

# Kidnapped by My Mate Novel (Belle & Grayson)

## Chapter 2

I shook my head.

“No, not since she left my sick father and me to run off to Paris and marry her rich lover,” I heard myself saying.

I paused. I can’t believe I just said that.

I had told no one about my mother, and now I’d just blabbed it to a complete stranger.

I looked at him. His expression was pensive.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know why I said that. I promise I’m not that crazy person on the plane who shares her entire life story with the stranger sitting next to her.”

Grayson looked deeply into my eyes—almost as if he were searching for something

—and then he grabbed the armrest between us and lifted it so it was no longer a barrier. I watched his movements closely.

“Um... What are you doing?”

“Shh...,” Grayson said. He grabbed my hips, which were already angled toward him, and tugged me so that my knees were touching his.

The delicious sparks trailed up and down my body again as his hand found its way under my shirt and onto the small of my back, where his thumb began making soothing circles.

I let out a breathy sound from the back of my throat. His other hand went up to cup my face.

“You don’t have to worry about a thing now,” Grayson whispered. “I’m going to take care of you.” He leaned down so that his lips were touching my ear. “You’re mine.”

I tilted back so I could see his eyes.

“What do you mean?”

He smirked. “I mean...” His thumb touched my lower lip, and I gasped.

“Everything”—he kissed my eyelid—“about”—he kissed my other eyelid—“you”—the top of my nose—“is mine.” Finally, his lips met mine.

My eyes fluttered shut at his kiss. The feeling was euphoric, like fireworks and explosions. My hands moved up to his huge, muscular shoulders and squeezed.

I let out a soft moan.

I felt him smirk against my lips, and I paused for a second. No, no smirking.

Smirking meant that he might stop kissing me, and I really didn’t want that to happen.

Never taking my lips from his, I got up on my knees and pushed my chest into his, basking in the sparks that came wherever our bodies met.

My hands went up into his hair and tugged his face closer to mine.

He groaned approvingly.

Suddenly he squeezed my hips tightly, then lifted me onto his lap so that my knees went on either side of him. I pushed my chest against his, and he deepened our kiss, plunging his tongue into my mouth.

His hands kneaded my hips and then slid up under my shirt to grip my waist, his thumbs touching the underwire of my bra.

Oh my God, is it getting hot in here?

Someone cleared their throat next to us, and it was like they’d flipped a switch in my brain: I suddenly realized what we were doing.

I jerked backward, but Grayson tightened his grip, keeping me firmly on his lap.

I looked at the flight attendant who was standing next to us.

“Sorry, miss, but I’m going to have to ask you to return to your seat and put on your seat belt. The plane is about to take off.”

I nodded my head quickly, feeling my face turn bright red. I scrambled to get off Grayson’s lap, and, thankfully, he let me go this time. I sat down in my seat and quickly buckled my seat belt.

The flight attendant watched as Grayson put his on too, then she nodded and walked away.

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

I placed my hands on my face to cool my burning cheeks.

I can’t believe I just did that. What is wrong with me?

I was so embarrassed, I couldn’t even bring myself to look at Grayson. I had crawled into his lap and pressed against him like some hooker begging for him to get into my panties.

“Hey, hey, hey,” I heard Grayson say. “What’s wrong?” He touched my arm.

I jerked my arm away, ignoring how much I wanted him to keep his hands on me.

“Don’t touch me,” I snapped.

Grayson made a startling growling noise in the back of his throat. I looked at him and saw an intense expression on his face. His jaw was clenched and his breathing was deep, his chest rising and falling quickly. And, oh yeah, his eyes were pitch black. The pupils, irises, and the whites of his eyes were all black.

I gasped and scrambled backward until my back hit the wall behind me.

“Oh my God. Your eyes.”

His eyes widened and then snapped shut. He took a deep breath, and when his eyes opened again they were back to normal.

I was going insane. That was the only logical explanation. The death of my father and the fear of seeing my mother again were finally getting to me.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “It’s just... You can’t tell me not to touch you.”

My heart started beating faster. Maybe he was the insane one. "What do you mean?"

He leaned forward, an intense look in his eyes.

"Oh, baby girl, have you forgotten already?" His hand clasped my knee and rubbed up and down my leg. "You're mine, remember?"

My blood boiled. That was the third time he had called me his property. Who did this guy think he was? Sure, he was good-looking. I had thrown myself at him and was extremely attracted to him, but that didn't mean I belonged to him. I was my own person. I belonged to no one.

I especially didn't belong to some man who I'd just met and who knew no personal boundaries. I opened my mouth to give him a piece of my mind, but stopped when I felt the plane suddenly move.

I must've completely missed the part where they explained where all the exits were and how to buckle your seat belt. It was probably for the best though: that just would've only made me more nervous.

As the plane picked up speed, my heart beat hard against my ribs and my hands began shaking. I grabbed hold of Grayson's hand that was still clamped onto my leg and squeezed my eyes shut.

I tried taking deep breaths to calm myself down, but they came out more like quick, gasping pants.

Oh my God... Am I hyperventilating?

"Belle," I heard Grayson say. "Belle, baby, what's wrong?" I felt his hand come up to grip my shoulder.

I shook my head frantically, unable to find my voice. I was afraid that if I spoke, I would cry.

"Belle," Grayson's voice said to me. It came out calmer this time.

"Look at me, Belle. I need you to look at me, gorgeous. Let me see those beautiful blue eyes."

I just shook my head again. The plane jumped as it lifted off the ground. I let out a whimper and pushed myself further against the wall.

“Belle, I swear to God, if you don’t look at me, I will kiss you again, and who knows where that will lead...”

Did he actually just say that? I was basically about to have a heart attack, and he was threatening to kiss me?

I opened my eyes. Grayson’s face was about a foot away from mine. He smiled.

“There are those beautiful eyes.”

My breathing slowed a bit. He was so unbelievably beautiful. How could someone possibly be so good-looking?

And charming, and sweet, and comforting, and such an amazing kisser...

The plane suddenly shook again—harder this time—and most of the passengers gasped.

The pilot’s voice came over the cabin speakers to apologize for the turbulence, saying that the weather seemed more serious than was originally expected.

I glanced out my window and saw that it was pouring rain, and the sky was filled with lightning.

“Oh my God, this is how I’m going to die,” I said. My entire body was trembling.

The plane shook again at the same moment that a crashing roar of thunder came from outside. I let out a terrified shriek as tears started pouring from my eyes.

“Belle, baby, come here,” Grayson said in an agitated tone. I looked at him and saw that he was holding out his arm, encouraging me to lean on him.

“What?” I asked shakily. “N-n-no!”

Something gripped my hand tighter. I looked down to see that I was holding his hand with both of mine. I quickly let go and pushed it away from me.

Why am I so touchy with this dude?

He ran a hand through his hair as he watched me panic. He looked pained. “Please, Belle, just let me help you.”

I grasped at the wall behind me, hoping it would stabilize my shaking body. "How?"

Before I could get my answer, the plane was rocked by crashing loud thunder and a bright bolt of lightning that I swore must have hit us. People screamed as bags fell from the overhead compartments.

I screamed bloody murder and covered my face with my hands.

"Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God," I sobbed. This was my worst nightmare.

"Belle," Grayson said. His voice was clearer than before, and suddenly all other noises faded away. "Look at me."

As if I was under his control, I removed my hands from my face and looked at Grayson. His eyes were black again. But this time, it wasn't scary. This time, it was almost comforting.

"Come here," he said slowly.

I nodded my head and practically dove into his chest, going as far as my seat belt would let me. I wrapped my arms around his torso and gripped his shirt in my fists.

He wrapped his arms around me, too, lifting my shirt so that his bare skin was touching my back and stomach.

"What are you doing?" I asked, shivering from the feeling of his skin against mine, and the delicious sparks traveling down my spine once more.

I felt him nuzzle my hair. "I'm sorry, I know this must be weird for you. It's just that the more skin-to-skin contact we have, the calmer you will feel."

He removed my arms from around him, and, for a moment, I felt disappointed. But then he lifted his shirt and put my arms back where they'd been.

I could feel his abs...

"See? Better, right? Touching me is helping." I felt him kiss the top of my head.

He was right. I could feel my heart rate slowing down and my nerves starting to calm. "How is this happening?" I asked. I was so overwhelmingly confused.

