

Untouchable: The Alpha's Miracle Doctor

Chapter 1

Haven Kramer POV:

The silence in the living room was thick, but it didn't weigh on me.

I sat comfortably on the edge of the silk armchair, my hands resting loosely in my lap, calmly observing the theater playing out around me.

My father, Alpha Gordon Kramer, stood by the mantelpiece with his back to me, staring into the unlit fireplace.

His rigid posture was a performance of grim authority, but to my trained eyes, the overextension of his shoulder muscles betrayed pure, anxious tension.

He was nervous. I found that amusing.

A heavy tread on the marble floor signaled the arrival of the King's envoy. A severe-looking wolf with graying temples stepped into the room. His face was a mask of absolute neutrality.

The air in the room crackled with tension, but my heart rate remained a steady, resting sixty beats per minute.

My father finally turned, his expression a carefully constructed mask of joy. "Welcome," he said, his voice a low rumble.

He pointedly did not look at me. It was a classic evasion tactic. He thought he was breaking my heart; in reality, he was just confirming his own cowardice.

The envoy gave a curt nod, wasting no time on pleasantries. He drew a parchment scroll tied with a royal blue ribbon from his inner pocket and unrolled it with a soft crackle.

"By decree of the Alpha King," the envoy began, his monotone voice echoing in the vast room. "Regarding the union between the houses of Contreras and Kramer. It is noted that Alpha Darren Contreras is an exemplary heir, beloved and strong. And it is noted that his brother, Alpha Demetri Contreras, was grievously wounded by silver in the Western War, his connection to his wolf severed, leaving him a broken shell."

The formal descriptions of the two brothers hung in the air. One a golden boy, the other a crippled outcast.

"It has been confirmed by the council that Haven Kramer is wolfless," the envoy continued, casting a brief, pitying glance my way. "A wolfless mate is an unacceptable match for a future leader. Therefore, the betrothal between Alpha Darren Contreras and Haven Kramer is hereby declared null and void."

Beside the mantelpiece, my father's expression remained placid, his eyes distant. He looked exactly like a merchant watching a trade deal close. To him, I was just damaged goods being offloaded at a steep discount to preserve an alliance.

"In her stead," the envoy read, "her sister, Charly Kramer, a true wolf of good standing, shall be joined with Alpha Darren Contreras. And to honor the original alliance, Haven Kramer shall be given to the crippled Alpha, Demetri Contreras."

"The weddings will be held simultaneously in three days' time," the envoy concluded, neatly rolling the scroll and handing it to my father. With a curt bow, he turned and walked out.

The silence returned.

My father finally looked at me, likely bracing himself for the hysterics, tears, or begging that the "old" Haven would have provided.

Instead, I stood up smoothly, smoothing down the skirts of my dress.

"Three days," I said, my voice cutting through the quiet room, entirely devoid of tremor. "I will be ready."

Before my father could recover from his visible shock, I turned on my heel and walked up to my bedroom.

I was sitting at my vanity, listening to the quiet night outside, when my door opened without a knock.

The cloying scent of sweet pea perfume, heavily laced with unearned triumph, announced her arrival.

My half sister, Charly.

"Oh, my poor sister," she cooed, her voice dripping with fake sympathy as she glided into the room, wearing an expensive white lace dress.

She came to stand behind me, her fingers reaching out to stroke my hair as if comforting a pet. "I was so heartbroken to hear the news."

I remained perfectly still, watching her reflection in the mirror. When I gave her no reaction, her facade quickly cracked. The corner of her mouth twitched into a smug smirk.

She sneered, "But you know, being wolfless, you were never worthy of Darren anyway. This is for the good of the family."

She leaned in close, her breath warm against my ear, dropping her voice to a venomous whisper. "Besides, Darren was always mine. You were just keeping him entertained."

I narrowed my eyes, and they became completely flat, cold as chips of ice.

Charly flinched, the triumphant smile freezing on her face. She took an involuntary step back, unnerved by the lack of tears.

Slowly, deliberately, I rose from the chair. I picked up a heavy, silver-backed comb from the vanity and began to rhythmically, elegantly pull it through my hair.

"Marrying a broken man is better than marrying a piece of trash," I said softly, my voice even and calm.

The color instantly drained from Charly's face. "You-"

"Our wedding is in three days, isn't it?" I turned to face her directly, letting the full weight of my detached, icy gaze fall upon her. "Go plan your ceremony, Charly. I accept the arrangement completely."

Charly stood there, utterly baffled. I knew she had come prepared for tears, hysterics, and a desperate me.

But I refused to give her that satisfaction.