

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 146 Kiss Me

Fiona

The pieces started falling into place when I saw the ring in the bottom of my champagne glass. Then I looked up and discovered that Alexander was kneeling at my feet.

An overwhelming feeling of relief rushed through me, even before conscious thoughts about exactly what he was doing could come into focus.

“Fiona.” Alexander took hold of my free hand. “I’m sorry this took me so long. But I need to tell you some things, and I have a question to ask you.”

I glanced back down into my glass. A gorgeous diamond and sapphire engagement ring was way down at the bottom of it, with tiny bubbles streaming

up all around it.

“Do you want me to get this out of here, first?” I asked rather meekly.

Alexander looked at the glass in my hand. Laughed quietly under his breath. And said, “Yes, please. That would be helpful.”

I sipped the drink; it was very cold and very sweet. The ring floated up only about an inch and then settled back down to the bottom of the glass. Then I was trying not to laugh until I could first swallow.

“You might need to help me,” I said, passing the glass to Alexander.

He took it with an amused smile. Then drank down the rest of the champagne, letting the ring slide into his mouth along with it. He put a hand to his lips and

out it came. A cloth napkin slithered off the table into his other hand, and he used that to wipe the ring dry.

“It’s lovely,” I said, staring at the giant diamond in awe.

“I hoped you’d like it.”

“Are you kidding? It’s gorgeous.”

“Fiona.” Now he held the ring in one hand, my left hand in the other. “Listen to me. I want to marry you, and not just for the baby.”

He squeezed my hand, and I got the feeling he did it to steady himself. I gave him an encouraging squeeze back.

“The first time I told you I wanted to marry you, I said some other stupid things—about it being a practical

arrangement only, about it being temporary. I don't want that anymore. I want a real marriage with you. I want to be with you... for as long as you'll have me."

He glanced down at the ring and took a pause, breathing deeply. I squeezed his hand again and succeeded in bringing his eyes back up to mine.

"I want that, too," I managed to say between halting breaths.

He beamed. "Really?"

"Yes. Really."

"Fi, I've... I have known you were my mate since the night that we met. I only fought against acknowledging it because—" He shrugged, shaking his head like he was irritated with this memory. "I could never imagine settling down with anyone. But

that was before I got to know you, and got to experience how wonderful it is to be with you. Now, I can't imagine ever being apart."

My heart was hammering against my ribcage. I wondered if Alexander could hear it pounding, could feel my pulse thrumming in the palm of my hand.

"Will you marry me—for real?" he asked. "Will you stay with me, raise our child together, and be my wife, my partner, my Luna Queen?"

"Yes," I said quickly. "Of course."

At word of my agreement, finally Alexander slid the precious, sparkling ring onto my finger. It fit like it belonged there.

“How’d you know my size?”

Alexander smirked. “Nina.”

“Nina.” I shook my head. My best friend would of course know my ring size, because we had been borrowing each other’s jewelry since middle school.

“Kayden gave me her number.”

Thinking about this – Alexander going through the trouble and covert planning that was required to set up this moment; I looked around the room at all the roses, looked back at him kneeling on the floor – something in my chest felt like it was going to explode.

I placed my hands on either side of Alexander’s handsome face. He swiveled his head quickly to kiss my palm, like he always did when I touched him in

this way, and we traded smiles.

“I don’t want to be apart, either,” I told him. “I want nothing more than to be your Luna. And be the best partner I can be for you.”

Alexander’s face went serious. He took my hand in his and kissed the top of it gently. And then slid his lips up to my wrist, planting a trail of kisses up the inside of my forearm, and up and up my arm until he was kissing my neck, and then...

He came in close, very close, and only paused when our faces were a fraction of an inch apart. Suddenly one of his hands was in my hair, holding the back of my head; the other was caressing my neck.

The look in his honey-gold eyes was pure and earnest, and full of longing. His hot breath fell heavily onto my lips and his scent enveloped me.

And I wanted to kiss him.

It was love, I could admit now, that we'd been growing between us, and thank goodness. Alexander's kiss would be true love's kiss. That was what I had been waiting for.

But I was suddenly so, so nervous.

He was waiting for me to initiate. He was waiting, hoping I was ready, and beginning to tremble with the force of restraint.

I was frozen still.

Alexander

I could hardly restrain myself when Fiona told me she reciprocated my feelings.

The way she'd said it... yes, she still had her guard up a little. But she was trying, I could see that. Trying to let me in.

I was trying, too.

I hadn't said everything, though. It was almost all out there. I don't know why the last part was so hard.

But I pictured the reward I might achieve if I did it, and that helped me to get the words out.

"I love you, Fiona," I finally said, looking deep into her piercing pale blue eyes.

She... nodded.

Her eyes flicked down to my lips, which were so close to touching hers.

Then suddenly she began to shiver.

“Are you okay?” I asked. “Are you cold?”

She shook her head. “I’m fine. Just a little nervous, I guess.”

I pulled back, resuming a kneel. I hadn’t realized I’d all but climbed on top of her.

I had been thinking about and preparing for this moment all day, but it was only within the last couple minutes that I had surprised Fiona with all of it. Maybe she just needed a moment.

Her teeth started chattering.

I stood and took my jacket off and draped it around her shoulders. Fiona looked up at me with a kind of

helpless expression I'd never seen on her face. I worried I had overwhelmed her by going in for a kiss like that.

I swallowed down my disappointment, internally reprimanding myself for holding such stock in this one little thing, for wanting that forbidden kiss so desperately. Fiona had said yes to my proposal, and that was what mattered. She told me she wanted what I wanted—to be together—that was what mattered. I could be patient. We had all the time in the world ahead of us.

I picked Fiona's hand back up and kissed it. And then began to move away, trying to sound more casual than I felt as I said, "Shall we eat now? You said you were hungry."

But she held onto my hand and pulled me back to her, saying, "Wait."

Fiona

“Kiss me,” I breathed.

Alexander’s face broke into a beautiful smile.

“We don’t have to rush anything,” he said. “I know it’s a big deal to you, and I can wait, if you want, until the wedding or whenever you’re ready.”

“No.” I shook my head. “I don’t want to wait. I’m ready. I just... I don’t know what I’m doing.”

He paused, studying my face. I adored him for how seriously he took this, how respectful and patient he was being. “Are you sure?”

I rose and shrugged his jacket off, letting it fall down onto the chair behind me. “Yes. I’m sure.”

He pushed my hair back behind my shoulders. I watched my hands drifting up his chest, moving to his neck and circling it.

“Maybe just a little kiss?” I asked.

He smiled, looking amused, and said, “Okay, baby. Whatever you want.”

Then he pressed one finger under my chin and gently angled my face upward, bent his face to mine and slowly, sweetly pressed our lips together.

My eyes fluttered closed and my heart leapt up into my throat.

I parted my lips as he moved his across mine, and then his tongue slipped softly into my mouth for a few seconds before disappearing.

The sensation immediately put me under a spell. My body went weak and I discovered that I wanted nothing more than for Alexander to never ever stop kissing me, for this warm and wonderful feeling to never end.

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