

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 4[1,787 words]

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Alpha Deckard.

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Bria. Damn fucking **Bria** had to sink her opinions into the girl's head. I had Amica right where I wanted her. I could feel her teetering on the edge of a decision—until Bria swooped in, filling her head with all the doubts about what it means to be Luna of the Bloodbane pack. If Bria weren't an elder, someone the pack respects—and if I didn't begrudgingly respect her as a teacher—I'd have clawed her out of the pack by now, influence and all.

As I dress for the day, my eyes shuns the emerald ring on the dresser. My mother's ring. It's meant to find the finger of the next Luna, but there's no way in hell I'll let it fall into the hands of someone as unworthy as Amica. My mother's legacy deserves better. If the Moon Goddess weren't sitting smugly in the sky. I'd drag her down myself and force her to take back this ridiculous bond that gnaws at my chest.

Yes, Amica is outrageously beautiful—but is that enough? Is it enough to ignore the fact that she cheated on her I'm not that desperate. Not for an heir, not for a mate.

past mate?

Behind me, I catch a glimpse of Mary's reflection in the mirror. She adjusts a towel wrapped around her body after spending the night in my bedroom.

“Morning” she whispers, taking a look at the ring I'm holding.

“Join me for breakfast?” I mutter, barely acknowledging her.

She hesitates. “Are you sure? Bria wouldn't want that, especially now that Amica is...”

“Is Bria the Alpha now? Do I not make the rules anymore?” I snap

I look at her through the **mirror** and her throat bobs. After all these years of being my bed partner, Mary knows better than to push me too far. There's always a line, and she understands what happens when it's crossed.

"You know I'll always do what you say. But I'm thinking about what the elders said- Mary starts to pacify, her hands rests on my shoulders.

"Don't think!" I cut her off. "The only thing that's going to happen is me frustrating that girl until she rejects me, breaks the bond, and sets me free from it." I look at my reflection in the mirror, spitting the words out just to rile my wolf. And as expected, Canine huffs.

"Fine, I'll get dressed and join you for breakfast. My love, do you think she saw us yesterday?"

A smirk tugs at the corner of my mouth. "**Yes**, and she'll see us again today."

Mary presses a kiss to my shoulder before walking away, but her fouch leaves me cold. I'll do whatever it takes to push Amica away, and I'll do it without a shred of remorse. Why would I feel any? She's nothing more than a cheater, and now, a gold digger. What does she want? Power? Status? It's pathetic.

I leave the room and step into the private elevator that leads to me outer reserves. As Alpha **of** the Bloodbane pack, we aren't just the largest—we're the wealthiest. Our pack's influence spreads across the Apex Circle, and the whole of Blackwater City bows to us. Your pack has got the most elite families, the most powerful bloodlines, and a legacy of fire that can't be touched.

When the **elevator** doors open, I step out into the elusive hall.

"Alpha..."

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"Alpha..."

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The pack members quickly step aside, parting like the sea as I make my way into the room. They know better than to get in

my way.

Omen, the head of house facilities, joins me, silently tending to my needs as I take a seat. He places a newspaper beside me as usual and pours my **coffee**. I take a look at the feast sprawled on the table before me—just like every morning, it is a banquet worthy of the Bloodbane Alpha.

I roll my eyes as the headline stares back at me: “Ex-Luna of the Ironclaw Pack Found Guilty of Adultery!”

The newspaper crumples in my fists, and Omen instinctively pulls apart.

“Who the hell gave the media this damned information!?” I roar

“I’ll look into it, Alpha-”

“This is exactly what I didn’t want! How am I supposed to show her to the world with that disgusting stain on her name? Find out who leaked this, and fix it. I want the idiot who let this news but dealt with!”

“Find Bria and get her here, now!” I **snap**, watching Omen rush out of the room in a blur. My hands hit the table hard enough to **send** the silverware rattling.

Mary rushes in, heels clicking.

Jaw Omen run out. What’s going on?”

“The headlines are plastered with that damned news about Amica!” I growl.

Mary glances at the crumpled paper in my hand. “Bria will fix it. She always does”

The door opens, and I expect Bria to stride in and offer some solution to this **disaster**. But instead, it’s Amica who enters.

It looks like an angel has walked through those doors, wrapped in grace and silk. She is wearing a cream gown, cinched at the waist, along with a corset that shows off the elegant slope of her collarbones Bria must’ve spent hours on this look, yet it wouldn’t matter for Amica could wear rags and still **make** the world stop. It isn’t just the fairness of her skin, the earth in her eyes and how her hands rest on each other.

Who would know she’s nothing but a cheater? How can a woman this beautiful, this perfect, commit such a crime? Her beauty

and her betrayal are opposites, two things that shouldn’t exist in the same universe.

She begins to walk towards us and my chest tightens in a way I hate to admit. I could stare at her all day and never find a flaw in that face. Not one. And those lips....Heaven, there’s no sin in them

Mary picks up a piece of fruit and places it in my mouth, as if to remind Amica of the game we're playing.

Amica freezes when she spots the scene—the berry in my mouth Mary's hand lingering on my shoulder. I chew slowly, not bothering to hide the smugness on my face.

"I hope you didn't come here for breakfast. This is my private dining room. Since Bria is in charge of your stay, she'll tell you where you're supposed to eat." I utter in ire.

"I was told this is the pack house dining room..." Amica's voice is soft, too soft—like cotton candy, dissolving before you can taste it. It lacks the pretense or venom I expected. But I remind myself—there's evil beneath it. There has to be.

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"Who's the idiot that told you that?" I bark, and her shoulders tremble slightly. Ah, good. She's scared of me.

"I'll simply say what I need and leave. You don't need to be angry because of my presence."

Her voice is almost disarming. Almost

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"You don't get to tell me what I should or shouldn't be angry about. Now, say whatever the hell you need to and get out."

Amica fingers fidget at her side. I see her glance at Mary, probably wishing she would leave so we could talk privately. But no. I won't give her anything.

"Can we speak privately, please?" she asks.

"No. State what you have to, here and now. Mary's hand tightens on my shoulder as she rises, and Amica's eyes briefly before landing back on me.

"As it has been established... we are mates." she begins, "But I didn't ask for a second chance mate."

follow her

“I am not a second chance mate! With a snap, I break the mug in my hands and the embers of my wolf’s power darkens the fragments.

Quickly. Amica steps back, afraid.

“I just

I just wanted to set some boundaries for this union. I know you don’t want me. I’m not here to feign love or loyalty. You and your mistress, are free to continue your activities. L”

I rise from my seat and let out a chuckle. “Boundaries?”

Does she really think she can dictate terms to me? The Alpha of the Bloodbane pack?

“What boundaries, Amica? You think you can tell me what this union is going to be? Did you **think** I brought you here to be protected and esteemed?” I snarl, threatening as I step closer to her.

The girl’s feet takes her far away, her neck tilts away from me, exposing the mark I left on her—**my** bite, my claim.

“No,” I continue “I brought you here because your Wildthorn bloodline can give me pups. Do not, for a moment, think that you have the power to dictate whether I continue my outside frivolities. I decide that. I am the bloody Alpha!”

I close the distance between us, towering **over** her. She shuffles back again. Canine, my **wolf**, tethers me, urging restraint.

“Stop scaring her!” Canine growls but I push his voice aside.

“For your own protection, Amica, you will submit to and give me pups! I’ll hide your sins from the rest of the world give you recognition better than what you deserve. And I don’t want just one or two. I want multiple pups! Are you willing to surrender to my demands, or will you leave my pack?”

Her **lips** part, but no words come. For moment, I think I’ve cornered her. This is it maybe this is where she runs. Maybe she’ll finally flee, and I’ll be free of her. But before she can answer, the door swings open

Bria enters the room, and I hiss. I walk away from Amica, snatching the newspaper off the table and shove it into Bria’s hands.

“Fix this!” I order.

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But it's fine. I saw the look between her and that genere had with that, I've you now way to trap her once again.

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