

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 18[1,395 words]

Chapter 18

Amica

Lowe Deckard for he is my protector he was I wouldn't be in this mess but I am. It

and savior. Although if I never knew w

now

It is tiring that he is always available to save me. It makes me look like a weak wolf but I guess that is what I am. Now. Especially in the presence of his wolf, any Lima will be weak:

I was almost kidnapped yesterday and I fear for my life. It seems like since I have gotten to the ironclaw pack it's been trouble upon trouble.

I was extremely afraid for my life when the rouges pulled me out of the car dragging me to a place to do not know but why was I even more afraid when I thought the rogue was going to be Deckard? That is my wolf and not me! I do not care about him but my fear was heightened for him. Sometimes I just hate Ezra. Deckard is strong enough to protect himself but the highlight of my sickness yesterday was from the fear of seeing Deckard get hurt.

Last night, Deckard was so caring. He didn't say much, but his actions spoke louder than words. I could tell he was worried for me, and somehow, just his presence made me feel safe. His warmth beside me on the bed made me fall into a deep, peaceful sleep. I woke up today feeling better than I had in a long time, eager to see him again.

But that sense of peace **was** shattered the moment I saw him with Mary at the breakfast table. I can't stand Mary. Beyond the obvious—she's his lover, and I have to deal with that—I can't stand how confidently she's in my face. She knows she has his attention, and it infuriates me. I get it, she was here before me, but that doesn't mean I have to like it.

Her presence at the table, disgusts the shit out of me. What can I do about it? She's part of his life, no matter how much I try to pretend otherwise. Its mockery all over again just like it was with Dane, and I can't stand the way she casually sits there like she is better than me. I just try to ignore it, but it eats away at me

My mind drifts, trying to focus on something else, anything else at the table, and **then** I remember Stefan.

Why did Deckard lock him in a cell for days? He looks like he hasn't eaten or had water in ages. His collarbone juts **out**, and his face is gaunt and hollow. The sight makes me ache with sadness.

If I hadn't spoken up, would Deckard have left him there to die! He is so heartless.

But then again, he releases him without much pleading on my part. Maybe there's a softer side to him after all. Still, his eyes this morning don't look kind. They hold something sharp, almost spiteful, like he's scheming something sinister.

Maybe I'm reading too much into it. Maybe Deckard is actually softening. I should show him some appreciation for releasing Stefan

Determined, I make my way to his room to thank him. I push open the door, and the sight freezes me in place. Mary is on top of him, half-naked on him in nothing but lingerie. Deckard sits on the bed, **staring** up at her like a guilty child caught in

the act.

My stomach stirs in discomfort and I can't hold back the wave of disappointment.

"**Oh**, sorry!" I slam the door shut and bolt down the hall. My heart races, and I can still hear **Mary's** mocking giggle echo in my head. Whether it's real or imagined, it feels like salt on an open wound.

I should've known better. Deckard will always be who he is. Why do I keep fooling myself into thinking he could be someone else? He hates me, and **I** hate **him** too and I wouldn't wallow in pain because **i** just saw him with a woman even

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“Miss Amica.” Stefan says, bowing slightly “I was coming to try the

ever procesales in gears you was foolish of me to leave you there alone. His voce tremblery with als he leaves ever the lende wasn’t your fault-” I begin, but my words are drowned con by the Mixing hole edes

I glance toward the sound and notice Deckard stepping on t

Stefan straightens immediately, bowing deeply “high” he gre

WITHOUT A ASES

Deckard barely acknowledges him with a nod and strides into the house with

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I stay quiet, observing his reaction. Stefan, sensing the tension, excuses hiessell and wiles away, eving me done my thoughts.

Moments later, on my way back to my chambers, I cross paths w tra

She ya presence I’ve always found calming, even though we’ve had a real comeration for resca’s quite vorderend why she always seem has my back

“Good evening. Bria, 1 greet

“**Amica**,” she replies warmly, “I’m glad to see you’re doing better

Bria carries herself with a grace that’s hard to ignore, and her logpity feels incorruptible, Sell, I can’t help but wonder if has motives of her own

she continues. "There's something important we need to discuss The bonding ceremony between you and the Alpha has been delayed long enough due to your condition. The elders he chosen a date. It is essential that you and the Nigha."

Maybe I'm overthinking things, maybe she has her own motives

"You should bond even before the wedding" Bria continues firmly, her voice unwavering "There are events where the Alpha cannot go alone in the Apex Circle. Alpha Deckard is the only Alpha without a Luna in that circle. But now, he has you. The bonding ceremony will be in three days. You might not want this but this it your life now. Is there anyone you want to

invite?

Invite someone? The question catches me off guard. For a moment, I almost forget how surreal this all fee is to m fake it is. But to everyone else outside, this is very **real**. There's an actual bonding ceremony being planned and neither Deckard nor I truly want it to happen.

But our wolves do.

This might be another rejection waiting to unfold, another war to carry. My mind drifts to the thought of failure and rejection. Could I bear to be known as a twice-divorced Luna? Twice rejected? It's a bitter thought, but at this point, wi choice do Thave?

It's either **this or** I succumb to some mysterious ailment I that will lead to my death.

Extra Check-in.

10:03 Mon, Feb 17 GB.

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though it hurts me.

Then Stefan comes to mind. He didn't look good when I saw him earlier, **and** he's being punished because of me.

1 call one of the maids and order her to bring food to him and cure someone tends to his wounds. A small act of kindness is the least I can do for him.

At noon I head to check on stefan, I run into him in the compound.

"Miss Amica," Stefan says, bowing slightly. "I was coming to thank you. I didn't deserve your care. I failed to protect you. It was foolish of me to leave you there alone..." His voice

trembles, heavy with guilt he looks better that “Please, Stefan, it wasn’t your fault-“I begin, but my words are drowned out by the blaring **honk** of a car.

I glance toward the sound and notice Deckard stepping out of a SUV.

Stefan straightens immediately, bowing deeply. “Alpha,” he greet

Deckard barely acknowledges him with a nod and strides into the house without a word.

I stay quiet, observing his reaction. Stefan, sensing the tension, excuses himself an