

The Hidden Luna Queen

Chapter 3

Xaden POV

“Take me home, please,” I sighed. “And don’t stop for anything.”

My driver nodded. “Yes, Prince Xaden, sir.”

It had been a long, long day, and I wanted nothing more than to go home and rest.

I’d met with yet another Alpha’s daughter tonight. Hypothetically speaking, the girl was perfect—dressed to the nines in nothing but the finest clothes, well-educated on both pack duties and the rules of high society, and all backed up by an impressive **Alpha** lineage nearly worthy of the crown.

By all accounts, she was an ideal candidate for the Luna of the Alpha Prince.

But I felt nothing for her. Every word she spoke, every **move** she made seemed rehearsed.

I lowered my window. As we drove through the capital, past building after building, the cool evening air helped calm down. It wasn’t long, however, before I found myself in an area of the city that I wasn’t particularly fond of

The Diamond Cage. The capital’s famous brothel

It was full of nothing but drunks, perverts, **and** bad news.. a place I wanted to avoid at all costs. I prepared to roll up my window when, all of a sudden, I

caught a whiff of something. The sweetest, most delicious scent I'd ever smelled enveloped me... like something out of a dream.

"Driver, stop," I ordered. "Now"

As instructed, the car came to an abrupt halt. The partition slowly rolled down, revealing my slightly concerned driver. "Is everything alright, Your Highness?"

I paid him no mind.

No matter what, I had to find the source of that wonderful scent. Exiting the car, I followed the trail to a **dark**, dank alley that led behind the brothel. And as I peered down the alleyway, I found it: a terrified young woman, dressed modestly in plain clothes, surrounded by a group of belligerent drunks.

A prostitute? Impossible.

How could she smell so good?

I watched those low-lives reach their filthy hands toward her—and I just saw red. Before I knew it, I yelled at the top of my lungs with all the force my royal **Alpha** blood could muster: "LEAVE HER ALONE!"

Vaguely, I heard one of the men scoff. "Back off, hero, and go find your own whore."

"Wait. I recognize that face.." another stammered.

...Shit.. y—you're..."

I approached them and the girl they'd cornered, glaring murderously, feeling a twisted sense of pleasure at seeing them cower in my presence. "If you know what's good for you." I growled, "get lost."

And with that, they fled the alley like the vermin they were. I turned my attention to the girl.

“Leave...I don't...want...” she whispered.

“What happened?” I prodded. “Were they.. clients of yours?”

The second those words left my mouth, a wave of awkward tension and embarrassment washed over me. I wasn't sure if that was an appropriate question to ask the poor girl, but the more information I had, the better I could help resolve the situation.

She **shook** her head lazily, in complete discordance with the fear that lingered in her face. “Not here 1—I'm not **from** here...” she slurred, and I realized the problem was more severe than I could've guessed. “**Th—That** drink.. it—it tasted wrong.

My jaw clenched.

This girl had been drugged.

“Don't... don't like it h—here..” she mumbled. Tears began to well in her clouded eyes, and I was quick to wrap an arm around her quivering body, unsure if it was to comfort **her** or keep her securely upright. “I w—wanna leave. please...”

I didn't need to hear anymore.

I swept her up into my arms and carried her to my car. “Don't worry.” I said reassuringly, placing her onto the leather car seat, ignoring the startled remarks **made** by my driver. “You'll be alright. Where **is** your home?”

“It's far... away from here...” she whispered.

“Drive to the nearest hotel.

My driver appeared momentarily stunned but composed himself. “Y—Yes, sir.”

To say that the drive to the hotel was the longest drive of my life **was the** understatement of the century.

Being stuck in such a confined space during a powerful, drug-induced heat seemed to worsen **the** girl's condition. She squirmed uncontrollably, whimpering and panting and moaning the whole time, and her lustful scent only intensified. Something began to stir deep within me seeing her like **that**. smelling her like that...

Calm **down**, Xaden. You're probably just worried **about** her.

I took a breath. I needed to focus.

Once we were finally in the privacy of the hotel room—disregarding the intrigued looks the staff gave us on the way up—led her to the bed and sat **her down**. “You’ll be safe here,” I said stiffly. “Take however long you need.”

“**W**—Wait.”

That was the most I'd be able to help her without losing any more of my senses. Any moment longer and her scent would further drive me into a corner, which neither of us needed right now. I was not willing to take advantage of her, regardless of how bewitched I was by her presence.

I have to leave and lock the door behind **me**.

“I wish you luck” I had started to make my way to the door when a hand suddenly took hold of my arm.

She looked up at me through dark, long lashes, her eyes black and wild with lust, yet wide with fear and confusion. Her trembling hands clung to my arm for dear life. “What should I—I do..”

Puzzled, I frowned. “Are **you** a virgin?”

Her face turned bright red and she nodded without breaking eye contact or saying another word. I felt an immediate pang in my chest—I couldn't help but feel for this girl, how alone and scared she must have felt. And, at the same time, I was incredibly drawn to her—that charming innocence... those pink, luscious lips and a soft dusting of freckles hidden behind unkempt hair and rags the dark desire that swirled in her eyes. I'd only just met her and she was already so unlike any Alpha daughter I'd ever met.

To stay would be a terrible idea, but how could I possibly leave her alone like that?

Against my better judgment, I sat down next to her. "What's your name?" I asked gently.

"Maeve.."

"Do you want me to help you feel better!"

If I'd been in my right state of mind, I might have taken a minute or so to consider just what that meant. But I wasn't and all I heard was that I would finally get the relief I so desperately needed...from someone I was magically attracted to.

I didn't know this man, but ever since I met this man, I got the distinct feeling that I would be taken care of that I could trust him. I **knew** he was different from the drunkies who tried to **take** advantage of me.

I eagerly nodded, **giving** him my consent and relinquishing control.

Please make me fool

He swallowed **and** gave a brisk nod. "Alright."

Shifting closer to me, his strong hand slid delicately under my skirt. My heart pounded furiously against my chest—I wasn't sure what he planned to do, and yet, I spread my legs for him without hesitation, my body knowing what **it** needed before my mind did.

“Good girl,” he purred. **And** then he moved his fingers down there.

“O–Oh...” I bit my lip, moaning softly as he touched me.

Whatever he was doing, it was exactly what I needed and, at the same time, it wasn't enough. I wanted more... and more. The second that thought crossed my mind, two fingers dipped inside me.

I gasped and instinctively wrapped my hand around his wrist.

His hot breath brushed against my cheek. “Trust me,” he whispered, and I gulped, feeling warmer and warmer by the second. My grip eased ever so slightly, allowing him to continue but still, I held on, guiding him as he pleased me, and I lost myself again.

He sighed into my **ear**. “You... you're beautiful..”

Just then, I realized that a grand mirror stood opposite the bed. Gazing into it, I saw a feral creature of a woman, feverish and flushed with untamed arousal. What a force of nature she appeared to be.. but I was taken aback.

I didn't know this woman.

She was not the one I saw in my reflection every day.

Breathless and blushing, I shifted my gaze to his reflection, who could not seem to take his own eyes off me. His kind and considerate eyes which were originally a lovely shade of green quickly morphed into something dark and unrecognizable before me. And suddenly, there was a pleasant, sweet scent in the air that **wasn't** there before.

I whirled around to face him.

“Strange...” he murmured, licking his lips as his eyes–**black** and intense and **swirling** with desire–bore into my own. “No one has ever triggered my heat before, let alone an omega....”

“You know what—it doesn’t matter right now,” he muttered.

It was all a blur. Somehow, I ended up flat on my back in the middle of the bed with a shirtless **man** hovering above me as he slowly pulled my underwear off and tossed it to **the** side..

A belt unbuckled. “I will do everything in my power to make you come he swore ardently, **huskily**. “Do **you** still trust me, Maeve?” It was probably unconscious on his part, but the way he spoke my name.. so full of passion and care...

It melted me.

I let out a breath. “I—I do”

He kissed me, and nothing else existed but him and I.