

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 55

THIRD PERSON POV

Three days later.

The night was still throughout the kingdom. The citizens slept peacefully in their warm, comfortable beds without a care in the world. Only dreading the rising of the morning sun, when work and responsibilities beckoned for their begrudging attention. Families were at **ease**, having gone to bed knowing that their loved ones were safe and well under the watchful eye of their mighty Alpha King

On the border dividing the werewolves from the bear-shifters, however, it was anything but silent.

Low, menacing growls emerged from the thick throats of the bear-shifter troops, in all their monstrous, terrifying glory, while a small nighttime patrol of werewolf forces valiantly attempted to stand their ground against an enemy over thrice their size. What they lacked in brute strength, they made up for in numbers, but even that was not enough to withstand the unexpected assault they faced.

If they kept at the battle, they faced every chance of losing

*We must retreat, Alpha one of the wolves howled. "There are too many of them, and all reinforcements are miles away!"

“Yes!” another whined, grunting in pain. “We need to regroup so we can live to fight another day!”

The alpha in question, however, refused to back down. “Only those willing to accept failure choose to retreat he countered with a growl, the forceful determination in his **deep** voice forcing every wolf in the vicinity to listen. “Unless we’re down to a single soldier left standing or we’re buried six feet under, then we still have a fighting chance!”

A chorus of nervous, yet roused murmurs began to stir from the exhausted soldiers under his watch.

“We will not allow those damn bear shifters to take even an inch of our territory!” he spat with a powerful stamp of his foot. Slowly, his icy blue eyes started to glow in the dark of the night, illuminating his righteous wrath, “Everyone we know and **love** is counting on us to keep them safe! We will not let them down!”

The murmurs grew louder and louder with every word from their commanding officer, encouraged by his unwavering resolution.

“We will show them just what it means to be wolves!”

Murmurs turned into barks **and** howls of fervent agreement **as** angry paws dug at the ground, antsy to fight

The commanding alpha’s muscles rippled, his muscularly-endowed body giving way to the brilliant silver fur of his powerful wolf. A loud growl emerged from the depths of his throat as his pristine white teeth extended into thick, sharp fangs, bared and ready to tear into the flesh of his enemies.

Despite being in awe of their alpha, the wolves quickly readied themselves at his order.

“Now-ATTACK!” he reared with a mighty howl, throwing his head up to the moon as the soldiers in his stead howled in response, bristling and teeming

with adrenaline and the urge to follow their orders. The wolves charged at their bear enemies- as static buzzed on the battle radio inside Alpha **King** Arlan's office.

As he sat at **his** desk, wrought with nerves and fury, he had been listening in on the battle the moment it happened. The assigned alpha on duty had the brilliant foresight to connect to the king's channel as soon as danger made itself known, allowing the king to be actively aware of the situation at hand.

King Arlan paced around his room, unable to keep still knowing his men fought miles away. "Keep them at the border!" he yelled through the radio intercom. "We must contain this at all costs!"

"We're trying, Your Majesty!" the alpha on the other line growled, distracted by the battle. "There are-"

And then the line went quiet, tense with heavy breathing.

King Arlan gritted his teeth. "Damn it, what is going on?!"

"Shit-"the commanding alpha cursed, heavy with dread. "More are coming, prepare yourselves, **men!**"

Panic surging throughout **his** body, King Arlan swiftly summoned his royal beta to his side. "Samson! Bring my sons immediately?" His fists clenched white at his sides, trembling with anticipation. "We need everyone aware of what's going **on!**"

MAEVE POV

Alright let out a small, tired breath of relief as I gazed at myself in the large vanity mirror. It's all black again.....

It had been almost **a** week since I had last dyed my hair, possibly longer than that. To be honest, I always lost track when it came to this tedious task.

Father and Victoria had instilled in me at a very young age the habit of darkening my hair every week, and it **quickly** became such a deep rooted muscle memory that I found myself moving even without thinking.

If I chose to put it off any longer, my roots would have started to grow out again.

And I couldn't let that happen.

So, taking advantage of Xaden's prolonged visit to the **palace**, I had slipped out earlier that morning to a nearby drugstore and purchased some more dark hair dye. It was nearly noon by the time I finished dyeing the entirety of my long hair

Xaden might have—unintentionally—discovered that I was Alpha Burton's illegitimate child during our visit with Orenda Gorre, but that was all he knew, Meaning he still didn't know the truth about my hair color.

He had already determined that he would look into whatever he could about my father and my past, and if he **was** able to learn something because of my hair, he would follow every crumb he could find.

I had no **idea** what to expect at the end of that trail. but I just knew it could only lead to trouble.

Of course, it would. After all, why would Father have gone to such lengths otherwise to keep me a secret?

The thought filled me with trepidation. I shook my head, clearing as much of the **fear** away as possible, while I gathered all the wrappers and stained tissues I had accumulated and dumped them in the trash bin.

I needed to be careful, especially with my pregnancy progressing as quickly as it was

Gazing down at my baby bump, it **was** becoming more and more obvious every day that my protruding abdomen was due to more than just mere

bloating. Right now, my baby appeared to be the size of a small plum. Soon enough, I would not be able to wear anything but loose clothing to go out in public.

Slowly. I let my hands roam over my bump. He **was** getting so big. I wondered how much longer it would be before could feel him start to kick.

Excitement tickled my stomach. I looked forward to small moments like that more than anything else. I wanted to experience those moments that proved he really **was** alive and thriving inside me, not just a bump under my clothes. I wanted him to grow and be as healthy **as** possible.

That was why I was determined not to do anything that jeopardized my health **and** safety, nor that of my little baby boy

That was my promise to him.

All of a sudden, I heard the bedroom door **creak** open from beyond the boundary of the ensuite bathroom. Curiously, I peered outside the bathroom, suspecting maybe Maggie brought something **upstairs**, until I saw Xaden striding inside, weighed down with obvious exhaustion

Immediately, I rushed out to check on him. "What happened?" I murmured, brushing some hair out of his face. "You look like you **haven't** slept in days."

He gave me a lopsided smirk "You look beautiful too. Maeve," he teased lightly.

"Xaden, I pressed softly

He pursed his lips, lost in thought for a few seconds before finally answering me. "My father is going to hold another banquet. Tomorrow night."

I tried to hold back a grimace. "Another? Whatever for!"

Xaden sighed, falling into a seated position on the edge of the bed. "There was just **a** scuffle on the border," he murmured, shocking me into sitting

down beside him, listening with bated breath. “It got close—very close. but our troops **managed** to pull through and stop the enemy forces from pushing forward.”

I fell paralyzed. It **was** like I couldn’t breathe.

“Oh my.” I faltered, feeling at a loss. “Did we lose anybody?” Was this banquet in honor of soldiers we might have lost..?

To my relief, he shook his head. “We suffered some casualties, but no losses. According to the healer on site, everyone will be fully recovered in **a** matter of days.

I pressed my lips together nervously. I wasn’t well versed in the ways of battle, but I knew Xaden was. Among the many things he was known **for**, people always spoke of how **brave** he was in the midst of **any** combat. He **was not** only quick on his feet but also carried the strength and courage of ten men.

If he was this shaken up about **what** had **happened**, then it had to be something **rather** significant.

“Is it over, then..?” I asked, trying to look for a brighter light at the end of the tunnel. “Have the tensions come to an end?”

Xaden hesitated for a brief moment before resting his hand on top of my own, holding onto me as tight **as** he could. The uncertainty that lingered in his eyes tangled my stomach into knots. “I fear it may only be the beginning?”