

# No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

## Chapter 52

Chapter 52: Reject

Drexel POV

When the fire was burning nicely in the hearth, I stood there reflecting on what happened. Did I push her too far? I don't think so. At first, she didn't return to the packhouse and then I found her dancing with Eric. If I hadn't come at the right time, who knew that Eric would have ended up kissing. My blood boiled at the thought. That was strike one for Eric

I gazed into the fire and realized that the same fire was burning in my chest. I had to reject my human mate to protect her from me and also to protect myself. I had never had such blazing

emotions burning through my heart and pushing me to the edge. Penelope was not the girl for me. I needed a strong she-wolf who was focused on my endgame and which was to win more packs, to strengthen my ties and with whom my emotions didn't always kick up. With whom I never panicked

I turned to her, trying to find words in my mind for rejecting her. I knew that I would suffer a lot of pain, but it would end. This pain was better than the lifetime pain I would have if I didn't reject her. Would she feel the same kind of pain that I would feel when I reject her? I don't think so. She was a human. She couldn't possibly feel the same intensity

As I stared at her silhouette that was covered in the soft buttery glow of the fire, my throat

bobbed up and down. Her wet hair over the pillow was spread in red streaks. Her face was on the other side. My mind raced back to what happened a while back and my body shuddered

I closed the gap to the bed and lay beside her, naked. Her eyes were wide open. She gazed at me and our eyes locked. Her beautiful green ones in my winter gray ones

"Have you no regard for your life?" I found myself asking as I removed a strand of damp hair from her cheek

She didn't reply and continued to look into my eyes

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"Why didn't you tell me that you were coming to Leo's house?"

No reply

"Why didn't you return to the packhouse?"

Her lips parted as if she was contemplating on saying something. I crossed my arms across my chest, trying to restrain myself from touching her. If I had to reject her, I had to start right here, right now

"Why did you come after me?" she asked, her voice a mere whisper. The fire glinted off her red hair and they looked like flames of a phoenix

I didn't know what to reply. I blurted, "I wanted to see my—"

Her brows furrowed deep and I stopped mid-sentence, cutting short at the word 'breeder'. I wondered if I told her that she was my mate. It would be easier for me to reject her. But the word rejection was making my body go rigid

My mind was not able to form the words. My throat went dry when my gaze drifted to her pouty lips. I closed my eyes and started thinking of every incident that led me to believe that I should reject her. When I opened my eyes, I had a firm resolution. "Penelope—"

"I want to say something to you Alpha Drexel,"

she cut me off. "I want to reject—"

Fuck. My brain froze. The words tumbling out of her mouth were not what I had anticipated

Was she playing her game with me? Was she

testing the theory that she was my mate? I stared at her, as my muscles strained. My heart sped like that of a wild horse, threatening to leap into my throat. Thorns of dread and panic dug into my flesh

She stopped herself and then with a very pained expression repeated, "I want to reject—"

And I crushed my lips on hers before she could say anything else. My chest rumbled with a growl that vibrated in her mouth. She parted her lips for me and I swept my tongue inside, fighting for dominance. He wrapped his fingers around my neck as her nails dug in my chest

"Don't—" I said, gasping for air. I took a deep breath as I tried to clear the fog from my spinning head

"But—"

I crashed my lips again on hers, not giving her time to think or speak. I peppered her with kisses from her chin to her neck. I heard her gasp when I grazed my fangs on her marking spot. My hand went inside the duvet and in between her thighs where she was already wet

She whimpered when I started circling my finger around her clit. I found her mouth again and slid inside the duvet beside her. I pulled her leg up on my thigh to get a better access to her wet sex

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Penelope was fighting for dominance. She pulled away from me, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "Drexel!" she said, but her body arched for me when I pressed my fingers on her core

I was the one who wanted to reject her and I was the one who couldn't bear the word out of her mouth. Kissing her soothed my nerves and

thorns of panic plucked out one by one from my flesh

She pressed her belly against my hard erection but I wanted this to be her day. So, I turned her to her back. Slowly, I trailed a path of kisses to her belly, where I sucked her navel making her moan. I went down further and cupped her buttocks to lift her sex to my lips like a bowl of honey. "Feel me, Lippy," I said and I latched onto her core. I delved my tongue in her sex as much as possible. I licked her all the way up between her folds to her clit and sucked her swollen bud hard. I wasn't happy there because I wanted her to come on my tongue. So, I went back to her core and tongue-fucked her. Hard

She—

What do think should Penelope do to Drexel? I keep posting their pictures on my Instagram

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