

Alpha's curvy bullied human mate

Chapter 52: Soul mates

Penelope

I had already imagined that going back to the pack would be bad, but I never realized how bad it would be. It's said that reality often surpassed fiction, and that was very true.

I had never felt so depressed in my whole life. I had lost a lot and suffered a lot, but now the situation was different. I think part of it had to do with the fact that I had hoped deep inside that this was going to work, no matter how much I denied it.

I wondered now what it would have been like if I had been a random human. Would he have been ashamed of me? Would he have hidden me?

Of all the mate choices he could get in this universe, he got the one girl he wasn't supposed to be with.

"My Luna.. please eat something," Naomi said to me in anguish.

"I'm not hungry," I told her, and it wasn't a lie.

"You have to be strong for everyone, you are our Luna..." she said while I was consumed by my terrible thoughts.

I honestly didn't even know what day it was or how long it had been going on. I just knew that my body felt weak, and I felt miserable.

I felt sorry for myself, the poor chubby human who had not been able to overcome her traumas. They were powerful, but somehow I had learned to live with them.

Until he came back with his beautiful smile, his blue eyes, his "I love you" and his wonderful wolf. Sometimes I felt as if I didn't have a chance.

And what would become of me? The hidden mate, a ghost of myself, always living in the shadows and with eternal doubt. Could I have had another life? Could I have been without him?

"Pumpkin... what that man did was terrible... but you come first, always, and you have to get better," my father said.

He and my brothers had been with me for quite a while, keeping me company, terribly angry with their Alpha, and I knew that was hard enough for a werewolf.

"Have you heard anything from my friends at the restaurant?"

"We've been inquiring, apparently most of them have gone to other distant places, moved away, or gotten new offers. From what I could investigate, there's only your little friend left," Luke said.

"Marianne..."

I had left her alone, the thought gnawing at my soul. I was here in seclusion, supposedly safe from the dangers that now haunted Belle Springs... while she was there alone.

I had told her she could visit me, and it was a complete lie, breaking my promises as well.

And of course, I missed him.

Nate hadn't set foot in this house again, as I had asked, but that didn't mean he was completely gone. Sometimes I thought I saw him from outside, watching me. Occasionally, Naomi would come by with a package or gift he had sent me.

I wouldn't even open them. I didn't want to know anything about him, and everything was piled in a box in the living room.

She didn't even ask, she just put everything in there, looking at me, sadly. Naomi was like my shadow. I think she even spent more time with me than with her newfound mate.

I had other visitors as well.

"Penelope...I am so sorry for what happened. Believe me that was not the purpose of this meeting," Ruth said to me accompanied by Harriet.

Both Lunas looked very concerned and had visited me more than once.

"Believe me when I tell you that our goals were never for you to have a bad time. Quite the opposite, it is for you to find your place in Moonstone. But I know we didn't do it right, and we didn't think through the consequences of everything that happened to you in the pack. I know that now," she told me, looking at me with tears in her eyes.

"And I know that it was our fault and that there may not be much we can do to make it right, except tell you that things will change and that we need you," she said, taking my hands. Her attitude surprised me.

"You have to trust that we won't just leave this and that your place is here with us. But most of all, Nate needs you..." she said and broke down crying.

"He's... destroyed. He needs you... and you need him too, I'm sure. I'm sorry... I can't watch my son suffer like this," she said, and suddenly ran to the bathroom, crying.

Harriet stared at me and then came over and hugged me. "It's your choice, sweetie. But whether you're human, werewolf, or vampire, the bond will come to you, sooner or later."

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"So I'm hopeless, I have no choice?" I asked her in return. She didn't get angry that I would even consider leaving her grandson, nor did she look at me like a fool. Instead, she smiled and caressed my face.

"I think the choice is between you trying to work things out, or going through life with pain in your soul. Your souls are connected in a way... it's hard to explain. And trust me, I am the first woman to say that if a man hurts you or treats you badly, you should push him aside. Believe me, I gave him his reprimand. He knows what he did was wrong. But he's suffering from the past that he cannot change, and he's willing to make amends," she said.

"He's your mate, my girl, do you understand? And he would do anything for you. I know him, and I know he is stubborn like his parents, proud and strong... but he also has a good heart, and I know something very important..." she said and continued to hug me.

"He loves you... even more than a mate. Every obstacle... makes him love you more and yearn for you more. But you have the power. The choice. Only you."

"I thought you would pressure me to take Nate back," I said.

"I understand my daughter... he is her only son, her greatest treasure in a sad marriage. But... why would you accept Nate... just to hold a grudge? If you want to see him, it must be a decision that comes from your heart, that you believe there is a chance to be together," she said. I sat there, pondering the words this wise woman was saying to me.

"Nate is suffering just thinking about seeing you in pain. He's not even thinking about his feelings, he's thinking about yours. He is only pained because you are hurt... and because he has no way to make it better. And knowing him, he must have thought of a thousand ways, and even though he is dying to see you... he respects what you said, your wishes," she said, kissing me on my forehead.

"Think it over, my girl. It's not a hasty decision. But consider this — if you do not reject my grandson, you are the Luna of this pack, no matter what others think. They will have to accept it. How? I don't know, but the Goddess has her ways, and you must trust her."

"Thank you, Harriet... for everything."

"A Luna must be there for everyone. But I must admit that I am especially fond of you..." she said, smiling.

"Ahh... please eat something, you have several members of this pack worried. That she-wolf outside looks like she's having a heart attack," Harriet said, and I looked over to see Naomi pacing worriedly.

That night, I had dinner with her, Andrew, my father. and my brothers. I thought about the words of the old Luna, and how I had to take responsibility for my life and not just run away or protect myself from the past.

I had to create a future, but the big question was if I was ready to do that with Nate. If not... could I turn it down? The thought of seeing him with someone else was killing me inside.

To be away from him.

To see him with another woman.

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Him, away from me.

x

Nate and Hunter... away from me.

"Are you okay, Penny?" my dad asked me as I grew paler and paler.

"I... I don't know what's wrong," I said.

I felt a weight on my heart... I couldn't breathe, and I felt like I was in a nightmare that I couldn't wake up from.

"Penny! Penny!" I heard in the distance.

I replayed the rogue attack, I saw my brothers crying, my father unable to do anything, and the way everyone treated me.

Those images mixed with images of Marco, rogues attacking me, the wild wolf dead, Nate hurt... and so on and so on, all of my misfortunes... and the worst part was that I felt like I couldn't wake up.

"She's got a fever! She's really bad and we don't know what's wrong with her!" I heard voices in the distance, and I couldn't answer them.

"Please! Penelope, come back to us!" I felt myself sinking deeper and deeper.

I dreamed that someone was there outside my window, a wolf, far away, but I couldn't get close to him.

"My love... come back to me," a voice kept telling me.

"Hunter..." I said to the wolf.

I reached out my hand to touch the wolf, wishing with all my might that he was real, and from the moment I touched his fur, everything in me vibrated. I listened as he purred at my touch.

"Thank you for coming to me," I said, and he laid down next to me and I lost myself in a restful and wonderful nightmare-free sleep.