

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 125

Twenty: Tobias

Tobias's P.O.V.

I smelled her as soon as she walked in. I would know her scent anywhere. But the woman that made her way to me was not mine. She was beautiful, but she belonged to someone else, i

For a moment, I wanted to kill her. I wanted to string her up by her toes until she told me where my witch was and why she had her scent all over her. Then she ran her tongue up the side of my neck, and I knew. I would know her touch anywhere, no matter what face she was wearing.

My body reacted instantly, and I was excited to see what game my woman was playing this time. She loved her games. She loved teasing me.

But as I held her against the wall, her body trembled. But it was not in a good way. I could smell her desire but sense her despair. She wasn't enjoying this.

Her head snapped back over to me, her eyes widening at my words.

"You know?" Her breathless question sounded closer to her normal voice, but it still wasn't right. I didn't like it.

I softly kissed her lips before smirking at her. "Sweetheart, did you really think I wouldn't recognize you?"

The room was growing louder with every passing minute. It was almost midnight, and those who weren't interested in the event that was about to occur had already gone home or were on their way out. I would have been leaving with them if Joselin hadn't shown up.

There were gasps, moaning, and the sound of flesh slapping together. I had never been a fan of involving myself in that situation, but that didn't mean I wouldn't occasionally watch, especially when Joselin was involved.

The noises were spurring me on, but nothing could compare to the feeling of my witch pressed up against me, even in the skin she was currently wearing.

The wet streak down her face stopped me from lifting her against the wall and sinking deep into her.

My thumb ran over the trail, drying her cheek as I looked between her cerulean blue eyes. They were nice, but they weren't hers. I wanted her back. Her crying told me this wasn't a game for her as I had thought. This hurt her, and I wanted to make sure that whatever I did, I would never make the same mistake again.

"Change," I demanded quietly, lacing our fingers together but stepping back. I didn't know if she would need space to change back. Even if she didn't, I was greedy and wanted to see the real her.

Her body buzzed as she whispered to herself softly in Latin, and I felt relieved when she returned to normal. A few people made sounds of pleasure at seeing Joselin present.

It wasn't a secret that she would engage in activities with pack members. The rumors of her skill and raw sensual power made her highly sought after. But that was before when nothing seemed to bother her, and she didn't care about anything in the world.

Now, I knew that was not the case.

She could mask it all she wanted, but she did feel, and things did bother her. She had just been a master at showing it until the weight of it had become too much.

Joselin showing me this side of her could mean that she trusted and felt safe around me, or I was the one who finally broke her. I hated the idea that I was or had hurt her while trying to heal myself, but the only thing I could do now was to prove myself to her and help her heal.

Two broken people didn't make a whole, i

She looked hesitant, almost as if she was worried about me catching her using glamour to seduce me.

My hand tightened around hers as I turned, pulling her from the room. We needed to talk, and it wasn't going to be here.

A hand reached out, grabbing Joselin's arm, inviting her to join them. I let a loud growl fill the room as I pulled her in front of me and continued to guide her to the exit.

The air in the hallway was significantly lighter and colder, almost refreshing, and I felt my mind calm slightly.

Joselin allowed me to take her right back to her tower. She walked at my side with her head down, like a child about to be scolded.

As soon as we were inside and in the safety of her home, I spun her around and pressed her against the wall to the same position we had been in at the mating mixer.

"You're playing with fire, sweetheart. When you walked into that room looking like another woman, and I got a subtle whiff of your scent, I was ready to kill you. I wanted to know why that woman smelled like you." She shuddered as I ran my tongue up her neck, mimicking her attempt at seducing me earlier.

"What you seem to have forgotten is that I know your touch and your smell. It is even better that I can still smell myself on you. You may have masked yourself with that illusion, but everything about the real you has been imprinted into my brain. You can't hide from me. Ever." The low growl behind my words was followed by her giving a slight shudder as she licked her lips.

I tilted my head to the side as I watched her. She was glorious, but I didn't understand what had just happened for the life of me. Why had she cried?

She was fighting demons that she wouldn't let me see. I only knew about the creature in the darkness. If it were my place, I would tell her never to go back without me. At least with me by her side, she would be safe. I would fight to the death to ensure she would come out on the other side. The demons in her mind were another story. I had no idea what battle I was fighting to win her, but I knew there was one.

I pulled back, suddenly feeling uneasy having her in that position when it was clear she had been in emotional distress only minutes ago.

Her hand stayed in mine, gripping it tightly as I walked to the couch and sat down. It surprised me when she climbed on my lap and began to play with my fingers.

"Why did you do it?" My whisper was met with a slight pause in her movements.

"Did you not like it?" Joselin smirked, lifting my hand to her mouth and sucking on the tip of my index finger. I knew she was trying to distract me from the conversation. While it wasn't going to work, I also couldn't help the way I grew even harder for her as I felt the heat of her mouth around my digit.

After knowing how sweet she tasted and sounded last night, I was almost desperate for more. I wanted to know what it would feel like to finally fuck her or to have her mouth wrapped around my cock.

"No." I snapped, and her eyes briefly widened before she masked her expression as she released my finger.

Her desire was the most delicious thing I had ever smelled, and with her straddling me, I could feel the warmth between her legs from her dress riding up.

My hands clamped down on her bare thighs as she leaned in and began kissing my neck softly.

"Are you sure about that?" She teased, rocking her hips against mine and letting out a low moan in my ear that had me digging my fingers into her leg harder. "You sure felt like you were enjoying it."

"Josie," I warned as her hands between us began to unbutton the white shirt I had on under my suit jacket. "Why did you do that?"

She sat back with a scowl, and I could see the anger simmering under the surface as the marks on her skin vibrated violently. "Isn't the better question, why did you go to the mating mixer? I thought you said I was yours. I might not be your mate, but it meant something to me when you said that."

I laughed, licking my lips as she grabbed my suit jacket in her fists. She was livid, but I couldn't help it. I was fucking relieved.

"I didn't go because I wanted to, sweetheart." My hands rubbed small circles on her smooth thighs, and she unconsciously slid them further apart to welcome me between them. Still, I remained civil and kept my hands on her legs even though it took everything in me not to rip her panties off and show her that she was mine. "I am unmated and had no choice. Until I mark you, I will be at every mating mixer, as will the other unmarked Lycans. It is an order, not an option." 1

Breeding had been a problem for our kind. My kind had held out for their mates for the longest time, wanting to produce the strongest bloodlines possible. When they finally gave up the search, it was too late for them to have children. Things had gotten out of hand when we opened up to breeding with anyone we wanted. Now we were limited to finding our fated or marking a willing mate due to what happened a few months ago with the previous queen.

If I had told anyone about Ana, I never would have been forced to any of the mixers. But that was still a secret I kept tucked away.

I had hoped Joselin would be the one to wear my mark.

Her lips parted as the cutest look of understanding crossed her face. I leaned forward, stealing a kiss and waking her from her stupor. Joselin shook her head slightly as her cheeks turned pink, but she quickly appeared to be bothered again.

"My turn, sweetheart. What was with the spell tonight?"

Her breathing grew deeper but remained slow, as if she were forcing herself to stay in control. Her breasts were right in my eye line with her on my lap, but I kept my gaze on her face.

"I thought that you might have gone tonight to find someone who looked normal and was one of your kind." Her admission was said casually, but I could hear the truth and fear behind them.

"So, instead of talking to me, you thought you would test my loyalty?" Her reasoning angered me, but I was more concerned by her mental state going into this relationship.

"No! I mean, in a sense. I needed to know if you would still choose me with my appearance instead of the perfect, normal-looking woman." I heard her swallow, and my hand moved to her hip to hold her to me. "No one has ever wanted me for more than one night before."

The hurt in her words made me feel guilty that I had been enjoying her always being alone. I liked knowing she wasn't looking for anything serious when fooling around with the others, so I could claim her when we were both ready.

But I had misunderstood her intentions.

"I want you, Joselin, as you are. For years, I have wanted no one other than you." She looked between my eyes as a smile spread across her face.

"You have me." She pressed forward, capturing a kiss and overwhelming my senses with her delicious taste and incredible pleasure as she rocked her hips against mine. "I'm yours."

I wanted to kill myself when I grabbed her wrist to stop her from unbuttoning my pants, and she raised her eyebrows at me in confusion.

She didn't trust me yet, which meant that I hadn't earned her. I hadn't won her trust or love and couldn't take her in good faith. She was feeling insecure and, knowing tonight was a manipulation tactic to see if I would choose another woman over her, told me she wasn't ready for us.

I slid her off my lap and next to me on the couch before standing. Joselin looked lost and so small as she stared up at me.

"Not tonight, sweetheart. We will have our time, but it is not tonight." I moved to leave but stopped and turned back to her. She leaned forward as I grabbed her chin and placed a firm kiss on her lips. "I am yours, and you are mine. I am in this with you, but I don't have your trust yet."

She gaped at me in either awe or confusion as I stole one last kiss.

"Soon, sweetheart."