

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 13[2,112 words]

Chapter 13

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Deckard

hanks to me.

Amica is safe now and that is thanks

Yet the irony bites me. For years, she never knew **my** name or even my existence, **and** now she clings to me, her survival wholly dependent on my strength. Ridiculous.

I have questions—many, in fact. Who is the fool that was entrusted with her safety? The one who abandoned her, leaving her vulnerable to the bloodthirsty villagers?

The thought alone boils my blood. By dawn, I storm into the compound, angrily. My **eyes** sweep over the gathered warriors. like a predator stalking its prey.

“You!” I bark at a nearby guard. He stiffens instantly, bowing low the moment my gaze settles on him.

“Yes, Alpha!”

“Fetch me the Gamma warrior who was with the future Luna during the attack!”

He dashes off, returning within moments, dragging a man behind **him**. The **Gamma’s** head is bowed, his entire posture screaming regret. But regret doesn’t interest me.

“My Alpha he begins, his voice trembling. “I.. I sincerely apologize for my neglect. I was only **away** for a few minutes...”

The pathetic pleas pisses me off the more

“How dare you!” I roar. My wolf stirs beneath my skin, restless. “You led her to **a** place crawling with danger, left her unprotected, and now you dare stand before me with excuses?”

He flinches, sweat beading on his brow. “Alpha, I swear it wasn’t intentional. I would never-

“Enough!” I snap, cutting him off. I step closer, towering over him. “How am I to believe this wasn’t your plan all along? Were you plotting to rid the Ironclaw pack of its rightful Luna? Or **are** you simply that incompetent?”

His knees buckle under the weight of my glare. He tries to speak but only manages a strangled sound.

so you have any idea what could **have** happened? What did happen? **She** was nearly killed—nearly torn apart—because of your negligence!” My voice rises

“I swear, Alpha, I had no idea those people would **attack** her!” his voice trembles with desperation.

“Keep quiet!” I snap, Turning to the guards, I issue my next command. “You and you—arrest him, do not serve him food or

water”

Without hesitation, two guards rush forward, seizing the disgraced warrior by his arms. His protests are muffled as they drag him away.

I turn on my heel, heading towards my car. The rage within me i momentarily overshadowed by an irritating voice- Canine, my wolf.

You know you can’t ignore it forever, he says, **his** tone laced with smugness. You didn’t even check on her this morning. How is she feeling after **last** night?

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“I am not interested,” I reply curtly, speaking under my breath,ast night **was** about keeping her **alive**, nothing more. Do **not** get carried away”

Keep telling yourself that, Canine murmurs, but I shove him to the back of my **mind**.

As I near my car, I hear a voice calling after me,

“Alpha”

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with my pace.

I stop and glance over my shoulder to see Bria hurrying towards me, her face flushed from trying to match

“Our future Luna seems to be doing much better after her night with you,” she **says**, a coy smile playing on her lips.

I nod, keeping my face neutral. “I am elated to hear that,” I reply silly, resuming my stride towards the car.

But **Bria** doesn’t stop following me, “Is there something else?” I ask, turning to face her. My patience is wearing thin, but I know Bria too well to miss the hesitation in her eyes. She **has** more to say but is clearly holding **back**.

“Well, It’s a good thing you defended her yesterday **and saved** her from those preying villagers. If I may ask, Alpha, how did you know she was in danger?” Bria’s voice is cautious but curious

“Instincts,” I reply curtly,

“Mate instincts?”

she presses,

Just instincts, Bria. Get off my neck!” I snap.

Bria pauses for a moment before speaking again, her voice lowering. “**Alpha**, the healer didn’t just recommend a single night with Amica. She advised that you spend more time together. Otherwise, she risks relapsing and falling into an even deeper

sickness.

I stop in my tracks, turning to glare at her. “**And what** exactly does spending time together entail?”

“You should stay with her like a true couple,” Bria continues, heroic steady despite my glare. “Have breakfast together, go

together, and even share the same **bed**. The healer **says** it’s the only way for your wolf bond to stabilize.”

I stand in disbelief.

“Are you on some kind of mission, Bria? What exactly are you driving **at?**” I challenge, stepping closer to her.

“These aren’t my words, Alpha,” she replies, bowing her head slightly. “They come directly from the healer. My **only** mission **is** to ensure your name remains untarnished. We’ve already failed once by not keeping the future Luna safe.”

“I will hear from the healer myself,” I declare, brushing past her as I head back into the house for breakfast.

At the dining table, a grand spread of food greets me. Plates of eggs, fruits, pastries, and meats are laid out in abundance, far more than usual wondering what the occasion is.

As I settled at the table, I caught a glimpse of Mary walking in. She looks angry. It bit me immediately—I owe her an apology for how I’d acted last night.

“Mary! Please, come join me for breakfast, I called out, trying to sound as inviting as possible..

She stopped, Rolling her eyes, she turned **as** if to walk away.

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I got up, stepping toward her, and without hesitation, I pulled her into a hug “I’m sorry about last night,” I said, my voice low and sincere. “You didn’t deserve that.”

Mary stiffened in my arms before stepping back to face me, her eyes sharp. “I don’t think you are,” she said “**You** spent the whole night with her. You trusted some old healer over me. You **made** a fool out of me. **Deckard**”

I sighed, **knowing** she wasn’t entirely **wrong**. “Her case was different. Mary. You know it was. It’s not something you’ve ever

dealt with before, and you **know** I want her gone—but not dead. What would people say if the future Luna of the Bloodbane pack was killed under my watch That the Alpha hated her so much he let her **die?**”

“You didn’t **have** to treat me like that in front of everyone—and Bria,” she muttered, her voice trembling with frustration.

“You’re right, I was wrong, and I’m sorry, Mary. Please, join me for breakfast. Let me make it up to you. And I paused, meeting her gaze. “Eat **dinner** with me tonight.”

Her demeanor shifted. “Are you sure?” she asked, her voice quieter now, the anger fading.

“Yes and when we are done, I can eat you for dinner,” I replied, holding her gaze.

She giggled and that made me satisfied. “Alright,” she said softly led her to the table, determined to repair the damage I’d caused

Bria walked into the hall, her stride confident as always. Behind her was Amica, dressed in a cozy black sweater *and* matching pants.

Despite the paleness of her complexion, her beauty was undeniable, almost otherworldly, and it was doing a number on me -again. The ridiculous excitement Canine felt at her presence surged, clawing at my self-control. **Worse**, I couldn’t stop my eyes admiring her.

Her jet-black curls fell down her shoulders, shining richly under the morning light. For the first time, her hair wasn’t pinned up. The sight of her like this was disarming

As she stepped into the room, our eyes met briefly. She quickly bowed her head, respectful yet distant, and moved to find a seat at the table.

I forced myself to focus on my food, but it was futile. My gaze followed her. She grabbed a chair on her own, and a flicker of irritation sparked within me. Was no one going to assist her? Her fragile state was evident—why should she strain herself when servants were present? But I said nothing. I’d already crossed too many lines, shown too much **weakness** last **night**. The memory of the kiss still burned in my mind.

Before I could process my swirling thoughts, Bria's voice rang out, sharp and commanding.

"You have to sit closer to the Alpha, Amica," she announced, her one matter-of-fact. Then she turned **to** Mary. "Mary, please. get up for the future **Luna**. She should be the one sitting close to the Alpha."

Mary froze, her hand pausing mid-motion as she reached for her glass. Her eyes flicked to me, wide and filled with disbelief.

Mary's eyes reflected a mix **of** shock and defiance, but I tapped her thigh under the table, a subtle gesture to reassure her. It's okay.

She hesitated, before standing up slowly, reluctantly.

Amica walked forward, her presence soft yet it couldn't go unnoticed. She took the vacated seat beside me, her posture composed despite the tension.

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"Good morning," she greeted calmly, her voice steady as she settled into the chair

I didn't reply, focusing on my plate instead.

As the food was served, the room lapsed into an awkward silence Mary's gaze met mine a few times, communicating-hurt, annoyance But the peace didn't last.

Mary finally spoke.

"I just find it strange," she began, "that the so-called future Luna as lived with her husband for years, even theated on him. yet never fell ill like this. Suddenly, she's **in** a place filled with milk and honey, and she becomes deathly sick. And the only cure-she paused for emphasis, her eyes narrowing at Amica, is to be close to Alpha Deckard, who clearly doesn't want to be near her. You must love all this attention, don't you?"

Before Amica could respond. Bria intervened, her voice firm and reprimanding

“Please, Mary. Do not speak on things you know nothing about ria said.

“Oh, please, Bria!” Mary snapped, “I know exactly what I’m talking about. You know it, and so does Amica. There’s something shady going on here, and **I’m** going to find out what if i”

“If you have something to say. Amica, why don’t **you** just say it outright instead of hiding behind everyone else?” Bria responded,

“That’s enough!” I interrupted sharply, “Bria, leave us,” I commanded firmly

Bria hesitated for a moment, but she nodded and quietly exited the room.

I continued eating, thinking about Mary. Her words held some tath

I stole a glance at Amica. She sits quietly focusing on her food.

Could she truly be pretending?

But then **again**, I remind myself of the previous night. Her body had been cold as ice, her condition far too severe to fake. I was there to experience it. The memory of holding her, her life barely hanging on, silenced my doubts for a moment.

The awkwardness **was** broken by the sudden arrival of my beta, who rushed into the hall

His breathing heavy “Alpha,” he bowed. There was worry oon his face.

“What’s wrong?” I **asked**, setting my cutlery down, my tone edged with concern.

“Some of our warriors were attacked during their patrol last night,” he reported, **his** voice steady despite the urgency in his

eyes.

“Who dares!” I **roared**, rising abruptly from my seat.

“We **don’t know** yet, Alpha,” my beta responded, “They might be rogues, but they wein dangerous. They left **a** message.”

“Let me see it!” I abandoned my plate without hesitation and stormed toward the exit of the dining hall.

A loud clearing of the throat–Bria’s signature “ahem–made me stop in my tracks. I thought I sent her out but she was hanging around. I turned to see her with a raised brow, and I knew exactly what she was implying.

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“Amical Let’s go Ionderes sharply, unwilling to waste time.

Bria frowned, clearly about to protest. “She’s not dressed to go out in public. Quickly, take the future Luma to her room and get her ready,” she directed them in a tone that left no room for argument.

“There’s no **time** for that, **Bria!**” I snapped. Turning to Amica. Id, “We’re leaving now!”

Without another word, Amica rose and followed me

I notice mary’s expression dark **with** displeasure. I ignored it, though I knew I would have to deal with her later. I’ll comfort Mary when I return.