

# Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

## Chapter 17: Choosing is losing

Penelope

I was totally convinced I'd made the right call. But despite knowing his, why did I feel so darn miserable? I was alone, he left, I didn't see him again. I should be happy, right?

I knew things wouldn't turn out great, especially for me. I mean, in the supernatural world, it's not like a regular girllike me gets the guy she wants, especially not the top-notch, amazing Alpha. That was just wishful thinking, and I was over it.

My heart had been through too much already, and I didn't need any more suffering. I had to look out for myself, like I'd been doing for others all along.

Technically, he hadn't flat-out said no, but deep down, I was pretty sure he was going to reject me one way or another. Keeping someone hidden, not accepting them for who they are... that's a form of rejection, even if it's not as direct as werewolf rejections, with all their words.

I remember reading somewhere that when you make a choice, you're actually losing out because there are always other options you're leaving behind, other paths you're not taking. It's like missing out on what could've been.

And that's exactly how I felt right now.

What if...?

What if I'd done things differently, made a different choice?

Those are the worst kinds of questions, no matter what language you ask them in. They make you dwell on a past that never happened, on possibilities that never came true but still haunt you.

The part of me that wanted to be Nate's mate was asking all these crazy questions. It wondered what it would be like to have someone who truly loved me.

Could he have loved me? Really love me? I doubt it. It was just... the bond.

What if I'd said yes?

What if I'd given him a shot?

Maybe there was a tiny chance things could've worked out. But I wasn't ready to take that risk, wasn't even ready to think about it. No... I'm better without him.

And I had to say that I also looked out at night in my house to see if he was there, if I saw the eyes of a wolf in the middle of the woods.

Hunter... he said his name was Hunter, his wolf. The only one who really cares about me.

However, during my sleep, visions of Nate's anguished face haunted me, along with his regret.

I dreamed of him offering his heart to me, dripping with blood but still pulsing with life. In my dream, he handed it over to me without any hesitation.

In those dreams, I experienced his pain, gazed into his captivating blue eyes, observed his quivering lips, and felt his scent enveloping me from head to toe. And amidst it all, I could sense Hunter's mournful howls echoing in the background.

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"Penny?"

"Girl?"

"Did you hear me, Penny?" Jack asks.

"Mmmm sorry...what did you say?"

"Are you okay, Penny?"

"Oh... yes Jack"

"You're out of your mind again, I asked if you wanted to come to the bar with us. Andrew has invited us several times and apparently he's going to play music in his new DJ gig," Marianne says smiling.

"I think I'd rather go home and maybe find a good movie. .... "

"To be honest... I think it's a good idea," she says, and I'm surprised because she's always one of those people who insist I should try going out.

"What?"

"You've been staring blankly for a while now, and you look like you haven't slept well. This has nothing to do with the hot men leaving, right? Because you've been like this since they left...the hottie didn't say good bay..." she adds with a smirk

"Ehhh... let's just say that I'm dealing with the issues they brought up for the town... and it's time-consuming," I say.

"Then I think you'll be very interested in what's going on with the police," she says, and I must be lost because I have no idea what she's talking about.

"What...?"

"The police, you know... they have been investigating strange things that have been happening in the town."

"Like...?"

"Well, there are several businesses that have closed and some that seem a bit deserted...a lot of people leaving. I have to say is weird..." she says.

"Tell me more" I ask her some more questions. I knew something bad is happening. Now the town is getting empty. This is not normal.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

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I am now really alarmed and on my way out of the restaurant I go to talk to the police when I notice some officers talking with some neighbors in the mentioned location.

"Where are they? They truly leave?"

"Yes, the owners recently sold and left, they even didn't say good bay. The were in a hurry"

"But they lived in this town for years, part of the family was born here, their kids. Why would they leave all of a sudden? Where did they go?" I ask.

"I don't know... they just leave, yesterday. They even left things behind...maybe they got a better opportunity in the near town," one said.

"That sound weird..." I say worried.

"But do not worry Penny, everything is all right, we got this" the other add.

I doubt it.

I spent some time finding out and following what the police were investigating. It seemed strange to me, all this movement, I was sure the Alphas are behind this. Damn werewolves!

A few Alphas came and went, but I couldn't figure out what the hell was going on. I even saw Jack at some of the meetings, but when I asked him what they were about, he wouldn't give me any details.

"Jack... what is going on?"

"It's mayoral stuff, Penny...nothing to worry about. It's all safe...the CEOs are helping," he said, patting me on the back, which didn't convince me at all, especially because them... are involved.

The nights in my house were completely dark and empty, and if I had gotten used to living alone... now I hated it.

And sometimes I was tempted to ask Roger about Nate or if he knew anything about it. Although, to be honest, what I really wanted to do... was talk to Nate.

Now that I've had time to reflect, I realize that we've never had a proper conversation. Is that even possible now? Damn! I'm so torn and conflicted.

I don't know his interests or his personality. What does he do during the day? What occupies his thoughts at night?

Sometimes I picture him in the forest, training or conversing with his pack. Always serious and commanding, with a gaze that weakens my knees.

Does he understand the effect he has on me? He seems convinced that humans can't feel the bond, and perhaps he's right.

But... I'm not immune. Not in the slightest. He has me, with bond or not bond.

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I dream of him watching me from afar, curious about me. I'm starting to lose sight of who I am.

I thought every day would be like this... until one night, on my way home from the restaurant, I heard a muffled scream. My heart raced as I sprinted through the dark streets, scanning my surroundings.

Despite the late hour, I couldn't ignore the cry for help. I spotted a man holding a girl, her hands bound behind her back as she trembled in fear.

She was a young woman, and the man had his hand over her mouth, trying to hold her down. It wasn't the usual street robbery; something felt wrong.

"Hey! Hey! Leave her alone!" I yelled.

With a mixture of luck and adrenaline, I threw a rock at him, hitting him in the shoulder, and the girl ran away.

"Let her go, you bastard, let her go! Help!" I was a few steps away from him, standing there, agitated, trying to figure out what to do.

I stood there, a little shaken, not sure what to do next.

"Who are you? You have no idea what you've done...stupid human" he growled as he turned towards me.

"Of course I do... I saved the girl and now the whole town is probably on edge," I shot back, not quite sure if it was true.

"We'll see about that..." he muttered ominously before I was grabbed from behind, a hand silencing my protests.

"What the hell...!" I managed to say as they dragged me away, fighting as best I could.

They were all dressed in black, large and rough looking, with anger burning in their eyes. I tried to kick and fight to be let go, I was in such fear and no matter how much I moved the men didn't seem to want to let me go. They pinned me against a wall and I fell to the ground with a thud, and they came closer.

"This ugly girl has caused too much trouble. You think you're smart, sticking your nose where it doesn't belong?" the leader sneered, his voice dripping with contempt. The others chuckled.

I could tell they were muscular, they looked tired...dirty. Their eyes were full of anger, and I almost lost my breath. They knew I'd been snooping around, and I was afraid of what they might do.

"Stupid fat human..." the leader spat, confirming my suspicion that they were werewolves, probably rogues.

"Filthy human..." another said.

"You're not pretty... I don't think you're even good for what..." the man said and fell silent.

His words hung in the air, and just as panic set in, a bone-chilling howl shattered the silence and froze me in my tracks.