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# Abandoned Luna: Now Untouchable

## Chapter 8 Ashes of Deceit

5-6 minutes

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Cecilia's pov

Friday morning, the auto shop called to tell me my car was ready.

After picking up my car, I was about to call the gentleman, Liam, when I remembered that suit. I'd promised to clean it and return it to him...

After a moment, I dialed the number. I told him my car was fixed, sent the repair details and costs, and added, "Would it be weird if I asked your boss's size?"

My reasoning was simple—since the suit was a set, I wanted to buy a replacement that matched. He'd done me a favor lending me his clothes; the least I could do was keep it easy for him.

Liam: "..."

I waited a while with no reply.

Maybe he didn't know and had to ask his boss.

I let it go.

At the next intersection, the finance manager called to check some data.

The wound on my forehead was almost healed, so I turned the car around and headed to the office.

After being gone so long, my team swarmed over the moment they saw me, all worried faces and questions flying.

I hadn't told them about my resignation yet. The thought made me feel bad for them—they'd have to break in another supervisor again.

After meeting with finance, I went back to my office and spent the afternoon getting through the mountain of work.

By late afternoon, I'd finished drafting my resignation letter, ready to hand it to Xavier before leaving.

Before the day ended, though, I overheard something that almost made me choke on my coffee while getting water.

"Word from the secretary's department is that the Shadow Pack Alpha's fourth daughter, Cici White, started working here today. The Alpha put her in his own office."

"Are the Shadow Pack and Blood Moon Pack setting up some kind of mating alliance?"

"Don't forget Manager Cecilia's his mate. If they bond, what happens to her?"

Everyone went quiet, trading looks before sighing. They went right back to sipping their coffee, gossiping about Cici's nerve, my bad luck, and Xavier being an asshole.

I stood outside, listening.

Then I went back to my office with my empty cup, sat there for a beat, just staring, then grabbed my resignation letter and went straight upstairs.

Might as well rip the Band-Aid off.

When I reached the executive floor, Beta Henry rushed over, looking jittery.

"Luna Cecilia, the Alpha's in a meeting. It's not a good time."

I nodded like I understood and turned to leave. As soon as he relaxed, I spun on my heel and strode straight for the door.

I grabbed the handle, turned it, and pushed hard.

"Ah—!" a shrill scream burst from inside.

Cici, wearing nothing but a towel, was pressed against Xavier's back. The door crashing open made her jump out of her skin.

Xavier's smile froze.

Beta Henry went pale, covering his eyes. "She was just moving some files, got sweaty, so she uh... took a shower. I didn't want you to get the wrong idea, that's why I said he was busy."

I shot him a look somewhere between pity and disgust.

"Beta Henry, top of your class and now playing pimp—what a fall."

With that, I turned away from him and walked in.

"Cecilia, what are you implying? You're just a department manager and you dare barge into the Alpha's office! You're fired—don't bother showing up tomorrow!"

I walked to the desk, set down my letter, and said calmly, "I told you I was quitting. I'll start getting things wrapped up tomorrow—make sure the handover's done."

Xavier didn't meet my eyes. "Whatever you want," he muttered.

"Good." I answered shortly, then looked from Cici back to him, a crooked smile tugging at my lips.

"Please continue with your... meeting." I spit the last word like poison.

I'd barely taken two steps when Cici's shrill voice cut through the room.

"Whether we continue or not is none of your business! Cecilia, who do you think you are? Xavier doesn't love you anymore. He loves me. The one who should leave is—"

"SILENCE!" Xavier barked, cutting her off.

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to hold it together.

I straightened and turned.

"Let her talk. I'd love to hear just how thick-skinned the Shadow Pack's daughter can be." I lifted my gaze to Cici. "Love him or not, you're still the side piece—and me walking through that door just now? It's proof I can drag your sorry ass into the spotlight any time I want. Got it?"

"Don't you dare call me cheap!"

Cici, furious, lunged at me.

I slapped her hard. When she came again, I snatched the towel off her and shoved her down, hand on her head.

Before I could strike again, a strong arm yanked me back.

I stumbled, my lower back slamming into the desk corner, white-hot pain shooting up my spine. For a second I couldn't even breathe.