

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 146

Thirty-Nine: Joselin

Joselin's P.O.V.

My legs were limp noodles beneath me, even hours after my punishment had ended. Tobias had been kind and loving. He drew me a bath, rubbed me down with lotion, carried me downstairs, and sat me at the dining room table with a glass of water.

I watched him closely. Every move he made as he worked around the kitchen to cook us some food was so fluid.

Tobias was so calm and relaxed. It was the most peaceful I had seen him in years, and it made me not want to tell him about my vision until I had to when Rona returned.

The doorbell rang, making Tobias tense, but he ignored it and began to plate our lunch. I had never thought he would enjoy cooking, let alone be so good at it. I also secretly enjoyed that he only cooked for me.

He hated Cyrus, but I had the feeling that even if they were best friends, he wouldn't have cooked for Cyrus last night.

I smiled at him as he placed the bowl in front of me, the chicken and vegetable-covered rice steaming looked delicious, and by the thick sauce over it, I knew it would be sweet.

My eyes closed as he pressed his lips against my head. I couldn't get enough of this man. His smell engulfed me, and I leaned back, enjoying the heat of his body so close.

The sound of the doorbell chiming again had him growling, storming toward the door. I would have sent them away, forced them off the porch with my magic if I thought it would be okay. But until I moved in, that felt like crossing a line.

He kept to himself, but that didn't mean he didn't have friends who may come over occasionally. There were still things I needed to learn about him and his life.

I leaned to the side, wanting to see who was at the door, but remained seated as I had been instructed when he carried me down here. Instead, his broad back blocked my view from the outside except for two neon pink ballet flats. They were so small; I was sure they were a child's.

But then I heard her voice. It was not the voice of a child. While high-pitched, no kid would talk the way she was.

"Oh, good! You're here! I knew you were because I smelled food, but when you didn't answer the first time, I got a little worried that I missed you again." She spoke in rushed excitement, and I shoved a large bite of my food into my mouth, trying to force it down behind my possessiveness.

Tobias was a big man; he could handle a child-sized woman if he wanted to. Then again, as she pushed past him and entered his house, I felt my energy return tenfold. Who does she think she is?

Her curled blonde hair was loose around her face, and her cheeks were as pink as her lips. She looked flushed, as if she were warm instead of aroused, but a small part of my mind was convinced that the color of her cheeks was because she had touched my mate. Her shoulder and potentially her breast had grazed against him as she forced her way into the house.

I scowled as I examined her. She had a tiny waist with wide hips. Her breasts were so large that I was sure she was top-heavy and would topple over at any moment.

"I have great news for you, and I think you'll be really happy! I haven't seen you smile since we were kids, but this might just do it!" Her head was still turned, staring at him as she walked forward without looking.

I've seen him smile. I've heard him laugh.

She yelped when she bumped into the coffee table, and I couldn't help the smirk that graced my lips.

It only took one look up at my mate to determine that I didn't just dislike her. I hated her. His jaw was clenched, his shoulders and back were tense, his eyes were black, and his hands were in fists. She made him uncomfortable. She ruined his peace.

"Oh!" She chimed, forcing my eyes back to her to find her staring at me with a smile so wide that I hoped she would catch a bug or two in her perfectly straight teeth. "I didn't even see you there! You're as quiet as Tobias is! I love your hair; it's so interesting. How did your eyes get like that?"

Gosh, it smells so good in here."

She babbled enthusiastically, and I didn't know what to do. I hated Tobias's name rolling off her lips, and I could see that she wasn't marked when she moved and her hair adjusted.

Just as Tobias wasn't. He had marked me, but I couldn't mark him. The idea of walking right over to Tobias and biting him would have turned me on again if I hadn't been completely depleted of all energy, and there wasn't a colorful Chihuahua of a woman yapping at me.

Her royal blue capris and white and pink blouse made her impossible to miss but way too bright to look at.

My eyes met Tobias's, and while he wasn't happy, he didn't look as tense as before when his gaze settled on me.

My head snapped back to the woman as she dropped her briefcase loudly against the table and began pulling out color-coded folders. She continued to blabber about what she had eaten for her lunch, how her morning went, and everything else I couldn't care less about.

"Why are you here?" I snapped, no longer surprised by her presence and annoyingly chipper personality.

"I'm so sorry! I forgot to introduce myself!" My body tensed as she rushed around the dining room table.

It wasn't because I was in nothing but Tobias's shirt, but because it took everything in me not to react defensively and toss her out the window as she grabbed my hand and shook it firmly and aggressively.

"I'm Blanche. I'm working for Tobias, but who knows who I'll work with tomorrow? It seems every day, people are calling me left and right. My days are booked down to the second at this point. I'm so excited! I really didn't think my business would take off like this. Everyone always said I was just the runt of the litter, and now they're out there fighting and running patrol, and I am contributing to my pack by managing real estate and...."

My mouth was open in surprise, and I was slightly disgusted as she kept talking. She released my hand, moved back to her briefcase, and grabbed a few pens.

Tobias seemed to pick up on my unease, and while he was uncomfortable, he wiped his fingers over his mouth as if he could hide the smile threatening his lips. 'Eat, Sweetheart. You're going to need your energy.'

His words came through our mate link and centered me back to reality. My food lay abandoned in front of me but still hot as I took a big spoonful to appease my mate, ignoring the rambling woman across from me.

When she mentioned that she had an offer for him, I finally understood why she was disrupting our day. It was the house he wanted to sell. His childhood home. All of my violent thoughts toward her for ruining our peace melted away.

This was what Tobias had wanted and needed. He hated that house, and getting rid of it would help him find closure.

"It's really a great offer; they met the asking price and are willing to take it as is. You really can't do much better. They really wanted to push their offer over the top and decided to introduce themselves." She pointed, took out one paper from the blue folder, placed it on the table, and gripped her hands tightly in front of her as if cutting off the circulation in her fingers would keep her from talking while he looked over the offer.

I leaned forward, amazed that she finally closed her mouth and glanced at the paper. There was a picture at the top of a family of three. The female was sporting a large belly that could pop at any moment, while the man had his hand over the chest of a young boy with missing teeth. The child's eyes were closed as if he had been smiling so hard he couldn't bear to keep them open any longer.

Below are two paragraphs telling Tobias about their family and why they want to buy his house. It was a smart move, making the offer seem more personal. I wasn't sure how many other offers they were up against, but Blanche seemed to really want him to choose this family.

Tobias moved in, staring down at the paper while the wheels in his head spun. I wasn't sure if he was even reading it, but he took a long look at their picture before looking up and nodding once.

"Wonderful! I'll get everything in order! I'll be reaching out to you soon! This is so great..." Once again, she blabbered on, and my eyes moved down to her pink fingers that finally had blood in them again. What an interesting creature. I still didn't like her, but my defenses had fallen, and I no longer wanted to rip her tongue out.

Not with the look on Tobias's face. He looked shocked, stunned. It was almost as if he was having difficulty processing the information. I couldn't figure out if it were that his childhood home would be gone and he could finally put it behind him or if he had never thought about a happy family living there.

Blanche didn't even bother saying goodbye; she just kept rambling as she walked right out the door, bumping into Cyrus on her way out.

He blinked several times, holding her by her biceps on the front porch, staring down at her like she would attack him if he didn't keep her at a distance. Though, with his recent experience with Rona, I could see how he might be a bit startled by women.

Blanche chirped on, apologizing and complimenting his clothes before skipping down the steps.

I stood from my seat, watching the show as his head turned and followed her. "Did you need something, Cyrus?"

My question was brushed off with an absentminded wave of his hand over his shoulder. "No, no. I'm good. Hey, wait up!"

Cyrus took off down the porch, and with a flick of my finger, the front door slammed shut. I laughed. Some woman

would chew him right up, and I had the feeling he would love every second of it.

The sound of paper sliding against the top of the table had me sitting back down. Tobias was staring at the picture of the family that Blanch left behind to Tobias, and he let out a deep breath.

"Are you okay?" I asked, placing my hand on his forearm.

The brown eyes I had loved since I was a kid stared back at me, and my heart clenched as he nodded. A slow smile stretched across his face. "I guess this means I can finally afford to build an add-on to give you a study. Better start packing, sweetheart. I want to get you moved in as soon as possible."