

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 1

### Maeve POV

I never thought I **would** lose my V-card on such an ordinary day.. and with the most unexpected person.

I had indeed fantasized about leaving my current pack, leaving behind my Alpha father, stepmother, and half-sister, and escaping this “family” that treated me like I was nothing but a servant.

The day everything happened, however.. I **was** completely unprepared

That morning began like any other.

Breakfast had been served—all homemade and carefully prepared by **our** diligent and hard-working chefs—and my **family** had seated themselves around the grand dining table, each dressed in some of their most luxurious day attire. Meanwhile, I stood quietly in my dedicated spot in the corner, wearing my usual rags.

My sister Sarah, adorned from head to toe with exquisite jewelry, tapped on her porcelain cup with her silver spoon.

I immediately stepped forward to pour freshly brewed coffee.

“Bah—this tastes awful” she spat with a curled lip, startling me silently. I could see her roll her eyes indiscreetly at me as she dabbed at her glossed mouth with a napkin. “Is it truly so hard for you to make a decent cup of coffee?”

I floundered “But-

“Honestly, after so many years, you’d think she’d have learned how to do it by now.” The harsh, refined voice that spoke immediately made me tense. Victoria–Luna of Moonstone, as well as **Sarah’s** mother **and** my stepmother, if she could be called that–glared at me with utter disdain.

“What a pathetically useless mutt our little Maeve is”

Useless mutt...

My jaw clenched and my fists tightened almost painfully in my skirt. I could feel my eyes start to **water** and it took everything in me to keep them from falling from defending myself. Insults, unfortunately, were not a new occurrence in this household, but regardless of how much they still hurt to hear, I had to take it.

If I didn’t. they would not hesitate to lock me in the storage room again..

I lowered my head, hiding my face from view. “Please, forgive me,” I whispered. “I’ll do better next time.”

A deep, heavy sigh took command of the room, prompting everyone else to fall silent. I glanced up and met the disapproving eyes of my father, who shook his head. “**Leave** us, Maeve,” he said, turning his focus back to his breakfast, “**and** find something productive to do with your time.”

I gritted my teeth. “Yes, Alpha,” I said before retreating to the kitchen to begin cleaning

Indeed... my father was Alpha Burton of Moonstone, a minor but growing pack in the Werewolf Kingdom, and with that came many great expectations. I may have been his daughter, but I’ve never been treated as such. Washing the dirty kitchenware while the rest of the family feasted lavishly in the grand dining room, I truly was no better than an omega servant.

And Victoria always made sure I knew I was a **mistake**.

Well.. Father's mistake.

My birth mother's identity has long since been a mystery—all I knew was I was not of Victoria's blood. The Luna, herself, had told me the story of Father's sin. It was the worst night of their lives, she'd said... that night my father suddenly brought me to the packhouse as an infant **baby**.

A horrible accident, he'd called me.

Victoria had to announce that she was pregnant with an unplanned baby. It wasn't until enough time for a premature werewolf baby to be born **that** I was eventually introduced to high society as the miracle daughter of Moonstone. And now, we appear to be the ideal upper-**class** family **to** the outside world.

The Alpha, his Luna, and their two... cherished daughters.

I ran a dry cloth over a stainless steel pan, swiping away the little droplets of water that remained until I saw nothing but my reflection staring back at me. My hand slowed, placing the cloth down on the counter. This girl in my reflection—her lifeless eyes that hid everything she'd yearned to say but lacked the freedom to her skin pale after being confined to the packhouse for so long- her dark, unkempt hair that didn't suit her face..

She was nothing more than a facade.

A blemish on the great Moonstone pack **that** needed to be concealed.

Lost in thought, I solemnly ran a hand through my dull black hair. There was apparently a time when it was the most beautiful, vibrant shade of red, but I never get to see it. Father and Victoria forced me to dye it because they are all **dark-** haired, fearing it would expose the truth behind our family. But even with the hair they desired, they forbade me from attending public events unless necessary.

I don't understand...

If they were so miserable with me around, why did they keep me?

I didn't have to stay here. I'd be more than happy living with another pack, or even in the capital—alone but completely and utterly free. Ever since I reached 18, according to the birthday my father told me, I'd begged to talk about leaving here with **my** father.

But he never would make time for me.

“Ah, that reminds me,” Father said, his voice booming throughout the dining room and into the kitchen. “My darling **Sarah**, a very special guest has agreed to attend your eighteenth birthday party.” In the boastful way he spoke, he was undeniably pleased with **the** news he had to share.

I heard Sarah gasp dramatically.

“Are you saying?” Victoria began to ask, sounding hopeful.

Father cleared his throat. “His Royal Highness—Prince Xaden, himself—will be there.” Silence filled the room for mere moments before total **chaos** broke loose.

“Oh—my—God!”

“Sarah, this could be your chance! We need nothing but the finest for the party!”

“I know! Oh my—what should I wear?”

I frowned pensively, opening the cupboards and slowly putting away the kitchenware.

Of course, I knew who Prince Xaden was... well, I knew of him, at least. Word around the kingdom, and especially our packhouse, was that he was likely to become our next **Alpha** King Young and formidable, he was the pride of all

werewolves alike, and every young woman dreamt of catching the prince's attention.

After all, becoming his mate meant possibly becoming the future Luna Queen.

**And** this, in turn, meant that he **had** lines of Alphas and their daughters constantly at his doorstep, which now included my own family. It had **only** been a matter of time before they started acting on their schemes.. **and** Sarah's birthday party was the best opportunity for that. As the beloved youngest daughter of an Alpha, her coming-of-age birthday **was** certain to be **the** most extravagant of social events.

Inviting the prince only seemed like the logical thing to do.

Meanwhile, mine was skipped because they wanted to **save** some money and told everyone I was sick.

"Ugh—none of my clothes will do! I can't meet Prince Xaden in these ugly, outdated rags! I need to go to the capital—I'll be able to find the perfect outfit there... is that acceptable, Daddy?"

"What an excellent idea, sweetheart," Father cooed. I could practically see the **love** and adoration all over his face.

A gleeful squeal echoed in the dining room

It wasn't long before the car pulled up to escort Sarah to the capital, which she was quick to run to. Due to the expensive and delicate nature of her dress, however, she had to enter the car slowly and carefully. Victoria rushed to aid her, while Father **and**

Father suddenly jabbed his

A small shriek emerged from the car, with **Sarah** staring between our father and me in disbelief. Victoria, standing near the open car door, glowered

dangerously at me before turning to her husband. “Dear, that isn’t really necessary, is it?” she asked, shamelessly betraying her sheer disgust.

“Daddy, don’t make me be seen with her at the capital!”

“S–Sir, there’s nothing I need to buy,” I stammered, confused. “Is there something–

Father ignored all the commotion. “You will need a dress for Sarah’s birthday party. Buy something decent to wear.”

Shock.

Bewilderment.

**Dare** I say hope.