

Chapter 16 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

He kissed me once again, this time with more force. I breathed out in contentment and pressed my body against his. He lifted himself so he was above me and between my legs.

He grabbed the sides of my thighs and moved them until my legs were wrapped around his waist. Our bodies moved in sync, almost like we were magnets pulling and pushing against each other. Grayson had my mind spinning and my entire being tingling like never before.

And then, suddenly, his lips weren't on mine anymore.

I whimpered and tried to hang on to his body and bring it back down to mine, but he sat up and ran a hand through his hair as he watched me.

I gave him a questioning look.

I'm sure I looked like a complete mess—my hair greasy and tangled from not having a shower or a good brushing in days, bags under my eyes, my chest heaving.

He swore softly, looking at me with his intense black eyes. "This is becoming painful."

I shrank in on myself at his comment.

I knew he thought I looked disgusting. He could probably smell all the sweat and vomit that had come from my body over the last few days, especially with his enhanced wolfy smelling powers.

"Oh," I whispered. I sat up and moved until my back was against the headboard.

"Sorry, I haven't taken a shower in a little while."

He laughed loudly, something that was starting to become music to my ears. It felt like all was right in the world as long as Grayson kept laughing. He moved toward me slowly and grabbed my ankles. He tugged my body toward him with enough strength to have me lying back down on the bed. I let out a short shriek of surprise.

He moved back on top of me and placed his hands on either side of my head.

"That is not what I meant, my sweet, sweet Belle. You could not smell bad to me even if you were covered in garbage," he said. "What I meant is that it is becoming almost painful not to ravish you right here, right now. You are making it difficult."

His words were so intense, matching the intensity in his eyes. He brushed his thumb over my lips.

Wait, is he talking about sex? Does he want to have sex with me? Oh God, I think that's what he means. Oh God. Oh God. Oh God.

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry."

He smiled. "You have nothing to be sorry about. I have self-control. I'll just need to take a couple of cold showers. I'll manage."

I nodded slowly and swallowed. He plopped down next to me and groaned. "You are going to be the death of me, Belle." He looked at me, then wrapped an arm around my waist. "Why don't you tell me what you wanted to ask?"

"Oh, um," I laughed a bit, thankful for the change in topic. "I was actually going to ask if I could take a shower. I feel really disgusting."

Grayson made a face. "But then I have to let you out of my arms," he grumbled.

I laughed. "Yes. I'm sorry." I removed his arm from around me. "But, seriously, it needs to happen. I haven't taken a shower since before coming to Paris."

Grayson groaned. "Okay, okay. But please make it quick. I don't know how long I will make it before I have to break the door down. And my wolf really wants you to sleep."

"I promise I'll make it quick," I agreed. I didn't want to be away from him either.

I scooted toward the end of the bed.

I paused for a moment before standing up. I took in a breath of confidence and quickly made my way back toward Grayson. I placed a fast kiss on his cheek and moved away from him before he could see my face turn red.

Grayson growled deep within his chest.

"You are not making this easy, Belle."

I smiled as I stood, proud of the effect I had on him. I felt very accomplished.

"I know," I said.

He growled again, and I laughed. I made my way over to the bathroom door happily. But right before I entered, I looked back at Grayson.

He was still lying on the bed with one arm behind his head.

He was watching me with this content, lazy look on his face, as if he didn't have a single care in the world.

He raised an eyebrow when I didn't go into the bathroom. "What is it?"

I shifted my weight slightly, playing with the hem of my shirt. "I—" Should I say this? Probably not.

"I don't think I'm ready to be away from you."

I immediately looked down, not wanting to meet his gaze.

I heard him stand and come toward me. When he was standing in front of me, he placed his fingers beneath my chin and raised my head so I was looking at him.

His eyes were the darkest I had ever seen them.

"Then let's go take a shower."

Grayson placed his hand on the small of my back and pushed me toward the bathroom.

"Grayson, no! That is not what I meant! We are not taking a shower together!"

Grayson said nothing as he walked to the shower and turned it on. He came back to me and placed his hands on either side of my face.

"We can keep our underwear on if that would make you more comfortable."

He reached down to play with the hem of my shirt, never taking his eyes from mine.

I shoved his hand away.

"No! I am not taking a shower with you!"

He wrapped his arms around me and gently brought me close to his body. He leaned down and placed a kiss on my ear.

"Just let me take care of you. Please."

My heart melted a bit. I sucked in a breath.

"I—well, I—" I sighed, feeling defeated. "I can't think of any excuses. But I'm keeping my underwear on and you are too!"

He smiled widely and placed a quick kiss on my lips. Then, without looking away from me, he lifted my shirt over my head and pushed my leggings down to the floor.

I stepped out of them, now wearing only my bra and panties, then looked at Grayson. I felt vulnerable as his eyes roamed my body.

I could feel the familiar sparks everywhere they went.

I tried to stay confident and to stand tall, but the longer I stood there with him just staring at my body, the more insecure I felt. What if he didn't like the way I looked?

I wrapped my arms around my stomach and slumped my shoulders. It was so not fair that I was standing in front of him basically naked while he was still fully clothed.

"Hey, hey, hey. None of that." He grabbed my hands and placed them back at my sides, holding them there. "Never with me, Belle. You hear me? Never with me."

His thumbs brushed over my hands. I nodded, still feeling incredibly small standing in front of him. He kissed my forehead and then rested his chin on top of my head.

"Do you even know how beautiful you are, Belle?" he whispered.

I didn't respond. I didn't know how to.

"How the hell did I get so damn lucky?"

An intense blush crept up my neck. I was sure that I looked like a tomato.

Grayson chuckled lowly. "I don't think I'll ever get sick of that innocent blush of yours."

This only made me blush more.

I took a step away from him and nervously tucked a loose strand of hair behind my ear. "Can we please just shower now?" I asked.

Grayson laughed. "Those words coming out of your mouth are like music to my ears."

I rolled my eyes and shoved his shoulder. "Just get undressed already!"

"Oh, those words are even better." Grayson wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

I groaned. "Okay, that's it! You can leave. I'm taking a shower on my own." I shoved past him, trying to make my way to the shower.

He grabbed my wrist and tugged me back into his chest.

"Okay, okay," he said. "No more jokes, I promise."

I narrowed my eyes. "One more and you're out."

He raised his hands in surrender. He then slowly brought his hands down to the tie of his sweatpants and pulled at the strings. My eyes widened and I immediately turned around.

“Belle,” Grayson said through a laugh. “You can look if you want. My body is yours just as much as your body is mine. Look all you want.”

I waved a hand dismissively without turning around.

“That’s okay,” I said nervously.

The truth was, I really did want to look, but the fact that all I wanted to do was turn around and run my eyes over his delicious abs scared the crap out of me. The intense attraction I was feeling toward him was beginning to overwhelm me.

Things needed to slow down between us a lot.

I was thinking this right before I was about to hop into the shower with him...

Oops?

I felt his hands gently run down the sides of my rib cage in one soft, gentle motion.

A shiver went down my spine. Then I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck.

“Your loss,” he whispered into my ear.

I gasped when I felt him bend down and kiss the mark on my neck. I closed my eyes and instinctively leaned back into him, not even fully aware of my own movements.

He wrapped his arms around my middle and gave me a squeeze.

“Belle?” he asked, his face still buried in my neck.

“Mmm?” I said breathlessly.

“Are you going to go into the shower?”

“Oh,” I laughed nervously. I took a step forward, putting some distance between us.

“Yeah.”

I walked to the shower and leaned in to turn it on, holding my hand in the water to test the temperature before stepping in. The hot water felt wonderful, and I groaned as my tight muscles loosened.

I heard Grayson move toward me.