
Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

Chapter 2 Shattered Illusions

9-11 minutes

Cecilia's pov

5:00 PM. Parking garage.

I had just reached my car and was opening the door when my eyes inadvertently drifted across the lot. A sleek black SUV was already running, and through the window, I could see Xavier in the back seat. Pressed against him was a girl with short hair and a round, youthful face, radiating the boundless energy of youth that apparently my Alpha mate found irresistible.

"Alpha Xavier!" Beta Henry's panicked voice rang out as tires screeched. He slammed on the brakes, but it was too late.

Through the thick pane of glass, Xavier's eyes locked with mine. His gaze flared, black with fury.

Mine stayed flat. Dead. Hollow.

Across that silence, the girl noticed me—but instead of pulling away, she doubled down, looping her arms around his neck, her lips brushing his ear with a whisper.

My eyes burned as if someone had thrown acid into them. The partial mate bond, even incomplete as ours was, made witnessing his betrayal physically painful. I know it - she's publicly challenging my position as Luna..

I tore my gaze away, slipped into my car, and drove off without a second glance in their direction. Every instinct in my body screamed at me to confront them, to challenge her—but I wasn't a wolf. I was just a human who had been foolish enough to believe in forever with an Alpha.

When I arrived home to our spacious apartment, I barely had time to set down my bag before movement outside the window caught my eye. Xavier's car pulled into the garage below, its headlights sweeping across the concrete. The sight of it made my stomach clench with a mix of dread and simmering anger.

I stood in our walk-in closet, removing the diamond necklace he'd given me last month—another guilt offering I now realized—when a wall of muscle pressed against my back. The familiar cedar cold scent that had once brought me comfort now made my skin crawl.

Xavier braced his hands on the glass cabinet on either side of me, leaning down to peer at my face from the side. "Are you angry?" His voice carried that commanding Alpha tone that had once made me weak at the knees.

Without looking at him, I carefully placed the necklace back in its box with deliberate slowness. My voice was ice when I finally spoke. "Angry enough to commit murder. You'd better watch your back."

Xavier stared at me in silence for a long moment, his wolf clearly assessing the threat in my words. Finally, he spoke again, his tone carefully measured. "The White family is interested in collaborating with us on the Nova Star project. I've been in discussions with Gavin, their eldest son. The girl you saw is his sister."

"What, you need to get cozy with his sister to secure his business?" I turned to face him, my gaze piercing. "Is that how Blood Moon Pack conducts business now?"

"Cecilia, I'm trying to explain. Stop with the attitude!" His Alpha voice slipped out, a desperate attempt to control the situation.

"There's nothing to explain," I finally turned to look at him, my eyes clear and cold, peering into his soul. "Xavier, if you're tired of me and want she to be the Luna of this pack, I'm willing to step aside."

Xavier's face darkened instantly. "What did you just say?" His wolfish side is about to appear, eyes flashing with gold.

I sighed. "I said, we can get divorced."

When I tried to walk away, he grabbed me and pulled me back forcefully. Xavier gripped my chin, his fingers pressing into my skin as he growled a warning. "You'd better not even think about that."

I remained silent.

Not only had I thought about it—I'd already set it in motion.

I.

Was.

Done with him.

Xavier stayed home late that night, but was summoned away by a phone call. I clearly heard a soft, feminine voice on the other end, whimpering like she was crying.

The next morning, my lawyer friend and confidante, Harper sent me a screenshot: his little girlfriend's latest social media update. It showed a sunrise from a mountaintop, with two hands forming a heart shape—one large, one small. The caption read: "Sunrise hearts with my soulmate. "

I recognized Xavier's hand immediately. The bond between us may have been incomplete, but I knew every inch of him—every scar, every callus.

I sat there, holding my water glass for who knows how long.

For several days after that, Xavier didn't come home.

We only saw each other at company meetings. He sat in the center seat as Alpha, while I sat with the other executives. We never once made eye contact during those meetings. I didn't bother going to his office.

In my spare time, I busied myself with finding a new place to live, viewing apartments, and getting rid of all the gifts he'd given me over the years—anniversary presents, birthday gifts, Valentine's Day tokens, wedding gifts... I even sold my wedding ring.

When you no longer want the person, what's the point in keeping the emotional garbage of your past?

...

That evening, Ana, the owner of the Jade Palace club, invited me out. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and I initially didn't want to go, but considering that after divorcing and leaving Blood

Moon Pack's company, I would need my own network of connections to start my business, I decided to accept.

As soon as I entered the club, I spotted Ana.

"Ana, I could have found my way up. You didn't need to come down," I said with a smile that didn't reach my eyes.

Ana linked her arm with mine affectionately as we entered the elevator. "I was worried you might get lost, honey. You've never been here before, right?"

That was true. This was my first time here.

We went upstairs, and Ana led me into a large private room divided by an ornate Chinese-style screen in the center.

Upon entering, I noticed several people on the other side of the screen, but Ana didn't lead me there. Instead, she took me to the side where only one person sat—someone who looked vaguely familiar. I recognized her as the girlfriend of one of Xavier's friends.

She seemed to recognize me too, and her expression turned awkward, though she managed a small smile.

After I took off my coat and sat down, Ana left again.

I took a sip of the drink placed before me, and gradually the boisterous conversation from the other side of the screen reached my ears. As they continued talking, they began discussing me.

"When it comes to this, Xavier hasn't brought that human to the party lately," a voice said with contempt.

"It's obvious. Cici has purebred Alpha heritage—young, gorgeous, and the real deal. Xavier flaunts her at every event like she's some prize jewel. He doesn't bother hiding his human wife anymore." Another voice echoes.

"I finally got my idea. After eight years, Xavier finally figured out the importance of bloodline."

"No matter how beautiful a human is, it's just a plaything. Eight years, tsk, it's so patient. What can human women have? They can't even mark it."

"And she is so stupid, she has been fooled for so long and kept in the dark. She think she can really be Luna? She has been useless for so many years except for a beautiful face and a good figure."

Someone laughed, "I want to say that when Xavier is completely tired of it, I don't mind taking over to show her what another wolf is like.. I've been coveting that slim waist for a long time."

"Be careful, human women cannot withstand the power of our werewolf," another voice joined in teasing with a nasty hint.

I stood around the corner, my eyes cold. I was very familiar with these voices - they were all Xavier's friends, and they called me "Luna" intimately when they saw me. Now that they had revealed their true faces, and just treated me as a joke in their circle.

The woman sitting with me looked so uncomfortable she couldn't even meet my eyes. When she saw me stand up, she probably thought I was going to flee in humiliation.

Instead, I cleared my throat, picked up my drink, and walked toward the screen. I leaned against it casually and joined their conversation in a relaxed tone.

"Gentlemen, I couldn't help overhearing—and I think you've got the story a little backward."

Their laughter choked off.

"When Xavier first got with me," I continued, tilting my head with mock sweetness, "He behaves average...all awkward fumbles and wide-eyed promises. After all, only women know whether a man is good or not. Am I right?"

Silence.

Absolute, stunned silence.

Everyone on the couch stared at me in horror.

And then—

Two tall figures stepped into the room behind me.

I didn't turn. I didn't need to.

Their presence spoke for itself.

And judging by the looks on their faces, everyone else in the room got the message loud and clear.

Damn.