

## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 13 Let Me Kiss You

Fiona

The look of concern on Alexander's features caused my wolf to reach for him.

"I didn't mean to scare you. I was trying to be quiet."

I sat up and shifted to the edge of the bed. "It wasn't you. I had a bad dream."

The room suddenly felt cold, and I shivered. It was the most significant room I had ever stayed in. The bed took up a quarter of the room. Another quarter was for reading or playing games as a chess set sat on a table for four. A wall cut the other quarter to an exquisite bathroom I had poked around.

The remaining space was a closet, but closet didn't

seem the appropriate word. Dressing room was probably a better word to describe it. Then there was an adjoining room which appeared to be Alexander's study or office. There were papers scattered about it and books lying everywhere.

“I hope you don't mind sharing a room. However, having your own room at this time would be unwise.”

“If you think it is best,” I said, watching him rise and take off the shirt and toss it into the dressing room.

“I have some work to finish up before tomorrow. I will be in my office if you need me.” Alexander grinned and exited.

I flopped onto the bed, my body feeling tight with need. After an hour, despite his light movements, I couldn't fall back asleep.

Alexander's wolf scent wafted towards me, growing stronger by the moment, and I hungered for it. As I lay there recalling the night, we slept together. My body grew tighter.

He walked out a little later towards the bathroom. The sound of running water followed shortly after, and I exhaled, my body even tighter.

Sweat dotted my skin in a thin sheen, imagining him bathing, running a hand over all that muscle. My core dampened, and I put a pillow over my face and groaned.

I couldn't believe I was feeling such intense desire from Alexander's scent and imagining him naked, buried inside me.

This was new for me, wanting a man so intensely. I had always been too busy with family affairs to be

interested in sex, and sex with Baron had seemed more like a duty. But he had never wanted sex with me.

My wolf pushed below the skin, close to taking over. This feeling was making me uneasy, but just then, the bathroom door opened. I immediately closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep.

I didn't want Alexander to see me in such a state, even though I knew he could more than likely smell my desire.

Alexander

As I emerged from the bathroom, a heavy scent of sex reached my nose, and I froze. How could that be? Fiona was asleep.

Running the towel over my hair one last time, I then

wrapped it around my waist and moved to look better at her.

Her lips were tightly pursed, and her nipples were hard under the silk nightgown. I admired her for a long moment. My wolf urged me to have sex with her.

Her scent caused my shaft to harden and rise. A scent had never pulled me in like this, and it maddened me. I knew she was my mate and now my fiancé. However, I didn't expect her to satisfy my sexual needs. I didn't even know if Fiona liked me.

She had always maintained a dignified and distant demeanor around me, except that night, she had come to me hot and ready for fun.

I liked that girl, taking what she wanted, not caring to show me she wanted me. I wondered if I could find that girl without needing alcohol.

I raised a brow. That was an idea, get her drunk and have some fun. The thought pinched my pride. I wanted her to be like that again with me without needing a drink first. I wanted her to crawl all over me.

She had only agreed to a wedding because she was pregnant and was on the verge of being cast out of her pack. So what choice did she have but to say yes, to a marriage? It irritated me more than I liked to admit.

Just as I was about to grab a pillow and sleep on the floor, Fiona moved, and my fingers brushed her neck. She let out a low moan, and I paused, hope rocketing. Then, taking a chance, I lightly touched the back of her neck again. She leaned into my touch, and I licked my lips.

I climbed onto the bed, throwing the covers off her.

Her eyes fluttered open, hungry and full of emotion. Hesitantly, I ran a hand up her leg. The smoothness caused me to lean down and kiss it. She sucked in a breath, and I grinned, crawling between her legs.

Slowly, I placed kisses up her thighs, pushing her nightgown higher and higher. Finally, I raised my hand under the gown and played with her breasts. They were round like whole melons.

I worked her nipples into hard buds, and her moans grew louder, her body arching into my touch. I had power over her and it felt good. She wanted what I could give her. And I would give her much more before the night was done.

I pulled the backs of her knees and drew her closer to me. She blinked, sitting up, and then tugged on her nightgown, ready for me to take her. I wanted her on the edge of need. I wanted her to beg for me to enter

her.

I hooked her panties with my finger and tugged them down. They were wet and smelled delicious. I tossed them to the floor and crawled beside Fiona, wanting to feel her skin against mine.

I ripped the towel off and pressed my shaft against her bottom. She reached back to me. I kissed her neck and shoulder, scenting her deeply. Her scent fed something in me.

I struggled not to take her hard and fast right then. I caressed every inch of her body, hand dipping between the curls of her legs and sinking into her wet cores. She moaned and rubbed against my hand. I bit her shoulder, drew a blood drop, and sucked it.

I sank my fingers deeper, working against the rhythm she created until she was quivering against me with



need. I rubbed my length against her bottom, then lifted her leg so that I may enter her. But I wanted to see her face when I took her, so I pushed her back and hovered over her. She looked so beautiful in the heat of the moment. Desire broke down that look of indifference she wore all the time.

The tip of my desire was ready to enter. I leaned down to kiss her full lips when she turned her head away from me again. Instead, I kissed her neck, dragging my teeth over her sensitive skin.

I tried again to kiss her lips, and she turned away. I frowned and leaned back on my knees. The fog of desire in her eyes evaporated.

“Why will you not let me kiss you?”

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.