

# No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

## Chapter 14

Chapter 14: Shaman

While bathing all I could think of was how Freya talked about missing him last night. I was feeling so jealous, but it was wrong. I shouldn't. After all, she was his fiancée and I—I was just someone he had saved from being sold to a sex maniac.

I should have gone to the kitchen, but Drexel had asked me to go to the healer. And that's where I went after getting ready. His name was Shaman. That's what was written on the door.

I opened the door and entered a pristine room that looked like a perfect doctor's office. There were two patients sitting on chairs in a corner while the nurse at the reception was explaining something to a boy on the counter. "When you shift, try to put more weight on your right leg. That would help the bones to reform into—" her eyes darted at me and she stopped mid-conversation. "Are you Penelope?" she asked, narrowing her eyes.

I nodded. "Drexel asked me to—"

"That is Alpha Drexel for you!" the nurse snapped.

I jerked my head back at her rudeness. "Ye - yes!" I stuttered.

"Sit over there and wait for your turn," she pointed to the chairs in the corner where other two patients were sitting and who were staring at me. What was it with all of them staring at me? It wasn't that I was extraordinarily beautiful. When I sat down, in order to avoid them, I picked up a fashion magazine and started reading it. As I flipped the pages, I came across a full-page picture of Freya, standing with her arms crossed across her chest and looking confidently at the camera, as if she owned the world. I read the article associated with the picture and it said that Freya was one of the most beautiful women who chose not to be a fashion model. Rather than that she chose to have her own business and carve her career. She was a brilliant woman and one of the top influencers in the business world.

No wonder Freya was the woman who Drexel wanted. I slapped the magazine close, feeling a burn behind my eyes. Before my thoughts could escalate into anything more, the nurse called my name.

Dr. Shaman was... a pleasant looking man. About a few inches shorter than Drexel, he had sandy brown hair with warm hazel eyes and a lovely smile. "Alpha Drexel told me about you," he said as soon as I entered his room. I smiled back at him.

"Nice to meet you Dr. Shaman," I said.

Dr. Shaman jerked his head back and a moment later burst into laughter. When he settled, he said, "I am Dr. Blake, not Dr. Shaman."

My cheeks heated up. "But it is written... Shaman on the outside." Dr. Blake shook his head. "That's a joke that Leo plays on me all the time. It's—it's... nothing. Someone else is the Shaman. Shaman 1s actually a priest of a pack."

Though his words didn't make much sense, I liked the doctor's demeanor. He was so sweet with me. "You mean Beta Leo?"

"That's right," he replied with a tender smile.

He examined my face and then asked me to show my feet. "Those are some nasty cuts, Penelope," he said. "You should have come here earlier. I am afraid that I will have to bandage them, because I do see signs of infection." He examined my lips. "For that you need to keep an ice bag twice or three times a day."

"Okay..."

Dr. Blake called the nurse and asked her to clean my wounds. I could feel her animosity against me. I didn't know why she hated me. She applied antiseptic cream on my feet and then bandaged them.

"Have these pills thrice a day for the next five days and you will be absolutely fine, okay?" he said when I hopped down from the bed. "You can come here tomorrow to change your dressing."

I nodded. "Don't over exert yourself. Also, I will be visiting the packhouse in the afternoon for lunch," he said. "To check on you."

I smiled. "Thank you."

I was feeling so much better walking to the kitchen that I practically had a smile plastered on my face all the way back.

"You are fucking late!" Megan's voice jerked me out of my pleasant feeling. She was glaring at her from her station.

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And my mood plunged. "I had gone to doc—"

"Cut the crap! We have an important meeting coming up during lunch. The Shaman would be here and will be talking about our future Luna's marriage to Alpha Drexel. The doctor too would be here!" Megan sounded like this was the make-or-break situation, like if she didn't, a catastrophe would descend.

As soon as the lunch was prepared, we all hurried to set it in the dining hall. I didn't want to see Drexel after our encounter in the morning, so I asked Megan, "Can I go back to

my room? My feet are aching."

She looked at me as if she would eat me up. She growled, "How can you even think of leaving, you moron. Can't you see that all this is so important? Do you realize the gravity of the situation? The Alpha has called the Shaman and the doctor for the meeting. Freya would be there! You must serve them while they are talking."

They would be talking about Drexel's marriage with Freya in the presence of the priest. I was no fool to not understand that part. Something akin to a sharp pain stabbed in my heart all over again. I sat on the chair next to me, panting. The pain was so sharp that I spluttered and coughed. Sweat broke on my face.

"What happened?" a boy came running with water to me.

"I don't know..." I said as tears ran out of my eyes. As I gulped water down, I watched Megan narrow her eyes at me. Her face had such a ferocious expression as if she would murder me now.

"Stop acting up, bitch!" she shouted. "I will not take your pathetic excuse of leaving you. You are going to serve the food to Freya!"

When the pain subsided, I got out of my chair and started laying out the table along with others.

Drexel was the first to come in the dining hall. He looked fresh. He had shaved and taken a bath. Wearing black pants and a black shirt with sleeves rolled up to the middle of his forearms, he looked dashing. My breath lodged in my throat when my eyes met his winter gray ones. He smirked at me and I severed the connection, trying to blend with the servants. Freya was hanging on his arm, glancing at him every now and then tenderly. I stifled the emotion of jealousy. I think every girl in the pack wanted to be in Freya's shoes. And I was the same. How stupid of me.

The Shaman was a young-looking man with blond hair. His skin was extremely pale as if leached of blood. He wore a white shirt and pale blue pants. As soon as he entered the dining hall, his pointed gaze settled on me. I shifted on my feet uncomfortably.

Dr. Blake was next. "Penelope!" he called me from the door. "How are you feeling, little girl? I hope you are not exerting yourself!" He came to me and patted the crown of my head. I giggled at his infectious charm. "I am fine," I muttered as I tucked my strand behind my ear. I must have blushed in his presence because my cheeks heated till my neck.

"Good!" he said and then walked to sit next to

the Shaman. "Hi Freya!"

My gaze went to Drexel who was giving a menacing look to the doctor.

"I have to say that this is a surprise," said the Shaman as he continued to stare at me.

I sidled to a servant next to me, feeling anxious. My shoulders drew back with tension. "She's looking prettier than I had thought, Drexel," he said, as he stepled his fingers

beneath his chin and rested his elbows on the table.

Drexel looked at Freya and smugly said, "What did you expect from my Luna?" Freya's lips curled up.

Freya pressed a kiss on his knuckles and then addressed the Shaman, "Jarlen, can you please look at the next date of the full moon. This one

is clashing with our plans."

"Her body is going to breed pretty well." Jarlen remarked disregarding her words, as his gaze raked me from top to bottom. I shuddered under his scrutiny, wanting to run away. "Come on, Jarlen!" Freya giggled. "You are just biased."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about you, Freya," Jarlen said nonchalantly. He picked up the napkin and spread it on his thighs.