

Chapter 11 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

Leaving me alone with Grayson.

The wolf approached me slowly, maintaining intense eye contact. I stared back at him, trying to control my shaky breathing.

He stopped directly in front of my face and let out a puff of air.

I flinched. More tears ran down my face.

Grayson whimpered. His wet nose touched mine. Then his tongue ran up my cheek and moved to the other one to do the same.

I realized then that he was licking up my tears—but I couldn't tell if he meant it to be comforting or if he was deciding whether he wanted to eat me.

I flinched again in disgust. I didn't want his saliva all over my face.

Grayson whimpered again. He moved back a bit and I felt something tugging on my shirt, and I looked down to see Grayson pulling on it with his teeth.

“Wh-what?” I asked.

He continued to pull on my shirt, slightly yanking me forward.

I looked at him, confused. “What do you want?”

I wasn't sure if he could understand me, but then he jerked his head toward the bed and barked loudly.

“The bed?” I asked.

He gestured with his snout again in confirmation.

Why would he want me to go to the bed? And more importantly, what did he want to do with me once I got there?

“Why?” I whispered.

He didn't respond. He just latched back on to my T-shirt with his mouth and continued to tug, this time with more force.

I was yanked forward a bit, and I gasped. “Okay, okay.”

I rose from my spot on the floor slowly, never taking my eyes off the wolf in front of me. He moved with me, watching my every movement. Once I was on my feet, I realized just how big he truly was. Even when I was standing, he was taller than me, as big as a horse.

I approached the bed on shaky legs, noticing that Grayson stayed close, his fur brushing up against me, almost as if he expected me to fall at any moment.

I slowly sat down and took in a deep breath.

I looked back at the wolf and gave him a questioning look that said, "What now?"

Grayson came to stand in front of me. He pressed his nose against my chest and nuzzled me.

"I—what?" I lost my balance and ended up on my back, staring at the ceiling. I blinked.

I felt the bed shake violently, and realized that Grayson was coming to lie down next to me.

I watched warily as he got comfortable. He lay down and put his head on his paws, then whimpered.

"What?" I asked.

He closed his eyes and then made a growling noise that sounded suspiciously like a snore. He opened his eyes again and looked at me.

"You want to go to sleep?"

He barked. He moved forward and touched my arm with his nose. Then he looked at me and barked again.

"You want me to sleep?" I was beyond confused at this point.

Why did he want me to go to sleep? What good would that do?

Grayson barked yet again and nodded his big wolf's head quickly. He stared at me as though he expected me to fall asleep right then and there, but I didn't.

I mean, how could I?

He really was a beautiful animal—terrifying, but beautiful. He was solid black to match his eyes, and strong.

I looked away. I should not be admiring a monster. My gaze returned to the ceiling as the tears continued to flow. I had calmed down a bit, but still my body shook.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Grayson put his head back on his paws as he let out a huff. I could feel his eyes on me, which was unsettling. So Grayson could turn into a wolf.

I'd been kidnapped by a werewolf who claimed I belonged to him. One with absolutely no self-control.

This was fan-fucking-tastic!

It explained a lot, though. It explained his color-changing eyes, his insanely huge muscles, and his strength.

I also assumed it had something to do with why Kyle called him "Alpha."

The word alpha had to do with wolves, right? Or did it only relate to the Greek alphabet?

I still wasn't sure why I was being called "Luna" though. Or why I had been kidnapped.

Or what he was planning on doing with me.

We lay like that for an hour and a half, with my mind racing and him watching me, until eventually my adrenaline ran out and my body stopped shaking. The tears on my cheeks had finally dried, too. I looked at Grayson, and he lifted his head at the movement.

"Can I get up now?"

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

He only put his head back on his paws and closed his eyes.

Well, that didn't give me an answer. And if he was going to take a nap, then there was nothing stopping me from getting up.

I slowly propped myself up into a sitting position. Grayson didn't like that at all. He stood and placed one of his enormous paws on my shoulder, putting enough pressure on it that I was forced to lie back down.

Now I huffed.

"You know I will not be able to sleep, right? So why do I just have to lie here?"

Grayson just lay back down, resuming the position that he'd been in before.

I stared up at the ceiling and sighed. I could feel his eyes roaming my body. "I'm for sure not going to be able to sleep with you staring at me."

I looked at him only to see that his eyes were now closed.

Well, that's better than nothing.

Another excruciatingly long hour passed like this. My confusion only grew. What was he waiting for? Did he just want me to stay like this forever?

I'd finally had enough. I didn't care how big he was or about the fact that he could rip me to shreds. I couldn't just lie there anymore.

I jerked my body into a sitting position and quickly began scooting toward the end of the bed, hoping to get there before Grayson could stop me.

I'd barely made it far when he pounced on me, putting his paws on either side of my body and growling.

"I can't just lie there anymore! I need to move!" I yelled at him.

He growled and pressed his nose to my chest.

He forced me back down, so I was lying again. I tried fighting him, but it was no use. He was like a million times stronger than me.

I huffed out my annoyance.

I thought he would move away once I was back down, but he didn't.

Instead, he lowered so that he was lying on top of me, with his stomach pressing into mine, his legs supporting his weight on either side of me, and his head between my breasts—making sure I couldn't go anywhere.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

I squirmed a bit, trying to get him to move. He just put more weight on me, completely immobilizing me. Even my arms were stuck underneath him. I couldn't move at all.

This was going to be a long day.

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was that I had fallen asleep. After all the protesting I'd done, insisting to the wolf that I wasn't going to fall asleep, I had. The second thing I noticed was that I was wrapped around another human's body—a male human.

And he was running his hand up and down my back in a soothing manner.

"Grayson?"

He kissed my head. "Yeah, beautiful, it's me."

I noticed that I was holding on to his body like a koala to a tree.

I quickly untangled myself from him and sat up a little, feeling my face heat up.

I looked at him. Did I dream the whole thing?

"You're human again?"

He smiled a bit.

"Yeah. After you fell asleep, my wolf gave me back control, and I shifted back."

"I didn't mean to fall asleep," I muttered, angry that I had lost yet another battle with Grayson.

He tucked a piece of hair behind my ear.

"I know you didn't. You were being stubborn. But thank goodness you did because my wolf would not give me back control until you fell asleep."

"He was extremely worried about you. It was either force you to sleep or complete the mating process, but I convinced him you needed sleep."

At the word mating, I realized something.

"Grayson, if I look down will you be wearing pants?" I wasn't sure if when you shifted, you would still have clothes on.

He smiled widely. "Curious about that, are you? Why don't you check, baby?"

I gaped at him. "Ew, no!" I grabbed a pillow and shoved it in his face. "You're disgusting!"

He laughed loudly and lifted the sheet from his body. I was afraid to look, but was thankful when I saw boxers covering him.

"Someday you won't feel that way," he said. "Someday you'll be looking all you want. In fact, you'll be doing a lot more than just looking." He smirked.

My mouth fell open in shock at his words.

"Ugh, you're so gross!" I yelled. "Is that all you can think about? Sex?"