

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 32: Busted

Penelope

"Yes, Jack! Yes... I'm here..." I replied, struggling as Nate continued to press me against the shelf. I prayed that the noise of the restaurant covered up what had been happening in this room for the last few minutes.

"I've been looking for you, this place is a mess!" Jack said.

"Yeah... I was just looking for, uh... some ketchup!" I said, looking up and shouting out the first thing I saw. Nate ran his hands down my arms, up to my shoulders, squeezing gently.

"Great! Bring them to the kitchen!" Jack shouted. I heard his voice trailing off.

"I... I have to go," I said, still shaken. But just when I thought it was all over, he pulled me in for a goodbye kiss that left me dizzy.

"I'll be waiting for you," he said, watching my chest rise and fall, completely flustered.

I fixed my clothes as fast as I could, trying not to see him, trying to get out of there. I was so embarrassed.

I, the simple, shy girl, was fully prepared to fuck an Alpha in this warehouse! If someone had told me this a few days ago, I wouldn't have believed it.

I straightened my skirt as he watched, and hastily buttoned my shirt... and I realized I didn't have my panties on.

"Nate..." I could see the big erection in his pants. It was impossible to miss. He took my panties and caressed them between his fingers. It was just a piece of cloth now.

Okay... so, no panties.

"This isn't over..." he said as I walked out, his voice making my legs shake. It's like, somehow, my body was already programmed to react to his voice, to what he did.

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"Penny! Thank God, I was looking for you! I thought you were kidnapped! We need help!" exclaimed Marianne in frustration.

"Well, not exactly kidnapped," I thought to myself. "A sexy werewolf had me up against a shelf...doing sinful things."

"Uhh... I was looking for ketchup, and..." I said, realizing that I didn't bring them with me. Stupid Penny!

"I've got them right here!" she said, pointing to a box and leading me back into the hustle and bustle of the restaurant.

"Are you okay, did something happen? You're flushed... and agitated?"

"Yes... yes, I am... fine," I mumbled.

Just so fucking turned on, pantyless, and feeling like my body was on fire after a crazy orgasm. She looked at me curiously.

"By the way, you buttoned your shirt wrong..." she said with a mischievous grin.

"Ohhh..."

"If I had seen the hottie CEO here, I would have thought that you were playing with fire... miss... um, it would be so very interesting," she said, smiling.

"No, no... nothing like that," I said, shaking my head quickly.

"Penny! Marianne!" I heard one of our co-workers yell at us. I used the distraction to get right back to work.

I spent the rest of the day on my feet, distracted, and missing out on many orders. I was terrified that someone would find out what happened in the storage room.

I felt like I had a sign on that said 'I was groped and touched mercilessly by a man who seems to know all my weak spots.'

Or... was it somehow obvious that I was walking around with no underwear — and that I had a hot man's beautiful face between my legs a few hours ago?

Goddess, help me.

When I went to the bathroom, I realized that I was a mess. I was disheveled, with marks on my neck and cleavage, for heaven's sake! I combed my hair and put on some makeup.

I couldn't stop thinking about him, his hands, his mouth, the bulge in his pants. I could feel the air in my private parts and how wet I was. I was a lost cause.

"You've become a slut, Penelope. Who would have thought? The shy, chubby girl... in the clutches of this man!" I said, looking at myself in the mirror.

And may the Goddess forgive me... but I imagined him behind me, touching me, admiring my curves... as I never thought anyone would do.

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My shift was finally over, and I left quickly before seeing Marianne. I didn't want to leave her aside, I adored her... but she's suspicious... and I didn't want to lure her into this werewolf world, no matter how much she liked those weird novels she reads.

As I was walking home, I saw a pair of glowing eyes following me from the dark side of the forest. I picked up the pace. My heart fluttered because I knew exactly what it was. Or rather, I knew who it was.

I heard a roar and a jump. With trembling hands, I opened the door to the house, and as soon as I stepped inside, he was upon me, roaring. The house was dark and he grabbed me, pulling me closer as I stifled a scream.

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Nathaniel was completely naked. He smelled of the forest and his skin was fresh. I touched his muscles, his hair slightly wet from the dew, licked his neck. He let out a roar.

The kiss continued, and he pulled me back against a small table in the foyer. Nate was wild, ripping my shirt, and lifting my skirt as I touched him.

His hand went straight to the sopping wet spot between my legs, and I saw him smile when he remembered I had nothing on underneath.

"You're so ready. Were you thinking about me... my mate?" he asked, not even letting me answer as he bit my mouth, thankfully because I was too embarrassed to say yes. That I was thinking of him inside me. He lifted me by my thighs and sat me down, putting himself between my legs.

"You make me lose my mind..." he said, stroking himself, madly hard, pumping from the bottom up, while he put his hands on my knees and spread my legs.

He rested his forehead on mine. I felt like I couldn't breathe, turned on, and I saw him holding back as he pulled his crotch closer to me.

"You're killing me..." he said as he entered me, little by little, and then all at once. We both moaned like crazy.

"Nate!" I screamed as he began to move.

I held on to him as tightly as I could, screaming and groaning with each thrust. He held my legs and pulled me more into him, and I could feel him opening me up inside as his dick reached deeper, making room for himself. His grip on my hips tightened.

"Oh fuck... fuck!" he said between grunts, thrusting wildly into me.

I leaned on the table with one hand and his face rested on my shoulder. My breasts swayed, the table squeaked, and things fell off and broke on the floor. I could feel the whole house rumbling.

We heard our bodies meeting, my panting, and his roar. When he accelerated, I screamed.

"You feel so hard inside..." I said between moans, and he moved his hips in a circular motion. I felt I had no strength left, and he held me completely now.

"Do you want to destroy me? To make me lose my mind?" he roared. I squealed as he started to move his hips, trying to touch all my spots.

"Damn...damn!" he screamed as I felt myself convulsing, squeezing him inside me and coming in such a colossal way that I could see black spots and feel myself fainting.

I felt him inside me again and again, thrusting. My body felt like it was on fire When he screamed and embraced me madly.

"You are my downfall, Penelope... I swear you shut my brain... fuck... the way you took me inside..." he said, kissing me again.

He carried me, and in a few seconds, I was in my bed. I felt the soft sheets, felt him taking off my skirt, and watched me there.

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I noticed that he had dry leaves stuck on his body. He looked desperate. His naked body looked delicious, and I moaned just seeing him like this.

I squirmed on the bed as he looked at me in detail. I spread my legs slightly and he took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

"Fuck me..." he whispered.

In seconds, he was on me again, kissing me, crushing me with his body. He started kissing my neck, my chest, and my legs, and before I knew it he was inside me again, and I groaned.

"I can't stop... I swear I can't stop..." he whispered to me as I whimpered and screamed, feeling an incredible ecstasy all night long.

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When I woke up in the morning, my bed was a mess. The pillows were on the floor, clothes and things were lying around, and he was pinned to me, spooning me with one hand on my breast.

I remembered the wild night we had, and I closed my eyes as a stream of pleasure ran through me.

I never thought of anything like this. Not even in my wildest dreams did I imagine such a hot, sexy, and thrilling night. I practically had to beg him to stop... and yet... I kept wanting more.

I got up, put on my robe, and went to the bathroom. I looked worse — disheveled, with marks on my neck, and my lips swollen. I was the picture of sin and lust.

'I need coffee... if this man gets up... I don't know what will happen.'

After I'd turned on the coffee pot, I heard a knock at the door. I was afraid it might be Nicholas, or the police... or someone else entirely. I heard another knock again, and I went over.

It wasn't anyone I would have thought, and I felt my face fall in embarrassment.

"Dad?"

"Pumpkin... are you okay? I was worried...I texted you last night and you didn't answer," he said, looking at me anxiously.

"Yeah... I had a lot of work; the restaurant was busy. It seems that some restaurants in other cities recently closed, so we were packed the whole day," I said.

At the entrance, there were broken things, flowers on the floor and... I had bruises and hickeys on my neck.

What will he think of me? His calm and prudent daughter in this condition, my house in this condition!

"Michael..." I heard a voice behind me and jumped. Nate had woken up and come downstairs to see what was going on.

"Alpha? What are you doing here?" my father asked. I wanted to die of embarrassment.