

Chapter 20 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

After buying our wine, bread, and about five different types of cheese, Grayson and I were back in a cab and off to our next destination.

Which just so happened to be the Eiffel Tower.

As I stepped out of the cab, I couldn't help but gape up at the massive wrought-iron lattice. It was so much bigger than I'd thought it would be.

"Wow," I said. "This is my second time in Paris, and I've only now gotten to see the Eiffel Tower."

Grayson came behind me and wrapped his arms around me, leaning down so he could place his chin on my shoulder.

"I'm glad I'm here with you for the first time you get to see it," he said. He kissed my cheek gently and then grabbed my hand. "C'mon." He led me toward a bench.

There were already people sitting there when we approached, but when they saw Grayson they immediately stood up and hurried away, muttering, "Sorry, Alpha."

"Why don't we just sit at that bench?" I asked, pointing to a bench with no one sitting on it.

"It has to be this bench," Grayson said sharply, sitting both of us down.

Mr. Bossy, as usual.

I was finally starting to enjoy my time with Grayson, but maybe that was because I knew that it was ending. Soon I'd go back to work and try to forget all about my trip to Paris.

I shook my head to get rid of that thought, coming back to the present.

The sun was just beginning to set, painting the sky a beautiful pink, purple, and orange.

There were people sitting all around us, gazing up at the tower.

I noticed that several other people were just arriving, too, setting up blankets on the grass and sitting on the surrounding benches.

"Why are there so many people?" I asked as I looked around.

"You'll see," Grayson said.

I raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

He opened the paper bag that contained the wine, bread, and cheese and took it all out. I reached for the bread, but he moved it out of my reach. I gave him a questioning look.

He looked down at his watch. “Just a few more seconds.”

And then our night got truly magical.

The Eiffel Tower glittered with a million sparkling lights. It was breathtaking.

The radiant building shone across the city of Paris, casting a warm yellow glow as we all gazed up at it. I couldn’t help the smile that took over my face.

“Is this what you were waiting for?” I asked Grayson.

He nodded as he watched me, giving me a smile that took my breath away.

“When I was a kid, my mom and I used to come here every year after the Alpha Conference and watch it light up. She would take me to the exact store we just went to and buy the most expensive bottle of wine they had.

“Then we would go and get bread and cheese from the grocery store down the street, and then we’d come and sit here and watch the Eiffel Tower light up under the stars.

“She would even let me have my own glass of wine. It was one of my favorite days of the year—one reason I love Paris so much.”

I had never seen this side of Grayson. I’d seen him as an aggressive lover and as my caretaker, but I’d never seen him be vulnerable. I hadn’t even known that this tough, possessive alpha male had a vulnerable side. It touched me that he was willing to share it with me—made me like him even more.

“What?” he suddenly asked.

That shook me out of my admiring daze. “What?” I asked back.

He chuckled. “You were staring at me. Not that I minded. I would just like to know what’s got you thinking so hard.”

I blushed. There was no way I could let him know that I was thinking about how much I liked him.

“Nothing,” I said quickly. “I was just imagining what a beautiful scene it must’ve been, you and your mother sitting under the stars in Paris.”

He nodded and looked up at the tower solemnly. "Yeah. It was."

"Does she not come with you to Paris anymore?"

His eyes turned glossy and he was quiet for a moment. "No. She and my father died almost five years ago."

"Oh, Grayson, I'm so sorry." I put my hand on his shoulder. "I can see how much they meant to you. That must've been terrible."

He took a deep breath and then turned his head to place a kiss on my hand.

"It was a long time ago. No need to dwell on the past."

He leaned over to where he'd spread out our food and wine.

"I try to do this every year to honor her memory." He opened the wine and held the bottle out to me. "And now you get to join me."

I smiled. "I'm honored."

We spent the next several hours talking and sipping our cheap wine out of the bottle.

Soon, all the people around us were gone, leaving just Grayson and me, staring at the city lights in front of us. The lights on the Eiffel Tower turned off some time during the night, but Grayson and I stayed, talking about anything and everything.

Conversation was so easy with him.

We spent the entire night like that, and, by the time the sun rose over the horizon, I found myself completely taken with Grayson.

I was lying on the bench with my head in his lap as he played with my hair when he finally said, "Do you want to go get some coffee? I know a great place down the street."

I smiled and nodded.

Once in the coffee shop, Grayson told me to find a seat while he ordered for us, but I quickly grabbed his hand, pulling him back to me.

Grayson gave me a questioning look.

"Don't leave me," I said quickly, afraid of the pain that I might feel if I lost contact with him again. I didn't think I could handle it.

My cheeks turned bright red at the request, but Grayson just smiled. He brought his hand up and tucked a piece of stray hair behind my ear.

“We’ve been together long enough for our bond to strengthen. Nothing will happen now if we are apart. Nothing besides a dull ache.”

My eyebrows rose in surprise.

“Are you sure?” I asked nervously.

Grayson leaned down and kissed my forehead.

“I’m sure. And if you feel any pain at all, all you have to do is come stand next to me and touch me, and it will all go away. I’ll only be a few steps away.”

He tried to step away slowly, but I didn’t let go of his hand.

“I, um—” I gripped his hand tighter. I didn’t want to be away from him, not even a little.

“I think I would feel better if I just went with you.”

Grayson didn’t protest. Instead, his face broke out into a breathtaking smile.

He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to him, nuzzling his face in my hair and breathing in deeply.

“I am more than okay with that.”

Once we’d had our coffees and croissants, Grayson and I wandered around the streets of Paris, chatting and watching as the city woke up. I was beginning to understand why Paris was considered to be such a romantic city.

I can definitely imagine myself falling in love here.

We walked all the way to the Notre-Dame cathedral and sat on the steps for a bit before going to a very fancy restaurant nearby for lunch. I felt odd sitting there in my jeans and sweater, but the food made up for any discomfort that I might have had.

“Oh my God, that was amazing!” I said when I had finished.

“I told you I would bring you to the best restaurant in Paris,” Grayson said.

“Yeah, well, you weren’t lying.”

Our waiter came by then and set down our check.

“Whenever you’re ready,” he said in a thick French accent and then walked away.

I reached for it, ready to pay whatever the cost as Grayson had paid for our food last night and our coffee this morning, but he snatched it away before I could grab it.

“No,” he stated firmly.

I rolled my eyes. “Grayson, please let me pay for this. You already have paid for so much. I’ll feel terrible if you don’t let me at least buy you lunch.”

He was already reaching into his pocket for his wallet.

“Absolutely not. As long as you’re with me, you will never pay for anything. In fact, I am determined to make sure that you never pay for anything ever again.”

I scoffed. There was no way I would let that happen.

“How about you at least let me pay for my meal? It’ll make me feel better and not like I’m leeching off of you, stealing all of your money.”

“Argue all you want; it’s not going to happen.”

He placed his card in with the check and then lifted it up for the waiter to see. But before he closed the check folder, I caught a glimpse of the price of the meal.

My eyes widened. Maybe it was better that I wasn’t paying for it.

Just my meal would’ve cost me several shifts at the diner.

“Where do you get all of your money, anyway?” I asked. Then I realized what I had just said. “Oh, sorry, is that a rude question?”

“No, not rude at all. My family owns a large hunting company with thousands of workers who keep my pack afloat and then some. We provide animals both alive and dead for anybody who wishes to buy them.”

Just then, our waiter came into view. He approached our table when he saw Grayson waving.

“Please take this away before my date tries to pay again,” Grayson said in an amused tone, handing the man the folder.

I glared at him.

When the waiter was gone I asked, “So you kill animals?”

Grayson chuckled and took my hand from across the table.

“Don’t look so frightened, beautiful. It’s the circle of life. And I must provide for my pack in some way. “Besides, what else would you expect from a pack of werewolves? We already hunt in our wolf forms to keep our wolves sane. We might as well make some money off it.”

I still didn’t love the idea, but I decided not to argue.