

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 2

Drexel POV

I hated humans from the core of my heart. They were fragile creatures who entertained us and that's where their utility ended. They were beneath werewolves, and I was the strongest werewolf. There were way too many brothels, where the werewolves would rut the humans that were sold to them. I loathed them.

Thad locked away my emotions somewhere deep down and emerged ruthless and cold, turning and directing every emotion into achieving my endgame. I had sexual needs, but they were like a necessary urge that my body needed to get over with.

Thad earned the position of the Alpha of the largest pack in and around Boston by challenging my father. I had killed him when I was barely sixteen and had shifted into my wolf for the first time. I loathed him. I hated him to the extent that if the Elders hadn't intervened, I would have ripped his body into pieces. He abused his mate, my mother and eventually crippled her. She had died a painful death.

When I had just shifted for the first time, he attacked me knowing that I would be extremely vulnerable. He wanted to kill me so that he could continue to rule The Moonstone Pack. But I killed him instead.

I was broken from the inside and I used all that fury, all that rage to take over other packs, killing many in the process. Either they succumbed to my command or they had to be erased. My pack boasted of over four thousand members and it was growing.

I was the strongest Alpha they had ever seen. At twenty-eight, I still hadn't found a mate but that didn't matter because I had full intentions of marrying Freya. She was a strong she-wolf who Thad met two years back. She kept me satisfied in bed and almost everywhere I demanded. I had proposed to her a week back. Freya was going to be my Luna one day.

I seldom visited the House of Red Doors, a casino in the human world, when I needed a much-needed reprieve. Today, I was there sniffing a lead we got about a rogue who had groped Freya two days back. I would kill him for putting his hands on my possession. I was surprised when a man in black coat announced that soon there would be an interesting auction. I disregarded him as I pulled Freya into my lap. She looked delicious in her plunging neckline. I had slipped my hand beneath her dress when a delicious chocolate and spicy smell overwhelmed my senses. My wolf growled inside, trying to break free.

"Mate."

Fuck. I whipped my head around to see my mate, but my wolf didn't recognize any of them. My cock shot north and it became painfully tight in my pants. Freya thought it was because of her and so she softly rubbed it, looking at me from under her eyelashes. I removed her hand and scanned the entire area. The auction had started. The girls were coming on the stage one by one. My eyes were fixed at the door from where the mouthwatering scent wafted. I tried to leash my wolf and sat ramrod straight with a clenched jaw, not wanting to show anyone my reaction.

Nash Perez bought all those girls. I abhorred that man. He was worse than most of us werewolves. He bonded his women and hurt them while he had sex with them. He liked it when they screamed.

"Number six," the emcee announced. She stepped on the stage in red teddy lingerie.

A rumble formed in my chest the moment I laid my eyes on her. She was the most beautiful thing the Moon Goddess had created. Her deep auburn hair was mangled and fell around her shoulders. I wanted to thread my fingers in them and yank her head back to see her face. My gaze moved to her moss green eyes that were fanned by thick and dark eyelashes. Her pouty lips were cracked. I wanted to kiss them till she screamed, till I tasted her blood. I followed the path of her slender neck to her plump breasts that were straining against the lace lingerie, and which she was hiding. They tapered into a slim waist and then flared into round, enticing hips. She was not very tall but I imagined her legs wrapped around my hips as I drove inside her.

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Lust was driving me crazy, as my mind steered to wild fantasies with my mate. My cock twitched at the thoughts. Fuck. No, not her! I wouldn't betray Freya for this worthless mortal. She was so beneath me to even consider.

I widened my legs to let Freya trace my length for the girl to see it. Freya giggled as she cupped me.

The bidding war between Nash and Steven was getting aggressive. I didn't want to save the human girl. She could go to hell. I gnashed my teeth and felt like clawing Nash and Alpha Steven. My wolf was on the edge. It wanted to shift and go to his mate, but I was controlling him ferociously. I had to reject this girl because I didn't want weaknesses in my life. And certainly not a human mate. My wolf growled, about to surface.

She was like a fragile butterfly whose gossamer wings I could tear apart easily. But my wolf wanted to catch the wings of this butterfly in his mouth and play with her. Surely the Moon Goddess couldn't match me with a pathetic human being who wasn't able to protect herself. This was a joke and I had to get out of here, before my wolf did something stupid.

Freya had started rubbing my cock harder and in order to divert my attention, I plunged my hand in between her thighs. She opened them up for me and my fingers reached her wetness. Hard as I tried, my fingers started shaking. I closed my eyes and tucked her panties to the side to caress her slick core. She whimpered and dipped her fingers inside my waist belt to touch my swollen crown. I stared at my butterfly on the stage, hoping that she saw me, but she was backing away from Steven who was approaching her. She was shaking like a wounded bird in a cage.

Freya touched my crown and brushed her finger on my pre-cum. "You are so hard," she said in a husky voice.

Yes. This was what I needed. Freya, a pure blooded, strong she-wolf and not the weak mortal who would shake my emotions that I had shoved deep down long back. I closed my eyes, trying to find words to reject mate when all at once I heard a sob that escaped her lips and I roared, "Two million dollars!"

I snapped my eyes open. Fuck. I was about to reject her.

Scandalized, Freya stopped, her eyes wide as she stared at me.

My Beta, Leo, was rattled by my sudden bid. He got up from his chair. He too was shocked just like me. Leo looked at me, bewildered. Controlling my wits, I nodded, telling him silently to pay the money and get the girl. I didn't know what I would do to her. Maybe, return her back to her world. She didn't belong to my world. She would never be my Luna.

I rose to my feet and strode out of the casino with my hand sprawled on the small of Freya's back. I glanced at Madam LeStrange who was smoking and watching me. She dipped her chin in courtesy and smiled. I walked out of the door, restraining my wolf.

As soon as I was in the parking lot near my Range Rover, I smelled Alpha Steven behind me. I whipped my head over my shoulder to see him.

"Keep her properly, Drexel, and don't fuck her," he snarled. "She's mine. I will come and take her away in a month with full money. I've been keeping my eye on her for the past month!"

I growled ferociously. "Fuck off!" My neck muscles corded with strain as I restrained my wolf to rip Steven limb by limb. I climbed in the rear seat of my SUV with Freya.