

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 11

Chapter 11: No One Touches Her

Drexel walked to the bar and poured himself a large whiskey as Freya and others watched him. Anxiety rippled in the air with every step he took back to the table. I held my breath, hoping that he didn't look in my direction. My eyes were now fixed on my shoes.

As I kept my head low, I heard his shoes clicking on the polished wood surface. He didn't seem to stop at the table. They were approaching in our direction. Suddenly, I saw his shoes in the line of my vision. Black and pointed. I dared to lift my gaze to his hand in which he was holding the crystal filled with whiskey. He had grasped it so tight that I wondered if it would smash in his hand. My legs became weak, his presence sucking the energy out of me.

"Go back to your attic," he hissed in a menacing voice. "And stay there. I don't want to see you."

"Okay," I said, keeping my eyes low as my breath buckled. I waited for him to move so that I could leave, but he didn't budge. So, I squeezed myself from the little space left between him and the servant next to me, grazing his forearm and chest and hurried out of the dining hall. Instead of going to my attic, on an instinct I rushed out of the building, needing to breathe fresh and free air. I opened the main door and ran to the woods that surrounded the building without looking back. I stopped only after I had reached the shroud of darkness. Sinking against a tree, I dragged myself to the ground, rested my head against the trunk and gulped in deep breath. It took an eternity to compose myself. My thoughts ran to him.

He was so intimidating and ferocious that when he impinged on my personal space, power flowed from him and pounded the air making me want to submit to him. This had never happened to me earlier.

"What are you doing here?" a soft, gentle voice startled me. I whipped my head to look in the dark to find the source of voice, as my heart accelerated. I had hoped that no one would find me, but damn! How could this person even see in so much darkness?

He chuckled. "Don't be so spooked," he said as he switched on his phone's torch, revealing his pleasant features. He had pale blue eyes framed by an oval face. A pretty boy, fit for a fashion magazine. His easy demeanor made me feel comfortable. But his naked torso was making me feel awkward. Why was he roaming like this and wasn't he feeling cold?

"Who are you?" I asked, straightening up a bit and smoothening my hair. I caught a twig in them and chuckled it.

"It would be better if you come out of these woods. There are plenty of beasts out here," he said, as he lifted his shirt from the ground and wore it. "I am Boris, by the way." He came forward and stretched his hand for me. I grabbed it to shake it but he grabbed me and yanked me up in a swift motion, making me gasp. "Hi!" I rasped, blushing a little, standing in front of him. "I am Penelope."

"I know," he said with a cute smile. "Everyone knows about you over here, Penelope. The information travels fast."

"Oh!" I was surprised.

He stepped back. "You should go back inside the packhouse. It will get colder."

I didn't budge from my place as a few awkward silent moments passed between us. Then slowly I said, "I don't want to go in..." My cheeks heated till my ears. He raked an assessing gaze on me and sighed. "There's a cozy little log cabin down the lane, where I am putting up with a few wol—men. We will be patrolling this area for the night. Would you like to come there? There's a nice fireplace and I will burn some firewood for

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you.

It was so rare for men to show concern for me that his sweet little offer made me feel warm. My eyes must have gleamed with excitement because he chuckled. I could go anywhere right now, just not the attic. He had asked me to stay in my attic. Well, I won't. So, I followed Boris to the cottage he mentioned. Maybe it was out of pure rebellion or frustration—but I didn't want to go back.

The log cabin was... lovely. It was so cozy that the moment I stepped in, the smell of warm wood felt... inviting. There were two men who looked like identical twins, sitting on a couch while a girl sat at the kitchen table on a high bar stool. They were watching a movie with beer cans in their hands. Chips and dried fish were lying unfinished in their plates. They all snapped their heads to look at me and then at Boris who was behind me.

"Hi!" I said, waving at them shyly. I hoped they didn't sneer at me like those in the kitchen or in the hall. But they did watch me like I was an exotic species that didn't belong to planet earth.

While the men got up, the girl's mouth fell to the floor. "You are Penelope!" she breathed. "The human!" Her chocolate brown hair was tied in a ponytail. She was wearing leather pants and a sports bra.

I chuckled. "Aren't we all human?"

Her gaze widened as she stared from Boris to the men and then back to me.

"Make yourself comfortable, Penelope," Boris said quickly. "I will get the fire burning."

"Hi!" the girl squealed. "I am Kimberley." She bounced to me and extended her hand. I took it to shake it and she squeezed mine gently. "These two are Olin and Patrick."

I tucked a strand of my hair behind my ear and smiled at them. They were both just as tall and broad shouldered as Boris. Their raven eyes and long hair that fell on the shoulders made them look fiercely beautiful.

I was surprised that none of them sneered at me. They were rather... friendly. I was surely looking like shit with a split upper lip, a lump on my temple and blood on my feet. I just hoped I wasn't smelling like all the vegetables I chopped.

"Would you like to go to the bathroom?" Kimberley asked, as she examined my wounds. "There's a medicine kit out there."

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I shook my head. "I am fine..." I muttered.

"Would you like to have beer?" Olin asked as we all seated on the couches in front of the fireplace, which was now glowing a bright orange. Boris stoked it with a metal bar.

Back in my place I had to have it secretly, but here they didn't know my age. "Yes, sure!"

He got two cans from the fridge and passed one to me. He slid the plate of chips on the table in front of me. I was pretty hungry, so I picked up chips and munched on them as I had beer at the risk of looking ill-mannered. Boris passed me another can and I accepted it graciously. Honestly, with beer in me, I felt... relaxed and loosened up.

"Alpha Drexel is really so kind to have rescued you," said Kimberley. "I haven't seen him acting so benevolent!" Olin chuckled.

"I find him extremely intimidating, so yeah this has come as a surprise!" Patrick added.

"He has to be," Boris justified. "He is managing a pack of over four thousand wol—" he snapped his gaze at me while I blinked at him. "

—men!"

Awkward.

I leaned back. "Why do you have to patrol the woods?"

"We are like the police here," Boris explained. "And we are on night duty."

"Oh!" I was impressed. I chugged down the second can.

Olin handed me another can of beer, saying, "Do you know that you can find this beer only in the Moonstone pack?"

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"Really?" I grinned, feeling light in my head and warm in my chest. "It is wonderful!" I opened the can and took another swig.

"How old are you, Penelope?" he asked.

After a moment of hesitation, I murmured, "I am seventeen, going to be eighteen in a week." "What?" Boris jerked his head back with shock. He lunged forward to take the beer from me, but I dodged him all across the cabin with giggles and squeals, chugging the contents.

I laughed at him just like the others while he resigned in the end. I settled on the couch and blurted, "Gods, I hate Alpha Drexel!" They all... stilled. "Ever since he has bought me, he thinks it am his property!" My voice was slurred. I waved my fingers at them. "But—" I leaned forward. "But I am not."

"Penelope!" Boris shifted on his feet. "Why don't you go up and sleep? We have a room here. You are drunk." "No!" I snapped. "Your Alpha Drexel is an arrogant, conceited bas—"

All at once, the door of the cabin flew open and someone entered. All of them got up on their feet instantly.

"Who gave her the drinks?" he growled menacingly.

I got up, swaying on my feet. My eyes were so droopy that I was having a hard time peeling them open. "And who the fuck are you?" When I steadied a little, I found myself peering in cold gray eyes just a few inches away from my face. "You look prrrrrrettyyy! Better than him." I giggled, swaying more and trying to get away from him. "Lam sorry, Alpha," Boris apologized. "I will take care of her and take her to the room upstairs! I found her in the deep woods."

"No one fucking touches her!" he snarled a warning, as he grabbed my waist and steadied me.

I poked my finger on his chest. "Hey pretty boy!" I giggled. "Go tell Alpha Drexel that I will escaape! He doesn't own me."

"How dare you disobey my direct order?" he said in an angry voice. "I asked you to go to your room!"

"You mean that shitty attic? No! I will sleep with Boris!" I said with a slur in my voice, as I looked at Boris. "Why have you paled, Boris?" I stretched his hand towards him, but the next instant, my hand was grabbed and twisted behind my head. My chest puckered up and pressed against his chest. I could feel a rumble in his chest that vibrated through me as he pulled my waist closer to him.

"What did you say?" He fumed.