

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 25

Chapter 25: Werewolves

Penelope POV

I washed myself and then changed into one of his t-shirts I found in his room, drowning in

The way he said that he was going to laugh about the experience with Freya made my insides boil

I walked over to my side of the bed and crashed

I was so tired, emotionally and physically that the moment I sank in the mattress a sigh of bliss left me. I had been in the attic for a week and before that, I wasn't into this kind of comfort

After all, what could my mother's earnings provide me? At home my iron bed would squeak

and clunk every time I moved. And then I was in the House of Red Doors where the bed was nothing but a cold sheet over wood or floor. I didn't know that a bed could be this good

As I pulled up the silk comforter over me and my head sank in the pillow, I sighed, forgetting about Drexel's pathetic words. This was so much better even if this was only for a few weeks. Just as I was about to feel good, he entered the room and I immediately closed my eyes tightly. I didn't want to see him as anger returned with full force. I heard fabric rustling

A while later the bed dipped slightly and I knew that he was lying on the other side of the bed. I clung to my comforter, hoping he didn't come near me. He didn't

My nerves calmed, surrounded by his cedar and

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pine smell. I closed my eyes and soon fell into a deep sleep. I realized that I hadn't slept so well in so many days because when I peeled my eyes open, it was late in the morning. A smile crept on my lips feeling mentally and physically relaxed. Where was I? Last night's memories flooded my mind and my cheeks heated

I turned my head and saw that he was still sleeping. Very quietly I removed the comforter and padded to the bathroom. His bathroom was... beautiful. There was a large jacuzzi in the center over which was a broad shower. The floor was that of marble and the mirror on the sink counter was large, framed with gold. There was a plethora of towels neatly stacked in a shelf. Numerous lotions and soap bars were stashed in yet another shelf. After taking a quick bath, I went downstairs to locate Kimberley. I was officially eighteen and I wanted to celebrate

it with her. At the same time, I didn't what to do stay in the apartment because obviously Alpha Drexel didn't want to be sexually pleased all the time. He needed his space and I needed mine

Kimberley was not in her room

I was very hungry, but I didn't want to see Megan because I was really scared of her. I wandered around the packhouse in the well-manicured gardens that surrounded it and then into the woods, until I couldn't. My stomach grumbled so loud that the whole Moonstone pack must have heard. On the risk of facing Megan's wrath, I started to walk towards the packhouse by afternoon. My hunger crushed my sense of self-protection

As I walked towards the packhouse, I heard a low growl behind me. I whipped my head in that

direction and saw Megan standing a few feet

away, glaring at me menacingly with a butcher's knife in her hand

"L asked you to leave," she snarled. "Then why are you still here?"

My eyes became wide as the hair on my nape rose. I backed away. How did she find me here? My throat became paper dry. Restlessness surged through me and it drummed my fear and panic to the level that I could hear my heart pounding against my ears. "It's none of your business," I said with shaky lips as I furthered away. Something was wrong with Megan. She appeared... bulky. It was as if her muscles were bulging. Her eyes flickered yellow and then back to brown. Gods! She appeared so... beastly?

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"Everything about you is my business," she snarled again, taking a step towards me, lifting her knife

"Look Megan, I know that you are not happy to see me here, but what have I done to you? Whatever enmity you hold against me, we can talk it out," I croaked. My hands became clammy

She took another step towards me, her chest heaving. "Talk out with you? You are nothing compared to Freya. You can never take her place and Alpha Drexel hates you. So, either you leave right now or I kill you and bury you into these woods. No one will be bothered to even look for you!"

"Megan, you are out—" I said, but suddenly, she flung her knife towards me. I ducked as a shriek left my lips. "Are you fucking mad?" I shouted as I backed further but as luck would have it, I slammed into a tree. My eyes went to the knife that was lying tangled in a bush a few feet away

"If you don't go, I am going to rip you apart in so many pieces that no one would ever recognize you!"

My gaze shifted to the knife. I started making plans on how to retrieve it to protect myself from her and get out of here when I heard a ferocious growl and cracking of what sounded like... bones. I snapped my head up only to see that Megan's face had elongated into a snout, her hands dropped on the ground and fur sprouted from her skin. She turned into a bloody

wolf! A tremor of terror passed through my body. I froze with dread

Every myth, every piece of story about big bad werewolves came alive today. Werewolves existed and one gray colored wolf stood right in front of me, trying to kill me. And it was fucking bigger than a normal wolf

My terrified gaze lifted to her and I saw that she opened her mouth and peeled her lips back, baring her pointed fangs

"Fuck!" I rasped. The next moment I turned and started to run in the opposite direction. I fell on my knees. I got up, wheezing at the sheer shock of what I saw. My head was reeling. I thought I would faint. My vision went hazy because tears came out unbridled. How could I get myself into

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this mess? Did Drexel know that there was a werewolf in this place?

I could sense that Megan was closing in on me

Her growl was louder. From the periphery of my vision, I saw Alpha Drexel running in my direction. "Don't come here!" I shouted a warning. "Run! Run for your life!" I waved at him. However what I saw next was even more bizarre

"Move Penelope!" he growled as he ran towards me. A fierce rumble vibrated from his chest and he leapt in the air, my head followed his movement. He shifted into a massive black wolf midair and landed on his four paws behind me, in front of Megan

I was dreaming. My mind was playing tricks. I shook my head hard as I clenched my jaw to stop my teeth from chattering

I spun around to witness the weirdest sight of my life. Drexel too was a werewolf. He was much bigger than Megan. Taller than me

He moved too quickly for Megan to counter and shoved her to the ground. Within seconds he was on her throat, his fangs sinking in the flesh of her throat. She whimpered, her belly up, as if submitting to him

I fainted