

# Untouchable (The Moonlight Avatar Series Collection)

## Chapter 2 – The Alpha

*“There is something about losing a mother that is permanent and inexpressible—a wound that will never quite heal.” – Susan Wiggs*

### **Neron**

“I love you, Neron.”

“And I love you, my darling,” I whispered into Odessa’s ear, thrusting deep into her again and again. Such a little tease she was; grinding on me this earlier in the morning, getting me all worked up. Her sweet moans and shouts of praise added fuel to my fire. My fists balled up the bedsheets. Passion and heat rocketed through every synapse in my body. With her warmth encompassing my cock, I was nearing my release. Fire swelled in my core, striking deep in my groin. Growling, I laid my claim on her in my last thrusts. My love’s beautiful amber eyes rolled to the back of her head, apparent to her near release. Her sharp nails pierced my back, scraping down my n\*ked flesh as her face contorted into my favorite expression.

The face of pure ecstasy.

Goddess, she was so breathtaking. From the hairs on her head to her cute toes, her beauty and amazing body were all mine.

It wasn’t long till we both reached our climax, slowly riding out the highs of our desire until we collapsed on my bed. The sun had barely peeked its blinding rays through my curtains, marking the start of another day. I pulled the exhausted Odessa into my arms, pressing her body flush against mine as

her auburn tresses tickled my flesh. Catching my breath, my ears picked up slight movements around the pack house, telling me my members were awake.

I snorted to myself, wondering if anyone had heard us in our throes of passion. Werewolf ears could pick up anything.

Today was the day of my passage of the Alpha ceremony. I would finally become Alpha of the Zircon Moon Pack. It was high time my father retired from his position and lived the rest of his days in peace. It was a real shame my mother wasn't here to help with the transition. Throughout generations, the Luna had been present at the sacred ceremony. This was the first time we wouldn't have our Luna with us. She always knew how to soothe my father and me. Tranquility was embedded in her aura. My heart ached at the final, happy memories of my late mother, her gracious smile, and her words of pure love.

I wished she was here to see me take the mantle she raised me for. She and Nuria.

"Baby?" My eyes darted from the ceiling to Odessa, her doe eyes filled with concern. "You've grown quiet. Are you alright?"

I sighed, expelling my pain. "I'm fine. You know what today is, right?" She nodded. "I was just thinking about how much my mother would have loved to have been here. Knowing her, she'd be ordering our sorry hinds around for decorations and food."

"Hey. Your mom would have been proud of you. You are her son; you could never disappoint her." My lady replied with a comforting smile. "I'm sure if she was still here, she would be the first person to cheer you on. You know this. And once you become Alpha..." Her feather-like fingers drew circles on the crevices of my chest. "I'll become your Luna, and all the pieces will fall into place."

There was another thud in my heart. Not a painful one, but one of futility. Deep down, I knew Odessa couldn't be my true Luna. She was not my true mate, for that was whom the Luna title rightfully belonged to. My lady didn't exactly have the most positive reputation amongst the pack, given her occasional petty attitude and haughty behavior, but I didn't care. She had been with me through thick and thin, and I held a lot of love for her. So, what if she didn't enjoy training or getting her hands di\*ty? She was more than perfect in my eyes.

I kissed her forehead, soft, and chaste. "Babe. I wouldn't have it any other way."

**"Of course, you would say that, idiot."** My wolf rumbled from the trenches of my mind. That was our routine now whenever I made love to Odessa. He'd retreat but come back afterward to reprimand me when I finished. I never understood what his problem was with Odessa or her wolf, Ariel. **"She's not ours. You can continue to dance around the thought of this woman being our Luna, but I'll wait for our TRUE mate."**

*"Are you sure about that, Onyx?"*

**"Yes. Do whatever the hell you want. Don't come crying to me when it all comes back to bite you in the ass."** With that, Onyx retreated yet again. With a groan, I rolled out of bed to get ready for the day, reluctantly leaving Odessa's warmth. I needed to discuss the final event details with my father and get my suit pressed. Humming, I thought back to what my wolf had told me. Would he wait forever for some random girl instead of recognizing that we have an excellent woman right next to us?

The entire mate thing was pathetic. After watching my father crumble from his broken mate bond, I rejected the desire to have a true mate. If my mate ever died, whoever she was, I didn't want to fall in that same pit of darkness my father had. Watching him fall was hard but getting him out of that pit was even harder. I felt like Sisyphus, moving the boulder up the mountain, but having it roll down on me every time I neared the top. Alcoholism and depression were brutal on his brain and his body. Beta Steven had to take

over his duties for a good six months before Dad was well enough to be Alpha again. I lost Mom and Nuria, I couldn't lose him too.

Behind me, I heard the rummaging of my sheets. Warm arms wrapped around my waist and a soft k\*ss planted itself above my Pack Mark, sending shivers down my spine. "Raina and I will be busy all day getting ready for your ceremony. Will you behave while I'm gone?"

I chuckled, lifting one of her hands to my l\*ps. "No promises."

"You're such a sly dog."

"Guilty as charged."

By the time I've escaped Odessa's tantalizing hands more of the pack had begun their day. The delicious scent of breakfast rises in the air, coaxing me towards the kitchen. On a normal day, the packed kitchen was crowded with hungry werewolves drooling over the artistry the Omegas had come up with for the morning. They never cease to amaze me with both the amount of culinary knowledge they hold and their mastery over the cutting board.

The pack never went hungry. Excellent food plus full bellies equaled happy wolves.

It must be an old-fashioned breakfast this morning. The scent of bacon was driving me crazy. Onyx emerged and howled at me for the sustenance, annoying the hell out of me. I rolled my eyes. He had the energy to chastise me for having s\*x with Odessa, and yet, was easily seduced by a slab of bacon? I couldn't help but chuckle at the thought. He was an Alpha, but even Alphas couldn't resist the bacon!

However, when a particular scent hit my nose, it soured my morning. A blended scent of fresh strawberries, honey, and vanilla. A scent that reminded me of the tropics. It wasn't even a foul scent. In fact, the scent made me feel good. It made Onyx feel alive, making him stir uncontrollably.

*It pissed me off.*

The problem wasn't the scent itself, but who it belonged to. That scent did things to me, wonderful things, like igniting every nerve in my body with a pleasant heat. It dripped to my core, awakening my desires like it was a match to gasoline. The sweetest scent I'd ever smelled belonged to the worthless cur polishing the marble floors of the assembly hall, looking close to collapsing on the job when I peeked through the glass on the doors.

Only clothed in a raggedy gray cloth one would call a dress, it was easy to tell just how malnourished it was. Its bones were prominent in many places and had little to no fat in areas a lady should have. I wouldn't even call it a lady at this point. The curls in its hair were hanging on a thread of dear life and its pale brown skin was littered with bruises, welts, and cuts, aside from the obvious cracking of the skin on the soles of its feet.

The pitiful thing was suffering. Good.

After all the shit it had put this pack through, put my family through, it deserves every bruise on that frail body. It was the reason I no longer have a mother or a sister, and I made sure it remembered it every time I go down to the dungeons. The slave should be lucky that it lived to polish these damn floors. But I must say, it had done a remarkable job at cleaning. There was some use in it, after all.

But, deep down inside, there was that smidgen of remorse. Regret. Sometimes I felt the slave didn't deserve the treatment it got. I did care a lot about it, once upon a time. A lot, actually. But its pain was nowhere comparable to the pain my father, and I felt the day our bonds with Mom and Nuria broke for good. It changed my life forever. No matter how much pain we, collectively as a pack, put it through, I still felt the loss. I still felt that agonizing burn deep in my soul.

I could hear Onyx's whimpers every time I laid my hands on it. I always ask him what his issue was, but he never answered me. I took it as a sign that he

didn't want to partake in the punishments. He had to face facts at some point. No ifs, ands, or buts about it.

My eyes caught the sight of an empty plate on the corner of the stage. It had dried up food stains. My body suddenly shook, vibrating with anger. The fury in my body boiled over like an erupted volcano. Did it steal food again last night or did someone come and feed it? How many times do I have to clarify that this piece of werewolf shit does not deserve any sustenance?

I no longer had control over my body. My rage did. From my reflection in the glass peering into the assembly hall, my ocean-blue eyes turned obsidian black. Kicking the doors open, the slave shrieked and fell right on its ass, scooting as far away as it could from me. Once it hit the wall, it finally registered in its pathetic mind that there was no escape.

"It appears the stupid slave doesn't like to listen. Slaves only exist to obey, and you broke your one f\*\*king rule!" I grabbed the plate and threw it at its cracking feet. The sharp impact of the ceramic destroyed it into a million shards, embedding some into its flesh. Ugh, even the scent of its blood was bothering me. "You stole food from the kitchen again? Are you that much of a f\*\*king animal?"

"No! I didn't—!" The desperation in its voice disappeared the instant I backhanded its face. Its whimpers coiled the strings in my heart, causing my heart to burn. I slapped it again, but my pain only grew worse. Its pruning hands shot up to shield its face from my blows, but that didn't deter me. Its whimpers grew to full-blown sobbing, grating at my ears. Goddess, why didn't I kill it a long time ago?

"Don't lie to me, mongrel! You know the rules. You aren't allowed food unless the Alpha or I am feeling generous!" Multiple scents billowed entered the room, the spectators watching the commotion, but my focus was on the shriveling mess cowering before me. It got one thing right, it should never look at me straight in the eye or raise its head. "Tell me the truth or else...well, you could take a gander at what will happen next."

“Chill the f\*\*k out, Nero. I gave her the food.”