

SECOND CHANCE FOR THE BARREN LUNA

Dust within ancient walls Miles Brooks 7

CHAPTER SEVEN

+25 Bonus

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Talia's POV

I walked until I was out of Shadowclaw pack's territory, and I saw a familiar black SUV waiting for me. The driver got out and opened the door for me.

"Thank you," I said as I got in. "but who sent you?"

"Lord Solon, of course. Princess, it is good to have you back. We missed you so much," the driver said before closing the door.

I didn't say anything as I watched the buildings and trees pass by. I couldn't help but feel nervous. What would my father say? What would Solon say? I let them down.

"There is nothing to worry about,' my wolf reassured me. They will welcome us back with open arms. They are our family.'

"Princess, we're here," the driver's voice said, tearing me from my thoughts.

I finally returned to my true home: Silverfang Pack.

The gates opened before I could even announce myself. Guards stepped aside instinctively, their posture shifting as they caught my scent. I was still wearing Shadowclaw colors, still smelled like a pack that had never truly accepted me. But all that would end with a nice hot shower.

The moment I stepped into the courtyard, I saw him.

My father.

The Werewolf King.

The most feared wolf in the kingdom.

Rudolf Carson.

His eyes found mine and for the first time in years, I let my walls down I ran to him, and when I threw myself into his arms, the unshakable Werewolf King dropped his stern mask and caught me with warm hands.

“My little wolf,” he murmured, his voice thick with emotion as he cradled my head.
“You’re back.”

I closed my eyes and held on to him like I was five again. The tears came fast, soaking into his shoulder.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” I choked out. “I made a mistake.”

He pulled back just enough to cup my face, wiping my tears. His expression was torn, pain flickering behind his fierce eyes.

“That bastard,” he growled. “How dare he hurt my daughter. I warned you. I told you it was foolish to hide your rank, to live like an omega and give him everything.”

“I know.” My voice barely made it past the knot in my throat. “Please don’t be mad at me.”

He exhaled roughly. “I saw through Jason from the beginning. He was always too arrogant, too proud. But you insisted because of that damned mate bond. I thought that fool would respect you for your efforts, but I was wrong. I’ll never understand why the Moon Goddess tied you to him.”

I looked away, shame burning in my throat. “I rejected him...”

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He tensed. “Did he accept the rejection?”

I stayed silent.

My father’s growl rolled through the night air like thunder. “He dares to cling to you still?”

His eyes flashed gold. “I should send warriors. Make him bleed for making you cry. For failing to protect you...”

“Father.” Solon’s voice interrupted our father’s rant. My brother rushed to the courtyard, his arms crossed over his chest. “We’ll protect her now. She’s home.”

My father looked between us and then he relented.

“Fine,” he said. “But there will be a banquet. The realm will know the princess has returned.”

I smiled through the tears, “Of course.”

Later, Solon walked me down the familiar corridor to my old room. The door creaked open, and I felt as if I walked back in time. Nothing had changed.

The blue curtains, the carved oak bed frame, my bookcase – all was still there. The subtle scent of roses drifting through the open windows from my personal garden. Everything exactly how I’d left it like Solon and my father expected me to come back.

“I made sure it stayed the same,” Solon said. “Even when everyone thought you weren’t coming home.”

My throat tightened and I fought to hold back the tears. “Thank you,” I whispered.

Solon smiled slightly and said, "The roses are still alive."

"I noticed."

"I told the groundskeeper if even one bush died, I'd rip his tail off."

That made me laugh. I hadn't laughed that hard in a long time.

I turned and hugged him tightly. Solon's arms wrapped around me without hesitation.

"Welcome home, little sister."

When he pulled back, his expression turned serious. "Do you mind if invitations go out to all Alphas? Including Jason?"

"Send it," I said simply. "I don't care about him anymore."

Solon grinned. "That's the spirit."

He left me to rest, I immediately went to shower to scrub off the scent of past and regret. I dressed in my warm pajamas and stared at myself in the mirror.

I had worn black contacts for three years to hide the truth. But here, there would be no more hiding. I took the contacts out, throwing them in the trash. I looked back in the mirror and saw my real eyes: violet, the mark of the Werewolf King's blood.

As I lay back against the pillows, the warmth of the room wrapped around me like a warm embrace.

I realized that Shadowclaw never felt like home.

This was my home and I should have never left.

I closed my eyes and was drifting asleep when my phone buzzed nonstop,

I finally turned it over to see twenty missed calls and fifteen unread messages.

All from one name.

Jason.

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