

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 37: True words

Penelope

I had lost all thought of refusing him after hearing those words. This man had played his cards very well, and I could not resist any longer.

He pushed me onto the bed. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with him, absolutely everything, and I was more and more in danger of forgiving him, of giving myself to him without turning back.

To give myself to complete happiness or to complete madness. To extreme happiness or extreme suffering. Only time will tell, only time will tell if I was lucky or completely stupid.

Nate moved between my legs as if he couldn't help himself, carefully removing my panties as he sat me down on the bed.

"Do you like the way I touch you here, my mate?" he whispered in my ear. I squirmed and squeezed into his hand as he flexed his fingers.

"Nate... your hands...my God!" I exclaimed in between moans, and he leaned down to kiss my breasts and neck.

Soon he bent down to kiss my legs, my thighs. Then he sat on the bed and pulled me against him. I could feel him touching me as he pleased, and I just let myself go, completely surrendering to the pleasure.

Nate took my hands and made me sit on his lap. My legs were on either side of his, his erection pressing into my center, holding me there within reach as he watched me with his mouth open.

"Do you know all the things I want to do to you... all the things you provoke me to do?" he said, squeezing my ass with his hands as I felt his hardness rubbing against my most sensitive spot.

"What things?" I asked in a whisper as I rubbed against him.

"I want to tie you up and do whatever I want to you. I want to have you in the river, among the trees, in my bed, in the bathroom, on your back, on top of me... I want to be with you all night and not stop. I want to see your red skin, marks on your ass, I want to mark all your skin. Every time you provoke me..." he whispered as he started to lick my breasts, kissing and biting them softly, and I moaned.

"My mate is so ready, you're so swollen baby... but I want to make you scream so badly tonight that everyone in the forest knows exactly what we're doing. Let them know that the Alpha has his mate, that the Alpha has his mistress," he said, and I moaned again. My body was on edge, completely responsive to everything he did to me.

"Come here...position yourself like this," he said as he held up his erection, indicating that I should take it by sitting on him. I was so turned on that I couldn't seem to say no to anything he said to me tonight.

"Fucking hell!" he yelled as I moaned.

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It felt so hard. My insides felt like it was on fire. Carefully, he helped me to move. I began trying thrusts and movements, the different positions, feeling more and more pleasure.

"You make me so hard Penelope.... move more, like this...like this," he said, and I started to move my hips, listening to him moaning uncontrollably.

He seemed to be completely mesmerized as he watched my body shake. I had never liked my curves before, but he was obsessed with how my breasts swayed, how my hips and flesh jiggled.

My body didn't look like the girls on TV or in the magazines. I used to think that everything about me seemed unappealing. But that night, I felt extremely sensual.

To see this man, this Greek god, under me, hard as a brick, clinging to my skin, squeezing my ass in his hands as if he enjoyed it... it made me feel extremely powerful.

When I started to move more, he closed his eyes and buried his face between my breasts as he groped me more, pressing his fingertips into my ass, my breasts, my thighs, and my back.

"More Penelope, more... like this... more," he said desperately, showing me how he liked it.

"Nate... Nate... I can't..." I said to him when I felt I had no strength left, but he grabbed me by my hips and pulled me up and down, in and out of him, hard.

I could barely breathe as he sped up, and I tried to muffle my screams and moans. I screamed his name when I finally came, and as he laid me back down on the bed, he continued to enter me, after a few thrusts, he cried out in ecstasy before collapsing.

I felt that it was too strong an exercise, too pleasurable, and therefore it cannot be an exercise for my concept.

"I like the sounds you make," he said, as he got up to look at me.

I lay exhausted on the bed, and he looked more than ready for round two. I couldn't believe it, but he certainly had more stamina than I did.

He immediately leaned down to kiss my breasts. He seemed to be the kind of guy who had never seen big breasts, and now he was insatiable. He was naked next to me, and couldn't stop touching me.

"Yes?"

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"Yes, the way you moan is very sensual...I like to know if what I'm doing is right, and it helps me to know what you like," he said, looking at me hungrily.

"I think the way you moan and scream is so... sexy," I said, and he gave me a mischievous grin.

"Really?"

"Yeah, when you climax, it sounds pretty wild.... well, actually you are pretty wild," I told him and he looked pleased, leaning back on his arms to get a better look at me.

He continued to watch me, running his fingers along the lines of my body, now down to my navel, caressing my stomach.

"So, what else does my mate like?" he asked, and I swallowed. The reality was that having him naked next to me like this, with shiny skin, and after sex... I couldn't think of anything I didn't like.

"Well, you are very strong and very attractive..." I confessed.

"Oh yeah...?" he said, very arrogantly.

"Yes... I like to feel your strong muscles, and your skin is smooth and tanned..." I said and heard him sigh.

"What else do you like?"

"I like your dark hair and the way you smile, your nose just crinkles here when you do..." I said as I touched the little wrinkle that I found so adorable.

"And also the shape of your eyes and the way they sparkle. But especially the way your gaze darkens when you see me..." I said and heard him grunt inside.

"That's Hunter... wanting you. He always wants you... and so do I," he said and I smiled shyly.

"I like it when you talk to me like that... you have the right to do whatever you want with me," he said happily, and I felt like we were talking honestly for the first time.

Nate's eyes were dreamy... so beautiful that at that moment I had no words to describe them. Their color and beautiful shape were unlike anything I had ever seen. Nothing I had ever seen on the face of the earth could compare to those eyes.

I gently ran my fingers over his eyelids, and his eyebrows, I felt so comfortable with him, it was ridiculous. As if there was no one in the world with whom I felt more at ease. As if we had known each other for years.

It was something I never thought could happen in our situation. We were silent, and he said something... that I never saw coming.

"I love you, Penelope," he said as he looked at me. I was speechless.

I felt a lump in my throat. Hell, those were words I rarely heard.

To be completely honest, I never thought I'd hear it from him. But there they were, those blushing, perfect lips, moving to say those magic words.

"I love you..." he repeated over and over, coming closer, holding me. "I've never said it before... I didn't think I would say it to anyone. And it makes sense, now that I think about it. You had to come with me, with your tenderness, with your stubbornness, with your food, with the song from Beauty and the Beast that you hum while you're doing whatever you're doing, with your restaurant uniform, your shiny hair. My Penelope... my strong mate who faces everything. I've always waited for you... you came to me, and there are days where I still can't believe it," he said with fervor and admiration.

"Nate, I..." she said, unable to find the words.

Of course, I was beginning to have feelings for him, but such a confession at this point seemed very hasty to me. But it wasn't. Werewolves confessed their love to their mates right away. I was just... so human.

"You don't have to say anything, Penelope," he told me, feeling just a little annoyed that I didn't respond immediately to such beautiful words.

"I'm just happy to have you here, safe in my arms," he said, hugging me and leaning against my chest as we fell asleep.

When I woke up, I felt as if I was in a dream house with such a man by my side. It was a happy thing to wake up to.

He brought me a small breakfast and told me that we had to head back to my house. I walked with him, holding his hand, feeling that I was slowly accepting that he was my mate, that I was his and he was mine through some strange twist of fate.

"What's going on?" I asked when I saw a commotion in my house. There were my brothers and Noemi with worried faces.

When I saw the fur of a wolf, the kind I used to feed, stained with blood, I let out a desperate cry.