

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 15

Maeve POV

I was alone.

Surrounded by pitch-black darkness, where all I could see was the empty space before me and all I could feel **was** a bitter, cold, chill prickling my skin like millions of razor-thin needles. I walked and walked... and walked for what felt like miles, searching for something that always seemed to be just out of reach.

Every step I took, it took one hundred more.

And every time I called out for it, I was plunged into an abyss where I had to fight tooth **and** nail just to keep on going.

Exhausted and bruised, I was ready to give up my pursuit...when **finally saw** it.

A light there was a light-**small** but glowing and real-on the far horizon.

Gathering all the strength I could muster, I made a run for it until the distance between us lessened... and lessened.

This was it-I could do it! I reached out and leapt-

And then I suddenly found myself in the middle of a wide-open field sprouting with purple wildflowers as far as the eye could see. The blackness of the sky had vanished, all I could feel was warmth. Like **an** unburdened

child, I sprawled in the tall, swaying grass and let myself be swallowed by the bright **sun**.

I could've died surrounded by purple and died happy.

"Maeve."

A voice, deep and **loud** and clear, resonated in the air. I froze, slowly sitting **back** up. I couldn't tell if it belonged to a man or a woman—but I sensed love in its vibrations.

"I'm sorry I can't be there for **you**..."

My eyes began to water. I didn't **know** why, but I didn't care. "Why aren't you??"

"It wasn't the right time.. but **now**, you're ready."

As tears began to fall, I closed my eyes, letting **this** mysterious voice wash over me.

"It's time, **Maeve**..."

Slowly, I felt the **warmth** of the sun **vanish**. The tall grass I'd **laid** in began to fade **away**, melting into satin sheets and blankets, a soft pillow cushioning my head. My eyes fluttered open and I was met by the concerned faces of Xaden and Maggie watching me from above.

Had something happened?

"What.." I mumbled, groggy with sleep as I rubbed my face. "What's going on..." My confusion only deepened when my hand pulled away covered in sweat.

"You had me worried sick, Maeve.." **Xaden** said, heaving a heavy sigh of relief. When I made a move to pull myself **into** seated position on the bed, he moved to gently help me up. "You were crying in your sleep."

I was?

“It’s nothing,” I said, wiping at my wet cheeks, “just a few tears. There **was** a voice in my dream. It was warm and gentle.” Something in my soul yearned to hear that voice again—to hear what else it had to say.

The serious look on his face did not budge. “I tried to wake you up for hours. Nothing seemed to work.”

I blinked. “What? Hours?”

“It took **so** long that I had no choice but to call for the doctor,” he murmured, touching my belly. His hand trembled ever so slightly, and I couldn’t help but feel **guilty**—what had been mere minutes for me must have felt like a lifetime to **him**. “I don’t want to take any chances with you or the baby.”

“No,” I assured him, covering his hand with mine. “No, **you did** the right thing.”

All of a sudden, I felt stirrings in my belly. There was a possibility it was only unease, **considering** how I’d woken up, and **what** I’d heard in my dream... but it felt different. With a jolt, I wondered... was this my baby sharing my unease?

It was not long before we heard a brisk knock on the door. As soon as Maggie pulled it open, the doctor came bursting in

“I came as soon as I received your r summons, Your Highness! Are you—oh.”

I peered up when he entered and saw the unfiltered surprise on his face, seeing the prince in bed with an unknown woman. My face flushed. I realized the awkwardness of the situation he found himself in.

“My apologies,” he muttered, embarrassed. “Perhaps I misunderstood something from the phone call. I **can** come back at a more opportune time if you’re so inclined.”

“Please stay, Doctor Pearce, Maggie pleaded. “Prince Xaden needs you to examine his Luna Princess.”

“Luna Princess?” he repeated, shocked. “What seems to be the problem?”

Xaden got out of bed and walked up to the doctor, recounting the harrowing events he had endured while I was lost in my dream. The doctor seemed intrigued, yet concerned as the **story** unfolded, **and** approached my bedside with a small device.

Placing the device on the **table**, he put on **a** pair of latex gloves and squeezed something onto his hands, asking me to lift my shirt enough to expose my belly.

“Alright, this might feel cold to the touch,” he warned.

He rubbed some sort of blue jelly over my baby bump, the sudden cold of it making me jolt with surprise. “Ooh, I shuddered. “You were **right** that was cold.”

“You’re doing well. It’s entirely quick **and** painless, I assure you,” Doctor Pearce said. “Now, if you could brief me about your condition—**have** you experienced any pain or unusual **symptoms as** of late?”

I shook my head. “No, I feel perfectly fine. Now that I think about it, though. I did feel a lot of movement from the **baby...** but that **might have** been because of..” I slowed, a blush creeping up on me as I realized I’d begun to say more than I’d intended, “um because of **last** night.”

Seeing my blush, Doctor Pearce raised an eyebrow. “If I may inquire freely.. were the two of you two of you intimate last night?”

Embarrassed, I averted my **eyes** from everybody in the room.

Maggie cleared her throat, “I’ll wait outside.”

Once the door shut completely behind her, Xaden let out a breath. “**Yes..** we were,” he **said with** a brisk nod. “Is it harmful to the baby?”

“Intimacy during pregnancy is not... un-recommended.” Doctor Pearce said after a brief moment of consideration, “but we try to advise any concerned parents to be as gentle as possible until the baby has grown a bit more. If any restlessness persists, the best option would be to **abstain** for the time being.”

Xaden looked deep in thought. “I thought I was gentle.” Wrinkling with worry, he then turned to me. “I didn’t hurt you at any point, did I?”

My blush deepened, and I quickly shook my head as I grew **more** mortified. I understood a doctor accompanied us, but that didn’t mean I was comfortable sharing such private details in front of him! Last night marked the second time I’d ever slept. with a man... the second time I’d ever done such... things.

Was this a part of my new life I needed to get used to?

Doctor Pearce hummed as he continued to read the test results. “All things considered... your baby appears to be perfectly healthy.”

The tense energy in the room almost vanished with that revelation.

I felt significantly lighter, hearing that my baby was alright.

Even Xaden’s shoulders slumped, finally allowing him to breathe. “What a relief.”

“If you’d like,” the doctor continued, his **eyes** sparkling, “I can even tell you the gender of your baby.”

My breath caught in my **throat** “Yes... yes, please.” I beckoned Xaden to come next to me so I could hold his hand. He rushed over and grabbed onto my hand as tightly **as** he could, trembling beside me.

Doctor Pearce smiled. “You’re having a little boy.”

I felt my mouth part open in **shock**.

Xaden's hand **was** squeezed white around mine. "A boy..." he repeated softly, in a **daze**.

"**Congratulations**, Your Highness. However, I must admit there is something peculiar **about** the way your baby is developing. He seems to be... a bit larger than expected for an Alpha baby."

I gasped at the doctor, unsure whether it was pride that I felt for our healthy and thriving baby boy... or if it was worry reignited. "**Just** how big is he?"

"Currently, the baby is the size of a standard one-month-old in the womb."

My eyes practically popped out of my **head**. He was twice the size of what he should be?

"I-I've only been pregnant for two weeks, I stammered, confused. "How could that be possible?"

"Typically, with such a case, I would advise that the mother consider ever so slightly reducing her food intake. Just enough to ensure that the baby develops with a healthy weight," he said, before looking me over with a wary stare, "However..."

Reduce how much I eat?

I glanced over my body. My arms and legs were **as** thin as ever, and I had hardly any weight around my center, if one chose to disregard my small pregnant belly. All those years of servitude and physical labor at Moonstone, along with scarce diets of whatever leftovers my family didn't finish for their meals, had pretty much guaranteed the state of my exceptionally slender **body**.

It was impossible for my diet to be the cause of my baby's rapid **growth**.

Something else was going on.