

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 11

### Marve POV

Panicked, I took in as much of their faces as possible within a span of three seconds before quickly lowering my **face** from view. I didn't want to believe someone connected to my family would be at Xaden's mansion, but there was no doubt about it

-Bella was here, along with her **Alpha** father and Luna **mother**.

The last time I saw her was at Moonstone, about a month before Sarah's party.

And looking at her, she hadn't changed a bit.

Her style was just as glamorous and expensive—if not, more—than my sister's. Dressed in fancy maroon velvet garments, embellished with rhinestones along the heart-**shaped** neckline, it was clear Bella sought to impress the prince. And her parents, who wore fine clothing befitting of an Alpha and his Luna, also hoped to gain his favor.

So, she chose to come here instead of attending Sarah's party.

Part of me wished I could say I was surprised by that revelation, but I would've been lying to myself.

Her friendship with Sarah was unique, to say the least. Everything was a competition for them, whether that meant wearing the loveliest dress or splurging the most of their poor fathers money. And evidently, once she

learned that Prince Xaden would be attending the party, Bella quickly made her own plans.

I could never understand their twisted friendship. At times, they **seemed** more like rivals.

However, there was one thing that they seemed to really bond over bullying me.

Ever since we were children, whenever she and my sister spent time together at the estate in Moonstone, she would seize any opportunity she could to bother me, if one ever made itself known. Much like Sarah, she took particular pleasure in treating me like her servant or her little toy. If she wanted something from me, she would always find ways to make sure I listened... and I'd learned very quickly not to ignore her demands.

**In a** way, she **was** worse than my sister ever was

While Sarah had been raised to treat me poorly. Bella did it **because** she found it fun.

She had even come up with **a** lovely little nickname for me, in honor of all the time she spent tormenting me.

Mundy Mae. Short for the affectionately given name: Mundane Maeve.

All of this to say: I desperately hoped Bella wouldn't be able to recognize me. I'd only just escaped that life and I'd fully intended to keep it all in the past where it belonged. Luckily for me, her focus seemed to be fully fixed on **Maggie**, who appeared conflicted **about** what she should do next.

Xaden had asked her to show me around, but judging by the glances she made between the impeccably dressed Alpha family **and myself**, who wore one of her own dresses, it was clear where she had her priorities.

Maggie did **not** know who I was... so she decided the best option was to aid Bella **first**. "How can I help you?"

“When will Prince Xaden be back?” she asked,

“Oh, he’s only just returned, miss. Not more than an hour ago.”

“**Fantastic!**” she chirped and began twisting a lock of her caramel hair around her **finger**. “Did he come alone?”

“No, miss—His Highness brought a young woman with him. She will be staying here at the mansion, as well.”

Bella’s charming smile fell. “A woman? Who?”

My soul left my body the moment Maggie pulled me out from behind her and stood me in front of my childhood tormentor. But she never got the chance to introduce me or mention my name

Her eyes instantly lit up with recognition. “Is that you, Mundy Mae?”

My jaw clenched **shut**. I did not want to dignify that nickname with a response.

“Mae?” Her father—Alpha Charles of Crimson Crescent—repeated questioningly. “Do you mean to say that she’s the same Mae from Moonstone? The one who stands in corners and serves drinks?”

“The very same,” Bella said with a growing grin. “Alpha Burton’s daughter herself.”

**Puzzled**, Maggie turned to me. “You’re a daughter of Moonstone’s Alpha?” she asked.

“What on earth are you doing at Prince Xaden’s mansion?” Bella pressed, disregarding Maggie’s question.

The sudden heaps of attention I was getting was **head**—spinning.

I wavered. “He wanted **me** to come.”

The amused look on her face told me she didn't quite believe my version of events.

"So, he did... and it looks like **you've** got yourself quite the impressive little promotion, didn't you?" she chuckled, looking down at me with her nose turned up. "From washing Sarah's dirty laundry to sweeping Prince Xaden's marble floor—I have to admit, you've made great work of advancing your servant-girl career. But it's okay, you don't have to pretend you did it for the **pay** raise."

She leaned in close with a cheeky grin.

"We both know you came here so you could gawk at his handsome face every **day**"

My face reddened with embarrassment.

Calm down, I thought. She doesn't know anything. She just wants to get under your skin.

Maggie, apparently, was still stunned by the revelation of my lineage. "Miss, if you're an Alpha's daughter, then why-

Bella pointed at Maggie, effectively cutting her off. "That's enough. Bring Prince Kaden to us. My family and I have been waiting to see him," she said haughtily before turning back to me, a plan written across her face. "And I want you to serve us. Prove that you're worthy of being in the Alpha Prince's presence!!

Maggie stepped forward. "I beg your pardon, but His Highness personally brought Miss Maeve as a special guest," she interjected, glancing nervously between Bella and me. "He might not be pleased to see you treat her so."

"Nonsense," Bella dismissed, seating herself at the large table central to the great hall, adorned with delectable-looking finger foods and crystal wine glasses. "I've known this girl for years. She might have been his daughter by

blood, but she's no one special. You can take my word for it, **as** a true Alpha's daughter."

A true Alpha's daughter. That was something I grew up hearing a lot from Sarah.

Fidgeting, Maggie opened her mouth to talk back but seemed to decide against it. And just like that, she disappeared deep into the mansion....

Leaving me alone with Bella and her family.

"Well?" she asked, raising an expectant eyebrow and a crystal glass. "Pour me a drink."

I was frozen in place.

I really didn't want to be here with her.

Instinct, however, took control of my body and I found myself moving against my better judgment. There were bottles of wine ready to be opened on a nearby serving **cart**. With sweaty, trembling hands, I popped open the bottle **and** poured **the** wine for her and her parents as they **sat** opposite her at the table.

"Delicious," she sighed after a sip, swirling the glass. "His Highness is exceptional when it comes to rare wines."

"Quite so," her mother said **with** a smile, taking another greedy sip.

I kept my mouth shut.

Something knowing glittered in Bella's eyes as she peered at me. "How about you, Mundy Mae?" she asked, **a** sly smile playing at the corners of her rose-tinted lips. "Your last experience with alcohol must have been a memorable one tell me, did you enjoy it?"

The way she said those words made my blood run cold.

She knew. She absolutely knew.

H–How did she find out about that?

With a sinking feeling, I realized that the only **way** she could have ever learned about that night was through my sister. It wouldn't have been the first time they shared stories about the cruel things they'd done. I could practically envision it: how Sarah might have bragged about the trick she played on me. how they might have both laughed over it, knowing very well my life was at serious risk.

The thought horrified me.

When I remained silent, Bella's smile slowly downturned. Her features leveled out into something indiscernible as she grabbed a rather full glass of wine. "Drink this," she **said**, extending it towards me. "I order you."

The bubbles floating to the top of that sparkling drink taunted me. An awful reminder of what had happened in that alley.

I swallowed hard. "N–No. I won't."

"You're refusing a direct order, Mundy Mae." A nerve in her jaw twitched. "I won't be so kind a second time."

Memories flashed in my mind of her unforgiving and incessant abuse, but I forced **myself** to stand my **ground**, as tall and unwavering as I could. There was more than myself at stake now.

"I said no."

I registered the exact moment her patience had run out. Her eyes went black with fury and she lunged at me, glass in hand, with the intent of shoving it cold down my throat—just like Sarah had in that alley. Frantic, I looked to her father and mother for any sort of help as we fell to the floor in our struggle for dominance, but they had both purposefully turned their heads away like it was nothing of importance.

They had no intention of stopping their daughter.

“Stop!” I screamed. She was going to kill my baby! “Stop right now!”

“What the hell is going on in here!!”

And everyone snapped their gazes to the doorway, where an enraged Xaden **stood**.