

Chapter 9 – Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

That's believable, right?

"Out on the fire escape?" he asked, setting the bowl down next to me on the counter.

"Why didn't you just go out onto the balcony connected to our room?" He went back to the scrambled eggs and turned off the burner.

Yeah, why didn't I just go out to the balcony? That was a great question. I looked down at my lap.

"I... Uh, well, I..."

Grayson's hand was suddenly on my knee.

"Here, try this." He put his finger in my mouth. Whatever was on his finger tasted incredible. It was sweet and lemony.

With his finger still in my mouth, I brought my gaze up to Grayson's. His eyes were pitch black. I moved my head back until his finger exited my mouth with a satisfying pop.

"Do you like it?" he asked, his voice deep and husky.

I nodded.

"It's for the lemon loaf," he explained. His eyes never left my lips. "You've got a little something right there."

He stepped in between my legs and put his hand on the back of my neck, guiding my face closer to his.

I thought seriously about pushing him away, but then my act of being sweet would be over already.

He took my lower lip into his mouth and sucked it clean.

I leaned in closer to him, unable to control myself and wanting to press my lips to his, but he abruptly moved away.

"Oh, sorry," he said. "I forgot you didn't want me to touch you."

Honestly, I had forgotten too.

I glared at him. I knew what he was doing. He couldn't just get me all worked up and then not deliver. That just wasn't fair.

He raised his eyebrows at me as if challenging me to take back my words.

Nope, I wasn't going to do that.

He placed his hand on my cheek.

"The next time I kiss you will be when you ask for it."

Well, that worked for me. That meant I would never kiss him again. And I don't want to! I told myself.

He backed away from me after I nodded.

Noticing how dark his eyes had become, I tried to change the subject.

"Why do your eyes turn black?"

The first time his eyes had turned black it had really freaked me out. I mean, that's not normal. But now that I had seen it happen multiple times, I was getting used to it.

In fact, not only was I used to it, I almost found it comforting. There was something about Grayson's black eyes that drew me in, made me feel protected and safe.

His eyes snapped to mine. They were still black. "It's a very long story."

"I've got time." Especially now that it looked like I wouldn't be getting out of here anytime soon.

He grabbed a plate from the cupboard and filled it with the scrambled eggs he'd been making. Then he walked over to the extravagant dining table in the far corner of the room. I hadn't noticed it before, but the table was covered in breakfast foods.

There were croissants, pancakes, fruit, pastries, hash browns, eggs, bacon strips, sausages, and much more—not to mention coffee and juice in crystal glassware.

I gawked at the huge spread.

Grayson paused when he saw my shocked face.

"I didn't know what you liked, so I just got everything I could think of. Some of the food I made, and some I ordered from room service."

"That's a lot of food," I said.

He walked toward me, smiling. “Just eat what you want, love.”

He stood in front of me and picked me up, wrapping my legs around him as if I were a child.

I was about to protest and demand that he put me down, but then I remembered that I was acting nice now. I needed Grayson to trust me.

So I wrapped my arms around his neck and rested my head on his shoulder.

A deep rumble came from his chest as his arms tightened around me.

He sat down on a chair at the table, keeping me in his lap. He pulled two plates in front of us. I was uncomfortable sitting in his lap. I squirmed a bit.

“I can sit in my own chair,” I said.

“No. The closer you are to me, the easier this transition will be for you.”

He put some eggs on my plate. And then some pancakes. And some bacon. And a muffin. And everything else that was in arm’s length.

“Is that all for me?” I asked. He couldn’t possibly have expected me to eat all of that.

“Just eat what you want, baby. I know you haven’t eaten since you got on the plane yesterday. I just want to get some calories in you.”

Well, that’s kind of sweet. He wants to take care of me. As far as kidnappers went, he was a nice one.

But I still eyed the food warily. What if he had done something to it? What if it’s poisoned?

I felt his breath on my ear. “While I’m very glad that you’re cautious around strange food, I just need you to eat. I promise there’s nothing wrong with it, Belle.”

He took a bite out of my muffin to prove his point, then put it back on my plate.

“Now, eat.”

I shakily picked up my fork and scooped some eggs into my mouth.

He nodded his head approvingly and started filling his own plate.

We sat in silence for a few minutes as I shoveled food into my mouth. I hadn’t realized how hungry I was. Plus, I’ll need my strength if I’m going to get out of here.

I was going to eat as much as I could. And the food was just really good, too.

Once I had finally slowed down, I noticed that Grayson was rubbing my leg as he watched me, all while polishing off his own plate of food.

I squirmed nervously, but decided not to remove his hand. I could handle him touching me as long as it didn't get too intimate.

"Eat some more," Grayson said.

I leaned back and shook my head, pushing my plate away from me. "If I eat any more, I might explode."

"Right. I forgot you can't eat as much as us."

I looked back at him. "Us? Who's us?"

Grayson nodded his head and sighed. "Now that you've gotten some rest and some food into your system, I guess I can start answering your questions."

He ran a hand over his face and then slowly turned my body so I was straddling him.

"Please don't be scared."

"Okay..." I was not expecting what happened next.

Grayson started speaking hesitantly. "Well.. I should probably... I guess I'll start with my eyes."

I nodded, urging him to go on.

"My eyes turn black when I lose control. And it usually has something to do with you."

"With me? What do you mean?" I asked.

He licked his lips.

"Usually, I have amazing control. In fact, I haven't lost control in years. Not since puberty. But ever since you've come into my life, things have changed. You bring out my strongest emotions."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"It usually comes from one of two emotions. One is anger. Like when I found that man on the plane was harassing you—"

“He wasn’t harassing me,” I interrupted. “All he had done was—”

Grayson’s hands gripped my hips tightly.

“Belle, do not say another word. You do not want to argue with me on this matter.

The protectiveness and possessiveness I feel for you are overwhelming.”

I began to shrink in on myself, not liking his words.

“What’s the other emotion?” I whispered.

He brought his fingers to his temples, massaging them for a moment, then looked at me with a pained expression.

“It’s when... Well, it happens when I... When I—”

“It happens when he’s turned on. When he’s feeling a little frisky. When he wants to put his dick in your—”

“Kyle, that’s enough!” Grayson’s booming voice interrupted.

Kyle was now at the bottom of the stairs, smiling widely at both of us. He shrugged.

“Just trying to make it easier on ya, Alpha.”

Grayson growled as I quickly scrambled out of his lap, trying to put as much distance between us as possible.

“Is that true?” I asked once we had the table between us.

“Your eyes turn black when you’re mad or when—”

“Yes, when I’m attracted to you. I wish Kyle had put it in nicer words, but what he says is true.”

I shook my head. “I get why they turn black... But... How is that even possible? This is crazy!”

Grayson stood and crossed his arms over his chest. He didn’t say anything. I don’t think he liked being called crazy.