

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 138

Thirty-Two: Joselin

Joselin's P.O.V.

The morning air was warmer than I would have liked, and I regretted leaving the house as soon as we stepped outside.

Unfortunately, I didn't have a choice.

It wasn't just because I had work to do, a panicked spell caster to take care of, and an unknown witch draining the life and magic out of others to deal with. It was also because Tobias pulled me out of the house like his tail was on fire.

As soon as the L word left his mouth, my heart felt like it had lodged itself inside my throat, desperate to get to him. I couldn't help but stare at Tobias, basking in the happiness that came with him saying that one little word.

Love.

Apparently, I had waited too long to respond in my stunned excitement because he let out a loud, deep laugh, throwing his head back before climbing off the bed and striding confidently to the closet. I could hear him grabbing his clothes before he threw a shirt and shorts at me.

They landed on the bed, but I was too giddy to even think about putting them on.

Tobias enjoyed seeing my reaction and seemed so sure of himself, so sure of us, that I couldn't help but jump out of the bed butt naked and race to the open closet door.

"You love me?" My question was redundant. He had just told me he did, but I needed to hear it again. I had been waiting years for this moment. Tobias had marked me, entwining our souls for the rest of our lives, so I knew he loved me. He had just never said it, just as I had never told him how I felt. Tobias finished pulling his shirt over his head, hiding his delicious broad chest and sculpted abs that had my mouth watering. The one raised eyebrow he sent me with a sinful smirk made me want to tear his clothes right back off and ride him on the closet floor.

We had a lot of rooms and positions we still needed to explore each other in.

The silent message from his expression was almost as loud as if he had spoken it. He thought the question was ridiculous. To be fair, it was.

"You need to ask?" He questioned as his eyes dropped to roam my body before landing on his mark on my neck.

I shook my head, biting my lip as I tried to bite back the giddy smile that stretched across my face. "No, I love you too. Always have. But say it again, n

He chuckled darkly before responding, 'I love you.' Tobias took in a deep breath, his nostril flaring. "You're turned on again. Have I not sated you, sweetheart?"

The sound of his laugh was deep and seductive. I subtly widened my stance an inch, hoping the wetness the sound caused to form between my legs would entice him back to the bed.

It didn't work. He shoved me into his clothes and out the front door with the promise of, "Let's get this over with quickly, so I can drag you back here and fuck you until you lose your voice from screaming my name."

My hand was trapped in his, and as quickly as he moved through the city, I was pulled along. His eyes were black as he looked over his shoulder, but it wasn't the same dull color that would signal someone using the pack link on him.

This was just his beast present.

I was grateful that I had been initiated into the pack when I became the Royal Advisor. I never could use the pack link. It had never been possible since I wasn't a wolf. But now I had a direct connection to my man, my mate. Being able to talk to him was a pleasant surprise, and I was excited to see just how much he could sense, hear and feel from me through the bond.

I could have some real fun with that.

Tobias seemed unfazed as I focused on how turned on I was and tried to send him that desire through our bond.

It was constantly there. My need for him would never fade. If anything, last night and this morning only intensified it.

Even though he refused to let me shower, insisting that he wanted me to smell like him, I did my best to clean myself up in the bathroom. That didn't mean I didn't grow wet again immediately after I left the room and saw him waiting for me.

Tobias wanted everyone to know that I had been claimed, and knowing they could smell him on and in me was hot as hell. I think it was why he wanted to walk back to the castle instead of me teleporting us there. He wanted everyone we passed to know that he had chosen his mate and that I was off-limits.

I tried again, picturing how it felt when he held my arms above my head in the shower while he slammed into me.

His hold on my hand tightened, but he kept silent as he continued toward the castle.

The closer we got to it, the faster Tobias walked until we were barreling down the hallway and into one of the sitting rooms. He pulled me before him, his hands on my hips while he pressed his hard-on against my ass, growling lowly against my ear.

I knew I was about to get what I wanted, or at least I would have if we were alone.

My eyes grew wide as I spotted the two forms on the couch. The spell caster sat with a horrified look on his face as he met my glare, but the redhead licking up Cryus's neck just smiled.

"Looks like playtime is over. We will finish this later." Rona purred, nipping his earlobe as I tried to suppress my anger and resisted the urge to set her on fire. I was so sick of her games, but I either needed proof of the crimes she committed, or I needed her to challenge me. Only then would it be acceptable for me to slit her throat.

My hands were in fists, and I kept my glare on Cyrus as the she-devil walked by. As soon as she left the room, I felt my anger take control. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Did you not hear a word I said last night?"

I heard Tobias close the door behind me, and as much as that action would have excited me only moments ago when I thought we would be alone, I was furious.

"She was just trying to get some information out of me. She didn't believe the story that we're related." He shrugged, his cheeks and ears a bright pink as he scratched the back of his neck. "I didn't tell her anything."

"You shouldn't even be in the same room as her, let alone touching her!" My voice carried through the room, and the fireplace crackled loudly as if fueled by my anger.

"I'm not stupid. I'm not trying to get myself killed anytime soon by telling everyone my secret. She wanted to seduce me to get me to talk, and I didn't mind the attention. That's all there was to it. I let her do what she wanted to me, and in return, I only told her that you and I were cousins." Cyrus stood up, stepping toward me as he tried to get me to see his way, but he stopped when Tobias growled threateningly.

It could work out in my favor to have a personal hellhound to fight my battles with me during the day. It only made it better that the same man would dominate me at night.

"If anyone is going to kill you, it would be her! She has a history of draining magic from others and killing them. You wouldn't be her first victim and probably won't be her last." I pinched the bridge of my nose. "Look, we agreed that I would offer you additional protection. But that doesn't mean I will be your bodyguard, following you around to save your ass when you go out of your way to do stupid shit! Especially when I've already warned you against it."

Our agreement had been simple. At first, Cyrus had demanded me because he wanted me to offer him my protection, guaranteeing that nothing terrible would ever happen to him. I declined.

In response, I allowed him to move into the castle for the time being, surrounded by a handful of trustworthy witches and hundreds of Lycans who could offer him security. He needed to do his part. He wasn't out of the figurative woods just because I dragged his ass out of the literal ones.

"Got it, sorry." He raised his hands in surrender, and I took a deep breath to release my anger. "So, breakfast, and then we can discuss the plan after."

I nodded, knowing that he would probably hate the plan I had in mind. He also might try to kill me for it, but he wouldn't stand a chance.

"You can kill him now if you want," I muttered to Tobias as I turned to leave the room. He just glanced down at me with a smirk that looked too damn good on him, and I heard Cyrus make a choking noise of surprise before I corrected myself. "Maybe just scare him a little."

"I said I was sorry!" He yelled at my back as I walked away, my mate staying at my side, his hand burning into my lower back.

Tobias didn't even spare a breath in Cyrus's direction, and I found that amusing.

Breakfast was uneventful beyond Rona trying to not-so-subtly flirt with Cyrus from her seat at the head table. Every time he saw it, his face would turn red, and he would look away. Holden seemed to like him just fine, and the two seemed to get along very well.

Tobias's hand never left my thigh, but I could feel how uncomfortable he was sitting at the head table with me and being served our plates instead of eating with the pack.

Holden and Cyrus followed us back to my tower, the two men laughing and talking animatedly. It wasn't until I locked the door behind us that I put my part of the plan in place.

Tobias was even unaware of what I was doing, but he stood between me and the other two men at just the right angle so that I could grab what I needed without them seeing.

The dagger's blade sat against my forearm as I approached Cyrus, and he smiled at me. "So, what's the plan?"

"This is," I responded, slashing the blade across his arm and quickly catching the blood in a vial with my other hand. Cyrus grunted and ripped his arm from my hold, but it was too late. I had what I needed.

"What the fuck?" Holden snapped, seeming disgusted by my decision, but I ignored him. This was for the greater good.

"Now I can track you if you are taken and tap into you if anyone were ever to control you," I said, putting a cork in the top of the vial as I walked back to the table.

"You mean, now you can be the one to control me!" He snapped, glaring at me.

"You don't know what the word trust means, do you?" I smiled as I watched Tobias sit in the armchair in the corner of the room, the same place where I had given him a strip tease and rubbed myself all over him. His heated gaze met mine, and I knew he remembered the same thing.

I cleared my throat and looked back to Cyrus. "This is so I can keep tabs on you. Not so I can control you. I'm not going to do anything with it."

Not yet, anyway.

Cyrus was as unfamiliar to me as I was to him. Having his blood would guarantee that he had to play nice too. Trust went both ways, but he was the one who asked for my protection and help, not the other way around. He needed to trust me.

I didn't need to trust him. I needed to be cautious.