

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 150

Forty-Three: Joselin

Joselin's P.O.V.

I did.

I just fucking bit him like an animal, and as I licked my lips of his blood, I wanted to do it again. There was something so hot, so primal about seeing my bite on his neck. Not knowing if it would stay as his mark on me had or if I would have to do it again and again had me pressing my thighs together.

"Yes," I whispered, feeling a drop of his blood fall from my chin and land on the white lace of my dress over my breasts.

"Just when I thought you couldn't get any sexier." He mumbled, rubbing his thumb along my chin and the mess I was sure was there. "You marked me.

How..."

The amazement in his voice seemed to match what I was feeling because I didn't think either of us believed it would be possible. Only a wolf or Lycan had ever marked their mate. I had never heard of any other species having that option. Then again, I also believed that male witches weren't possible until one popped up out of the blue.

There were so many things that I didn't know about the world, and the more I learned, the more excited it made me.

"You should go to the healers." The words felt like poison coming out of my mouth.

The healers were incredible; they had cared for me so many times, most recently to heal my broken ribs after our little excursion to Rona's house. Their magic was unique and strong, something worthy of being protected.

Tobias let out a growl, his hands gripping my hips firmly to keep me in front of him as I attempted to step away. Even under the light of the full moon, he looked dark and feral. So dangerous and sexy that it almost hurt to look at him.

"I just mean so they can see if it is real or if I just bit my mate like a fucking cannibal." The taste of his blood in my mouth made me feel uneasy the longer it was there.

While I was proud of the mark on his neck, the feeling conflicted with my natural instinct to be disturbed by what I had just done.

"They aren't fucking touching me." His shoulder rolled back, and he pushed the knuckle of his index finger against my chin to make me look up at him. "Whether it heals or stays, it's real to me."

As simple as that.

It was the perfect response to ease all of my worries. It was the only thing I needed to hear for my uneasiness to melt away and my confidence to return. "It's real."

Tobias slid his hand around to my lower back, the heat from his touch burning through the small holes in the design of my dress and scorching my skin.

Something in my gut told me that my words weren't just me trying to convince myself but that they were fact. I could feel it in our connection, our bond. He was officially mine, just as I was his.

His lips crashed against mine with a fervor that sent a thrill through me. Sparks danced across my skin, and I was overjoyed by the feeling. As his tongue touched mine, I grew increasingly wetter at the apex of my thighs.

The small and intimate ceremony had been romantic, but the feeling in my gut was anything but. My need for Tobias was stronger than ever before, and I felt like I would burst into flames if I didn't have him.

His fingertips danced over the thin strap on my shoulder, letting it fall onto my arm. His touch was loving and gentle but grew more demanding with each passing second. The breeze around us settled, and for the first time, I felt like we were finally alone tonight.

As his lips trailed down my neck, my head tipped back. The moon above us had continued its travels across the sky as if wanting to give us privacy.

"Just tear it off," I moaned as he left open-mouthed kisses on my mark while his other hand slid around the dress slowly, looking for a zipper.

There wasn't one. That was part of why it had been so challenging to get into. Pulling it over my curved without ripping the lace had been a bitch.

"I like this. I want to see you in it again." He admitted, his body hunched forward to kiss and lick my chest before giving up and grabbing my ass so he could stand tall with my legs wrapped around him.

I gasped, feeling his hard cock between my legs. My dress slid up my thighs, bunching at my hips as I laced my fingers in his hair.

"I'll have them make another one!" My cry went unheard as he took advantage of my loose straps and pulled the fabric under my breasts. My back arched as his hot mouth closed over one of my nipples.

Using my legs as leverage against his back and my hands on his shoulders, I lifted myself higher to keep my chest in his face as he sucked and nibbled on my breast.

"No need." He growled in response to my offer to get a new dress, even though it was really just expensive lingerie. "Bend over."

I pulled back, my breasts in his face and his black eyes boring into me with red swirling in their depths. A shiver went down my spine.

It should have been because my bare ass and wet pussy were exposed to the elements, but instead, it was excitement. I was in his world now. It wasn't the bedroom with toys or restraints where he was restricted to be just a man.

I could see his beast rising to the surface, clearly pleased by my mark on his neck and that we were in his territory. It was like a wet dream come true. It was time for Beauty to meet the beast.

My legs dropped from around his hips, and I moaned as my clit slid against the bulge in his pants. I stepped back, smoothing the fabric around my hips until it was neatly folded over my stomach, giving Tobias the full view of my bare center.

"Are you going to come out and play?" My breasts were still on display, and I reached up, cupping them in my palms and pinching my nipples between the knuckles of my fingers. "I think I've earned it."

His eyes closed as his nostrils flared, and I eyed his fists at his sides with excitement as he tried to resist shifting.

My hair was already up in a bun, and I released my breasts and slid my hands up to my neck, running my finger over my mark and watching as he shivered as though he could feel it too. His eyes were still closed, but as I turned around, my white eyes met his glowing red ones over my shoulder just as I bent my hips, showing him my pussy. I could feel the wetness between my thighs, and as he moved up behind me, I let out an uneven breath of excitement.

"Grab your ankles, mate." His voice sounded layered and deeper. His lack of calling me sweetheart showed his beast was at the surface.

It made me even more excited.

His pants hit the ground with his briefs, and my hold on my ankles tightened as I waited with eager anticipation. Every passing second made me grow wetter, and my clit throbbed with need as he took his time.

My hand released my leg and landed in the soft dirt and grass to steady myself as I swayed, only to feel the sharp sting and hear the loud smack of his palm coming down on my ass.

"Ah!" The cry broke free from my lips, sounding like a moan, and my pussy clenched. I waited momentarily, debating putting my hand back where he had ordered or keeping it on the ground longer.

When the second smack landed, and my knees buckled from the pleasure, only for me to be caught by his hands on my hips, I gave in. I wrapped my fingers tightly around my ankle and panted as I felt his hot length slide between my lips, brushing against my clit as he coated himself with my wetness.

His hand rubbed the stinging cheek soothingly, but the defiant side of me still wanted to let go of my leg once more so I could feel the delicious smack of his calloused palm against my ass in punishment.

"Be a good girl, and I'll give you exactly what you want." His offer sounded more like a threat, and I bit my bottom lip as I looked up between my legs to see his large cock sliding against me, teasing my entrance before moving back to my clit and making my eyes roll in pleasure. The sight of him so ready, his veins visible, and the drop of pre-cum on the tip had me ready to cum with his next stroke.

But he wasn't willing to give it to me.

Tobias slowly pushed his tip into me, sliding until he was fully sheathed before running his thumb over my puckered hole and growling excitedly.

He thrust his cock inside me several more times before pulling out and sliding back against my clit in a tortuously slow rhythm. I wanted to arch my back and shove my ass against him, holding him in me the next time he entered me, but he had other plans.

His grip on me tightened, using me like a toy and moving my hips for me. He slid back home, thrusting slow but so deep that I felt my pelvis tremble before pulling out again.

"You want to play, mate?" He asked, and I gasped as I heard him shift behind me. His beastly form had always interested me, and I knew he would be bigger and stronger than before.

I nodded quickly like a desperate floozy, needing him to fill and take me. "Mh, yes."

His low growl was so territorial and feral that I was sure anyone in a five-mile radius heard him as he shoved his huge cock into me. "I win."