

# Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

## Chapter 31: Say it

Penelope

It was more than that... much more.

Of course, he meant something to me... something I couldn't explain. I had always been attracted to him, and admired him, until that terrible day.

And it had hurt me so much when he left me yesterday. I had naively thought that things would change, but it seemed to be the same — I was rejected and cast aside. And my heart was not ready to suffer anymore.

I had spent that day sad and disappointed, thinking that I shouldn't have done this. I shouldn't have let him into my life, let alone slept with him. I should have controlled myself and stayed out of it. I had sworn to stay away from werewolves and their affairs.

I had been miserable, feeling sorry for myself. I only got up to feed the wolves that came from the forest, and smaller animals like rabbits and squirrels. For some reason, more and more were coming. I didn't know why they came... but I loved it.

And here I was on my night shift, hating him and at the same time looking forward to seeing him again when he surprised me in this little storage room. Even though I had broken up with him and promised myself for the thousandth time to leave him alone... I had fallen back into his clutches.

Could it be the bond? Could a human feel such a bond? Because I couldn't even tell him that it meant nothing. I couldn't lie, my mouth couldn't utter those words. And worse... I was completely entangled in his body, asking for more and more.

"You left me... I shouldn't have believed in you... it was all a mistake," I said between kisses, as he pressed his hips against me.

"Don't say that! Please don't say that to me!" he cried in despair. "I'm so sorry, my Penelope... I beg you, forgive me," he said as he went down my neck and sucked on that little sensitive spot, seemingly preparing for him to mark me.

Nate kissed me furiously and pressed me against him. I could feel his strength, his passion... and I gave in, not resisting a single inch. My body ached for that feeling when he took me like this, and we were together only yesterday.

To feel his muscles and his strong arms, to know how tall he was, so tall that I had to stand up and he had to bow. He... he was everything I loved, all my fantasies in one man.

"I promise to be attentive, to show you what you are to me. I just want us to be together. As it must have always been..." he said between kisses.

He didn't even take off my uniform, he touched me all over, running his hands down my cleavage and up the slit of my skirt as I struggled to breathe.

I felt his tongue run over my mouth and then down my neck, shuddering as I felt his large hand creep up my cleavage and cup one of my breasts, touching it with pleasure.

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"Damn... Nate," I called out to him, moaning.

I could see his mischievous look as he lifted my bra, pulled a breast out, and started kissing and sucking on it... and I felt on fire. I wanted nothing more in my life than to be here with this man.

"Do you have any idea how much you provoke me, how I'm already in your hands with a simple kiss? Damn, Penelope, you are everything to me... I desire you so much that everything hurts... how could I ever think of leaving you?" he said in anguish and suddenly laid me down next to one of the shelves.

It was full of boxes and he leaned against me, creating a delicious friction. Without a second thought, he put his hand on my panties and I moaned in desperation. I clung to the edge as best I can as he felt his fingers on my skin, played with my body, and inspected my slit.

"Nate please... we are... my workplace," I pleaded as he pushed me against the rack and I felt him shudder.

In one motion he ripped off my poor underwear and I was shocked. He gave me a wicked look as he saw the torn fabric in his hands, I saw him toss it aside and continue with his plan.

"What..." I wondered aloud as he got down on his knees and reached under my skirt... it's like an electric current was running through me.

"You should always be like this... open for me. Do you know how much I dreamed of having your thighs like this? You are so wet my mate... and your smell is delicious," he said, spreading my thighs wide. I felt his mouth and tongue in that space, and I cried out.

For goodness's sake! The feeling was so fantastic that I believed I was going to come right at that moment. But he continued his torture, teasing me with more and more pleasure.

"Nate... Nate... Nate..." I repeated his name again and again, stroking his hair and looking up at his bright blue eyes. He knew exactly what to do to make me come, and he did it so easily it was embarrassing.

I screamed as he entered me with his fingers, and I could see him smile. My legs trembled and my body ached... I wanted more... Goddess, I wanted so much more!

"What am I to you? Say it... tell me I'm nothing... tell me you didn't care about me..." he dared me, as the movements of his fingers became unbearable.

When he leaned in again and kissed that tiny spot, I felt myself breaking into pieces. I let out a scream, and within seconds he was holding me.

His gaze was one of madness and hunger, and I felt something in the pit of my stomach, a longing for anticipation.

"I would never leave you... not even if forced... I had powerful reasons, but I left you with a broken heart," he said as he turned me around and took my hands to place them on the edge of the shelf. I still had the pleasure of my orgasm in my veins and he didn't seem to want it to stop.

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"How I enjoy having you like this. I want to do so many things to you, my mate..." he said as he pulled my shirt apart so that my cleavage was exposed and kissed my neck.

My breasts were exposed, and he was pleased. He cupped them, feeling their weight in his hands as he pressed his crotch against my ass.

"Do you think I would leave you alone if it wasn't important? I only dream of being with you... I need you," he said, and his hands once again crept between my legs. I wanted to bring them together, but he separated them with his hands, doing what he wanted.

"Did you miss me already?" he dared me to answer. He took the hem of my skirt and lifted it to my waist. I was completely exposed to him.

He put his hand to bend me over a little, touched my lower back, and squeezed my ass with his fingers. There was no doubt in my mind that he was enjoying this moment immensely.

I feel exposed, naked, my ass practically in the air, and I couldn't do anything to stop him. I didn't want to stop him.

"I swear, I don't know which part I like better... you're magnificent..." he said, massaging one of my breasts with one hand and grabbing my ass with the other.

He seemed enraptured to see me like this... and now I could feel the pressure of his two hands on my ass, feeling, gripping hard. I could anticipate he was going to leave on my skin.

He caressed my legs, and when he comes back to my ass, he gave me a loud slap. I gasped as the sensation coursed through me, pain mixed with pleasure in equal parts, vibrating my whole body. He caressed me again, running all over my ass.

"Fuck... so round and luscious," he said, his voice trailing off. He leaned into my neck and I felt his crotch close to my center.

"Tell me, did you miss me?"

"I... just..." I moaned in pleasure.

"Do you want me?" he asked as he caressed between my legs again, his fingers making such subtle movements, but pushing me to the limit.

"Nate... please..."

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"Should I stop?" he asked mischievously.

"No..."

"Don't I mean anything to you? A simple fuck? A hookup?" he said manipulatively. I couldn't believe we were playing this game.

I was at my work, practically naked. He had his hands up where they shouldn't be. I could hear orders being taken, and the cooks in the kitchen shouting in the distance. Meanwhile, we were thinking about... this.

Our rather serious discussion ended in a rather exciting session. I wanted him desperately. And I needed everything from him. His fingers stopped moving, and I gasped in desperation.

"Tell me, Penelope."

"You're not just anybody...much less a hookup," I confessed. Finally, he sighed.

"Tell me you want this as much as I do, that you can't think of anything else. Hell, Penelope... all I've thought about is you, having you, fingering you, touching you, hearing your voice... and I want to be inside you more than anything in the world," he whispered. I felt his fingertips touch my opening, and he opened me wider. I moaned and my hands trembled as they held me precariously.

"I... I want you... I've thought about you like I've never thought about anyone else before," I whimpered.

"Oh, my sweet mate..." He planted kisses on my neck and shoulders, pushed my hair aside, and moved closer to me. He looked relieved, satisfied.

"I've missed you so much..." he said, and I felt him take my hips and brace himself.

"You're the one... you always have been. Even when you're not with me, you're all I think about," he said. I heard the sound of the zipper and felt myself close to hyperventilating.

"Do you have any idea how you have me? I'm as hard as I've ever been," he held me tight, and... we heard a sound that froze us.

"Penelope... are you there?" I heard my boss on the other side of the door.

I wished the earth would just swallow me.