

Chapter 18 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

4 p.m.? How is that possible?

I sat up and looked out the window. Sure enough, it was dark outside. “Oh my gosh.

How long did we sleep?”

He shrugged, turning over on his side. “Not sure. I’m just glad you got some rest. My wolf was getting ready to sit on you again.”

He reached up and tucked a piece of hair behind my ear.

I laughed again, thinking about the last time he did that: he’d almost flattened my lungs.

“Well, I’m glad he didn’t.”

Grayson sat up and wrapped his arms around me again.

“Come here. I’m not ready to let you out of my arms yet.” He lay back down and brought me with him.

I giggled. On plain instinct, I reached up and kissed his lips. When I moved away, my eyes widened as I realized what I had just done.

“I did not mean to do that.”

Grayson growled and tugged me closer when I tried to move away.

“Trust me, mate, I did not mind at all. You can kiss me anytime you want.”

I rolled my eyes. “You would say that. You just like kissing me because I’m your so-called mate.”

“Even if you weren’t my mate, baby girl, I would still be extremely attracted to you.

People only mate when they’d make a good couple even without the bond. The bond just makes it easier for us to come together and know that we are meant for each other at first sight. It speeds the process along.”

His eyes darkened a bit. “Plus, it makes sex ten times better.”

I gasped and tried to shove him away, but his arms were like steel traps. “Is your mind always in the gutter?”

He smirked. “Baby, you are on top of me, straddling me, wearing my clothes. How could my mind not be in the gutter?”

I didn’t know what to say, but thankfully my stomach responded for me. It let out a loud rumble. I blushed.

Grayson laughed. “C’mon, let’s get some food in you.”

As we walked downstairs, he kept one hand on my back, making sure that some part of him was always touching me. I’d never thought I would say this, but I was glad that he maintained physical contact with me.

The thought of being in pain again—the pain that I felt when he wasn’t nearby—terrified me.

Kyle was already in the kitchen when we walked in. He smiled at me and wiggled his eyebrows. “Well, it’s good to see that you’re feeling better, Lu—”

“Don’t talk to her until she’s eaten,” Grayson snapped, completely interrupting Kyle.

I gaped at him, but he just kept pushing me toward the table, where a bunch of breakfast food was laid out, even though it was closer to dinner.

I stopped in my tracks and turned to look at Grayson.

“Excuse me, he can talk to me if he wants to. You need to stop bossing people around.”

I noticed that Grayson’s eyes were black again. I knew then that I probably shouldn’t mess with him. Without saying a word, he scooped me up in his arms, bridal style, and carried me to the table.

He sat down, keeping me in his lap.

“No,” he said. “Food!” He shoved a plate in front of me and nodded toward it, signaling for me to take some.

When I squirmed in his lap, he tightened his arms around me and growled loudly in my ear. I winced. Clearly, Grayson wasn’t in an arguing mood.

I gave Kyle an apologetic look, which he returned with a shrug and a smile that said he dealt with this sort of thing all the time.

Grayson grabbed my chin gently and moved my head so I was looking at him.

“Don’t pay attention to Kyle. Eat.”

I rolled my eyes. “Bossy much?”

Grayson squeezed my hips in warning, and I smiled cheekily as I reached for some food.

I could feel his hot breath on my ear as I ate, and it just made me squirm in his lap even more.

“Tomorrow we’ll eat at the best restaurant in Paris.”

I looked back at him as I took a big bite of a croissant. “So you’ve been here before?”

He nodded, then grabbed my wrist and brought the croissant in my hand to his mouth, taking a giant bite out of it.

“Hey!” I said and pulled the croissant back. “Get your own croissant!”

He smirked. “But it tastes so much better coming from your hand.”

I heard a gagging noise coming from behind us and looked over to see Kyle pretending to throw up.

Grayson growled lowly. “Watch it,” he said. “You weren’t any better when you met Elijah.”

I raised my eyebrows. “You’ve met your mate?”

Kyle nodded and smiled dreamily. “Yeah, about two years ago. His name is Elijah.”

My heart melted a bit at Kyle’s expression. It made me happy to see him happy. I wondered if Grayson felt, or ever would feel, the same way about me.

Or if I would ever feel that way about Grayson.

Grayson placed his chin on my shoulder and poured himself some coffee. “To answer your question, Kyle and I come to Paris once a year for the annual Alpha Conference.

“Kyle is my gamma, my third in command, so he accompanies me. My beta, or second in command, Adalee, stays back with the pack. She watches over things while we’re away.

“Paris has the biggest werewolf community in the world, so it makes sense that most alphas from around the world meet here.” He smiled a bit.

“It’s probably why everyone says that people from Paris have the reputation of being so mean.”

I laughed. “That’s actually hilarious.” I started picking at some fruit, then paused.

“How long are you guys staying?”

Kyle spoke this time: “We were only supposed to stay for two days.” He glared at Grayson. “But someone has been forcing us to stay.”

“He’s just grouchy because he’s never been away from his mate for more than five minutes,” Grayson said.

“Damn right I’m grouchy! How would you like to be away from Belle for two weeks?”

Grayson growled at his words and hugged me to his chest.

“Mmm, that’s what I thought,” Kyle mumbled.

“Wait, two weeks? No, no, no!” I pushed myself away from Grayson and stood.

“I was only supposed to be in Paris for five days! I have a job I have to get back to! I have friends who will be worried about me!”

“Belle, come here,” Grayson said. He held his arms open, still sitting down, motioning for me to sit back in his lap. “C’mon, it will help you calm down—you know it will.”

I looked at him warily. His arms opened wide like that, welcoming me, were so tempting that I couldn’t help but give in. I practically jumped into his arms and buried my face into his neck, absorbing all the comfort he could give.

“I need to go home,” I whispered.

“I know. And you will. I’ll be bringing you home soon, I promise. But we’re going to have one more night in Paris, and you’re going to enjoy being here without worrying about when you’re going home.”

I lifted my face out of his neck.

“Grayson, I have a job to get to. I have rent to pay. I need to go home now,” I said in somewhat of a panic.

Grayson ran his hand up and down my back in a comforting way.

“I will take care of everything. I have a lot of power you don’t know about. Any problem you might have when we get back will be taken care of. I promise.”

“What do you mean? How could you possibly—”

“Just trust me, beautiful. I will take care of you. You have nothing to worry about.

One more day in Paris, that's all I'm asking. I want to make you fall in love with this city tomorrow."

I took a deep breath as I looked into his eyes that seemed so sincere.

I had responsibilities that I needed to get back to. I was providing for myself—I had no one else to do that for me. I had to keep a roof over my own head now that my dad was gone.

But I couldn't help but trust Grayson's words.

I sighed. "Okay. One more day. But the day after tomorrow, I need to be on a plane back home."

Grayson smiled. "Good. Now eat some more." He turned me in his lap so I was facing the table again. I rolled my eyes at his bossiness but did as I was told.

"So where are you guys from then?" I asked around the delicious pastry in my mouth.

"Minnesota," Grayson said as he sipped his coffee. "The northern part, deep in the woods."

"I'm from Minnesota too!" I said.

Grayson nodded. "I figured that since we were both at the Minneapolis–Saint Paul Airport. What part of Minnesota?"

I opened my mouth to tell him, but stopped myself. What if I eventually changed my mind and decided I wanted to get away? Then I would definitely regret telling him.

I was really from Minneapolis, but I decided I couldn't tell him that.

"Winona," I said, blurting out the first city that came to mind. "It's in the south."

Grayson narrowed his eyes but nodded. Could he tell that I was lying?

"So we're about four or five hours away from each other," he determined.

I looked away and continued to eat my food nervously. "Yeah, I guess so."

The hand on my hip tightened as if Grayson wanted to question me, but he didn't say anything further.

I continued to eat my food in awkward silence.

Kyle eventually sat down and ate with us once Grayson decided that I probably wouldn't be able to finish the insane amount of food on the table.

