

Untouchable: The Alpha's Miracle Doctor

Chapter 4

Haven Kramer POV:

The air in my father's study was thick with the scent of expensive cigars and old leather.

Gordon sat behind his massive mahogany desk, his face a thundercloud.

On a nearby sofa, Charly sat weeping softly, her eyes red and swollen. A perfect portrait of a wronged maiden.

I didn't look at her. I walked to the center of the room and inclined my head. "Father."

He grunted, slapping a hand on the desk. "Look at this mess! Attacking your own sister, days before her wedding! Do you have any idea the shame you bring upon this family?"

I lowered my eyes, letting my voice tremble with just the right amount of fragile hurt, but my gaze was locked onto his face.

I watched the slight, nervous twitch in his left eyelid-the universal physiological tell of a liar with a guilty conscience.

"Charly said some things... about Mother," I whispered, letting my voice crack slightly. "She called Mother a low-born bitch. I lost control. I'm sorry."

I intentionally anchored my defense to my late mother, a sacred ground he couldn't publicly trample without looking like a monster.

As a surgeon, I knew exactly where to cut to draw the most blood; in psychology, the rules were no different.

It worked. At the mention of my mother, Gordon was momentarily silenced, his expression souring into a mask of pure discomfort. He clearly didn't want to dig into the past.

"The matter is settled," he snapped, waving a dismissive hand to cover his unease. "You will behave yourself for the next three days. You will get in that carriage to the Contreras estate, and you will not cause any more trouble."

His gaze then shifted to Charly, and his entire demeanor softened. The thundercloud vanished, replaced by paternal concern. "Charly, stop crying. Your wedding is what matters. I have arranged a dowry fit for a queen for you."

I watched the disgusting display of affection, a cold, bitter smile hidden behind my mask of contrition.

They thought they were sending me to a graveyard, completely unaware that I had already left a parting gift in Charly's room.

During my packing, I had secretly extracted the oil of the Ghost Flower. On my way here, I had sneaked into Charly's bedroom and subtly brushed the invisible, highly concentrated allergen onto the white cashmere shawl resting on her bed.

On its own, the plant was dormant. But based on my knowledge of advanced chemistry and medicine, the moment it mixed with the heavy, synthetic sweet pea perfume she wore so proudly, a severe, histaminic dermatitis would trigger within seventy-two hours.

Right on her wedding night, her skin would erupt in painful, blotchy welts. Darren Contreras, a man notoriously obsessed with perfection and beauty, would find his new bride utterly revolting.

"Yes, Father," I murmured obediently, shielding the dark satisfaction in my eyes.

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Three days later, the carriages arrived. Two of them.

One was a vision of white and gold, festooned with white roses, fit for a princess. It was for Charly, who was heading to the main estate to claim her stolen crown.

The other was a plain black carriage, stark and severe, marked only with a small, discreet Contreras family crest in the corner.

Gordon himself escorted a radiant Charly, draped in silks and pearls. He fussed over her, his eyes shining with pride and ambition.

I, in a simple, unadorned white dress, walked alone toward the black carriage.

Not once did my father look at me. Not a single word of farewell passed his lips.

Before I stepped inside, I turned. I looked at my proud father and my triumphant sister, calculating the exact timeline of the poison's incubation period.

By tonight, the reaction would peak.

I gave them the sweetest, most innocent smile I could muster. "I wish you both the best of luck."

To them, it was a hollow platitude of a defeated girl. To me, it was a surgical precision strike, a venomous curse wrapped in silk.

The carriage door closed, shutting them out. The wheels began to turn, taking me away from the only home I had ever known.

I leaned my head against the cool glass of the window and closed my eyes. The road ahead was a terrifying unknown, but for the first time in my life, I felt completely calm. My modern medical

skills were my shield, and the upcoming chaos at the main estate would be the perfect distraction while I began my real work.

That evening, my black carriage traveled through the night, far from the grand celebrations. It finally jolted to a halt in the courtyard of a grim, isolated estate.

Demetri Contreras's domain.

There was no welcoming party. No line of servants. Just a single, stooped old woman named Agnes, holding a smoky oil lamp.

She informed me in a monotone that Alpha Demetri was "resting." I was led through cold, drafty corridors to a small, spartan bedroom.

It was clean, but a fire had not been lit in the hearth. The air was as cold as a tomb.

This was my wedding night. No husband. No warmth. Just a profound, chilling loneliness.

But as I stood in the center of the cold, silent room, I didn't feel despair. I felt... free.

I was finally free of the Kramers. Here, no one knew me. No one watched me. No one expected anything from me.

It was the perfect, isolated environment-a blank canvas where I could operate without interference.

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