

Untouchable: The Alpha's Miracle Doctor

Chapter 2

Haven Kramer POV:

Charly's shock quickly curdled back into anger. My composure was a greater insult than any screaming match could ever be. Her face flushed red with anger.

"Don't make it sound like you have other alternatives." she spat, her voice sharp and brittle. "A filthy wolfless. Marrying into the Contreras family at all is a gift from the Moon Goddess you don't deserve!"

I ignored her, turning to walk to my wardrobe. I began to sift through the dresses, my movements unhurried, as if I were merely choosing an outfit for a mundane dinner party.

This utter dismissal was more than she could stand. She lunged, grabbing my arm. Her nails dug into my skin.

"I'm talking to you! Are you deaf?" Her face was inches from mine, her expression twisted with vicious glee. "Do you know why Father agreed so easily? The Contreras family paid a fortune! Your 'funeral trousseau' has secured our family's prosperity for the next decade!"

The words were meant to crush me, to remind me of my worthlessness.

She leaned closer still, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial hiss. "And Father already knows Demetri is dying. The silver poison is in his bones. The healers say he won't last the month. You're going to be a widow soon enough. You will spend your life guarding a corpse and an empty title."

I still didn't give her the satisfaction of a breakdown-I just ignored her completely.

Frustrated by my absolute silence, Charly's face distorted with pure malice. She shoved me roughly, shouting in my face, "Why aren't you crying? You think you're still a precious daughter? Your late mother was nothing but a low-born bitch, and you're no better than her!"

That was the line. My movements ceased. Slowly, inch by inch, I turned my head. The ice in my eyes was gone. In its place, a fire blazed, so hot and furious it felt like it could melt steel.

Charly saw the sudden murder in my gaze and her hand flew from my arm as if she'd been burned.

Before she could process what was happening, I moved. My speed was a blur. My hand shot out and clamped like an iron vice around her throat. With a surge of overwhelming strength, I slammed her backward against the solid oak of the wardrobe. The impact rattled the heavy wood.

Charly's head cracked against the surface, and a strangled gasp escaped her lips as the air was forced from her lungs. Her eyes, wide with terror, stared at me. The face she had known for twenty

years was now a stranger's mask, a harbinger from hell. This was not the weak, yielding sister she loved to bully.

My fingers were bone-white from the force of my grip, but my expression was eerily calm. The contrast was monstrous.

"Apologize," I said. My voice was a raw, cold rasp, like a blade scraped over stone. "Apologize to my mother."

Charly's face was turning a horrifying shade of purple. She clawed frantically at my wrist, her throat making wet, gagging sounds. She couldn't form a single word.

"Insult my mother again," I whispered, tightening my grip just enough to cut off her pathetic whimpers. "And I'll make you apologize to her personally."

Her struggles weakened. Tears of pure terror streamed down her face. She began to beat a weak tattoo against the wardrobe with her free hand, a desperate, silent plea for help.

Seeing her pathetic, sniveling state cooled the inferno in my chest. Killing her here would be too quick. Too merciful.

I released her.

Charly slid down the wardrobe like a discarded doll, landing in a heap on the floor. She clutched her throat, coughing and retching, desperately sucking in air. Snot and tears smeared her perfect makeup.

She looked up at me, her eyes filled with a new kind of fear. A primal fear.

I stood over her, my own expression one of utter disgust. "Get lost," I said.

She scrambled to her feet, a clumsy, pathetic mess of limbs. She didn't dare look at me again. She stumbled to the door, fumbling with the handle.

Just before she pulled it open, she risked a final, hateful glare over her shoulder. "You'll regret this!" she choked out, the threat utterly hollow.

A cold smile touched my lips. It sent a visible shiver down her spine. She yanked the door open and fled, her footsteps pounding down the hall.

The door slammed shut, leaving me in silence once more.

I leaned against the wall, my body trembling slightly from the rush of adrenaline. I lifted my hand, staring at my fingers. They were steady now.

Tonight, they had tasted violence for the first time. And it was only the beginning.