

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 12[1,327 words]

Chapter 12

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AMICA

The next time my eyes flutter open, I'm startled by the sight of man lying beside me.

24

My heart leaps, panic surging through me, but Ezra remains undervingly calm, like she's already familiar with him. Recognition takes a moment to settle.

Alpha Deckard!

Why is he here? Why is he lying next to me—shirtless, no less? My gaze skims over him as fragments of memory surface- the healer's advice. Did he really follow through with it? Why would he? He's made it abundantly clear he doesn't want me here. So, why this?

I shift slightly, testing my strength. The weakness that had consumed me before is gone, replaced by a steady flow of energy Ezra hums in approval, content and utterly unbothered. More than that—she's admiring him.

My eyes drift back to him, and it's impossible to ignore the raw power seen into every line of his body. His form is carved with strength, but what truly draws my attention are the scars marking his skin. Each one whispers of battles fought and won, stories written in flesh.

One scar, in particular, stands out. It cuts boldly across his chest, jagged line that seems to defy time. It's old, long bealed but its depth speaks volumes of the pain it carries

They weren't exaggerating.

Deckard is terrifying.

He isn't just a man—it takes unimaginable strength **and** an iron will to lead a pack as dominant as the Bloodbane and Deckard is just that. Ruthless, unrelenting, untouchable.

Yet as I lay here, with him asleep beside me, something unsettling stirs within. Deckard looks vulnerable.

Gone is the hardened Alpha who stares down anyone foolish enough to challenge him. His scorn, his smugness, his ferocity -it's all stripped away, leaving his face softer, unguarded. For a fleeting moment, he looks almost peaceful. Almost human."

But I can't forget who he is. What he is. The predator beneath the quiet surface. And yet, I am drawn to him, caught in a pull I can't explain. Something deep inside me urges me closer, even as reason tells me to stay far away.

Before I can stop myself, my hand moves. Hesitant, trembling, inches toward him, grazing the hard plane of his chest. My fingers

brush against the rough ridges of his scars. They are jagged, uneven, and raw, like untold stories carved into his flesh. I trace one, then another, each one a cruel secret left behind by the battles he's survived.

It's the first time I've touched **him**, for the first time, I can feel the storm beneath his skin—the chaos he hides, the strength that keeps him from breaking.

Then, without warning, his eyes snap open.

Sharp. Unyielding. Predatory. His gaze pierces mine like a dagger, rooting me in place. He stares at me as though I am prey caught **too** close to the jaws of a wolf.

"What are you doing? His voice is low, calculated—There's no rage, but the warning is unmistakable.

1/2

Exclusive Profile

10:02 Mon, Feb 17

Chapter 12

BB

The sound of it sends a shiver through me. His eyes burn into mine....

Caught in his gaze, I can't look away. My hand lingers on his chest, caught in the heat of the moment

The places his hand gently against my face, his palm warm against my skin, measuring my temperature.

"You're still a little cold," he murmurs, his voice barely above a

whisper.

He moves extremely close to me, closer than before with only a breath within us.

“What what are you doing?” I stammer, my voice laced with confusion and unease.

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“Shh...” he murmurs, pressing a finger gently to my lips to silence me. His touch is warm, firm, yet strangely calming.

“A closer proximity is what the healer recommended,” he says, his tone impossibly calm yet tinged with that maddening arrogance I’ve come to expect. “You’re still cold, Amica. **You** need me to stay alive.”

The sheer pride in his voice reminds me of why I can barely stand him. That ego of his—so relentless, so smug. But no matter how much I want to push him away, the thin thread connecting us is clouding my judgment. Ezra, my wolf, stirs within me, her longing undeniable. She wants him—wants this.

I bite hard on my lower lip, trying to ground myself to stop the whirlwind of emotions threatening to overtake me.

Shit!” he murmured like betraying himself before pressing his ps against mine. His lips is soft as opposed to his being. I am hesitant, and surprise flares through me, but instead of resisting, I find myself giving in. My lips part slightly, allowing him in, and when they do, a soft moan escapes me—a traitorous sound that betrays everything I’ve fought to suppress.

I snatch my hand back, my pulse racing with fear of what he might do next.

But instead of anger, his touch softens. He places his hand gently against my face, his palm warm against my skin. measuring my temperature.

His kiss deepens, his taste flooding my senses- smoky, like aged whiskey. His hand moves, trailing lower until it rests on my hip. Then, with deliberate care, it slips to my bum, caressing me tenderly.

I arch into him without thinking, my body betraying me as it responds to his every move. My mind screams for clarity, for logic, but it’s drowned out by the intensity of the moment

Deckard’s kiss unraveled something inside me, leaving me breathless to him in a passionate way I never felt with Dane, even during my best days. But then he pulled away, Abruptly. Like he’d snapped out of a trance, his breathing heavy and uneven. His dark eyes avoided mine as if he regretted every second of it

“I need to keep you warm,” he defends, **his** voice rough, like the words scraped against his throat.

I got angry, mingled with the sting of humiliation for having given in so **easily**. “You didn’t have to shot back, my voice sharper than I intended with irritation

He turned to me, his face tightening. “It’s my responsibility! I’m not the one lying here, sick and broken, with some weird. condition and a cure no one understands, I have to be here—for you to live”

“What?” My **voice** cracked, disbelief breaking through. “I didn’t ask you to be here!”

“Well, I can’t let you die.” His voice was firm..

9/3

Exclusive Profile

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“You should,” I snapped, **my** anger pushing my voice louder now!

sym The shift in him was immediate His gaze darkened, his body lengelser, filling the small agent a ever say **that**,” he growled, his voice low and dangerous.

And just like **that**, I felt the terror creep back in Memories of that them off. How could I have forgotten? How could I have let my

the tire, the chers that is Juryengr fall into his tray, let him se

“I do not want you here!” I whisper harshly,

as

“That is not your choice to make,” he replies, his voice is steady if daring me targad do we poverty barely **made** it out of danger.”

“Rest, Amica,” he adds, the command firm but feels almost protective

his

Shame clashed with confusion, and I turned away from him, refsing to meet bus your roll the verse of hoping to avoid his presence.

But it's futile.

the

I feel him move closer, the heat of his body inching toward me while it's impossible to ignore. To live now?" I try voice quiet. "I can stay on my own."

"The healer will decide that," his tone final. "But until then, I'm not taking any chances?"

Before I can protest, his arm wraps around me, pulling me into his warmth.

I want to fight it. I want to push him away **and** hold onto the distance I keep telling myself end but her my wolf won't let me. She's calm and cont