

# Chapter 1 Deceptive

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## Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

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Cecilia's pov

My werewolf mate had cheated on me.

I stood outside the Alpha conference room and through the half-open doorway, I witnessed him entangled with another female werewolf. His fingers threaded through her blonde hair and his lips pressed against her neck, just as he had once done to me. Even though as a human I couldn't feel the pain of a torn mate bond, the sight still made me choke with nausea.

Eight years of my life melted into pieces in this moment. My legs frozen, my heels nailed to the marble floor. An inner voice laughed at my naivety—a human trying to hold onto a werewolf's heart forever. My throat tightened and my stomach turned, and I forced myself not to break down on the spot.

After what felt like an eternity, I finally raised my hand and knocked.

"Come in," a deep, husky voice called from inside.

My fingers tightened around the files I was holding, my knuckles turning white as I struggled to maintain my composure. The other pack members might sense my distress if I lose control. As a human married to the Alpha of Blood Moon Pack, I had learned to mask my emotions well.

As I pushed the door open, I forced my lips into a practiced smile. I walked directly to Xavier's side, careful not to inhale too deeply. I didn't want to smell her on him – that other female whose scent had been lingering around our home for weeks.

"Busy?" I asked, my tone deliberately light. "I have some documents that need your signature."

My question was purely rhetorical. I had already placed the files in front of him, helpfully turned to the pages requiring his signature. My perfect act, still performing even as my heart turned to stone.

Xavier had just returned from Switzerland this morning. He'd gone straight to the office to catch up on work, and his desk was already covered with paperwork. Fatigue marked his handsome face, though I knew the real reason for his exhaustion had nothing to do with business meetings. Without even glancing at what I'd brought, he signed every document.

"Thanks for handling this," he said, still not looking up.

I gathered the signed papers, tucking them carefully against my chest. "Will you be home for dinner tonight?" I asked, though I already knew the answer.

"I've got plans. Don't wait up for me," he replied dismissively, attention already shifted back to his computer.

"Alright, I'll see you later then," I said, turning to leave.

The moment my back was to him, my smile twisted into something cold and bitter. The facade of the devoted Luna crumbled with each step I took toward the door.

As I passed the attached rest area of his office, I heard a soft thump from inside, like someone small trying to move quietly. My eyes darted to the side, taking in the scene: scattered snack packages on the coffee table, a half-empty bubble tea, and a pale pink high heel toppled on its side on the floor.

At that instant, my heart turned to ash.

The walk back to my own office depleted whatever energy I had left. I collapsed into my chair, exhaling a long, defeated breath. From among the stack of papers, I pulled out one specific document.

Divorce papers.

I flipped to the final page, tracing Xavier's signature with a mixture of vindication and sorrow. Memories flooded my mind... how he'd once vowed that I was his one true mate, how fiercely he had pursued me in high school, insisting that even though I was a human, the Moon Goddess had destined us for each other. I remembered how Dora, his mother and the Elder Luna, had sneered at me, warning me not to get too comfortable. "Wolves may claim to mate

for life," she'd said, "but an Alpha male will never be satisfied with just one woman, especially a human one."

I had defended him then. "Xavier is different," I'd insisted. "Our bond is different."

How naive I had been.

He wasn't different at all. He'd cheated with a younger wolf girl, foolishly believing he was hiding it well. While enjoying the thrill of his infidelity. He'd even taken her on his business trip, and then had the audacity to bring her back to the pack's headquarters.

I snapped a photo of his signature and sent it to Luna Dora with a simple message: He signed it.

A week ago, I had negotiated terms with Luna Dora. She wanted me to initiate the divorce quietly, keeping our secret marriage from becoming pack gossip. In return, I demanded ten million dollars in compensation. In one month, Xavier would be completely removed from my life.

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A knock at the door interrupted my thoughts.

I quickly hid the divorce papers. "Come in," I called out.

Henry, Xavier's Beta assistant, entered my office.

"Luna Cecilia, Alpha Xavier asked me to deliver this to you," he said, placing a dark green velvet box on my desk.

I opened it casually, revealing an obscenely expensive diamond set. But instead of feeling pleased, all I could picture was the short-haired girl wearing nothing but a bathrobe, playfully dangling a similar diamond necklace. I imagined the dim, romantic lighting, the rumpled bedsheets, and the kiss marks dotting her neck and chest that Xavier had left as he betrayed me.

The bile of betrayal rose in my throat, thick and bitter. I reminded myself—one more month. Just one. I've had enough of playing the dutiful Luna in a kingdom built on lies. Nothing will derail my exit this time.

"Thank you, Beta Henry," I said, looking up with eyes that could cut glass.

"The Alpha picked it himself," he added hastily, voice cracking. "It's one of a kind. There's nothing else like it in the world."

Pity his loyalty wasn't as rare as his taste in jewelry. I had no desire to wear anything he'd touched after touching her.

I curled my lips into a smile sharp enough to draw blood. "How thoughtful of him," I said sweetly. "Imagine finding time for jewelry shopping in between board meetings... and bedroom visits."

I could practically hear Beta Henry's soul trying to climb out of his body. They didn't expect that I knew Xavier had cheated on me long ago. Fear radiated from him as he quickly excused himself from my office.

Once he fled, I stared down at the diamonds like they were crawling with maggots.

My fingers flew over the screen, finding the contact saved as 'LUXE RESALE - Elena'. The photo attached with a satisfying ping. My message was terse, final:

【This set. Sell immediately. Liquidate. Donate every cent to the Sunrise Pediatric Rehab Center.】

【Estimated market value exceeds \$500,000. Are you sure?】

【Looking at it makes me sick. Get rid of it. Yesterday.】

【...Okay.】