

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 8[1,587 words]

Chapter 8

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Amica.

“Stephan, give me a moment...” I say once as I spot Dane, holding the papers he forced me to sign. As if destroying my character and shattering my honor as Luna wasn’t enough, he still here to reduce me to something bartered, sold off like a trinket he’s done with.

He begins to make his way towards me like he never planned to walk away. He is here to gloat.

To the moon goddess, I am so angry that I can hardly think. I point a trembling finger at him.

“You’re a damned bastard, **and** I swear-”

Before I can finish, Dane snatches my hand.

“Be careful! You’re not in Ironclaw territory anymore

If I were you, I’d watch how you sleep at night...” He chuckles—a Twisted, bastard sound that **leaves** me wondering how I ever loved this man.

-When did you become such **a** monster?” I ask but it’s a question to myself really.

A bitter thing twists his mouth. “I became a monster the day I married you. Why did I waste myself on a Luna without powerful connections? Look at the Stormwind pack—its Alpha gained a seat in the Apex Circle because his Luna had ties there. Not to mention, she bore him pups within the first year of marriage.” His gaze drags down to my chest, looking at me with disgusting lust.

“And you? What have you given me?”

I stand still, fighting the tears that may be the end of me. This vise ingrate—this is the man I once gave my heart, my loyalty and body to?

“The only thing you were ever good for was looking pretty. Sure, I’ll miss that, but don’t worry. Power will fill that void when I find a Luna with a family that actually matters—one that can get me into every circle I deserve to be in.”

With one hand, I swipe away tears from my face.

Dane **leans** in. “A word of advice—don’t even think of advising Apha Deckard the way you used to meddle with me. This Alpha isn’t as ‘patient’ as I **was**. One wrong move, **and** he’ll use those fire claws of his to scar that pretty little face.” He reaches out to touch check.

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But I don’t hesitate—I raise my hand and slap him! Dane stumbles back and he lifts his own hand to strike me. But before he can move, Stephan comes in.

“If I were you, I’d put that hand right back in your pocket. Hit her, and face the wrath of Alpha Deckard. She is his future **Luna**, and you’d be wise to remember that.”

Dane spits. “Future Luna, my foot. **You’ll never** amount to anything, **Amica**. I’ll make sure of it. I’ll poison Deckard’s view of you until he can’t stand to **look at** you. I’ll ruin your name in this pack before you ever get the chance to build a life.” With a final glare, he turns and stalks off.

I watch him go. Then, I let out a breath to Stephan in front of m

“Come on. That fresh air is outside waiting for **you**.” He says and take the invitation.

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Blackwater City’s popular park—a place I once frequented, a peaceful haven where I could escape, meet friends, or simply take in the quiet beauty around me. It used to be my sanctuary remember strolling through here, laughing with my friends over lemonade and sandwiches on picnic blankets. But then I married Dane and he severed every connection I had Especially after my father died, he shut down all access to my friends, claiming they

were leaking pack information. I fought for them tried to defend their innocence. Yet, as Luna, even the lightest word or misstep could brand one as a traitor

So, I had to let them go.

I take a sip of my lemonade. Yum, the tangy sweetness is a small comfort. Since leaving Ironclaw, it's felt like I've been tossed from one fire into another. In Ironclaw, there were endless rules-suffocating regulations that stripped me of any real power as Luna. Dane dominated me with his rules until I hardly recognized myself. And now I'm **in** a new pack, a larger one led by Alpha Deckard who is ten times more intimidating and powerful,

The Bloodbane **pack** is massive which means there must be even more rules, more expectations. The very thought of it all sends a dull ache to my temples.

I glance around but I know there's no one. I don't have any family left in Blackwater, no one to confide in or lean on. I'm practically a rogue in title. I'm lost in thoughts until I notice something-people, gathering and they are all casting glances in my direction.

I look left and right.

They're whispering about me.

All eyes are on me!

Where is Stephan! He'd only gone to get me a snack-said he'd be back in just a few minutes. But now, as I sit here its disturbing. It can't be me they're watching, can it? I've done nothing wrong. But then, with Dane and his threats. He said he'd ruin me in Deckard's eyes, tarnish whatever name I have left. Maybe maybe he's done something already.

Before I can process the thought, something wet and slimy cracks against my face. I gasp, lifting a hand to my cheek to feel the sticky remnants of a raw egg. Another one splatters against my shoulder and I scramble up from the bench, more eggs fly my way, pelting me from all sides. Panic bubbles up and I scream, backing away, but the crowd begins to encircle me.

-She used to be the Luna of our pack! She's nothing but an adulterer!"

"Who'd have thought someone so beautiful would be so rotten! another man sneers, looking me up and down with disdain that makes **me** want to shrink away.

"Stop!" I shout, trying to push but the jeers only grow louder. Someone shoves a crumpled newspaper into my face, forcing it against my eyes. The hands press down on my shoulders, pushing me to my knees. I try to rise, but someone kicks the back of my legs and I fall again, knees scraping against the pavement.

My **hands** are shaking, as I stare down at the newspaper. I can't make out everything but *the* headlines scream louder than any of the voices around me. It's all here—the lies, the accusations—Dane's fingerprints are smeared **across** every word.

"Let go of me!" I scream against the hands that shove me down.

Their cruel laughter surrounds me like a prison

"Is she the ex-Luna of the Ironclaw pack?"

"Yes, look at her! She slept with so many men! A disgraceful thing! Her father was a good man—what would he think,

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looking down **and** seeing he raised a public whore!"

"That's a lie!" My voice rises but it's swallowed by the accusations

Suddenly, something else is hurled from somewhere I can't see, splatters against my clothes, leaving me drenched in filth. I search the crowd, desperate for a glimpse of Stephan. But the mob presses in closer, throwing more eggs, stinging my face, blinding me. I stumble, trying to get up, but every attempt is met with another forceful shove back to the ground.

"Let's cut the adulterer's **hair**!" someone shouts, and others cheer in approval. "Yes, it's the tool she's using to entice men!"

"No!" My scream is choked by **fear** as hands grip my hair, yanking it back. Pain shoots through my scalp and I cry out struggling against them, against the crowd, against the vile words they hurl at me.

"Ah!" I push, reaching out blindly, hoping for anything—someone, anyone to help.

"Stephan?"

"Stephan?" I **call again**.

But the crowd only grows louder.

"Who the heck is she calling now? Another man?" someone sneers

“He’s not coming, whoever he is!”

Stephan?” I cry out again.

“Call Deckard. Call our mate... Ezra, my wolf says.

“No.” I choke.

“Do it, Amica!” Ezra begs.

“No!” I scream.

“Shut up. **you** hag!” A hand slaps me hard across the face and I taste the silver tang of blood. They **drag** me further across the field, body scraping against the ground as I cough. I manage to catch a glimpse of the crowd and they have multiplied. They are pressing against each other, surrounding me like vultures.

Rough hands grab at my clothes, tugging, pulling, I’ve reached my limit. There’s nothing left, no strength, no resistance- only Ezra’s voice in my mind.

“Deckard!” I scream.

In an instance, fire bursts around the circle, scorching the ground but sparing me. The people who just seconds ago attacked **taunted** me are now scrambling in terror. I see **a** male moving within the fire, swift **as a shadow**, hurling bodies aside like they weigh peanuts.

Screams pierce the air as each one is flung into the sky, only to come crashing down with a shutting thud. Panic is severe and their once bold faces have turned into horror as they flee. I watch as they flee but I’m looking for the male who is doing **this**. I have caught **his** scent.

I know it and somehow, the flames do **not touch** him.

I see him. There is fire in his claws, it bends and obeys him.

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“Deckard, I breathe.

And for the first time, I feel safe.

