

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 81[1,098 words]

Chapter 81

Chapter 81

DECKARD

We begin the **search** from the **last** place she was seen, deploying a hundred men across **the** area. My beta and Raphael join me, and I don't waste time informing the guests **about** the situation. Instead, I instruct Bria to manage them and arrange their travel **back**, especially for those who flew into Blackwater scifically for the wedding.

In the midst of the chaos, Mary approaches me, her thoughts plainly visible on her face.

"My **Alpha**, are you sure the **Luna didn't ruit** away? It would be such a waste of resources on someone who doesn't even want to be here, she says, her tone as silly as ever.

"Mary, did you hear me **ask** for your suggestions? I **snap**.

"Oh no. I'm so sor

1. no. I'm so sorry, my Alpha!" she stammers, but I don't bother dignifying her with another response.

As soon as we pull out of the hotel gates, I see a swarm of press gathered outside. Cameras **flash**, reporters shout questions-

sutter chaos.

Who called them? How did they find out what's happening here

Amica's kidnapping must be tied to this mess. Someone leaked the wedding details, and I'll **make** sure to find out who. But not now-this **isn't** the time.

We ride into the streets, my focus razor-sharp. The search beging

I hate how clueless I feel. We've been searching for hours, yet there's **not** even the faintest throb in my heart connecting me to her. **Still**, I push forward, doing everything in my power-smelling for rogues, tracking anything that could lead me to

her.

Then it hits me. We found a rogue's spot the last time but we didn't find anyone there. This has to be connected. Without hesitation, I gather my men and head there.

As soon as we approach, the unmistakable stench of rogues fills the **air**. My heart **skips** a beat—not out of hesitation, but out of fear for what I might find inside.

There's no room for hesitation. I give orders for half of the mento circle around to the back of the building while I take the front. I break it down, stepping inside to find one of the rogues sprawled casually on the couch as if he **owns** the place.

Rage blinds me, and I **launch** at him without a **second** thought. Pinning him down, I **hear** the sounds of my men **taking** care **of** the others at the back..

I hurl him **to** the ground with **enough force** to make him feel it, y grip tightens around his neck, cutting off his breathing-

"Where is she?" I growl, my voice low and deadly.

The fool begins to wheeze, his lips moving as though he has something to **say**, but my grip is cutting off his air.

"Speak," I snarl, releasing his **throat** just enough to let him form words.

"Who?" he chokes out, his voice shaking.

"My Luna, where the hell is she?" I roar, the fury in my tone shaking the room.

"I-I have no idea..!" he stammers, tears streaming down his face as he begs for mercy.

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"You will tell me everything you know," I growl, releasing my sharp fang into his **chest**, the tip slowly puncturing near his heart. The rogue screams, writhing in pain,

"Alpha, please! I wasn't part of the plan, but I've heard whispers. The scar-faced man is in town, and he's looking for the Luna" he gasps, trembling beneath me. "He has a bunch of rogues with him, and he's he's powerful, just like you!"

"Where is he?" I demand, pressing the fang deeper to show I won't tolerate vague answers.

r him. "I'm not sure!" he cries, shaking his head violently. "I've heard lies at the far outskirts of town, but no one **dares** go near **Everyone** who tries they never return. Rumors say he kills for fun. Even rogues—his own kind—aren't spared from **his** slaughter!"

I pause, processing his words. A rogue leader killing his own kind for amusement? This isn't just about power or territory. This man is on a mission far darker **than** anything the common rogues could comprehend.

"I need names. Now!" I growl,

"Sir.. it. it's the scar-faced man," the rogue stammers, trembling **under** my glare.

"**That** is no name, I snap, my patience wearing thin

"Yes, but.. but that's what everyone calls him, he pleads, barely able to keep **his** voice steady

I narrow my eyes at him, my claws already pressing into his chest. His weak answers ignite a surge of frustration retract my claws with, leaving faint trails of blood **as** I step back

Turning to my men, I give a curt nod. "Leave no one alive," I command coldly

As I step out of the decrepit building, the sound of screams and cries fills the air behind me.

Now I'm on a **mission** to **find** a damn "scar-faced man somewhere on the outskirts of town. What the hell **kind** of information is that? It's like searching for a ghost.

1. me.

but I

Climbing into the car, I slam the door shut, gripping the wheel tightly. My chest throbs suddenly, a strange feeling that stops me in my tracks. It's faint, it's there.

Could it be? Could Amica be reaching out to me somehow?

I'm not certain, but I can't ignore it. I decide to follow the lead, no matter how uncertain it **may seem**.

"Let's move," I order the convoy through my comm. "I'm **taking** point. Everyone else, follow my lead."

The last time Amica called to **me**, I felt it deeply—a strong pull that guided me straight to her. My mind knew where to go as if her voice **had** engraved directions into my **soul**.

But this feeling... this faint and unfamiliar... I don't understand it. It's too weak, too distant. What does it mean? Could she be in danger, or is she too weak to call out fully?

The thought of her fragile state cracks something in my chest, but **I push** the pain aside. I grip the wheel tighter, **and** accelerate harder.

As I drive, the throb in my chest **returns**, faint but distinct. It has to be her—I'm sure of it. The connection is there, just barely alive, and it drives me to the edge of madness. She's **close**

I press the pedal to the floor, the car roaring with the highest of speed. Leonard shifts uneasily beside me

"Do you even know where we're going?" he asks, trying to hide his concern, though **can** smell it

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Chapter **82**

Deckard

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I quickly **take** the next turn **and** park the car on a quiet road flanked by thick trees on both sides. The only sound I **can** hear is that of the cars speeding on this road.

Without hesitation, I highlight my car leaving it to Leonard as adrenaline fills my veins, telling me to hunt. My men are about to stop as well, but I shout back, "Follow me! Keep the cars moving

I take off on foot, running at full speed. My focus is on the faint but unmistakable scent of Amica. My heart pounds **violently**—she's in danger, I can feel it.

The **more** I run, the more my fury bubbles to the surface. Then I see it; a **van** speeding up ahead,

Amica is inside, I know it.

My chest tightens **as** rage so i Summon my sword of fury, its blade igniting with a fire, I caught up with the van, holding on to the handle of the boot which allowed leap into the air and land on top of the van with a deafening crash.

The heat from the sword melts through the van's roof as I slice, Sparks fly in every direction, the once-solid roof parting beneath my blade like paper. With a final, powerful strike, I carve the **van** in two, the force splitting it apart and leaving only a feeble iron bar connecting the two halves.

I drop into the wreckage, the fiery **glow** of my sword, My eyes scan the interior, desperate to **find** Amica amidst the destruction.

The scene is chaos—a gruesome display of my wrath and desperation. One man sits on the van floor, clutching his severed cock, tears streaming down his face. His eyes are wide with the horror of what he's just endured. Another lies motionless nearby, his body grotesquely split in two, his head and torso cleanly severed, matching the van now torn apart around us.

And then, there she is.

Amica. My Luna.

What did they do to my Luna?

She's lying on the cold, mangled metal floor of the van, her body weak, her face pale and stained with the remnants of tears. My heart drops at the sight of her passed-out form. She's been through hell—I can feel it

A is standing beside America with his dismembered cock in hand, from the effect of the fury slice spots me. His face twists in terror as he weeps in pain and disbelief, he decides to jump from the moving van.

“Coward,” I mutter under my breath.

His escape attempt is short-lived. One of my men's Hilux vehicles tramples him with brutal finality, and the others follow, crushing **him** under **their** tires like a fallen leaf.

Up ahead, more vehicles are fleeing the scene.

“Follow them!” 1 roar, “Don't let them escape!”

I turn my attention back to the driver of this severed van, of which 1 and America is in. He's trembling so violently that the steering wheel shakes with him. His eyes dart nervously, glancing at the gaping hole above him where **I** descended, and I know exactly what's going through his cowardly mind—he's going to jump.

But he won't get the chance.

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This van won't hold much longer, and I ha

intention of leng Amica stay in this wreck.

I cradle Amica in my arms, her fragile form limp against my chest.

Her **breathing is shallow**, but it's there—I **glare** at the driver, **who's** still gripping the wheel with trembling hands.

"Stop the car safely, and you'll leave here alive," I command,

The fool shakes his head violently, "No, no, I don't believe you, Alphonse," he stammers.

"I promise, I say, infusing a tone of sincerity into my lie. I have no intention of sparing him or anyone else who had a hand in this. They will all pay.

The driver hesitates, then finally musters the courage to bring the mangled van to a halt, crashing it softly against a tree. It's a relief—I didn't want Amica to suffer even the faintest scratch it had to abandon the van my way.

As the van settles, Leonard pulls up in his vehicle. He leaps out, rushing to me,

"I take her," he says, offering to relieve me of Amica so I can finish the hunt.

I don't want to let her go. Every protective instinct in me screams to keep her close, I can't let these people go. Reluctantly, I place her into Leonard's care.

"Get her home safe," I say,

Leonard nods, cradling her gently as he retreats to his car.

With Amica out of harm's way, I turn my full attention to the dryer. I drag him out of the van by his collar.

"You were right not to trust me," I growl,

Without hesitation, I smash his head against the side of the van, leaving him crumpled and lifeless.

The scent of the other rogues still lingers. I continue on my feet running **as** fast as my wolf allows...

My men are close, their vehicles roaring behind me as I push forward with the speed of light.

One of the rogue vans has already crashed on the road, but three more are still on the run.

I focus on the van trailing behind the others, closing in swiftly. With a leap, I sink my claws into the metal, pulling myself **onto** the roof. I rip apart the roof above the driver's seat, eager to see the face of the coward steering this wreck.

But what I see stops me cold, a momentary shock seizing me.

Collin

My uncle, Collin.

I clench my jaw, forcing the rage back into focus. "Stop the car, Collin! Your evil ends here Troar.

But he doesn't stop. Instead, he **slams** the accelerator, the van jolting forward in a desperate attempt to throw me off. With a snarl, I reach down, grabbing him by his collar, and yanking him out of the driver's seat. Without hesitation, I leap from the speeding vehicle, taking Collin with me.

We crash onto the expressway, rolling violently across the hard phalt. The sharp gravel rips through my skin, but I don't let **go** of Collin for even a second.

The van hurtles away, veering off and crashing into a barricade. Litter flies, but I don't look back. My focus is on the man

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beneath me, his groans of pain drowned out by my heavy breath.

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We finally roll to a stop, off the road, **and** onto a patch of gravel and dirt. My grip on Collin tightens as I pin him to the ground, my claws digging into his shoulders.

“You’ve gone too far this time!”

I growl.

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Chapter 83

Chapter **83**

DECKARD

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“Collin, you bastard! You’re the one behind this? I swear, this time. I won’t spare you!” I snarl, my fists launching at his face again and again.

But instead of retaliating, he just laughs—a dry, mocking sound that crawls under my skin.

I pause for a moment, watching him cough up blood, his lips curving into a twisted grin.

“I never thought I’d see the day,” he rasps, his laugh turning bitter. The day I’d witness you—Alpha Deckard—lose control over a woman! You used to be cold, untouchable. I watched you from the shadows, even after you cast me out of my own pack.

He spits blood onto the floor **and** sneers. “But now? Now, you’re in love. His voice drips with mockery. “Weak. Weak Alpha Deckard.”

His words scrape **against** my resolve, but I keep my glare steady

“Your words are meaningless, Collin, and you know it. This is exactly why you were banished—why you don’t belong. And now you’ve sunk so low that you build a legion of rogues? For what?” I step closer, my voice sharp enough to cut. “Why did you take my Luna?”

Collin wipes his mouth, his grin widening. “Oh, Deckard,” he says, shaking his head. “You’ll find out soon enough”

“You give me far too much credit, Deckard!” Collin snaps,

“I’m not the rogue king, and you’re certainly **not** the alpha of alphas—that’s just a title you stole from the rightful owner!” I narrow my eyes, every muscle in my body coiled and ready. “What the hell are you babbling about now, Collin?”

His lips curl **into** a grim smile. “The real Alpha is back, Deckard You thought you could get rid of him with your lies and treachery, but all you did was make him stronger. Your reign is coming to an end

I step closer, my hand lighting up with the fiery energy of my fury. “You’ve lost your damn mind,” I growl. “And your madness ends here.”

Collin’s eyes widen **as** I reach for his chest, ready to **end** him once and for all. But then, he yells, “Wait! Don’t **kill** me! I beg you—not yet!”

I pause, my hand hovering inches from his chest. His desperation is almost pathetic, but there’s something in his voice that gives me pause.

“I know you don’t believe me,” he continues, **panting** heavily, “but aren’t you just a little curious? Don’t you want to know if what I’m saying is **true**? And don’t you want to know the real identity of Scarface? Because I do. I know exactly who he is, and I know he’ll come back for me.”

His words hit a nerve. My instincts scream at me to rip his heart out, to end this nonsense here and now, but something keeps me rooted in place.

“And once *he* finds out there’s nothing left of me,” Collin says, his voice lowering into a sinister calm, “he’ll vanish, and **you’ll** never find him—never stop him—until it’s too late. By then, he have everything he wants... and **you**, Deckard, might already be dead.”

I tighten my grip on his shirt, pulling him *closer* as I glare into bloodshot **eyes** “You really think **spare** you after all

this?

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Collin smirks **weakly**, his lips cracked **and** stained with blood. “**hot** for me,” he breathes, “then for the sake of family.”

At this point. it’s hard to tell if Collin is being sincere or simply mocking me. His twisted smirk and bloodied lips make it impossible to read him clearly.

Before I can decide whether to end him or let him live another hour, Raphael’s voice cuts through the chaos behind me.

“Alpha! We lost the man known as Scarface—he’s escaped. But just for now,” he adds quickly. “We will not relent until we find him. **And** he hesitates, his voice softening slightly, the Lana is being transported back to the castle. She needs you.”

The moment I hear Amica’s name, I feel **my** resolve shift. My claws retract, and the fiery energy in my hands dims. It’s true -Amica needs me. My heir needs me.

I glance back at Collin, who looks half-dead but still manages to wear that infuriating smirk. “Keep ten men on him at all times!” I snap. “I want him bound in the highest discomfort—no food, no water. If he so much as breathes wrong, you let me know.”

“Yes, Alpha!” Raphael replies, bowing his head.

Without sparing Collin another glance, I turn on my heel and head for the castle, my heart pounding with unrest.

By the time I arrive, my mind is spiraling. Questions flood my thoughts, but all I can focus on is Amica.

“Where is she?” I roar at one of the guard stationed at the entrance.

His face went **pale as** he bows quickly. “She’s inside, receiving treatment, Alpha,” he confesses.

I push past him without another word, my footsteps echoing in the castle halls as I rush to find her.

I hurry **inside**, the tension tightening my chest, and the guard at the door quickly gestures toward her room. My feet carry me faster than my mind can process as I push the door open.

Inside, I find Mary beside Amica. She’s lying on the bed, her face pale and still, her eyes closed as a drip feeds into her arm. Mary is busy checking her **vitals** with a stethoscope.

“Where is Martha?” I demand, my voice sharp with confusion. I didn’t expect to see Mary here.

calm but concerned. “Don’t worry,

that Mary glances up at me, her expression Deckard. She’s in good hands. I’ll do everything I can to make her better,” she assures me.

But I ignore. “What about the baby!” The question slips out of my lips before I can think, forgetting that only three people know about the pregnancy.

Mary freezes, looking at me with wide eyes. “What baby?” she asks, clueless.

“My heir!” I bark, “**Amica** carries my heir! Check if the baby is alright!”

Mary stares at me, her face slowly twisting into confusion.

“B—but **that’s** not possible, my Alpha,” she stammers. “She was wearing a sanitary pad when she was brought here. In **fact**, she was cleaned up *by* the maids because her flow was... quite heavy. Mary’s voice falters, and she suddenly seems to piece something together. Her face **pales**. “Or... could it have been the pregnancy!”

My heart stops as her words sink **in**.

“Oh no! Mary gasps, her voice trembling “What evil have these **rogues** done to the Luna? She’s lost the heir! Mary cries

They will pay. Every single one of them will pay for what they’ve done.

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Chapter 83

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I feel my happiness shatter as those true. Happiness doesn’t resile my

sink in, It’s short-lived—too fleeting to even grasp. I knew it was too good to be or premese; it’s a stranger to me....

“I need you to find out if my Luna was violated by those worthless scavengers!” I growl, my voice trembling with restrained fury.

Mary looks startled, her hands frozen mid-air. “Violated? You men like... r-raped?” she stutters, her voice barely above a whisper.

I nod sharply, the motion stiff and deliberate.

“That’s impossible,” she says, shaking her head in disbelief, “She bleeding heavily, and they wouldn’t-”

“They’re rogues!” I interrupt, my voice rising in **anger**. They would do anything! Check her!”

Mary flinches but quickly nods. “Don’t worry, my Alpha. I’ll make sure she’s fine.”

I shift my gaze back to Amica, lying unconscious and pale, My chest tightens further as the fury boils within me. What did those monsters do to my mate? What horrors did they subject her **to**?

The image of her suffering, the **pain** they must have caused sends a fresh surge of rage through my veins. They will pay. Collin, every rogue involved-

As my anger builds, a faint sound pulls me out of my thoughts. Her voice-soft and weak-

“Dec...kard my Alpha,” she mumbles, her words barely audible.

I snap out of my delusion and rush to her side, my hand quickly reaching for hers.

“Amica, I’m here,”

“Amica, I’m here. How do **you** feel?” I **ask** softly, my hand wrapping around hers. Her hands are colder than they should, and

it scares me

“I lost the baby, she whispers, her voice trembling as tears spill from her eyes

“Hey, **that’s** not a problem,” I say, forcing a calm **tone** even as I **am hurt** by her situation.

“You’re alive, and that’s all that

matters.

she clutches my hand tighter. “Thank you, Deckard. Thank **you** for saving me.

Those...those rogues, they would have...” Her words falter, broken by the weight of what she can’t bring herself to say.

“It’s okay,” I tell her, my voice steady. They didn’t hurt you. I got here in time. You’re safe now.”

Her eyes meet mine, “You’re getting cold,” I say, noticing how her body seems to shiver despite the blankets.

“Don’t leave me,” she pleads, her voice so small, her teary gaze locking me in place.

“It’s fine,” I say, brushing a strand of hair from her face. I’ll stay beside you for as long as you need me.

I glance at **Mary**, who’s standing nearby, “**Mary**, please excuse us She’s getting coldsay firmly.

Mary did not but nods, athering her tools. “Oh **okay**. Let me knew if you need anything,’ she murmurs **before** leaving the

room

Once Mary Leaves, I climb to the bed carefully, wrapping my arms around her and pulling her close. She curls into me, clinging to my warmth. I hold her tightly, pressing her to me,

I'm never letting you **go**, I whisper, my lips brushing against her hair.

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Chapter 84

Chapter 84

MARY

Well, Amica thought she was clever, but I play the game better.

No matter what happens, it seems like she always manages to crawl her way **back** to Deckard. But this time, she didn't find her way back—she left..

My plan worked **flawlessly**. She drank the juice, and everything fell into place, just as I intended. Of course, the kidnappers were the ones who ended up taking the credit, but I don't mind. Let them bask in their moment of glory—it's the outcome

that matters.

I had one final opportunity to ruin her, to sever her ties with Deckard forever, but it slipped right through my fingers just as victory was within my grasp.

Can you imagine the scandal if the world found out their precious Luna had been violated? That she was tainted by filthy rogues? It would have been her undoing—the end of her reign, her life as she knows it.

But somehow, she's still here, still clinging on. And Deckard... Deckard still trusts me.

He trusts me because **he's** vulnerable, teetering on the edge of chaos. And as long as he does, I'll stay close, biding my time. After all, every move is a step closer to ensuring that Amica is gone for good.

MARY

He trusted me enough to confide in me about the pregnancy. He **even** asked me to investigate whether his precious mate had been raped.

I wish Amica hadn't woken up **so soon**. If it were up to me, I'd have destroyed her. I'd have told Deckard she was brutally violated by those filthy rogues, that she'd been taken in the most humiliating way, and worse—that she'd contracted some vile disease disease **so** severe she couldn't even remain **near** other werewolves without posing a threat.

Damn it!

How can Deckard be so sure she's telling the truth? What if she's lying? It's possible, isn't it? She could have been raped and just doesn't want to admit it. She knows what's at stake—her entire position here is on the line. She'd say or do anything to keep it.

She was clever **enough** to regain consciousness at just the right time, **just** when that topic was brought up. Of course, she had to defend herself.

But I'll find out. I always do.

Still, there's a silver lining: her pregnancy is gone.

When she was rushed in, I was lucky enough to get a moment alone to examine her. Her flow was so heavy that the maids had to keep cleaning up after her.

The child is no more. That's a victory for me. For now.

As Bria catches sight of me, I see the look on her face change. It as if her heart shatters in that moment.

I know she's aware of the pregnancy. She must have been the fire person Deckard told, which is probably why she's already started planning the wedding.

I try to keep a straight face, masking my emotions. Throughout my interaction there, I hide my happiness **and** smiles

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beneath a serious expression. But honestly, every word I hear about Amica's misfortunes makes my heart leap with joy.

Still, this **small** victory won't sustain me for long. It's something, but it's not enough.

And then there's Deckard—his reaction to the pregnancy. I've never seen him like that. The way his face lights up with pure happiness makes me feel worthless. I know I can never give him that kind of joy.

It hurts me, but at this point, if I can't have him, then no **one** else will. He belongs to me.

When he asks me about Amica, he sees the confusion on my face. I play that part so well, I even surprise myself. But I'm not backing down now. I'll do everything in my power to get rid of her.

I can't **wait** to share this news with Dane. He was so

Circle was. He thought **Amica** had finally rushed about not being invited to the wedding when the rest of the

Apex won, that he'd lost everything for good. But thanks to me, I'll make all his wishes come true.

It's almost like I'm his sugar mama or fairy godmother, always granting his wishes while all he gives me in return is good

dick.

Not that I need it. I get more than enough of that from Deckard, What I need is a man with power, **not** an extra crybaby weighing me down.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 85[1,734 words]

Chapter 85

Chapter 85

DECKARD

I step into the dimly lit cell, my eyes locking on Collin, bound tightly in the most uncomfortable position—exactly as I commanded.

“Oh, dear nephew,” he groans, shifting against the restraints, “why do you keep me like this? Bound like some worthless animal? At least loosen the ties, let me have a cup of water. We're family, after all.”

“Because you are a worthless animal, Collin,” I say coldly, stepping closer. “And this is only the beginning”

He lets **out** a weak laugh, though I can see the pain etched across his face. “So, it seems your dumbass Scarface man doesn’t care much for you,” I continue. “You’ve been rotting here for two days now, and he hasn’t shown up to save you. I guess I’ll just kill you myself and then hunt him down without your help.

“**You** can’t do that!” Collin snaps, “He’ll come for me. He’s just... coming up with the perfect plan to end your dynasty.” “Shut the hell up, Collin! Do you even comprehend the damage you’ve caused? Why did you kidnap Amica? Why did you kill my heir? What the hell do you and that Scarface bastard want with her? She’s no one!” I yell.

Collin’s **smirk** falters for just a moment, but he doesn’t respond. His silence only fuels my rage.

“She is not just no one,” Collin says, “She is as important as you are—**maybe** even more. But you’re too shallow to see that.”

I narrow my eyes, stepping closer to him. “So tell me, Collin. Since you’re the all-knowing, not-so-shallow **genius** here, what exactly is so special about Amica that makes her a target for your wickedness? Or is it simply because she’s connected to me?”

Collin gives a bitter chuckle, shaking his head. “Look, nephew, I’m sorry about the loss of your child, truly. But that wasn’t our fault. We treated her with care—even the doctor said it looked like she was having an abortion. It was strange. You have no idea how much that heir meant to us-

“**Enough!**” I growl, cutting him off. I’ve already had more than I can stomach of his lies and excuses. My fists clench as I glare down at **him**. “You’re going to talk.”

I signal to the guards with a sharp nod. One unlocks the cell while the other two step in, grabbing Collin and dragging him out. He struggles, but it’s pointless—**his** strength has long since waned.

The guards carry him to the darker torture room, the stench of damp stone **and** fear c. They force him into a metal **chair**, tying his hands and legs separately, ensuring there’s no chance of escape.

I **stand** in front of him, arms crossed, staring down at the man who dared to disrupt my world, watching as the guards prepared him like a **feast** laid out for punishment.

“Oh, thank you, Deckard. Now all I need is water—I’m so thirsty nephew,” Collin said, his voice dripping with mock gratitude.

“Oh, is **that** all?” I asked, a cold smirk curling at my lips.

From behind him, the guards approached with a bucket of icy water. Without hesitation, they drenched him. The **water** cascaded down his body, soaking him. Collin, ever the insolent pol, tilted his head back, trying to catch a few drops on his **lips** like it **was** some kind of gift.

“Oh, yes...thank you,” he mumbled, sounding **almost** pleased.

I nodded subtly, signaling the guards. From behind, one of them stepped forward, plugging the legs of his chair with electric

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batons. As soon as they flipped the s

The current surged.

Collin’s body jolted violently, spasming as the electricity course through him. His muscles tensed and twitched uncontrollably, his **head** snapping back, his teeth clenched tight watched, unmoved, as the raw power tore through him. For a few agonizing seconds, **his** movements were nothing but erratic convulsions, like a puppet on tangled strings.

I raised my hand, signaling them to stop. The guards obeyed, cutting the current instantly.

Collin’s body slumped in the chair, smoke rising faintly from his damp clothes. His chest heaved with strained breaths. **saliva** dripping from his slackened mouth, uncontrollable and pathetic.

“You look like a piece of poorly cooked barbecue, Collin,” I said, my tone void of pity as I stared down at him. “Now, let’s try this again—I need to know—about you, Scarface, and what you want from me and Amica,” I said coldly, my voice low and unrelenting.

“Otherwise, **you** will die. I’ll kill you right here and now, and then I’ll continue my hunt. You know this isn’t my

first rodeo.”

“If you kill-” he began, but his words were cut short as electricity coursed through his body once more. His **muscles** tensed, and this time, he fought back, snarling angrily, his jaw clenched tight. But the harder he fought, the worse it got, his resistance only making the **pain** more excruciating

“Wait! Wait, nephew! Why are you doing this to me? I’m your unic-

Another jolt cut him off mid-sentence. His body convulsed violently, his head jerking forward, and then it happened-his trousers darkened **as** he lost control. The stench of urine filled the air.

“Oh, poor Collin,” I mocked, stepping closer to him. “That’s the last bit of liquid in your body, and you just wasted it all You should’ve saved it for later when you’re thirsty. But no, you’ve squandered it like the fool you are.”

He began to snarl, low and guttural, his anger bubbling over. His body tensed in an unnatural way as his eyes flickered, showing signs of his wolf surfacing

“Oh, no, you don’t,” I warned, my voice cutting through the tension. “You know I don’t converse with beasts. If you shift right now, I will kill you on the spot. And you know I mean it.”

His snarling faltered, a mix of anger and fear flashing across his face. He knew the truth in my words.

“De... Deckard, plea... please... that’s enough. I can’t... Collin stammers, his voice weak, trembling with exhaustion.

I take a step closer, my eyes fixed on his battered frame. “**Are** you ready to tell the truth now, or should I get it out of you the same way I got that urine out of you?” My tone is cold with mockery.

He looks weaker now-dehydrated, exhausted, barely holding on It’s only a matter of time before he breaks, yet I can’t help but wonder why he’s guarding this secret so fiercely. What could be so valuable, so dangerous, that he clings to it even at the brink of death?

With deliberate slowness, I draw out my knifelike fire in my palm. The flames flicker hungrily, ready to devour as it casts a harsh glow on the walls of the basement, I **walk** toward him,

“Deckard... Deckard, please don’t!” he cries, his voice **breaking** like a frightened child

“Don’t do this to me!” His plea echoes in the room with desperation

Ah, he fears my fire. Everyone does. The damage it causes is irreversible, a permanent mark of pain and humiliation. And he knows it.

I bring the flame closer to his face, the heat **radiating** against his skin. “I should take care of your face. Uncle, I **say with** a cruel smirk. “Who knows? You could become the new Scarface. laugh, the sound hollow and menacing **as** I continue inching the fire closer.

16:02 Wed, Feb 19BD.

Chapter 85

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Collin squirms, his breathing ragged as he tries to pull away, but he's bound too tightly. I **can** see the sweat dripping down his forehead, the sheer terror in his eyes as the heat kisses his skin. "What's wrong. Undle?" I taunt, my voice a low growl. "Do you feel it? The truth burning inside you, desperate to escape?"

"Fine... fine. Deckard! I'll tell you who Scarface is. Please stop the torture—I'll tell you everything!" Collin screamed, his voice cracking under the weight of **pain and** desperation. "Scarface... 's my son!"

I froze for a moment, at his words sounding like a bad joke. "You son?" I barked, the fiery ball in my hand crackling angrily. "You have no son, Collin! Stop with the ridiculous lies and wishful thinking. You were **never able** to have a child, and **you** never will! You're taking a literal piss right now!" My voice boomed through the room, matching the fire's intensity.

"No... no, I'm not lying," he panted, shaking his head as though the motion **would** make me believe him. "I did have a child

-a son no one knows about. It's him... he's the one who wants your position. It's him you've been fighting all along!"

His confession made my blood boil, but somewhere in my mind a small doubt crept in. What if he wasn't lying? Could he truly have a son? A son who was Scarface?

"Well." I said coldly, narrowing my eyes at him, "if you truly have a son and your son is Scarface, I guess we should be expecting him here soon."

As if on cue, the cell door opened, and one of the guards stepped inside, holding a piece of paper in his hand. "Alpha, a man came to deliver this. He insisted it was important and must reach you immediately."

I took the paper from him and unfolded it. Written in bold, red ink were chilling words:

"Let Collin go, or we war."

Beneath the warning, the unmistakable logo of Scarface was **stamped** in black ink—a sinister mark that confirmed the threat was no bluff

I clenched the letter tightly, my knuckles whitening as I read the words **again**. "So," I muttered, more to myself than anyone else, "it seems your little story has some truth to it after all." I turned to Collin, who was watching me with a mix of fear and anticipation.

“You’ve just made things more interesting, Uncle, I hope your sole called son is ready for what’s coming.” I growled, tossing

the letter aside.

Before I could say more, another guard entered the room and whispered in my ear. “Alpha, there’s a visitor requesting to see you immediately.”

sy “I said to the guards. “And if he i I glanced at Collin, whose face lit up briefly with hope. anything stupid, make sure he regrets it.”

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16:02 Wed, Feb 19 BO.

Chapter 86

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 86[1,872 words]

Chapter 86

Chapter 86

DECKARD

Q

I step out of the cell, curious yet annoyed by the so-called visitor requesting to see me. As I approach, I recognize him immediately—none other than Dane, Amica’s ex-husband, pacing restlessly.

“Dane? What are you doing here?” I snap, irritation rising at the sight of him

“Alpha, I’m sorry to show up unannounced like this, but you can blame me for being worried about my mate. I’ve heard all the crap she’s been dealing with, and it’s eating at me. May I see her?”

His words make my skin crawl.

“Ex-mate,” I growl lowly, correcting him.

“Oh, my mistake, Alpha Deckard,” he says quickly, though the apology feels hollow. “But you can’t really blame me. It just seems like Amica’s safety **has** been a joke since she joined the Blood **Bane** pack. One problem after another-”

“Get to the point, Dane. What the hell are you driving at?” I cut him off, as my patience was thinner than a spider cob. “I want to see Amica. For starters,” he says boldly, looking me straight in the eye. His audacity catches me off **guard**, and I wonder what on earth gave him **the** guts to demand this

I sniff, letting my disdain show. “It’s clear that my Luna doesn’t want to see you. And even if she did, I would never allow it,” I snicker, watching his composure falter.

“Why? Are you just another overbearing alpha who wouldn’t even grant his own Luna her freedom?” he counters, his tone daring.

I chuckle darkly, stepping closer. “What gives you the right to speak to me like that, **Dane**? Do you think you’re someone important? My voice drips with menace.

“You 1 pause, My jaw tightening before I spit, “worthless insect Do you think I don’t know about your pathetic little tricks! How you somehow managed to sneak your name into the Apex Circle?”

Ah, so we’re going there. He laughs, slow. “Ah, the Apex Circle. You mean the same one you’ve done everything in **your** power to keep me out of?”

“Yes, that one!” I snap. “The one a wolf as pathetic **as** you will never belong to, no matter how many sly games you play!” “Ever wondered how my name made it onto that list?” he smirks suddenly, his confidence grating.

I narrow my eyes, reading between the lines. He’s insinuating something, something to do with Amica.

“Tell **me**, Dane,” I say with a slow, dangerous smile. “How?”

“We both happen to have a mutual acquaintance. She got my name **in** there,” Dane says with a smug laugh, his arrogance testing against my already fragile patience.

The anger inside me ignites, Before I realize it, I swing at him, my fist connecting with his gut. He doubles **over**, gasping, the smirk wiped clean off his face.

Get out!” I command,

Dane stumbles back, clutching his stomach and staggers away as fast as his legs could carry him.

16:02 Wed, Feb 19 BO

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Chapter 86

I storm back into my office, the d

mming shut behind me. My thoughts race as the pieces refuse to fit together.

Amica swears she knows nothing about Dane's name making it onto the list. She insists she had no hand in it. But she's the only even knows Dane. It **makes** no sense.

one

Then there's Mary—always by my side, loyal to a fault. But Mary doesn't even know who Dane is.

Who else could possibly have access to my computer? Who else close enough to tamper with something so important?

Amica Amica and no one else.

I want to unleash my anger, to confront her and make her understand that she'll **pay** for this betrayal. But then the memory of her shattered face, her broken spirit, flashes throughmy mind. She's paid enough already.

She did pay.

I clench my fists, struggling against the urge to bring it all up again. But it eats me alive, gnawing at me **from** the inside. She's in a delicate condition now—I can't drag this out again. Not now. Not yet.

If Amica is still in love with her ex, I need to know. I need to watch her every move, to stay **a step** ahead, and understand what she's up to at all times.

Without hesitation, I grab my phone and call Leonard, my Beta. He picks up instantly.

“Leonard, I'm assigning you **a** task,” I say, my tone sharp and final “Keep an eye **on** Amica. I want updates on her

ment, who she speaks to, where she goes—everything. Effective immediately.

“Yes, Alpha,” Leonard replies without question.

I hang up.

I should've done this sooner. The moment she ran back to Dane after fleeing from here, I should have put someone on her trail.

“What did Dale want from her during that meeting? What did he say to her?

And more importantly, why would she have anything to do with that weak, pathetic excuse for a wolf? Dane hit her once- he raised a hand against her. A coward like him wouldn't hesitate to do it again *if* given the chance.

The audacity of **that** fool to even show his face here.

As much as Dane infuriates me, there's another shadow lurking the edge of my mind- the scar-faced man.

He's out there somewhere, always vanishing before I can get close. Who is he? **What** does he want?

It's impossible that he and his crew has gotten out of town. My en are everywhere-eyes on every exit, every hidden path. I'm so close to finding him, him. And when I do, this will all end

No one rests until he's found.

What I don't understand is the control the scarface **man has** over these rogues. Not a single one of them is willing to **talk** what can I expect from a pack of desperate animals with nothing to lose? You can't hold anything over their heads- they're dogs, reckless and aimless.

Or maybe it's something deeper

Something about the scar-faced man keeps them loyal and silent **even** in the face of death. What is it? What gives him that power?

16:02 Wed, Feb 19 GO

Chapter 86.

A few days later, I notice that Amica is doing, **ter**. She's back on her feet, though still shaken.

Because of that, I warn everyone to tread carefully around her. Especially Mary.

Bria had taken it upon herself to call Martha, insisting she's a beer healer for Amica **than** Mary. And honestly, I agree.

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But that doesn't make it any easier to stand the look of disappointment on Martha's face. It's not just disapproval—it's the kind of look **that** feels like a mother chastising her son for repeatedly failing or like a mother-in-law scolding her daughter's husband for not treating her right.

I can't stand it

As strong and powerful as I am, Martha terrifies me.

"Alpha Deckard, I warned against stressing her. I told you how delicate her situation is, and yet, here we **are!**"

Her words stings, but I don't **flinch**.

"Did you **know** she was kidnapped?" I shoot back, my voice firm defensive. "Or do you plan to keep blaming me for every misfortune that happens to her?"

"Yes, I blame **you**," Martha fires, "You are her protector. It's your responsibility to ensure her safety, and yet you've failed- again. You refuse to protect her and your unborn child!"

My jaw tightens, but she doesn't stop.

"Tell me, how can someone as strong and controlling as **you** claim to be fail to manage his own home? How can you rule an entire territory when you can't even handle what's under your own roof?"

I want to argue, to yell, to defend myself, but a part of me knows she has a point.

"Careful, Martha! I bite!" I growl, my voice low and dangerous.

"Then why don't you use those teeth on the fingers of your enemies? "Are you too naive to see that your Luna is facing all of this because of you? If she weren't with you, no **one** would know her—no one would have a reason to come after her. But you can't see that the greatest enemies of your Luna aren't outside these walls. They're inside your castle!"

Her words sting like venom, but I refuse to back down.

"Are you trying to say something, Martha? Say it then!" I bark, stepping forward, but she doesn't flinch.

"Why **would** you let someone who's in love with you be in charge of the life of your Luna?" she hisses, her voice trembling with anger. "Are you so naïve that you think all intentions towards her are good? You've left her vulnerable, Alpha!"

she continues.

“The loss of your heir wasn’t just some traumatic experience—it clear your Luna was drugged!”

“What the hell are you talking about?” I demand,

“She **was** drugged!” Martha repeats, her voice firm. “She told me herself, according to her symptoms—she started feeling pain In her pelvic region hours before she was kidnapped. That wasn’t just random. Someone inside this place, someone with access to her, set **this** in motion. And you let it happen!”

freeze, her words bouncing in my mind. Drugged. My heir. My Luna. Someone inside.

“You are ridiculous, Martha!” I say with disbelief. “Mary didn’t even know Amica was pregnant. Why would she do something like that?”

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Chapter 86

Martha crosses her arms. “Of course, **Alpha**,”

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s with biling sarcasm. The doctor who checked on her earlier that day- the one with all the advanced instruments—had no idea she **was** pregnant. But what do I know? I’m just a **local** healer with herbs and potions.”

Her words hit me like a slap. My mouth opens, but nothing comes out **as** I try to make sense of what she’s implying

“What?” I whisper, barely audible, the weight of her accusations king in. Could this really be **true**?

Martha lets out a bitter laugh, “Don’t worry, Alpha. Here’s the good news, if you can call it that. Your Luna is alive, and this was only her first pregnancy. Hopefully, the next one will be better—if she survives her enemies, and if your protection actually means something next time.”

Martha places a small vial of potion on the table,

“This will help with her recovery,” she says curtly, She gives brief instructions on how to use the potion, her voice sharp and to the point, then turns to leave.

I couldn’t help but wonder if Martha’s words, though speculative, carried some hidden truth. Could Mary really be so heartless? Could jealousy drive her to such an extent?

Had I made a grave mistake in trusting Mary too much, assuming she would accept all of this without retaliation?

Martha's accusations might seem ridiculous, but one thing she had struck a nerve: I hadn't done enough to protect Amica. That truth made me feel powerless—weak.

I can control and protect **packs**, businesses, and entire territories yet when it comes to the one person who matters most, I've failed. My own woman. My Luna. I let everything slip away, time **and** time again.

The thought twists inside me like **a** knife.

No more. I can't let anything like this happen again. I won't.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 87[1,279 words]

Chapter 87

Chapter 87

Amica

After everything I've been through, I start to question if any of this is truly worth it.

I feel like I'm slowly losing my mind, trapped in a world where danger seems to lurk **around** every corner.

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Deckard has done his best to protect me, but it never feels like its enough. No matter how hard he tries, I keep finding myself slipping in and out of danger!

I lost the **baby**. **The thought** of it makes my chest ache, even though I **wasn't exactly** overjoyed when I first discovered I was pregnant. But now, all I feel is heartbreak. I couldn't even protect my own child.

At dinner, Deckard keeps asking about my health, He's overly caring, hovering over me like I might shatter at any moment. I'm not hungry, but I force myself to take **a** small bites, **and** even that feels like a struggle.

He notices, of course, and I can see the disapproval flicker in his eyes

As I'm trying to force another spoonful down, Mary walks into the dining room **and** sits right next to Deckard.

"Good evening, my love," **she** says, planting a kiss on his chin like I'm not even there. She starts serving herself, her movements casual and unbothered, as if she owns **the** place.

"I'm not hungry"

I got up the table about to leave and held my hand back.

"Sit Amica, eat.." he says

"I am not hungry." I say firmly

Deckard let out a sigh

"Mary, I think it's best you leave **us** now, you can take your food with you **or** come back later!" He said to mary

"What? Why?" **She says**, her voice breaks

"Amica doesn't want you here!" He said with a bit of finality in his voice

"But i **didn't** even say anything!"

She protests

"Being here is enough!" Deckard says and Mary couldn't argue further.

She left the table **angrily**

"Sit Amica!" He says to me

I couldn't help but obey his command

There was a few seconds of silence as he starting at me before finally speaking

"Amira, Japologize for everything you have been **through since you arrived** at the Bloodbane castle. I have not been able to

be protected and lookout for you as your alpha and I take full responsibility for all that has happened."

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Chapter 87

At first, I think I must be hearing things. But as I watch the scene unfold before me, I realize it's real—Deckard, the ever-prideful Alpha, dropping his **guard** and speaking from his heart

"I'm hurt too," he begins, his voice heavy with emotion, "but it's nothing compared to what you've been through. I couldn't protect you, Amica. I couldn't protect our child, or even our union. I've failed you in ways I **can't** forgive myself for."

He pauses, his eyes locking onto mine with an intensity I've never seen before. I'll understand if you no longer want to be my Luna," he continues, his voice softer now, almost pleading. "But I've exposed you to enemies, **and** because of that, I can't let you leave—not yet. I have to get rid of them all, every single one of them. And then... then you can decide if you want to **stay** or go

He steps closer, his tone firm. "But I promise you this: no harm will ever come to you again. Never. Not while I'm still breathing.

I sit there in silence, staring at him as his words **sink** in. My mind floats somewhere far away, and I almost forget he's waiting for a response.

"**Amica?**" he says gently, breaking through the fog in my head.

I blink, snapping back to reality. "Oh," I say, my voice sharp with bitterness. "So you're giving me permission to leave now? Just like that?"

"I can't let **you** leave now," **Deckard says**, his **voice** steady, "because it's too dangerous. But when all is **said** and done—when your enemies are no longer a threat—I will let you decide if you wish to go or stay, I won't **stop you.**"

I narrow my eyes at him, needing clarity. "So, I won't be indebted to you anymore?"

He sighs, his gaze softening "I think you've overpaid **your** debt at this point."

For a moment, I have no words. I let out a long sigh instead, my thoughts spiraling into possibilities. What will I do with my freedom when it finally comes? What would it feel like to be unshackled, to owe no man anything—not even the great Alpha Deckard?

The thought fills me with a mix of longing. What would freedom taste like?

To walk freely, without the constant fear of danger lurking in every shadow? To live without a man's breath constantly hovering over my life!

I'd like to taste it. How incredible it would feel to finally on my own!

I don't know what's going on between Deckard and Mary, but I must admit—I thoroughly enjoyed the little show of him sending her away from the **dining** room for me. The look of shock and disappointment on her face gave me satisfaction I hadn't felt in a while..

Deckard has promised to protect me for as long as I remain here and it seems he's serious about this

But then I remember Martha's words which I overheard, She had said something to Deckard about the loss of my pregnancy not being **ordinary**

That discomfort I'd felt—it had started before the kidnapping.

Could someone here have poisoned my drink?

It wouldn't be the first time, and I know exactly who did it before Mary.

How could I have been so careless, so stupid, to forget that **I have** enemies under this **very roof**?

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Chapter 87

How could I **have** drunk or eaten anything without thinking twice?

Damn it!

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As long as Mary **remains here**, I cannot be safe. I cannot **trust** anything that goes into my body, not a sip, not a bite. If I'm going to stay here, I'll need to be smarter, and more vigilant than ever.

She's a doctor, and she **knows** exactly how to hurt **me!**.

I need her out of this **house**—out of my life!

I'm sitting on the couch in the living room, mindlessly browsing for something to distract myself, when my eyes catch the screen. My face stares back at me, plastered on the news with a bold BREAKING NEWS banner underneath,

“It has been reported from a reliable source that the Luna of the Bloodbane pack was kidnapped by rogues on her wedding day. Although she was found, we are still gathering details about what the rogues did to her during her captivity. However, there are

allegations that the Luna was with child at the time of the kidnapping. The status of her pregnancy remains unknown.”

My vision blurred as the words sank in while my heart pounded painfully in my chest,. Who could’ve leaked this? Who would be cruel enough to **make** my private torment public?

“Oh, who could have done this?” **Bria** exclaimed as she rushed to my side. She snatched the remote from me and turned off the television.

“I apologize for this, Luna,” she **said**, her tone firm but calming. Please, I assure you this will be taken care of.”

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Her words

meant to soothe, but the devastation on my face couldn’t be erased so easily.

“Luna, it would be best if you stayed away from the news for now. Watch something light–something that will make you smile,” she suggested gently.

“Smile? How could I smile when the world seemed determined to expose my pain?

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 88[1,519 words]

Chapter 88

Deckard

The news is out there about Amica. Who is the idiot responsible for this? It feels like I’m surrounded by fools. Or... is this the work of the kidnappers? **Damn** it! She gets **taken** on her way to our wedding, and the press is right there outside the castle. I should know better. I should’ve stopped this before it spiraled out of control.

I am doing everything I can to contain the situation—at least somewhat. I’m bleeding money to manipulate the narrative, paying off news outlets to water down the story. But the damages already done. It’s everywhere.

To regain control, I arrange interviews with the biggest media houses. To deny every allegation—every rumor about Amica being pregnant or harmed. I admit the pack has

enemies, powerful ones, and I make it clear that we're actively hunting those responsible for her kidnap and then, I take my chance.

"We have identified the people responsible for **this**, I announce my voice **calm** but commanding. "They are rogues- violent, lawless criminals who have targeted not only me but our entire pack. And one man in particular...

I lean into the camera, "The Scar-faced Man. He is their leader. He ordered Amica's kidnapping, and he is the one who must be brought to justice."

This isn't just damage control—it's a declaration of war.

"There is **no** surprise there, but now I need the help of the general public to capture their leader. They **call** him the faced **Man**.

Scar-

He leads this worthless group of rogues, and my people are searching everywhere for him. I know he's still here in the city, hiding, and we will find him. That's why I'm using this platform to call on everyone to be on the lookout for this Scar-faced Man. Let him know that the werewolves in Blackwater City cannot and will not be messed with.

"To anyone with real information about the Scar-faced Man, or anyone who can help us capture him, I am offering a bounty of one million dollars."

The interviewer freezes, eyes wide. "What?" they exclaim, clearly startled.

"This interview just took an unexpected turn that none of us saw coming! Wow—Alpha Deckard is officially offering a one- **million-dollar** reward to anyone with credible information leading to the capture of the **Scar-faced Man!**"

The room buzzes with tension. I lean back in my chair, letting the weight of my words settle across the audience. This is no longer just a hunt—it's a citywide call for justice.

"Oh, **Alpha** Deckard, I think you just declared a state of emergency in Blackwater! A million dollars is not a small amount **of** money!"

The interviewer's tone was light, attempting a joke, "I could even ditch my job for that **sum!**"

I forced a small smile but knew there was no humor in this. **This** was far from a joke.

I've managed to flip the narrative—from Amica's scandal to a million-dollar bounty that no one could possibly ignore. The scent of money would draw out anyone with even a shred of information.

“Let me make this clear,” I said, my voice firm as I stareil directly at the **camera**, “we need real Information about the Scar- faced Man–the leader of the rogues–not just any random man with a **scar** on his face. **My team** will not waste time chase, **shadows**. If you bring us false leads, you will not be entertained

The interviewer nodded, visibly awed, as I stood and left the nestation:

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Chapter 88

The moment I stepped into the car, Bria was already waiting for me with a gleam in her eyes. She could barely contain her

excitement.

“Alpha!” she exclaimed, **practically** bouncing on her feet. “You are indeed the Alpha of Alphas! Do you know **what’s** trending everywhere right now? A million dollars, Scar-faced Man, and Alpha Deckard! You’ve completely turned the game around!”

Her grin widened as she continued, “You’ve managed to make the other Alphas work for you without even asking them. They’re all out there fighting for you now, **tracking** down Scar-faced Man as if it’s their mission.”

This wasn’t just about revenge or control anymore—it was about power. Power to shift the focus, and power to make sure no one ever dared come for my own.

“Yes, **Alpha**, I don’t think this Scar-faced Man can stay in hiding much longer. His days are numbered,” Carl, the kindest of the elders, **says with** quiet confidence. “At this point, even his own army might betray him.”

I **nod**, “None of you **are exempt** from this. If any member of my pack has tangible information, you’ll be rewarded the same. A million dollars for anyone who brings me **Scar**-faced Man.”

I cannot wait for him to be found, dragged before me like the pathetic criminal he is. Since Collin has refused to talk, I will **make** sure that Scar-faced Man suffers first. Collin will live long enough to watch the man he cherishes fall. And then, I’ll finish Collin myself.

The satisfaction of vengeance surges through me—until a different, colder realization fell on me...

I've given Amica her freedom.

Once Scar-faced Man is dead, once the threat to her life is gone, Amica will have no reason to stay. She'll leave me.

. I know she **will**. If she gets the chance to reject me, she'll take it, and I'll **have** no choice but to do the same. If that happens. there will be nothing binding us together anymore. No bond, no Luna, no future.

The **realization** presses against me like an iron **chain**.

It terrifies me.

I don't know what life would be like when **that** happens—when she's gone. I've already grown used to her, to the light she brings into my life. Her presence feels right, even though I've treated her like **shit** for most of the time she's been here. And yes, she has her faults too, but still... I can't imagine it ending.

That night, as I watch her from a distance, Amica's face looks a bit less tense than it did before. Bria told me how upset she was when she first saw the news. I couldn't bring myself to face her then, even though every instinct in me screamed to go to

her.

Instead, I did the only thing I could—I acted. I set up the interview with the news house immediately, with no real plan. I **just** knew I had to fix things, to take away her pain somehow. Everything I said during that interview came to me on the spot, driven by desperation.

Now, **as** she moves through her nightly routine, I finally muster the courage to **speak**

“Did you see the news?” I ask, my voice steady, though I'm holding **my** breath.

She pauses, glancing at me briefly before focusing back on what he's doing. “Yes,” she **says** simply: “I saw the **good** one... and the bad one

Then, to my surprise, she adds with a teasing tone. You do look **good on** screen, though”

Her words **catch** me off **guard**, and I can't help but **chuckle** soft. The teasing glint in her eyes, the lighter mood in her y

it cases something heavy in me.

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Chapter 88

My wolf stirs, **delighted** by her change in mood. For the first time in days, there's no tension, no anger radiating from her. **And** I realize that for now, **that's** enough.

"Oh wow, I had no ideal" I **say**, playing along with a smirk. "Tell me more about this good-looking guy you saw on the screen!"

She giggles, a sound so light **and** genuine it feels like grease to my soul.

"Thank you, Alpha," she finally says, her voice softer now. She turns to me, and for a moment, our eyes lock in an unexpected tension.

"Come here," I find myself **saying**, my **voice** low, my hand reaching out to her

As she walks toward me, my heartbeat quickening. I can't tear my eyes away from her, from the way her body moves freely in those cute pajamas she's wearing. She's a vision—so beautiful and so painfully out of reach..

She sits beside me on the bed, and before I can stop myself, my ps find hers. Slowly, tentatively, I cup her face in my hands, holding her close to my chest. Her lips move against mine, **and** it's everything I didn't know I needed. Her small breaths mingle with mine, soft and I feel the fire inside me grow.

My body screams for more of her, but I hold myself back. I pull away slightly, pressing gentle kisses to her forehead, her chin, her neck—anywhere but her lips, trying to calm the storm within me.

"I'm here," I whisper against her skin, my voice rough with restraint. "I'm here. Amica."

She doesn't speak, but the way she melts into me, her head resting against my chest, says more than words ever could. For now, this is enough. Even as I aches for her, I know this moment is about showing her that I'm here, in every way that

matters.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 89[1,526 words]

Chapter 89

Chapter 89

The news spreads across the city like wildfire. Everyone is talking about it—about Deckard.

That Bastard Look at the way he humiliated me in his castle, throwing me out like a stray dog!

I don't even understand what came over me, why I lost control like that. What was I thinking? Yes, he's an annoying punk who constantly gets under my **skin**, but he's also someone I admire And yet, he infuriates me so damn easily!

But his presence is so commanding—it's almost godlike. And I have to admit, I enjoyed the back-and-forth between us.

Can you imagine? Deckard and I, standing toe to toe, locked in a heated conversation, the tension so thick it could freeze anyone who dared to interrupt.

His Inst slammed into my gut, knocking the wind out of me. **Pain** exploded through my body, white-hot and intoxicating. I gasped, choking on the moment, my vision blurring at the edges But the worst part? The most fucked-up part? It turned me

My dick got so fucking hard.

But Tuck, it made my dick so hard.

That's why I ran. Damn, I had to. I barely made it home before lost it—before I locked myself away, jerking off and replaying every second of our tense altercation, reliving the fight

He had his hands on me for the first **time**. Damn, it was so hot! Look forward to having more of such tension with him.

If I had the kind of power he wields, the things I'd do, oh, the things I'd do.

I get why he nets an arrogant bastard, but why does it **have** to be directed at me? We're more alike than he realizes. We should be allies—good friends even—not enemies.

After all, we've shared the same woman. So why does he despise me?

Could it be that he actually fears me? That he sees me **as a** threat?

Now that I think about it, it all starts to make sense.

I was once Amica's mate—the same woman he now calls his. I may not have his wealth, his influence, but like him, I am ruthless, relentless, and ambitious. And I know he sees it.

I am aiming for the Apex circle, and that only adds to his fears.

If I was the first to share a bed with his destined mate, what stop me from one day sharing his throne?

Deckard and I have the same taste in women. Mary—she's got that irresistible body, and she's already been in my bed. Just like Amica.

It's **almost** poetic. We're not just rivals—we're bound together in ways he refuses to acknowledge. Our fates keep colliding, whether we like it or not.

And yet, sometimes, I feel something strange toward Amica. Nuove, not exactly, but something close to envy.

She gets to see Deckard every day. She gets to share his power, wealth. And that's what vexes me the most—Amica, the woman who once stood by my side, is now living the life I fought so hard to claim

Chapter 89

That's why I need to be in the Apex circle as a real member, I need to **know** everything, to be of that world. But Deckard has shut every door in my face.

Why does he hate me so much?

If anything, I did him a favor—I found **him** his mate! He should be thanking me, not shutting me out.

And now, look at the impossible standard they set just to keep me out of the Apex circle.

Where the hell am I supposed to get \$1 million?

That's what I thought at first—until I saw the news. He looked so powerful and raw, , **even** on screen!

Deckard is willing to hand over a million dollars just because someone hurt Amica? This bitch should be thanking me every single day for unknowingly bringing her to fortune.

I must be the one to find Scarface.

I've done it before—when they needed me to **find** Amica for him after she ran away. I can do it again. And when I do, I won't just hand over the information for free.

No.

If I deliver Scarface, I'll set my own terms:

One—I take the \$1 million.

Two—I join the Apex circle as a certified member.

Three—I will not fight any silly combat trials to prove myself.

I've already proven my worth. This time, I'll make sure Deckard **has** no choice but to acknowledge it. And, of course, I will get married.

yes are on **Mary**.

Marriage has never been an issue. But this time, my eyes

They won't have a problem with that—after all, Deckard has my former mate.

The moment the idea struck me, I knew I had stumbled upon gold.

Without wasting time, I went straight to my beta and told him about the plan.

"This is our new mission," I declared. "Once we find Scarface, we **won't** just get our hands on \$1 million—we'll gain more wealth than we ever imagined. Every member of this pack will rise to the top of society.

The Ironclaw pack will finally command the respect and authority we deserve.

We won't just be some ordinary pack scavenging for the crumbs of the Bloodbane.

And the world will know our name."

"Cameron, do you realize that once I become a true member of the Apex circle, you automatically do too? Do you understand what that means for you?"

I watch **as** the realization dawns on my beta's face. The pain and doubt in his eyes shift to something else—attention, excitement, hunger.

A slow grin spreads across his lips as he imagines all the wealth and power that would come with it

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Chapter 89

But I'm no fool.

The Apex circle only needs proof that I have a solid financial standing—hence the demand for \$1 million in a locked account. But they never said I had to spend it.

That money is mine and mine alone

Sure, I could share the opportunities with my pack, sure. But before I do that, I need to be in a position of power. And for that, I can't afford to be generous just yet.

"I understand, Alpha Dane," my beta **says**, determination hardening his voice. "I'll do everything in my power to find that man. Don't worry—we will get him. And when we do, we'll finally be strong members of the Apex circle."

Cameron straightens his posture, nodding firmly.

"I'll arrange the men and begin the search immediately."

But then my mind goes back to Amaka. Mary has told me all about the tricks she pulled just to make sure that pregnancy of hers never happened. And just like that, the so-called "her" suddenly disappears.

I can't believe Amaka had the audacity to conceive after a decade—when we've been together for two years, and I've never even had a single scare, not once.

One time, during pillow talk, one of the maid girls, Maria, who shares my bed anytime Amica is unavailable, told me that Amica was deliberately avoiding pregnancy. She claimed Amica was taking something to prevent conception. I never believed it—I had no proof

But why would Arnica ever do that? She loves me to death. Even though I treat her like shit, she would never have the nerve to leave me.

If I hadn't pushed her away, she never would have left—even if I ramped on her like a worthless rag

"So what **gave** her that ridiculous idea—not to conceive for me? She knew I wanted a child. At the very least, that would've put her in my good graces for a while.

I never believed it. But now, after barely three months with Deckard, I'm already hearing news of a pregnancy.

Of course, she never believed in me. She always thought I **was a** worthless drunk, incapable of fathering a child. She kept poking her nose into my business, always aware of the debts **piling** up around me. That's why she never wanted to have my child.

But the moment she steps into Deckard's life, suddenly, she's all open for him—ready to take in his creamy, rich cum! And just like that, she's pregnant for him!

Every time I think about Amaka **and** the terrible things she did while we were together, it pisses me the fuck off.

My man and I began preparing for the search for this Scarface man. But first, we needed to do our research. I didn't know who he was, though it **was** common knowledge **that** he was the current king of the rogues, Alt needed was to get my hands

on one of them.

Togues. We started our search in a **place** rumored to be **a known** rogue hideout. It took us the entire day to track it down, but when we finally arrived, all we found was blood **and** the lingering scent of

The failure of the search hit me hard—it wouldn't be easy to find a man like him. And given the nature of the situation, it was clear he was powerful. **Too** powerful. If I wanted to track him down. I needed stronger forces backing me up.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 90[1,151 words]

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1603 Wed, Feb 17

Chapter 90

Chapter 90

Amica

The way Deckard handles the news and shifts everything is incredible. I've searched online and watched the reports on TV and just like that, the conversation has changed—from people spreading nasty rumors about me to everyone chasing a \$1

million reward.

I still can't believe that Deckard i

s willing to put up that kind of money just to find the man who hurt me.

Sometimes, **when** I sit and watch Deckard, I see a man who would **do** anything to protect me.

Time and time again, he proves he is my protector, even when we have our ups and downs.

There's something about the way he shields me that keeps me tethered to him, makes me think about him constantly. I don't know what this feeling is

Even before the wedding, I felt a strange excitement about marrying him. This man, who promised to make my life a living hell—yet I found myself looking forward to the fire he swore to drag me through.

He has been so **caring** and kind, always **making** sure I'm okay and checking on me from time to time.

His masculinity, mixed with such delicate care, is intoxicating

I **know** I lost a baby, but I was never truly excited about the pregnancy. Yet, seeing how deeply he cares, how much it hurts. him, and how he still tries to stay strong—it tells me he would have been an amazing father.

I can feel myself falling for this man, and I shouldn't. No, I can't. This has to be some sort of Stockholm syndrome. Or maybe protector syndrome?

I was in the guyden, taking in the fresh air, when Deckard approached me. He stood over me as I lay on piercing gale sweeping over my body from head to toe.

the

grass,

his

“Ges up, **Amica**. We're going out,” **he says**.

“What? Where?”

“Let's go out. You've been locked up in these walls for too long. Cet up

Without waiting for my response, he turns and **walks** away.

I begin **to** wonder what kind of outing he's talking about

Getting up, I head into our room to **change** while he waits for me.

“Where are we going? I need to know what kind of clothes to wear,” I say, turning **to** him

“Something light, Amica. Something **that** fits the weather,” he replies, his **voice** calm but firm,

I don’t press further. Instead, I start pulling out dresses from the closet—ones I’ve never even tried on before,

The first thing I **find** is **a** black dress with dearls design **and** I hold it up, examining it in **any** mind.

“No, not that,” he says.

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Ved, Feb 19 BO.

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Chapter 90

I pause, my eyes lighting up. So, he suddenly has an opinion on what I wear? Interesting. But I don’t want to ruin the moment, so I keep going.

I pull out an evening gown next.

“Oh, hell no,” he says immediately.

I giggle, enjoying his reaction. Amused, I decide to push it further, pulling out the most ridiculous outfits I can find—**dresses** that don’t even match the occasion he’s vaguely described.

Oh, Amica, we don’t have all day!” he says, striding toward the walk-in closet. He pulls out **a** sundress himself and places it in my hands.

“I’m waiting by the car,” he adds before walking out.

I quickly fix my hair and face, then follow him outside.

The ride is silent at first. I **reach** over and turn **on** the radio, but he switches it off immediately

“Why?” I ask

“**Because** I want to hear you,” he says.

“I’m not saying anything.” I reply, rolling my eyes.

“Your silence is loud enough for me, Amica. Your breathing, your thoughts, I need to protect you in any way I can.

The things you wish to say but never do, the things you keep buried deep inside—I am **not** letting that sound go.”

I don’t even understand what he means, but the depth of his voice makes everything sound intoxicating.

After a while we finally arrive.. at the beach.

I didn’t expect this.

Deckard isn’t the kind of man I associate with soft, peaceful places, yet here we are.

Without a word, he takes my hand, leading me toward the water. The view is breathtaking, the **waves** stretching endlessly before us.

And still, he doesn’t let go of my hand.

It was already evening, and the sun is setting, painting the sky in orange and pink. Deckard and I held hands as he wrapped his arm around my shoulders in what could only be described as a **romantic gesture**.

We sipped on coconut cocktails, watching the waves roll in. For the first time in a long while, I felt like I truly belonged.

The beach was empty—private, it seemed. A whole lounge had been reserved for us for the night, offering a perfect view of the **sea**.

As the night grew colder, I found myself pressed against **Deckard**, his arms securely wrapped around me. His body became my shield against the chill.

I couldn’t get enough of his warmth. I kept snuggling into him like a child seeking comfort, my body molding against his. And soon, I felt something else—a longing, I was longing for him even more.

My lips ached for his.

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Chapter 90

And as if he felt the same pull as his lips found mine, capturing em in a kiss so deep, so intoxicating, it made my head spin

He kissed **me** like no one ever had before—like I was something to be savored.

A soft moan escaped my lips as I melted into him, craving more starving for his touch like I had been deprived of love for far too long.

I wrapped my arms around him, my fingers tracing down his back to his waist. Slowly, he guided me down onto the sand. his lips trailing delicate kisses from my lips to my face, then down my chest.

A soft moan escaped me at the sensations he stirred within me. My body was already aching for him, but all he did was kiss me—slow, deliberate, teasing

Then, instead of taking things further, he laid beside me, pulling me close until my head rested on his chest. His warmth, his steady heartbeat, the way his arms held me—it should have been enough. But it wasn't.

“I want you, Deckard, I whispered shamelessly. I want you inside me.”

His body tensed beneath me, and when I looked up, I saw the flicker of surprise in his eyes.

“Are you sure?” he asked, his voice rough, uncertain.

The question made me smile. He knew he didn't need to ask for permission to make me feel good. Instead of answering with words, I kiss him, deep and slow, pouring every ounce of desire into it...