

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 26

Chapter 26: Werewolf?

Surrounded by dark shadows that seemed to fade in and out of my vision every time they neared me, I felt overly cramped and confined. I ran through a forest of darkness and nightmares

I was sure that the shadows were beasts that chased me were wolves. Suddenly, a wolf with winter gray eyes leapt at me. I fell face down

Claws sliced through my flesh. It hurt. I screamed. There was a voice in the darkness, "Where will you hide, Penelope?"

I jerked awake, a shriek ringing in my ears, burning the back of my throat. I gasped for air, struggling to get out of the darkness but couldn't. Something cold covered my face. I peeled open my eyes, yanking whatever covered my

face. I found myself staring in the same winter gray eyes that haunted my nightmare. Scared, I tried to scramble away from him, but he had grabbed me too hard in his lap and I didn't have the energy to move away. He was bare chested, only in his pajamas and those dark hair that fell on his forehead only added to his gorgeousness and sensuality

"Nightmares?" he growled with irritation, continuing to hold me

This was what he had to ask me when I just discovered that I was living amongst werewolves? Bile rose in my throat. No wonder this place was called Moonstone Pack. It was a pack of wolves. No wonder all of them were so tall and beautiful and muscular than an average human. And that was why they were called

Alpha, Beta and Gamma. Every piece of puzzle

started snapping together, yet I knew that wasn't all

"Werewolf?" I rasped. All at once realization weighed upon me — Alpha Drexel was the leader of the Moonstone Pack, the biggest pack in North America. Freya, his fiancée, was going for meetings to help him grow the pack. It was like he was a king in the contemporary, parallel world. He narrowed his eyes and glared at me for a long time. "Do you eat humans? Will you bite me and turn me into a werewolf?" I trembled in his arms, my head feeling dizzy

Disregarding my words, he rumbled, "Have you

eaten?"

I shook my head lightly as I gazed at his handsome face. He lifted me with ease and set me on the bed. He pointed at the food tray on the bedside table and said, "Eat."

"I want to talk," I said. Thousands of questions swirled in my mind

"Only after you eat," he said in a cold, firm voice and got up. The space felt empty and cold without him. He walked out of the room and came back with a tumbler of whiskey in his hands. When he saw that I wasn't eating, a crease of disapproval formed on his forehead

He growled, "I asked you to eat. Don't defy my

orders, Penelope. No one does."

There was so much command in his voice, a

certain kind of aura that seemed to spill out of him that I winced. I meekly followed his order and picked up the food tray to eat. There was an assortment of fruits, chicken broth and garlic bread. My stomach grumbled at the aroma and I began eating

He watched me while I ate and after some time said, "So what do you want to know? You have already figured out that we are werewolves." He said as if it was nothing

I opened my mouth and then closed it again, not able to understand where to begin. Finally I asked, "Why do you live away from humans? Don't humans know that werewolves exist? And I believe that your species is superior to us. Why aren't there any werewolf invasions on our society?"

"I will answer your questions, but you have to answer mine after that," he said in the same cold voice

"Fair enough," I said, chewing bread. Where was Megan? Did she make all this for me? While the idea felt good, I was still scared of her

"We stay away from humans because our kind is a threat to their survival. A treaty between humans and supernaturals was signed several hundred years back in which it was mentioned that we will stay away from human civilization

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The treaty is brought forward every once in a while, and re-signed by the existing leaders or the representative of the leaders. Basically, it states that we can't reveal ourselves to the

human world. So here we are, miles and miles away from the human towns. Besides, we hate human scents. It is impossible to stay amongst them. Also, these forests are our homes. We like to roam around in our wolf forms in natural greenery. Human towns on the other hand are jungles of concrete. We go there if we are bored."

I blinked my eyes. Wow. There was so much more I wanted to ask, but I was cut short

"Your chance," he said. "Why did you choose to remain a virgin till now?"

I wanted to say that I regretted it a lot, but instead I said, "I guess because you abducted me before I could actually have a boyfriend!" I took

a spoonful of broth and gulped it down as if in vengeance

"You said you had boyfriends?" His expression became dark as his brows furrowed. He grasped the glass so tightly that I was sure that the glass would crumble to dust in his hands. "Did anyone try to have sex with you? I can't believe that they didn't."

When he asked the question, he appeared as if he was going to lose control. And when that happened my heart accelerated wildly with fear

I saw a hint of his fangs and I felt... sexy. Would he graze them on my neck? Did he scrape them on my skin last night?

"No they didn't! I already told you that!" I said

"I didn't allow them." My cheeks heated while he relaxed and leaned back on the sofa. He took a large swig of whiskey

He scoffed. "I guess it would have been suitable for you. To have one of those wimpy men as your husband. You would have gone from one leaky roof to another or from a home infested with rodents to an RV." He chuckled

"How do you know about my home?" I gritted

"And if given a chance I would love to go back there!"

"Home?" he sneered. He waved in his room and said, "This is home. You lived in a hole."

"I lived with my mother and that is what is important! Not like a prisoner. I had my freedom."

A growl rumbled in his chest and I bit back my words. His fangs grew and I realized that if provoked, his fangs grew. I recalled how his fangs pierced Megan's throat. I changed the topic immediately sensing danger. "Why has Freya left you for so long? Isn't she bothered that you will be hitched by some other girl?"

"Freya knows that I will marry her and no one else," he replied. "Now tell me how did you get those bruises on your stomach?"

I placed the food tray back on the bedside table and drank water. Wiping my mouth with my

sleeve I said, "I don't know..." I picked up my shirt and looked down at the two purple bruises on the left of my stomach. They seemed to have deepened in color. "The first one I got when I was traveling with you for the first time. I got this pain suddenly and I doubled over. Later a bruise was formed. Next, I got a day later after I had come to see you in the office for the first time."

He stiffened. His shoulders drew back with tension

"Oh!" I raised my arm. There was one tiny one on the side of my chest. "This I got a day before Freya left. And I have no idea how I got this."

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