

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 149 I'll Be Here

Alexander drove back to the palace one-handed, while his right hand took up residence on my thigh. I blessed him for driving fast, because my hormones were screaming at me and I could hardly stand how badly I wanted him by the time we were finally parking.

It had been hard to pull myself away from him to go to work this morning, even knowing I was only going in for a half day and would see him again quite soon. But we had skipped our morning routine to make time for the doctor's visit, and I for one felt the difference in my body right away.

Without my usual serving of pleasure from Alexander in the morning, I felt slow. Tired and frustrated and anxious. And now that he was touching me—his hand had become increasingly active and was now stroking

my upper, inner thighs with a torturously light touch of his fingertips—I was about to lose my mind.

Once our bedroom door was closed behind us, he made fast work of removing my shoes, then my clothes, and then he hauled me straight into bed. He lost his own clothes next, and then was all over me.

“I missed you,” he whispered between kisses that trailed up from my breasts to my throat.

I guess some of my guard was still intact—because I found I could not reply in kind.

Of course I’d been missing him, too. But I’d also trained myself not to say such things aloud, and apparently, it might take time to unlearn that habit.

When Alexander’s wandering mouth reached my own, I was grateful. I let my lips do the talking for me,

kissing him passionately and hoping that he felt, even if I couldn't say the words, how very much I'd missed him, too. How much I always missed him when I wasn't with him.

"I need you inside me," were the words that did find their way out of my mouth. "Now."

Dirty talk had gotten easy enough with Alexander by now. It was the love talk that would take practice.

He reeled back, smiling smugly, and I thought he was going to give me what I asked for. But he teased me first, dipping light fingers between my legs and then tasting his fingertips; I had to beg some more before he finally moved into position and began to inch himself inside of me while I moaned with the pleasure of relief.

Then he reached one of his expert hands down

between my legs and pressed his fingertips to just the right spot, and stroked it just-so; and very soon I was on my way to the moon. He met me there a little later, but not until I'd gone twice.

“So do you think you'll be bored without work?”
Alexander asked.

I was watching him get ready to go train while continuing to laze in bed myself. My plan was to take a nap after he left.

“Not if I keep myself busy. I want to order some baby-related books to read. I know people always tell first-time parents that ‘you'll learn on the job.’ But it can't hurt to be as prepared as possible.”

“That sounds like a great plan.”

“And there’s something else, too. Something I wanted to talk to you about, actually.”

“Oh?” A flicker of concern passed over my Alpha’s golden eyes, and he hurried to my side.

“Nothing bad.” I offered him my hand as he sat beside me on the bed. He pulled it to his lap and started massaging it. “I just wanted to ask if there’s anything I can do for you, now that I’ll have some time on my hands.”

“Like... what?”

“I don’t know.” I shrugged. “But you have lots of responsibilities. Things I don’t usually presume to involve myself with. I’m just saying, I’m here for you if you want my help. With anything. You do a lot to take care of me, Alex. I would like a chance to take care of you, too, if you’ll let me.”

“Well, that’s beautiful. Thank you.”

“So? Can you think of anything I can do for you?”

Alexander shifted his gaze, looking at the door to his office.

I hoped he would trust me with something. Even just one thing.

Ever since he re-proposed, I had been thinking about my future as Alexander’s Luna Queen. It was a role, actually, that I was born to play. I could do that job very well, but only if my Alpha let me into his life a little more. I could be a good partner to Alexander—the very best—if he would trust me enough to share his worries with me.

Alexander

“Alright,” I answered Fiona cautiously. “There is something that’s been weighing on me. I’m having a hard time figuring out how to move forward with it.”

She waited patiently for me to finish.

I understood what my Luna was asking of me. She wanted me to open up to her, to include her in the business of my life. And Fiona was right; her wise counsel was liable to prove valuable in any matter that I shared with her.

I made a split-second decision to accept her offer, and started with the matter that was causing me the most frustration, and which had been stalemating me for the longest time.

“The investigation into my mother’s death,” I finally said. “If you’re up for it, maybe I can share with you

what I've learned about it so far. And you can help me strategize about how to deal with Iris. I know she has the information I need to finally sort all the pieces into place. But getting that information out of her has been extremely slow going. And rather infuriating.”

Fiona nodded. “I can only imagine the difficulty in trying to interview someone so... scattered? I don't know—I really can't claim to know the woman. But it seems like she's all over the place.”

“That's a pretty good description, actually. But there's more to it than that. She has amnesia about the event, and even though she's begun to remember a few more things... it's just going impossibly slow.”

“Hm.” Fiona shifted her gaze. After a pensive moment, she met my eyes again and said, “Would you like me to try talking to her?”

“You really want to do that?”

“I wouldn’t go so far as to say I want to talk to her. But I wouldn’t mind trying to make peace with Iris, seeing if maybe I can help with the case. I don’t know... it could be worth a try.”

“Okay.” It surprised me that Fiona was willing to engage with Iris, but it was a tremendous relief to know I’d have help with her. “I’ll get my notes out later and tell you everything I know so far. Then tomorrow I’ll check in with Iris, let her know you’d like to meet. And we’ll set something up.”

Fiona nodded with her mouth set in a line, letting me know she took this task very seriously.

Another idea occurred to me then. I hardly had time to think it through before she asked, “What is it? Something else I can help with?”

“Perhaps I can request your help liaising with another palace resident as well... if you are up for it...”

She looked a question mark at me, waiting.

“My father.”

“Oh.” She took a thoughtful breath, then said, “How could I help you with him? What’s going on?”

“He’s... not doing well, Fiona. He’s been seeking my counsel recently, and for that I’m grateful. But he’s too proud to let me take control of the situation in the way I need to. Perhaps he still just doesn’t trust me. But maybe if he got to know you a bit, and came to see that I had a smart and qualified Luna at my side... maybe he would be less reluctant.”

She gave me an incredulous look. “You really think

so?”

I nodded. “You’re a very impressive woman, Fiona. You should hear the way my uncle talks about you—and he hardly speaks a kind word about anyone—I think he said, you’re the best employee he’s ever had.”

Fiona’s cheeks reddened. “He did not.”

“He did. Listen... you won Conrad over, and that’s not an easy task. It can only help my cause if you start getting acquainted with my father. I know your last interaction with him was...” I couldn’t think of a way to dance around that memory. “Terrible. But things are a little different now. And I am only suggesting you speak with him in my company; I would not ask you to meet with him alone.”

“I’m not afraid of him,” she said flatly. “I’ll be happy to

do this for you, Alex.”

I liked that she'd taken to occasionally calling me by this shortened version of my name. It felt familiar, intimate; it turned me on for some reason and had me kissing her again now, and starting to feel up her body too.

Fiona giggled as my lips roved down to her neck. “Hey, I thought you had something to do,” she said. “Sure you want to get started on this again?”

“I always want to get started on this,” I muttered, barely lifting my lips from her skin.

“Go.” She pushed me away gently. “Go do your thing... I'll still be here when you get back.”

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