

# The Hidden Luna Queen

## Chapter 95

### Third Person POV

“That wretch did it!” Isabelle seethed as she furiously threw open her bedroom door and slammed it shut behind her.

It was one thing for Maeve to talk back to her. It was another thing to humiliate her in front of the very people she had worked so hard to impress her entire life.

But now...

Now, she somehow had been able to turn almost the entire royal family against Isabelle, despite having all odds stacked against her from day one. How was that even possible? How were they so willing to accept a girl who so callously broke practically every rule in the Luna Princess rulebook that Isabelle was so careful to follow?

Grinding her teeth, she stormed over to her vanity mirror to loosen her blonde hair from its confines.

Maeve was always a gutless nobody... a lowly, pathetic excuse of what a true respectable alpha's daughter was supposed to embody, and an outlier in the entire hierarchy of the Werewolf Kingdom. It disgusted Isabelle to watch this girl all those years ago in Moonstone, how she could shamelessly act so weak and submissive when an alpha's blood coursed through her veins. Such behavior defied the very rules of nature.

Wolves like Maeve did not belong in their society.

Especially within the presence of nobility.

She had thought Alpha King Arlan was on her side. She had been so careful to emphasize all of Maeve's faults and shortcomings because she knew how much of a stickler, he was to attain nothing less than perfection.

But he... defended that wretch. Tingling with rage, she tossed aside her hairpins.

Why would he do that?!

All of a sudden, the door to her bedroom creaked open as someone entered. She did not need to look up to know who it was the thick earthy scent of her alpha mate was impossible to mistake.

"Well," Henry drawled as soon as he shut the door behind him, the low heels of his black Oxfords clacking against their polished vinyl floors as he strode toward her. "That was quite the show you put on during dinner tonight."

Wordlessly, she unclasped her ruby bracelets.

Her posture didn't waver, even when her husband stopped directly behind her, enveloping her in his prominent shadow, where she could practically feel the tension roll off his body in waves. But however, intimidating he was as the firstborn prince; she was not afraid of him in the slightest.

"Would you mind telling me what exactly was going through your mind," he questioned, "when you decided to make a fool out of yourself?"

Isabelle's jaw clenched. "I was trying to prove a point," she said between gritted teeth.

"And what could that have been, Isabelle?" Henry pressed, sounding frustrated. "What could have been so important, so worthy of all that time and energy, that you had to do what you did in front of my parents?"

She threw the bracelets into her jewelry box, loudly slamming the hatch closed. "All I'm trying to do is save our family's great reputation by exposing the truth about that girl before it's too late," she spat, only revealing a partial truth. "Because once she marries your brother, any mistakes she's bound to make will reflect poorly on our house. On everybody. Is that really what you want?"

He scoffed, insensitive to his wife's plight. "And look at how successful you were at that. The only thing on everyone's mind right now is how crazy you looked trying to demean Xaden's mate tonight."

"I would have been successful if you'd helped me like a good husband!" she argued, balling her fists at her sides. "You should have helped me and defended me, instead of siding with that girl who's not even part of this family yet!"

"Why should I help you?" he asked, his brow creasing with confusion. "Mae-"

"Don't say her name around me."

"Fine," he sighed, full of exasperation, following her as she went to sit on the edge of their bed. "She is not worth any of this anger. Why does she matter so much to you?"

"I don't care about her in the slightest," Isabelle insisted. "But everyone else does-along with that baby of hers-and she's nothing but a "

"She means nothing in the grand schemes of things," Henry firmly insisted, squaring up to Isabelle with resolve. "Unless she is somehow what keeps me from winning that throne, then I have no qualms with the girl or that unborn pup of hers. The only purpose her presence serves to accomplish is to distract my brother," he added, "which she seems to be quite good at. And since that's the case, she's welcome to stay as long as she likes."