

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 10[1,529 words]

Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Amica

OKS43%書

I'm caught in what feels like a trance, but it could just as easily be death. Something heavy grips my chest, squeezing the air from my lungs. My breath slips away, piece by piece, until it feels like I have none left.

Ezra is shaking, terrified. I've never felt **her** like this before—so fragile, so **small**. Images flash in my mind: Alpha Deckard's rage, the raw power in his eyes, the sheer force of his anger. It was overwhelming, terrifying. And yet.. there was something **else**. Something that felt safe, secure.

When he held me, I wanted to fight it. I wanted to hold onto the fear, the mistrust. But my body wouldn't listen. I gave in, melting into his arms as the darkness swallowed me whole.

Then there's the bitter taste of something forcing its way into my lungs. It's sharp, unbearable, and it burns. The irritation. claws at me until I can't stand it any longer. A sneeze erupts from me, breaking through the fog.

My eyes flutter open, but my vision is hazy, the world around me unfamiliar. Slowly, shapes come **into** focus—a room I've never seen before.

Pain radiates from my neck, sharp and unrelenting. I reach up instinctively, my fingers brushing over the spot. Ezra **stirs** weakly, her presence faint, barely there.

“What's happening to me?” I barely whisper.

It doesn't take long for my thoughts to flood back, sharp **and** unrelenting. I remember everything that happened earlier- the accusations, the piercing voices of the townsfolk ringing in my ears like a relentless echo. Their words cut deep, the sting of their judgment still fresh. They treated me like I was nothing like I didn't belong. For a moment, I thought I might die.

And then, I remember him. Deckard.

The fire in his eyes, the unyielding force of his presence. He tore through my adversaries as if they were made of air, his flames **consuming** all in his path. He saved me—if that’s even the right word for what happened.

But the fear lingers. Deckard in his terrible, vicious state. His eyes weren’t just burning—they were fire, blazing with a fury I’d never seen before. He truly is a descendant of the Dragon Chan, and in that moment, there was no denying it.

I shudder at the thought. Is this the **man** I am to wed? The **man** who **has** marked me?

The sharp, searing pain at my neck pulls me back, and I cry out clutching at the **mark**. It feels like a brand, a wound that refuses to heal.

Deckard rushes toward me, his movements hesitant. For a moment, I think he might reach out, but he stops short, frozen by something. Fear? Guilt? Whatever it is, it keeps him rooted in place. He steps back, his golden eyes shadowed with uncertainty.

An old woman steps into the **room**, her presence commanding yet calm. She looks like a healer, her face lined with years of wisdom. Her voice is steady **as** she speaks.

“**Your** wolf is much stronger than hers, Alpha. She’s struggling to adapt to the bond. What she needs is strength from you—a reinforcement of that connection. I **would** recommend sharing the same bed with her tonight.”

“Excuse me?” Deckard’s retort is sharp, cutting through the tension like a blade. His expression shifts, caught somewhere between disbelief or something else.

1/8

Ad-Fred

Exclusive Profile

10:01 Mon, Feb 17 BB

Chapter 101

“**Excuse** me?”

I retort in my low voice and I know no one can hear me but it’s worth a try.

“Physical proximity will help stabilize the bond. The mark isn’t just a symbol, Alpha. It demands an exact exchange—a balance between you. The only way to ease her pain is through that closeness. I could prescribe many medicines but they will do nothing.”

That is the only sound I could pick up from all the mumbling sounds around me.

No! they cannot be talking about me!

Share a bed with whom?

Not me and not **this** monstrosity

I manage to look up at him and catch a glimpse of those wicked eyes. Yet, surprisingly, they are not as vicious **as** I remember. Worry seems to be etched into them—though the thought is absurd. Is the Almighty Alpha Deckard worried about me?

It cannot.

Still, despite myself, I feel a strange calm in his gaze. It unnerves me, this fleeting sense of safety in someone so terrifying. Elder Brja's voice draws my attention away. She is speaking to the healer, her tone firm and assuring. "I will make sure of it," she says

Make sure of what? What does she mean?

The healer gathers her tools and leaves, leaving just Deckard, Elder Bria, and me in the **room**.

Bria turns to Deckard, her expression resolute. "Well, **you** heard what the doctor said, Alpha. We cannot let any harm come to our future **Lana**. We must do everything in our power to ensure her recovery. Please, spend the night with her and you need to remain in closer proximity so that the bond between you too can survive that she may heal faster," she pleads, her words urgent.

Deckard doesn't respond. He stands still, his presence filling the room. Though I can't bring myself to meet his gaze again, I feel it—heavy, **burning**, unwavering—as though he's waiting for me to react.

Elder Bria sighs, visibly frustrated by his silence. "Fine," she says, resigning temporarily. "I **will** ask the maid to bring food and anything else she may need."

With that, **the** healer leaves the room, her footsteps echoing faintly down the hall.

The healer left, leaving Deckard, Elder Bria, and me alone in the room.

"Well, you heard what the doctor **said**, Alpha. We cannot let any harm come to our future Luna! We **must** do everything we **can** to bring her back to health. Please, spend the night with her so that her recovery may be swift," Elder Bria urged, her voice steady yet imploring—

Deckard didn't respond. He stood rooted to the spot, his silence heavier than the tension already thick in the room. Though I wasn't looking at him, I could feel his gaze—intense, unrelenting, and inexplicably unsettling.

Elder Bria sighed in frustration, her voice losing some of its patience. “Fine,” she muttered. “I’ll ask the maid to bring food and anything else she might need.” With that, she swept out of the room, her words still lingering in the **air**.

Now, silence reigned, awkward and suffocating.

973

Ad-F

Exclusive Profile

3/2

10:01 Mon, Feb 17 BG.

Chapter 10

“Amica.” Deckard finally spoke, his voice low and hesitant, cutting through the quiet like a blade.

Before I could process his tone, footsteps thundered down the hill, rushing into the room. The sound was unmistakably familiar, and my heart sank.

Mary.

She burst into the room, her presence intrusive. Without hesitation, she wrapped her arms around Deckard, pulling him into a tight embrace. “Deckard, I just got **back**, and I heard... What happened?” she asked, her voice dripping with concern.

She planted a kiss on his lips, her affection bold and possessive. “Are you okay?” she added, her tone softening as she looked up at him.

Deckard’s voice was firm, devoid of warmth. “I’m not the one with an issue,” he replied “I immediately an inexplicable irritation bubbled up within me, and before I could stop myself let out a low groan of frustration.

Deckard’s head snapped toward me, and he immediately shrugged Mary off, rushing to my side. His hands gently patted my hair as though trying to soothe me.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, his tone softer now, concern lacing his words.

“Hey! I’m here now!” **Mary** interrupted, her voice sharp with forced cheerfulness. “I’m the doctor, remember?” She let out **an** awkward chuckle that grated on my nerves.

“She already has a doctor,” another voice interjected from the doorway. Elder Bria stood there, arms laden with supplies and

knowing look in her eyes.

“You don’t need to trouble yourself, **Mary**,” Bria continued, her words pointed. “You weren’t here when we needed you, so another doctor has already taken care of her. She’s in the castle and will check on her as needed. In fact, she’s already administered a cure!”

Bria paused dramatically, her lips curling in a mischievous smile “You’re not going to believe what the doctor prescribed. A whole night together on the same bed!”

“Oh, please, Bria. Don’t you ever get tired of spewing nonsense? Mary snapped, her face reddening. “She’s just suffering from a little cold, which has made her feverish. I’ll write up a prescription once I check her temperature.”

Mary moved towards me, reaching out to **place** a hand on my forehead. But before she could touch me. Deckard’s strong hand shot out, grabbing her wrist firmly.

“Leave her,” he growled, his voice hoarse and commanding, cutting through the tension like a blade.

The room fell **into** a tense **silence** as Mary froze, her eyes wide in disbelief.

The **raw** authority in his voice left no room for argument, and for the first time, I saw a flicker of doubt cross her face.

o