

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 5

Chapter 5: The Moonstone Pack

His touch was hot and rough against me. The contact was electric and I shivered as I became quiet for a moment, puzzled, focused at the place where our skins touched. Did he notice this or was I imagining? His face was pressed against the side of my buttock and his hot and ragged breath fell on my skin. I could feel his fingers digging in the flesh of my thighs or were they his sharp claw-like nails? He muttered curses as he carried me, gripping me tightly with both his hands.

I kicked and flailed but he carried me effortlessly back. The man had hard muscles all over and I felt I was hitting a brick wall. This couldn't be happening. I was desperate to run. One week without sunlight, without friends and family in a small room. My mother would have been out there all alone, nervous and trying to find me, whereas my existence had come to a stagnant state, punctuated by occasional beatings. I ran twice and I was caught twice. What rotten luck. "Leave me!" I begged through my tears and anger and desperation.

Instead of the jeep, he took me to his SUV, threw me mercilessly on the front seat and strapped me with the seatbelt, his breath rough.

"I am warning you, Penelope!" he growled in a deep timbre, sinful voice, with his hands on both sides of my head on the seat. His face merely a few inches away and his gray eyes bored into me. My eyes darted to his perfectly shaped lips, down to his naked chest and I realized that he was clad in only trousers. Delightful shivers went down my spine.

He peeled his lips back and I saw a hint of... fangs? I was surprised that I couldn't help but like them even though I should have been afraid.

His neck muscles strained as his irises flickered golden. His face was spattered with blood. There was a gaping wound on his arm and his naked torso was too close to me. Strong scent of cedar mixed with that of blood overwhelmed my senses. "If you try to pull that act of yours again,

I promise you a deadly punishment! I have bought you and you belong to me."

I stifled a cry along with a blistering rage, wincing at his words. And then... my stomach rumbled. Loudly. Embarrassingly.

He narrowed his eyes as they dipped to my tummy. Immediately, he raised his gaze to me. "Do not defy me. I take it badly. Very badly," he snarled. I cowered at his menacing voice. My body shook on its own volition as I sniffled, trying my best to control my tears. This man was no less than a beast. I had no idea how he saved me from those wolves, but he and his men were extremely strong.

"What will you do with me?" I asked with quivering lips.

His gaze dipped to my lips. A frustrated growl later, he closed the door of the SUV loudly without answering me. He moved so fast that it was humanly impossible. He opened the rear door and sat down banging it close. I turned over my shoulder and found him staring at me with the same blond woman... in his lap. She licked her lips as she looked at me with a raised eyebrow. I instantly averted my gaze with a gasp. The driver revved the engine and we were back on the highway.

We drove quietly for a few moments when his

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voice made me jump. "Colt!

"Yes Alpha," said the driver.

"Where are the sandwiches that Megan packed?"

"In the dashboard," Colt said. He slowed the vehicle and took the box out from the dashboard. With one hand he opened the box and gave the wrapped tuna sandwiches to him, Freya and one to me as well. I grabbed it hungrily and finished it greedily.

"I don't want it," Freya said in a husky voice. "I'd rather have you. Again." she giggled.

I lowered my head, my appetite lost as I looked wryly at the next sandwich that Colt gave me.

A while later, I heard a few groans, loud kisses, giggles and then it was quiet. A glass lifted between us and then I couldn't hear them. Colt increased the speed and I stared at the sandwich while wondering what was going on at the back behind the tinted glass. Why did I feel that I was being glared at? It was as if someone wanted to burn holes in my body.

And why did I have this sharp heartache again like someone stabbed my heart with a sharp dagger. With a ragged breath, I focused on the road ahead that was lit with the lights of our SUV, wondering what was to come, wondering if I could get hold of a weapon to kill myself before I was raped or pushed into being a whore.

Two million dollars.

Even if I sold my soul, I wouldn't be able to pay that much money and be free. More tears rolled out of my eyes and I pressed my mouth with a hand, hoping to suppress my sniffles. "There's a medical kit in the dashboard," Colt said after some time, reminding me of my bruises and aches. With my puffy eyes, I peered at him. For the first time I noticed his features. He was an elderly man with silver hair on his temple and a scar that extended from his chin to lower lip. As I was trying to register what he was saying, he encouraged me, "You should apply antiseptic ointment on your bruises."

With shaking fingers, I opened the dashboard and took out the medical kit. I pulled out an antiseptic and cotton out of the kit and started applying it on my skin, but I was so mentally exhausted that I couldn't do it anymore. I just let it go.

We reached the Moonstone Pack much before dawn. Our SUV traveled down a meandering road. The town was nestled in a valley between snow capped tall mountains. Pines and oaks marched down the slopes like sentinels. A few stars still dazzled in the sky and the waning moon hung over the poplars on the horizon. Mist rolled in and around the trees.

There was a large compound in front of us with high walls. I could see that the wall extended to

a long distance which meant that the compound consisted of hundreds of acres. There were trained security personnel stationed at intervals. It was as if the place was guarded like a vault. Basically, I could never escape it. The gates groaned open and the SUV rolled inside.