ask a simple question without you being on my neck..” I pause for effect, watching her expression. “Martha says you’re

“What! Me! How?” Her reaction is odd. Confusion ashes across her face, followed by disbelief. Shouldn’t she be happy about this?

“You’re carrying my heart” I can’t hold back the joy bubbling inside me, but I quickly

This is such great news! You Have **made** me so luppy?”

y contain it, not wanting her to see my emotions

Before she can respond. I grab her and kiss her passionately, feeling all the weight and tension I’ve carried over the **years** fade in this single

I’ve always imagined being a fatlier, but I never realized it would feel like this—pure, unadorned happiness.

P Price

Chapter 7

“The pack should **know** about that They’ll be thrilled!” I declare

“How am I pregnant?” Amica interrupts, She still looks stunned, like the news hasn’t fully registered yet.

“Well, we **had** sex, **so-**

She rolls her **eyes at** me before I can finish the sentence..

“You should be happy

y about this?” I tell her firmly, “You are carrying my heir. You are my Luna—it’s a privilege I should go break the news!”

“Please, **not** yes. I’m not ready to be the center of attention.”

I exhale deeply, trying to rein in my impatience. “I think it’s a little too late for that, “You’re my Luna,

Amica’s

That contest

comes with the package

She glances at me, her eyes pleading, I sigh again, realizing her hesitancy might be genuine

“Alright,” I relent. “I’ll give you time. You’ll tell them when you’re ready.”

Assay in the joy inside me refuses **to go** down, I’ve never felt so alive, so fulfilled. The thought of becoming a father—it’s overwhelming I never imagined that Amica, **of all** people, would be the one to bring me such happiness

In fact, I didn’t truly understand what happiness was **until** this moment. I’m going to have little ones to call my own.

It’s time. Amica has proven herself worthy of the title. This pregnancy changes everything. It’s time for a wedding.

She **isn’t** going anywhere anymore—she and everything about her are mine now. Even if she had been a traitor, that’s no longer a possibility. This is her home, her **family**, and I don’t think she’d be foolish enough to try betraying me again.

As I stride out of the castle, I spot Briz. Our eyes meet, and I motion for her to approach

“Bria, you need to plan a wedding. Make it **grand**” I say curtly, turning away without waiting for a response.

“What wedding, my Alpha she calls out after me.

“The Alpha and his Luna. In three days, I reply over my shoulder

“Oh yes” Bria murmurs, but I hear her

The next day, preparations for the wedding are already underway. Materials are being transported from the castle **to** the grandest venue owned by the Blackthorn family. Everything looks is going well in für.

As I stand lost in happy thought, when her voice interrupts my thoughts

“What is all this **decoration** for **Mary’s** voice comes from behind me

“**It’s a** wedding the Alpha and his Luna,” I say firmly, keeping my gaze on the worker.

“You’re getting married What’s the hurry?” Mary’s voice is quiet, but I can hear the crack of disappointment in it.

“Mary, you knew this was inevitable,” I **say** with a heavy sigh. “I’m the Alpha of the most powerful pack in Blackwaser City, I need a Luna and an heir. We tried, but together, we can’t have one

I pause, glancing at her briefly, wishing I could spare her from the pain my words might bring

I’ve always wished Mary could let go, find her own happiness, and stop holding on to me. But how do I tell her that without cutting too deep!

“Mary.” I start carefully. I hate seeing you hurt. You deserve love—real, unconditional love. The kind **of** love you’ve always given me, bur. I can’t give it **back**. You deserve better than me. I wish you could **free** yourself from the loyalty **you** feel for me and find someone who will give you the life you deserve

Her voice trembles as she asks, “Are are you breaking up with me. Deckard!”

“No, It is not a break up..”

“No, I do not accept it. Deck!” the interrupts me before I **can** finish

“It is my choice, and didn’t you say **you** give free will to me? Well, I choose to remain with you. I don’t want to find love anywhere else.”

Chapter 7

handi mener sparkly to wipe the tears gadiering in her eyes, but she holds her ground.

The quentem catches me off guard, Without thinking, I blurt out the first thing that e comes to my lips.

nde leave iny months. I feel a wright in my chest. Is that the truth, or am I just trying to ease her pain!

Mary’s repension shifts instantly, Next, I see determination in hier eyes.

“Well, ilar’s all I need to know,” she says, her wir stealer now. “That’s my ticket to stay!

Before I can say another word, she turns and runs off, leaving me standing there...

E

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 74[1,203 words]

Chapter 74

Mary

Deckard knows. Lean see it—he knows Amica is pregnant. His whole aura has shifted. He’s not told anyone, but it’s obvious. I’ve never seen him smile before, not once, but today I ratch him grinning as he watches the men work, hauling materials around. It’s unsettling. And now, suddenly, the wedding is being rushed? It all fits. Deckard knows, but I cannot let this wedding happen.

e truth yet. But if he won’t **speak**, I will.

No one else seems to

know the t

Without wasting time, I **go** straight to Cyrus, one of my closest friends and a trusted voice at the biggest news outlet and blog in Blackwater City. Suncity. I tell him about the pregnancy—the truth about Amica, the rushed wedding, the **venue**.

Cyrus asks for proof so I let him know that I am the doctor who confirmed her pregnancy,

I assure them it’s all authentic. To sweeten the pot, I even **spill** extra details about the ceremony. It’s a treasure trove of gossip, and the news house knows it. They offer me a hefty **sum** for the story. I accept, not because I need the money, but because it’s a nice bonus. My only condition My identity stays anonymous. I beg him to keep my name out of it, and he agrees

Now, the world will know. The secrets won't stay buried, and this wedding won't happen without a storm.

In everyone in Blackwater City **will** know about Amica's pregnancy.

ney. The thought of it makes my heart race, a

strange satisfaction bubbling

inside me.

Once I get back to the castle, I head straight to the kitchen, my mind clouded with one goal: to plant something, anything, to make sure Amica doesn't go through with this pregnancy. I must destroy it

As I approach the kitchen, I run into Bria, her face glowing with an excitement. I can't understand.

I hate her. She's always had a life dedicated to **the** pack. She has no family, no children, no husband. She's sworn her life to Deckard. She's a sad, lonely woman with no real purpose.

I can't help but let my wolf speak up. I hope we don't end up like her, waiting for Deckard.

"No, we won't" I quickly respond, trying to silence her stupid thoughts. Don't be ridiculous.

"**Mary** Bria **says**, her voice dripping with mockery. "Why **does** it seem like you **never** leave the castle these days?"

I look **at** her, anger boiling. "I could say the same for you, Bria. But then again, you never **leave** the castle, do you?" I snap back, trying to mock her,

"I live here. Mary," she responds, I could sense the condescension

"Of course you do, Bria. What

at choice do you have!" I chuckle bitterly, my eyes narrowing

You k

worm her know the wedding is happening soon, right? I wonder what's got the Alpha so enthusiastic about it. It **seems** the **Luna** has started to way into his heart," Bria continues but her words hit me like a gun punch. I feel like throwing up nausea but manage to hold it down, **keeping** my

composure.

“I do love **a** good slow-burn **love** story,” she adds with a wistful smile, clearly enjoying the thought of Deckard and Amica.

“Oh, shut up, Bria!” I snap. “All you do is talk and talk. This is your fault, and I don’t even know what you hope to gain from all of this! Do you **really** think I don’t know **about** all the sneaky shit you’ve been pulling around the castle?”

The words spill out before I can stop them. “Let me tell you something, Bria. Your days here are numbered, I will become Luna one day, sooner

Than

you think. And when I do. I’ll make sure you pay for everything” My voice drops to a low tone as I threatens her, unable to control the fury that’s taking over.

“THAT is laughable, Mary How the hell do you think you’ll become the Luna?” Bria laughs, her tone mocking. “The Alpha already has **a** Luna You can keep dreaming, Mary,” she adds, continuing to laugh as she walks away.

I feel the anger swell inde me, I **can’t** wait to win–Bria will feel my wrath first. It’s clear she hasn’t found out about the pregnancy yet, and I wonder how she could be so oblivious. **But** even if she knows, she won’t share anything with me.

Once I’m sure Bra is gone, I make my way to the kitchen, the packet of drugs clenched tightly in my hand. I have to be quick–this needs to be done before anyone catches me. I scan the kitchen, not knowing exactly what food to spike, but my eyes land on the fruit juice. Amica drinks this regularly, and it’s the perfect opportunity.

I mix the powdered mixture into the juice as quickly as I can,

1/2

!!

Chapter 74

showing **birkung** anuast uw kuchen!“)

ve vaes them bebisi

V the Louvas, koping no one light, though when skips a beat 1 bepe she didnt catch me in the act wonder what inelevant vcevevisalama. Ta abeset to partake uvibocume” **bald**, **nw** vows dipping **mah vacantu**

with her usual doston. “I don’t look forward to having a conversation with you either, but you’re aboays in my husne, Why don’t you

1 smak, banting in jod whole. “**You** seem to have grown so **many wings these** days. I garos **Deckand’s** slick **dors** tend to have that effect on his

Her expression dukem. Tkoow you don’t consider youtosell one of **Dockandoxommen**, Mary. It’s **conbarrassing**, really, how the man you **call** yours is

ves he geng mared to von I say with a laugh. “Tut he’s sad king **me** se still docked a few mighs before you silly chizoma **se** kurss” I wowvening the fisker at anger in hereves. Thison that’ll shi up some nichiosies loi vonk. You lasi muniage, perhaps?” Ichunckle

Team see that it hurts bet, but she keeps her composure, tiling her head “Since when are you so infiosumed about my las manager Even I don’t

The sharpness in her voice is almost enough to make me laugh again. But instead, I sile, **because** I know I’ve struck aurrer

“Look, Armca, don’t get to comentable **here**. We swing a slick that belongs to me! If you hate me so much, that alone should irritate **you** enough to leave this place. Be to, venite shameless, with no self-respect. No wonder your ex treated you like **trash**”

straightens her back, her espressomali “Mary, Tiu already exhausted by this conversation. Your days here are numbered. As soit as the wedding is over. 111 make sure wou’be moved out of my castle. 1 have no use for you” With that, she buddly turns and striles out of the kitchen. casually taking a boule ist **water** and walk **aware as** if this exchange **were** bothing to her

“Pack!” I well, the anger bouling over as soon **as** she’s gone.

she thinks she’s winning, but she doesn’t know the hall of it. Amica might feel song now, but she **has** no idea what’s coming. She’d better stan wowinning her days, because her reign here won’t last long

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 75[1,245 words]

Chapter 75

AMICA

Pirmant

How! I've never been pregnant before—not even a scare. So, how

When I was with Dane, I did everything I could to make **sure** I never conceived. He was an animal, and even on the rare occasions when I forgot to be careful, there was nothing—no signs, no slips.

And now, with Deckard, after only once—maybe twice—**I'm already** pregnant? What kind of sorcery is this? What does this mean for me!

Deckard, though he is static. I've never seen him like this. **He's** acting like a child who's just been handed their first video game. I always thought he didn't care about things like **this**, but now, **he's** glowing with excitement

Does this mean he doesn't **distrust** me **anymore**! All the contempt he held **against me**—has **he** forgiven me? Or has he **just** decided to erase it from my record?

It wasn't long ago that **Deckard** was furious with me. The accusations he hurled at me were so ridiculous, so heavy, that for a moment, I feared he might actually lay his **hands** on me. The rage in his eyes was something I'll never forget.

And now! Now, he's a completely different person. I don't understand

my heart races with excitement, as if it's **leaping** out of

He has called me his Luna more **times** than I can count since hearing the news. Each time, my chest.

Ezra is over the moon with how things are unfolding, her energy feeding into my own. But me! My fingers are crossed. I didn't expect this—not so soon. And yet seeing **Deckard** in **such** a great mood fills me with happiness.

Deckard. He's always been hot, desirable in a way that makes my pulse quicken. Even when **he's** angry, there's something magnetic about him—dangerous, sure, it is a danger I want to explore. When he's mad, he's fierce, and when he's calm, he's commanding. But **happy**? I've never seen this side of him. It's intoxicating. He's.. charming **in** a way that takes me completely off guard,

Is he truly mine? This mi

is man, my Alpha, feared and respected across the entire world? The one **who** walks into a room and commands both submission and awe he's mine? And I'm **marrying** him? What **is** this strange feeling swelling in my chest? This sense of belonging **that** I didn't think I was capable of **feeling**?

The idea of being pregnant is still settling in. I can't quite put my feelings into words yet—
But I'm finding my balance, slowly

And now, there's a wedding. Bria told me Deckard ordered it, and it's happening so soon. It feels like everything is moving at lightning speed, and I'm barely keeping up. But... I can't deny the warmth blooming inside me.

When you have so much wealth and influence, I guess anything can happen here—just like the **last** time. Deckard can't seem to understand him. **One** day he's hot, the next **he's** cold. At least he's not hot or cold enough to hit me like Dune used to, so silver lining.

Mary, on the other hand, **is** still lurking around the castle, and I can't stand her. What **does** she even want? I can't believe **I** actually thought **Deckard** might be genuine. He's still sleeping with Mary:

Yeah, this is just like my marriage to Dane, it's all the same—except without the violent assaults,

He'll keep sleeping with **Mary, and** there's nothing I can do to stop it. But why do I even want to stop it? I knew all these before getting into this shit.

Why does the thought of it bother me so much!

This feeling isn't natural. It has to be this thing growing inside **me, twisting** my emotions. **I** knew about Mary and **Deckard** the moment I got here. They made it clear enough. So why, all of **a** sudden, does the thought of them together irritate me to my core!

It's jealousy, Pure, raw jealousy. And I hate it

And I mean it when I say I'll find every way to drive Mary out of the castle. She upsets me, and I can't keep seeing her here. After all, I'm the Luna now—it **shouldn't** be so difficult to make her stop sleeping under my roof

The **day** of the wedding is here, and I wake up early- too early. My eyes fluster open at 2 am, and I feel restless. My breasts are heavier **than** usual, sore to the touch. I groan softly, shifting uncomfortably on the bed. My movements must have disturbed Deckard because his eyes snap **open** the moment he senses my restlessness.

"Are you **okay**?" he asks, his voice low and soothing in the quiet of the room.

1/2

Chapter 75

"Uh... uh-baby," **I** mumble, though the discomfort in my body says otherwise.

“Come here,” he says, his arm sliding **around** my waist as he pulls me **closer**.

“Where does it hurt!” he asks, his **golden** eyes glowing **faintly in** the dim light, studying me **with a** tenderness I’m still trying to get used to.

Without thinking, I place my hand over my chest, directly on my breasts as if he’d have a solution to this unfamiliar ache

His gaze flicks to where my hand rests. Slowly, he undoes the buttons of my pajamas, his movements careful and deliberate, like this is something sacred. His large, warm hand comes to rest gently over the fullness of my breast, and for a moment, the ache lessens, replaced by something else

His hands are gentle, soft, massaging me with a tenderness that feels almost unreal. Then his lips find their **way** to my nipple, warm and careful against my tender skin. A low moan slips off my lips before I can stop it, and the sound seems to reach him.

His lips trail up to my neck, then to my lips, kissing me deeply. His hand glides over the curve of my thighs, igniting a spark in me. My body feels like it’s responding on its own, but just as I begin to lose myself in him, his lips come back to my forehead with a soft, lingering kiss—like I’m something fragile.

“It’s our wedding today,” he whispers, his **voice** soothing “You’re going to look so beautiful. His **arms** wrap around me, pulling me close, his warmth consuming me,

Then he asks something unexpected, his tone soft but firm. “Do you wa

www this?”

I blink, stunned. He’s never asked me a question like this before—**not** with this weight of seriousness.

“Do I want to get married” | echo, needing to hear the words out loud to believe he’s truly asking.

“Yes, Amien, Do you?” His golden eyes lock onto mine, searching, waiting.

“What difference would my answer make?” Lask, “If I say no, will you let me go, Alpha Deckard? You bought me **twice**—with your money and resources Would you really let me go simply because I said no!”

He went quiet momentarily With his sharp and piercing stares **into** my eyes

“You’re right, Amica. I’m not letting you go—not anytime soon. You’re mine.

His voice is low, firm, and dangerously sexy. The way he claims me, the way he calls me Isis—it sends a thrill through me. When Dane used to say **things** like that, it felt like a threat, a weight pressing down on me. But with Deckard? I can't help but want more.

“My answer was never **no**.” I reply softly. This is my life now.”

2/2

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 76[1,932 words]

Chapter 76

morning. I'm totally overwhelmed by the wedding preparations. This is nothing like the bonding ceremony was. I thought **that** was grand. This is on a whole other level. It's like stepping into chaos, and it's stressing me the **fuck** out.

Hairdressers, Makeup artist, fashion designers, photographers everyone is here, buzzing around me like I'm some kind of centerpiece.

And Deckard Nowhere to be found. I'm not allowed to see him until the altar, they say

A part of me feel excited, of course, but the other part! Stressed to no end. Ezra isn't though. She's practically glowing, jumping with joy over her second-chance mate. Her mergy is endless, and honestly, I envy it

ge to eat something light in the morning, but my body feels off I'm constantly **thirsty**, downing water and juice, but it doesn't seem to help, totally dehydrated

I know it's the pregnancy. The moment I found out, everything about my body started to feel different. This is my first time being pregnant, and i **have** no idea what's normal or not. Still, it feels too early to be this affected. My mind races with questions, but there's no time for answers now

Or maybe I'm just being overly delusional

Ikea limpse of myself in the mirror, standing there in my white gown, and for a moment. I can't breathe.

Like a queen

i can barely recognize the woman gazing back at me. This gown—it's not something I ever thought I'd wear. It's nothing like the overdone frilly dresses covered in beads and lace that people imagine for brides. No, this is something else entirely. The fabric is smooth,

luxurious silk **mikado** in a shade softer than pure white—almost ivory. It hugs my body perfectly, the off-shoulder neckline framing my collarbones and
Blowing **into a** structured bodice that feels both real and modern

A subduer along the side reveals a glimmer of gold—the pale gold heels on my feet, their delicate straps adorned with tiny **pearls**...

I reach up, fingers brushing the tiara perched lightly on my head. It's not busy or overwhelming, **just** sophisticated—platinum vines delicately set with diamonds. Each stone is cut so sharply that the light catches and **scatters** with every tiny movement, creating a soft halo around me in the reflection. I also have a teardrop necklace shining just **above** my collarbones. It's bold but not too much—a collar of baguette diamonds, their clean.

On my wrist, I wear only a single bracelet—vintage, with inlaid mother of pearl and sapphire accents

I lean closer to the mirror, studying my face. The makeup **artist** was **good**. My lips are painted in a color that feels like it belongs to me—not pink, not red but something in between, a muted terracotta that brings warmth without drawing too much attention.

I exhale, and for a moment, my breath fogs the glass. When it clears, I see myself again, not as I was, but as I am now—a woman who is stepping into a role she didn't choose but won't shrink from

I ignore the strange feeling lingering in the back of my mind and focus on the moment. Today, I am ready to be seen by my alpha

A train of bridesmaids—ladies I don't even know—escorts me as I step toward the vintage Rolls-Royce waiting outside. The other bridesmaids pile into a line of SUVs behind me,

To my surprise. I find myself alone in the car, aside from the driver. At first, it feels odd, but I quickly realize I don't mind. The thought of awkward small talk right now feels unbearable, so I welcome the silence.

The convoy takes off and I lean back into the plush seat, trying to steady my nerves. As the **car** glides down the road, dizziness washes over me and I shut my eyes, hoping a short rest will help before we arrive at the venue.

It's not by now, but we're not there. My

I'm not sure how long I slept for, but when I open my eyes, something feels wrong. The venue should be close by now, my heart skips a beat **as** I glance behind me. The convoy—the SUV carrying the bridesmaids—is gone.

I sit up straight, my breath hastens. The car is moving at an alarming speed, far faster than it should.

My heart pounds wildly in my chest, fear spreading through me like wildfire. Something is wrong.

Wha..what is going on!" My voice trembles

The driver—his face is vaguely familiar, but I can't place him. I don't even know his name. Did I see him at the castle before, or **was** it somewhere

1/2

Exchive Prake

Chapter 76

"Driver" I call out, trying to sound firm despite the **fear** creeping into my voice. "Where are we going! Wher you taking me!"

the rest of the convoy

Where are

He says nothing

"Answer me now!" I shout, panic giving strength to my voice. "Where the hell are you taking me! I demand that you answer me!" My hands grip the edge **of** the seat as the car speeds along the **road**.

Suddenly, he yells back. "Shut the hell up!" His voice is harsh, **and** he slams his hand on the dashboard, causing the car's horn to blare loudly.

Fear spikes through me like lightning, but I don't have time to give in to it.

Then, **I** notice them—bikers. They're **flanking** the car, riding close on **both** sides.

Without thinking. I roll down the window, leaning out desperately. "Help! Help me I scream at the top of my lungs, hoping someone will come to

my resone.

One of the bikers pulls up on my side, close enough for me to see his smirk beneath his helmet. "You need help?" he asks, I nod frantically, like a drowning person reaching for a lifeline.

But then, to my horror, he bursts into laughter...

Of course. **The** driver doesn't react **at** all when I **put** the **window** down, and it clicks in my head—they're all in on this

The biker **who** taunted **me** speeds ahead, glancing back briefly. "Good job, Cane. Follow us we'll **lead** the way he shouts over the roar of his bike.

The driver—Cane, apparently—accelerates, falling in line behind the bikers. My heart races **as** I watch them take the **lead**, the car obediently following their path.

"Where are you taking me? What do you want from me! And who the hell are you?" My voice is shaking now, a mix of fear and anger brewing within me. Despite my trembling hands, I refuse to back down.

The driver finally speaks, "I would do you a lot of good if you shut the hell up and sit tight. Amica. Or should I call you the Luna?"

Before I can respond, he presses a button, and the window I'd rolled down and it slides back up.

"We've got a long journey ahead of us," he continues, his tone cold and threatening. "So you'd better behave yourself, or things will get a lot worse for you

2/2

AD

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Chapter 77

Year grqng, chest as I sit here is the **back seat**, all dress and called up for my wedding, only to be kidsapest by these unknown

The cat trees somen the road and my heart pounds hander with every second I have no idea what's waiting for me at the end of this tile, and the ist-kreasing **sa** ating me ale

A, sharp pana Dwipts mums, stoma, h, and I'm sweating like crazy de quite the cool air Blasting fom the vents. How long have we benaliving? Mimites! Hours? I can't tell anymore

Then, the car suddenly nos **cono a** quiet **road**, one loured with mathing but towering ters in either side. No looses, no landmarks – just enolless **wosada**, sten, hing **out** in every direction. Where the hell **are** they **taking** mart

Pay, we pull **DA SE**

une unsmarkest path, its like a **road** in the woods

The ride feels **rough** now, bumpy bike the car's **struggling** over gravel or dit. After what feels like two kilometers, a building comes into view. It's massive, gray, and untinichol—an unpainted sina ture sitting in the michille of nowhere. It looks abambused, but something about it feels anything. but **engly**.

The car **stop** in front of the bouding. I glance out the wind and see men-werewolves-patrolling the **area**. These are

And then i clicks. The driver's tace—it's been nagging at me this entire ride. Haven't seen hin before, yet it feels disturbingly familiar The realizatus huts me like a punch. His face resembles the rogue Deckard killes suring that first kidnapping attempt. But that's impossible. Deckanl killed him – 1 saw it. So how is thus even remotely possible?

I dont have time to process it. Hauls grab me, rough, yanking me out of the car I stumble, and before I can tegam my balance, they're illragging me into the building

Inside, the air feels thick and oppressive. My eyes mediatly is on a man sitting **on** an iron chair atop a makeshift platform. He radiates danger, hus porsemer donninating the room like a storm cloud. A scar runs down the side of his **face**, jagged and grotesque, the kind of scar that defines a man'sentar being. He doesn't just wear it-be becomes it

1 glave around, Diing in

shabby, duy clothe crowd of togies scattered throughout the space. They're everything **the** mones say—wild, ruthless, untethered. Their

on their wiry frames like rags, and their eyes glint with a primal hunger. They aren't bound by rules or parks or anything. They're chaos, predators with no leash

I try to piece it together. What do they want from me? Why bring me here!

The rogue who had been gripping me finally lets go, shoving me forward as I stumble to stand before the scar-faced man.

“Kneel” one of the rogues barks harshly. I strop to my kores immediately, too afraid to **resist**.

“Wow” the sear Lond **man** drawbs from his seat. “Is this the Lund? The Lyn of Lamos..”

His words drip with derision, and though I can’t fully see his face in the dimly lit room, his disfiguring scar stands out prominerally making him seem even more dangerous..

“The king of rogues and the **alpha** of alphas is speaking to you? Will you not respond? Are you so proud that you’ll ignore the Alpha” another voice chimes in, sharp and scolding

Startled. I tom my head to see **an** older mun stepping in, his stern eyes fixed on me.

“M–my name is Amica” 1 staminer, trying to **keep** my voice steady.

“Oh yes, we know who you are,” the scar-**faced man** says with a low chuckle. His annisement feels like poison. “And look at you–so beautiful an your wedding gown “He smirks, “Tran tell you were on your way to nurry Deckard Blackthom”

At the mention of Deckard, laughter erupts around the room, echoing off the walls. The rogues’ mocking tones fill the air,

“Please, who are you people, and what do you want from me?” I **manage** to **ask**, my voice trembling but firm enough to be heard over their cruel laughter

The scar-faced man leans back in his chur, a twisted smirk spreading across has face. “So, you’re carrying thought?” He chuckles, but there’s no humor in it. The heir to the Blackthorn clan. hmmm, that’s sad.”

Deckard’s heir! Who would have

How do they know about the child Fear tightens its grip on my chest, but before I **can** think of a response, a sharp pam tears through my pelvic

371 PM

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 77[763 words]

Chapter 77

region. I gasp, my hands instinctively moving to chitch

my

stomach.

The pain worsens, sharp and relentless, and I can't help but bend forward, my body betraying me.

"Hey! Keep a firm position! Why

are you bending that way!" one of the rogues harks, his tone more annoyed than concerned

I cry out, unable to stop myself.

The scar-faced man's expression shifts instantly, anger flashing across his face as he rises from his chair. "Is she in pain? What's wrong with her?" he demands, his voice sharp and commanding

"What the hell did you idiots do to her?" he roars, glaring at the rogues around him. "You had one job—transport her safely to this **place**. How is that so hard?"

Panic spreads among the rogues, their smug attitudes replaced by restlessness. "We'll get a healer immediately!" one of them shouts, rushing toward the exit.

I can hear their frantic whispers and worried movements, but the pain consumes me, blurring everything else.

Something warm **trickles** down my thighs, but I ignore it, too consumed by the sharp, unbearable pain tearing through me. My knees buckle, and before I know it, I'm on the floor, clutching my abdomen, groaning and crying.

"**Wait**...is that blood?" the scar-faced man suddenly yells, his voice echoing across the room.

Suddenly I hear his heavy footsteps walking forward, I don't know if he is coming towards me.

One of the rogues began trembling in fear.

"I didn't touch her. Alphas She didn't leave the cart It is the truth Alpha! He says with fear

"Then explain to me how the hell this happened the scar-**faced** man roars

Before I can comprehend what's happening. I hear a sickening **snap** and the unmistakable sound of flesh tearing fills the room. The rogue's pleading voice falls silent.

I sob uncontrollably, the pain in my body now the fear of the unknown especially after bearing that.

What is happening to me!

“Get me a healer!” the scar-faced man roars again, “And you—help her!”

I feel hands under me, lifting me effortlessly off the ground. My vision **blurs** as **tears** stream down my face. I’m carried out of the room and into another room in the building

The person lays me gently on a bed, and I feel the coolness of the sheets beneath me. My once-cherished wedding gown now feels suffocating. I grab at it weakly, my fingers clawing at the fabric.

I just want it off

The **pain** doesn’t stop, and neither does my crying. What is happening to me!

The Scar-faced **man** follows us into the room, his imposing figure filling the space. As I groan in pain, holding my stomach, I catch a glimpse of him towering above me.

“**Please**, help me!” beg

He looks **down** at me, with no pity in his eyes.

“I’m no doctor. You’ll **have** to endure the pain until the healer gets here,” he says,

But The ache intensifies, and tears spill from my eyes.

“Okay, please.” I plead, “can you help me take off this gown? It’s so uncomfortable!” I beg

His brows arch. “Hey, I just met you today. Not even an hour has passed, and you already want me to take off your clothes? Women are wild these days!”

Despite his mocking tone, he steps closer, clearly debating whether to help. I turn my back to him, exposing the complicated laces and ropes holding the gown

Din Check-

Chapter 77

This is so confusing!” he grumbles, pulling at the knots and strings in frustration. I’m not familiar with this sort of clothing would you mind if just ripped it off?” His says irritably

I nod weakly, too drained to argue or care. “Just—just get it off me.”

gown falls away i

He grabs a pair of scissors, his movements sharp and uncoordinated, slicing through the fabric in a haphazard pattern. The go uneven shreds, and without sparing me a glance, he tosses a blanket in my direction before turning his **back**.

“Are you decent now?” he **asks**, his tone impatient

I don’t respond. I take the blanket tightly around myself.

“What **does** this mean? The blood. “Have you lost the heir?”

“I don’t know!” i sob, **as** i gasps **for** air

“Why don’t you know!” he yells, his voice rising. The sudden change in his tone sends a shiver down my spine. I flinch as he continues.

“You’re a mother-to-be, aren’t you? You should know these things!”

I stare at him, confused. Why is he so invested in my pregnancy! **And** what kind of man—what kind of psycho is this?

AD

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate Deckard Alpha 78[852 words]

Chapter 78

emity. The bleeding keeps ensemong and gring, and I don’t understand what’s happening to ene

saman. Under normal vircumstances. I might have proteurd, but the pain coursing the

focused I noter him lean in and whisper something to the scar-faced man standing nearly, but I

em laten, be prepares a drip and inerts the nerdle into the vein on me

on my hand. The cool sensation of the fluid eistering my bloodstream berly

Lemmpared to the ache in my body

in danger,” the healer says, his tone measured but grim. “Ti afraid it doesn’t look like it will make in

me like a blem. “What Why“” Lory, the tears starting to stream down my face.

“Yong’ine either been through a traumánc experience or ingested something that has triggered this he explains. Tim sorry, min, but your appear ta

“Why?“” Leh sein ungle to process the reably of what he’s saying,

The e-taond man

11, his anger flaring like a fire

“Ah Tuck? These shon can i even follow simple instractions!” he roars. “Someone’s going to pay for this!”

Hie stommas nut of the form. Moments later. I hear the unmistakable sound of a werewolf whimpering outside, the pitiful sound punctuated by slurp brutal nopei

Wlud kand of nightmare have I been dragged into?

Alpha. 1 I didn’t much her 1 wear the regar cries, lus voice trembling

The next soundi arr pil mching—a snaj a tear, a bloodcurdling serram, and then a sickening splash.

r strides back to the room, his clothes and hands, drenched in blond

Head her de youore next he grows at the healer before storming nut

The healer,

He approaches me with trembling hands, pulling out an injection. “Ma’am, please be patient with me. We need in flush out the retaining you can ferally be free of the pain)

Ceventually, esluustion takes over, and I ship into kleep

da wamtur prount. I driti into unconscioautoris

(the room feels eenly quer. My body acties but the sharp pain has dulled As I blink my eyes open, Inonce someone standing

Det out a sharick; my

hin tour caleis but firmerving

checking on you” He gives a strange smile that doesn’t quite reach his eyes.

introduces himself, his voice carrying a weight of authority. “Scarface”)

Hei the calder n

(earlier, the one who spoke so deliberately. Something about him feels even more unsettling than Scarface

er you Terling now Ami

14

until term to find the night wards to finish the thanuuchuu

voice oddly familiar were appointed to exercise, family

trained, barely above a bar

We had a plan for you—a plot

in frustration. “I don’t even know when you are, or what you would possibly want

calculated. “Are you not of the Emberbond bloodline? The chosen. Luna for Alpha

chosen Yolu, Amua, are far more important than

This man—the monster—knows too much about me, about Derkant.

More ferien. “Joni came with the heart You are everything love frayer

scarcely echoing off the s

that’s not a problem, Yona can always make amends”

chance, his movements—deliberate and raw

Brate hariler, Ierit

nine— last fear beddimerapine. These people are deranged, and I don’t know what they re

dehydrated” he says, his tone shifting suddenly to something almost, raring Heimtriebeva
bottle of water, unscrews the cap, and

Reluctantly. Drake a rip

tà refuse, but my body betrays me. My throat burns, dry and parched, and my head spans
willi weaknes

Im-drinking greedily, bie Eve been stranded in a desert for days

h a smirk. Ha words.

I make my skin eras), but I'm too we

too weak to argue, too weak to resist.

kai vince unsentingly calm.

ed and terrded to speak

guard I turn to him confusion and alarme hed across my Laur

(destination?" He darklevičarkly, shaking his head. "No, not yet. We're going to a better
place—a liciter Micle –

e your four heir. There, you'll get to know each other better, and maybe."His voice alingos
do a sinister- adentity. Together, we will take over the

nt for a while. Her presence is faint laut arcady, a flicker of strength amult my misery

she whispen, her voi e triolute

the balay and survi

rat hour. But now I realize Iured Deckand I need ham neore than ever

s gaze sharp and wati hful. I can't call for Deckard openly.

tpryes, focusing every ounce of ce

no low it's barely muddle, I whisper has name

Clager 29

in give up 1 try again, pushing hande

esperate for him to feel me, to hear me

aliqui domeni tory (barek as I feel hopelessness proving down on me

pot or foot. You need to feed her Collin commands, histone leaving no room for argument.

The dorson wher had been lingering by the door, nods quickly and follows Collin out of the room

oder dove stran berhind the

1 peber whatever strength I have left, “Deckard!” Hry to yell, but my voice is hoarse, a niere whisper.

Darah’s be Utem. P’r maung Don’t be care

| Dengeti te terapi silentran milling down my cheeks. Why can’t I feel ham!

θ

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 79[1,073 words]

Chapter 79

Sometime later, after they’d fed me and dressed me in the coarse, plain clothes of a lowly servant, a group of rogues cam proceed the room with tension.

came to retrieve me

Their

“It’s time to leave,” one of them harked,

– lined up.

Outside, the scene is chaotic but unnervingly organized. Two vans, the vintage Rolls-Royce I arrived in, and several motorcycles were lined Engines idling

Without hesitation, they shove me into the back of one of the vans. Two rogues sit on either side of me, their eyes predatory over me.

The van’s engine roun to life, and we begin to move

Panur **claws** at me, but I force it down. I can’t give up now.

I knew then, with stark clarity, that giving up was not an option. The only person who could save me now was Deckard, **and** I needed to reach him. I closed my **ryrs**, focusing every **ounce** of my will on calling him. I couldn't **afford** to draw attention to myself, but I knew this might be my only chance. Deckard, please, hear me

A woone shattered my concentration

the Lana is even more beautiful than they said," one of the rogues sneered, his eyes leering at me **like** I was a prize to be claimed.

The second rogue let out a low, disgusting laugh. "**Yeah**, the sexiest thing I've ever seen," he added, licking his **lips**,

Their laughter filled the confined space, felt nauseous, but **I kept my** expression neutral, refusing to let them see my fear. I bit down on my panic, forcing myself to stay composed

I close my eyes and focus. Calling to him isn't easy—I **can't** scream or draw too much attention to myself.

A stude voice breaks my concentration. "Oh, the Luna is even more **beautiful** than they said," one of the rogues mutters, his eyes roaming over me in a way that makes my **skin** crawl.

"Yeah," another one adds, licking his lips. "The sexiest thing I've ever seen."

Their laughter fills the van, low and mocking

"What do you think about us having **a taste** of her? She can't even scream, and she sure as hell can't fight back"

"I don't know if that's **a** good idea, the other rogue muttered, a Bicker of hesitation in his voice. "Scarface would kill us"

"Oh, come on. He's killed for less," the strong-headed wolf retorted with a dark chuckle. "Besides, we wouldn't **stick** around long enough for him to get his hands on us. Once we're **done**, we'll ditch this moving vehicle and disappear. Call it revenge for him killing Roy and Mout

The words sent a chill down my spine.

The stronger rogue turned to me, "Oh, Luna, do you even know the damage you've **caused**? Your precious Alpha Deckard killed Roy's twin, **Han**. All Han wanted was to kidnap you for Scarface. Hut no, your mute just had to rip his heart out. And as for Royt He was itching for revenge, bur before he could act, your new Alpha made hum meet the same fate.

That's when it hit me. That's why the driver's face looked so familiar. His twin had been the one who tried to kidnap me before.

As they laughed, the air shifted carrying a scent that made my blood run

cold with a jolt that I'm on an open road now—unlike before when everything felt so suffocating and enclosed. It's like I've been transported to

a different world entirely. The air feels freer, but the dread pooling in **my** chest is heavier than ever.

faul

“Can you see it now? Two brothers are dead, and it's all

because of you

He turns to me, his **eyes** gleaming with sadistic glee. “Well, you're about to get what's coming in you, **Luna**. And one of those things is this **cock**

With a disgusting laugh, he unzips his tattered jeans and pulls himself out, stroking himself with no shame, as though I'm nothing but an object to

you as trans spill down my cheeks

“No! Oh no, please don't!” I **sob**, **shaking** my head violently **as**

1/2

Chapter 79

“Oh, born to her whimpering he **mocks**, his voice rising with cruel excitement. “And would you look at that You're still bleeding after losing your precious heir. That just makes me even harder! That pussy **is** gonna be so moist and juicy with the blood of your supposed future heir!”

He thrashes his head back, laughing maniacally, and then leans closer, his voice dark and **an** irritant to the ear. “At least this way, I **am** avenging my friends in a way that would **make** them proud. Fucking the Luna of the evil **bastard** who killed them—and I'm gonna nut on the corpse of his child while I'm at “

His laughter grows louder, echoing in the open space, every sound clawing at my sanity. I can barely **think** past the terror gripping me.

“Please don't.” I cry, my voice weak, the last remnants of strength slipping away.

“Hey, you guys better not be having all the fun without me!” the driver calls from the front, his voice carrying a twisted eagerness.

“Don’t worry!” the rogue next to me replies with a smirk. “You’ll get your turn soon enough. Just wait your turn!”

The one closest to me begins rubbing himself, his hands moving faster until he’s hard. The second rogue leans in and grabs at my legs, spreading them apart as though I’m nothing but prey for them to devour,

Panic floods me. No, I can’t I can’t let these disgusting bastards touch me! My mind races, and a single desperate thought takes hold. Once they open the door, I’ll throw myself out onto the open road. I’d rather die than live with the weight of their filthy actions imprinted on me.

But their mocking words snap me back to the present

“Cry out to your Alpha, Luna! You can’t let a couple of rogues have **their way** with you”

“Deckard.” I whisper, barely audible, the name slipping from my lips like a prayer.

The rogues laugh at my feeble attempt.

“Deckard!” I finally found a strength screaming, this time louder, **using every last** ounce of strength left in me. The sound of his name echoes in the van, fueled by my desperation.

And then, suddenly, I feel something—a wave of heat spreading around me, intense and suffocating, like fire igniting from deep within.

2/2

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 80[1,333 words]

Chapter 80

DECKARD

I leave the **castle** at dawn, anticipation tilled me

Today is monumental, and if I’m being honest, there’s a strange excitement coursing through me. I know Amica probably feels it too, though she masks it well behind her calm demeanor. It’s fisting, given the circumstances. I don’t understand how I am feeling but I might end up confessing my feelings to her tonight I can’t keep it in.

At the hotel, my beta rants on, rattling off his disbelief about my wedding “You? Sealing down? I didn’t think I’d live to see the day he quips, his laughter filling the room

I barely acknowledge him. His chatter is nothing more **than** background noise to me. My focus is elsewhere—on the invitations that have gone out to the most influential allies and power players from near and far. Everyone who matters will be there, including prominent members of the Apex Orck. This wedding marks a beginning of something I can’t name...

And Dane! That waste of space! Of course, I didn’t invite him. Oh, how I’d **relish** the look on his face when he hears the news his ex-wife, the woman he discarded and disrespected, rising above him in position, **power**, and wealth. But he’s beneath my notice now. Why waste time spiting someone so insignificant? He doesn’t belong among giants.

Let him hear of it from the **shadows**, left to stew in his irrelevance while the rest of us celebrate something far greater than his meager existence.

From my room, I hear the hum of voices ring from the reception below, growing louder as more **guests** arrive from near and far. T

I don’t **usually** concern myself with appearances, but today’s attire is **carefully** chosen—handpicked from the best designers, befitting an Alpha of my stature. My cufflinks, platinum wolves with diamond eyes, catch the light as I adjust my sleeves, glinting with a quiet ferocity.

On my wrist sits a timepiece, obsidian-faced and unbranded, a masterpiece from a craftsman **so** skilled that **his** creations **need no** signature. Subtle, perfect, and powerful—much like me.

I turn toward the window, where the view is nothing short of regal. Below, the carefully curated gardens stretch out, a symphony of lavender and Jasmine in the air, their scents chosen specifically for this day.

Marble fountains catch the sunlight, their crystalline streams glimmering like jewels, while the pathways—paved in white si

stone that seems to gleam under the bright summer sun

Beyond the gardens, the horizon unfurls **into** majestic peaks, the distant mountains, It’s a scene of unrivaled **beauty and** power

I adjust the high collar of my suit, the **rich** fabric **cool** against my fingertips, crafted from a rare blend of cashmere and silk **that** seemed to **drink** in the sunlight without ever losing its depth. The cufflinks—platinum wolves with eyes of black diamonds—reflected my heritage with quiet defiance. On my wrist, the bespoke timepiece gleamed with the faintest edge of obsidian.

The venue itself had been transformed into something extraordinary. Rows of cream-colored chairs stretched out before an altar made of natural stone, its surface covered with a cascade of white orchids and emerald ivy. The canopy above the altar was sheer, allowing **the** sunlight to filter through while providing just enough shade to keep the scene serene. From the light canopy were delicate crystal pendants that caught the light and scattered it in soft prisms over the guests already gathered below

I adjust the high **collar** of **my** suit, the fabric cool and commanding beneath my fingers. It's more than just clothing—**it's a** statement. Crafted from a rare blend of cashmere and silk, the suit absorbs the sunlight without surrendering its depth, a reflection of the power it wraps around me. My cufflinks—platinum wolves with black diamond eyes—speak in my heritage, not with arrogance, but with a quiet defiance. On my wrist, the bespoke obsidian-faced timepiece adds the final touch, its **design sharp** and deliberate, like every move I make

The venue itself had been transformed into something extraordinary. Rows of cream-colored chairs stretched out before an altar made of natural stone, its **surface** covered with a cascade of white orchids and emerald ivy. The canopy above the altar was sheer, allowing the sunlight to filter through while providing just enough shade to keep the scene serene. From the light canopy were delicate crystal pendants **that caught** the light and scattered in soft prisms over the **guests** already gathered below,

Guests were **arriving**.

1. g. their presence **as** affluent as the venue itself.

The women were adorned in different rich clothings, shimmering silks and velvets that whispered **as** they moved, their jewels flashing in the light **and** The men were no **less striking** either. They mingled beneath the open sky, champagne glasses in hand, with laughter and conversation....

"You're going to make the rest of us look like we are playing dress-up," Leonard jokes.

"As it should be." Raphael chimes in with a smirk,

"I believe Amira should have arrived by now," I **say**, adjusting my cufflinks one final time. "To confirm, so she doesn't keep me waiting at the altar."

Chapter 80

"Hey Whatever the groom wants, the groom gets Raphael teases, throwing me a mock sauce.

"Don't call that that," I respond sharply, though the corner of my mouth **betrays a** faint smile.

Sorry, but for today, you are the groom,” Leonard quips, earning a chuckle from Raphael

I turn my gaze toward the window, a thought crossing my mind. I wonder how breathtaking Amica will look today. The mere idea of her walking toward me might steal the air from my lungs, but then again, she’s the one who breathes life into me

Time pass, and Raphael doesn’t reit. The harp and piano outside begin their harmonious tune, signaling that it’s time. Leonard glances at me. “Let’s meet Raphael outside.” he suggests.

As we step out into the garden, chaos greets **us**..

Guards **are** scattered, their faces pale and stricken, as if they’ve seen a ghost. Something is wrong!

What is wrong!

ig? Where is my Luna?!” I roar, my voice slicing through the chaos like a blade. I know something **is** wrong because i can not

The bond feels muted.

One of the guards finally musters the courage to step forward, trembling under my glare. “Alpha! She was kidnapped!”:

Rage explodes within me as I grab him by the collar, lifting him off his feet. “How did you let that happen?!”

–1-1 apologize, my Alpha,” he stammers, his body shaking like a weakling,

Fear. Have no patience for it now, i let him go “Tell me everything that happened?” I demand, my wolf clawing at the surface.

He gulps before spilling the **details**. “Her Rolls–Royce. It deserted us on the **way** to the venue. We tried to follow, but then bikers dangerous ones... started shooting at us. They forced us off the road”.

My mind races, a whirl of anger and worry.

“Get everyone on the ground, **now!**” i bellow, my voice laced with command. “Every eye immediately

te will search, and every foot will

I want her found-

“If I do not find the Luna **today**, everyone present at the abduction will be executed declare, and i mean every word i say.

Amica... my Amica. The thought of her enduring even a moment of pain sends rage surging through me. She **has** barely recovered from the life- threatening illness that almost took her from me—an ordeal I’ve scarcely managed to recover from **myself**.

What if she falls into that evil coma again!

Martha’s warnings echo in my mind: If it happens again, she might of survive it.

How can I call myself her mate, her **Alpha**, if I can’t p

protect her!

And yet, I **have** no direction. No trail to follow, **I** can’t feel her, can’t sense her through our bond. She hasn’t called out to me—not even a whisper.

I can’t bear to entertain but can’t **push** away the bomble thoughts in my mind either.

Is she dead!