

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate - Chapter 8 Chapter 8: Fucking human town

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Nathaniel

I hated going to the human town, with all my heart.

I didn't know to what extent it was something I felt or something that had been embedded in me. But there are things you have to do, even if you don't want to.

We had a rouge situation. Not only had my pack suffered an attack many years ago that I could not forget, but several warriors and friends had died. But now it seemed to become more and more frequent and had to be stopped as soon as possible.

"Michael, I hope everything is prepared, and the borders are secure," I said to our warrior leader. He was a middle-aged man now, but we trusted him so much.

"Everything is as you requested, I assure you that you can leave without any problems ... Alpha," he answered, polite but also ... maybe a little cold.

I had always liked Michael, he was an excellent warrior, but also a good man. He had lost his mate a long time ago and had held on because he had two twins who depended on him and also her... the human girl. I didn't like to think about her.

I think maybe I would have liked to have a father like him, caring and kind. But maybe Alphas cannot be like that.

Everything seemed to be normal until my wolf hunter started to get restless... much more than he usually did.

"Son, you're already at an age where your wolf will go crazy if he doesn't find his mate, you just have to choose a respectable woman and make her your Luna," my father would usually say.

I resisted, thinking that I should only be with my mate. But for a few years now, the mating situation in many packs was becoming more and more difficult, and many were simply choosing their mates.

It was even less common to find the destined mate, it was almost an exception, almost a miracle. So I was about to give up, there was no way I could be an Alpha without Luna.

"Something is going on in this town," Hunter told me from the moment we arrived.

"These stupid humans... I still can't believe how they live. I guess if we werewolves wanted to... we could rule them and they'd be like our subjects... " says Alpha Marco.

"I'd especially like to rule the human girls... they won't be like our kind, but I guess they're okay for a bit of fun," another Alpha said and I heard laughter.

Our pack didn't like humans, but we had no intention of harming them.

But for some time now, Alpha Marco and others have been making proposals to the Council to treat humans differently.

The Crimson Fangs pack of Marco's family was powerful, but most of all they were feared.

I remember how they helped us during that terrible time for my pack and my family, and even when I didn't agree with him, we were good allies and friends.

"Marco annoys me sometimes," said Alpha Asher, one of the most respected and with whom I felt most in tune. He was powerful and had a large pack.

"I have to admit he has very extreme ideas," I would say, but in general I tried to keep pace with the rest of the Alphas.

I thought my stay at Belle Springs was going to be ordinary when my wolf was practically paralyzed from one moment to the next.

My heart was pounding, my hands were sweating, and in general, my body was telling me that something was about to happen, even though I didn't know how to put it into words.

"Mate! Mate!" Hunter started repeating over and over again.

Wolves can be wrong about a lot of things, but not about this. And I felt it... the most exquisite scent in the world. It was a delicious smell of chocolate and strawberries, and I truly believed it could bring me back to life from the grave.

"Mate! Mate!" Hunter was now roaring and howling desperately for me to come and follow that fabulous smell.

And in those brief seconds, as I made my way to the entrance of the restaurant where we were to meet, I began to think that perhaps one of the Alphas had brought a sister or even a female Beta.

And for a moment I shivered as I clearly heard my name from an incredibly melodious voice and knew instantly that it was my mate calling my name.

Would she know me? How could she?

"Mate is calling us, what are you waiting for?" urged Hunter and I walked on trying to keep my composure when I saw who it was a few steps away.

It couldn't be her.

Not only was she human, but I... I already knew her. I had pushed her out of the pack myself. I had flashes of her brown eyes crying and her father and brothers screaming as I grabbed her arm.

Penelope was her name, I couldn't forget it.

I remembered how we laughed at her and the names we called her. A chubby, human girl. A different person.

Maybe I hadn't realized it, but she had always seemed to me a very simple and kind girl. She had a pretty face with flushed cheeks, an innocent look, lips like strawberries, and dark blonde hair that seemed to glow, and there was no doubt in my mind that the smell came from her.

She was behind a high table, and I noticed that she seemed to be calling out to several Alphas, but stopped as soon as she mentioned my name.

I could see those brown eyes again, looking at me in terror, and I had to use all my strength to keep my wolf from screaming in front of all the alphas that she was my mate and practically throwing myself at her.

And as if it was worse, the look she gave me... it left no doubt that she recognized me. And she hated me...obviously.

Did it have to be a human? And her of all people? I wondered bitterly.

As I approached, I could see that she was trembling and taking several steps back. Her face was still lovely...with each passing minute, she seemed more beautiful to me.

"You... here... " I murmured to her.

I couldn't believe that my mate had been in this fucking human town for so long. ... I was close, but what should I do?

"Are you okay? Is something wrong?" Roger asked me.

"She's "

"Pfff yeah I know man... that traitor," he says and I freeze.

"Come on, let's sit over here," he says, and even when other alphas are talking about important things and I'm trying to pay attention, the reality is that I can only think about her.

Hunter drove me crazy, practically screaming my head off to go find her.

"She's a human hunter...an enemy of the pack!" I kept telling him.

"She's our mate...the moon goddess put her in our way for a reason."

"She can't be Luna," I said, but my wolf didn't understand logic.

Maybe my father was right and I was going crazy. Maybe I should have chosen a mate sooner, so this wouldn't have happened. I would only see her and feel... disgust. But it was too late.

I had two choices: reject her and live my life knowing that I had found my mate and turned my back on her and Moon goddess knows what disaster would come. Or I could accept her and face my pack and all the hatred that could come from giving them such a Luna.

I couldn't...I was an Alpha...and my pack came first.

"Where are you going?" I heard Roger ask me, but I was already several steps ahead following that wonderful scent.

I had turned off my wolf, and I was going to do the only logical thing: I had to reject her. I thought I had options...but I didn't.

I approached what appeared to be a bathroom, I heard her softly call my name and there I saw her.

I was practically out of breath at the sight before me. And all my resolutions fell like a house of cards.

She had the most seductive curves I had ever seen in my life, I felt like my eyes were going to pop out and I looked her up and down, enjoying every part of her body and I knew immediately that this woman was going to be the death of me.

She had an outfit that was made to seduce me.

She looked terrified as I leaned in desperately for more of her scent.

And when I put my nose to her neck...I realized there was no doubt about it...she was mine. My long-awaited mate.

I heard her ask me something, but I could only focus on the fact that she couldn't go out like this in front of everyone. I couldn't let another Alpha see her like that...the tight clothes, her body showing where it shouldn't. I would rather die.

She was arguing and it was obvious she didn't want me there, but when I took off my shirt, I could see her eyes going to my body. Good... very good.

"Take off your clothes," I told her in an authoritative voice, and when she objected, I practically ripped her shirt off.

Of course, then I realized that I had made a big mistake because now she was practically half naked in front of me.

And I couldn't believe that I had once thought that she was disgusting or a random girl or that the others were laughing at what a chubby girl she was.

She was fucking gorgeous.

Penelope's breasts popped out from her accelerated breathing, her dark blonde hair fell down her arms and I could see further down her wide hips. I had to fight the desperate desire to take her right here, right now.

And any thought of rejecting her was entirely forgotten.

The fear she had of me was tearing me apart, but I took it upon myself to arrange her clothes and take advantage of the feeling of her soft curves, taking me very close to paradise.

Of course, it quickly dawned on me that while I had my doubts...it was quite obvious that she didn't want me. Penelope quickly ran off to get away from me.

I was left panting, with a massive erection, looking at myself in the mirror.

I was so screwed.