

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 89

Maeve POV

That was a problem. I still knew astonishingly little about how to handle situations like this, pregnant or not.

And to top it off, if the food was not taken out of the room within the next few minutes, I knew without question that I was bound to throw up in front of the entire royal family that I was desperate to impress.

I refused to let that happen.

Come hell or high water, I would not throw up in front of the royal family.

"Can someone please remove those dishes...?" I begged, trying my best to get the words out while I focused on breathing. "I don't like fish or rare beef."

Isabelle gaped at me. "You cannot be serious," she muttered, sounding offended. "Are your standards honestly set so high that even the food prepared by our hard-working palace chefs is not good enough for you?"

"W-What?"

"All this work that everyone put into pleasing you, all in the hopes that you might respect the effort put forward to welcome you to our home and what do you do? You ask for food to be removed before you even try it." She shook her head with a woeful, disappointed frown. "How very humble of you."

My sensitive stomach sank. That knowing look in her eyes told me everything-she had planned this from the start... she might have even specifically requested for those potent dishes to be made. Not only did she want to humiliate me, but she also intended to vilify me in front of everybody.

I couldn't understand it. Why did this girl hate me so much?

The only connection we had, apart from this, was our fathers' longtime acquaintanceship. I hardly even knew her.

Charlotte rushed to my side, brushing hair out of my face. The cool touch of her fingers was surprisingly a great help. "Don't be ridiculous, Isabelle," she scolded incredulously, "this has nothing to do with standards, she's just "

"Don't let her fool you," Isabelle said, pointing a sneer at me, only further solidifying what I had already suspected. "She's using whatever excuses she has at her disposal to win you over. Tell me, how can someone who preaches about kindness and humility then go on to refuse any food that is graciously served to her?"

"She's carrying my baby," Xaden emphasized, raising his voice and sounding every bit as threatening as was possible. "That food is making her unwell. Goddess forbids if anyone shows leniency towards my pregnant Luna!" he exclaimed, exasperated.

Isabelle scowled. "That's no excuse for entitlement."

"Henry!" he spat with ire, despite his refusal to leave my trembling side. "Control your impossible, irrational woman or so help me, you will have me to deal with once this is all over!"

Fear rose within me. I didn't want him to start fights because of this!

I wouldn't forgive myself if he got hurt because of me.

The blatant look of distaste Henry threw at his brother, however, was impossible to miss. It had become more than apparent that he cared nothing

for his angry little brother's threats or was ready to take on the challenge, even if it ruined the banquet. Either way, he was more than willing to let the chaos ensue and allow his wife to do whatever she pleased, all just to spite Xaden.

But when our eyes met across the table...

Something happened. I wasn't sure if he saw my apprehension regarding a potential fight or if it was how I struggled to fend off my nausea or some sort of combination of the two... but something softened in the harsh contours of his face.

And just like that, I seemed to have another-completely unexpected-ally, even if only for the moment.

Henry sighed, rubbing a tired hand through his brown hair, looking very similar to his father with that gesture. "Isabelle," he called out, "you can stop your little games now. Leave the poor girl alone."

"No," she scoffed. "I hardly think I'm the one being irrational here. She's the one making a fuss about food."

There was no sign of her giving up, even with Henry trying to talk her down. I worried Isabelle would stubbornly stick to her guns until the banquet came to an end.

That was, however, until Alpha King Arlan intervened.

"That's enough," his tired, gruff voice spoke up, silencing the room. I waited with bated breath, worried he would decide to target me until his gaze ultimately swung over to the other guilty party. "I don't want to hear another word out of you tonight, Isabelle."

I blinked.

He was scolding Isabelle?