

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 137

Thirty-One: Tobias

Tobias P.O.V.

Her breathing was soft and slow as she slept beside me, curled up on her side, holding my arm around her. She would stir each time I tried to pull away, gripping my arm and pulling me to her. I didn't want to let her go, ever.

I couldn't get enough of her. Every touch and taste had me eager for more. My obsession had only been fed by last night. The feeling of her cumming around my cock and the way she would moan out my name as she came undone made me want her more.

But as I held her to me, I was terrified.

I wasn't ever going to let her go. No. She was stuck with me. If she ran, I would chase her. I would follow her to the ends of the Earth.

But that was what scared me. I had marked her.

I had taken away her choice without even asking her what she wanted. I had told her that I would claim her when she got home, but I had never asked her if it was what she wanted. The smile she gave me last night had eased my fears for the time being, but now I wasn't prepared for the possibility of her regretting it as the sun rose.

One night of her wasn't enough. I wanted to sink into her every chance I could.

Joselin let out a soft sigh, pressing my hand against her breast harder before finally releasing me and rolling onto her stomach, pulling one knee up with her arms under the pillow beneath her head.

I bit back my groan at seeing her naked body stretched out before me. I knew exactly what she was dreaming about by the smell of her desire. I knew she would be wet and ready for me as she let out another soft moan.

Goddess. It was like she was begging me to fuck her, even in her sleep. It seemed one night wasn't enough for her either.

The sun had just started to rise, but she hadn't been asleep long either. I knew she would need to deal with that scrawny fuck in the castle eventually. Although the thought of tying her to my bed and keeping her here for the next few weeks sounded incredible.

Killian could take care of Cyrus. He was the one who sent Joselin after the guy. He could protect him for the time being while I enjoyed my new mate.

But I knew the honeymoon phase was going to be short lasting. We both had jobs to do, even though I wanted to keep her in my bed forever. I would just have to take advantage of our time together. I grew hard as I imagined all the places I could take her in the castle. The dark corners, unused rooms, garden...

The possibilities were endless.

I watched as she wiggled her hips, the breeze from the ceiling fan hitting her bare skin as I pulled the blanket down slowly. My eyes followed, trailing over her back down to her perky ass that was begging me to give it some attention.

Goosebumps rose along her skin. Her skin's black knots and runes were calm as she slept but moved slightly as I ran my fingertips over them, brushing her long white hair to the side before moving down her spine and over her ass. Goddess, how I loved that ass.

Joselin moaned as I went further, letting my finger dip between her legs. With one leg straight and the knee bent, getting to my favorite place was easy. She was wet and slick. I stroked my finger around her entrance, sliding over her clit so softly that she didn't wake but still released soft sighs and moans of pleasure in her sleep.

That's it, sweetheart. Wake up.

Even unconscious, she enjoyed me. I felt sparks whenever we touched, and I hoped she felt the same. This mate bond would be something that I would enjoy exploring.

Slowly, I pressed my finger inside her, admiring how her hips pushed back to take my finger deeper. The curve of her spine was beautiful as she arched so slightly.

Wake up.

"Mh," She moaned, her body moving as she adjusted. Her walls tightened around my digit as I held still. I wanted her to wake up, but it was fucking sexy watching her take my finger in her sleep. "Tobias."

The breathy moan from her perfect lips made my head drop back and my eyes close as I held onto what little control I had left.

When she began to rock her hips, pressing them into the mattress gently, I resumed my finger's slow and long thrusts into her as deeply as possible before pulling back out to the first knuckles. The repeated movement had her growing wetter with every thrust, and my eyes stayed locked on the side of her face.

Her lips were parted, and her eyes were closed. But the sounds she made sent all of the blood down to my cock.

I could feel her stirring in our mate bond, the pleasure growing as she came to. My finger curled inside her, rubbing her walls as I kept my knuckle against her entrance.

"Mh," She moaned, pushing her hips back.

The sight and feeling of her waking up, and enjoying my hand, made me smile. Dirty girl.

I leaned forward, pressing my lips to the soft flesh between her shoulder blades. The sweet taste of her skin and the very subtle saltiness from the sweat we worked up last night were intoxicating.

"Good Morning, sweetheart," I whispered gruffly, taking my finger out slowly before running the wet digit over the swollen nub between her legs.

I would need to be gentle today. Things had gotten pretty aggressive last night. Once I knew what it felt like to be inside her, I couldn't stop. I had fucked her so hard and long that her last orgasm brought tears to her eyes. Yet, she begged for more.

After seeing that, I insisted she get some sleep. But I wanted more too. My goal had been to fuck her until she blacked out from the intensity of her orgasms, but I had never anticipated the kind of stamina she had. Each time her body trembled, and her eyes closed, she would force them back open. She would roll us over in a fight for control before sinking back down on me, insisting she wasn't done with me.

I wasn't done with her either. We had a lot of time to make up for.

Her eyes fluttered open, gasping when I dipped my finger back into her before returning to her clit.

"Tell me, sweetheart. Those dreams you were having. The ones that made you so wet and that caused the sweetest moans to leave your perfect lips. What were they?" My tongue ran up her spine between her shoulder blades until I was growling my questions against the back of her neck. "Did you not get enough last night? Did you like waking up to my hand between your legs, or would you have preferred it be my cock?"

I sucked lightly on the skin there before nipping her earlobe. "Or maybe my tongue?"

She whined as I pulled my hand away, covered in her juices, before guiding my tip to her entrance. My chest pressed against her back, but I used one arm to hold my weight off her when I sank deep inside her pussy.

She lifted her knee high on the bed, still stomach down, and I moved to place my knees between her open legs. She trembled as I gripped her thigh and thrust into her once. "Why don't we try all options, and I'll let you know which one I like best?"

Her breathy retort made me laugh.

"Mh, I can live with that. Today was my fingers." I pulled almost all the way out before sliding my length back in her slowly until our bodies were pressed together tightly. My hand slid over her thigh to her hip, moving beneath her to find her clit under her.

Joselin gasped, seeming unsure if she wanted to match my thrusts or press her hips forward into my hand.

"You love fucking my hand, don't you?" I growled, pressing the pads of my fingers harder against the bundle of nerves between her legs. "Tomorrow, you'll wake up to me fucking you with my tongue until you cum all over it."

I placed an open-mouthed kiss on her shoulder, enjoying the shudder that rolled through her body.

My hips continued their pace with long strokes that hit deep inside her. Her round ass pressed against me so perfectly with each thrust that I knew one day I would have her on her knees while I spanked it. I felt myself grow harder as I pictured her ass cheek red with my handprint.

"The morning after," I growled as her panting grew louder. "It'll be my cock you'll wake up to. I'll have it so deep inside you that you'll feel me there for the rest of the day."

"Yes!" Her cries made my calm and steady thrusts go faster and harder, my control snapping, and her ass bouncing against me with each movement.

"After that, sweetheart, I have all kinds of toys I want to play with. I will show you so much pleasure that I'll ruin you or anyone else because you are mine. All. Fucking. Mine." With each word of my declaration, I slammed into her harder, my fingers moving faster against her clit.

"Yours!"

The word set me off, and all thoughts of fucking her nice and slow vanished. Our bodies slapped together loudly, and the bed frame crashed against the wall until she gripped my cock so tightly that I couldn't let out even if I wanted to.

"Cum for me!" My demand was met with her muscles trembling. "Fuck," I growled as her moans became more high-pitched, and she came around me.

I pushed inside her a few more times. My jaw clenched as I tried not to finish just yet. I wanted her to enjoy every second of her orgasm before I pulled out and came on her ass. Her hips were still barely thrusting against my hand on her clit, and I slowed the movements before my fingers went still.

Joselin lifted her hips as I pulled my hand out from under her, unable to help myself as I lifted them to my lips and licked her wetness from them. So fucking sweet.

She rolled over, and I couldn't help but let my gaze travel over her breasts before landing on her smiling face. "I think this was my favorite morning so far." She raised an eyebrow at me in a challenge. "I can't wait to see what you'll do tomorrow morning."

"Every morning." I clarified, almost feeling like a pouting child. "I want you in my bed every morning, every night, and if I can't have you in my bed during the day, I'll just have to be creative in where and how I take you."

"Every morning?" Her face was bright with excitement as I rubbed small circles on her hips.

I nodded once, "Every fucking one. I want to wake up to the woman I love every day for the rest of my life."