I'm not a bot



Kidnapped by my mate

Looking forward to meeting everyone at the holiday gathering tomorrow and discussing our plans. (Note: The text has been rewritten in a way that maintains the core meaning while altering it according to the chosen method) I caught sight of him for a moment before our eyes met.He flashed me a charming smile."Well, hello there."Not exactly what I needed after a long journey.I responded curtly, trying to brush him off."Hi," I mumbled, turning my attention away from him.I tried to ignore his gaze, focusing instead on stowing my luggage in the overhead compartment.But as I reached up, he swooped in behind me, his hands wrapping around my waist and sending a spark through my body.I jerked back, surprised by the sudden touch, and found myself face-to-face with the man from the bar earlier.I must have looked like a deer caught in headlights because he chuckled low in his throat.My eyes snapped back into focus as I took him in again.He was still holding me close, his arms warm around my waist.I felt a flutter in my chest, but then his grip tightened and I was aware of his gaze on me once more.Maybe I should have pushed him away, but instead I let myself get lost in the sensation of being in his arms.It wasn't until he nuzzled my neck that I came back to reality.He placed a gentle kiss just below my ear, sending shivers down my spine.I felt myself lean into him, grateful for his support as the world around me faded away.The sound of someone clearing their throat jolted me back awake and I panicked, trying to pull away from him.My luggage was being pushed towards me, but he intervened, catching it and sliding it into the compartment with ease.He smiled at me and winked before turning to address a woman who had been trying to get our attention."Careful, beautiful," he said softly, his hand still resting on my back.A second later, she spoke up, apologizing for interrupting us and stating that we were blocking the aisle.The man holding me beat me to correcting her, saying we were just finding our seats.I tried to move away, but he tightened his grip, whispering in my ear."Not so fast... You're not getting away that easily."He then looked at the creep who would be sitting next to me during the flight and ordered him to move."Take mine," he said, handing Mr. Creeper his ticket."It's first class," he added with a raised eyebrow as the man hesitated. He said slowly—as if daring me to question him again—his eyes locked onto mine.“Go on, gorgeous,” my new neighbor said, pushing me toward the window seat as he sat beside me.“Sorry about earlier,” I whispered, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear and avoiding his gaze. I hoped this guy would like me. He leaned in close, his voice low and husky. “I gave up my first-class ticket to sit here because I wanted to be near you.” His thumb grazed my cheekbone as he studied every detail of my face. “Wow, how lucky am I?” I shifted away, unsure of how to respond. I thought I misheard him.“Sorry, what did you say?” He smiled and shook his head. “Nothing. Don’t worry about it, beautiful.” He sat closer, our legs touching. “I’m Grayson. You are...?” “Belle,” I replied absently, my eyes drifting to his. He chuckled. “Our bond is strong; I can tell.” His words made no sense to me.“What do you mean?” I asked, feeling a little silly. He brushed a strand of hair from my face. “Don’t worry about it.” A baby behind us cried out, breaking the spell. I jumped back, realizing how close I was to Grayson.I could feel his breath on my skin.My cheeks flushed, but he spoke up before I could feel embarrassed.“Mine.” “Business or pleasure?” Grayson asked, his deep voice sending shivers down my spine.“Neither,” I admitted, remembering my stressful situation. “I'll visit my mother and her husband.” He looked at me with concern.“And you’re not happy to see them?” I shook my head, surprised at how much I’d revealed. “No, they left my father and me when I was sick.” Grayson's expression turned somber. “I’m sorry. I don’t know why I said that.” He sat closer, his eyes searching mine. Then he lifted the armrest between us, our bodies touching. As I leaned in toward him, our knees touched, and a spark of electricity ran through my body. His hand slipped under my shirt, tracing soothing circles on the small of my back, sending shivers down my spine. I let out a breathy sigh as his other hand cradled my face, his whisper warm against my ear. "You're mine," he whispered, his lips brushing against my skin. I tilted my head back, searching his eyes for answers, but he just smirked, his thumb tracing my lower lip. His kisses danced across my eyelids, nose, and finally, my lips. The world around me melted away as our mouths met, leaving only the sensation of fireworks exploding within me. My hands instinctively went to his shoulders, squeezing tightly as I let out a soft moan. But when he smirked against my lips, I paused, fearing he might stop. I deepened our kiss, pushing my chest into his, and sparks flew wherever our bodies met. His hands kneaded my hips, slid up under my shirt, and gripped my waist, sending waves of heat through me. Just as we were lost in the moment, a flight attendant cleared her throat, jolting me back to reality. I jerked away, my face burning with embarrassment, as Grayson's grip tightened, keeping me on his lap. The attendant's words cut through the haze: "Please return to your seat and fasten your seatbelt; we're about to take off." I scrambled off his lap, mortified, and quickly buckled up. As the attendant walked away, I buried my face in my hands, unable to meet Grayson's gaze. But when he touched my arm, I jerked it away, despite the ache within me to feel his touch again. "Don't touch me," I snapped, but Grayson's response was a low, rumbling growl, his eyes black as coal, his jaw clenched and chest heaving. I gasped, scrambling away from him in shock. until I slammed into the wall behind me."Oh my God, your eyes."He stared back at me with an intense expression, then suddenly blinked and looked away. He took a deep breath and when he opened his eyes again, they returned to normal.I was losing it - that's all there was to it. The death of my dad and the fear of seeing my mom again were getting to me."I'm sorry," he said softly. "It's just... You can't tell me not to touch you."My heart started racing faster. Maybe I was going crazy, not him. "What do you mean?"He leaned in close, his eyes locked on mine with an unnerving intensity."Oh, baby girl, have you forgotten already?" His hand wrapped around my knee and began rubbing up and down it soothingly. "You're mine, remember?"My blood boiled at the third time he'd called me 'his property.' Who did this guy think he was? Sure, I found him attractive, but that didn't mean I belonged to him. I was my own person. I belonged to no one, especially not some stranger with a bad habit of crossing boundaries.I opened my mouth to give him a piece of my mind when the plane lurched suddenly. Grayson's agitated tone snapped me out of my daze as he beckoned me to lean on him. I hesitated, unsure why I was being so skittish around him. He took my hand again, and this time, I didn't push it away. The plane hit turbulence, and a loud clap of thunder boomed outside, causing everyone to scream. I joined in, covering my face with my hands as I sobbed uncontrollably. Grayson's voice rose above the chaos, calm and clear. He coaxed me into removing my hands from my face, and when our eyes met, his gaze was no longer intimidating. It was almost soothing. He asked me to come closer, and I nodded, practically crawling onto his chest. We held each other tight, with him stroking my back and stomach through my shirt. I felt a shiver run down my spine as our skin touched, but this time, it wasn't scary. It was...nice. Grayson told me that being close to him would calm me down, and I couldn't argue with the results. My heart rate slowed, and my nerves began to ease. But before he could explain further, another burst of thunder shook the plane, and I whimpered into his chest. Grayson's arms tightened around me as he whispered reassurances in my ear. His voice was like magic – it chased away all the other noises, leaving only him and me. He trailed kisses down my neck, and I felt myself melting into his touch. The world outside receded, and all that mattered was the sound of his voice, whispering sweet nothings in my ear. that right?”I nodded my head.“Good. Now, slow your breathing.”My breathing went from quick, gasping breaths to slow, deep sighs.“Good girl.” His lips continued to move along my neck. “Don’t be scared. I’ve got you. I’ll take care of you.”His kisses felt like magic. His voice was like magic. Everything about him was magic. I wasn’t on a plane anymore. I wasn’t anywhere anymore.It was just me and Grayson—his arms around me, his lips on my skin. I was calm. And then his lips found a spot on my neck that made fire travel throughout my body. I gasped.Grayson smiled against my skin. “Hmm…” He began sucking on the spot, his tongue running over my skin, leaving tingles that went to my toes.His fingers were digging into my waist, and I felt something building up inside me—a feeling that I hadn’t had in a long time. My entire body shuddered, and I tilted my head to the side to give him better access. His deep chuckle vibrated through my body.“Hmm… Like that, do we?” he whispered against my skin.I couldn’t even respond. It felt like I was on drugs. Everything was moving so slowly. I let out a deep breath that sounded more like a whine because he had stopped kissing me. I didn’t know exactly what I wanted, but I needed something more—something I knew Grayson could provide.I tilted my head some more, hoping he would keep kissing me.He sighed. “I know, beautiful, I know. But not here. Not now.” He placed one more peck on the spot. “But I promise, I will make you mine. Soon.”I didn’t understand what he meant. So I just moved closer to him, breathing in his heavenly scent. What kind of cologne does he use?“That’s right,” he said. “I’m here and you’re safe. Nothing bad will ever happen to you again. We’re going to create the most amazing life together. I’m never letting you go.”What did he just say?”But for now,” he said, “you need to rest.”I looked up at him. His eyes were still black.“Sleep.”And my world went dark.I woke up to the feeling of being moved. I was vaguely aware of the fact that someone was unbuckling my seatbelt and then picking me up. I opened my eyes.Grayson had placed me on his lap so that my knees fell on either side of him.He set my head against his chest and wrapped his arms around me again.I suddenly remembered that I was on a plane, and my heart rate picked up. How long have I been asleep for? I tried to lean back to look at him, but he just tightened his hold on me.“Nuh-uh. Not so fast. You’re not going anywhere,” Grayson said calmly. He kissed my forehead. “Go back to sleep, Belle.”And yet again, I was out like a light.I dreamed of hands moving up and down my back and waist, playing with my hair, kneading my hips. I dreamed of sweet kisses being left on my ear, my nose, my forehead.I dreamed of touching fireworks and then watching them travel up and down my body, finally exploding in my chest, leaving a warm glow around my heart.But mostly, I dreamed of his forest-green eyes.When I woke up for the second time, the only thing I was aware of was how warm and at peace I felt.Everything felt so…right.I buried myself deeper into the warmth and focused on the small firework that kept traveling up and down my back. It felt I let out a long sigh, but it was quickly echoed by someone else, and I felt a gentle kiss on my forehead. My eyes fluttered open. Where was I? As I looked up, I saw Grayson's face inches from mine. He had one arm wrapped around me, his hand running lazily down my back, playing with my hair. His other hand held a cell phone, his fingers flying across the screen as he typed away. His brow furrowed in concentration. A rush of embarrassment washed over me as I realized I was sitting on his lap. My back stiffened, and Grayson's eyes snapped to mine. He smiled softly, "Morning, beautiful." I scrambled to move away from him, but he held me firm. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked. I remembered trying to snuggle into his neck in my sleep, feeling a mix of mortification and something else - attraction? Grayson shrugged it off, saying I had simply been seeking comfort. His words sent a flush through my cheeks as I recalled the sensation of his lips on my skin. Feeling flustered, I tried to push him away, but he just teased me about not being able to control my impulses. His smirk only made me more flustered, and I finally managed to break free from his grasp. I slid back into my seat, feeling relieved, yet still mortified. As we chatted, I couldn't believe I had slept for eight hours in his lap! Grayson just smiled and said it was no big deal. But when I started joking about how maybe the creepy guy next to me would've been a better option, Grayson's expression darkened. His eyes turned black as coal, his jaw clenched, and veins popped out on his neck. I tried to lighten the mood with another joke, but it fell flat. Instead of responding, Grayson closed his eyes, gripped his chair tightly, and took deep breaths. I started to worry about him, feeling a strange urge to comfort him. When I called his name again, he snapped back into awareness, his eyes locking onto mine. For a moment, we just stared at each other, the tension between us palpable. Then, without saying a word, Grayson pulled me close, his face buried in my neck as he breathed deeply. His body seemed to relax, and I felt a pang of concern - what was going on with him? He said he liked my name, his voice now deeper and rougher than before. He leaned in, his black eyes piercing mine. I should've felt scared but couldn't deny the attraction to those eyes. "Stay here," he said darkly, and I obeyed. I waited as he got up and walked towards the first-class section. Maybe he just needed to use the restroom? But then people started screaming, and the flight attendant rushed down the aisle. Passengers were getting out of their seats. I jumped up and followed him, wanting to know what was happening. When I entered the first-class section, I saw a scene that made my heart stop. Grayson had Mr. Creeper in a tight grip by the neck. People were surrounding him, trying to get him to stop, but he wasn't moving. He was like a statue. His grip was tightening, and one man was yelling at him to stop. I pushed through the crowd and reached Grayson. "Grayson!" I yelled, trying to get his attention. But he didn't respond. When our eyes met, I took a step back. He looked terrifying. His neck had grown, and veins were visible on his face and neck. Fangs stuck out from under his lips, and foam was gathering around his snarling mouth. "Move," he said to me, his expression leaving no room for argument. I took steps back, scared. A hand grabbed my wrist and pulled me closer to the doorway. It was the man who had called Grayson "Alpha." "You're his mate?" he asked frantically. I didn't know what he meant. But then I remembered Grayson calling me that earlier. "I don't know!" I yelled. He lifted his nose and sniffed the air. "You're human," he concluded. "But you smell of the alpha." I was shocked. "What?" I screeched. There wasn't time to explain, but if I didn't calm Grayson down, he would kill that man. I looked back at Grayson, and he was still strangling Mr. Creeper. The man's face was turning purple as he gasped for air. "Touch him," the man in front of me urged. "Talk to him, anything! Just get him to stop!" Grayson's movements were slowing down, his head tilting to one side like he was struggling to stay awake. "No, no, no..." I muttered under my breath. I had to do something fast. Taking a deep breath, I reached out and placed a shaky hand on Grayson's shoulder. "Grayson?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady. His head snapped up, and he growled at me like a wild animal. "Please stop," I begged him, trying not to show how scared I was. "You're hurting him." But he just kept staring at the creep in front of him, his eyes blazing with fury. I tried to reason with him, but it wasn't working. The man behind me yelled something incoherent, and I turned to face him. "Keep trying!" he shouted. I let out a whimper and stepped forward, placing my hands on either side of Grayson's face to force him to look at me. "Grayson, stop now," I pleaded with him. "You're scaring me." For a moment, it worked. His eyes softened, and his grip loosened. But then his expression hardened again, and he growled something about protecting me. I took a step back, feeling overwhelmed. The man who had gotten me into this mess yelled at me to kiss Grayson, and my mind went blank. "What?" I screeched in horror. "No! I'm not doing that!" But the stakes were high - either I kissed him, or the creep died. With a sense of desperation, I grabbed Grayson's face and pressed my lips against his. At first, he didn't respond, but then he muttered something against my mouth: "Mate." Suddenly, he was all over me, claiming dominance with his tongue and fingers. I felt Mr. Creeper drop to the ground, and Grayson lifted me into his arms, carrying me away from the chaos of first class. I tried to struggle free, but he just growled and continued kissing down my neck. "Grayson, what are you doing? Put me down!" I shouted, but he just kept going. I was starting to lose hope when Grayson finally paused and looked at me with a fierce expression on his face. "Mate. Mine," he said, before continuing his assault on my skin. As Grayson swept me into the plane's bathroom, setting me down on the tiny sink, I felt a rush of adrenaline. He positioned himself between my legs, gripping my hips, and his lips claimed mine once more. The sensation was electrifying, and I lost all sense of control. Despite having nearly killed a man just moments before, I found myself consumed by passion. His touch ignited a fire within me, and I couldn't help but moan as he sucked on my lower lip. "Grayson," I whispered, my voice barely audible. He groaned, urging me to say his name again, his voice low and husky. As he bit down softly on my earlobe, I felt a shiver run down my spine. His lips trailed down my neck, leaving a trail of hickeys behind, and I gasped, my head falling back against the mirror. The world around me melted away, and all that mattered was the sensation of his body against mine. Even as people pounded on the door, worried about my safety with the man who had nearly taken a life, we were too lost in our own little world to care. But then, a searing pain shot through me as his teeth plunged into my neck, and I screamed, trying to push him away. Yet, as suddenly as it began, the pain transformed into pleasure, and I felt myself succumbing to a wave of ecstasy. I wrapped my arms around Grayson, pulling him closer, never wanting to let him go. As he retracted his teeth, licking the wound, I shuddered, my senses heightened. His touch was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I gazed up at him, my eyelids drooping, and saw that his eyes had returned to normal. "You bit me," I slurred, my words barely coherent. Grayson nodded, his expression apologetic, and I smiled, feeling a sense of euphoria wash over me. "That's okay," I murmured, patting his cheek. "Just don't do it again." He smiled back, and I touched his face, taking in the beauty of his features. "You're pretty," I said, my voice filled with wonder. He laughed, and the sound sent a wave of happiness through me. As my head dropped onto his neck, I knew I wanted to keep kissing him, to stay lost in this moment forever. As he wrapped his arms around me, trying to move them just like he did against mine, he let out a deep groan."No, no, baby girl, no more kissing today," he said, then moved me away from him.I pouted and asked, "Why not?"He smiled, tucked my hair behind my ear, and ran his thumb over my cheekbone. "There will be plenty of kissing later, trust me. You need sleep now."I yawned at the thought, but it did sound appealing, so I nodded against his shoulder again."Okay," I said, nuzzling into his neck. "We can kiss when I wake up?"He laughed and replied, "You can kiss as much as you want when you wake up."The thought made me happy, and I sighed. He tightened his arms around me and rubbed his nose against the spot where he'd bitten me earlier. I shivered at the sensation.It felt good, but also a bit unsettling. As sleep took over, all I could think about was what had happened between us.I drifted in and out of consciousness, unsure of what to make of it all. When I finally woke up again, everything was dark.I could only see moonlight coming from behind me, illuminating the room. Where was I?For a moment, I thought I was back home, but then I realized whatever I was lying on wasn't a pillow - it was something hard and warm that was moving up and down. I lifted my head to get a better look and saw that I was lying on someone's chest.I looked at their face and gasped.Oh my God, it was Grayson.My mind started racing as memories of the past day flooded back: the plane ride, his intense gaze, and him strangling someone.My hand instinctively flew up to touch my neck, and I whimpered when I felt a sore spot where he'd bitten me earlier.I panicked for a moment, worried that I'd woken him up. But then he tightened his arms around me, pressed his nose into my hair, and let out a contented grumble.I held my breath, waiting for him to stir again, but he just kept sleeping. I felt a mix of relief and unease as I realized we were alone in this hotel room.I had no idea how I'd gotten there or what happened between us.Oh God, did I sleep with him?I quickly checked my clothes and let out a sigh of relief when I saw I was still wearing the same leggings and T-shirt from the plane. But Grayson was only in his boxers.My face grew hot as I wondered why he wasn't fully dressed.I looked around the room, trying to get my bearings. This definitely wasn't my bedroom back home.The hotel room was huge, with a massive bed that had to be bigger than king-size.I spotted my luggage in the corner and felt a sense of relief. At least I still had all my clothes.I stretched my neck to see out the window and saw lots of lights below - we were definitely in a city, but which one? I was trapped in a hotel room with Grayson, a man who seemed to have kidnapped me. He had an unsettling presence, and I knew I had to escape. My legs were tangled with his, but he didn't stir. I slowly freed myself, my heart racing with anticipation. Once I moved again, I carefully removed his arms from around me. The room felt cold without his embrace, but I pushed on. I inched away from him, my movements slow and deliberate. Finally, I reached the edge of the bed and pulled myself up, landing awkwardly on the floor. Freedom was exhilarating, but I knew I couldn't celebrate yet. Grayson's voice interrupted my thoughts. "Belle." I froze, my heart skipping a beat. He lay in bed, his head propped up by his hand, an amused expression on his face. "Come back to bed," he said, his voice husky and seductive. I turned back to the door, but Grayson's voice stopped me again. "That's a closet, baby doll." I opened the door and peeked inside, before dashing out of the room. But Grayson spoke once more, his words sending shivers down my spine. "Belle, please come back to bed. I know you're freaked out, but I promise I'll explain everything to you later." I was horrified. What did he mean by "almost shifting" and "marking"? He had kidnapped me, and now he was trying to calm me down? I turned back to the door, ready to run out, but Grayson's voice held me in place. As he spoke, a dull ache began to develop on your neck, like it was responding to his words. You hadn't noticed it before, but now it pulsed with a life of its own. You reached out and touched the mark, wincing as the pain intensified into a searing throb. Grayson sat up, observing your hesitation as you glanced between him and the door. You felt an inexplicable urge to move towards him, and as you did, the pain subsided slightly. It was as if he had some sort of hold over you. "See, I know what I'm talking about," he said, his voice low and persuasive. "I know it hurts, but come back to bed, and I can make all the pain go away. I'll take care of you." His words seemed to weave a spell around you, making you feel helpless against their allure. Without thinking, you found yourself moving closer, until you were pressed against the silk sheets with Grayson's body on top of yours. Your gaze wandered over his rugged features, and your body responded as if it had been set aflame.

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