

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 145

Thirty-Eight: Joselin

Joselin's P.O.V.

The slow movement of my arm being pulled across the bed made me stir. I hated sleeping on my back, and being there now was awful.

My body twisted, trying to roll back onto my side. But I couldn't move my legs, and my arms were over my head. I felt a brief moment of panic before I regained consciousness to realize that I still felt the sheets beneath me, and my restraints, while tight around my limbs, were soft.

Memories of my vision made me groan, and I kept my eyes closed. I didn't want to deal with Rona right now. It wasn't like I could do anything to change what was going to or had already happened. If she hadn't found my hair yet, she would soon.

I had only gotten into her house the first time because Cyrus had accidentally knocked her out. Doing it a second time would not be an easy feat.

The sound of someone's tongue clicking in feigned disappointment made me blink several times to open my eyes.

"Sleeping in so late," Tobias stated from by my head as he pulled at my wrist once more before stepping back. "You're wasting a beautiful day."

His dark hair was wet and combed back, and he smelled like he had just gotten out of the shower. It made me want to close my eyes and take in another lungful of his delicious scent, but with his shorts hung low on his hips, I couldn't look away.

I pulled my arms down, trying to cover my naked body as a shiver wracked through me when he pulled the thin blanket away, but I was trapped. I pulled at the fabric holding me to the bed posts, twisting my arms discretely to test my ability to get free.

Tobias chuckled darkly before moving around the bed and standing by my feet. His eyes devoured me, moving over my body slowly. I could practically feel his gaze sliding over my naked form like the gentle trailing of his fingertips without actually touching me.

Goosebumps rose along the surface of my skin, everywhere he looked, and my breathing became short and fast.

"I told myself that since it was your first time breaking this rule, disobeying me, I would give you a pass and take it easy on you." He said, his eyes stopping between my legs, and I knew he would see that I was becoming increasingly wet for him.

"I disobeyed you?"

The corner of his mouth twitched, but he kept his emotions masked behind his heated gaze. I couldn't tell if he was irritated by the question or amused.

"You brought that man into our house." He crossed his arms across his shirtless torso, his stance wide as he met my stare.

"You never said I couldn't." My response faded as he let out a growl that made me tremble with excitement. He was in the mood to punish me.

"I shouldn't have to. You already know I don't want men I don't trust hanging around my mate, let alone being in our home."

That word again, 'our.' I loved when Tobias called it that. It was almost as good as when he referred to me as his mate. Both rolled off his tongue and made their way straight to my heart.

"Are you going to go easy on me then?" I whispered, not sure which answer I wanted. If he kept me tied here all day, I would be a happy woman, only if he was here with me. But as he said, this was my first offense of this kind.

"That was before I woke up and still smelled him downstairs." He said, dropping his crossed arms and pulling gently on the tie he had around my ankle.

"I have morning breath," I whispered, my body practically trembling as I felt myself growing wetter at the feeling of his warm fingertips against my skin.

"I don't need your mouth for this."

My breathing caught, and I swallowed hard. "I have to go the bathroom."

"Hold it."

I honestly didn't know what to do. I had been in many risque situations in my past, but I had almost always been in control. This was new and exciting. I loved it.

Every order he gave me, every demand that crossed his lips excited me more than the last.

"I had a vision last night." That piqued his interest, and I watched as he raised an eyebrow, looking so sinfully sexy that I regretted bringing it up. I couldn't even explain why I did. It was as if I wanted to draw out this cat-and-mouse game even though I had already been caught. I was in his clutches, and I fucking loved it there.

"Is it urgent?" He stepped closer, his hands pressing into the mattress as he leaned forward. I picked my head up to watch him, shaking it as I did so. "Then it can wait until the more important matters are dealt with."

My dry lips parted, and I licked them eagerly. Me. I was the more important matter, or at least punishing me was. I wouldn't have it any other way.

"If..." I cut off when his hand started sliding up my leg.

"If you keep talking, sweetheart. I will put that mouth to use after all, even if it's only to keep it busy."

His threat had me dripping; I was sure there would be a spot of my desire on the bed by the time he was done with me. The dream of tasting him had been going around my head for a long time, and while we had done many things, I had yet to enjoy him cumming on my tongue and down my throat.

Each time, he would pull away and cum on my chest. He loved that.

"What is my punishment?" The question came out in a breathy whisper that had my lungs collapsing in anticipation.

"You don't get to cum, until I say so." He demanded, his hands wrapping around my shins as he gently slid them up my legs. His grip tightened around my thighs like he couldn't help himself from grabbing me harder, squeezing me tighter as he let out a growl. "I haven't even started with you, sweetheart, and look at how fucking wet you are for me."

Tobias lowered his head, and mine shot off the bed, eager to watch him make contact with the bundle of nerves between my legs. Instead, he worked his way up my thigh. His lips, tongue, and teeth took turns tasting and nibbling my skin.

Every muscle was tense; my whole body was coiled as he finally hovered over my pussy, his hot breath fanning over me.

When he placed his mouth between my legs, I couldn't resist moaning out his name and throwing my head back. My eyes squeezed shut tightly as he sucked and licked my clit like an expert.

My arms pulled at the restraints, desperate to reach down and tangle my fingers in his hair. I needed something, anything for leverage, so that I could grind against his mouth. The pleasure was too incredible not to move, and being tied up was almost as tortuous as it was delicious.

I wrapped my fingers around the fabric, holding it tightly as I approached my release. My hips tensed, and my pelvis and thigh trembled as I felt my orgasm coming, and it was coming on strong.

Tobias jerked back, leaving me whimpering beneath him as he laughed only an inch away from my pussy. The air of his breath hit my wet lips, and I pushed my hips up as high as I could in my current position, wanting his mouth back on me.

"Not yet, sweetheart. You don't get to cum that easy." He whispered, placing a kiss against my throbbing clit before pulling away and sliding one finger in me slowly. I let my hips relax as I looked down the valley of my breasts at him and watched as he enjoyed himself.

He held himself with one arm on the mattress next to my hips while his eyes were locked on the single-digit pumping in and out. In and out. It was coated in the evidence of my desire, and the sound it made as he shoved it inside me as far as it could go before curling his finger and rubbing my walls made me release a shuddered breath.

Tobias knew when he found my G-spot because he gave it extra attention, rubbing it each time he thrust his finger into me. I was amazed at how quickly I built back to my orgasm. Never before had I been able to get off without my clit being stimulated, but he did it, and with one finger at that.

My breathing was short pants, my abs tightening as I tried to resist letting him know I was close. I didn't want him to stop again. I needed it. I needed more.

"I can feel you tightening about me, sweetheart. So fucking good." His cooing of praise made my toes curl, and I cried out when he took his finger away.

My eyes opened as I glared at him, my jaw dropping when he placed the digit in his mouth and sucked off my wetness. "Tobias."

His name was a short threat on my lips. One that promised revenge and domination but also begged and pleaded for him to continue. I pulled harder against the restraints, knowing I could free myself with magic but secretly enjoying his game.

He knew it, too, as he pulled his shorts off, stepping out of them and showing off his impressive cock.

Fuck.

My head fell back on the bed as my clit throbbed almost painfully, desperate for attention. My nipples were so hard that I was sure they would never go soft again. His hand gripped his length, pumping it slowly as he stared at me.

"How long will you punish me?" I asked, regretting the question instantly as it made me feel weak.

"That's upto how well you take it." He responded, crawling back over me and surprising me by slapping his cock gently against my pussy. I jumped with a cry of pleasure as he shoved it deep inside me.

I would take it all, everything he was willing to give me.

After a few thrusts, he reached down to my ankle, ripping the fabric free from one leg before looping his arm under my knee and hitching it up until it was in line with my chest. The new angle allowed him more freedom, and he used it. His hips slammed against mine, and his balls smacked my ass with every wet-sounding thrust into me.

The small groans and growls Tobias let out had me on edge once more, and I felt myself tightening around him, determined not to let him go so he couldn't leave and take away my third orgasm.

But he did. He thrust a few more times, his jaw clenched, and a small line of sweat formed on his forehead. Then he pulled out, leaving me a moaning, withering mess beneath him as he came on my clit. Once again, my body protested, close to the edge but not quite there.

That was my punishment. Tobias would edge me until I couldn't breathe, keep my eyes open, or move.

"Did you like how it felt to be inside me, fucking me hard and deep like that?" I asked with one eyebrow raised as I admired how the muscles in his shoulders and arms flexed as he held himself over me. I wanted to play his game, but I wanted to win. I wanted to reach the finish line. "Imagine how good it will feel to have me cumming on your cock."

My tease did nothing but backfire as he stood up and turned to the dresser to grab the glass of ice water and take a long gulp. "And I look forward to that. Just not right now, sweetheart."

He brought the glass over to me, gesturing it forward, silently asking if I was thirsty, and I was. I nodded, waiting for him to release my restraints so I could have a drink. Instead, he leaned down, pressing his lips to mine and forcing an ice cube into my mouth.

I bit down on it aggressively in anger as he took another sip of the water and walked back to the edge of the bed. He placed the cup back on the dresser before stopping by my feet. Tobias sent me a devilish grin with a piece of ice between his teeth and lowered his head to my pussy once more.