

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate - Chapter 3 Chapter 3: The shirt

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Penélope

Nate looked desperate, his hair was disheveled as if he had run his hand over his head several times, and his eyes were wild as he looked at me. I started to take several steps backwards, as he came closer to me.

I didn't know what to do, I could hear him breathing heavily, and suddenly I remembered that werewolves were dangerous creatures. My body was telling me that I was afraid. And as my back hit the top of the sink, my breathing became hectic.

"What...what are you doing here... "

"What the hell are you wearing?" he asked me angrily. He looked incredibly tense, like he was trying to suppress something. I had no doubt that it was hate and disgust.

"I..." I started to say, and the words got stuck in my throat and I lost my breath as I saw him approach me and lean in.

I wanted to run away, like in those cartoons where the character's body left a mark through the wall. But I think panic kept me from moving. Nate moved closer and closer to me, resting his hands on the top of the sinks and bringing his face close to my neck.

I thought he was going to whisper something, maybe something unpleasant, but no words came out. Instead, I could hear his hectic breathing. I put my hands in front of me as if to protect myself, and when I pulled away from him, Nate seemed to notice and react.

"Answer me, why are you wearing those clothes?" he practically demanded.

"It's my uniform... "

"You can't go out like that...no way," he said firmly, and I was lost. He looked at me in detail, especially at my cleavage. Suddenly he sighed as if he had made up his mind.

And what he did next... was even stranger than anything that had happened in the last few seconds. I watched in slow motion as he took off his jacket and then went to his shirt and unbuttoned it with precision.

I didn't know what to think, there was no logical reason why this Alpha who hated me so much... would undress in front of me in this bathroom. I could see his tattoos, his perfectly tanned skin, some scars, and he was... damn perfect.

His arms had veins sticking out, his muscles were ripped, and his tattoos of wolves and other figures were glorious. He was tall, and I had his chest almost in front of me. And I could tell with certainty that he was an incredible specimen. The most beautiful and sexy man I had ever seen in my life.

And when he was done, he had his shirt open and a thin tank top underneath.

"Take off your shirt.... " he simply said to me.

"Excuse me?" What the hell?

"I told you to take off your shirt.... " he said with an authoritative voice. Did he want me to...strip? Naked? Was he going to laugh at me?

"I don't.... " I said startled.

"The shirt doesn't fit you, I told you...you're not going out like that," he said, and I heard him growl.

"It's my uniform and I.... " I started to say, but suddenly I saw his hands go quickly to the collar of my shirt.

I started to push his hands away, but within seconds he had torn the fabric, ripped my shirt open, and the buttons flew off.

"What the fuck?" I yelled, feeling my face turn red. I quickly covered my body with my arms as pieces of the shirt literally fell out.

I stood there like a fool, completely exposed and half-naked in my underwear. I felt cold, and my body shook as he watched me. I could cry right now.

He didn't take his eyes off me and continued to examine me while I covered my chest and stomach as best I could.

"How could you...?" I asked him, almost stammering, looking back into his eyes.

He didn't answer me, but instead took off his shirt, put a hand on my arms, and helped me put his shirt on while I did my best to hide my body.

Then he buttoned it with trembling fingers, never taking his eyes off me, down to the last button, as if he didn't want any of me to be seen.

I could feel the heat radiating from his body and a perfume that I could not describe. He gave me his clothes, but why?

His shirt was big and practically fit me like a dress. And not satisfied with that... he proceeded to unzip my skirt.

Moon goddess! I panicked, he was crossing a line I was not willing to cross.

"Let go of me!" I yelled at him, and he looked at me in surprise, but he reached for my skirt again, and now I slapped his hands.

"I'm just trying to help you!" he said to me, practically offended.

"I don't need your help!" I yelled back.

He seemed annoyed but determined. He practically held me back as he unzipped my skirt slightly, and I could feel his hands putting my shirt inside. I struggled with him, feeling his hands on my hips and lightly on my legs until he put the skirt back on. And I was ready.

I didn't even have to look in the mirror to know that his shirt was big enough to cover me well and that it covered more than my skirt.

"Why are you here?" I asked, watching him swallow saliva, as if he wanted to tell me something, but couldn't find the words.

And I... I wanted to be as far away from him as possible. I had a lot of things to do, including taking care of him and his Alpha friends like they were princes.

"This is a women's bathroom...you shouldn't be in here," I said, but he didn't move, he seemed to be glued to the floor.

So as soon as he took a step back, I moved and went over to the door. And I could breathe as I stepped out, away from him.

What the hell just happened? I had his shirt on...why would he do that?

I came into the kitchen practically hyperventilating and didn't even have time to catch my breath.

"Penny! We need more help at the tables.... " Marianne said to me.

I decided I'd better get to work. I walked back and forth delivering things to the tables for a while, but I could feel my knees trembling as I approached his table.

Nate had his jacket on and was sitting next to Alpha Marco and other big Alphas. I tried to calm down as much as I could, but the situation in the bathroom made me nervous.

As soon as I approached them, they all tensed up and looked at me.

"These humans are useless..." I heard Marco say and now my hands were shaking as I put the plates down, so much so that when I put Nate's plate down it hit the table.

I was really surprised when I saw his hand close around my wrist as if to give me stability. I guess he didn't want to be embarrassed in front of the other Alphas.

"Thank you..." a single, long-haired, tough-looking Alpha said to me, and I couldn't even answer him because of my nerves.

All of us in the restaurant team were anxious, but I was the only one who knew what they were: dangerous, volatile, deadly creatures.

And I thought the incidents were over, but soon Marco brazenly threw some glasses on the floor.

"Look how clumsy you are human... so pathetic," he said, and I heard some grunts.

I kneeled on the floor, carefully picking up the pieces of glass so no one would get hurt. As I was picking up one piece, I cut my finger, and when I got up, I

saw that Nate had a look on his face... like he was sorry for what had happened.

But neither he nor anyone else had done anything to stop it. As usual.

"Well... that was strange. I must say they're very attractive but rather rude," Marianne said with a sigh.

"Did they do anything to you?" I asked worriedly as we changed in our bathroom.

"No...just complained a couple of times about the service, but where else could they go?" she told me with a smile.

We said our goodbyes and as I was putting things away, I realized I had his shirt.

I couldn't help myself and held it up to my nose. It had a fantastic smell. I don't know what kind of perfume it was, but it was amazing.

It was late when I was on my way out, and I noticed that the Alphas had stayed in a room that we sometimes use for private events. And I still heard in the distance.

"I see you had a reunion with the stupid human who ruined your pack," a malicious voice said, and I was petrified.

"I guess she moved here..." I heard Nate's voice.

"If she was in Crimson Fangs she would be dead by now," Marco said and I heard a growl.

"Each pack is independent and decides what they think is best," I heard the voice of another Alpha, and it sounded like the long-haired one thanking me.

I heard some snorting and then silence. But Marco was talking again, he seemed to insist on talking about me.

"Was it my imagination, or did the chubby girl smell like you?"

"I... she asked me for help and that's why my scent was on her..." Nate said.

"She certainly needs help... but well, we have more important issues like the rouge attack and the Council meeting, don't you think?" said Marco and I almost ran to the exit.

And I was about to go home when I heard a voice.

"Penny..." and when I turned around... it was Nate.

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