

Chapter 15 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

“Are you going to turn into a wolf now?”

“No, don’t worry about that. He’s just watching you. I mean, he’s always watching through my eyes. He’s just more present now because we’re so close to you.”

I continued to stare into his eyes as the black swirled around like a mist in his irises.

It was mesmerizing.

“What is he doing right now?”

“He’s worrying about you. He doesn’t enjoy seeing you so sad. He also continues to remind me of the fact that you haven’t eaten or slept in days. He’s mad at me for not taking care of you.”

“He can talk to you?”

Grayson shook his head. “No. He doesn’t speak. He is a wolf, after all. But somehow we just understand each other. We are the same being. My wolf is me just as much as I am him.”

“Huh,” I breathed out, intrigued by everything that Grayson was saying. It was all so interesting.

“He likes that you’re curious about him. He enjoys having your attention.”

“He does?”

“Yeah, you make him really happy.” He tucked a piece of hair behind my ear. “You make us both really happy.”

I wasn’t sure how to respond, so I just stayed quiet.

“Belle,” Grayson said, “I need you to know how sorry I am for all that you have been through since you met me. I know how scary and overwhelming this whole thing has been for you.”

He squeezed my waist. “And what’s even worse is that I’m the cause of all of your distress. It kills me to see you so upset. I wish I could’ve done all of this differently.

It was just the circumstances in which we met that made all of this so hard. Just please know that it was never supposed to be this way. I am so unbelievably sorry.”

He looked so pained—like he might break down at any moment.

I leaned into him more. Then I paused for a moment.

What am I doing?

I realized that I was seeking to comfort him.

The more time I spent with Grayson, the less scared I felt. In fact, I was actually starting to trust him. As strange as it sounded, trusting him felt natural. It felt easy.

Just like being in his arms.

And standing there, so close to Grayson, there was nothing I wanted more than to just be with him.

“I’m sorry too,” I whispered.

He scrunched his eyebrows together. “Why are you sorry?”

I sighed. “I never gave you a chance. I was afraid and refused to listen. Even after you were so sweet to me, I refused to listen.”

Grayson smiled slightly. “As happy as I am to hear you say that, you had every right to be afraid. I can’t imagine being in your shoes.”

His thumb began to trace circles around my hip bone as he held me by the waist. I inched closer to him.

“You were right,” I said.

He raised an eyebrow. “About what?”

I looked deeply into his eyes. “I found my way back to you.”

His smile widened until it took over his entire face. He said nothing, just pulled me closer, placing his forehead against mine. He gently rubbed noses with me and hummed out his contentment.

I breathed him in and basked in how it felt to be in his arms.

“Grayson?” I asked after a few minutes.

He lifted an eyebrow in response as his hands continued to dance across my skin.

“Can, um, can we try something?”

He paused for a moment. "What do you want to try, baby?"

I took a deep breath and looked deep into his eyes. They were so intense as he waited for me to speak.

"Um... I, um, well, can we...?"

He took my hand in his and threaded our fingers together.

He gave them a gentle squeeze, telling me to go on.

"Never mind," I blurted out.

"Well, that will not do," Grayson said. He moved in, so that his face was hovering just inches over mine. He placed a hand on my waist. "Tell me."

I shook my head. "No. It's not important."

His hand drifted under my shirt. I tried to stop him but he said, "Are you ticklish, gorgeous?"

I gaped at him. Was he planning on tickling me? "I'm not ticklish at all," I said quickly.

He leaned down until his lips were brushing up against my ear. "I can sense your lie, baby," he whispered. "Just tell me what you were going to say and I won't do anything."

"Seriously, it doesn't matter! I promise!"

"Yeah, I don't believe you," he stated.

He moved his fingers against my skin in a way that left me laughing hysterically. I squirmed and grabbed at his hands, but he just kept tickling me without mercy.

"Stop!" I yelled out between laughs. "Grayson, stop!"

"Just tell me what you were going to say and I'll stop!"

"No, no!" I laughed. "I'm not going to tell you!" I tried pushing him off of me, but he really wasn't budging.

He laughed along with me.

"Just tell me!" He began tickling me with extra force, and I almost peed my pants from laughing so hard.

"Okay, okay!" I finally gave in. "I was going to ask you to kiss me!"

Grayson immediately stopped and leaned back.

I slapped a hand over my mouth. I could not believe I'd just said that.

"What?" Grayson asked in shock.

I couldn't even look at him. I was mortified.

"Well, I, um, I didn't mean I, you know, wanted you to kiss me, I just, um—"

Grayson's face was suddenly directly in front of mine. "Thank God," he whispered.

And then he kissed me.

Grayson's lips moved against mine, soft like silk. A content grumble escaped his throat as he moved so that he was between my legs. He ran his hands up and down my sides, leaving intense sparks traveling throughout my body.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, letting my fingers tangle into his hair. He reached his hands under my shirt and raised it up.

I instantly pulled away and grabbed his hands to make him stop. "I-I'm sorry," I said.

He moved back as well and looked at me. He smiled slightly and then rubbed his nose against mine. "It's perfectly okay, beautiful. I'm in no rush."

I let out a sigh of relief and settled back into the bed. "Thank you," I whispered.

Grayson smiled and lay down next to me. He moved me so we were facing each other again, and wrapped his arms tightly around me. He nuzzled his face into my neck.

"I'm so glad you're feeling better. It physically hurt me to know how much pain you were in and to know that it was all my fault."

I nodded. I grabbed his hand and played with his fingers. I followed the lines of his palm gently with my nails, and smiled when he shivered and tugged me closer to him.

"It wasn't all your fault." I pressed my face into his chest, feeling my cheeks turn bright red at my words. I couldn't believe that I was saying any of this. "I was being stubborn. I was just scared. But..."

He cupped my cheeks in his hands, turning my face to look at him. "But...?" He urged me to continue.

I sighed as I stared into his gorgeous green eyes. I squirmed nervously. "But...I-I think I kind of like you?"

His eyes flashed black for a second as an enormous smile broke out on his face. “Do you now?”

That was not the response I was looking for. I’d hoped that he would reciprocate my feelings, not make fun of them. I buried my face into his neck and groaned.

“Hey, hey, hey,” he said, laughing. He rubbed my back. “Belle, look at me.” I shook my head. “Belle, baby, look at me.” He squeezed my side slightly.

I slowly lifted my head from his neck and looked at him. He smiled and put his hand beneath my chin, then lifted my face and placed his lips against mine. He moved his lips slowly and gently, letting his actions speak for him. I could feel his passion within the kiss—lust, and...love? I moaned softly.

He pulled away and looked at me once again. “I am so unbelievably happy to hear you say that, Belle. And trust me, the feeling is more than mutual.”

I took in a deep breath and nodded nervously. “Okay,” I heard myself say.

Okay? Okay? Is that seriously how you just responded, Belle? Ugh.

Grayson chuckled. “Okay.”

Before I could come up with a better response, he put his face in my neck, trailing open-mouthed kisses up and down it. And I mean open-mouthed kisses with his tongue. I shivered and gasped.

I licked my lips. “Grayson?” I asked shakily.

“Mmm?” he murmured, never taking his lips from my throat.

“Um...” I cleared my throat. He was being extremely distracting. “Can I ask you something?”

“Mmm...,” he repeated. His lips were now on my jaw.

I smiled a bit. “Are you going to stop kissing me so I can talk?” I shoved his shoulders slightly.

He smiled against my skin and kissed all the way over to my ear. He placed a kiss on my earlobe and then whispered, “Baby girl, if it were up to me, I would never stop kissing you.”

Something in my stomach tightened. I squirmed in his arms.

He groaned loudly.

“God, I can smell you and you smell so...” He paused. He placed his forehead against mine, and I noticed his eyes were black again. “So good,” he finished.