

# The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 158

## Fifty-One: Tobias

### Tobias's P.O.V.

Joselin had never slept in this long. It was terrifying to know that she was feeling so under the weather.

Every morning up until today, I had woken her up with an orgasm. I had stayed true to my word. Either my hand, my face, or my cock would be between her legs as she moaned and wiggled beneath me. She would cum for me before giving me that heart-stopping smile and either thanking me for staying true to my promise or begging for more.

But seeing the dark circles under her eyes and hearing how slow her breathing was, I couldn't find it in me to wake her this morning. I wanted her to sleep as long as possible to recover.

Everyone I had ever loved had died. My mother died during my birth, so I never got the chance to get to know her. My father killed my soulmate, and I then killed my father.

Joselin was the last person I had. I just couldn't do it. I couldn't watch Joselin die too.

I couldn't count on Killian because our friendship had all but ended when I found Ana and pulled away from them, and Natalie was more of a job and a leader than a friend. She tried to break that barrier, but we hadn't yet reached that point.

My knuckles rasped against the thick wood of King Killian's office, and the door swung open by a beaming Natalie in front of me. I knew she had been in there since George was in the hallway, and I bowed in greeting.

"Good Morning, Tobias. What can we do for you?" The rise of her right eyebrow and the smirk on her lips made me uneasy. "I can't wait to hear all about what brought you in so early."

Ah. So, the taunting to get me to talk would start again. I hadn't dealt with that in years, not since I became an adult and worked my way up through the warrior ranks. Now that I let a few words out, I needed to prepare myself for the childish teasing and constant attempts from my peers to get me to talk again.

I stared down at her, unamused.

Natalie's pale green eyes were bright with mischief, and she leaned her shoulder against the doorframe, her arms crossed over her chest.

After a moment of silence, she crossed one ankle over the other. I had talked to her before, so I knew she was just fucking with me.

"Love, don't be cruel." Killian's tired voice called out from deeper in the office, and her smile dropped as she turned to glare over her shoulder.

"Fine," She let out an exhausted sigh. "I'm going to go see how Joselin is doing."

When she turned back to me, I shook my head before changing my mind and stepping to the side to let her pass. Joselin had been sleeping when I left, but that was almost an hour ago. By the time Natalie got there, Joselin should be awake.

I also knew that Joselin had been upset that Killian and I hadn't visited her when she had been stabbed, and I wouldn't stop someone from showing Joselin how much she meant to them. Joselin and I had worked through it. It had been too painful to know that she had almost died.

Seeing her get stabbed felt like getting my heart ripped out, and I couldn't fathom the thought of losing her. So I had made the mistake of trying to get over her, to keep her out of my head so I could move on.

It worked in my favor because we ended up getting together, not because of my distance. Still, I hated that it was time that I wasted.

Natalie slipped past, gesturing for George to join her, and I knew as soon as she mentioned going into the city that he would have called for Thomas to join him on her detail and at least one other to cover for me while I spoke to Killian.

My choice to keep my voice and thoughts to myself was second to my need to keep my mate safe.

As soon as I closed the door behind me, Killian spoke. "You're here about Joselin; I take it."

His statement was dead on, and I nodded before moving to the front of his desk, where he gestured with his hand for me to take a seat. It was so tense. So awkward. How did this man go from being one of my best friends to being this stranger?

It felt like a lifetime ago, and really, it was.

I respected him, and he was a great leader, but I didn't know him as a man anymore. Over the past few months, I had seen a side of him that he had tucked away when he had become the king. But that was it. I was watching from the outside, not a part of his circle or family anymore.

Now that I had mated Joselin, I was, by title, back in that circle. Still, I didn't know if we could ever fix our friendship. If anything, we would need to build a new one. His answer to my request would determine whether we could reform a friendship.

"Is she doing okay?" The concern was thick in his voice, and I shrugged my shoulders.

"She's been better," I answered honestly, unsure what to say. The curse seemed to be at the beginning stages, but her exhaustion and lack of appetite were concerning.

"I'm sure she has." He responded with a nod, waiting for me to tell him the reason for my visit.

"I want Rona brought back. Now." My request sounded more like a demand. It hadn't been my intention, and he seemed to understand that as he raised his eyebrows in amusement before scratching his jaw.

"Rona is free to go and do as she pleases. For me to send someone to retrieve her without too much resistance, we would need proof, not speculation."

I bit back a scoff. Some king. He could take and do what he wanted, but he always insisted on following the rules even though the delay in action could cost him his best friend's and his Royal Advisor's life.

"Joselin's health and life are not enough for you?" I wanted to rise to my feet, display dominance, to get my way. But even I knew that was stupid. Standing up against a king would do nothing but get me killed.

He wouldn't respond to a show of power anyway. He was the strongest of our kind, and I would get further with a discussion than with a threat. If it were anyone else on the other side of that desk, I would have him pinned to the wall already and forced their approval from them.

"Joselin is strong."

I cut him off. "And growing weaker by the minute. Rona needs to be stopped!"

Killian lifted his hand, palm facing me like a pretentious asshole. Is that how he planned to silence me when my mate's life was at stake? A fucking hand? "That is enough. I hear your concern, but Rona is a council member, and while I do not trust her, I cannot send out my guard to collect her without proof of foul play or broken laws."

He gave an apparent emphasis on the word guard that had me sitting back in my chair.

He was on board.

"She said she would be back in a few days, and it has been a week. If she is not back by tonight, then some of your pack may choose to check on her to ensure her wellbeing," I said, making it very clear that if she were not back to pay for her crimes in the next few hours, then come sunrise, I would be going after her myself.

"And that would be their choice." He said, leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped over his stomach.

My hands rubbed over the tops of my jeans as I nodded, accepting the terms he had just indirectly laid out before me. It wasn't the answer I wanted, one where I would lead a team down to hunt this witch, armed with a sedative to prevent her from using her powers to get away.

But it was better than nothing.

I had an idea of who I would take with me. The fastest, strongest, and most cutthroat. Now if I wanted them to go, I would have to convince them myself.

I hadn't been reliant on it being an order from the king.

I knew he might disagree and not back my request to hunt down Rona. It made it more difficult, but not impossible. Definitely not impossible.

I would be obliterating her.

"Then I would like to give you my notice of temporary leave for personal reasons." My statement made him smile, almost as if he was proud that I would be going after the threat to my mate...that I was willing to fight for Joselin.

She deserved someone to fight for her, and I would never let her go another day of her life without knowing that she had me in her corner.

"Noted." He dipped his chin before rubbing the back of his neck, looking uneasy. It was part of my job to monitor body language and look for signs of a potential threat.

His tell was obvious. I almost wanted to laugh at how different he acted now. A rub of the back of his neck when stressed or nervous versus the nervous tick he had as a kid where he used to pull at his eyebrows. Just another reminder that he was no longer that kid.

We both experienced horrors that made us who we are today. Mine should have killed me, but I had somehow managed to push through it. Killian's scarred him and sculpted the man and leader that he became.

"I know we haven't talked in a while," He said, and I felt myself tense. The last time we talked beyond orders and training was over a decade ago.

Those were conversations that were too late and unwelcome in my life now. I knew this was coming from Joselin ripping into him multiple times about his failure as a friend. Charlie had done the same as his little sister in a very public manner, but I didn't want to be a part of his apology tour.

Goddess, I hated interacting with people. I just wanted to do my job and go home to my mate without ever interacting with another person or dancing around someone else's emotions again.

"There are no hard feelings, your majesty."

Killian's head snapped back like he wasn't expecting the title to come from me at such a serious moment, even though I addressed him formally each time he gave me an order through the pack link. But I wanted to draw the line to prevent him from opening old wounds.

He hadn't noticed my father's abuse, just as Joselin hadn't. I kept it well hidden.

If he did notice, he never said anything. Then again, he also never said anything to me or told Joselin about my father's death or Ana's. So, who knows what secrets were buried in his mind?

Killian cleared his throat. "I just wanted to say that I am glad you and Joselin mated. I think you are good together, always have."

It felt like the closing of our conversation, or at least a good time to do so and put us both out of our misery. So, I stood, and with a respectful bow in his direction; I made my way to the door.

"We will keep an eye on Joselin while you are gone. I'll have her come back and stay in her tower." He said, making me freeze. Joselin was not going to do well with being told where she had to sleep, and while it made me uncomfortable to have her staying here instead of in our bed, I knew it was also the safest option for her right now. "Please let me know if you two need anything."

My inclusion in his last statement felt like an olive branch, and I nodded in gratitude before taking my leave. Maybe one day, things between us wouldn't be so uncomfortable.

Tomorrow I would head out to find Rona.

Today, I had to face my mate and tell her I was leaving.