

Untouchable (The Moonlight Avatar Series Collection)

Chapter 30 The Encroachment

"Choices made, whether bad or good, follow you forever and affect everyone in their path one way or another." J.E.B. Spredemann

Kiya

Music **played** on my phone, filling my ears with notes of tranquility and pleasure. The eloquent tune of piano and violin playing in a harmonious, melodious tune. The magic of classical music is an antidote to my anger, its substantial power pushes the anger and darkness back where it belongs. It brings me back to the grips of reality, reminding me I am stronger. To not let my anger control me.

I control it.

Anthony was right. I'm still healing, and controlling my fury is part of the process. I must process it for my sake. I will not let Zircon Moon take control of my emotions or my sanity. I've come too far to let that all go to waste.

I called Mayra to schedule an appointment for tomorrow afternoon. I want to get this out of my system as soon as possible. It's the only thing I could do. That and disguise my scent for the time Neron **and his** crew are here.

Thank Goddess for Sapphire's Anti Spray. When the time comes for me to use it, it will make sure no one at Zircon can sniff me out.

If they do, then I'm dead. And it won't be by choice this time.

Today is the day Neron and other ranked werewolves arrive on the territory, and my anxiety has **never** been higher. They were to arrive within the next hour.

My stomach twisted and turned like it is making cartwheels on top of my intestines. My pounding heart didn't respond to my breathing exercises, and I couldn't stop sweating. Moving from my crossed-legged position on my bed wasn't possible because I couldn't move.

I couldn't stomach breakfast this morning. All I could think about is **how** those monsters could waltz into my home at any moment, so I skipped. Since then, I didn't leave my room. Hiding is all I could do to keep myself safe and to keep my identity a secret. To make sure no one from that pack knew I've been alive all this time.

I took great care to spray the Anti-Spray more generously on myself and around my room. If Neron tracks my scent **and** finds me, who knows what would happen? Mates could find each other with a simple sniff, **even** if they were ex-mates. He is older, stronger, and no doubt more strategic with his beatings. He could kill me this time around. The faint memory of his gigantic hands around my neck haunted **my** nightmares.

And those **eyes**. Those blue eyes that flickered to black. The beast had **come** out to play and I was his chew **toy**.

"He won't **find** us," Artemis reassured me. "He will not take us back to that dreadful place. We're protected by **our pack** and our friends, and they will fight for us."

"He can use his Alpha authority to take me back. I'm still a criminal of the pack and escaped my punishment. He will fight to have us executed."

"I don't doubt that might happen if we're spotted." My wolf sighed, resting her head in between her paws in my mind. "But **we're** safe. We'll be in your room until they leave. We've taken every precaution possible. The only thing we can do is wait it out."

The rigidity of my body disappeared, allowing me to plop backward on my bed with a slight bounce. I hated hiding. I, normally, would not have a problem confronting my challenges, I did it with training, magic, school, classes, and everything else in between. But this problem I couldn't confront. Because I was too fucking scared of my ex-mate.

A couple of knocks on my **door** startled me. I take two whiffs before opening to see Sapphire, Phoebe, and Olivia with their laptops and loads of food and snacks in their hands. I blinked once before a smile crept its way up my face.

Soooo, are you going to let us in?" Olivia asked, shaking her bag of chips for emphasis. I giggled, allowing the **girls** into my room. She instantly plopped on my bed while the other **two** took their seats on the floor, using some of my pillows to cushion their rears.

"We heard you skipped breakfast, so we're going to pig out." Sapphire pulled out plates and utensils from her bags. "Zainab and Cleo made some chicken biryani to cheer you up."

The smell of spices and chicken instantly made my mouth water. I love them so much **more** already! Chicken biryani is life!

My eyes dart to Olivia. "I thought you're supposed to be with Dwayne at the meeting."

"I am." She nodded, grabbing a juice bottle. "But it doesn't mean I can't be with you until then!"

"You're going through a tough time," Phoebe whispered, her abnormal purple eyes giving me a sympathetic look. "We **want** to lessen the burden as much as possible." She grabbed my hands and pulled me **down** to the floor. "You're feeling stressed. The amplitude of your abilities is fluctuating."

Phoebe, **as** the avatar of Hekate, could **sense** true emotions through skin-to-skin contact. She could read people like a book and guess things about

people without knowing them. Her life hasn't been easy as a witch, but I was proud to have her as my friend and magic teacher.

"Yeah, I've been **working** on that." My eyes instantly lit up when served a plate of my chicken dish. The first bite melted in my mouth, and I involuntarily let out a deep moan. "This is so good. Zainab has to teach me how to make this."

"See?" Olivia poked Sapphire's shoulder. "Food makes the world go around."

"We could also do a little training later. The witch suggested. I **agreed**, wanting in as much training as possible. With my powers under control, I could focus better. I didn't like the fact that Phoebe could detect the fluctuation in them because of my anxiety.

Within the hour, we've gone deep into watching a badly made erotic movie, criticizing the acting but praising the soundtrack. Our laughter and snorts echoed through the air in my bedroom, and soda bottles and cups littered the floor. It was **a** fun time where all of us bonded with each other. Olivia left a while ago to **be** with Dwayne, so it is just Phoebe, Sapphire, and me.

I wish I could say that the rest of the day continued like that. But, once **Alpha** Anthony mind-linked me, my heart stopped.

"They're here."

Neron

It was a five-hour **drive** from Zircon territory to Garnet territory. I've discussed with Alpha Anthony on the phone about forming an alliance that would help both our packs for the upcoming years. Garnet Moon

is **a** formidable pack, and their requests for alliances from other packs were nothing short of plethoric. However, given the history between packs, it's a shot in the dark **to** see if we would **ever** form an alliance.

But that does not mean I was not willing to try.

Anthony and I can change things. And I can only hope it's for the better.

My eyes glanced at the redwood trees that passed by us in blurs. One could tell a lot about a pack by the abundance of a certain tree that guards their territory. Redwood trees symbolize wellness, safety, **and** longevity. Garnet Moon is known for its openness to refugees.

Zircon Moon is **surrounded** by Gambel Oak trees. Oak is universally symbolic of strength and morale. We are **a** powerful pack, but lately, I fear we were lacking in morale and it zaps my strength.

"You're awfully quiet." I could feel the smirk in Valerian's voice. In the car with me were my Beta and Gamma, while one of my honored guards, Tristan, is our driver. "What's on your mind, Nero? Rather be at home with our Luna?"

My eye twitched at the reference of Odessa as our Luna. Since the top three ranking wolves were out for the day, our work was temporarily passed to our women. Well, mostly Beta Female Raina, since she had more competence than her best friend. And honestly? It is a breath of relief to get away from Odessa, even if it is for the day.

If I must listen to her complain about her hair one more time, I'll flip my desk.

"Planning on what to discuss with Alpha Anthony, if that's what you're looking for." I **give** my friend a pointed. look. "Odessa can handle herself."

A loud snort was heard from Kwame, sitting at my side with **his** tablet in hand. His dreadlocks, now in a ponytail, rested on his shoulder. “Sure. With a couple of spa **days** and her keratin treatments, she’d be right **as** rain.”

The car was soundproof with a barrier, so our driver couldn’t hear our conversation.

“She’s rough around the edges, but she’s a good woman. She just needs a little push,” I muttered back.

“You’ve been pushing for five years, and yet, she doesn’t budge,” Kwame responded with the coolness of a winter day. “She parades around, claiming the Luna title, but did nothing to earn it. She is in love with the title, not the responsibilities that come with it.”

Since the beginning, Kwame never liked Odessa. In fact, he despises her but **never** shows it on his face. He once told me that she leaves a sour taste in his mouth. I understand that not everyone liked Odessa, but regardless, I still **love** her. **She** was my woman; flaws and all.

“How long would it take you to flesh an honorable Luna from a spoiled she-wolf?” Kwame suddenly asks, his **eyes** now on me. “You have yet to mark her. She cannot bear your pups until then, so what are you waiting for? Don’t you want an heir to continue your legacy?”

Alphas could only bear pups with their true mates without a mark. But, if they do not have a choice but to mate with **an** unmated female, then she could bear his pups only after the marking. If I want Odessa to become my Luna and carry my children, I need to mark her.

But I don’t have it in me, and Onyx refused to claim her as our mate. He still wanted and loved Halima.

And it fucking hurts.

“Just drop it.” I retort with a warning growl. I didn’t want to talk about this anymore, nor face the reality. Kwame backed off, but not without a huff. Valerian kept quiet, but I knew he had other things to say but decided against it.

I must get this situation sorted out after this meeting.