

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 33

### Xaden POV

“I-I’m sorry,” Maeve stammered out **quickly**, rubbing her swollen lips together. I could still taste her, that natural, sweet tinge to her lips mixed with the red wine I’d drank during our dinner. “Did I do something wrong?”

The embarrassed blush that spread across her face made my heart clench. Truthfully, I wanted nothing more than to kiss her senseless...to peel away her clothes piece by piece until there was nothing left to hide her from me...to lose myself in her soft. warm body and make her moan for me all night long.

Words couldn’t even begin to describe how much I wanted to be with her **again**.

But I couldn’t.

Not after what I did to her in **that** forsaken room in Moonstone, after I almost took her against her will amid such a violent heat. Any trust I might have had in my self-control vanished that day. I would have rather never slept with her again than risk putting her in any danger at my hand.

**With** a shuddering gulp, I slowly shook my head.

Her gaze darted uncertainly. “Did... did you not want to...?” she asked. She had no idea just how much her mere presence made my soul tremble with need.

“It’s nothing you’ve done,” I insisted. “L... I just...”

After a brief pause, realization flashed in her eyes. “Oh... Xaden...” she murmured, “are you still...?”

I set my jaw. “I won’t put you **through** that again. I’ve made up my mind.”

She shook her head defiantly. “I’m not afraid of you.”

Something in my chest tightened. **Maeve** was so trusting I could not fathom how the Moon Goddess **could** have possibly paired someone as sweet **and** innocent as her with someone as abrasive and terrifying as I.

Sighing, I plopped down onto the bed and buried my head in my hands. “You should be,” I whispered into the air, unsure if she heard me.

No matter what I’d do, I would never deserve her in a million lifetimes.

All of a sudden, a warm pair of legs straddled my lap. Startled, I lifted my head to see my future Luna hovering above me. The soft look in her eyes as she gazed at me with reverence was hypnotizing—I couldn’t look away from her.

Without a word, her thin fingers brushed along the contours of my face, mapping every feature **as** if she were dedicating them. to memory. Softly, she pressed kisses to each plane of my face, from my forehead... to my cheeks... to my nose...

She was tearing down my wall brick by brick. There was nothing I could do to stop her.

“Please,” **she** implored between kisses, the pain in her voice scraping at my soul. “Don’t push me away.”

What little was left of my restraint was all but gone with the way she so gently touched me. “I—I’m doing it for you....” I feebly tried to protest, but my lips began to respond to hers despite my better judgment.

“You don’t need to treat me so delicately,” she breathed, hot **and** needy against my skin. “I’m stronger than you might think.”

Slowly, my hands roamed underneath her shirt. “I won’t be able to stop.”

Maeve dragged her teeth across my lower lip. “I don’t want you to...”

Without wasting another second, **our** clothes scattered around the room—out of sight, out of mind. We came together in the **middle** of the bed **as** a mess of kisses and gentle touches. It was like we were discovering each other’s bodies for the first time.

My greedy eyes and hands took in the beautiful vision that sat atop me, watching with bated breath as she lowered onto me with a gasp, taking all of me like she had been made **for** me... and, for all I knew, she was.

She felt fucking perfect.

“X–Xaden...” she whimpered, arching against me as my mouth softly fell open in ecstatic awe, “you f–feel so good...”

The desire in her voice and the sight of her writhing naked body, swelling with our baby, on top of me was too much to bear. Swiftly, yet carefully, I rolled us over so that I was now hovering above her and took control. It was not long before we transformed into a tangled, panting mess, slowly and desperately building towards our pleasure like nothing else mattered.

This was the power of our bond brought to life in its basest **and** most natural form, minus the risk **and** unpredictability of our wolfish heat. To deny it would be to deny her.

How could I possibly do that?

With a loud gasp, she cried out, finishing around me in a beautiful, exhausted mess. I was quick to follow, throwing myself into the abyss with her.

“I told you there was nothing to be afraid of...” Maeve said with a breathless smile. “Maybe Orenda was **right** about us, after all”

I huffed out a chuckle against her shoulder before raising my head. “You’re bringing her up now!”

Maeve bit her lip shyly. Her black hair sprawled around her head like a halo against the satin sheets—a perfect picture of innocence despite the sinful sheen of sweat that **shimmered** on her skin. “Just thinking out loud.”

My chest swelled with affection for her. I was right—nothing I could think of would ever justify her sudden falling into my life. “For what it’s worth, I murmured, kissing her neck and thriving under the soft noises she made, “I’m more inclined to believe that psychic with every passing **second**.”

“What... what changed your mind?” she managed to ask between moans.

I dragged my teeth gently over her neck. “Someone with dark hair like midnight, blue eyes like the morning sky- and who looks like a dream when I fuck her until she can no longer speak.” I rolled into her once more, savoring the choked-off cry she let out, “just like that.”

With a soft gasp, she pulled me back up to her face and reconnected our lips with fervor, pulling me in like I was oxygen. I didn’t mind in the slightest, wrapping myself around her body until it was impossible to tell where one ended and the other began.

Within moments, we were lost in each other’s bodies once more, writhing and moaning and slick with sweat. If it were up to me, I would have stayed like **that** with her forever.

At some point after our third round, however, we fell asleep. What blissful sleep it was

Maeve was mine... and I couldn’t wait to make it official,

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“Can’t we just stay home today?” Maeve asked, biting at her lip, but decidedly not in a way to seduce me.

Morning had come, which also happened to be the morning she began etiquette lessons with my mother, and she **was a** nervous wreck. This had been the fifth time in a very short period that she tried to convince me to turn the car around, but I would not give in, regardless of how adorable she looked.

“Not a chance, little seductress,” I teased, making her blush. “You already **have** a prior engagement with my mother.”

“I—I know but...”

She didn’t have to explain anything to me. I knew better than anyone else just what she was afraid of. “She’s going to love you, Maeve,” I swore. “I wouldn’t be sending you off **alone** if I **didn’t** think so.”

That seemed to do little to appease her, but she didn’t ask again. Soon enough, we made it to the palace, where I kissed her goodbye **as** she went off toward my mother’s parlor, and I made a quick stop to request Maggie’s new identity card, promised.

With my palace errand done, I returned home, where Burke awaited in my office, ready to begin work for the day. “Good morning, Prince Xaden, sir.”

“Burke. Have you made any progress into that investigation **on** Burton?”

“I’m trying my best, but he’s done quite **a** remarkable job to ensure he has a clean record. I have only found reports and correspondence here and there detailing his pluck and ambition as a young alpha.”

My face pinched in confusion. Ambition In that measly wolf?

The image of his pathetic form bending in submission before me, in front of his entire pack, burned in the forefront of my mind. However formidable a force he might have been all those years ago, he was merely but a shadow of that alpha now. Still, I couldn't help but wonder if something had happened to spark that change.

And if so, was Maeve connected to any of it?

"How peculiar," I muttered pensively. "Dig further, if you can. There's something odd about that man."

"Of course."

"And what of the necklace? That strange pendant with the purple crystal?"

That question befuddled him. "There's nothing that signifies the production or use of such jewelry in our kingdom. I've looked into every jeweler merchant and every fashion fad, and I have yet **to** find a single object that resembles that pendant. I suspect it originated from... elsewhere, Prince Xaden."

I was worried that **would** be the case. That would make investigating it that much more difficult. "Alright...put a hold on that for now, then. Let us focus on Burton for the time being."

"As you wish."

Before Burke could leave, however, I stopped him. "I...**want** your input on something else," I admitted.

He must have detected the uncertainty in my tone because he moved to sit across from me, and waited patiently for me to open up. Right now, he was not my Prime Beta **or** a servant of my father's.

Right now, he was just my friend.

“I haven’t quite wrapped my mind around Orenda Gorre’s words. Please, be as frank as you’d like.”

“Ah. about you and Maeve being fated mates?”

I faltered, knowing how crazy it sounded. “Yes. Do you believe in such a thing?”

“I’m not one to believe in the mystic arts, but it’s impossible to look at you two and think anything else,” Burke said, crossing his legs. “You’ve been hooked on this girl since the night you met. That’s never happened before.”

I **was** well aware of that fact

But I couldn’t decipher what feelings were mine, versus what came from this... mystical bond, and that troubled me.

Seeing my uncertainty, he frowned pensively. “Here’s my honest take: there’s no point in worrying about what some old, insane wolf–lady said. Who cares about any of this fated mate stuff? You love Maeve, and that’s all you need to know,” he said, clear and straight to the point, making me freeze.

Love...?

I knew my feelings for her were strong, but was he right? Could I have already fallen in love with her?