

## The Beast And The Blessed by Ashley Breanne Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

#### Eight: Killian

#### Killian's P.O.V.

She was here. She was safe. Finding her was no longer a problem.

Yet, I couldn't get her off my mind. I kept thinking about the split in her lip and the

bruises on her arm. I wanted to find whoever was responsible and end them for what

they did to my mate.

I was livid by the idea that she was in our room hurt, alone, and from what I saw back

at her pack...scared. But she managed to wipe away any compassion I had for her when she asked about other women. Either her opinion of me was so low that she thought I kept a collection of concubines around for my pleasure, or she was fishing to

see if I was going to be sleeping with other women and, in turn, if she could sleep with

other men.

Both thoughts made me not want to be in her presence. It was the exact reason why I

didn't want a mate. A soulmate had the power to destroy you and crush your will to

live.

If it weren't for Joselin's vision, I would have been happy going on with my life alone.

Perhaps one day I would have had to produce an heir but not with a mate. There would have been no need to mark a woman and tie them to me for the rest of my life

when they could just as easily have provided me with a child and then stayed out of

my way.

But the thought of the woman in our room, possibly in our bed, made my beast happy

and, in turn, made me angry. He wanted her, and I despised the thought of her.

I knew the second she left the room and began to wander the halls of our home.

When I should have been focusing on the threat at hand and the map in front of me,

she had all my attention.

I stood from my chair, sending it flying back onto the floor as I ran my hands through my hair.

“If you are that frustrated, you have a mate now that can help relax you...” Joselin laughed with a suggestive wiggle of her eyebrows as she picked my chair into an upright position with a flick of her wrist.

“Mind your own business, Josie,” I growled out, still all too aware of my mate’s presence moving closer. I didn’t want to think about her or be focused on her. I had bigger fish to fry.

The reports of vampire sightings and attacks were at the top of my list. They had been

extinct for over a century. Having them pop up now was worrisome. I needed to find

out where they were hiding and how many of them there were.

They had started The Great War a century ago, and we had all thought they had been

purged from the Earth. For decades after our victory, there were hunting parties roaming, making sure that every last one had been eliminated.

But now they were back, and even Joselin, as powerful as she was, couldn’t locate them with her magic.

Something or someone was protecting them, and I needed to find out who and how so

I could take down the threat to my people.

Having a mate was the least of my worries and should have been at the bottom of my

list. Yet, as she approached my office door, her smell had me losing all focus on the

task at hand. She smelled like a freshly baked dessert, just sweet enough to make you want to sneak a taste when no one was looking.

That was how they lured men in, and I wasn’t going to fall victim to her charms when I

had a duty to put my people first.

It was something my father never considered when he ended his life and reign over a

woman.

Joselin looked up, making eye contact with me as she sensed my mate approaching.

Her mischievous smile made my stomach tighten as she jumped from her chair and pulled the hardwood door open only a breath after my mate’s delicate hand knocked

against it.

My mate looked startled as Joselin stood in front of her, her hand falling slowly back to her side.

“Good. Maybe you can get him to start acting reasonably.” My childhood friend said as

she flipped me off behind her back. I let out a low growl that she ignored as she moved to show affection to her latest toy. She had been trying to capture Tobias’s attention for years, and I was positive he was about to crack. The mute giant was a force to be reckoned with, but Joselin loved a challenge.

I glanced over to my mate and seeing her damp hair and fresh clothes made me swallow hard. Everything about her had been designed to attract me. Knowing she had been in my shower, was torturous.

But I had to push the thought down.

She was a temptress...a siren, and I would make sure that she would never control me or drag me down to the depths with her.

I focused back down at the map on my desk, trying to figure out the best plan of action

for our patrols to sweep for those bloodsuckers. That was what I needed to focus on.

“From the tension, I take it you two haven’t actually met yet,” Joselin said, and from

the corner of my eye, I could see her pushing my mate toward me. She was close enough as it was. I couldn’t think straight with her in the castle, let alone in the same

room as me. Her scent was enough to make me drunk with lust and want, but my mind was strong enough to know that nothing good would come from giving in.

She

was here for one thing and one thing only. When the battle came, she would fight alongside me, and she would be the reason I would live another day. I would honor and respect her for it. I would give her everything she could ever want or need, but

I

could not give her my heart.

“Allow me to introduce you.”

“Joselin,” I growled in warning. I would remain civil with my mate, but we didn’t need

to get to know one another. We certainly didn’t need to be anything more than what

we had to be. Eventually, the kingdom would expect me to mark her and to make her

officially their queen. They would also expect us to produce heirs. All of which could

wait until after the threat to our people had been eliminated.

Joselin waved her hand at me, and I rolled my eyes at her blatant disregard for my authority. She was my right hand and always maintained a high level of respect in public, but in private she went back to being the insane little girl who would turn people's food into worms and bugs during formal events to get a reaction out of them.

"Your name, dear?"

"Natalie Matthews," Her soft whisper felt like a feather being run down my spine, and I

pressed my palms further into the table to keep my beast calm. Never had I had such

little control over him. As soon as I caught her scent for the first time, everything changed.

Now he wanted her more than he wanted anything else in the world, and I had to hold

him back.

"Natalie, meet Killian Amery, your mate."

My mate. Natalie.

"I wasn't sure if I was allowed to leave the room." She said as she took a step closer.

I pushed off the desk, glaring at her for her stupid comment. "Of course, you can." I

snapped as I began to fold the map, needing a minute away from it so I could come back with fresh eyes later. Of all the places she could have gone to explore, she chose to come to my private office to bother me. She may have been mistreated in her last pack based on the marks, but she could come and go as she pleased as long as she had her guard with her.

I just needed time to adjust to her being so close before I could be around her and maintain rational thoughts.

"You didn't tell me I could." She shrugged as she kept her eyes locked on me. I couldn't stand it. The warmth and comfort that I felt from just her stare alone made me

question how it would feel to have her in my arms.

I shut the door on that thought. I knew it was going to be hard to resist her, I just didn't

realize how difficult it would truly be. "You are my mate, not my prisoner."

The declaration had left my lips with intention of informing her how stupid that statement was. Instead, I felt a warmth form in my chest at the verbal declaration

that

she was mine. It settled deep into my soul, and as much as I wanted to look away from her, I couldn't.

"I don't understand why you chose me." Natalie looked confused as her green eyes bore into me, and I nodded in understanding. She was only human right now. She had

no way of feeling our mate bond just yet.

One day I would have to tell her we were true mates. She would find out on her own

when she shifted anyway. But for now, it could work in my favor to keep her at a distance if she didn't know the truth.

