

Chapter 6 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

I was inconveniencing ~him~?

He had kidnapped ~me~! I was scared out of my mind, and he was just lying there, trying to get his beauty sleep!?

Screw talking to him later! Screw talking to him ever again!

I turned back to the door, ready to run out, but his voice stopped me once again.

“Belle, if you leave this room, you will start to feel sick and dizzy. You can’t be away from me so soon after marking. I bet that bite mark on your neck is already starting to hurt, isn’t it?”

I hadn’t noticed it before, but now that he mentioned it, the wound was throbbing—almost as if it had its own heartbeat.

I touched the mark on my neck and whimpered as it began to ache in searing pain.

Grayson sat up, watching my indecisiveness as I continued to glance between him and the door.

I instinctively took a step in his direction, immediately feeling the pain ease up just a little. Weird...

“See, I know what I’m talking about, don’t I? I know it hurts, baby, but come back to bed, and I can make all the pain go away. I’ll take care of you.”

It was like I was underneath some kind of spell. Without thinking I took a few steps forward, and suddenly my back was pressed to the silk sheets, and Grayson’s delicious body was on top of me.

I licked my lips.

Wait, did I just call his body delicious?

It felt like my body was on fire. My gaze dripped down his rugged jawline, his broad shoulders, his muscular chest, his perfect abs that led down a sensual V

down to his...

Oh my God, Belle! Get it together!

I tried to shake my head clear, but suddenly his fingers were trailing up my thighs and I forgot my own name.

“Relax, beautiful.” His husky voice sent shivers down my spine. “I’m going to take you to heaven.”

Grayson leaned down, pressing his weight into me.

I felt helpless underneath him, trapped...but in a good way. A part of me wanted to submit, to surrender myself to this god of a man.

His finger trailed up my inner thigh, his lips dragging down my collarbone.

“Grayson...” I whispered, breath ragged with desire.

The shrill ring of a cell phone interrupted us and a deep growl emanated from him, his eyes never leaving mine.

“Give me a moment, love,” Grayson said, clearly annoyed. He stood up and walked toward the dresser, giving me a moment to breathe.

My heart was trying to pound itself out of my chest.

Was I seriously about to sleep with a man that just kidnapped me?

I had to get out of here. Heck, I had to call the police!

Grayson had his back turned to me, staring down at his phone.

Now or never.

I stood up and dashed for the door, running as fast as I could.

I heard a loud, annoyed groan behind me as I ran down the hallway. I assumed the sound came from him. At the end of the hall, I came to a staircase and rushed down it, bracing myself against the wall to keep from falling because of my shaky legs.

When I reached the bottom, I expected to find another floor of hotel rooms, but was surprised to find myself in the middle of a luxurious open living room, with a huge kitchen just off to the side. This hotel room has two floors? What kind of hotel is this?

I frantically looked around for anything that could help me.

“Luna? What are you doing? Where’s the alpha?” someone called from another room.

There was a man standing at the kitchen counter. He was holding a cup of coffee and looking at me as if I were insane.

I recognized him! He had been on the plane! He was the one who had told me to kiss Grayson!

“Oh, thank God!” I yelled, rushing over to the kitchen.

“You—” The room suddenly began to spin, and the bite on my neck throbbed and burned painfully. I shook my head to clear my muggy thoughts.

“Help me! That man kidnapped me! I need to call 911!”

He stood and approached me slowly, like I was a wild animal that would bolt if he made any sudden movements. “Hey, hey. You’re okay. He didn’t kidnap—”

His words stopped and his eyes suddenly turned a gray color. He stared off into space, almost as if he were in a trance. I backed away from him, startled.

“Yes. Yes, she is,” he said.

“What?” I asked. Is he talking to me?

He didn’t pay any attention to me. He just kept staring at nothing.

“Of course, Alpha,” he said. His eyes went back to normal, and he looked at me. “I’m sorry, but you can’t leave.”

Okay, so he’s crazy too. Noted.

I turned around and scanned the room for a way out. There was a door on the other side of the kitchen. The front door, from the look of it. Yes!

I rushed past Grayson’s crazy friend and tried to make my way to it, but stumbled over my feet. I braced myself against the wall next to me.

The burning sensation from the bite on my neck was traveling down my body in slow, torturous waves. My stomach churned.

It felt like I was going to vomit.

What the hell is happening? Was this what Grayson had been talking about when he said I would start feeling sick?

I tried to push through the pain as I continued to struggle toward the door. But the world was spinning too fast and my knees were feeling too weak, and I fell to the ground.

“Luna!” the man shouted behind me.

Tears were running down my face; the fire inside me was too much to handle. I screamed.

“Make it stop!” I shouted. “Make it stop!”

“I’m sorry, Luna! The alpha will be here soon!” The man next to me said. He touched my shoulder, but it only seemed to stoke the flames moving through my body.

I shoved his hand away from me. “Don’t touch me!” I sobbed, folding in on myself.

“Alpha, please hurry!” the man shouted.

Through my sobs I could hear quick footsteps entering the room.

“Belle!” Grayson shouted.

Just his voice made the fire die down a bit, and I reached for him, desperate for the pain to go away. He sprinted across the kitchen and shoved the other man away from me.

I felt a twinge of disappointment when I noticed that Grayson was wearing sweatpants now instead of boxers. I wanted as much soothing skin-to-skin contact as I could get.

At least he’s still shirtless.

Once he reached me, he immediately scooped me up in his arms.

I wrapped myself around him like a sloth to a tree, making it so as much of me was touching him as possible.

I had my legs on either side of him, my arms tightly around his neck. Thankfully, the fire died down as I sobbed into his chest, but the pain was still almost unbearable.

“Shh,” Grayson said, sitting down in a nearby chair with me still wrapped around him. “I know, baby, I know.”

“Please make it stop,” I begged.

Grayson suddenly latched on to my bite mark and sucked on it, running his tongue over it.

I moaned loudly. Not only did it feel amazing, but it also made all of my pain go away.

Still shaking from the trauma, I clung onto Grayson for dear life as his skillful mouth kept working at my neck.

I was so enraptured in the incredible sensation that I barely even registered when his friend eventually muttered something and left the room. I thought that once the pain went away, he would stop kissing me, but he didn't. He just kept going, moving up my neck to my jaw, until he finally reached my mouth.

His lips felt like silk against mine.

The kiss was sweet and slow, but I could feel hunger brimming inside of it.

It was passionate. I had kissed no one like this. I had never felt like this before.

Grayson pulled away briefly, then placed his forehead against mine. Both of us were breathing deeply. He pecked my lips one more time.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered. He rubbed his nose against mine.

I looked deep into his eyes.

"I didn't realize that our bond was so strong. I thought I would just let you walk around for a bit, get more comfortable, and then come find you. I didn't know your pain would be that bad. I'm so sorry." He kissed me again. "I never want you to be in pain."

"It happened because I was away from you?" I asked.

He nodded and buried his face in my hair, breathing in deeply. We stayed like that for a while, just holding each other, my body still calming down.

I had given up trying to understand anything that was going on.

I was mentally exhausted, unable to process any of the information being thrown my way.

The most confusing part of all of this was how attracted I was to Grayson. I had seen him strangle that creep on the plane; I was aware of the fact that he had kidnapped me; I knew how touchy he was.

But for some reason, when he was nearby, I wanted to be closer to him, to keep touching him and talking to him.

I actually wanted to get to know my kidnapper.

There had to be something wrong with me. Why am I so obsessed with him?

Grayson's hands gripped my waist and ran up and down my sides. He leaned back to look at me. "Will you come back to the damn bed now?"

I knew I should say no. But I just didn't want to. It was as simple as that. I didn't want to say no. So I said yes.

Grayson smiled and kissed my lips once more. He moved his hands under my butt and stood up, still holding me in his arms.

God he's strong.