

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 91[1,457 words]

Chapter 91

Amica

He returns it, and I slowly climb on top of him as he wraps his arms around me, holding me tightly against him. I **can** feel the hardness of his **cock** as I settle onto his lap—I know he wants **me**.

The wind blows my hair from behind as Deckard runs **his hands** through it.

Our eyes meet in the midst of the passion, and it feels as if we're reading each other's minds. His golden eyes, glow by the moonlight, lock onto mine, and I find myself slowly biting my lower lip at the thought of having his full length inside me.

I want to ride him like he's mine, and the smoldering silence between us tells him the same.

He slides down the sleeve of my dress, his lips trailing from my neck to my chest. His hands work their way up my thighs, pulling my dress higher, until his fingers find my ass, kneading it like dough, sending sensation of pleasure through my body.

His tongue teases my nipple, I feel the heat pooling between my legs, the wetness growing as the ocean mist sprinkles over our bodies like a light shower. But all I want is Deckard—his cock, **his** touch, his everything.

I slowly grind against him, feeling the hardness beneath me as his hands **roam** over my body, exploring, claiming.

A soft moan escapes me, my hips moving on their own, desperate for more—desperate **to** take all of him.

My fingers find its way **down** between us, pressing against his length, stroking him through the fabric.

“Do you want me?” His voice is deep, **rough**, impossible to ignore

Inod, my breath fastening.

“How **much** he asks, his grip tightening as his hand wraps around my throat, making my pulse race.

“Very much...” I whisper, my voice trembling with need.

His eyes lock onto mine before his lips crash against mine in a kiss so deep, so hungry, it steals the air from my lungs.

“Show **me**...” he whispers against my **ear**.

And at this point, I **lose** all **control**.

I’m soaked, aching for him. My hands fumble with his belt, but Deckard helps me, both of us moving like we’re in a rush- like we **can’t** get to each other fast enough. His cock springs free, thick, hard, and perfect, standing tall as if begging to be buried inside me.

Lifting my hips, I adjust my position while Deckard grips my parties and rips them off with a singlemotion. The sound sends a shiver through me, my body already craving him. Then, lowly, he pushes his cock inside me.

I gasp as I feel the stretch by the way his cock fills **me** completely But before I can make another sound, he captures my lips in a deep, hungry kiss, swallowing my moans as I begin **to** move

I ride him slowly at first, rolling my hips, feeling every inch of him inside me. My body unable to hold back. Deckard leans back slightly, watching me, his golden eyes dark with desire, fixated on the way my breasts bounce with every nowement.

The friction is unbearable, I can feel my clit rubbing on him making me so wet and it is sending my body off to the land of pleasure.

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Chapter 91

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The ocean water moves in harmony with us, waves crashing gently against the shore, adding to the rhythm of our **passion**. It doesn’t disturb us—it only **makes** this moment feel perfect,

“That’s my **Luna**,” **Deckard** whispers, his breath hot against my son..

“You’re so beautiful...” His voice is thick with desire, and before I can respond, he flips me over, pressing my back against the cool, wet sand. He hovers **above** me, his golden eyes burning with desire

“I want to see your face when I make you come.”

And then he thrusts into me, deep and relentless. His **cock** stretches me, fills me, **as** he pounds into me with an intensity that makes

es my toes curl

“Oh yes, Deckard-“My voice is a broken **moan**,

The waves crash harder, I hear Deckard groan, his sounds mixing with mine as the saltwater licks at our bodies, heightening every sensation. The walls oof my pussy around him, gripping his cock him tighter with every thrust.

“Oh, you feel so good, my love,” he grunts, his pace didn’t slow.

I can’t form words-I’m too lost, too close

“I’m gonna cum so **hard**,” I pant, nails digging into his back as he drives into me, deep and perfect.

“Oh, you’re gonna make me cum-“His voice is strained, desperate. And then his lips crash into mine, his tongue find its way into my mouth, **kissing** me deeply as his body jerk; I felt the same way, too, the pleasure ripping through both of us at

“Ah fuck!” I exclaimed as I felt the gush of my hot cum spilling against his groin while he pour into me uncontrollably and pull himself out of me, collapsing on the sand just like me

The water crashes **over** us in a massive wave, drenching our bodies completely. Deckard pulls me up from the sand, his grip *firm yet gentle

“I won’t let the waves take my Luna!” he jokes, as he lifts me effortlessly into his arms. I laugh, wrapping my arms around his neck as he carries me toward the beach house, where **it’s** just the two of us-no distractions, no interruptions

By the time we step into the room, Deckard’s cock **is** already standing tall again, hard and eager. And to be **honest**? I’m not against it. If anything, I want him even more I wanted to taste it

The moment he places me on the bed, I reach for him, wrapping my fingers around his thick length. He stands before me. watching, as I lean in and take him into my mouth, tasting the sit on it first, which is the perfect seasoning to this raw meat.

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16:03 Wed, Feb 19.

Chapter 91

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16:03 Wed, Feb 19

Chapter 92

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 92[1,092 words]

Chapter 92

Chapter 92

Dane

I this man. My menage at work,

I need something beyond the natural to but I need more. I can’t take my chances by **relying** on them alone.

Then it clicks—I need the help of something with sharper, more discerning eyes than mine. And when I finally catch this person....

I take a trip out of town **to see** a known sorceress. Werewolves don’t usually associate with magic practitioners; their foolish magic is what led us here in the first place. But on rare occasions like this, their expertise becomes necessary.

It is forbidden in the werewolf world to meddle with magic or deal with sorcerers. Too many complications.

Werewolves and sorcerers have always had a love-hate relationship. Since the beginning of time, we have argued over who is stronger and who is truly cursed.

But the truth cannot be denied—sorcerers know a lot more about us than we do about ourselves. Evert the things we have yet to uncover, they already know. We are stronger, yes, but sorcerers are far more cunning. They possess knowledge, books filled with the history of werewolves and countless other supernatural beings.

I did my research a long time ago, back when I was obsessed with joining the Apex Circle. Thankfully, that obsession has faded—I'm already close to reaching my goal.

I remember Cameron telling me about a powerful sorcerer who lives in secret at the outskirts of town. He claimed she had the power to make me strong enough, attractive enough, to earn my place in the Apex Circle. At the time, it sounded like complete bullshit, but I won't lie—I considered it.

I wondered what it was going to cost me, and for a moment, I feared I didn't have enough to offer. But luck was on my side -I didn't have to think too hard before the perfect opportunity presented itself. Selling out to Deckard had its advantages.

the

Following the directions to Crow Valley, I arrived at the location but found nothing resembling a sorcerer's hideout. Doubt crept in, but I kept my focus. I asked around carefully, making sure not to draw too much attention. Eventually, I got right directions—another kilometer away from where I was. I got back in my car and drove.

I came upon a small bungalow, isolated, without fences or gates standing **alone** near the woods. This **had** to be it

Summoning my courage, I walked up to the house and knocked. The silence stretched before me, **thick** and unmoving. I **knocked** again, harder this time.

Finally, movement. A shadow shifted behind the window, and then, a voice—**sharp** and distrustful.

“What do you want?”

An older woman's voice drifted from inside.

“Are you Jezebel?” I asked.

“Yes. **Who's** asking?” she replied.

“Me. I need your help.”

A pause. Then, in a knowing tone, she said, “You’re a werewolf,”

I exhaled sharply “Please, can you let me in?” I asked, my voice ged with **urgency**.

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After a long moment, the door creaked open.

Stepping inside, I was immediately hit with the scent of herbs, burnt wood, and something metallic–blood, maybe. The living room was cluttered with strange decorations–animal skin hanging on the walls, jars filled with unknown substances, and candles melted into grotesque shapes.

I forced myself to ignore it, keeping my focus on why I was here

“I need your help finding a man,” I said, wasting no time. “The Scarface man.”

Jezebel’s expression didn’t change. “You know werewolves and sorcery are forbidden.”

“And you also know that we need each other,” I countered, holding her gaze.

Silence stretched between us, thick and heavy,

“This Scarface man.” she repeated, her voice slow **and** deliberate “I’m well aware that all of Blackwater is hunting him for the reward. So why would I hand him to you on a silver platter? I don’t even know you.”

I expected resistance, but I came prepared. “If it was so easy for you to walk into Blackwater and claim the prize yourself. why haven’t you done it yet?” I challenged. “You know you wouldn’t be welcomed. You have no way of reaching out to any other werewolf as desperate as I am.”

Jezebel’s sharp eyes studied me, but I pressed on.

“I need your help, Jezebel,” I said, my voice firm. “More than any other werewolf who might come knocking. I’m a passive member of the Apex Circle–I’ve been placed on probation. But once I find this Scarface **man**, I’ll become a full member. That means more than a million dollars in my pocket. I can give you half of it without breaking a sweat. Just help me.”

For a moment, she was silent. Then, suddenly, she threw her head back and laughed—a wild, unsettling cackle that sent a chill down my spine.

“Did I say something funny?” I asked, frowning in confusion,

“Oh yes, yes, something hilarious,” Jezebel chuckled, shaking her head. “You must think I’m a fool to believe you’d actually keep such promises.”

My jaw clenched. “What are you even talking about, woman?”

She leaned forward slightly, her piercing eyes locked onto mine may not know you, Dane, but in the few minutes you’ve been here, I can smell your **greed**.” Her voice was laced with something unreadable—mockery, maybe, or disdain. “Listen Alpha Dane, I don’t know who sent you here, but I’m sorry. I cannot help you” **She** said like she knows me more than she is letting out.

Her words hit me harder than I expected. “You think I’m lying scoffed. “There’s no greed in what I said. I will become a full member of the Apex Circle if I find this man. And one of the perks of membership is wealth and influence. A million dollars? That won’t be a problem. I’ll have much more.”

I was laying it all out, but Jezebel **wasn’t** buying it. Her expressio didn’t change. *If* anything, it hardened, like she had already **made** up her mind before I even walked in. *It wasn’t* just kepticism—I could tell she hated me for some reason

She seemed bent on denying me what I came for, filling her house with accusations like she had known me long before. But I didn’t inch

I took my pride, stood up, and walked out of her strange little bome.

I didn’t blame her. **She** simply didn’t know who I was

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But I planned to return soon—only this time, I wouldn’t come empty-handed.

I knew exactly what she wants.

Money.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 93[1,342 words]

16:04 Wed, Feb 14

Chapter 98

Chapter 93

Darth Blackthorn

The world thinks I'm dead. That I perished in the same plane crash that took my father's life.

But I didn't

I survived. **And** while I was gone, **that** bastard Deckard took everything that was supposed to be mine.

My mother always warned me. She told me Deckard was nothing more than a slave—a common servant whore who had seduced my father, tainting our bloodline. She said she poisoned my father's heart, twisting him, making him see Deckard as his rightful heir instead of me. At first, I didn't understand. But **as** the years passed, it became painfully clear.

I watched my father change. I saw the **way** he looked at Deckard as if he was some kind of **savior**, some prophesied leader destined to rule the Bloodbane Pack. They called **him** "Alpha" before he even earned it. They whispered about fate and destiny, spinning their foolish little prophecies as if they were undeniable truths.

It was all bullshit.

I am my father's son. His blood. His rightful heir. Before Deckard and his wretched mother crawled their way into our **lives**, I was everything to him. He took me everywhere, flaunted me before the pack, dressed me like the future Alpha I was born "to be. I was his pride. His legacy.

And then, just like that, I was nothing.

I stood there and watched as they called Deckard Alpha instead of me. Watched as they handed him what was supposed to be mine.

Until that damned prophecy came, everything was mine.

I didn't understand my mother's anger when Deckard and his servant of a mother were dragged back to the castle. Honestly I was excited—I thought I had gained a younger brother, someone to mold, someone to lead.

But then misfortune claimed his worthless mother, leaving Deckard **alone**. And instead of fading into obscurity where he belonged, the attention shifted entirely to him—especially my father’s.

They started calling him the Heir—a title that was mine long before he ever showed up. I was left in the dark, confused and infuriated.

He began doing things no one **thought** possible, feats **that** should **have** been beyond him. He’s my younger brother—where did this sudden strength come from? How could someone so insignificant rise so quickly!

It was **like** he had become some sort of celebrity, parading his newfound power among werewolves older and stronger than him. It sickened me, but it also made me see my mother’s rage in a new light.

One day, I finally voiced my frustrations to her, and she confined everything with a chilling calm. She told me that she was already working on a way to deal with it—deal **with him**

And in that moment, I understood the depth of her hatred—the same hatred **that** now burns within me.

I had no idea what *my* mother was actually **doing** to “handle” Deckard, but it didn’t seem like enough—because **he only** grew stronger, more influential. While she schemed in the shadows, thrived in the spotlight.

When we were teenagers, my father took **us** on a business trip oss four countries, a two-week *tour* meant to familiarize in with the family’s empire. *My* mother pulled me aside before we eft, her voice sharp with urgency. She told me to take charge, to use every opportunity to prove my worth, So I *did* exactly that

16:04 Wed 19 BO

Chapter 95

Everywhere we went, I stepped up. When my father introduced us to powerful allies, I presented myself as **a** strong son. I walked in his shadow, mirrored his confidence, did everything could to **make** him see me. I just wanted things to go back to the way they were—back when I was his pride, his chosen son

Then, on our way back to Blackwater, everything changed.

Somewhere mid-flight, the engines failed. There was no warning no time to react—the jer dropped out of the sky like a dying beast. I barely had a moment to process it before everything went black.

When I woke up, I was surrounded by wreckage. The jet was torn **apart**, pieces scattered and burning in the depths of an uncharted forest. The air reeked of smoke and blood.

I jumped to my feet, my heart pounding as I scanned the wreckage. My father—where was he? I called out, my voice echoing through the desolate forest. But it wasn't my father who answered.

It was Deckard.

He stumbled toward me, sobbing like the pathetic, weak child he had always been. And for the first time in years, I felt powerful again. I wasn't in his shadow anymore. He was the helpless one, and I was the strong, protective older brother. I told him everything would be fine, that I would take care of him. That I would protect him. And like the fool he was, he believed me.

Together, we searched for our father, scouring the wreckage, calling his name, but found nothing. When we returned to what was left of the jet, the flames had nearly died out, leaving behind only twisted metal and ash. That's when I saw them—two charred bodies inside the wreck.

Deep down, I knew the truth. My father was dead.

It was still early in the day, but I knew we couldn't stay in this place for long. Once night fell, the forest would become a hunting ground—and we would be the prey.

I turned to Deckard. Stay here. I told him I would find a way out, that I would get help.

I knew I would. I had always been the smarter one. The stronger one.

And so, I left him behind crying like a fool, begging me not to **go**.

The moment I saw my father's lifeless, burned body, I knew exactly what it meant. He was gone—dead. And that meant a new head of the Blackthorn family had to be chosen. Me.

Deckard was nothing. He was an outsider. He didn't deserve the title, and I was determined to make sure he never returned to Blackwater.

So I kept walking. I pushed forward through the endless wilderness, convinced I would find my way out. But time stretched and the more I walked, the more I realized—I was going in circles.

Still, I refused to give up. I wasn't weak. I **wasn't** going to die out there.

But **exhaustion** crept in, slow and merciless. My legs ached, my throat burned with thirst, and my mind felt sluggish. *I just* needed a moment—just one moment to rest.

I found a tree **and** slumped against it, closing my eyes for what thought would be only a second.

It was a mistake.

A deadly one.

When I woke **up**, something cold coiled around *my* shoulder. My eyes snapped open—and I was staring into the gleaming.

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Chapter 93

soulless eyes of a massive black cobra.

I screamed like a maniac, my voice echoing through the silent forest. The snake recoiled, startled by my outburst, but before I could react, its fangs sank deep into my chin

A sharp, searing pain shot through me, and instinct took over—yanked at the writhing serpent, its cold, scaly body twisting in my grasp. The venom burned, spreading like wildfire from my face down to my veins, but I didn't stop. I couldn't stop.

I ran

Blind. Reckless. Terrified.

I didn't know where I was going, didn't care. The only thing that mattered was getting away. But the venom was quick—it blurred my vision, turned my limbs weak. My legs wobbled beneath me, but I pushed forward, crashing through the dense forest like a wounded beast.

“Then-

My foot caught on something. A root? A rock? I didn't know.

All I knew was that the ground disappeared beneath me.

I tumbled, rolling down a steep hill, the world spinning in a violent blur. Thorns tore at my skin, stones bruised my body, **and** then—nothing.

I hit the valley floor with a sickening thud.

And everything went black.

AD

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No Ads

Chapter 94

Chapter 94

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 94[1,103 words]

Chapter 94

Darth

I tried to speak, to demand answers, but my tongue felt like lead in my mouth. My body refused to obey me. It was as if I had been buried alive within myself, trapped in this useless shell of flesh and bone.

I blinked furiously, desperate to let them know I was awake, that could hear them.

Then—finally—one of them noticed.

“Oh, look, he’s awake.”

A group of men gathered around me, their expressions a mixture of curiosity and amusement. Two women stood among them, one of them kneeling beside me.

“Damn, **his** face looks like shit,” one of the men sneered.

“This will **leave** a nasty scar, the woman muttered, her voice softer, almost...pitying. She dipped her fingers into **a** small container and **smeared** something cold onto my chin. The sting of it barely registered beneath the burning pain still coursing through my body.

““Who is he?” another voice chimed in.

Murmurs rippled through the group. They didn’t know who I was.

Good.

I

spent what felt like an eternity trapped in my own useless body unable to move, unable to speak. The sun had long since set, and I was left alone with my thoughts.

Deckard.

He **was** still out there. Alone. Scared.

I had abandoned him, hoping he'd never be found. But what if something had? What if he'd been attacked—by wolves, by wild animals, by something worse? What if he was already dead

For the first time, doubt crept into my mind. Well **that** just make things easier

I had my own problems to deal with.

The people who found me were strange. They weren't like the people from my world—the powerful, the sophisticated, the civilized. No, these were savages. They lived in huts made of wood and animal hide, deep in the wilderness. They had no technology, no rules. Their days were filled with hunting, fighting, and fucking—nothing else.

I didn't belong **here**.

Yet, I was still too weak to leave. My body refused to obey me. My voice remained trapped in my throat. Time blurred together, the days melting **into** nights as I remained bound to this crude excuse for a sickbed, waiting for my strength to

return.

At first, I resented them. They were weird and their **way** was emitive.

They weren't like **the** people I grew up with—the powerful, the refined. They were **savages**

But despite everything, I began **to** get used to them

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Chapter 91

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I learned **their** names, one by **one**. I watched the way they move, how they hunted, how they fought. And more than anything, I felt their care. They fed me, cleaned me, kept me warm, even though I was nothing to them. Even though I was weak, helpless—a burden.

Not everyone agreed that I should live. The oldest among them an elder with a face carved by time—suggested they put me out of my misery. He thought it was mercy. And maybe he was right

But Rover—one of the younger ones, around my age—disagreed

He was different from the rest. He was the one who sat beside me, even when I couldn't speak. He **was** the one who made sure late, who wiped the sweat from my fevered skin, who spoke to me even when I couldn't respond

And then, something changed.

I felt it first in my fingers—a small twitch. Then my toes. Then my legs.

At that moment, I noticed a faint shift in my body. My legs twitched, and my hand began to move, though not **with** enough strength to make a real difference. But it was something. It meant that all hope wasn't completely lost.

Despite losing track of time and gradually becoming accustomed to this place, **a** strange part of me had begun to see it as my home. Still, in the deepest part of my mind, my family was all I thought about. The only thing that mattered was getting **back** to them. But how could I possibly do that when I couldn't speak, couldn't communicate with these people?

Then, one day, a commotion broke out. A group of strangers stormed into the territory, attacking and killing **a few** of the people here without hesitation. It was chaotic. In the midst of it all, my friend **Rover** managed to slip a sharp dagger under me. I kept it hidden, hoping that somehow it would be useful.

A **tall**, intimidating man strode through the scene. He exuded authority, and everyone else seemed to cower before him. It was clear he was the leader, the one calling the shots. He gave a command, his voice powerful and decisive.

"Take them all hostage," he ordered.

*As they began rounding everyone up, one of his men found me, still lying motionless. He glanced down at me, confused and uncertain, and called out to his leader.

"We found something here, Alpha. What do we *do* with him?" One of the men **said** after seeing me

The leader, the one they called Alpha, turned his gaze toward me he had an aura of power, of danger. He wasn't just a man; he was something else, something more.

One of his men stepped closer, towering over me where I lay

That particular man laughed, but I didn't react. I couldn't.

"That's one ugly scar, man. It's practically defining your whole face. If were you, I'd kill myself!" he mocked,

He stepped **closer**, clearly enjoying my discomfort. My eyes darted around, unable to speak or defend myself

The leader—still grinning—suggested I be killed.

"Oh, **I'm** kidding!" he laughed again. "You can't even kill yourself you can't move!"

I seethed with fury, my anger building as I watched this man mock me without a care.

"Are you angry?" He bent over me, his face too close for comfort

"I couldn't *hear* what you were saying he sheered. "Were you rambling? Or **just** speaking In Irish! Or are **you** inter

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Chapter 94

I could feel the heat rising in my chest.

With a sudden burst of annoyance, I grabbed the knife hidden beneath me. The man leaned *in* closer, a grin on his face. oblivious to the danger.

I plunged the blade into his neck. His thick blood splattered all over me as he gasped and choked, his body jerk in a futile attempt to stay alive.

The men around us froze, shocked by the sudden violence. They reached for their weapons, ready to **attack**.

But the **man** who seemed to be their leader raised a hand, stopping them. His eyes locked onto mine, analyzing me from head to toe.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 95[2,131 words]

Chapter 95

Darth

“Get up,” the leader commanded.

I struggled, but my body refused to obey. It felt like an eternity since I had moved and I couldn't remember the last time I felt anything close to strength.

I tried **again**, pushing against the ground, my muscles burning with the effort. I managed to lift myself a few inches, but the agony was too much. Tears welled up in my eyes as I collapsed back onto the ground.

The man, watching in disbelief, marveled at my resilience. How I was, barely able to get up, and yet I had managed to kill one of their own.

“Pick him up!” he ordered,

Two of his men quickly obeyed, lifting me like a ragdoll and placing me on a horse. They carried me away, leaving behind the carnage—my fallen comrades, including my friend Polo.

I was transported, bound and helpless, to an unknown town. The place seemed less wild than the forest, and though I didn't recognize it, it felt more... civilized.

They locked me in a room, and I tried to move again, desperate to stand. But my body betrayed me. I fell to the floor, the struggle, the longing for freedom, felt pointless as I lay there, helpless.

The next day, a woman came to visit me in the room where I had been locked. She was a healer, sent by the leader of the rogue group. Her touch was gentle as she checked my body, assessing my injuries. She seemed very experienced.

Over the course of the month, my body grew stronger. I began to talk again, move around, and do things I had once thought impossible. For the first time, I stood in front of a mirror. The reflection staring back at me was not the same person who had fallen from that plane with my father and brother. I had grown, physically, but in every way. I had become a man.

I didn't know how much time **had** passed since that crash. I had been 15 then, but **now**, I was no longer that boy. I had changed, and the world had changed with me.

The group that had taken me in—these rogues—had become my new reality. I had learned their ways and their brutal lifestyle. Once I was strong enough, I joined them on their raids against packs. It was violent, thrilling, and I grew stronger with each battle.

I felt myself becoming more powerful.

One day, as we were gathered around a campfire, I overheard something that made my heart stop. The name “Alpha Deckard” was spoken with such reverence, they called him “the pha of alphas”. I knew immediately it was him.

All the time I **had wasted** in the wilderness, had allowed my stepbrother to take the **position** that was rightfully mine. He had already established himself in my place.

But I refused to accept that it. All I needed was my mother’s support, but Blackwater **was** a long way from where I was

The only way to regain what is mine was to become the best rogue I could ever be. And that’s exactly what I did I became feared, becoming one of the strongest among the rogues. But even with all my strength, Raphael, the leader of our **rogue** group hindered me though he had been a good mentor. **But** in the rogue world, there could only be one leader one **master**. Just like the saying: “Two Alphas cannot dwell in a pack.”

So, I had to take him **out**. It was the only **way** forward.

6:04 Wed,

Chapter 95

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Once I had claimed my rightful position, I journeyed from one town to another, leaving destruction in my wake until I finally reached the outskirts of Blackwater. The closer I got, the louder the name “Alpha Deckard” rang. It became an anthem, his name was all people sang

The stories told of his strength, how he had fortified Blackwater and made it nearly impenetrable. The place that once felt like my home had now become a fortress, stronger **than** I could have ever imagined.

I could have done that too, and there was nothing particularly special about what Alpha Deckard had done. He might have fortified Blackwater, but to me, it didn’t seem like a monumental feat.

Still getting into Blackwater wouldn’t be easy, especially with the defenses surrounding it.

Even though I had super strength, I knew that wouldn’t be enough. There had to be more—more **than** just power.

One day, there was **an** unexpected visitor in our territory. At first my men were on high alert, unsure whether this man posed a threat, but he assured them he wasn’t here for trouble. He was here to speak with the head and king of the rogues.

I told my men to let him in. When he stepped closer, his features became clearer, and I froze. He looked so familiar. It took me a moment, but then it hit me—this man was Uncle Colin.

He didn't recognize me, of course. He stood before me, talking about his desire to join our army to punish the bastard, who had taken something from him—something that belonged to him.

I didn't let him finish. I commanded him to **look** at my face, desperate for him to see who I was. Slowly, I revealed my identity to him, but he couldn't believe it. He scanned my features in disbelief, holding my hand and gazing deeply into my eyes.

His eyes widened, **and** a rush of emotion took over.

"It's you." His voice cracked. 'Oh, how are you alive after all these years. How did you survive?' He was flooded with questions, his voice trembling a

I told him what had happened, how I'd been left to die in the wilderness, how I **had** survived, and how I had become part of the rogue group. I told him that I am here now to reclaim what belonged to me but first I needed to see my mother.

Before I could finish, a silence fell between us, "Where is my mother?" I asked but his expression changed. He sighed deeply, "Oh, dear Darth... I'm so sorry," he said quietly. "**Your** mother died the moment she thought you were dead. She couldn't take it. After the plane crash, a search party was sent to the wilderness where the plane had gone down, but they found Deckard... alone."

He paused before continuing.

"The moment Deckard returned, I was only allowed to lead the pack for two years. He grew stronger, and soon, the pack began demanding that he take over. Everyone supported him, and they relieved me of my position as acting Alpha. He took **over**, and since then... he's made my life a living hell. You're not going to believe it, He banished me from Slackwater City for no reason. **Power's** gotten **to** his head. He needs someone to **keep** him in check. But... it's a miracle you're alive. This means you truly are the chosen one, and Deckard has just been warming your seat in your absence

I got anger **rising** within me, my city, my birthright, stolen by that bastard. He had taken everything from me—my family, my home—and now, he dared to take my place.

I stood up, fury boiling, ready to march straight into Blackwater City and confront him. But before I could step, Uncle Colin's hand shot out, stopping **me**.

“No, Deckard is too strong for you right now. You need to empower yourself. You truly have the *blood* of the dragon, but you need more than **that** to take him down

Uncle Colin introduced me to a sorcerer, Cleopatra who had *the* power to fortify me, to enhance my abilities **beyond** could imagine, I was bestowed me *with* powers. I became more an just a rogue, I became an unstoppable force, a being

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Chapter 95

fear and power.

The powers the sorcerer gave me made it easy to control the rogue factions, bending them to my will as though they were nothing more than puppets. I promised them the world, the power they craved, and in return, they pledged their loyalty to me, swearing to never reveal who I truly was to anyone. They only know me as scarface man

Rogues came from far and wide, eager to join my powerful army. I had become an untouchable force, a leader whose name would strike fear into anyone who dared oppose me. This newfound power made it easy to move through territories, including Blackwater itself, whenever I pleased.

It wasn't long before I learnt that Deckard, despite all his strength, had remained mateless.

The prophecy surrounding him spoke of a mate, one who would not only solidify his position as the Alpha of Alpha but **make** him nearly invincible. I used to think that prophecy **was** just a ridiculous tale, a myth told to elevate the stakes of his **reign**. Deckard had found his mate.

The sorcerer, told me that one thing could make me even more powerful than Deckard—his mate. **You** see, I wasn't just rogue leader with an army at my back. I had the blood of dragon flowing through my veins, a rare and dangerous gift that amplified my strength. But the bond between me and the Elderbowl woman—Deckard's fated mate—would strengthen my powers beyond measure, making me untouchable.

So, I began to formulate a **plan**. I would kidnap her. Amica, the one who could shift the balance of power in my favor. She was the key to destroying Deckard's reign.

Amica, wasmny

ticket to everything I'd ever wanted. Her capture would mark the beginning of my rise, not just as a rogue leader, but as the true Alpha—the one who could control Blackwater, the rogue clans, and anything else that dared to challenge me.

I started making my preparations, every **detail** of the plan mapped. The rogues who had joined me, loyal and hungry for power, were ready for anything. With my newfound strength and the sorcerer's dark magic fortifying me. I had the upper

hand.

My power is already unmatched,

I had no intention of revealing myself to Deckard until I was stronger than him. My first attack came after I sent my men to ambush his men at the Blackwater firewall. The plan was simple—overpower his forces to make a statement.

The plan to take **amica** had not yet been established but Deckard, foolish to bring her along to the battlefield.

Those rogues knew that they would be rewarded greatly for abducting her so they took their chance.

But he managed to stop the attack, and the attempt failed.

The **second** time, I struck during the Apex Circle ceremony, I had confirmed she would be introduced to the most powerful packs, and this time, my attack was calculated to instill fear. With the help of my sorcerer, Cleopatra, I commanded terror into the hearts of everyone present—including Deckard. The skies darkened, and under their shadow, my brainwashed wolves attacked relentlessly. I was ready to take Amica with me. But once again, I failed—though I made sure they would never forget the message I left behind.

The third time was when I heard the news of their marriage. There was no way I would allow it to happen—marriage meant they would **consummate** their bond and produce an heir. By then, it would be too late to stop them.

The wedding seemed inevitable, but luckily, our sources informed us that the Luna was already pregnant. At first, the news **was** a shock, but Aishat assured **me** it was perfect.

“All we need now is the blood of that child,” she said, her voice bimming with certainty. “A full dragon's blood. Once you take it in, you'll be **as** strong—no, even stronger than your brother. And once you have the Emberlowl Luna, you will seal your bond with her, making you untouchable.”

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When I heard the news, I was overjoyed. I planned the successful kidnapping of the Luna, certain that victory was within my grasp. But when we finally got to her, she **was** already bleeding

She had lost the baby.

Cleopatra, however, didn't let that deter us. "Get the baby's blood from her, the commanded.

The complications of her pregnancy caused some delays in our escape, but once we managed to move, we headed back Cleopatra was prepared waiting for us in her aboder to perform the ritual—one that would transform me into a full dragon- blood Alpha. She would also possess Amica to reject Deckard and bond with me instead.

But things didn't go as planned.

They found us. They took Collin

Now, I have nothing. No Luna. No Collin. All that remains is the blood of the unbom heir.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 96[1,114 words]

Chapter 96

Darth

"I received a **strange** visitor today," Cleopatra **says** after I hand her the blood sample of Deckard's dead heir. I lay down shirtless **as** she instructed, while she paints my body with some substance to perform the rite to fortify me.

"I don't believe you ever get normal visitors! I mock.

"Surprisingly, I thought of an idea after I sent this visitor off..." she says.

"Tell me,

who was this visitor?" I grow more curious.

"Some man named Dane. He happens to be Amica's ex-mate. He wants me to help find you to claim the ransom.

Really? For ransom? I heard about **that**. I feel sorry for any **man** who thinks he can capture me for a ransom!" I snort

“This man has an obsession with Deckard and wants everything he has. **It’s** obvious he won’t stop at anything to get what he wants,” she says and begins to whisper a spell.

Suddenly, I feel a hot sensation burning inside my body.

““Ah! What are you doing to me?!” I yell out, feeling as if I’ve been set ablaze.

Cleopatra’s eyes dart around in confusion. “I don’t understand it’s not supposed to burn this much!” She begins casting more spells. “You are of the dragon blood clan too, aren’t you?” she **asks**, clearly confused.

“Get it off me, you witch!” I growl dangerously.

She casts a different spell to revoke the former one, and I see the blood leave my body, splattering onto the floor. The heat gradually fades. My body is **now** drenched in sweat, my skin flushed red.

I jump off the table, my fangs and claws bared, and pin Cleopatra down in anger.

“What did you do to **me**? You wasted the blood! Why didn’t it work?!” I yell

“I don’t know it’s supposed to work! You are your father’s son, and the blood should run within all of his children.. unless..”

She **goes** quiet.

“Unless what?” I yell angrily, though deep down, I have an idea of what she’s suggesting. But that can’t be true. I am a true Blackthorn! The first son of my father!

I release my grip from Cleopatra’s neck.

“Unless you are not the true son of your father...” she says.

“Shut up!” I **roar**.

“That is the only explanation, Darth. There is no reason this ritual should fail,” she continues.

“No... no... you don’t know what **you’re** talking about! It’s your stupid spell—you’re reciting nonsense! If you need **more** money, just say it instead of speaking **such** blasphemy!” I snap, storming out of the room.

Fury burns inside me as I leave the toxic air of Cleopatra’s lies, edging space to **breathe**.

How could she say that to me?

16:04 Wed, Feb 19 EO.

Chapter 96

Who the hell does she think she **is**?

People always say I look so much like my **father**, so how is it possible that the spell didn't work?

Has Cleopatra lost her power? Has she become incapable of doing magic? That stupid witch!

As I stroll through the woods, I sense danger lurking nearby. But ignore it. The storm inside me is far greater **than** any threat out here. I keep walking, kicking up dirt in frustration, my mind spiraling with anger.

Then—crack!

Something heavy slams against the **back** of my head

I stumble forward, dazed, but before I can recover—crack—and then a brutal strike lands, harder this time. Pain explodes through my skull as I stagger, struggling to stay upright.

Slowly, I turn

A man stands there, gripping a heavy iron bar, his hands trembling. His eyes lock onto mine, wide with terror.

He swallows hard.

And I grin

He raised the iron rod again, aiming for my skull.

This time, the blow sent me crashing to the ground. I felt warm blood trickling down my neck, but weakness wasn't an option. No, I was too busy thinking of all the **ways** I was going to make this bastard suffer.

He stepped closer, thinking I was done. Fool.

The moment he was within reach, I struck— a brutal kick to **his** knee. A sickening snap echoed in his leg, followed by his agonized scream.

Before I could enjoy his pain— WHAM!

A second blow, harder than the **last**, slammed into the back of my head. Shit. There's someone else!

I felt Dizzy, my vision blurring as my back hit the ground.

"He's mine!" A raspy growl erupted from behind me, and suddenly, chaos broke loose. Two figures clashed in a violent struggle, their snarls and grunts filling the air.

They're all here for the ransom.

Damn you, Deckard.

The thought alone sent a fresh wave of fury through me,

I pushed off the ground, shaking off the haze, and turned my attention back to the **one** I had crippled. He was trying to escape, dragging his broken leg behind **him**.

Coward.

lunged, grabbing him by the neck, my claws sinking deep into his flesh. He let out a strangled gasp, his body trembling beneath my grip.

I squeezed harder

16:04 Wed, Fe

Chapter 96

No mercy.

He screamed **in** agony, mumbling incoherent pleas **as his** body convulsed.

In the midst of his cries, his face began to shift- **his** primal instincts taking **over**

I didn't give him the chance.

7

Gripping his jaw with both **hands**, I yanked- ripping his upper jaw clean from the lower. A grotesque snap echoed through the night as flesh and bone tore apart. He shifted back to human, his body failing under the unbearable pain. His mouth- or what was left of it- gaped open in a silent scream, blood pouring down his exposed throat.

I didn't stop until I was sure there was no coming back from this.

Only when his mangled body thudded against the dirt did I release him.

One down.

I turned my attention to the other two still locked in battle. In a flash, I grabbed one and slammed him to the ground, my boot crunching against his face.

The other one ran.

Coward.

You ca

u can't get away from me," I called after him, my voice dark with amusement. "Might as well come out now and settle this like men."

I could smell him. An Alpha.

He hesitated, his scent thick with fear—then, suddenly, he bolted

I gave him a head start.

Then, I chased him down.

He took a familiar road, twisting through the trees with desperate speed. *I* followed easily, i gap. Then he turned sharply— straight into a gate.

every step, closing *the*

My gate.

I stopped, smirking **as** realization dawned.

He just ran into my house.

1 let him go in.

Then, after a brief pause, 1 followed.

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AD

Comment

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 97[1,280 words]

Chapter 0

Chapter 97

Dane

It isn't long after I leave the witch's mansion that I notice rogues hurking nearby, surveying the area. Something's off. They look like they're searching for something-or someone.

That alone is enough to make me stick around.

They must have seen something.

I crouch low in the bushes, moving carefully, making sure **not** to draw any attention. I trail them....

Then, after what feels like an eternity, I see him.

The scar-faced man.

He walks casually, as if he's just another ordinary person going about his day. But I **know** better. I don't need to know his name or what he truly looks like-his scar tells me everything. That, and the way the werewolves are closing in on him.

I stay hidden, watching as they strike. One of them swings an iron rod, the force behind it strong enough to shatter bone. The metal connects with his **skull**, the sound sharp, brutal.

That's it. That's all I need.

I just need him to go down. Let these fools do my dirty work-then I'll claim the reward myself.

But this scar-faced man is strong. The way he snaps his attacker's leg like a twig, then smashes the other's head beneath his foot-it's not ordinary.

And he doesn't stop there.

He brutalizes the man's body so viciously that the poor fool loses control of his transformation. I've never seen anything like it before. He doesn't just kill him-he tears his entire face apart,

The second attacker lands a solid hit, knocking him to the ground. This is my chance.

Or at least, it should have been.

But things take a turn for the worse. This man is too strong. And when his eyes lock onto me, the chase begins.

I can let h

him catch me.

There's no way I **can**

Then I remember—Cleopatra's house **isn't** far from here.

I bolt, running as fast as my legs will carry me, **taking** the same route that brought me here. My heart pounds, my breath ragged, but I push forward,

Up ahead, I see the **massive** house. I run faster. I have to make it.

Luckily, I see the gate.

No one **was** guarding it when I passed earlier, which I found strange—but right now, I don't care.

I run for my life.

But he's chasing me.

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Chapte

My mind is all over the place, scrambling for a way to lose him to escape this nightmare. Then I see it—the gate.

Without hesitation, I dash inside, slamming the door behind me and sprinting through the **halls**. I don't stop until I reach the living room—the **same** place I first met Cleopatra.

Panting, I turn to her

“Please, help me!” I gasp, barely able to breathe. “That scar-faced man—he's after me! This is the best time for you to use your power and capture him. I'll give you half of the reward—just cast your spell. Please!”

I beg.-

Cleopatra barely glances at me, her expression indifferent.

“You’re the last person I expected to see,” she says, sounding completely unbothered.

I grit my teeth. “**This** is urgent, Cleo! That man is coming for my life—help me!”

Suddenly, I hear footsteps behind me.

A slow, deliberate stride.

Then a voice—dark, amused.

“Looks like we have ourselves a little reunion.”

My breath catches in my throat. I turn, and there he is—Scarface

I freeze, my whole body going cold. Shit.

“Please.. please don’t kill me. I stammer, my voice cracking as crumble into desperate begging

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He scoffs. “Oh Weren’t you the one trying to kill me? Now you’re begging me for mercy?” He steps closer, his eyes dark and unreadable. Tsk, tsk. Don’t switch sides so easily.”

“No, I—I wasn’t trying to kill **you**, it’s—it’s-

“Let him go, Darth.”

Cleopatra’s voice cuts through the **tension**.

Darth doesn’t stop. He keeps advancing until my back hits the wall.

My breath hitches. Wait.. did she just say his name?

“You—you know this man? The **words** tumble out of my mouth before I can stop them.

Darth **smirks**, his dark gaze burning into me. “What, is he your new favorite client now? His voice drips with venom,

Cleopatra ignores my question.

Instead, she sighs and says, “This is exactly what I was going to tell you before you stormed off in anger

My question hangs was ignored.

Then Cleopatra says something that makes the entire room still

“That is Amica’s ex-husband.”

Chapter 97

A heavy silence

Cutles between US.

75%面

I glance at Darth. His expression shifts—just for a second—but catch it. Shock. Recognition. Something deeper.

He knows her.

And if he knows her, then maybe... maybe she matters. Not just to him, but to everyone here.

That’s when it clicks.

My only way out of this is to give them what they want. And what they want... is Amica.

I straighten, **forcing** a smirk. “Yes, she’s right. I’m Amica’s ex-mate. We were together for two years before I sold her off to Alpha Deckard.”

The words barely leave my mouth before Darth lunges.

“You sold your mate to another man?!” His voice is a furious snarl, his fist colliding with my jaw so **hard** it lifts me off the ground.

Pain explodes through my skull as I hit the floor, gasping. Shit.

I should have picked my words more carefully.

“Don’t kill him.” Cleopatra’s voice is calm, almost indifferent—like she’s making a casual suggestion.

th’s nostrils flare as he glares down at me, “What use could this worthless fool possibly be? He’s the reason for all of this the first place!”

Cleopatra only shrugs. That’s for me to decide.”

Darth ignores her, **his** rage burning hot. “Tell me—why did you sell your wife off for some money, huh?”

I scramble for an answer, desperate to save myself. “Oh no, sir. he cheated on me—

“Oh, shut the hell up!” His roar shakes the room, and I flinch. “You think I’ll believe **that?!?**”

His eyes burn with fury as he steps closer. “You’re desperate for money. **That’s** all you care about. You came here to claim the bounty on my head, didn’t you? You’re **an** insatiable, worthless piece of filth who would sell his own soul for a few coins!”

He doesn’t wait for my response.

His fist slams into my gut.

I double over, gasping, pain exploding in my stomach. My teeth clamp down on my tongue so hard I taste blood—metaltic and bitter, flooding my mouth.

I’m going to die here.

“Wait—no, wait!” I gasp, but another punch slams into my gut.

Pain explodes through me as I bite down on my tongue, the sharp tang of **blood** filling my mouth.

“You’re right, sir! Please. I wheeze, my vision swimming. His **rage** isn’t fading—it’s like I’ve become the perfect outlet for whatever fury has been brewing inside him long before I even get

here.

Then, Cleopatra **speaks** again. “Darth don’t kill **him**. He’ll be useful to us.”

Aapter 97

Her voice is cool, calculated—like she’s waiting, savoring the moment before stepping in.

Darth hesitates, breathing hard.

“He’ll help us get Deckard and Amica, Cleopatra continues smoothly. “Look at him—he’s already broken. Might as well make use of him.”

I barely register her words before Darth grabs me by the collar and hauls me up.

“Did you hear her?” His voice is a low growl, his breath hot against my face. “You’re going to help us get **Deckard** and Amica whenever we need them. And if you refuse—His grip tightens will hunt you down. No matter where **you** run.”

I barely have time to process his words before his fist collides with my face one last time.

Everything goes black.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 98[3,055 words]

Chapter 98

Dame

That ugly-**faced** son of a bitch! He threw me around like a ragde. The humiliation burns hotter than the pain. I’ve never felt this embarrassed before.

Thankfully, no one who **knows** me saw it. No one who matters. But still—damn it! Why did I go after him? I should have just stayed hidden, watched from **a** distance, and then come back with reinforcements. He’s obviously too strong for me, but no -I had to be reckless, had to follow him like a fool.

And now? Now I’m tangled in their plan to trap Deckard. I don’t have a choice but to play along—for now. They’ve turned me into their errand boy, but I refuse to be just that I need to think my way around this, make it work in my favor.

I drag myself back to my house, beaten and battered. The moment my men see me, they rush over, eyes wide with concern.

“Boss, what happened?”

“Leave me the fuck alone,” I snap, shoving past them and storming inside.

Slamming the door behind me, I collapse onto a chair, gripping my **head**.

They want me to trick Deckard into an ambush. Not a bad plan—except I can’t let him die before he hands me my one million dollars. That money is mine, and I’ll be damned if I walk **away** empty-handed.

But what does this ugly, scar-faced **bastard** even want from Amic? Since when did she become so damn important that everyone is after her?

Darth or was it Dean that Cleopatra called him?

Scarface might be right about one thing. This is my fault **Selling** Amica off was the biggest mistake I ever made,

I should **have** sold her to the Apex Circle instead—before Deckard even knew I existed. That way, none of this mess would **have** ever touched me.

And Cleopatra—she caught me off guard. Who is she to him? His mother? That would explain a lot. No wonder she refused to help me find him, even after I offered her half the reward.

None of that matters now. What matters is getting Deckard's attention. And I know exactly how to do it. He has no choice but to come to me—because I have what he wants.

I need to bargain for something bigger.

If Deckard captures the scar-faced bastard in the planned ambush—and I believe he will—I'll get my prize money. But that's not enough. No, I need more. Something bigger. And I know exactly what to ask for.

I step into the bathroom, **washing** away the blood and filth clinging to me. The hot water stings against my **bruised** skin, but I let it. Once I'm clean, I throw myself onto the bed, exhaling sharply.

I need a woman's touch. And as much as I **hate** to admit it, the first name that comes to mind is Amica. **Damn**, I miss her.

But she's far out of reach.

So I settle for the next best thing—Mary.

The thought of her excites me. I grab my phone and text her, keeping it short and urgent, Come now. I have **news**

Two hours later, I hear **a knock** at the **door**, One of my men directs her to my room, and the moment I sense her presence

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de, I open up.

Her sharp eyes scan me from head to toe. "What the hell happened to you? And where are your clothes?"

“It doesn’t matter what happened to me,” I say, leaning against the doorframe. “But as you can see, I’m in bad shape. I just needed your touch to feel better.”

Mary’s eyes narrow, scanning the bruises on my chest. “What happened to you?” Her tone shifts from irritation to concern.

I force a smirk. “Oh, it’s nothing to worry about... just settling some bad blood with the enemies.” I hope she’ll let it go.

“Since when do you have enemies? I thought you wanted to be a prominent member of the Apex Circle? Members don’t **act like** this! Did you get into a street fight **with** rogues?”

“Of course not, Mary! Why are you so adamant about this?” I sigh. “It’s nothing to worry about. I called you here to n feel good, not to rant back and forth about my scars. I miss you

Her expression hardens. “Hey, **you** can’t just call me over whenever you want because you’re horny.”

I smirk, stepping closer. “Why? Do you have a man who needs you as much **as** I do?”

Her face shifts—from anger to something softer, something almost **sad**. I catch it in her eyes before she looks away.

make me

“It’s hell, Dane! I want her gone.. Since she came into our lives, all my happiness disappeared I can’t remember the last time Deckard looked at me or even touched me!” Mary’s voice trembles as she cries.

I reach out, brushing a tear from her cheek. “Oh, I’m **so** sorry about that I couldn’t stop thinking about you.I knew you weren’t happy—that’s why I had to call..”

She snuffles, looking at me with weary eyes.

“Don’t worry al murmur, pulling her closer. “It will all be over soon.”

I pull her closer, my fingers tracing along her jaw as I cup her face. Her lips are soft beneath mine, and when I press against them, she doesn’t hesitate—kissing me back just as hungrily.

My hands slide down her waist, gripping her soft hips as I pull her flush against me. The warmth of her breath mingles with mine, and when my tongue darts into her mouth, she meets me eagerly.

A soft sigh escapes her as I squeeze her ass, my fingers digging in just enough to make her shiver. She pulls back slightly, her lips brushing against mine as she whispers,

“I need you to make me feel good, Dane-”

I feel her soft hands slipping off his boxers, exposing my hardening **cock**, I can feel her body slide up over **his again**, and her soft breast presses into his face. I seek **out** her nipple and suck it into MY mouth, finding it already hard, wiggle my tongue tip over the hard nub as he keeps on sucking her breathing is so and warm on his face.

She unzips her top, offering them to me, and I place my mouth on her nipple and greedily suck into his mouth. She sighs **softly**. Slowly sucking her soft breast and hard nipple in my mouth, she slides down on me, and her lips seek out mine, and she pushes her hot body tightly against mine; I try to pull her back to me, but with slight resistance, she moves down my body.

I let her go, her nipples trace a trail down my sore body, and I can feel my hard, **throbbing** cock push between her soft breasts. She stops, and I can feel her breasts squeezing harder around his shaft; I glance down at her and see her pressing her breasts together with my cock sandwiched between them, and she starts to move her breasts up and down my throbbing shaft. I close my eyes and groan softly as **her** velvety skin brushes over my sensitive shaft; I lay **back**, closing my eyes in pleasure. I jump slightly as a warm, wet feeling clamps over the head of my cock; I feel her breasts moving from his cock as

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Chapter 98

her mouth pulls me in deeper.

rip her **hair** in one hand, and She starts to slowly bob her head up and down over his groin, her soft hair brushing over my thighs as her hot mouth sucks on his throbbing **cock**. Her tongue dances **around** my shaft, and to add more sensation, I breathe deeply.

Her long fingers find my balls and gently start to fondle them, her hand gently milking his balls **as** she adds her hand to her mouth, squeezing firmly as she licks and sucks on my cock. I let go of her hair and grip my sheets, clenching my teeth and squeezing my eyes tightly shut, suppressing his loud moan of pleasure. Her mouth and hands feel like a soft wet vice milking my cock **and** balls; I feel the pressure building at the base of his **cock** and gasp softly for breath.

“I’m going to cum”

Her

hand slips away from my shaft, and her mouth and throat engulf his cock, taking him deep into the hot depths of her mouth; unable to hold **back** anymore, I release my pent-up orgasm. It feels like my body explodes in absolute pleasure as my cum erupts from my body and down her throat; she pulls back slightly, resting the head of my jerking cock at the opening of her throat, swallowing his cum as it pumps from his **body**.

My body slumped back into the bed, gasping for breath, but I wasn't done with it

I open her up, **taking** off her g-string to reveal her warm pussy, which was inviting me,

I place my tongue on her clit, massaging it with precision.

As I **watch** her body react as she opens it wilder while moaning softly in pleasure, I eat her up, tasting her juicy wetness

I inserted myself inside her as I felt her expand to my cock. She grabbed onto me, her hand pressing on my painful sore body, but the pain only made me moan in pain and pleasure as I fuck her.

Her moans got more intense, and I could tell that I make her feel so good.

She wrap her legs tightly **around** my waist holding me down, as her body jerked to her cumming before we both finally collapsed oirthe bed together.

While Mary fell into slumber after cumming aggressively, I couldn't help but notice that she tastes different. Could this be because of what she said?

I don't know why hearing that Deckard has not touched her in awhile concerned me. I should be happy! I am glad that she might **finally** look my way if Deckard refuses to give her love and attention, but I am not.

I can't taste Deckard in her anymore. I can't feel him in her either.

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Maybe it's just the exhaustion from today-the humiliation, the pain, the endless scheming. My head **is** a mess.

Of course, I still want Mary. She's smart, she's dangerous, and she knows how to get things done.

I still want her..

I think.

Chapter 981

outside, I open up,

Her sharp eyes scan me from head to toe. “What the hell happened to you? And where are your clothes?”

“It doesn’t matter what happened **to me**,” I say, leaning against the doorframe. “But as you can see, I’m in bad shape. I just

needed your touch to feel better.”“

Mary’s eyes narrow, scanning the bruises on my chest. “What happened to you?” Her tone shifts from irritation to concern.

I force a smirk. “Oh it’s nothing to worry about.. just settling some bad blood with the enemies. I hope she’ll let it go.

“Since when do you have enemies? I thought you wanted to be a prominent member of the Apex Circle! Members don’t act like this! Did you get into a street fight with rogues?”

“Of course not. Mary! Why are you so adamant about this?” I sigh. “It’s nothing to worry about. I called you here to make **me** feel good, not to rant back and forth **about** my scars. I miss you

Her expression hardens “Hey, you can’t just call me over whenever you want because **you’re horny.**”

I smirk, stepping closer. “Why? Do you have a man who needs you as much as I do?”

Her face shifts from **anger** to something softer, something almost sad. I catch it in her eyes before she looks away.

“It’s hell, Danel I want her gone. Since she came into our lives, my happiness disappeared: I can’t remember the last time **Deckard** looked at me or even touched me!” Mary’s voice trembles as she cries.

I reach out, brushing a tear from her cheek. “Oh, **I’m** so sorry about that. I **couldn’t** stop **thinking about** you I knew you weren’t happy—that’s why I **had** to call..”

She snuffles, looking at me with weary eyes.

“Don’t worry! murmur, pulling her closer. “It will all be over soon.”

I pull her closer, my fingers tracing **along** her jaw **as** I cup her face. Her lips are soft beneath mine, and when I press against them, she doesn’t hesitate—kissing me back just as hungrily

My hands slide down her waist, gripping her soft hips as I pull her flush against me. The warmth of her breath mingles with mine, and when my tongue darts into her mouth, she meets me eagerly.

A soft sigh escapes her as I squeeze her ass, my fingers digging in just enough to make her shiver. She pulls back slightly, her lips brushing against mine as she whispers,

“I need you to make me feel good, Dane..”

I feel her soft hands slipping off his boxers, exposing my hardening cock; I can feel her body slide up over his again, and her soft breast presses into his face. I seek out her nipple and suck it into MY mouth, finding it already hard; I wiggle my tongue tip over the hard nub as he keeps on sucking her breathing is so and warm on his face.

She unzips her **top**, offering them to me, and I place my mouth on her nipple and greedily suck into his mouth. She sighs softly. Slowly sucking her soft breast and hard nipple in my mouth, she slides down on me, and her lips seek out mine, and she pushes her hot body tightly against mine, I try to pull her bars to me, but with slight resistance, she moves down my body

I let her go, her nipples trace a trail down my sore body, and I can feel my hard, throbbing **cock** push between her soft breasts. She stops, and I can feel her breasts squeezing harder and his shaft, I glance down at her and see her pressing her breasts together with my **cock** sandwiched between them, and she starts to move her breasts up and down my throbbing **shaft**. I close my eyes and groan softly as her velvety **skin** brushes over my sensitive shaft. I lay back, closing my eyes in pleasure. I jump slightly as a warm, wet feeling clamps over the bead of my cock; I feel her breasts moving from his cock **as**

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Chapter 98

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I think.

3/4

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 99[1,157 words]

Chapter 99

Amica

I plan to take a walk around the city today, but Deckard won't agree. I hate being confined in this house for so long, **all** in the name of staying safe.

Although things have been surprisingly calm between us, I still believe that all the care he shows me is out of sympathy for my situation. But despite that, I find myself missing him whenever he's not around.

I still think about the pregnancy I lost, but I brush it off whenever it creeps into my mind—I've accepted it as fate. In a way, it brought Deckard **and** me closer than ever, so much so that I no longer entertain the thought of running away.

I've seen Mary once or twice, but she hasn't been the pain in the ass she usually is. I think Deckard put her in her place well enough.

But what worries me the most is this feeling inside me. It's like I've completely fallen for him.

The moment I see him, my mood brightens, everything in me comes alive especially my silly wolf. But when he's not here, I crave him so badly, my mind flooded with flashes of our nights **together**, overwhelming me.

"It's too risky. Amica. I promised I'd never let anyone come near you, and I meant it," he says firmly.

"But I'm tired, Deckard. I **can't** be stuck in here forever." I protest, frustrated

"I understand how you feel, but it's better to be stuck than sorry There are dangerous people out there looking for you. Id **be** a fool to let you go out there," he says,

His refusal only fuels my anger. Without another word. I turn and storm out of the living room.

An hour later a knock at my door pulls me from my thoughts. One of the servants stands there, her expression neutral.

"The Alpha requests you meet him at the car. He's waiting for you," she says.

"Waiting as in.. he's leaving?" I **ask**, my pulse quickening.

"It seems so," she replies.

Without hesitation. I dismiss her then grab a coat from my closet and rush outside. Deckard is already seated in the car, his posture rigid, his hands gripping the wheel.

"You will stay beside me at all times," he commands, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Then, without another word, he drives off, the tires screeching against the pavement.

As he drives, his eyes remain fixed on the road, his jaw tense, his grip firm on the wheel. I can't help **but admire** the stern expression on his face.

Compared to Dane, who would have slapped me **for demandingoo** much after a refusal, Deckard's restraint feels different -he is **a** real man.

The ride is quiet for a few minutes, but I find myself **unable** to keep my hands to myself. There's something undeniably sexy about him when he's **mad**, something that pulls me in despite my better judgment.

Without thinking, my hand moves from my thigh to his.

He tilts his head slightly toward me, his eyes flickering with something unreadable before he refocuses on the road.

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Chapter 99

“Thank you, my Alpha,” I murmur, though deep down, I know I want to do more than just thank him,

When he doesn’t respond, I slowly begin to pull my hand away

“Well, I didn’t ask you to take your hand off yet..”

His words send a warmth straight to my core, igniting something deep within **me**.

I can’t help but **smile** as Deckard places his hand over mine, guiding it to the hard swell beneath his trousers. My breath catches, and I bite my lip at the way his body responds instantly to my touch.

“I hope you can finish what you started, Amica,” he murmurs, smirking.

Heat rushes to my face, and I quickly pull my hand back to my thigh.

“Oh, it’s too late now,” he says, his voice laced with amusement.

Before I can respond, he swerves the car into an elite park in Blackwater—our destination, it seems.

Lexhale softly, trying to steady myself. “Well you have to give me a minute to put myself together,” he says

My face lightens up. seeing the lush greenery, the well-manicured landscape—it’s breathtaking. Just as we approach the entrance gates,

An old woman, **draped** in a heavy cloak that conceals her from head to toe, rushes toward me. Her wild, darting eyes lock

onto mine.

“Amical It is you, Amical” she exclaims, gripping the fabric of my coat with trembling hands.

Deckard moves swiftly getting off the car, he grabs the old woman by the wrist in a firm grip. His voice isn’t raised, but the growl in it is enough to send a shiver of fear through her.

“Who are you?” he demands.

The woman flinches but doesn’t back **away**. “L. I’m sorry, **Alpha** she stammers. “I just wanted to see Amica. I heard everything she has been through, and I know she must be confused-

“Who are you?” Deckard cuts her off, his patience thinning.

The woman’s frantic gaze shifts to me. “Amica might not remember me... It has been years since we last saw each other, but I am Pamela–Pamela Pendragon

Deckard’s grip tightens. “Pendragon?” His jaw clenches.

“You’re-“i say

“Your aunt,” she interjects quickly, her voice urgent. “It’s me, Aur Pamela. Your mother’s older sister! I saw you in the news- and grew worried. There are things you don’t know about yourself-important things”

Deckard scoffs, his expression darkening. “Oh please, lady,” he says coldly. “I’d advise you to walk away while you still can Nobody knows you here.”

His voice is final, but something in me stirs at her words

“Wait, Deckard, I know her!” I **say**, even though I am not entirely sure of this woman’s identity. She has the same surname as my mother, and I can see **a** bit of resemblance, even though her face is hidden beneath a cloak.

“Are you sure?” Deckard asks, his tone **cautious**.

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16.05 Wed, Feb 19

Chapter 90

“Yes please let her come back to the castle with us, I beg.

She could be lying, but something deep inside me says she isn’t There’s a strange familiarity about her that I can’t ignore.

Deckard hesitates, clearly reluctant to allow her near me, but when his eyes meet mine, I see the moment he gives in. He exhales sharply before nodding

We drive back to the castle in silence back to the castle in tense silence. Deckard’s grip on the wheel **was** tight, his jaw clenched in irritation. I could tell he didn’t trust Pamela–hell,

I wasn't sure I did either—but something about her felt. Familiar. A feeling I couldn't shake.

Pamela sat quietly in the backseat, her hands folded neatly in her lap. Every so often, I caught her stealing glances at me through the rearview mirror, her eyes filled with something I couldn't quite place—

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 100[1,225 words]

Chapter 100

Amica

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Once we arrive at the castle, I order the servants to serve Pamela lunch. But as we sit at the table, she doesn't touch her food. Instead, she keeps apologizing

"I thought you were dead after the attack on your parents. I had no idea you were married off. I mourned for you all," she says, her voice trembling. "But recently, I started hearing your name. I never imagined it could really be you. Then I saw you in the news. They said you were kidnapped. I've been trying to find you, but I knew it wouldn't be easy. I've been waiting outside the Blackthorn estate, but no one would let me in. **Luckily**, I saw the Alpha's car and convoy leave the estate today and followed you to the park. **I'm** so glad you're alive"

"So, you're really my aunt?" I ask, searching her face. "Then why have I never known about **you** my whole life?"

"Well.. a very nasty fight happened between your mother and me. It was just after you were born." Pamela's voice trembles slightly. "I don't want to get into the details, but it ended badly—words were said, curses were thrown.. I **swore** I would never set foot in Silvervalley again."

She exhales shakily,

"I cut off all contact with my sister and her family, but the moment I heard about the raid, I regretted it. I came back a month after the news, but the house.. it was **empty**. Deserted. It smelled of death. Her voice drops to a whisper. "I couldn't even find a body."

A heavy silence falls over the room.

“I lost all hope. I thought you were gone forever.” She swallows hard. “Until I saw you on the news. The reports of your kidnapping—1 knew then that you had survived. I had to find you

She hesitates, as if afraid to say more.

Across the table, Deckard watches her, his expression unreadable. Then, he **leans back** in his chair, arms crossed.

“So, you’re here to reconnect?” His voice is cold, measured. “Is tht **what** this is really about?”

I’m sorry, Alpha Deckard, but I would like to speak with my nice privately, Pamela said, her voice steady but firm.

Deckard scoffed. “Don’t be ridiculous. I wouldn’t allow that‘

“Please, Deckard..“1 pleaded, my eyes **searching** his.

His jaw tightened, his nostrils flaring slightly before he let out a sharp breath. “Fine. But I’ll be right outside, he hissed. pushing back from the table and striding out of the room,

Pamela turned to me the moment he was gone.

“I know you don’t understand everything that’s happening to your she said in a hushed tone. “But there **is a** reason behind it all.

Something about the way she spoke made my skin prickle. Her voice had dropped low, her eyes flicking toward the doorway **as** if wary of unseen cars. Whatever she was about to say, it was meant for others to hear.

1 nodded, keeping my voice just as quiet. “Come to my room in hour. We’ll talk then.

Painela gave me a knowing look before glancing toward the **doo** I took that **as** my cue to leave.

1/3

Chapter 100

Later that night, after dinner, t made my way to her room, care to avoid anyone who might see me.

The moment she saw me, her face softened, and without a word, he wrapped her arms around me in a warm, almost desperate embrace.

“I know you’re confused about everything—the Wildthorn bloodline and how it has placed you in this position, Pamela began, her voice solemn.

“It is true that our family descends from the Wildthorn bloodline, but no one truly understood what it entailed until we began facing the troubles that come with it.

The Wildthorn bloodline was born from a single act of kindness an ancestor of ours added a dragon-marked Alpha named Rufus Blackthorn.

Rufus had been cast out of his city for wielding his fury.

Rumors spread that he had been cursed by the dragon after returning from a quest, marked with mysterious powers. His strength became unmatched, his rage uncontrollable. He moved with inhuman speed, his abilities far beyond those of a normal werewolf. No one could stand against him in combat.

Rufus was only a teenager who was fortunate to have come in contact with a mystical creature at the time it landed on earth **and** helped it. Naive Rufus, rather than hurting it and taking glory for conquering a dragon, he gave it water to drink.

Anyone who crossed Rufus felt his fire, and for that, he was feared. The people of his city saw him as a threat, a force too dangerous to roam free. They sought to contain him, though he only used his power against those who dared to challenge him..

Rufus became the strength of his small village, that no one dared to raid or torment them—unless they wished to be reduced to ashes.

The dragon was pleased with him and bestowed him with powers.

But his growing power unsettled the king.

In secret, the king called **a** meeting with his council, **speaking** about how Rufus had become a threat, they agreed. His strength was unmatched, his rage unpredictable. What if he lost control? What if he turned against them and enslaved the entire village?

Fear took root, and from that fear, a plan was born. They would rid themselves of Rufus before it was too late.

When Rufus left on a journey, the townspeople struck. They slaughtered his entire family, leaving no one alive to greet his

return

But they knew death alone would not be enough to stop him. So they sought out a sorcerer, one skilled in ancient magic. Together, they laid a wicked trap, casting a powerful spell to weaken Rufus—just long enough for them to drag him out and **cast** him away, banished from the only home he had ever know

When Rufus returned home and saw the bloodbath—the lifeless bodies of his family, the blood staining the ground—something inside him snapped.

His rage turned to fire while the sorcerer, hid in the shadows, began casting his spell, attempting to weaken him. And though the magic took hold, dulling his strength, it could not kill the fire of his grief.

Flames erupted around him. licking at the ground, spreading like a storm. Every step he took ignited into fire

The villagers screamed as they fled, but the fire was merciless. the fire chased them down, consuming everything in its path. Not even the sorcerer could escape its wrath. The entire village humed, reduced to nothing but ashes and ruin.

2/3

Chapter 100

When the fire **finally** died, Rufus collapsed amidst the devastation and spell, too weak to move, too broken to care if he lived or died.

It was Brenda Pendragon, a healer of the Wildilom bloodline, who found him. She had come searching through the wreckage, but she **never** expected to find a man barely clinging to life.

Unaware of who he truly was, she placed him on her chariot and took him home.

Brenda did everything she could to treat his wounds, but Rufus had lost too much blood. His body rejected every remedy she tried. Desperate, she made a decision—one that would change everything.

She shared her blood with him...”