

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 10

Chapter 10: Too Insignificant

I watched Kiev's hand in horror as blood splattered everywhere. The only gray sweat pants and shirt I wore were sprayed with his blood, and I was sure some was on my face too. My gaze went from Kiev to Drexel as my breath stuck in my throat. From the periphery of my vision, a swift movement occurred and the next I found that Alpha Drexel had grabbed my hand. He yanked me up close to him. He leaned his head down as I tipped my head up to see him.

"Now listen to me carefully," he said menacingly as his chest heaved up and down. "This place is inescapable and impenetrable. You are going to stay here, until I decide what to do with you. And till then you are going to work in the kitchen under Megan." He gave a fierce look to Megan and she nodded, her face pale. Kiev was whimpering in pain as he tried to remove the knife from his palm.

"IT would rather kill myself!" I murmured, shaking like a frightened bird.

"No, you won't. If you harm yourself, I will not hesitate in killing your... mother!"

I froze in my spot, my mind becoming numb. Terror shot down my spine. "My mother..."

He towered over me and dipped his face to hover over mine. "Maybe, I should harm her in some way and send you the video to show that what I say isn't just a threat." "You can't do it!" I said with trembling lips.

He leaned over my ear. I could feel his breath over my neck. "I can sense your fear from miles away Penelope. So, don't test my patience. From now on, you are going to work in the kitchen. Do you hear me?"

What kind of an animal this man was? All my anger got replaced by panic as my threats shrank into oblivion. I had to protect my mother even though I wasn't with her. This was the least I could do for her. I realized that I couldn't beat him... at all. But what was his endgame?

"Now go and take a bath and report back to Megan in twenty minutes," he added in a cold, menacing voice.

I didn't have other clothes to wear, but I spun and ran for life out of the kitchen without looking back at the man. The elevator's door opened at the third floor and Freya stepped in.

"Oh my God!" she pressed a hand to her chest.

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"What happened to you, Penelope?" she asked kindly.

"No—nothing," I stammered.

She held my hand and squeezed it softly. "I know that Drexel can be a little harsh at times, but he has to be like that. He is managing a pack of over four thousand wolves." "Pack? Wolves?" I frowned at her. "What do you mean?"

Freya raised her eyebrow and then a moment later she laughed. "Don't worry Penelope. That's just how we speak over here."

I got out of the elevator, puzzled as hell and watched the door closing on Freya. I hugged myself at the weirdness of the place, knots forming in my stomach. However, I had learnt a lesson. Never be late here. So, I rushed to my room, picked up my towel thinking what would I wear when as soon as I opened the door, I found a pair of another gray sweatshirt and sweatpant with an old watch. It looked like it belonged to an ancient era when civilization just started. I gave it a long hard incredulous stare and picked it up slowly. Who could have placed it here in such a short time and how would they know that I needed a change? Was someone stalking me? A shiver ran down me as my skin pimpled with goosebumps. Shoving my thoughts down, I darted to the bathroom.

Megan was waiting for me in the kitchen with vengeance that was apparent on her face. "You are such a bloody bitch. Did you snitch about Kiev to Drexel?" she asked.

"No!" I said in a hoarse voice. "I didn't."

She narrowed her eyes and closed the gap between us. "Liar. You were the one who snitched about Kiev even though Freya asked you not to otherwise how would he know?" "You shouldn't have done that, Penelope," came Freya's soft voice from behind. I whirled to look at her.

"I didn't say a word about him. I swear!" I rasped when I saw Freya's sad face.

She pursed her lips and sighed. "It's fine, Penelope. No worries. I will go and take care of my brother."

Oh God. I felt heavy even though I hadn't tattled about Kiev. Freya left the kitchen with a droopy face and I felt... guilty.

"She is such a beautiful person," said Megan watching her leave. "And look at you. You have ruined our day and that of our future Luna. Why don't you leave us and go away? You don't belong here. Go back to your filthy life and leave us!"

I gulped. I wished I could leave, but there was no way. What did she mean by future Luna?

Disgusted, Megan handed me a knife and pointed to the central island where a huge stack of vegetables was kept. "Go, cut them," she snarled.

I tucked a strand of my wet hair behind my ear and began cutting vegetables under the nasty stares of six people.

Megan continued giving me glares and passed sarcastic remarks every now and then. I just kept my head low and received them. It took me an hour and numerous trips to the sink to finish my work. At that time, I came to know that this was a packhouse. At least two hundred people had their meals here every day.

Soon, dinner was served soon in the main dining hall. We were all asked to stand in a line.

Alpha Drexel arrived soon with Freya hanging on his arm. I saw Leo, Joey and Eric following them. While Alpha Drexel sat at the head of the table, Freya sat on his left and others filled the long dining table. We all started serving the food and I avoided going next to Alpha Drexel. Moments later Kiev also joined them. He snarled when he looked at me, but didn't say a word. I saw that his hand was wrapped in a bandage. Both Alpha Drexel and Kiev should be in the hospital, instead they were... fine? There was not a blood stain on Alpha Drexel's stomach. Maybe, even he was bandaged on the inside.

"Kiev, stop glaring at Penelope," Freya chided him in a soft voice.

Kiev's jaws clenched when I glanced fearfully at him. "Serve me the turkey, human," he growled.

"Kiev," Freya said. "Please don't be rude with her. She is just a servant in the Moonstone Pack and nothing more than that. She is too insignificant to lose control of your temper. There are more important things we have to deal with. Drexel bought her from the auction house to save her and that's where it ends. Why are you giving importance to something so trivial? It's not like we don't have two million dollars to throw away? That's nothing for Drexel. He just showed his kindness to rescue Penelope. So,

how about we all forget about her and move on, hmm?"

"You are too kind and sweet," Kiev murmured to his sister. Then he served his glare at me again. I rushed to serve turkey to him, feeling utterly nervous. With shaky hands I served him buttered and roasted turkey. I could feel Drexel's winter gray eyes following me. I hurried back to stand in the corner, hoping to be as insignificant as possible.

Freya continued to talk about going to the third largest pack of North America and meet the Alpha over there. "Our last encounter with Alpha Steven went bad," she said, as she peered in my direction. "However, if we really need to take over that, our maybe we should make a deal." Once again, she looked in my direction and gave me a sweet smile. I smiled back even though I felt something was way too off. Alpha Steven was the same guy who was trying to buy me in the auction. I hoped that what I was thinking was not true.

"We have full faith in you," said Leo. "You are the key to this merger, Freya. You must arrange a meeting between us so that we can take the talks further, otherwise the only way left is a bloodbath."

Freya chuckled as she picked up boiled carrot, peppered it, dipped it in salsa and ate it. "Leo, Drexel is the strongest wolf out there. Bloodbath wouldn't be an issue, but I know that he is very tired now. He needs rest and a long one at that. That's why I want to arrange a meeting with Steven first and if he doesn't agree, we will go the traditional way." She bobbed her head to look at Drexel and gently caressed his knuckles that were clenched so tight that they were white.

What was wrong with this man? Why was he always so angry? Why did he have a labored breath?

Drexel stared at his food as if he wanted to kill it without removing his hand from under Freya's. All at once, he snapped his gaze at me and I

was caught watching him. Our gaze locked and

I found it difficult to look away. I was... enthralled. It was like he was trying to look into my soul. My lips parted as my breath became shallow. My eyes became droopy and I clenched my trousers on the side as my body heated up.

"Look down," a servant hissed and I severed the connection instantly.

God. What happened to me just now? This was abnormal. My fleeting gaze landed on a pair of swords on display over the mantle.

Drexel looked at me looking at the swords. He roared, "You really want your mother dead, do

you?"

I jerked my head straight down. Drexel pushed his chair back. It scraped the floor with a screeching sound as he stood up.