

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 28: Endlessly

Penelope

"We could take a bath together, you know, to save some water..." he mentioned nonchalantly, as if it was just a normal conversation about environmental issues.

I didn't even know how, but I nodded, accepting his offer. I had just left him. I was trying to get away from him... and here I was... saying yes.

There seemed to be no end to this. Every time I thought I should distance myself... I fell back down.

Nate seemed almost mesmerized as he approached me and kissed me underwater. Last night was fantastic, and my body missed him already. It was ridiculous how much I needed his kisses.

I pulled Nate's body into my arms, his skin against mine, feeling his warmth cooling with the falling water.

He kissed me again, devouring me softly until it became unmanageable. I felt his hands running down my back and my neck, mingling with my wet hair, and I felt him completely surrendering to this moment.

I didn't even think about my thick legs, my belly, my wide body that I've always been too ashamed of and tried to hide. I just let him touch me.

Suddenly, he took a bar of soap and began to work it onto his hands, running it all over my body. With extreme detail, he concentrated on cleaning my skin, delicately, running his hands over my arms, my chest, my stomach, my legs, squeezing my ass.

With exquisite attention, he massaged with subtlety. I feel as if I'm on fire instead of underwater.

He watched my body, and I saw how his body reacted. I, a little hesitant, did the same and ran my soapy hands over his back, his butt, his legs, carefully watching his every move and sigh.

All of this... took my breath away. This level of intimacy was something else, something I hadn't imagined with him. With anyone.

"You are so sensual..." he said as he squeezed my breasts, following the curved line with his fingers. With his thumb, he brushed my nipple and I fluttered.

He moved down to my waist, watching me. His hands went back down to my ass and he left his hand there, squeezing.

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"I want to do so many things to you, do you know that?" he asked me between gasps. I never imagined that I could arouse so much passion.

"Really?"

"Of course. You're making me so horny... I can't even think..." he said, and I saw how aroused he was. He took hold of his large erection, stroking it from bottom to top as he exhaled slowly.

I'd never seen anything so sexy in my life. I couldn't take my eyes off his movements. I still didn't understand how it had gotten inside me. It was big and I remembered its hardness...sweet Goddess.

"I have to remind myself a thousand times that you must still be sensitive and uncomfortable from last night. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise?" I asked doubtfully.

"Otherwise... we wouldn't get out of this shower, out of this room, out of this house..." he said. He pushed his wet hair away from his face and came closer to me.

"Do you still doubt how you turn me on? How much I desire you, my mate?" he said and I didn't answer.

"I feel like a horny teenager... but only for you. Only for my mate..." he said and kissed me softly, leaning into my neck.

I felt the heat of his body. It was burning. "You said I should find someone else... have another mate. Don't you understand that I don't want anyone else? I don't want to touch or kiss anyone but you," he said, touching himself again, and running his hand up and down his length.

He watched me intently as I hesitated. I moved my hand closer to touch him and he stirred. As I touched his shaft... I heard him growl from deep down and I trembled.

He let me explore him as he closed his eyes, his mouth open, his face and neck flushed. He seemed to be in some kind of ecstasy just from me, touching him. The idea was inconceivable to me.

Suddenly his hand was on mine, accompanying the movements, adjusting the pressure, and he was grunting.

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In a quick moment, he had me against the wall, kissing me hard. I felt every part of his hard body against mine. He rubbed me against the wall, I grabbed his back and our legs intertwined.

"Always tempting me... always trying to push me to the limit. I wouldn't like it from anyone else... but from you, sweet mate... I like everything you do."

I felt his hands squeezing my ass, grabbing my legs desperately, kissing my neck. "Penelope, my Penelope," he whispered impatiently.

Suddenly his fingers moved between my legs. I didn't know if it was because the whole situation had warned me up, but I let out a scream. He smiled and bit his lips, obviously knowing what he could do to drive me crazy.

I put my hand back on his erection, and we both moaned. His fingers touched every spot as if he had a perfect map of my body, one I wasn't even aware of. It made me sweat, scream, cry out.

Nate's dick throbbed, and between kisses and gasps, I came. He leaned against me, shaking his hips, and came too with a wild scream. I lost all energy, I thought I was going to fall. He held on to the bathroom wall, breathing in a daze.

It was just water, touching, and sensual words. And yet we had been pushed to the limit. The fucking bond was extremely strong. Nate kissed me again and took me under the shower to clean me again as if I were a treasure.

For a few minutes, I stayed cuddled up to him, the water falling on us, wasting away as we pretended to dance, swaying our bodies. It was ridiculous, romantic, silly, sensual. The feeling of being with him was indescribable.

I felt safe, happy, comfortable. I felt like this was my place, with him. I shouldn't have to feel any of this... but I can't help it.

...

He brought me a towel and started drying my legs, moving up my ass, kissing my belly, my breasts, and my neck. He took the opportunity to touch me as much as he could, observing my body in detail. He looked at the marks he left on my skin and smiled. He seemed... pleased.

I was back in my room, wrapped in a large towel, looking for my clothes. Of course, I was going to work, wasn't I? I lost track of time, what I was doing, and even who I was.

"I thought I was going to hate this part...but I have to admit I kind of like it," he said, watching me with dark eyes while I got dressed.

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I felt exposed... but at the same time, I was not intimidated. Well, less intimidated than before. You didn't get used to being naked in front of other people so easily. Not after so many traumas to my body.

I watched as he tilted his head to get a better look at me. His gaze made me nervous. He stood on the bed with a towel.

"I like undressing you better though, that's for sure..." he said sensually.

His words tempted me as much as his body and his actions. When I was almost done, he came over and buttoned up my shirt so that my cleavage wasn't visible. I swatted his hand away. Was he going to supervise my clothes?

"You can't blame me...you have a very tempting cleavage. I just didn't like others to appreciate it..." he said and I grumbled. He left a few kisses on my chest, fixating on my cleavage.

Then Nate started to get dressed and I couldn't help but watch him from the mirror. I mean... everything he did was sensual. Damn!

"What are we going to do...? I mean...from now on..." I asked.

I finally got my doubts out. He came toward me and pressed himself against my back. I could swear he's hard again. He ran his hands down my arms.

"I... I'll find a way for us to be together... you and me," he said, smiling.

And I... hell. I didn't know if I wanted us to be together. I didn't want to be apart from him either, it's so hard!

"Nate, I... I think..." I began to tell him. We needed to talk, that's for sure. I could see his expression change. He looked... lost, and worried.

"What's wrong?" I asked, but he didn't answer. And I understood that he just received a mind link.

"I have... I have to go to the pack right now," he said and ran off.

Leaving me there, alone... with all my doubts and uncertainties.