

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 175

Epilogue: Joselin

Joselin's P.O.V.

Traveling to a place where everyone let their ignorance run their fear was genius. I used to think one had to be a special kind of stupid to let that happen.

Yet, as I sat back on the lounge chair on a deserted beach oasis in the human town, I enjoyed every second of it.

Every time someone was brave enough to join us, I simply turned to them and flashed my innocent, pearly white eyes, and they spooked like a horse seeing a snake.

It helped that my blindingly pale skin had my signature runes and knots vibrating away. I knew I looked like something from a horror movie, but Goddess, it was good.

It wasn't even a human-only resort. Creatures of all kinds would vacation here, but they still ran from me.

They knew who I was. The look on their face when they realized I was among them, was so worth it. It practically screamed that their asshole just puckered with fear, and then they booked it back into the resort, packed their shit, and rushed home to be as far away from me as possible.

If seeing me didn't work, the giant Lycan walking toward me out of the water did the trick.

A few humans had ventured down the beach from the other hotels and stared at him longer than I had liked as his swim trunks hung low on his hips. At first, he enjoyed seeing me jealous. But when I stood up and charged toward them, he started shifting into his Lycan form, and they ran.

We were a good team and a terrifying combination. The only people who had the nerve to approach us were the staff, but it wasn't to ask us to leave since we were disrupting their business. No. They were waiting on us hand and foot to keep up happy. Only one had been so terrified that they peed themselves and were immediately sent home.

We had been here for two weeks, and I was in no rush to leave. After everything we had dealt with over the past year, we had earned this vacation, and I would enjoy every last second of it.

The sound of glass rattling gave away the human as soon as he stepped out onto the sandy beach and made his way to us from the resort.

It was no wonder the humans lost the Great War so easily, I could hear him coming a mile away, and I didn't have super hearing like Tobias did. Killian had tried to convince me to bring our own staff from the castle, who knew would ensure our food wasn't tampered with, but I wanted to get away from everyone and everything for a while.

Plus, my sense of smell had been out of this world, and I could name every ingredient and seasoning in our food. Nothing would get past this nose.

My mate's heated gaze was locked on me as he approached, water dripping down his broad chest and sculpted abs. His skin was tanner than usual from being in the water for the past two weeks, and I loved watching him move toward me.

He put Greek Gods to shame.

I felt myself grow wet between my legs, something that was constant nowadays. It was like I couldn't shut my hormones off. I wanted Tobias every second of every day in every place I could have him.

And I did. The staff at the resort got quite a show.

Between him fucking me against the wall in the lobby, me riding him on the table after we got subpar massages from the terrified and sweating masseuse, and the way he not-so-subtly fingered me at dinner beneath the table in their restaurant a few nights ago, they had seen everything.

"Mrs. Jones."

A smile spread across my lips. I would never tire of hearing someone refer to me with Tobias's last name.

I turned and grabbed drinks from the tray, placing them on the small table between the two lounge chairs. Tobias enjoyed drinking and eating to his heart's content, but I was overly cautious with anything I put in my body.

I turned back toward my mate as I mindlessly spouted off a food order. The server practically sprinted back to the resort after I had dismissed him, but I didn't bother to turn. I was too caught up in the man approaching me.

Tobias's smile was blinding, and I had never seen him look happier or more relaxed than he had been over the past two weeks. After Cora was killed, it took a couple of months to get everything sorted out.

Cyrus and two new witches from promising families with good histories were selected to join the council, bringing us back to seven so Aisha could stop bitching about making us an even number and messing up votes. I went back as far as I could in their lineage, researched every generation, investigated the pledges' lives down to how often they sneezed and interviewed everyone I could who knew them.

It was a thorough and tedious process, but I would not be putting my people at risk again.

As soon as they had settled into their roles, we took off with no return date. Just the plan to relax and enjoy our much-earned vacation, or as we heard the resort's staff guessing, our honeymoon.

I wouldn't deny it. With how often we were going at it, it was a honeymoon.

I loved it.

Tobias's large hand splayed over my rounded stomach, rubbing it gently before leaning in for a kiss. His teeth nibbled on my bottom lip before he soothed it with a devastatingly delicious swipe of his tongue. My hands grabbed the back of his neck, my fingers lacing in his hair.

"You wore this bathing suit to torture me," Tobias smirked as he pulled back, his fingers pulling at the blue string of my bikini before letting it snap back against my skin. The fabric was minimal, barely covering my growing breasts, but it hadn't been my intention. It fit just fine before we left. Yet with each passing day, my body was continuing to change to prepare for the life we were creating.

"If you have a problem with it, why don't you take it off me?" My nose ran along his as I flicked the tip of my tongue against his lips. The groan he let out as he pulled back and dropped into his lounge chair sounded defeated and tortured.

"You're the one who said you were sore. I have been nice to you all day, giving you a break to let you heal." He grabbed his drink and sipped the ice- cold beverage but kept his eyes on me.

I laughed. "You woke me up with your head between my legs, fucked me against the shower wall, and fingered me in the elevator... I'm not sure that constitutes a break. You're the one who got me knocked up and worked up. Now, you must take care of my needs. As my mate, it's your job. You take care of me, and I take care of you."

I sat up from the chair as I licked my lips suggestively, thankful my towel was down to prevent my legs and back from sticking to the hard surface - I learned that lesson on day one - and climbed onto his lap.

Tobias licked his lips, set his drink down, and grabbed my hips. ' Sweetheart, I'll take care of every last one of your needs. Tell me what you want me to do to you."

With my knees on either side of him, I rolled my hips against his rapidly hardening cock. "I want you inside me."

Tobias watched as I undid the string on the front of his wet swim trunks and freed him. He didn't need another invitation before he slid his hands around my hips to cup my ass and pulled my bikini bottoms to the side.

I lifted my body, allowing him to guide himself into me.

The staff and anyone who looked out the window of their room could see us. Humans were prudes, and any brave enough to stay would probably make a big deal about how scandalous we were when they watched me throw my head back as my man filled me. If they had a problem with it, they could pack up and leave the resort like the other humans instead of hiding in their rooms.

The feeling of him cumming inside me had become addicting, and I wasn't even ashamed of how much I loved it. But I also wasn't ready for more than one kid just yet. As soon as I got the all-clear once our little one was born, I would be back on birth control and forcing him to pull out again.

It didn't work for us last time. Still, maybe the Goddess would humor me for a bit and keep my uterus empty until we mastered the new waters of parenthood, even though Tobias had made several heart-stopping comments about raising a whole litter of kids.

He wanted to ensure we did it right and that our kids would know how loved they were. Our shitty upbringing made it virtually impossible not to do better than our parents did. We wouldn't be perfect, but we would do our best, and I hoped our kids would be happy with that.

As I lay curled against his side on the lounge chair, my bathing suit back in place, our food arrived. Tobias had his arm around my back, his hand under the triangle of fabric covering my right breast, his thumb stroking the skin there.

He had been enjoying the changes to my body, and even though I was getting bigger in every way, I still felt empowered and sexy.

He used his empty hand to grab a slice of apple from the tray of fruit I ordered and brought it to my mouth to feed me. The burst of flavor on my tongue was exactly what I had been craving, and I turned my head and kissed his chest when I swallowed my bite.

"I was thinking that maybe we could start decorating the nursery when we return home?" Tobias had been more excited for this child than any man I had ever known, and I had been putting off the nursery until I was sure the pregnancy would stick.

The last thing we needed was to put together a room for the baby and then have the stress of what my body went through make us lose it. He had been understanding and patient, but I knew he was excited to start nesting, which was usually the woman's job.

At least, I thought it was until I saw that giant box for the jungle gym and swing set for our backyard in the corner of the garage. Our kid wouldn't even be able to use it for a few years, but he was really excited.

Everything for their room was on a wish list online. Just waiting for Tobias to hit check out. It was adorable.

"I think that is a great idea," I whispered.

Tobias pulled me tighter against his chest with a kiss on my head, and I never wanted him to let me go