

# The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 134

Twenty-Eight: Tobias

Tobias's p.o.v.

Three days.

She had been gone for three days. I was out of my mind. My temper was short, and I hadn't slept much. I wanted her home.

It wasn't the first time she had been ordered away on one assignment or another, but this time seemed longer than the rest. I knew it was because I was impatient to mark her now that we were finally working through our issues. But I was on the verge of breaking Killian's orders and chasing after her to ensure she was okay.

The first night, I sat at the border where she left me and waited. A small part of me hoped she would return that night, even though I knew it wasn't realistic. She didn't.

The next day, I received the good news that the flooring for the house had arrived early, and I spent the entire day and most of the night installing it and fixing the drywall. All my energy was put into the house to get it done before she got home.

One day three, I had a crew come in and paint the house so I wouldn't have to deal with the fumes. I had to pay them double for the last-minute contract, but it was worth it.

That night I was lying in bed, unable to sleep or find a comfortable position. My beast was as anxious as I was. I could feel him wanting to take control, go find her, and fight by her side. He had chosen her as much as I had. She waste be mine.

My hand wandered over to the empty side of the bed as I dreamed of what it would be like to have her in it. I wanted to be able to roll over and hold her or touch her, to lose myself in her. Everything about her, her taste, her smell, and the little breathy moans she lets out were on replay in my dreams.

Every night I pictured her beneath me, on top of me, pinned up against the wall.... Every night, I dreamed about what it would be like when I finally got those breathy moans to turn into her screaming my name as I thrust into her, feeling her walls tighten around me.

It all ended the same way, with me waking up aching for her and facing the frustration that she wasn't here. I would find myself in the shower fisting my cock as I pictured how she had rubbed her pussy shamelessly on my mouth the only night I had her in my bed.

With each pump of my hand, I remembered how her lips parted, and she sighed so sweetly in pleasure when I gently bit her nipples. Then I would cum hard, dreaming about the day she would kneel before me, and I would let my release shoot onto her chest.

I wanted to watch it drip down her breasts almost as much as I wanted to see it drip down her chin.

Fuck. I was utterly obsessed with this woman.

My doorbell rang as I rubbed my towel over my hair, and I scowled. I really hated that thing and would need to remove it. People should know better than to bother me anyway.

The impatience of the visitor made me grit my teeth as I finished getting dressed and made my way down the hallway.

The small figure could be seen through the frosted glass on the front door, and I pulled it open violently, growling as her finger left the button for the third time and the chime rang through the house behind me.

The short blonde smiled up at me widely. She had been in my training group growing up, and even then, she got on my nerves. The bright yellow dress she wore made her look like a highlighter.

"Good Morning!" Blanche chimed. Her voice was almost as irritating to my ears as the doorbell was, and I stared down at the pixie-sized woman with disinterest. "I got your email and have everything set in motion."

My teeth ground together as she pushed past me into my house. She wasn't welcome in there. That wasn't the home I wanted to sell. She had no business stinking up my home with her scent, covering what was left of Joselin.

I stormed forward, walked down the front steps of the porch, and began making my way down the sidewalk with the door left open behind me.

When she realized I wasn't following her, she released a small peppy "Oh!" before chasing after me.

She closed the door behind her, and my anger lessened only a fraction as she jogged to keep up, her annoying neon pink flats tapping against the cement. "I had thought we could go over the numbers and the plan, but you want to jump straight to it! I respect that. Let's see what we are working with. I walked by it this morning. It has the most beautiful tree out front. We could really get more for it if we fix the dead grass, maybe add some flower beds by the front windows. Plus, the roof could use some work, and the...."

I blocked her out, trying not to let my intrusive thoughts win, where I would push her shoulder and send her out into the street in front of a car. The only problem with that was that I needed her. She had the fastest turnaround time for any real estate agent in the town, and I figured it was because she annoyed people into just wanting to get it over with.

I was almost positive she could get anyone to sign anything as long as they knew it would make her shut up.

Plus, there weren't any cars out today. The majority of the pack was of the same mindset that I was. They were too loud, and being trapped inside the metal frame was suffocating.

Otherwise, one little shove would be all it took. I could tell everyone what she tripped.

My daydream of her death was cut short as the house came into sight. The new coat of paint looked great, but I still hated everything about this place.

I eyed the wooden post in the dirt out front, there was no sign hanging from it yet, but it made me feel more confident about Blanche selling this home. Blanche moved fast and was ready to go.

My hope faded as quickly as it had come when she broke away, skipping past me and up the front walkway like a preschooler. I wished Joselin was here more than ever now.

My witch would chew this chick right up and then spit her back out. They were complete opposites.

"I have a potential buyer, but he would want to make a few changes before he agrees." She turned to me, and I glared at her before shaking my head. If she had read the email I sent her, it said as-is condition. I had already done enough repairs to hide the horrors of the house, but that was it. "Got it.

Okay, no to him. I have an open house scheduled for this weekend...." She continued, using the tip of her pen to poke things in her binder as she worked down her checklist.

I stood out front, waiting as she walked through the house without me. I was done in there and did not need to go back inside.

'She's back.' The voice of one of the patrols filled my head, and my back straightened. I needed to see her for myself. I needed to know she was okay.

I found myself running. Not jogging, not briskly walking... I sprinted through the town, pushing past people to get to her. Was she in the infirmary? What creature did she bring home?

A few people snickered as I ran past them, but I wasn't ashamed. My woman was home, and I would be damned if I was going to be one of the first people to greet her.

The closer I got to the castle, the thicker her smell became until I stopped at the gates to the courtyard. I knew it better than my own reflection. It was her. She was here.

Her long white hair was still pulled back in a ponytail but littered with leaves and dirt. The back of her thigh had a rip in her pants, and her tank top stuck to her like a second skin, damp with sweat. Goddess, I wanted her.

I had never felt more relieved in my life than I did to see she was back and in one piece.

But then I saw it. The hand reached for Joselin, fingertips gently touching her back. His chest brushed against her shoulder as he whispered something in her ear. My vision turned red, and my bones began to pop and crack as I took on my Lycan form. Mine.

She turned and glanced over her shoulder at me, her lips pulling up in a wide smile as I raced toward her. I wanted to rip off his arm and shove it down his throat, but my instincts drove me first toward Joselin.

I couldn't stop myself even if I wanted to, and I didn't want to. Her heart beat loudly, like music to my ears, and her hand reached up to touch me as I approached her. The man refused to step back as I towered over them with my glowing red eyes and giant canines.

My claw wove into her hair on the side of her head, pulling her head back as I shoved my face against her neck, taking in her scent. Her fingers gripped my forearm tightly as I gave in and bit down on the soft flesh, sinking my teeth in as far as I could go without doing any damage beyond my mark.

Her warm blood hit my tongue, sweet and addicting. Joselin's body collapsed against mine as the man beside US cursed in surprise before finally moving away.

"Mh," Joselin moaned, her body trembling as her nails broke my skin. I fucking loved watching her come undone, but this was unlike any orgasm she had ever had for me before. It might have been because of the large audience watching and cheering. Public displays had always turned her on before. It also could have been because of the mate bond forming between US.

She was mine, and I would kill anyone who tried to take her away from me. My teeth retracted from her flesh, and I turned to the scrawny man at her side. Blood and spit flew from my mouth, speckling his face as I roared in anger that he had the nerve to touch my woman.

The loud and long sound only encouraged the pack to cheer louder, and the man closed his eyes as he flinched away from me. I wasn't just warning him. I was staking my claim. He touched her again, and he would die.

"Tobias," Joselin sighed in pleasure, her limp body being held up only by my grip on her.

"Mine," I growled in a deep rumble that pulled an even larger smile from her lips.