

Untouchable (The Moonlight Avatar Series Collection)

Chapter 29 The Anger

"Memories warm you up from the inside. But they also tear you apart. - Haruki Murakami"

Kiya

This couldn't be happening.

My ex-mate is coming to Garnet Moon territory, my home. He is coming into my home to speak with my brother.

The mere thought of the man who helped ruin my life coming into my hearth and home boiled my blood. My anger pulsated in every cell in my body, lighting me up like a flame.

"Take Ximey away, please." I blurted, trembling in my seat. I didn't want my niece to see me in the dark depths of my anger. I don't want her to fear me. Understanding what is about to happen, Luna Alesia quickly took her daughter from my arms and hurried out of the room, the door quickly shut behind her. I felt my Alpha's eyes on me, searing into my flesh as he watched my every move.

"Ki. I know this is coming as a shock to you."

"You think?" A growl rumbled deep in my chest. My anger isn't the only thing I could feel. I could feel Artemis's anger rivaling mine, destroying and reforming in her cellular make-up. The past had a funny way of showing back

up when you least expect it. I thought I had this sorted out in therapy, but it is obvious I didn't.

I hate Zircon Moon with every fiber in my body. I hate every single person involved in my torture. I hated the Lanes. I hated the Omegas. I hated Odessa. I hated Jonathan. But above all, I hated Neron. The bastard who rejected and marked me for death. He was the monster who took pleasure in my pain, just like his old man. It took me five long years to get to where I am now, and his filthy ass will tap-dance across my home? My place of sanctity?!

Am I bitter? Yes. I have every damn right to be. They stole eight years of my life that I would never get back!

My anger is going off the hinges, slipping through the blocks I set on my powers. My fingers tremble as silvered light loops around each digit. My world suddenly becomes more vivid to where I could see the smallest specs of dust floating around the office. My eyes burn, knowing they're changing color as my heart pounded against my ribcage, desperate to keep up with the anger flooding my bloodstream.

I want to punch something. Hit something! I want to hit Neron in his fucking face!

"Kiya, control yourself!" His command didn't register in my mind. All I wanted is to cast Zircon Moon away from the place I call mine. I won't let them take anything else away from me!

Anthony ordered me to calm down again, this time using his authoritative Alpha voice. It is like I was doused with a bucket of icy water. I must get a grip. This won't help me or anyone. Sucking in deep, long breaths, I push my powers back to the depths of my mind and heart.

But my anger didn't disappear. It's still here, but less prominent.

"Are you really helping that bastard?" I asked him, "After everything he's done to me? After everything I've told you, you're going to help him?"

"He is a fellow Alpha whose pack is in danger. They recently suffered from rogue attacks that claimed the lives of countless soldiers and wolves. Their numbers are dwindling, and I promised to lend a hand to whatever pack that needs it."

"To hell with Zircon Moon, then! Let them all die!" I shouted at the top of my lungs, rising from my seat. "They don't deserve your help!"

Anthony glared at me with the force of a thousand suns, a deep rumble erupting from his chest. Instantly, I clammed up, realizing that I overstepped my boundaries by raising my voice at my Alpha. Deep within me, Artemis whined and bowed her head in submission. "You watch your tone when speaking to me, Kiya. I will not tolerate disrespect from anyone; not even you."

Gulping, I bowed my head. "Yes, Alpha."

"Alpha Neron is no friend of mine." He spoke. "I haven't forgotten what he did to you. No one has. However, as of now, he is a fellow Alpha who needs help and I'll welcome him into my territory to discuss negotiations on supply and soldier deployment."

He rose out of his seat, palms flat on his desk. "They need help, Kiya. This isn't about you. This is about the safety and security of the innocent pups and families at Zircon who potentially witnessed the loss of their loved ones and mates. There are lives at stake here, and more than ever, we need to work together to fight this evil. I will not let you stop me from helping another pack and become the catalyst of innocent people dying when I could have done more to help them!"

I remained silent; my head still bowed as I soaked in his words. I couldn't make eye contact with him because of my shame. Deep within my anger, I knew my big brother is right. He is one of the most selfless Alphas I've ever met—lending help to whoever needed it. Why wouldn't he help Zircon?

Sometimes, I wish he was more selfish.

But the mere thought of my torturers finding me and dragging me back to my delayed execution terrified me. Underneath all this muscle, I was still a scared little girl. Scared that all my happiness would be taken away from me again.

"I'm sorry." I croaked out, tears threatening to fall. "I don't want them to know I'm here. I'm scared, Anthony."

I heard footsteps, then felt warm fingers curl underneath my chin. He lifts my face to look at him again, this time his expression void of any earlier anger. "I know. And they won't know you're here. I won't compromise your safety. To everyone but us, you're dead, and it will stay that way. Do you want me to arrange for a place to stay outside of pack territory?"

I shake my head, tears sliding down my face. "No. I won't let them push me out of my home. How long will they be here?"

"Only for the duration of our meeting, so it might take the entire day." He answered honestly. That made the dam burst from my eyes. Choked sobs erupted from my throat, painful.

"Goddess, I'm so scared." I was pulled into my brother's arms, face buried in his clean black shirt. I felt weak. I felt pathetic. After all this big talk of not letting them rule over my life anymore, here I am terrified of their potential presence. I was a strong Delta, and I couldn't even deliver.

"Shh..." He whispered in my ear, gently rocking me from side to side. "It's okay. It's okay. We'll figure something out before their arrival. I promise."

"I thought I was strong enough, Tony." I whimpered, gripping onto his shirt tighter. "I thought I was better. I thought I was okay."

"Trauma never fully goes away, Little Bit." His hand caressed my hair, lulling me with his comfort. "Don't get angry at yourself for reacting the way you did. You're still healing. You're still making progress. I've seen you blossom from a meek wolf to a fine warrior I'm proud to call my own."

He pulled me away from his embrace to look at me directly in the eyes again. "You are not weak. You never were weak. You pushed through life against all odds. Few dare to move on and work on healing as you have. That is a testament to your strength, Kiya. You are strong, so strong. It's okay to break down and cry. But never, ever let anyone take away what you worked so hard to accomplish."

Sniffling, I wiped my tears with my palm, regaining my breath again. His words meant a lot to me. Even in the face of adversity, Anthony knew how to help me center myself again. My bond with him is strong. I nodded, my mind working on a plan for their arrival.

"When will they be here?"

"The day after tomorrow."

"Okay." I bit my lip. "That gives me one day to prepare."

He smiled at me. "There is my little sis, already working on strategies. Have I told you how smart and adaptable you are?"

"Only about five hundred times." I giggled, my negative emotions dissipating. "I'm sorry for yelling at you. I stepped out of line and insulted you by raising my voice."

"Apology accepted." He patted my shoulder. "Now, whatever plan you have, I wish you the best of successes. If you feel like things are too much, Little Bit, you find me and we will arrange something, okay?"

I nodded. "Of course." I turn towards the door. Before I turned the knob, I looked back at my brother one more time. "Thank you for letting me know." With a nod, I left the Alpha's office without looking back.

The pain was so hard to forget. I have a life that I've always dreamed of having, but the pain was like a cockroach, when you thought you got rid of it, it always comes back. Reminders of what I've been through carved into my

skin. Literally. Some of my scars would never fade, like the big one on my right shoulder blade.

Zircon Moon is a name I've tried so hard to bury. To burn out of my mind. Yet, five years later, it still had the power over me. And it pisses me off.

My anger is dangerous, and sometimes, it scares the hell out of me. Even during my therapy sessions, when it comes out, it's like an uncontrollable geyser, incinerating everything in its wake. And this was when I didn't have my powers to worry about.

Kudos to Mayra for teaching me skills on how to combat that anger, but there was just so much. It could morph into an unbridled rage. When I looked in the mirror while angry, I see a different person. It's me, but with the ambition to destroy.

I wanted to destroy all that hurt me.

It burned me from the inside out, but it made me feel better at the same time. My anger motivated me to be better. I channeled my anger through training, fighting my way up the ranks to be the best Delta possible.

But anger is a double-edged sword. Anger triggers my powers to go crazy. It dances to a different tune, striking down all around it. It could hurt, maim, or even kill. That's a line I refuse to cross. I cannot take a life. I will not take a life.

That's the terrifying thing about anger. It made people do things they never thought they would do. Does this horrific desire to destroy make me like the monsters who hurt me?

Who am I?