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# Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

## Chapter 5 The Man FEEDED So Familiar.

6-8 minutes

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Cecilia's pov

The rain had stopped by the time I drove off the property.

In the rearview mirror, the gates of Blood Moon Pack disappeared.

For the first time in eight years, I felt true relief.

Pulling out my cell phone, I sent Dora a message, "Dear Dora, I assume you've received that little surprise. Remember our agreement - the five million must be transferred into my account by noon tomorrow. Otherwise, I don't mind letting everyone know how the Luna of Blood Moon Pack pulled dirty tricks against a human daughter-in-law."

The phone quickly vibrated. Dora's reply came surprisingly fast, "You bitch!"

I laughed softly and sent another message, "Is the tea hot enough? If it needs more heat, I can always come back and add some fuel to the fire."

Turning off my cell phone, I took a deep breath. I might be destined to be the underdog in this game with the wolves, but I would never make it easy for them. Xavier betrayed me, Dora humiliated me, so in return, I would make them pay what they owe.

Money? It was pocket change to them. But it was worth the deal to make that arrogant Luna suffer, and to show the man who betrayed me what his mother really was.

"Goodbye, Blood Moon Pack," I said, hitting the gas.

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The road stretched before me as I drove through the increasingly heavy rain. My thoughts scattered like the droplets hitting my windshield, memories of eight years flashing through my

mind—eight years of being treated like garbage, eight years of hoping for a mating ceremony that would never come.

Suddenly, a flash caught my eye as a yellow motorcycle cut dangerously in front of my car. My heart jumped into my throat as I slammed on the brakes.

BANG--

The impact came from behind, sending me flying forward. My forehead connected with the steering wheel hard. Sharp pain radiated from my temple, and when I looked up, everything was blurred red.

I grabbed a tissue and frantically wiped the blood from my eyes. The yellow motorcycle was long gone, vanished into the downpour like a ghost.

"Tap, tap—"

Someone was at my window. I lowered it, raindrops immediately splashing onto my lap.

Outside stood a classy-looking man in his early fifties, wearing glasses and holding a sleek black umbrella. His expression conveyed genuine regret—something I hadn't seen from a wolf in forever.

"Miss, I'm terribly sorry. We're totally at fault for rear-ending you," he said with unexpected politeness. "My employer is in a rush. Would you consider exchanging contact information? You can send us a list of damages, and I assure you we'll take care of everything."

"I'd prefer to call the cops," I replied, my voice strained.

The day's events had pushed me past my breaking point—the confrontation at Xavier's, discovering his betrayal, and now this accident.

I was done playing nice today and didn't have the extra energy to accommodate anyone.

I stepped out into the rain, wincing as droplets hit my wound. The back of my car had a huge dent where the Bentley had smashed into it.

Annoyed, I took photos for evidence and called the police.

The man accepted my decision without argument and returned to the Bentley to report to whoever waited inside.

The rain got worse, pounding against the pavement. My white blouse clung to my skin as I stood exposed to the elements, one hand pressed against my bleeding temple while I spoke with 911.

I returned to my car to escape the downpour, but my clothes were already completely soaked. Within minutes, police arrived, followed by a silver Maybach that pulled up at the same time.

Stepping out again into the rain, I noticed another person exiting the Bentley besides the older man—a tall, lean figure with a silhouette like a Greek god. With aristocratic indifference, his eyes were sharp and deep, in which something wild underneath.

When he caught me staring, he returned my gaze with an intensity that made me shiver, awakening something primal within me.

A weird sense of déjà vu washed over me...

"Give it to her," his deep voice commanded, removing the suit jacket from his arm and handing it to the older man. Without another glance in my direction, he strode to the Maybach and disappeared inside.

The older gentleman hurried over with the jacket. "Miss, you're drenched. Please take this."

Looking down, I realized with horror that my blouse had become see-through. Heat rushed to my cheeks as I gratefully accepted the jacket and slipped it on. "Thank you."

The older gentleman spoke quietly with the police officer while the Maybach drove off, cutting through the curtain of rain. I caught only a fleeting glimpse of the stranger's refined profile, but it stuck with me.

The jacket still held his body heat and carried a distinct scent—sandalwood mixed with something wild and untamed that instantly calmed my frayed nerves.

After the police finished their report and we exchanged information, the older gentleman offered to take me to the hospital for my head wound.

I declined politely, my initial anger having subsided. "I apologize for being such a pain earlier. I've had the worst day, and I took it out on you. It wasn't even your fault." I gestured to the jacket. "I'll have this cleaned and returned to you."

The older gentleman nodded graciously.

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As I drove myself to the hospital, Xavier was blowing up my phone.

I laughed coldly - this man was always like that, vanishing when I needed him, and then showing up when I didn't want to see him. Just like now, knowing that I hated his "white knight" attitude, he had to play hero at a time like this.

After eight years, he never learned to understand me, or rather, he couldn't be bothered to understand the feelings of a human being. When he should have been by my side, he chose someone else; when I had already decided to let go, he acted like he cared.

What a clueless idiot.