

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 5

Xaden POV

“Wake up, Your Highness.”

That voice.. I recognized that voice... and it was one I was not ready to hear. Frowning, I rolled onto my stomach, burrowing as deep into the bed as possible. It was none other **than** Burke, my Prime Beta—diligent and reliable as ever, **having** served alongside me for as long as I could remember and who faithfully helped handle my various royal affairs.

He was my most trusted attendant.. and currently an unwelcome guest.

I silently willed him to just—go away.

This time, a resounding knock broke the **silence**, making me wince. “Prince Xaden, it is time to get up.”

I groaned. Evidently, the man was terrible at reading the room. I blindly reached for the other side of the bed, expecting to touch her... seeking her soothing warmth... but my hand fell flat on the cold mattress.

Huh.. did my Beta’s presence scare her?

Still half—asleep, I pushed myself onto my elbows and slowly scanned the room through bleary eyes. There was a chance she was still here, hiding somewhere within reach. Maybe she was also in shock after last night’s events.

Nothing sat at the foot of the bed.

No one was by the window.

The bathroom door was wide open, with the inside shrouded in darkness. And her scent, which had been so rich and powerful last night, was reduced to nothing more than a few wisps floating through the air.

So she left, after all...

With a heavy sigh, I resigned myself to get up and prepare to leave, ignoring the dull ache in my chest. I sloppily threw on my clothes and strode to the bathroom to make myself a bit more presentable. Upon **glancing** at myself in the vanity mirror, however, I saw distinct markings scattered along the juncture between my neck and shoulder and all over my collarbone.. **angry**, red little indentations.

Bruises? **Possible**, but.. no. No, these were something else.

That little minx, I mused with a smile, lightly touching the bite marks. By the looks of things, they'd not been deep enough to draw **blood**, but no woman had ever dared to mark me like this before.

As an Alpha Prince, I, of course, had my fair share of women.

Thus, one-night stands were not uncommon outside palace walls.

But I could safely say... I had never met anyone like Maeve, and never had I felt so alive as I did when I was with her. How was it possible for **a** seemingly ordinary omega to trigger my heat like **that** when no Alpha daughter ever came close? To trigger a wolf's heat was something special—not just anybody could do that.

My gaze shifted over to the empty bed, visible from where I stood. I could still envision her... beautiful, breathless, quivering with pleasure underneath me.

Last night meant something to me. Did she feel the same way?

Determined, I set my jaw. I knew what I needed to do.

Without wasting another moment, I tidied myself up. Ran a damp hand through my hair to make it look a little less bedraggled, tucked my shirt back under my belt, and buttoned up my wrinkled **dress** shirt... though I decided to leave the top two buttons undone, subtly showcasing my trophies from last night.

“Burke, come here.”

My Beta swiftly entered the hotel room and dipped his head. “Is everything alright, Your Highness?”

“I need you to do something for me.”

“Of course.”

“Find the omega girl named Maeve,” I said, loosely looping my tie around my neck. “I must see her again.”

Maeve POV

Fifteen days had passed since that fateful night.

The day of Sarah’s much-anticipated eighteenth birthday party **was** finally here, and the whole Moonstone estate bubbled with excitement. Not only was this in celebration of our Alpha’s daughter, but it **was** also the day our pack would find themselves in the presence of the highly esteemed Alpha Prince Xaden for the first time. It wasn’t every day that our second-class pack encountered **royalty**, so this was sure **to** be one for the books.

Oh, and what a day it would turn out to be.

Fifteen days had passed and here I was, barricaded in a bathroom stall in our largest banquet hall at the packhouse... with a positive pregnancy test

How did it come to this!

Well, my monthly visitor had been due to arrive precisely one week after **that** night.. and it never did. Today was my one chance for freedom while everyone was distracted arranging the party in the banquet hall, so I seized my moment after a week of incessant worrying. Hiding underneath a hat and a face mask, I snuck out to buy a pregnancy test from a nearby drugstore and dashed back as fast as I could to lock myself in the bathroom.

Three minutes later.. and here I was, learning I was going to be a mama.

Admittedly, there **had** been signs.

Not only was my period late, but, starting two days ago, I noticed a faint bulge in my abdomen that hadn't been there before. In hindsight, pregnancy should have been the most logical answer.. but I didn't want to believe it could have progressed so quickly. As a matter of fact, it was prominent enough that I worried about how I'd have to explain the abrupt weight gain

Until Sarah inadvertently saved the day.

Father **hadn't** been pleased once he learned **that** we—no, I had failed to buy a new dress that day in the capital's shopping district, so, as a result, Sarah had to find something for me from her personal closet. The dress she'd begrudgingly thrown at me was **of**.. subpar quality, to say the least, what with its outdated patterns and off-white coloring that had obviously once been a more pure white. The old, thin fabric also looked pretty tacky, but I couldn't find it in myself to complain or care.

The dress was already a heck of a lot better than what I usually wore.

Plus, it seemed to hide my **small**, yet growing baby bump decently enough. This is much sooner than I expected for a werewolf baby!

Those two little lines seemed **to** mock me as I held the test with trembling hands. Soon, I would have another life to care for, apart from my cruel family. How was I supposed to bring a **baby** into a household.. into **a** world where I didn't have a sustainable future?

I wanted to throw up, unsure whether that was due to nerves or morning sickness.

And yet, I found myself strangely anticipating the arrival of this little life. As I touched my belly with gentle curiosity, I wanted to meet the baby that resulted from the most complex night of my existence.

“Maeve?”

Startled, I threw a hand over my mouth to keep quiet. That was Sarah's voice beyond the stall door. I wasn't ready to see her- not yet. At the same time, I knew my silence would only confirm to her that I was the one in the stall.

I couldn't win either way.

“We don't need your laziness today. Come out now!”

Loud knocks on the door shook the stall. She wasn't going to stop and I needed to hide that in the trashcan, praying to anything and everything I could think of that she would just let me go. In my haste, I hurled the test it alone.

Reluctantly, I opened the door and there stood Sarah, lavishly dolled up like a true Alpha's daughter and glaring impatiently at me.

I tried to casually position myself in a way that impeded her view. “Is there something you need?”

She frowned. “What were you doing?”

I took a breath. "I just needed to calm myself before the guests arrived." It wasn't a total lie, but the party hadn't been my main concern at the moment.

"What did you throw in the trash?"

"Nothing, just some tissue-"

But before I could finish, Sarah pushed me aside and forced her way into the stall, zeroing in on the **trashcan**. Panicked, I fought to pull her away, but she wouldn't budge. And when she turned around, pregnancy test in hand... I knew I was done for

"Well, well, well." She dangled the test in front of me with a taunting laugh.
"Looks like I found your little secret, mommy