

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 37

### Xaden POV

“I must say I’m impressed with your political platform, Xaden,” Father said, grinning uncharacteristically with pride. “Not a flaw to be seen.”

I dipped my head in appreciation. “Thank you, Father. I put a lot of thought and research into everything”

Ever since it was announced that he planned to choose his heir apparent before the year’s end, he had become incredibly involved in the whole process. **As** the current Alpha King, he wanted to ensure his legacy and kingdom would be well protected. He wanted to be aware of anything and everything his potential successors did and thought.

This, ultimately, ended up including overseeing our political platforms.

Not necessarily to pick and choose his favorites—my father was not one who played such childish games—but so he **had a** thorough understanding of the mindsets of his successors. It was also his way of advising us about the public.

What they would approve of **and** what they would not

This was how we primed ourselves to be the best candidates we could be. It had its **perks**, but there were also plenty of downsides. Admittedly, it would have been nice to try to win with my own efforts and valor, but I understood why Father was insistent on this.

His opinions might have been questionable at times, but what he did, he only did for the good of the kingdom.

“It seems we’ve covered everything..” he muttered, glancing over the outline I provided for him. “Shall we dismiss, then?”

“Actually, Father, there was one more matter I wished to discuss.”

“Oh. Well, let’s hear it,” he said, leaning forward in his chair expectantly.

I straightened myself, taking a deep breath. “I want to look into banning the distribution of Ylang throughout the kingdom.”

His eyebrows **arched** in surprise. “Ylang?”

“Do you disapprove, Father?”

He cleared his throat. “It is not my approval you should be concerned about,” he said carefully. “I hope you are well aware of the public backlash you could very well receive for even suggesting such a move?”

Of course, I was. I knew more than anyone what could result from this.

Although uncommon, Ylang gained popularity among couples after it was discovered it could be cultivated to spice up one’s love life. As such, kingdom revenue spiked with the growth of the new industry.

If banned, I would lose the support of merchants and clients alike, of **which** there were bound to be many.

It was even one of the first concerns Prime Beta Burke voiced aloud to me when I first came to my decision. However much I might have despised palace intrigue and the dirty games played to gain or lose favor, I took my campaign very seriously. This plan was, no doubt, one of my more controversial stances... but while it was not one I made lightly, it was also not one I could just turn aside and ignore.

“I am painfully aware of what this could cost me,” I admitted. “But there is more than just my reputation at stake here. **This** is **also** a concern for the safety of our subjects.”

“Enlighten me. What impassions you about **this** project?”

For the next several minutes, I educated him on everything I had learned about the drug over the last few days. Everything ranging from its intended use as aromatherapy, to its gradual shift into an aphrodisiac... and from there, how it went from being used between consenting couples to being forced upon unsuspecting women. I was very thorough and determined to make my point—I needed him on my side on this.

Once I finished, he sat there, pondering over everything I had said.

“I hadn’t expected such fervor from you about **this** issue, but you make many excellent points, Father conceded. “The risks that come with Ylang far outweigh the benefits. It would greatly improve kingdom safety if such a drug **were** restricted.”

Hope began to rise within me. Maybe this could be passed without a problem.

“However, that is not what we are looking for right now,” Father said with a dismissive wave of his hand. “Take the Ylang off the table,” he said off-handedly, but at the same time, in a tone **that** meant he would not **hear** more about it. “It will only serve to diminish your campaign. Once you have established yourself **as a** strong, reliable king, then you may make whatever decisions you see fit.”

I suppressed a sigh. Truthfully, I had expected such an answer from him, but I could not waver. Not with this.

“With all due respect, Father, I cannot compromise on this,” I said, taking him by apparent surprise. Usually, his **requests** were not ignored when it came to

matters like this. “This belief has firmly planted itself in my heart, and I refuse to allow this epidemic to continue longer than it has to”

He eyed me with suspicion. “This seems to be unusually personal for you.”

“It is.”

“How bizarre, coming from you. But why on earth would something **as** obscure **as an aphrodisiac** attract your...” Something seemed to register in his **eyes** as he trailed off, causing his face to fall. “Xaden.... don’t tell me...”

I steeled myself.

He proceeded to bombard me with questions, spittle flying from his mouth with every word. “Is that how **that** girl managed to seduce **you**—my **son**, a crown prince of this **kingdom**? Because of that plant?”

“I have no comment.”

“Is that how her womb came to carry your pup?!”

“I will not bring Maeve or our baby into this,” I snapped, determined to stop him. I would not allow him to have even a moment to speak about either one of them in such a manner in front of me.

“For the love of...” Father cut himself off, seething with rage. “So **that** is what you have been doing with all of your spare time? **Running off and playing** with idiotic, reckless girls in the streets?!”

I glowered. He has no idea the truth of what happened.

“If word somehow got out that the woman carrying your heir had been intoxicated by some backwater drug, how do you think. that would reflect on

you?” he demanded. “On the crown?! You see, you don’t think things through—you only act **and** reap **the** consequences of your foolish actions!”

I couldn’t take being silent anymore

Not when he was accusing her of such behavior,

“And how do **you** think that happened to her?” I snapped, at my wit’s end with my father, “She certainly didn’t ingest it herself and simply choose one day to risk her life, being attacked by any man who happened to walk by.”

He scoffed, the sound irritating to my ears. “You are so keen to believe this girl, it’s laughable. For all you know, she planned this from the very beginning.”

“I was not even supposed to be in that area of the capital in the first place!” I bellowed, quickly losing patience with **this** pointless argument. “Do you wish to know where I was coming from the night it all happened?”

I was ready to unleash it on him. Eagerness tickled every inch of my body. Oh, how I wanted to give it to him.

He glared at me, daring me to continue.

“I was coming home from a meeting that you arranged for me,” I **spat**, jabbing my finger at him, **and** I saw his nostrils flare, “with some alpha’s daughter that night. If it **hadn’t** been for that, I would have never even crossed that area. And if I hadn’t shown up when I did, she may very well have been killed!”

Father abruptly got to his feet, pushing his chair back. “And what a good riddance that would have been!”

The room became so quiet one could hear a pin drop.

I clenched my trembling hands. “What did you **say**?”

**Father** dared to step closer to me. “You would have been better off if that woman never entered your life,” he hissed.

Blood boiled in my veins. I could feel my wolf **thrashing** about maniacally, hearing such words spoken about my mate. My chest heaved with shallow breaths, ready to strike my father **for** saying such a thing, but then...

“THAT’S ENOUGH”

The sudden voice startled Father and me, forcing us to swivel around to face them, and there **stood** my mother, red with fury.