

Chapter 1 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel (Belle & Grayson) Online Free by Annie Whipple

BELLE POV

I couldn't keep my eyes off the man across the bar from me.

At that moment, I wished that I had dressed up for my flight to Paris.

When our eyes met for a moment, a wave rushed through my body, an unfamiliar feeling I had never experienced. It was like I had found all the answers I was looking for.

I dropped my gaze, turning to the drink in front of me. I needed to calm my nerves.

Flying made me nervous.

Slowly, my eyes drifted back to the man, who was now looking down at his phone.

He was breathtaking... Large to the point that he almost looked comical in his bar stool.

His muscles strained against his black shirt and blue jeans, telling me he must've spent quite a lot of time in the gym. He had chocolate-brown hair, mesmerizing dark-green eyes, and a jaw that could've cut through diamond.

His lips were luscious and full, and I unconsciously leaned in, imagining how it would feel to press my lips against them. I imagined what I might do if I were the sort of person that was confident enough to approach him.

I found myself daydreaming about the possibilities...

"What's your name?" I would ask from across the bar.

He would smile and bring his drink along to sit right next to me.

Then he would lean in and whisper his name into my ear, his lips grazing my earlobe.

"Meet me in the bathroom," I would wink before walking away.

I would feel his eyes burning the back of my neck.

A few moments later he would burst through the door, his eyes dripping with desire.

His hard body would press against mine, nearly knocking the air out of me.

He would push me up against the sink, kissing my neck, my legs straddled around him.

“Alpha,” a man approached him. “It’s time to board the plane.”

What a strange way to speak to someone, I thought to myself, downing the last few sips of my drink.

Before he got up, the gorgeous stranger looked at me one last time, a mischievous smile on his face, like he could read my every thought.

“Final boarding call for Flight 2497 to Paris,” the announcement boomed overhead.

“Shit,” I looked at the time. I was late.

I ushered the bartender over. “May I have the check please?”

“Don’t worry about it darling,” she said. “That gentleman over there already paid for it.”

How strange... He paid for my drink and yet did not say a word to me.

I tried to push away my thoughts about the stranger as I walked across the airport toward the gate, luggage in tow. I couldn’t seem to calm myself down, even though I tried.

I absolutely hated flying.

And an eleven-hour flight to Paris was the last thing I wanted to be doing the day before Christmas Eve. But my mother had begged me to come spend the holidays with her and her husband.

I knew that she’d only invited me out of guilt.

I hadn’t seen my mother in over five years, and she’d seemed to have no problem leaving me behind after my dad had gotten sick. It had only taken her one year to get remarried and one more to have a kid.

Once on the airplane, I couldn’t keep my hands from shaking.

When I finally made it to my seat, far in the back of the plane, I looked at the man who I would sit beside for the next eleven hours. His gaze moved up and down my body, stopping at my chest for a while before meeting my eyes.

He smirked. “Well, hello there.”

Great. Just perfect. I get to spend the next eleven hours being ogled by a creep.

“Hi,” I muttered.

Ignoring Mr. Creeper, I picked up my carry-on and lifted it above me to put it in the overhead compartment.

I had almost managed to fit my luggage in when I felt hands wrap around my waist, touching the bare skin of my stomach where my shirt had ridden up.

The hands tightened around me and sparks ran down my frame. I jerked my head around to see who was attached to the hands, and felt my eyes widen as I took him in.

It was the man from the bar.

A sudden deep growl snapped me back into an upright position, and my eyes met his to find that he was watching me check him out.

I probably should have slapped him, but instead I let my eyes close and basked in the feeling of his arms around me as delicious sparks coursed through my body. I didn't even know that it was possible to feel this good.

I felt his head move from mine as he bent to nuzzle my neck. I tilted my head to give him better access, and he let out an approving grunt.

And then I felt him place a gentle kiss right where my neck and shoulder met. First my knees went weak, then my entire body went numb as a breathy sigh exited my mouth. He smiled against my neck, chuckling and taking all of my weight into his arms as I leaned completely into him to stop myself from falling.

I was in absolute heaven.

The clearing of a throat snapped me out of my trance, and I squeaked and tried to pull away, remembering where I was.

I heard my suitcase sliding toward me and quickly ducked, waiting for its hard corner to smash into my head.

But nothing happened, and instead I heard, “Careful, beautiful.”

He smiled at me and winked before shoving my bag into the compartment and snapping it closed. Still keeping his hand on my back, he turned to look at the woman behind him who had been trying to get our attention during our intense moment. The woman looked shocked, and hesitantly cleared her throat once more.

“Sorry, I just need to get to my seat, and you guys are blocking the aisle. I didn't mean to interrupt your reunion. You two clearly haven't seen each other in a while,” she smiled sweetly.

Wanting to correct her, I opened my mouth to say that we had never technically met before, but the man holding me beat me to it.

“We were just finding our seats. We’ll be out of your way in a second.” His voice was smooth and reassuring.

I went to move away, looking forward to escaping the awkward situation, but the man just tightened his hold on me.

He leaned down and whispered in my ear: “Not so fast... You’re not getting away that easily.”

Then he looked at the creeper who would be sitting next to me during the flight.

“Move,” he said to him.

Mr. Creeper just sat there and gawked at us for a second. It made me very uncomfortable to think he’d been watching us.

“What?” he asked.

“Move,” the good-looking man repeated. “I’m sitting there.”

“I’m sorry? I’m not moving. This is my seat.”

The man holding me growled low. “Here, take mine.” He handed Mr. Creeper his ticket. “It’s first class,” he said, watching the man look over the ticket with a raised eyebrow.

“Now, move,” he said slowly—almost threateningly—as if he was daring the man to question his orders again.

The creep looked at us one more time before he got up and quickly grabbed his bag.

“Go on, gorgeous,” my new, mysterious neighbor said, gently pushing me to the window seat while following closely behind.

“Um, sorry about earlier,” I muttered, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear and dropping my gaze. I wanted this guy to like me. “I rarely go around touching strangers like that, I promise.”

I laughed nervously. When he didn’t respond, I cleared my throat.

“Okay... So why did you give up your first-class ticket to sit all the way back here?”

My eyes met his, and his hand moved to cup my cheek.

“Because I wanted to be near you,” he said huskily. He ran his thumb over my cheekbone as he examined every inch of my face. “Wow, how did I get so lucky?”

I leaned away from him, not sure of how to respond. I must’ve heard him wrong.

“Sorry, what did you say?”

He just smiled and shook his head. “Nothing. Don’t worry about it, beautiful.” He leaned toward me across the armrest. We were close for two strangers.

“I’m Grayson. What’s your name?”

Almost as if I were in a daze, I heard myself say, “Belle.”

His smile widened. “Belle,” he said to himself. “My Belle.”

His eyes were so pretty. I couldn’t help but stare into them. “Uh-huh...,” I said absently.

He let out a wholehearted laugh.

Did I say something funny?

“Our bond is strong; I can tell,” he said.

Is it just me, or does nothing he says make any sense?

“What? Our bond?” I asked.

He brushed a loose strand of hair from my face. “Don’t you worry your little head about it.”

I was once again snapped out of the daze he seemed to keep putting me in when a baby behind us let out a loud scream. Realizing just how close I was to the man Grayson I jumped back.

I’d been able to feel his breath on my face.

My cheeks immediately turned red, but before I could feel too embarrassed, he spoke.

“Mine. Mate,” he said, his deep, husky voice ringing in my ears.

“What did you just say?” I asked.

“So, business or pleasure?” Grayson asked.

Oh, right. I had almost completely forgotten where I was. I was hearing things. It must have been the stress. My nerves picked up again as I remembered that the plane would likely take off any minute.

“Oh, um, neither, I guess. I will visit my mother and her husband.”

I must’ve been making a face because Grayson asked, “And you’re not happy to see your mother and her husband?”
