

Alpha Deckard is my Second Chance Mate - Deckard Alpha 201[1,281 words]

Chapter 201

Freya

Now I have succeeded in leaving the manor. I've spun the perfect web, convincing everyone that Amica is delusional, unwell, and too traumatized to tell truth from fiction. And while they bicker about her sanity, I move freely, undetected.

The boy is mine now.

I will take him to Red Valley. There, I will raise him as my own—train him in both magic and might. He will grow under my control, fed with stories, truths bent into the shape I choose. When he comes of age, he will return to Blackwater. Not to reunite with anyone... but to take what is his. To claim his rightful place, to rip it from the hands of whoever dares to hold

Even if that person is his father.

Yes, Deckard. The mighty Alpha of Alphas. The dragon-blooded king. He thought he could cast me aside like I was nothing. But I will show him what becomes of men who deny destiny.

I will make the boy unstoppable. I will fill him with so much power no wolf could dream of matching it. And when the world bows before him, I will be at his side—not beneath him, never that—but beside him. His maker. His guide. His destined one.

I know what you're thinking. That he'll be too young for me. But you're wrong. I have walked this earth longer than most, and in all that time, not one soul has ever been worthy. Not until Deckard. And now—his seed.

Deckard refused me, but I will have his legacy. I will shape it with my own hands.

I made my way to the location where Dane was supposed to be. He was meant to meet me there, the child safely hidden.

But something felt off.

It seems Deckard believes Amica. I'm told them that she is hallucinating! -why won't he just believe me?

I see the guards outside, sweeping through the streets like hunting dogs. Something's changed. They're not just watching anymore- they're searching. For me.

All of Blackwater **is** on alert. They must know something. I can feel it.

I move quickly, careful not to draw attention. Slipping through alleyways, staying in the shadows, heart pounding in my chest. I need to reach Dane. He's waiting at our agreed location, and I must get there before the net tightens.

I duck through hidden corners of the city, taking the old routes only a true witch of Red Valley would know. The location isn't far, but the guards are everywhere-ruthless, determined. Their steps are fast, heavy with purpose.

I will not be caught. I will not be taken.

When I reach Dane's place, I barely have time to breathe before he yanks the door shut behind me. His eyes are wide, filled with panic, and without saying a word, he bolts the door and pulls the curtains tight.

"It's not safe out there," he says, voice low but urgent. "They've shut everything down. Roads, gates, tunnels. They're searching every inch."

Even with all my power, I can feel the truth in his words. The air itself crackles with tension. My magic pulses against the barriers being built around the city.

Blackwater is locked down.

And I **am** trapped inside it

My power-no matter how **vast**-can only take me so far. Teleportation is not limitless. It only works within the same territory, and it demands a heavy price. I cannot use it repeatedly. I cannot carry another being through it. The last time I dared use it, it was just to show *Deckard* that I could that I would. That I am a force to fear.

But now.. now I need to escape with this child.

So. I agreed to wait. We hid in the room-dark, barely lit, a flicker of candlelight fighting against the shadows. The air was thick with

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tension, every sound outside the walls making my heart lurch.

Fortunately, I had planned well. I came prepared with everything the boy would need: milk, wraps, herbs to soothe him and keep him silent. His cries would betray us, and I couldn't risk that.

I keep wondering—does Deckard know I took his son? Or is he simply suspicious that something darker than coincidence has stolen him away? Would he even believe it was me?

The baby slept soundly in my arms, as if oblivious to the storm we were hiding from. He looked... perfect. Powerful. Mine.

Dane, however, was restless. He paced the room with growing discomfort, casting wary glances at the window, at the locked door, at me.

I watched Dane closely, the flicker of candlelight casting sharp angles across his face.

“What is wrong?” I asked calmly, cradling the boy tighter. “We already have what we need here. I'll take the child far from Blackwater— he'll never be found. And that way, Deckard will pay. No one will ever suspect you. As for Amica...” I allowed a cruel smile to tug at my lips, “once the truth settles in, once she realizes her child is gone forever, it will break her. She'll go crazy completely.”

Dane nodded, but there was something behind his eyes—hesitation, or maybe regret.

Of course I'm glad we pulled this off,” he said slowly, “but what do you plan to do with the boy? And why didn't you take both babies?”

I let out a soft, amused exhale. “Don't worry about that. All you need to know is that this baby is gone for good. The girl was a tool—a necessary part of the illusion. But he...” I looked down at the sleeping child, “he is the future I've crafted for myself.”

Turning from him, I added with finality, “Anyway, where do you plan to go? Because I'm leaving. Far from here. Somewhere the shadows of Blackwater can't follow.”

“I'll be leaving too,” Dane muttered. “There's nothing left here for me. But at least Deckard got a taste of what it feels like to lose everything.”

He paused near the door, glancing into the hallway.

“Let me go check the perimeter,” he said. “I want to seal the area, make sure it's safe for us to spend the night. If it isn't, we'll have to move before dawn.”

I gave him a nod, but my fingers twitched slightly as he stepped out. I'd trusted him this far—maybe it wouldn't hurt to trust him a little

more

He stepped outside, but something gnaws at me. A gut feeling that he's either afraid or gone for good. Honestly, I don't need him anymore. I can handle this on my own.

He's useless, anyway. A weak Alpha. That's why Deckard took everything from him. Such an idiot.

An hour passes. The fool hasn't returned.

I'm growing restless. Is it safe to venture outside now? It's too risky without someone watching my back, but I have no choice.

As I pace, my mind races. It feels as if I've missed something important.

Suddenly I feel something in the air. Something is off.

Am I being attacked?

I peer through the window, but it's more than just a bad feeling. There's an unsettling energy around. It isn't just one presence. There

are more.

What the hell is going on?

Is someone out there stronger than me?

I place the battery on the bed and step out into the night. The first figure I see is Dane.

"Why are you just standing there?" I ask, my voice sharp. But as I continue to scan the surroundings, I notice the shadows—figures creeping closer

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Then I see him.

Deckard.

His face is twisted in fury, rage boiling in his eyes.

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Deckard

Of course, the bounty I put on Freya's head would make it nearly impossible for her to escape. I'd made sure of that.

There's no way she'd slip through my fingers, not with so much money hanging over her head. A know a Few who would be willing to risk their lives for it, but Dane... Dane is a fool. And fools, they never die easily.

I hadn't thought about Dane for a long time, I thought he was long gone, another weakling whose purpose had run out, but I was wrong. He's still here, lurking in the shadows, waiting for the right moment to make himself useful again.

It wasn't hard for him to find her, though. He always finds a way. Dane reach out through the network I set up for information on Freya, He managed to give us the exact location and time, to show up

How he did it? I don't know. What matters is that he's once again in the right place at the right time.

My men called me immediately once the message came through. There's a certain satisfaction in knowing that my plans are falling into place,

I can't forget the last time Dane was involved. It was him who led me straight to Darth, guiding me to the heart of that conflict. Even though his weren't clear.

What matters is that he leads me to Freya's hiding place.

I knew instantly that something wasn't right. Something felt off—far too off to ignore. I had to think fast, calculate every step, and prepare for the worst. There Is too much at stake now—my son, Amica, and my own legacy.

But I also knew Freya. This could all be one of her twisted games, and I need to be more prepared than ever—more than she would expect.

Without wasting time, I summon the Council of Elders and rallied the Apex Circle. I made it clear: we were dealing with Freya. And Freya is no ordinary threat—she’s a sorceress whose power goes far beyond what many of them have ever faced.

I sent word far and wide, calling on the strongest magic-wielders within and beyond Blackwater’s borders. I promised a reward **so** tempting it would make even the most secluded and reclusive sorcerers crawl out of hiding.

And they came.

They came in numbers—those hungry for gold, glory, or just the thrill of challenging someone like Freya. Everyone has a price, after all.

Everyone... except Freya. I still don’t know what drives her, what she’s made of, **or** what she truly wants. But I do know this: she’s dangerous.

The Apex Circle insisted on selecting their own trusted **sorcerers** to join the mission. I agreed. In the end, I handpick twenty of the finest-battle-tested, ruthless, and deeply skilled in magic. This Isn’t just a search anymore. It IS a war party.

A private jet flies in and out of Blackwater freely tonight, there is almost traffic in the air. To any outsider, it must look like the apocalypse is unfolding in this cursed land.

I’ve gathered them all—the best of the best—and now we huddle together, laying down strategy, sharpening focus, preparing for war. Our only goal: bring Freya down.

Tonight is the brightest night Blackwater has ever seen, but my sorcerers are cloaked entirely in **black**. It’s deliberate—so I can recognize them when the chaos begins, so the enemy sees only shadows.

Once the time is set, Dane sends the signal. The location is confirmed. Quietly, we move, spreading like smoke through the dark.

We surround the old neighborhood, creeping in while the sorcerers begin chanting. Their voices **rise** and fall like waves, summoning ancient forces. The air thickens, heavy with magic.

Thets Freya steps out of the house—suspicious, alert. She senses it.

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Before she can react, my warriors and sorcerers emerge from the shadows, forming a wide circle. Their hands lift as a protective barrier flickers into out-one she cannot break, no matter what spells she conjures.

Her eyes find Dane. Rage and disbelief flash across her face.

“You betray me?” she hisses, stepping forward. “After everything you said... After all you claimed Deckard and Amica did to you tell me, why would you do this?”

“Well, I lied,” Dane snaps, stepping forward. “I can’t let you get away with the heir—the son who carries the future of our kind. And you think you can just waltz in and snatch him from the Alpha of Alphas? Who the hell do you

are?”

think

you

But I know the truth. The only reason he’s doing this is because of the bounty. He’s always been a greedy bastard. Loyal to no one.

Freya narrows her eyes, her voice sharp like a blade. “No. You’re not going to win, Alpha,” she says, turning toward me. “You made a promise to me, and you broke it. So now I’ll take what’s mine.”

She lifts her hands and begins to chant, her voice low and ancient.

But the moment her spell takes shape, it bounces right back—repelled by the heavy, swirling energy surrounding her. Every spell she casts turns inward, smacking against her own magic like a mirror.

She tries again—louder, faster—pouring more power into each word. But the barrier remains unshaken. The chants rebound violently. She stumbles back, furious, desperate.

She throws her head to the sky and screams a final, growling incantation.

Power bursts from her body, but it’s too much. Blood streams from her nose, her ears. Her skin pales. The sky above begins to twist and darken.

It reminds me of that day—when I lost control. When the darkness nearly swallowed me whole.

Freya truly is powerful.

“Freya, please! Stop this right now!” I roar, but she doesn’t listen.

She doesn't care that her **ears**, eyes, and nose are bleeding. She's shaking, barely standing, but she refuses to stop. Her only focus **is** breaking through the shield.

"I will not stop!" she screams back. "You will keep your word—or you will make me your Luna, right here and now!"

Her voice cracks with fury, but her power only grows more unstable.

While all this chaos unfolds, I've already sent my men through the back to retrieve my son. Every second counts. The moment I receive the signal that the child is safe—far from this madness—I prepare to end this

The shield begins to crack under Freya's relentless magic, warping under the pressure.

That's when I step forward.

She thinks she's the only one who holds rage? She hasn't met the wrath of the Alpha of Alphas. She hasn't felt the fury of the dragon.

I summon the fire within me. It roars to life, hotter than anything she's ever faced. My growl shakes the earth beneath us. The flames explode from me, tearing through the shield like paper.

I surge toward her—toward Freya, whose eyes burn red like blood.

And then the fire—merciless and unrelenting—erupts from within me.

It **rains** down on Freya with a fury that shocks even me. There's no hesitation, no pity. Just pure, consuming rage. She screams, but it's too late. The flames engulf her completely, turning her into nothing more than ash and bone.

I didn't **want** this. I didn't mean to destroy her.

I **only** wanted her to stop.

But she challenged me—taunted the Alpha of Alphas—and now the fire has decided for itself. It is no longer mine to command. It **rages**

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until there is nothing left... and only then does it go silent.

Everyone around me is frozen. Not a word. Not a breath. They stare at me—at what I've done

I look around. The shield they created, meant to resist even the strongest magic, lies in ruins—shattered by my fire alone.

Twenty powerful sorcerers couldn't hold me back.

That... is the wrath of the dragon!

Freya's ashes lift with the wind, scattered and weightless. Gone.

Leonard weeps in silence. Perhaps for her.

But I truly did try.

When the city is calm again, After restoring the chaos in the city to order and the noise dies and the last spark of magic fades into night, I return home.

The manor is quiet.

I walk into the room, and there she is—Amica, finally at peace, asleep. Beside her lie our two babies, soft breaths rising and falling in rhythm.

I kneel beside them, overwhelmed.

My hand reaches gently for my son—my strong, quiet boy. My heir.

He stirs as I lift him, not in fear, but in trust. He's already a fighter. He's already faced the world and won—on the very day he arrived on earth.

This one will rule!

I press a kiss to his tiny chin, breathing him in.

And I whisper his name.

“Elijah.”

The End.