

# Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

## Chapter 79: [The Help](#)

Nathaniel

I think about my mate's gorgeous eyes, and her smile when I tell her she's beautiful and I comment on which parts of her body drive me crazy.

Most of the time I think she doesn't really believe I'm telling the truth, but there is no greater truth than that I love her, every part of her.

I daydream about my mate when she sleeps and hugs part of the blanket, the food she makes and the taste of her sauces. How nervous she gets when I approach. Her smell, her embrace, her wise words. Her love.

Thinking of her is the only thing that has kept me sane. I had stayed outside the pack house, I don't know how long and watched where she had gone.

I had banished her from the pack, this time for a good reason: the farther she was from me, the safer she would be. And if she lived... that was all I needed, even if I lost my own life.

I had no idea what happened to the others. I hadn't heard from Roger, and every time I mentioned him I got a slap from my father, and yet it was obvious that Robert was upset, conflicted about what had happened.

I heard nothing from Michael, Naomi or Andrew. Everyone I saw answered to my father and Robert, most were not even from my pack, they would answer to Marco, I was sure.

They had me completely drugged with wolfsbane, which slowed the healing of my wounds. I would endure the pain while my wolf rested. He would awaken eventually, and when he did, I had to be ready.

So I pretended to be much worse, so they would think I was weak. Meanwhile, I listened, and I paid attention to all the information I could gather.

I knew that my mother was alive, though badly wounded, otherwise my father would not be strong. I knew that he had sent Robert to kidnap her because he could not. He was prevented from doing so by the bond, and I had specifically commanded him.

We had thwarted his plans, though the result would have been almost the same: me in his hands, weak, and the pack practically at his feet. The big difference was that they didn't have Penelope. They still didn't have her.

"Where the hell is that human, she can't have gone far! How could warriors not be able to take on a chubby woman?" my father yelled. That was my only consolation, and I prayed to the moon goddess to keep it that way.

The other thing standing in the way of his plans was Regina. She didn't want to go with Marco.

"You have to mate with Marco! You have to, or I swear I'll use force, daughter!" Robert shouted.

"I won't! You can't make me!"

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"It is a she-wolf's responsibility to do what her pack needs! Alphas and Betas sacrifice, and so will you!" yelled Robert, and it sounded like he was pushing her against the wall.

"Don't you understand that they already suspect you? They know you had something to do with the human escape...you smelled of her, they saw you with her...if that ever gets proven, Regina... I swear..."

"I didn't do anything!" she screamed as she fell to the ground.

So she was to blame for my mate finding me in that situation. She left her there so that Penelope would think I had been with another woman, for what purpose? How could she do such a despicable thing?

The next day, food was brought to me when I saw Regina reappear.

"You..."

"Nate...I'm so glad you're okay," she said with relief.

"Do I look okay to you?" I say angry.

"I know that you fought many warriors before you were captured... and that you are still injured. I brought you something," she says, pointing to a bag of medicine.

Why did you do that to my mate? Why did you leave her in that window? I know Regina..." I say, and she has a cold look.

"I told you had to accept my proposal. We would have saved and avoided all this trouble. Now we're both here, trapped in this pack, forced to do things we don't want to do. Do you think they'll leave you alone?" she says with a tense voice.

"I can't...I never..."

"I know...I saw her mark," she says with hatred.

"I'm not for you, Regina, I don't know if your mate is out there. But you can't come between me and her..."

"I won't tell anyone that she's marked, but you still have a chance to choose me as Luna. You won't be able to mark me, but... I could be the official face of the pack, and you could hide her. I'll have your pups," she says, and I clench my fists. Is she completely crazy? How could she suggest such a thing?

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"I would never do that, I couldn't! You don't understand, but the bond changes the way you see everything. For me, there is only her..."

"Her? Really? So ordinary, so... human," he says almost in disgust.

"She is everything to me, I love her and desire her like I will never desire anyone else. And if I could be back in time, if I had the chance to meet her again... it would be different. I'd choose her, and I'd shout it from the rooftops. I would choose her a thousand times," I say, and she looks at me angrily.

"If you don't want to be with Marco, you have to run away, but don't cause any more trouble," I tell her as she starts to leave. I look at the medicine bag, hoping to get free and heal myself.

"Oh, and just so you know, Regina: Penelope didn't fall for your trap... she knows I wouldn't be unfaithful to her. You made her suffer, and I thank you for helping me now... but I won't forgive that so easily," I tell her.

That afternoon I was taken to the courtyard, they were practically dragging me. I find my father outside with other warriors. I was there, kneeling with my hands tied, the ropes tainted with wolfsbane and burning my skin.

"I don't know how you did it, but... our prisoners have broken out of the dungeon, several warriors have fled, and more and more of the people from the pack have escaped. And to top it all, we have no trace of your fat human," he says, I roar, and he immediately slaps me across the face and throws me to the ground.

They have escaped, they are free, I must have help outside or at least they are not in danger.

I never imagined my father to be so hostile. He was never a loving father and was overly strict. My mistake was always to think that although he was harsh and cruel to others... he would never be harsh and cruel to me.

"Leave him alone! Don't touch him!" I hear my mother screaming in the distance. For her sake, I try to stay strong and not scream and pretend that what he is doing to me doesn't hurt.

I think about Penelope's lips, the tone of her voice, and even the jealousy I feel every time someone else is around her.

"You're going to tell me right now where she is? You must have helped her or have an idea where she might be. We've already found your pathetic little tree house with her scent...we destroyed it. Where did they go? Tell me right now!" he says. They made it to the house, I hope they rested, took supplies and kept going.

"I don't know, and if I did, I'd never tell you," I tell him, and he punches right on my nose. I tried to get back to my knees as blood dripped from my face.

"You stupid brat! Can't you see we're in danger of extinction? There will be no Moonstone if Crimson Fangs don't get what they want! They want this human and that you mate Erica! If not, they'll destroy us!"

"They will destroy us anyway...and I will never be with that woman," I say, and now I get a punch in the stomach that knocks the air out of me, and I lie on the grass for a while, trying to catch my breath.

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I imagine my mate humming the song from Beauty and the Beast, the softness of her fingertips and the way she pronounces my name.

"I brought you a beautiful Luna! With Alpha blood! Do you know how rare it is to find such a woman? And you reject her! You treat her like a whore!" he shouts.

I will never give my soul to Crimson Fangs!" I scream, knowing that more blows are coming. My wounds are opening up, and I clench my teeth in pain.

"Get him out of my sight!" my father yells.

Another warrior kicks me and the old men laugh. He approaches to take me back to my cell, and as he goes, the man approaches me and whispers.

"Sorry Alpha... I needed to gain their confidence. The chief warrior sends you a message..." he says and my heart races.

"Michael..." I say without looking at the man. Michael must be out there, free, trying to help us.

"There are several of us with you, Alpha, we have been pulling people out of the pack to avoid casualties. We need you to be strong for when the time comes. You must... do what you can to stop them from harming you further," he says.

"I understand..." I will have to cooperate with them, lie if necessary. As he leaves me in the cell, he releases my hands.

"You'll have to tie them up again afterward so they don't get suspicious," he tells me, and I nod.

"If the situation looks bad...follow Michael," I say, and he bows.

"We won't let Moonstone fall," he assures me.

That night I cure myself as best I can, and I am sore but with a little hope.

I fall asleep daydreaming of her close to me, the way her eyes sparkle when she sees me, the way she sweeps her gaze over me when she thinks I'm not watching, her little moans, the way she strokes my hair.

I can take it, I can take so much more. For her, I would endure anything.