

## Chapter 7 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

“You can put me down,” I said as he walked us toward the room we’d originally woken up in. “I can walk.”

He leaned down so his mouth was touching my ear. “I don’t care.”

Well then.

He entered the room and gently set me down in the middle of the bed. I frowned when he stopped touching me. He stood back and took off his sweatpants.

I watched his muscles ripple with his movement.

I swallowed. “What are you doing?”

He smirked. “I don’t want to get hot while we’re sleeping.”

He slowly made his way toward me while maintaining intense eye contact. He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me onto my back. Then he crawled on top of me.

“You smell far too good,” he said, running his nose up and down my neck.

I couldn’t respond. I was too overwhelmed.

He left a quick kiss on my lips and then looked at me. “Let’s go to sleep, hmm?”

I nodded.

He lay down next to me so he was facing me and put his hand on my waist. His eyes searched my face. “You’re so beautiful.”

I looked away from him, not knowing how to respond. I felt his hand move under my shirt and up my back, where he started messing with the clasp of my bra.

I immediately grabbed his arm and looked at him.

“What are you doing?”

“Shh,” he said and unclasped my bra. “It can’t be comfortable.”

Never taking his eyes from mine, he guided my arms out of my sleeves, inside my shirt, encouraging me to slip out of my bra.

I slid my arms through the straps, and Grayson slowly reached under my shirt and grabbed the offending article of clothing, pulling it out and tossing it onto the floor.

He watched me slip my arms back through my sleeves and pull my shirt down.

“See? That’s better,” he said. And then he turned my body so I was facing away from him.

He tugged me back to his chest and spooned me, wrapping an arm around my waist and rubbing my stomach.

“Slow your heart rate, Belle. It’s going a mile a minute. Take some deep breaths.”

He was right. My anxiety was through the roof. I tried breathing in deeply.

“There we go.” Grayson kissed the back of my neck. “That’s my girl.”

I couldn’t believe how exhausted I was. I felt like all I had done for the past day was sleep, and yet I still felt myself slowly drifting away. I had no idea how long I’d been asleep for the next time I woke up. All I knew was that I was burning up. I was unbelievably hot.

Still half asleep, I threw the blanket off of me and squirmed. It did nothing.

Grayson’s body wrapped around me wasn’t helping either. I readjusted my legs, trying to get more comfortable.

My leggings felt like fire against my skin.

Grayson stirred behind me, then I felt his hand reach into my leggings and tug them down.

My eyes still half hooded, I put my hand over his and mumbled something incoherent, trying to ask what he was doing.

“Just take them off, baby. I promise I won’t look. You’re burning up.”

I was really hot and still exhausted. All I wanted to do was nuzzle into Grayson’s chest again and go back to sleep. I nodded.

I felt Grayson sit up and perch above me so that his knees were on either side of me.

He hooked his thumbs into the sides of my leggings and tugged them down. I wiggled around so he could move them over my butt.

When they were finally off, Grayson threw them onto the floor.

I was hugely relieved when the cool air hit my legs. He lay back down next to me and brought me to his chest. I hooked a leg around him and buried my face into his neck.

Grayson let out an appreciative rumble. His hand moved under my shirt and onto the small of my back.

The last thing I thought before I fell asleep was, I think he lied when he said he wouldn't look.

I woke up before Grayson did, and I had no clue what to do. I could feel his breath against the back of my neck, slow and steady. I thought of my mom and wondered if she was worried after I hadn't shown up at her apartment last night.

Maybe she would call the police and they'd come looking for me.

But there was a large chance that she hadn't even noticed I wasn't there—or just assumed that I hadn't come out of anger. That sounded like something I would do.

So it would be smart not to rely on her trying to find me.

I was on my own. I had to find my way out of here. But how?

I could try to run away again, but the memory of the pain that I'd experienced earlier this morning went through my mind. There was no way I was doing that again.

So I had some options: I could completely give up—just lie there and wait for Grayson to wake up, and let him have his way with me.

Why does that sound like a good option?

I could wait for Grayson to wake up, then pretend to still be asleep till he hopefully left the room, then try to find my way out.

I could act sweet and like I trusted him, and then pull a sneak attack and try to knock him out with a lamp or something, and then run away.

I could be really, horribly mean to him and hope that he got sick of me and kicked me to the curb. That could work, right?

I could hope that my mom actually did care about my absence enough to call the police.

It's unlikely but it could happen.

It suddenly occurred to me that it was Christmas Eve. I was supposed to be with my family celebrating Christmas in Paris, enjoying life for the first time since my dad had died.

My dad. God I missed him.

If I had known last year that it was the last Christmas that I would spend with him, I wouldn't have taken it for granted. We'd always had the best Christmases together.

Since I wasn't in touch with any of my grandparents on either side of my family, it had always been just the two of us. We would watch Christmas movies and eat until we couldn't eat anymore. We'd exchange presents, sing Christmas carols, decorate the tree, and enjoy each other's company.

It had always been my favorite day of the year: no worries, just me and my dad on Christmas.

I felt tears well up in my eyes and I sniffled, trying to get them to stop.

Now was not the time to feel sorry for myself. I had to figure out how to get out of this hotel suite, which was starting to feel more like a prison. I didn't even care about seeing my mom for Christmas anymore, I just wanted to go home.

I have a life to live!

Yes, my dad was dead. And that was unbelievably devastating, and I missed him every single day. But just because he was dead didn't mean that I was.

I was alive.

And there was no longer anything stopping me from living. I no longer had anyone to take care of besides myself.

I could go to college. I could make friends.

I could go out dancing and drinking at bars and meet boys and make bad decisions and get a new apartment and a cat and a fancy job. There was nothing stopping me.

Okay, so there was one thing stopping me. And that thing was breathing on my neck and had its arms wrapped around me and was unbelievably good-looking.

That thing was the huge man behind me who had kidnapped me and claimed that I now belonged to him.

God, what's wrong with me?

I thought about last night and how I had basically just let Grayson do whatever he wanted with me. I had just fallen into his arms and given up.

I had spent too much of my life giving up, feeling powerless and alone, letting life just have its horrible way with me. No more. I was going to live my life.

And nothing and nobody would stop me.

I felt Grayson move behind me. Oh God, he's waking up.

I immediately closed my eyes, pretending to be asleep. Hopefully he would just leave and I could jump out the window or something.

It was time to leave.

Grayson's arm tightened around me, then he slowly moved and pressed his lips to my ear.

"Good morning, baby," he whispered.

He brought my earlobe into his mouth and bit down softly. It felt incredible, but I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing that.

Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. Do not move, Belle. Do not make a sound. You're sleeping, remember?

"Hmm... I know you're awake, Belle." He kissed my neck.

He's lying. He doesn't know that. How could he know that?

"We're playing pretend, are we? Okay, let's play."

What? What the hell does he mean by that?

I wasn't in the mood for games. Well, I didn't want to be in the mood, but I also couldn't deny the heat starting to build between my thighs...

I felt him move so that he was on top of me. I instinctively spread my legs just a little so he could put his body between them.

Grayson chuckled.

Shit, did he notice me do that? He did, didn't he?

I tried to keep my body limp and my breathing regular. No matter what Grayson does, no matter how much I like it, I'm asleep.

One of his hands grabbed onto my waist and then ran over my stomach. Then he slowly leaned down and brought his lips to mine.

This isn't fair! His lips felt too good against mine—like fireworks. I wanted to scream, or kiss him back, but I couldn't. I was trying to prove a point. I would not make out with my kidnapper!

No matter how much I want to.

Don't move, Belle.

But as he continued to press his soft lips into mine, I couldn't help but open my mouth just the tiniest bit, inviting him inside. I felt his deep rumble of laughter.