

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 55: Mementos

Penelope

"It's a miracle! My little pumpkin, thank the Moon Goddess for bringing you back!" My father exclaimed as he hugged me and kissed my forehead.

"The doctor said that you've been through a lot, that maybe what happened to you was caused by stress and tension, and that your human body is different from ours. While I truly believe my Luna is not weak at all, you just need to rest," Naomi said happily.

If she didn't want to be separated from me before, she wanted it even less now. She said that if she had a wolf mate, she was sure that her wolf mate wouldn't let her do anything with me because werewolves are extremely possessive.

"I got a lovely human mate, charming and gentle. The Goddess knows what everyone needs," she said, and I began to believe it.

My experience was so strange I felt like I was in paradise. The nightmares were horrible, and it was as if my body was trying to detoxify itself.

But I also felt like it was all meant to tell me that I needed him. Harriet's words echoed in my head — we were soul mates, and our hearts were connected. Everyone thought I've gotten better since Hunter showed up.

Everyone was in shock, and I was loved by the warriors, as well as Ruth and Harriet.

As soon as I could, I went to look through the box of presents. I had been ashamed of my carelessness, I should have accepted his gift. As I began to look inside... I felt excited.

There were little mementos — a picture of our long-forgotten treehouse, a matchbook from the restaurant where we had our first and only date, and a printed photo of me working at the restaurant.

I don't remember when he took it, but there was no doubt he'd been watching me from a distance... and Nate's eyes never left me. I even saw a small plastic bracelet that reminded me of the bracelets I wore as a child. Could it be that he remembered me wearing them?

There was also a small picture of my mom when she came to the pack in her records, a picture I'd never seen before.

It's so painful not to have the ones we love around us. To lose her so early, and to see something like this, made it seem like she was with me again. What a beautiful treasure.

I wiped away my tears as I saw there was one last box that said "Beauty and the Beast" that had a simple silver necklace with a red rose pendant hanging from it.

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I looked at the messages for a long time, my heart fluttering. They were little details, like a collection of memories.

"I wish I had felt this way when you lived in town, I didn't know when I would see you. I counted the hours to see you, Penelope."

"It's been a day, and I already miss the way you talk, the way you fiddle with your hair, and I miss the smell of your perfume."

"Do you know why I'm not ashamed of you? Because you've always been better than me, Penelope. When you were a child, you protected the entire pack and I didn't believe you. You took care of your family, even from far away."

"There is no one around you who doesn't love you, and for me... loving you was inevitable," the last one said.

I took all the messages in my trembling hands, each one more beautiful than the other, all handwritten, all full of love, and I sighed, pressing them to my chest. "What am I going to do with you, Nathaniel Connor? You make my heart pound."

...

It was almost midnight, and I didn't even have to open my eyes to know that Hunter was nearby. I was waiting for him when he climbed into my bed.

"You're back. You'll always be there for me, right?" I said kissing his head, and he looked happy. He snuggled up to me and forced me to sleep. Whenever I was with him, I fell into a marvelous dream.

...

The morning was warm and the sun shone through the window. I felt incredibly cozy and happy as if the whole world was right.

For a few minutes, I didn't even notice anything out of the ordinary. It wasn't until I lowered my head and saw a hand on my waist that I realized a warm skin was hugging me from behind.

"Nate!" I said in surprise, as he jumped.

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"Penelope, I..." he stuttered as if I'd caught him in the act.

The fact that he was naked in my bed, holding me, was unexpected. He looked embarrassed, and there was no doubt that none of it was intentional.

"Hunter must have given me control at some point, and I didn't realize it," he said, and I tried not to blush at the sight of his bare skin.

"I understand, I just didn't realize..."

"I know... please forgive me," he said heartily, as if I had made a terrible mistake. I reached out and took his hand in mine, and he seemed touched by this small gesture.

"It's okay, Nate. It's no problem for you to be here," I told him, watching his smile widen, and for a moment we just stared at each other as I admired him, and I must have had my mouth wide open at his magnificence.

"I'll go make you breakfast," he said.

We ate breakfast with my brothers and Ruth. No one said anything but they were all happy and the conversation was lively.

Nate looked at me from the front of the table, and I couldn't help but smile. It was interesting how the wolves worked — a Luna and an Alpha, at the same time. If they were good, everything was good.

Something had changed between us. Maybe Harriet was right about the connection coming to me sooner or later. I went for walks with him in the gardens, and he told me about Marianne, the wolves, the town, and all his plans.

He always asked my opinion and told me about Asher and Jeremiah. We never talked about what happened, or what I told him.

"I'll come back tomorrow, okay? I have some things to work out, but I'll come back to you and we'll talk it out, I promise."

"I'll be waiting for you," I replied.

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I'd been thinking all night about what I was going to say to him. I wanted to propose to him that we start over, from the beginning.

I was scared to stay here, scared of the people in the pack who undoubtedly hated me, and frankly, I didn't know what we were going to do about it. But I hoped that we could work this out together.

Not only that, I also hoped we could get past our doubts and differences, I didn't know how to tell him that I needed him. I was scared, I didn't want to be treated like a Moon Goddess... but maybe, little by little, I'll learn to become a Moon Goddess.

I wanted to tell him that I read his letters and messages. I wanted to tell him many things.

The next morning, I put on my rose necklace, and he noticed it immediately and smiled. I wanted him to hold my hand, but we just walked together. It felt so good to walk out the door.

Moonstone had the most beautiful garden, and we walked quietly as I took in the place.

"Nate, I... I think—" I was just about to say when he interrupted me.

"Please let me start," he said pleadingly, and I agreed.

"I've been thinking a lot about what happened. I said I would listen to you, but I didn't. I'd try to keep my word, and the first chance I get I'd forget your opinions and wishes. You're human, yes, and you don't feel kinship like we do, and it's me who has to adapt to that instead of pushing you like I do." He said, and I suddenly realized we weren't alone.

Asher was driving, and next to him was Jeremiah... and my father? Carrying my suitcase, my things?

"What's wrong, Nate?" I asked eagerly.

"I've thought long and hard about what would make you more comfortable, calmer, and safer. And I came to one conclusion: You have to leave Moonstone," he said painfully.

"What?!"