

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 103

Chapter 103: Silver Bullet

Drexel POV

It had been two days. Two fucking days since Grigor had abducted Penelope. And I was sitting here like a duck, not able to find her. My warriors combed the woods around Steven's manor and about ten miles radius around it, but there was no clue of Grigor or Penelope

Not able to bear this desperate feeling that was drilling a hole inside my heart, I decided to go and look at the woods myself. I so wanted to lose myself to my wolf, but I needed to keep him

in control because I needed my human brain to think. Think hard

"Where are you going?" Steven asked, as I got up from my place after watching that video for the hundredth time. I had committed each and every bit of his face in my memory

"Into the woods," I replied in a cold voice. That day when I looked into the camera, I could feel a sliver of a wave, a tendril of a thought, caressing my mind. I was surprised and so I stared at the camera. It was as if someone was trying to reach me through the tunnel of my mind. But the whisper of the thought was so tender, so small that it dissipated the moment it got inside me. I had shaken my head. It was surely my imagination. I was so up the creek that my mind was rattled with too many strange thoughts

"Don't!" Steven protested. "You can't go alone over there!"

"You can't stop me," I said in the same cold voice that was just a facade. Inside I was a mess

"We must let Grigor send a message back to us," Steven insisted

"Fuck the message!" I yelled, no longer able to stop my anger. "That bastard is sitting and enjoying our desperation and hurting Penelope

We haven't been able to find him and yet—" my throat got choked with emotions. It hurt when I spoke, so I didn't

Grigor had sent only one message and after that he didn't send a single one. I knew that he was being extra cautious. He knew that if he sent the message again, we would intercept his exact

location

Steven was ordering his people to change the security system and get a new set entirely, but I had stopped him. Instead I had brought my people to work on it. I needed to understand Grigor's mind. He was intelligent and evil and the worst part— he was driven. I was sure that by now he must have sensed my presence and that was why he was taking so much time in contacting us again

"Drexel, don't be so rash!" Steven warned me

"That bastard could be anywhere. I don't want anything to happen to you!"

I knew why Steven was so concerned about me

He knew that I was Penelope's mate and if

anything happened to me, he couldn't bear Penelope's loss. Steven was a kind werewolf who was so much concerned about everyone around him, but he never let his concern come out for that would be a sign of his weakness

The way he had gone out of his way to the House of Red Doors for his sister and then the way he gave me two million dollars for her— This man amazed me. How could I misinterpret him? It was all because of Freya. That bitch was now rotting in my dungeons, with her band of dissidents

"Tf I find him, I will rip him apart!" I growled

Without waiting for another protest from him, I stormed outside the hall. I needed to run, run wild. I needed to vent my pent-up frustration. I steered myself towards the woods and started to run

Very few people surprised me. I expected worse from everyone, me included. Especially me. But Grigor... his face, his action fogged my mind. I was astonished at his way of carrying it all out. I highly suspected that he had killed Nina after using her, but I had no evidence

I must have run deep inside the woods because when I looked around, I saw dense canopies overhead as afternoon sun dappled my skin. I leaned against a tree's thick trunk, sweating and panting, trying my best to contain my wolf, when a gust of wind ruffled my hair and I picked up a strange scent—one that was new. It was like leather with a hint of moss and damp

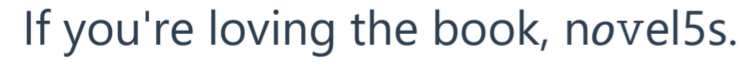
I whipped my head towards that direction, and before I knew I was hit by a thick log on my head. A snarl ripped from my mouth as I lay flat

on the ground, my head pounding and blood oozing out of my temple. When I got up, I felt a cold press of metal against the back of my skull

"Grigor!"

He chuckled. "Glad you could figure out who that was, Drexel. Now let me see your hands up in the air or a single silver bullet will find its way in your fucking head."

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raised my hands up. "Bloody fuckwit!" I growled

I heard twigs snapping in the distance

He laughed. "There comes my brother!"

Steven emerged through the dense woods. His eyes went straight to Grigor. "You?"

"Yes... Me."

How could I miss this? Grigor was sitting in the shadows to meet us in person. That was why he wasn't sending messages. I was too distracted and focused on the video and messages and Internet to realize that this could also happen

"Where is Penelope?" Steven snarled, his arm muscles bulging

"Our little sister is safe... until now..." the bastard said from behind me. "And it depends on you now."

"Sounds like you have taken a grave risk," I growled, a little breathless. My head was hurting so much that it was hurting to fucking breathe. But all I wanted was to rip him limb by limb. But would that be wise? He was holding a silver bullet at my skull and I still didn't know where she was

"Now listen, both of you," he said in a serious voice

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