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# Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

## Chapter 3 Confrontations and Broken Promises

8-10 minutes

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Cecilia's pov

Xavier stood behind me, his face ice-cold with rage.

My wolf mate—no, soon-to-be ex-mate—was watching this whole scene go down.

I turned back to face the group, my eyes landing on the pixie-cut girl sitting in the corner of the sofa. Just moments ago, she'd been crossing her legs confidently, twirling her hair around her finger with a smug expression. Now her face had completely soured, looking at me like she wanted to rip my head off.

So this was where they'd been having their little meetups. From the casual way these men spoke, this wasn't the first time. They were already showing up in public together without any attempt to hide their relationship.

Xavier stepped forward, his Alpha presence taking over the room.

Suddenly, like puppets yanked by their strings, everyone sprang into motion.

"Luna Cecilia, we're so sorry, we were just talking trash," one of them stammered, the title 'Luna' ringing hollow now.

"Luna Cecilia, there's nothing going on between Xavier and Miss White," another added desperately.

"Luna Cecilia, please don't read into any of this."

Xavier grabbed my wrist, his grip firm as he tried to drag me toward the exit. Our partial bond sparked painfully at his touch, a cruel reminder of what we once had.

I spun around and threw my drink directly into his face.

The room went dead silent.

Everyone watched with bulging eyes, their shock obvious. How dare a human challenge an Alpha wolf in public?

My wolf instincts should be screaming at me to submit if I had any—but I didn't. I was just a human who had finally hit her limit.

The next moment, I smiled sweetly and said, "Go ahead and keep partying with your little sweetheart. I won't crash your fun anymore."

I tried to pry his fingers from my wrist, our bond crackling with each touch.

Xavier's face turned dangerous, his wolf clearly going nuts beneath the surface. Without warning, he hoisted me up and threw me over his shoulder.

Everyone in the room: "..."

In the hallway, I fought like hell against his grip, dangling over his shoulder.

The elevator doors opened right on time.

As Xavier hauled me into the elevator and turned around, I saw a man—his tall frame took up half the damn elevator. The tailored black suit showed off broad shoulders and a powerful silhouette, and expensive leather shoes complemented his long, lean legs. Even his casual stance showed the power contained within, and his presence was overwhelming.

The elevator instantly felt suffocating.

I couldn't help but look up at him as we prepared to leave. What hit my eyes was a handsome, angular face with deep-set eyes beneath steel-gray werewolf eyes that radiated danger. He surveyed me with obvious disdain, his thin lips slightly pursed, his jawline sharp as a blade. Such an intensely aggressive face, but with an aristocratic elegance and cold detachment.

I quickly covered my face and looked down again. My human senses might be weak compared to a wolf's, but even I could feel the power radiating from that stranger. An Alpha, definitely—and not just any Alpha.

Outside the club, Xavier tossed me into the back seat of his car before climbing in himself.

I struggled to sit up, dizzy from being carried upside down and then thrown around. My head was spinning, and I felt like I might have a concussion.

Xavier grabbed wet wipes from the car's glove compartment and started cleaning his face.

My sharp eyes caught sight of what looked like a condom package behind the tissue box. Evidence of his cheating was literally everywhere. His accusatory voice filled the car, "What were you doing there? Trying to catch me red-handed?"

I opened the car door, intending to get out. This car felt toxic.

"Cecilia!" Xavier growled, yanking me back inside. "Where do you think you're going? Don't you know when to quit?"

My breathing quickened as I pressed my fingertips together to calm myself. "I want to go home," I managed to say.

Xavier called Beta Henry, who had been waiting outside the club, to drive us.

The entire ride home, neither of us spoke. I sat as far away from him as possible, my face pale as if I might puke any moment. The scent of alcohol clung to him—sharp, heady, and laced with a perfume that definitely wasn't mine.

At home, I immediately got out of the car.

In the kitchen, I chugged an entire glass of ice water before I felt somewhat better.

When I came out, Xavier was sitting in the living room. I went over and sat down.

Another crushing silence fell between us until Xavier finally spoke. "I was there for business. You storming into the club and causing a scene like that—you've really embarrassed me. Don't you realize how stupid and pathetic you look right now, making a scene like that?"

"That it?" I responded calmly, my emotions locked away behind walls of ice.

"If you still want us to have a future together, drop these paranoid suspicions. I don't have time to deal with your drama."

"Got it. That it?" My voice remained steady.

"..." Xavier scowled deeply. "Cecilia, do you know how irritating you're being right now?"

I stood up with a slight smile curving my lips.

Soon enough, you won't have to deal with me anymore.

I went upstairs.

After showering, Xavier slid under the covers beside me. In the darkness, I lay on my side facing away from him, shifting further toward the edge of the bed to avoid any physical contact. Among wolves, touch was sacred—it strengthened the bond between mates. But we weren't true mates, were we? Our bond was never real, and now it was falling apart completely.

Xavier turned and pulled me forcefully into his arms, dragging me from the edge of the bed into his embrace with barely controlled anger.

His tall, strong body easily overpowered mine. Once he tightened his grip, I couldn't move at all.

I spent the entire night stiff as a board in his arms, imagining the same arms wrapped around Cici White.

In the morning, I made breakfast just for myself.

Xavier came downstairs and saw me sitting alone eating toast. He was about to leave but turned around and approached the dining area, leaning down to whisper in my ear with a gentler voice, as if trying to sweet-talk me: "This weekend, let's go out on the boat for a couple of days. Just the two of us."

I continued drinking my milk and gave a noncommittal "Mmm" under my breath.

Not surprisingly, by the day before the weekend, he canceled again, saying he needed to fly to Hong Kong.

I felt nothing. Not even a hint of disappointment.

Perhaps he hadn't even realized how long it had been since we'd shared a meal together or truly spent time with each other. His words warned me against thinking of divorce, but in

reality, he treated me like I was invisible. If I disappeared one day, he probably wouldn't even notice.

That weekend, I removed my books from our shared bookshelf and packed them in a suitcase to take to my new place.

While sorting through them, I received a rare call from Dora.

I answered politely, "Hello, Luna Dora."

Dora responded with cold arrogance, "Get over here. About what we discussed before—let's make it official."

"Is that really necessary?" I asked, though I already knew the answer.

"I say it is, so it is," she snapped, her authority as Elder Luna evident in her tone.

"Fine, I'll come by this afternoon."

"Be here at noon."

"Fine."

Hanging up, I could almost imagine Dora's nasty face. I bet she'd cooked up some petty scheme to mess with me, nothing more than a sick display of Xavier and that little homewrecker getting intimate. She was probably hoping for me to see those two scumbags going at it, wasn't she? After all, in her eyes, only a pureblood werewolf was worthy of her precious son. But sadly, that wouldn't break me.

I didn't care what kind of game she was playing. Bring it on, my dear mother-in-law Dora!