

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 72

### THIRD PERSON POV

With the swift press of a button from her manicured thumb, the call came to an end, and Victoria **tossed** her cell phone onto her bed. inches away from her open purse as she continued to **pack**. Vaguely, the television could be heard **playing** in the background of the bedroom, something she had turned on in a feeble attempt to occupy her busy mind to no **avail**.

In the end, she **hardly** paid it any mind.

How could she concentrate on some stupid news channel when she was too busy getting ready to visit Sarah in the capital?

Over two weeks had passed since that fateful, gut-wrenching day, since her precious little girl, the sparkling jewel of her amber eye was wrongfully imprisoned, and life had yet to fall back into place for Victoria

How was she supposed to pretend everything was normal while her heart **was** stuck behind **bars**, miles upon miles away from home?

It was simple. She couldn't. It was impossible—unthinkable.

Though, the transition to **this** harsh new reality seemed to be much easier for others.

All of a sudden, heavy footsteps emerged from far beyond the threshold of her bedroom, making their way down the long corridor. Familiar **clacks** of leather **shoes against** the polished hardwood floors loomed closer and closer until a low voice made itself known.

Speak of the devil...

“I hear what **you’re saying**. I. I just need some more time. Things are not ready to proceed yet.”

Out of the corner of her eye, she **saw** her beloved mate, the love of her life—Alpha Burton. the most powerful man in all of Moonstone as well as the most spineless of all time. She felt a knot of hurt and loathing coil deep within her as he came into view. Ever **since** that day, she **had** come to regard him in **an** entirely new light.

Not once did he try to defend their daughter’s **honor** when Prince Kaden ordered her immediate imprisonment. He didn’t even look at Sarah.

**No. Instead**, he went over to her. The bane of her existence. And Victoria would never forgive him for it, no matter **what** he did to atone for **his** sins.

However, he was seemingly unaware of her presence, and instead enthralled in what appeared to be a very private phone call

“Yes, I know you’re waiting, but-“

Victoria cleared **her** throat, successfully catching her mate’s attention.

His blue eyes, eyes that eerily mirrored those belonging to the horrid wretch that ruined her life, flickered in her direction, but he did not yet address her.

“Pardon me,” he muttered into the phone. “I have other matters to attend to.”

Vaguely, she heard an exasperated voice respond over the phone, but she could not make out the words.

“Yes, we will continue this another time,” he said, nervously tapping his foot. She rolled her eyes as she zipped her purse closed. “E- Everything will proceed as planned soon. You have my word as an alpha.”

With that, the call came to a close, Burton's hand squeezed over his phone before stuffing it into his pants pocket. It was not the first time he'd received a call like this, but regardless, it always managed to drain him.

The life of an alpha was never easy and such rang true especially for Burton, who was trapped in a most precarious situation.

There was a brisk pause as he took a breath before he finally spoke up. "Darling," he greeted with a tense smile, albeit lacking the adoration that used to always be so prevalent, that **used** to always shine through his features. "What is "

And then he trailed off, allowing himself to take a long, careful look at her,

His Luna wore a dark knee-length dress layered underneath a black wool coat and, perched next to her purse that appeared to be fully packed, was a pair of sunglasses. Not only was she going out, but she wanted to keep a low profile and not call attention to herself wherever it was she would be going

The realization made his **face** fall. It was not hard for him to guess where she planned to go.

Not when he knew his **wife** of over twenty years **so** well

"You're going back to the dungeon, aren't you?" he questioned tentatively

Victoria did not even try to hide her scoff. "Of course, I am, she answered without a moment's hesitation as she sauntered over to her vanity and opened her jewelry box. "My treasure rests within those walls"

The uncertainty that suddenly marred his face did not slip past her. Regardless, she couldn't help but ask: "Would you care to join me?"

There was a brief silence until he answered.

"I'm not going."

It really shouldn't have come as a surprise. While Victoria dutifully and faithfully visited her daughter every day, if not every other day, her husband had only visited Sarah once in the entire time she'd been locked up.

No, it was not a surprise. But the words still stung more than she cared to admit.

Victoria swallowed hard, biting back a harsh retort. No good would come **from** antagonizing him right now. Not when she still relied on him for so much.

**"You** have not visited our daughter since the first week she was put there," **she** said, her jaw tense as she turned and made a feeble attempt to smile up at her mate. "Aren't you worried that others might think you've abandoned her!"

He let out a sigh. "Darling. In case you have forgotten, she poisoned **an alpha** prince and tried to do away with his **child**. We have **much** more pressing matters at hand."

She clenched her fists. "Don't you Victoria?"

Her mate's brisk interruption made her freeze.

All of a sudden, Burton's features straightened with unwavering resolve as he squared up to her. "I believe I have made myself clear on the matter," he uttered, looking as determined **as** any alpha would when it came to establishing his dominance. "I am not going- nor will I be going for the foreseeable future. So, do not ask me again."

The reiteration made Victoria flinch ever so slightly, though she was unsure if her mate was able to catch the motion.

Her jaw clenched, biting **back** the urge to argue. **She** might have been Luna, but she held virtually no power against her Alpha husband. So, she said nothing, instead briskly nodding her ascent and turning her back to him.

It was not until he left the room that she let out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding,

That's it, then Victoria thought, her shoulders slumping. He's really given up on Sarah

The **backs** of her eyes stung with the urge to cry, but she held it back, letting her sadness melt away and morph into something **darker**, something thick and hot **and** impossible to tame

None of this would ever have happened if it weren't for **Maeve**. Her beloved Sarah would still be living with her, her husband would **still** be spoiling them both with everything they could ever want, and their pack's reputation would have been spotless

Life would be so much better.. so much sweeter without that damn girl around.

"Thank you for that illuminating report, Jack!" The television continued to buzz in the background as Victoria grabbed a pair of diamond earrings and began to put them on "In other news, we **now** take you live to a press conference being held at the royal palace

Victoria's ears perked up. Her hands froze at the clasp of one of her earrings.

-where Royal Beta Samson is expected to speak on behalf of the great and magnanimous Alpha King Arlan-

As the video on the television transitioned from the bustling newsroom to live footage being broadcast from the royal palace, the nearly-disgraced Luna of Moonstone quickly hustled over to the edge of her bed, where she took a seat and watched the screen with bated breath, trembling **from** head to toe with anticipation.

The royal family rarely gave out statements to the public, especially in **person**. And with all the rumors that had been running rampant around the kingdom as of **late**, viewership **was bound** to be off the charts.

So, as the prominent, well-dressed figure of Royal Beta Samson ventured into the shot, looking almost as regal as the alpha he so faithfully served for over forty years, it was safe to say **that** Victoria was not the only one whose gaze was glued to the screen.

“Good afternoon, loyal citizens of our beloved kingdom,” he spoke, eloquent and proper and powerful, taking command of the press on site and everyone watching from the comfort of their homes.

Bright camera flashes lit up the screen as the press snapped pictures of the well-known beta.

“As you are all aware,” he said, glancing around the room, “relations with our neighboring bear shifters have been tense for over a decade now, and despite many attempts of diplomacy and treaties, the **situation** only continues to **worsen**. Just three nights ago, they attempted to break through our border and catch our patrol guards by surprise...”

Victoria’s spirits sank. It was just a security report.

Damn it all.

With an **agitated** huff, she pushed herself off her bed and wandered back over to her vanity to finish getting ready as the conference continued to play in the background. If all they were going to talk about was the impending war, she had no interest.

She only had ears for information that regarded Alpha Prince Xaden

As she finished securing a gold-chained necklace around her delicate neck, the sound from the broadcast came

“Yes, ma’am, do you have a question?”

“Ah–yes!” the female **reporter** exclaimed. “Royal Beta Samson, thank you very much for informing **us** about the delicate state of our kingdom. But while we’re all worried about the security of our border, many of our citizens are **dying** to know-

Victoria was ready to zone out once more, to just grab her **hag** and leave, when, all of a sudden.

What can you tell us about the rumors surrounding Alpha Prince Kaden and his mystery lover?”

And just like that, it was like the world came i to **a** standstill.

**Without** wasting another second, Victoria practically hurled herself toward her bed to get a perfect view of her television. An eager grin spread across her made–up face. Visiting Sarah was still her priority.. but this...this, she could not miss.