
Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

Chapter 6 The Wolf's Possessive Nature

7-8 minutes

Cecilia's pov

I sat in the emergency treatment room, wincing slightly as the doctor cleaned the cut on my forehead. The antiseptic stung, but it was nothing compared to the emotional wounds I'd been nursing all day.

Suddenly, the door burst open with such force that the doctor jumped. Xavier stormed in like a territorial alpha defending his claim, his eyes wild with a mixture of anger and concern. The scent of his distress and dominance filled the small room instantly.

I glanced over my shoulder, meeting his intense gaze. "It's okay," I assured the startled doctor. "He's my... boss." The word 'husband' had nearly slipped out from habit, but I caught myself. He wasn't my husband—he never truly had been.

Xavier's throat worked visibly, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed whatever words he'd been about to growl out.

"How serious is it?" he demanded of the doctor, his voice rough with an emotion I couldn't quite place.

"Just a superficial wound," the doctor replied professionally. "Nothing to worry about."

The medical professional showed no interest in our complicated relationship, finishing up the bandage on my temple before prescribing some topical medication.

I thanked the doctor and left the room, feeling Xavier's presence behind me like a shadow. In the hallway, he pushed ahead to pay my bill and collect my medication, performing the role of the dutiful husband with an audience present. The irony wasn't lost on me.

I didn't bother arguing. What was the point? My bond with Xavier had been severed the moment I'd seen those messages on his phone.

Outside the hospital, I pulled out my phone to call a rideshare. Xavier snatched it from my hand with the swift reflexes. His arm wrapped around my shoulders, guiding—no, forcing—me toward the parking lot. The possessive gesture might once have made me feel protected; now it felt like chains.

He opened the passenger door and practically shoved me inside before stalking around to the driver's side. The door slammed with enough force to make the car shudder, sealing us in a bubble of tense silence.

"You blocked my number," he finally said, turning to face me with a stormy expression. "Were you trying to kill yourself to punish me?"

I stared at him, momentarily shocked into silence. Then, against all odds, laughter bubbled up from my chest. It was either laugh or cry, and I'd shed enough tears.

The absurdity of his statement—that I would risk my life just to make him feel guilty—was peak narcissism. In eight years together, how had I never noticed this side of him?

"Rest assured," I said, reaching for my phone, "you won't have that burden on your conscience. Now give me back my phone."

Xavier pulled it away from my grasp. "I admit I lied to you today, but you ignored her like air, embarrassed her. You even disrespected my mother! Don't you think that's a problem? She's just a young girl who's been spoiled all her life. Why take offense?"

Oh, Xavier. If only you could see yourself through my eyes right now.

After a long silence, I spoke, my voice hollow. "I won't confront her anymore. I won't interfere with whatever is between you two. But please, keep her away from me. I don't need her 'spontaneity' in my face."

"She's like a sister to me. Cici and I are brother and sister." Xavier insisted, his brows furrowing. "Wolves are loyal to their mates. Our relationship is not what you think it is."

"Mmm,loyalty," I echoed, fighting the urge to pull out my phone and show him the evidence I'd collected—the late-night calls, the intimate texts, the hotel receipts.

"Fine. I overreacted. I misunderstood. Congratulations on your new sister."

The cold silence hung between us like a physical barrier.

"Just drive," I said, wrapping the borrowed suit jacket tighter around myself. The fabric carried that intoxicating scent—sandalwood with wild undertones—that somehow brought me comfort.

Xavier's gaze shifted to the jacket, noticing it properly for the first time. His nostrils flared slightly—a wolf sensing another male's scent on his territory.

"Whose jacket is this?" he demanded, jealousy darkening his features.

I turned toward the window, deliberately using his own words against him. "My brother's. My newly adopted brother."

Something dangerous flashed in Xavier's eyes. With lightning speed, he reached over and yanked the jacket from my shoulders, throwing it out the window .

"No!" I shouted, unbuckling my seatbelt and scrambling out of the car. That jacket was one of the few kindnesses I'd experienced today. I'd promised to return it.

Xavier growled low in his throat and pulled me back into the car. Before I could protest, his mouth crushed against mine, demanding submission.

I kept my lips firmly sealed, refusing to yield. This only angered him more. He gripped my jaw, forcing my mouth open, his kiss a punishment rather than an expression of love.

When he finally pulled away, his breath was hot against my face, his eyes glinting with possessive fury. "Don't try to make me jealous like that," he warned. "You should think about how your actions affect others."

I stared at him in disbelief. In all our years together, I'd never truly seen this side of him—or perhaps I'd chosen not to.

The jacket remained on the wet asphalt, abandoned.

I promised I'd return it clean, I thought hopelessly. Now what am I supposed to do?

The weekend's events took their toll on my body. By evening, I was burning with fever, my human immune system weakened by stress and the rain.

Xavier stayed home, playing the role of attentive mate—making porridge, feeding me medicine, caring for me with such tenderness that for brief, delirious moments, I almost believed he still loved me. Almost.

By midnight, my fever hadn't broken. I drifted in and out of consciousness, aware of Xavier's presence beside me on our bed—a bed that no longer felt like a sanctuary.

A buzzing sound cut through the silence.

I forced my heavy eyelids open, pushing myself up on trembling arms. Xavier and I both turned toward his phone on the nightstand. The time read 12:35 AM.

The name flashing on the screen: "Sugar Baby."

Such an intimate nickname. My stomach twisted with nausea that had nothing to do with my fever.