

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 36: Our place

Penelope

“Are we going to the woods again?” I asked.

I had to admit that I didn't have fond memories of our encounter there. It seemed that place was destined for rejection, and the thought worried me. He let out a chuckle.

“I promise, it will be something good,” he said, smiling so much that I had no choice but to believe him.

We seemed to be taking the path that had an unusual entrance, even though I saw many footsteps of comings and goings as if so many people had passed by that a path that had been created out of nothing.

“Trust me, Penelope,” he said, and somehow, I did.

We ran away from the road, past some bushes, until we reached a green area where the trees were very close together, and he suddenly stopped. I didn't see anything in particular, which made me even more anxious.

“Do you see anything that catches your attention?” he asked, but I looked everywhere. No, nothing.

“Look over there...” he said, pointing to a spot above one of the trees, covered by several branches.

I noticed a light... and that's when I saw it. My face was probably a mixture of surprise and excitement at the same time because he was smiling with delight. We walked to the trunk of the tree, and there I could see better.

At the top of one of the large trees was... what was undoubtedly a tree house, but it wasn't something extremely simple or improvised. It was magnificent.

“This... how? When...?” I asked.

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“Well, we all spent several hours working on it... but it was worth it. Let's go, so you can see it from the inside,” he said, and little by little we made our way up. There wasn't really a staircase, but it seemed that was the goal as it was complicated to reach.

I used to climb trees with my brothers, and I remembered how it saved him from that attack. It seemed like Nate remembered it too.

“The idea is that not everyone knows how to get there,” he said, showing me hidden rungs and branches on the trunk and explaining where to hold on. And when I got to the top, I couldn't help but be impressed.

“Nate, this is... amazing,” I said in a soft voice.

It's more than just a tree house. It was more like a play set or something for kids, it was a special place. There were several couches, a bed on the floor, little lights, flowers... it all looked magical.

I couldn't help but think that it looked like a dream. I couldn't remember ever imagining having something like that, or even being in a place like that. It was like a dream come true.

The ceiling was lowered, and he walked slightly stooped while I paced back and forth, looking at everything with wondering eyes. I saw a small electric stove and a cupboard with food and water. It all screamed one thing at me.

“Is this some kind of safe house?” I asked, stunned by the realization.

He had kept his promise to think of ways to keep me safe. Not only had he done that, he had managed to create a place where I would undoubtedly want to be. It was, frankly, incredibly romantic.

“That's right. It's not completely safe, but in a time of emergency, you can come to the woods. You already said that if there was a problem, you and your brothers would run into the woods and climb trees. Let's just say that climbing isn't a wolf skill, and it's not something we're particularly trained for, so... it's the best option,” he said while approaching me. I couldn't help but look at him with different eyes.

“I also wanted it to be kind of our place. I mean, I wanted it to be something of ours. A little sanctuary for you and me. If things got bad, if the future was uncertain... we'd have this to ourselves,” he said. I was speechless, filled with emotion.

“Nate, this is great... very sensitive and extremely thoughtful. No one has ever done this for me before,” I told him. He beamed, extremely pleased.

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“Come, there are more things I want you to see,” he said, and I watched with delight as there were more details, and I couldn't help but think that he had thought of everything.

He brought some of my clothes, food, and even little details like decorations related to wolves... but also things I liked — flowers, and a picture from *The Beauty and the Beast*. It looked like a little secret hideaway for the two of us.

“And if that's not enough, you can see your wolf friends here. The house goes unnoticed, it's part of their security measure. But here in this window, you can see the rest of the animals in the forest. Whatever the situation, Penelope... you need to come here, call me with this flare light. And I will come to you, I swear I will come to you,” he said, showing me the device to call for help.

I checked my phone. There was no signal here, and I couldn't communicate with him like the rest of the werewolves. He had thought of everything.

“Nate, this is... beautiful,” I said, and he reached over to stroke my hair and touch my face.

“I want you to know that I know how you feel. I don't deny the possibility that my need to have you safe is greater and that probably I will get so desperate that I will make a different decision... but I have listened to you, my mate, and I want what is best for you,” he said very sincerely and honestly. I leaned in to kiss him.

The bond felt so strong that each time we kissed it tasted better and better. It was as if our bodies were remembering, as if the feeling was being stored, becoming stronger and stronger.

The bond is nothing short of magical, and the Moon Goddess definitely must have intervened to create such a thing.

“I've missed you so much, my mate,” he said, lost in our kiss.

“Me too...” I said shyly, and he smiled into our kiss.

“That's all I want, for you to feel even a small fraction of what I feel for you...” he said, and slowly we moved toward the bed that looked so cozy in our little tree house.

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My body seemed to act as if it had a life of its own, undressing him, touching him, admiring his hard abs, his muscles, his strength, his masculine beauty.

And he did the same, each lost in the other. And this time, I was shameless, in my underwear, in front of him, while he watched me.

I guess this was as close as we got to being outdoors, he and I, lost in our desire. Cold air came in through the window, we heard the birds and the murmur of the night, and the moon was high above, attentive to what we were doing.

He was so beautiful, his skin, his forms, his shining hair, his eyes... I had never seen such a beautiful man. He was... perfect for me. Nathaniel was a dream.

“Do you have any idea how sexy you are to me, what seeing you like this, more confident, does to my desires?” he said as he ran his hands over my breasts.

“You once said you weren't for me, and you spoke badly of yourself, with things that you were made to believe in the pack— that you were out of shape, that you were worthless because you weren't like the others...” he said, hugging me as if to pull me closer to his body.

I felt his erection and how everything inside him was throbbing, how his whole body was screaming for me to be so close.

“But I tell you now, Penelope — you are perfect, every curve, every line of your body, every space, every feature that you think is a flaw. For me, it is something sacred, and I wouldn't change it for anything in the world. It hurts me to hear you say that about yourself,” he said. I felt like laughing, crying, losing myself in amazement, but the reality was that somehow... I believed him.

In this man's hands, I felt that I was what I was meant to be, and I understood that we were all a certain way for a reason, and that was okay.

He seemed to see in my eyes that I understood, and as soon as that happened, he touched me, squeezing my ass, my breasts, grabbing my tights, biting my lips. I joined in. I caressed his arms, kissed his chest, sucked his skin, feasted on him.

After all, I never really thought I would have any of this. And I felt that now I was not in the phase of fear or rejection, but in the phase of you only live once, and you have to make the most of it.

There were dangers, and there were threats, but at this moment it was just him and me, in this little house he made for me.

“You are my queen here, the only woman who ever made me feel this way. You are my queen, Penelope... and I am not even your king, I am a simple Alpha, devoted to you, totally devoted to you”.