

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 156

Forty-Nine: Joselin

Joselin's P.O.V.

"Technically, it's my council." I joked, not bothering to get up. We were alone, and there was no need to be formal with him. He knew I was trying to lighten the mood. I led the council, but we all worked for him.

"Joselin," Killian snapped, his sense of humor gone as he stepped forward. He grabbed a chair and pulled it over until he was sitting only a few feet away, his glare on me and his elbows on his knees. I had seen this face many-a-times. It was his disapproving older brother face, which he

normally only used to pressure me or Charlie to spill a secret.

His hands were clasped in front of him, and he leaned forward. He had to have known that I didn't feel good right now. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so calm.

"Full name, that's not good," I muttered, regretting my workout. The longer I sat on the overstuffed couch, the more tired I became. My body wanted to shut down for the next few days to recover.

His black hair had one bright silver strand amongst the mass, and I made a note to hold that over him in the future.

Killian let out an exhausted sigh of "Josie" just as Natalie squeezed my forearm. He wanted me to go to him with this issue when he was already inundated with work and was now trying to balance a baby-crazy mate with an insane sexual appetite.

Even then, I was still frustrated with him because I had tried to talk to him. He was the first person I had gone to besides Tobias.

"Don't, Josie, me," I said softly, mimicking his sigh of my name. "I am fine. As soon as she comes back, I will be dealing with her. If I can't put her through a trial, I can challenge her to a duel."

I had been putting off the option for so long because it almost always ended with collateral damage. Magic of the proportion was dangerous. One slip and it could do flying. Innocents miles away would get hit by the blasts. Hell, there were giant craters on the Earth that humans would travel to see, caused by two witches fighting it out.

In addition, if I lost, it would put the kingdom in a terrible position. The council would be down by half, and Killian would have to choose a new Royal Advisor.

"I don't think it needs to come to that," Killian said, his eyebrows raised. How he looked at me screamed that he didn't think I was up for it.

He might have been right, but I would rather go down fighting than wither away.

"Why didn't you tell me what was going on? This is crucial information." His body tensed as he sat up, his hands clenching into fists on the armrests. Killian always had a bit of a temper. He had kept his emotions locked away for a long time until Natalie showed up, but he was still finding the balance between his position as the king and his feelings.

"Excuse me?" I sat forward, my anger overpowering the shitty way I was feeling. "Why didn't I tell you?"

Natalie's hand released my arm as she cleared her throat, shifting uncomfortably in her seat. She had nothing to worry about. I wouldn't physically hurt Killian, and he wouldn't hurt me, but that didn't mean he could get away with being an ass to me.

"You had a duty as my advisor and head of the council to keep me apprised of any misconduct within my walls." His finger jabbed into the wood beneath his hand, and I knew he was a minute away from yelling.

"I have done my duty!" My voice rose, and a fire burned in his eyes as he stood, the chair sliding back a few inches as he looked down at me. "Don't you try to intimidate me, Killian Amery!"

My stubborn side won.

I stood up quickly on the couch cushion where I had just been sitting to become taller than Killian so I could look down at him. My chest was heaving, and my hands were in fists at my side. He was doing the same, but his hazel eyes were black.

"Watch it," He ordered, tilting his head to the side slightly to gesture for me to get down, but I planted my feet like a petulant child and held his glare. His nostrils were flaring as he tried to control his temper.

"No! You don't get to talk to me like I'm some insubordinate underling. I am your friend. I was there for you through everything with your parents, I gave you my jacket to cover yourself when you decided to go skinny dipping in the lake when you were twelve and a sprite stole your clothing, and I was there for you during your first shift. If you want to talk to me, you can sit down and do it respectfully!"

It must have been a sight to see, me standing on the couch glaring down at the fuming Lycan king. His body was shaking, and I knew his beast wanted to demand respect. He had to hate that I was looking down at him in my failed attempt at a power play.

It wasn't my best move, but my mind was not working as efficiently as I had hoped.

Natalie's loud and joyful laugh rang through the room, causing Killian to relax. His shoulder's dropped, and he turned to look at her where she had remained seated on the couch.

A wave of satisfaction washed through me that he had been the first to break our eye contact. It wasn't a submission, but I did take it as a win.

Killian's love-sick expression was sweet, but I remained tense. With my luck, as soon as I let my guard down, he would push my shoulder and knock me over the arm of the couch to get the last laugh.

"The two of you need to start talking to each other," Natalie said, wiping under her eyes as she collected herself. "You both act like little kids fighting over a toy."

"We do not!" We both said at the same time. The bite in my voice made me cringe, and my hands relaxed at my sides.

"Yes, you do. Now both of you need to sit down, and let's talk about this." The power resonating through her voice was that of a queen but would scare any child. She would be a good mother.

I eyed Killian closely when she looked at me and gestured for me to sit down. He did the same to me, waiting for me to get down first, but I

wanted to win. "I said, sit!"

My knees buckled under her Alpha command, and I instantly regretted being initiated into the pack. If I hadn't been, their orders wouldn't have affected me, but that was the whole point. They couldn't have a witch as their magical advisor without taking precautions.

Killian let out a 'hmpf' as he gave in as well, listening to his mate but still having the upper hand since I had fallen onto my ass first. My eyes narrowed at him, wanting to wipe that smirk right off his face.

"Now speak to each other like adults!" She ordered, but the amusement and laughter were clear in her tone.

A small part of me didn't want to have a serious conversation. I didn't want to keep fighting with him. I wanted him to sling his arm over my shoulder and pull me into his side like he used to. "I'm really gross right now from working out. If you talk to me like that again, I'll shove your face in my armpit!"

"That happened one time! I hadn't even shifted yet. You won't be able to lay a hand on me now." He grumbled as Natalie placed her hand over her mouth to hide her laughter.

With a flick of my finger, his chair slid forward, and I lifted my arm threateningly. His hands gripped the armrests as he stopped when his feet were mere inches from mine. "Don't test me."

Was it ladylike? Absolutely not. Was it worth it to see the look of horror on his face? One-hundred percent.

"The two of you are like children." Natalie pressed her lips together as Killian's cheeks turned pink, but I looked down at my hands.

"Why didn't you come to me with this sooner? Fuck, Josie! We could have been ahead of her and prevented this from happening." Killian asked again, and I pursed my lips as I held his stare. He still looked exhausted, but at least we were suffering together.

"I did."

His head moved back as if he didn't believe me, but I could see the doubt in his mind as the black eyes of his beast receded. He shook his head slowly while his mind raced to sort through our past conversations.

"You came to me about going through her house and then told me about Cora's leg and your hair. That was all recent! What about the weeks before that when you were investigating her? Did you not think it was important to keep me updated?"

His accusation had me ready to jump out of my chair again, but I held myself back. "Don't act like I slighted you. I kept you as informed as you would let me."

Killian shook his head. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Exactly what I said! I first came to you weeks ago about this threat! You didn't even let me explain! You just brushed me off and said, 'Can you deal with it?' I leaned forward as I snapped at him. From the look on his face, he seemed to remember that conversation. "Then, before I could even go to

Natalie or Aurora for backup, you brushed me off for them by telling me they needed to focus on Natalie's training instead of fighting another battle so soon after the last one."

Natalie let out a grunt of irritation, and when I looked at her, she was glaring at Killian.

"You're right." He sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "I just wish you came to me with your theory when you started feeling bad."

"It's only been two days. When did you become so dramatic?" I rolled my eyes, wanting to lighten the mood. I didn't have it in me to hold a grudge right now, and I didn't want him mad at me either.

"You're my best friend, Josie. I can't do this without you. And I'm not dramatic," He argued, which prompted Natalie and me to respond immediately.

"Yes, you are. Love."

"Don't kid yourself, Ian."

He sulked back in his chair, looking younger as he pouted, but the silver hair on his otherwise perfect head of hair was a constant reminder of his age and the stress he had to endure each day.

Killian glanced at me, surely seeing my exhaustion. "What does Tobias have to say about this?"

"I haven't told him directly. So, I'm not sure how much he knows."