

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 6

Maeve POV

No.

Not Sarah.

Anybody but Sarah!

My blood ran cold. Of all people, she was the absolute last person I wanted to find out about this.. apart from one other person. As the biggest gossip I knew, maybe even in the whole kingdom—she would not **hesitate** to make this spread like wildfire before I could try to tame the flames.

“**Sarah**, I’m begging you,” I urged, **grabbing** her hand tightly, ignoring the blatant look of disgust she threw at me. “Don’t mention this **to** anyone. Let me talk to Father first.”

Honestly, I wasn’t sure what to expect from talking with him.

Under normal circumstances, this would be enough to kick any unmarried daughter out of a **pack**, but I was the illegitimate mutt of Moonstone and Father made himself quite clear: I would never be able to leave his supervision for as long as I lived. If he forced me to stay despite the pregnancy... what would happen to the baby? And if he banished me, I would find myself homeless with a child to **care** for.

“Alright,” she said with a smirk. “I won’t tell anyone—if you do exactly as I say.”

Hesitant, my grip loosened ever so slightly. “What do you want me to do?”

“You’ll do what you’ve always done: be our servant–girl. Serve the guests their drinks, stay out of my way, and most importantly,” she **said**, lowering her voice and growing deadly serious. “stay away from Prince Xaden. Do not look at him, or so much **as** even lift your head in his presence.”

Feeling a bit relieved, I sighed. “**Okay**”

“How nice to see you **out** and about, **Maeve**” a few guests **exclaimed**. “We’re sorry to hear you have been unwell again. We hope you’re in good enough health to enjoy your sister’s party with everybody”

And I responded in **kind**: “Thank you for the warm wishes” Cue a polite smile.

Sarah’s party had officially begun and everyone seemed to be in high spirits. The birthday girl was overjoyed to be the center of attention, and Luna Victoria **beamed** by her side, perfectly playing the part of the proud mother.

Father, on the other hand, was a nervous wreck.

This was my first public appearance in months. Not to mention, it was also my first **day** of freedom since that whole brothel debacle. Both of which **meant** I would not leave Alpha Burton’s sight for the entirety of the party.

And, of course, he made sure to inspect that my hair had been thoroughly dyed to his standards, under the guise of tidying up my hair as the ever–**dotting** parent. “Good,” he muttered. “Not a trace of red to be seen.”

“As you taught me.”

I felt him fidget at my side. “Once you’ve met with the Alpha Prince, feign illness and withdraw to your room for the rest of the evening,” he **said** under his breath. “We don’t need any more headaches.”

I nodded in silent agreement. That was one order I would happily obey
Father's Beta Minister approached the two of us. "Alpha Burton, a word?"
Trepidation sullied Father's face, but he relented. "Yes, of course," he said,
before turning back to me with a hushed warning. "Watch yourself. Don't
draw any unnecessary attention **while** I'm gone."

It made my skin crawl. Still, I nodded again.

As I stood to the side, minding my own business, I found myself observing
the other partygoers. Smiles **and** lively conversation filled my senses and, for
a moment, it made me forget my hardships. Their honest joy was infectious—
almost healing, like some sort of placebo effect, and I began to imagine what
it would be like to join them.

And then all of a sudden, Sarah came storming over, bursting the little
bubble I'd created. "What are you doing?" she questioned.

I regarded her **with** wariness. "Sorry?"

She rolled her eyes. "Don't tell me you forgot already. Pick up that tray and
serve those to our guests," she demanded, pointing **to a** nearby platter
stacked with wine glasses filled to the brim. "Tonight, you're not Alpha
Burton's daughter—you're my **servant**."

Normally I would have fantasized about fighting back, but too much
was **at** stake.

Sarah had promised not to prematurely reveal my unexpected pregnancy in
exchange for my service, and I intended to hold her to that. A deal was a
deal, so I had to hold up my end of the bargain, as well.

With a strained smile, I picked up the tray and got to work.

I wasn't ignorant of the bizarre looks I received from guests as I handed out drinks like an omega servant but I maintained a courteous smile, all in the hopes of making them believe this was my way of helping my sister.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Father return. And upon the sight of me serving our guests, he paled.

"Maeve, sweetheart!" he said, hurriedly approaching me with a booming chuckle, "it's thoughtful of you to want to serve the guests, but we have omegas for that." He appeared hearty for the room but I felt his large hand subtly squeeze my arm with painful intent, **and I** tried to hide a wince. "Put those down... now"

I faltered. Whose orders was I supposed to obey?

Father then turned to my sister with a tense smile plastered on his face. "Sarah, you can cease this little game now. You don't want Prince Xaden to mistake your sister for a **servant**, do you?"

Unbeknownst to him, Sarah had a plan in mind.

"Why not?" **she** said with a shrug. "This is no different from what she already does on a **daily** basis. It's practically second nature to her."

Partygoers within earshot began to mutter amongst themselves about the peculiar scene.

Ironically, I almost felt sorry for Father. He was completely torn between pleasing the two great pillars in his life—his precious baby girl and the crown prince of the entire Werewolf Kingdom—**and**, unfortunately for him, it seemed to be a losing battle, no matter which side he chose.

"Have you lost your mind?" Father hissed in disbelief. "We don't need you to make fools out of us in front of the Alpha Prince!"

Sarah's jaw dropped. "I'm embarrassing the **family**?"

In a blind, **indignant** fury, she grabbed the remaining glass that had been on my tray and threw its contents all over me. I yelped, jolted by the sudden cold drink. And the old, unsightly dress I wore was now drenched with wine, clinging to my thin frame and exposing my small, bulging belly.

“Stupid Maeve is pregnant, and no one knows who the father is!” As she screamed, the whole party came to a screeching halt. “This slut doesn’t deserve to even be in the same room as Prince Xaden!”

This can’t be happening.

It was like I was caught in a spotlight, **and all** gazes suddenly pointed at me to pass their judgment. I’d been reduced to nothing more than an amusing spectacle for everyone to gawk at. There was nowhere for me to hide—to be safe.

Hot tears filled my eyes as I **stood** there, hopeless, staring at the ground.

Sturdy footsteps entered the banquet hall. “It seems I’ve come at an inopportune time,” a deep, masculine voice boomed, stunning the room into submissive silence. Something unknown twisted inside me, hearing that voice.

His Voice