

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 19[1,488 words]

Chapter 19

****Deckard****

A meeting has been called by the pack elders, and they've made clear—it's **mandatory** for everyone of importance in the **pack** to attend.

The audacity of those Infinity rogues still burns in my mind. Not only did they dare to attack my warriors, but they also had the gall to lay **their** filthy hands on the future Luna—someone under the protection of the Bloodbane Pack.

Unacceptable.

The sheer arrogance of it infuriates me. I've spent hours in discussions with my men, pushing them to uncover the root **of** this mess. Every second without answers grates at my patience.

The attack has sparked a **wave** of unease in Blackwater **City**, **and** now, whispers are spreading like wildfire. They dare to question our strength. The Bloodbane Pack—weak?

It's **nonsense**.

But I know how dangerous rumors can be. Perception is power, and if people start to believe these lies, it could weaken our standing in the Apex Circle.

As I walk into the meeting hall, my irritation is barely contained. The elders rarely summon us without reason, and this time, they seem to think it's critical enough to demand the presence of everyone significant in the pack

It better be worth my time.

I arrive at the hall to find most of the pack members already seated, while a few are still trickling in. The atmosphere is thick with anticipation, a low hum of murmurs filling the **space**.

Mary walks in moments later, her sharp eyes scanning the room until they land on me. She flashes a smile and makes her way over, sitting beside me without hesitation.

Carl takes the podium, clearing his throat to silence the chatter. His voice rings out, commanding the attention of everyone

in the room.

“We are **all** aware of the rumors circulating through Blackwater about our pack,” Carl begins, his tone firm. “It is time to put an end to this nonsense once and for all. That is why we’ve decided to make a statement that will silence our critics. We have our Luna here, and I would like to formally introduce her to those of **you** who may not yet know her.”

At his words, Amica steps into the room.

She’s dressed in a stunning evening gown—a soft, flowing pink that hugs her figure perfectly. The gown highlights every curve, the fabric shimmering under the light as she moves. Her hair is swept into an elegant bun, with a few loose strands framing her **face** in a way that seems effortlessly perfect.

The room falls into a hush.

All eyes are on her, the air suddenly heavy with unspoken thoughts. It’s **as** if everyone is collectively struck by the sight of her, a mix **of** awe and curiosity rippling through the crowd.

Even Mary beside me shifts in her seat, her usual confidence faltering for just a moment. She grips my hand, placing it deliberately on her thigh, an obvious ploy to trip me up. But her attention isn’t on me—her gaze is fixed on Amica, just like

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everyone else’s

And for once, Mary looks unserer

“This is our Luna-to-be, Amica Carl announces his voter

ceremony between her and the Alpha. She is the one who will the the Rinnathan Pack at

The room erupts into a round of applause. But I remain fesse

me

Two days? How could they set the date without consulting the rightens fest brack any per
This is neither the time nor place for dissent. The Bonding ceremony

leaves a bitter taste in my mouth

When the meeting ends. Amica is surrounded by pack member each eager to get her and
offer the sings. The

peer handles it with grace, nodding politely, though I cat sense her se

Once the crowd disperses she makes her way toward me hers steady aut selitete Mary
notices tagged immediately and, as if on ne leans in closer to me. She plants akis on my
chin a calculares move meat pie

I disappus I I clench my fists under the table, silently praying that no one but muca
wessed the line display would be di anyone saw the Alpha being so openly disrespected
espertily fer the public moduction of the fam

Amica stops in front of us her gaze calm but piercing. Despite erything he holds herself
with an unstitale dig thr makes her impossible to ignore

What does she want?

My heart skips a beat—not from r, but something else caciquine place. She wraps mipir-

Mary and me

her presence impossible to ignore

“I want to thank you for yesterday,” she says her voice ready depine the tension in the air
For your effet ask me alme I am indebted to you. Alpha Deckard

I smirk, leaning back slightly Tm glad you brought that up. You’re absolutely right—you
are indeed mor

donde one thing reject me. Do that, and we’ll call it even. This bondingceremony does
have to happen

Mary snorts, the sound cutting through the room like a blade I Am fich though she guddy
binis in away, trying to

mask her reaction

She stands there, swallowing her pride, her posture rigid her corolled

antele reale

“Of course, you have nothing to say. I add, my tone sharp, laced with mockery. You can’t even rea se face So why bother thanking me? Leave

The command leaves my lips before I can second-guess it

Amica’s face barely flickers, but I see the hurt in her eyes before he slowly turns to walk away, herandements each step echoing in the silent room

As she retreats, Bria appears, her presence commanding, followed closely by Gustain, another elder

“Alpha Deckard, Bria says, her voice firm, her gaze cutting straight through me. “A word.”

Inod, though irritation simmers just beneath the surface

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“We know you have no love-lust for your Luna, Alpha, but there is no need to display that in public. Gustain says firmly “You will be bonded in two **days**. Please, be kind to her.”

Amica finally leaves my presence. As I watch her walk away, an settling guilt stirs within me for how I spoke to her. I push it aside, unwilling to dwell on it.

Later that night. I prepare for bed, my chambers unusually quiet Amica is not here, but I don’t give it much thought. She’s likely avoiding me after today’s incident.

A sudden, urgent knock on the door shatters the stillness.

“Come in,” I say, assuming it’s Amica. “You don’t need to knock

The door creaks open, and one of the maids steps inside.

“Alpha, we can’t find Miss Amica”

The words hit me like a thunderclap, ringing in my ears with the weight of impending danger. I don’t wait for an explanation. I leap from the bed, adrenaline coursing through me.

I storm to her room, throwing the door open, only to find it empty. The bed is untouched, her belongings as they were. She's not here.

Panic grips me as I start searching every room, one by one.

Finally, I march to the entrance where a guard stands at attention. My voice is sharp, cutting through the tension. "Where is she

The guard blinks, confused. "Who, sir?"

The future Luna, you fool!" I roar, my voice echoing through the castle halls. "She's not in her room, so where the hell is

she?"

The gamma warriors around me spring into action, their movements frantic and restless. My outburst has unintentionally alarmed everyone in the castle.

Before I can regain **control**, I spot Omen and Bria rushing toward me, concern etched on their faces,

"What's wrong. Alpha?" Bria asks breathlessly. "The noise from the gamma warriors made us suspect something is amiss."

"It's the so-called future Luna!" I snap. "She's gone. She's run!"

"What?" Bria's eyes widen "How **is** that possible! We saw her just moments ago. There's no way she left the palace with anyone noticing."

I glare at her, my frustration boiling over. "Oh, you put too much trust in that woman. Someone who is capable of betraying her mate is capable of anything! Do **you** see what I've been warning **you** about now?"

Bria looks taken aback, **but** before she can respond, I bark out orders.

"Hey, **you**!" I call to one of the gamma warriors nearby. "Search the castle thoroughly, every corner! And alert the others to search outside the palace grounds. She couldn't have gone far!"

As the chaos unfolds, **warriors** scrambling in all directions, I focus inward, trying to connect with Canine.

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Nothing.

He's blocking me.

I grind my teeth, fury and helplessness warring within me zaman you, Catinetes He's punishing trin, withbedding the connection I need to locate her. Even her scent seems to have vished entirely

My fists clench as I struggle to rein in my frustration.