

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 96

Third Person POV

His resolution to stay neutral stung Isabelle.

Before Maeve showed up, he doted on her like a perfect husband and was willing to do practically anything to please her. But now... it was almost like he was caught under the same spell as the rest of his family.

A terrible, sick feeling suddenly made itself known in the pit of her stomach. "Do you not love me anymore?" she demanded. "Is that why you won't help me?"

"Where on earth is that coming from?" he questioned with a start.

Isabelle glowered at her husband. "You like Maeve more than you love me."

His lip curled with distaste. "You can really be insane sometimes; did you know that? I don't need any of this tonight," he spat, throwing his hands up and spinning on his heel to leave the bedroom.

Despite her anger, her heart plummeted.

He was going to leave... she couldn't have that!

"Before you go" she quickly objected before trailing off, turning her back to Henry and pushing aside her hair, "could you help me remove my necklace? I had trouble with the clasp and I don't want to break it."

A simple lie, but anything to get him to stay, if she could.

The brief silence following her question indicated his reluctance to comply, but a good husband couldn't deny such a simple request from his wife. A heavy sigh resounded behind her, followed by his slow footsteps closing the distance between them until she felt his coarse fingers touch the gold chain of her necklace.

While Henry struggled with the clasp, she purposefully rolled her head to the side, allowing him easier access. Every time his coarse fingers brushed against her skin, she let out small breaths... each one inspiring wisps of growing arousal within her husband, despite his remaining tension.

Once the garment was removed, he couldn't help but linger by her neck, pressing kiss after kiss over the spot where he'd first marked her.

A remnant from the night of their mating ceremony more than a year prior.

"Tell me you want me," she whined, breathless and helpless as her alpha prince beheld her in the dark, amber lit glow of their bedroom.

And just like that, he was putty in her hands.

Spinning her around, Henry's lips and teeth continued to graze over her slender neck, low growls emerging from the depths of his throat as he felt her body respond to his attentions. His large hands reached around her back to unzip her blood red dress while she loosened his tie with deft fingers, unraveling and tossing it out of sight, out of mind.

Her skin bristled with anticipation as he peeled the bedazzled, spaghetti-strap sleeves off her pale shoulders and arms to expose her bust. Ever the obedient Luna, she let him push her down against their duvet, embellished with blacks and golds, so he could take in the sight of her, ready and willing for him.

With her arms trapped within his grasp, he moved to pin her hands above her beautifully styled head, gazing down at her with burning intensity.

"Tell me," She enticed, biting her lip seductively.

"I want you," Henry muttered, finally giving in. Despite being the one pinned down on the bed, she was the one who managed to wrap him around her finger. "You drive me crazy... but I want no one else but you."

That was it. With just a few moves, she was back in her husband's good graces.

Men... she decided, can be so easy to control.

As he proceeded to ravish her body with laves of tongue and greedy hands, sliding off the rest of her dress so he could do to her as he so pleased, her mind wandered beyond the boundary of their bedroom.

Maeve might have gained a victory tonight, but Isabelle was not about to give up just yet.

There was no point in further trying to enlist Henry's help. He was headstrong, almost to a fault. If he decided on something, he would not change his mind. It was a quality shared between husband and wife that often saw them butting heads with each other. But it didn't matter that he refused to help her.

If she was going to act, she was more than willing to do it alone. And in order to properly get under Maeve's skin, she needed to be able to do it without any one of her new allies around to help her.

Isabelle was determined to see this through, one way or the other.