

# Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

## Chapter 48: Father and son

Nathaniel

“We should see mate, I need to see mate!” Hunter’s urgent voice echoed in my mind.

“We need to let her get used to being here. We both know she's not happy to be back, and we need to work on making her feel safe and comfortable,” I replied as he growled in frustration.

“She will only be comfortable if we are with her! Who else but us can help her feel welcome here, let her know this is her home?!” Hunter pleaded desperately.

“Of course, we have to do that. But there are a thousand other things to do first! I want to reach out to her with solutions and show her that things are different. I have all the help I can get, including my mother and grandmother,” I explained, feeling the weight of the situation.

I was a man who had always been strong, capable of fighting vampires and the strongest werewolves without a problem. As an Alpha, I was expected to put myself on the line and defend the pack. Sacrifices had to be made, and it was always my duty to bleed and sweat for the safety of the pack.

However, with her, everything was different.

Penelope turned my world upside down, and I found myself unable to discern right from wrong when it came to her.

“You're wrong, and time will prove me right,” Hunter's voice echoed like a persistent know-it-all, but I had too much on my mind to pay attention to his whining.

Later, in my office, my father appeared with an upset expression, and I anticipated the reason for his displeasure.

“Nathaniel! What is this rumor about you protecting humans circulating in the pack? What madness is this?” he demanded.

“Good morning to you too, father,” I replied with a sigh, reviewing the documents Jeremiah had left about his findings at the farm.

“Is it true?” he pressed, offended.

“It's not a rumor. I gave them a place in the pack myself. One of them is the mate of one of our warriors, so they're more than welcome,” I confirmed, bracing for his reaction.

“What the hell?!” he exclaimed angrily.

“We are at war, father. Crimson Fangs and Marco are not allies. Their plans involve human territory, and working with rogues and vampires. It's disgraceful!” I explained, raising my voice.

“There must be a mistake...” he sputtered, struggling to accept the information.

“Unfortunately not. We have proof, and we will bring them to justice for the sake of our species,” I asserted.

“But to bring them here? Those beings are shameful and ungrateful!” he protested, and I clenched my fists in frustration.

“You don't know what you are saying, father. They are victims of all of this and are in danger because they provided information about Marco. They will remain under our protection,” I declared.

“I will investigate this. I hope it doesn't bring more problems to the pack,” he warned.

“Dad, I am the Alpha, and my decision is final. I ask you not to interfere any more than you already have,” I said authoritatively.

He attempted to manipulate the situation, suggesting that it might not be too late for me to repent before causing harm to the pack.

“If you're not going to help me, father, at least stay out of my business,” I asserted.

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All day, I grappled with the numerous problems plaguing me, realizing that I might eventually have to choose between the pack, my family, or her — Penelope.

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“Alpha, it's time,” Roger interrupted my thoughts, and I followed him.

“Will everyone be there? Has Alpha Asher confirmed the presence of the other Alphas?” I inquired.

“That's right. There's a sizable number already,” Roger replied as we headed to the border. The meeting was crucial, but I couldn't tear myself away from thoughts of Penelope.

For hours, I stood outside and watched her. She appeared sad, gazing out the window, and her expression broke my heart.

“Do you know anything about Penelope's meeting with my mother and grandmother?”

“Nothing yet, but Penelope should be on her way there by now. It's going to be okay, Nate,” Roger reassured.

We arrived in the woods to find Asher, Jeremiah, and other Alphas with their Lunas gathered. The meeting was near, but I couldn't tear myself away from my mate.

“Welcome, everyone. Thank you for coming to hear what we've found. If you have been invited here, it is because you fear, as we do, what Crimson Fangs is doing lately, and we all agree that Alpha Marco must be stopped,” Asher declared, setting the tone for the meeting.

“We have been watching him for several years now. Crimson Fangs have been acting suspiciously, and they've grown economically at an unusual rate,” another Alpha informed.

“That's all very true, but we also have information on their plans, their relationship with the Council, and a theory on how they acquire so much money,” I contributed.

I explained what Penelope had overheard, the selling of humans, corruption with the Council, and more. Shocked expressions filled the assembly.

“This is an aberration! Marco has been doing this right under our noses, barbarities, and atrocities without us noticing!” one of the Lunas exclaimed.

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“Unfortunately, we have been too focused on our problems to see the bigger picture. Alpha Marco has taken advantage of our concern for our packs,” I admitted.

“I would like to introduce someone you may know. Jeremiah has agreed to help us, and has vital information on these matters,” Asher said, and Jeremiah stepped forward calmly.

“Good afternoon, everyone. I come in peace and only want to help,” he assured.

“A vampire?” an Alpha whispered.

“That's right. Jeremiah is an old vampire, and I vouch for him. He's helped us a lot,” Asher explained.

“Without Jeremiah's help, we wouldn't have obtained the information we have on Marco's secrets. What we know now will help us stop him,” I added.

“Alphas and Lunas, what we're up against is a large network of blackmail and abuse. There are many powerful people involved, but despite this, it is the best time to attack them,” Jeremiah explained.

“How can we defeat them?” several Alphas asked.

Jeremiah presented evidence of Marco's illicit activities and suggested exposing him to ruin his reputation.

“We have to convince the other Alphas and gain their support,” I emphasized.

After the meeting, I felt the urgency to check on Penelope. Hunter's insistence echoed in my head, urging me to be bold.

“Enough of this nonsense, Nate! Stop being a coward and show your face! We are Alphas!” he screamed in my head.

I decided to seize the opportunity while Penelope was at the brunch. I wanted to see her desperately, catching her scent as my heart raced.

But what awaited me was not at all what I expected.