

SECOND CHANCE FOR THE BARREN LUNA

Dust within ancient walls Miles Brooks 1

CHAPTER ONE

Talia's POV

For three years of marriage, I have been hiding the truth from my alpha husband—I am the daughter of the Alpha King, rather than the omega he knows me to be.

The drums thundered through the clearing as torches lit the night sky. I stood at the center of it all, cloaked in silver and pride, watching the gates with a heart full of hope.

Jason was finally home after a brutal war. As Luna, I'd spent days making sure every detail was perfect tonight, from the linens to the floral centerpieces. I even assisted the omegas with the cooking just to make sure everything was just right.

A month ago, the almighty Alpha King sent Jason to eliminate the rogue wolves at the border of our pack grounds.

Some people might think it's a bad thing, but I know what it really was. It was good, my dad is slowly coming to accept him. He is giving him more responsibilities to see if he can handle the truth that he married his daughter.

The pride I feel for Jason is indescribable. Finally, everything is falling into place and my dad will recognize that there is no better mate for me than him.

I waited patiently, smiling as I imagined the surprise on his face when I finally had the opportunity to confess everything to him.

“The Shadowclaw Pack welcomes home its future heir!” Jason’s voice rang out, commanding.

The cheers rose instantly. I blinked, confused, until I saw her.

Viki Mayers.

Clinging to his arm like she’d always belonged there. Her dress hugged a gently swollen belly, and Jason’s hand... settled there, proudly.

“This is Viki, our top warrior’s daughter,” he said, turning to face me. “And she’s carrying my pup.”

Gasps rippled. My vision blurred.

My mate. My Alpha. The man I had waited for... had returned to me with another woman carrying his pup.

And Jason didn't even have the decency to tell me beforehand. Instead, he humiliated me at the celebration I had organized for him.

It felt like my heart was tearing in two. **Every** inhale was a struggle to maintain my composure. I could hear every whisper that slithered through the crowd:

"Luna Talia never conceived in three years..."

"Viki should have been Luna in the first place..."

"Luna Talia should step down now..."

CHAPTER ONE

+25 Bonus

Jason's gaze swept over the room and he held no regret. He looked at me with cool indifference, as if I should've expected him to make a laughingstock of me.

"To a prosperous future for Shadowclaw!" Jason raised his goblet.

Everyone raised their wine glasses, cheering and clapping. The pack's elders smiled and nodded, satisfied with the young Alpha's accomplishments.

And I wanted to scream.

I slipped away during the congratulations and returned to our chamber. No one came looking for me. No one cared.

I allowed myself to fall apart without prying eyes there to mock me.

My heartbreak soon became rage. I was not going to stand for this. Jason would answer for what he had done.

When Jason finally returned to our chamber, I was already there, waiting.

"You shouldn't have left. You should be happy for me," Jason said.

“Happy about you betraying me and having a bastard?” I scoffed.

“Enough of the tantrum. I just made it home and I would like a nice evening with my mate,” Jason sighed.

“So, now you see me as your mate,” I laughed bitterly. “How could you do this to me?”

“You’re being unreasonable,” he growled.

“Unreasonable?” My voice rose. “You humiliated me in front of the entire pack, and you expect me to just accept

it?”

Jason removed his armor, piece by piece, not even bothering to look at me. “It’s done. She’s pregnant. The pack has an heir. You need to accept this.”

“How do you expect me to accept this?” I took a step forward, snarling. “You caused me pain for AN ENTIRE MONTH because you were betraying the mate bond by sleeping with that slut!”

“I advised the pack doctor to give you pain killers. I will make sure he is punished for not properly taking care of you while I was away,” Jason said nonchalantly.

I balked at his audacity. “And that is supposed to make it right?” I demanded.

“You’ve been Luna for three years and haven’t given me an heir,” he said simply, as if that justified everything. Did you expect me to wait **forever**?”

“I expected **you** to treat me as your Luna. **I expected** you to discuss with me **if** you wanted a breeder, not...”

“Do you even hear **yourself**, Talia? Did you **forget** who you **are**?” Jason snarled, interrupting me.

“I am your Luna,” I responded, not backing down.

“And a Luna provides heirs, and you can’t even do that. If you can’t provide me with an heir, you’re a Luna in name only. I need more than a worthless barren omega cosplaying **as** a Luna!”

“How dare **you** speak to me like that!”

Jason's expression was unreadable. It **was** as if I was looking at a stranger. His voice was firm and cold as he said, " You have two options. You can leave, lose your status as Luna, and go back to being an omega. Or you can stay and support."