

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 9[1,100 words]

Chapter 9

Alpha Deckard.

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Fear isn't something I'm accustomed to. I don't feel it. It doesn't belong to me, and it never **has**. My wolf, Canine, was born. with dominance, never knowing the taste of fear. But when I see her on the **ground**, smeared with filth, bruised, something roars in my chest—it is a **dark**, furious bang that I can't ignore. I tear through anyone who dares stand in my way, they fly out of the way with limbs twisted at grotesque angles.

Once I step into the circle, the heat of my anger **that** caused fires put off and she scuttles away for a moment. The phantom idea of her pulling away tightens the rope that holds our fates and it pulses a pain. What is that? Fear of rejection?

It's a rejection I wasn't prepared for. I glance down at my hands and I see that my ember claws are still out, still fluttering in smoke. I fix them back in and try to pick her up from the floor.

She's still trembling and the fear in her eyes—directed at me—slices deeper than I expected. I don't blame her. I've given her no reason to trust me, no proof that she's safe in my hands. But one of that matters now. I scoop her up until small frame fitting awkwardly against my chest as if she's bracing herself for more hurt. She is on fire with fear.

Broxin pulls up, parking the Jeep. He swings the door open, expecting me to hand her over, but I climb in with her still in my arms, choosing to not let go. I settle her on my lap as I try to steady her against the storm that is wracking her body. My

through? mark on her neck begins to pulse. Is it leeching her strength—made worse by the terror she's been put

The bite is supposed to fuel **an** energy promise from one's mate who adores them. She is not getting that from me so I believe it's like an open wound. Is her wolf grieving because I don't let Canine do as he wishes?

When we arrive back at the pack house, I don't waste a second. I stride through barking orders for a doctor, demanding that Mary or any other pack doctors be brought immediately.

“What happened?” I spot Bria, standing near Elder Rome, who uses an eyebrow as he glances at the woman in my arms.

“Is that the future Luna?” Elder Rome **asks**

I glare “Get out of my way!” I barrel past them, intent on one thing only—getting her to safety and finally seeing to it that the fear in her eyes fades for good.

I lay her carefully on the bed, smoothing back her hair **as I place** a hand on her forehead. Her skin is blazing hot to the touch. “She’s burning up.”

“Burning up? And covered in filth?” Bria snaps. “Did you do something to her? You’ve wanted her gone since she arrived-”

“What the hell kind of monster do you take me for, Bria? You think I would assault **a** woman?”

“I can’t put it past you. You’ve made it clear-”

“It was the public, Bria,” Broxin cuts in. “The headlines spread like wildfire and they decided to turn on her.

“I thought **I** asked for a doctor. Did they get lost **on** their way here?” I growl.

Finally, the doctor **arrives** and to my surprise, it is elderly woman who’s been with the pack since I was a child. She’s escorted by a **young gamma**, who stands back respectfully as she enters the room.

“And Mary?” I demand, narrowing at the gamma.

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“She’s not here, Alpha. We tried reaching her but she’s not in the pack house.” he replies, looking down.

“Elizabeth, please look at her and tell us what is wrong” Bria speaks.

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The elderly doctor, Elizabeth, moves slowly, reaching out to touch Amica’s forehead. It’s unbearable, the delay, the sluggish pace!

“You had to get the slowest doctor in the **pack**, the one who’d take an eternity to walk here while the patient suffers?” I snap at the **gamma**.

“Leave!” Bria decides that it’s me that needs to be screamed to

“No.” Elizabeth interrupts. “Let him stay. He marked her, didn’t hes

I clear my throat. “Yes.”

Elizabeth nods, opening an ancient looking box.

“Emberhowl and Wildthorn—a rare **mix**..” she pulls out a few vials. I don’t care if she has birthed **a** hundred children in this pack, this woman is too old to act fast. But wait, how can she look at Amica once and know **that** she is a Wildthorn.

“How can you be so certain she’s Wildthorn?” I ask.

“I am not blind.” she replies bluntly as if speaking to anyone but an Alpha. She doesn’t wait for permission, taking a twisted green herb from her box, bringing it to Amica’s nose. With a knowing look, she wrings it near Amica’s face. The scent pulls Amica back and she sneezes, eyes wide open.

She breathes heavily, taking her surrounding and when she sees my face, she pales. Water cowers in her eyes as if she is seeing someone from the unliving. Her hand goes to her neck, fingers pressing over the mark I left there. I can see it—the desperate hope that the mark isn’t real, that none of this is real.

“Don’t move; you’re **weak**.” Elizabeth says. But Amica can’t seem to calm herself, her chest heaving with effort.

“Her temperature was burning up.. Is she ill?” I question.

Elizabeth turns to me. “Your wolf is much stronger than hers, Alpha. She’s struggling to adapt to the bond. What she needs is strength from you—a reinforcement of **that** connection. I would recommend sharing the same bed with her tonight.”

“Excuse me?” I retort.

“Physical proximity will help stabilize the bond. The mark isn’t just a symbol, Alpha. It demands an exchange—a balance between you. The only way to ease her pain is through that closeness. I could prescribe many medicines but they will do nothing.” The doctor shifts her glasses to her nose.

“I will **make** sure of it.” Bria says.

I pinch the bridge of my nose. Why does the idea of laying next to her sound good? No-no, this is absurd. I'm supposed to be doing everything in my power to push her out of this pack house, not pamper her wolf and coddle this bond that fate has forced on me.

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