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# Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

## Chapter 7 A Man Like Rotten Fruit

7-9 minutes

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Cecilia's pov

I said nothing as Xavier's phone continued to light up with that shameless nickname. The vibration seemed to echo through our bedroom like an accusation.

Xavier's handsome face maintained a facade of composure, but I could see the subtle tension in his jaw, the slight twitch near his eye.

The phone wouldn't stop—calls turned to video chat requests, then transformed into an avalanche of text messages, each notification more demanding than the last. Bold. Shameless. Like she knew exactly where he was and didn't care that he was with me.

The tension between us was so thick you could cut it with a knife in the darkness of our bedroom.

"Aren't you going to answer it?" I asked, my voice cool as winter frost.

Only then did Xavier reach for his phone. Without even glancing at the screen, he powered it off and placed it back on the nightstand—a performance meant to reassure me.

He reached over, placing his palm against my forehead. "You're still running a slight fever," he said softly. "It's nothing to worry about. Go to sleep. I'll watch over you."

I lay back down and closed my eyes, my body rigid despite my apparent surrender.

An hour later, I made my breathing steady to mimic sleep, listening intently as Xavier retrieved his phone. His footsteps were soft as he moved toward the balcony, his phone quietly beeping as it powered on.

"Are you okay? Don't worry, don't be scared. I'm coming right over..." His voice was a hushed whisper, yet to my ears, it might as well have been shouting.

He returned to the bedroom, grabbed his jacket, and left.

The moment the door closed, my eyes snapped open. I had never been asleep.

What was I still hoping for? A cheater is like a bad apple - once they start rotting, it only gets worse.

At half past four in the morning, Xavier returned.

Seeing me seemingly asleep, he let out a sigh of relief. He approached, touched my forehead gently, satisfied that my fever had broken.

He headed to the bathroom. I listened to the shower running, the sound of water hitting tile mingling with my own bitter thoughts. When he emerged wearing his robe, he slid into bed beside me, his arm wrapping possessively around my waist as though nothing had changed between us.

After his breathing deepened into sleep, I carefully removed his arm and sat up. I studied his sleeping form with cold detachment—the handsome features I once adored, his thin lips, the sensual curve of his Adam's apple, and then...

My gaze locked onto the row of small, distinctive bite marks along his collarbone.

At that moment, the most violent thought crossed my mind: to stab him through the heart with a sterling silver dagger, so that this arrogant Alpha would know firsthand what true pain means.

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When Xavier awoke, I was already downstairs. I had donned an apron and prepared breakfast for both of us, calling him to come eat as if it were any ordinary morning.

"Your fever just broke. Why didn't you sleep in?" Xavier approached, reaching to check my temperature.

I subtly shifted away from his touch. "It was just a minor cold. Nothing serious."

I removed my apron and sat down at the table. Xavier looked at his empty hand, momentarily awkward, but seemed reassured by my calm demeanor. He joined me at the table.

"I want to run something by you," I began, my tone deliberately light.

"What is it?" he asked, taking a sip of his juice.

"I want to quit my job at the company."

My words clearly caught him off guard. Before he could ask why, I continued: "I've been focused on nothing but work for years. I'm burnt out. I want to experience what it's like to live the pampered life of a wealthy alpha's mate for once."

Xavier studied me, trying to figure out if I was serious.

"Are you pulling my leg?" he questioned.

"I'm dead serious," I replied with a smile that didn't reach my eyes. "What, do you think I'm some kind of masochist who doesn't know how to enjoy life?"

After consideration, he agreed. "Taking a break from work might be good for you. You can stay home. We could use this opportunity to try for a pup."

I smiled noncommittally. Inside, I was seething. \*Right, that's your master plan, isn't it? Make me your breeding machine while you continue your nightly escapades with your "Sugar Baby." Keep dreaming, Xavier.\*

"I'll put in my two weeks' notice in the next few days. I'm thinking of traveling to Europe—I've made plans with Harper. It's been ages since I've traveled."

"Her law firm isn't keeping her swamped? She has time to travel with you?" His tone was slightly suspicious.

"Oh, she's crazy busy," I said, my smile bright and false. "She's clearing her schedule for me."

Xavier fell silent, his wheels clearly turning.

After a moment, he spoke again. "A trip would be good for you. I'll take care of all the arrangements. You won't need to worry about a thing. Just enjoy yourself."

I maintained my smile, neither accepting nor declining his offer. By then, I'll be long gone.

The wound on my forehead was too conspicuous, and I didn't want to show up at the office looking like a victim during my resignation. I took a few additional days off.

With time to kill, I methodically packed my clothes, shoes, and personal items, moving them bit by bit to my new home.

Little by little, the closets were visibly emptying—anyone paying the slightest attention would notice.

But Xavier remained completely clueless.

I even took our wedding photo out to the yard to burn it while he was home. He was glued to his phone, alternating between quiet laughter and typing responses to whoever held his attention.

If only he'd bothered to glance through the floor-to-ceiling windows at his mate...

I stood in the fading sunset, watching him smile at his phone, observing him for a long time.

When the lighter finally burned my fingertips, I let go as if finally releasing hope.

The flames consumed the gasoline, illuminating the wedding photo in the metal barrel. In the picture, I looked so sweet, so happy, and his eyes were full of nothing but me... Then slowly, our faces distorted, melted, and finally turned into a pile of black ashes...

A sudden sense of suffocation constricted my chest. I stared at those ashes, my vision blurring with unshed tears.

"What are you burning?"

Xavier finally noticed the activity outside and came out.

I tilted my head back, pushing down the emotions threatening to overwhelm me. "Nothing important, just some..." I turned to look at him, my slightly reddened eyes contradicting the gentle smile on my lips. "Trash."

Xavier glanced at the barrel sending up thick black smoke, regarding me as if I'd lost my mind. "If it's trash, why not just throw it away?"

"Burning gets rid of it for good," I replied simply.

His brow furrowed in confusion.

We stood there in the yard without speaking, as the last trace of light on the horizon was swallowed by darkness—much like the last of my hope being consumed by truth.