

Celeste José:

Every stride I took within the mansion, a place I'd once believed was my sanctuary, seemed like an ominous march toward the cataclysmic conclusion of my relationship.

I made my way to the living room, where indistinct chatter emanated. However, I was brought up short when I overheard a conversation from within. "She's in infertile she-wolf. I can't fathom why you're keeping her around. Just let her go and seek someone capable of bearing your child," Lady Wanda Gene whispered, once again displaying her toxic tendencies. It's not as though she ever liked me. I still recall her isolating herself in her room for five days upon learning her son was destined to be with a rogue she-wolf.

The mother and son shared uncanny resemblances. Calix inherited the same brown hair and brown eyes from his mother. But every time she laid eyes on me, it felt as if her gaze turned fiery red with anger, as if her wolf perpetually sought a confrontation.

"You needn't worry about that. I'm merely awaiting the completion of some reports, and then I'll be rid of her," Calix's voice resonated with eagerness, as if he'd never loved me.

"Really? Are you thinking of parting ways with her? And what's with these reports?" Wanda inquired with excitement. Even I grew anxious upon hearing about the reports. What could they entail?

"Once the pack uncovers the extent of Celeste's inadequacy as a Luna, they'll demand I separate from her, and then—

I'll emerge as a true alpha, who will reject his fated mate for the happiness of his pack members. I'll proudly embrace Casey Louis," my heart skipped a beat upon hearing him reveal his evil scheme to his mother. What might he be plotting against me?

"Eh? Your mate's personal maid? Why must you go from one problematic situation to another? Why couldn't you choose a wealthy alpha's daughter?" Right from the outset, his mother openly expressed her contempt, and it was so characteristic of her. She held unreasonably high standards for her son's mates while her own son was nothing but a spineless bastard.

"Mom, I love her, and Casey is going to give me a child," he protested, standing up for his lover even though he'd allowed his mother to walk all over me in the past. "But—", his mother's efforts to argue were in vain when I heard Casey join them.

"Here, I've prepared this juice for you," Casey spoke in an overly gentle tone, causing my blood to boil in my veins. I took a deep breath and coughed to let them know I had entered the scene.

I made it appear as if I had just arrived at the mansion. Lady Wanda rolled her eyes with a haughty demeanor, while Casey observed Calix's reaction to my presence.

"Hello, Lady Wanda," I greeted as I stepped into the living room where they were conspiring against me. Just looking at Calix served as a reminder of the years I had wasted with him. My three-year marriage had proven to be nothing but a waste of time.

"You don't come home anymore now?" She didn't even acknowledge my greeting and launched into her bitterness.

"I was working," I began to explain, but I hadn't finished when Calix approached me, wearing a stern expression. I didn't want to be near his scent, but I had to act wisely for the moment.

"I felt the same pain in my heart last night," he mumbled, and his gaze landed on my black eye.

"Did someone attack you?" he inquired, narrowing his eyes as he studied my face and gently pinching my chin to make me look straight at him.

"There was a scuffle at the studio," I lied, not expecting him to double-check it.

"Ah, that explains the pain," the satisfaction on his face irked me. Why did he expect my loyalty when he wasn't loyal himself? And the fact that my black eye didn't concern him as long as I wasn't cheating on him?

"See, she arrives, and my son starts whispering to her. What's so important that you two can't speak up loudly?" Lady Wanda complained, clearly trying to paint me as the puppet master pulling the strings in her son's life, even though he had made it abundantly clear how little he cared about me or respected our relationship.

"Because that's how married people operate. We can't discuss our private affairs in front of all of you, can we?" I locked eyes with her and watched as her jaw slowly dropped to the floor.

"Are you daring to raise your voice at me now?" She appeared utterly taken aback. I wished I had de

livered these shocks to her sooner. I had endured her mistreatment in an attempt to salvage my marriage. Did it save my marriage?

No, it's a mutual effort. If the alpha has no intention of preserving the marriage, why should a Luna subject herself to ridicule by trying to please his pack members and the royal family?

"I don't know when you started believing I'm incapable of speaking up, but breaking news, I was merely standing up for myself because my dear husband here struggles to defend me," I turned to Calix, who scowled at my boldness.

"Mind your words. Have you come home completely drunk?" Calix hissed, attempting to grasp my arm, but I wriggled free.

"Don't ever attempt to mistreat me in front of my maid," I hissed back, dealing a blow to Casey's pride.

"Casey, fetch the lotion to my room and give me a foot massage," amidst the ongoing argument with my alpha mate and his mother, I turned to Casey and issued the order. I had once been exceedingly gentle and considerate toward her, even treating her like a sister, but it had yielded no results.

I felt the need to remind her one last time of her place.

"Has she lost her mind?" Lady Wanda complained, and Calix hushed her, providing her with reassurance, probably pledging to make me pay for my actions.

Instead of entering the bedroom tainted with the remnants of Casey and Calix, I opted for the guestroom. As I settled in, I started to hyperventilate.

'See? It wasn't so difficult. I wish you'd done it earlier,' Estelle reassured me. I felt isolated but also a sense of pride for standing up for myself for the first time.

Casey never appeared with the lotion, and I couldn't fathom why she was already acting differently, especially when Calix had mentioned he was awaiting some report.

What if he's already done with it, and now they don't need to hide their relationship so vigorously? Countless thoughts raced through my mind.

I reached for my bag and retrieved the USB to connect it to my laptop. It didn't matter what Calix was up to. The evidence I possessed could utterly destroy him. Regardless of the report he might be working on, the videos of him with my maid would provide a compelling case to suggest his involvement in its creation.

I opened the folder, and my heart sank into my chest. I disconnected the USB and tried to connect it again, but the folder remained frustratingly empty.

"What on earth! Where did everything vanish to?" My hands flew to cover my mouth as I let out a terrified yelp. The drive appeared devoid of any files.

Then it hit me. I had never verified whether he had the files on the USB. Walsh had transferred them all to his laptop, leaving the drive empty as a sort of insurance in case I didn't comply with his advances.

Just as I was lost in contemplating my impending downfall, my phone rang, and it turned out to be Walsh.

"Where are the files?" I didn't even have the time to exchange pleasantries. I was seething with anger.

"Eh, took you a while to get to the material that should have been of utmost importance to you," his cocky tone sent shivers down my spine.