

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 87

Maeve POV

I took a deep breath, steeling myself.

If we were going to be part of the same family, we could not always resort to rudeness or hostility. And that meant either one or both of us needed to take the first step towards some sort of reconciliation.

If I needed to be the first to do so, then so be it.

Once I had somewhat composed myself, I turned to face her with a small, cordial smile. "Hello, Isabelle," I greeted with a stiff curtsy, remembering what else the Luna Queen had taught me. Regardless of age, even if we were to have the same title, she was married to Xaden's elder, which in turn meant that she was also my elder.

Her gaze washed over me. "You look lovely tonight."

I blinked, having not expected that. Still, I wouldn't let my guard down with her. History taught me otherwise. "Thank you... as do you."

Despite her ugly personality, she was indeed quite pretty. Her blonde hair was pinned up in a classy bun on top of her head, allowing for loose strands to frame her delicate heart-shaped face, and her makeup looked like it had been hand-painted by a master, illuminating her icy blue eyes-cold and desolate of any affection for her fellow women. And the dress she wore was

exquisite: a sleek, glamorous deep red that clung to her slender body in all the right places while still being modest.

Perhaps in another universe, she could have been the envy of the kingdom.

"Thanks," she said off-handedly, as if she already knew that.

For the next few minutes, as the others pulled me back into their conversation, she took her own seat next to her husband, either making some small remark here or there, or idly minding her own business.

It wasn't long before, all of a sudden, Isabelle let out an abrupt giggle, grabbing our attention.

"Apologies," she said, waving her hand. "I just had a silly thought."

Charlotte raised a curious eyebrow. "What about?" she inquired before taking a small, delicate sip of wine.

Isabelle wrinkled her nose with a coy smile. "I really shouldn't say," she said. "I was just reminded of something from the past."

The moment those words left her mouth, I got an uneasy feeling, thinking she would once again try to bring up something that regarded my behavior in Moonstone. But when she did not say anything further, Xaden and Lucas exchanged quiet mutters of bewilderment.

"Very well, then..." the younger brother pointedly trailed off, before switching his gaze to me. "Maeve, do you like porterhouse steaks? Our chefs are renowned for their masterful skills on the grill, and it happens to be one of their specialties for this evening. If you'd like, I could recommend my favorite side dishes to pair."

Admittedly, I did not know what a porterhouse steak was, but it sounded delicious.

I opened my mouth to answer, but was quickly cut off.

"Then again, I think I should say it," Isabelle interjected thoughtfully, swiveling her gaze to me with intent. "Maeve, none of this would mean anything if you didn't feel comfortable here. This is your first dinner with the family, so I firmly believe that you should feel your very best."

I blinked. That sounded... suspiciously considerate of her to say.

How uncharacteristic of her.

Isabelle smirked. "So then, why don't you serve the food with the other omega servants?" she asked casually, knowing exactly how to strike me right where it hurt. "That way, it'll feel more like home for you."

That... was a very low blow.

Very few people in this room knew about that detail from my past. I hadn't even divulged that truth to the Luna Queen yet, though I supposed it cleared any confusion she might have still harbored about me. And, indeed, as I took a quick glance around the room, I witnessed varying expressions of outrage, shock, and disbelief.

The Alpha King, especially, glowered with obvious displeasure. He elected not to speak, but I did not need him to. I could imagine exactly what he was thinking underneath that crown of his. They were things I heard every single day of my childhood.

But I'd had enough.

I wasn't going to let her taunt me any longer. Moonstone was long behind me, and I was sick of hearing others bring it up in pathetic attempts to humiliate me for whatever stupid gain they sought.

It was about time I reclaimed some control over myself.

To hell with whatever Isabelle thought of me.