

# Chapter 5 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel (Belle & Grayson) Online Free by Annie

Warm pleasure ran through me, and I let out a sigh of relief and then a moan.

Wow, this is the best thing I've felt in my entire life.

I was overcome by the sudden need to be closer to Grayson and to never let him leave me, even though his teeth were still lodged in my neck.

I ran my hands up his chest, to his shoulders, and then around his neck.

I pulled his chest into mine and wrapped my legs around his hips. My forehead rested on his shoulder.

Grayson slowly retracted his teeth from my neck, licking the wound he had just made, and ran his hand up and down my back.

I shuddered. His touch was feeling ten times better than before.

Is that even possible?

I leaned back to look at him. His eyes weren't black anymore.

"You bit me," I said. My eyelids were drooping, all the energy starting to leave my body.

Grayson nodded. His expression looked pained.

"Yes, I'm sorry. I had to."

I nodded my head as if I understood, but really, I had no fucking clue what was going on. I felt drunk.

"That's okay," I slurred out, patting his cheek lightly. "Just don't do it again, okay?"

He smiled. "Okay."

I smiled back. I touched his face with both of my hands, squishing his cheeks together.

"Wow, you're pretty. Like really pretty..."

He laughed. The sound made me happy.

"Thank you. I'm glad you think so," he said.

I giggled. "I'm glad you're glad I think so because I really think so." I smiled at him.

My head dropped onto his neck.

I decided I wanted to keep kissing him. I pressed my lips to his neck, trying to move them the same way that he had against mine.

He groaned deeply.

"No. No, stop, baby girl. No more kissing today." He moved me away from him.

I pouted. "Why not?"

He smiled and tucked a piece of hair behind my ear, then ran his thumb over my cheekbone. "Trust me, there will be plenty of kissing later. You need sleep."

I yawned at the thought. Sleep. Sleep sounded good. Not as good as kissing, but close. I nodded and leaned my head against his shoulder again.

"Okay," I said, nuzzling into his neck. "We can kiss when I wake up?"

He laughed again. "We can kiss as much as you want when you wake up."

The thought made me happy, and I sighed. Okay, then.

He tightened his arms around me and rubbed his nose right where he'd just bit me.

I shivered.

Huh. That felt good.

"Go to sleep, Belle. I've got you."

My vision began to fade, a random jumble of images flashing through my mind.

Grayson's monstrous strength.

His irresistible touch.

The feeling of his teeth sinking into my neck.

His beautiful eyes that sometimes turned into a pure black, bottomless pit.

I could only think of one thing as sleep overcame me.

What have I gotten myself into?

When I woke up again, everything was dark.

The only light that I could see was coming out of what I assumed to be a window behind me, casting moonlight throughout the room.

Where am I?

For a second, I thought I was back in my room at home, and I let out a sigh and shifted, nuzzling back into my pillow. But then I paused. Whatever I was lying on was not a pillow.

It was hard and warm and moving up and down. I lifted my head to get a better look.

I was lying on the chest of a very, very muscular sleeping man.

I looked at his face.

Oh my God. It was Grayson.

Everything that had happened in the last day suddenly came flooding back to me: the plane, his eyes, him strangling someone.

My hand flew up to touch my neck, and I whimpered when I felt a tender wound.

He bit me!

Grayson stirred in his sleep, and I panicked for a moment. Had I woken him up?

Then he yanked me back to his chest and tightened his arms around me. He pressed his nose to my hair and let out a satisfied grumble.

I held my breath, waiting for more movement, but none came. He was still asleep.

Thank God.

I panicked for a second, wondering why I was alone in a room with him sleeping. I remembered nothing about how I had gotten there.

Oh God, did I sleep with him?

I quickly felt for my clothes and let out a sigh of relief when I saw that I was still in the leggings and T-shirt that I'd been wearing on the plane. Grayson, however, was only in a pair of boxers.

I felt my face heat up. Why wasn't he wearing any clothes?

I looked around the room. This was definitely not my bedroom back home. From what I could see in the dark, I was in a hotel room—a really nice hotel room.

It was huge, and the bed I was on had to be bigger than king-size.

I noticed my luggage in the corner. Okay, that was good. I still had all of my clothes.

I stretched my neck to see out the window. Lots of lights seemed to be coming from below—I was definitely in a city.

But what city?

Was I in Paris or had this sociopath taken me somewhere else?

I exhaled deeply when I saw something out the window. It was far in the distance, barely visible, but it was there: The Eiffel Tower.

I was in a hotel in Paris with a man I had met on a plane who seemed to have kidnapped me. This was not good.

I looked back at Grayson. Obviously, I had to get away from him. There was no doubt in my mind that he was insane. But how?

My legs were tangled together with his, and his arms were wrapped tightly around me.

Could I escape without waking him up?

I tried moving my legs first, slowly untangling them from his. I looked back at his face. He didn't move.

Success! Okay, I can do this.

I slowly grabbed one of his arms and pried it away from my waist. Grayson mumbled something incoherent. My eyes shot up to him. A frown had formed on his face, but it didn't seem like he had woken up.

I waited a few minutes for his face to return to normal before I moved again, then I finally removed his other arm and placed it beside him on the bed.

My body felt cold now that I wasn't wrapped in his embrace, but I ignored it.

I slowly and quietly began to scooch my body away from his, then I crawled to the edge of the enormous bed and twisted around till my feet touched the cold floor.

I was free!

But I didn't have time to celebrate. I had to find a phone or a way out of there before Grayson woke up. I scanned the room for a phone, but there was none in sight.

Okay, so my only option was to leave and make a mad dash to the nearest other human being and ask for help. I tiptoed to the door closest to me, cringing every time the hardwood floor squeaked.

Right as I was about to put my hand on the handle, a voice spoke:

"Belle."

I jumped and let out a terrified shriek. I quickly turned around and saw Grayson lying on his side in the bed, his head propped up by his hand as he watched me, an amused look on his face.

"Come back to bed," came his husky voice. It sent shivers down my spine. "It's too early in the morning, and I'm exhausted."

He rolled onto his back and draped his arm over his eyes, sighing. His chest began to rise and fall rhythmically.

Had he gone back to sleep? I turned back to the door and pressed down on the handle.

"That's a closet, baby doll," his voice said.

I glanced over my shoulder at him. He was still lying on his back, not looking at me.

I opened the door and peered inside. He was right. This was a closet.

I raced to the door on the other side of the room and yanked it open. But before I could sprint out, I heard Grayson speak again.

"Belle, please come back to bed. I know you're freaked out, but I promise I'll explain everything to you later. I have no energy to deal with this after almost shifting and then marking you."

I had no clue what he was talking about. Shifting? Marking? He was now looking at me with a lazy, annoyed expression, as if I was greatly inconveniencing him.