

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 17[2,181 words]

Chapter 17

Deckard

Morning broke with a loud, urgent knock on the door. My eyes snapped open, Glancing down, I saw Arnica still curled up in my arms, her face serene despite everything.

I carefully slid out of bed, annoyed at whoever had the nerve to disrupt my peace. At the door, I found Mary standing stiffly. her expression sharp, clutching a newspaper in her hand.

“What is it. Mary? What could possibly be so important that it couldn’t wait?” I growled, my voice heavy with morning

irritation.

Her eyes burned with an almost triumphant fury as she thrust the paper toward me. “Look, my Alpha. This is your so-called future Luna, bringing shame to our **pack!**”

Snatching the paper from her hands, I squinted at the bold headline:

“Ironclaw’s Future Luna Rumored to Have Affair with Common Warrior Before Village Attack!”

And there she was—a picture of Amica, smiling brightly, her hand intertwined with that damn gamma warrior’s. The rage. ignited in me instantly.

“What the hell is this?” I snapped. My voice boomed through the room, startling even myself. “Who did this? Why **would** they publish such nonsense? This isn’t even close to what happened!

My blood boiled as I stared at the image, the words blaring at me, twisting the truth. My pack’s name, my leadership, my pride tainted in an instant. And Amica, always at the center of some controversy, always on the verge of dragging Ironclaw’s name through the mud.

Deckard

“My Alpha, you only arrived to save her from trouble. You don’t even know what happened before you got there,” Mary’s voice dripped with quiet certainty, piercing

through my building frustration. “Remember, she already had the stigma of cheating that’s what led her to this pack in the first place.”

Her words hit me like a thunderclap, forcing me to pause. Anger erupted, my chest tightening as I glanced back toward the bed. There she was—Amica, still sound asleep, her face peaceful, completely unaware of the storm brewing around her.

Unable to contain my fury, I stormed out of the room, slarnming the door behind me. “Get me Bria!” I roared down the **hall**, my voice echoing through the packhouse.

How could I have been so blinded by her ridiculous sickness? I’d let her pretense naivety cloud my judgment, forgetting who she really was.

After pacing furiously in the hallway, I decided I needed to clear my head. Returning to my chambers, I quickly freshened up, my mind racing. By the time I finished, Bria **was** waiting outside my door, her head bowed respectfully.

“Bria,” I began, my voice low and controlled, though **rage** simmered beneath, “**have** you seen the news?”

“Yes. **Alpha**. I just saw it,” she replied quickly. “I’ll take care of it immediately!”

I laughed bitterly, shaking my head. “Oh, Bria. It’s impossible to take care of everything—especially for someone who ‘doesn’t want to be better!’” My voice rose slightly as I continued, the weight of my frustration pouring out. “Do you **see** what

1/5

Extra Check-in

Ad-Fred

Sew Vouchers

Reading

Exclusive Profile

Badge

Mon, Feb

Chapter 17

you and the elders **are trying** to push me into? All because you want a Lana to parade around! Do you even realize the mess. you’re forcing me into?”

*1 hope you all are seeing clearly now that it will only get worse from here,” **I said**, my voice firm and unyielding, my gaze piercing **Bria**. “It’s not too late for you and the other elders to change your minds.”

Bria opened her mouth to respond, but before she could utter a word, the door creaked open.

Amica strolled in, looking noticeably better than she had the night before. Her face carried a faint cheerfulness, a subtle **charm that** grated on my nerves.

“Good morning,” she greeted with a delicate smile, her voice light and sweet.

I hissed sharply, ignoring her entirely, and turned my attention **back** to Bria.

At least she’s alive. I’ll give her that much.

Amica’s expression faltered as she made her way to the table, the hint of a smile **vanishing** from her lips. She sat down at her usual spot, her presence casting an unwelcome shadow over the room. Good. Let her feel the weight of her actions.

“I will take care of it!” Bria repeated, her tone insistent as if hoping to distract me from the subject at **hand**.

Mary entered a moment later, taking her seat to my left without word. She exchanged a knowing glance with me before turning her gaze toward Amica, who was seated on my right.

I am not hungry, I’m only sitting here for **Amica**. I **have** a long day ahead of **me**, and thankfully, it does not include her this

time.

Mary, ever eager to care for me, tries to feed me, but I give her **low shake** of my head **to** signal my disinterest.

Amica watches the little scene unfold, her gaze flitting between us. I can **sense** her unease; perhaps she feels **guilty**, but I couldn’t care less.

The silence stretches until Amica decides to break it with an ill-timed question.

“Alpha, I noticed I haven’t **seen** Stefan since the incident with the villagers. Is **he** alright?”

Her words irritate me, triggering my temper.

Mary doesn’t miss **a** beat. She interrupts before I can respond, her voice sharp **and** cutting. “Wow, so what they say about **you** is true.”

Amica's brow furrows in confusion, her clueless expression **only** annoys **mary**.

"Is it not enough that you are **what** you are?" Mary spits, her voice rising. "Why must you go even further to destroy our pack's name?"

Amica looks utterly bewildered, her innocence plastered **across** er face like a fragile mask I've **had enough** of her act.

"Your precious gamma," I begin slowly, my tone deliberate and unyielding, "is in the cells. He's been there for days now."

I watch her intently as my words **sink** in, waiting **to** see the reaction ripple across her face. The faint color drains from her cheeks, and her lips part in disbelief.

What? Why?" she whispers, her voice barely **audible**, trembling under the weight of my revelation.

2/5

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Extra Check-in

Vouchers

Ad-Froo

Exclusive Profile

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10:03 Mon, Feb 17 GB-

Chapter 17

Good. Let her feel it. Let her understand what her actions cost this pack.

"It it obvious?" I reply, with a wicked grin across my face.

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Amica freezes, clearly unsure how to respond. For a moment, the room is silent except for the sound of Mary's quiet

chuckle.

She finally speaks, her tone soft and pleading. “For his negligence. I understand. But I’m sure it **wasn’t** his intention for me to get attacked by the villagers. Please, can you show mercy and release him?”

Mary lets out a louder laugh, unable to contain her amusement don’t blame her—Amica is utterly ridiculous.

I lean back in my chair, observing her carefully, a new idea formg in my mind.

“Hmm.” I hum thoughtfully, letting the moment stretch. “So, you want him released?”

She nods, hope flickering faintly in her **eyes**.

“Fine,” I say, rising from my seat. “Let’s go and release him.”

I **push back** from the table and stride out of the dining hall, and she quickly scrambles to follow me. Her footsteps echo behind mine as we leave the main building and head towards the underground basement.

I can smell the fear radiating off her as we descend into the dark, damp corridors. Her breathing becomes shallow, but she doesn’t dare stop following.

Finally, we reach the cell where the fool is locked up. The stench of sweat and despair hangs heavy in the air. Stefan lies on the cold ground, looking utterly defeated—his body weak, his clothes tattered, his face gaunt from dehydration.

Amica’s hands fly to her mouth as she stifles a gasp, her eyes wide with horror.

“Here he is,” I say with a cold smirk, crossing my arms. “Your precious gamma. Do you want him released?”

“Stefan!” Amica’s voice carried urgency and concern

At the sound of her voice, Stefan stirred, his **head** snapping up. He scrambled to his feet, though his body trembled from Fatigue.

“**Ma’am**” he rasped, his eyes shifting to me before dropping **in** submission. “My Alpha! I apologize for my negligence. I am deeply sorry that I allowed that to happen to you on my watch, Miss Amica. I deserve every punishment I get.” His voice cracked **as** he bowed his **head**,

Amica said nothing, her gaze flickering between Stefan and me. She waited, her expression **cautious**,

“Open the cell, I command

Without hesitation, the guard obeyed, unlocking the cell with a metallic clang

*Alpha, thank you, Alpha Stefan exclaimed as he stepped out, his voice quivering with gratitude. Despite his evident **weakness**, he straightened himself as best as he could. “I promise to guard the Luna with my life. You will not regret this, my Alpha.”

Idid not bother to reply.

Turning to Amica, I met her eyes. Are you happy now?” I asked, my **voice** laced with mockery,

3/5

Extra Check-In

Vouchers

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Reading

Exclusive Profia

Badge

0:03 Mon, Feb 17

Chapter 17

She hesitated, about to speak, but I didn’t give her a chance to respond.

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“Don’t you see, Amica? I’ve been doing you a lot of favors recently, I continued, “Do you think you could ever repay me?”

Her brows **arch in confusion**, her mouth opening to reply. “T...”

But before she could finish her **thought**, I turned on my heel and walked **away**, leaving her standing there with her unspoken

words

I didn’t care about releasing Stefan. It **was a** move to appease Amica, nothing more. I could see the glimmer of affection she held for him, whether she realized **it** or not. The rumors in the papers didn’t bother me—they were just whispers until proven. But

evidence? That would change everything I needed to catch the two of them red-handed. That would be enough to rid her from my life for good.

For a moment, I had almost been swayed by her act—her sickness, her frailty—it had softened me. Made me weak. But now my eyes were open. Amica was who she was, and I doubted she could ever change. I needed her gone so I could **return** to my former life, unburdened by the complications she brought

Canine growled in my head, his disapproval tangible. “Stop looking for reasons to send her away!” he barked.

“Sadly, you can’t stop me,” I replied coldly.

As I returned to my chambers to gather a few things for the day ahead, I found Mary waiting for me. My eyes widened in mild surprise—and then narrowed. She was draped in barely-there lingerie, her intentions as clear as the morning light streaming through the window

“Mary,” I said sharply, my voice dropping to a warning tone. “What are you doing here?”

She came closer, her lips curling into a seductive smile. “My Alplu, her voice dripping **with** sweetness, “I thought you might need a distraction. Someone who truly understands you, unlike She trailed off, her meaning evident.

Damn, I miss her. I had almost forgotten what it was like to be with **Mary**, her touch, her scent—everything about her felt like familiarity wrapped in temptation.

“Don’t you miss me, baby?” she whispered, walking up to me. Her hands gripped my shirt, tugging me close as she planted a kiss on my lips.

“Mary “I hesitated, her name slipping from my mouth **as** a weak protest. But she pressed forward, lightly pushing me onto the bed.

“Not now, Mary,” I muttered, though my resistance faltered. Nothing was truly holding me back..

I sighed, the exhaustion of the past few days creeping over me, and gave in. My hands wrapped around her waist, drawing her closer as her lips found mine again. For a moment, I **allowed** myself to get lost in the familiarity of it.

But then, the **door** opened.

I froze

There she **stood**—Amica.

Her eyes widened in shock with what looked like disappointment. She looked at us, then quickly turned away. “Oh, sorry,” she muttered before shutting the door and disappearing down the hallway.

Something inside me twisted.

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Badge

10:03 Mon, Feb 17 GB.

Chapter 17

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Why do I feel bad? This is what I want. Amica is a cheater—she should be used to this by now. So why does her expressio haunt me like a ghost refusing to leave?

year.

Mary circled softly, leaning closer to reclaim my attention. “Forget her,” she whispered, her lips brushing against my

But I couldn’t

The spark was gone, extinguished the moment Amica’s face appeared. My hands fell from Mary’s waist as a cold wave of disinterest washed over me

“I need to go out,” I said abruptly, lifting Mary off me and standing up.

“What?” she exclaimed, her voice rising in frustration. “Since when?”

Join me for dinner tonight,” I said dismissively, grabbing my **coat**. “We’ll continue where we left off then.”

Before she could argue further, I left the room.