

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 170

Sixty-Three: Tobias

Tobias's P.O.V.

"Do we have anything on these locations being tied to a spell caster?" Joselin asked with exhaustion thick in her voice as she leaned her head back in her chair. "If Cora's family took part in killing off all the male witches to keep control of the council, maybe there was something at each location that was tied to one of those spell casters?"

"We don't have anything on spell casters, to begin with. Cora took that book; her family probably took and destroyed everything else over the years." Charlie sighed, having joined us with Damien and Killian after getting Killian's work done for the day. "Plus, that would be a lot of spell casters if one was killed at each location."

"Well, her family and the original female council wiped out an entire gender of witches. I imagine there would have been a lot of them." Joselin responded half-heartedly. She sounded exhausted. "I wonder how many she has killed over the years without anyone knowing."

The sun had set long ago, and I was beginning to feel anxious.

If my suspicions about Joselin were correct, she needed all the rest she could get. It was bad enough that she had to deal with the stress of this situation. She shifted uncomfortably in her chair with a groan of annoyance.

My fingers tapped against the table loudly, and I could see Cyrus growing more frustrated and angry by the sound.

I tapped a little louder, almost wanting to egg him on. He was struggling but had also snapped at my mate too many times tonight.

I was itching to knock him out.

It would shut him up and make it so Joselin could get some rest without the guilt of leaving him alone to search for answers. Because of the guilt of what happened with his blood, she had already allowed him to get away with things she would normally have thrown someone through a wall for.

My gaze shot to Joselin as she slid her chair back and stood, giving up on finding comfort. A smile stretched over my face when she walked over and sat on my lap, leaning back against my chest and resting her head on my shoulder.

That's right, sweetheart. I'm here.

My hands instantly went to her stomach, holding her to me. When she was ready, she would tell me. Until then, I would continue to show her how much I loved and supported her. But that also meant that I would take care of her, even when she didn't think it was okay to put herself first.

My eyes met Natalie's from across the table, and she was smiling softly at my hands on Joselin's stomach. When she looked up and met my gaze, I shook my head discreetly, hoping she would understand that Joselin hadn't said anything to me.

"We would have heard something about it over the years. How rare can it be for male witches to be born? It's not like you can kill off all the men and just pray for the women to stop birthing boys. There would have been at least hundreds, if not thousands, of reports each year of children being killed or kidnapped." Charlie chewed on her lip. It was her tell that she was stressed.

Joselin lifted her head off my shoulder but kept her back against my chest. "Unless it is rare. Think about it. I was born to human parents, and I'm pretty sure I only came out like this because I was born outside, under the supermoon. What if spell casters are similar? Maybe these are all locations where spell casters had been birthed. I don't know what she would get from those places, but maybe that is what they all have in common. Cyrus, when and where were you born?"

The man shrugged, and I fought the urge to strangle him. It had been our only real lead, and he was not contributing. He barely took his eyes off the map, looking from one red pin to the next as if he were expecting them to move and spell something out like an Ouija board.

"Don't know. I was left at my grandma's doorstep as a baby. I just know the month and year. Not the day." He flicked his finger against one of the unmoving pins before sitting back in his chair with a paper in his hands.

Joselin yawned, lifting her hands from overtop mine to cover her mouth before melting back into me.

"Cora has stopped, and we need to get some rest if we are going to think straight," Natalie said, standing from her chair.

Cyrus gaped at her, his breathing coming out faster and more panicked. I knew he didn't want to be alone and didn't want to give Cora more time to execute whatever plan she was working on. Blanche sat in the seat next to him, finally tired enough to shut up, but she reached over and grabbed his hand. His eyes dropped down to her touch, looking shocked by the gesture, but he flipped his hand over and gripped hers tightly.

"We should take shifts." Joselin offered, and I immediately knew she would suggest taking the first shift since she had felt guilty about sleeping last night. I slipped my hand to her hip, pinching her gently when she opened her mouth to speak again. Her jaw snapped shut.

I would take the first shift for her if that meant that she could get some sleep.

"I can stay," Aisha said, never taking her eyes away from the laptop in front of her as she continued to read about the history of the locations on her list. The room went silent, and she looked up with a roll of her eyes. "I'm not a bitch all the time, and I've had more coffee than I should have."

Joselin's stomach sucked in sharply under my hands as she let a silent scoff.

Blanche agreed to stay with her, and we all knew Cyrus would stay. The chance of him voluntarily going to sleep was slim to none. He made it clear that he didn't like the darkness right now, and I doubted he would want to be alone in case Cora attacked again.

I turned my head, my nose brushing against Joselin's head as I tried to take in her scent once more. It was stronger than it used to be, but I smelled nothing that would confirm if she was pregnant. Not yet, anyway.

I had never been so close to a pregnant woman and didn't know what I was looking for besides a change. But her scent was still stronger than it used to be.

The idea of having children with her... Goddess, I wanted them, but now that it was a possibility, I didn't realize how badly I needed them. I wanted enough to make my own pack. I couldn't wait to see my beautiful mate round with our child. Even better, I couldn't wait to hold our children, kiss them, and tuck them into bed.

'Let's get some sleep,' I thought to Joselin, and her back stiffened.

'I slept last night.' My thumb brushed in soft strokes over her stomach, and she looked down as if contemplating before giving in. 'Okay, but not too long this time.'

I didn't allow anyone to argue or speak before I stood, looping my arms under Joselin's knees and carrying her from the room. "We will be back in a few hours."

I grumbled in annoyance at her placing a time limit on her sleep in front of a room full of people. She needed more than a few hours.

Natalie called out behind us, "Take as long as you need. We need everyone as well-rested as they can be."

We were back in her tower in seconds, and I quickly moved to the bathroom and started a warm shower. I knew Joselin liked to rinse off before bed, and I wanted to ensure she was as comfortable as possible to get a good night's sleep.

I couldn't stop my eyes from dropping down to her perfectly flat stomach and the curve of her hips, but they looked the same. I knew they would, but a man can dream. When she was ready, she would tell me, but fuck. J wanted to know.

By the time we got into bed, Joselin looked wide awake. I could practically hear the gears in her head turning as she continued to think about Cora.

I pulled her to me, wrapping my arm around her waist and spooning her. Her ass was pressed against my hips, and she sighed in pleasure as she wiggled against me.

"I can't stop thinking about what Cyrus must be feeling. I know how hard it is and what he must be feeling to an extent. But the look on his face tonight, knowing she could attack him again at any moment, was hard to see. I can't imagine having to survive that a third time." She whispered, but her words were heavy and loud in the silent room.

"We will stop her." Goosebumps rose along her skin as I whispered into the back of her neck. "What can I do to help you unwind and sleep?"

The question had been innocent. I was thinking maybe a head or back massage. I could turn on some classical music, get her some of that flowery-smelling oil she liked, or a warm glass of milk.

But all of that innocent thought melted away as she moved her hips, rubbing her ass against my bare cock. The shorts she was sleeping in were so thin that the heat of her body teased me relentlessly, and I pressed myself against her ass firmly.

"You can help me get my mind off of it." Her hint was obvious, and she tilted her head, exposing her mark. She wanted me to mark her, to give her that instant rush of pleasure.

I leaned my head down, running my tongue over it before nipping her ear lobe. "Do you think I would give you an orgasm without getting to enjoy myself first?"

My hand slid down from her stomach to the heat between her legs. She lifted her ankle, moving her leg back to place it over my legs and spreading herself to give me more access. She was slick with desire and ready for me. My fingers slid between her folds, moving to her entrance before dragging her wetness back to her clit and rubbing her in small circles.

"Mh," Joselin hummed in pleasure, her head falling back against my bicep. I held myself up on my elbow, watching her eyes flutter closed, and her lips parted. It was the most relaxed she had been in days.

Every stroke pulled a noise from her that sent a thrum of pleasure straight to my cock. She cried out in protest when I pulled my hand away from her, only to moan loudly when I slid down the bed and spread her legs. My tongue found her wet clit instantly, and I groaned at her sweet taste.

Everything about her was so fucking good. So fucking perfect.

I sucked on her clit, flicking it with the tip of my tongue. Her hip bucked and ground against my face, desperate for more, and I looped one arm under her thigh and over her hips to keep her in place.

As she tensed and trembled beneath me, I felt myself wanting more. The cry out of my name as she came on my tongue was the best sound I had ever heard.

Joselin came down a few seconds later, releasing soft sighs with each exhale. She giggled when I moved up her body, kissing every inch of her skin along my way.

We had no idea what would happen tomorrow or the day after, and I wanted to savor this moment. I wanted to make love to my mate and show her how much she meant to me.