

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 197[1,710 words]

Chapter 197

Deckard

We are not expecting labor for another few weeks, so when Leonard calls to inform me that Amica has given birth, the shock—and the joy—is overwhelming. I can barely contain myself. I abandon everything and rush back home as fast as I can, my heart thundering with excitement at the thought of seeing my wife and meeting our child.

But when I arrive at the manor, the atmosphere feels... off.

Strange. Heavy. Like something terrible has happened.

Leonard is the first to meet me at the entrance, and the look on his face unsettles me immediately. His features are drawn tight, his eyes darting with emotions he's struggling to hide.

"What's wrong, Leonard?" I demand, "Where is Amica? Is she okay?"

For a terrible moment, my heart nearly stops.

"She's okay, Alpha," Leonard says quickly, raising his hands as if to calm me.

"What about the baby?" I press, stepping closer. "Is she okay?"

"They are both okay," he assures me again.

But it doesn't ease the storm brewing inside me.

"Then why do you look like that?" I growl. "You worry me, Leonard. What the hell is going on? I need to see my wife. Now."

"Yes, Alpha. Please—this way."

He leads me swiftly down the halls toward Amica's room. My boots hit the stone floor harder with each step. Something is wrong—I can feel it in the walls, in the way the servants lower their gazes as I pass,

When I push open the door, I find her.

Amica.

I reach the room and find Amica on the bed.

She looks broken—like she has cried herself dry, her eyes swollen and red, her skin pale.

Panic seizes me.

“What is going on? Amica? My love!”

I rush to her, wrapping her in a warm embrace, but she feels stiff in my arms, too scared, *too* fragile to even hold me back.

Then she whispers, her voice cracking and filled with devastation,

“I’m sorry, my Alpha... please forgive me... I lost our baby...”

The words **tear** through me, shredding my heart into pieces.

“No... no, Amica,” **I say** quickly, pulling back to look at her, brushing the matted hair from her face. “Our little baby is right here. Look- she’s beautiful. I am afraid she even looks more beautiful than you.” I try to cheer her up.

I cradle her trembling face in my hands, trying to console her.

“You’ve done an amazing job, my love. She’s perfect... our little heiress. Please, tell me what you need. Anything. Just say it, and I’ll do it right now...”

I think exhaustion... maybe postpartum despair. **It** happens sometimes, **I** know that. But seeing her like this, utterly heartbroken, is more painful than anything I **have** ever faced.

And then Freya steps into the room.

1/4

Chapter 197

“If you could find her son... maybe she would feel better,” she says carefully.

I stiffen and slowly turn to face her.

“What are you talking about?” **I** ask,

Freya’s eyes flicker, just for a second, but it’s enough for me to know that whatever this is... it’s far worse than I imagined.

“The Luna claimed she had twins. A boy and a girl. And now the other one is nowhere to be found,” Freya says carefully.

“What?”

I whip around to look at Amica.

She is shuddering like a frightened child, her body wracked with silent sobs, as if she still has an ocean of tears left to spill.

“Amica,” I say, my voice softer now. “Is it true?”

She doesn’t answer.

But her silence screams louder than words ever could.

Fury ignites inside me.

“Leonard!” I roar, my voice shaking the walls. “How the hell did this happen? I put you in charge of her!”

“It isn’t really Leonard’s fault,” Freya says quickly, her voice syrupy with false concern. “The Luna decided to take a walk by herself... beyond the walls of the manor. I didn’t even know that place existed, but I... I felt a strange urge to look for her. Something led me there.”

She lowers her eyes, pretending to be humble.

“By the time I got there, she already had a baby girl in her hands... but she had passed out from weakness and blood loss. All I found was the baby girl.

I had to alert the guards and doctors to bring her back. We cleaned her up... we saved her.”

She sighs, as if carrying a great burden.

But something about her words, her tone, itches under my skin

I clench my fists, struggling to keep control of the rage storming inside me.

“But since the Luna woke up, she has been asking for her son,” Freya says, her voice coated in mock sympathy. “She claims she conceived two children.., but there are no traces of that. At this point, it’s beginning to look like she is hallucinating. Or-if she isn’t-then perhaps something must have taken her baby while she lay unconscious in the wild.”

Hearing her words, every pore on my skin seems to open, releasing the searing rage building inside me.

“What the hell are you even talking about, Freya?” I snarl, my voice vibrating with fury. “How the hell could that even happen?”

I whip around to Amica, forcing myself to soften my face so she doesn’t see how close I am to losing it.

“Baby,” I **say**, kneeling in front of her, gripping her trembling hands in mine, “did you really have twins? Is it true what this damn witch is saying?”

Amica’s **tear**-soaked eyes lift to mine. She looks broken.

“I had a little baby girl...” she whispers, her voice cracking. “And then... I felt the urge to **push** again... and I bore a son. I carried him in my arms, my Alpha... I fed him.”

Her breath hitches.

“I... I passed out... and by the time I opened my **eyes**... I was here... with just my little girl.”

She breaks into another **wave** of heart-wrenching sobs,

“Oh goddess.... Oh goddess, **save me** from this madness,” I mutter under my breath, trying to contain the storm of emotions raging

2/4

Chapter 197

inside me.

“Only if the Luna had stayed here, where clear eyes could **see** her... we would not be in such a confused situation,” Freya says with a smug little sigh.

“Shut up, you damn witch!” I snap, my voice cutting through the room like a blade.

“Shut up and let me think!”

The room falls into a heavy silence at the force of my rage.

Slowly, I walk over to where my little girl lays.

I pick up the tiny, beautiful creature from the cradle, cradling her against my chest.

“Serria,” I whisper beneath my breath, her name tasting both sweet and bitter on my tongue.

I press a soft kiss onto her head. She coos and grunts, a precious sound, and for a moment, she soothes the storm in my chest.

Gently, I place her back in her court.

Take me there, Leonard,” I say, my voice sharp and cutting, leaving no room for questions.

Without even sparing a glance back at Amica, I leave the room.

I cannot look at her. I do not know what to say to her.

I do not even know how to feel.

As Leonard leads me through the manor gates and toward the hidden place beyond the walls, my mind races.

How the hell did Amica even find this place?

I put a little gate there because I thought the manor was already big enough.

I planned to build something else on the rest of the hectares... someday.

But how did Amica even find this place?

Why would she come here of all places?

It is hidden well enough, and it leads straight down to the river... yet what would bring her here alone?

“Leonard,” I call out sharply as we walk, my boots crushing dry twigs underfoot.

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“Yes, Alpha?” he responds, quickening his pace to stay by

“What do you think about all this? Do you think tight with worry I refuse to show.

“Yes, Alpha. I spoke to the doctor earlier. He cautiously, glancing sideways at me.

ica might be hallucinating? Could it be... an effect of the pregnancy?” I ask,

my voice

aid she might be experiencing trauma because of how difficult her labor was.”
Leonard **says**

“We didn’t find any traces of a second umbilical cord... or even a second placenta,” he adds, almost **as** if it pains him to **say** it.

I curse under my breath.

Damn it all.

I should **have** stayed behind.

I should **never have gone** to **that** damn meeting.

What kind of Alpha am I if I cannot **even** protect my own mate when she needed me the most?

As we reach the small gate and push it open, the wind blows **harsh** and cold against my **face**, like the land itself is mourning.

The fields stretch wide and empty beyond the gate, **the** scent of the river faint on the air.

3/4

Chapter 197

We go further, and finally, we reach the place where it all happened.

Even before getting there, I perceive it – a strong scent of blood heavy in the air.

Yes, it’s Amica’s blood... but there’s something else.

Something stronger.

Something unnatural.

A strange chill creeps up my spine.

Maybe Amica isn’t hallucinating after all.

I know the connection I felt when I held my little girl

–

Serria

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in my arms.

But now, standing here, breathing in the charged air, something else stirs in me.

Another bond... faint but real.

Another life.

Do I really have a son?

If so... what the hell happened to him?

Did a wild animal truly snatch him away like Freya suggested?

I feel sweat dripping uncontrollably down my forehead, cold and hot at the same time.

The pain in my chest is unbearable, as if claws are ripping straight through my heart.

My own son.

Barely hours old.

Where the hell **is** he?

I push the thoughts aside and join the search team.

I throw myself into the thick brush, combing every inch of the property, clawing through the dirt, turning over every rock and branch.

Anything that might give me a clue.

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Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 198[1,276 words]

Chapter 198

Deckard

After hours of going back and forth, I return to the room where Amica lies with Serria.

She should be asleep by now, but her eyes are wide open—haunted, restless. This... this will drive her mad.

“Did you find our son, my Alpha?” she asks the moment I enter, her eyes desperate and searching, “Did you?”

I pace slowly across the room, dragging my hand through my hair, trying to find the words. Finally, I let out a heavy breath.

“No, No, I didn’t.”

She doesn’t even flinch—just looks down at our daughter, her arms tightening protectively around the infant.

“How are you feeling?” I ask, though I know the answer.

“Not good,” she replies softly, her voice barely holding together. “But it doesn’t matter. How is my son? I wonder how he is.... wherever he is.”

Her words rip through me like a blade. I clench my fists, fighting to **stay** calm.

“Amica,” I begin, stepping closer, “we’ve searched the woods, the riverbanks, every corner beyond the manor grounds. There is no sign of another baby. Please, I need you to tell me the truth—did you really have twins? Are you sure?”

Her eyes lock onto mine, wide and wounded.

“Yes. Yes, I did, my Alpha,” she whispers, her voice cracking. “**I** swear to you. I held him. I fed him. He **is** real.”

Something in me snaps.

“Then this is all your fault, Amica!” I explode. “I gave you one instruction!

“Having a baby in the woods? The Luna of Lunas?” **I** shout, the words escaping before **I** can stop them, “What is wrong with you!”

I try to steady my voice, but I’m losing it—completely.

“I’m sorry,” she sobs, trembling. “I’m so sorry, my Alpha—but we need to find him!”

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I clench my **jaw** and take a deep breath, forcing myself to stay grounded. “Tell me something, Amica. You’re absolutely certain—you birthed and held our baby boy in your arms? You’re not hallucinating?”

“Yes!” she cries out, eyes blazing with grief and fury. “I did. He looks **just** like you! And I know—I know—he wasn’t taken by a wild animal. That’s a lie. A distraction to make me forget. But I won’t forget. He is alive, and someone has him—we just have to find him!”

That’s all I need to **hear**. She held him. She knows him. And if there’s even a chance he’s alive, **I’ll** tear down **every** wall in this land to find him.

Amica growls low in her throat, her voice trembling with rage. “Someone in this castle has him, Whoever took him will pay,” she swears. “I will kill if **I have** to. I will do anything to get my son back.”

And in that moment, I believe her.

“Search everyone my alpha!” her voice thickens “Do not let a single soul leave this manor. No one comes in or out. I won’t sleep—I won’t **even** shut my eyes—until my son is found!”

I’m furious with Amica—furious that she disobeyed, that she wandered off, that she put herself and our child at risk. But if there’s **even** the slightest possibility that what she’s saying is true... then I have no choice. I have to pursue it.

I storm out of **the** room, my resolve sharp **as** steel. I won’t rest—not until I find what I’m looking for.

“Leonard!” I bark. “Lock down the manor and all of Black Castle. No one **leaves** this **place**—not the manor, not the city. I want a full- scale, aggressive search starting now.”

He doesn’t **hesitate**. Within minutes, the lockdown begins. Somehow, **the news spreads** like wildfire, and it’s everywhere—the whole of Blackwater comes to a standstill. The heir to the Blackthorn clan is missing.

1/3

11:47 PM

Chapter 198

Good. Let the world know. Let them feel the weight of this loss.

I don’t **even** know **what** my son looks like... but if I **have** to line up every baby boy born in Blackwater today and bring them to Amica to identify—then that’s exactly what I’ll do..

We **begin at** the manor. Every wing, every corner, every room. No one moves. No one leaves.

Everyone is on high alert. I think for a moment—if my son **is** still here, we should hear him cry. A baby doesn't just disappear into thin air without **a** sound.

The search intensifies. Every hand is on deck, combing through every inch of the manor. But then another thought strikes me—Freya. She **was** the one who found Amica. She might know something. Her insight could be useful in this search.

“Where is Freya?” I ask Leonard, urgency tightening my voice. “We need her. Please, get her—now.”

Leonard hurries off, but time drags, and he doesn't return. Growing uneasy, I send another guard to find her.

Eventually, Leonard comes back—but alone.

“Where **is** she?” I demand.

*I... I can't find her, Alpha,” he says, hesitant.

“What?” I bark. “What do you mean you can't find her?”

Before Leonard can respond, the second guard rushes in, face pale and breathless.

“Alpha,” he says, “she's gone. She's not in the manor. She's left.”

My heart drops. “What?” I roar. “How? Who gave her permission to leave?”

No one answers. My hands clench into **fists as** fury pulses through me.

Freya... ran. Why?

“Sir,” the guard **says**, “she left before you gave the order to shut down the manor.”

That's all I need to hear.

“Damn it, **Freya!**” I **curse**, slamming my fist against the **nearest wall**. “Amica wasn't lying. She definitely had twins. Fuck!”

Leonard looks shaken. “But why? Why the **hell** would **she do** that?”

“Nobody **leaves the city!**” I **snarl**, my voice like thunder. “I want that damn witch found!”
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With **that, we move out.** Amica **at all.**

-no **longer just** guards, but **men on** a mission. **I swear** to the moon, I will find that witch. Or I **won't** return to

I regret not catching the signs earlier. Now the **sky** is dark. **The city** lights glow, but there **are** corners, alleys, shadows—places where evil can hide, **slip away**, vanish like smoke.

But not tonight,

We've shut **down every exit and** sealed off **every road.** Horns **blare** across Blackwater as drivers rage at **the** chaos, but I don't **give** a damn. Let them scream. Let them curse the **night.** My son is out there—and someone is going to pay for taking him.

Where could someone like Freya hide in a **city** like Blackwater?

She's not from here. **She** comes from some strange, backward village with no civilization—just rituals, herbs, and witchcraft as their only forin of communication, She has no family in Blackwater. No roots. So who the hell would help her pull this off?

I release her description to the press, every detail down to her cloak and hair color. A bounty goes out: two million dollars to anyone who brings her to **me**—or gives me her location. No **one can** resist that kind of money. **This** will **shake the** city, and I want it to.

It worked for Darth once. It'll work again.

Within minutes, the city ignites with chaos. The hunt begins. **The** name Freya is on **every** tongue, **and** wolves are everywhere—**sniffing**, tracking, tearing through the streets like bloodhounds. We start our own door-to-door search, scouring every home, **every** alley, **every**

2/8

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11:47 PM ·

Chapter 198

shadow.

I've set Blackwater on fire.

Anyone wearing anything remotely similar to Freya's outfit **is** in danger now. The streets are no longer safe for her—or anyone who even looks **like her**.

There will be no **sleep** in Blackwater tonight.

Yes! Let no one rest until my son is found.

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 199[1,002 words]

Chapter 199

FREYA

Of course I have his child.

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Did Deckard really think he could cross me? Break our deal and walk away like it meant nothing? He thinks I didn't notice... thinks **I** didn't **see** through his charming lies and hollow promises. But I did. I **saw** everything—and I've been waiting for this moment.

Patiently. Obsessively.

The oath he swore to me when he lay broken and bleeding, begging for life... he never intended to keep it. He used me, like they all do Like all these arrogant, snarling beasts who call themselves Alphas. They think their howls are louder than fate. They think their pride

in protect them from consequences.

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But they are wrong.

Deckard is the **worst** of them all. He played the part **so** well—noble, brave, fierce—but beneath all that **is** just another coward. Another liar.

So no, I won't beg for his affection or fight for his attention anymore. If I can't have the man... then I will have his blood.

And gods, what a beautiful boy he is.

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He's quiet now, tucked safely against my chest, eyes barely open. But I feel his power already. I feel the storm inside him, just waiting to awaken. He carries Deckard's fire—and mine. This child will be everything I **was** denied.

And when he comes of age... when the moon finally calls his wolf forward... he will know the truth. He will feel the pull between us. Not that of mother and child.

Fated mate.

Yes, he will understand that I am his destiny. I will raise him. Shape him. Bind him to me in ways Deckard never could have imagined. And when the time is right, we will **create** a legacy **so** powerful the gods themselves will kneel.

This **is my** revenge.

Not with blade **or** spell... but with time.

Let Deckard burn the city if he **wants**. Let him **rage**. Let him tear Blackwater to the ground, searching for a son he'll **never** find. He had a **chance to** choose me—he chose her instead.

Now I have everything I need.

And **I am** willing to **wait a** lifetime if I must.

As for Amica... she thinks she's won. She **believes** her **love**, her title, **her** position beside Deckard makes her untouchable, But **she** has no idea who she's dealing with.

I am not the typical woman. I don't fight with claws and **tears** like **the rest**. I don't **scream** and scratch for a man's attention. No—**I** study. **I wait**. I strike where it hurts most. And if **I can't have** Deckard, then I will **have** something far more valuable.

Her son

When **I** first arrived in Blackwater, I made **it my** mission to learn the ins and outs of the city. Every corner. Every shadow. I whispered to those in the slums, smiled at those **in** the markets, and **where** no **one** would dare look.

And **once** the **battle** was over and we moved into the Manor, I started to notice... him.

A strange man. Always lingering beyond the walls. Watching, but never approaching. At first, I thought he was just another rogue. But **instincts** never lie—and mine screamed that he was more.

One day, I took a stroll outside the Manor, to gather herbs for a potion I was making. The manor is surrounded by thick vegetation and silence—fitting for the great Alpha of Blackwater. Of course he owns land that stretches beyond what **eyes** can see,

1/2

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Chapter 199

As I wander further into the green, to be harmless, I spot a narrow, road. The bushes around it don't look like weeds. No, they look purposeful.

And if they hold the rare herbs I'm looking for, then surely, they're worth the risk.

I step in.

The deeper I go, And just like that, I find it. Not just the herbs I seek, but something else. Something more...

This path is hidden, And it amazes me—truly amazes me. Rare, beautiful herbs and flowers that would cost a leg back in Red Valley... they're just here, growing wild and free, untouched, thriving in this forgotten stretch of land. No one seems to know their value.

I walk deeper into the woods, and that's when I spot it—a narrow path hidden behind a curtain of thick leaves. It looks like it leads somewhere.

So I follow it.

What I find is... A small hut, old and crooked, nestled in the embrace of trees **as** though the forest is trying to swallow it whole. Curious, I approach. The door is slightly ajar. It doesn't seem locked, and there's no scent of danger—yet.

Cautiously, I push it open and step inside. The space is dim, cloaked in shadows. And then—I hear it.

Cautious

Footsteps.

Slow. Like someone's tiptoeing behind me.

"Hello?" I call out gently, trying not to sound threatening. "I'm sorry for invading. I just wanted to know if you're the gardener who planted these herbs? I found some rare plants out there and was hoping you had dry seeds I could—"

But I don't get to finish.

Something slams into me from the side—hard.

I hit the ground with a thud, breath knocked out of my lungs.

A werewolf.

I **can** tell instantly from the **weight**, the scent, the wild energy that crackles off him like **a** storm. He moves fast, pins me with his presence before **I can** even **react**.

He's shirtless, muscles **taut**, chest heaving with fury as he looms above me. His eyes burn with suspicion.

"Who are you," he snarls, voice low and sharp like a blade, "and what the hell are you doing here?"

Before he utters another word, I hurl a quick spell under my breath, flicking my wrist with precision.

He flies back like **a** ragdoll, landing **flat** on his back with a **groan—pathetic**, like **a** child with no motor control. I rise slowly, stepping forward, standing over him **with** a wicked tilt to my **head**.

"Well, who the hell **are** you?" I demand,

2/2

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 200[1,370 words]

Chapter 200

Freya

He grits his teeth and scrambles to get up, but I'm faster. Another incantation, another burst of power, and a shimmering wall of energy slams into place—he's pinned, held down, his limbs frozen in place.

"Don't try anything funny, fool," I sneer, circling him like a hawk. "One more twitch and I'll rip your essence apart and scatter it into the

wind."

His eyes widen, and **I** can feel the flicker of fear behind the mask of aggression.

“Alpha Deckard will know you’ve been lurking around his Luna,” I snap, leaning closer. “Oh yes, I know. I’ve seen you in the shadows. Watching. Creeping. **I’ve** seen you–lurking beyond the manor walls, hiding behind trees like some cursed spirit.”

He exhales hard, clearly rattled. “Okay, okay... wait. Let’s not do anything irrational,” he pleads, his voice shaking slightly. “I have nowhere to stay–that’s why I’m here.”

I narrow my eyes, watching his every move, every breath. He’s nervous–but **He’s** hiding something.

As soon **as I** see him pretending to struggle upright–his hand subtly reaching for my leg–I don’t hesitate. With a flick of my wrist, **I cast** another spell, and he flips mid–air, slamming hard into the ground face–**first**.

He howls in pain, groaning **as** the impact rattles through him.

“I told you not to do anything funny, didn’t I?” I hiss, stepping over him with cold authority.

“You’re a damn witch! Fuck!” he spits out, trying to **recover**.

“**Yes**, I am,” I **say**, my eyes narrowing. “And now you’re going to tell me **exactly** who you are and what the hell you’re doing on this property. Because you’re definitely not the gardener.”

“I already told you... I’ve got nowhere else to stay,” he mutters, avoiding my **gaze**.

I crouch again, eyes locked on his face, reading every flicker of expression. “Something **tells** me that’s not the whole truth. And if **you** keep lying to me, I’ll kill you right here. I’m a witch, remember?”

A **slow** smile spreads **across** my lips, one that **doesn’t** quite reach my eyes.

“**Fine**,” he exhales, the weight of my power pressing down on him. “I’ll tell you. My name is Dane.”

I blink.

“Dane?” My voice drips with contempt. “An alpha, **a weak** alpha?” I spit the words like venom.

His body jolts with **rage**. “I’m not **weak**!” he **roars**, lifting his head to **glare** at me. “And I am an alpha!”

I raise an **eyebrow**, amused by his outburst.

“Do you not know how **far** I can sense the strong **ones?**” I **snarl**, **eyes** flashing. “**I smell** strength. Living, pulsing, powerful **energy**- wherever it inhabits. And the **weak?**” I step closer, **my** voice a hiss. “**They** stink.”

I rake my eyes over him with disdain.

“And you stink,” I **snap**. “Now tell me **what** the hell your mission is here!”

“I have **no** mission!” he fires back, voice cracking with frustration. “But you can’t blame me for hanging around. My life is ruined. Deckard—he pained it!”

His chest heaves with raw emotion. “He took everything that was mine and left me drowning in misery. He took Amica. **It’s** his fault my unborn child was killed. And now—even my home isn’t **safe**. I feel **like** death is waiting for me around every corner.”

His voice drops, **heavy** with bitterness.

“Don’t blame **me** for **lurking** in the shadows. This is the only place I’ve found that feels remotely safe.”

1/3

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Chapter 200

He pauses, eyes filled with rage and sorrow. “And don’t judge me for watching from a distance. It’s the closest I can come to the life that should have been mine.”

For a second, I feel the edge of sympathy claw at my heart—but I shut it out just as quickly.

Because while he speaks, my mind is calculating. Every word, every move. Dane may be broken, but broken men are the easiest to manipulate.

There’s clear resentment in Dane’s voice—deep, raw, and burning—and I know immediately that this could work in my favor.

I don’t need to hear his entire sob story. I’ve heard enough to know that he wants vengeance, and that makes him useful. A pawn in my grand design.

So, I let him stay.

He’s desperate, broken, angry—the perfect accomplice. In time, he reveals the secret path the woods conceal, the one hidden in plain sight.

The narrow trail leads right back to the manor's garden. Amica's garden. The one she always strolls into for fresh air and solitude. She loves that place. She feels safe there. But she has no idea where it leads.

That ignorance is my advantage.

I begin laying the groundwork for the most flawless plan I've ever executed—stealing the child. Because I've known all along. She wasn't carrying just one baby. No. She was carrying two.

What **grew** inside her womb **was** rare. Power beyond comprehension. One look at them and I knew—these children are not ordinary. The girl is fierce. A storm disguised **as a** flower. She'll bring kings **to** their knees and ignite **wars** between nations.

But the boy... the boy is different.

Stubborn. Relentless. Born to bend the world to **his** will. A force that cannot be tamed.

I **know** I have to get my hands on them.

From the moment I sensed what Amica carries, I begin preparations—**every** single **day**, returning to that hidden path, brewing powerful potions meant to manipulate nature itself. I am crafting a force to pull destiny forward, to hasten her labor to the perfect moment.

I **start** the potions the **day** I discover the truth about Amica's pregnancy. Twins. **Power**.

And then **fate** aligns with my will.

Deckard decide to travel—leaving Amica behind **just** when she **was** close to Labor

The night before **that day**, I remain awake, channeling **every** ounce of my strength into the winds. I intensify my magic, weaving **spells** into the very **air** around the manor. My **goal: draw** Amica into **labor**, force her body to surrender early to the **call I've cast** through the herbs and elements.

It works.

Restless she roams the manor. **Her** instincts **lead** her straight into the **garden-**, where the scent of my spell is thick and strong. It lures her forward like **a** siren song, until she finds the **path**. The gate opens, and she stumbles **deeper** into the woods.

Right into **my** trap.

I hear her cries echo through the trees, sharp and raw. So does **Dane**. **He** stirs beside me, eyes wide, panic in his bones. He wants to run

to her.

But I stop him

“Not yet,” I whisper. “She **must** do this alone.”

And she will.

2/3

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Chapter 200

She isn't meant to see any of us.

Her cries pierced through the stillness, gut-wrenching and raw—but we held our ground. As long as Amica was still conscious, I couldn't risk her seeing either of us. Not yet..

When I heard the first cry of the baby, my heart leapt. Relief. Satisfaction. But it didn't last—another wave of fear crashed through me. The second baby wasn't crying. Something was wrong.

I sank deeper into my trance, tightened the spell. The air around me pulsed as I whispered ancient words that bent the forces of life. Then finally, another cry—a sharper, more defiant one. The boy was born.

From the shadows, I watched her trembling hands bring the child to her chest. She fed him, unaware that her body was giving out, her life force draining. I knew she would pass out soon. She had lost too much blood. And once she did, my plan had to unfold—perfectly, quickly.

Originally, I had intended to take both children. They were rare, powerful. Twins born of fate, each with a destiny that could shape or destroy entire kingdoms. But taking both would raise too many alarms.

So I made a choice.

I took the boy. Wrapped him in enchanted cloth, protected his scent with spells, and handed him over to Dane, who would take him far away—where I could find him later, once the chaos had passed.

Then I took the girl into my arms—bloodied, silent, radiant. I ran to the manor, calling out for help, pretending to have just found Amica.

No one suspected a thing.

