

# The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 132

## Twenty-Six: Joselin

### Joselin's P.O.V.

They moved me with purpose, pulling me closer to the mountain briskly. It would work in my favor as they knew where to step and what areas of the mountain to avoid.

The brunette had been much stronger than I had expected, and she pulled out the dagger with ease, her body instantly producing a layer of thick green moss to cover and heal her wound. But as she played with my weapon, staring at me with malice, I knew she would not be gentle when she had her turn with me.

I wasn't planning on it going that far, though. While my body was burning up and wetness had pooled between my legs, my mind cleared quickly.

But it was still hard to think about anything other than getting relief, and I had to imagine this was similar to how wolves felt when they were in heat. I could have jumped on anything that moved and fucked it until my last breath. But I knew better. The siren blood I had ingested years ago had done its job.

Woodland nymphs were practically cousins to sirens. They shared enough that my resistance to the siren compulsion helped me keep control mentally even though my body was turning on me.

The feeling of fingers running down my arm made me turn to the shortest of the three nymphs. Her belly was large, with purple and black veins covering the skin. She was pregnant, whoever their last male victim was had done his job, and now the others wanted a turn.

She sent me a wicked smile, licking her lips in a way that made me think she wanted to actually eat me and not just play with me.

"What is a witch like you doing out here? Surely, you weren't planning on taking our toy, were you?" Her taunt was followed by leaning in closer and taking a deep breath before glancing down to my hips with a low ticking noise in the back of her throat like a bug. "Mh, you smell so sweet!"

I wanted to curl my lip in disgust but caught myself and smiled at her. If she weren't pregnant, she would be the first to go. I debated whether to show her mercy or end her with the rest of them. Her eyes narrowed, and she glanced down at the bite mark suspiciously.

Clearly, my acting needed a little work. As her eyes turned to my face, I glanced down at her breasts, licking my lips seductively to distract her. "I like toys."

The brunette in front of me stopped walking, her eyes glinting with mischief as she pressed the tip of my dagger into the pad of her finger.

I came to a halt, the lack of movement intensifying the desperate aching between my legs. My thighs pressed together, and while it wasn't necessary, I let out a slight whine to emphasize my discomfort. They seemed pleased by the sound and smirked at me.

"But do you like pain?"

My eyes dropped to the patch of moss covering her stab wound. Its small movements reminded me of how dirt moved when worms or insects were right at the surface.

Ignorance. Play ignorant, Joselin.

"It hurts. I need..." My hand slipped between my legs, but my wrist was grabbed before I could touch myself. I didn't need shit beyond to take my knives back and to cut out their hearts. But I had a part to play if I wanted them to take me as far up the mountain as they could safely. "Where are we going?"

There had to be caves in the mountain. Somewhere they lived and another where the creature was hiding. Before we got there, I would end them.

There was no way I would let them pull me into their nest without a fight.

I wanted to kick myself when the redhead who had snuck up behind me and bitten me turned this time. They were definitely on to me, I was being too coherent and curious.

I had never interacted with someone under an Oread's compulsion before. My knowledge of what happened from a bite was limited to what I had read in books about them. I had to imagine they weren't much different from a siren's compulsion, but clearly, I was wrong.

"Don't worry, precious. We are almost there." Her smooth and seductive voice made me shiver, and I could still see my blood on her lips. She smiled, her look of suspicion melting away at my reaction to the sound of her voice.

The heavily pregnant nymph stayed glued to my side, twirling my hair around her finger and rubbing her breasts against my bicep as she wrapped herself around my arm. Nothing was less attractive than the smear of green on my arm when she stepped away from the patch of moss and flowers that had been crushed between us.

It reminded me of how Tobias would lick my neck to leave his scent on me. She was marking me, and I could feel the bile pushing its way up my throat.

I kept my eyes peeled for the entrance to their cave as they slowed and relaxed, but as they stopped, I realized there wasn't one. Chunks of the trees were missing, and as the injured brunette stepped up to one, I felt my heart stop.

Her body morphed and sunk into the tree. The bark covered her, leaving the defined outline of her body in its trunk, but it continued to pulse over her stab wound. My dagger was still in her hand, and I bit back a groan, knowing I couldn't get it back without waiting for her to wake or cutting it out of the tree.

I stumbled as I was busy staring at the nymph with my favorite blade, catching myself before looking down and seeing the long white bone sticking out just enough to be seen from the ground.

One was touching another and another, and my eyebrows raised as I recognized the pattern as a web of bones in the dirt. Interesting design choice. A rug would have worked just fine.

My eyes flicked around the other four women as they excitedly surrounded me. Four. I could handle that.

"Pretty little snowflake." One of them said, and I shifted, pressing my thighs back together now that we had stopped walking. The effects were wearing off, and I sent my silent gratitude to the dead siren sitting at the bottom of the ocean by my favorite cliff for the short-lasting effects.

I had been training in combat since I was a teenager, and I wouldn't let them get the upper hand again. My backpack had been taken from me, and I could hear one of them going through it, but I ignored them. My focus was on their leader.

As soon as the redhead was close enough, I pressed myself against the front of her body, my hands going into her hair to distract her, preparing to snap her neck. She let out a high-pitched clicking sound as she tilted her head to the side. Her eyes were the same dark green as algae, but the iris was oval shaped, giving me the feeling that she could see right through me as her hands rested on my shoulders.

Her tongue shot out, flicking my cheek before she let out a hiss of air and pressed her hands down, forcing me to my knees.

I moved willingly, having already taken too long, debating how I wanted to attack. I had already made the mistake of unknowingly letting them take me to their den, but I was not about to let them touch me or for me to touch them.

Her hands grabbed my head as she spread her legs, whispering down at me. "Eat."

I was too disgusted to laugh at their demand, and I jumped as I felt another spreading my jean-covered legs, my knees digging into the bones beneath us as the head of the pregnant nymph slid beneath me from behind.

I glanced down just as she closed her eyes, taking a deep breath through her nose before mewling with excitement. "So sweet, so sweet." Her hands wrapped around my thighs, and I smirked as she made my next task much more manageable.

"Eat," The redhead cooed again, throwing one knee over my shoulder.

There was one thing I hated more than the council, and that was someone below me, thinking they could tell me what to do.

I leaned forward as the nymph below me reached up to unbutton my pants, my face getting deceptively close to the creature that had bitten me. The angle allowed my hands to reach the head of the one below me, and she screamed as I jammed my thumbs into her eye sockets as deeply as I could.

She squealed loudly, her hands grabbing at her face. She would be distracted for a while. That only left three who could fight.

The redhead stumbled back, surprised, and I jumped to my feet. Before I could make it to her, the other two attacked. Their jaws were snapping with their long, needle-like teeth, defending their leader.

I was more prepared this time. I knew who and what I was up against. No one would be taking me by surprise, and I kicked the heel of my foot into the throat of one. They dropped to the ground, grabbing their neck while I spun around, dodging a swinging claw from the creature behind me.

The trees around us blew angrily in the breeze, and I anticipated them joining the fight. But they continued to rustle loudly, like an audience cheering.

A body slammed into me from behind as I managed to get a grip around the blonde who had been digging through my bag earlier, sending me flying. I rolled across the floor. The air was knocked out of me as the nymphs closed in.

The tree beside me shuddered as it released its parasite, the brunette stepping forward as the bark receded from her skin. I smiled, kicking the dagger from her hands and grabbing it quickly as I jumped up to face them.

Letting me get my hands on it was going to be their undoing. The brunette hissed when she saw the weapon in my hand. The three circled me, but I waited patiently for them to make their move. The redhead went first. Her jagged nails cut my skin as I slipped to the side and past her attack, shoving the blade into her back.

I had only a moment to yank it out as she fell forward, and the other two charged at me simultaneously. We fought for several minutes, them getting in the occasional punch while I used my knife to slice their skin open until they were coated in blood and lacerations.

The thinnest of the bunch dropped to her knees as she grabbed the slice across her stomach, trying to hold her skin together long enough for the moss to cover the wound. But that wasn't going to happen on my watch.

I grabbed the back of her head, slicing as deeply through her throat as possible before letting her body fall to the ground.

The nymph that had recovered from my kick to the throat charged forward with a rage-filled scream but was too slow. My dagger slipped into her stomach as her nails scratched down my cheek.

I grabbed her shoulder, yanking the blade up and feeling relieved when the rotten pile of guts that resembled manure spilled out.

Only two more were left, and both were trying to get to the safety of their trees. One with no eyes and the other slashed to pieces, stumbling and disoriented.

I moved through their den smoothly, slicing the throat of each one until I was the last remaining. My chest rose and fell deeply as I panted, wiping the back of my wrist across my forehead to clear it of my dripping sweat before lowering my hand and running the flat of the blood-covered blade across my tongue. Never again would they be able to control any part of me.

The deep unfamiliar timber of a man's voice cut through the sound of my heavy breathing, and I spun quickly to see him halfway up a tree, standing on a branch with his arms crossed and his shoulder leaning against the bark.

"Well, that was fun to watch. I take it you're the one."