

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 52

THIRD PERSON POV

That wretch did it—Isabelle seethed as she furiously threw open her bedroom door and slammed it shut behind her...

It was one thing for Marve to talk back to her. It was another thing to humiliate her in front of the very people she had worked so hard. to impress **her** entire life.

But now-

Now, she somehow had been able to turn almost the entire royal **family** against Isabelle, despite having all odds stacked against her from day one. How was that even possible? How were they so willing to accept a girl who so callously broke practically every rule in the Luna Princess rulebook that Isabelle was so careful to follow!

Grinding her teeth, she stormed over to her vanity **mirror** to loosen her blonde hair from its confines

Maeve was always a gutless nobody a lowly, pathetic excuse of what a true respectable alpha's daughter was supposed to embody, and an other in the entire hierarchy of the Werewolf Kingdom. It disgusted Isabelle to watch this girl all those years ago **in** Moonstone, how she could shamelessly act so weak and submissive when an alpha's blood coursed through her veins. Such behavior defied the very rules of nature.

Wolves like Marve did not belong in their society.

Especially within the presence of nobility.

She had thought Alpha King Arlan was on her side. She had been so careful to emphasize all of Maeve's faults and shortcomings because she knew how much of a stickler he was to attain nothing less than perfection

But he defended that wretch. Tingling with rage, she **tossed** aside her hairpins.

Why would he do that!!

All of **a** sudden, the door to her bedroom creaked open as someone entered. She did not need to look up to know who it was the thick earthy scent of **her alpha** mate was impossible to mistake.

"Well" Henry drawled as soon as he shut the door behind him, the low heels of his black Oxfords clacking against their polished vinyl floors as he strode toward **her**. "That was quite the show you put on during dinner tonight."

Wordlessly, she unclasped her ruby bracelets

Her posture didn't waver, even when her husband stopped directly behind her, enveloping her in his prominent shadow, where she could practically feel the tension roll off his body in waves. But however intimidating he was as the firstborn prince; she was **not** afraid of him in the slightest.

"Would you mind telling me what exactly was going through your mind, he questioned, "when you decided to make a fool out of yourself?"

Isabelle's jaw clenched. "I was trying to prove a point," she said between gritted teeth.

"And what could that have been, Isabelle?" Henry pressed, **sounding** frustrated. "What could have been so important, so

worthy of all **that** time and energy, that you had to do what you did in front of my parents?”

She threw the bracelets into her jewelry box, **loudly** slamming the latch closed “All I’m trying to do is save our **family’s** great reputation by exposing the truth about that girl before it’s too late, she spat, only revealing a partial truth. “Because once she marries your brother, any mistakes she’s bound to make will reflect poorly on our house. On everybody Is that really what you want?”

He scoffed, insensitive to his wife’s plight. “And look at how successful you were at that. The only thing on everyone’s mind right now is how crazy you **looked** trying to demean Xaden’s mate tonight”

“I would have been successful if you’d helped me like a good husband she argued, bulling her fists at her sides. “You should have helped me and defended me, instead of siding with that girl who’s not even part of this family yet?”

“Why should I help you?” he asked, his brow creasing with confusion “Mar-”

“Don’t **say** her name around me,”

“Fine,” he sighed, full of **exasperation**, following her as she went to sit on the edge of their bed. “She is not worth any of this anger. Why does she matter so much to you?”

“I don’t care about her in the slightest,” Isabelle insisted. “But everyone else does—along with that baby of hers—and she’s nothing but a

“She means nothing in **the** grand schemes of things,” Henry firmly insisted, squaring up to Isabelle with resolve. “Unless she is somehow **what** keeps **me** from **winning that** throne, then I have no qualms with the girl or that unborn pup of hers. The only purpose her presence serves to accomplish is to distract my brother,” he added, “which she seems

to be quite good at. And since that's the **case**, she's welcome to stay as long as she likes.

His resolution to stay neutral stung Isabelle.

Before Maeve showed up, he doted on her like a perfect husband and was willing to do **practically** anything to please her. But now.. it **was** almost like he was caught under the same spell as the rest of his family.

A terrible, sick feeling suddenly made itself known in the pit of her stomach. "Do you not love me anymore?" she **demanded**. "Is that why you won't help me!"

"Where on earth is that coming from?" he questioned with a start.

Isabelle glowered at her husband. "You like Maeve more **than** you love me."

His lip curled with distaste. "**You** can really be insane sometimes, did you **know** that! I don't need any of this tonight, he spat, throwing his hands up and spinning on his heel to leave the bedroom.

Despite her anger, her heart plummeted.

He was going to leave, she couldn't have that!

"Before you go-" she quickly objected before trailing off, turning her back to Henry and pushing aside her hair, "could you help me remove my necklace? I had trouble with the **clasp** and I don't want to break it"

A simple lie, but anything to get him to stay, if she could.

The brief silence following her question indicated his reluctance to comply, but a good husband couldn't deny such a simple request from his wife. A **heavy sigh** resounded behind her, followed by his slow footsteps closing the distance between them until she felt his coarse fingers touch the gold chain of her **necklace**.

While Henry struggled with the **clasp**, she purposefully rolled her head to the side, allowing him easier access. Every time his coarse fingers brushed against her skin, she let out small breaths, each one inspiring wisps of growing arousal within her husband, despite his remaining tension.

Once the garment was removed, he couldn't help but linger by her neck, pressing kiss after kiss over the spot where he'd first marked her.

A remnant from the night of their mating ceremony more than a year prior.

"Tell me **you** want me," she whined, breathless and helpless as her alpha prince beheld her in the **dark**, amber-lit glow of their bedroom.

And just like that, he was putty in her hands.

Spinning her around, Henry's lips and teeth continued to graze over her slender **neck**, low growls **emerging** from the depths of his throat as he felt her body respond to his attentions. His large hands reached around her back to unzip her blood-red dress while she loosened his tie with deft fingers, unraveling and tossing it out of sight, out of mind.

Her skin bristled **with** anticipation **as** he peeled the bedazzled, spaghetti-strap sleeves off her pale shoulders and arms to expose her bust. Ever the obedient Luna, she let him push her down **against** their duvet, embellished with **blacks** and golds, **so** he could take in the sight of her, ready and willing for him.

With her **arms** trapped within **his grasp**, he moved to pin her hands above her beautifully styled **head**, gazing down at her with burning intensity.

"Tell me," she enticed, biting her lip seductively.

"I want **you**," Henry muttered, **finally** giving in. Despite being the one pinned down on the bed, she was the one who managed to wrap him around her finger. "You drive me crazy. but I want no one else but you,"

That **was** it. With **just** a few moves, she was **back in** her **husband's** good graces.

Men... she decided, can be so easy to control.

As he proceeded to ravish her body with laves of tongue and greedy **hands**, sliding off the rest of her **dress so** he could do to her as he so pleased, her mind wandered beyond the boundary of their bedroom.

Maeve might have gained a victory tonight, but Isabelle was not about to give up just yet.

There was no point in further trying to enlist Henry's help. He was headstrong, almost to a fault. If he decided on something, he would not change his mind. It was a quality shared between husband **and** wife that often saw them butting heads with each other.

But it didn't matter that he refused to help her.

If **she was** going to act, she was more than willing to do it alone. And in order to properly get under Maeve's **skin**, she needed to be able to do it without any one of her new allies around to help her.

Isabelle was determined to see this through, one way or the other.