

Chapter 8 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

Even with my eyes closed, I knew that he was smirking. Shit. Fuck. Shitting, fucking hell.

I kept my eyes closed. What is wrong with me?

Why can't I control myself?

He leaned down and whispered against my ear: "I like this game."

He kissed along my jaw and gripped my waist harder, bringing his hand up so that his thumb was brushing underneath my breast. I squirmed a bit.

"Just open your eyes, Belle."

I didn't move.

"No?" he asked.

I didn't respond. Maybe he'll give up?

Oh, please just give up. I didn't know how much longer I could hold out. I was two seconds away from shoving my tongue down his throat.

"Okay. Have it your way."

He began trailing open-mouthed kisses along my jaw again.

Shit. So he isn't giving up.

His lips continued moving down my neck as his hands massaged my waist through my T-shirt. For a second, I wished I wasn't wearing one. And then Grayson found the spot where he had bitten me. I gasped and my back arched so that my chest was touching his.

God, that spot was like a second G-spot.

I moaned but still kept my eyes closed.

"Uh-huh. That's what I thought," he said. He licked up the side of my neck, and I squirmed. He moved back a bit.

"We're still not going to open our eyes?"

I was just being stubborn. We both knew I was awake. But I would not let him win this battle. I would not lose.

I would not open my eyes.

So I shook my head.

He chuckled. "Huh, my mate is stubborn." He pressed one of his knees up against my crotch. I could feel his breath on my face.

"That's fine with me," he whispered.

His mouth latched on to my neck once more, and I moaned again. He kissed down to my collarbone and then ran his nose up and down between my breasts.

I arched my back again, breathless.

He lifted my shirt a bit and kissed around my belly button.

Is it getting hot in here or is it just me?

Then his hand went beneath my panties and gripped my hip bone.

Wait, what? My panties? What happened to my leggings?

I suddenly remembered Grayson taking them off last night. Hadn't he taken off my bra too?

So that meant... I was lying in bed, bra-less, wearing only my white see-through T-shirt and my blue lace thong.

That was it.

And the man who'd kidnapped me had one hand under that same blue lace thong with the other on my rib cage under my breast as his mouth traveled closer and closer to, ahem, a very personal area.

My eyes flew open.

I screamed and began kicking my legs at Grayson. Hopefully, I hit him in the face.

Hopefully, I broke his nose.

I shoved his hands away from me and jumped out of the bed.

I ran my hands through my hair and began pacing back and forth. I definitely did not win that battle.

Dammit.

I looked at Grayson. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, leaning back on his arms, and watching me, an amused look in his eyes.

His gaze moved up and down my figure, and he licked his lips.

I had forgotten that I was basically naked. I was basically naked!

I quickly grabbed the blanket off of the bed and wrapped it around myself, glaring at Grayson.

His smile just widened.

“You know, this entire situation could’ve been avoided if you had just opened your eyes.”

I huffed. “Oh yeah?” I asked. “You’re never touching me again. Ever. Again.”

His eyes darkened, not fully to black, but more of a dark green.

He stood. I took a step back.

He watched me move away from him out of fright and paused. He closed his eyes tightly and took a deep breath.

When he opened them again, they were back to normal. He looked at me and sighed.

“Go take a shower, baby. I’m going to go make breakfast.” He walked past me and out the door.

For a few seconds, I stood there. I rubbed my face with my hands. Okay then. He was gone. That was easier than I’d expected.

I guess it’s time to get out of here.

There was no way I was taking a shower like he wanted me to. Who knew how long I had before he would come looking for me?

I dropped the blanket I’d been holding around me and then quickly went over to where my leggings and bra were lying on the floor and grabbed them. I went to the bathroom. First, I turned on the shower. It would give me more time if he thought I was doing as he told me.

Next, I used the toilet—I hadn’t gone to the bathroom in a long time—and then I put on my bra and leggings.

I looked at the bathroom door. Okay, time to get out of here.

Leaving the shower on, I exited the bathroom and made my way over to the window.

I hadn't noticed before, but there was a balcony connected to the room. Convenient.

Before going outside, I gazed at my luggage longingly. I wanted to bring it with me, but I couldn't let it slow me down.

I would have to send the police to come get it later, after I'd gotten out of here.

I walked out onto the balcony. Wow. It was high up. There were several floors of the hotel below me. I looked up. There were no other floors above me.

We were on the top floor. We were on the fucking top floor.

Was there another way out of there?

The front door was by the kitchen, and there'd be no way to get to it without passing Grayson since he was making breakfast. So that wasn't an option. And I hadn't seen any other doors.

I looked to my left. There was a staircase outside of the window in the next room over. I was assuming it was a fire escape.

That could work!

I ran out of the room and snuck into the one next door. This room was identical to the one that Grayson and I had spent the night in. I went to the window and shoved it open. I climbed out of it and made my way onto the fire escape.

Oh my God, this might work.

As quietly as I could, I ran down the stairs. I was aware of the fact that the next window I'd pass would lead to the floor that Grayson was on. I needed to be careful, quick, and quiet.

Right before I was about to pass in front of it, I paused. It was open. The window was freaking open. That would make things a lot harder.

I can do this. I have to do this.

Quickly, I crept past the open window without even a glance inside.

Just as I was about to make it to the set of steps that would lead me to the next floor, a hand grabbed my wrist and yanked me backward.

I screamed bloody murder as I was tugged through the window and thrown over someone's shoulder. I tried kicking and pounding on the back of whoever was holding me, but they wouldn't let me go.

"No! Put me down!" I screamed. "Let me go!"

At first I thought it was Grayson who was holding me. But there were no sparks, and this person's touch made my skin crawl.

And then Grayson spoke: "Bring her over here, Kyle."

I was carried into the kitchen and then placed on a counter. Grayson was standing next to me, stirring eggs in a skillet on the stove.

"Hi there," he said casually, glancing up at me.

I swallowed. Was he mad? He knew I was trying to escape.

"Hi," I breathed out.

He turned back to his scrambled eggs. "Kyle, will you go turn off the shower upstairs please?"

Kyle nodded. "Of course, Alpha." He gave me one last look and bit his lip, trying to hide his smile. I glared at him.

He chuckled and walked away, shaking his head.

So trying to escape hadn't worked. It was now time for plan B: act sweet and nice until Grayson trusts me, and then somehow get out of here.

Grayson turned to the kitchen island behind him and began to cut strawberries.

"So you didn't want to take a shower, huh?"

How do I respond to that? "Um...no."

"Uh-huh..." Grayson opened the cabinet next to me and grabbed a bowl, then turned back to the strawberries he'd just cut and put them in there.

"What were you doing outside?"

"Um...I-I," I stuttered. "I wanted to get some fresh air!"