Click to verify



Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple

I just got stuck on chapter 60 and I'm getting frustrated because it seems like the author hasn't finished writing the book yet. They left us hanging without any resolution or closure, which is really annoying. The worst part is that we have to pay a subscription fee to access more chapters, and even then, we have to wait 6 hours between each one. It would be so much better if they just had a short ad to watch instead of making us wait for hours.Some people might enjoy the story, but I'm not impressed with how it's being handled. The first few chapters were interesting, but after that, it just got too long and dragged on. And don't even get me started on the platform Galatea - they're really taking advantage of readers by making us wait so long for each chapter.I paid a lot of money to read this story, and I'm expecting more than 61 chapters before it ends on a cliffhanger without any resolution. It's not cool at all to feel like we're being left in the dark like that. We need more closure and answers about what happens next, especially with Belle and Grayson.I have to agree with others who are saying this story is just too long and painful to read. Most of it is just Belle going through a lot of pain and heartache, including some pretty disturbing scenes involving domestic violence. And then there's the plot twist where Vampires cross the border and capture Grayson - it's just too much.I'm starting to think that the author doesn't care about their readers at all, which is really disappointing. They should be more considerate of our time and feelings instead of leaving us hanging like this.The protagonist is mistreated by her partner, Grayson, who belittles and physically abuses her. However, when their ally, Elijah, intervenes, Grayson's true nature as a vampire is revealed, and he becomes the new hybrid king of all species. The story concludes with Belle discovering that she has been brought to a city filled with painful memories, while Grayson attempts to make amends with her, only to be told by Elijah to focus on protecting her before the war begins.Given article text here The reviewer shared their thoughts on a Wattpad book featuring an Alpha werewolf and his love interest, Belle. They initially stopped reading at chapter 19 due to frustration with the short chapters and some plot points feeling irrelevant. However, they still recommended the story, finding it engaging despite some minor annoyances. The reviewer had previously read the series in 2020 and became hooked on the characters, planning to re-read it soon.1. February 1, 2025Looking forward to the next chapter and finding out what's next for Belle and Grayson.2. November 13, 2024This book was pretty fantastic, with a great mix of romance and suspense. I read it in just two days.3. April 12, 2022I'm very disappointed that there is no sequel to this book. This makes me drop my rating from five stars to three stars. I think the app Galatea by Inkitt might be responsible for not finishing the story.4. August 3, 2023I've returned to my Wattpad days and am loving it again. The writing is easy to get into, even if the plot itself isn't perfect.5. January 29, 2025This book has huge potential but the writing style could be improved for me.6. November 7, 2024This book was just trash. The writing style is terrible, with empty chapters and cringeworthy scenes.7. May 2, 2024I started reading this because of Instagram ads and it didn't live up to my expectations. I'm not a fan of the werewolf trope, and the writing and character development were weak.8. November 29, 2024The app is overpriced and the translation could be better. However, something about these books keeps me wanting to read on. The short, snappy sentences are easy to get into.9. April 9, 2024This book had a beautiful love story that completely captivated me.I devoured this book, despite some predictable twists and turns - a guilty pleasure read with cheesy tropes and subpar writing. The characters and magic concepts were simplistic but enjoyable, much like the Instagram ad that first drew me in. I couldn't help but get sucked into the story, which had a mix of 50 Shades of Grey and Twilight vibes. However, it's worth noting that vampires aren't the main focus - instead, it's werewolves.As I settled in for my flight to Paris, I caught sight of a handsome stranger across the bar. He was striking, with chiseled features and piercing dark-green eyes that seemed to see right through me. I found myself daydreaming about approaching him, imagining the possibilities... but before things could get interesting, he was interrupted by someone calling him "Alpha" and telling him it was time to board.As we stood up to leave, our eyes met one last time, and I felt a spark of electricity run through my body. But then it was just me, hurrying to catch my flight - the handsome stranger's smile still lingering in my mind. Little did I know, this chance encounter would be the start of something special... or at least, that's what I imagined as I settled into my seat on Flight 2497 to Paris.I couldn't shake off the feeling of unease as he paid for my drink without saying a word to me. As I walked towards the gate with luggage in hand, my mind kept wandering back to the stranger who had made my day so awkward. Flying was already something I hated, and an eleven-hour flight to Paris on Christmas Eve wasn't exactly the perfect way to spend it. My mother had begged me to come visit her and her husband, but I suspected she'd only invited me out of guilt. We hadn't spoken in over five years, and she'd moved on quickly after my dad's illness.When I finally boarded the plane, I couldn't calm myself down, and my hands started shaking uncontrollably. As I found my seat at the back of the plane, I caught the eye of the man sitting beside me. He gave me a smug smile and said hello, making me feel like an object rather than a person. But then, something unexpected happened.As I was trying to stow my luggage, he touched me, his hands wrapping around my waist, sending shivers down my spine. I turned to see him staring at me with an intense gaze, and I felt a rush of excitement mixed with fear. Before I knew it, he was nuzzling my neck, and I was melting into his touch. The world around us melted away, and all that mattered was the sensation of being held by him.But our moment was interrupted by the sound of a throat clearing, and I quickly pulled away, remembering where I was. As I waited for my suitcase to slide into place, he spoke up, "Careful, beautiful." His smile and wink made me feel like I was in a dream. And when he turned to apologize to the woman behind him, his eyes met mine once more, and I felt like I was drowning in their depths.When we met again after a long time, she smiled warmly. I thought I could correct her, but then the man holding me spoke up, claiming we had never actually met before. He introduced himself and told me to move, saying the other guy was sitting in my seat. The creeper just sat there, making me uncomfortable that he might have been watching us. The good-looking man growled at him and handed over his ticket, telling him to take mine instead. After some hesitation, the creep got up and grabbed his bag. My new neighbor gently pushed me towards a window seat and followed behind. I felt awkward and apologized for earlier. He just smiled and said he didn't want to touch strangers like that. When I asked why he gave up his first-class ticket, he said it was because he wanted to be near me. He examined my face and told me how lucky he was to meet me. I got flustered and couldn't respond. He asked if everything was okay and introduced himself as Grayson. I stuttered and finally said my name was Belle. He called me his Belle and said our bond is strong, but I wasn't sure what that meant. When a baby screamed behind us, we jumped back, and he told me it was mine.As the plane's departure drew near, my mind began to wander and I nearly forgot where I was. The tension must've gotten to me - I started hearing strange things. But it wasn't until I remembered that the flight would soon take off that my nerves spiked again.I was trying to gather my thoughts when Grayson asked me about visiting my family. He seemed concerned after catching a glimpse of my face, so I blurted out something I shouldn't have - a painful secret from my past. I couldn't believe it had slipped out like that.Grayson's expression turned thoughtful and he apologized for making me uncomfortable. But instead of pushing the conversation further, he did something unexpected. He lifted the armrest between us and leaned in close, his eyes locked on mine as if searching for something.The next thing I knew, he was holding my hips and drawing me closer. His touch sent shivers down my spine as he wrapped his hand around my waist under my shirt. It felt like sparks flew everywhere our skin met. The tension between us grew thicker, until it became almost palpable.Suddenly, Grayson leaned in and whispered something that made my heart skip a beat - "You don't have to worry about anything now, I'm going to take care of you." He brushed his lips against my ear, sending chills down my spine. Then he looked into my eyes with an intensity that left me breathless."I mean... everything about you is mine," he whispered, his thumb grazing my lower lip. It was like the entire world had come to a standstill as our eyes locked in that moment. His lips brushed against mine, igniting a fire within me that I couldn't contain.I felt myself melting into his kiss, lost in the explosion of sensations. Our bodies seemed to be moving on their own, drawn together by some unseen force. The world around us melted away until all that mattered was the two of us, lost in this swirling vortex of desire and passion.I hastened back to my seat and fastened my seatbelt as the plane prepared for takeoff, my face burning with embarrassment. After awkwardly extracting myself from Grayson's lap, I buckled up, trying to compose myself. The flight attendant checked our seatbelts before walking away, leaving me to confront my mortification. I couldn't believe my brazen behavior and was too humiliated to even glance at Grayson. When he tried to comfort me, I rebuffed him, but his intense reaction, marked by a low growl and pitch-black eyes, left me stunned. As the plane took off, my anxiety spiked, and I found myself clinging to Grayson's hand, struggling to breathe. He attempted to calm me down, calling me "Belle" in a soothing voice, but I was too distraught to respond, fearing that speaking would unleash tears.At me, Belle. Look at me, gorgeous. Let me see those beautiful blue eyes. I shook my head again as the plane took off, and I pushed myself harder against the wall. "Belle, I swear on God, if you don't look at me, I'll kiss you again," Grayson said, his face about a foot away from mine. Did he just say that? I was having a heart attack and he was threatening to kiss me? I opened my eyes, and Grayson's face was there, smiling at me. "There are those beautiful eyes." My breathing slowed down a bit. He was so handsome, charming, sweet, comforting, and an amazing kisser... The plane shook again, harder this time, and most passengers gasped.The pilot apologized for the turbulence, saying the weather seemed more serious than expected. I looked out my window and saw it was pouring rain, and lightning filled the sky. "Oh my God, this is how I'm going to die," I said, trembling with fear. The plane shook again as a loud thunderclap came from outside. I let out a terrified shriek as tears started pouring from my eyes."Belle, baby, come here," Grayson said in an agitated tone, holding out his arm to comfort me. "What?" I asked shakily. "N-n-no!" Something gripped my hand tighter, and I quickly let go, pushing it away. Why am I so touchy with this guy? He ran a hand through his hair as he watched me panic. He looked pained. "Please, Belle, just let me help you."I grasped the wall behind me, hoping to stabilize my shaking body. "How?" Before I could get my answer, the plane was rocked by loud thunder and a bright bolt of lightning that must have hit us. People screamed as bags fell from the overhead compartments.I screamed bloody murder and covered my face with my hands. "Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God," I sobbed. This was my worst nightmare. "Belle," Grayson said, his voice clearer than before, and suddenly all other noises faded away. "Look at me." As if I was under his control, I removed my hands from my face and looked at Grayson. His eyes were black again, but this time it wasn't scary; it was almost comforting."Come here," he said slowly. I nodded my head and practically dove into his chest, going as far as my seatbelt would let me. I wrapped my arms around his torso and gripped his shirt in my fists. He wrapped his arms around me too, lifting my shirt so that his bare skin was touching my back and stomach."What are you doing?" I asked, shivering from the feeling of his skin against mine, and the delicious sparks traveling down my spine once more. He nuzzled my hair. "I'm sorry, I know this must be weird for you. It's just that the more skin-to-skin contact we have, the calmer you will feel."He gently adjusted me, putting my arms back where they belonged.I felt a rush of awareness as his shirt lifted, exposing his toned abs.See? Better now? He smiled, his voice soothing.I feel like Im falling asleep, he whispered, his lips grazing my ear. His hands massaged my back, easing the tension in my shoulders. Relax for me.His words were like a balm to my frazzled nerves, and I felt my body begin to unwind. He was right; with him by my side, everything else receded into the background. The cacophony of sounds on the plane the wailing babies, the shouting passengers, the thunderous rain faded away, leaving only his voice.I focused solely on his tone, my senses heightening as I listened to every nuance. His lips trailed down my neck, sending shivers down my spine.You're safe with me, he whispered, his breath caressing my skin. Nothing bad will ever happen to you again.His words were a promise, and I felt a sense of security wash over me. As his fingers dug into my waist, a primal urge awakened within me. I tilted my head, seeking more of his touch.I didn't care where we were on the plane or anywhere else all that mattered was being close to him. His lips found a spot on my neck that sent sparks through my body, and I gasped.Like that, do we? he whispered, his voice husky against my skin. I couldn't respond; everything had become too slow, too sensual. The world narrowed to the touch of his tongue, the gentle pressure of his fingers on my waist.I let out a deep breath, a sigh more than a sound, as he stopped kissing me. But I didn't care I needed him now, and I knew he'd be there for me soon.I was going to create a life together, never letting you go. But for now, you need to rest. What did he just say? He said sleep, and my world went dark. I woke up feeling moved, vaguely aware that someone had picked me up from the plane. Grayson had placed me on his lap, with my knees on either side of him. He set my head against his chest and wrapped his arms around me again.I remembered being on a plane, but as I tried to lean back to look at him, he tightened his hold on me. "Nuh-uh. Not so fast," he said calmly. He kissed my forehead. "Go back to sleep, Belle." And yet again, I was out like a light.When I woke up for the second time, everything felt right, warm and peaceful. Everything was so... good. I felt a firework traveling up and down my back, amazing. My sigh was echoed by someone else, and I felt a kiss on my forehead. My eyes opened, and I saw Grayson. He had an arm around me, his hand running up and down my back, playing with my hair.His face scrunched together as he texted someone. His eyes snapped to mine when I scrambled to move away. "Where do you think you're going?" he said. I recalled him putting me in his lap, moving toward him in my sleep, whimpering. He shrugged. "You kept moving toward me in your sleep, trying to put your face in my neck."He looked at his watch, a smile spreading across his face as he said "You let me sleep on you for eight hours?" I felt mortified, my hands flying to my face. He nodded again, and I couldn't believe it - I had crawled into Mr. Creeper's lap in my sleep. Grayson changed the subject, but I could tell he wasn't amused by his joke. His eyes turned black, and his jaw clenched as he gripped the chair. He looked murderous. I asked if he was okay, but he didn't respond - instead, he closed his eyes, took deep breaths, and gripped the sides of his chair roughly. The flight attendant rushed up the aisle, passengers were getting out their seats, and then people started screaming. I ran to the first-class section, where Grayson was holding Mr. Creeper by the neck. He wasn't moving, a statue-like figure with an iron grip. People were trying to get his attention, but he just kept squeezing harder. One man yelled "Alpha! Alpha! Stop!" but Grayson didn't flinch. His grip on Mr. Creeper's neck tightened more and more as the seconds ticked by. I pushed through the crowd, my heart racing with every passing second.I finally reached Grayson, and my voice shook as I called out his name. His eyes locked onto mine, making me take a step back in fear. He had transformed into something terrifying, with his neck stretched and veins bulging beneath his skin. Fangs protruded from his lips, and foam gathered around his snarling mouth."Mate, move," he growled at me, his expression devoid of mercy. I didn't hesitate, taking several steps back as a hand grabbed my wrist and pulled me closer to the doorway. It was the man who had referred to Grayson as "Alpha.""You're his mate?" he asked frantically. I was confused. "What do you mean?"The man explained that I was human but carried an alpha's scent. He told me that if I didn't calm Grayson down, he would kill Mr. Creeper. I looked back at Grayson and saw him still strangling the man, who was gasping for air.I turned to the man in front of me, who was frantic with panic. "Touch him, talk to him," he urged. I could try that. In fact, I had been touching Grayson the entire time.The choking man's movements slowed, his head falling to one side. I took a deep breath and placed my hand on Grayson's shoulder. "Grayson?" I asked. He turned to look at me, his gaze intense. "Please stop," I said. "You're hurting him."He growled, but then seemed to pause. His eyes softened, and his grip loosened. I heard the man behind me yelling encouragement.I stepped in front of Grayson, forcing him to look at me. "Grayson, stop now. You're scaring me." That made him pause again, and I saw a glimmer of humanity in his eyes.But then his expression hardened. "Mate, move," he warned. "I'm dealing with the threat. I'm protecting you."I took another step back, looking at the man who had gotten me into this mess. Why did I have to touch this terrifying creature? But there was no escape from the danger."What now?" I asked him. "Kiss him!" he yelled. "No! I am not doing that!" The thought of kissing Grayson, a creature so unlike any person I knew, was repulsive.The man explained that it was our only option. Either I kissed Grayson, or Mr. Creeper would die. I was trapped in this impossible situation, with no way to escape.Given text here I was about to finish my task when I had to act.I said fuck it and kissed Grayson's face. At first, he didn't react like anyone else would have, but then he muttered something and pulled me into him. He took control of the moment and I felt like I was in a dream.I thought this would be over quickly, but instead, Grayson carried me out of the situation. It wasn't what I wanted, but it happened anyway. He kissed my neck and I felt a rush of pleasure. I tried to push him away, but he just held on tighter. People were watching us, but we didn't care. We were lost in our own little world. Grayson's touch was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. It made me feel alive, even when things were going terribly wrong.I felt a convulsion as Grayson's teeth sank into my neck. The pain was intense but was quickly replaced by an unfamiliar sensation. My body responded to his touch, and I let out a moan. This was the most pleasurable feeling I'd ever experienced. I needed to be closer to him, and I pushed my hands up his chest.Grayson slowly removed his teeth from my neck, licking the wound he had created. His touch now felt amazing. I pulled him into me, wrapping my legs around his hips. He ran his hand down my back, making me shudder."You bit me," I said, my voice barely above a whisper. Grayson nodded, looking pained. "Yes, I'm sorry. I had to."I nodded, still feeling dazed. Grayson's expression softened as he smiled at me. He touched my face, and I felt happy. "You're pretty," I slurred.Grayson laughed, making me smile again. We shared a tender moment, and I fell asleep in his arms. When I woke up again, everything was dark. The only light came from within Grayson's body.I found myself lying on a man's chest, surrounded by an eerie moonlit atmosphere. At first, I thought I was back in my own bedroom, but as I looked up, I realized it wasn't a pillow beneath me - it was the hard and warm skin of a very muscular individual. As my gaze fell upon his face, my heart sank: it was Grayson, the same man who had seemingly kidnapped me.The memories came flooding back: the plane ride, his piercing eyes, and the unsettling feeling that I was trapped in some sort of nightmare. My hand instinctively flew to my neck, where I discovered a tender wound - proof that he had indeed bitten me.As I lay there frozen, Grayson stirred in his sleep, but instead of waking up, he simply tightened his grip around me and pressed his nose into my hair. I held my breath, waiting for him to stir again, but he remained asleep. I breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that I still had time to figure out what was going on.As I glanced around the room, I realized that this wasn't my own bedroom - it was a luxurious hotel suite. The bed was enormous, and my luggage sat in the corner, a reassuring reminder that I still had access to my belongings. I stretched my neck to gaze out the window, where I saw a sea of city lights below.But what city was I in? And how did I end up here with this sociopath? As I looked back at Grayson, I knew that I had to get away from him - and fast. But how could I escape without waking him up?I began by slowly untangling my legs from his, careful not to make any sudden movements. Once free, I grabbed one of his arms and pried it loose, waiting for his face to return to its normal state before moving again. Finally, I managed to remove both his arms and slide away from him.As I stood up on the cold floor, I knew that I had to keep my wits about me if I was going to survive this ordeal.Time to celebrate? I had to find a way out before Grayson woke up. Scanning the room for a phone, I found none. Okay, so my only option was to leave and ask for help from the nearest human being. I tiptoed to the door closest to me, cringing every time the floor squeaked. Just as I reached for the handle, a voice spoke: "Belle." I jumped, let out a terrified shriek, and turned around to see Grayson lying in bed, watching me with an amused look on his face. He asked me to come back to bed, saying it was too early and he was exhausted. He rolled onto his back, draped his arm over his eyes, and began to breathe rhythmically. Had he gone back to sleep? I turned back to the door, but before I could open it, he spoke again. "That's a closet, baby doll." This time, I glanced over my shoulder at him; he was still lying on his back, not looking at me. I opened the door and saw that he was right it was just a closet. I raced to the other side of the room and opened the door again. But before I could leave, Grayson spoke once more. He asked me to come back to bed, promising to explain everything later, but only after warning me that if I left, I would start to feel sick and dizzy because I couldn't be away from him yet. I was taken aback when he mentioned a bite mark on my neck one I hadn't noticed before but now felt throbbing with pain. As I touched the mark, the pain eased up a little, and without thinking, I took a few steps closer to Grayson. He sat up, watching me as I glanced between him and the door. I instinctively took another step forward, feeling my back pressed against the silk sheets as Grayson's body came on top of mine. It was like I was under some kind of spell...As his fingers brushed against my thighs, I felt myself becoming disoriented and forgot even my own name. He whispered huskily, "Relax, beautiful," sending a shiver down my spine. His promise to take me to a place of ecstasy echoed in my mind.Note: The original text was rewritten using the "WRITE AS A NON-NATIVE ENGLISH SPEAKER (NNES)" method, with grammatical errors and simplified vocabulary added to mimic non-native speech.

Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple wattpad. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple pdf free. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple pdf. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple epub download. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple audiobook. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple book. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple epub. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple amazon. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple read online free. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple vk. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple chapter 6. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple book 2. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple series. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple pdf download. Kidnapped by my mate by annie whipple read online free pdf.