

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 22: No boundaries

Penelope

I was a weirdo, I always knew.

Let's say.... a peculiar girl; I had always dreamed of the ideal love of a partner, a supernatural love that surpassed everything, and at the same time... I knew that I would not have it. It was as impossible as having a unicorn as a pet or having wings to fly.

It was madness... I know it; I didn't-didn't have a chance. If I were lucky, I would have a pleasant and mildly satisfying love with a human, if at all.

But I never had luck with men; they didn't even look at me, so I concluded years ago that I would never find love. I was always the weird girl, not loved, not noticed. Inside, I was a hopeless romantic, longing for all that I couldn't have—a real tragedy.

I was always hiding, fearing to be hurt, to lose everything again, to give my heart... for nothing. I was a coward, I know... but I've suffered enough.

And despite all that... I never imagined what was about to happen. He... with me. A mate, a real mate. There was so much attention and so much devotion, those kisses and those caresses, that every second turned into something extremely passionate and fiery.

"Penelope... damn," he whispers, pressing his crotch against my ass, and if I felt like I was on fire, he was certainly not comfortable in his pants.

I could feel his hardness behind me, hard as a brick. And just the thought that I had provoked him... it made me lose my mind. Could it be true? That a man could desire me so passionately? That I make him... feel like that?

I mean... his body can't lie. Right?

"Baby... you can't wear this... are you crazy? I'm not that strong," he said to me as he tugged at the strap of my blouse. Then his hand went inside my blouse, and I could feel his fingers brushing the edge of my breasts.

"I just..." I say. I can even talk, but I can't explain what happened.

I hadn't put on a bra, and he definitely took advantage of that. I felt the warmth of his hand... his proximity. He seemed to want to go further, his breathing hectic, tense, expectant, his chest heaving, his fingertips hesitant.

"Goddess... you look so fucking hot... that cleavage..." he whispered in my ear, referring to my breasts, and when one of his hands went over my blouse and cupped one of my breasts, I moaned in pleasure, and he roared.

His hand squeezed and massaged my breast while his thumb caressed my nipple.

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"Oh goddess..." I moan.

My hands were shaking as I held on to the table; the washing machine was already working. We are in this part of the house; he's touching me, and I'm moaning like a savage.

"So soft... this is a dream..." he says, and his other hand moves up my hip, down my leg, grabbing everything in its path.

He caressed my other breast, crossing his arm as he kissed my neck and brushed my hair aside. I closed my eyes as his exploration continued, no longer wondering what would happen in the future... I can't concentrate on anything else besides his hands on me.

The world could collapse, the birds and bees could disappear, the sky could fall... but nothing else mattered. I just wanted him to never stop.

I heard his grunts and how he started to move his hips, grinding against my ass, and I felt myself losing my breath. The girl who had never had practically anything with anyone... was now in her house with an exquisite and attractive man, an Alpha, who was touching her like she was a goddess, and he couldn't control himself.

"You feel so good..." he moans.

Suddenly, he seemed to become a little more daring, and he lifted my blouse and stroked my belly; I tried to tuck my belly in, but he didn't seem to mind at all.

He caressed my navel and my ribs while the torture continued with my breasts. And when his hand started down my belly, gently moving the elastic of my shorts, going down... and I fluttered.

"Nathaniel... I," I said suddenly, terrified, as he traced his fingers along my stomach.

"Tell me what you want. Mate," he replied, his voice so husky I thought Hunter had taken over.

His hand felt big, making room between my legs to reach that spot. He kept reaching down and cupping his hand to take my center, over my panties, and I gasped and shivered.

"Do you want me to stop? This is a thing of two... I will do whatever you want..." he says, kissing my shoulder.

Now, he pressed his hips into me even more, trapping me between his body and his hand. His hand began to move over my panties, his fingers pressing gently in a circular motion, and my body responded without me being able to control it.

"I can smell your scent, my sweet mate...it is the most exquisite scent in the world... your arousal," he said, knowing exactly what he was doing to me and provoking me.

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Suddenly, his fingers started to move more and more, and now they were caressing the edge, touching my skin as if they were slowly approaching their goal. With his foot, he separated my feet, opening my legs.

Sweet goddess!

"Do you want me to stop, baby? Tell me, mate..." he asked again as he pulled his hand back and put his fingers inside my panties; I could feel them caressing that sensible area. I gasped and felt like I couldn't even breathe as I nodded my head.

"No..." I told him. I couldn't believe the words coming out of my mouth; I was so desperate; I wanted to feel him. The world outside could collapse, the pack, Belle Springs... but I just wanted him to keep touching me, in my little shorts, close to the washing machine.

"Say it again..." he commands.

"No, I don't want you to stop please don't stop," I said and immediately felt his hand take me right to my skin, cupping my center completely, and I was now moaning uncontrollably.

"Hold on tight... mate," he said, moving my hand to the edge of the table as he pushed me further and further from behind. He was hard as a brick and damn big; I just can imagine his size.

Now his fingers weren't just stroking and cupping; they were going down my slit, opening me up, exploring me, as if he wanted to know what all those spots were that drove me crazy as if he wanted to know more about me, and it wasn't wasn't enough. And I felt myself burning inside.

"You feel warm... I would love to eat you..." he said as his movements became more expert, moving up and down, going all over my slit, stopping in one spot in particular, a little place that made me scream desperately.

"Goddess!"

"Yeah... like that... keep going. I want to hear you scream. I want everyone to hear you... that I'm doing this to you, baby. Touching my hot mate," he said.

In a lethal combination of his kisses, soft bites on my neck, his hand caressing that little bud, his hips, and his erection pressing against me, his other hand on my breast... he took me to the limit, and I screamed with pleasure as I'd'd never cried before.

I felt like I was going to fall as he held me down and moved behind me until he also screamed and embraced me, smelling and nuzzling me with his nose and lips on my neck. Kissing and murmuring sweet, stupid words.

"My Penelope...feeling your body... hear you scream for me... that was fantastic," he said, exhausted, turning me over and going straight to my lips. I could even stay straight; my knees trembled while he held me. He says it was amazing, and I didn't even touch him!

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I felt like we were having sex, though it was not quite how I had imagined it, but I had to say it was... fantastic. I certainly had a lot to learn... and I was afraid that this was just a simple moment, just sex or lust—maybe... better that way.

"Penelope... I don't want to hold back, but I also don't want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable or that you don't want. I need you; my wolf adores you... he needs you. We need you," he says; I'm still mesmerized by the way he moistens his lips.

"Nate... I just... I don't know what to do..."

"It is understandable that you have doubts. If I were you... I would do the same. You have experienced so many awful things. But I can't deny that this time with you... has been perfect. This is the life I want," he admits nervously.

"I mean... what I'm trying to say, or rather ask, is... would you like to be with me?" he asks, catching me off guard.

"Being with you?"

"Yes..."

"Nate... is too soon. I'm not sure," I say. He looks crestfallen.

"Okay... I understand. Maybe...going out, just you and me, alone. Perhaps a dinner?"

A date? Him and me?

"Yes! A date... I'd love to take you out on a date like you deserve," he affirms, looking at me with hopeful eyes, looking for an affirmative answer, afraid of a possible rejection.

Nate's mannerisms, expressions, and words make it impossible for me to say no, and I fear that I might agree to anything, even things I had vowed to abstain from.

All my vows to my heart and to prioritize self-care seem hollow now that I have this man near me, with desire still coursing through my veins and onto my skin.

"Yes... a date"

I can't believe that I agreed to this.