

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 139

Thirty-Three: Joselin

Joselin's P.O.V.

My arms were crossed over my chest, my fingers tapping against my bicep as I debated my next move.

Cyrus had been good for the past few days, and after I spent another frustrating week trying to tap into Rona's blood, I couldn't help myself. The vial of his blood had been calling out to me, tempting me.

He wouldn't notice a single drop gone, and it's not like he would feel me messing with it. Rona had only known I stole her blood because of our fight. She had figured me out.

She wasn't as stupid as I had hoped, and I had to give her credit. It was just too bad for her that she thought I was stupid too and only had that small sample of her blood in the bowl she stole from me.

Cyrus already knew I had his blood.

It dropped to the bowl with a small splash. When the light hit it, I immediately held the entire vial up to my face, wanting a closer look. The unique pattern of black lines in the liquid differed from any other magical creature that had ever bled for me.

It was unique and intriguing, yet familiar. I had only seen it once before... in my blood. I knew we weren't related, at least not closely. But it gave me some insight into his power level. He was strong.

I thanked my mother's inability to hold me in for my powers. She told me the story and showed me her pregnancy pictures. The images stopped the day she had me. Why would she want to document the proof that she had built and pushed a witch from her human uterus?

No, she wouldn't. There were no pictures of me as a baby or a kid.

But the story of my birth answered all my questions, and I had to wonder if Cyrus had a similar one.

My parents had been speeding down the highway, trying to get to the hospital in the middle of the night. The streets were empty, and they knew they wouldn't make it. How could they when I gave them no choice? My mother said I had army-crawled right out of her.

They had to pull over to the side of the road. My father ran around to my mother's side of the car, opened the door, and helped my mother hold her legs up as she sat sideways.

He was the first to hold me, but I didn't know how long that lasted.

Because there, under the Supermoon, the point where the full moon was at its closest to Earth, I opened my eyes for the first time, and they saw their failure. It surprised me that they hadn't left me on the side of the road.

I had researched births under different cycles in the moon and Earth's orbit, but I had never found anything concrete to connect my birth to my powers. That didn't mean the suspicion wasn't in the back of my mind.

I had made a note to talk to Cyrus about his birth, but I didn't get the chance. He stayed locked in his room whenever Rona was around, doing his best to avoid her like the socially awkward man he was. Since she refused to leave and had made it a point to corner him every chance she got, that also meant that he had resorted to hiding away most of the day.

My finger stopped tapping against my bicep as I let out a frustrated breath and gave in.

I knocked as I simultaneously twisted the doorknob, pushing it open to find Killian sitting on the black leather couch in his office with his forearm over his eyes.

"I do not remember saying you could enter." Killian groaned, his body still as he turned his head toward the wall and adjusted his arm to keep them over his eyes.

He should know better by now. After all these years, I never waited for him to invite me in. I made myself at home. Only now, I at least confirm I wouldn't be walking into anything x-rated before I do so.

I smirked, seeing the empty, oversized chair behind his desk, and closed the door behind me as I moved to sit in it. My hands grabbed the armrests as I leaned back, feeling even more powerful as I spun the chair to align with the desk, facing the door.

The cushions sank down as I relaxed into it.

"Get out of my chair." Killian groaned again, but I rolled my eyes and ignored him.

"I need to do something, and I'll need to ask for your help," I stated, pulling the bottom drawer of his desk open. The stash of junk food he kept in the back of the drawer was almost gone, and I let out a breath, knowing it meant he was stressed.

"Can it wait?" He grumbled. I glanced up at him and pushed a few bags of chips to the side to look for something sweet, but not find anything.

The drawer made a loud noise as I slammed it shut with frustration. "No."

I knew I was running out of time. Someone would come to interrupt us soon, or Natalie would show up. It didn't feel intentional, but I was sure it had to do with their mate bond.

"Why are you in a pissy mood today? Did you not get laid last night?" I laughed as I laced my fingers together over my stomach and sat back.

I barely had time to blink before the throw pillow that had been under his head smacked me in the face. He kept it there specifically for when he needed a break, and as it fell to the desk, I watched as flames consumed it.

"I needed that," Killian mumbled without looking, knowing exactly what I was doing to it from the sound and smell it gave off.

"Then you shouldn't have thrown it at me." I eyed him, never having seen him so exhausted before. Even on the brink of war or when actively under attack, he had never let the lack of sleep get to him. But now he looked like he was on the brink of death.

"Do I need to call a healer here for you, or are you going to man up?"

"Josie," he growled in a warning, but I just laughed as I watched the ashes in his desk scatter in the breeze from the ceiling fan.

"Why are you so tired?" My question was met with his body stiffening as if the thought was scarring to him.

"I just needed a break. Tell me what you need and leave." He dropped his arm, blinking twice before twisting to sit up. His hands rubbed his face as he rested his elbows on his knees.

"I went through Rona's room today," I admit, not feeling the least bit guilty about it. "I didn't find anything yet. I have also tried to tap into her blood, but something is blocking me."

He clasps his hands together, turning his head with his chin on them as he watches me. "Okay."

The single word carried no judgment or anger. He trusted me, and we both knew Rona needed to be removed from the council. If I had my way, she would be killed so she couldn't cause problems later on.

I was convinced I would find something incriminating, and when I did, we would duel to the death. She wouldn't let someone take her down that easily. The day she allowed someone close enough to her with a needle to suppress her magic was the day the world would end.

"She's been hovering over Cyrus, trying to get him to crack. She knows he isn't related and wants to know what he is and why he is here. I don't want her to add him or his magic to whatever she has planned. He's strong." I spun the chair, kicking my feet up on his desk, ankles crossed. Killian let out a growl but didn't care enough as he dropped back into the couch and stared at me unamusedly.

"The favor?" He pushed, sounded even more exhausted than he looked, and my eyebrows dropped with concern.

"I need Rona to stay busy and someone to keep an eye on Cyrus so that I can get a look in her house. She is up to something, and I want to know what it is so we don't get blindsided." I hated asking for help, but I wasn't prideful enough to let a threat get by me because I didn't ask.

"Natalie can keep Rona busy, and Aurora can watch Cyrus." His dismissive tone was low, almost like he was fighting not to fall asleep.

I eyed him carefully; this wasn't just mid-day exhaustion, especially for a Lycan who could go days without sleep. Something was seriously wrong.

"Why haven't you been sleeping?" I asked, standing up and going to the wet bar against the wall and pouring myself two fingers of scotch.

Killian closed his eyes before taking a deep breath. "Natalie has changed her mind about being ready for a baby. She wants one now."

I nodded, expecting that would have happened. Both Natalie and Killian had shit families growing up, and I had assumed they would want to make their own. In just a few years, I expected the hallways to be full of kids hanging on my legs and calling me Auntie in their irritatingly cute baby voices.

"You want kids too, don't you?" It wasn't something we had ever discussed, and after Natalie was brought here, we talked even less.

Killian nodded, but he looked pained, making me want to laugh when I realized why he was so tired and frustrated. "I haven't slept in two weeks, Josie. Every time I even sit down, it's like she senses it."

I choked on my sip of scotch, the liquor burning on the way down. The two of them had a crazy sex drive. It was nothing compared to me or Tobias, but they still impressed me. "Oh, shit."

"I just need some sleep, but she doesn't turn off." He groaned before his jaw clenched and turned to look at the door. His head fell forward, hanging low before he let out a breath. I almost felt bad for the guy. His mate was literally fucking him to death. It was a hell of a way to die.

"Do you want her to?"

My question was answered by a quick "Fuck no" as he got to his feet.

I laughed, swallowing the rest of my drink before placing the glass tumbler on the thin metal tray with a 'clink.' "Then stop bitching."

He glared at me as I smirked, but his face relaxed the longer he stared at me. "I'm happy for you, Josie."

He knew how badly and how long I had wanted Tobias. I had the feeling he also knew about Ana, Tobias's mate, but it wasn't his place to tell me. We had talked about my love for the beast of a man only a few times, but I have never hidden my interest or attraction for Tobias.

I had trailed after him like a love-sick puppy, trying to get his attention for years. I didn't up my game until a few months ago, and I was glad I did because now he was mine.

"Don't get sappy on me, Ian," I muttered, feeling the heat move up my chest and neck to my cheeks. I looked down, my hand going to my mark as I smiled. "Butthanks."

"I know you've been staying at his house at night. I want you to know that your tower will continue to be yours, and your job is not going anywhere, even if you move in with him." He moved to my side, making himself a drink as he spoke. "No one can or will replace you, ever."

It was too much for me. The reassurance was what I had been needing but was too afraid to ask for. I blinked several times as I tried to figure out what to say. Our friendship would recover but would never be the same, I knew that, and he knew that. But it was really fucking nice to hear him acknowledge my fears.

My arms wrapped around him quickly as my eyes watered, but I pushed them down as I stepped back from the world's fastest hug. "Get some sleep, Killian. Your wife will be busy with her new babysitting duty. I'm leaving in the morning."

Killian looked disappointed as I turned away from him, and I knew it wasn't because I was leaving. It was because, as tired as he was, he fucking adored his mate and his mate's attention. Natalie constantly being horny for him and wanting to make a baby with him was more of a blessing than a curse.

All he needed was a nap, and as I left the office and saw his mate striding down the hall with a mischievous smile on her face, I laughed.

He wouldn't get a nap anytime soon, but it would all be worth it when he finally knocked her up.