

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 67

THIRD PERSON POV

Four days ago, before the battle on the border

“You wanted to see me, Father?” Lucas asked, standing a short distance away from Alpha King Arlan’s desk.

Admittedly, the summons had come as a little bit of a surprise. It was not too long ago when they’d had their conference regarding Lucas’s political platform. His father acknowledged everything fairly well for the most part, disregarding some of the more progressive policies he thought to implement,

So, what could possibly be the **reason** this time?

The scratch of pen against paper came to a stop. “Indeed, I did, King Arlan suddenly remarked. “I received word about something that involves you.”

There was a peculiar tone to his father’s voice that caught the sharp attention of the fourth **prince**.

“We finally have **an** answer from the Vixen Shifters.”

Lucas’s shoulders dropped ever so slightly, **a** subtle enough motion that would slip past anyone not paying close attention. The features of his typically youthful, open face settled into something **unreadable** as he fully processed exactly what had just been said. “Is that so?” he asked quietly.

Fortunately for him, it was something his father failed to notice.

King Arlan nodded. “As of this morning everything has been confirmed,” he said, his eyes glued to the papers on his desk. “Apparently, your brother left quite the impression on that ambassador of theirs, but that’s hardly something to linger over, I suppose considering what it got us.

Lucas swallowed hard. “So, it’s done, then?”

“Indeed. In less than two months, Princess Mia of the Vixen Shifters will be here to visit.” the king revealed, lifting his gaze to meet that of his son. “Congratulations, my son. You will soon become a married man”

If all went according to plan, then it appeared **so**.

The thought sent Lucas’s head spinning, and he was not yet quite convinced that was a good thing. As he left his father’s office and wandered aimlessly down the hall, he found himself stuck on those departing words

Marriage less than two months **away**.

That was not a lot of time **at** all. By the time those **days** were up, his entire life was likely going to change.

As a prince of the Werewolf Kingdom and a proud descendant of **his** alpha bloodline, he took his title and respective duties very seriously. He was very aware of the privilege someone in his position held and was determined to do what he could to help his subjects.

Despite having his own substantial reputation, he could never live up to the looming shadows that his impressive older brothers cast. All **his** life, everyone’s eyes were either locked on the accomplishments of Henry or Xaden. They were perfect embodiments of what it meant to be ambitious and fearsome.

They knew what they wanted, and they dared to chase it.

Especially Xaden.

For as long as he could remember, he was determined to forge his own path in life, not caring for any feedback or criticisms others had of him or what he did or said. Even **as a** child, he would do whatever he wanted, whether that meant exploring the woods behind the palace on his own or fighting any fellow alpha boys who so much as looked at him funny. He supposed that was why it didn't come **as** too much of a surprise when **Xaden** declared he was having a baby with a secret lover.

He was not the type of man to let something **as** insignificant as **status** get in the way of what he wanted.

Meanwhile, here was Lucas, in the precarious situation of having to marry a perfect stranger. An arranged marriage solely for the betterment of his kingdom. Though, it was not as if he **had** any right to complain about it.

After all, it had been his own idea.

The day that Henry exposed Xaden's **secret** lover to the family, along with the surprising revelation that he was also expecting a child out of wedlock with this unknown woman, came **as a** wrench in the Alpha **King's** plans,

Months prior, when it had become dangerously apparent that tensions with the bear shifters were quickly escalating, he had begun treaty negotiations with the **nearby** Vixen–Shifter Kingdom. There were many things at stake with this treaty in motion, but with **Xaden** firmly out of commission, they were bound to lose the one strong ally they had on hand.

They were going to lose everything-

Until Lucas jumped in unexpectedly, saying he would agree to the marriage

He knew what good awaited his **kingdom** if they managed to unite with that of the Vixen Shifters. Not only would it strengthen the two powerhouse armies, but it could also bring forth an entire cultural revolution unlike

anything ever witnessed before. From what he knew of the Vixen Shifters, they were remarkably innovative **and** completely modernized their entire way of living.

He was not ignorant of the conservative ways of life his people were used to, and he'd felt for a while now that it would do the kingdom well to implement some much-needed change. Usher everyone into a new era, so to **speak**.

If there was anyone who could help with that, it was the vixens

To be honest, part of him was not entirely convinced **that** they **would** follow through with the arrangement.

The vixen-shifters were a renowned society of primarily women warriors, whose prowl and battle strategy were unmatched when it came to stealth **and** precision, but found themselves lacking when it came to brute force and strength.

Lucas was not sure if the looming threat of war affected them, as well, but if they were so willing to consider a marriage treaty with a werewolf prince, then either his father had offered them a deal that was impossible to refuse, or the vixens were just as desperate for aid **as** he and his family were.

Regardless, the deal was set and done.

And with every passing day, he wondered more and more what on earth had gotten into him to offer to trade his freedom **away!**

All for a life with a woman he didn't know....?

"Oh hello, Lucas," a familiar **shy** voice greeted him, momentarily pulling him out of the vortex that was his troubled mind.

Swiftly, he whirled around and came face to face with the young woman who recently took the palace by storm. "Hello, Maeve, he responded with a smile that did not quite reach his eyes. "Did you just leave your lesson with my mother?"

She nodded before a slow wince **shrouded** her normally shy, guarded face. “To be honest, I was really worried about today. I wasn’t sure what she would say about last night’s banquet, but she was absolutely.” Maeve trailed off, gazing at him, her eyes bright with concern. “Um... is something wrong? You seem a bit distracted today.”

“Oh, it’s nothing you need to worry yourself with,” he murmured, rubbing a hand behind his neck. “Just something I spoke with my father about.” Truthfully, he couldn’t describe how much he appreciated the depth of her thoughtfulness, but there was not much she could do to calm the wild whirlwind in his head.

“It’s not nonsense if it weighs on you so **heavily**,” she said gently. “I’d be happy to listen if you want to talk about it

“You don’t need to do that just for me, he said, trying to **dismiss her**.

“Of course, I do. We’re friends” she murmured, cocking her head to the side anxiously, “are we not?”

The sincerity in her voice **struck a** chord in him. Maeve was so unlike **any** other girl who sought his company. She **was** one of few who, despite lacking many things, never asked for more than simple kindness and friendship Xaden had really picked a good one.. **and**, despite being stuck in an arranged marriage for the time being, Lucas couldn’t find fault in the brother who passed the torch, nor the girl who stole his brother’s heart.

Not when he gained a new sister out of the deal.

“Yes,” Lucas answered with a warm smile. “Yes, we are.”