

Chapter 13 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

“It’s our bond traveling between us. You can tell that our bond is strong based on how intense the sparks are. And by your reaction to when I touch you.”

His smile turned into a smirk.

I immediately dropped my hand from his. “My reaction to your touch? I have no reaction to your touch!”

He raised an eyebrow. “Wasn’t it you who said only minutes ago that you couldn’t think when I touched you?”

My cheeks turned bright red. I did say that, didn’t I?

Grayson laughed. “It’s okay, gorgeous. I feel the same way about your touch.”

My eyes snapped up to meet his. “You do?”

His eyes softened.

“Of course I do. In fact, I know that my feelings are even stronger toward you than yours are toward me. I’m an alpha, so my instinct is to protect you, love you, and provide for you.”

I blinked at him. “An alpha?”

“You know how wolves travel in packs?” he said.

I nodded.

“Well, there is also a leader of the pack. It’s always the strongest wolf that takes over the pack, the ‘alpha.’ I am the alpha of my pack.”

I shifted my weight. “You’re the strongest wolf of your pack?” I asked.

“Yes. And my pack is probably the strongest in the world. I took over as alpha when I was sixteen years old, after fighting the original alpha and winning.

“But I and the people around me knew that I would probably become alpha at an early age based on the size of my wolf and my fighting and leadership skills.”

I was a little intimidated by his power and strength. I’d already felt like he could squash me like a bug, but now that I knew he was super humanly powerful, I felt even more scared of him.

Grayson sighed. "You have nothing to worry about, beautiful. I would never hurt you. My wolf would never allow it."

I still wasn't sure if I trusted him. "So that's why Kyle kept calling you Alpha?"

Grayson nodded. "Yes. It is a term of respect."

"And why was he calling me 'Luna'?"

"That's because you are the mate to the alpha, and the name for that is luna. He wouldn't ever call you anything else."

"So it's like calling someone 'king' or 'queen?' It's to show someone's hierarchy?" I asked.

He smiled and nodded, "Yes, that's exactly what it's like. You are my queen."

I tried to ignore the intense look in his eyes and how badly my instincts were telling me to touch him, but it was getting harder and harder. The bite mark on my neck was hurting.

It reminded me of another question I had: "Why did you bite me?"

He ran his hand through his hair. "Yes, I knew that would come up." He sighed. "A male wolf will bite his female to show all other wolves that she belongs to him. The bigger the mark, the higher the ranking of the female's mate. Your mark is large,"

he said proudly, eyeing the mark on my neck.

I rolled my eyes. "Cocky much?" I whispered under my breath.

When I looked back up, Grayson's face was directly in front of mine. I could feel his breath on my cheeks. I gasped.

"What was that, mate?"

I shook my head. "N-nothing," I stuttered.

"Hmm... Another thing you should know about werewolves, love..." Grayson's eyes searched mine. "We have amazing hearing."

His lips were so close to mine. If I moved forward, my lips would meet his.

I leaned toward him, seeking out the warmth of his mouth on mine as if by instinct.

But right before we could kiss, Grayson moved away.

He looked at me smugly.

“Sorry, I forgot to stay on my side of the bed.” He leaned back on his arms. “Plus, I’m not kissing you until you ask me to, remember?”

I glared at him. I didn’t like this game he was forcing me to play.

He laughed at my attempt to look angry. “Ask me to kiss you, and your problem will be solved.”

I scoffed. As if I would ever do that. “Absolutely not!”

He shrugged. “Your loss, sweetheart.”

I shifted uncomfortably and hardened my gaze. “So you bit me as a way to claim your property?”

His gaze roamed up and down my body slowly, and he smirked.

“Yes. You were already mine, but the mark just solidified that fact and let others around us know of it as well.”

I swallowed hard. I took in a deep breath, preparing myself for my next question.

“Are you ever going to let me go?”

Grayson’s eyes darkened the second the words left my tongue, and I immediately moved back, worried that he would turn into a wolf again.

He watched me closely. When he saw me moving away from him he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When his eyes opened again, they were back to their normal color.

“Belle,” he breathed out. “You don’t know it now because I’m with you, but if I were to, for some odd reason, let you go, you would somehow find your way back to me.”

I shook my head, ready to disagree and argue, but he kept talking.

“Do you remember how it felt when I was away from you yesterday? How you almost fainted and were in immense pain?”

I winced at the memory, but I nodded my head glumly.

“Now imagine that pain intensified by ten. You were only downstairs, a floor away from me, when that happened. I don’t even want to think about what would happen if you were even farther away. Plus, your instincts would tell you to come back to me if I didn’t get to you first. Eventually you would. The mate bond would force you to.”

My heart started beating faster.

“Will I always feel that pain when I’m away from you?”

I saw Grayson clench and unclench his fists. I wasn’t sure if it was anger or something else.

“No. It will eventually stop. Our bodies will slowly adapt to being away from each other. But we will always crave each other’s presence.”

My shoulders slumped. “So I will never go home?” Tears pooled in my eyes.

Grayson swore under his breath as he watched me. His expression told me all that I needed to know. He would not let me go. He intended on keeping me close to him forever. I cried harder at this realization.

Grayson glared down at the pillows between us. “Screw this,” he said.

He came toward me, knocking away the pillows in his path.

I held up my hand, stopping him in his tracks. “No! No, stop, please, I just—I just, I can’t,” I sobbed.

Grayson groaned. “Belle, please let me touch you. Please, it is killing my wolf to see you like this. It is my job as your mate to take care of you.”

I looked at him. I had finally reached my breaking point.

“Don’t call me that! I am not your...your mate! It is not your job to do anything for me!” I screamed. I was hysterical. I couldn’t control it anymore. It was all too much for me.

“Belle,” I heard Grayson growl. He stood, running a hand through his hair with a look of agony on his face. “I just...fuck!” he yelled and threw a punch at the wall.

The entire room shook; his fist left behind a giant hole.

I jumped back and sobbed harder. How had I gotten myself into this mess? I hugged my knees to myself, letting all of my emotions free.

My stomach churned, and I felt like I was about to puke.

I tried to ignore it, but the throbbing right where Grayson had bitten me was getting to be almost unbearable. Grayson crouched down by the bed next to me. He seemed to be calmer, but his eyes were still pitch black, which scared me even more.

“It’s your mark isn’t it, baby? I know you must be in a lot of pain. Please, please let me make you feel better.”

I watched him closely as tears continued to rush down my face.

He lifted his hand slowly and brought it close to my face so it was almost touching my cheek.

I wanted so badly to just let it happen, to let him touch me and to feel the sparks running through my body. I leaned toward him a bit. I wanted to jump into his arms and hold on to him for dear life.

The truth was that I didn't only want him to touch me because I wanted the pain to stop.

I wanted to touch him, too, because I wanted the look of agony to leave his face.

I wanted to comfort him...because I liked him.

I liked my kidnapper. ~How is this even possible?~

I snapped back.

No, I couldn't let this happen. I wasn't going to lie down and give up because he'd told me some crazy story.

That might have been his world, but it wasn't mine. I couldn't give in to this 'mate bond.'

I hurried to the other side of the bed.

"Please just leave, Grayson," I sobbed. "I just want to be alone." Small hiccups left my mouth.

He didn't move. "No," he snapped. "I am not leaving you."

I felt defeated. I covered my face with my hands and sobbed as I whispered,

"Please, just leave. Please, just leave. Please, just leave." I repeated it over and over again.

I heard more swear words leave his mouth, and, a few seconds later, I heard footsteps leave the room.

And that's when the pain really started.

The days that followed were complete hell. I had no clue how long I stayed in that room, writhing in pain thanks to the stupid bite mark Grayson had put on my neck.

I spent most of my time lying in bed, screaming and shaking as I drifted in and out of consciousness from the pain. I lost count of how many times I got sick.

I kept having to run between the en suite bathroom and the bed every time my stomach churned. I knew at this point I was only throwing up bile.