

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 12

Chapter 12: Bathed in Crimson

Drexel POV

When we had returned from the casino, I took a long bath in order to remove her scent from me. I had picked her up on my shoulder and brought her to the SUV. Her scent and her touch lingered on me. It was affecting my senses and so I had to scrap that off me. I had made Freya lie down on the bed and gone to take a shower.

I took a long bath with hot steamed water. I used every scented bar and lotion to remove her smell off me. Closing my eyes, I leaned against the wall and imagined what Freya would have done to me. She would have kissed me all the way down and then wrapped her lips around my cock. Freya's face morphed into Penelope's. I imagined her rosy lips sucking me and drawing me in till the back of her throat, as her wet red hair fell on her shoulders. My cock became hard as steel. I started stroking it as she fucked it with her mouth. "Penelope!" I groaned. I jerked open my eyes at the name that came out of my lips. I was supposed to say Freya!

"Fuck!" I removed my hand from my cock as if I was betraying Freya. How could I do this? She was my fiancé and one who was the key to my success. I was so close to my endgame that jeopardizing it at this stage was pure stupidity and that too for a human? Never. Once I came out, I found Freya still sleeping. I wore my pajamas and slid beside her.

However, minutes later, I slipped out of the bed and went to the balcony. All my thoughts were on her. Twenty-eight years I had lived with so much control that it had become like my second nature, but with Lippy— Wait. What? Lippy? I clenched my teeth. —with Penelope I was on the verge of losing it every time. Lust was at the forefront. I needed my fiancé's body. I needed to fuck her and taste her and loose myself in her till I could no longer remember Lippy. Lippy? I seethed at the nickname my wolf was giving her.

However, with her name on my lips, I took my cock out and started stroking myself. "Freya," I murmured. I shoved every thought about Penelope and imagined Freya. Her luscious hips and breasts. Suddenly, the image of her body cracked in my mind and got replaced with the image of— "Penelope!" I gasped and came all over. "Fuck!" I watched myself spilling my cum on the floor I was kneeling on. My breath was shallow as my chest heaved. I need to purge her from my mind. I repeated her name over and over and over. "Freya. Freya. Freya."

After cleaning myself, I went back to Freya. There she was. Sleeping blissfully on my bed. One of her round hips was out of the blanket. I smiled as I reached for them and caressed them. She murmured my name and I pressed a kiss to her round buttock. I could have chosen so many other girls, and they would have come begging to me, but I went for Freya. She was the best. I slid beside her once again hoping for the bliss to come back.

Instead, my frustration kept mounting up. Maybe I needed to run. So, I went out of the room, jumped over the balcony and when I landed on the ground, I was on all fours. I let my wolf take over me, and he took us to the roof outside the attic. Her scent and her body kept me strung tight.

For the whole day she had slept and that was good. At least she would stay away from me. I had asked Leo to send her to me when she woke up because I was going to deal with her for the last time. I was going to send her farthest away from here, but—

I changed my mind when I saw her split lip. As ever madness threatened me. If I hadn't plunged the knife in Kiev's hand, I would have plunged it in his neck. And then she tried to kill herself. That was another level of rage for me.

When Penelope was in the dining hall, I was getting too distracted. All I wanted was to look at her and check out what she was doing. She walked to Kiev swaying her curvy hips and then leaned forward to give him turkey. I could practically see her boobs from where I was because her sweatshirt was way too loose. It was my sweatshirt. My eyes became droopy when I realized that she wasn't wearing a bra. Her scent was already overwhelming my senses and now this? This girl wasn't a human. She was surely a sorceress.

Freya was talking about something related to Alpha Steven and our future plans with Leo, but I was hardly able to listen to them. I needed to throw Penelope out of here in order to concentrate, and I needed a large drink. As I walked back, I found her staring at the swords over the bar. After her earlier tryst with the dagger, my anger flared when I found her glancing at the swords. I walked to her and asked her to leave, lest I lost control over myself. Things became worse than ever.

Though I had asked her to get out of here, my wolf wanted to go to his unclaimed mate and check out. I forced him down with difficulty as I focused on what Freya was talking about. She reiterated her plans. I gulped my whiskey down and without a word walked out. My feet took me to the attic and I found that she wasn't there. Anger inside me twisted to a dangerous level. She defied my orders yet again. I didn't know where the hell she went. Wild with fury, I sniffed her all the way to the log cabin which was almost half a mile away. It was used by the night patrollers.

As I was about to burst it open, I heard her speaking with a slur in her voice. "Gods, I hate Alpha Drexel! Ever since he has bought me, he thinks I am his property!"

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"Penelope!" I heard Boris speaking in a low voice. "Why don't you go up and sleep? We have a room here. You are drunk."

"No! Your Alpha Drexel is an arrogant, conceited bas—"

That was it. I burst open the door as a ferocious snarl ripped through me. I glared at Boris and his team.

Her speech was slurred. She drank beer that was made in my pack. It was a strong drink that catered to werewolves and certainly not to underaged humans. I was so angry with Boris who was on the night's patrol for making her drink. And when she said that she wanted to sleep with Boris, anger blasted in my chest. "What did you say?" I fumed like a volcano that was about to erupt. Her chest was pressed against mine and all I did was hungrily gazed at them.

"I said you could be a great porn model!" she giggled even though I had twisted her hand behind her back and I knew it must be painful. "And leave me!" she puffed hair in front of her eyes. "I will not go to the attic, your jerk! I will stay with Borissss!"

Jealousy flared inside me though I'd be damned if I knew why. Penelope wasn't mine. I shot a

glare at Boris and he cringed. "From next week you and your team will patrol the outermost circle of security next to the human establishment!" I gritted. He and his team had only a day in the pack now, and that area was more than seven hundred miles away.

Boris was stunned. "But my duty lasts this month!"

"You dare to defy my orders?" I growled, my fangs lengthening, not because of him, but because I wanted to sink them in her breasts.

"N—no Alpha!" he cowered against my power. "I will go."

"Nooo! Borissss!" Penelope cried. "I want to be with you, baby." Baby? Red covered my vision. Everything I saw was red. Red cabin, couch, TV and rug. Boris was bathed in crimson.

I wanted to wring his neck, but I clutched her other arm and twisted it behind her. Her eyes became wide with fear... delightful... My skin became warmer, and grew hotter and hotter. I licked my fangs with the venom that had pooled in my mouth.

"What is wrong with you, gray eyes?" she snapped, pushing my chest with her little hands. "I hate you, b—but—" Her eyes became half-mast. She was sleepy.

My wolf pushed me to tend to his mate. And so I lifted her up in my arms as she squealed like a mouse and walked to the room upstairs, giving everyone a glare that was loaded with a warning not to come nearer.

I made her sleep on the bed and covered her with blankets. It got cold in the Moonstone Pack. I knew that she would shiver in a while,

so I got logs of wood inside and made fire for her.