

The Beast And The Blessed by Ashley Breanne Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Natalie's P.O.V.

Even if he didn't speak to me very often, I was starting to get the impression that I was winning Killian over. His brooding and constant glaring during the day did nothing to prevent the butterflies that filled my stomach each time he crawled into bed with me late at night.

Even if he wanted to pretend as if he hated me when the sun was up, it was no longer a subconscious action to pull me close. Now, he would wrap me in his arms and curl around my small body as soon as he got under the blanket with me.

It had secretly become my favorite part of my day.

He was the most attractive man I had ever met, and while I knew nothing about him, his touch seemed to quiet all the noise in my head and of the world around me. I felt at peace when he held me. I had to wonder if he sensed it too, and if it was why he had chosen me.

During the day, I was pushed to my limits by Joselin or Tobias when Joselin was unavailable. I found his method of communicating fascinating and effective. It was on day two of my being in the castle with Tobias assigned as my bodyguard before I discovered that he never spoke. Over the past week, I had yet to determine if that was by choice or if it was something more permanent. By the animalistic noises he let out, I had to assume, he just didn't like talking. He wasn't a fan of sparring with me either, and while Joselin had moved on to teaching me self-defense, Tobias was more interested in making me weight train and do bodyweight exercises. Whatever they were trying to prepare me for, I felt like I would be ready to take on the world by the time they were done with me. Never again would I be the damsel in distress.

My hand held my side as I moved through the corridors of the castle, Tobias hot on my heels. Joselin had been particularly brutal today, but I knew she meant well. It didn't mean that the damage she inflicted on my ribs would hurt any less. While I healed faster than a human, without shifting, my body still liked to take its time in recovering. My arm and wrist were no longer an issue, but the new discovery that it hurt to breathe after taking a kick from Joselin's freakishly long legs put an end to today's training early.

The sight of Killian walking out of a bedroom ahead made me pause, and all hope that I had for things to be better between us vanished. Whose room was that? Why was he spending his day there?

There was an odd feeling of unease and jealousy that I had to push down.

As the door latched closed quietly behind him, he looked up and met my stare. My eyes flickered from him to the door. The way he snuck out made me think whoever was on the other side was sleeping, probably exhausted from whatever unmentionable activities they had been up to. The pain in my chest at the thought startled me, and I looked away as my hand dropped slightly from my injured ribs.

"What are you doing here?" He growled, his face turning red as he strode toward me. He looked absolutely menacing for a man that loved to cuddle, and I tried not to flinch back as he stopped a pace before me.

Whoever he was hiding must have meant a lot to him based on his anger.

I glared right back up at him, and his eyebrows pulled together, taken aback by my reaction. I wanted us to have a civil relationship, but I also didn't want to go back to being in a position where people didn't treat me as an equal or worthy of being in their presence.

"I'm going to the infirmary." I snapped, trying to avoid

looking past him when I heard a door open and close. Was the person he was with leaving? Who was she?

His eyes widened, but he masked his surprise with irritation as he looked me over. "I told Joselin you couldn't handle it. I warned her to back off!" He growled as he grabbed my wrist, pulling my hand from my ribs.

I swatted his other hand away with my free one as he moved to lift my shirt, and as my palm made contact with his skin, he froze. His face was red, and the vein in his neck was pulsing angrily beneath his skin.

When his eyes met mine, I swallowed hard. I had just hit the king. It was a light tap, but it was still something I would expect people to be killed over based on the stories I had heard about him.

"I can handle myself just fine." I insisted, my voice softer than before. All thoughts of the room and possible woman in it were gone from my mind, and I lowered my gaze to his chest, submitting to him.

I had trusted Jake to protect me and take care of me before I had come here and that was a mistake. It was not something I wanted a repeat of. I would play nice to survive another day and try to form an acquaintanceship, if not a friendship, with the man who chose to mate with me. But I would be putting myself first from now on.

I was learning how to look after myself, and while doing so, I was living a life that most people only dreamed about. If that came with an angry and possibly unfaithful man, then I would just live with it. It wasn't like I loved the guy or even had any feelings for him beyond physical attraction.

"Watch it, Tilly." His deep voice came out firm. The underlying threat in his tone made me step back. But it was the use of that name. Tilly. Silly Tilly.

Even in a castle far away from my old pack, I couldn't get away from it. The pain in my ribs was joined by the frustration pumping through my blood at the reminder that I

would always be seen as the ridiculous little girl who didn't know her place and tears lined my eyes.

"That's not my name," I whispered as I pulled my wrist from his hold, blinking back the excess liquid, refusing to let them fall. Killian stood unmoving in front of me, and I looked around his shoulder, seeing the open double doors at the end of the hall that led to the infirmary where rows upon rows of empty beds were waiting for patients.

When I glanced back, hoping he would get the hint and move out of my way or give me permission to pass, I watched as the anger melted away from his face. He looked confused, torn almost as I gave up waiting and walked around him.

It was disrespectful to turn my back on him, but he didn't seem to mind this time. Instead, I heard him jog to catch up to me as I passed the mystery door and entered the infirmary at the end of the hall.

A young woman rushed over to me, guiding me to the bed closest to me after curtsying in respect to the king. I pulled myself up, aware of Tobias standing guard in the doorway, and Killian staring down at me.

I couldn't find it in me to look up at him as the woman pulled my shirt up, exposing my ribs. Her hands were warm and grew even warmer as she worked. The tingling sensation was matched by heat in my side, and I looked down in surprise to see her hands glowing as she held them over my ribs.

"You're a healer!" I stared in awe. There were rumors about healers, but I had never heard of anyone seeing them in person. I thought they were a myth or extinct, like the vampires.

'It would have been nice to have been brought here for my wrist when I first arrived.' I thought to myself bitterly, but figured they had to have a reason. Maybe they didn't trust me when I was first brought here, or maybe they wanted to

see how quickly I could heal as a human.

The questions were on the tip of my tongue, and I wanted to turn to Killian to ask them, but I wasn't ready to face him just yet.

"I didn't know you still existed! This is incredible!" My excitement was cut off when I felt a hand wrap around mine. I looked down, seeing Killian's hold on me, but his eyes were staring at fresh red and purple injury as the healer worked.

His eyebrows were pulled together, and he seemed bothered by the fact that I had been injured as he continued to stare at my side. I was so taken aback by the concern Killian was showing me that the healer's words sounded distant.

"We are lucky to be under the protection of the crown. Many people have tried everything in their power to steal our ability or use us for their own gain. There aren't many of us left now." Her melodic voice was soothing, helping me to relax as she worked. After a moment, she pulled my shirt back down. "There, now I just need you to sit tight for a few minutes, and you'll be as good as new."

I barely heard her soft footsteps as she walked away, but all of my focus was on Killian. While his guard was down, I wanted to get at least one answer from him, even if it was one of the smaller ones that I was sure wouldn't anger him or make him shut down again. "Where did you hear that name?"

Killian's hazel eyes met mine, and what I saw there was an emotion I had never seen on him before. Embarrassment. He cleared his throat, before trying to pull his hand away from mine, but I tightened my hold. He paused for a moment but relaxed again, leaving his palm against mine. "Mitchell told me. He's mated to the other female from your pack." He said, keeping his chin up with confidence, but the pink on his cheeks told me that he was embarrassed.

“Ah, I see.” I laughed, enjoying this side of him. This was the longest he had seemed happy or calm in my presence while conscious since I had gotten here. When he wasn’t sleeping, he had just been cold and distant. “You’ve been asking about me.”

“I was having a conversation with one of my warriors. He happened to bring you up.” He muttered as he looked away but kept his hand in mine. I squeezed it, bringing his focus back to me as I smiled widely at him.

“If there is anything you want to know about me, all you have to do is ask.”

