

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 147

Forty: Tobias

Tobias's P.O.V.

Joselin's movements were jerky, fast, and angry as she shoved more clothes into her bag. I knew she wasn't mad about moving in; she had been excited about it. She was happy when I told her it was time to live together.

Now she was angry, and she was so fucking beautiful when she was angry. She was my personal firecracker. I would never get enough of her.

Joselin glanced around the room, getting more worked up when she didn't find what she was looking for. Her white hair was loose and free around her shoulders. Her pink, puffy lips were down-turned and pressed together tightly in irritation.

Her white eyes narrowed and seemed to light up in irritation when her gaze landed on me. In long strides, she stomped my way, ripped the thin zip-up coat I was folding out of my hands, and proceeded to shove it hap hazardingly into her bag.

My empty hands were held out in front of me, and I tightened them into fists as I bit back my laughter before letting them fall to my sides. She sure was something else.

I didn't care that she had an attitude right now. I was too excited to finally have her living in my space, my den...our home.

I stepped back, leaving the bag I had been packing open and only half-filled. The seat in the corner of the room held many great memories, and I sat down, watching my mate with fascination. Joselin never ceased to surprise me. Even after watching and loving her all these years, she still threw me for a loop when she could.

Her aggression as she packed and the furrow of her brow was adorable. So fucking adorable. Whatever was going on inside her dark little mind was lost on me, and I knew when she finally told me what it was that it would knock me off my axis because she did that. Frequently.

Whatever I expected her to say was very rarely what she did.

It took several minutes of me admiring her. The curve of her hips, the way her waist pulled in slightly before moving back out to her chest. Her body was toned and tight from working out so often, and I was excited to get back to training with her.

We had trained together a bit as kids, then went our separate ways during and after Ana. It wasn't until Natalie was brought here that we started training again; even then, we worked with Natalie. We weren't training with each other.

I was too worried that having her pressed up against me, her sweaty skin gliding against mine, and those deadly workout clothes that were like a second layer of skin would be too much. I held myself back until we were both ready for that next step. If I had touched her... if I had given in and let her wrap her body around mine while trying to get me to submit, I would have cracked.

I would have taken her to the floor and fucked her in front of everyone as hard and deep as possible. We couldn't do that then. Neither one of us had been ready for that at the time. Instead, I let her trail her hands over me as she flirted while I was on duty. Fully clothed and unable to act on the dangerous thoughts in my head.

But now we could. Nothing prevented us from training together again, no matter how hot it got. It wouldn't matter because Joselin was mine, and I could take her to this tower, or the bathroom, or any empty room really, and fucked her hard on the floor, up against the wall, on the furniture... the possibilities were endless.

Joselin pulled at the zipper, angry when it wouldn't close, before mumbling and pointing her finger at the bag. I watched everything inside shrink as she sucked the air out of it before zipping it shut with an accomplished, "Hah, you cheap piece of shit."

She glanced up, her jaw clenching, when she saw the abandoned bag I had been working on. "I thought you said you were going to help."

I raised an eyebrow at her, my head leaning back against the chair as I watched her. She was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, and I was honored she had chosen me. Seeing her angry was like a work of art.

I knew she wasn't angry about her punishment this morning. She seemed to enjoy that more than I did. When I finally let her cum it was the longest and most intense orgasm I had ever seen her have. Her eyes had closed tightly, her body

trembled, and she screamed my name louder than ever before. I continued to fuck her pussy with my tongue, letting her ride out every wave of pleasure she had earned for taking her punishment so well.

Then her body went limp, and as I kissed my way back up her skin, untying her restraints as I went, I couldn't help but smile with pride that she had passed out for a few seconds from the intensity of her release.

"You are magnificent when you're angry." My response seemed to catch her off guard, and she froze as she reached for the bag I had started working on. There was no point for me to continue if she was this bothered by the idea of moving in with me. If she wasn't ready, that was fine by me. I was a patient man. I could wait. I didn't want to, but I could. "Something about you when you're angry is such a fucking turn-on."

I didn't need to explain. I was sure Joselin could see the bulge in my pants from watching her strut around her room like she was on a mission.

"Are you kidding me right now?" She snapped but sounded intrigued as she looked down at my lap.

"What's on your mind, sweetheart?"

My question made her frustration grow more intense, and she stormed toward me, pulling her hair over her shoulder as she did so.

"What's on my mind?" Her laugh sounded almost pained. My eyes dropped down her slender neck to the mark I placed

there. Everytime I saw it, I felt a burst of pride rush through me. "This! This is on my mind! You marked me!"

I smiled, my knees spreading further as I relaxed into the chair. I would never apologize for it. At first, I was worried because I had marked Joselin without asking her what she wanted. But with each passing day, that worry was replaced with happiness because I knew she would be mine forever.

"Yes, I did. Do you want me to do it again?" My offer resulted in her shivering, and her eyes widened a little as she

debated it. I could feel how turned on she was by the idea, knowing that any time I placed my mark on her, she was going to cum for me. The pleasure of a mark being touched by the mate who put it there was said to be unlike anything. Biting it almost guaranteed instant release.

"I...You... That's not what I am asking for!" She argued.

I expected her to stop, for her to yell at me for something, or storm away and pace like she would when she was thinking something through. But whatever this was, she had already thought about it. She knew exactly what she wanted to say.

Instead, she placed her hands on my shoulders and pushed her knees between my thighs and the arms of the chair, straddling me. My hands instantly found her hips, and she relaxed, her ass resting on my pelvis.

This chair is coming with us. I didn't care what else Joselin brought with her beyond this chair. It would be placed in our living room and be my new favorite place to sit.

Her hands were on my chest, her fingers pinching the fabric and releasing it repeatedly. Joselin sighed before speaking, her perfect pink lips holding my attention as I wanted to lean forward and steal a taste.

"I don't like that you don't have a mark." She admitted she sounded like a pouting child as she slid her hand up and rubbed her fingers against my neck.

"Okay," I smiled even wider. This was not where I had thought she would go with this conversation, and I was ecstatic that she wasn't backing out on moving in with me. A missing mark was the least of my worries. If she was so focused on that, I knew I made the right choice with her.

She is a woman who can battle the world and has endless tasks and threats popping up each day that she has to deal with, and her biggest concern at the moment was that she wanted to be able to mark me. She was the right woman for me. A warrior who wasn't afraid to take what was hers.

"I keep debating walking up and trying to bite you." Her admission surprised the shit out of me. Once again, keeping me on my toes.

I felt myself grow harder beneath her at the idea of her doing just that very thing. If she wanted to bite me, I could be into that. Hell, I would be into any and everything she wanted as long as she stayed with me.

"Okay," I responded again, letting her know I heard her. If I began talking now, she would stop; that was the last thing I wanted. I needed to know exactly what was going on in her head.

"I want to do the bonding ceremony." She kept her eyes down as she admitted this, and I had the feeling that Joselin was almost embarrassed to ask me for it since she wasn't a wolf.

My eyes closed as I groaned in agreement. I would be stupid to say no to her request. Declaring her as mine in front of the Goddess and accepting a bond we had created on our own. It was powerful.

"Yes." I agreed, and she leaned back on my lap. My eyes opened, and my hands tightened in protest on her hips as I thought she was getting ready to get up, but she didn't.

"Yes? You're okay with that even though I'm not a wolf?" She looked stunned, the lines dancing along her skin so quickly that they looked like they were slithering instead of

vibrating. I could never feel them, only see them, but I knew them like the back of my hand.

"Next full moon." I agreed, knowing it was only a few days away. Tonight would have been preferable, but since we weren't fated mates, I wanted to make sure the moon was at its strongest.

My beast was surging beneath my skin, as excited as I was for the ceremony that I thought would never happen for me. Yet, it was here, only days away. I had a beautiful woman in my lap, one I loved with everything in me, and she was willing to follow the customs of my people to ensure that even though she couldn't mark me, I was still marked by her in the eyes of the Goddess.

Joselin's lips crashed onto mine, and she pushed her chest against me as she parted her lips and allowed me that taste I had been craving. Her tongue dances with mine in a fight for dominance, and I reach down between us. She gave no objection as I lifted my shirt from her body, the same one I had put her in earlier this morning after her bath, and ripped her black leggings from her belly button down her front and to her ass.

My fingers dipped into her wetness, growling in pleasure that she wasn't wearing any panties. Joselin undid my pants with quick fingers, never breaking our kiss. She cried out in pleasure as I grabbed her hips with one hand and held myself at her entrance with the other before slamming her down onto me.

Everything was falling into place for us. It felt good. Almost too good.