

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 14

Maeve POV

Time stopped the second I heard those words leave his mouth.

Finding and choosing a Luna was a sacred rite of passage for any Alpha. Not to mention an Alpha Prince. This was not a decision to be made out of pity or obligation. It was a lifelong commitment to her—a marriage in both body and soul, unbreakable by any force in the world.

It **was** the highest honor for any woman to receive. And only those worthy of such a title were ever considered. To be a Luna meant she commanded respect in any room she walked in, second only to her Alpha mate.

I never believed I was worthy of any such title.

But Xaden did. He actually said it.

He wants me to be his Luna...

Maggie brightened up with sudden, overwhelming relief. “Your... your—oh, my!” she stuttered excitedly. “Congratulations are in order, Your Highness! And to your future Luna,” she said, turning to me with a deep curtsy, “it would be my honor to serve you. Please allow me to make up for my behavior by taking you shopping for a new wardrobe befitting your title.”

I squirmed where I sat. “N—No, please, there’s no need to rush.”

“Nonsense,” she huffed. “Everyone needs to know who our Luna is!”

My mind whirled. Everything was happening so fast!

“Why don’t we go shopping together tomorrow?” Xaden suddenly asked, caressing my arm. “We’ll get **some** fresh air and take it easy.”

I glanced at him shyly. “That...does sound nice,” I admitted.

“What a splendid idea, Your Highness!” Maggie exclaimed with glee. “**And** now that there’s a baby on the way, we need to prepare!”

As Maggie left the room, excitedly babbling and planning by herself, a smiling Xaden shut the door behind her with a deep sigh.

When I’d woken up that morning, I had no idea of the chaos that awaited me. My pregnancy was still just a worry in the **back** of my **head**, **Sarah’s** catastrophic birthday party had not yet **begun**, and I was still confined in Moonstone, unsure if I would ever see the light of day again.

And here I was, pregnant and in Prince Xaden’s bedroom, miles away from home.

It had been such a long day and, after the rollercoaster of emotions I’d experienced all day, I wanted to go to bed and sleep everything off.

An exhausted Xaden readily agreed.

He was kind enough to let me borrow some of his nightclothes until we were able to go shopping **the** next morning. I emerged from his private bathroom some minutes later wearing a loose button-up shirt **and** a pair of comfortable shorts with my hair braided loosely down my shoulder.

Instantly, I felt his eyes on me. I tilted my gaze in his direction and saw him already in bed, shirtless, and my throat ran dry.

“Um... Maggie didn’t show me where my room was,” I said, awkwardly fiddling with the hem of my borrowed nightshirt.

He smiled at me. "You're already in it."

My heart pounded furiously against my chest. "Oh..."

He beckoned me over with a gentle wave of **his hand**. "Come here," he purred, and I let myself follow the sweet sound of his voice. Slowly, tentatively, I sat on the bed. With further encouragement in his sparkling eyes, I lay down, facing away from him.

I snuggled into the blanket, happy to just be next to him. "Goodni-

And **then**, I felt his strong arms wrap around me from behind in a warm embrace. I suppressed a gasp, the sudden sensation making me jolt with surprise, but I couldn't help but melt into the safety of his arms.

All of a sudden, something hard pressed against my bottom. "Fuck.." he sighed, his deep voice rumbling against the back of my **neck**, and a blush spread uncontrollably over my face, "you smell so **good**."

I froze. The only other time he was like this around me was when he was.

"Y-You're not in heat, are you?"

"I don't need to be," he muttered huskily. His hot breath brushed across the back of my neck, tickling me. "You bewitch me nonetheless."

His strong, sturdy presence behind mine was hypnotizing and, suddenly, I found myself feeling things I hadn't felt since our first night together. Sexual desires... Just that they all fluttered inside me like an awakening spirit. And at the same time, it was nothing like what I remembered.

"Earlier, you asked me why I always treat you so kindly?"

I nodded, not daring to move.

He pulled me further into his chest. "Ever since that night, you've been all I could think about. It's like I was lost in a trance until today...when I found you

in Moonstone. I... I don't know what happened or how," he murmured, letting out a shaky breath. "but I don't care in the slightest."

He kissed my neck. Everything I felt through my body. Warmth spread to my toes.

Trembling. I reached for his hand and squeezed it, pulling it to my lips. I was filled with the urge to explain to him the depth of my feelings for him... how grateful I was for his coming into my life. When I needed someone in my darkest hour, he showed up.

And despite all the chaos that happened since, I would not change anything.

"I want to kiss you again..." he whispered, almost begging

With a thick swallow. I nodded.

As his fingers brushed along my jaw, he tilted my head towards his face and pressed his lips against mine—easy, slowly, a chance for the two of us to just touch each other—but he was quick to deepen it.

His mouth opened and I felt his tongue, warm and we **run** across my own, leading me in a sensual dance large hands caressed my **neck**, my jaw with the most beautiful tenderness... I could feel all of his passion **and**, at the same time, all of his restraint.

As the kiss grew more passionate, he shifted so that he now hovered directly above me. The weight of his body on mine reminded me of **that** night—a vague memory, but the sensation brought about a growing **alluring** warmth inside me that felt all too familiar. I curled into him, cradling him between my open legs, wanting to feel more and more.

I wanted to experience everything as if it were the first time.

Because this time, there was no alcohol or drugs added to the mix.

It was just him and I.

Xaden's lips left a damp trail on my skin as he pressed kiss after lingering kiss, tracing down my neck my prominent collarbone... the curve of my breast that peaked above the low neckline of my nightshirt. He seemed to like this area of my body very much. I'd learned, and I became very aware of that fact when he ravished my entire chest with lavish swirls of tongue... making me squirm, lost in my delirium.

"X-Xaden..." I gasped.

Slowly, his lips came to a stop. "Say my name again.

Impatient, I pulled his face back to mine and reconnected our tender mouths. "Xaden." I breathed, nibbling at his bottom lip.

That seemed to ignite something in him. He kissed me with fervor, like a touch-starved, desperate man, and I couldn't get enough of it. I felt him start to softly ground into me

But, suddenly, I remembered that we were really not alone.

"Xaden..." I whispered between his ravaging kisses, my pants melting into soft moans. "Be careful th-the, baby..."

And then, in a blur, Xaden rolled us over so that I now found myself straddling him. My long hair, having fallen out of its loose **braid**, draped like curtains around my face as I looked down at the man who lay beneath me. The pounding in my chest was so **loud** I thought he could hear it

"This is better," he said hungrily, caressing my hips. "Don't you **think**?"

My face flushed hot. I'd never taken the initiative in bed before. "I-I don't know how..."

"I'll show you..."

With firm, yet tender hands, he lifted my hips up and down, guiding me **and** showing me what to do where to move, how to make us both feel

good. The angle was hitting me just right and I grew speechless, my mouth softly falling open with small, breathy gasps as I wriggled in his lap.

Xaden, despite doing all the work, seemed to particularly enjoy watching me like this...his heavy-lidded eyes aglow with something unholy.

But that wasn't fair...I wanted to see him fall apart, too.

Feeling bold, I slowly rolled against him, testing the waters, seeing how it felt—and the harsh intake of breath Xaden took, and the low, guttural groans he emitted were just the boosts of confidence I was looking for. It wasn't long before we evolved into nothing more than breathless, sweaty messes of wound-up nerves.

But it wasn't enough.

I want more...

I moved to loosen the knot on his pants, feeling his ardent eyes bore into me the entire time, and once he was freed from his confines, I lowered onto him in one fell stroke.

A whimper slipped past my lips.

Perhaps that **was** why I was so sore that first morning after.

"It's okay, Xaden whispered hoarsely. "We... we'll take it nice and slow."

With white, desperate knuckles, he clutched my hips, setting the tortuous pace that I was quick to follow. Slowly but surely, we worked towards building **each** other's pleasure second by sweet, agonizing second..with the sound of soft, strangled **moans** filling the silence.

And through it all, he made sure we never went far enough to trigger heat.

Xaden was the first to finish, with a low, gruff moan, and I cried out shortly after, digging my fingers into the sheets. As we **lay** there together in the

afterglow, satiated and spent, I felt him gently brush his fingertips over the expanse of my back.

“I didn’t think I’d ever be like this with you **again**. And now.” He looked at me like I was the only woman on earth—with complete and utter reverence.

“Hmm?” I gazed at him through heavy lids.

He gulped. All I saw now was fear, and it made my heart pang. “Please..still be here when I wake up.”

I lifted my head to press one **last** kiss to his lips. “There’s nowhere else I’d rather be,” I murmured. I’d begun to pull away, but

he kept me in place, nipping and pulling at my lips just a little bit longer until he lay back down, satisfied.

My eyes fluttered shut and I surrendered myself to the peaceful bliss of sleep...

But something unknown trapped me in its clutches.

I **had** no idea where I was going.