

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 29

### Maeve POV

I was not sure what or who—to expect when my mysterious knight in shining armor burst through the bathroom door.

My first instinct was that it might have been Xaden, having somehow found out about my sudden dilemma through our deep, mystical bond, and that he would swoop in to save the day like all those heroes I'd read about in fairytales... but even I **had** to admit how outlandish the idea was, however romantic it might have been in my mind.

Or perhaps his Prime Beta had arrived on Xaden's behalf and would rush **me** to his side, ever the reliable right-hand man.

Instead, however, a young woman entered the bathroom. Judging by the immaculate white brilliance of the tea-length dress with delicate patterns and short, lace bell sleeves, **and** an elegantly styled updo that enhanced her youthful beauty, she was no omega servant. She came from wealth.

"Is your name Maeve...?" she repeated, still struggling to catch her breath.  
"Please tell me it is..."

I regarded her warily, unsure if she was an acquaintance of Isabelle's. "How do you know that name? Did someone tell you—?"

All of a sudden, she grabbed me by the hand and led me out of the bathroom, taking me by surprise, completely disregarding the guard that had

been waiting outside for me. “I’m sorry for the rush!” she apologized loudly as she hurried me down the palace **hallways**, “We really don’t have the time to **stand** around—and you can’t face the **Alpha** King looking like that!”

My mind whirled. What on earth was going on?!

**Was** she some sort of magical fairy godmother who did **not** like taking shortcuts? Or perhaps **a** witch who lacked the skills to conjure up a new dress?

Regardless, she definitely knew more than she was letting on!

“**Who** are you?” I questioned again as best I could, trying to ignore the sudden whiplash I felt. “And how do you know my name?”

“Xaden’s Prime Beta passed on a message to me,” she answered without a hitch, peering at me over her puffed shoulder while expertly navigating the hallways all at once. “He asked me to help you however I could”

I **blinked**. “Xaden? How do you know him?”

She skidded to a stop in front of a door in the middle of a private corridor. “He’s my older brother,” she said with a breathless smile.

**Brother?** I thought, **baffled**. But **that would make her...**

“Y–You’re Princess Charlotte...” I stammered, growing hot as I quickly dipped into a low curtsy, “I–I’m so sorry for speaking so harshly to you...”

She, however, was quick to stop me and pulled me back up. “Please, you don’t need to do that,” she urged with wide eyes. “I didn’t agree to help you and Xaden for any special treatment in return.”

I was confused. “Then why...?”

Charlotte gave me a friendly smile, leading me into her gigantic, clean **room** decorated in white, gold, and pink furniture more lavish and

elegant than anything in Sarah's room. "He might come across as intimidating to some, but he's fiercely loyal and protective of the ones he loves," she said. "He's a kind-hearted brother and an even better man."

She gazed at me knowingly. "That's why, **as** soon as he asked me to help you, I knew you were somebody special."

I blushed. It was one thing to hear it from a psychic and another thing to hear it from Xaden, but it was something else entirely hear it come from someone as close to him as his sister. That somehow made it seem more genuine.

"He's the best man I know," I admitted. "He helped me and believed in me when no one else would. I don't **know** where I'd be without him."

As we spoke, it was like any worries I had melted away. She was surprisingly kind and considerate, more **than** I expected a princess to be, and it made our conversation flow **as** easily as a breeze. This was **one** of very few times when I felt close to another girl.

It felt really nice.

Charlotte was even sweet enough to offer **to** help me get out of the dirtied dress, which I accepted. It wasn't until after the dress had already been removed that I remembered my small baby bump. I registered the moment she caught sight of it, and the subsequent widening of her hazel eyes.

Startled, I hid my belly behind my hands as best I could. "I-It's still early..."

She sparkled with excitement. "Does Xaden know?" she asked.

I nodded shyly. "Not many people do, though," I whispered. "I'm **not**... I'm not ready **to** share it with everybody yet."

"Don't you worry," she said with a bright smile, throwing open the doors to her massive walk-in closet. "Nobody will even notice once I'm done with you."

Xaden POV

“Twelve minutes and eight **seconds** late” Father remarked impatiently as **he** glared at his diamond-encrusted watch for the umpteenth time, thrumming his fingers against the desk. “I told her to arrive before the hour was up.”

**Lucas** glanced awkwardly between everybody at the **table**. “Maybe she got lost?” he suggested “The palace can be daunting for newcomers.”

**I’m** fairly certain she does not intend to come,” Henry muttered, leaning **back** into his **chair** without a **care** in the world. “Surely she must have heard the rumors circulating and thought it best to scam.”

I suddenly got an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. From what I knew of her, Maeve did not seem like the type to show up late to events like this, deliberately or by accident, despite whatever aversions she might have to harsh authority figures. Something must **have** happened to her on her way to the palace.

“Well,” I burst out, abruptly standing up at the table, pushing my chair back with a loud screech, “if you **all** would please excuse me, I am going to look for her.”

“You are not going anywhere,” Father uttered.

“I can’t just sit here—”

“**You** are staying here,” he enunciated with authority, making me freeze out of instinct, as he glared at me. Meanwhile, Henry’s wife entered the room and took a seat next to her husband. “She either comes or she does not. That is up to her.”

Stomach twisting, I glanced worriedly at the door, silently willing her to burst through those doors and prove everyone wrong. “I would be careful with that

girl, Xaden dear,” Isabelle suddenly spoke up, unprompted. “She’s only going to embarrass you in the end.”

I clenched my jaw. “And what would you know about Maeve, Isabelle?”

Unwavering, she met my stare. “**You** seem to forget that before I became a Luna Princess, I was the daughter of an Alpha,” she **said**. “Our fathers happen to be long-time acquaintances, so I would occasionally join him in his visits to her pack before I married Henry.”

“And that makes you **so** knowledgeable about her capabilities as a Luna?”

“Of course,” she said **as a** matter of fact with a knowing look that irritated me. “I knew her long before you ever did. I have witnessed firsthand how she handles public events and how she carries herself.”

I scoffed. After seeing the way Maeve’s family treated her, I can only imagine how those events must have been for her. Isabelle’s assessment of her was not going to be fair.

Father, however, seemed keen for her opinion as an outside party. “Tell us about this girl, Isabelle,” he beseeched. “You won’t hide behind bias.”

“Of course not, Your Majesty,” she said with **a** smile, thriving under the **Alpha** King’s praise. “Maeve has always been a skinny, sickly thing. She hardly ever shows up to public events because of how often she is unwell.”

“Is **that** so?” Father asked with a glare pointed at me.

“Indeed! Someone with such a prolonged absence from the public eye has no clue how to behave in proper social settings. And whenever she did show up, she would keep to herself like a recluse, hardly interacting with any of her guests and refusing even the kindest offers to chat or dance.”

“A recluse?!” Father repeated, outraged. “No Luna worth respecting would ever dare to behave as such!”

Isabelle stared directly at me. “Xaden, is that really someone you would be proud to have at your side? Someone so weak and delicate she thinks herself better than others?”

I opened my mouth to retort-

But all of a sudden, the door opened, effectively hushing everyone in the room. In walked Charlotte, who smiled politely **and** curtsied to greet Father, before beckoning someone behind her to follow.

And... there she was.

Maeve had arrived, looking terribly frightened but wearing one of the most beautiful dresses I had ever **seen** on her. The pale peach color of the knee-length dress warmed up her soft, light skin and brightened her blue eyes. And **with** its lace **long** sleeves and heart-shaped neckline, it was perfectly modest and a lovely display of skin, all at once.

I could feel all my worries wash away as I gazed upon her.

She **was breathtaking-** and she was here!