

Kidnapped by My Mate Novel (Belle & Grayson)

Chapter 4

But then I heard people screaming, and the flight attendant ran up the aisle.

Passengers were getting out of their seats. I jumped up and ran to the first-class section, wanting to see what all the commotion was.

When I entered it, the scene in front of me made my heart stop.

Grayson was holding Mr. Creeper up in the air by his neck.

Is he trying to kill him? There were people surrounding him, trying to get his attention, pulling on him to get him to stop strangling the creep.

But Grayson wasn't moving. He was like a statue.

He was trying to kill him.

Grayson's grip on Mr. Creeper's neck was tightening more and more with every passing second. Out of everyone pleading with him to stop, one man was the most persistent.

He was yelling, "Alpha! Alpha! Stop! You will kill him!"

Grayson paid no attention to him, and just squeezed the creep's neck harder. I pushed through the throng of people, making my way to where he was.

"Grayson!" I yelled when I finally reached him. I stood directly in front of him, trying to get his attention. "What are you doing?"

His eyes met mine, and I took a step back. He was terrifying.

His neck had grown two sizes, and veins ran up over his face and around his black eyes.

Fangs stuck out from beneath his lips, and foam gathered around his snarling mouth.

“Mate, move,” he said to me, his expression leaving no room for argument.

Gladly.

I took several steps backward, scared out of my mind, then a hand grabbed my wrist and pulled me back closer to the doorway. I spun around in surprise. It was the man who had called Grayson “Alpha” earlier.

“You’re his mate?” he asked me frantically.

I didn’t know what he meant. “What? No!” I said, trying to escape his grip. He didn’t let me go. But then I vaguely remembered Grayson calling me that earlier.

“I don’t know!” I yelled.

He lifted his nose and sniffed the air.

What the hell?

“You’re human,” he concluded. “But you smell of the alpha.”

“What?” I screeched.

“Look, there’s no time to explain. If you don’t calm him down, then he will kill that man.”

I looked back at Grayson and saw him still strangling Mr. Creeper, whose face was now turning purple as he gasped for air and scratched at Grayson’s hand.

“Calm him down? How am I supposed to calm him down? He’s strangling someone!” I yelled.

“Touch him, talk to him, anything! Just get him to stop!”

I looked at the man in front of me. His expression was pure panic.

“Touch him?” I asked. I could do that. I could touch him. Hell, I’d been touching him the entire flight.

The man nodded encouragingly and tugged me back to where Grayson was.

The choking man’s movements were slowing, his head beginning to fall to one side.

Shit... I have to do something.

I took a deep breath and then raised a shaky hand and placed it on Grayson's shoulder.

"Grayson?" I asked. His head snapped to look at me. I swallowed. "Please stop.

You're hurting him."

He growled—like really growled. "No." His gaze turned back to the creep.

Well...that didn't work.

I turned to the man behind me.

"Keep trying!" he yelled.

I whimpered, then stepped in front of Grayson and put my hands on either side of his livid face, forcing him to look at me.

"Grayson, stop now. You're scaring me."

That made him pause. His eyes softened a bit. His grip must've loosened because I suddenly heard frantic gasps of air.

I'm doing it! It's working!

But then his expression hardened.

"Mate, move, or I will move you. I am dealing with the threat. I am protecting you."

His voice was deadly.

I took a step back and turned to the man who had gotten me into this mess.

I could be back in my nice, cozy seat, by myself, not dealing with any of this. But no!

Instead, I had to touch the livid demon man. Talk to the psychotic man strangling someone!

"What now?" I asked him.

“Kiss him!” he yelled.

“What?” I screeched. “No! I am not doing that!”

“I know this is scary, but we have no other option! Either you kiss him, or that man dies. It’s up to you.”

This made absolutely no sense. Why would kissing Grayson do any good? I looked at the man he was holding. Mr. Creeper had gone almost limp, with only his feet jerking the tiniest bit. Grayson was about to finish the job.

I had to do something.

“Fuck it,” I said. I grabbed Grayson’s face and smashed my lips into his.

At first, he didn’t respond. It was like kissing a very warm, very smooshy statue.

But then he muttered something against my lips: “Mate.”

Grayson pulled my body into his and drove his tongue into my mouth, claiming dominance over mine immediately.

He traced the curves of my body with his massive fingers, and I heard Mr. Creeper drop. I was vaguely aware of gasping and spluttering and then Grayson grabbed hold of my ass and lifted me into his arms. Then he wrapped my legs around his waist and carried me back out of first class.

No, no, no, no! This was not what I wanted. I had thought this would be a quick peck on the lips. I’d thought I would stop him from choking the creep, and then I’d sprint away for dear life.

I hadn’t thought he’d carry me away to my imminent doom.

I removed my lips from his, hoping that he’d stop and put me down, but he just growled and started kissing down my neck, still walking to Lord knows where.

“Grayson, what are you doing? Put me down!” I said, pushing on his shoulders.

Man, is this guy made of steel or something?

He didn’t even pause.

“Mate. Mine,” he said, and continued his open-mouthed kisses along my jaw.

I glanced back over his shoulder at the ‘helpful’ man from before. He was just standing there beside the doorway leading to first class, watching us as people crowded around the creep who’d nearly died.

“Help!” I yelled at him.

He just shrugged and gave me a look that said, What do you want me to do about it?

I wanted to scream.

What the hell was even happening? I’d mentally prepared myself for a long, uncomfortable flight. This was so far beyond that...

Grayson carried me into the bathroom of the plane and quickly set me down on the tiny sink. He positioned himself between my legs and gripped my hips.

“Grayson, what...”

His lips were suddenly back on mine.

And, oh my Lord, did it feel good.

There was something about Grayson that made me lose all control of myself whenever he touched me. I mean, he’d nearly just killed a man, and there I was making out with him in a bathroom.

He pulled my lower lip into his mouth and sucked. I moaned loudly.

“Grayson,” I whimpered.

He groaned. “Keep saying my name like that, baby.”

He brought my earlobe into his mouth and bit down softly, then moved his lips down to my neck to suck, leaving several hickeys behind.

He ground his hips against mine, hitting me in just the right spot, and I gasped, my head falling back against the mirror behind me.

I saw stars—real stars.

“Grayson!” I yelled.

How could he make me feel so good without even taking off a single article of clothing? This man had to be some sort of sex god.

There were people pounding on the door, probably worried about me being alone with the psychotic man who had nearly killed someone...

But we were both too wrapped up in our euphoric feelings to pay attention to anything else.

His lips found the spot on my neck he'd been kissing earlier, and my body had a literal convulsion as he sucked on it and licked it.

I ground my core into his hips as if I were some animal in heat—

Until blinding-hot pain shot through my system as his teeth suddenly plunged into my neck.

I screamed and tried to shove him away from me, but his arms only held me tighter to his torso. Right as I thought I would pass out from the pain, it turned into something else.