

Chapter 14 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

Finally I gave up on trying to make it back to the bed and instead just slept on the bathroom floor. I would wake, screaming, as wave after wave of immense, throbbing agony shot through my body.

Kyle came into the room a few times with food, begging me to let Grayson come in.

After he'd left me, I'd heard Grayson tearing up the living room downstairs, smashing things and arguing with Kyle. It was so loud, I could only imagine what the gorgeous hotel room looked like now.

This only made me feel better about my decision to keep Grayson away.

He had no control of his anger, and I wanted him nowhere near me. A few times I felt him outside my door. My pain would improve just the smallest bit. He would stay there for hours. Sometimes I would hear his wolf whimpering.

It made my heart ache a bit, but I did my best to ignore it.

Every time Kyle asked to let Grayson in, I would just repeat over and over again that I didn't want him anywhere near me. I would get through this on my own.

Grayson had said that eventually the pain would stop. Once that happened, I could finally get out of here. I just had to fight through it.

For days the pain only worsened until I was an unmoving mess on the floor.

I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep; I couldn't do anything.

And what's even worse was that my only thoughts were of Grayson. No matter how hard I tried to stop it, my mind would go back to him.

I could no longer sense if he was outside my door.

I couldn't feel anything but pain.

I wondered if he was out there or if he had completely forgotten about me and was doing something else to fill his time. The thought made me sad.

I thought about his hair, his eyes, his chin, his mouth. I thought about his smile and how it felt to have his arms around me.

I thought about my undeniable attraction to him and how he made me feel safe—so much more than he scared me. He somehow made me feel like I wasn't alone.

He was so gentle with me, as if I was a glass object about to break. He'd told me he would always take care of me. He'd shown me nothing but kindness since I'd met him, and yet I had still turned him away.

I mean, he'd kidnapped me. He'd almost killed a man.

He was huge and strong and could undoubtedly break me like a toothpick. And, oh yeah, he could turn into a rabid wolf at any moment.

Can't forget about that.

But despite all of this, I still craved being next to him and feeling his skin against mine.

I wanted to kiss him again—and hold his hand and caress his hair.

I wondered how he was feeling right now.

God, he had looked so heartbroken when I'd begged him to leave me alone. I wondered if he really felt that way or if it was all an act. He could just be a kidnapper playing mind games with his victim. But what if I was really his mate and had sent him away feeling awful after he'd poured his heart out to me?

My heart tightened.

I reminded myself that I didn't know if he was telling the truth about the whole mate thing.

But I guess he had turned into a wolf in front of my very eyes.

So he for sure wasn't lying about being a werewolf. Which was a little terrifying to think about, but his wolf hadn't hurt me. So he probably wasn't lying about me being his mate.

And deep down, I secretly hoped he was telling the truth, because, number one, it would mean that I was actually safe with my kidnapper. I mean, the guy had said that we were soul mates. There was no way he'd actually hurt me.

Number two, it would explain why I was so blatantly attracted to him without even knowing him, and would provide a simple explanation for all the embarrassing fantasies that had been playing in my head since I'd met him.

And, number three, I mean... Have you seen the guy?

He was freaking gorgeous. And kind, and charming, and protective, and the first person to make me feel anything other than sadness in so long.

Oh God. Why did I make him leave again?

Why was I pushing away the first good thing to happen to me after my dad died?

I felt myself moving before I even comprehended what I was doing.

I practically sprinted to the door and flung it open.

I was a girl on a mission.

I didn't know where Grayson was, but I decided I wouldn't stop looking until I found him.

When I walked out into the hallway though, my eyes immediately connected with his. I sucked in a deep breath. He was sitting up against the wall at the end of the long corridor, his knees bent.

He looked exhausted.

His beard had grown out and there were large bags under his eyes. My heart broke at the sight of him. His eyes widened when he saw me, and he slowly stood, as if he was afraid to scare me away.

I hesitantly took one step toward him and then another, and then I was practically sprinting toward him. He met me halfway, and I flung my arms around his neck.

And everything was suddenly okay.

Sweet relief from the pain that I had dealt with for the past several days came crashing into my body, and I let out a sob.

Grayson wrapped his arms tightly around my middle and then shifted them to beneath my butt so he could lift me.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and clung to him for what felt like dear life.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered into my hair. "God, I'm so sorry."

I nodded my head to show that I understood, and pressed myself closer to him.

"I'm sorry too," I whispered into his neck.

He squeezed me gently. No more words were needed.

We stayed like that for a few minutes, just holding each other and breathing each other in.

It was pure bliss, and I never wanted it to end.

But then Grayson moved. I panicked. Was he going to put me down? Was he going to leave me again? He must have sensed my panic because he ran a hand soothingly up and down my back as he walked.

“Shh,” he said. “I’ve got you.”

He carried me past the room I’d spent the last few days in and into the room next to it.

Without letting go of me, he closed the door and then made his way over to the bed.

He laid us down so we were both on our sides facing each other with our bodies entwined.

Our foreheads touched, and for a while, we just stared into each other’s eyes.

Our breathing became in sync and everything felt so...right.

After some time I brought my hand up to touch the dark bags under his eyes.

“When was the last time you slept?” I asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders a bit. “About the last time you did.”

I furrowed my brow. “I’ve slept a lot over the last few days.”

He pulled me closer, tightening his hold on me.

“No, you’ve passed out. And never for more than a few minutes. There’s a difference between passing out and sleeping.”

“How did you know I passed out?”

“Because I felt it. I felt everything you went through.”

“You did?” I asked, surprised.

He nodded slowly and ran a thumb over my cheekbone.

“Our bond is stronger than the average werewolf couple. I’m not sure why. I can feel your strongest emotions. Usually that doesn’t happen until after you’ve completed the mating process.”

I shuddered when he reached a hand under my shirt and ran it up and down my back.

“Do I even want to know what the mating process is?”

He smiled slightly.

“I’m probably not the best person to tell you. But I promise you’ll enjoy every second of it. You’ll be begging me not to stop.”

His eyes drifted between us, roaming over my body. He licked his lips hungrily.

I scoffed and shoved at his shoulder lightly. He growled playfully and squeezed me tighter to him. His teeth nipped at my ear.

“S-so, um,” I stuttered when he leaned back to look at me. “The mating process. It, uh, has to do with, um”—I cleared my throat a bit—“that?”

Grayson’s eyes glittered with amusement. “Do you mean sex, mate?”

My cheeks blushed a dark red. I nodded my head.

Grayson licked his lips and smirked.

“Yes. It has to do with lots and lots of sex.”

His voice was deeper than usual, and I noticed that his eyes were slowly becoming darker the more we talked about the topic. I shifted uncomfortably thinking about Grayson and me having sex. He noticed that I was moving farther away from him, and he immediately pulled me closer.

“Nuh-uh, you are not getting away from me. I don’t care how nervous sex makes you.”

I looked anywhere but his eyes. He didn’t know it, but I had never had sex before. I just hadn’t had the time for boys when my dad got sick.

The thought of having sex for the first time with someone who seemed as experienced as Grayson made my stomach turn into knots.

Grayson’s hand went under my chin, and he lifted my head until my eyes met his.

“You have nothing to worry about, beautiful. Nothing will happen until you are one hundred percent ready and comfortable. Even then, I will take care of you. I’ll always take care of you.”

I relaxed a bit, even though the idea still made me nervous. Hearing his words, I wanted to melt into a puddle. He pressed his forehead against mine again, and we stayed like that for a while. It was interesting to stare into his swirling black eyes. It was almost as if they were sucking me in.

I found myself reaching up and cupping his face. I ran a thumb under his eyes.

“That’s your wolf?” I asked quietly.

Grayson placed his hand over mine and turned his head to kiss my palm gently.

“Yes.”