

# Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

## Chapter 20: The goal

Nathaniel

"Mate is taking care of us" Hunter says.

"Yes... she is doing so good"

"I sense... she will accept us... I cal feel it"

"Let's not hurry buddy... she needs time"

Penelope had treated me in a way I could never have imagined, caring for me with such devotion that I felt as if my heart would fly out of my chest.

And I must admit that I was tempted to kiss, touched her... feel her close to me, when I had the chance. When I kissed her...I forgot about the pain and my near-death experience, I forgot about the rogues, the pack, my family, absolutely everything.

Penelope was loving, sweet and humble, but when she was in my arms, she felt like an unstoppable energy. Her skin called to me like a magnet, and I grabbed her waist and put my hand behind her neck to hold the kiss while I delighted in her lips.

Her taste drove me crazy, and as she gasped... my tongue entered to possess her mouth, running over every nook and cranny, playing with hers in a slow and delicious dance.

She moaned, and a growl of pleasure came from the back of my throat.

"She is perfect..." Hunter whispers as my hands began to take on a life of their own and I grabbed her thigh, squeezing her luscious body, wanting to take her in every possible way.

Her body responded, and I felt like the amount of clothing on her was excessive, and it was only sweatpants and a t-shirt. I was hard as a brick.

As I pull her closer, one of her legs is placed over mine and I feel like a predator...though I have no idea if I've succeeded in hunting her...or if I've been hunted.

"We are hers..." my wolf howls. I've never felt anything like this in my entire life.

I feel her heart overflowing and the smell of her arousal, and with my hands and arms I bring her to me until our chests are close together as my mouth devours her. At first, she doesn't touch me, but then her hands run through my hair and down my neck.

I gently lift her shirt, touch her back and hear her moan... I never thought the connection would be like this. It was like a match, that with a simple touch the fire would appear, and I felt that I would not be fulfilled until it was completely consumed.

When one of her hands went to my stomach, I gasped in a little pain and she pulled away in fear. By the Goddess, I could endure a thousand more pains as long as she kept kissing me. I could fuck for hours, I don't care about bleeding.

But all in time. We need to be careful with her.

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..." she says in anguish as we rearrange our clothes and suddenly wake up from the spell we were in. I hide my erection with a pillow. Great Nathaniel... great.

We were back to the human girl who didn't really love me, and me, the Alpha who screwed up and begged her to give me a chance.

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"I think it's... time to rest," she says, and I sigh.

She went to her room and imagine what would have happened if we hadn't stopped, if we had really been able to keep going. I imagine going to her room, to her bed... touch her, listening to her moans.

Sweet goddess.

And that night I sleep better than ever, with happy dreams about her. I don't care about anything else... I'm just thinking about I'm here with her.

The next morning, she pretends our kiss didn't happen, and I get up to help her in the kitchen, though she insists I stay there as long as possible.

"I have to move around a bit or my muscles will be useless. I've never spent so much time in bed before," I confess, though I smile to myself, thinking that if I were with her, I'd never get out of bed.

And I hear a knocking.

"There's someone at the door, maybe the twins," she says.

"I'll go see," I tell her.

And from the moment I'm near the door, I realize that it's not the twins, and the smell I get is very disgusting, especially because it's from someone I already knew.

That bastard! How dare he come here? Nicholas looks as if he has been through the worst moments of his life, he has wounds on his arms and hands and a terrible scar runs from one side of his face to the other.

Hunter suddenly reappears in my mind, just to laugh and appreciate his work.

"He deserved more bites," my wolf said.

"Penelope... I... let's be clear... you..."

The little piece of shit seemed convinced that Penelope would open the door, but as soon as he sees me, his attitude changes completely. And not for the better.

"You?... Why are you here?" he asks in surprise.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I reply.

"I remember you... the tall, fancy man from the restaurant...who couldn't take his eyes off my Penelope?" he says angrily.

"You're right...I'm tall and hot..." I say smiling.

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I like that he recognizes that I'm more attractive than him and that I couldn't take my eyes off her. My mate.

"But you are mistaken...she is not yours..." I add.

He stares up and down at me, noticing how comfortable I am, barefoot, in casual clothes. You know... a relaxed guy who seems to live here.

That's right... I'm in their house...and he's not. I'm sure he didn't even come in here. That damn man.

"What? sheShe is my girlfriend!"

"Your girlfriend? As far as I know, you have been fucking around with several women and trying to take advantage of my Penelope. Your loss is my gain. It's obvious that Penelope realized she could do better..." I say, glaring at him.

"Bullshit! She's mine! She's still mine!" he snarls, looking even worse now, like a spoiled brat.

"Shh shh shh, I'm not here to listen to your bratty attitude...asshole" I tell him authoritatively and the little man suddenly falls silent. As he should.

"And I came to tell you in advance to forget her. Penelope is mine... mine and no one else's. If you want to enjoy what little health you have left... stay away from her. Or I will come for you, man... and what this wolf has done to you will be nothing compared to what I can do to you..." I tell him, standing tall and pulling out all my worst scary alpha looks.

The stupid human looked very brave when he wanted to fight a woman, but in front of a man like me, he looked cowed, but still he dared to insult her. Real trash.

"You know what? I want to see how this ends. I'm sure she'll destroy you like she did me... that bitch, that wild animal... a frigid woman who's not worth it. She didn't even give me a good fuck... I can get better women. More attractive and fitter than this fat one..." he says with pure venom, and I can't hold back. I swear I tried.

I grab him by the neck and lift him up in one motion. The bastard didn't even see it coming and just kicked in the air, scared.

"Listen, you piece of shit... I'm telling you one last time: stay away from her, or I won't be held accountable for my actions,"

"You wouldn't dare..."

"Oh yes...I do..." I tell him, throwing him to the ground and he falls like the garbage he is.

There is a crash and I see him roll down the porch steps and hit the ground. It seems to me that another trip to the hospital will be necessary. But this man, in addition to plastic surgery and a makeover... he needs a brain transplant.

"You'll pay for that..." he says humbly, and stands up as best he can.

"Keep dreaming asshole!" I yell.

"Was that Nicholas?" she asks and I hug her.

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"What did he say to you?" she says in a hushed voice.

"Nothing, my mate...you are safe now. I won't let anyone hurt you" I say, and my heart feels calmer having her like this.

"Nate, you're bleeding!" she says, looking down at my shirt.

Damn... now I'm sitting back on the couch as she puts new bandages. Taking care of me so tenderly.

"Please! You need to rest..." she says upset.

"Sorry I just..."

"You need to take care of yourself. I can't see you hurt..." she admits, and I smile.

She is worried... for me.

"I'm so sorry. You have done so much for me. Can you do one more thing?" I ask.

"Okay..."

"Stay with me just a few minutes. It will help my wolf, he needs you. We need you..."

I put my nose to her neck, inhaling her scent, sighing as my hands go to her hips, to her legs, pulling her close to me.

"Better?" she asks, panting, her eyes closed, inspiring me to do so many things to her. Kiss her... love her. I touch her legs, her soft skin.

"Ohh so much better..."

I feel her stir from my caresses and my closeness, and I know she is not as immune to me as I thought. When I begin to kiss her neck, I feel her tremble.

"This will help you... to heal, isn't it? You know...that's the goal. What I can do for you," she says, and I turn to her, smiling.

"That's an interesting way of putting it, but yeah..." I say. She can do so many things for me.

"Come here..." I tell her, and she looks questioning, but she sits closer to me, and rest his head on my shoulder.

At first, she is uncomfortable, I can tell. But after a few minutes, she relaxed... and I hear her fall asleep in my arms.

I am the happiest man in the world. I could live in this moment, forever.