

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 24: Stay or leave

Penelope

This was bad, really bad.

I shouldn't accept this date, I knew it.

I should stay away from him, I can, because I didn't feel the bond as he does, even when I was going to feel a lot of pain after that, I had no doubt.

I had never been very good at dating, but the fact that he looked lovely, sexy as hell in that dark suit that made him look like a model, and took me to a romantic place near the woods... I don't think it helped at all.

I felt like I didn't belong here, like I was an unwanted guest, and I couldn't help but notice the other people watching me and thinking... what would this ordinary girl be doing with this incredibly attractive man?

Nate seemed completely oblivious, just holding my hands and concentrating on talking to me. The feeling of my hand in his was as silly as it was wonderful.

"What if I'm not what you expected? What if I don't measure up to an Alpha... an Alpha like you?" I suddenly blurted out.

Let's be clear, there are a thousand reasons why this won't work, he hurt me, and we're practically enemies. He's the big Alpha, I'm just a human. It all seems like a recipe for disaster.

Maybe part of me wanted him to back off, to reject me. According to the stories, everything would be easier if he rejected me, I would suffer, and I would probably cry for months... but I would get over it.. sooner or later.

Instead, I couldn't go on with this agony, this uncertainty, this waiting... waiting when he would reject me.

"I mean... what? What are you talking about?" he asked, lost, as if I had thrown a bucket of cold water on him.

"I'm human, Nate... your pack treated me like a traitor and worse things happened... you know that. And for the rest... I will never be on your level... no matter what happens between us," I tell him, and he stares at me with an open mouth.

"That's your concern?" he asks, and I nod.

He takes my hand and kisses it, his lips playing with my knuckles, making me feel a crazy tingle.

"Penelope... we belong together, I'm sure... the moon goddess brought us together for a reason..."

"Nate, no... it's more than that... I know that you know that... this... shouldn't have happened, that I would be your last option in any situation. If it wasn't for the bond... you would never choose me..." I tell him, but he cuts me off.

"But the bond exists... you are my mate, my mate! You and no one else. And I don't want anyone else," he tells me with a pleading look on his face. His eyes looked so sincere that I almost believed him.

"If it weren't for that... if it weren't for the fact that you're a werewolf..."

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"But I am... I am a werewolf and I have full confidence that fate has created this way for me, for us, for some reason. I am not human, Penelope. My crush is not human and you know it, and by the goddess! I wouldn't want it to be..." he says, squeezing my hand in his.

"But I am... I'm not like you... I'm not in the same situation and I don't have the same qualities..." I say now, biting my lip and trying to get my hands back, but he doesn't seem to want to let go of them.

"You mean you are human? None of that matters, Penelope..." he says so convinced.

A human. A girl in a pack of werewolves without a wolf! It's... outrageous! Ridiculous!

"Of course it matters! Hunter won't have a mate..."

"You are my mate! My wolf thinks only of you... every morning he begs to see you, desperately... he dreams of you, he smells you from miles away. Those are just excuses"

"It's more than that..." I say, and the words get stuck in my throat, and now I don't know if I...

Of course, I can't imagine a future with him, that would be a complete illusion. I only think about the present, a present where I am with him, here in this beautiful restaurant, holding hands with him as if we were a normal couple, which we clearly are not.

It doesn't make any sense.

"What do you mean, Penelope?" he says, and I feel even more nervous.

"I mean I'm not like other girls, not human, not werewolf women, okay? I'm... chubby! Out of shape! An unwanted woman... with a... an Alpha!" I whisper, shaking, pulling my hands away from his and dropping them in my lap. He looks at me in shock, as if the idea hadn't crossed his mind.

"What?" he asks in shock.

How the hell could it not? Just look at him! And then at me! This is ridiculous!

"Everything okay over here?" Suddenly we're interrupted by some girl the one who sell the ice creams. What is she doing here?

She looks at me like I'm nobody. She stares at Nate like he's a stuffed chocolate candy.

Further proof that we come from two different worlds, and I have no passport or visa for his, I was kicked out of his world by his own family! By him! I don't even fully belong to the human world. This is madness! Stop this madness, Penelope!

"Is there anything else you need, anything else I can help you with...?" she says, looking at him flirtatiously. Nate is so... handsome and imposing.

Sweet goddess, this is a nightmare!

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"No, thanks, I... we're fine," he says, I didn't say a word.

"I have to go to the bathroom," I say, standing up quickly as he looks at me with sad eyes. I just want to be away, away from him.

"This was a very, very bad idea...what were you thinking, Penelope? This is a mess!" I say, looking at myself in the mirror.

This dress that made me feel so comfortable, even sexy, now makes me feel pathetic, like I'm a joke. I look at myself...my stomach, stretching my arms and posing to look thinner.

"You are what you are Penelope, a human, a curvy woman. Not a she-wolf"

"Get rid of that stupid idea," I say with a sigh.

I look out and see him looking around nervously, his feet tapping rhythmically on the floor, biting his lips restlessly. Nate sighs and waves for the check.

Finally, I'm going home.

"I have to end this... there is no future between him and me. He'll find someone else, I'm sure. Yes, that's for the best..." I say to myself. And as I slowly and dejectedly walk by, I hear some girls talking, not even whispering, they were talking about me and him.

"I really hope it's a... maybe a family meeting..."

"That fat girl? With that hot guy? No way they're family!" the other one replies and they all laugh.

"Well, you wouldn't say they're a couple, would you?"

"What? Impossible!" says another.

"He's so hot, I'd eat him right now. I swear I had to control myself. I have to admit, I put my phone number on the bill...I pray he calls me," says another, and they all laugh.

"So fucking hot"

Yeah... that is. I'm going to end this.

"Are you okay?" Nate asks me worriedly.

The walk back is even quieter, and I don't know if we're making any progress. He... gets closer to me and I... get further away from him.

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When we get home, I hope he'll leave after all, he's doing much better, isn't he? And with all that inside me... I wish he wouldn't. Damn it Penelope!

"Roger is looking into the rogues. The police haven't found anything, but we think it's better to stay vigilant. I'd like to stay here one more night, if you don't mind, just to make sure," he says, and I nod. Yeah sure... one more night, what can happen?

I sit on my bed and stare at the floor, sighing.

Am I sabotaging myself? Maybe.

Or am I just protecting myself? Probably.

When I go to turn on the shower, I see that there's a problem, it's clogged.

"What the hell?" I try, but no water comes out.

"Penelope, are you okay? I think there's a problem with the plumbing," I hear his voice in the distance. He must have heard me struggling in the bathroom. In no time, he's here without his jacket and with a dejected look on his face.

"Can you check the water in the kitchen?" he asks attentively, totally involved in fixing the problem. Stupid old house and its ailments.

"Damn!" I hear him yell, and it sounds like a lot of water is coming out. After several instructions where he gives me directions, it seems to be solved.

And all I wanted was a simple bath. I go back to my room, and when I see him, I feel my knees turn to jelly.

Nate is shirtless, wet, and drying himself with a towel. His pants are wet, and he's barefoot, looking absolutely exquisite. The waitress was right; he is so sexy. My poor, foolish, deluded heart begins to flutter.

In the reflection of the mirror, I see myself disheveled, with the straps of my dress falling, and I notice the look he has, a dark look as if he's controlling himself, taking in every detail of me.

The thought of him leaving and taking me away from him disappears, and all I can think about is wanting to feel his skin against mine.

Nate begins to take firm but cautious steps toward me. I know he can feel the tension between us, it's electric.

When he stands in front of me, I can see his wet hair, his blue eyes glistening, and his dark pupils dilated. His mouth is open, and I can feel the desire and lust flowing between us.

I don't remember the laughter of the waitress, my denials, my dress, or the idea of rejection. I can only think of him, his lips, his skin, his beautiful eyes, his voice. Everything about him is so... perfect.

Without thinking about it, without intending to, I kiss him, with everything I have, without doubts.