

The Beast And The Blessed by Ashley Breanne Chapter 13

Chapter 13

Thirteen: Natalie

Natalie's p.o.v.

I could feel the power radiating off Killian as he strode with purpose, his hand on my

lower back. There was an aura around him that warned me to stay silent.

At the very

least, I had expected to be yelled at or punished for stepping out of bounds.

But the other possibility had me growing excited. For the rest of the meal, his hand

stayed firmly on my thigh. The way he kneaded his thumb into my leg had me feeling

needy and warm. I had never experienced that intense of a reaction to anyone from

such a simple touch before.

It had me thinking about what it would be like to pull him back to the bedroom and rip

our clothes off, so I could experience his touch more thoroughly.

Instead, Killian slammed the bedroom door behind us, facing me with glowing red

eyes, his chest rising and falling rapidly. The loss of his touch on my back caused

goosebumps to surface on my flesh.

His gaze over my skin felt like a flame was trailing along my body as he looked me

over. His hands were in fists at his sides, and I could see he was fighting his beast.

“Are you angry about what I said?” I asked softly, standing as still as I could. The man

looked livid, yet the worry that I would cause his restraint to snap, had me feeling

giddy.

Something in my soul told me that he would not hurt me, but the look in his eye was the promise of punishment. His left hand moved up, and he ran it through his dark brown hair before sliding it over his face with a frustrated groan. The red glow to his eyes faded back until it was clear that he had regained control of his beast.

“Fucking siren.” He muttered, just barely audible to my human ears before he spun on his heels and left the room in a hurry.

I couldn’t help the smile that stretched over my face as the door slammed behind him.

He was breaking, and sooner or later he would have to talk to me. It wasn’t realistic

for me to ask a king who I didn’t know to give up his other women and allow me a full and fair chance at a real relationship. But if I was going to be stuck living here, we could be friends.

He didn’t come back to the room that night, and I felt my hope vanish. I had laid in bed for hours waiting for him, trying to figure out how to go back to how it was before.

It was the loneliest I had felt since coming here.

I had no one.

At least at my old pack, I had Jake for a long time.

But here, I had a significantly better life. I also had people guarding me, training me,

and serving me, so I had no reason to complain. My life could be worse.

But none of

the people around me each day knew anything about me. They were paid by Killian to

treat me well. If I tried to ask them personal questions, they would steer me right back

to whatever it was that I was supposed to be doing.
Except for Tobias. His unwillingness to talk made it even more difficult
to get to know
him.

Sleeping in Killian's arms was the only time I truly felt safe and
welcome here. At first,
I wasn't sure about the intimate position, but then I grew to crave it. I
wanted him to
hold me, so I would know that everything was okay. Instead, I wrapped
myself tightly
in the blanket and fell asleep on my own because everything between
US was not
okay.

One step forward and two steps back.

Tobias looked surprised the next morning when I told him that I would
not be training.

It had become a part of our regular routine. But I felt determined to go
fix the damage I
caused last night with Killian. Perhaps, if I could get him to open up to
me a little bit, I
could understand better why he chose me at all when he didn't seem to
even want a
mate.

Tobias stood with his back to the wall opposite the office door as I
knocked against the
hardwood. When there was no response, I looked over my shoulder
gesturing my
thumb to the door in a silent question asking if Killian was even inside.
My bodyguard nodded, and I turned the door handle, pausing for just a
moment. What
if he wasn't alone in there?

The small push of jealousy and disgust encouraged me forward, and I let
out a breath
of relief when I found him sitting behind his desk on his computer, just
as angry and

frustrated as ever.

He didn't look up until I closed the door behind me, and I watched the muscles in his

jaw tick as he looked me over.

"Good morning," I said softly, making my way to one of the empty chairs on the other

side of the desk. "What are you working on?"

Killian maintained his blank expression as he turned from me back to the computer

screen.

"Can I help with anything?" Leaning forward, I tried to glance at the papers on his

desk but was unable to see what they were. They appeared in a different language,

possibly elvish, and I sank back into the seat as he continued to give me the silent

treatment.

My fingers tapped against the arm of the leather chair, and the small growl Killian let

out as he glared at my hand made me stop. "You, uh, you didn't come to bed last

night." I

It wasn't a question directly, but I was incredibly curious about where he had slept. He

hadn't ever given me confirmation that he was with other women, but he also didn't tell

me he wasn't when I would hint at it. The secret door by the infirmary came to mind

frequently over the past twenty- four hours, and my curiosity was pushing me to

explore and see who was behind the door.

If I went in there, would I find that he had slept there last night instead of with me?

Was it one of his concubines who lived there?

"No, I didn't."

It was the first thing he had said to me, and even though I didn't like his answer, I took it as a good sign to continue. "Where did you sleep?" His eyes were hard and narrowed as he glared at me, his dark brown hair in disarray, seeming to make him appear even more threatening than normal. "That's none of your business."

I nodded in understanding, my lips curling in as I bit down on them before letting them rest naturally. His cold response had me feeling frazzled, and I couldn't find the words to respond. "Right, I'm sorry."

The tension in the room was palpable, and I let out a deep breath as I tried to figure out a way to start a conversation with him. He was so short with me, seeming to be intentionally trying to shut me down. "Can I get you some lunch?" I knew the servants would be getting him food, but I was hoping that he would say yes and give me a chance to collect myself before coming back and trying again.

"No."

I couldn't look at him. I felt embarrassed, dismissed, and overall rejected as he shifted through a pile of papers before pulling out the same folded-up map that he had been studying. He turned his laptop to make room on the desk as he stretched out the paper, unintentionally showing me the zoomed-in satellite view of the northern mountains.

His finger trailed over the map as he glanced from it to the computer and back.

"What is it you are looking for?" I leaned forward in my chair, waiting

to get a better
look. Two pairs of eyes had to be better than one.
Killian's finger left the printed image of his land as he curled his hands
into fists and let
out a growl.

"You're supposed to be training right now. Why don't you go do that? I
can't think
straight with you pestering me with a million fucking questions!" His
loud yell was sure
to be heard by anyone passing by, and I felt my throat dry painfully as
water lined my
eyes.

"You are the one who brought me here," I whispered, as I stood from the
seat, letting
out a shaky breath. "I was just trying to be helpful or maybe get to know
you."

He didn't try to stop me as I left, and the last bit of hope I had for a civil
relationship
dissolved as I left the room.

Tobias stepped forward. The look on his face told me that he had heard
Killian. His
hand raised ever so slightly as if he wanted to comfort me with a
friendly squeeze of

my arm, but I shook my head and moved away from him. 1 "You heard
the man. I

have training I should get to. I'm sorry I wasted our time this morning. It
was a stupid
idea."

