

# Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

## Chapter 121 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

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A low purr vibrated in my chest. My hand drifted down her body, skating over her jean-clad ass. Her talking about ripping my clothes off did not help with the point I was trying to get across.

“Oh, trust me, you’ve made that perfectly clear, little mate. How about we agree to help each other out then?”

She rolled her eyes. “Okay, fine. I promise not to try and seduce you anymore...even if my sexiness is often simply uncontrollable.”

I chuckled. “And I promise the same.”

I led her through the door of our apartment, feeling much lighter than I had when we last left.

That was until I noticed the figure sitting in the corner of our living room.

BELLE

Grayson instantly sprang into action, shifting into his wolf faster than I could blink.

He growled at the person sitting in the armchair in the corner, approaching them in a crouched position with his ears folded low against his head.

The figure in the corner giggled. “Oh my, you do have a big wolf. No wonder you’re the next hybrid king. You may even be bigger than my mate.”

My breath stalled in my throat. “Evangeline?”

She looked so elegant and confident, sitting with her gloved hands folded neatly in her lap and her legs crossed at the ankle.

She was wearing a turquoise dress the color of the Caribbean Sea, and her silver-blond hair was pinned up into a sleek bun on the top of her head, loose tendrils hanging out to frame her face.

She smiled brightly at me. "I was wondering when you were going to give me a call."

"I-I, um..." I wasn't nearly as blubbery as the last time I talked with her, but I didn't exactly know she was the former queen of the entire world last time, now did I?

"It's so nice to see you again, my dear," she continued. Her gaze slid to Grayson, who had moved back to stand protectively in front of me.

He was still snarling at her threateningly, crouched low. "You can shift. I am no threat. Look at your mate—she is not scared of me." She smiled at me. "Are you, Belle?"

I hesitated for only a moment before shaking my head slowly. "No, I don't think so."

I put my hand on Grayson's head. "You can shift," I told him.

Grayson didn't move for several moments, then he spun and clamped down onto the front of my shirt with his teeth, then promptly began to drag me toward the door of our bedroom.

It became clear to me that he was bringing me in there so he could shift and get dressed while still keeping an eye on me.

"Oh, um," I looked back at Evangeline as we entered our room. Thankfully, she was watching us with an amused smile on her face. "We'll be right back, I guess."

Evangeline waved. "I'll be here!" she called after us.

I smiled back and quickly closed the door. Grayson was already human again when I turned around.

Before I even knew what was happening, Grayson had his hands on either side of my face and was smashing my lips against his. Tingles zapped through my form.

"I'm so sorry for not believing you," he said once he pulled away a second later.

"You're wonderful and beautiful, and I'll never not believe you ever again."

I giggled. "Good." My eyes trailed downward as if they had a mind of their own.

Now, get dressed. We have the queen of the supernatural sitting in our living room."

He kissed my lips one more time. “You’re the queen of the supernatural, baby. And don’t you forget it.”

After putting on a pair of jeans and a white T-shirt, Grayson left the room first, pulling me behind him with his hand tightly grasped around mine.

It was sweet how intent he was on protecting me from the sweet old lady sitting in front of us.

“King Grayson Stoll,” Evangeline greeted, “it is so nice to meet you.”

“Queen Evangeline Viotto,” Grayson replied, tilting his chin in acknowledgment.

Evangeline laughed. “No one has called me that in ages. It’s nice to hear it again. It’s nice to be back here again.”

She looked around with raised brows. “Although, I don’t ever remember it being quite so...modern. Every room I stayed in was lined with gold and had a personalized chandelier. I must say, this is much homier.”

“The room you and King Elijah stayed in still exists. It is where the Mortars stay now.”

Evangeline nodded. “Yes, the Mortars. Still inhabiting the palace, I see.”

“You’re...alive,” I said.

“It would seem that way, wouldn’t it?”

“How?”

“I am happy to answer any and all of your questions, but I will let you know that my time here is limited.

“I will not be staying much longer—and I have a feeling you have far more important questions to ask me that don’t have to do with the state of my mortality.”

I stepped forward, only to be stopped by my still hesitant mate.

I rolled my eyes. “Come on. I trust her,” I said.

I sat down on the couch across from Evangeline, and Grayson quickly followed behind.

I already knew he was going to try and pull me into his lap when he sat down next to me. He did that when he was feeling protective and possessive.

But there was no way I was going to have a conversation with Evangeline Viotto while sitting on my mate's lap, so I quickly pressed up against him when he sat down, so I was nearly on top of him.

He purred softly and wrapped an arm around my shoulders, pulling me impossibly closer. Success.

"You have the big, scary alpha king wrapped around your little finger." She hummed. "I know the feeling. So to what do I owe the pleasure of your call, my dearest Belle Dupree?"

I took in a deep breath and gripped Grayson's hand tightly in mine. "We need to know about fairies."

Evangeline threw her head back and laughed. "Yes, I'm sure you do. Any specifics?"

"Shifting," Grayson interjected. "We need to know what shifting into a fairy will be like." His voice was tense and low. His body was stiff next to mine, and his eyes were a dark maroon.

This whole ordeal was really stressing him out. It made my throat raw to think about the fact that he had been dealing with this all on his own for so long.

I mean, the jerkwad did do it to himself...but ~still,~ it had to have been a lot.

I squeezed his hand, trying to offer him some comfort. He immediately squeezed it back.

Evangeline's grin had fallen the slightest bit. "Ah, yes." She let out a deep sigh that didn't sound the least bit promising. "Unfortunately, that is the one thing I cannot help you with."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I was born a fairy. My powers may not have developed until after I met the king, but even then, I never had to go through the process of shifting. I'm not sure anyone ever has," she explained.

Grayson snarled, baring his clenched teeth at the ceiling.

I quickly turned to him and framed his face in my hands, determined to calm him before he did something stupid—like killing the former queen.

He stared at me with his livid crimson eyes, reminding me of a volcano about to erupt.

"Aren't I supposed to be the one freaking out?" I asked him, trying to keep my tone light. "This is happening to me, remember? How did I become the one comforting you?"

He snarled again, lower this time and more threatening.

Okay, so that had been the wrong thing to say.

He grabbed onto both of my wrists, squeezing them lightly. “You can’t get hurt, Belle.” His voice was strained and deep. “I can’t let anything happen to you. You’re my everything.”

“I know,” I agreed. Emotion welled in my chest. “You’re my everything too.”

Evangeline leaned forward, grabbing both of our attention.

I released my hold on Grayson, turning back to the former queen. “Why are we assuming shifting into a fairy is going to harm Belle?” she asked.

“The Fae are not like werewolves. We do not have to break bones or grow new limbs. We are human at our core.”

“It was agonizing when I became a hybrid and acquired my vampire. Vampires are also human at their core, are they not?” Grayson pointed out.

“Ah, yes, but your body had to process an extreme amount of highly toxic venom when becoming part vampire. That is not what becoming a fairy will be like.”

“How do you know?” Grayson continued to challenge. “Can you promise that?”

Evangeline’s eyes fell from his for a moment. “No, I suppose I cannot.”

Grayson was on the edge of exploding. His anger was palpable in the air around us.

Mix that with his overwhelming fear for my safety, and it felt like I was nearly drowning in my mate’s intense emotions.

I put a hand on his knee in a pathetic attempt to calm him, but he just continued to seethe.

“So, what, I’m just supposed to mate with her, knowing that it might kill her?” he snarled at Evangeline.

“I can assure you it won’t kill her—” she said, trying to console him.

“You don’t know that,” he interrupted. “You can’t know that. So the only thing you can ~assure~ me is that I can never be with my own mate.”

“You will mate with Belle, young alpha, no matter how hard you try to avoid it. You are mates. And it is in the prophecy.”

“You will complete the mating process and take on the roles of the king and queen of the supernatural reincarnated whether you want to or not. Your fates are already written for you.”

“Will I get wings?” I cut in.

Both of their gazes snapped to me.

“I’m sorry?” Evangeline asked.

“Will I get wings?” I repeated. “You know, like a real fairy.” I studied her wingless appearance with a frown. She looked nothing like what I thought a fairy would look like.

Both of them stared at me for several seconds. My attempt at changing topics was pathetic and obvious.

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But I didn’t know how much longer Evangeline would be here, and I didn’t see the point of continuing to talk about what shifting would be like when there was clearly no true answer. I had other questions.

“It’s possible,” Evangeline finally said. “Wings are common with Fae, but each Fae develops their powers based on need and circumstance.”

“So we have no idea what being a fairy will be like for me?”

“I can tell you that you’ll have powers. I’m afraid that is all I know.”

I shifted uneasily. My own frustration over the lack of information that was available on Fae was starting to surface. I had no idea what I was getting into.

“Can I ask what your powers are?” I asked Evangeline.

She gave me a small smile. “I have many powers. It would take a very long time to list all of them. I believe there are other more useful ways to use this time.”

Grayson let out a growl. “So you can’t give us any useful information,” he snapped.

I gasped. I refused to believe he had just said that. “Grayson!” I chided, elbowing him in the ribs. He ignored me.

“It’s all right, Belle,” Evangeline assured me. I was relieved to see that she looked more amused than offended. “This sort of behavior is to be expected from an alpha male trying to protect his mate.”

“That doesn’t mean it should be tolerated,” I grumbled, glaring at him.

Grayson seemed totally unconcerned with my reprimanding tone and gaze. “I don’t want it,” he said suddenly, staring at Evangeline, jaw set.

Evangeline’s brows tugged together as she waited for him to expand on his confusing statement. After a moment, she said, “I’m afraid I don’t understand. You don’t want what?”

“I don’t want to be king,” he replied, his voice unwavering and hard. “If giving up my title means assuring my mate’s safety, then so be it. I will step down as king of the supernatural.”

“Grayson...”

“That’s not possible. A prophecy isn’t a negotiable thing. It is an inevitable part of your life. Your story is already written.”

“Then fucking unwrite it. You made this prophecy, right? You must be able to change it too.”

Evangeline began to shake her head, but Grayson abruptly slammed his fist down on the coffee table, growling loudly.

I gasped and jumped, gripping Grayson’s arm tightly.

“I will not lose my mate! ” Grayson exploded.

Evangeline didn’t so much as flinch, continuing to regard the seething alpha male in front of her with enough tranquility to calm any raging storm. Slowly, she stood.

“You will not lose your mate,” she told him, voice firm. “Belle will survive this. As the prophecy states, the two of you will take on the role of the immortal king and queen of the supernatural reincarnated.

“So, while I can not tell you how she will react to your mating, I can tell you she will not die.” Her gaze slid to me. She smiled. “Belle has far too much to do.”

I turned to Grayson, offering him a small grin. “See? I’m going to be fine.”

“Not dead is a far stretch from fine.” With a huff, he pulled me closer to him, making me lean my shoulder against his chest.

As awkward as this continuous PDA was, I knew he needed the physical touch to help keep him calm. He pressed a hard kiss to the top of my head, his chest vibrating with his low growls.

“Unfortunately, my time with the two of you is coming to an end,” Evangeline said.

She stood from her chair and smoothed out her dress with the palms of her hands.

“I must be going now.”

Grayson stiffened behind me.

“Oh,” I said. It felt like she had only been here for a few minutes. I still had so many questions for her. “You have to go already?”

“I would love nothing more than to continue my visit with the two of you,”

Evangeline replied, folding her hands in front of her.

Her eyes momentarily wandered to the doors of the terrace, which overlooked an incredible view of the entire kingdom of Zaweth.

She looked back at us with an expression that could only be described as nostalgic.

“I enjoy being back in this palace. Despite its change in appearance, it still brings back many fond memories.”

Her lips turned up. “I also enjoy chatting with you both. You remind me a great deal of myself and my mate at the start of our journey.”

The faint halo of light surrounding her form was becoming brighter, illuminating the dark room around us.

“I truly wish I could have been more helpful. I wish I could have provided you with better answers to your questions.

“You may be Elijah and my reincarnated spirits, but much of this journey is your own. You must experience it for yourself.”

Grayson stood, pulling me up with him. “Is there any chance we can convince you to stay longer?” he asked her.

I nearly scoffed, thinking it a bit ironic that he was begging her to stay despite his incredibly rude behavior toward her, as if she would want to be around him any longer than absolutely necessary.



It was a miracle that I could stand him.

Evangeline shook her head. “Unfortunately, no. My powers have allowed me to visit, but they have their limits. I must be going.”

She was glowing brighter than the lamp next to her now. I nearly had to squint to continue looking at her.

“Where exactly are you going?” I asked, letting my curiosity get the best of me. It was still unclear as to whether or not she was even alive. Were we talking to her ghost?

And if she really was here, did that mean King Elijah was out there somewhere too?

Had the Mortars not been successful in killing them when they took the throne all those years ago?

Evangeline laughed like a person would when sharing an inside joke with another.

“That would take far too long to explain. Just know that this will be the last time you will be seeing me.”

Did that mean she couldn’t come back or ~wouldn’t~ come back? “But what if we have more questions?” I blurted. “Will you be able to come back if I text you again?”

“The phone worked only that one time,” she explained. “You can text that number, but I will not receive it. As I said before, this will be the last time you will see me.

My powers will not allow me to return.”

I wanted to ask why but was distracted by the sudden burst of brightness around her. I gasped and covered my eyes as Grayson pulled me tighter into his protective embrace.

“I have to get back to my mate now. He worries when I’m away for too long. I’m sure the two of you can relate,” Evangeline said with a giggle.

I could barely even see her anymore; she was far too bright to look at directly.

The halo of light around her had spread onto her body, making her look like she was glowing beneath her skin, lighting up her clothes and hair.

“Fate chose you both for a reason; you will make an incredible king and queen,” she continued, her voice sounding distant. “Just trust that what the prophecy says is true, and everything will be okay.”

With that, the light burst into a million little sparks that filled the room like falling snow. Grayson forced my face into his chest and stepped in front of me protectively.

Complete silence followed. Grayson and I were still, listening, waiting to see if it was over.

After several moments passed, we finally lifted our heads and cautiously peered around the room. Evangeline was gone, as was the light. We were alone.

I was the first to speak. "Um..." I looked up at Grayson, his arms still wrapped tightly around me. I couldn't help but laugh. "Did that really just happen?"

Grayson shook his head in shock. He was smiling with me, but his wide eyes were still searching the room. "Yep. That just happened," he confirmed.

One more flabbergasted laugh escaped my mouth as I let my forehead fall onto his hard chest. "My life used to be normal, you know," I said against his shirt.

Grayson chuckled. "Normal or boring?"

I suppose he had a point. I would much prefer this life even if it had been a little crazy and unexpected since I met him.

I sighed and tilted my head up to look at him. "So what now?" I asked.

I was acutely aware of the fact that we were alone once again. I was also aware of the fact that there seemed to be no good reason keeping us from mating now.

That knowledge heated my body and drove me to dip my hands under the bottom of his shirt, running over the bare skin of his back.

I traced his muscles and even trailed my fingers just slightly under his belt and the waistband of his pants, hoping Grayson would take the hint.

My efforts were rewarded when he began to softly purr, obviously enjoying my suggestive touch.

Moisture pooled between my legs at the sound, and a whimper escaped my mouth before I could stop it.

I knew Grayson could smell my need because his lips came crashing down onto mine a moment later.

Warmth ran through my midsection and erupted into a pool of butterflies that left me gasping. I moaned and leaned into the kiss.

The way his lips moved against mine, the way his tongue thrust into my mouth like he couldn't wait to taste me, somehow made me feel lost and like I had finally found my home simultaneously.

He pulled away too soon. “Now...,” he began, his tone causing my stomach to flutter.

My skin tingled as his eyes ran over my flushed face, shifting between red, black, and forest green.

“Fuck... now I remind you of the promise you made me just a little while ago.”

I pouted. “What promise?”

He lowered his head until his lips were just barely skimming over mine as he spoke. “The promise that you wouldn’t try to tempt me to ravish you.”

The groan I released closely resembled that of a whining child. “We’re still doing that? Even after everything Evangeline just told us?”

“Just give me some time to process,” Grayson said, trying to soothe me.

“I know the bond is making it nearly impossible, but please, just let me think this through.

“A few days, okay? Give me a few days, and then I will happily allow you to break my resolve with your wandering little hands and the smell of your mouthwatering arousal.”

My heart wormed its way up my throat. If I wasn’t mistaken, that sounded like Grayson finally confirming that we were actually going to mate—something I wasn’t so sure about up until that moment.

“A few days?” I repeated, swallowing thickly. I shifted my weight, seeking any sort of friction to relieve the throbbing happening between my legs.

I doubted my ability to last a few more seconds, let alone a few days—but I could try.

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A muscle ticked in Grayson’s jaw. I wanted to lick that muscle. “A few days,” he confirmed.

I tried to wrap my head around his need to wait. I could feel the evidence of his arousal, his hard cock pushing against my stomach.

He obviously wanted me—and I was sure I had made my desire for him more than clear.

We knew all the information available to us about what the shifting process would be like when turning into a Fae, so what was the point in waiting to mate?

Grayson was too sweet. He was too worried about keeping me safe. His protective nature was going to be the death of both of us.

“Fine,” I whispered. “A few days.”

GRAYSON

I made sure my shower was extra cold the next morning.

It had taken everything in me to disentangle myself from my little mate when getting out of bed. She had slept nestled into my chest the entire night, seeking as much physical contact as possible.

After leaving her, I stood at the edge of our bed for at least an hour, staring down at her as she slept in only one of my shirts.

The bottom half of her was still covered by the sheet, but her shirt had ridden up, exposing her stomach and the bottoms of her breasts to my hungry eyes.

I was painfully aware of how she was under those sheets too. She seemed to have just “forgotten” to put on bottoms last night—or even underwear.

Which meant her sweet pussy would be so easily accessible by one simple tug of the blankets.

It was a miracle I was able to walk away from her. As much as I would’ve liked to have woken her up with my face between her legs, I knew she needed her sleep after everything I put her through yesterday.

She had no idea she had been sleeping next to a starving beast the entire night.

About five minutes into my shower, I heard Belle start to toss and turn in bed. My ears perked up, so attuned to every movement she made.

I hadn’t wanted her to wake up, but I also knew that my absence would eventually cause her to stir. The mating bond was a bitch, pushing her to crave my nearness until we were mated fully.

Seconds later, I heard her sit up in bed, fully awake now. She sat there for a short moment before the sounds of her gentle steps approached the bathroom.

She didn't even bother knocking before entering the bathroom. I was immediately assaulted by the intense scent of her mating pheromones as they filled the small room and nearly suffocated me.

Despite the cold as fuck shower I was standing in, I felt every inch of my body begin to bead with sweat, an all-consuming thirst taking over.

My cock was rigid, standing angrily against my lower abs, and I was suddenly hit with the vicious need to make Belle squeal—gasps and cry out while I made her gorgeous tits bounce as I pounded into her from behind.

Belle didn't say anything as she stood in the middle of the bathroom, but I could feel the mating sparks dance over my skin, even through the frosted glass of the shower door.

All she could see was my silhouette, and yet the sparks were so strong I was racked with shudders.

"Belle, what are you doing?" I asked her, my voice so jagged, I barely even recognized it.

I placed my hands above me on the shower wall and leaned into them so that the cold water was hitting me head-on.

It made little difference. I took in ragged breaths in an effort to keep my eager wolf at bay.

"Waiting," she stated, her voice coming out just as needy and eager as I had imagined it. I held in a groan. "Patiently," she added breathlessly.

This had to be some sort of extreme method of torture. "For?" I bit out.

"For you to come out of the shower."

I waited a few seconds, barely seeing straight. I was certain all the blood in my body was in my dick. "You care to explain why?"

"Not really. I guess you'll just have to come out here to find out."

"Why don't you just join me in here before I go out there and grab you?"

I could hear her mischievous smile in her voice. "Hmm, I would, but I'm already plenty wet."

I let out a vicious growl. My cock bounced unhappily up against my abs, sticky precum leaking out the top.

I turned and looked at her through the glass, her body just a blurry silhouette. I slid the glass open and stepped out, completely naked and dripping wet.

Belle was standing in the doorway of the bathroom in only my long shirt, her hard as fuck nipples sticking out through the fabric, her hands clasped behind her back.

Belle's bright blue eyes didn't hesitate to take in all of me, moving slowly down my body and stopping with exact precision on my bobbing cock.

It gave a massive leap just from having her eyes on it, and her wide gaze snapped up to meet mine, a pretty blush forming on her cheeks.

"You've got my attention, young lady," I growled.

She approached slowly, swaying her sexy hips with each tempting step. Once she was in front of me, she looked up at me with her big, blue, sparkling eyes, blinking innocently.

Her hands slowly made their way up my arms and across my shoulders, then down my chest and abs.

I tried staying still, but it was getting harder and harder with every passing second.

My fists curled into balls at my sides. "Belle...," I warned.

"What?" she replied just as innocently as before, her hands still continuing their maddening exploration of my skin.

My knees nearly buckled when the back of her hand gently brushed up against my cock. I was salivating. Sweating. Barely keeping it together.

"Belle...," I said again, lower this time, warning her that she was on extremely thin ice.

I could no longer keep my hands to myself.

They fell onto my mate, immediately fisting the shirt she was wearing, so it dragged up her form, giving me a teasing view of the lips of her sweet little pussy.

I instantly regretted this as it did nothing to improve the situation I was in.

Or maybe it improved it a little too much.

Belle wasn't doing much better than I was.

I could smell how soaked she was getting, and I was positive I would be greeted by a dripping wet hole if I were to throw her up onto the bathroom counter and spread her legs wide like the beast inside of me was demanding I do.

The image itself was enough to cause a shudder to run through my form.

My lips dragged across her hairline. I loved how her fingers felt on me as they swept over the deep lines of my abs—one of her favorite spots to touch when she was working herself up.

She was sure to keep her touch gentle and teasing but never strayed too far from my aching cock.

In other words, I was in hell. And yet, I couldn't bring myself to walk away or force her to stop.

"I thought we were going to help each other out," I groaned against her hair, sucking in deep gulps of her scent.

"You were going to give me a few days to figure things out, remember? You're not playing very fair, mate."

She looked up at me and smiled sweetly. "I'm just appreciating my man's body. Is that a crime?"

I knew all of her flirting and teasing touches this morning were a result of her finding out about the prophecy.

Now that she had confirmation that I wanted her just as much as she wanted me, her confidence around me was through the roof. It was fucking sexy. It was also what would put me in the grave early.

"Not a crime," I replied. "Just very, very mean. Do you know what blue balls are?"

She giggled.

"Is there a point to this sweet torture?" I asked.

She licked her lips and tried to inconspicuously rub her legs together.

Fucking. Hell.

"I've been thinking...", she began.

Here we go. "Go on."

Her eyes were zeroed in on my lips and her body started to gravitate forward, toward me. It was clear that my little mate wanted to kiss me.

Badly.

And I wanted to let her.

“I’ve been thinking...” Her hand slowly made its way down my stomach and nearly brought me to my knees when it brushed up against the head of my erect cock.

“I want to have sex with you. Today. Like, right now, actually.”

Like fire to gasoline, my entire body lit up. My wolf exploded forward in my consciousness, accompanied by my very excited vampire, and forced a vicious growling hissing noise out of my throat.

I slammed Belle’s body against mine—because it was either that or slam her lips against mine—and swore.

She didn’t let my intense reaction distract her.

Even pinned against me with one of my hands tangled in her hair, forcing her face against my wet chest, she kissed my pec, sucking on the skin there, probably leaving a hickey behind.

“It’s time, Grayson,” she whispered. Another kiss. A small lick. “There’s nothing else we can do. We need to just let whatever happens happen.”

I was shaking with need, so unbelievably close to giving in.

“Don’t you want me, Grayson? Don’t you want this whole thing to be over? To be finally fully mated and connected?”

“You know I do.” I didn’t even recognize my own voice.

She peered up at me through her long lashes.

And I knew I couldn’t wait any longer.

I slammed my lips down on hers.

GRAYSON

With my hands squeezing her perfect ass, I lifted Belle and dropped her down on the bathroom counter. Her legs were already open, inviting me in, making it easy for me to wedge my way between them.

I slammed my lips back against hers the same moment I ground my bare cock against her folds, snarling when I felt how soaked she was.



# Chapter 124 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series

## II: His Lost Queen

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I couldn't help myself, disregarding how rough I was being with her, basically viciously humping her as if she were a dog in heat—which I suppose wasn't far off from our situation.

Thankfully, Belle didn't seem to mind, though, whining against my mouth, pulling at my hair, and meeting my movements with her own small hip rotations.

My vampire was purring for her—loudly. It was adorable and a huge turn-on how much my little mate seemed to love the noise, rubbing her chest against mine so the vibrations would travel through her body.

I swallowed each one of her moans and sucked on her tongue, totally lost in the taste of her.

My alpha male was coming out, my need to control and dominate her.

These instincts I'd been trying to suppress for far too long were nearly overwhelming as I gripped her head and forcefully tilted her head to the side so she was at the angle I wanted her.

One that made it easy for me to explore every inch of her mouth with my tongue.

Belle let me, turning to goo in my hold, finding comfort in my control. I was sure we were a shocking sight to behold, desperately kissing and rubbing up against each other the way we were.

Belle tried to pull away from me but I wouldn't allow it. I growled and yanked her back, thrusting my tongue back into her mouth. She slumped against me, giving in to the kiss once again.

It was only a momentary distraction though because seconds later, she was trying to pull away once more. "Grayson," she whimpered against my lips.

I groaned, loving how breathy my name came out of her mouth but was too distracted to answer her. I was drunk off of the scent of her intense arousal and my own need to mate her, a man possessed.

Belle finally managed to pull away, but I couldn't stop kissing her, sucking, nipping, licking my way down her chin and neck, all the way to my mark on her throat.

I latched on to it with my mouth and scraped my fangs against it, finding great satisfaction in the way her head tilted to the side and her hips jerked forward against mine.

The mark had healed so nicely since our time apart, thriving from our close proximity and turning into a white scar that sat so beautifully on her neck where everyone could see it.

I loved that anyone who looked at her would know she was mine.

Meanwhile, my hand skated up the inside of one of her spread thighs until it was cupping her soaking pussy. She shivered when I circled her clit once with my thumb and opened her legs wider.

Fuck, I needed her naked and under me.

“Grayson...,” she mewled again. “Bed. Please. Take me to the bed.”

BELLE

Grayson was practically rabid as he lifted me off the bathroom counter and carried me to our bedroom, his hands squeezing either side of my ass and grinding his cock.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist, while he continued to suck on my throat.

He was nonstop growling, purring, and snarling while thrusting his huge, rock-hard cock between the folds of my pussy, brushing up against my bare clit every time.

I don’t even think he was trying to bring me to orgasm, but I was still so unbelievably close to tumbling over the edge.

He was finally letting go. I could tell. He wasn’t going to fight me anymore. He was going to mate with me.

“Grayson,” I moaned. I was clinging to him as if I would die if he let me go. Which I probably would. “You’re going to make me come if you keep going.”

The snarl that he let out only made more wet arousal flow from between my legs and onto his cock. My clit throbbed when he started to jerk more violently against me.

It only took moments for me to fly over the edge, coming against his thrusting dick, completely soaking him with my intense release.

Next thing I knew, Grayson used his vampire speed to carry us across his room in a flash, and I was on my back in the middle of our California king bed with my mate staring down at me.

I blinked as I took in my mate above me. I was not expecting Grayson to look so... unhinged.

His massive chest was heaving with every strangled breath he took in.

His hair was still dripping from his shower and falling over his forehead, his muscles were strained and much larger than normal, and dark hair was sprouting from his skin.

I gasped. I knew he wasn't about to shift or anything, but his rough appearance made it extremely clear that I wasn't the only person excited about what was about to happen. It was honestly kind of sexy.

His hands gripped the insides of my thighs and pushed them open nice and wide so that he could fit himself between them.

He took in my frazzled appearance with greedy, crimson eyes.

He started with my flushed cheeks and swollen lips, then moved down to my heaving breasts and pointed nipples, which were visible through the thin fabric of my shirt, and ended with my very exposed and still dripping wet sex.

To my utter mortification, my pussy involuntarily clenched and released under his gaze, needing to be filled. More wetness leaked from me and onto the sheets beneath us.

My cheeks darkened over my uncontrollable display of shamelessness and need, but I wasn't embarrassed enough to stop myself from whimpering and squirming, trying to get closer to him.

Thankfully, Grayson seemed to be having just as hard a time keeping his own need under control.

His long cock, which jutted out gloriously between his legs, gave a mighty jump, a clear string of precum oozing out from the purplish head.

Yeah, if he didn't push that thing into me within the next five minutes, I was pretty sure we were both going to lose our damn minds.

I was just about to start begging when, without warning, his sharp claws ripped through my shirt and tore it from my body, throwing the ruined fabric across the room.

I didn't have time to reprimand him for destroying one of my favorite shirts to sleep in—well, one of his shirts, really—because his lips covered my breast a moment later, sucking my nipple into his wet, hot mouth.

All coherent thoughts flew from my head. I became completely mindless.

He switched back and forth between breasts, cupping me, suckling on me, worshiping both sides equally with his hands and tongue.

Every lap of his tongue, every pull of his teeth, sent electricity down to my core.

I didn't even notice when I started to thrust up against him once more, rubbing my sex on his cock repeatedly, needing more, more, more.

He began leaving wet kisses on my stomach, moving down my body toward my spread thighs. He had given me enough orgasms with his tongue for me to know what he was doing.

Panic seized my chest. Had he changed his mind about mating with me? Was he going to lap at my pussy until I came and then make up some excuse to leave me like he always did?

I would surely die if that were the case. I couldn't take one more minute of not being fully connected to him.

I grabbed his hair in my fists and tried to tug him back up but he wouldn't budge.

"No, Grayson, please."

My desperate words were barely comprehensible, driven by my all-consuming arousal. "I want your cock. Please. Not your mouth. Please give me your cock."

A carnal growl exploded from his mouth, and his entire body gave a violent shudder, but he didn't cease his lips' journey downward.

"Hush, mate," he growled over my skin. His wild eyes flashed up to mine for a single second. "I will take care of you."

What the hell did that mean?

The only way I wanted him to take care of me was to shove that huge piece of meat between his legs deep inside me, but he didn't seem to be anywhere near close to doing that.

His hands gripped each of my thighs with unrelenting force, his fingers digging into my skin, distracting me from my fight momentarily.

He spread me open even further so I was exposed to the utmost level and positioned himself so that his nose was right in front of my slit.

He breathed in deeply, taking in my scent in a long gulp of air.

Before I could stop him or even begin to understand what he was doing, he nudged his nose between my folds, running it from my hole all the way up to my clit.

He circled it once, twice, while continuing to breathe me in. His eyes closed in bliss the same moment my head fell back against the bed, my back arching.

Holy fuck, was he going to make me come with his nose~? That would be a new one.~

I only looked back down at him when he abruptly pulled back a few seconds later.

He was already looking at me. The length of his nose glistened with my arousal. I swallowed roughly.

He never broke eye contact as he leaned forward and placed a single, slow kiss on my flexing pussy. Then he thrust his tongue into me, growling so hard it shook the bed. I nearly came then and there.

As good as it felt, though, it wasn't what I wanted— needed. If he thought I was about to let him distract me with his tongue and then run away again, he had another thing coming.

I let him know my objection by pushing at his head and struggling to close my legs around, all the while trying to squirm away from him.

“Stop,” he demanded, his mouth still on my slit. His arm pinned me down by my stomach, trying to prevent my movements.

“No,” I fired back. “You stop.” I kicked my leg, hitting his thigh with a hard strike of my foot.

Then I juttet my hips upward and was finally able to move away from him. I mean, it was only about an inch but, hey, it was far enough to get his attention.

Faster than I could even comprehend, his face was right above mine, his breath fanning over my lips, one of his hands pinning my wrists down above my head.

His other hand continued to play with my sex, lazily circling my clit in a way that made my toes curl.

“If you do not stop your squirming, I will be forced to restrain you,” he cautioned.

His voice was low, rough. It made a violent shiver race down my spine. “We are doing this my way, mate.”

His threat should have scared me, but all it did instead was turn me on even more, which I didn't know was even possible.

Here comes the begging again. Desperate tears formed in the corners of my eyes.

“Please just fuck me, Grayson. I can’t take it anymore. I don’t want you to make me come. I just need ~you~.”

His hard expression turned soft and then amused as he finally seemed to understand what I was saying. My Grayson.

A smirk took over his lips. “Oh, I see, little mate.” He pressed a kiss to the corner of my lips at the same moment he thrust one of his fingers into me.

I immediately moaned, arching my back so my sensitive breasts pressed up against his hard chest. His finger began to thrust in and out.

“You can stop your worrying. I will take this sweet pussy today.” His finger continued to work.

“I will thrust my cock into your tight hole and make you come for hours before finally releasing into you myself and tying you to me forever.”

His thumb massaged my clit, lighting my whole body on fire. “That is what you want, yes?”

I clenched around his finger, barely holding it together. I was already teetering on the edge of orgasm and he had only really been touching me for a few minutes.

“Yes,” I moaned.

He chuckled and dragged his tongue up the side of my face in a gesture that reminded me of the animal side that he was hiding. I squeezed my eyes shut. “I want you to fuck me.”

## Chapter 125 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

### Filed To Story:

He snarled. “I know you do. And that is what you will get,” he said soothingly. “But you’re just going to have to wait. I need to get you ready first, though.”

Another finger joined the first one. This caused a notable pinch of pain as I was stretched. I whimpered slightly.

I thought I was fine, but then he started to thrust his fingers in and out of me, curling them slightly each time they were seated fully inside of me.

But I breathed through the discomfort, still reaching for my next orgasm.

“But I-I’m already so wet. You made me come once. I’m ready,” I continued to whine, despite the extreme pleasure he was causing me.

I knew I shouldn’t be complaining, but my mind was one-track. If it weren’t for his hold on my wrists, my hand would already be wrapped around his cock as I tried to guide him to where I wanted him.

“Why can’t you just take me now?”

His fingers picked up their speed, and my brain nearly short-circuited. I mewled as that familiar ball started to grow in my stomach, telling me my next orgasm was near and about to consume me.

But right as I was about to hit my peak, Grayson plunged a third finger into me. And everything changed.

I cried out as pain raced through my core and my legs unintentionally tried to shut, only to be stopped by Grayson’s huge form still between them.

He kept me in place even as I tried to squirm away from him, trying to escape the pain.

“That’s why,” Grayson said. His tone was much gentler now. He paused his movements, letting me get used to how far he was stretching me.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to keep myself from pushing away from him.

He kissed my forehead. “Had I known we were going to be doing this so soon, I would’ve better prepared you.

“You’ve only ever had two of my fingers in you—and my cock is a lot bigger than my two fingers. I need to make sure you’re ready for what’s coming.”

His thumb started to rub circles over my aching clit again, giving me a much-needed distraction from the pain I was experiencing. “If you can come on four of my fingers, then I’ll let you have my cock.”

“Grayson...” It was all I could manage to say. I wasn’t sure I could do it. It hurt enough to distract me from the pleasure.

Was this what it would feel like when he finally took my virginity? Would it be worse?

“Shh...” he murmured against my hair. “Just try to relax for me. You’re tensing up when I need you to stay nice and loose.”

He released his hold on my wrists, using his newly freed hand to caress and massage my side. "Focus on relaxing your muscles, Belle."

His thumb picked up the speed on my clit, helping me to follow his orders. I took in a deep breath and focused on staying calm.

I forced my body to soften and sink into the bed beneath me, giving full control to my mate, knowing that Grayson would take care of me.

"That's it, baby." He nipped at the mark on my throat and I nearly convulsed with pleasure, tilting my head to the side to give him better access.

The sting of pain was beginning to be overtaken by pleasure, even as his fingers started to thrust again.

All I could focus on was the way he continued to massage my clit and suck on my mark, all the while making sure that his fingers brushed up against my G-spot with exact precision with every move he made.

"You're starting to like it, aren't you?"

I nodded my head, pushing my hips down against his hold. "Yes...Grayson...", I moaned.

"That's what I like to see," he groaned in my ear. "You're riding my fingers so well, baby girl. I can't wait to see what you'll do with my cock."

He hummed and licked my ear. "You think you're ready to take one more finger?"

I nodded again. "Please," I begged. Not only did I think I was ready for it, but I was craving it now, craving the feeling of being stretched. I needed it. It all felt so good now.

Grayson snarled. "Fuck, you're so wet. My hand is completely covered in your arousal. You're so desperate for your mate's big cock you're dripping for it, huh?"

I gasped at his dirty words, clenching around his fingers, so unbelievably ready to be filled by him. He purred happily. "Shit, Belle, you keep fucking squeezing me.

Such a good little mate."

With that, he slowly eased a fourth finger into my tight hole. I gasped and tensed, the pain of that simple stretch overwhelming me once more.

"My poor baby girl," he said against my hair. "Does that hurt?" He curled his fingers, running them over my G-spot.



My electrified pussy felt like it had caught on fire. His other hand traveled up and cupped one of my breasts, palming it, tweaking my nipple between his thumb and pointer.

I shook my head, forcing my legs to fall open instead of continuing to clench around his hips in an effort to close them. I didn't want him to think I couldn't handle it. I didn't want him to stop.

"N-no," I stumbled over the simple word.

"No?" Grayson repeated, sounding amused. He nuzzled his nose against my hair.

"No. I-I...like it," I gasped out. It wasn't necessarily a lie—I did really like it, but it still definitely hurt.

But by some miracle, it somehow hurt less to have four fingers inside of me than it did to have three, probably because I was so unbelievably turned on.

But no amount of pain was going to stop me from coming again so that I could finally have what I really wanted.

"Hmm, I'm sure you do." He nibbled on my ear. "You're taking it so well, Belle. So perfect."

His thumb started to circle my clit with more enthusiasm, and he began thrusting his fingers again, in and out, at a perfect pace to make my mind go completely numb.

I clenched around him, happy to feel his ministrations.

"Are you about to come for me again already?" he asked, the hunger in his voice sending an unexpected jolt through my already frazzled system.

"Is my mate the holy grail of virgins, so perfect that it only takes a few seconds after being stretched to the brim to start screaming my name again?" He licked at my mark with a dark chuckle.

I arched my back, my eyes rolling to the back of my head. Although the pain was still present, it was overshadowed by the pleasure he was bringing me.

I nodded vigorously. "Yes. Don't stop. I love it so much. Please don't stop."

"I don't plan on it, baby." His hand started to pick up its pace, causing colors to flash behind my eyelids. My hips jerked up, and I realized just how powerful this orgasm was about to be.

I had never felt anything like this. Grayson had made me come countless times, but never when stretching me open like this.

Never when he was sucking on my mark, pinching my nipples, playing with my clit, and brushing up against my G-spot with each thrust of his four fingers deep inside of me.

I was on the edge of nirvana.

“Come, Belle,” Grayson demanded. The head of his dick brushed against my bundle of nerves, and everything in me clenched. “Let me see it.”

I didn’t even begin to try to fight that orgasm. I willingly let the power of it take me captive.

A scream ripped from my throat, and I was shaking and writhing under his hold as my nervous system short-circuited with deliciously intoxicating pleasure that seemed to know no bounds.

Grayson held and caressed me throughout it all, never slowing his movements.

Incoherent noises of bliss escaped my mouth.

His purrs and growls against my throat only heightened the whole experience, throwing me into a pleasure that never seemed to end.

It felt like hours had passed when I finally managed to come back to reality.

I was panting, shaking uncontrollably, my pussy still convulsing around his fingers, although his movements had slowed to a lazy caress.

It had been a nearly out-of-body experience that Grayson helped soothe me out of.

He pulled back from my mark, looking down at me with green eyes that I could easily get lost in. The look of utter adoration he wore on his face had pride blooming in my chest, warming me to my very core.

“That was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen,” he whispered. “I fucking love you so fucking much.”

I chewed on my lower lip and grinned. “I love you too.”

With one final circle around my clit and a gentle curl of his fingers against my G-spot, he eased his hand away from me.

I whined, already missing the feeling of fullness. I could have easily come again like that...and again and again.

But my mind was already on other things—specifically the massive cock that was currently nestled between the folds of my still tingling pussy.

GRAYSON

Belle looked up at me with glazed eyes, which had seemed so satisfied mere moments ago but were now replaced with the same hunger she had displayed before I'd made her come so hard I was momentarily worried for her safety.

I was not sure why I ever doubted that she wouldn't be able to handle me. It was part of the reason I'd avoided mating with her for so long.

Besides worrying about her shifting into a fairy, I didn't want to hurt her with my...let's just say bigger than average size.

But I had just stretched her out as wide as she had ever gone and she had given me the most heart-wrenching, horny little orgasm I had witnessed. It took my breath away.

It also made me harder than I had ever been.

She was so perfect. Made just for me. Made to take my cock, to let me love and care for her, and to stand by my side for the rest of eternity as my queen and partner.

She shifted her hips, a mischievous glint appearing in her gaze as she brushed her pink, beautiful, dripping sex against my dick.

I met her thrusts with a few of my own, coating myself with her slickness in preparation, before bending down and molding my lips to hers in a deep kiss that quickly turned rough and passionate.

With one of her hands gripping my shoulder, her other one traveled down my pecs and abs, until it wrapped itself around my hard length.

My hands morphed into tight fists on either side of her head.

I smashed my lips harder to hers, my vampire purring so loud that it drowned out every other sound around us besides the sound of her sweet moaning mewls against my lips.

Every move she made, every wiggle, every breath, and flutter of her eyelashes made me feel like I was on the edge of madness, so close to losing what little control I had left.

Fuck, I couldn't take it anymore. I needed to be inside her. I was starving for it.

Salivating. Panting and licking mindlessly into her mouth while I fucked her hand.

Belle pulled away just long enough to say, "Are you going to mate me now?" before kissing me again.

Meanwhile, she ran her thumb over the tip of my cock, coating it with the precum spilling out of it, and positioned it at her entrance, opening her legs nice and wide for me.

It took everything in me not to shove into her then and there.

I pulled back from her sinful mouth and grabbed my cock from her hold, tucking the head even more snugly at her entrance, stroking myself in the direction of heaven.

## Chapter 126 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

### Filed To Story:

“Belle, look at me,” I grunted, hanging on by the skin of my teeth.

Belle was back to writhing, arching her back, trying desperately to get closer to me.

How I was so lucky to get a mate so horny for my cock was beyond me.

“Mate,” I snapped. I needed her full attention.

Her hooded eyes immediately found mine. She whimpered.

“You better tell me right now if you’re not absolutely one hundred percent sure about this,” I growled.

“Because once I push into this tight-as-fuck pussy with this big werewolf cock, there’s no going back. There’s no stopping me from making you mine forever.

“My animal side will take over, and I won’t stop until I’ve filled you with my seed, until my cum is dripping out of you, and until we are forced to stop solely out of sheer exhaustion.

“My wolf wants every inch of you covered in my sperm so that every male who comes within fifty feet of you will be able to smell who you belong to because I’ll be etched into your very being.

“There is no escaping me after this. You’ll be mine whether you like it or not.”

She blabbered something incoherent in response.

It was clear that she was too consumed by her need to think clearly, jerking her hips down as she tried to push me into her, her tits swaying in a mesmerizing pattern that pulled a low growl from my chest.

I grabbed her hips to stop her. If she kept up with that, there was no telling what I would do to her.

“Answer me, little mate,” I demanded, barely recognizing my own voice. I squeezed her hips and her gaze focused on me once more. “Tell me that is what you want. I need verbal confirmation.”

“Yes!” she finally screamed out. Her hole twitched against the tip of my cock. “Yes, that is what I want. More than—oh, my god—more than anything.” She licked her lips. “Is...Is that what you want?”

I smirked down at her. Even while she was gasping for breath, looking like she would pass out if I didn’t fill her up soon, she still had to make sure I was comfortable and wanted her just as much as she wanted me.

One of my hands reached out and grabbed her jaw in an iron grip. “You never even have to ask, baby girl.” I couldn’t help but squeeze her chin, needing to dominate her.

My wolf surged forward, ready to force my instinctual, more animalistic side to take over, but I pushed him down one final time, needing to say one last thing.

“If anything happens, if the pain gets to be too much, or”—my teeth ground together—“or if you start to shift, you let me know. I might seem a bit...rabid.” That was putting it mildly.

I was going to fucking lose it when I finally slammed into her. I was already halfway there. “But I will stop if it’s a matter of your safety. Understand?”

She nodded, wiggling, knowing it was time. “I understand,” she whimpered and pushed her breasts up.

I felt the color of my eyes change, turning dark red as I released her jaw and placed my hand on her hip. My other hand grabbed my cock and nudged her legs open as wide as they would go.

Without wasting another second, I let out a feral snarl and plunged my cock into my mate, finally taking her as mine.

BELLE

With a strangled roar, Grayson punched his hips forward, taking my virginity with a single thrust, filling me to the hilt with his monster cock and unleashing total euphoria in me.

I cried out once he was seated fully inside of me, digging my nails into his back as searing pain raced through me.

Jesus Christ, he was big. Big and long—touching a part so deep inside of me that I didn't even know it existed.

“So— fuck— so tiny and tight. So wet and perfect. My perfect girl,” Grayson panted against my neck. His voice was low and tortured, filled with the evidence of his inner beast.

He stilled on top of me, giving me time to adjust while he lapped and nipped at my mark, growling in my ear. He was so rigid on top of me.

Every muscle was coiled tight, straining under his skin. It was obviously costing him a great effort not to move, but I appreciated every bit of time he was able to give me.

The pain was bad but not nearly as bad as I thought it was going to be. Grayson had been right—getting me used to his fingers first had definitely been the way to go.

Even though it still felt like I was being split in two, I was able to stay calm.

“Breathe, Belle,” my mate bit out through clenched teeth.

I didn't even realize I had been holding my breath. I released a breath with a puff.

“Good. Try to relax your muscles.” He grabbed a fistful of my hair and tilted my head to the side, exposing my neck for a long lick. A bite and a rough suck.

It was like he was unable to stop himself; keeping his mouth on me was the only thing keeping him sane. “Your body was made for mine. Your sweet pussy was made for this—to take my cock.”

His hand ran down my body until his fingers were on my swollen clit, rubbing it in tight circles.

Colors sparked and flashed behind my eyes, and I loosened my hold on his shoulders, trying to focus on how good his fingers felt, toying with my bundle of nerves.

I breathed like he told me to, and the walls of my pussy eventually relaxed around his cock. I didn't even realize he wasn't in me all the way until I felt him slide forward another inch, his balls hitting my ass.

“Good girl,” Grayson said, praising me even as his arms shook with the effort it took to control himself. “You're doing so fucking good. I can't even believe how amazing you feel.”

A few more seconds passed before the pain finally seemed to diminish enough for me to think clearly again.

To test it out, I clenched around Grayson, and immediately moaned when sparks exploded from my core and my whole body heated as if it were on fire.

Grayson slammed his free hand down on the bed beside my head and bit down on my neck, right over my mark.

He never broke skin or caused me any harm, but the way his teeth pressed into my mark caused an intense physical reaction.

I clenched around him again, squeezing his shaft and slickness pooled from me.

“Belle. ” Grayson’s voice was deeper than I had ever heard it. Filled with gravel.

“Don’t do that unless you’re ready for me to start moving—unless you’re ready for a fucking.”

Giddiness expanded in my chest. Without saying another word, I tightened around him once more and rolled my hips against his.

“Fuck!” Grayson exploded. His hips pulled back and then immediately surged forward as if on their own accord. We both groaned.

“Yeesss,” I mewled. It was good—~so~ good.

And that was when his thrusts began. Each one was harder, faster than the last, taking my breath away.

I threw my head back as a bliss-filled scream escaped my mouth.

Grayson made a broken sound and started hammering into me without mercy.

His eyes were wild, hungry, whipping over every inch of my body, drinking in my reactions as he took me with animalistic force. All I could do was lie there and take everything he was giving me.

My body was alive with sparks. Every move he made caused tremors to sweep through me, my femininity clamping down on him with every thrust as if it never wanted him to leave.

My mouth fell open as he started to move faster, faster, faster. Grayson was a man reduced to a beast above me. The look in his eyes was all determination and voraciousness and I did not mind at all.

I would have been freaked out if I weren’t so engrossed in the sensation he was causing to race through me. But this was my mate. This was the moment I had been waiting for for months.

I panted and mewled as he plowed into me again and again without mercy, causing me to feel things I never had before. I had entered a different plane of existence—

one filled solely with mind-blowing ecstasy.

Oh God, why did we wait so long to do this?

I would never turn away the opportunity to have Grayson's tongue running between my legs, but it was nothing compared to having his incredible cock thrusting between them.

Without warning, he let out a savage growl and slammed his mouth down onto mine without pausing his hip movements.

I moaned against his lips, gripping his neck and shoulders, my nails digging into his skin, pulling him impossibly closer to me.

I sucked on his tongue while I listened to the sound of the bed creaking beneath us.

He was so damn strong that the bed slid back and forth with every move he made.

He was pounding me so hard that my teeth would be clacking together if it weren't for his tongue in my mouth.

I didn't think it could get any better, but then he started thrusting his hard dick in a way that hit a specific spot inside of me over and over.

I screamed and arched against him, so my pointed nipples rubbed up against his chest. I cried out his name, not even recognizing my own need-filled voice.

He licked at my lips, his purring so loud in my ears that it drowned out any other thought. "I love your little fuck noises," he growled. "Come, mate. Come around your mate's cock. Do it now."

I couldn't help but follow his orders. My eyes rolled to the back of my head. My body jerked and spasmed. The whole world paused as the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced took over.

Meanwhile, Grayson continued with his relentless command of my body. The sight of his eyes swirling between colors—black, red, green—only seemed to heighten everything I was feeling.

He was power and beauty in motion, like a racehorse. I couldn't take my eyes off him.

Veins popped out from his taut muscles and his face was in such a state of intense focus and determination; it was honestly beautiful.



It felt like an eternity before I finally came down from the high of my climax. I was reduced to a blabbering, weak mess, a total slave to his rough fucking that never seemed to end.

I was still fluttering around him when he leaned down and sucked on my mark. I whimpered, overwhelmed by sensations, yet so eager for him to continue.

“So fucking beautiful,” he said, the words rumbling against my skin. “Come for me again, beautiful.”

I moaned in confusion, unable to bring myself to say anything else. There was no way I could come again so soon, no matter how good he was making me feel.

“You heard me, Belle,” he continued, voice low, almost threatening.

I barely even comprehended what was happening when, all of a sudden, Grayson was sinking his teeth into my mark. And just like that, as if it were magic, I immediately came again.

When I came for the second time, I heard someone screaming and it took a moment for me to realize that it was me.

Grayson was growling nonstop above me and I decided then and there that it was one of my favorite sounds ever.

Before I could even comprehend what was happening, Grayson pulled himself from me and flipped me around so that I was on my knees and he was behind me.

He bent me forward with his hands on my shoulders and then thrust his length back into me without wasting a second. I accepted it with an enthusiastic groan.

He kept me in that position for a few minutes, plowing into me like a jackhammer before pulling me upright, so we were back to back.

And, still never ceasing his movements, he latched his lips onto my neck. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that this new position he had us in was to give him better access to my mark.

His tongue, his mouth, and his teeth went crazy on the skin of my neck while he took me from behind without mercy.

“Mine,” he kept growling, one of his hands kneading my breast, tweaking my nipple. “Mine, mine, mine.”

# Chapter 127 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

## Filed To Story:

Then, without warning, he sunk his teeth into my neck, simultaneously marking me and using the fangs of his vampire to suck my blood.

I had already been shockingly close to another orgasm, and, oh God, I couldn't have stopped that landslide even if I wanted to.

“Fuck! ” Grayson roared as the most intimate part of me seized around him. “Yes.

Squeeze me, baby. Jesus fucking Christ, I can't get enough of you coming around me.”

His voice was deranged at this point, full of the most animal side of him and laced with the purr of his vampire—and I would be lying if I said it didn't add to the high of my orgasm.

There was something about the act of him losing control that was so unbelievably hot, I didn't even know what to do about it. I loved that I could do that to him, that I had that sort of power over him.

“Yes,” he boomed against my sweaty neck. “I'm close, mate. About to fill you up.

About to make you mine forever. Once and for all.”

An uneven nod was the only response I could manage. I couldn't speak. I couldn't do anything. I was breathless. Voiceless. Thoughtless.

I was on another planet entirely, one filled solely with pleasure and orgasmic bliss.

My climax was still in complete control of my body, rolling over me with mind-numbing wave after mind-numbing wave.

My legs threatened to give out beneath me as I shook and flailed, but Grayson knew just what to do.

Without pulling his cock from my spasming pussy, he flipped me around once more, so I was on my back, looking up at him.

I was trapped beneath his huge, muscular body, holding onto his shoulders for dear life as his hips became faster, sloppier with every deep thrust.

He was riding me so hard now that my teeth were clacking together, and I could tell by the wild look in his eyes that he was seconds away from his own release.

I wanted it. I could already feel our bond solidifying between us, and I craved that moment when we were finally fully connected more than anything else.

With that in mind, I seized my intimate muscles around him so tightly that he couldn't even withdraw from me and watched with great satisfaction as Grayson's eyes went blind.

He became uncontrolled. Primal. Savage. There was no stopping him now.

Finally, finally, he let out a feral roar, his giant form juddering as something hot and wet started to fill me.

Rope after rope of his hot cum shot into me, warming me from the inside until it was leaking from my pussy and onto the inside of my thighs and the bed beneath us.

An overwhelming feeling of...love and blind devotion for the man above me filled my chest nearly to the point of bursting.

I quickly realized that it was the mate bond.

The feeling of our bond finally becoming whole, connecting us on a level that I didn't even think possible, was so intense and... magical that I instantly came again.

The euphoric pleasure was so intense that my limbs flailed, my breathing stalled, my back arched, and fireworks exploded behind my closed eyelids.

I almost didn't think I would survive the pleasure.

Grayson melded his sweaty forehead to mine, placing sloppy kisses against my lips while both our bodies continued to jerk in the throes of passion.

"I love you. I love you," he gasped through elevated breaths. He chanted those words over and over again. "My mate. My everything. I love you. I fucking love you."

"I love you too," I breathed, my own voice thick with emotion. My weak hands gripped his face, searching for something to anchor myself to. "I love you, Grayson."

It took several moments for us to finally calm down, for our breathing to slow, and our bodies to stop shaking.

And still, he kept himself deep inside of me, not making any moves to pull out of me any time soon.

He licked my face and caressed my sides, all the while purring so loudly, I could barely even hear myself think. Not that I minded. I was happy to remain mindless for a while longer.

I was shocked by how clearly I could sense his emotions now, almost as if they were my own. I could feel his love and adoration for me whirling around us like a cloud.

I could also feel how happy his wolf and vampire were now that I was claimed, although they were already ramping up for another round.

My alpha mate was feeling territorial so soon after mating.

He conjured up images of tying me to the bed and forcing every other living soul out of the palace for at least a week while he took me over and over again until he was sure that the bond fully took.

I giggled, thoroughly overjoyed by our new level of connection.

“Tell me you’re okay, Belle,” he growled against my cheek as he tenderly wiped some of my hair away from my face and played with the sweaty strands between his fingers.

I smiled dreamily. “I’m okay,” I affirmed. And I really was. In fact, I was happier than I had ever been.

I could tell Grayson could feel the truth behind my words. He could also probably feel my happiness mixing with his. “Good. Because I’m not even close to being done with you.”

His cock immediately started to harden inside of me. I gasped and squeezed around him in shock.

“What?” I asked, eyes wide, nails already digging into the skin of his shoulders. “A-Again? Already?”

Grayson nodded. “Should I rephrase my question?” he breathed between laps of his tongue against my jaw, my throat, even my ear.

“What I should have asked was, are you okay enough to take me again? And again?”

And again?” He slowly—teasingly—rolled his hips against mine.

I whimpered and gasped, wetness already pooling from my greedy hole, coating his hard length in preparation for a second round.

“Because, now that I’ve had you, now that I’ve discovered the bliss of your sinful pussy coming around my cock while I plow into you, I don’t think I can hold back.

“I don’t think I can ever let you leave this room or this bed again.”

“Grayson,” I moaned at the promise in his words. I opened my legs wider for him, trying to encourage him to move again with my own needy hip jerks.

I couldn’t believe how quickly I wanted him again after my first time. Shouldn’t I be in pain? Instead, I only felt desperation.

Grayson chuckled and pinned my hips down with his torso so I couldn’t move. I huffed in annoyance, which only pulled another amused rumble of laughter from Grayson’s chest.

“I need to hear you say it, Belle.” He leaned back so he could look me in the eye.

“Tell me you’re ready for more. Or tell me you need to rest.

“I’ll give you what you want no matter what you decide.

“But choose quickly because I don’t think I can last another second of your pussy drowning me in your sweet-as-fuck arousal or squeezing me like it’s begging to milk my cock again without going insane.”

My nod was embarrassingly eager. “I’m ready for more. Please give me more.”

His lips turned up into a dark grin. “Your wish is my command.”

Not only did Grayson bear a resemblance to the beauty of a racehorse when he fucked me, but he also had the stamina of one.

It was well into the late afternoon when he finally pulled out of me, whispering that I needed my rest now. He was right, of course.

I could barely keep my eyes open at that point, still riding the roller coaster of bliss that he kept buying me tickets for.

He disappeared for a moment, leaving me alone and confused in the bed, only to return mere seconds later with a wet washcloth in his hand.

I swear, sometimes the man moved so fast that it was impossible for me to keep track of where he was going.

The act of him cleaning me somehow felt more intimate than the hours that we had just spent going at it like rabbits, and I found myself shying away for some reason.

I shooed his hands away with lazy slaps when he tried to reach for me. He pinned me with a warning look. His wolf was still in charge and wasn’t going to let me sleep until he had cleaned me up.

I could see it in his swirling, dark eyes. He looked dangerously handsome.

How Grayson seemed unfazed by our mating—other than the thin layer of sweat that glistened over his toned muscles—was beyond me.

I probably looked like a mess. Hair everywhere, sweat dripping, and skin red and blotchy from exertion.

“You’ve never looked more beautiful,” Grayson said, cutting my thoughts short with a stiff tone. It occurred to me that he could probably sense what I had been thinking.

The mate bond would never cease to amaze me. “Worn out by my hard fucking, eyes glazed over with complete satisfaction and exhaustion. I’m tempted to go get a camera.”

“Don’t you dare,” I murmured through a yawn. My voice sounded slow and drowsy even to my ears.

The gentle rumble of his laughter settled deep within my bones, filling me with warmth. “Good thing I’ve got a memory like a steel trap.”

His eyes swept over my body in one lazy take before snapping up to meet my gaze once more. “Now open your legs for me, beautiful. Gotta clean my sleepy mate up.”

I was such a sucker for the way he called me beautiful, as if it were my name. I followed his orders and allowed him to clean me without argument.

Once he was done, he threw the cloth on the ground and crawled into bed next to me. He picked up my body and tucked me into his purring chest before hooking his leg over me and caging me to him.

The position would have probably felt a bit suffocating to any normal couple, but I knew that his need to dominate and control me was still at full force so soon after mating.

And, at least for the time being, I didn’t mind letting him have his way. I would knock him down a few pegs and remind him of who was boss later.

His fingertips trailed over my spine, and I hummed in complete contentment as I drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

BELLE

My body was tingling with warmth and happiness when I woke up late in the morning the next day.

I smiled and stretched my stiff arms over my head, giggling when I felt the soreness between my legs.

Then I reached over to the other side of the bed for my mate, hoping to crawl on top of him and nuzzle my face into his warm neck.

But I didn't find him next to me. Instead, my hand fell onto cold, empty sheets.

I immediately sat up, my heart racing in my chest.

"Grayson?" I called out into the dark room. My gaze fell to the windows, noticing that it was nighttime. Had I slept through the entire next day? No wonder I felt so rested.

But if this bitch really left me all by myself the morning after our first time together... I was about ready to explode out of the bed and hunt him down to beat his ass.

And then I saw him.

Grayson was sitting in a chair he had pulled up to the side of the bed, staring at me.

He was leaning forward, his arms on the bed and his chin resting on top of them.

## Chapter 128 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

### Filed To Story:

I nearly screamed at how close his face was to mine.

"What are you doing over there?" I asked. I leaned over, so I was lying on my side right in front of him.

He had on boxers now, which didn't seem the least bit fair, considering the fact that I was still butt naked.

When Grayson didn't respond, I pushed up on my elbow. It was then that I noticed his overwhelming anxiety racing through our newly strengthened bond, accompanied by fear and exhaustion.

"Are you okay?"

"Are you okay?" he replied uneasily. "How are you feeling?"

I reached over and grabbed his arm, squeezing it gently. I loved that the sparks were even more intense than before. He immediately put his hand over mine. "I'm fine. Great, actually. Amazing. I'm happy."

He didn't seem convinced. "Are you sure?"

I took his hand in mine and placed it on my chest, right over my heart. "Can't you feel how happy I am?" I could definitely feel how worried he was.

He stared at the spot where my hand was for several long moments, his eyes switching from black to red to green repeatedly.

I frowned. "Why aren't you in bed?" I could feel how badly he wanted to be holding me right now and had no idea why he was fighting that urge. I wanted the same thing.

"I needed to be able to see you—to see if you were in pain. I needed to watch your face."

My heart broke a little. Although more than a little creepy that he just sat and watched me while I slept, he was so scared something was going to happen to me that he'd put his needs and wants aside.

This man really did love me, huh?

"Come here," I whispered, holding out my hand. "Please."

My eyes opened wide in delight as I watched Grayson slide down his boxers and step out of them before climbing back into the bed with me, pulling me against him, so we were chest to chest. I ran my thumb under the deep bags under his eyes.

"Did you sleep at all?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I had to make sure you were okay."

I sighed, dropping my forehead against his. "You worry too much. I would have told you if something was wrong."

"What if you didn't know until it was too late? What if I couldn't save you because I was too busy fucking sleeping?"

"So, what, you're just never going to sleep again because you're too worried I'm going to up and combust without warning?"

"Don't be ridiculous. You need rest. Especially after"—I swallowed, my cheeks blossoming with color—"everything we did yesterday."

Grayson's lips turned up for the first time since I had woken up, and it sent flutters into my stomach. I would do anything to keep that smile on his face.

"Hmm..." Grayson hummed. "You're lucky I can practically read your mind now."



Otherwise, I would have been waking you up every hour last night to make sure you were okay.

“Your happiness through the bond is the only thing giving me any peace of mind.”

His chest started to vibrate with his quiet purrs as his lips skimmed over my chin.

“You’re sure you’re feeling okay?” he asked in a low tone that made me shift against him.

“Um...yes,” I murmured. I was becoming obscenely distracted by his wandering hands with every passing second. Especially the one petting up the inside of my thigh. “I-I feel great.”

Grayson’s smile widened. “I can’t believe I waited so long to finally feel your incredible tightness squeezing around me,” he growled.

I chewed on my bottom lip. “I can’t either. And for what? Because you were afraid I was going to shift? I feel exactly the same as I did before we mated. Absolutely no difference.”

He abruptly squeezed my ass in a harsh grip, possessively, pulling me even closer to him. I squeaked.

“I hope you don’t feel exactly the same. You’re mine now. Forever. For the rest of eternity.”

My breathing was coming out embarrassingly fast. “I think I-I could be okay with that.”

“Could be okay with that? Baby, you don’t get a choice. I’m keeping you whether you like it or not.”

I giggled. “It’s a good thing I like you, then.”

“Just like?” he demanded.

“Mm-hm...I think I might be warming up to you a bit. It might take a little while longer. I mean, you did kidnap me, after all. Or don’t you remember that? What kind of girl would I be if I fell in love with my kidnapper?”

“The kind that is mated to an alpha male,” Grayson provided, dipping his head down to nip at my mark. It was still tender from being bitten multiple times last night.

It sent shivers down my spine. “I regret nothing, baby. Would do it all again in a heartbeat.” He placed my leg over his hip so that my pussy was lined up with his hard cock.

I gasped when he slowly rolled his hips once against mine, sliding his cock between my slick folds.

“Are you sore?” he said right next to my ear. “I know I was pretty rough with you. I couldn’t help it, though. I needed to claim you. To dominate you. I had to.”

“I know,” I whispered. I closed my eyes, already getting lost in the sensations he was causing to build in my lower stomach.

Was it actually possible to want him again after the countless hours he’d spent inside me only yesterday?

The answer was yes. Yes, it definitely was.

In fact, the closeness I felt with him due to the bond only made me want him more, almost as if we hadn’t completed the mating process at all to begin with. I was desperate for him again.

“I-I’m a little s-sore,” I said, completing my earlier thought, realizing I had never actually answered his question. “But it’s n-nothing I can’t...um...handle.”

His cock was rubbing up against my clit with exact precision, turning my brain to mush.

“My poor baby. I rode you hard, huh?” He picked up his speed just slightly, and I nearly passed away then and there. He was teasing me. He was enjoying watching me fall apart for him.

“Grayson. I want you again. Please.” I didn’t care that I was begging, so long as he slid that magical dick into me in the next five seconds.

I gasped at the intense pleasure that took over our bond. Holy shit, did he like hearing me say that—hearing me beg for him and actually being able to do something about it.

His pleasure immediately filled my chest with warmth and the space between my legs with butterflies.

“I know you do,” he replied in a low tone. “I can feel your need. Smell it. My cock is practically drowning in it.”

His movements abruptly ceased, and he leaned down, so his lips were right next to my ear. “So what are you going to do about it, little mate?”

My eyes snapped up to his. It took me a moment to understand the significance behind his words. He was giving me permission.

For the first time ever, he was allowing me to do what I wanted to him without restrictions or restraints. It was such a simple thing he was doing, and yet, it meant so much to me.

I suddenly had the urge to cry.

I had been holding myself back from touching him and acting on my need to bring him pleasure for so long that I didn't even realize I was still doing it now, even when it was unnecessary.

But Grayson had noticed it yesterday and was sharing his observation with me now through the mate bond.

Even when he was inside me for most of yesterday, I kept my hands on places I knew were safe: his face, shoulders, chest, abs—but never lower. He knew what I was doing even when I didn't. He knew I was holding myself back and protecting myself from his rejection, which I had become all too familiar with. I was so familiar with it that I had come to expect it.

“What are you going to do about it, Belle?” he asked again, quieter this time, with more intention behind his words.

I smiled. I knew exactly what I was going to do about it.

I pushed him onto his back and climbed on top of him. I made sure that no part of my sopping wet center was touching him—my own way of teasing him in the same way he teased me.

Grayson crossed his arms behind his head and watched me with raised brows, a cocky grin plastered on his lips.

I couldn't help but lean forward and kiss those lips. Once. Twice. Three times for good measure.

I felt his muscles tense beneath me as he held himself back from grabbing me and kissing me more thoroughly like I knew he wanted to.

“You're not going to stop me this time?” I asked, letting my mouth barely brush over his as I spoke. My hands trailed down his pecs and over his arms and shoulders.

“No excuses about having to work? Or not feeling like it's the right time?”

“Fuck, no.” His words came out strained. It was getting harder for him to hold himself back. “Not even the Moon Goddess herself could pull me away from you right now.”

I wet my mouth, looking down at my hunk of a mate, trying to decide exactly what my next move would be. The possibilities were endless.

I tried to press my legs together to try to relieve some of the pulsing discomfort starting there, but Grayson's massive form was there, preventing any sort of friction from taking place.

Deciding that this would be solely about him and not me, I leaned down and pressed a slow kiss to his jaw. Then his throat, Adam's apple, collarbone, and chest muscles.

I kissed all the way down to his stomach and the small patch of hair leading down to my final destination.

"Belle," Grayson groaned, his voice strained, making it clear he was barely holding it together. He wanted me to hurry things along.

I giggled but didn't rush. I wanted to enjoy this.

My lips were directly above his pulsing shaft now. With a grin, I slowly bent down and pressed a gentle kiss to his crown.

Even from that simple touch, his hips shot up just the slightest bit, and another low groan came from deep within his chest. I loved the effect I had on him. I loved that I could so easily make him lose control.

I was just about to wrap my lips fully around his tip, my mouth watering with the need to taste him, when all of a sudden, he sat up.

He grabbed me by the bottom of my jaw with his massive hand, stopping what I was doing.

He let out a vicious growl that shook the entire bed. "You've got to be fucking kidding me," he bit out, every muscle of his body flexed with unrestrained fury.

"Someone wants to die."

"What?" I responded.

Without warning, he gently grabbed me by the back of my neck and pulled me up, so my face was directly in front of his. He smashed his lips to mine. "I'm so sorry,"

he spoke against my lips.

As if on cue, a knock could be heard at the door to our apartment. Grayson let out a snarl so loud and powerful that it shook the entire room. Hell, it probably shook the entire palace.

I slammed my hands over my ears.

“I’m going to kill him,” Grayson bit out.

## Chapter 129 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

### Filed To Story:

“Who?” I squeaked. “Who is that?”

With one final apologetic squeeze to my neck and a kiss on my mouth, he moved me off of him so I was lying on my back on the bed next to him.

“Wait, what are you doing?” I asked, watching as he stood in all of his naked glory.

Dear Lord, I had sex with that? “I thought you said that not even the Moon Goddess could pull you from me.”

“And I meant that,” he replied sternly. “I’ll be back—just as soon as I murder my beta.”

“Your beta?” I repeated. “Kyle is here?”

Grayson grunted in response. He was pissed. I could feel his anger racing through our bond, squeezing around my heart.

He didn’t like it when we were interrupted during an intimate moment like this. He liked it even less that there was a person anywhere near me so soon after mating for the first time.

“I’ll be right back. Stay here.” He began walking to the door.

“Grayson!” I called after him. I quickly stood and wrapped a sheet around me.

“Where are you going? You’re naked!”

Grayson was past the point of listening. He was shaking with anger, body growing, preparing to shift.

He very obviously didn’t care about his state of nudity. His attention was set on ripping apart whoever was at our door.

“Grayson, wait! You can’t just—”

I chased after him to the door only for him to turn, walk back to me, toss me over his shoulder, and march me right back to the bed at a speed I couldn't even begin to comprehend.

He unceremoniously dropped me on the mattress and climbed over me, looking down at me with livid dark-red eyes. I gulped.

"Stay. Here," he ground out. "If I come back here and find that you've moved even one inch toward that door, you won't like the consequences. Understand me, mate?"

"I'm not a child." I glared up at him. "You want to get kicked in the balls? Talk to me like that again."

Grayson bared his teeth in frustration and stuffed his head into my hair, taking in deep, calming breaths of my scent.

I knew he was on edge and couldn't exactly control his actions right now. Maybe I should have granted him some mercy and just done what he'd said.

But that didn't mean he could get away with talking to me like that.

There was another rapid pounding on the door. Grayson snarled in the direction of it.

"Um, excuse me, do you really think I want to be here right now?" Kyle's voice shouted through our apartment.

"In fact, do you think I would be anywhere near your wing of the palace right now unless it weren't ~extremely~ important?"

I sighed. "Go talk to your beta," I told Grayson. I massaged the tight muscles of his neck with my fingers in an attempt to calm him quickly.

"I'll stay here. I promise. The sooner you go see what he wants, the sooner we can get back to what we were doing."

He kissed my mark and then my lips before leaning back to look at me.

Next thing I knew, I was alone on the bed, and the door to the bedroom was slammed shut.

I sprang up, raced to the door, pressed my ear to the wood, and strained my hearing to listen to what they were saying.

"What the flying fuck do you want?" Grayson demanded the moment he was outside the room.

“The borders are down,” Kyle said. His tone was much more serious than I was used to, indicating he was getting straight to business.

He could probably tell he was on thin ice and that he had mere moments to explain why he was there before Grayson lost his shit.

“What do you mean they’re down?”

“They’re just down. We have no idea how it happened.” He took a deep breath.

“We’re handling it, but I thought you might want to be aware. Anyone has access to the kingdom right now. Absolutely anyone.”

The door to our bedroom swung open a second later.

I stumbled backward with a gasp, not expecting my mate to burst through the door just then, only to be grabbed around the waist and slammed into his naked chest.

“I thought I told you to stay on the bed,” he said, chiding me.

“And I thought I told you I would kick you in the balls if you kept talking to me like I’m a child.”

A muscle ticked in his jaw. “You make me fucking crazy.”

“Don’t blame me for your psychosis.”

“Baby, you are my psychosis.”

With that, he released me, and within the next second, he was across the room in our closet, pulling on a pair of dark jeans.

“Are you going somewhere?” I asked.

Frustration took over his face. “Yes. I’m so sorry, love. You know I wouldn’t go if I didn’t really have to.”

I nodded, following him into the closet. “I know. It’s okay. Kyle sounded pretty serious. What does it mean that the borders are down?”

He paused after pulling on a black T-shirt, his brows knitting together. “You could hear that?”

“Of course I could hear that. You were just in the other room.”

His puzzlement showed. “The rooms are soundproof. The only reason I knew Kyle was coming was that I could smell him, and the door was open. Even I would struggle to hear through that door when it’s closed.”

I shrugged. “Well, I guess you should get your money back because whoever soundproofed this room obviously didn’t do a very good job.”

Grayson shook his head, reaching for a pair of boots. “So I guess you heard that the borders to Zaweth are down. First time in centuries.”

I pulled my sheet around me tighter. “What exactly does that mean?”

“It means that someone figured out how to break them down. Someone very powerful. It means that anyone can get through.”

“Well, can’t you just put them back up?”

“Not without an extremely powerful warlock. And the only one nearby just so happens to be missing. And I have a funny feeling that I know who’s responsible.”

He walked to me, pressing a firm kiss on my forehead. “We need to protect the borders. For all we know, Azazel is already in the kingdom.”

“And you’re just going to go out there?” I demanded. “You’re the one he wants to kill. Shouldn’t you be hiding?”

“I’m no coward, Belle. I’m not going to run like Azazel. I’m going to rip him to shreds for what he did to you. Because that’s what he deserves. I’m going to make him suffer.”

The emotions I was feeling from him suddenly made sense. There was no fear over the potential danger facing his kingdom or his people right now.

He was eager for Azazel to come. He was excited. He wanted to destroy him.

“What can I do to help?” I asked, already reaching for my clothes.

“You can stay right here where I know you will be safe—where Azazel cannot get to you,” he said.

He walked past me, making his way to the bed, where he sat down and started to quickly lace up his boots.

I threw on some underwear—of the non-sexy variety this time—before tugging a pair of jeans over my hips.



A scoff flew from my mouth. Why did I know that was going to be his answer before I even asked the question?

“I’m not going to just sit here like a helpless doll while you go out there and risk your life. Absolutely not. I’m coming with.” I shrugged into a white T-shirt.

Finished with his laces, Grayson finally looked up at me with a piercing gaze.

I knew the expression on his face. It was a look that said he wasn’t going to budge on the topic.

“Argue with me all you want, Belle,” he said slowly. “It’s not happening. I will not willingly put you in danger.”

“There has to be something I can do! I can help with medical stuff. Or with children. This is my pack too.”

He ignored me, already making his way to the door. I scrambled to put my sneakers on, hopping on one foot while I followed him.

“So what, you’re just going to lock me up in this apartment while you go off to war?”

He nodded once. “Yes, that’s exactly what I’m going to do.”

I scoffed. “I know how to unlock a door. You can’t force me to stay here.”

Grayson’s brows rose. He opened the door to reveal Liam standing there, a grim expression painted on his face.

“No, but I can,” Liam said as he stepped into the apartment.

I looked at my mate. “What is this? What is he doing here?”

Grayson was hesitant with his words. “He’s going to make sure you stay here.”

BELLE

“You’re terrible at Go Fish,” Liam told me. “Seriously, I’ve played toddlers better than you.”

Throwing my cards down on the coffee table in front of me, I dropped my head to my knees with a groan.

Grayson had left several hours before, leaving me alone with Liam, who wouldn’t let me out of my apartment no matter how many times I threatened to kill him, his family, and his future children.

It was absolutely infuriating.

“Might as well stop trying, Belle,” Liam had said the fifth time he had pinned me against a wall after trying to sneak past him when he wasn’t looking and make a mad dash for the front door.

“Even if you did somehow manage to get past me, there are two more wolves on the other side of this door, tasked with keeping you inside. No one is getting in, and there will definitely be no one getting out.”

I couldn’t care less about stupid Go Fish. My eyes kept straying to the front door, my heart squeezing a little tighter with every second that Grayson didn’t walk through.

This was stupid, of course, since I could sense through the mate bond that he wasn’t close, but I couldn’t stop myself from hoping that he would appear safe, sound, and unharmed.

## Chapter 130 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

### Filed To Story:

Liam and I had been playing games and watching movies for several hours. He was trying to keep my mind occupied, although he was not succeeding in the slightest.

He had just won his fourth game in a row of Go Fish in record time.

I’m not sure how we ended up playing Go Fish, as it is a game for preschoolers; Liam must’ve suggested it because he knew my mind was otherwise occupied with thoughts I should not be having.

Unsurprisingly, I was struggling to concentrate; I focused most of my attention on trying to tune into Grayson’s emotions through the mate bond.

His most prevalent emotion was anger, followed by eagerness and a tad bit of blood lust.

His fear was minimal, if entirely nonexistent—thank goodness—fueled by his worry for me and need to avenge me. I might think it was sweet if it weren’t so terrifying.

Every once in a while, I could feel Grayson searching through my emotions the same way I kept searching through his, checking in on me and ensuring I was safe.

I think Grayson knew it brought me comfort when he did that, so he did it often. I felt his warm presence in my mind every five to ten minutes.

“Any updates?” I asked Liam.

Liam was getting regular updates on his phone through a royal news and emergency outlet.

My phone seemed to magically disappear around the same time Grayson left—a strange coincidence that prevented me from doom-scrolling through the news like I wanted to.

I wouldn’t be nearly as annoyed about Grayson hiding my phone if I didn’t know that Liam was picking and choosing what information to give me so as not to freak me out.

Liam sighed and pulled out his phone. I anxiously watched as his thumb scrolled over the screen.

“They’re still just patrolling the borders,” he told me. “Nothing has changed. I would tell you if there was something to worry about.”

As if that would stop me from worrying.

I shifted in my spot on the living room floor, trying not to look as nervous as I felt.

“This is ridiculous,” I complained. “I may be a human and not some fancy werewolf or vampire, but I know how to take care of myself. I won’t do anything stupid if you let me out.”

“Letting you out would be the stupid thing,” Liam responded while he picked up my cards so he could shuffle and deal us both another hand.

“I thought you were supposed to be on my side. You were my friend before you were ever my ‘guardian’ or whatever.”

Liam scoffed, not bothering to look up at me. “So that’s where we’re at now? All I’m trying to do is keep you safe, and you’re trying to guilt-trip me?”

“It was worth a try,” I grumbled, hugging my knees closer to my chest.

I looked over at the door once more, unable to prevent the worried sigh from escaping my mouth.

The only reason I wasn’t fighting this harder was that I knew Grayson would be safer if he knew for certain that I was safe. He would never be able to concentrate if I were out on my own.

It would just put us both in more danger.

So I would stay. As long as I could feel that Grayson was safe through our mate bond, I would stay in the apartment, even if it did make me feel like some helpless child.

Liam finished shuffling and began to deal the cards for yet another round of Go Fish. We both were sitting around the living room coffee table, me on the floor and Liam on the couch.

“No more Go Fish. Please,” I said, pushing the cards away from me.

Liam sighed and paused his movements.

“You want to play something else? I hate to admit it, but Go Fish is the only game I know how to play. Card games and board games aren’t really super popular within vampire culture.”

My lips turned up slightly for the first time since Grayson had left. “Now that’s just sad. What kind of childhood is that?”

Liam smiled. “Not a good one. But let’s not talk about that. It’s depressing as fuck. I would actually love to hear about how you’re doing.

“Last I saw you, back in Minnie’s apartment, you were pretty upset. Something happened between you and your mate.” He hesitated, his gaze set on the cards in his hands.

Then he looked up at me. “But everything is...fixed between you two now?”

“Besides the fact that Grayson insists on keeping me locked up in my apartment?” I asked. “Yeah, everything is fixed. More than fixed.”

He nodded. “That’s good. That’s...” He trailed off momentarily before blurting, “I’m sorry, I have to ask—aren’t you supposed to be a fairy now?”

“What?” I was so taken aback by his question that it was the only thing I could think of saying.

Then it occurred to me—Liam knew that Grayson and I had finally completed the mating process. Of course he did.

I had completely forgotten what Grayson had told me about what would happen with his pack after I mated with him.

Everyone connected to Grayson would be able to feel it when he finally fully connected to me, just like how they felt the moment he’d met me.

Despite my attempt to stop it, I felt a flush darken my cheekbones. And not just because Liam knew that Grayson and I’d had sex.

I mean, that wasn't great either, but what I was really embarrassed about was the fact that virtually every supernatural creature in the world knew that I had lost my virginity to their king yesterday.

"Oh, God, no, no, no, no..." My face dropped into my hands. I couldn't even look at Liam. It suddenly didn't seem so bad that I was being held captive in my apartment.

How was I ever going to go out in public ever again?

"Okay, there's no need for that," Liam said, standing and coming to crouch down next to me on the floor. "Seriously, you're going to make your mate worry if you start freaking out. And he has shit to do."

He put a hand on my shoulder, trying to comfort me, although it did nothing to help with the humiliation eating away at my stomach.

"No one gives a fuck that you had sex, Belle. In fact, most people were just ecstatic that you were finally officially their queen."

He let his head hang when I still wouldn't answer. "Fuck, and you were just starting to relax too. I shouldn't have brought it up."

"Uh, yeah, ya think?" I snapped back, finally looking up at him. I took several deep breaths. He was right; breaking down right now was not going to do anyone any favors.

I needed to stay calm—if only for Grayson's sake.

Brushing my hair out of my face, I said, "It's okay. Everything is fine. I'm fine. It's all fine. This might be the single most humiliating moment of my life, but I'm okay, right?"

"No one cares that Grayson and I mated because I live in this crazy supernatural world where all of this is normal, right?"

"Everybody just knows when everybody else has sex, and the only reason I think it's weird is that I'm a human and not some crazy werewolf, right? Right?"

Liam didn't respond, probably thinking I had lost my damn mind.

"Oh, my god, tell me I'm right!" I exploded.

"Right!" Liam immediately responded, frantically nodding his head in agreement.

"Yes, that's totally right. No one cares. Not one bit. Everyone knows when everyone else has sex and all that..."

The mix of embarrassment and annoyance I was feeling caused my entire body to deflate. I squeezed my eyes shut.

“You are terrible at comforting women. I don’t know how you’re ever going to make it with Minnie.”

He gripped his chest, feigning pain. “Ouch. That hurts.”

“You’ll get over it,” I mumbled.

“Okay, but setting the whole sex thing aside, I only ask because I read the prophecy.

I know what was supposed to happen after you mated. But you’re still...you.”

“Yeah,” I breathed out. “Still me. Absolutely no difference as far as I can tell.”

“But what about shifting into a Fae?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I’m just as confused as you are. It seems like I’ll be remaining human for a while longer.”

“That’s good, right? It means you and Grayson were worried about nothing—”

A ding came from Liam’s phone, cutting him short. He pulled out his phone and laughed when he saw who it was.

“What?” I asked. “Who is it?”

He shook his head and held the phone so I could see the text lighting up the screen.

“Your mate,” he explained.

Grayson Stoll

Tell Belle to stop worrying so much. I’m fine. I’m in the woods with other pack members, taking shifts patrolling the borders.

Everything is okay. She can go to sleep. I’m sure she’s exhausted. Tell her I’ll be back soon.

I leaned back after reading the message, my heart feeling significantly lighter.

“Well, that’s good—”

All of a sudden, I felt a significant shift in Grayson's emotions. My heart plummeted to the bottom of my feet. I wasn't sure how I knew, but I knew something had happened—something bad.

He was in trouble.

"Belle? What's wrong?" Liam asked.

"Something happened to Grayson," I explained frantically. "Something is wrong."

"But we just got a text from him. He said he was fine."

I barely processed what Liam said to me, too busy fishing through my mate's emotions. They seemed to be quickly escalating with each passing minute. "Things changed."

Something was making Grayson panic. He was afraid, and that fact alone made my world feel like it was grinding to a halt.

"Do you know what happened? Can you tell?" Liam continued with the questions.

I shook my head. "I-I don't... I can't..." I prodded into Grayson's mind but couldn't seem to get any other information but could feel nothing other than his fear.

Without any warning, my connection to Grayson was cut off. My mind was suddenly still. My breath was swiped clean out of my lungs the same moment my stomach lined itself with lead.

I could no longer feel Grayson's emotions. He didn't want me to feel his fear, so he blocked me from feeling anything at all. Which was decidedly much, much worse.

It meant that whatever happened must have been bad enough to hide from me.