

Untouchable: The Alpha's Miracle Doctor

Chapter 3

Haven Kramer POV:

The silence that followed Charly's flight was absolute. My expression was flat, my heart a cold, steady drum.

I uncurled my hand, palm up. The feeling of her throat under my fingers lingered-a foreign sensation of power that sent a cold thrill through my veins.

I knew Charly. She was already running to our father, spinning a tale of victimhood.

There would be consequences. But I no longer cared. If they wanted to push me into the abyss, I would claw my way back out from hell and drag them all down with me.

My gaze fell upon a small, locked wooden box on my nightstand. It was the only thing I had left of my mother, Elara Beaumont.

After I was born, my mother died in a so-called "hunting accident." A convenient fall from a cliff. I believed it was murder.

I walked to the box, my steps measured. From a chain around my neck, I pulled a small, tarnished key. The lock clicked open with a sound that seemed to echo in the quiet room.

Inside, there were no jewels, no gold. Just a few faded, leather-bound diaries and a single, thick vellum envelope.

I lifted the envelope, unfolding the paper soft with age. It was a letter written in my mother's elegant, flowing script, its words of love underlined with a deep, aching sorrow.

She told a story-how she had used her family's resources and her own strength to help my father challenge and win the title of Alpha.

But once he had the power, he grew ashamed of her and began an affair with Concetta, Charly's mother.

"My dearest Haven," the last lines read, "if you are reading this, I am gone. Do not trust Gordon. Do not trust any of them. Survive. At any cost, you must survive."

A single, hot tear finally escaped and fell onto the page, smearing the ink. My heart broke for my mother. But I would not share her fate. I was not helpless.

I had knowledge from another world, memories of a life where I held power not in bloodlines, but in skill. That was my weapon.

Yes. Two lifetimes.

Seven days ago, I almost lost my life to betrayal. Back then, I was deeply and innocently in love with my betrothed, Alpha Darren Contreras. But Gordon Kramer, swayed by Concetta's malicious scheming, forced me to hand over my beloved and my entire future to my sister, Charly.

To me, Darren was my world. Unable to endure the suffocating grief, the humiliation, and the sight of my sister stealing the man I loved, I chose to end my own life.

Perhaps the Moon Goddess took pity on me, because I did not die. During the seven days I lay in a coma, my soul traveled to a highly advanced interstellar world called Astraea.

Although I was born an orphan there, living in a crowded shelter, that technologically superior society allowed me to graduate from the top Imperial Medical Academy through my own relentless efforts and the help of a kind benefactor.

After I repaid my debt of gratitude to that benefactor, I threw myself entirely into the work of saving lives, mastering the complex biological structures of various humanoid and beast-kin species.

My surgical skills reached a level that commanded absolute reverence.

In the final years of my long and fulfilling life there, the patients I had cured bestowed upon me a legendary title-"The Miracle Healer."

When I closed my eyes for the last time on Astraea, I thought my journey had ended. Yet, I woke up back in the werewolf realm, returning to this body exactly seven days later.

My past infatuation with Darren meant nothing to me now. But my lingering resentment and my mother's tragic fate remained.

Since fate had granted me a second chance, I would use it to collect every single debt.

Everything they owed me, everything they owed my mother, I would take back piece by piece. Those who deceived and humiliated me will face retribution.

I was a healer, and I possessed a merciful heart. But that mercy would never be granted to my enemies.

I carefully folded the letter, placed it back with the diaries, and locked the box. This box would go with me. It was my anchor and my mission.

I wiped my eyes. When I looked up, my reflection in the vanity mirror was a stranger.

Pale face, green eyes, a mane of brown hair. But behind the eyes, the soul of a surgeon who had stared down death a thousand times was now fully in control.

The faces flashed through my mind, a gallery of smiling betrayers. The last face was one I'd never seen, only imagined: the pale, ruined face of Demetri Contreras. The dying Alpha.

Choosing to marry the crippled Alpha was an act of survival forced upon me by the council. But it was also the first calculated step of my grand design.

He was the hell they were sending me to, but his broken body was a patient only a master surgeon could rebuild.

A powerful, indebted Alpha, brought back from the brink of death by my hand, would be the sharpest blade I could possibly wield against the Kramer family.

A cold smile touched my lips. I trusted no one, least of all powerful men. This was a transaction. My skills for his power. A platform for my revenge.

A soft, respectful knock came at the door. A maid's voice, timid. "Miss, the Alpha requests your presence in his study."

Charly's tears had worked their magic. Gordon was ready to deliver his judgment.

Even though I forced myself to remain detached, a tight knot of nerves twisted in my stomach as I stood up. But I quickly smoothed my dress, my expression shifting, melting back into the mask of a meek, fragile girl. The avenger vanished, hidden deep inside.

"Of course," I called out, my voice soft and pliant. "I'll be right there."