

# Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

## Chapter 21: Sweet temptations

Penelope

Werewolves need their mates to heal.

Werewolves need their mates close, very close.

Their wolves feel safer with them and contribute to the healing.

It gives them peace of mind and confidence. Everyone knew that.

Wolves are creatures that need company.

Right?

I repeated over and over to myself as I looked up at the ceiling of my room.

It was one of the more important pieces of information in the wolf community. My father always told me that if one of his warriors had an accident or was very weak, his or her mate was called immediately, and if he or she wasn't there, the fear grew.

Similar to many previous nights, I found myself unable to sleep. Just a few days ago, uncertainty about what lay ahead kept me awake, pondering the events in Belle Springs... and wondering about him and his whereabouts.

However, the current situation presented a different problem because I was supposedly helping... but I had to admit that I was enjoying it too much.

I couldn't shake the thought of his proximity, merely downstairs, in my living room, perhaps asleep on my old sofa. Remembering him, sleeping, with closed eyelids, his dark locks cascading, and lips slightly parted flooded my mind, leaving me breathless.

We had shared sleep on that sofa before, and the mere memory made my heart race. I... slept with him. Was my urge to check on him solely driven by compassion and love... or was I enjoying this... so much? His kisses... his touch

"But... there were things that could not be forgiven so easily," I say to myself.

And yet... when he hugged me or touched me, or just looked at me... it made me tremble. This was getting out of hand, and I was afraid it would get worse. I can't do this. He hurt me! He acted horrible!

But I'm not a fool. I was falling more and more for him. I had asked for days off at the restaurant just to be with him. And life... was wonderful.

Having dinner together, we took care of the house, I cooked, and he tried to fix my garden... simple, ordinary stuff. I argued with him that he shouldn't be in the yard, but he did it anyway.

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He likes to check out the surroundings and then rest while I stay next to him. A normal, common... and wonderful day.

The day passed, and we talked about trivial things. I guess I preferred to live in this comfortable bubble where there is no future and no expectations, just the present. And it was wonderful.

"Hunter wants to be with you, just for a moment," he said to me in the afternoon, and I smiled excitedly from ear to ear.

"Don't do that, please...." he said, coming up to me and stroking my cheeks.

"Do what?"

He had a look of hunger I'd never seen on him before, and I honestly didn't think I'd done anything to deserve that reaction.

"Get excited like that. Your cheeks are pink, that smile... your breast... going up and down in that little shirt..." he says.

"What?" I asked, lost.

"You look...charming; you are seducing me without even notice," he adds in a husky voice, and I don't even know what to say.

Damn... that was hot.

Tempt him? Could I even tempt him? I never thought of myself as a particularly beautiful woman or even capable of arousing such passions. This damned connection turned out to be extraordinary.

Who could have known? The chubby, rejected girl... tempting the big bad Alpha. Sounds like one of Marianne's wolves steamy novels.

"I don't think that I..."

He stares directly into my eyes for a while and runs his thumb over my lips. I had already tried to distance myself from his kisses... convinced that not only was it, not the right thing to do but... that every time he kissed me, I lost my way. I was forgetting my ideas and my intentions.

"Yes, you do... my mate"

I was supposed to help him; it was the least I could do after he saved my life, but it all turned upside down.

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"Come... Hunters want you... and I need fresh air," he says. We walk into the woods together, very close. Without taking his eyes off me, he hides behind a tree, and Hunter soon appears.

"Wolfie!" I yell in delight, then correct myself with some embarrassment.

"Hunter..." I say.

But he doesn't seem to be bothered at all. He comes up to me, runs around me, and rests his paws on my legs as he asks me to follow him, and we run together.

Hunter is so excited that he runs all over the place, thinking I'm keeping up with him and I'm exhausted.

"You are amazing, Hunter... the best wolf."

He is huge and agile. Now I see that I should have realized before that he was no ordinary wolf. I sit down on the grass, and he comes to snuggle up against me, his fur is so soft. He looks at me with love...and I feel that I have this unconditional love with him.

"I missed you so much; I also needed to see you," I confess to him, stroking his fur.

"You are such a beautiful wolf...the most beautiful wolf I have ever seen," he licks my hands, and I laugh.

"Would you like to go for a walk in the forest? It must be nice to run around," I ask, and he goes into the trees.

No doubt he wants to be with me, but his domain is out there, close to nature, as it should be.

"Just tell your human that dinner is at seven o'clock!..." I say and watch as he quickly disappears into the forest.

Now, far away from him... I wonder if he is already so well and has recovered. Will he return to the pack?

It seems logical, after all he is the Alpha and he needs them. He really shouldn't be here, even though I am his mate, he has more important things to do, I think sadly.

Several hours have passed, and I go to take a bath, putting on a shirt, a sweater and my sweatpants. It's my regular everyday clothing, nothing special.

Nate should be back any minute, and I'm cooking, practically whistling a tune, thinking about this nice routine. Could he and I be like this sometime in the future? He is training, and I may still be working at the restaurant.

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Could we have a house out of Moonstone? Just the two of us together. But I know it's impossible.

He is an Alpha... and the pack always comes first, a pack that hates me. And it must be because I'm daydreaming that I have a little accident.

"Damn!" I say as I spill some hot sauce on my clothes and take it off. I go to the laundry and take off my clothes.

Damn it! I take off my sweatpants and my sweater, put them on the washing machine, and look for something to put on.

"Great... these shorts." Now I wear a kind of small pair of shorts and a tank top. And... I don't realize he's close until he's behind me.

His hands are on the top of the table, closer to the washing machine, and he is whispering sensually in my ear, causing delicious sensations on the skin of my neck.

I don't know if I'm afraid of his sudden arrival or approach or if I'm excited to feel him pressing against me from behind, to feel his whole body and warmth.

"I told you, you don't have to tempt me like this, Penelope... I'm just a simple werewolf who's holding back with all his might to not have you here right now, do you understand?"

"What...?" and I remember my clothes. Help me, Goddess.

"You have any idea... all the things you provoke me to do...how my mate seduces me without knowing it...or do you?" he says, and I feel my throat dry up. He puts a hand on my hip and holds me.

It seems that after recovering from his injury, he has become the proud and powerful Alpha again. I felt it in his voice there was something of a command, as if he was giving an order, as if he expected us all to obey what he said. And I couldn't say that I didn't like it.

"You look so fucking hot..." I feel his lips brushing along my neck in that particularly sensitive spot that makes me immediately gasp for air.

And my body reacts so fast it's ridiculous. Within seconds, I feel the waves of heat and how my knees tremble. His closeness is maddening, and I secretly long for more.

"Nate... "I moan as I feel his hands run down my legs, up my thighs. He's behind me, and I feel the strength of his body; I feel surrounded by him, and it's fantastic.

"You are delicious..." he says, and his wide-open palms start to move up from my knees, up my thighs, and almost reach my groin, and I have to hold on to what he is provoking me with.

"Penelope... my Penelope..." he says and sucks on my neck; I feel his hands on my skin and basically... I don't think, nor do I want to think, just let him keep touching me, discovering my body... while I'm trapped between his hands.