

Kidnapped by My Mate Novel (Belle & Grayson)

Chapter 3

What is happening?

Before he could answer, there was another burst of thunder. I whimpered and pushed my face into his chest as far as it would go. His arms tightened around me, and his hands massaged my back.

“Shh, baby girl. Relax for me,” he whispered, his mouth touching my ear. I felt my shoulders slowly release their tension. His voice was so smooth, so comforting—it was like he had magical powers.

I would have done anything he told me to do as long as I got to keep hearing his voice.

“There we go. That’s what I like to see.”

More thunder shook the plane. I pressed my face deeper into his chest and gasped.

“Nuh-uh,” he said. “None of that.” His lips pressed to my ear, leaving a kiss.

“Pay attention to my voice. All you can hear is my voice, baby.” He trailed kisses down my neck.

He was right. Once again, the other noises faded away. The crying babies, the yelling passengers, the roaring thunder, the pounding rain—everything else went silent.

All that was left was him and me.

“The only thing you can hear is my voice. Isn’t that right?”

I nodded my head.

“Good. Now, slow your breathing.”

My breathing went from quick, gasping breaths to slow, deep sighs.

“Good girl.” His lips continued to move along my neck. “Don’t be scared. I’ve got you. I’ll take care of you.”

His kisses felt like magic. His voice was like magic. Everything about him was magic. I wasn’t on a plane anymore. I wasn’t anywhere anymore.

It was just me and Grayson, his arms around me, his lips on my skin. I was calm.

And then his lips found a spot on my neck that made fire travel throughout my body. I gasped.

Grayson smiled against my skin. “Hmm...” He began sucking on the spot, his tongue running over my skin, leaving tingles that went to my toes.

His fingers were digging into my waist, and I felt something building up inside me

a feeling that I hadn’t had in a long time. My entire body shuddered, and I tilted my head to the side to give him better access. His deep chuckle vibrated through my body.

“Hmm... Like that, do we?” he whispered against my skin.

I couldn’t even respond. It felt like I was on drugs. Everything was moving so slowly. I let out a deep breath that sounded more like a whine because he had stopped kissing me. I didn’t know exactly what I wanted, but I needed something more—something I knew Grayson could provide.

I tilted my head some more, hoping he would keep kissing me.

He sighed. “I know, beautiful, I know. But not here. Not now.” He placed one more peck on the spot. “But I promise, I will make you mine. Soon.”

I didn’t understand what he meant. So I just moved closer to him, breathing in his heavenly scent. What kind of cologne does he use?

“That’s right,” he said. “I’m here and you’re safe. Nothing bad will ever happen to you again. We’re going to create the most amazing life together. I’m never letting you go.”

What did he just say?

“But for now,” he said, “you need to rest.”

I looked up at him. His eyes were still black.

“Sleep.”

And my world went dark.

I woke up to the feeling of being moved. I was vaguely aware of the fact that someone was unbuckling my seat belt. and then picking me up. I opened my eyes.

Grayson had placed me on his lap so that my knees fell on either side of him.

He set my head against his chest and wrapped his arms around me again.

I suddenly remembered that I was on a plane, and my heart rate picked up. How long have I been asleep for? I tried to lean back to look at him, but he just tightened his hold on me.

“Nuh-uh. Not so fast. You’re not going anywhere,” Grayson said calmly. He kissed my forehead. “Go back to sleep, Belle.”

And yet again, I was out like a light.

I dreamed of hands moving up and down my back and waist, playing with my hair, kneading my hips. I dreamed of sweet kisses being left on my ear, my nose, my forehead.

I dreamed of touching fireworks and then watching them travel up and down my body, finally exploding in my chest, leaving a warm glow around my heart.

But mostly, I dreamed of his forest-green eyes.

When I woke up for the second time, the only thing I was aware of was how warm and at peace I felt.

Everything felt so...right.

I buried myself deeper into the warmth and focused on the small firework that kept traveling up and down my back. It felt amazing. I let out a deep sigh.

Then suddenly my sigh was echoed by someone else, and I felt a kiss on my forehead. My eyes opened. Where am I?

I looked above me and saw Grayson. He had one arm around me, a hand running up and down my back and playing with my hair. The other hand was holding out a cell phone, texting someone.

His face was scrunched together as he concentrated. Oh my God. I was in his lap.

My back straightened, and his eyes suddenly snapped to mine. He smiled.

“Morning, beautiful.”

He really has a thing for pet names.

I scrambled to move away from him and he gripped my hips.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he said.

I seemed to recall him putting me in his lap. I glared at him.

“Why am I in your lap?”

He shrugged. “You kept moving toward me in your sleep, trying to put your face in my neck, and whimpering. So, when the seat belt sign turned off, I moved you to where you wanted to be.”

I felt the blood drain from my face as I pictured myself crawling toward him in my sleep; it then immediately rushed back up into my cheeks as I remembered his lips on my neck.

Sensing where my thoughts were going, he said, “Not that I minded.”

He smirked.

Smirked!

I scoffed and tried to shove his hands off me so I could return to my seat.

“You can stay here. Really, it’s fine,” he said.

“No, really, it’s not,” I said, finally escaping his vice-like grip. I let out a sigh of relief as I slid back into my own seat. I was beyond embarrassed.

Why do I have to be so weird in front of the first guy I've been attracted to in years?

"I'm sorry. I usually have personal boundaries. I don't know what's wrong with me today."

He just waved it off, saying that it was no big deal.

"How long was I asleep for?"

He looked at his watch. "About eight hours."

I gasped. "I was asleep for eight hours?"

He nodded, a smile appearing on his face.

"You let me sleep on you for eight hours?" I asked, completely and utterly mortified.

He nodded again.

"Oh my God." I put my hands on my face.

"If it helps," he said, "I fell asleep too for a while. It was the best sleep of my life."

I looked at his smirking face and narrowed my eyes.

"You know, when you changed seats with the guy who was supposed to be next to me, I was actually relieved."

"But maybe it would've been better to sit next to the creepy guy who stared at my boobs. Maybe I wouldn't have crawled into his lap in my sleep."

It was supposed to be a lighthearted joke, but when I looked at Grayson, I could tell that he did not take it that way. His eyes were back to black, his jaw was clenched, and there were veins popping out of his neck and forehead. He looked murderous.

"Oh my God. Are you okay?"

He didn't respond. Instead, he closed his eyes, gripped the sides of his chair roughly, and breathed deeply. I started to feel worried. I wasn't sure what was happening, but for some reason, I wanted Grayson to be okay. I wanted to comfort him.

“Can I do anything?”

He said nothing.

“Grayson?” I tried again.

When I said his name, his eyes snapped to mine, their blackness startling me. A rumble came from deep within his chest as he grabbed the back of my neck and brought my face to his.

He pressed his nose into my neck and began breathing deeply. His entire body was shaking.

“I love it when you say my name,” he said. His voice sounded deeper now, rougher

...nothing like how tender it had sounded earlier.

He leaned back and looked deep into my eyes. I knew that I should be frightened by how black his eyes were. I mean, he looked possessed.

But somehow I liked his black eyes almost as much as his green ones.

“Stay here,” he said darkly. “Don’t move.”

I nodded, not wanting to go against his orders when he looked so deadly.

I watched him get up and make his way to the front of the plane and through the small doorway that led to the first-class section.

I reclined in my seat. Maybe he just has to go to the bathroom...

