

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 170[2,815 words]

Chapter 169

Chapter 169

Ainica

My Dockandichrie—trally herr—right beside me, and he just made love to me like **a** man who has been yearning for his woman for far too long.

“Are you okay?” he asks, sice still low and breathless.

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Lean’t even **look** at him. Embarrassment nishes over **me as** I bury my face in my hanch. Id soaked the sheets completely with my spert, it as everywhere.

“Forra ja noi grumą to like this,” I mutter, half laughing, half tertiled.

“Oh please,” he chuckles. “This is perfect. Besides, she did say we should become one tonight” His mockery of her words sends me into a fit of Laughter.

“Do you think we were too loud?” I ask, still a litle shy

“T’d say we made just the right amount of noise for people who had amazing sex,” he says proudly. “Freys might actually be impressed”

1 nudge him **playfully**, but then my expression sofiens. “How do you really feel?”

He hims to me, brushing my check with his thumbs. “**Tan’t** it obvious I feel better now?” he smiles, kissing my forehead and tapping my **ass** playfully. “You brought me back to life, Amica.”

“You’ve **done** the same for me more than once,” I say, my voice tender. “1 guess.. we **really are** meant for each other.”

But something shifts in his gaze. He **stares** at me—still, serious—as though I’ve said something grave. My heart skips.

“What Did I say something wrong?” I ask, confused.

“What Why are you staring at me like that?” I ask, a little nervou

way his gaze lingers.

“Nothing, **love...**” he says softly. “It’s just—if I understand you correctly, you’re saying we’re truly meant for each other. Does that mean you’ve chosen to stay with me? Even after everything—even after the way I treated you?”

I reach for his hand and squeeze it gently. “Yes, Deckard. I’ll stay with you as long **as** you treat me better than you did before. We’ve both been through a lot. But I believe you know me now you know what I’m capable of. So tell me do you trust me now? Do you believe that I would never do anything to sabotage **you** or **the** pack!“ _

up on me You

He sighs, the weight of regret flickering in his eyes. “I’ve been foolish, Amica Silly and inconsiderate. And yet, you never gave up a stayed by my side and gave me your tender, immeasurable love. I was blind not to trust you, and for that, I’m deeply sorry.”

I see the truth in his eyes, which melts something inside me

Then he speaks again, his voice low with vulnerability. “**Are** you really saying you’d love me even now that I’ve lost everything! My power, my title. my wealth all taken by my stepbrother. I’m a poor man now, Amica”

“Who says I will be with you if you are poor? You **remain the Alpha of alphas**, and I your Luna. You are taking back what is yours! We are getting everything back, I tell him.

“What if I’m still too weak to fight back?” he asked.

“If you can fuck the the way that you just did, it means you are strong enough to fight DAnth **and** his witch” I tease, placing kisses on his worried

It concerns me too that we will have to fight. Darth and Cleopatra, but now we are in the land of sorcerers; I know that we will find someone to help us put these two in their place, though the price might be high.

Deck grabbed me back to him, squeezed me from behind, and planted his once again hard cock in me from behind.

I got a hold of the pillow while he kissed my ears and **neck** from behind and whispered.

“**Your** faith in me is **what keeps** me going. Amica I will not let you down. His words stimulated me once again as he fucked me slowly from the

“Oh deckard. I love you so much.” I moaned his sweet name

name, exhaling from the intense pleasure. Deckard made me cum again that night, and I

both crashed into each other's arms.

This moment right here is something I have never experienced before.

starts or ends with a grudge.

a grudge. We **always**.

always have something left unresolved or

Yes, I always have great **sex** with Deckard, but the night either always **starts** with something left to say

Chapter **is**

It is always angry sex, but this moment here is intense. Sincere Deckard pressed out his heart to me, this is the most vulnerable I have ever seen him. He was like a child in **my** arms, so vulnerable and open for a while.

I nurtured him. I slept this night more peacefully than I ever did. No terrible dreams, not waking up angry, just knocked out by the man I love. By the time my eyes flutter open, I see her standing by the corner of the room, her eyes scanning both of our naked bodies with a cup

"What the hell? Teclain, tapping Deckard

"What?" **Deckard** grunts before noticing what I saw.

her hand

"I can see now that you're a better alpha, so much better than you used up all your energy last night." Freya says, her voice sounding a bit judgmental

"Freya, what the hell?" I say, yanking the blanket to cover Amica up

"Well, I'm sorry. I brought some herbal tea for the recovering alpha" she says with

*Well, you could have knocked "I yell:

in

my own home! Come on!" she laughs it off as if it's a common jester.

Please leave the tea on the table while we get dressed and meet you later." Deckard says

“Oh sure!” she lets out a **fake** smile and slowly walks out of the room, almost never taking her eyes off Deckard’s built chest

“I don’t like her?” I whisper to Deckard immediately after she leaves the room.

“Yes, she isn’t so likable, he agrees

“Let’s **take** our shower and go see what **she** wants!” Deckard says, and we do just that

After a while, we proceed out of the room and find her sitting in the living room, waiting, **as** if she had been there since we asked her to excuse us

“Finally! They decide to grace us with their presence she announces sarcastically.

Deckard and I sit side by side, with me holding his hand.

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“You can let go of his hand, he’s not going anywhere just yet,” she **says**, imitation in her voice.

I stare back at her, ignoring her, hoping that she will finally say what’s on her mind so we can get the hell out of here.

Well I can see that the Alpha is better now, thanks to me!” she hails herself.

“Yes, we truly appreciate you. Freya. Thank you so much for keeping my man alive all this while. I thought he **was** dead! Thank you so much. Freya. We have nothing in hand right now, but I promise you that we will compensate **you** handsomely once we get back to Blackcastle, I tell her.

“Well, **lucky** you, I don’t want anything from Blackwater. Whatever I need there is right here!” she says, and **I’m** a bit impressed that she isn’t moved by material things.

She gets up from her seat and starts walking around, then lingers around Deckard. She walks straight to him standing above him.

“Let me check your eyes, Alpha,” she says, placing her fingers on **Deckard’s** face and opening his eyes wider to examine them

“You’re definitely better now, even the poison has finally left you,” she says.

“I’m his true male, after all,” I brag to **her**, but she ignores me completely.

“Now all that’s left is to use the Dragon Dane to fortify you, to make you stronger than your enemies and their weapons,” she says, still not acknowledging me.

“Really! You can do that?” Deckard adka in surprise.

“Or rounne. They didn’t give me the name of the goddess for nothing. Alpha” she brags.

“Hut first, I will **take** my price!” she announces, turning her back to us and **walking away**.

“My price is you. Alpha!” she declares.

I thought she was talking about something entirely different

“What do you mean? Do you need

red him to do something for you

Freya?” I **ask**.

“Yes, I need him to take me **as his** mate!” she says, her voice cold and serious.

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“Well, that’s impossible, Freya. I already have my mate, as you can clearly see that. Besides, I’m not even attracted to you, I doubt i ever will, so there’s no way that would ever work,” I say firmly.

“Oh, Alpha,” she replies with a sly, almost mocking smile. “Are you trying to hurt my feelings?”

“Of course not. But it’s obvious you’re the one overreaching. I have a mate I love, right here beside me, and you show no regard for either of us. You choose to say this in our presence... What the hell do you think you’re doing?” I snap, my anger rising.

“Deckard, please don’t get riled up...” Amica gently tries to soothe me, leaning in to whisper, “We still need her.”

“Yeah, listen to her! Don’t piss me off!” Freya says with a smirk.

“Listen, Freya, Amica cuts in, her voice cold but composed, “it would be wise to ask for something else. Deckard will never be yours. He’s mine. We are bonded.”

“Well, you *can* be unbonded!” Freya snaps, her eyes flashing.

You’d better stop being ridiculous now, Freya,” I growl. “you will not speak to me like that,” I say, stepping forward, closing the distance between us.

Her eyes gleam with defiance. “What are you gonna do to me? Burn me in your fury?” she challenges, “You still need me. I can make you stronger... strong enough to defeat your enemies. I know you have a war to fight. Let me help you, Alpha.

Her voice softens, almost pleading.

“You don’t understand,” she continues, turning her gaze to both of us. “The moment you stepped into this town, I knew something that belonged to me **was** here.”

She pauses, letting the weight of her words settle.

That little girl–Freya–the one who brought you here... she’s our future daughter. It wasn’t my doing. It was the will of the gods!”

Then the gods must be crazy!” Amica snaps, stepping in front of me, her voice fierce.

“Your gods didn’t heal him when he was dying! He lay on your couch, breath shallow, waiting–waiting for his Luna. For me!”

She glares at Freya, every word sharp like a blade.

“There is nothing special you did for him, Freya. Nothing–**except** offering shelter. And we will pay you handsomely for that. But your payment.” her voice hardens, “does not include my man.”

This is a new side of Amica I’m seeing, and I have to admit–I’m impressed. Maybe my absence, everything she’s been through, has finally forced her out of her shell.

“Do you think it was a coincidence?” she says, her voice steady, eyes locked on Freya. “That **I** was the first person you found, out of everyone in this city?”

Her words hang in the air like smoke.

“If you refuse to name your prize as anything other than me,” **I** say coldly, “then my Luna and I will be taking our **leave**.”

I take Amica’s hand, turning toward the door. But just as we’re about to step through, something unseen slams against us like a wall. An invisible force blocks our path, refusing to let us pass.

Freya’s voice follows, sharp and venomous.

“Did you think you could just leave without paying your debts? You made a promise!”

I freeze. My blood starts to boil.

I can't believe this is happening. After everything—after I've healed and reclaimed myself—this is what stands in our **way**? Another witch **with** too **much** power and too little conscience?

Should I slit her **throat**?

Or **carve** out her heart?

I **smirk**, already imagining the terrible things I could do to her if she **keeps** pushing down this path. A dozen **ways** to end her **flash** through my

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mind, each one darker than the last.

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Then, to my surprise, Amica steps forward. Her face is flushed, jaw tight, fury practically radiating off her. She stops just inches from where Freya

stands.

"Freya, what you're asking for is ridiculous," she snaps, voice sharp with restrained rage. "You haven't even fulfilled your end of the deal! The only thing you've done for the Alpha is give him shelter. I was the one who healed him."

Her eyes flash. "You promised to make him powerful—with the dragon babe—and you haven't even done that. Maybe if you actually delivered, then we could begin to consider your offer."

I whip my head toward her, stunned. "What? No. There is no way I'm ever going to consider the insane thing she's asking for!" I say quickly, firmly

I just got Amica back—finally. We're connected again, stronger than **ever**. All i want now is to get what i lost bck and Give her the love that she deserves.

There's no way in hell I'm letting some witch slither her way between us.

Not ever.

"That is what I'm saying! I can make you untouchable!" Freya insists, her voice rising with urgency. "I have the Dragon Bane—I am one of the few sorcerers around who

possess.it because I inherited it from my great-grandmother, who was a powerful sorcerer. Did you think it was a coincidence that you met me, the only person in Red Valley who has the Dragon Bane?"

"Well then, make the Alpha powerful and untouchable as you claim!" Amica snaps, her eyes narrowed in defiance. "Since I got here, I haven't seen any testament to your so-called power. All I know is that some creepy woman wants to take my Alpha!"

"Fine! You want to see power? I'll show you!" Freya barks, and storms out, her presence vanishing from the room like a gust of wind.

Deckard and I stand there, completely clueless, unsure of what she's about to unleash.

"Damn," I mutter, "Do you think I pissed her off?"

"I think we both did," he reply in agreement.

He walks up to me and takes my hands, his expression turning serious.

'Stay behind me, no matter what," he says, placing himself in front of me like a protective shield.

We soon hear her footsteps approaching, We don't know what to expect, I swallow, preparing myself for whatever is **to** come. All I know is that i must protect My woman!

She emerges from the shadows, holding a strange black bowl-ancient-looking, with symbols carved deep into its surface.

Without a word, she kneels and pours a powdery substance onto the floor, drawing a large circle with precision.

"Step into the circle, Alpha!" she commands...

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"Why?" I ask, narrowing my eyes.

"You want power? you want to be untouchable?" she says, her gaze intense. "Then step in. I will **give** you that-and you'll finally see how powerful you can be!"

I glance back at Arnica. She gives a slight nod, her expression tense but trusting, urging me silently to go along with it.

"Sit in the circle, Alpha," Freya says again, more firmly.

I do as she says—not because I’m stupid, but because I need that Dragon Bane in me if I’m going to conquer, if I’m going to survive... and defeat this damn witch.

She presses some of the powder onto my forehead, her fingers cool and deliberate. Then she pulls out a knife, **dipping** it into a thick, **glowing** potion that shimmers unnaturally.

Muttering a spell under her breath, she begins circling me slowly, the blade gleaming in her hand.

When I **least** expect it, I feel something sharp **slice** across my back! She cuts me with the knife—and the **pain** isn’t just from the wound. No. The real pain is what **I** feel rushing into my bloodstream, like something **foreign**, alive, and burning.

Suddenly, I feel hot. My fury **erupts**, uncalled for, uncontrollable—emerging on its own, wild and fierce,

“What is going on?!” I yell, panic clawing at me. I’m afraid—terrified **of** the consequences.

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Amica is standing right in front of me, and I feel it—I know—I might hurt her.

“Don’t hold back what you’re feeling! Do not let anything distract you! Do not speak! Let it move through you freely!” she yells, voice firm, almost lost in the rising heat around me.

I know what’s moving through me. It’s fire. And I know it’s going to hurt.

“Amica... run!” I force the words out, my voice cracking under the strain, my vision overtaken by flames.

All I see now is fire—and I become it in its full, terrifying magnitude.

Amica?