
Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

Chapter 4 He Just Doesn't Care.

6-7 minutes

Cecilia's pov

At 11:40 a.m.

My silhouette appeared in front of the Grimm family mansion, the territory of the Blood Moon Clan. The scent of pine and earth hit my nostrils, uncomfortably familiar.

This had been a second home, and now every visit made me feel like a stranger. The pack's werewolf steward's pupils went wide when he saw me at the door.

"Lu...Luna Cecilia." He stammered out, his eyes darting around nervously. Obviously he knew someone was coming today, but didn't think it would be me. He was already sweating bullets.

In the social circle of the wolves, our civil marriage was like a dirty little secret.

The marriage certificate was hidden away, as if it were some kind of embarrassing liability, known only to both parents, Beta Henry and a few inner circle members.

In the world of the wolves, one is never truly accepted without a formal mate ceremony. For the past eight years, I've been nothing more than an oddity, a barely tolerated human woman. Every time I attended a wolf gathering, the dirty looks reminded me: you're just an outsider, someone who could get tossed aside at any time.

"Please... Follow me." The butler approached reluctantly, as if he was about to walk to his execution.

Before we could reach the living room foyer, a sickeningly sweet flirtation pierced the air: "I win again! Xavier, are you going easy on me?"

My footsteps stopped cold. My brain went blank for three seconds before all the clues clicked into place. This was why he bailed on our weekend date - the so-called "business trip".

"Ha." A cold laugh escaped my lips as I continued to walk forward.

Xavier's eyes went huge when he looked up and saw me, "What are you doing here?" His tone sharp as a blade. "Your mother invited me." I said coldly, sarcasm dripping from my voice, "That's rich, shouldn't you be in Hong Kong right now? Since when did you develop teleportation powers?"

His eyelashes fluttered rapidly - a telltale sign of guilt I knew by heart after our years together.

The Shadow Pack she-wolf on the couch - Cici White - deliberately sauntered over to extend her hand.

The room reeked of her mingling with Xavier, and the nausea made my stomach lurch. "Hi~ I'm Cici!" She flashed a fake smile, clearly trying to get under my skin.

I didn't even look at the outstretched hand. In the pack hierarchy, even as a human, I'm still nominally the Luna of the Blood Moon Pack - even if it's just a title.

No point in stooping to her level. Dora Green, The Blood Moon Pack' elder Luna, appeared at the door right on cue.

She gave Cici an affectionate, warm greeting before looking me up and down with trash-can eyes: "Having fun dear? Just make yourself comfortable." her voice to Cici was sweet as honey.

Turning to me, her tone immediately turned to ice, "This is a manager from our company, Cecilia, here on work stuff." Everyone in the room knew my identity perfectly well, but she deliberately demoted me to a regular employee.

This was her way of announcing to everyone that for Xavier and Cici's possible marriage, I, a human wife, wasn't even a speed bump.

Cici lifted her chin smugly, "Oh~ so she's just an employee." Every word carried the attitude of a wolf marking territory.

I ignored their stares, locking my gaze straight onto Xavier's face. I wanted to see how he would react-would he stick up for me? Would he acknowledge my position?

But his face was cold and hard as marble, he didn't even flinch. He didn't care that his mother had publicly humiliated me.

"Luna Dora," I looked directly at Dora, keeping my voice level, "Since you brought me here on purpose, why don't you just say what you want to talk about?"

"Some other time." She dismissed me arrogantly, as if shooping away a servant, "Since you're here, stay here for lunch." She didn't even look at me when she said this, as if I only deserved this kind of brush-off.

"Thanks, but I have plans." I felt a dull ache in my chest as I turned, but I still kept my spine straight. For eight years, I had gotten used to pretending not to see their contempt in this house.

"When an elder tells you to stay and eat, what's with the attitude? No manners whatsoever." Dora Green snapped behind me, her voice loaded with contempt and disdain.

I stopped. Twenty days, I silently calculated to myself. Twenty days left to file the divorce papers. What was another twenty days of humiliation?

"Fine, I'll stay." I turned to meet her eyes and sneered. I walked straight to the table and sat down off to the side.

But Dora clearly had no intention of letting me off the hook. She looked around proudly and suddenly said, "Why don't you make yourself useful and pour tea for everyone."

A few snickers went around the dinner table. I balled my fists - that's what she really wanted me to stay for, to serve tea like a servant was a deliberate demotion, a public stripping of my status.

"What, you won't even do that much?" She scoffed, "Humans really can't be trusted, they don't even know the most basic etiquette."

I slowly stood up, picked up the teapot, and walked over to her with a sweet smile. To everyone's shock, I poured hot tea over her perfectly styled hair.

"I'm sorry, Luna Dora," I said, setting down the teapot in the sweetest voice, "my human hands are just so clumsy. Hope you enjoyed this cup of 'tea'?"

The dining room went dead silent, save for the sound of tea dripping down Dora's frozen cheeks.