

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 191[2,073 words]

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Chapter 191

Chapter 191

Amica

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My time in Pennywise has brought me closer to Deckard than I've been before.

It's here I see the man behind the Alpha—the one he hides so fiercely from the world. The walls he once built around his heart have finally begun to fall, at least with me. And in those quiet moments, I see him... truly see him.

At night, when sleep should bring peace, I watch him wrestle demons I cannot name. His body trembles, his breath catches—haunted by memories or nightmares I can't reach. I never ask what he sees. I just hold him, whispering soft truths to remind him that he's not alone. That I'm here. That it isn't real.

But I know Darth is one of those shadows—an ever-present weight on Deckard's chest. I know that until this ends, the darkness inside him can never fully lift.

We are flying now—thirty feet above the ground, wind slicing through the sky as we head toward the heart of the battle.

Deckard's hand grips mine tightly as we're approaching a storm neither of us will walk

But once we land, I'm taken.

from unchanged.

Two men—wolves he trusts—escort me away from the battlefield before I even get a chance to protest. Deckard doesn't argue. He just nods at them, eyes fierce but strangely calm,

They take me to a hidden safehouse not too far from Blackwater. A small, I'm told it's secure, far from the reach of the castle's destruction.

But safety has never felt so hollow.

I can hear the fire. Damn i can almost feel it.

I can hear the barking and roaring of wolves in the distance—every cry, every scream, every snap of bone carry

to

on the wind. No matter how “secure” this place is, it means nothing to my senses. My wolf is wide awake. Desperat *me* like a whisper

But more than the chaos, I can feel something stronger—Deckard.

His heartbeat.

His rage.

His pain.

I’ve never felt it like this before—so loud, so sharp, it’s as if our bond is screaming inside me. Tonight is different. Something’s happening, something terrible...

I sit by the window now, the low hum of chaos trembling through the glass. I can hear it all—the cries, the clash of steel, the desperate roars of wolves defending their lives. The people fleeing, warriors bleeding.

And all I can do is listen.

Listen and wait.

I pace the room like a caged animal, my bare feet silent against the wooden floor, eyes flicking to the door every few seconds. Two guards stand outside—loyal, patient, watching over me. But guarding me from what? There’s no enemy here. No threat. No one is coming for me.

The real danger is out there. With him.

I just want to be with Deckard. I know I might be powerless in the face of what he’s become. I know I might not be able to stop him or save him. But I’ll give everything. Even my life.

Minutes pass. Hours, maybe.

I drop into the old armchair, my hands trembling. Sweat beads down my back even though the room is cold. My limbs ache. I feel hot- too hot. Like I’m burning from the inside. My

wolf stirs, confused. I'm not in a fight. There's no danger here. And yet... I feel like shifting. Like something inside me is breaking loose.

I close my eyes, just for a moment. Just to breathe. Just to stop the storm in my chest.

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it the moment I do...

s not peace that comes.

s fire.

re moves with a mind of its own.

hat's the fire of the dragon.

ut I don't see the dragon.

Deckard is nowhere to be found. Not in the shadows. Not in the flame.

Still... I feel him.

stand in the middle of the inferno, flames licking at my feet, dancing around me like they know who I am. I call his name—once, twice, over and over. But there's no response. No eyes looking back.

He isn't here.

And yet his rage is.

His pain pulses in the very heat around me.

His anger hums through the fire like a heartbeat.

But his love?

His warmth?

Gone.

It's like the dragon has devoured the man I know—the man I love.

And for a terrifying second, it feels like he's dead.

I snap my eyes open with a gasp, cold air flooding my lungs.

The room is spinning. The war outside still rages. I hear it all-

But my body... My body is frozen.

A chill rushes through me like death itself. It's unlike anything I've ever felt. No winter could make me shake like this. No fear could hollow me out this way.

I wrap my arms around myself, trembling as I try to sit up straighter—but I can't. I slide from the edge of the chair, my legs weak

Something is wrong.

My breath becomes shallow, labored. My heart races, but my blood feels sluggish in my veins. I'm freezing—but not in the ordinary way. This cold feels like it's pulling me away from life itself.

I swear, I will die.

I struggle to get up, my legs **barely** holding the weight of my trembling body. Every step feels like a mountain, I reach the door and **lean** on the knob for support, slowly turning it open.

The two guards posted outside whip their heads toward me in alarm.

"Luna! You shouldn't be out here!" one of them **says**, rushing to my side—his voice full of command, then quickly replaced by concern as he sees my state.

"What is wrong, Luna? Are you alright?" the other one **asks**, stepping forward with panic in his eyes.

"I'm dying," I whisper, barely finding my voice. "Take me to Deckard."

His face hardens. "Oh—we can't. That place is war, Luna Amica. It's too dangerous. We're under strict orders to protect you."

I lift my head slowly, locking eyes with him.

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“What’s your name?” I ask.

He hesitates, then answers, “Manny, Luna,” bowing slightly, still unsure.

I take a breath, and though my body is weak, my voice sharpens like a blade.

“Listen, Manny. I am dying. And the only thing that can restore me is Deckard. If he comes back here to find that I died in this room—if you let me die—he will burn everything. You will not only suffer his wrath in this world, but your name will be cursed in your grave and in every life to come.”

My voice echoes like prophecy.

I see it happen—the shift in his eyes. From stubborn duty to realization. From defiance to fear.

Then surrender.

Manny swallows hard, nods once, then turns to the other guard. “Let’s go,” Manny says in a low, urgent voice.

The two of them support me gently, helping me into the back of the car. The vehicle jerks forward, speeding through the winding roads like the wind itself is chasing us. I can feel my body slipping further, my breath thinning, my limbs colder than ever. They glance back at me every few seconds, the panic in their eyes growing as they realize—I’m getting worse.

Fifteen minutes later, we reach Black Castle.

But this is no longer a castle.

Outside, I am met with a vision of pure horror—a nightmare etched into reality. Dismembered body parts lie scattered across the ground. Blood drenches the soil, staining it black. Smoke coils around broken walls, and ashes hang heavy in the air. Some parts of the earth are charred and hot, others blackened with soot—but I can still feel the heat, like something is still burning.

For a brief, twisted moment, my fear for Deckard’s safety fades... because I know this destruction. I know the chaos. I feel him in it.

Only one being could have caused this.

And then it hits—me—not fear for him, but fear of him.

My mate. Alpha Deckard.

What has he become?

I step out of the car, boots pressing into a mound of what used to be someone... something. The ashes crumble beneath me with a sickening crunch. I don't know what part of the body it was, but I know it was once alive.

The sound pierces my bones.

"What the hell happened here?" I whisper under my breath, voice barely holding steady.

Where are our men?

"Luna Amica, please... it's too dangerous. Let us wait at a distance, until the battle is over," Manny begs. And it's not just for my safety—I hear it in his voice. He's scared for himself too.

"I'll go in alone. You both can stay here," I **say** firmly, even as my body trembles.

"But we can't **leave** you!" the other guard protests.

"Yes, you will. That's **a** command," I snap, forcing my weak legs to carry me through the scorched gates of Blackthorn Castle.

"It's too hot, Luna!" they plead behind me.

They're right. The heat clings to the air like smoke, thick and suffocating. I can smell it—burnt flesh, seared stone, melted steel. I am petrified. But even in the heart of this inferno, I don't feel danger from the fire. Not from his fire.

I can hear the cackling flames deeper inside. They're alive, breathing like a beast let loose.

As I step further into the ruins of what once was my home, my heart twists. This... this is not Blackthorn Castle anymore. It's a graveyard.

Burnt bodies litter the ground in grotesque stillness.

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But for a moment, I forget the state I was in when I arrived here. I'm walking upright now—no longer weak, no longer dying. The cold that once gripped my bones is fading, replaced by the warmth of the fire that rages ahead.

As I take cautious steps toward the source of the inferno, my ears catch the sudden patter of footsteps. A woman bursts from one of the side doors, stumbling into view.

She's beautiful, yet messy, her face twisted with fear. Her wide, glassy eyes look as though they've seen something too heavy to carry.

"He's gone mad!" she screams, as she tiptoes around the burnt remains scattered across the ground. "He's killed everyone—he's a mad alpha!"

She runs, tripping, breathless, desperate to escape. The hem of her long gown catches a stray flame and she lets out a shrill cry, spinning and swatting at the fire. She dances like a puppet caught in madness until she finally tears her heel free and bolts through the castle gates.

But I don't flinch..

I keep moving forward.

And then... I see it.

see the fire—mad, raging, unchained.

And in the heart of it stands my mate.

Deckard,

He's in front of Darth, finishing what we all knew had to be done. He takes him out with a brutality for every bit of pain Darth ever inflicted. But even after it's done... Deckard doesn't stop. He doesn't fall back. He doesn't return.

My Alpha is still burning.

The fire clings to him like a second skin, as if the flames have accepted him as one of their own. The heat around me is intense—it should be unbearable, yet somehow, it breathes life into my cold body. I feel more alive standing here than I did minutes ago, like the fire itself is tethered to my soul. Still, a quiet dread creeps in. What happens when the cold fully leaves me?

I watch him—Deckard—scorch everything in sight, like a god searching for a new world to ruin. The castle is unrecognizable now, but he keeps going.

"My Alpha," I call out, soft but trembling.

He turns.

Slowly.

And I see it—those eyes. Not golden. Not kind. They’re red-hot and hollow. Molten and merciless. The *eyes* of a creature that doesn’t recognize love... or me.

“My love... please, come to me,” I whisper, voice cracking under the weight of fear and hope. “It’s over now...”

He stares at me. No words. Just that stare, as if he’s trying to remember whether I matter.

“It’s me,” I continue, stepping forward, chest tight. “It’s Amica. Your Luna.”

Tears sting my eyes. The silence stretches between us, louder than the crackle of fire or the crumble of burning stone.

“Walk away, woman...” he says finally, his voice deep and dangerous. “Or you’ll burn.”

The

I don

Comment

threat-

Amica.

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Send gift

No Ads

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 192[1,310 words]

Chapter 192

Leonard

Amica walks through the inferno like it’s nothing.

Like the fire isn't real.

Like it isn't the same fire that reduced men to ash right before my eyes.

"Thank the Goddess," Freya breathes beside me, her voice barely a whisper—full of awe, full of relief.

"How... how did she even know to come?" she mutters, eyes wide. "let's see if she survives this" she scoffs

"What?" I ask, catching the tension in her tone.

"Nothing" she replies too quickly, eyes still locked on Amica.

"Freya." I press, stepping closer to her, "what do you mean, let's see if she survives this?" What are you not saying?"

She hesitates.

"I said I don't know!" she snaps quietly, her nerves unraveling. "This... this is

in the books of legends, Leonard. No one alive has

seen it happen before. I don't know if it works. I hope it does. But we're all witnessing something we only thought was myth."

I look back toward Amica, who's still moving through the blaze like she's walking through a dream. The flames curl around her, but. never touch her skin. And Deckard... gods, Deckard.

His voice rips through the air, deeper, darker than anything I've heard before.

Walk away, woman.. **or** you'll burn."

He doesn't recognize her.

He's gone too far into the fire.

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*Deckard, please! Look at me!" Amica cries, voice trembling but strong, like she's reaching into the very soul of the **beast**.

Too busy sorry. I have enemies to destroy," Deckard growls, his voice distant like its truly his own.

He strides forward, flames trailing behind every step, and walks past Arnica without a second glance.

“Where are **you** going?!” Amica cries out.

To destroy them all.” His voice booms through the ruined castle. “Everyone who ever stood between me and my Luna... will burn!”

“My Alpha?” Amica screams, Tears **spill** freely down her cheeks now. “Please...”

She reaches out—just her hand, for a touch—grasping for the man she knows **is** still buried beneath the beast. But the fire doesn’t recognize her plea.

It lashes out.

She screams as it burns her.

Deckard freezes.

He **spins around** at the sound—eyes wild—only to see her collapse.

“Amica he whispers, the fire flickering

Then—whoosh—his **flames** vanish all at **once**, extinguished in **a** sudden rush **of** air.

“Oh Goddess—Amica!” he drops to his **knees**, cradling her charred hand, panic rising in his throat.

“No, no—Amica, I’m sorry! I didn’t know. I didn’t know!” he stammers, lost, his **head snapping** from side to side, looking for help, for

anyone

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Chapter 192

“Please... don’t leave me,”

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Fear grips me as I watch Deckard—his eyes still wild, his posture stiff and lost in the flames.

I can't leave him like this.

I make a move to run to him, but Freya's grip stops me.

"Leonard, we don't know for sure if his anger has lessened. It's not safe." she says urgently.

I yank my arm from her grasp, "What do you care?" I snap,

Ignoring her protests, I run toward Deckard, the heat almost unbearable as the fire swirls around me like a living beast. But I push through.

"Alpha Deckard! Please—let us find help!" My voice trembles "This place—this heat—it's too much!"

I

Freya follows behind, her voice faint against the roaring fires "What the hell happened? Where is everyone?" deckard ask, as by hear her now.

around

*They either fled or they're dead," I reply, my throat thick with grief. "We

the ruins of Blackthorn Castle.

I glance at Freya. She's watching us from a distance, unwilling to coeed to get out of here before it's all gone."

any closer. But she knows there's nothing left to, salvage.

The entire place has been reduced to ashes. Half of it is gone even the exotic cars are gone—consumed by the flames.

We find a car parked outside the ruined gates, its engine still running. The three of us pile in, and with a quick glance back, I push my foot on the pedal. We drive, leaving Blackthorn behind—leaving everything behind.

"Where are we taking her?" I ask, my hands gripping the steering wheel tightly scattered. "Hospital? Where?"

as

I drive through the darkened streets, my thoughts

Deckard's response is barely coherent, his voice a mix of confusion and urgency. "I... I don't know... **yes...** I..."

Freya interrupts, her voice steady despite the chaos. "I will take care of her. Let's get her to a safe place. **I can heal her!**"

"Drive *to* my manor **at** Almond Estate," Deckard says,

Once **we** get to the **estate** come into view, the gates opening to let us pass. I park the car, turning off the engine

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Deckard **carries** Amica carefully into one of the rooms, laying her down on the bed with the tenderness

"Do **your** thing now, Freya," **I say**, his voice tight. "I'll **call** a doctor for extra support.

Deckard stay in the background, pacing, unable to stand still. The room feels **too** quiet, too still, as Freya stands **over** Amica, placing her hand on her forehead **to** check her temperature.

"What's wrong with her, Freya?" Deckard growls, his impatience **as** he stands by the bedside, barely **able** to contain himself.

Freya takes **a** moment before answering, her **voice** soft but **laced** with concern,

"Isn't it obvious? You burned her **with** your fire, Alpha. But... I'm surprised she **didn't** suffer more burns, I think she's more shocked **than**

burned."

I turn out to reach the for for the **nearest** doctor around.

"I didn't know what happened, I was out **of** control just get her back to me, please," Deckard pleads, his voice breaking as he looks down **at Amica**.

"Im trying my best, Alpha!" Freya responds, frustration creeping into her tone **as** she continues whispering incantations, her hands hovering over Amica.

I step back, hearing the sound of the door opening. "The doctor is here!" I announce, leading a middle-aged man into the room.

“Well, I’m still checking **on** her.” Freya snaps, irritation clear in her voice. “We can’t both treat her at the same time!”

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“Let me just check her vitals while you do your thing,” the doctor **says** calmly, setting down his bag and beginning his examination.

“Please, allow her to do her work,” I urge, watching them both carefully.

The doctor pulls out his tools and begins to check Amica, his expression unreadable as he murmurs to himself.

“**Hmm...**” he murmurs, his fingers lightly pressing against her skin. “She’s cold, but her heartbeat is strong, though the other is even stronger.

“What other?” Deckard asks, his voice sharp with concern.

“The other her baby,” the doctor says, looking up at us with a serious expression. “But if her temperature continues to drop, it could affect the baby.”

“She she’s carrying my baby?” Deckard stutters, disbelief in his eyes.

“Oh yes, she is,” the doctor confirms, nodding as he continues his assessment.

“But please, go ahead and turn on the heater, I will administer some drugs to her!” The doctor says, his voice steady as he pulls out an injection, carefully inserting it into the veins of Amica’s arm.

He slowly tends to the burn on her palm and hand, focusing on the healing process.

The Luna is pregnant!” I announce with a sudden burst of joy. “An heir!” He laughs, **as** if the revelation brings him a moment of light in the darkness.

*Do not worry about the heater, doctor. I will take care of her. She needs me!” Deckard says, his voice filled with urgency, his heart beating heavily with the desire to protect.

“I would like to be alone with her. I want to be alone with my mate. I will heal her,” Deckard says confidently, and the others, understanding the depth of his need, quietly leave the room.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 193[1,891 words]

Chapter 193

Deckard

The door closes behind

will heal.

That night, I lay beside her, unable

settles over the room. I know what she needs a night of warmth, and he believes that with it, she

sleep. His eyes never leave her, watching her as she breathes softly, her chest rising and falling with each shallow breath. My hand gently rests on her belly, feeling the small life inside, the heir we both never expected especially after what we have both been through but now

now both cherish with every fiber of their being.

H

“I will not let anything take us apart this time,” I whispers to her, MY voice thick with emotion. “My heir will live this time. No harm will come your way. I promise you.”

For a long while, I stays still, lost in his thoughts, but then I feels a change. Amica’s breathing grows heavier, and I notices her stir slightly, **as if** she’s beginning to wake.

“Amica?” I calls softly,

She looks around, her gaze unfocused at first, as if she’s trying to piece together the fragments of her surroundings, the chaos, the pain.... and the warmth.

open.

Her **eyes** snap open.

For a moment, she just lies there, taking in her surroundings, her breathing growing heavier with each passing second.

Then her blue eyes find me

—

wide, frantic, searching – but there’s no recognition in them. Only **fear**.

“Amica?” **I say** softly, reaching for her.

She begins to hyperventilate, her chest rising and falling in sharp, panicked gasps.

“**It’s okay... it’s** okay,” **I** whisper **as** **I** pull her into my arms, holding her tightly against me.

She struggles, trying to push me away, her hands weak but desperate. But **I** don’t let go. **I** can’t.

I won’t let **fear** stand between us. She’s mine, and **I**’m hers

—

nothing will change that.

“Deckard, **she** sobs, her voice breaking.

“Yes, love, it’s me, **I** murmur into her hair. “**I** will **never** hurt you. **I** love you

—

you, and our little heir.”

Slowly, **I** loosen my hold, cupping her **face** gently between my hands.

I lower my head and press a soft kiss to her trembling lips.

At first, she hesitates... then, **finally**, **she** kisses me **back**, a broken but beautiful answer.

—

I keep my Luna under close watch **now**, ever since **I** heard about **the** pregnancy. **She** goes **everywhere** with me **I** won’t risk a single **thing** happening to her again.

I’ve heard **every** detail about **what** happened while **I** was gone.

What **haunts** me the most is that **I** wasn’t here to **teach** Mary **the** lesson of her life for all she put Amica through.

That fucking evil **twat**.

She was responsible for ruining our first pregnancy for stealing something **so** precious from us.

I can't believe how easily she fooled me.

She **always** showed me her sweetest side, never letting her true face slip.

I underestimated **just** how dangerous she **really** was

how **deep** her rot ran.

And to make **it** even worse, she wasn't just **a** liar

—

she was a parasite.

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Chapter 193

The moment she heard I was dead, she ran straight into Darth's bed, like the snake she is.

She never truly cared for me.

All she ever wanted **was** the power, the status, the crown of being Luna to the strongest pack.

That's all I **ever** was to her

—

a

eans to an end.

The disgust I feel knowing she spread her legs for Darth

What the actual fuck.

Why Dane?

She really thought Darth was stupid enough to fall for it onto him.

Well, I'll say this: she got exactly what she deserved.

I couldn't have imagined a better punishment myself.

and Dane too

is enough to make my blood boil.

thought she could push the parasite of a pregnancy she carried for Dane

Her unborn child ripped out of her the same brutal way she destroyed Amica's with it.

Good riddance..

The battle is finally over, but the **cost**...

So many lives lost to get us here.

Even **I** almost didn't make it.

It guts me that Ivar and George are gone.

They didn't **deserve** to die like that.

And Austin... **fuck**.

All these death **are** on me.

This damn fire, this **curse I carry**.

I call **a** meeting with the men of the Apex Circle.

We gather to **mourn**, to honor **the warriors** who fell **for** this **cause**.

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pregnancy – only hers **was** even worse. She lost her life

We **carry** out the burial rites, **each man heavy** with grief, each name carved into memory.

It's **a** sad day, but if **there's any** light in **all** of this darkness, it's **the** relief I **see** in the **faces** of the Alphas.

Because after the little horror show **Darth** introduced **them** to in **his** short reign, **they** know **much** worse.

-

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we all know this could **have** ended **so**

We have abandoned Blackthorn Castle for now **while** renovation is underway. Although **we are not** returning **there** because of the reminder it carries.

But we still live here in Blackwater because Amica insists on it.

Even though I wanted us to leave to put distance between us and the terrible memories carved into these streets- Amica refuses to turn her **back** on this city.

That's who she is.

She doesn't run **away**.

After a month, I finally **begin** preparations for the wedding Amica was robbed of so many times.

It **was** always one thing or the other one useless obstacle after another.

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But today, nothing stands in our way.

Today, the wedding commences

-

between me and my destined mate.

It's perfect.

Because this time, we're

not alone.

We carry a third soul with

us

my future heir.

+15

Whether boy or girl, I know they will be just as brave **as** their mother

the woman who walked through fire without a second thought who bore a scar on her hand as a permanent reminder of the battle we fought and won together.

I know my child will yield the dragon's fire even better than I ever could.

I know they will carry the strength and spirit of their mother.

Today, I stand in front of the only woman who never turned her **back** on me

She stayed.

She chose me

–

again and again.

And I swear before the Goddess and every star that will ever shine over us

I will never abandon her.

– even after everything I put her through.

She looks so beautiful

–

even more beautiful than the Moon Goddess herself.

Her skin glows so fiercely, the sun's got nothing on her.

Maybe **it's** the pregnancy, but her skin looks richer, softer, like velvet I ache to touch.

As **we** stand before the priest, in the presence of everyone, ready to be officially bound together, my eyes can't help but drift to her **cleavage** full, round, and impossibly tempting.

—

Are they getting **bigger?** Fuller?

Damn.

I've never had anyone carry my child before.

I always thought pregnant women **just** grew a big belly – but this?

This is something else entirely.

Or maybe... it's just Amica.

Everything about her is **magic**.

I can barely **wait** for the ceremony to end.

I just want to bury **myself** in her, lose **myself** in her warmth, and **never** come back out.

After we say our "I do's," the crowd erupts in cheers and **claps** but I hardly hear any of it.

All I can think about is her **my** mate, **my** wife, my everything

—

I kiss her like it's my first time **all** over again.

Hell, every time I taste her lips, it's sweeter than the last.

No **one**

—

no one – is **as** beautiful as she is

And standing here now, with her in my arms, I know without a doubt

everything we went through was worth it.

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Chapter 193

All of it led me to this moment.

To her.

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At night, in the dimly lit, romantically decorated bedroom – just the way I instructed – I slowly slip the rich silk gown from her body.

It hugs her curves perfectly, the delicate lace brushing over her arms, resting along the swell of her cleavage.

I peel it away, revealing her to me – so beautiful, so ethereal it steals the very breath from my lungs.

I gently carry that beautiful firm breasts with my hands and savor every inch of her until my tongue finds her sensitive, pink nipples, teasing gently while Amica clutches me tighter, holding me to her chest like she owns me.

And truly

–

she does.

I lay her back against the bed, parting her thighs with aching care to reveal her sacred, breathtaking self to me.

A rush of citrus and coconut greets me – her natural scent is pure and intoxicating.

I lower myself between her legs, tasting her sweetness, feeling the violent pull it sends aggressively to my cock, hard and ready like a drawn sword.

Amica rocks my head around her in a sweet motion, her body stifling and releasing pleasure at each stroke of my tongue.

Her body stiffens and shudders with every stroke of my tongue, each wave of pleasure tearing soft cries from her lips.

My lips find their way back up to her, and she kisses it in a hunger like she was dying to taste herself through me.

I cradle her from behind, sliding deep into her with slow, worshipful thrusts.

Her moans fill the darkened room, whispering against my ear with broken confessions of “I love you,” over and over.

And as I move inside her, feeling her raw skin against mine, I know without doubt if she loves me, I love her even more.

More than life itself.

We head back to the Manor a few days later – back to reality.

Leonard, my Beta, is the first to welcome us at the door.

The Manor, though grand, is almost as large and imposing as Blackthorn Castle.

The castle had been my father’s gift, my inheritance by blood.

But the Manor – this **was** something I built myself, meant for my own heirs one day.

I don’t mind a few of my pack members living in different wings.

It’s the life I’ve always known – I am rarely without company.

I urge Amica to go inside and rest while I handle some **matters** with the **pack**,

There are things that need my attention, things **I** cannot delay.

Sitting alone in my office, sorting through the mess that comes with leadership, I hear a soft knock on the door.

“Come in,” I call out distractedly, barely glancing up.

I don’t bother – I already know who it is.

That herbal, minty scent gives them **away** immediately.

I would recognize **it** anywhere.

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Chapter 193

I tap my fingers against the desk, the silence stretching too long, too thick.

Finally, I lift my eyes and say in a low voice, “What do you want?”

“Well,” she say, tone calm tone.

“I’ve given you time. Space. I even stood aside and allowed you the chance to get married.”

she pauses, a glint in their eye.

“Now it’s time for you to fulfill your promise.”

5/5

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 194[1,233 words]

Chapter 194

Deckard

I glance up at her, searching her face to see if she’s joking

—

– but Freya never fools around.

Not about things like this.

I smile faintly.

“Freya, your payment was arranged the first week after the battle,” I say. “But that isn’t the full extent of your reward.”

I rise to my feet, brushing past her without waiting for a reply.

“Come with me. Let’s take a drive.”

Outside, I spot Leonard near the steps and signal him to bring the car around.

Without a word, he understands, and within minutes, we're pulling away from the Manor.
Freya sits beside me, strangely silent.

Her presence is so still, so quiet, it's almost like she isn't there but I feel her all the same.

Leonard knows where we're headed.

–

The drive stretches on for thirty minutes, the road winding through fields and into more private lands.

When we finally arrive, security immediately springs into action, opening the grand iron gates.

We drive through into a stunning horticultural estate perfectly trimmed lawns, sprawling gardens, flowers blooming in a burst of colors.

At the center stands a massive mansion, bold and gleaming in the evening light.

Leonard parks smoothly by the main entrance.

I step out first, turning to wait for her.

Freya steps out of the **car**, her **eyes** sweeping over the estate, lingering on the towering mansion ahead.

I wait, expecting a word from her – something – but her silence stretches longer than it should.

“Freya?” Leonard calls, frowning slightly.

She hums absentmindedly, pacing a short distance back and forth, her eyes skimming the mansion like she's evaluating it... but I can't read a damn thing on her face.

Finally, she stops, turns, and pins me with a sharp, cutting stare.

“Did I ask you for a house, my Alpha?” she **says**, her voice cold.

“No, you didn't,” I answer, keeping my voice steady. “It's just **a** show of appreciation.”

She tilts her head slightly, almost mocking.

“Well, thank you for appreciating me,” she says, her tone dripping with sarcasm, “but I will not accept anything less than what I requested

I feel my temper snap.

“What the hell are you requesting, Freya?” I **bark**, my voice echoing in the open **space**,

“You!” she yells, her voice **raw**, shaking the calm she always hides behind.

The words hit me like a slap.

I stiffen, glaring **at** her.

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Chapter 194

“You cannot have me,” I growl, stepping closer, the rage in my chest building. “I belong to another. I don’t fuck with witches through your dense brain!”

Her eyes harden even more, flashing with something bitter and old.

“Then you still owe me,” she says, voice dropping into something dark and low.

get that

I throw my head back and laugh

a harsh, bitter sound tearing from my throat

—

unable to believe the absurd argument I’m having

with this stubborn, dangerous woman.

My laugh cuts off abruptly, swallowed by the rage boiling inside me.

“So tell me,” I sneer, my voice low and venomous, “what exactly will you do now that I don’t want you? Hmm? Force me? Cast a damn spell on me? Enchant me with your pathetic tricks?”

Freya smiles, calm and unbothered.

“Oh no, my Alpha,” she says sweetly, almost mockingly. “I told you, I cannot enchant you. I would never do that. You will come to me willingly. We are meant to be together.”

I let out a harsh laugh, stepping even closer, towering over her to remind her who the true Alpha is here.

“Well, you’ll be waiting a long time, Freya. Maybe longer than eternity!” I growl.

Her head tilts back to meet my glare, fearless.

“Well,” she whispers, her voice like silk sliding over a blade, “the waiting happens to be the sweetest part of the journey... so wail, I will.”

My blood boils.

“You’re out of your damn mind, Freya,” I snarl, stepping toward her until there’s barely a breath of space between us. “You think because you helped in the war, because you lifted a few curses, you get to lay claim to me?”

She doesn’t flinch. She stands her ground like the witch she is, stubborn and reckless.

“You made a deal,” she says, her voice steady. “You owe a life debt. I chose what I want.”

“I would die before giving myself to you,” I growl, the heat of my anger vibrating through my whole body.

“You already almost did,” she whispers back, a cruel little smile tugging at the corner of her mouth.

I clench my fists so tightly my knuckles crack.

“Let’s go, Leonard!” I bark, not wasting another damn second here. “It’s useless staying!”

I storm back to the **car**, not bothering to look at her again.

Freya stands by the mansion door, smiling faintly, waiting for Leonard to unlock it from the inside of me without even lifting a hand.

It makes me even madder.

like she’s already claimed a piece

“Oh no,” I say coldly, leaning back in my seat. “You’ll have to find your own way out of this place. We had no plans of returning with you after dropping you off at your house.”

I shoot Leonard a look, a silent order to drive.

He hesitates for a split second—he’s not used to disobeying—but he knows better than to argue with me,

The engine roars to life, and we pull away, leaving her standing there like a damn abandoned stray.

She vexes me!

What the hell does she even want from me?

She's wasting her damn time.

There's no way—no damn way—I'm **having** anything to do with a witch.

2/3

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Chapter 194

I have Amica. She's everything I'll ever need.

The very thought of touching anyone else—especially a witch—disgusts me to my core. I'd rather die than violate my own body like that.

The drive back to the castle is thick with silence and my own boiling anger.

After about thirty minutes, we finally arrive. I step out of the car, my mind already locked on getting back to Amica.

But guess who's waiting for us?

Yeah.

You guessed right.

Damn Freya.

"Welcome, my Alpha," she says sweetly, stepping past me like she owns the place. "Like I said earlier, I'll wait."

She disappears into the house like she belongs there.

snap.

"What the fuck!" I roar, my voice shaking the damn walls.

Leonard steps up quickly. "I'll talk to her, Deckard, please—just give me a little more time."

I turn on him, fire burning behind my eyes.

“You’ve been talking to her for how long now, Leonard? And tell me—has it worked?”

My voice drips venom.

“You’re wasting your damn time. If you don’t get her out, I swear I’ll do it myself. I’ll drag that witch out by her hair and throw her to the

mutts!”

I’m breathing heavy, fists clenching and unclenching at my sides.

“Does she even know who the hell I am?!”

I take a threatening step closer to Leonard, just to make my point crystal clear.

“I think you should remind her... before I show her.”

Leonard tries to speak, desperation bleeding from his voice.

“Please, let’s not do anything **craz-**”

But I don’t give a damn about his pleading. I turn and storm off, not even bothering to listen to whatever pathetic excuse he’s trying to

make.

3/3

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 195[1,577 words]

Chapter 195

Amica

Eight months later...

+15

Since the beginning of my pregnancy, Deckard has made it his life’s mission to ensure I have nothing but the best. The best doctors, the best care, the best of everything. He

showers me with so much attention, love, and tenderness that sometimes I find it hard to believe he's the same fierce man the world fears.

He treats me like a queen, and not once does he let me forget it.

Today, Deckard has an important meeting that pulls him out of Blackwater – just for a few hours, he promises

He paces like a caged beast, reluctant to leave my side even for a moment.

"I want you to come with me," he insists, voice low and commanding.

–

but he's restless.

I chuckle softly, reaching for his hand. "Love, I can barely fit into a car at this point," I tease, rubbing my very round belly. "Besides, the doctors warned me against traveling. I could go into labor any minute."

He frowns deeply, not convinced. "Then I'm not leaving. I'll cancel it. I'll stay until our child is born."

"Deckard," I murmur, cupping his stubborn jaw. "I'll be fine. You'll be back before nightfall. I promise to rest and not get

into any

trouble."

It takes a long stretch of gentle persuasion, but finally–reluctantly–he agrees to leave. He assigns Leonard to keep watch over me, though the entire house feels like it's on high alert. Deckard is still worried sick, but I can't help but find it a little adorable... and a little exhausting.

Still, deep down, I know he's only afraid.

Afraid to lose me

Afraid to lose us.

And even though I'm craving just a sliver of breathing room from his overprotective shadow

After Deckard kisses me goodbye early that morning, I enjoy a quiet breakfast and, a few hours later, feel the restless urge to walk around the Manor. The day is calm, the air **sweet**, and I think some fresh breeze would do re-and the baby-some good.

I drift into the garden, settling for a while among the blooms, letting the soft wind play through my

But something catches my eye.

hair.

Just beyond the thick, horticultural-covered walls, I notice a strange outline **a** faint seam that doesn't quite blend with the **rest** of **the-** structure. Curious, I rise **slowly**, supporting my heavy belly with one hand, and make my way over.

When I **get closer**, my instincts are proven right.

Hidden beneath the curtain of flowers and climbing plants, there's **a** small gate. Almost ble unless you know **exactly** where to look.

Heart beating a little **faster**, I brush aside the vines and carefully pull it open.

A hidden pathway **reveals itself** beyond the **gate**, narrow and winding. The wind blowing from the path **feels** different-**cooler**, beckoning. It **stirs** something in me, something both curious and unexplainable.

I

Without thinking, I **step** forward.

I follow the **path**, taking in the mingling **scents** of wildflowers and **earth**. The world **feels** quieter **here**, softer. Time seems **to** slow down.

My **steps are** unhurried, but with **each one**, I **feel** the weight in my body shift, the familiar ache flaring in my lower **back** and hips.

I ignore it.

Lately, these aches **are as** common as my own heartbeat.

1/4

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Chapter 195

Still, somewhere deep inside, a whisper of warning brushes my mind.

But I keep walking.

The road stretches forward into the unknown... and I follow.

I spot a bend up ahead. From where I stand, I can just make out the roof of a small house tucked away behind the trees—probably the gardeners' quarters.

Excited by the discovery, I press on, eager to see it up close. But the farther I walk, the more the house seems to stretch away from me, like it's slipping just beyond my reach..

Damn, I'm tired.

This is more than just a casual walk.

A deep ache blooms in my back, and then lower—below my pelvis—tight and persistent.

Maybe it's time to turn back.

I spin around, determined to come back and explore another day, but the moment I do, a sudden gush of warm liquid pours down my thighs, soaking into my dress and pooling around my feet.

I freeze.

What the hell?

Did I just... pee myself without realizing? No, no—wait.

Realization crashes into me.

My water just broke.

Shit.

Almost instantly, the pain surges, sharp and brutal. inside.

IL

feels like something is trying to claw its way out of me, tearing me apart from the

The contractions grip me without mercy, making it nearly impossible to move.

I try to take a step—but my legs won't carry me far. The pain has me rooted to the spot.

All I **want** to do **is sit**, or squat, or curl up into myself. I don't know—anything to relieve this unbearable pressure.

I clutch my belly, breathing hard, panic starting to claw at the edges of my mind.

The baby **is** coming.

And I **am all** alone.

I cry out in **pain**, my voice tearing through the quiet.

The urgency of this labor hits **me** like a brutal **wave**, and it shocks me to my core.

The doctor **said** it shouldn't be for another few weeks.

But this—this right here—is anything but normal.

The pain is unbearable. **The** urgency terrifying.

Tscream again, louder this time, **praying** that someone, anyone, **might hear** me. Maybe someone from the hut. But it's too far. I am too far

My legs buckle, and I can't **move** anymore.

I collapse onto the grass, lowering myself carefully onto my back.

I might **have** to do this **myself**.

2/4

+15

Chapter 195

Tears burn in my eyes as I try to breathe, sucking in sharp, broken gasps. I exhale in desperate shudders, but the cries keep escaping me -loud, raw, and full of fear.

I brace myself, clutching my swollen belly.

I have to push.

I bear down with everything I have, but the pain is blinding. My strength is slipping away, but I have to do this.

I push again, harder, feeling something heavy and impossibly real forcing its way through me, stretching, tearing, burning.

Screaming, I reach down instinctively.

I feel a small, slick head pressing free.

With trembling hands, I guide it, help it along, and then—suddenly—the tiny body slips into my hands, wet and warm, sliding through a slimy slope of birth.

It's here.

My baby.

I cradle her carefully in my arms, and her first cry erupts into the open air—strong, fierce, full of life.

A girl.

A beautiful, perfect little girl. My heiress.

The most beautiful baby I have ever seen.

Though weak, I gather her against my chest, holding her as close as my trembling arms will allow.

Tears blur my vision, but I manage to pull out my breast, offering it to her.

Her tiny hands flail blindly until she finds the nipple, latching on and suckling hungrily like a starved little creature from the stars themselves.

I close my eyes, breathing deeply, hoping to regain enough strength to make my way back to the Manor.

But then—

A sharp, fresh pain rips through me, wrenching a scream from my

I glance down in horror to see more
throat.

a gushing out of me, thick and dark

E

Panic **seizes** my chest.

What the hell is happening?

I just had the baby—why am I still in so much pain?

Another **wave** of agony strikes, and I realize—

Something else is pushing its way out of me.

Another baby?

Oh no...

Terror grips me.

I'm too **weak** to do this again. My body is trembling violently, my legs frozen and numb, my strength **nearly** drained.

But if I don't **push**... if I don't fight through this....

The second **baby** might not **survive**.

Tears stream down my cheeks. I hold my little girl tighter with **one** arm

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Chapter 195

again—pushing with every ounce of broken strength left inside me.

I cry out again, louder this time.

Oh no,

I am too weak to push, but if I don't, the baby will not survive.

With the last strength I can muster, I push harder, my cries ripping through the air, startling all the creatures of the woods.

The birds above flee from the trees, their wings flapping frantically.

If only they could carry a message for me—to call someone, anyone, to help me.

Again, I assist my little baby, guiding the tiny life out of me.

This time, it's a boy.

There, in that sacred moment, I bear two children: a heir and an heiress to the Blackthorn Castle.

They are the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

Even Even though I am weak, I don't want to let go of my babies. I hold them against my chest, crying and laughing all at once.

But soon, a crushing blackness swallows me whole, and I fall into deep unconsciousness.

The next time I open my eyes, I find myself lying in a warm, well-lit room.

My clothes have been changed, and all the mess I made has been carefully cleaned up.

Everything smells of lavender and new beginnings..

I quickly sit up, my heart racing.

I spot a comfy little court beside me where my baby lies peacefully, wrapped in soft linen.

But as my vision sharpens-

I see only one baby.

Only my little heiress.

Where is my little heir?

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