

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 15[1,555 words]

Chapter 15

DECKARD

Hage Dolls inside me as I replay how those worthless rogues dared to touch Amica. The memory of them dragging her ignites a fury so deep, I can barely contain it. I'm even angrier that they denied me the chance to make them suffer the way I

wantest

Duce we're back in the car. I glance at her. She's trembling, her far palpable. I hate seeing her like this—it tears at something inside me.

“Are you hurt?” Lask, my voice low but edges with concern, as I speed down the road, desperate to get her home.

She nods, still shaking, unable to meet my eyes.

How could I have been so careless The thought gnaws at me. If something had happened to her, it would have been my

ine alone. I left her at the campsite, unprotected, with no one to guard her.

I was so consumed by the sight of my men's gruesome deaths that I forgot she was there in the first place.

I want to apologize, to tell her I'm sorry for leaving her vulnerable. But my pride chains the words in my throat. Inside, though. I'm punishing myself, the guilt hammering relentlessly against my resolve.

*** I want to apologize to her for leaving her unguarded but my pride wouldn't allow it. Deep down I am beating myself.===

I drive **like** a madman, pushing the car to its limits to reach the healer. My only **thought** is Amica—I can't let her relapse, not after the healer's warning. The urgency in me fuels the speed, and in just 45 minutes, we're back at the castle.

The moment I park. I leap out and hurry to her side. Gently, I help her out of the car, ready to carry her inside if needed.

But she resists.

“I can walk on my own,” she says firmly, her voice steady despite her earlier trembling.

She **walks** ahead of me, determined, and **makes** her way into the house, heading straight to her room without a backward glance.

As we step inside, Bria greets us in the living room, his eyes flicking between me and Amica, concern written all over his

Lace

“What happened?” Brian was curious, “What did you do to her this time!”

“Why do you always assume the worst, **Bria**? Just get the healer command, brushing past her, my frustration.

“There’s no need for that. I’m here,” Mary announces, appearing out of nowhere. Her calm **demeanor** contrasts sharply **with** the tension in the room. “What happened? Let me check on her this time, Deck,” she pleads, her eyes full of concern.

I hesitate, caught in the storm of decisions. For a moment, I don know what to do, but Amica needs attention immediately.

“Okay, please do that,” I finally relent, my tone softer, but the weight of worry still heavy.

“**Alpha**, Tdon’t think that’s a good idea,” Bria interjects quickly, stepping forward. “We don’t know the nature of her condition this time. She already **has** a designated healer. Please, let me call her—it won’t take long for her to arrive.”

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Chapter 15

“Do not disturbs the **healer**,” Mary counters firmly. “I’ll take care of her. You can come with me if it makes you feel better,” she

Bria's jaw tightens, but she doesn't argue further. I nod slightly, allowing Mary to proceed. Every second feels like an eternity as I silently hope I made the right choice.

"I'll do just that" **Brian** says, following behind Mary as they head toward Amica's room.

I **trail** behind them, my thoughts swirling with concern. I knock lightly on the door, waiting for a response, but there's none. I open it cautiously, stepping inside to see Amica lying in bed with her eyes open, staring blankly ahead.

"How are you feeling. Amica?" Bria asks gently.

"I'm well," she replies, her voice distant, as she turns away from us

"Okay." Mary says softly, moving closer, "Let me just check your vitals to make sure you're okay."

"I'm fine," Amica insists, "I just need space!"

Mary doesn't hesitate. Ignoring **Amica's** protest, she steps closer and places a hand on her forehead

"You're cold," Mary says abruptly, her voice tinged with alarm.

"Cold!" The word sends a jolt through me, and my heart skips a beat I know exactly **what** that means—it's the bond, the distance between us.

Fuck what have I done!.

"Don't worry, I'll write something up for her and start her on it immediately, **Mary** says, already moving to her bag.

"No, **Mary**," I interrupt firmly. This is the same as last time. I know what I need to do. Bria, get us dinner here."

"What? **What** are you going to do?" Mary's frustration is evident her voice rising.

"Amica is triggered because she was attacked **and** almost kidnapped by rogues, I explain, keeping my voice calm despite my own agitation.

"How did this even happen?" Mary demands, her eyes narrowing

"**Alpha**, I fear we aren't **taking** the healer's advice seriously enough. Something terrible could happen! Please, you have to help her and follow the healer's instructions!" Bria begs

"I hear you, Bria," I say with a nod. "I'll spend the night with her. Please, get her dinner."

“No! What the hell **are** you both talking about?” Mary snaps, stepping closer. “Let me-”

“Please, Mary...” I cut her off, my tone softening as I beg her to back down.

She stares at me for a moment, then storms out of the room angrily.

Bria leaves the room **to** get food **and** other things, and I walk over to Amica, who remains silent on the bed, her gaze distant. Her skin feels cold **again** as I touch her forehead.

I can feel the weight of her silence, heavy and accusatory. She’s read at me—I know it. I didn’t keep her safe. I left her alone in the middle of nowhere. This time, it’s entirely my fault.

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I want to apologize, to admit my failure, but my pride holds me back, as always.

Instead, I strip off my clothes, preparing to wash off the grime and blood left behind by those rogues.

“Would you like a warm **bath**?” The words spill out before I even hink about them.

Her eyes flicker toward me, and after a pause, she nods slowly.

“Yes,” she says softly, starting to sit up, her hands fumbling with the hem of her sweater.

“I

“Don’t bother yourself. I’ll do everything for you,” I say, stepping loser.

I gently pull her sweater over her head and then slide her pants of, leaving her in nothing but a black, delicate piece of lingerie. It’s beautiful, almost like she had planned for someone to see it, though I know that’s impossible.

There's no one here for her to seduce, it can't be but she doesn't **even** have to

Her presence is enough to seduce any man without even lifting a finger.

I guide her to the bathroom and turn on the hot shower, letting the steam fill the space.

"Can you manage?" I ask, my voice low.

She nods again, stepping into the shower while I **walk** out to give her privacy.

After she's done, **she** emerges wrapped in a bathrobe, her damp **hair** clinging to her **skin**. She walks to the bed and collapses onto it without a word.

I quickly rushed to shower too and got put to join her in bed.

I lay behind her, holding making sure that my body was locked with her.

"Thank you," **she** said lightly.

"For what?"

"Saving me" she said her voice quite shaky.

"It is my duty!" I tell her

We're both in bathrobes, cozy in **bed**, and all I can **think** about is taking hers off, exploring her body inch by inch.

But I push the thought away, disgusted with myself. That's the lust talking, not me. I still remember what Amica is—an adulteress. A woman who betrayed before, and she could easily do **the** same to me. People like her don't deserve love, and I refuse to let my guard down.

I have to stay tough. She can't see my weakness, not even now, when she's sick and vulnerable.

A knock on the **door** pulls me from my thoughts, and Bria steps in with dinner, her arms full with a **tray** of food.

She places it on the table, and I catch the glint in her eyes—a flicker of amusement. She's seen us in bed together, both wrapped in robes. It doesn't take much to **guess** what she's thinking.

Bria bows quickly and leaves the room without a word, closing the door behind her.

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I think Amica is mad at me.

I ask if she's hungry, but she refuses the food without **even** looking at me. She won't say a word either, her silence cutting deeper than any argument could.

Left **with** no other option, I slide closer to her on the bed, wrapping **an** arm around her. She stiffens at first but doesn't push

me away.

I stay there, holding her in silence, until her breathing **slows and** she drifts off to sleep

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