

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 142

Thirty-Five: Tobias

Tobias's P.O.V.

Never in my life had my dick gone limp as quickly as when I was staring at the bones of an amputated leg. Until that moment, I had thought Joselin could keep me painfully hard forever. I had been hiding how she affected me for years. Now that I no longer had to, I wanted to take full advantage of the situation, i

She was my mate. Mine.

I could fuck her and love her anywhere, and I planned on it. Seeing how hot and bothered she got over the thought of fucking here only confirmed that when we got home, there would be a few places around the castle that I could pull her away to without any complaint from her. It was even better than claiming her in front of others.

Sneaking around and enjoying each other was higher on my list than exhibitionism. At the top of the list was having Joselin all to myself in our bed.

I still needed to help her gather her belongings and move in. But even if that didn't happen immediately, I would still consider it our house and bed.

But a fucking leg. I had seen worse, done worse than cutting off someone's leg, but never had I expected to find one in someone's bedroom. It was disturbing.

Rona was a twisted soul, but I never pegged her as the kind of woman who would fall asleep only a few feet from the amputated limb of one of her coworkers.

"We need to get back," Joselin muttered, her mind going a mile a minute. She left the leg behind, straightened the blanket on the bed, and pulled her pants back on. When she approached me to teleport, I gently tapped my finger on her head, silently asking what was going through her mind.

This was what she had wanted, to find proof of foul play, but it raised more questions than answers.

"It doesn't make sense. No blood is left, and the bone marrow is dried out and won't work. I don't know what Rona is doing with it, but she is up to something. This confirms it." Joselin said, her long white hair flowing down her back as the lines on her skin vibrated with agitation.

I would keep a close eye on the older woman. She was pretty civil unless she was around Rona, which made them both hostile.

"Do you think she is controlling Cora somehow or draining her magic?" I asked as Joselin wrapped her arms around my waist and pressed her hips against mine in a sweet hold. There was nothing sexual about it, but I still adored it.

Her smell was intoxicating, and I couldn't help but lean forward and kiss the top of her head, taking in her scent.

'She's starting to come to.'

The warning through the pack link from Natalie was all I needed to grab Joselin's hand and drag her out of the house and across the yard to the first. We had barely reached the trees when the fog came in again, thick and deadly.

"Time to go, sweetheart," I muttered.

The guards jumped, going on alert as Joselin and I teleported back into the castle. She ignored them, her knuckles rapidly rasping against the door of Killian's office. It surprised me that she didn't just walk right in. Never before had I seen her wait for someone to announce that she could enter. She walked these halls as if she owned them, and she did. She could make anyone bend to her will, and I knew that was one of the reasons why she found her job so frustrating. She hated having rules to follow when she could have just taken action and put it behind her.

If she had killed Rona one of the first few times the woman had been out of line, we wouldn't be in this mess, wondering what she was up to.

One of the guards nodded, and Joselin pushed the door open to find Natalie fixing her hair while she sat on Killian's lap.

The room smelled of sex, and my nose wrinkled as Natalie's face turned bright red. I dipped into a bow that made all three of them raise their eyebrows.

"We are in private. You don't need to do that now that we are mated." Joselin said with a smile. "Although you have a very nice ass."

I straightened as she moved to my side to look at my backside, and Killian groaned.

"What?" Joselin asked, sitting in the chair on our side of the desk and propping her feet on the hard wooden surface. 'I can't hit on my man, but you have no problem inviting us into your office when it smells like you two have been going at it like animals in here all morning?'

Her man. Fuck that sounded good. If we weren't standing before the king and queen, I would bend her over the desk and reward her for that statement.

Natalie's face turned a deeper red as she leaned back against Killian's chest with a smile. "We have been."

It was Joselin's turn to groan, and I couldn't help but admire how beautiful she looked as she let her head fall back against the seat, exposing her long and slender throat with my mark on it.

I didn't know how to interact with Killian and Natalie beyond my duties as a warrior and bodyguard, so I stood behind the chairs in my normal stance. My hands clasped in front of me with my feet shoulder-width apart. Killian used to be one of my best friends when we were little, but we had turned to more of a professional relationship after Ana died.

I knew he knew about her. He had just been respectful enough not to bring it up or to tell anyone.

"You can sit down," Natalie spoke softly, her friendly smile making me feel more relaxed, but I still moved stiffly as I walked around the chair and sat." I take it you found something?"

"Not what I had been expecting, but yes."

Joselin then told them about the leg and its possible uses, but how each possibility was also impossible. They listened intently, Natalie nodding when appropriate and Killian staying straight-faced as he tossed the information around his head.

They all agreed that Cora hadn't been acting out of the ordinary, and until now, they had no reason to believe that she had any involvement at all. The only possibility was that Rona was targeting her or holding the leg over her for leverage to get Cora to do something for her in exchange for getting it back.

"She could use it for a resurrection spell, or maybe she is just cursing Cora, but without blood, it wouldn't be very strong." Joselin offered, and the room fell silent.

"Cyrus," I stated, the name coming across loud and clear.

Joselin hummed in response, and I knew I didn't need to elaborate. I didn't want to. I was comfortable talking around Joselin, but it had been a long time since I freely spoke aloud in front of others. Natalie looked shocked, and Killian almost looked relieved to hear me talking.

"That could work. I have Cyrus's blood, so I can always keep it over him if he gets out of line or goes off script. But she does seem to have a fascination with him. She has been trying to seduce him to get information from him. I wonder what she would do if we flipped the script." Joselin's fingers tapped against the arm of the chair as she debated, and I instinctively reached over and grabbed her hand to calm her.

"If we have the measures to keep him under control, then I don't see why not. Use the boy." Killian ordered, and Joselin let out the breath she had been holding.

A loud knock on the door made us all fall quiet, and Killian's eyes dulled as someone spoke to him through the pack link.

A dark look passed over his face as he took in the information before rejoining us. "Get him on board but keep him under control."

The door opened, and the devil walked in. Her heels clicked against the floor as she laughed. "Well, isn't this cozy?"

Joselin rolled her eyes but dropped her feet from the desk and stood. I did the same, keeping myself between the redheaded she-devil and my mate. If Rona knew we were in her house today, she wouldn't hesitate to kill us.

Only her focus was on Killian instead of me or my mate.

When we didn't move, her head snapped in our direction, and her voice came out thick with indignation. "Do you mind?"

"Yes," Joselin snapped back, and Rona looked surprised before letting out a cold laugh.

"Very well, the council must also be informed." Rona narrowed her eyes at Joselin before turning away and clicking the long matte grey nails of her left hand on the back of the chair I had been sitting in only moments prior. "I will be taking leave to collect my pledge. Should be no more than a few days."

The bitter thought of her forcing a young witch to come here against their will came to mind, and I wanted to bare my teeth at her but kept myself collected. Anyone willing to work with Rona without resistance was not to be trusted. If they did, she probably had something over them.

A small part of me knew she was lying. That wasn't why she was leaving. The timing was too convenient, and I could only pray to the Goddess that Joselin and I hadn't left any evidence behind of our presence at her home. But it was a good excuse for her departure, and having her gone for a short while could work in our favor to turn that scrawny thorn in my side against Rona if he wasn't already.