

Maid to the Blind Alpha

Chapter 2

Alpha Noah.

"I am Noah, the blind Alpha."

I lost my sight years ago during a bloodbath with an opposition pack and that is when I truly became blind. I do not trust anyone or anything. I am in the most vulnerable state of my life and despite being a powerful Alpha, I still lost something precious to me.

When I was first attacked by the opposition pack, I lost all my sight. But through the years because of my supernatural making. I am able to gain little of my visions as I go through rehabilitation.

I stay indoors at all times. The damage of this opposition pack did not only cause me to lose my sight, it caused me to lose my mate and a good number of my pack members whose vengeance will still be taken. The dread and anger still boils in me even till today. I remember that cursed event like it happened today.

I was born a Thylacine, a part wolf-part tiger. It is the source of my strength. "Within myself, I have a wolf and tiger who only speaks in anger and war, it doesn't recognize sexual attraction, love or passion anymore." I have no control over my advanced strength and sometimes, my wolf and tiger take total control of my actions, making me dangerous.

I have lived all these three years with an intense trauma, I still hear the sounds of my pack members in the large fire. The weight of carrying my dead mate in my hands after she was killed mercilessly. After my loss, my anger took the best of me and I went on a rampage.

And it all began on that unfortunate day. In these three years, I have grown the strength of my pack and focused on multiplying our numbers for the day of reckoning. I haven't gotten my revenge yet. However, I need my sight to take revenge on the one who took my mate away from me.

The death of my mate has caused me to become a person with ravaging anger, trust issues and paranoia. I have intense trust issues because it was a rogue that we accepted into my pack that gave an opposition pack the opportunity to get information and strike us.

I lost my mate, and she was supposed to be my Luna.

What is your name? I ask.

Although I cannot see her face, I know that she will be afraid because the rumors of my aggravation have gone wild and vast. Even my enemies are afraid of the rumors because I am different from what they used to know.

"My name is Gwen."

Just like I suspected, her voice is shaky and unstable. Does she have something to hide? Or is she just afraid?

What pack are you from? I question her. This is about the tenth candidate I am interviewing this week. I feel like they have something they are hiding and I cannot trust them.

I can make out the movements of her body. I cannot see her face, or what her physique looks like. My vision is blurry, filled with rays that are not understandable.

"I am from overseas." I left my pack because I do not want to be with my mate. I don't know anyone here and I need a job to start afresh.

Immediately, I reach for the telephone that I cannot see but I've mastered where it is always placed. I cannot deal with any rogues and I will avoid this.

Please, don't! She says.

There is a crack in her voice. It is desperate. The decline of my eyes has made me strain my other senses to understand the emotions of people since I cannot see it on their faces.

"I don't have anywhere else to go." Please, don't send me out. I can do anything for you. She says.

I have made up my mind that I will not have rogues in my castle but as I am about to dial the telephone. I can hear her footsteps and she grabs the telephone from my hand.

I stand from my seat in anger and grab a hold of her with my two hands to utter curseful words. I believe she didn't expect that because of the squealing that escapes her mouth. She loses her balance and ends up falling against me, back to the chair.

My whole body freezes. The worst thing isn't the fact that she fell on me. It is the fact that she is sitting on me and my arms are embracing her like we are sharing a moment.

I freeze when I realize how close the contact we share in the very moment. I can feel her breathe against mine and can almost taste the strawberry scent of her skin.

She gets off me and I can hear her retreating footsteps. I cannot believe that has just transpired. I am so embarrassed by myself and the thoughts that crossed my mind in that space of time.

Why did you grab the phone!?! I say, not apologizing about what just happened. It takes me a good number of minutes for me to try to reconnect and forget how round, and soft it felt to grab her buttocks.

It is absolutely wrong! I am still mourning my mate and I have never felt the need to want another woman since after her.

However, I know what happened just now is wrongful to her. The only way to make sense of it is to apologize by giving her the job. But, apart from that, I cannot seem to send her away so easily because her scent has distorted my tiger.

Usually, my tiger is always boiling with anger and aggravation but right now, it is quiet and relaxed. Immediately, I am uncomfortable in her presence and I am still trapped in her scent.

Leave. Get me a glass of water! I say, needing a moment to relax my senses that have been awakened.

In a few minutes, the door opens and I recognize her scent as she walks towards me and drops the glass on the table.

Oh no! She says.

I feel water splash onto my legs, I believe the glass toppled over and this must be because she is scared of me. She cannot seem to do anything right!

"I'm sorry." I'm so sorry. I spilled the water.

I get up from the chair, frustrated as I can tell my pants are soaked and before I can say a word. I feel her hand patting my lap where the water was spilled. I grab a hold of her and push her towards the table.

I hate it when someone touches me with prior knowledge. It triggers my senses. I can feel her chest beating rapidly on mine as I push her towards the table. I am holding her hand and leaning against her to the point where I can feel her heart beating on my chest.

I want to devour her in a second until she is breathless. My mind is in ruins and every time I feel anger against her, it dissolves into a strong,

pulsing desire. My whole body throbs and aches for her but I don't even know who she is.

"If you make another mistake, I won't think twice before I fire you." This is your last chance. Got it?

"Yes, Alpha Noah." She says.

Her voice is soft, I wonder what her lips look and taste like.

"Get out of my office." I growl at her and she disappears from my office.

I fall on my chair, my own heart rate is unstable and for the first time since my mate died, I am turned on. It feels impossible.

"Several times, my beta and omega have tried to get me to be interested in someone but I never felt a mole of attraction." All until this woman found her way into my office, and found a way to surprise my anger that even I, myself, have no control over.