

# No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

## Chapter 8

Chapter 8: I Would Rather Die

An unknown emotion gripped my chest and I fisted my hands on my sides seeing Freya go into the apartment. I was feeling jealous of the only kind person I had met in so long. I shouldn't... The elevator door closed and it stopped on the fourth floor. Gathering my wits, I stepped out into a foyer. A large circular table sat right in the center. The tall flower vase on it had long cuttings of 'False Bird of Paradise', their orange and yellow colors looking beautiful under a medium sized chandelier. There were three doors and the one in the center had the name Alpha Drexel written on it in gold. With my heart thundering in my ribcage, I knocked on the door.

"Come in," a deep throaty voice from inside jarred me all over again.

I pressed the handle and peeked inside. Alpha Drexel was sitting at a large oak table behind a computer screen. I stepped in. His office was... massive. Three black and white paintings hung on the left wall. An oval mirror on the right with a fancy frame was surrounded by a collage of photos of him and Freya. Behind him was the glass wall in which I saw my reflection. A large TV screen hung on the wall on his right next to the collage, but it was blank. His table was neat and except a pile of documents and a pen stand, there wasn't much.

It had become pretty dark on the outside and I heard a distant rumble of the angry skies, threatening a deluge. "Where are your shoes?" he asked, glaring at my feet rather than looking at my face, when I walked barefoot on the soft rug in the center of the office floor.

"I don't have any..." I bit my lip as I winced in pain, shuffling on my feet.

Slowly, he dragged his eyes to my face and our gazes locked. I forgot to breathe.

He looked just as beautiful as I saw him for the first time though slightly tired. He was wearing a light blue shirt that was buttoned to the top, from which his tattoo was peaking along with a dusty line of chest hair. His hair was a mess though, and it looked like he hadn't slept much. There were dark circles beneath his eyes. He had a day's old shave, which I felt like... caressing. I checked my foolish emotions immediately.

His brows furrowed and I could see his neck tendons straining as his eyes settled on my lips. "What happened to your face?"

"N- nothing," I stuttered. "I fell... on the staircase..." I came to stand in front of his table.

"You are late," he growled. "And I hate lazy people who are liars." His eyes were becoming

droopy. He shifted on his chair as if very uncomfortable.

"And I hate captivity!" I muttered. "What?" his voice boomed in the room.

I should have felt scared, but I was feeling furious. Because of him I was sure that I would end up being a whore in this place. I came straight to my point—one that I had been thinking right from the time he bought me. "I will repay your debt by working hard," I pleaded. "Please leave me and let me go back."

I heard his chest rumble. He tilted his head and snapped, "You can never repay a two million

debt, Penelope. So, you are going to stay in this pack forever and will be at my beck and call. You belong to me till the day you die."

"Then kill me now!" His words sent a pure rage streaking through me. I refused to be a servant in a place where they would beat me up or find a chance to rape me every now and then.

"Oh no," he replied very coldly. "How will I get my money's worth back?"

Familiar panic exploded in my chest at his words. My gaze landed on a dagger in a display cradle on his table. Without thinking, I lunged for it and yanked it free from its sheath. He got up from behind his table roaring, "What are you doing?"

The shining metal caught the light of the chandelier above me and in that moment, things became clear to me. "I would rather die than become the whore of your men!" I said and turned the dagger on myself to stab my neck. "Nooo!" he bellowed. He leapt over the table and in less than a second, he was between me and the dagger. The blade was so sharp that it plunged inside his stomach like a knife cutting butter.