

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 157

Fifty: Tobias

Tobias's P.O.V.

The young warrior next to me flinched when I let out a noise of impatience. My beast was twice his size and was covered in scars, while he was small, dainty, and void of battle wounds. That would change soon, but first, he needed to get a thicker skin and not be so jumpy.

He wasn't wrong to be wary around me. My intentions for signing up for border patrol weren't good. Specifically, I wanted blood.

Thomas and George were under strict instructions to always stay near the queen. They knew something was afoot. I just couldn't tell them what. Instead, I ordered them back on Queen Natalie's detail full-time. They weren't required to be as strict as before, but I wanted them to keep her in their sight. With them watching her, I was able to be here, to put an end to this.

I had hoped that it wouldn't be long. I didn't want to be away from Joselin and Natalie with danger lurking over them, but the time frame depended on Rona, and she sure was taking her time.

Rona had said she would be gone for a few days, and it had been a week.

She was due back any day now. As soon as she stepped foot over the border, I would be there. I was going to shred her to pieces and present her heart to my mate as a trophy...maybe her leg too.

But I was concerned that with her openly attacking Joselin, she might not return until Joselin was too weak to fight back.

Joselin had been very careful not to tell me anything, but I knew that the way she was feeling was getting worse. She was acting unusual, wasn't eating as much, and her energy had drained dramatically.

I didn't have a problem with our sex life slowing down if that was what she needed, but she refused to admit it.

I did have a problem with my woman fighting not to pass out while riding my dick. At one point last night, her face went green, and she was doing everything she could to hold on.

True fear is being inside a woman and not knowing if she is about to throw up on your face. 1

It wasn't like I could throw her off me, but I moved her gently away and then carried her to the bathroom for a long bath, where she passed out on my lap, but thankfully not with me inside her.

Whatever Rona had done to her needed to end now.

I was going to make that happen.

Several wolves of lower ranking had jumped when I issued the order through the pack link. They weren't prepared to hear me speak, let alone for me to demand for them to alert me first of Rona's presence upon her return.

Execution or dungeon be damned. I would rather die or spend my life rotting in a cell than watch my mate suffer another minute at the hands of that bitch.

My paws dug into the packed dirt of the city borderline, and I let out a low rumble of frustration as I stared out into the thick masses of trees. I made sure to stay on patrol by the main road so I could get there quickly when Rona returned, but she was taking too long.

The longer she made me wait to draw her blood, the more painful I would make it.

Even the slightest movement in the distance had me stopping and waiting, just to be let down when my prey failed to show her face. I was antsy and on edge...excited for a battle and to protect my mate, only to return home empty-handed.

By the end of my shift, my irritation had increased tenfold, and I was on my way back to my mate, feeling helpless.

The house was quiet as I approached, and I paused in the entryway.

Joselin was curled up in a ball on the couch with a throw blanket wrapped around her. Her side was pressed into the overstuffed back, and her head was tilted forward at an angle that would cause her neck pain later.

Yet, I couldn't help but stop and admire how beautiful she looked. Her long white hair sat high on her head in a thick bun, and my mark was proudly displayed on her neck. I smiled, knowing my favorite throw blanket for relaxing and watching television would smell like her.

Her plush pink lips were downturned, and her eyebrows pinched together just before she began to stir.

I turned and closed the door behind me quietly, but the little moan she let out had me spinning back to face her quickly.

"Mh, always a good day when I wake up to a naked man in my house." She sighed, stretching her arms and legs like a cat as the blanket slid down her body.

I knew she was messing with me. I would have smelled it if anyone else ever came into our house. It was bad enough that I still got the whiff of Cyrus and Blanche occasionally. Anyone else and I would have killed them and then built a tall wall around my sanctuary to keep everyone else out.

"There better not be any other naked men in our house." My voice sounded rougher than usual, and she shivered as she smiled at me, her head still back against the couch. She looked exhausted, and the way she turned to look at me made me believe her head felt heavy and lifting it would be too much effort. She was beautiful but exhausted.

"No, just the one." Her soft smile showed no teeth, and her eyelids were only open halfway.

"Have you eaten yet?" I glanced at the time on the stove, seeing it was past dinner time, but something told me that if her stomach was empty, she would refuse to eat. I prayed that was not the case.

I had watched her pick at her food each meal, which made dread flood my stomach each time. She would worsen this if she didn't stay physically strong enough to resist Rona's magic. She nodded. "Yeah, I had one of those microwavable macaroni and cheese cups."

Heat rushed to my cheeks at that admission. Those had been one of the only things I could cook quickly as a kid, and my addiction to them had stuck with me through adulthood. They were not the healthiest food, but I wouldn't cut them out of my diet now. Any damage to my body from them had already been done. I kept a collection in the pantry for when I needed a fast and easy snack.

I cleared my throat, "Good. Let's get you to bed."

She stretched her neck to the side before getting to her feet and approaching me. Her arms wrapped around my waist, and her body pressed against mine as she kissed my chest. "I was waiting for you to get home."

An emotion that I had never felt before settled into my gut, and my chest felt odd as I held her tightly. This was all new to me, being wanted...being loved. Knowing that she was here waiting for me, wanting to see me before she went to bed or to make sure I got home okay, was something I never thought I would have.

I bent down, wrapping my hands around the back of her thighs and easily picking her up. Joselin's legs wrapped around my waist, but she kept her weight in my hands, too tired to hold herself up.

She didn't need to. I had her.

I leaned my head to the side, my cheek pressing against the top of her head as she shoved her face into my neck.

"I got you, sweetheart. Are you ready for bed?" She nodded in response as I carried her up the stairs.

As I leaned forward and set her down in the bed, her arms tightened around me for a second before she let go, her eyes filled with worry. "I'm just going to rinse off and be right back."

She nodded again, her eyes closing as she relaxed into the pillow. My fingers had a mind of their own as I brushed them over her cheek before leaving.

I would do everything I could to protect her, and if that meant killing Rona myself, then I would. Consequences be damned.

I didn't bother grabbing any clothes and rinsed off as quickly as possible before drying off and sliding into bed slowly. Joselin let out a low moan before rolling over and curling into my side. Her eyelashes fluttered as she woke, and I felt my heart stop as she looked up at me.

"I missed you today," She whispered, her fingertip dragging along my chest until it reached the base of my neck. "You're still wet."

I felt her finger slide against my chest as she brushed it over a drop of water I had missed in my rush to dry. "I missed you too. You should be resting while you can."

She twisted, placing her hand flat over my peck with her chin resting on the back of it. I couldn't resist bending my neck and kissing her. Joselin met me halfway before pulling back with a sad smile.

"What's on your mind, sweetheart?"

Her sultry bottom lip was clasped between her teeth, and she gnawed on it for a minute before sighing. "You know I haven't been feeling well lately, but I haven't talked to you about why. I think Rona is trying to drain my magic and kill me. I don't know how she would do it with just a hair, but it's the only thing that seems plausible."

"I know," I said, and her eyes widened slightly before she smiled.

"Of course you do. I should have known." Her head shook back and forth, and my arm tightened around her waist.

"I plan on killing her as soon as she crosses into the city." My admission made her laugh. That beautiful, melodic sound made my heart tighten and my mind empty.

Her beauty had hooked me when I first found her, but it was her laugh that had me seeing her as more than just a friend. Her laugh had been the best sound in the world, and I had made it my goal to pull it from her as often as possible until I found Ana.

"I was planning the same thing. I told myself I couldn't justify doing it because I wouldn't want you doing it. Getting executed or living in the dungeons didn't seem worth it when there were other options still." Her breathtaking smile had me stunned.

I blinked a few times before letting my head fall back. She was perfect in every way. Her mind worked the same as mine, and I couldn't imagine a better fit for me than Joselin. "I'm not letting you get away from me, sweetheart. She will have to go through me to get to you."

If Rona didn't return soon, I would just have to go to her. She would regret the day that she fucked with my mate.