

Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

Chapter 111 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

And to make matters worse, I had barely even seen my mate for the past four days.

Sure, we had spent the night together, but that was it.

Grayson was gone early in the morning before I was able to pull myself from sleep, and then I didn't see him again until late into the night.

He had told me after that day that this week was going to be extremely busy for him.

He had a lot to figure out after dropping the ball with his king duties because he had been putting all his energy into finding me.

So I couldn't exactly blame him for not being able to spend time with me, but I also missed him. Desperately.

That, and I was intensely paranoid that he was avoiding me after everything that had happened.

Ugh, I wanted to slam my head into a wall.

Fingers snapped in front of my face. "Belle!" Liam called out, trying to get my attention. "Have you been listening to anything I've been saying?"

I found it amusing that Liam didn't call me Luna. He was the only one besides Grayson who still called me Belle.

And, although I knew Grayson would probably murder him if he heard him calling me by name, I kind of liked it. It felt normal. It felt like home—a place that I still didn't feel like I had found yet.

When I had been living in Minneapolis, nothing ever felt sure or stable. I was in and out of hospitals while I took care of my sick dad.

We lived in a house, then an apartment, and as money started to dwindle and medical bills started to pile up, an even smaller apartment, and, finally, on the couch of one of my dad's coworkers.

After my father died, I was on my own and in a new home again. I was always rushing around, never standing still or taking a moment to breathe.

Minneapolis didn't feel like home. And Grayson's pack house in Minnesota definitely didn't feel like home.

The closest I had come to feeling like I was home was the little while I stayed at Liam's apartment in Evergreen. Liam, Laila, and I made a small family.

And even though I eventually made the choice to move out for the sake of my independence, I definitely missed it. I still miss it.

I shook myself out of my fog of insecurities and looked up at my friend sitting across from me. He had been telling me something, and he was right; I hadn't been listening to a single word he'd said.

"I'm sorry. I'm paying attention now. Say it again?"

Liam studied me with concern and maybe slight annoyance. "You've been spacey lately. Is something going on?"

Yes, there was something going on, but telling Liam about my sex life was not something I wanted to do. Minnie was another story. I told Minnie everything.

I spent the last several nights on her couch with a bucket of ice cream, giving her all the dirty details of everything that had happened between Grayson and me. I just needed someone to talk to about all this.

"No, I'm okay. Just didn't sleep well last night," I explained. "Tell me what you were saying."

Liam sighed. "I know you asked if we could hang out tonight, but I'm hoping I can take a rain check. Something came up."

"Oh. Oh, yeah, that's totally fine. Don't even worry—"

"Oh, Luuunaaaaa! I got you a present!" Minnie skipped toward Liam and me, holding a giant, pink, sparkly bag in her hands that was nearly half her size.

It was all wrapped up like a gift, with colorful tissue wrapping coming out of the top and a huge bow on the side. She handed the bag to me, grinning like a maniac.

“What’s this?” I asked. It was heavier than I expected and filled to the brim. “Is today a holiday I didn’t know about?” I looked at Liam, who just shrugged.

“No, silly!” Minnie laughed. “You said you didn’t have a swimsuit so...” She shrugged, gesturing at the bag.

I smiled and started to tear through what seemed like endless amounts of tissue paper until its contents were revealed. My brows shot up. “So you got me twenty?”

Inside were swimsuits in every fabric, style, and color imaginable.

“I just got everything that I thought you might look good in,” Minnie explained, her giddiness never leaving her tone.

“Which also just so happened to be basically everything. But, hey, a girl’s got to have options, right?”

I laughed. “I think this is enough options to last me a lifetime. I mean, seriously, how much did this even cost you?”

She waved a dismissive hand. “Don’t even worry about that. My dad paid.”

I shook my head in amusement and reached in to grab the first thing I saw.

“Minnie,” I said, smiling as I held it up. “This is perfect!”

It was a black bikini top, simple and practical. And I could see the matching bottoms, too, exactly what I needed.

In fact, it was really the only thing I needed, but I was so touched by Minnie’s kind gesture that I wasn’t planning on complaining.

Besides, it wasn’t like Grayson and I didn’t have room in our absolutely enormous walk-in closet.

Minnie clapped her hands and jumped up and down. “Yay! I put that one on the top because I thought you would like it best. Keep going! There’s more!”

She was right; there were lots more. For the next several minutes, I pulled out swimsuit after swimsuit, exclaiming with the proper oohs and aahs with each one.

I wasn’t much of a fashion person, especially when it came to something as abstract as bathing suits, but I did have to admit Minnie had good taste.

And, as far as I could tell, they were all my size too.

“I have a great eye for size,” Minnie explained when I asked her if she had secretly measured me at some point.

Liam watched us from the side with an expression of total disinterest on his face. I even glanced over at him once and laughed when it looked like he was about to fall asleep.

I had just finished admiring a blue one-piece, the ninth suit I had pulled out, and thought I was done but gave an exasperated sigh when I reached into the bag again and found more hidden beneath the tissue paper.

“Minnie, have you mistaken me for someone who lives on the beach?” I laughed, pulling out the paper. “I don’t know what I’m going to do with all of these. You really did get me twenty, didn’t you?”

Her smile took on a mischievous glint. “Actually...”

I didn’t have time to try to figure out what she meant by that because I was already reaching in for the next thing.

And that’s when I noticed all the lace on the other bikinis—and the lack of fabric on the bottoms. I immediately slammed the bag shut, my eyes wide.

“Minnie!” I shrieked. “Please tell me you didn’t.”

I couldn’t even look at Liam. I could only hope he hadn’t seen what was really at the bottom of the bag.

Minnie giggled, totally and completely unashamed. “I did!”

“What?” Liam asked, suddenly interested for the first time in the last twenty minutes. “What did she get you?” He stood from his chair and leaned over the table to try to look in the bag.

I moved it away from him, holding it to my chest so no one could see.

“You know in Twilight when Bella and Edward were on their honeymoon and Bella puts on all those sexy outfits to try to get Edward to...well,~ you know.~”

Minnie winked so dramatically that it nearly made her look like she was having a stroke.

“And that’s my cue,” Liam cut in, backing away from us. It seemed he finally started to understand the general idea of what Minnie’s gift to me had been.

“If you need me, I’ll be way over there, far, far away from this conversation.” He turned and, in a flash, was several blocks down the street.

I would have been amused by his reaction if I wasn't so embarrassed myself.

I groaned. "Minnie, you got me"—I looked around, lowering my voice so no one could hear me—"lingerie? "

"It's not a bad word, you know," she replied. "You don't have to whisper it.

"I mean, come on. You're trying to get the most powerful man in the world to sleep with you, and you can't even look at lingerie without blushing?"

"I just..." I slowly opened the bag, looking down at all she had gotten me. Just like with the swimsuits, she had really gone all out. Although, there were probably twice as many options.

"What am I supposed to do with all of this?"

"Girly, I think you know what you're supposed to do with it. And if you don't, then we have other problems."

She clapped again, squealing. "The alpha is going to die when he sees you in these.

Just you wait. Ugh, I'm a genius!"

I wasn't so sure about that. Grayson saw me naked nearly every day, and he didn't even bat an eye anymore.

In fact, when I got dressed in the morning, I would usually find him turned away from me, doing his own thing. I didn't think he was consciously doing it, but that kind of made it worse, didn't it?

It was like he was bored with me. How the hell was covering myself with bright pink lace going to help with anything?

I must have been making a face because Minnie gave me a sympathetic look and said, "Okay, look, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.

"You don't have to wear any of it if you don't want to. I just thought you might like to have the option."

I sighed. Minnie had gone out of her way to do this for me. My internal conflicts had nothing to do with her. I was being ungrateful.

"Thank you, Minnie. Seriously, this is one of the sweetest things anyone has ever done for me. You're the best."

She smiled widely. "I know." She shrugged and put her arm through mine.

“Now, come on, let’s go get Mr. Grumpy over there and get out of here. We’ve got things to do and people to help. It’s going to be a busy day.”

“Sounds good to me,” I replied. We put all of my new swimsuits back into the bag before linking arms and starting our walk to Liam, who had somehow gotten even farther than before.

I laughed. It made me wonder if he could hear Minnie and my conversation from where he had been and scrambled to get farther from us.

My hand gripped the handles of the bag tightly as we walked, nerves flowing through me as I thought about all the possible ways I could use its contents. Anxiety ate away at my stomach.

I looked at Minnie. “Do you have plans tonight?” I cringed at how desperate my voice must have sounded to her.

I continued anyway. “I don’t really feel like being home alone tonight, and I know Grayson will be working late.”

Minnie hesitated. “I so wish I could, but I actually have plans tonight...”

My stomach fell a bit.

“But I can always change my plans if you need,” Minnie continued quickly. “You’re more important.”

I smiled. Minnie was always putting other people before herself. “That’s okay. I’ll be fine. You go do whatever it is you have planned. I’ll be fine on my own.”

Chapter 112 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

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When Minnie still looked unsure, I quickly added, “Really, Minnie, I’ll be fine. Don’t worry about me. We’ve hung out the last several days in a row anyway.

“I can’t expect to get you all to myself every single night.”

“I promise I wouldn’t be blowing you off unless it was something important,” she explained.

“Why don’t you go to the hot tub and put on one of the new swimsuits I got you? I could even let you borrow my copy of Twilight if you wanted!

“Then you could really get into character for when you decide to try to seduce your mate. Channel your inner Bella Swan.”

I laughed. That wasn’t actually a terrible idea. The hot tub part, that is. Although, I suppose reading Twilight wasn’t a terrible idea either.

“You’re way too obsessed with Twilight. You know that, right?”

Minnie scoffed. “There’s no such thing as being too obsessed with Twilight. I mean, have you ~read~ the books? They’re pure gold.”

I couldn’t even try to hide my amusement. “The last book came out nearly fifteen years ago. Shouldn’t you have found something else to read by now?”

She shrugged nonchalantly. “Art like that simply doesn’t age.”

BELLE

“What the fuck are you wearing?”

I jumped at the sound of his voice, whirling around to meet the eyes of my mate, who was sitting on the couch in our room. I hadn’t even heard him come in and was surprised he was here.

He was never back this early. I had assumed I would be spending another night by myself.

I had just exited our closet after changing into one of the bikinis Minnie had gotten me. I planned on going to the hot tub for a while. I was incredibly tense.

All I wanted to do was lie back and relax in some nearly-too-hot water for the next several hours until all my limbs felt like noodles.

I even had a copy of Twilight— Minnie had insisted I borrow it after finding out I had never read it before—and was more than ready to lose myself in a story about werewolves and vampires that wasn’t my own.

And most importantly, I needed a distraction. One that kept me from obsessing over the man sitting in front of me.

“Oh, hi,” I replied. I hated how hot and fidgety I became around him. Instant relief filled me just from being in his presence.

I even found myself taking steps toward him without realizing what I was doing. “I didn’t know you were here.”

He stood, approaching me slowly.

He looked good today. Who was I kidding? He looked good every day. He was wearing dark pants and a simple shirt, his muscles rippling with each of his movements.

“Answer my question, mate.”

I looked down at my simple black bikini. It was a triangle top and the most basic pair of bottoms I had ever seen. There was absolutely nothing special about it.

But the way Grayson was looking at me—licking his lips while his eyes raked up and down my body slowly—had me thinking otherwise.

I swallowed. “A swimsuit?”

Once he was in front of me, he reached a hand up and played with the string of my top, right above my breast, rolling it between his fingers. His other hand settled on my bare waist.

“Why?” he demanded in a dark, sultry tone that had my nipples hardening into diamonds. His eyes fell down to my breasts, darkening when he saw them through the thin layer of my top.

His hand gripped my waist harder. His jaw tightened. And the sexual tension in the room shot up.

Huh, maybe Minnie was onto something with the whole lingerie thing.

“I was going to go read in the hot tub for a while,” I explained quietly.

His eyes snapped up to mine, narrowing. “Wearing this?”

The way he said it had me feeling defensive and a tiny bit insecure.

“Yes, wearing this,” I responded with my arms crossed over my chest. “It is a swimsuit, after all. Or would you rather I go in my birthday suit? I bet all of your pack members would love seeing that.”

Oops. Wrong thing to say.

Grayson growled, grabbing my waist in both hands and slamming my body to his. I gasped.

“Absolutely not. You’re not going anywhere dressed like this.” He grabbed my hand and started to tug me toward the closet.

“It isn’t like anybody is going to see me!” I argued, trying to tug my hand out of his iron grip. “There’s never anybody using the hot tub. Plus, I was going to cover up with a towel until I got in the water.”

“No,” Grayson grunted. “Were you even planning on having Liam go with you, or were you just going to go out by yourself, wearing basically nothing?”

I continued to tug at his grip on me. I knew there was no point since he was a million times stronger than me, but I was not going to let him throw me around without at least trying to fight back.

“Liam is busy tonight. Besides, would you really want Liam to see me in a bikini?

Oh, maybe he could join in. Oh yeah, that would be really fun.

“Liam and I barely clothed, sitting in the hot, steamy water. I bet we would feel real close after that.”

And, once again, Belle, that was the wrong thing to say.

Grayson growled so loudly the walls shook, and objects fell from surfaces, crashing to the floor. I winced. My ears rang when he was done.

He grabbed my chin in his huge hand and brought my face close to his so we were only inches apart. “Go. Change. ”

His voice was so rigid and unrelenting that I worried about what would happen if I didn’t do as he said. He was mad. Really mad. And I knew better than to challenge him when he was like this.

With pressure building behind my eyes from the tears I was holding back, I turned on my heel and walked to the closet, feeling like a dog with my tail between my legs.

I stopped in the doorway, looking around at all of our clothes. What did I do now?

Did I get dressed in the same jeans and sweater I had on before?

I had absolutely nowhere to go, and I knew Grayson wouldn’t be here for long. He was probably only stopping by to check on me like he always did before heading back to work.

So did that mean I should just give up on having a non-pathetic night? Put on my pajamas and crawl into bed just to think about how much I missed Grayson until I fell into a fitful night of sleep?

It was the same thing I had done for the past several nights. I would fall asleep and immediately start dreaming about Grayson, his touch, his voice, and his smile.

I would toss and turn, so desperate to be near him that it was all I could think about.

I would only receive relief when he finally came home and crawled into bed with me, wrapping me in his arms. I wasn't sure if I could handle another night of that without going mad.

Making up my mind, I huffed, grabbed a towel from one of the shelves, and turned back around, intent on walking right past Grayson and out the door.

He couldn't just intimidate me into doing what he wanted. I was my own person, goddammit.

"What are you doing?" he demanded when I walked past him. His voice took on a warning tone laced with his deep growls.

"Going to the hot tub," I replied. I was proud of how stable and confident I sounded even though everything in me was demanding I submit to my mate.

Stupid, stupid nature trying to make me bend to the will of the dominant male. My instincts were screaming at me to go back to him and tilt my head to the side in a submissive gesture that told him I'd relented.

Yeah, not this time, buddy! Grayson could just go fuck himself and his masochistic ideals.

Another deafening growl came from his chest, and the next thing I knew, I was thrown over his shoulder and marched back over to the closet.

"No!" I shouted, kicking him and pounding my fists against his back. "I'm not going to spend another night sitting in this room, waiting for you to come back like some little housewife!

"Put me down! Put me down right now! You're such a fucking asshole and—and—"

A ball formed in my throat that kept me from screaming any more profanities at him. Shit, was I about to cry?

Grayson's determined stride came to a sudden halt. His body stiffened, and I could feel his worry as he lifted me off his shoulder with tender hands and gently placed me on my feet in front of him.

I took several steps back, needing distance from him.

I didn't miss the way he started to purr for me, trying to keep it quiet because he knew I hated it when he didn't let me feel my emotions and instead drowned them out with those mind-numbing vibrations.

I covered my face with my hands. I couldn't look at him. I didn't want to look at him.

"Belle...", Grayson said. His tone was much gentler than before, and that fact alone was enough to make me want to sob.

Somehow I kept my cool, though, determined to take deep breaths until the wave of emotions passed.

He stepped forward and grabbed both my wrists, rubbing the skin with his thumbs in soothing circles, trying to encourage me to reveal my face. I shook my head, brushing his touch off of me.

"Belle, talk to me," he coaxed. "Tell me what's wrong."

I let out a shaky breath. I couldn't speak yet.

"Come on, sweet girl. I need to know what's going on so I can fix it."

I finally dropped my hands. A few tears had escaped my eyes, but I had somehow managed to keep the dam intact for at least a little while longer.

I didn't look up at him as I spoke. "I know you said that this week would be busy and I wouldn't get to see much of you but...but, um..." I hesitated, chest tight. "I think I'm just starting to feel a little claustrophobic."

That was a mild way of putting it. I felt like a locked-up addict going through withdrawal.

Grayson cupped my cheek, wiping away a runaway tear with his thumb.

"Claustrophobic? What do you mean, baby?"

I sucked in a shaky breath. "I mean...All I do when I'm here alone at night is sit and...and think about you."

I gestured around me. "And everything smells like you, and I'm surrounded by all of your stuff and..." I shrugged, feeling utterly pathetic. A hiccup left my throat. "I don't know what's wrong with me."

Big arms wrapped around me, pulling me to his vibrating chest. "Shh, baby. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Don't cry. Please don't cry."

I accepted his embrace with enthusiasm, giving in to him and crying silently against his chest for several long minutes.

He held me through it all and purred loudly enough that I could feel the sound travel all the way down to my toes. Everything felt like jelly when I finally pulled away.

It was crazy how much better I felt after being in his arms for only a few minutes.

He was so effortlessly able to calm me down.

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When I looked up at him and saw the look of acute concern written all over his face, I couldn't help but laugh at my own stupidity.

Jeez, I needed to get it under control. Grayson probably thought I was insane.

I wiped my nose, trying to clear away the evidence of my embarrassing breakdown.

"I'm sorry. You look worried, and I didn't mean to worry you."

I took a deep breath. "I just miss you is all. But I know you're busy being king of the whole world and all that." I tried my absolute hardest to put on a convincing smile.

"I'm not selfish enough to believe I should get you all to myself—as much as I would like that."

My hands were still partly wrapped around his massive torso, and I toyed with his shirt behind his back in nervous movements.

"It's just harder on the nights when everyone is busy, and I have nothing to do. And then I'm just stuck in this room, all by myself, surrounded by your scent. I think I go a little stir crazy."

His deep frown only intensified with every word I spoke. "I've been a terrible mate," he said, stroking the side of my face.

I instantly shook my head. "No. No, you haven't. You're amazing and perfect. I'm just greedy for your time. It's only because I like you or whatever." I smiled, trying to lighten the mood.

Truly, the last thing I wanted to do was to make him feel guilty. Would I take more time with him if he offered it? Yes, in a heartbeat.

But would I want him to sacrifice the well-being of his kingdom just because I was selfish? No, absolutely not. If that meant getting to see him less, then so be it.

When Grayson looked like he was about to keep arguing with me, I quickly continued, “Let’s not talk about it anymore.”

I waved a dismissive hand. “What are you doing here, anyway? I thought you had another late night tonight. I didn’t even know you were in the palace.”

He stared at me with an unreadable expression, and for a second, I thought he would try to return to the subject of my crying.

But then, he pulled me closer, so I was flush against him but still able to look up at him. The sound of his purrs rose just a bit.

“You’re not the only one who misses their other half. I was hoping to take you to dinner before heading back to work...” He trailed off as his eyes scanned over my barely-clothed body once again.

I had nearly forgotten my state of undress but became acutely aware of it again when his suddenly heated gaze landed on my heaving breasts.

His jaw made a grinding noise as he clenched his teeth. “But now, I think I’m craving a nice soak in the hot tub with my girl.”

My brows rose in surprise even as my stomach did an excited flip. Jesus, I was pathetic. I would do anything to spend more time with him.

“Really? But you were just demanding that I go change, like, two seconds ago.”

He shrugged, his hand drifting down to play with one of the strings on the side of my bikini bottoms at each hip, which also just so happened to be the only thing keeping the article of clothing on.

A mischievous look took over his face. “Changed my mind. I’ve had a long day, and, based on how beat down you look, so have you. I would love nothing more than to spend an hour or two with you in the hot tub.”

BELLE

I couldn’t hold back my groan of bliss as I sank into the warm, bubbling water of the hot tub. This was exactly what I needed. Why hadn’t I come here before?

This was way better than sitting alone in our palace wing with nothing to do. And I guess it didn't hurt that Grayson was here, too, giving me his full attention.

Okay, so maybe that was the best part.

That and the fact that we were the only two people in the pool area, so I didn't feel awkward when my body heated as I felt his gaze watching my every move with rapt attention.

I had a funny feeling that Grayson had something to do with the lack of people here, more than likely commanding that everyone stay away while we were in here. I didn't mind, though. Not one bit.

I turned to look at my mate, who was still standing at the edge of the tub, looking down at me with an expression that made my lips turn up and my lower stomach flutter.

I was starting to really love this swimsuit.

The room we were in contained an indoor pool lined with lounge chairs, and I put my hands on the edge of the tub and let my legs float up behind me.

I put my chin on the edge as I grinned up at Grayson, taking in every glorious inch of exposed skin with my own heated gaze.

Holy fuck, he was hot. He was standing there in only his swim trunks. All of his muscles were on display, and he was breathing heavily.

My stomach fluttered when I noticed the outline of his hard cock through the fabric of his shorts.

He didn't even notice I was studying him. He was too busy studying me and, by the looks of it, trying to get his wolf under control. His eyes were latched onto my ass which was floating out of the water.

He licked his lips.

My smile widened. This was turning out to be even more fun than I had imagined.

"Are you going to get in?" I asked him. "Or are you just going to stand there, staring at me?"

Grayson's eyes snapped up to mine. He smirked. "Oh, I'm getting in all right."

He reached for me the moment he got in the water. I giggled and swam away from him before he could grab me. He growled, narrowing his eyes playfully.

“You running from me, little mate?” he asked, slowly moving toward me.

I grinned, moving away from him with every move he made closer to me. “If you want me, you’re gonna have to work for it.”

“You’re making a big mistake, baby. Running away from me only triggers my wolf’s hunting instinct.”

I bit my lip. We both knew he was more than capable of catching me whenever he wanted, but I enjoyed that we were messing around with each other, just like a normal couple would do.

I craved these sorts of interactions with him.

“You think I’m scared of you?” I asked him. “You’re—”

I screeched when his hands were suddenly on my waist, snatching me up and throwing me over his shoulder. He spun me around in the air, and I laughed and screamed the entire time.

“Grayson!” I laughed, slapping his back. “Grayson, stop!”

I didn’t miss the way one of his hands gripped my butt, the tips of his fingers suspiciously close to the part of me that had been begging for his attention all day.

It made my entire body freeze up.

I wiggled on his shoulder.

Sensing my change in demeanor, Grayson abruptly stopped, slowly letting me slide down his front until I was at eye level with him, one of his arms still supporting me under my backside.

We were pressed up against each other so tightly that I could feel his heart thumping against my chest. Our breathing slowed until we were in sync, staring at each other.

“Whatever our souls are made of,” I whispered as I ran my hand through his curly dark hair, “his and mine are the same.”

“Hmm,” Grayson hummed. He brushed his nose up against mine lovingly, running it up and down the bridge. “Did you just make that up?”

I laughed. “No. Emily Brontë did. Wuthering Heights.”

He smiled in the way he did when I knew he was genuinely pleased. “I like it.”

I wrapped my arms around his neck, pressing even closer to him. “I missed you. I’m really glad you’re here. I’m really glad you decided to come be with me for a little while.”

He moved back until he was sitting on the built-in bench in the tub, with me straddling his lap, pressed snugly to his chest.

I was glad we were in the water because everything inside of me was starting to feel heated.

“Me too, baby.”

Without thinking too hard about it, I pressed my lips to his.

He groaned into my mouth, grabbing the back of my head and pressing me even closer, swiping his tongue over the seam of my lips, encouraging me to open my mouth for him.

I did, and his tongue immediately dominated mine, taking full control of the kiss before I could stop him.

He tilted my head to the side, deepening the kiss with more passion. His tongue thrust into my mouth repeatedly, mating with it and driving me crazy.

My hips started to move against his out of pure instinct, and Grayson purred in response. Jesus, the sound of his purr made me feel drunk.

“Spread your legs wider for me, Belle,” he demanded against my lips.

I didn’t need to be told twice.

My knees fell onto the bench he was sitting on, my legs spreading wide to accommodate his large form.

It was a good thing I was flexible, especially since one of Grayson’s favorite ways to make me come was to watch me writhe on his fingers while I straddled his lap.

His thumb found my clit through the fabric of my swimsuit bottoms and began circling it slowly, massaging it. My lips fell from his as a mewl of satisfaction came from my mouth, my head falling back.

He stopped his movements momentarily to pull the crotch of my bottoms to the side, and my back arched in pure bliss when his pointer finger made contact with my bare pussy, running along my folds.

“Fuck, I can feel how slick you are even in the water. Let me take care of you, beautiful. That sound good? Is that what you want?” His tongue dragged over my mark and up the side of my neck.

A shudder racked my body. My nod was embarrassingly eager. “Yes. Please. I want that.”

Grayson grinned in satisfaction, and then his long middle finger was inside of me, stroking me.

He shushed my whimpers when he started to push it in and out of me, deeply, running over my G-spot firmly with each stroke.

It was when the heel of his hand started to knead into my throbbing clit, and he slipped another one of his fingers into my already clenching hole that my lower body started to jerk against his, seeking more friction.

“That’s it, baby,” Grayson growled against the side of my neck where he had been sucking. “Ride my fingers.”

With my hands on his shoulders to help balance, my hips started to rise and fall in faster movements, shamelessly thrusting my pussy down onto his fingers.

Grayson leaned back to watch me, blatant hunger etched over every line of his handsome face as he watched me come apart on top of him.

My nails dug into his shoulders as my orgasm took over. Head falling back once more, I whimpered and mewled his name, the pleasure from those rhythmic clenches taking over every part of me.

It took a while for me to come back down. I didn’t know why, but my orgasms had been becoming more intense and much longer.

Sometimes it was so intense that it almost hurt, and I was left quivering and unthinking for several minutes afterward, unable to even process what had just happened and the amount of pleasure I’d experienced.

Not that I was complaining, though.

Grayson stroked me through the entire thing, taking over the movements when I became too mindless to do anything but wait for it to end.

When the last of the tremors traveled through me, I collapsed onto his chest, panting, eyes hooded. He pulled his fingers out of me and hugged me to him, taking the time to suck and nip on my mark.

Chapter 114 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

“Mmm...,” I moaned out when his purring intensified. I loved hearing him purr when he was happy.

Grayson chuckled. “Do you have any idea how fucking sexy you are?”

I grinned against the bare skin of his shoulder. “Yeah?”

“Fucking hell,” he swore. “Yeah. I can’t get enough of watching you come for me.”

“Hmm...” I could feel how hard he was beneath me. He was more than just a little turned on. And that thought excited me more than anything else.

My lips skimmed up his neck until I was right next to his ear. “I want more, Grayson,” I whispered. “Can you give me more?”

He growled. “I think we can come to some sort of agreement.” His hands started to move down my hips, intent on making me come again, but I quickly stopped them.

“Not like that. I was thinking we could do something a little different.” I rolled my hips over his, lining my core up with his swim trunk-covered cock so that it was nestled in between my folds.

I did it so quickly that he didn’t have time to stop me.

Before I lost the courage that resulted from my intense orgasm, I said, “I want you inside of me. I want your cock inside of me. I want it so bad, Grayson.”

“Shit!” Grayson’s hips shot up at my unexpected request, and I gasped at the feeling.

Taking advantage of our momentum and Grayson’s temporary loss of judgment, I grabbed his face and kissed him with all the intensity and need I yearned to communicate.

I nearly cried in relief when he didn’t try to stop me like I thought he was going to and instead pulled me closer, deepening the kiss.

His hands spanned over my ass, gripping it, so his fingers fell into the crease.

My hands shook with anticipation as I reached down and started to tug at the tie to his swim trunks. I thought he might be too distracted to notice what I was doing, but I was wrong.

He stiffened beneath me, and it was like the spell keeping him interested was suddenly broken. His lips stopped moving against mine, and the energy between us diminished significantly.

“Belle,” he said. His deep voice sounded miserable and dejected. He pulled his lips away from mine and grabbed my hands to stop them. “Stop.”

“Why? Why? ” Panicking, I tried to pull his lips back to mine. “Kiss me, Grayson.

Please. Just keep kissing me.”

He groaned like he couldn’t handle my desperate pleas and pressed his mouth back to mine. I ran my hands through his hair, tugging the strands, needing him closer, closer, closer.

Then they skimmed over his shoulders, down his pecs and abs. I reached for the ties of his swim trunks once again, hoping he wouldn’t stop me again.

“Belle,” he groaned. He grabbed my hands, pushing them away from him. “I’m sorry. You have to stop.”

“No. No, please, Grayson,” I continued to beg. I didn’t even care that I sounded pathetic. I needed this. We both needed this.

I tried pulling him back, wrapping my arms around his neck, but he quickly grabbed my wrists, prying them away from him with a harsh movement.

I gasped. He had never been that rough with me before.

Then, loud and angry, he yelled, “Belle, I’m not fucking you the first time in a damn hot tub! Cut. It. Out. ”

I lurched back as if he had just slapped me in the face, my heart plummeting so deep in my stomach that it made me want to throw up.

I hated everything about what he’d just said.

I hated that he very obviously didn’t want me in the same way I wanted him.

I hated that it took him yelling at me for me to stop and realize that he didn’t want me.

I hated that he used such a vile word to describe something that was supposed to be beautiful.

I hated that he was rejecting me again.

Fucking. He said he wasn’t going to ~fuck ~me in a hot tub. Is that what he thought our first time was going to be like? It sounded dirty. It made me~ feel~ dirty.

Embarrassment seized me and rolled in my stomach like a rotating ball of fire. All of a sudden, I felt like I couldn't breathe.

God, what was wrong with me? Why did I keep throwing myself at him when I knew he would just reject my advances and make my heart feel like it was breaking in two over and over again?

I kept on pressuring him. I kept begging him. He had every right to be mad at me.

I wasn't mad at him though. How could I be? It wasn't like he had done anything wrong. And it wasn't as if what we had wasn't incredible, even without sex.

Intimacy wasn't all about sex.

It just hurt.

A lot.

The urge to puke was getting stronger.

I nodded, quickly looking away when tears unexpectedly started to fill my eyes.

"Okay. I'm sorry."

I got off him and hated when he didn't try to make me stay. "I shouldn't have kept going when you asked me to stop. I'm sorry."

"Belle... That's not—" Grayson said as he watched me walk to the edge of the hot tub and pull myself out. He ran a hand through his hair. "Fuck, I'm the one who should be sorry—"

"It's okay," I interrupted. I tried my best to smile as I grabbed my book and wrapped myself in my towel. "You were right. This isn't... We shouldn't..." I angrily wiped the tear that fell down my left cheek.

I was being ridiculous. "I think I'm just going to go back to our room now. And you need to get back to work, right?"

I didn't wait for him to respond. I started to walk to the door, my chest tight and my cheeks hot.

"Belle," Grayson called after me, getting out of the hot tub too. "You don't have to go back to the room. I thought you wanted to stay here and read."

I waved my hand dismissively. "This isn't even my book. It's Minnie's. Don't want to get it wet, you know?"

He was suddenly behind me, grabbing my hand. He spun me around to face him.

There was so much pain in his eyes. Did I cause him to look that way?

“Belle... I’m sorry. ” His voice was so gentle, so genuine. It made my heart lurch in my chest.

God, I loved this man. I loved him more than I have ever loved anyone or anything.

This wasn’t worth fighting over. I just needed time to get over my embarrassment, and then I would be fine.

I ran a hand over his scruffy jaw. “I’m fine, Grayson.” A lie. “You haven’t done anything wrong.” The truth.

I leaned forward and kissed his chest since I couldn’t reach his lips without him bending down. “I love you, okay?” The truth. The truest thing I’d ever said.

He sighed and leaned down to press his own kiss to the crown of my head. “I love you too. So much.”

The truth. At least, true to a certain extent.

I leaned back. “I’ll see you when you get home from work tonight.”

Neither of us said another word as I turned and walked away.

BELLE

I felt utterly pathetic as I walked up to Minnie’s apartment door later that night. I had gotten many strange looks on my way here. I didn’t blame pack members for staring.

I was soaking wet, barefoot, and only had a towel wrapped around me to cover my black bikini. To add to that, I couldn’t stop the tears from streaming down my face.

I’m sure I looked like a mess.

My hand shook with emotion as I raised it to knock on Minnie’s door late at night. I knew she said she was busy tonight, but I was hoping she would make an exception, given the circumstances.

I could not go back to my apartment alone after everything that had happened. I just couldn’t.

Rustling, hushed voices, and giggling sounded from behind the door as I stood there waiting. I shifted anxiously, wiping my tears and averting my gaze when a pack member passed by me.

“Luna,” he greeted. I smiled back, although I didn’t look at them. This was so embarrassing. This was not the way a queen should be acting.

I knocked once more. What the heck was taking so long?

Thankfully, the door opened a second later. I looked up, ready to fall into the arms of my friend, only to find Liam standing in front of me instead.

“Belle?” Liam asked in shock as he took in my appearance. “Are you okay? Why are you crying? What are you wearing?”

“W-What are you doing here?” I responded. I looked around me, suddenly wondering if my state of sadness had caused me to go to the wrong room.

But, no, Liam lived in an apartment on the other side of the castle, far away from any of the royals—per Grayson’s request, of course.

Minnie, however, lived in the Mortar’s wing of the castle, with her own apartment, just like Grayson and me.

Liam seemed... disheveled. He had a pair of jeans on, but his chest was bare and rising and falling with each hurried breath he took in.

His hair was messy and unkempt and sticking up in every direction. His cheeks were red, and a thin layer of sweat was covering his forehead.

“Luna?” another voice asked. Minnie showed up behind Liam, looking just as rumpled as Liam did.

Her bare legs were on full display, and the only thing hiding her body was a black T-shirt that stopped mid-thigh.

Well, at least we know where Liam’s shirt went.

“Oh, my god, what happened?” Minnie shoved past Liam and immediately pulled me to her by my shoulders.

I would have been amused by the fact that she completely dismissed Liam to get to me if I hadn’t been so upset. She looked over my blotchy and tear-stained face, her bright red eyes filled with concern.

“I-I’m sorry,” I stuttered, pulling my towel tighter around me. My eyes traveled between the two of them as I tried to process what was happening. “Are you two...

sleeping together?”

Liam and Minnie exchanged a hesitant look, slightly panicked.

“It kind of...just happened?” Minnie said. “I’m sorry, I would have told you, I just—”

“We can talk about Minnie and my situation later,” Liam interrupted. “What happened to you?”

Chapter 115 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

I hated that my lip started to quiver, and my eyes filled with even more tears just thinking about talking about it. I looked at Minnie and shrugged my shoulders. “I-I, um...”

“Liam, get out,” Minnie demanded. She didn’t even look at him as she said it. She grabbed my hand and started to pull me into her apartment.

Liam didn’t move. “What? I’m not leaving. I—”

Minnie raised a hand, silencing him. “Look, my friend needs me right now. We might be sleeping together, but you need to get out so that I can take care of her.”

Liam put his hand out to stop the door when Minnie tried to shut it in his face. “I’m not going anywhere until I know that Belle is okay. I’m her guardian. I need to make sure she’s not hurt.”

I shook my head. “I’m not hurt,” I explained through my tears. “At least, not physically. I’m okay. I didn’t mean to interrupt anything. I could go—”

“No way,” both Liam and Minnie snapped at the same time.

“You don’t have to leave—” Minnie started to say.

“Was it that fucking werewolf mate of yours?” Liam demanded, cutting her off. “Did he do something to you? I swear, if he hurt you, I’ll hunt him down—”

“Grayson didn’t do anything wrong,” I explained quickly before Liam went off and did something stupid. “It was all me. I just...He just...”

And that's all it took for me to break down in tears again.

I stuffed my face in my hands as I cried, only barely aware of Minnie ushering me into her living room. I could also hear them continue to argue about whether or not Liam should stay.

When I looked up, I could see her pushing him out her door by his chest. "I promise I'll call you if she needs you. I think she just needs to talk right now."

Liam's worried gaze traveled to me. "Are you sure?" he asked me. "I just need to know you're okay. Just tell me you're okay."

I nodded, a small but grateful smile taking over my lips. It occurred to me that, for the first time in my entire life, I had a support system.

I had a group of people who genuinely cared about me and vice versa, who I could go to when I needed them. I never had that before.

I had always been on my own—even when my dad was still alive.

You can't exactly tell your sick, dying dad that you're having a hard time making friends because you're too busy trying to figure out how to pay his medical bills, now can you?

I had a family now. Minnie, Liam, Kyle, Elijah, and Grayson were my family. They weren't related to me, but I knew they would always be there for me, and I would always be there for them.

And that's all I had ever wanted. It felt so good not to be alone anymore.

"I'm okay," I stated firmly, leaving no room in my tone for him to doubt that what I was saying was the truth.

"Tonight has just been a lot. You can stay if you want, but I seriously doubt you'll want to hear about my love life. You might want to save us both that embarrassment of me sharing those exact details with you."

Liam's nose scrunched up in disgust. "Shit. Yeah, you're probably right."

He stood there for a moment longer, staring at me, before finally letting out a huge sigh and saying, "Can I at least grab my shoes? And my phone?"

I laughed. It felt nice to laugh. To my surprise, Minnie looked at me as if she was actually considering kicking him out barefoot and without his phone if that was what I wanted.

"Yes, of course you can grab your shoes and phone!" I said, laughing some more.

Liam gave me a grateful look as Minnie stepped to the side to let him back inside.

I looked at Minnie with raised eyebrows while he ran to her room to grab his things.

Her cheeks were painted with a deep blush—which I didn't even know was possible for vampires—and shifted uneasily. "You're not mad, are you?"

I immediately shook my head. "Of course I'm not mad. Why would I be mad?"

She shrugged. "He was your friend first. And I don't ever want anything to come between us."

"I'm not mad," I repeated, giving her a reassuring smile. "A little surprised, maybe.

But I'm happy for you both more than anything. You're...cute together. Unexpected but cute."

Minnie smiled. "Okay, good. I've been dying to tell you, but Liam made me promise to wait—"

"Hey, do I hear you throwing me under the bus?" Liam asked as he reentered the room, shoes on his feet and phone in his hand. Still shirtless, though.

He approached Minnie and bent down to cup her face and place a gentle kiss on her lips. She smiled up at him. "Call if you need anything," he said to her. Then he looked at me. "Either of you. Got it?"

Minnie nodded. "Yeah, yeah, we got it. Now, get out of here. I have a best friend to take care of."

Liam kissed her one more time before walking to the door. "I'll see you both tomorrow."

Once Liam was gone, Minnie turned back to me. "I'll get you some ice cream and dry clothes. Don't move a muscle. I'll be right back."

I sighed and sank down into her couch.

GRAYSON

I was in a shitty-ass mood. Any guesses as to why?

I had just gotten back from a long meeting with three of the Mortars. They preferred to work late during the night—a vampire thing.

They liked the nighttime. Perpetual night owls. It usually worked out. I trained with the wolves in the morning, met with the vampires at night, and did whatever else in between.

But today, it had taken everything in me to force myself to go.

My stomach roiled just thinking about what had happened earlier today. The way she had looked at me after I yelled at her.

Yelled at her.

She had been trying to kiss me. She had been trying to love me. And I yelled at her.

Fuck. Fuck.

I could feel all of her emotions through the bond. Sadness, hurt, disappointment.

Never anger, though. Never contempt. She was so kind, so sweet.

It was normal for lunas—female mates of alpha males—to idolize their mates and think they could do no wrong. Lunas were naturally submissive and easy to put down.

Belle would believe anything I told her because I was her alpha. I mean, she believed it so easily when Azazel told her she meant nothing to me when he had been in control of my body.

And now she thought my rejection of her was all her fault. But it was my fault. It was all my fault. It was my fault she was going through all of this.

A clammy layer of sweat formed on the back of my neck when I remembered how she had looked at me when I pushed her away.

It had been the same expression she had given Azazel when he'd hit her for the first time. Shock and raw, tangible devastation. And I wanted to die for making her feel that way.

And then another emotion took over her face.

Humiliation.

If I could punch myself in the face, I would. Hard. Unceasing. Until I was bloody and broken on the floor. That was what I deserved.

What Belle didn't know was that I wanted her just as much as she wanted me.

More. I was dying without her. Going mad.

When I said I wasn't going to fuck her for the first time in a hot tub, it had been more for my benefit than for hers. It was a reminder to myself that she deserved more than this.

I took the steps up to Belle's and my room two at a time. I flung open the door and stepped inside, searching for my mate with desperate eyes.

I needed to see her. To hold her. To just be with her and reassure her that everything was okay. That I was so unbelievably sorry.

She wasn't here. Her scent was just as old as mine, telling me she hadn't been back here since we had both left for the hot tub earlier today.

Before I had time to panic, my cell phone dinged in my pocket.

I still wasn't used to carrying the stupid thing around with me, preferring to mind-link anyone I needed to talk to, but I had to have a way to communicate with any non-werewolf people as well.

I growled when it went off, planning on just ignoring it, but I ended up digging it out of my pocket just in case it was a text from Belle. To my utter relief, it was.

Belle

Hi, this is Minnie. I have the luna's phone. She's at my place. Fell asleep on my couch.

Thought you would like to know so you don't go all alpha-who-can't-find-his-mate and kill everyone.

I was out the door a second later.

My knuckles wrapped gently but hurriedly against Minnie's apartment door, not wanting to wake my sleeping mate, who I knew was on the other side.

I could smell her scent coming through the wood, along with the smell of her tears.

I didn't have to wait long for Minnie to open it, which was good; any longer than five—maybe ten—seconds and I would have been breaking down the door.

Minnie gave me a sad smile when she saw it was me. She didn't hesitate to open the door wider and wave me inside. "Come on," she said with a dejected tone. "She's in here."

I followed her into the other room. I released a breath when I found Belle sleeping on the couch in the living room, a thin blanket over her body and a throw pillow tucked under her head.

She was wearing a T-shirt now—one of Minnie's by the smell—but I could still see the outline of her black bikini under the cotton. She never went back to our room.

I knelt down beside her, gently caressing the side of her head, being careful not to wake her. She had tear stains streaming down her cheeks. And I was suddenly convinced that I was the biggest asshole in the world.

My vampire started to purr for her, and my wolf surrendered to the back of my consciousness, letting me have complete control.

The supernatural parts of me—both of which only knew how to operate solely on instinct—knew that this was a moment of importance.

“How long did she cry for?” I asked Minnie.

“She was crying when she got here,” Minnie responded quietly.

The wetness of her tears was still fresh on her cheeks.

I nodded. Fuck.

I looked back at Minnie. “Did she tell you what happened?”

She shook her head. “She didn’t give me all the details. Said she didn’t want to spend the night crying. All I could get out of her was that she was worried.”

Chapter 116 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

“Worried?” I repeated.

“About her relationship with you.” She shifted on her feet, pausing for a moment while it felt like my entire body was being ripped in two.

“Then she sat on my couch and cried and ate ice cream while we watched Twilight together~.”

I grit my teeth together so hard that it felt like my jaw was about to explode. Then, as gently as I could, I lifted her into my arms.

The T-shirt she was wearing was wet from her swimsuit, clinging to her skin. She had to be cold. I cradled her sleeping form to my chest, treating her as though she were the most precious thing in the world.

Because she was.

And I didn't deserve her.

"Thank you for being here for her," I said to Minnie. "She's lucky to have you as her friend."

Minnie gave me a sad smile. "She's lucky to have you too, you know. You're a good mate. Always protecting her—even when it hurts."

She was trying to make me feel better. And I appreciated that. I just wished she wouldn't. I deserved to feel all of the guilt coiling my stomach.

Instead of responding, I carried Belle to the door. "What time are the two of you leaving tomorrow?" I asked Minnie before leaving.

"She said she wasn't coming with me tomorrow. Said she wanted to spend the day in bed."

I sighed.

"Have a nice rest of your night, Minnie," I said.

"You too, Alpha," Minnie replied as I walked down the hall. "Don't be too hard on yourself, okay?"

I would have laughed if I were capable of any other emotion besides self-hatred at that moment.

It was too late for that.

BELLE

My eyes were so puffy from crying all night that they hurt to open in the morning.

I was extremely grateful that I had decided to stay home today instead of going with Minnie.

All I had wanted for the past several days was to get out of Grayson and my wing, but now nothing sounded better than lying in bed and watching movies all day while I licked my wounds.

Groaning, I attempted to roll over, only to be stopped by a heavy, muscular arm wrapped around my waist. I paused.

Grayson was here. Grayson was never here in the mornings. He was sleeping right next to me, pressed close to my body, his grip on my waist tight and unrelenting.

No wonder I felt like I could sleep forever. I always slept better with him by my side.

It occurred to me that I didn't even remember coming back from Minnie's apartment last night.

Grayson must have brought me back. I looked down. I was wearing his shirt and boxers. He must have changed me last night too.

I couldn't remember the last time I had woken up with him at my side. It had to have been weeks ago. I wondered if he knew what time it was. It was nearly nine.

Was he late for something?

I was sure he had completely missed his training.

"Grayson." I shook his shoulder. "Grayson, wake up."

His brows tugged together but he didn't open his eyes. He pulled me closer to him with a huff. "You're disturbing my slumber," he muttered.

I rolled my eyes. I shook his shoulder again, harder this time.

He groaned and finally peeked one eye open, looking down at me.

"Can I help you with something?" he drawled lazily, seemingly unbothered by my confusion.

"You're still here," I said, stating the obvious.

One of his brows rose. "Am I?" He lifted his head and made a show of peering around the room. "Huh. Strange."

I shoved his chest, my heart fluttering when he let out a deep, sexy chuckle that made my stomach take a dip. "I meant, why are you still here? Do you know what time it is?"

He shrugged, setting his head back down on the pillow and pulling me in closer to him. "Don't care. I'm taking the day off."

I couldn't help the look of surprise that took over my face. Since when had taking a day off been an option for him?

"But...don't you have things to do? Aren't you a king or something?"

He nuzzled his nose into my hair, inhaling deeply. "Exactly. I'm king so I can do whatever I want. And I'm taking the day off."

I huffed. Was I missing something? “Do you have plans or...?”

“Yes,” he replied. “I plan on spending the entire day with my gorgeous mate.”

Ah. Okay. I understood then. He felt guilty about what had happened yesterday in the hot tub and was going to try to make it up to me by spending time with me.

I should have been happy. A whole day of Grayson to myself? That sounded absolutely incredible. But it made yesterday feel like a big deal. And I didn’t want it to be a big deal.

I didn’t want him to feel like he had to make me feel better when he didn’t do anything wrong to begin with. I wanted to forget the whole thing ever happened and just move on with our lives.

And, most importantly, I wanted him to spend time with me because he wanted to, not because he felt bad.

“Grayson,” I started, already feeling the all-too-familiar emotion of embarrassment taking over my chest. “You don’t have to do this. I know you’re super busy. You can go to work. You don’t have to stay with me.”

“I know I don’t have to. I ~want~ to. And there’s nothing that you can say or do that is going to change my mind. I’m spending the day with you and that’s final.

“I have to run to the gym to help Kyle out with some stuff and fill him in on what’s going on, but that will only take about an hour. And then I’m all yours.”

I felt like digging myself a hole and burying myself in the ground for the rest of eternity. Instead, I buried my face in his bare chest and groaned.

Grayson took the opportunity to press his lips to the top of my head, purring in contentedness.

“Let me go,” I grumbled, pushing away from him before his purrs had more than just a calming effect on me. “I need to pee.”

I reached for the TV remote on my bedside table and handed it to him. “You can pick the first movie if you want.”

Grayson laughed and tossed the remote to the foot of the bed. “Oh, no. There will be no movie watching today. I think we both know you need to get out of this apartment. I’m taking you out.”

“Out?” I repeated. “What do you mean ‘out’?”

“It’s a surprise.” He stood—momentarily hypnotizing me with his shirtlessness and muscular legs—and held his hand out to me.

“Come on. I’m running you a hot bath while I go to training and then we’re hitting the town.”

GRAYSON

When I got back to our room after training, I could hear Belle still in the bath, humming to herself. I smiled as I listened to the sound of her happiness, happy when she was happy.

I felt much calmer after spending an hour in the gym. I had told Belle that I needed to talk to Kyle but that wasn’t necessarily true.

I had seen Kyle and spoken to him for a couple of minutes, but the real reason I had left her was to go work off some tension before I spent the day with her.

I hoped it would help me not attack her halfway through our date. It helped a bit, but the closer I got to my little mate, the more my control started to fade.

Her sweet scent assaulted me and forced me to momentarily pause in the doorway to try to gain my bearings.

I walked over to the bed and sat down on the edge as I slowly took off my shoes. I was still shirtless after training and was excited to see how my mate would react when she saw me.

She was a sucker when it came to my chest and abs. Her pupils dilated and she always fumbled over her words. It was adorable. And sexy.

Shit, stop thinking about things like that.

The sound of her getting out of the tub caught my attention. Complete silence followed. The only thing I could hear was Belle’s breathing as she obviously tried to determine if I was here or not.

I smirked.

Moments later, Belle’s head popped out of the bathroom door.

“Oh. Hi,” she said. Just as expected, her eyes traveled over the muscles of my arms.

She licked her lips. “I didn’t know you were back yet.”

My brows rose. The smell of her arousal filling the air told me she was lying.

I was sure that if she lifted the towel she had wrapped around her just a few inches, I would be able to see just how wet her little slit was for me—and not due to the bath she had just come out of.

No, she was very aware that I was back from my trip to the gym. She could sense me, and her body was already heating up, preparing itself to mate without even knowing it.

Not saying another word, she opened the door and stepped out.

Completely naked and soaking wet.

My heart nearly stopped.

She didn't even bother to wrap herself in a towel as she strutted across the room, right in front of me, every single inch of her beautiful, perfect body on display for my hungry eyes.

I should have looked away. And, normally, I would. As much as I wanted to watch her get dressed every day, it was easier for both of us if I averted my gaze.

But it was painfully obvious that Belle had planned this. She wanted to seduce me.

And, even though I knew it was best not to give in, she was already so sensitive after everything that had happened yesterday.

I needed to boost her confidence, to show her how much of an effect she had on me.

I decided then and there that it wouldn't hurt if we spent the first hour or two of our day off in this room.

On the bed, preferably.

I leaned back, enjoying the show my mate was putting on for me.

Goddess, I loved her and whatever little scheme she was acting out right now to get my attention—as if she didn't already have my attention all the time, 24/7, even when I wasn't with her.

Chapter 117 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

She was nervous. I could tell from her elevated breathing and heart rate.

She had planned this.

My little mate was trying to tempt me. And it was working—more than working.

I was salivating. Sweating. My balls felt like they were ready to explode, and my dick was leaking precum in my pants.

Somehow, I was able to hold myself back. It's for her own good, I kept repeating to myself. ~Stay away from her and you'll keep her safe.~

This was starting to become much easier said than done.

My vampire started to purr without my consent, watching Belle intently through my eyes. At the sound, Belle relaxed a bit, some of the stiffness disappearing from her shoulders.

She still didn't look at me, though, swaying her cute little hips all the way to the dresser against the wall across from our bed.

She took in a deep breath before slowly opening the top drawer and pulling out some sort of lacy-looking black fabric.

Belle was putting on fucking lingerie that could make a stripper blush right in front of me.

BELLE

I took my time putting the fancy underwear on, not sparing Grayson a single glance although I was dying to look at him. Was he watching me? My heart rate escalated.

My palms started to sweat.

Oh, God, what was I doing? This was so stupid. I should've known that nothing would come of it.

I walked past him and over to the full-length mirror on the other side of the room. I studied myself, running my hands over my sides in a way that I could only hope looked enticing.

Even I couldn't deny the fact that I looked good. Well, at least I hoped I did. I could only hope I was getting Grayson's attention.

He hadn't shown any signs of liking—or even noticing—the little show I was putting on for him.

A gust of wind ruffled my hair. I smiled. Grayson's sparky hands gripped my waist from behind, then abruptly slammed me into his front.

He started to purr, the sound coming from deep within his chest and vibrating through my back, making my entire body feel warm and languid.

Something long and hard pressed against my lower back, and I had to hold in my excitement.

“Are you trying to kill me?” he groaned in my ear, his voice pained and desperate.

I turned in his arms, blinking up at him innocently. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Grayson’s eyes traveled over my lace-encased breasts, darkening significantly. His hands tightened around my waist, purring starting to swell from his chest, automatically making me melt further into his embrace.

“Where the fuck did you even get this?” he asked, his voice coming out all rumbly.

I smirked, wrapping my arms around his neck and digging my fingers into his silk, dark hair. “Minnie went out shopping the other day.”

His eyes narrowed. “So you got this just to torture me?”

Well...if the shoe fits...

One of his hands traveled over my rib cage and then ever so lightly over my breast, right where my covered nipple was.

I sucked in a breath. The space between my legs pulsed. “I needed new underwear.”

“You have two drawers full of underwear in our closet.” His eyes unashamedly zoned in on my almost-visible nipple, licking his lips with a hungry expression.

“Not the kind I wanted,” I breathed out. “I read somewhere that women can feel more empowered by wearing sexy lingerie under their everyday clothes.”

Grayson growled and leaned in, his lips skimming against the shell of my ear, inhaling deeply. “Absolutely not. You will not be wearing this today.”

“And why not?”

“You think I’ll be able to make it through the day when I know you’ve got this on?”

he asked, kissing my ear and then the side of my neck, right above my mark. “You think I won’t go fucking insane?”

I grabbed his chin and forced him to look at me, then lifted onto my tiptoes and just barely skimmed my lips over his.

He groaned.

“Then it will be doing its job,” I whispered against his mouth.

Without warning, I was swept off my feet and placed on the bed in under a second, Grayson on top of me. His mouth slammed onto mine, claiming me, dominating me.

I kissed him back eagerly, pulling him closer to me by his hair. My entire body lit up at his touch, begging for more.

I pulled back even as Grayson continued kissing me. His lips traveled along my jaw and down my throat, paying extra close attention to my mark. I whimpered.

“Grayson,” I whispered.

His tongue slipped out and ran over my mark—thoroughly lapping over it and driving me mad—before he responded. “What is it, baby? What do you need?”

“You,” I replied breathlessly. “I need you. Please.”

“I’m right here, beautiful girl. I’m right here,” he said, never taking his lips off of me.

His hands roamed along my body but never went near unhooking my bra or touching my thong. I let out a frustrated huff.

“No, Grayson, that’s not what I meant. I-I mean I...want you to want ~me~.”

Grayson’s body froze on top of mine. He moved back so he could look at me with his pitch-black eyes.

“Want you? Belle... Are you still worried about our conversation from the other day? I thought I made it clear how much I want you. I want you too much.”

“I know...I just...Then why haven’t you...” I swallowed, my cheeks turning bright pink. Was I really about to be this girl? “Why haven’t you...made love to me yet?”

“Shit, Belle...,” he responded, his head dropping.

“Please, Grayson,” I said, not even caring that I was begging or what he might think of me.

“I can’t take it anymore. I need you to take me. I need to be connected to you. I need to”—I swallowed, feeling my face bloom with heat—“feel you inside of me.”

Grayson growled so loudly that the bed shook. “Fuck. Fuck, you can’t say things like that to me, Belle. You...I... Fuck.”

He groaned, dropping his head into my neck, breathing deeply, growls coming from his chest with each intake of air.

Sensing his resolve breaking, I kissed his shoulder, then licked up to the spot that I knew would be where I would mark him if I were a werewolf like him.

I sucked on the spot and then bit down gently. He let out a violent string of curses.

“I need you inside me, Grayson,” I repeated, whispering into his ear while I continued to kiss and lick the side of his neck, attempting to mimic the way I had seen werewolves kiss their mates.

I pressed my core up against his hard erection. “I need you deep inside of me, thrusting in and out, over and over again, until you come deep inside. I need you to mate me. Please.”

Grayson was turning savage above me. His hips were thrusting viciously against me, causing stars to dance in my vision. His purring was louder than I had ever heard it before.

The sound was unbelievably intoxicating. It was causing copious amounts of wetness to pool from my pussy, completely soaking my panties.

Without warning, Grayson snarled and his elongated claws tore through the front of my lacy bra, completely tearing it from my body.

I would have scolded him for ruining my new underwear but didn’t get the chance because a second later, his mouth was latched onto my nipple.

I cried out in bliss. My back arched into his touch and my hands gripped his hair, pulling him impossibly closer. His masculine scent was driving me crazy, making my mouth water.

What I wouldn’t give to have his cock—the same one that he was still thrusting into my swollen clit over and over again—in my mouth, shooting his cum down my throat. I was desperate for it.

But not as desperate as I was for him to fuck me.

Grayson seemed to be feeling a similar way to me. He left open-mouthed kisses down my body until he reached my panties and then tore them from my body.

“Yes,” I panted, opening my legs for him. Any modesty that I had flew out the window the moment his crimson eyes took in my dripping pussy. “Fuck me, Grayson. Please, fuck me.”

Grayson's growl shook the walls and bed. "I need to taste you first, mate. I need my needy mate to come on my tongue."

Now, it wasn't that I didn't want that. He could lick my pussy for the rest of eternity, and I would never get sick of it. I doubted he would, either.

When he got started, it usually took begging him to stop to finally make him come up for air. But as incredible as that was, I needed more right now.

If he didn't slam his huge cock into me in the next two minutes, I would most definitely explode.

I opened my mouth to protest but was immediately silenced when he swiped his tongue up the slit of my pussy.

Okay, so maybe one orgasm from his mouth wouldn't be ~so ~bad...

"Oh," I moaned. "Ohh..."

I was so on edge that it only took minutes to reach my peak, screaming his name while my head thrashed back and forth against the pillow.

"What are you doing?"

"Shh, my needy mate," Grayson said. He sucked my clit into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it.

My head fell back. "Grayson." I whimpered his name while my hips ground against his sinful mouth.

As good as it felt, we both knew it wasn't what I wanted. "Grayson. I need your cock. Now. Please. "

He groaned. "I can't take it when you beg."

Good.

He peered up at me from the juncture between my legs. He made intense eye contact with me as he lapped at my clit, once, twice, three times. It was the most erotic thing I had ever seen in my life.

"Just let me take care of you, Belle," he said. His voice was so deep and smooth. It sounded like silk as it traveled through my ears.

He kissed my tingling bud with his glistening lips. "Let me make you feel so good, you forget about everything else."

I stiffened, finally understanding what he meant. He was distracting me so he wouldn't have to have sex with me.

I sat up on my elbows. "Stop, Grayson." I pushed at his head. "I mean it, stop."

Chapter 118 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

Grayson's tongue slowed to a stop and he lifted from me. His eyes immediately zeroed in on my lips which were rolled into my mouth in an effort not to cry.

"Belle...", he said. His hand cupped my face. "Did I do something? Did I hurt you?"

I shook my head. Tears were pooling in the corners of my eyes, which just infuriated me. Why did I always have to cry?

I grabbed a blanket and wrapped it tightly around myself. I didn't look at him as I spoke. I'm just going to say it. "I need you to tell me why you don't want to have sex with me."

"I do want—"

"I need you to tell me why you don't want to have sex with me without ~lying~

because as of recently, I've been thinking it's because you don't love me anymore or something."

I laughed nervously, which ended up sounding like a teary snort. "Which is ridiculous because we're mates, and it would probably take a lot for your mate to fall out of love with you, right?"

Grayson tried to respond, but now that I had started, there was no stopping my tangent.

"It's just that, before everything happened, you could barely keep your hands off of me. You couldn't stop talking about how much you wanted to sleep with me.

"But now...I know you're under a lot of stress and everything, but I just thought...I know there's something going on.

"You've been avoiding me, working constantly, and you haven't made love to me yet, which I know has been killing your wolf. I can see your inner battle every time I'm with you.

“What aren’t you telling me? Has something changed? Do you not want me like that anymore? Are you not...attracted to me anymore?”

Grayson looked like he was in the worst possible physical pain when I was done.

Meanwhile, I was hiccuping, my chest making big jumps with the effort not to start sobbing.

He pulled me to him. I wanted to fight against his hold, but he started to purr before I could, and all of my fight left my body.

He tucked me into him, my back against his front, his arms wrapped around me. I knew what he was doing.

From this position, his purrs vibrated throughout my entire form, drowning me in the calming thrumming. My tears slowed to a stop and soothing tranquility filled me.

“Better?” he asked me after a minute.

As if he didn’t know the effect his stupid purrs had on me.

“I hate it when you do that,” I murmured.

He kissed my forehead, brushing my hair out of my face with gentle, loving fingers.

“No, you don’t.”

I sighed. He was right. I didn’t.

“You’re right,” he said quietly. “There’s something I have been keeping from you.”

I silently waited for him to continue.

“Do you remember the portrait of the former queen of the supernatural?” he asked.

I had no idea what that had to do with anything, but I nodded anyway. “Evangeline.

The woman I met at the diner.”

During my first few days spent in Zaweth, Grayson had taken me on a tour of the castle.

On that tour, he showed me the portraits of every past king and queen—vampire, werewolf, and everything in between—and I was shocked to find that I actually recognized one of the portraits.

I had met the beautiful blonde woman in the painting, even though Grayson claimed it had been painted hundreds of years ago.

It was Evangeline. Evangeline Viotto, the woman I'd met at the diner the night before Adalee attacked me.

When I told Grayson about this encounter, he didn't believe me.

Well, he didn't not believe me—at least, he didn't say those exact words, but he definitely thought the story was a little crazy and far-fetched.

But I knew what I saw. I knew it was her. I wasn't sure how or why...but the former queen of the supernatural had definitely come to visit me that night.

"Yes, Queen Evangeline." He ignored my other comment. "Do you know why she was considered to be such an important and influential queen?"

I shook my head.

Grayson took in a deep breath. "She was a fairy, Belle. The last of her kind."

I turned around in his lap so I could look at him. He gripped my waist firmly.

"A fairy...", I repeated. "Like Tinker Bell or something?"

The corner of his lips turned up. "I believe you're thinking of a pixie, although I can remember Tinker Bell commonly being referred to as both in the cartoons.

"Pixies are small, like Tinker Bell. Fairies are human-sized."

I nodded. "Okay...", I said, prompting him to continue.

I could see the worry in his expression. He was nervous to be talking to me about this. Why?

"Evangeline Viotto was a member of the Fae, one of the most dangerous and powerful creatures of all time," Grayson continued. "So powerful that she was hunted and abused most of her life.

"She was taken advantage of and enslaved until her mate found her and made her queen. Many say that is why she made a fair and good ruler. She had compassion for her people.

"She cared for them because she knew what it was like to truly suffer."

I swallowed thickly. It made sense, really. It was how she was able to take my pain away that night back at the diner. She had powers.

“I have a lot to live up to,” I replied quietly. I leaned into the sound of his purring, seeking the comfort it gave me.

“You are a wonderful queen. It is not my goal to make you feel inadequate. They say that all queens of the supernatural have known suffering.

“It is what makes them so compassionate and kind toward their people. You will make an amazing queen. But I never want you to be persecuted the way she was for her powers.”

“It’s a good thing I’m just a human then,” I said, giving him a reassuring smile. “No one will care about me, right?”

Grayson’s lips thinned into a deep frown. My heart squeezed in my chest.

“What?” I asked him. I massaged his shoulders, trying to calm him, noticing for the first time they were slightly bigger than usual. His eyes were black.

I hadn’t realized how close to the surface his wolf was. I was just becoming so accustomed to his eyes changing colors.

Something was really bothering him.

“Talk to me, Grayson,” I begged, feeling a little panicked now. “Why are you telling me all of this?”

When he still didn’t respond to me, I did the only thing I could think of. I leaned in and pressed my lips to his. It only took a second for him to groan and pull me closer, deepening the kiss.

His tongue thrust into my mouth, mating with mine in long, teasing strokes that made my stomach flutter and tighten.

His hands ran from my waist to cup my bottom, kneading it with a low growl. The movement only made me shift against him, my hips starting to thrust just slightly.

I could feel his hard length beneath me, long and thick and desperate. I gasped.

“Fuck, I want you, Belle,” he groaned against my lips, leading my hips over his in a way that was driving me crazy. “I want you so fucking bad.”

“You can have me,” I whispered back, just barely brushing my lips to his as I spoke.

“What are you waiting for?”

I squeaked in surprise when I was suddenly flipped around, so I was lying on my back.

I looked up at Grayson with wide eyes as he gently spread my legs and settled his massive form between them, supporting himself with his hands on either side of my head.

His lips slammed back down onto mine in a desperate, passionate kiss. I moaned.

But then he pulled away. He stared down at me for several long seconds before saying, “Come with me.”

GRAYSON

After we were both dressed—and I made sure that she wasn’t wearing any of the fucking lingerie Minnie got her—I led Belle through the halls of the castle.

It was a bit of a long walk, but I never let go of Belle’s hand for a single moment.

She smelled incredible, like sweet sex and mating pheromones.

I nearly swore when I thought back to the way she had begged me to take her back in our room, thrusting her wet pussy up against me, licking and kissing my marking spot, and whining in my ear.

Fuck, she had almost killed me. It was a miracle I made it out of there alive.

She had a right to know exactly what she was asking from me. And it was about time I told her.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

She had never been to this part of the castle. It was blocked off for a reason.

“The archives,” I responded.

“Why?”

“Because there’s something I need to show you.”

Belle’s small hand gripped mine with so much strength that, when I looked down at it, I saw it was white. I was scaring my poor little mate.

I gently pulled her to me and lifted her into my arms, cradling her to my chest. I purred for her as I continued to walk and only relaxed when I felt her nuzzle into my neck with a sigh.

We traveled down several flights of stairs until we could go no farther, arriving at the absolute bottom level of the palace, deep underground.

It was one giant maze down there with twists and turns that could trap you in a never-ending loop if you weren't careful.

I maneuvered it easily, though, having come down there hundreds of times when I was still searching for Belle.

I finally came to a stop at the end of a long corridor, which finished with an archway. I stopped in a small brick room. It was dark, and the air was thick with condensation.

Chapter 119 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

I set Belle down on the ground. She turned around, assessing the room.

“Is this when you tell me this was all just some big joke and murder me?” She laughed nervously.

I walked to the wall on the other side of her and removed a loose brick from the layers of stone. Behind it was a small box of matches, which I grabbed.

“King Elijah Viotto came from a mighty line of vampires who had the power to manipulate and create fire.” I held up the matchbook for her to see. “Since I don't have those powers...”

I lit a match and then lifted it to one of the torches that lined the walls of the small room, lighting it with fire. Immediately, the fire spread, and all of the torches burst into flames.

Belle took several steps back. “I don't think I'll ever get used to magic,” she murmured uneasily.

I walked over to the opposite side of the room, where the bricks on the wall were arranged to form a circle the size of a car tire.

My eyes turned red, and fangs sprouted from my gums as my vampire came forward in my mind. I hadn't even needed to call for him. He knew where we were and what I needed.

Silently, I pressed one of my fangs to the pad of my right thumb until it broke through the surface of my skin. A bead of blood formed on my thumb.

I looked back at Belle, who was watching me with skeptical interest.

“It only works with the blood of a royal,” I explained.

“And since I’m the only living royal, at least until we complete the mating process”

—my whole body tensed at the mention of mating—“I’m the only person in the world who can get into this room.”

I pressed my bloody thumb into the center of the circle on the wall. The bricks began to turn in the direction of the circle, slowly at first and then faster.

Eventually, they were moving so fast that the average person’s gaze wouldn’t be able to keep track of the spinning. It became one huge blur of wind and brick.

“Yeah, okay,” Belle said as she stared at the spot where the wall used to be in awe.

She walked to me.

“That was the coolest thing I’ve ever seen. You’re telling me this has been here the whole time and you’re only now showing it to me?” She smacked my chest. “You’ve been holding out on me.”

I led her forward a couple of steps with my hand on the small of her back. “Why don’t you go check out what’s inside and then try telling me that again?”

Behind the wall was another bigger room, lit by the same torches surrounding us.

The room was lined with table after table of incredible artifacts and relics, dating back centuries, all having to do with the life of the supernatural royals.

The amount of history in this single room was absolutely astounding. And it would have gone undiscovered if it weren’t for Cassian Mortar getting lost down here several years ago and happening upon it.

Someday, I planned on truly exploring the archives—taking everything out and evaluating its significance. Maybe I would even make a museum out of it all.

But for now, its only job was to house and preserve the object that was the sole reason we were even here right now.

Belle hesitated, her eyes flying around the archives, probably confused as to why I brought her here.

I gently grabbed her hand, pulling her attention to me. “You have nothing to be afraid of. It is perfectly safe in there,” I told her.

She didn't seem convinced. "I just...I have this feeling that whatever you're about to show me is going to be a big deal.

"It's going to explain why you've been acting so weird since we got back from Maine and why you haven't taken the final step to officially mate me and make me yours.

"And that's what I want. But, before any of that happens, I just have to know that when we walk back out of that room, you're still going to be my mate. This isn't going to end with me losing you, right?"

I cursed low. "The fact that you even have to ask that..." I ran a hand over my face.

"Get those fucking thoughts out of your head. You're never going to be rid of me.

You'd have an easier time finding a grain of salt in a sandbox."

Before she could reply and probably present me with more evidence as to how I've been a horrible mate to her, I scooped her into my arms and threw her over my shoulder.

Belle squeaked. "What are you—"

"Enough of this," I snapped. I marched to the podium. On top of it was a piece of parchment scribbled with ink and lit by the torches surrounding us.

"Read," I grunted as I set her down in front of it.

Her eyes scanned the old, fragile document. "Is this...?" She looked up at me. "Is this the prophecy?"

I nodded. "Read," I repeated.

She looked back down. My body simultaneously relaxed and filled with anxiety. I knew I should have told her about this prophecy long ago. It was her life that was in danger, after all.

I just had to do everything in my power to protect her.

I wrapped my arms around her from behind, pulling her to me so her back was completely pressed up against my front, with not an inch of space between us.

I studied her for a while, looking for any signs of fear or panic on her face. The prophecy was long, though, and she was taking her time absorbing all the information it offered her.

"Immortal king...", she read out loud. "Immortal king?" Her gaze snapped up to mine. "Is it talking about you?"

My chest rose and fell uneasily as I nodded.

“But...that means you’ll live forever—without me.” Her sparkling blue eyes widened, her tongue slipping out to wet her bottom lip.

“Is this why you haven’t mated with me? You’re afraid that I’ll die, and you’ll have to go on without me?”

I held her closer, a low growl leaving my chest. “No. You die, I die. You got that? I refuse to live without you.” I squeezed her hips gently. “Keep reading.”

“But I—”

“Belle,” I coaxed. “We’ll talk after you’ve read the entire thing. Okay, baby? Don’t start panicking on me just yet.”

“Oh, so there’s more to panic about?” she said, her voice sounding stressed.

“Not anything that we won’t be able to handle together.”

After a moment’s hesitation, she turned and looked back down at the podium.

I hated all of the stress I was causing her—had been causing her. I could feel her worry rolling off of her in waves and my protective instincts took over.

I brushed her hair from over her shoulder, revealing her bare neck to me. My lips brushed over her mark as she continued to read, my chest vibrating with the deep purrs of my vampire.

She leaned back into me, her small fingers losing the tense grip they had on my arms, which were still wrapped around her.

My only goal had been to calm her but I definitely didn’t mind when the smell of her arousal and mating pheromones filled the air of the small room, mixing with the smell of the wet stone and humid air.

Her breathing picked up, and I held in a groan as my already hard dick twitched in my pants. I knew Belle could feel it, the air around us so sexually charged that it was nearly suffocating.

I couldn’t help myself as my lips kissed from her mark all the way up to her pulse.

It beat frantically beneath my lips, speeding up even more as I sucked it into my mouth.

It was all I could do not to sink my fangs into her throat and swallow her sweet blood, knowing all that would accomplish would be to send both into a frenzy.

“Do you want me to read this or not?” Belle demanded, unconsciously squirming her cute little ass back against my cock.

I chuckled into her neck despite my feelings of desperation. “Sorry, baby. Just anxious.”

She didn’t respond, turning back to the prophecy.

“And she will become a member of the Fae. They will take the throne, the king and queen reincarnated,” she read aloud.

My lips lifted from her skin, but my purrs only got louder as she continued to tense up with every word she read.

“What does this mean?” she asked me, pointing at the part that explains her transition after mating.

“It means that you will shift after we mate,” I explained softly. “You will become a fairy just like Evangeline Viotto was.”

GRAYSON

“You’re kidding, right?” Belle asked.

“Not kidding, love. I wish I were. Everything in that prophecy is true.”

Belle turned, and I knew she would’ve tried to move away from me in a panic if I didn’t quickly cage her against the podium by pressing my body to the front of hers.

She stared at my chest, her gaze unfocused, her thoughts racing a million miles an hour. “A fairy. A fairy. Okay. I, um...” She let out a big breath. “Sorry, I’m just trying to process all of this.”

“That’s okay,” I said, trying to soothe her. “Take your time.”

“A fairy,” she repeated once again. “But what does that mean? ” Her voice rose an octave. “I have to become a fairy if we ever want to be together?”

“I don’t even think I know what a fairy really is. What do they do? What kind of powers do they have? And is it going to hurt?”

“You told me shifting into your wolf was really painful the first time. Will it be like that? Will it happen right away? Like right after we finish, I’ll just pass out, or will it take a few days and—”

“Hey, hey, hey.” I gripped her face between my hands. “Take some deep breaths for me, okay? I need you calm so my wolf doesn’t flip his shit.”

I could already feel my inner beast getting ready to fight against consciousness.

He wanted to wrap her in his fur and force her to sleep, convinced that a good night's sleep was what she needed whenever she was upset.

Belle didn't listen to me at first. I could see her thoughts racing behind her eyes as she tried to process all of this.

"Come here, love," I purred, pulling her to my vibrating chest.

She only fought me for a second before tucking her head against the vibrations and wrapping her arms around me. Her muscles started to relax almost instantly.

"There we go. That's my girl. Just breathe."

We stayed like that for a few seconds. Then she spoke into my shirt. "Is this why you haven't...been with me?"

I stiffened. "Yes. I would have taken you that first night back in that hotel in Maine if I could have. It's been killing me not being able to tie myself to you."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted to. You have no idea how much I wanted to tell you. But I had just found you again. I was throwing so much at you already with Azazel, and my vampire, and becoming queen.

Chapter 120 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

"I couldn't risk freaking you out when I had just started to earn your trust back." I ran my hand through her hair. "I didn't want to overwhelm you."

"So does that mean...we'll never complete the mating ritual?" Her hands curled into my shirt. "You'll never be with me in that way because you're scared of what would happen?"

"Absolutely fucking not. I'll be having you and your sweet little pussy. And soon.

Have no doubt about that."

"But what about—?"

“Nothing and no one will keep me from taking what’s mine, you hear me? We will both go insane if we don’t mate. The bond is already pushing us together.

“And then you go prancing around in fucking mouthwatering lingerie—”

“Yeah, I’m not apologizing for that. It did its job; it got your attention, didn’t it?

You’re finally being honest with me.”

“Oh, it did more than that. You have no idea how close I was to ravishing you on the spot.”

Standing on her tiptoes, she wound her arms around my neck. Then the little minx just barely brushed her lips over mine, whispering, “Once again...doing its job.”

With a mind of their own, my hands slid down to cup her perfect little ass, abruptly drawing her forward so that she could feel just how much of an effect she was having on me.

“Don’t tempt me, Belle,” I groaned. “I’m already barely hanging on as it is. Have a little mercy, okay?”

Her pupils dilated so much at the feel of my rock-hard dick against her stomach that almost nothing of her diamond-blue irises was showing anymore.

I was very aware of the fact that we were drawn to each other.

So desperate for connection on a deeper level—which included me thrusting my rock-hard cock into her soaking wet pussy until she was screaming my name beneath me—that we could barely get through this serious conversation.

Belle was the first to pull herself out of the trance the mate bond had put us in, blinking the lust out of her eyes.

“So, uh, what are we going to do then?” Her breathing was becoming labored.

“What exactly does it mean to become a fairy?”

My jaw clenched. “I honestly don’t know. I’ve read all of the information I could get my hands on about the Fae, but most was just myth or superstition. Evangeline Viotto was born a fairy.

“She never had to shift. So as far as I know, you’ll be the first-ever made fairy. I don’t know what to expect. I don’t know how to protect you.”

All of a sudden, Belle moved back and hit me in my chest. Then she did it again and again until she was basically throwing a little fit against me. It didn’t hurt of course.

In fact, it was more adorable than anything.

“Why. Don’t. You. Tell. Me. Things? ” she shouted as she continued to smack me with the palm of her hands with weak little smacks.

“You big jerk! You asshole! You’ve been dealing with this all on your own without telling me what’s going on?”

Although I could feel her genuine anger through the bond, I couldn’t help grinning as I watched my cute little mate take out her frustration from the last few weeks on my rock-hard chest with half-hearted strikes.

“All right, baby, all right. That’s enough. You’re going to hurt yourself,” I said, grabbing her wrists.

She continued to struggle, trying to pull her hands out of my grip, but I wasn’t budging. She was going to bruise her perfect palms at this point if she continued.

My vampire started to purr for her, hoping to help calm her, but it seemed to do the complete opposite as her angry gaze snapped up to me and she glared.

“No! Stop using your stupid purring to make me do whatever you want, you big, dumb, stupid, manipulative, vampire, werewolf, dude...thing! Ugh! ”

My brows raised. I had imagined a lot of different reactions from my tiny mate when I told her about the prophecy, but never expected anything like this.

She obviously needed to vent. I released her wrists and stopped my purrs, allowing her to do whatever she needed to do to calm down.

“Ow!” she yelled when her hand connected particularly hard with my pectoral. She glared up at me with a renewed vehemence.

“And why are you so muscly? You’re more like some giant rock than a real person!”

She hit me again and again, but her strikes felt more like soft little taps than anything else. She was fucking adorable.

I didn’t respond. I just continued to stare down at her in amusement, allowing her to let it all out.

A minute or two later, her energy finally ran out, and she collapsed against my chest with a huff. She was still grumbling her displeasure when I started to run a hand up and down her back, trying to soothe her.

“Feeling better?” I murmured against her hair.

“No,” she rumbled back. “You really bother me sometimes, you know that?”

“So you’ve mentioned.”

After a moment of silence, Belle asked, “Will I get wings? Oh my god, will I be able to fly? Fairies can fly, right?”

I shook my head. “I have no idea. I wish I could tell you more, but legend says fairies develop abilities based on need. It’s never the same. I don’t know what will happen to you.

“I could tell you what to expect if you were shifting into a wolf, but the Fae have been extinct for years. It’s why we have to approach the matter with caution. I will not risk you getting hurt.”

“So... okay, you’re afraid that having sex with me might kill me. Is that right?”

I growled, hating that we were talking about her death so casually. “Yes.”

She nodded. “Okay, but hear me out, because I think I might have the perfect solution...” She paused. “What if we just had sex anyway?”

“Absolutely not.”

Her head rolled back, a groan coming from her throat. “I think you might be overreacting a little bit. Look, the prophecy said I would become queen. I can’t exactly be queen if I’m dead.”

“Evangeline Viotto was a queen too, and look at how things turned out for her. I’m not going to risk it, Belle.

“We don’t know what shifting into a fairy is going to look like because no one has ever done it before. Even if you survived it, it could still hurt you, cause you permanent damage... Are you even listening to me?”

There I was, talking about her possible demise, my actual worst nightmare, and she was staring off into space, paying me no mind.

Her eyes snapped back to mine. “Sorry, I, um... It’s just—I think I might have an idea. I think I might know how to fix all of this.”

GRAYSON

Belle pulled her older-than-the-dinosaurs phone from her back pocket. It was a flip phone the size of a small brick. It was a reminder of the way she was living when she was in Maine.

It made me unnecessarily angry.

“What are you doing?” I asked her.

She clicked through her list of contacts in a hurry. “I’m looking for Queen Evangeline’s phone number,” she explained.

I stared at her, sure I had finally pushed her to the brink of madness. “What?”

“Evangeline gave me her number when she visited me at the diner. She told me I would need to talk to her about something sometime in the near future. I think now’s that time.”

I squeezed my eyes shut in frustration. “Baby...”

“I know, I know, you don’t believe me because you think I was having some sort of grief-induced psychotic break and made the whole thing up.”

She hit the call button and put the phone on speaker. “But just humor me for a second, would you?”

I sighed and listened to the sound of the phone’s call tone echoing throughout the large room. I wasn’t sure what Belle thought she was going to get out of this.

I would admit, though, I was a little interested in seeing how this was going to turn out. Who the hell was on the other side of this number?

After a minute of listening to the tone, it went to the automated voicemail—the kind that told me this phone number belonged to no one.

Belle deflated as she stared down at the phone. She hung up before having to leave a message and looked up at me. “Okay, so maybe it was a psychotic break. But it was worth a try, right?”

She looked like she was on the verge of tears. She was at her breaking point. I had stressed her out enough for one day.

I leaned down and kissed her forehead. “Right,” I responded in a gentle tone.

I took Belle to the library. She needed to know as much information about the Fae as was available to her. Over the last several months, I had done a lot of my own research.

I had scoured the supernatural kingdom in search of any text I could find on fairies or shifting into anything besides a wolf.

I found a total of three books—all with only one page of viable information each.

It was infuriating.

And it was all I had to show Belle in regard to answers. I felt useless.

I took her out after that. As much as I knew she wanted to be alone with me to talk this all out, I couldn't do that for two reasons.

First, because I knew she needed out of our apartment, and second, because I had proven that I couldn't be alone with her in our apartment without getting precariously close to fucking her into next week.

So, yeah, I took her out instead. We went for lunch and talked for hours. It was much easier to concentrate when she was sitting across from me, out of arm's reach, in a public location. It kept me in line.

I told her everything she wanted to know and thanked my lucky stars she didn't get too mad at me for keeping so much vital information from her for so long.

Don't get me wrong; she was mad—she just also had it in her to take pity on me and forgive me. I truly did not deserve her.

It was late in the evening when we finally made our way home. We were both tired from the emotional day.

My arm was wrapped around my sweet mate's shoulder, and she leaned into me lovingly as we approached the door to our apartment. I stopped her as she reached for the doorknob.

"I need you to do me a favor, Belle," I said. I faced her to make sure she could see me head-on. "I need you to help me out with something."

She nodded apprehensively. "Okay..."

I couldn't help myself as I slowly pulled her to me by her waist, so we were pressed together. "You have to cut me a break. You have to stop being so goddamn sexy before I go fucking mad."

Her lips slowly turned up. "I don't know if that's something I can control. I do have a whole lot of new lingerie to break in."

I held in a groan, picturing her in the little black number she had put on earlier.

"Belle...", I warned.

She giggled. "Hey, it's not just my fault! You know how hard it is for me to be around you without tearing ~your~ clothes off?"

