

Chapter 19 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

Once I was officially done, I leaned back into Grayson's chest and rubbed my full stomach in contentment.

Grayson's chest rumbled behind me, and he bent to kiss the top of my head.

"Are you ready for a night in Paris?"

"So where are we going?" I asked Grayson when we stepped out the doors of the hotel lobby.

"Well, first we need a cab," Grayson said. He walked in the direction of the street and hailed a taxi with ease.

"Wait, why don't we just walk? It's a really nice night," I said as a cab pulled up.

Grayson opened the taxi door for me. "We are on a tight schedule, love." He motioned me in.

Not seeing the point of arguing, I got into the car, and Grayson followed behind me.

He had a plan.

The driver said something to us in French, which I assumed was him asking where we were going. Astounding me, Grayson gave him the location in what sounded like perfect French.

"You speak French?" I asked him, shocked.

"I speak multiple languages," he replied, as if it were no big deal. "It is normal for an alpha to learn to speak in different tongues. It makes it easier to communicate with other packs around the world."

I nodded and fidgeted with my seat belt. as the car pulled away from the curb. How the hell could one person be so perfect?

He was good-looking, strong, kind, and smart. What on earth does he possibly see in me?

Before I could buckle my seat belt., Grayson wrapped a strong arm around my shoulders and tugged my body over to his, nuzzling my hair.

"You'll sit here. I'm not ready to be away from you yet."

"I was literally less than a foot away from you."

Grayson shrugged. "Too far."

I decided not to argue, instead settling contentedly into his rumbling chest and watching the beautiful streets of Paris pass by. As we made our way to our destination, the driver kept glancing at us through the rear view mirror any chance he got.

I squirmed in discomfort.

I wasn't sure why he was watching us, but he seemed to be extremely interested in all that we were doing. Grayson was too busy playing with my hair and rubbing my leg to notice. But he immediately stiffened when he saw my discomfort, following my gaze to the driver.

His eyes narrowed and he let out a booming growl that made me wince.

The driver sucked in a sharp breath and quickly looked away, keeping his eyes glued to the road for the rest of the ride. Once we got out of the taxi, I turned to Grayson and poked his chest.

"You need to stop growling at people."

Grayson wrapped an arm around my shoulder and led me down the street. He huffed. "I should be the only man looking at you."

"Was that really why he was looking at us?"

He sighed. "No. As beautiful as you are, I'm sure he was just curious about the girl on the alpha's arm. He was probably wondering if you were my mate. It would be a big deal if it got out that I had found my mate."

"He was a werewolf?" I asked in shock.

"Yes. Like I said before, Paris has one of the biggest werewolf populations in the world."

"Yeah, I'm still trying to wrap my head around that. That's crazy. And he knew who you were?"

Grayson grinned. "Not to brag or anything, but your mate is kind of a big deal in the werewolf world."

I rolled my eyes. "It seems like he's humble too."

He growled playfully in my ear, nipping at it gently. I laughed. He stopped in front of a fancy liquor store and opened the door for me. I gave him a skeptical look as I walked inside.

The store was filled from floor to ceiling with customized wooden cabinets featuring countless varieties of wine. It was the very definition of elegance.

Everything was pristine.

I felt a little out of place in my jeans, sweater, and coat that I had bought for ten dollars at a thrift store. My eyes widened as I noticed the price of the bottle nearest to me. It was seven hundred dollars.

I looked at Grayson. "What are you up to?"

He just winked and grabbed my hand as he pulled me through the store, completely ignoring my question. He walked up to a man dressed in a suit who was setting up a display on a table. The man looked up at us and smiled as we approached.

He said something in French, to which Grayson replied in English: "I'd like your best bottle of wine," as he brought me close to his side.

The man just smiled and nodded, unfazed and disappeared through a door.

"The best bottle of wine?" I asked Grayson. "Won't that cost a lot?"

Grayson shrugged. "It's nothing I can't handle, I promise."

I turned to him. "You're planning on spending hundreds of dollars on a bottle of wine?"

"Thousands probably," he said nonchalantly.

My jaw dropped to the floor. "Thousands?"

Grayson smiled, putting his hands on my waist. "It's really not a big deal. I've spent much more than that before."

"Yes, but have you ever spent that much on a bottle of wine?"

I ran down the street as fast as my legs could carry me, still clutching Grayson's credit card in my hand. I thought I had seen a grocery store when we'd gotten out of the cab earlier, and thankfully I was right. That's where I needed to go. I ran faster.

I didn't look behind me to see if Grayson was following. I had no doubt in my mind that he would catch me. In fact, I hoped he did. I had given up on getting away from him.

But first, I had to make it to that grocery store.

I crashed through the doors of the store and smiled brightly. It only took a second for me to feel arms wrap around my waist. I was tugged backward into a hard chest.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Grayson growled in my ear.

I turned to face him and wrapped my arms around his neck, smiling. He looked surprised by my display of affection.

“It took you awhile to catch up,” I said.

He tightened his arms around me. “I wanted to see where you would go.”

“You weren’t afraid that I would run off and spend all your money?” I said, waving his credit card in his face.

“What’s mine is yours. You will never want for anything ever again. You can spend as much of my money as you want.”

I stared at him for a moment. I’d never had enough money to spend on anything other than the necessities. Sometimes I didn’t even have enough to buy food.

I couldn’t count the number of times I’d gone to bed hungry after my dad had gotten sick.

Back home, I was just starting to be able to provide for myself.

I’d rented a small one-bedroom apartment and was paying for it with a crappy waitress job. It wasn’t the most luxurious life, but it was enough for me.

And I took great pride in the fact that I was making it on my own, providing for myself.

Sure, sometimes I didn’t have enough money to buy groceries. But maybe now that I didn’t have to save up all of my paychecks for a plane ticket to Paris, I could finally start living, instead of just surviving.

Of course, that was before I missed my flight home and didn’t show up to several shifts I’d been scheduled for. Shifts that I needed in order to pay my rent... Which was already overdue.

I didn’t even want to think about how I’d pay for another flight home. I guessed I wouldn’t be buying groceries for a while still.

I remembered I had peanut butter in my cupboard, and I could always steal French fries off people’s plates at the diner if I still had a job. Hopefully my boss would understand. That would have to be enough for now.

When I didn’t respond, Grayson squeezed my sides. “Why did you come in here, anyway?”

I smiled. “If you must have your sour grape juice, this is the only place that I will allow you to buy it.”

He raised an eyebrow, looking very amused. “Is that so?”

I nodded. “Yep. And I get to pick it out.”

He shook his head, looking like he would object. “Belle—”

I cut him off by crushing my lips against his. Grayson let out a surprised groan but didn’t protest. A low growl came from deep within his chest, and he immediately deepened the kiss, tugging my body closer to his.

Knowing how quickly things could escalate when it came to kissing Grayson, I removed my mouth from his when I felt him run his tongue over the seam of my lips, asking for entrance.

He groaned out his disapproval and tried to kiss me again, but I put my hand over his mouth as a barrier. He growled.

“Give me what I want and I’ll give you another kiss,” I said.

He narrowed his eyes, and I slowly removed my hand.

“You’re lucky you’re my mate,” he said in a low voice, telling me his wolf was at the surface. “If anybody else tried to manipulate me like this, I would have them back in their place within seconds in the most painful way possible.”

I swallowed hard.

He leaned in so that his lips were almost brushing mine.

“It’s a good thing I’ll do anything to have your sweet lips on mine,” he whispered.

I could feel my cheeks heating up. Grayson chuckled softly.

“C’mon, let’s go get your wine.” He pushed me in the direction of one of the aisles.

Once I had picked out a reasonably priced bottle of wine for about six euros, I looked at Grayson.

“Okay, we got the wine. What next?”

Grayson had one arm wrapped possessively around my waist, his thumb rubbing my side.

“Now we go get the bread.” He pushed me toward where the bread was located.

“Bread? Why do we need that? What are you planning?” I asked.

Grayson smiled. "I was actually surprised when you came here. This place was our next stop."

"Really? Why?"

Grayson picked up a nice-looking baguette. "We're getting French bread and cheese."

"Wine, bread, and cheese? Are we having a picnic?" I asked. I looked outside. "The sun is about to go down."

Grayson shrugged. "I guess you'll just have to wait and see."