

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate - Chapter 1 Chapter 1: Different

Chapter 1: Different

Penelope

I knew I was different, but I just didn't realize how much.

My mother, Linda, had run away from my father when I was a newborn. He abused her, and one night she ran out with me in her arms, afraid he would kill us.

She desperately ran into the woods and got the scare of her life when a wolf appeared and turned into a man.

"You're my mate, I've finally found you," he told her ecstatically.

To my mother, werewolves were part of the fantasy world, but when this wonderful man began to explain and take her to his pack, she had already fallen in love with him.

The Moonstone pack did not welcome humans, but this werewolf, Michael, was an important warrior, and it was proving difficult for some werewolves to find their mates, so they accepted my mother...and me, since I came with her.

Michael immediately became my father and treated me like I was his daughter. When the other werewolves complained about having humans in the pack, he would defend us.

"They should behave and help in the pack as much as they can," said Ivan, the alpha of the pack, and so my mother and I did. She and I helped the omegas with chores, even when Michael objected.

Things improved dramatically when my mother became pregnant. The pack needed more members, so when she gave birth to my twin brothers, everyone in the pack was thrilled. There hadn't been twins in a long time, so everyone was happy to welcome my brothers, Luke and Luther.

I loved the idea of being a big sister and taking care of them as if they were my own. Sadly, I was still a child when my mother fell ill after giving birth until she finally died.

My father was devastated, and for a while, everyone thought he would die of grief as well. But he was not going to leave us alone, he loved all three of us, and he had to fight for us.

So I became the only human in the pack.

And with the death of my mother, many in the pack began to wonder why I was still there.

At first, I didn't notice, because my father was always looking out for me and defending me, but over time I began to notice: the looks, the laughter when I walked by, and the comments.

"She's just a weak human, someone else to worry about who can't defend herself."

"Besides...look how fat she is! She has to eat all our food!"

"She's a burden and good for nothing," I would hear them say.

As I grew up, I helped my father with my brothers while he trained the warriors. Werewolves... were very active and agile, they were trained from a young age and their bodies were athletic and fit. On the other hand, I... I wasn't exactly that.

I was on the verge of puberty, I could see that my body was starting to change. I was a chubby little girl, but as I got older, I began to show curves and rounder shapes.

I swear that I tried to find my place in the pack, but all I got was rejection.

By night, I helped the omegas, but even they didn't like me. They would hide my clothes, steal my things, and I would go home to cry in secret.

I was at the bottom of the social scale, and it would never get better. Because... how could I stop being human? How could I stop being who I am?

"If we are ever attacked by enemies, she will be the first to fall," the girls in my class laugh. I had no friends, and no one would talk to me.

"Imagine that chubby girl running and getting caught by the rouges!"

"They'll have a feast when they go to eat her!" others would say and laugh.

"She will never have a mate, who could be unlucky enough to be her mate?"

"They don't know what they're saying, Penelope... you're a wonderful girl, and I'm sure they'll see that one day," my father always used to say.

But I knew it wouldn't be that easy. In this world, it was all about strength and having your wolf, and I would never have any of that. But what hurt me the most... was that I would never have a mate.

The relationships between werewolves and humans were very unusual. I dreamed what it would be like to have a mate, an unconditional companion who would love me for who I was.

My only refuge was my father and my brothers. I loved to take the twins into the woods and tell them what little I remembered of my mother. We also saw the animals, and usually, wolves came to see us.

"You see? They are your wolf ancestors, but they don't transform into human form,"

"Will you have your wolf too, Penny?" Luther asked me, and I smiled sadly at him.

"No, little one, but you guys are going to be very strong wolves."

"Nate told us we were going to be warriors like daddy," Luke said happily as he watched the wolves from a distance.

"He would need us when he becomes an alpha, surely you can be a warrior too, Penny!" said Luther excitedly.

Nathaniel Connor. Son of Alpha Ivan and future alpha of the pack.

He was older, a strong boy, and even as a teenager everyone listened to him. He was smart, respected and loved. And as for me... he acted as if I didn't exist.

I could see him laughing at the jokes others made about me, and when I cleaned his room, he didn't even see me. In general... I was worse than nothing to him.

I was so lost in thinking about Nate and how attractive he was, his blue eyes and strong arms, that I didn't notice the wolves were gone when I heard a noise.

"What was that?" I asked.

We hadn't had an attack in a long time, but there were always rogues trying to take over our territory. I don't know if it was instinct or fear, but I grabbed the boys and started running.

"Penny, what's wrong?" they yelled, and now I heard loud footsteps and howling, and I had to take drastic measures. I found the largest tree and pulled the children up into the branches.

"Kids...climb like we always practice, go to the higher branches," I told them, they loved to climb, so I tried to make it like a game.

"Come on, Penny!" they said, and when I got to the first branch I saw them: they were rouges, and they were coming to attack. I couldn't communicate with the pack, but I started screaming as loud as I could.

"They are coming to attack us, rouges are attacking!" I shouted in desperation. Suddenly, a wolf tried to catch up with me as I continued to climb. I could see its sharp teeth as it growled at me.

Far away, I could hear the cries of the pack and how they were getting ready to fight. I worried about our father, who would surely be at the front of the battle.

But suddenly I saw something strange: other wolves were coming, more organized, with spotted fur, and they didn't seem to be rouges. They encouraged the others and seemed to indicate certain points of attack, but they did not join the fight.

When we returned... I noticed that it had been a terrible attack, and when my father saw us safe and sound, he looked relieved.

"Penny! Oh, children!"

I saw the alpha and his son with wounds from the battle. The wolves were howling, there were many casualties and many dead. It had been a savage attack.

"Where was the human?" alpha Ivan asked, shaking with fear.

"I was in the forest and saw the attack coming... I screamed as hard as I could, but..."

"If only she was a werewolf, she could have saved us!" a werewolf began to say, and I could hear the others agreeing with him.

"My daughter saved her brothers and protected herself!" my father said, standing in front of us. My brothers were frightened and hid behind my legs.

"She brought us this misfortune!"

"Coincidentally, she wasn't there when the rogues attacked! Everyone knows that humans are treacherous..." others shouted.

"It wasn't just rouges! There were also... other wolves that seemed to be from another pack... they had spotted fur and were organized, not like the rouges..." I explained.

"You mean us?" another alpha appeared. Karl, he was tall and blonde.

"It's very serious what you say, human... the only wolves with spotted fur are from the Crimson Fangs pack, and they were the only ones who came to help us," my alpha said, and now everyone looked at me worse.

"But that's what I saw..." I said in despair.

"She's just a human! She doesn't know our ways!" people shouted, and I had no witnesses except my brothers, but they were so young.

"You have endangered everyone. Control yourself, human," alpha Karl said.

"I'm just trying to help..." but I knew it was not my place, I was nobody. They were alphas, but most of all, I could not question their position and their decisions. And that's when Nate spoke.

"How dare you judge our ally? He's a pureblood alpha! Instead, you're a human who couldn't warn, who couldn't even run, you couldn't defend yourself against anyone, you're a burden to us!" he shouted angrily, and I could see the hatred and anger in his eyes.

"She's a useless fat human!"

"She's a liar!" shouted the others.

I spent a few days practically in the dungeon while my father tried to intercede for me, to no avail.

"They're going to take you out of the pack, Penny...it was the alpha's decision, the Crimson Fangs pack pushed for you to leave," he told me, and I could see him angry and sad.

"I can go to my grandmother's... in the town nearby...Belle Springs" I said.

"We'll go with you, the twins and I..." he told me with conviction, and I became desperate.

"No, no... you have to stay. A wolf who leaves the pack... is a rouge. The twins will be safe here...just be careful..."

Later that night, the pack took my stuff and burned it in front of me as I cried.

"Get her out of here, son...and may she never come back," the alpha Ivan said.

Nate grabbed my arm and dragged me to the perimeter. I signaled my father to do nothing as I watched the twins in despair.

"No...no Penny is our sister!" they would cry in tears.

"You're a burden...the pack will be better off without you. You are nothing to us... and he's not even your father. Go back to your people...you filthy human," Nate said hatefully to me.

I was a teenager, almost a child. And I walked away, alone, to the town.

And that very day everything changed. My heart was heavy with pain...now I was an outcast, without a family. A stupid, lying, good-for-nothing girl, according to them.

And I thought I was far away from the werewolf world until the past came back to me in the worst way.

Next Chapter