

# No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha

## Chapter 92

Chapter 92: Stalker

Penelope POV

My feet were grounded to the floor

Overcharged with terror that was bolting inside me mimicking the lightning outside in the skies, I looked at the phone whose light was flashing. I whipped my head to look at the man standing outside. His face was covered with the shadows from his hood and only the lower half of his face was visible. The shadows cut across his nose and those lips from which he mouthed, ‘Pick up.’

Forgetting the blood that was dropping from my finger, I trudged to my bed slowly. The screen was flashing an unknown number. I picked it up

and with a trembling finger slid the button

Placing it on my ear, I simultaneously looked at my stalker

“Open the door Penelope,” he said in a deep baritone voice that speared a sharp arrow down my spine

I shook my head once as I backed away from him

“Where are you going to go, Penelope?” he said

“ ‘ ‘ You can’t escape me

My throat was dry but I managed to croak, “Who are you?”

“That is none of your concern,” he chuckled as rain pounded on him. He was drenched to the skin

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I took another step back and another

“Don’t run,” he said in his cold voice and I squeaked like a mouse

The next I knew was that I bolted to my door after disconnecting the phone. I rushed to Nina’s room, scared as hell. I took two steps at a time

Nina’s room was at the end of the kitchen. I ran as fast as my feet could there and I was a runner

I knocked at her door frantically, but she didn’t open. “Nina!” I shouted, but there was no movement on the other side nor was there any

response. Dread skittered down me and I opened her door only to find Nina on the floor

Bleeding. Someone had bludgeoned her head and there was pool of blood around her hair as she lay on the ground, unconscious or dead. I screamed as I darted to her. “Ninaaaa!” I shook her hands, but the girl was frozen. Rivulets of blood were flowing around her hair, making them crimson in their wake. I stabbed my fingers in my hair, tears flowing out of my eyes

Pure panic burst inside me. I got up and ran out from there, not bothered to close the door behind me. I raced against time to Mateo’s room when the lights of my phone started flashing again. It was the same unknown number. Anger waded with terror when I picked it and blasted on the phone, “You bastard! Who the fuck are you? I am going to shred you into so many pieces that you will forget your pitiful

existence!”

A deep baritone laughter filled my ears. “Didn’t you see what happened to Nina? Why are you running away, Penelope? I am coming for you.” And suddenly I heard heavy footsteps on creaky stairs that led to my room. My body trembled like a dry leaf barreling in the summer breeze

Cold sweat broke on my skin. I whimpered

I disconnected the call and then rushed to Mateo’s room. I knew that if I banged on his door, the stalker would find my location, so instead of banging, I whispered his name. “Mateo...”

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No response

My heart lurched in my throat when I thought

that he was also injured... or dead. Oh God, please don’t let him die. I sent a small prayer to God and turned the knob and to my surprise, I found that it was open. I went inside his room

Water was running nonstop and I was sure that he was in the bathroom. At the risk of looking like a louche, I opened the bathroom door and another scream worked its way up. I stopped it by stashing my knuckles in my mouth as I found Mateo lying unconscious in the stall of his bathroom, naked, with blood flowing from his head

There was more blood coming out of his thighs and some on his hands which meant that he must have struggled before losing consciousness. This meant just one thing—my stalker was either very powerful or knew Mateo well

I closed the door of his bathroom when the screen of my phone flashed again. I didn’t pick it up, scared to give my location. I knew that I was alone and at the mercy of the stalker. Where the hell was the security team? I padded out of Mateo’s room and bumped into a heavy chest. I shrieked and saw Henry from security. I sagged with relief

“Where the hell were you?” I squeaked. “There is someone in the house!”

He nodded and placed his finger on his lips. He took his gun out. He put me behind him and together we started to get out of the house

“How did he enter?” I asked, my voice a whisper

“I don’t know, Miss Penelope,” Henry whispered back. “But our security cameras show nothing

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It’s like there is no one. It’s like he is a ghost!”

“But you are a werewolf, goddamnit! Can’t you smell anything foreign?”

“Can you?” he directed the question to me and it was then that I realized that even I couldn’t smell anything different. “Nina and Mateo are...”

“Shh...”

I snapped my mouth shut and focused on the darkness of the main hall

There were heavy footsteps somewhere around us. I clenched my pajamas and picked up a porcelain statue of a mermaid from the side table as we made our way out. As soon as we reached the main door, it opened suddenly. I heard electricity zipping and the next moment Henry’s convulsing body was on the ground

A scream left my lips and I threw the statue on the stalker. He dodged my attack and his lips curled up. “I told you I was coming for you,” he said in a cold voice that was like a hundred icy buckets thrown at me

I backed away from him, but he was quick to come by my side and then my body started convulsing. My stalker had an electric taser

A minute later, I succumbed to darkness