

Kidnapped by My Mate Novel

Chapter 91 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

“What?” he murmured, his lips gently skimming up my neck and to my ear. “What is it, beautiful?”

I squirmed.

He inhaled deeply. “Do you need something, Belle?” His voice was significantly deeper than it had been only minutes before.

I nodded.

“What do you need? Tell me what you want.”

I sucked in a breath and squeezed my eyes shut. He knew what I wanted. Was he really going to make me say it out loud?

“Touch me, Grayson,” I begged. “Please, I need you to touch me.”

“I am touching you, baby.” His hands smoothed over my hips which were exposed by my bunched-up skirt now around my waist. Sparks followed. “You’re gonna have to be more specific.”

That motherfucker.

I wanted to tell him what I wanted. I wanted to be that confident girl who could take charge and be sexy without trying. But Grayson—or Azazel, I guess—had really hurt me.

I spent months hating—well, trying to hate Grayson after what I thought he did. I had only forgiven him a few hours before, and he already had me in his lap, begging for his touch.

His power over my body and mind scared the crap out of me. I didn’t totally trust him, not yet, at least.

The last time I had considered doing anything sexual with Grayson had been when he was trying to take advantage of me back at his pack house.

I had told him no over and over again, and he... I didn't want to think about how he responded to that or how devastated I felt afterward.

His index finger skimmed over the front of my panties, bringing me back to reality.

He didn't touch anywhere too intimate, but the soft brush of his hand was enough to gain my attention.

"You're in control, Belle," he said softly, surprising me with his change in tone. He sounded much calmer now.

"I'm not going to do anything unless you want me to. I need you to know that.

You're always in control."

My body loosened a bit. He had said the exact words I needed to hear. How had he known to say that? Had he read my mind or something?

No. I shook my head. He was my mate. He knew what I needed because we were made for each other like two puzzle pieces that fit together perfectly.

I turned myself in his lap so I was facing him, straddling his waist. I could feel his hard member sitting beneath my thigh, pulsing with life.

I swallowed nervously, my eyes widening. It looked like Grayson's body wasn't the only thing that had gotten bigger.

Grayson leaned back and watched me, casually putting his hands on the armrests on either side of me as I settled down on top of him with my hands on his chest. He raised an eyebrow.

I hated how sexy it was.

His hands gripped the armrests until his knuckles were white, and the wood started to splinter the tiniest bit as he waited for me to speak, obviously trying to hold himself back.

His dark, hungry, red-black eyes studied me, moving from my heaving breasts to my exposed pink panties, which I was sure had a visible wet patch on the crotch.

He licked his lips, his nostrils flaring.

“I...” I hesitated, totally mesmerized by the expression of desire on his face. His eyes snapped up to meet mine, and it was like a calming wave washing over me. “Will you kiss me?”

He groaned. “Fuck, yes.”

With his hand cupping the back of my neck, he led my mouth to his, launching me into a sensual attack that I was in no way ready for.

This kiss was different from the ones we had shared before.

While the other ones had always been sweet and caressing, communicating love and caring, this one was dirty and deep, communicating our passion and desperation.

“If we were a normal couple,” he had said back in the hotel in Paris, ~“we would’ve had sex multiple times by now.”~

He had said that only a day after meeting me. I knew werewolf couples were extremely sexual and touchy—I had witnessed it firsthand when I was at his pack house.

The fact that Grayson—an extremely dominating and powerful alpha male—had been able to hold himself back for so long was a miracle.

It was evidence of the truth behind his words. He really did want me to be in control.

But he didn’t have to hold back anymore.

I gasped against his mouth when he squeezed my butt in his hands, pulling me closer to him, allowing him to sink deeper, his tongue wrestling with mine.

Pleasure bloomed everywhere. In my chest, in the buds of my breasts, between my spread thighs, across my pulsing mark.

Before I knew it, I was settling my wet core directly over his rock-hard member, aided by his hands on my waist that immediately knew what I was after and eagerly helped to lift me into place on top of him.

We both groaned at the contact, his lips becoming even more frantic against mine, something I didn’t even know was possible.

I needed friction. I needed movement. My hips started to move on their own accord, dry-humping him. He helped me, leading me over his cock and teaching me how to thrust.

“Fuck, you’re trying to kill me,” Grayson rasped against my mouth, his voice husky and rough.

His hands never stopped moving my hips, continuously brushing my clothed clit over the zipper of his jeans with precise precision.

My fingers curled around his shirt, suddenly desperately wishing he wasn't wearing it. What we were doing now wasn't enough. I wanted to feel every inch of his hard body against me.

"Grayson...", I whined.

He kissed me again, driving me completely mad. He pulled away seconds later, and I gasped against him. "Tell me what you want, Belle."

My hips started to move faster against him, my breaths panting. "I...I need..." I didn't even recognize my own voice. "I don't think I can say it out loud."

"Do you need me to help you?"

My chin bobbed up and down.

His eyes flashed. His hands on my hips forced me to slow my thrusts, and he leaned forward, his lips so close to the skin of my ear that I could feel his hot breath rustling my hair.

"Say, 'Grayson, please touch my wet pussy,'" he said, providing me with the words.

"Please make me come...over and over again."

His dirty words made everything in me light up with fire. "Grayson...", I started.

His grip on me tightened in anticipation, jerking my clit against his zipper roughly once. Twice. Three times. I moaned. "Please touch...please touch my wet pussy," I said, my words rushing out.

"And?" he prompted, never stopping his harsh movements.

"Please make me cum," I whined. I was barely even keeping it together at this point.

"Over and over again."

That's all it took for him to pounce.

BELLE

In what felt like less than a second, I was lying flat on my back on a bed in one of the bedrooms, looking up at my mate on top of me.

I didn't even have time to process before his hands were ripping my panties from my legs and launching them across the room, then shoving the skirt of my waitress uniform up around my waist.

He gripped my thighs and spread my legs open as wide as he could, his eyes immediately finding my needy pussy with a ravenous expression.

"You're so wet for me," he groaned, his chest heaving.

Right before I was ready to start begging again, his thumb parted my folds and then pressed down on my clit.

My entire body violently convulsed at the simple touch, nearly coming then and there. The shudder of pleasure that traveled through me was so intense that it had stars exploding behind my eyes.

"I know, baby," Grayson said, still gently playing with my little bud of nerves. I writhed beneath him. "Fuck, you're a fucking dream. I've got you, Belle. I've got you."

The sparks of the mate bond only made the entire experience a million times more intense, traveling through me and adding to the pleasure.

Grayson knew exactly how to touch me, too, the exact right amount of pressure to add and then to take off to keep me in bliss.

My hips moved against his hand, chasing after the release I so desperately needed.

And when my movements became too much, Grayson growled and pinned me down with a hand on my stomach, shushing me with his deep voice.

I reached for him. I didn't even know what I wanted, but thankfully, Grayson did and planted his lips over mine, automatically adding another level of intimacy. It made me feel drunk.

His finger left my clit, and I nearly cried out in dismay, but then it traveled lower and ever so slowly slid into my soaking wet hole. I jerked and squeezed my eyes shut at the sudden intrusion.

Grayson shushed my whines, giving me words of praise, breathing up against my neck, and licking my mark.

He started to thrust his thick middle finger in and out of my pussy in long, determined motions while his palm pressed up against my clit, playing with it at the same time.

“Moan for me, baby,” he ordered. “Moan for me, so I know where that sweet spot inside of you is. So that when I’m deep inside you for the first time, I’ll know exactly what spot to hit every. Single. Time.”

Dear Lord.

My mouth opened at his command, automatically doing as he told me. Whimpers of pure bliss spilled from my lips as he searched inside me with his hand.

Then he curled his finger, suddenly hitting a spot that nearly had me screaming.

He chuckled. “Found it.”

I realized then that he had been searching for my G-spot, something that I had never been able to locate (to be honest, I was starting to think I was one of those unfortunate girls who didn’t have one).

He was somehow able to find it in less than thirty seconds.

His finger began to brush up against the newfound erogenous zone with exact precision with every thrust as his palm continued to pet my clit.

Without warning, the claws of his other hand tore through my uniform and bra, leaving me naked beneath him, completely at his mercy.

His eyes found my breasts, seemingly mesmerized for several long moments as they bounced with his movements.

Then, before I even knew what was happening, his mouth latched onto one of my nipples, swirling his tongue around it and tugging on it with his teeth.

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The hand that wasn’t currently thrusting in and out of me came up and kneaded the other one in his palm. My back arched, pushing myself closer to him.

I was losing my mind. I had never felt such pleasure.

I was a complete and utter mess beneath him, moaning and writhing against his hand, so close to the edge that I was starting to feel tingles in my hands and feet and crawling up my legs.

Grayson released my nipple from his mouth, leaning back.

“Eyes open,” he demanded, his words sounding more like a growl than anything else. “I want to see how those blue eyes turn glossy when I make what’s mine come for the first time.”

My eyelids flew open at his command, and I looked at him. I gasped.

Grayson was significantly bigger, his muscles straining against his stretched-out black T-shirt and jeans, his chest heaving with harsh growls, his eyes the deepest dark red I had ever seen them.

Although I knew that any other person would have been terrified by the sight in front of me, it only excited me and made my chest fill with love.

I wanted all of Grayson—vampire, wolf, and whatever else he could give me. And right now, he was giving me exactly that.

At the view of his sharp fangs peeking out from beneath his top lip, something inside of me turned desperate.

“Bite me,” I begged, pushing down against his hand. “Mark me again, Grayson.

Please. Bite me.”

Grayson’s eyes flashed bright red and then pitch black.

His purring became so loud that it felt like the noise was bouncing off the walls, causing the whole room to vibrate and more of my arousal to leak from me and onto his hand.

And then his teeth were inside my flesh, sinking down into the spot on my neck where he had first marked me so many months ago.

That’s all it took for me to go over the edge.

I screamed out his name as my pussy clamped down on his finger, pulsing around him.

My eyes filled with bright light, my legs shook, and my heart lurched in my chest as wave after wave of pure bliss traveled through my body and completely consumed me.

It lasted for what felt like several minutes, and I could do nothing but lie there, panting Grayson’s name over and over again as he continued to draw out my orgasm for as long as possible.

His hand still moved against me, inside me, and his teeth were still lodged in my throat.

Several moments later, I finally came down from my high. Grayson removed his teeth from my neck, licking at the wound he had created with gentle laps, sure to clean up all of the blood.

His hand left my pussy, and I shuttered from the aftershocks.

When he pulled back to look at me, I noticed that he had some of my blood on his lips.

Even though that should have scared me—the fact that his vampire had just fed me while his wolf marked me as his own—it just felt right.

I couldn't help but smile up at him as I watched him through hooded, satisfied eyes.

He didn't return the smile. His expression was still intense, still hungry. I swallowed.

"Grayson?" I asked.

Without saying a word, he leaned down and kissed my belly button, his hands returning to grip my hips. I sat up on my elbows, looking down at him.

"What are you doing?"

His dark-red eyes looked up at me as he traveled down my torso with his lips, getting dangerously close to the location that was still tingling from the orgasm that he had given me just moments before.

His purring hadn't calmed, and the sound had me unconsciously spreading my legs for him once again.

He wasn't going to... Was he?

"Need to taste you, Belle," was his reply, spoken against the skin of my thigh. "I've been starving for you."

Hmm, I guess he was. Well, I guess he hadn't eaten dinner, right?

I didn't even get the chance to respond before his tongue slid over my slit. I fell back onto the bed, so sensitive down there that even that simple movement from his tongue had me jerking.

"Grayson...", I moaned.

Grayson didn't hesitate to suck my clit into his mouth, letting out a loud growl that mixed with his purrs and vibrated the little bud.

Holy shit, he was going to make me come again.

And that's exactly what he did.

In mere moments I was thrown back into a pool of complete and utter bliss.

Only this time, my pleasure didn't find its peak because the moment I started to come down, Grayson began to suck and flick his tongue more furiously against my pussy, thrusting a finger inside of me as well.

"Again," he ordered, never looking away from my eyes as he continued to lap at me without mercy.

I started contracting around him once again. Sobs left me, and tears of pure satisfaction ran down my cheeks.

I writhed against him, pushing my core down against his mouth as I came, which he happily accepted, encouraging me with one hand still on my hip, leading my movements against him.

When the pleasure of my third orgasm finally began to fade, I slumped down against the bed, completely and utterly spent. My breathing was erratic, and my heart was going a mile a minute.

Grayson looked up at me with hooded eyes, and although he wasn't actively trying to get me off anymore, he still continued to lick me. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself, totally content.

When his tongue swept over my extremely sensitive clit, I whined, "Grayson...

Stop," and tried shoving his face away from me.

At last, he leaned back, smirking. His eyes finally returned to their forest-green color, his body shrinking to its normal size as his wolf and vampire retreated.

"If you didn't look so tired and satisfied, I would make you come again. And again.

Until you couldn't take it anymore."

"I already can't take it anymore," I replied.

He chuckled and stood up, pulling his shirt over his head and tossing it to the floor.

I couldn't help my body's reaction at the sight of his muscular chest and abs, my pussy tightening once again, and my heart rate escalating.

Grayson looked down at me with amusement, watching my chest heave and my legs squeeze together. "You sure about that, baby?"

I covered my face with my arms, pink staining my cheeks.

Grayson laughed once again. He positioned one of his knees on the mattress and leaned over me, placing a firm kiss on my forehead.

“You feel better now?” he whispered as he brushed my hair out of my face.

I nodded even as my face grew redder beneath my hands, still covering me.

“Good,” Grayson grunted, pleasure filling his tone. He kissed my forehead one more time, taking a moment to rub his nose against my hair and deeply inhale my scent before walking away from me.

I peeked out from under my arms to watch my shirtless mate walk to the bathroom connected to the room, feeling saliva pool in my mouth.

How the fuck was he so hot? It was like an Abercrombie and Fitch model had a baby with Chris Evans. Only he was hotter. And bigger. And sexier.

And—based on firsthand, recent experience— seriously good with his tongue.

Grayson turned to look at me before entering the bathroom, catching me staring.

He smirked and winked at me before turning away again.

Once he was out of sight, I groaned and turned on my side, stuffing my face in a pillow. I looked at the alarm clock on the bedside table. It was nearly three in the morning.

Just thinking about how late it was made me yawn and grab the blankets pooled at the edge of the mattress, pulling them up to my chin.

Before I could fall asleep, though, the covers were ripped from my body.

“Hey!” I whined. “What are you doing?”

Grayson was standing over me with what looked to be a washcloth in his hand. His eyes scanned my body as he climbed back onto the bed, kneeling next to me.

“I can’t get over how gorgeous you are,” he said. He licked his lips and then tapped the side of my leg. “Open.”

I blinked. “Excuse me?”

“Open your legs for me, beautiful. I might have done a good job down there with my mouth, but I still need to clean my baby up.”

“W—What?” I sputtered. Somehow, him...cleaning me felt far more intimate than what we had just done. “Absolutely not!”

Grayson’s lips turned up.

Then he started to purr.

To my absolute horror, my body started to heat up, and my legs opened wide on their own accord, basically inviting him in.

I gasped. “So not fair,” I mewled when he began wiping away the evidence of his saliva and my arousal with the warm washcloth.

His purrs soon became quiet, calming me instead of turning me on, and my eyes drifted shut.

Once satisfied, Grayson got up and threw the washcloth in the bathroom before returning to me. He silently removed his jeans and then crawled into bed, immediately pulling me into him.

I sighed and burrowed into his chest, decidedly the most content I had ever been in my entire life.

“What about you?” I whispered right before drifting off.

“What about me?”

“Do you want me to...?” I hoped he would know what I was talking about without me having to say it. I could feel his hardness against my thigh and knew it couldn’t be comfortable.

He chuckled. “No. Not tonight, baby.”

“But that’s not fair to you. Are you sure?” I yawned.

“I’m sure. Real men don’t keep score.”

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“Okay,” I murmured, choosing not to argue with him since I was already half asleep. I would make it up to him later.

“I love you, Belle.” He pulled me closer to him, not an inch of space between us.

“Sleep.”

And I did.

BELLE

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was how warm and content I was. The second thing I noticed was that someone was touching me.

Grayson dragged his fingers up and down my spine, then over my waist and along my hips, and anywhere else he could get his hands on.

I sighed and burrowed deeper into him, seeking more of his warmth and the feeling of his sparky skin against mine.

He purred for me, and the vibrations of his chest against mine started to lull me back to sleep. But then he began to pull away from me.

My brow furrowed, and I tried to grab him and pull him back to me, but he was too strong.

He pressed a kiss to my forehead. “Shh...,” he whispered against my hair. “I’m not going anywhere.”

I rolled onto my back and watched him sit up and look down at my body which was only covered by a thin sheet. The rest of the blankets were still on the floor from last night.

He licked his lips as his eyes darkened considerably, and his purring increased.

“What are you doing?” I asked, stretching my arms over my head.

He didn’t respond. His eyes tracked my movements, and a deep growl left his mouth.

“Come back to sleep, Grayson.” I yawned. “It’s too early.”

Again, he said nothing. When I glanced up at him, I noticed his gaze was now centered on my chest, where I realized the sheet had fallen so low while I had been stretching that my nipples were almost visible.

I snorted. He was so ridiculous. “I’m going back to sleep. You keep doing whatever this”—I gestured to him—“is.”

I drifted off almost the moment my eyes closed.

My sleep didn't last long. No, Grayson had other plans that had nothing to do with me dozing off. I was awoken a few minutes later by someone touching my toes. I looked down.

Grayson was kissing my feet. He had also removed the sheet away from my body so that I was completely naked.

I gasped. "Grayson! I'm naked!" I tried to grab the sheet again, only to find that it was on the floor on the other side of the room.

My eyes narrowed on Grayson, who still seemed consumed with studying each and every one of my toes like some sort of crazy person.

I tried covering myself up with my hands, but it didn't do much.

It wasn't like he hadn't seen my body before—I really shouldn't be feeling embarrassed; it just still felt odd to be completely naked around someone other than myself.

Especially when that someone had told me on multiple occasions how disappointing my body was when he was taken over by a vampire.

I fidgeted, feeling uncomfortable. I tried to sit up, but he put one of his massive hands on my bare stomach, so I was forced to lie back down.

"Stay," he commanded in his deep, husky voice.

I huffed and looked up at the ceiling. "What are you doing?" I asked as he moved back down my body and kissed the arch of my foot, holding it in his hand.

"Is this your way of telling me you have a foot fetish?" I joked. I tried kicking my foot out of his grasp.

He just tightened his hold, giving me a look that reminded me of how a parent might scold their child.

I scolded him right back, but that quickly turned into a giggle when he ran his nose over the top of my foot. "That tickles."

The corners of his lips turned up. "I could have a fetish for these feet. I could have a fetish for any part of you."

I could feel my chest and cheeks reddening. "Okay, but you don't, right?" I laughed nervously.

I wasn't one to kink-shame, but something about mouths anywhere near grimy feet

—especially mine, which were covered in blisters and calluses—made me feel just a tiny bit ill.

Grayson just grinned and then slowly leaned down and kissed the top of my big toe without breaking eye contact.

I made a face. “Would you stop putting your mouth on my feet? That’s so gross!” I tried yanking my foot out of his grasp once again. He only tightened his grip.

At my request, he chuckled and moved his lips higher, gripping my ankle and kissing the small protruding bone on the side.

“Okay, seriously,” I said, squirming at the sparky feeling his lips left on my skin.

“What are you doing? You’re acting really weird. This is really weird.”

He kissed up the side of my calf, rubbing his nose over my skin and inhaling deeply.

“I want to memorize each and every inch of you. I want a road map of your body in my head.”

His hands gripped my leg tighter. “I want to know where every mole, freckle, and scar is. I want to know your body and its reactions better than I know my own.”

His tongue slipped out and ran over the side of my leg, making me extremely grateful I had taken a shower last night.

Grayson growled yet again, and the sound instantly made my entire body heat up with need.

He inhaled deeply, his nostrils flaring, and his dark-red eyes shot up to meet mine, telling me he could smell my arousal, his whole body stiffening.

He grinned in victory but thankfully didn’t say anything about it and moved on to my other leg, running his hands up and down my calf before putting his lips on it and kissing up to my knee.

I continued to squirm. “This might be a little too strange for me,” I murmured, even though I secretly didn’t want him to stop.

“I spent months not knowing where you were or if you were safe.” He continued to leave kisses in between his words.

“I would drive myself crazy trying to remember you and imagine each part of your perfect body—your smile, your hair, the shape of your hands... And when I couldn’t, I would go ballistic.

“I will never forgive myself for not having studied you before, gotten to know you so I could imagine you with more clarity after you ran away, and all I had left of you were memories.

“I will never again go without knowing every little inch of you. Now, lay back and let me memorize you.”

His purring increased, and my body immediately relaxed, melting deep into the bed.

Grayson growled in approval and then continued to lick, nip, kiss, and touch every inch of my body just as he said he would.

After a while, my embarrassment over my nudity disappeared and was replaced with warmth and relaxation. Everything that had to do with Grayson’s touch just felt right—natural.

When he seemed to officially have finished with my legs and was getting to the part of me where I needed him the most, it was fair to say I was totally and completely on fire.

“Grayson,” I begged. “Please.”

He continued to take his time, acting as though I hadn’t said anything at all. He licked across my hip bones, his massive hands gripping my legs tightly as he maneuvered his body between them.

And then his mouth was finally on me. He licked up my slit first, lapping up the evidence of my arousal that I had learned he enjoyed the taste of so much last night.

I whimpered and gripped his hair. When my hips shot up, he calmly pressed them back down.

My orgasm came fast and intense the moment he sucked my clit into his mouth. I practically shot off the bed, and stars took over my vision.

Grayson pressed a finger inside of me, feeling me pulse around him as he slurped up all of my wetness.

Once again, I was shocked when he didn’t stop, continuing his ministrations as if he couldn’t get enough, even as I writhed against him, extra sensitive.

By the time he was done, he had added two more fingers and made me come a total of three times, leaving me breathless and languid on the bed.

Only then did he move on casually, as if he had been thinking, hmm, I’ll just stop here for a few minutes, give her a couple of orgasms, and then continue on my way.

“Oh, my god,” I whispered when he had finished running his hands and lips around my stomach and ribs and made his way up to my breasts.

His fingers skated beneath them first, then moved up, kneading them gently in his hands, tweaking the nipples. “Grayson...”

He leaned down and ran his tongue over one of the pointed tips, swirling his tongue around it in the same way he had done to my clit only moments before, taking his sweet time, then moving on to the other one.

I arched my back into him, pressing my breasts further into his mouth. He encouraged the action by wrapping an arm under the curve of my back, bringing me even closer to him.

He continued this for a while, spending almost as much time on my breasts as on the spot between my legs, where a hollow, empty feeling was quickly becoming very prominent.

It shocked me with its intensity, and I suddenly ground my hips against Grayson’s without thinking, gasping when I felt his hard length pressing up against me in exactly the right place.

I wasn’t sure where this fierce need had come from—especially since I had just finished coming three times.

But something about how he was sucking and kneading my breasts, the air in the room, hot and damp with our panting breath, and the smell of his hair and overall scent so close to my nose that was turning me desperate.

“Grayson,” I whimpered, sounding more than a little breathless. I needed him inside of me. Now.

When he didn’t even so much as acknowledge my pleas, still completely captivated by my breasts, I took hold of his head with both hands and forcefully tilted it up, so he looked at me.

And then I completely forgot what I was going to say as he flattened his tongue and ran it up my breast and over my nipple without breaking eye contact for a single second.

He was putting on the most intimate, erotic show I had ever witnessed.

I continued to grind against him, chasing after that desperate need to be filled by his cock.

I hoped he would understand what I wanted from him without having to say it because I had somehow lost all ability to form real thoughts.

He groaned when I gave a particularly hard thrust against his hips. “Shh, baby girl,”

he murmured, grabbing hold of my hips and stilling them. “You’re distracting me from sucking on my tits.”

I gasped. “Your tits?!” I screeched incredulously, trying to sit up.

He pushed me back down. “Yes, my tits.” He tweaked my nipple between his pointer finger and thumb, drawing a whine from my mouth. “These tits are mine.”

Then his hand traveled up and ran over my lips before he put his lips against mine, kissing me roughly. “These lips are mine,” he murmured against my mouth.

Then his other hand was abruptly cupping my pussy, thrusting his middle finger into me. “And this tight little virgin pussy is definitely mine. ~All~ of you is mine.”

I bit my lip once his finger started to thrust in and out of me. I didn’t have it in me to argue with him. Not at this moment, at least.

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“Who do you belong to?” he asked.

I couldn’t answer. My brain was too muddled.

Grayson’s movements stopped. “Answer me, Belle. Who do you belong to?”

“You!” I gasped out, willing to say anything as long as he continued with what he was doing before. “I belong to you. I’m yours.”

Once he was done with my front, he flipped me over and did the same on the other side, only this time, the touch turned less passionate and into more of a massage, lulling me nearly back to sleep.

His sparky hands felt incredible on my skin.

When he finally seemed to finish his thorough examination, he put one more kiss on the center of my back and flopped down next to me on the bed. I smiled at him.

He looked calm. Happy.

“Do you realize how obsessed I am with you?” he mumbled.

My lips turned up. “I think I’m starting to get the picture.”

His hand ran over the side of my hair. “You can’t ever leave me again.” His face turned serious. “I almost went crazy without you. I wasn’t even functioning properly.”

“I wasn’t functioning either. I’m sure you could tell by the state you found me in.”

His frown grew deeper.

“Cold?” he asked. He must’ve noticed the shivers he was causing with his hand traveling up and down my back.

I hummed in response.

He pulled me to him. “I’ll warm you up.”

I laughed. “Haven’t you already been doing that? I think I’m plenty warm.”

“I’m not convinced.”

His lips fell onto mine.

My entire body buzzed as I kissed him, so completely content and relieved to have the undivided attention of my mate.

A few seconds later, I pulled away just slightly. “My turn?” I whispered against his lips.

His brows raised, and my heart raced in my chest as I waited for his response.

To my relief, his lips turned up in a smirk, and he leaned back against the headboard, crossing his arms behind his head.

“Be my guest.”

I bit my bottom lip and glanced down at his bare chest and arms. He was huge and rock-hard. Even his muscles had muscles.

I shuffled myself down to kneel by his feet, the same place where he had started. I glanced up at him, wetting my suddenly dry lips. He was watching me intently with that stupid, sexy smirk plastered on his face.

“I don’t actually have to kiss your feet, do I?” I finally asked.

His head tilted back, and a deep laugh left his throat.

“Don’t laugh!” I grumbled, smacking his chest.

He looked back at me, showing off his white teeth with his wide smile. “No, Belle, you don’t have to put those beautiful lips on my feet if you don’t want to.”

Without saying another word, I leaned back down, leaving a gentle kiss. As much as I didn’t like the idea of putting my mouth on his feet, I was more than okay with putting them on...other spots.

I kissed up one of his legs before moving to the other and doing the same, my hands following close behind. Grayson’s muscles tensed and released under my touch, giving me a strange sense of power.

I loved that I affected him. There was something so intimate and special about studying the body of my mate, exploring him in the same way he’d explored me.

When I reached the edge of his boxers, I looked up at him. His chest was rising and falling rapidly with ragged breaths, his eyes dark red once again. His square jaw was clenched.

“You’re supposed to be enjoying this,” I said. “This is supposed to be relaxing. Why do you look so tense?”

“My naked mate’s mouth is inches away from my hard cock, and you’re wondering if I’m enjoying it?” His voice was like gravel.

He swallowed, his Adam’s apple moving slowly in his throat. “I’m enjoying it too much. I’m doing my best to hold myself back, but you’re making it extremely difficult.”

“Oh.”

I suddenly felt a strange sense of power take over. For once, I was the one driving

~him~ crazy. I looked back down at his boxers, running my hands up his legs.

Then I squared my shoulders and leaned back down.

GRAYSON

Belle’s cheeks were a sweet shade of pink as she stared down at my hard cock encased in my boxers. God, she was adorable—and far too innocent for her own good.

She was lucky I hadn’t pounced on her yet, especially with how she kept looking up at me with those big, eager blue eyes.

The only reason I wasn’t already deep between her legs, simultaneously taking her to new heights and tying her to me forever, was because I didn’t know what mating would mean for her.

I couldn't stop imagining her going through the intense pain of her first shift.

Shifting for the first time for werewolves was terrifying and intense and so incredibly painful.

And yet, this would be so much easier if she were shifting into a wolf because I would know what to expect. I could help her through it.

But she wasn't shifting into a wolf; she was shifting into a fairy. I had no idea what that entailed.

And that terrified me.

Mating with Belle meant unintentionally putting her in danger. And I was going to do anything possible to prevent that. For as long as possible, at least.

But that didn't mean she couldn't continue doing what she was doing now.

I knew she had never done anything like this before.

If the smell of her sweet virginity—something only a male werewolf could scent in his female—wasn't evidence enough, then it would be made blatantly obvious by her shaking and clumsy hands.

When I had touched, kissed, and nipped up her beautiful body, I hadn't been expecting anything in return.

Even when I had lapped at her pussy until she had given me the most delicious orgasm ever, I had done it with only her in mind—not that I hadn't enjoyed myself immensely.

So, God help me, even though my dick was rock-hard and the beast inside me was gnashing its teeth, demanding that I throw her down onto the bed and make her mine, I was somehow able to hold myself back.

She was still weak—still nervous about being around me after everything that had happened. The hard fucking I wanted to give her had to— would— come later, after she trusted me again.

I knew she craved my control and dominance. I hadn't missed the way her thighs clenched together every time.

Belle's fingers started picking at the waistband of my boxers with nervous picks.

"Can I...Can I, um...take these off?" she squeaked out.

I smiled down at her, barely able to handle how adorable she was.

Trying to make it just a bit easier on her, I lifted my hips off the bed and removed my boxers myself, never taking my eyes off her.

I wanted to ensure she didn't run for the hills when she saw how especially... well-endowed her mate was. She had absolutely no reason to be scared of me, but I would be surprised if she didn't freak out a bit.

"Why do you look so nervous, Belle? You have absolutely nothing to be afraid of. I promise you."

"Um, I, uh...I just—" She swallowed. "I hope you don't expect that thing to, um, you know, fit inside me. Because I really don't think it will. I don't—"

"Belle, baby, breathe. Nothing is going to happen right now."

That seemed to make her relax a bit. "Nothing?" Her hands ran up and down my legs in a way that had a low growl escaping my lips. "I hadn't finished with my inspection."

Fucking hell, if my cock got any stiffer, I was going to come like some prepubescent boy on his first date before she even got started.

"Well, don't let me stop you."

I meant to gesture down to where she had been before but couldn't stop myself from cupping her face and running a thumb over her cheek instead.

I was momentarily stalled by the absolute beauty that was my Belle. Her bright blue eyes threatened to rip my heart right open. Christ, I had missed her so much.

Belle nuzzled into my touch, and my heart did a somersault in my chest. Then she looked back down at my hard dick. It jumped under her gaze.

"Are you sure you want to do this, baby? You don't have to if you don't want to."

"I want to," she keened. "I really want to. I want to make you feel as good as you made me feel." With that, she grabbed my hard cock in her tiny hand, gripping it tightly right off the bat.

"Oh, fuck," I groaned. Pleasure shot through me at her simple, hesitant touch, my hips thrusting upward on their own accord.

Belle gasped. "I'm sorry!" She dropped me and reared back.

"No. You did nothing wrong," I said through gritted teeth, barely able to speak through my desire. I swore under my breath. "You did the opposite, sweet girl."

“Oh,” she responded. Her eyes searched my expression and then widened. “Oh. So I can...?” She wrapped her little fingers back around me, tentatively pumping me once.

My head fell back onto the headboard, a deep groan falling from my lips. If this was how good her hand felt, I couldn’t imagine what her mouth and virgin pussy would feel like. “Just like that, baby. That’s it.”

After two more hard strokes that had my mind reeling, her hand slowed to a stop. “I don’t...I don’t know what I’m doing.”

Her innocent confession nearly had me panting. My poor mate was nervous.

I pulled her up toward me. “Give me those lips,” I coaxed. Before she could argue, her mouth fell down on mine.

I led her through the kiss, running my tongue along the seam of her lips, encouraging her to open for me.

I massaged her tongue with mine, making love to her mouth. Her delicate breaths finally started to calm, and she melted into the kiss.

I pulled back a few seconds later, molding my forehead to hers. “There we go.

That’s better.” I kissed her once more.

Chapter 95 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

“What you were doing just now was pretty damn good.” I tried giving her a comforting smile. “What exactly do you want to do?”

“I-I...” She swallowed, her cheeks turning even darker if that was possible. I followed the color down her neck and chest until it settled at the tops of her delicious tits. I licked my lips.

“I want to do what you did to me. With—With my mouth.”

My cock gave a hard jerk in her hands, making her gasp and look down at it with wide eyes. Jesus fucking Christ, she was going to kill me.

“You want to suck me off, beautiful?”

She nodded, licking her lips. “Y-Yes. That. But I...”

“You’ve never done anything like this before, and you’re scared,” I provided. My jaw tightened when her grip on my cock tightened just slightly, precum leaking from the tip.

Another nod.

“You want help? I can walk you through it, but I need to make sure you’re certain.”

“That’s what I want,” she professed. Her eagerness was a major turn-on.

My wolf howled in my consciousness, demanding I take advantage of Belle’s innocent eagerness and the smell of her sweet arousal swirling in the air around us.

He wanted me to take control of the situation and stop messing around—to hell with worrying about her shifting into a fairy. He wanted her, and he wanted her now.

He kept producing images of me thrusting deep into her pussy in several different positions and locations all around the hotel, images of her perfect little cunt dripping with my seed, bred and pregnant with my child.

And— fuck—I was about ready to do as he said.

“Are you okay?” Belle’s small, unsure voice pulled me back from my thoughts, watching me with wide, hesitant eyes.

My chest tightened when I realized I was freaking her out. This was already such a scary moment for her.

She thought she was doing something wrong when that was the furthest thing from the truth. Suddenly, my only goal was to calm and comfort her.

I shook my head, trying my absolute hardest to reign myself in before I did something I regretted. The last thing Belle needed right now was me losing control.

“My wolf is enjoying himself, that’s all.”

My wolf paced unhappily in my head.

Belle seemed to recognize my lie right away. “You look like you’re about to shift.”

I laughed. “That is the last thing you need to worry about right now—trust me. My wolf would never intervene during a moment like this.

“Especially when you just agreed to wrap those beautiful lips around my cock.”

When she didn't respond but just continued to fidget nervously, I continued, "Stroke me. Stroke me with your hand, up and down. Just like you were before. That'll be a good start."

Her hand started to move up and down, watching in rapture as my head fell back again and a deep, rumbled groan escaped my mouth. My hands rolled into fists at my sides, suppressing my need to grab her.

"Good. Good girl," I said, my voice strained and low. "Now you're gonna want to wrap those pretty lips around the top. Whenever you're ready."

Her eagerness surprised me as she did as she was told, immediately leaning down until the tip of my dick was in her mouth, showing me just how excited she was to get me in her mouth.

"Oh, fuck," I growled, nearly coming then and there. "You're doing so good, baby. So good. Now you're going to swirl your tongue around it. Lick it up real good."

My mind went completely numb as she followed my directions.

She didn't even need to be told to start using her hands again on the parts that her mouth couldn't fit, stroking me up and down while her tongue and mouth sucked and licked me like her own personal lollipop.

I ran my hand through her hair, scratching her scalp in a way that seemed to visibly relax her. Good. I didn't want her to be tense. Ever. And especially not now.

"I didn't think you could get any sexier, but goddamn, you look beautiful with my cock in your mouth," I groaned out, pressing the back of my head onto the bed.

I couldn't take my eyes off her. I was in heaven. My heart pounded in my chest, waves of pleasure shooting up my body, causing my jaw to clench until it hurt.

I groaned when her eyes closed, moans and slurping noises escaping her.

Her gorgeous tits swayed, and her hard nipples brushed up against my thighs with each movement, mesmerizing and teasing me all at the same time.

I wasn't going to last much longer. She was too sweet. Too perfect. I was just barely holding myself back from grabbing her head and fucking her sinful mouth.

My grip on her hair quickly turned into a fist when she started bobbing her head up and down at the same pace as her hand.

She wasn't even close to fitting the entire thing in her mouth, but damn, she was doing well with what little she could.

She looked up at me with hooded eyes, seeking my approval like the perfect little mate she was.

My expression must have conveyed how close I was because, the next thing I knew, one of her little hands traveled upward and cupped my balls, rolling them gently in her palm.

“Oh, fuck!” I shouted, my hips shooting up before I could stop them, sparks traveling down my legs and making my toes curl.

With my hand still gripping her hair, I started guiding her head up and down.

“That’s it, Belle. That is it. Fuck!”

My seed shot into her mouth, filling it and dripping down her chin and neck.

She choked slightly, her throat contracting as she tried to swallow it all, but never pulled away or stopped working her hand up and down my convulsing length.

“Holy shit,” I groaned out, my eyes clenching shut as my orgasm started to roll to an end.

Belle didn’t stop sucking, moaning on my still semi-hard cock like it was the best thing she had ever tasted.

My cum spilled from the corners of her mouth, but she still continued, so content with what she was doing. I had never seen anything so sexy in my entire life.

My hand released its tight hold on her hair and ran through it soothingly. Fucking shit, if she kept at it the way she was, she was going to make me come again.

I was already starting to harden again in her hand. She needed to stop before I did something stupid like fuck her sweet little mouth.

“That’s good, Belle.” I gently pulled at her hair, coaxing her up.

Her twin blue eyes watched me with such innocence as she pulled away from me, finally releasing her hold on my dick.

Never breaking eye contact, she dragged a finger over her bottom lip, scooping up my excess cum and then popping her finger into her mouth, licking it clean.

She grinned. “You tasted way better than I thought you would.”

I groaned when my dick immediately hardened fully once again, smacking up against my abs, more than ready for round two.

It was made worse by Belle's sweet little giggle and mischievous expression when she noticed my predicament.

I narrowed my eyes and grabbed her by her waist, tugging her down next to me.

She shrieked and continued laughing, rolling in my hold before nuzzling her face into my chest like the snuggly little kitten she was. Affection like I had never felt before filled my form.

With two fingers tucked under her chin, I tilted her head up so I could look at her.

Her lips turned up in a smile as she met my gaze.

"You were far too good at that. It better have been a God-given gift. Or we're going to have problems," I said.

Her eyes sparkled. "I just had a really good teacher."

BELLE

After spending a very steamy rest of the morning in bed, Grayson insisted that we get something to eat even though all I wanted to do was rest.

I was finally starting to feel like I had some of my energy back after being with Grayson for so long, but I was still extremely exhausted.

I guess being away from your other half for three months really could take it out of a person.

We were standing in front of the bathroom mirror, brushing our teeth, Grayson behind me with one arm wrapped around my waist.

He was being completely crazy with his constant need to be touching me or freaking licking—yes, licking—my mark. And as much as I would have never admitted it to him, I kind of loved it.

I needed his touch just as much as he needed to give it to me.

Once we were done with our teeth, I grabbed Grayson's wrist and looked down at the watch on his wrist.

"I have two hours before my shift at the diner starts," I told him. "I have to go back to my apartment and grab a new uniform before heading out."

Just as expected, his entire body stiffened behind me, his grip on my waist tightening. "No," he grunted. "Absolutely not."

I rolled my eyes. “I’m not quitting my job, Grayson. I know you want me to, but it’s not going to happen.”

“Actually, it is happening. Today. You are never going back there ever again.”

“Yeah, we’ll see about that.”

I tried to slither out of his grip, but he flipped me around so my lower back was to the counter behind me, and my front was pressed flush against his chest.

“They treat you like shit there, and I’ll be damned if I let my mate out of my arms for a single second today to work a job where they don’t care the slightest about her health or well-being.

“They worked you to the bone, baby. Your boss is a jackass and a drug dealer, and I’m not letting you anywhere near him again.”

“What are you even talking about? A drug dealer?”

“He’s using his diner to launder drug money. He’s not a good person. And he takes advantage of you. I’m not going to stand for it, you understand? Not anymore.

“Not now that you know the truth, and I just got you back.”

The news about Jerry didn’t surprise me. He was always acting sketchy around the diner and was extremely weird about money.

I opened my mouth to continue arguing, but Grayson kissed my lips before I could. I slumped into him as he happily took my weight.

“Just give me today, baby,” he whispered against my lips. “Please. We’ll figure this all out some other time, but I think I am physically incapable of sitting and watching you work again today.

“I need you here where I can keep you safe and help you heal. Please, Belle.”

There was something about his pleading tone that made it impossible to say no to him. “Okay,” I finally said, giving him a quick peck on the lips. “Just for today, though.”

“Fine,” Grayson agreed, although he didn’t seem happy about it. “We’ll talk about it later.”

Chapter 96 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

Without warning, his hands traveled down to my butt, and he swiftly lifted me onto the counter.

I gasped. "What are you doing?"

His eyes locked on my lips. "Need to kiss you."

Before I could respond, his lips were on mine, coaxing me into a deep, passionate kiss.

I pulled away.

Grayson growled. "Not done," he said, trying to pull me back to him.

I giggled. "Don't we have things to do today? We spent all morning in bed doing basically this."

"Nothing that is more important than this. I'm making up for lost time."

Someone began violently banging on the door, shocking us both out of our intimate moment.

"Belle!" a voice shouted on the other side of the door. "Belle!"

Grayson growled under his breath, pulling me to him by my hips so I was flush against him. His eyes turned black and then a dark red as both creatures inside him came to the surface.

"It's Liam!" I said, recognizing his voice. I tried to jump off the counter I was sitting on, but Grayson's huge body blocked me. "Grayson, what are you doing? Let me go!"

I have to go talk to him."

"No," Grayson grunted in response.

"No?" I repeated, shocked.

"No."

I scoffed, pushing at his chest again. He didn't budge. "You have no right to tell me what to do." I shoved at his shoulders, trying to get him to move but to no avail.

I was even more infuriated when Grayson grabbed both my wrists with a single hand, completely preventing my movements and ignoring my cries of protest.

Then he leaned down and gently nipped at my mark. I couldn't help my body's reaction as I melted against him, letting him take the weight of my upper half in his arms.

"Belle!" Liam continued to shout. The door's handle began to shake violently. "I know you're in there! My dad owns the hotel, so I can get a key card real easy!"

Without saying a word, Grayson lifted me into his arms, wrapping my legs around his waist as if I were a child, and carried me into the bedroom, where he dropped me unceremoniously on the bed.

I could feel Grayson's muscles as he moved away from me. "Stay here," he said, leaving a lingering kiss on my forehead.

He took a step back, obviously planning on leaving me there on my own. I immediately jumped to my feet.

Grayson's eyes snapped to me as I followed him. "What did I just say?" he asked, his voice sounding like gravel.

I crossed my arms over my chest. "What did I just say? Stop telling me what to do."

His nostrils flared. "I will not have you anywhere near that vampire until I know what it is that he wants.

"Do not test my wolf right now because it will not be you who will have to deal with the consequences. It'll be him. So stay. Here. "

I knew I had no other option than to do as he told me. I watched him march away from me, noting that the width of his chest was slightly bigger than normal, his wolf trying to take over.

The banging on the door increased. Liam was getting impatient. I had no doubt the door would come crashing down at any moment.

"Grayson!" I called after him. He looked back at me, breathing deeply. "Don't hurt him."

His fingers curled into his palms, his dark brows slashing together. He studied me for several seconds, obviously struggling with my request.

"I won't hurt him unless he gives me a reason to. Stay quiet, and everything should be fine," he finally responded, his voice jagged and deep. He turned, and in a flash, I was alone in the room.

I heard Grayson opening the door outside the room.

“Where the hell is she?” Liam demanded, his angry footsteps entering the hotel suite. “What did you do with her? I can smell her, so I know she’s here. Belle! Belle, where are you?”

“You will not refer to my mate by her first name, vampire,” Grayson snarled.

My fingernails dug into the marble countertop as I listened, forcing myself to stay where I was so I didn’t endanger Liam. Why did Grayson have to be so abrupt with him and rude?

There was no way Liam was going to respond well to that.

“I’ll call her whatever the fuck I want because she’s my friend, and ~I’m~ the one who has been taking care of her~.~

“Where the hell have you been over the last few months when she wasn’t eating, sleeping, or barely even functioning, huh?

“What about when she had nowhere to live or when I found her sobbing in pain in the rain because of what you did to her?

“You call yourself her mate, but then go ahead and let her suffer, you fucking jackass.”

Uh oh.

I didn’t even have to be in the room to know that a fight had broken out. I could hear it.

Great. Just great.

BELLE

A huge bang sounded, and then the sound of splintering wood. Grayson was growling, followed by Liam’s grunts.

I jumped off the counter and sprinted across the room, throwing the door open in a panic. It had been barely thirty seconds since I heard the fight break out, and the room was in total ruins.

The dining table was completely broken, split down the middle.

There were claw marks along the couch cushions, artwork torn off the walls, and shards of glass all over the floor from one of the balcony doors shattering.

The two of them were moving in a blur across the room, so fast that I could barely even follow their movements. They growled and hissed as they plowed into the walls of the suite’s living room.

“Stop!” I yelled in a panic. “Grayson! Liam! Stop! Please!”

They completely ignored me, smashing into the large wooden table and demolishing it. They were making so much noise I was surprised the hotel staff wasn’t alerted.

I did the only thing I could think of. I ran through the broken doors to the balcony.

My legs were shaking as I climbed onto the railing overlooking Evergreen, nearly twenty stories up in the air.

I slowly stood and turned, balancing on the thick but terrifyingly high-up rail. I had never been super afraid of heights, thank goodness, but even this had me faltering.

“Stop! ” I screamed at the top of my lungs. I was sure even the people beneath me on the road could hear my plea.

Both men finally stopped in the middle of the room, panting, their gazes swinging to land on me. It was then I noticed Grayson had shifted into his wolf.

My whole body filled with emotion and longing as I looked at him. I hadn’t seen Grayson’s wolf since Paris. It made me realize how much I had missed him.

Just like Grayson’s human side, he had grown much bigger since the last time I had seen him, but somehow still managed to make me feel safe and comforted just by being in the same room.

“Belle, thank God. You’re alright,” Liam said. He scanned where I was standing.

“What the fuck are you doing? Get down from there! You’re going to fucking kill yourself!”

“It’s the only way I could get your attention. Neither of you were listening to me.”

Grayson’s wolf crouched low as he approached me, almost making me think he was hunting me until I noticed the way his ears were folded up in a non-threatening way.

His eyes were wide and worried. I realized with a start that he was coming to get me down.

“Wait,” I said, holding my hands out and looking down behind me to ensure I didn’t accidentally fall to my death. “Don’t come near me, Grayson. I mean it. I need you to listen to me.”

Grayson ignored me, continuing to move toward me slowly, trying not to scare me.

He was now only five feet away from me.

“Grayson, seriously—”

I shrieked when he suddenly pounced, leaping up and chomping down on the front of my shirt and forcing me to go falling.

Liam called my name simultaneously, just as shocked by Grayson’s actions as I was.

I thought my face would smash into the concrete beneath me, but Grayson quickly flipped around, so instead, I went flying onto his back, encased by his fuzziness, totally unharmed.

That didn’t mean I wasn’t still pissed.

“What the hell, Grayson?” I demanded, hitting his side as I pushed off him. “Did you not hear me when I told you not to come near me, you big oaf? You could have killed me!”

Grayson shot several quick growls back as if saying, “I almost killed you?”

“Belle, are you okay?” Liam asked, now standing in the doorway with a worried expression.

It was the first time I noticed that his eyes were bright red and his fangs and claws were out, his vampire side in control.

I couldn’t help but freeze as I observed him, still not used to seeing red eyes anywhere but in my nightmares.

Grayson turned and growled at him, crouching down in a hunting pose for real this time, probably angry with him for scaring me.

To his credit, Liam stood his ground even as Grayson’s wolf—who was an admittedly terrifying creature and larger than a horse—bared and chomped his teeth at him.

I slapped Grayson’s side again. “Quit it,” I scolded him. Grayson backed down a bit. I turned my gaze back to Liam. “I’m fine. Annoyed but fine.”

Before I could stop him, Grayson turned back to me and began incessantly licking my face, making me giggle and shove him away from me.

“Yeah, yeah, I missed you too, big guy.”

Grayson gave one last lick to his mark on my neck, causing a shiver down my spine, before settling his huge head and paws on my lap, nuzzling his head into the side of my knee like a sweet puppy.

It was almost comical, and I couldn't help but giggle and run my hand over the soft fur of his head.

When I looked back up at Liam, he was watching us with confusion and shock written all over his face.

It occurred to me that he had never witnessed mates interacting before, so it must have seemed odd to him. My face brightened a bit.

"What are you doing here, Liam?" I asked him, clearing my throat. I tried to get up, but Grayson pushed me back down with his massive jaw. I huffed.

Chapter 97 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

"I came here looking for you, obviously," Liam said, keeping one eye on Grayson at all times. "I got back yesterday. Where have you been?"

"Where have I been? Where the hell have ~you~ been?"

"Canada," he answered, glaring at the wolf in my lap who was paying absolutely no attention to him.

"Canada? Why were you in Canada?"

"Your mate told me to go there."

"What? Grayson told you to go to Canada?" I looked down at my mate, but he ignored me and licked his paws, acting oh-so-innocent. Oh, he was ~so~ lucky he was a wolf right now.

I tried once again to shove Grayson off my lap. He whined but let me roll him away.

"Go shift," I told him. "You have some explaining to do."

He looked up at me and huffed unhappily. When he tried to set his head back down on my lap, I quickly moved my legs, so he landed with a thump on the hard ground.

"I'm not kidding. I need to talk to you. Go shift," I repeated.

Grayson threw an angry glance at Liam and then looked back at me as if he were saying, "You think I'm going to leave you alone with this idiot?"

“Liam isn’t going to hurt me. He tried to protect me from you, remember?”

Grayson didn’t look convinced.

“Look, the sooner you get back, the less time I’ll end up spending alone with him,” I tried again.

If wolves had facial expressions, then I swore Grayson would have looked bored.

He plopped his head back down on his paws.

My jaw clenched. “Fine. How about I promise not to fight you on going to work tomorrow if you shift right now? We can do whatever you want for the entire day.”

That got his attention. His black wolf eyes peeked open and then narrowed on me for a few seconds before he finally lifted from the floor.

He slowly licked me once on the cheek—thoroughly grossing me out—growled loudly once at Liam, and then went bounding off to the bedroom.

I sighed as I stood up, facing Liam. Now that Grayson wasn’t in the room, I didn’t hesitate to hug him tightly to me, embracing my friend, who I hadn’t seen for several days.

He embraced me back with a relieved sigh.

“I missed you,” I told him, releasing my hold and stepping away from him before Grayson came back and got all growly.

“You have no idea how worried I was when I couldn’t find you the day Grayson found me.”

“I know. I saw all of your texts and missed calls. Are you okay? Has he hurt you?”

I shook my head. “No. No, he would never hurt me. Everything that happened between us was just one huge misunderstanding. Everything is okay now.”

Liam narrowed his eyes. “Why do I find that hard to believe? Am I the only one who remembers how upset and broken you’ve been for the last few months?”

“That doesn’t sound like a misunderstanding to me. He hurt you, Belle. And I need to make sure you remember that and don’t just give in to the mate bond after everything he did to you.”

I licked my lips. “I know. I know how it must seem. But I promise you I’m fine. And I’ll explain everything to you later.”

Liam's frown grew. "Belle..."

"How are you?" I asked quickly, trying to change the subject.

I didn't want to have to explain myself to him right then.

Especially when my mate would be back any second and definitely wouldn't be happy to hear me talking about our relationship with the man he had just been fighting.

"Want to explain to me why you just up and went to Canada?"

He crossed his arms over his chest, annoyance quickly taking over his expression.

"Your stupid werewolf mate told me to walk there after I tried to protect you in the diner."

Frustration welled inside me. I knew Grayson had done something to Liam. Oh, he was so getting an earful later.

"He told you to walk to Canada?" I asked. "And you listened to him?"

"Well, I didn't exactly have a choice, did I? I know you said your mate was powerful or whatever, but you didn't think it was worth mentioning he was King Grayson fucking Stoll?"

I nearly laughed, put off by that statement. "Grayson isn't a king. He's an alpha.

There's a big difference."

"Uh, no," Liam continued, a groove in his forehead appearing. "That's not—"

"If you want to keep your fucking head on your shoulders, you will shut your mouth now, vampire," Grayson said, cutting him off.

He joined us on the balcony once again, wearing only a pair of jeans, leaving his upper half completely bare. Of course, he made a beeline for me, grabbing me by my waist and pulling me far from Liam.

Liam's brows furrowed at the threat. His eyes widened. "Hold on. Does she not know? That's kind of a huge ass secret to keep from—"

Grayson was suddenly in front of Liam and had a tight grip on his throat, slamming his back into the wall behind him. "Speak another word, and I'll tear your red eyes out of your head and feed them to you."

I scampered over to them, quickly ducking under Grayson's arm so I was between the two men. I placed my hands on Grayson's chest.

"Stop," I begged. He looked down at me but only seemed to tighten his hold. Liam sputtered behind me. "Please."

Having flashbacks of the flight to Paris when I met him, I rose up onto my tiptoes and pressed my lips to his.

Grayson immediately started to purr, and I heard Liam gasp for air behind me as Grayson released him. Relief swelled inside of me.

Grayson pulled away seconds later, breathing heavily. He peered down at me, gripping my waist tightly. "You are the only person I will ever risk looking weak for."

I swallowed, trying to get my emotions in check. "Will you stop trying to murder my friend?"

"Probably not," he replied mildly, scowling at Liam, who was still a mess on the floor behind me.

Frustration consumed me even as I turned from Grayson and crouched in front of Liam to ensure he was okay. He couldn't stop coughing. His throat was bright red.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

He nodded, glaring up at Grayson as he continued to cough.

"What was he talking about?" I looked at Grayson. "Why did he call you a king?"

His square jaw made a grinding noise. He hesitated for a moment before answering. "He called me a king because I am one."

My brows tugged together. Well, this was news. "A king of what, exactly?"

"King of the supernatural. And, soon, you'll be queen."

I blinked. "I'm sorry," I shook my head to clear my thoughts. "I think I must've misheard you. Did you just say you are the king of the supernatural?"

Grayson nodded, taking a hesitant step toward me like he was afraid I would run at any given moment.

"Yes. It's a very long story that I planned on telling you when I thought you were ready"—he glared at Liam—"but, yes, it's true."

Feeling a little betrayed, I asked, “Is...Is this a new development, or has this always been the case, and I just didn’t know?”

“No,” Grayson said straight away. “It’s a new development. Of course it’s a new development.” He reached for me, his chest already vibrating with quiet purrs as he pulled me to him.

“I would never keep something like that from you. I was only an alpha before everything happened, I promise. It’s a long story, but I swear I plan on telling you everything.”

I nodded, leaning into him a bit despite the fact that I knew Liam was watching us. I needed the comfort Grayson provided and didn’t care what Liam thought of me.

“Bullshit,” Liam snapped. “Are you gonna believe a single thing he says to you, Belle? He’s in the middle of a war with a Mortar. He used you for the power you provided him with once.

“What’s to say he wouldn’t do it again?”

“You’re on very thin ice, vampire,” Grayson spat. “If I were you, I would swallow my tongue before I lose it. You have no idea what happened between Belle and me.”

The two of them were squaring off, Grayson moving in front of me as if Liam would ever consider hurting me.

It was almost comical how much bigger Grayson was compared to Liam, and it almost had me feeling insecure about what I must look like next to my huge mate.

“I’m not afraid of your threats. You are no king of mine,” Liam spat back.

“You wanna test that theory? Fancy another hike to Canada?”

I rolled my eyes. Men. “Okay!” I squeezed myself between the two of them, placing a hand on each of their chests.

“When you two are done comparing dick sizes, would anybody maybe like to hear what I have to say?”

“Stop touching him,” Grayson demanded, tugging me into him so harshly that my head banged against his bare chest. I gave him a dirty look, but he was too busy glaring at Liam.

“You’re lucky I didn’t snap your arms in half for hugging her earlier.”

“You two are being ridiculous!” I shouted. I looked up at Grayson. “Especially you.

He's only trying to help. He's the only reason I wasn't homeless for the last few months.

"He and his sister were there for me when I was at my lowest and thought I had no one. I don't know where I would be if it weren't for him."

I turned to Liam. "And you. This is my mate. I know I told you that he treated me terribly and that I never wanted to see him again, but I was wrong.

"There were things I didn't understand. And I...I really think Grayson does love me."

Grayson pulled me closer at those words, a slight vibration coming from his chest.

I could feel his intense happiness surging through the bond. "So I know you're super protective of me or whatever, but I'm fine. I promise you I'm fine. I'm safe with Grayson."

"And you're sure he didn't just use the power of the Mortars on you?" Liam asked.

"What even is that? That's the third time you've brought that up," I noted.

"The power of the Mortars is the ability to persuade any person to do whatever I say," Grayson explained softly. "I developed the gift after Azazel left my body, and I became king."

Chapter 98 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

"Oh. Oh, that's..." I let out a humorless laugh. "That's great. Because it's not like you didn't have enough power already. Now you can control every living creature.

That's truly perfect."

Grayson turned me around so that I was looking at him. "I would never use it unless it was totally necessary. And I would never even consider using it on you unless it was a matter of your safety or health.

"You know that, right?"

"You better not use it on me. And you better not use it on my friends either. Was sending Liam to Canada really 'necessary,' as you put it?"

"Yes," he growled back, glowering at Liam.

“Why?”

“Because I don’t like him.”

I elbowed him in the gut, then immediately regretted it when it ended up hurting me more than it hurt him. He didn’t even flinch. Jeez, was this guy made of rock or something?

“Stop hurting yourself,” Grayson reprimanded, already rubbing at my definitely-bruised elbow. I huffed, yanking my arm out of his grip out of spite.

Then something occurred to me. “Wait a second. You’re not expecting me to become some sort of werewolf queen or something, right? Because you’re a king?”

Obviously put off by the question, Grayson hesitated for a moment, opening and shutting his mouth like a fish out of water, then he glared again at Liam as if blaming him for having to have this conversation right now.

“Well?” I prompted. My breathing was picking up, and my mind was racing. I couldn’t even be the luna of a simple pack.

I wasn’t even sure I wanted to go back to Grayson’s pack in Minnesota, even after finding out that his pack didn’t actually hate me.

They were just under the influence of some stupid vampire telling them not to talk to me. And now he wanted me to rule with him over an entire kingdom? There was no way.

No one would take me seriously.

“Belle, I can feel you overthinking,” Grayson spoke, pulling me from my thoughts.

“You’re freaking yourself out, and there’s no reason for that.

“You know I would never give you more than you could handle. And I would never force you into something you didn’t want to do. All I need from you is to be by my side.”

Although his words helped to calm my racing thoughts just a bit, I still couldn’t help but imagine all of the terrible scenarios and ways I could mess up as the queen of the supernatural.

The human queen of the supernatural. Oh, God.

Without any warning, I was scooped up into Grayson’s arms and set back down in his lap on the ripped-up couch. I leaned into his purring chest, sighing at how good the vibrations felt running through my body.

“I hate that I keep putting you through so much stress. It’s killing me. Please calm down,” Grayson said.

His words were somewhat taken over by his purrs, making his voice sound husky and deep and sexy.

“I’m okay,” I tried to reassure him. “This is all just a bit overwhelming, you know?”

Grayson growled at that.

Liam watched us with his arms crossed over his chest, and his eyes narrowed, still skeptical of Grayson and his intentions.

He seemed to have calmed down a bit, though, when he had seen that I was in no real danger.

“I heard about King Elijah Viotto being able to purr for his mate,” Liam said, “but it’s strange to hear it done in person.”

“Can all vampires purr?” I asked.

“We can hiss,” Liam explained. “But only when we feel threatened or upset. Just like wolves with growling.”

“You need to rest,” Grayson cut in, addressing me. “You’ve been through a lot the last few days.”

“The last few months,” I corrected without thinking. The comment only seemed to sour Grayson’s mood even more. “I’m fine though, really,” I quickly amended.

Grayson hugged me tighter to him. He looked at Liam. “Leave,” he snapped.

My irritation spiked. “Don’t tell my friend what to do.”

But when I looked back at Liam, I was shocked to see him already marching to the door without saying a single word. And then, just like that, he was gone.

My jaw dropped. “Did...Did you seriously just use your stupid powers on him?”

Grayson just shrugged, looking down at his hand running up and down my arm.

“He wouldn’t have left otherwise.”

My head fell back. “I can’t believe this is my life. My werewolf boyfriend just told my vampire best friend to leave using his supernatural powers.”

“I’m your best friend. He’s irrelevant.”

Before I could respond, Grayson threw me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and walked straight to the hotel room door.

“Hey, wait! Where are you taking me?” I demanded.

“Different hotel room. We obviously can’t stay in this one anymore.”

With a sigh, I looked back at the ruined hotel room as he carried me out the door, slumping down on his shoulder because I knew it was pointless to fight anyway.

GRAYSON

I hated that vampire. My wolf paced in my chest the entire time he was here, eager to take care of the infuriating vampire himself and pissed every time I forced him down, refusing to let him out.

He thought he had some sort of claim on my woman just because he had taken care of her for a short time when I couldn’t. He was wrong. Very wrong.

She was mine. And I was more than happy to prove that to him.

After switching rooms due to the destruction caused to the last one—something I did not regret, especially after finding out Liam Blackwood’s father owned the place

—I sat Belle down on the couch in the new room.

“Food,” I stated, leaving no room for discussion. “Then you’re spending the entire day resting and watching movies in my arms. And then you’re eating more food.”

She frowned even as her happiness and overall relief surged through the mate bond, content to do as I said. “What is it with you and trying to get me to eat?”

I tilted her head up, the palm of my hand cupping her cheek. “You’re beautiful, baby. No matter what. But you’ve lost too much weight since we’ve been apart. I need to get you back to a healthy weight.”

She didn’t argue. I could tell she was secretly relieved.

She was still exhausted from everything she had gone through, and while spending the last twenty-four hours together was helping, she was still moving slower than normal and clung to me whenever I was near.

Which I was sure she wasn’t even aware she was doing. Not that I minded, of course.

I gave her a lingering kiss on the forehead before grabbing the phone to order room service. I was looking forward to a calm rest of the day spent relaxing with my girl.

BELLE

After eating the most ginormous meal of my entire life, I was happy to curl up against Grayson on the couch. His massive arm wrapped around my shoulder as we watched a random rom-com on the TV.

Things almost felt...normal. Like we were a regular couple just enjoying each other's company.

Okay, well, that's not totally true. The only thing that didn't feel normal was the intense sexual energy charging between us.

The man next to me had my stomach in knots and the walls of my pussy pulsing with need.

I was aware of his every movement, every breath he took, and the way one of his hands was running up and down my leg in a soothing manner as he watched the screen.

The most embarrassing part was that I couldn't stop glancing down at the outline of his hard cock through his jeans, replaying what it had felt like to have my lips wrapped around it this morning.

I was practically salivating at the thought of doing it again, right here, right now.

What would he say if I just got down on my knees right now and—?

Belle! I screamed at myself in my head, cutting that thought off before it took on a mind of its own. ~Stop it! Get your mind out of the gutter!~

But that was nearly impossible—especially when Grayson started to purr softly. It was barely even audible over the sound of the TV but still caused an embarrassing river of arousal to trickle from my center.

I clenched my thighs together, my cheeks flooding with so much heat I was sure I looked like a tomato.

I hoped beyond hope that Grayson couldn't smell how inexplicably turned on I was, but I knew that was pointless.

When I glanced up at his face, he had a barely-there, knowing smirk painting his lips, causing my stomach to do a flip.

Fuck, what was wrong with me? I didn't remember it being like this between us before, like it was impossible to keep my hands off of him.

Every inch of me felt like it was on fire—and it wasn't even like we were doing anything!

We were literally just sitting on a couch together, watching TV—so why did it feel like I was going to combust if he didn't touch me within the next five seconds?

Almost as if he was reading my mind, Grayson's hand moved a little further up my leg, just barely dipping under the edge of his boxers that I was wearing.

I had chosen to throw off the sweatpants he had given me earlier when they kept falling off me, deciding I was better off without them.

I had been running hot all day anyway and knew that anything was better than wearing my dirty panties.

I was able to get the boxers to stay on only by rolling the waist up several times and tying them with a hair tie.

I would have to visit my apartment and get new clothes soon—even if Grayson got all huffy and growly every time I mentioned going back there.

I squirmed against him as the throbbing between my legs was quickly becoming too intense to ignore.

My legs opened a bit wider on their own accord, inviting him to where I needed him most and desperately hoping he would take the hint.

I nearly moaned in relief when his massive hand pulled my leg over one of his, spreading me open even further for him.

But I couldn't hold back the embarrassing sound that escaped my lips when his hand crept up the inside of my thigh at an agonizing pace—almost as if he wasn't even aware of what he was doing to me or how badly I needed him.

Until his fingers finally reached my needy slit with exact accuracy. He ran his hand over it, and my head fell back; the only thing separating us was the thin fabric of his boxers.

He rubbed me for a second—nearly driving me to madness when he deliberately avoided touching me where I actually needed him to. He was teasing me.

His teeth nipped at the top of my ear, his hand still cupping me. "My poor girl is soaking. You've already seeped through my boxers and onto my T-shirt."

Chapter 99 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series

II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

He chuckled. “Someone hasn’t been paying attention to the movie. You distracted, baby?”

I didn’t have the chance to be embarrassed—especially since Grayson actually seemed to sound extremely pleased about my wetness—because two of his fingers suddenly found my clit.

He rubbed it in soothing circles, instantly turning my brain off.

“There we go,” Grayson murmured into my ear. His purring intensified. “That’s my girl.”

He continued this for a few more seconds, making my body buzz and tingle.

Then he suddenly shoved the loose fabric of the boxers out of the way and plunged a finger into my wet channel, nearly turning me inside out. His thumb continued to swipe at my clit.

When I lifted my hips up, seeking more friction, Grayson growled and paused his movements—inadvertently causing more wetness to seep from me, coating his finger.

“Hold still,” he commanded in a tone that made me shiver.

I continued to writhe against him, unable to follow his instructions. My small jerky movements weren’t nearly as satisfying as what he had been doing before, though, only making me more desperate.

“I-I can’t.”

“You can and will. Or I stop.”

My hips instantly settled back down on the couch. I couldn’t help the little mewls of desperation leaving my mouth.

Everything was so intense, my entire body incredibly sensitive. Even just his breathing on my neck was causing goosebumps to appear on my flesh.

To my immense relief, his finger started pumping in and out of me again once he was satisfied I wasn’t going to move anymore.

“That’s better,” he whispered, picking up his pace.

I whined and dug my fingernails into the palms of my hands in an effort to keep still when he added a second finger.

Just like last night, his hand felt like magic against me, making me wonder how good it was going to feel when he finally thrust his cock into me.

That thought nearly had me tumbling over the edge. Would he do it tonight? After we were finished here, maybe?

I was shocked to realize exactly how much I wanted that—how much I craved it with every fiber of my being.

“You thinking about mating, sweet girl?” Grayson growled. “The bond is flaring, and your tight, little pussy is squeezing the life out of my fingers.”

I bit my lip as he quickened his pace. Just hearing him say the word “mating” nearly made my eyes roll to the back of my head.

“Fuck, you’re so beautiful writhing on my fingers, daydreaming about the first time I’m gonna drive my cock into that sweet little pussy of yours,” he groaned, licking up my neck and swirling his tongue around my mark.

“Come for me, Belle. Let me feel you clench down on me over and over again. Come on, love.”

And I did. Intense and overwhelming pleasure bloomed everywhere, shudders racking my entire body, from the crown of my head, all the way down to my curling toes.

And it never seemed to end. My orgasm kept going and going as long as Grayson’s fingers kept moving in and out of me, leading me through it, sparks traveling from every spot he touched.

After what felt like forever, Grayson finally pulled his hand away. I slumped back against the couch, my chest heaving and stars still dancing in my eyesight.

Grayson brought his fingers to his mouth without looking away from me and sucked them clean, groaning. I should have been grossed out, but there was something about the whole scene that made it very erotic.

Neither of us said anything as he pulled me down until I was lying with my head in his lap, watching the TV. He played with my hair, running his sparky fingers over my scalp and down my neck.

We stayed like this until I was completely relaxed. Grayson, however, had a sort of tenseness rolling off of him. Something was bothering him.

“I have to talk to you about something,” Grayson murmured.

My nerves started to swirl in my stomach at his serious tone. “Okay...,” I replied, turning my body around so that I was looking up at him.

“It’s nothing to be nervous about,” Grayson said, trying to calm me, probably feeling my nervous energy through the bond, his purrs already starting in his chest. “I need you to come back home with me.”

I stiffened. “To Minnesota?”

He hesitated. “I don’t live in Minnesota anymore. I live...in the supernatural kingdom. In the palace of the Mortars.”

“You live in a palace?” I flopped back on the couch. “And I thought your pack house was impressive. You’re telling me you have your very own castle now?”

He twisted his body so he was partially over me on the bed, his hand landing on my waist. “Well, it belongs to the kingdom of the supernatural and my pack, but yes. I live there. And you will too.”

“Hold your horses there, buddy. Where exactly is this ‘supernatural palace’?”

“That’s a little complicated. The supernatural kingdom is in its own magical realm.

It’s only accessible by those with permission to be there or of royal blood.

“The doorway to get there is in Croatia, where the first-ever vampire, Jure Grando Alilović, was created.”

“Croatia?” I repeated, sitting up. “You’ve got to be kidding me. At least your pack house was somewhere where they spoke English and, you know, in the ~United States.~

“You seriously want to take me all the way to Croatia?”

Grayson nodded once, not even bothering to argue with me.

“I don’t know if I’m ready,” I said after a few moments. “Even if you wanted to take me back to your pack house...I don’t know.

“I went through so much trauma with your pack. I don’t know if I’m ready to be... trapped again. With people who hate me.”

“They don’t hate you. They—”

“I know—they were under the influence of that vampire dude or whatever. Kyle told me. But that doesn’t mean that they like me. We don’t know how they really feel about me.

“But, regardless, that’s not even my main concern. What am I going to do if something happens between us again? What if—”

“Nothing is going to happen between us,” Grayson interrupted with a growl. “I’m not going to let anything happen.”

“I bet you felt the same way when you first brought me back to your pack house all those months ago. Things happen that we have no control over, Grayson. It’s how the world works.

“But if something does happen, I can’t be trapped all on my own in your pack house, surrounded by people that hate me again, just waiting for you to finish being taken over by some evil vampire.

“And what if I’m forced to run away from you again? I can’t do that in Croatia. I wouldn’t know where to go or how to survive.”

Grayson’s eyes started to turn a dark red as he listened to me. “I need you by my side, Belle. It’s not up for debate.”

“I want to be with you too,” I agreed, pausing before I said the next bit. “But what if... I just stayed here?

“I could keep working at the diner and live in my apartment, and you could come to visit me whenever you wanted. That way, I would stay out of your way while you’re doing your whole king thing, and you—”

“Absolutely not. Fuck that,” Grayson snapped. “You think I’m capable of staying away from you for more than an hour without losing my fucking mind?”

He abruptly grabbed me by my waist and tugged me to him. He stared down at me with such intensity that I almost had to look away.

“I don’t function without you, Belle. Do you understand me? There is no ‘king thing’

without you—there’s not even a me without you. I will ~not~ be away from you.

Ever. Not even for one day. ~You are mine.~”

Before I could respond, Grayson abruptly growled so loudly the walls shook around us. My hands flew up to cover my ears, wincing at the volume.

I thought that he was upset over the conversation we were having, but then he released me and stood up, sniffing at the air.

“I’m gonna kill him,” Grayson said. He started walking away, not bothering to give me an explanation.

He threw open the door to our room and walked out into the hallway.

I immediately got up to follow him. “Kill who?”

“That fucking vampire is back,” he growled, his voice low and threatening.

“What vampire?”

He didn’t answer and started walking down the hall.

“Are you talking about Liam?” I pressed, still racing after him, more than a little freaked out by his behavior.

Grayson turned, causing me to stumble right into him. He grabbed me by my arms, staring me down. “Do not say another man’s name right now, Belle. Especially his.”

His shoulders heaved.

The feminist in me had to bite her tongue and keep from slapping him. So it was definitely Liam.

I could see just how angry Grayson was. And that scared me. He was so on edge that if Liam really were here, I had no doubt he would try to kill him.

So, before he could turn around and continue to plot the murder of my friend, I grabbed his face and forced it down to mine, pressing my lips to his.

I knew kissing Grayson when he was angry was my go-to tactic when I was trying to get him to calm down. But, hey, it was the best distraction I could come up with on such short notice. Give me a break, would ya?

Thankfully, though, Grayson seemed to enjoy my choice of distraction. He groaned and didn’t hesitate to slide his hands under my butt, lifting me off my feet and wrapping my legs around his waist.

My back was slammed into the wall behind me, and the next thing I knew, Grayson was deepening the kiss with enthusiasm.

A minute or two passed like this, and I found myself falling into the kiss until I momentarily forgot what my goal in all of this had been, thoroughly overtaken by my mate's lips on mine.

Someone groaned and coughed behind us. "Ahem, I hate to interrupt, but this is urgent."

I ripped my lips from Grayson's, meeting the gaze of an out-of-breath Liam, standing there in the hallway.

"Sorry—" I started to say but was interrupted when Grayson grabbed my chin and pulled my lips to his once again with an angry growl.

He was obviously staking his claim on me in front of Liam.

And I was a little ashamed to say that I pushed my inner feminist down and melted right back into him, sucked back into the kiss as if I had no control over any of my actions.

Liam cleared his throat, and both Grayson and I snapped back from each other, although Grayson tried to pull me back to him almost immediately.

My face filled with heat as I forcefully disentangled myself from my mate, finding it frustratingly difficult. Once I was on my feet, Grayson stepped in front of me, growling low at Liam.

Liam's hands raised in surrender. "I'm not here to fight with you. I'm here to let you know that you have a friend looking for you, and he's causing quite an uproar."

Chapter 100 – Kidnapped by My Mate Series II: His Lost Queen

Filed To Story:

"Friend?" I asked.

"Azazel Mortar."

BELLE

"Wait...", I said. "Isn't Azazel Mortar...the vampire who...?"

"Yeah," Liam replied, watching Grayson closely, gauging his reaction. "The vampire who took over your mate's body. The former king of vampires. And he's in Maine."

His eyes met mine. "Looking for you."

Grayson was stiff as a board in front of me. “How do you know this?” he asked.

“He was at the diner about an hour ago. He...” Liam hesitated. “He killed your boss.

And another waitress.”

“What?” I gasped. I stepped out from behind Grayson, but only to have him wrap his arms around me and press me firmly to his front. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m so sorry, Belle,” Liam said softly. “I came as soon as I heard. My dad called me.

You’re in danger.”

“Which waitress?” I demanded.

“The older one. Brunette.”

“Brenda?” I struggled in Grayson’s arms. “He killed Brenda?”

Liam nodded. “I’m sorry, Belle,” he repeated once more.

I could feel my heart in my throat. Brenda had a family—she was a single mom. She had two kids who would be all on their own without her. Her oldest was about to start college.

She had just been worrying to me the other day about how she was going to pay for his education with a waitress’s salary. Her younger son was only eight.

“We need to go,” Grayson growled. He tried to pull me with him, and when my feet stayed glued to the ground, he picked me up by my waist.

“Wait,” I exclaimed, pushing against Grayson’s arms as he started to carry me away.

“Wait!”

Grayson paused, letting out a low growl.

“Why?” I asked Liam. “Why did he kill them?” My lungs felt like they were stalling.

“Was it...Was it because of me?”

When Liam didn’t respond, I knew that it was.

“He was looking for you,” Liam explained in a gentle tone as the world started to spin around me.

“And he’s not going to find you. We’re leaving,” Grayson cut in. He lifted me into his arms once again, marching us down the hall, away from our hotel room.

I didn’t fight him this time. Maybe I was in shock, or maybe I was overtaken by the guilt of knowing that I was responsible for the death of my friend.

Either way, I was suddenly feeling like the walls were caving in around me.

“Grayson,” I whispered as he carried me to the stairwell door and rushed down the stairs. Liam followed behind us.

Grayson didn’t look down at me as he responded. “It’s okay, love. I’m not going to let him get to you. He’s not going to hurt you.”

He thought I was worried about myself?

“H-He killed Brenda,” I stuttered. “A-And Jerry. They’re dead.” I looked back at Liam over Grayson’s shoulder. “Are you sure?”

He nodded slowly, his expression grim and sympathetic. “Yes. I’m sure.”

Grayson’s arms tightened around me, but he didn’t say anything.

“What about her kids? She has two kids,” I continued.

“Where are you taking her?” Liam asked from behind us.

Grayson didn’t bother responding to him.

“Liam, what about her kids?” I asked. “What’s going to happen to her kids?”

“I’ll take care of them,” he told me. “Don’t worry, Belle.”

Just as we were about to exit the stairwell, Liam suddenly appeared right in front of us, stopping Grayson in his tracks and blocking the door.

“Get out of my way,” Grayson said, his voice low and dangerous.

Liam shook his head. “Not until you tell me where you’re taking her.”

“That’s none of your fucking business,” Grayson snapped back. “Now, I suggest you move before I lose all of my patience.

“My mate may have a problem with the thought of you dead, but I do not. In fact, I would prefer it.”

Liam continued to stand his ground. “One of the most dangerous men alive is looking to hurt her, and you’re about to just waltz her out in public like it’s no big deal?”

He laughed, but the sound lacked any real amusement. “I don’t know if you know this, but you’re not the most inconspicuous-looking dude out there.

“People are going to notice the giant muscle man carrying the tiny girl down the street. And they’ll talk. Azazel will come after you.”

“I don’t give a flying fuck what you think,” Grayson growled through bared teeth.

“~Move.~”

At his magical command, Liam automatically stepped out of the way, finally allowing Grayson to shove past him and into the hotel lobby.

Unfortunately, though, Liam didn’t seem to know when to quit. He chased after us through the busy lobby. “My father has offered to house you both until you can get out of town.”

Grayson whirled around so fast that he nearly gave me whiplash. “You think I’m going to take my human mate to the home of Jeffery Blackwood?”

Liam scoffed. “You think my father would try to hurt the future queen of the supernatural?”

“I wouldn’t put it past him. I’ve heard of serial killers with more integrity than Jeffery Blackwood.”

To my surprise, Liam didn’t attempt to argue or defend his father. “Well, what’s your plan then?” he asked instead.

“You know what? I’m getting really fucking sick of you thinking you have any say in what happens to my mate, little boy.”

“Can I know where you’re taking me?” I interrupted.

Grayson looked down at me. His eyes softened when he noticed the tears running down my cheeks. I hadn’t even realized I had been crying until he lifted a hand and gently wiped them away.

I couldn’t get Brenda’s face out of my head. I couldn’t stop thinking about her kids finding out their mother was dead.

“Kyle is sending the private plane,” Grayson explained, his tone much gentler than it had been moments before.

“We’re going to the airport to wait for it. It’s a public place where you’ll be safe. And then we’re going to Croatia.”

“You’re taking me to Croatia? Just like that? I don’t get any say in it?”

Grayson’s jaw hardened. “You’re not safe here. I’m not going to lose you, Belle. I’m not even going to risk it. I’m taking you somewhere where I know Azazel will never get anywhere near you.”

“But...” My mind was racing. I knew he was right. It would be safer to go with him.

But that meant leaving the life I built for myself here. It meant living with his pack again.

It meant I was officially giving in to him.

“But nothing,” Grayson said. “Nothing is worth risking your life.”

My face fell into the crook of his neck as I let out an exasperated breath.

It looked like I was going to Croatia.

Grayson shushed me, running a soothing hand up and down the back of my neck as he started walking again with purpose.

People around us were giving us strange looks, but I knew Grayson would never put me down with everything that was happening.

Besides, it wasn’t like I would be able to keep up with him and his insane vampire speed anyway.

“Can we go back to my apartment so I can grab some stuff first?” I pleaded.

“No,” both Liam and Grayson said in unison.

I rolled my eyes. I wasn’t even sure why Liam was still following us.

“If Azazel knew where you worked, he probably knows where you live too.” Liam fell into step next to Grayson. “You can’t ever go back there.”

“We need to get a cab,” Grayson said, already making his way over to the front desk.

“No. I’ll drive you,” Liam said. “The less contact you have with other people, the better.”

Grayson stopped walking. He looked down at me and seemed to consider refusing Liam’s offer but then thought better of it.

“Fine,” he grunted.

Once we were in the car—Liam in the driver’s seat and Grayson and I in the back—

Liam paused, his hands on the wheel but not actually moving.

Grayson’s chest was vibrating with nonstop growls. He was on edge—close to shifting. His eyes were dark, and he was bigger than he had been only moments ago.

I went to sit in my own seat when we got in the car, but, of course, he immediately grabbed me and pulled me into his lap, wrapping his arms securely around my waist.

He rubbed his nose against my mark, inhaling deeply.

I was slightly embarrassed by how touchy Grayson was being—especially when I caught Liam glancing at us through the rearview mirror. I shifted.