

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 147 Do It Again

Alexander

Her lips tasted like sugar, sweet from the champagne. But the feeling that hit me when our lips came together was even sweeter.

Sweet release. This was the realization of a dream, and the reality was even better than I'd been imagining.

I wanted to sweep Fiona up into my arms and carry her to bed. I wanted to keep kissing her forever. But I didn't want to overwhelm her, so I forced myself to peel our lips apart.

"How was that?" I asked.

Fiona looked dazed. She brought one of her cool

hands up to my face and gently ran her thumb along my lower lip. A smile pulled at the corners of her perfect mouth and she sighed.

“It was very nice,” she said quietly. “Do it again, please.”

I never could resist an opportunity to tease her. “What about dinner?” I whispered, bringing my lips close to her ear.

She breathed out a quiet chuckle. “Hm. Put those covers back on our plates to keep them warm? I’m not so hungry all of a sudden.”

Keeping her eyes on mine, she walked over to the bed and took a seat on the edge.

I did what she asked and then met her there.

This time I could not wait. I wrapped my arms around Fiona and kissed her deeply, and didn't hold anything back.

Fiona

A dam had broken when we kissed.

It was all over for me. That was the big thought I kept having.

Everything I'd been pushing down, all the feelings I'd been trying not to feel – they all came rushing out as Alexander and I lay in bed kissing desperately for god knows how long.

I could not understand how this—how anything—could feel so incredibly good.

There was no more hope for me to stay guarded with

this man. No more protecting my heart.

He held that in the palm of his hand now; it was his to keep. Or break.

“Have you ever thought about names?”

Alexander asked this out of nowhere while we were getting ready for bed.

We'd passed a very pleasant evening together after all the excitement of the proposal. We lay in bed a while kissing, losing ourselves to time until the room began to dim with the setting sun. Then we finally ate. Then we took a little stroll out to the garden to take in some fresh, cool air before coming back to our room to settle down for the night.

I'd just changed into one of my new nightgowns and came out to find him walking around damp-haired,

wearing only a towel around his hips, collecting errant rose petals from around the room. They'd somehow gotten everywhere.

“Names?” I asked, trying to catch his train of thought.

“For the baby.”

“Oh. A little. Have you?”

Alexander pressed his lips together and nodded. He took the petals he'd collected into a cupped hand and disposed of them in a wastebin.

I found myself squinting at him in a bit of disbelief. I would not have guessed that this was something that'd been on his mind.

I plugged my phone in and climbed into bed and started getting comfortable. “So, what names were

you thinking about?" I asked.

Now he narrowed his eyes at me. "You tell me yours," he said. "I asked you first."

I thought about it, then shook my head slowly. "No. You go first. Please." I needed a moment to prepare for the question that I wanted to ask my fiancé on this topic.

"Okay," he said, resigning from our standoff. "If it's a girl. How about Daphne? Or Ariadne—she could go by Ari."

"Oh, those are both very pretty. I love them."

"Yeah?"

I nodded. “And if it’s a boy?”

He shrugged, came over to my side of the bed and perched on the edge. I reached over and put a hand on his warm, towel-covered thigh, and started petting the plush fabric absentmindedly.

“I don’t know about boy names,” he said. “How about you? You tell me yours now.”

“Okay. Well, now that... we are staying together...”

I had to dart my eyes away from Alexander’s and gulp down a lump in my throat. Why was it still so hard to talk about our relationship, even now that we were on the other side of that big conversation?

“I thought I should ask if you want to give the child a family name,” I continued. “I mean your family, of course. Especially since, if it’s a boy, he would be—”

“My Heir,” Alexander helpfully confirmed. “Yes, he would be.”

It was not lost on me that this was the first time Alexander outrightly acknowledged that the child in my womb would be legitimately considered his, and perhaps a future Alpha King.

“What would you think of naming a boy after you?” I offered.

Alexander considered this for a long moment. Then he shook his head decisively. “No. I would want him to be his own man. Have his own name, his own identity. If that makes any sense.”

“It does.” I could understand this notion very well, in fact.

My father, grandfather and great-grandfather all shared a first name. And my father professed to despise this name. He even forbade anyone to call him by it, insisting his pack only call him Alpha, instead.

“What are you thinking about?” Alexander snapped me back into the present. He frowned, concerned, and stroked my arm gently. “You look sad all of a sudden.”

“Just thinking about family,” I answered, vaguely but honestly.

He nodded understandingly. Then lifted my hand to his mouth and pressed a kiss into the palm.

“That kind of reminds me,” he said, still frowning slightly. “I wanted to ask what you want to do for the wedding. What kind of ceremony you’d like to have.

We can do it however you want.”

“Hm.”

Alexander knew as well as I did what an absolute nightmare my last wedding had been. I didn’t need to explain to him why I was soured on the idea of another big ceremony. Plus, I was estranged from my family now, anyway.

“All we really need is a couple witnesses and an officiant, right?”

“I think so.”

“Well, the only person I would want there... the only person I really have—”

“Nina.”

“Mm-hm.”

“Then let’s do that. We can get dressed up and do something special, but forget about the crowd and theatrics. Just you, me, Nina...”

“And Kayden?” I knew how close Alexander and his Beta were. If I was inviting my best friend to our wedding, it only seemed fair and right that he should have his there as well.

“I’d like that,” he answered simply.

Then we were both quiet for a few seconds, I suppose contemplating the scenario we’d just planned.

And then we both broke out into laughter at the same time.

“Oh, I think it will be alright,” I said. “They are

apparently... friendly.”

“Mm-hm,” Alexander grunted. “Friendly.”

“Speaking of Nina.” I snatched my phone up from my nightstand. Alexander watched as I snapped a pic of my left hand adored with my new engagement ring.

He got up, quietly saying “be right back” and heading for the bathroom while I sent the picture to Nina.

She wrote back right away.

Nina: I’m blind!!!! Damn girl, that thing is HUGE!

I took the opportunity of Alexander’s absence and Nina’s attention and decided to ask her a question. About something else that was now on my mind, too.

I stole a glance up at my fiancé first—he was fully

nude now, throwing his towel into the bathroom hamper and beginning to turn out lights, about to head back to bed.

Me: Btw. I was wondering if you ever heard anything else about that person who kinda disappeared a while back...?

Nina: Nah... but I could ask around.

Then we chatted about a time to get together soon. The tacit understanding was that it would be better to talk more on the subject of my father in person.

Nina pledged to do some snooping around for me. To try to find out when, or whether, he'd returned from his sudden, mysterious trip.

Alexander turned off the last dim lights in the room, leaving the lamp on my nightstand the only one still

on, and slid under the covers on his side of the bed.

“Did you tell Nina about the wedding?”

“Not yet. We were just talking about a time to hang out this week. I’ll tell her about it tomorrow.”

I put my phone away and tugged the gold chain on my beside lamp. It was full dark in the room then, and our bodies found each other by touch. My Alpha let out a deep, contented moan once we were skin to skin, and his hands began to slide all over my body.

“I can’t wait to marry you,” he whispered so quietly I almost didn’t hear it.

I shifted my position to bring our faces close together. Felt for his lips and gave them one soft, slow kiss.

Doing this in the dark felt even more intense, I

realized, than it had been in daylight. The feeling was like slipping down, helpless, into a tunnel.

I let myself just say it before overthinking could send me clamoring back up and out of the tunnel. The darkness helped; not having to look Alexander clearly and directly in the eye made it easier to push the words out of my mouth: “I love you too, you know.”

His chest expanded with a heavy breath.

He exhaled, kissed my cheek, and left his lips hovering there for a long time.

Finally he said, very quietly, “I know.”

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