

No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

Chapter 9

Chapter 9: Teach Manners

What the hell just happened? Now he was more enraged than ever. I gasped as I sensed more tension from him.

He bared his sharp canines at me. “This is the second time you have defied me, Penelope!” He grabbed my wrists and sent me flying to the rug.

I was so shocked as I lay on my back and tears flooded my eyes. I got up, shoving the hair from my face and found him picking up the dagger from the ground. He tossed the dagger away and walked to tower over me even as blood trickled down over his shirt. His brows drew together. “Very few have disobeyed me and lived, especially when they have encountered my rage.” He came to sit in front of me. He curled his fingers below my chin and tipped my head up painfully. “Yet, you have done it twice in a row. If you will not listen to me, then I will shackle you in chains in your room forever,” he growled.

My heart was beating so fast that I could hear its sound in my ears. I swallowed saliva down my dry throat but I couldn't move, frozen to the spot, because I knew that he could actually chain me. My gaze shifted to his wound. I felt terrible for him. I wanted to touch him and stop the blood. “You— You—” My lips trembled. “— are bleeding.” I wanted to tend to him.

He leaned over my face and in a guttural voice cut me off, “You are going to help Megan in the kitchen.”

The cook gave me murderous looks and had asked me to stay away from her. And this man was sending me right over there? “I don't want to go there,” I said, fear rising in my chest.

He caught my hand and yanked me up with him. He dragged me with him to the door and into the elevator and pressed the button for the ground floor. I tried to get out of his grip, but despite his wounds he was so strong that my struggle was futile. He spun me around and held me close to his chest with his arm draped across my shoulders. I was pressed against his hard chest muscles. The warmth of his blood and body heat permeated my senses. We were both panting heavily. I was amazed that even though blood was oozing out, he was standing like a rock, as if nothing had happened to him.

As soon as the elevator door opened, he pushed me out with him. Everyone in the room was suddenly so alert that they stopped talking. They lowered their eyes and dipped their chin as if in submission. Bizarre.

Alpha Drexel took me all the way to the kitchen. Kiev was sitting at the island table biting into a roasted chicken leg as Megan stood beside him and served boiled green peas on a plate. “You should eat well, Kiev,” she said affectionately.

As soon as they saw us, they jumped. Kiev stopped eating and got up. His gaze locked with mine and he snarled. Alpha Drexel took me to the island table. I resisted, scared as hell of Kiev. We stopped right in front of it and I found both Megan and Kiev glaring at me. I could hear their low snarls.

“Kiev, would you teach some manners to this girl?” he said. A shiver ran down my body. This couldn't be happening.

Kiev's lips curled up. “Any day,” he replied, licking his lips as he glanced at my bosom. “Bloody weak human bitch!”

Megan snickered.

“No, please no!” I muttered. How did the whole situation spiral down so sharply? “How do you intend to teach her?” Alpha Drexel asked as he spun me out of his grip and I dropped into a chair in front of him. Everyone in the kitchen stopped their work and stared at us. Drexel stepped away from me. He took a kitchen cloth and wiped his hand.

Kiev rounded the table and came next to me. I cowered, my eyes widening as I leaned away from him. He towered over me menacingly. He grabbed my hair with one hand as he placed the other on the table. He pulled me right in front of his dick and said, “I will fuck her brains out till she starts obeying me and you. Then I will throw her to every wolf in the pack to rut her. I will leash her like a dog and make her crawl in the whole pack after me.” Some boys at the back started laughing. “What do you think of that wa

— ahhhhh!” he screamed with pain as a butcher knife lodged inside his hand and locked him onto the table. Blood spurted out like a fountain from his hand. People froze in their spot as they stared at Kiev who was shrieking in pain.

Alpha Drexel removed his hand from the hilt of the knife and in a frosty voice said, “If you. Ever. Again. Touch, what is mine, this knife will be in your throat, coated with silver.”