

SECOND CHANCE FOR THE BARREN LUNA

Dust within ancient walls Miles Brooks 3

CHAPTER THREE

+25 Bonus

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Talia's POV

I had no choice but to accept Viki moving into Alpha's packhouse like she belonged here, like she hadn't stolen what wasn't hers like the thief she was.

From that day, I chose to walk to the guest suite on my own, I became invisible.

Jason, no, the Alpha, no longer addressed me with any affection. He was attentive to Viki in ways he hadn't been to me in years. He escorted her to meals, checked in with the healers constantly, and praised her for even the smallest effort.

And me?

I was ordered to be considerate.

I was ordered to be supportive. 1

I was ordered to give Viki whatever she wanted no matter how small.

He told me I was just a barren omega and that Viki, being the daughter of our top warrior, held noble status and should be treated with respect. His words destroyed what little pride I had left. Not because he was wrong about her rank, but because he had no idea who I truly was.

I was the daughter of the Werewolf King. I was the princess of the Silverfang Pack. I held more power in my bloodline than Viki could ever dream of.

And still, I said nothing.

What would be the point? He wouldn't believe me. No one would.

I swallowed the truth and just went along with whatever they wanted. Pride would not protect me here. I just

needed to survive.

Even Clara, my mousy little maid, who usually averted her eyes and submitted with the skittishness of a wolf two ranks below me, had finally cracked.

“I don’t understand, Luna,” Clara said one night as she brushed my hair.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“She’s not Luna, but everyone is treating her like she is. She’s overstepping. The way she struts around... it’s shameful,” Clara replied,

I met Clara’s eyes in the mirror. She was young and easily intimidated. I could see the anger in her brown eyes and even she had her limits.

“I know,” I murmured. “But it doesn’t matter. Let her keep thinking she’s Luna.”

Clara frowned. She looked as if she wanted to argue but she just sighed and said, “Yes, Luna.”

For a time, I endured all of Viki's taunts.

I kept my head down. I performed my duties. I pretended not to hear the whispers in the halls or see the smirks exchanged behind my back as the pack slowly turned its back on me. I focused on what mattered: my routines, my responsibilities, and my rose garden.

CHAPTER THREE

Especially my rose garden.

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It was the only space that was still mine, untouched by Viki's vicious hands. It was a small courtyard nestled behind the west wing, overflowing with roses I had personally planted. Every bloom had a memory: the pale peach ones from our first festival, the white ones Jason once said matched my purity, and the dark crimson that reminded me of strength.

It was my sanctuary until she found it.

Viki came stomping into the garden one morning. Her face twisted with distaste as she eyed the roses in full bloom.

“Ugh, I hate roses. They are such old-fashioned flowers,” she said loudly, waving at the beds as if she was waving away a bad smell. “We should replace them with lavender, or maybe orchids. Something elegant.”

Clara, tending to the edges, froze. She looked between Viki and I before standing up straight. Her face looked serious as she carefully said, “Miss Viki, this is Luna’s garden. She grew all these bushes herself, so we can’t-”

“Luna?” Viki gave a dramatic sigh and rubbed her belly. “Oh, you mean Talia,” She laughed. “Come on. You knew that she holds the title in name only. I’m the Alpha’s choice now. And I want this garden torn apart. You heard me?”

Clara looked at me, wide-eyed and uncertain. I stood stiffly beside the fountain, my hands clenched at my sides.

I stepped forward, my aura flexing-not fully, but enough to make her servant flinch and lower her head.

“No,” I said. “These stay.”

Viki’s smile faded just a little. Her wolf pushed back, defiant but weaker than mine. “You’re being territorial over a bunch of plants.”

“I’m being territorial over mine,” I replied, tone cold.

Viki narrowed her eyes, her voice rising just enough to carry. “You’re refusing to accommodate the mother of the future Alpha?”

Of course, Jason arrived at that moment. He always came running when he heard her voice like a moth to the flame. It made me sick.

“What’s going on?” Jason asked, stepping between us.

“I was just asking to replace some of the flowers,” Viki said sweetly, her hands resting on her stomach. “The scent’s been making me nauseous in the mornings. I don’t want to cause any stress to the pup.”

Jason didn’t look at me as he lovingly caressed Viki’s belly. “I get you don’t understand what it is like to be pregnant, but you need to be more accommodating, Talia. They’re just flowers.”

I flinched at the remark. It was like he was twisting a dagger in my heart. I scoffed which caused him to look up at me frowning.

“They are not just flowers. This is my space. This is the only space left that is mine. She has taken everything,” I argued.

Jason turned to Clara and said, “Do as Viki said.”

“No,” I said. “Jason, this garden-”

“It’s not about the garden, Talia! Don’t you understand?” Jason interrupted. “It’s about unity. It’s about doing

GALLE

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what’s best for the pack. Viki is carrying the next Alpha. She needs peace.”

I laughed bitterly. “So, you’ll rip out the only place that’s still mine? You think that’s peace? That’s supposed to be unity?”

“If you truly care about this pack, you’ll stop fighting me on a small thing,” he snapped.

My wolf howled in my chest, furious. ‘Don’t submit. Don’t you dare submit to this,’

“There’s no point in fighting,’ I responded, earning a snarl from my wolf.

Whether I agreed or not my garden was going to be destroyed. I swallowed hard, forcing down the ache in my throat. “Of course, Alpha,” I said, voice cold and hollow, “Clara, do as you’re told.”

She obeyed.

The scent of roses was soon replaced with the scent of ripped roots and overturned soil. I stood motionless as Clara and Viki’s maid tore the bushes from the ground. With each one, a memory was uprooted and destroyed.

Jason said nothing. He didn’t even stay to watch.

As the last rose bush was tossed aside like trash, I felt it in my bones.

My place in his heart had been destroyed along with them too.

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