

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 11[1,707 words]

Chapter 11

Chapter 11

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As soon as I realize that Amica is out of immediate danger, I feel small wave of relief, but I know she's not completely safe yet. Could the healer be right? Could spending a night together truly help her recover? I don't want to do it, but if that's what it takes to bring her back to health, I'm willing. It's not the worst thing in the world, after all.

Still, I feel disoriented, the only thing that can ease my mind is seeing Amica fully herself again. For some reason, guilt **gnaws at** me, like this is partly my fault....

Mary's presence in the room stirs an unwarranted anger in me. She doesn't deserve it, but I couldn't control the flare of irritation. Something inside me hates the fact that she's so close to **Amica**. I know it was canine who was protective of her. Silly wolf!

When Mary finally leaves, I sit on the couch momentarily, trying to gather my thoughts. Regret briefly pricks at my conscience, but I push it aside. Exhausted, I head to one of the chambers and collapse onto the bed.

I force myself into the shower, letting the hot water soothe my tense body. As I stand there, lost in thought, a knock echoes at the door. I try to ignore it, but moments later, I hear the sound of someone entering the room.

I can smell her presence-Mary. Stepping out of the shower, I wrap myself in my bathrobe to meet her. She stands there, arms folded, her expression sharp and unyielding.

"Why did you talk to me like that?" she cuts straight to the point

"I'm sorry, **Mary**," I reply, my voice low and tired. "I just have a **lot** on my mind."

"A lot like what? **Amica**?" she presses, her tone sharp.

"Of course not!" I snap back more forcefully than I intended. "But that doesn't mean I want to see her get deadt.."

“You didn’t have to snap at me like that after all I’m a doctor,” she says, her voice dropping **into a softer**, almost seductive tone as she takes a step closer.” the way you addressed me in front of Bria and the others, anyone would think I’m the intruder here..”

Her fingers lightly tug at my robe, and she leans in, her movements deliberate as she pulls me closer. But I am in no mood for this.

“No, Mary. Please, not now,” I say lightly, kissing her on the forehead before. I walk to the wardrobe, pulling out some comfortable clothes to change into,

“Did I do something wrong, my **Alpha?**” she asks, her voice **carrying a** hint of vulnerability

“You wouldn’t let me check on Amica, even though you know this is my area of expertise. And now you won’t let me touch you either?”

“This just isn’t a good time Mary don’t you understand? Something terrible might happen to her!” I tried to explain

“Don’t tell me you’re actually going to spend the **night** with her! She says

“What am I to do then? Let her die? Come **on!**”

In the middle of our argument, a sharp knock intrudes our **conversation.**

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*Alpha Deckard! We need you the future Luna is burning!” Elder Bria’s urgent voice carries through the door.

Without a second thought, I bolt from the room. forgetting to grab my shirt...

Back in Amica’s room, chaos greets me. The healer is there, frantically working to stabilize her.

“What happened? I was gone for thirty minutes!” I demand confusion and fear, twisting my voice.

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“Her temperature, the healer replies, barely glancing up. “She started getting cold all of a sudden. I told you—you have to stay close to her, spend time with her. You shouldn’t be far from her. Spend the night with her unless you want her to die.”

The gravity in the healer’s voice sends a chill through me, but before I can process it. Bria adds, “Alpha, please. We cannot lose her to something so preventable. She is your wife-to-be, after all”

“Fine!” I snap,

frustration lacing my tone. “I’ll spend the night with her. The words leave my mouth more to silence them than out of acceptance.

“What?” A voice from behind startles me.

I turn to see Mary standing there, disbelief etched across her face “What kind of prescription is that? What kind of healer are you? If you’d just let me check her-

“Mary please leave us “I command sharply, cutting her off mid-sentence.

She freezes for a moment, her eyes searching mine, but she can see I’m serious. Without another word, she leaves the room her footsteps fading down the hall.

“Has she had anything to eat?” I turn to Bria,

“She only managed a little before her temperature started to spike.” Bria replies

“She can eat when she’s stable,” the healer interjects gently. “It’s late. Alpha. I’d advise you to stay with her now. She needs you.” With a slight bow, the healer gathers her things and leaves the room.

Bria follows shortly after, bowing her head respectfully. “I shall retire for the night. Alpha. If you need me, I’ll be nearby

With that. I am left alone in the room

I stand there for a moment, watching Amica lying motionless on the bed. Her pale face and shallow breathing scared the crap out of me.

Quietly, I move to her side, lowering myself onto the bed.

Sliding in behind her. I wrap my arm around *her* fragile body. Her skin is icy to the touch, and it sends a jolt of pame through me.

“I’ve got **you**,” I whisper, pulling her close and pressing my warmth against her fridge-cold body scares me.

I tuck the duvet snugly around us, making sure no heat escapes. Holding her as tightly as I dare, I silently pray for her strength to return. For **now**, I give her all I can—my warmth, my presence, and the faint hope that it will be enough.

As I lay there, holding Amica tightly in my arms, *the* events of the day replay in my mind. Regret fills me—I should have been there to protect her.

This is my fault. I pushed her away, creating the space *for* her *to* fall victim to the villagers’ vile actions. She didn’t deserve

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this, no matter what sins she may have committed. Even as an adulterer, she did not deserve their cruelty. I want to make every one of them pay for what they did to her.

In the midst of my vengeful thoughts, a strange awareness creep in. I question myself. Is this anger truly **mine**, or is it my wolf-Canine-feeling this way! He’s been unusually ulent, notguing or throwing his **usual** tantrums. For a while now, he’s had everything his way, leaving me to wonder if this silences his contentment or something else entirely.

After a moment, I could feel Amicas temperature and her breath began to normalize. I am not sure, but her body is getting warm and that made me feel relief.

Staring at her pale skin under the dim light, I can’t help but notice how fragile she looks. Her hair falls across her face, and without thinking. I reach out to gently part it away. The moment my fingers brush her skin, now warming back to life, I feel a wave I can’t ignore.

Her soft, supple skin beneath my touch stirs something in me. My gaze drifts to her lips—full, plump, and the color of ripe cherries. They sit there, perfect, almost as if they’re waiting to be kissed

Not now, you filthy beast! I chastise Canine because I know this is all him.

But it’s impossible not to notice how breathtaking Amica is. Words fail to capture the rare beauty she possesses.

A darker thought crosses my mind. What would I do if I were her husband and discovered she had betrayed me, slipping out of our marriage to be with another man? The thought made me angry.

And then I think of Dane; what he must have felt not just to cast her aside but sell her off like a piece of property to clear his debits! The thought sickens me, yet it makes me question the kind of man I would become in his position.

I look at her again, and a strange unease creeps over me. Am I really marrying this woman? My pride refuses to admit the growing anxiety inside me.

My hand, of its own accord, begins to drift lower, brushing along her features, her curves well-defined under the duvet. The shape of her body is mesmerizing, each contour pulling me further into temptation.

Stop it, Deckard. Stop it now. But my resolve weakens as I realize just how dangerously close I am to cross a line I might not

return from.

Staring at her pale skin through the dim light and her hair falling across her face, I used my hand to part the hair **that** fell **across** her face slightly, but then I couldn't keep my hands to myself after feeling her soft skin returning to temperature.

Her beautiful plum cherry lips beautifully sat on my face like it was waiting to be kissed.

This is not the time for that, you dirty pig! I tell myself.

Amica is a very attractive woman, and words cannot describe the rareness of her beauty,

I can't imagine what I would do if I were her husband, and I found out that she slipped out of our marriage to go have an

affair with someone else.

Am I getting married to this woman for real?

I find my hands **strolling** down more than her **hair** and face. Her curves **drew** me close even though she was unconscious. Watching her full cleavage as she breathes in **and** out and then the slope....

No! I can't think of her this way. This is all canine! Horny **bastard**

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I keep my hands to myself and shut my eyes immediately, giving in to sleep rather than these stupid thoughts.

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