

# No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

## Chapter 13

### Chapter 13: Dragon of Jealousy

#### Penelope POV

The light outside my eyelids must be bright because I could see the bright red inside my eyes. It was pretty warm. I kicked the blankets that covered me and stretched my limbs with a yawn as I woke up from a beautiful slumber. I winced in pain because of my split lips. I hadn't slept this well in so many days. I peeled open my eyes to see that I was in a cozy room. Sunlight filtered through the window and fell over my face.

I should have been surprised by the fact that I was not in the attic, but it was the cedar smell that made me jolt my head in the opposite direction.

Alpha Drexel was watching me with acute interest, as if he was in a daze, sitting in a chair across my bed with his head supported in his palm and whiskey in the other hand. I jerked awake and sat upright. Why was he looking so haggard? And why was he here? My gaze fell on the fireplace where the last of the logs caved, a plume of red embers rising up.

Smoothing my hair, I mumbled, "Wh—where am I?" Maybe it was the sudden movement that did it, but my head was pounding with a terrible headache. The beer cans. Did I do something embarrassing last night that Boris called him here?

"You are not in the packhouse," he grated. "Didn't I tell you to go to your attic and stay

there? Didn't I tell you that you belong to me and so you can't move anywhere without my permission?"

I was... petrified. He must have chased me when I got out of the pack house. I got out of the bed, tossing my blanket away. "Where is Boris?" I asked, anyway.

His eyes blazed and he threw the crystal of whiskey against the wall shattering it. He rose from his chair and covered the gap in two long strides. He curled his fingers beneath my chin and tipped me face up. He leaned over on my face and when we were merely an inch apart, I gulped with fear and anticipation as my eyes landed on his perfectly bow shaped lips. "Why? Do you want Boris to be with you?" "I don't want—," I replied, afraid to even move.

His hand went down to my neck and he wrapped his fingers around it. He started stroking my pulse point. I struggled to keep my eyes open, swaying upon his touch as a delightful shiver ran down my body upon the electric contact. He smirked, "You want Boris, yet here you are—putty in my hands," he rasped.

What was it that made her yearn for his touch? There was something seriously unnatural about him because I was getting unnaturally attracted towards him. He slid his free hand to my side and grasped my hip. This was new but felt so... natural. Heat pooled in between my legs and I could feel wetness in my panties.

His nostrils flared. He leaned over my ear, his lips parted and his warm breath tickling my skin. I felt desire kindling in me. I was surely going insane, considering what I had been through, considering how badly he and his people treated me in the Moonstone Pack. Everyone was out for my blood. My fear for him got replaced as the haze of emotions got cleared and anger returned with full force in my chest. I stepped away from him, removing his hand from my hip. "Stay away from me!"

A muscle feathered in his jaw as his eyes dipped to my lips. His fists closed so tightly that his knuckles were white. He punched the bedpost that was behind me and the wood splintered. "As if I don't want to stay away from you! I despise you so much that it burns. I will throw you out of my pack the moment I decide what to do with you."

"Why don't you let me go now? Let me go back to my mother."

"Maybe I will! Or maybe I will make you Freya's personal maid." Saying that he strode out of the room leaving me glaring behind his back. However, moments later, he came back, his broad chest heaving beneath his shirt that stretched over him like his second skin. He was terrifyingly... handsome.

"Get dressed!" he said as he flung a shawl over me. "We are going." "Going where?"

"Back to the packhouse." He turned to leave as I wrapped the shawl over my shoulders

"Can I stay in this cabin?" I asked in a low voice, hoping against hope. "Forever?"

He stopped at the door, gripped its knob and eritted, "No, you can't! Now hurry up. I have a pack meeting."

"What is a pack?" I asked as I walked behind hin.

Planning your weekend reading? Ensure you're on [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) for uninterrupted enjoyment. The next chapter is just a click away, exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

He didn't reply and continued to rush out of the cabin. When I reached downstairs, it was very quiet. "Where are Boris, Olin, Patrick and Kimberley?" I muttered.

"Except Kimberley, all three have been transferred elsewhere for their night duties," he replied as I furious at my question.

"Why?" I cried. "They were all so nice to me."

I saw his arm muscles bulging with anger. As soon as we were out of the cabin, I saw Kimberley hurrying towards us.

"Good morning, Alpha," she said as she dipped her chin.

He grunted rudely and walked past her. I stopped and grinned at her. "Hi!"

"Hi!" she waved. "Are you free in the evening?"

"Why?" I was curious to know.

"No, she isn't free!" He announced loudly. "She has kitchen duty."

I shot a glare at his back while Kimberley flinched. I leaned closer to her and whispered, "Meet me in the evening at 7PM. I will be free."

Planning your weekend reading? Ensure you're on [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) for uninterrupted enjoyment. The next chapter is just a click away, exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

She glanced at Alpha Drexel nervously and then nodded lightly. After that she was gone. I had to admit that people out here were extremely afraid of this man. With a deep sigh, I followed him and then I questioned him, "Why is this place called Moonstone Pack and not Moonstone Town?"

No reply.

"Is your real name Alpha? Is your last name Drexel?"

"My name is Drexel, and now shut up!"

I snapped my mouth shut as I gnashed my teeth. "Why do they call you Alpha then?"

No reply. We walked back to the packhouse quietly. As soon as I entered, he left me alone and walked to the elevator as if he was too embarrassed to walk with me. I dragged myself behind him. He was inside the elevator and waited for him to go. There were a few people in the elevator lobby and they all dipped their chins for him.

"Would you stop wasting my time and get in the elevator already?" he grated.

My mouth fell to the floor when I found his hand on the door. He was waiting for me to get in. [hopped inside reluctantly. He let go of the door. It closed and I scooted to the corner. He took a step towards me. I recoiled in fear and flinched. He planted both his hands on my side. This was his territory and I didn't want any more punishments. I stared at him, his lips, his neck with my breath lodged in my throat.

"Go to the healer after taking a bath," he said with so much authority that I just... nodded. His gaze fleetingly darted to my lips, to my pulse point on the neck and he peeled his lips back slightly giving me the hint of his sharp canines. Gods! I wanted to feel them. With my tongue. On my skin.

The elevator's door opened. "Drexel!" Freya's soft voice came behind us. He jerked his head to see her and then after glaring at me for the last time, he stomped out of the elevator. Freya gave me a tight smile and walked after him. "Where were you last night, darling?" she crooned. "I missed you on the bed. I even wore your favorite red lingerie." She grabbed his hand. "I need you inside me, now. I need those lips in between my thighs, honey!"

The dragon of jealousy breathed fire inside me.