

Chapter 17 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

“Wait,” I said before he entered the shower.

I turned to look at him. I kept my gaze above his neck, refusing to let my eyes run down his delicious body like they wanted to. He raised an eyebrow questioning.

“This feels weird,” I said.

“What does?”

I let out an annoyed huff.

“Stay there,” I said.

I closed the sliding door of the shower, which, thankfully, you couldn’t see through.

Then I took a deep breath...

I lifted my hands to my back and undid the clasp of my bra, then slowly slid my panties down my legs. I knew Grayson was watching me through the glass and that he could see an outline of my body because there was intense growling coming from outside the shower.

I took my bra and underwear and threw them over the door so they hung there, dripping wet.

I looked at Grayson through the glass. The outline of his body was heaving, and I could hear his deep, raking breaths.

“Well?” I asked. My voice was shaking a bit, but I tried to make it sound confident.

“Are you coming?”

A groan came from the other side of the glass.

“Dear Moon Goddess, give me strength,” he whispered under his breath.

There was the sound of movement and then I watched the glass slowly slide open as Grayson entered the shower. I didn’t look down, but I knew that he was naked too. I gulped.

Before his eyes could glide over my body, I grabbed his chin and forced him to meet my gaze.

“Keep your eyes up here, got it? One peek and you’re out.”

He nodded his head and growled, his eyes darkening more and more with each passing second.

I watched his eyes warily. “Are you going to turn into a wolf?”

He chuckled darkly. “There’s no way my wolf would take control while you’re standing wet and naked in front of me.” He rested his hands on my waist, never breaking eye contact. “Plus, I would never allow it.”

I swallowed.

“Turn around, baby,” he whispered. “Let me take care of you.”

He turned me by my waist and then gently pressed my back into his body.

I gasped when I made contact with his, you know, um, thing, and he let out an ear-shattering growl.

I tried to take a step forward, but he tightened his hold on me and let out a warning growl. I froze when he reached for the shampoo.

“I can wash myself.”

“No. It is customary in werewolf culture for mates to bathe each other. My wolf desperately wants to clean you and care for you. Just let it happen.”

I breathed out and nodded. “Okay.”

I noticed that he grabbed the men’s shampoo instead of the hotel’s.

“You should use the hotel shampoo instead. I don’t want to smell like a guy,” I said.

“No,” Grayson said sharply. “I want you smelling like me as much as possible. This is the shampoo I use.”

I nodded again, not really having the energy to argue with him.

He squirted some shampoo into his hand and brought his fingers up to my hair. He worked the shampoo all throughout my hair, kneading his fingers into my skull.

I moaned loudly as all the tension left my body.

I leaned into his touch and closed my eyes in absolute bliss. He moved me to rinse out the shampoo and then repeated the process with conditioner. Then he grabbed a bar of soap and lathered up my body.

He massaged the soap into every inch of my body. I slapped his hands away whenever he tried to touch any area that would be considered a little too personal.

He'd just chuckle and playfully nip at my ear or neck and then move on to another part of my body. When he was done, he eased me under the water and washed away all the soap.

I turned and looked into his pitch-black eyes. He touched my cheek gently.

"You have no clue how badly I want to kiss you right now."

I shifted my weight. "After I clean you," I said, reaching for the shampoo.

"You don't have to do that. I will probably need a cold shower after this, anyway."

His voice was deep, much huskier than normal.

I shook my head, trying not to let his words affect me too much.

I grabbed the shampoo and squeezed some into my palm, rubbing it into a lather.

I wanted to do for Grayson what he'd done for me.

I reached up and massaged the shampoo in his hair. Grayson growled out his approval and gripped my waist tightly. His height was making it hard to do a good job.

"You're too tall," I grumbled. "Bend down."

He smirked. "My pleasure."

He lowered to his knees so that his face was right in front of my stomach.

Well, that is not what I wanted him to do. I'd thought he was just going to bend down so I had better access to his hair.

"You're not keeping your eyes where I told you to keep them," I said. The steam in here must've been messing with my brain because I definitely wasn't thinking straight.

"I'm aware," he said, not moving an inch. I huffed.

As weird as it may have seemed, I wasn't angry or embarrassed about being in a shower with Grayson. Being so close to him just felt natural—like second nature.

He placed his hands on my hips as I continued to massage the shampoo into his hair. Groaning softly, he rested his forehead on my stomach.

He gripped my hips harder when I used my nails to scratch around his scalp.

I grabbed the detachable shower head and held it over his hair to rinse out all the shampoo. As I was about to put the conditioner in his hair, he started kissing around my belly button.

I shoved his face away a bit.

“Stop,” I laughed out as he playfully rubbed his nose around my stomach. “You’re being very distracting.”

“I’m aware,” he said again and continued kissing me.

I huffed in annoyance but went back to conditioning his hair.

When I was finally done, I took a step away from him. He growled.

“Stand up so I can wash the rest of your body,” I said.

He did as I said but grabbed my hand gently before I could start putting soap on his body.

“As much as I would love to have your soapy little fingers running up and down my body, I don’t think my wolf or I can take any more of this sweet torture. Not without doing something that we might regret.”

“Oh,” I said. I looked away from him, unable to meet his heated gaze. “Okay.”

He gave me a gentle peck on the lips and then turned off the shower.

He stepped out before me and came back with a towel wrapped tightly around his waist and another in his hand. I stood there covering all of my important bits as he approached me with a gentle expression. He wrapped the towel around my shoulders.

His hand came up and brushed my wet hair out of my face.

“Well, that was the best shower I’ve ever had,” he said.

I laughed. “Of course you would say that. I’m sure you say that to all the girls you bring into the shower with you.”

I felt my shoulders hunch at my words. I didn’t like the idea of him being with other girls.

“No. Only with you.”

I met his eyes. He smiled.

“How about we get dressed, get some food, rest, and then go tour around Paris?

Have you ever been here before?”

I shook my head. “Not since I was little and only for about a day. I didn’t see anything.”

He smiled widely. “Well, I’m going to give you the best Paris experience ever.”

After our steamy shower, Grayson dressed me in one of his shirts and a pair of his sweatpants even after I had told him I could wear my own clothes.

He ignored my request, saying something about feeling better with me in his clothes.

Then he stood for several minutes, and told me he was debating with his wolf over whether we should eat first or sleep. I wanted to go to sleep, so I was happy when Grayson brought me to the bed.

But to be honest, I probably would have gone to sleep whether or not he’d told me I could.

I tried to keep my distance from him while we were sleeping, but he wasn’t having any of that. When we lay down, he grabbed me by my waist and pulled me to him so I was lying on his chest. His arms wrapped around me tightly, and our legs tangled together.

It was by far the best sleep of my life. Not that I would tell him that. He doesn’t need a bigger ego.

I woke up to the feeling of Grayson playing with my hair as I lay on his chest. My entire body was buzzing with electricity and contentment.

I thought about a few days ago when I’d first met him and how absolutely terrified I’d been.

I’d had every right to be terrified. And I didn’t regret pushing Grayson away, although it had hurt both of us more than I could ever imagine.

It had given me time to think. It had given me time to really come to terms with our bond and the connection that we had. There was no way that I could deny the bond between us now.

I was one hundred percent certain that Grayson was my mate, and that I was his. I was done denying it.

I tilted my head up at him and smiled, “Good morning.”

He smiled down at me and kissed my forehead.

“Actually, good afternoon. It’s about 4 p.m. in Paris right now.”