

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 155 Wedding Day

“You look absolutely gorgeous. So happy for you, babe.” Nina gave me a big hug.

A wide, irresistible smile had been plastered on my face ever since she buttoned me up into my dress and I saw my finished wedding day look in a full-length mirror.

Yes, the sight was not quite what I’d imagined in my younger years. But somehow Nina had found me a maternity dress that flattered my other curves enough to distract somewhat from my round belly. And it was a lovely color, a pale champagne that seemed more appropriate than white for a heavily pregnant bride.

Nina did something really special with my eye makeup, blending a perfect whisp of eyeliner into gold and brown eyeshadow that shimmered magically

when I moved. I wouldn't let her put fake lashes on me – I hate those, they're so heavy and distracting – but she managed to make my real ones look extra thick with a lot of mascara and some expert tricks.

We had had a small fight about what to put on my lips. I'd come to love wearing bold lipstick to work, part of what Nina called the “boss bitch” look I assumed when I started working at Alexander's venture capital firm. But today I was not interested.

Nina pleaded for a quick moment – if not red, she said, at least a lighter shade – but when I spelled out the reason for my objection, she palmed her face and laughed. She slicked my lips with hydrating chapstick and a light layer of clear, berry flavored lip gloss instead; a little taste of something sweet was definitely a better offering for my new husband than the threat of getting lipstick all over his mouth.

Nina herself was wearing a floor-length pale pink dress that clung tightly to her tiny waist and tight curves and made me hate her just a smidge while I remembered fondly what it used to feel like to be flexible and strong like that. The dress was sleeveless, with a high, modest neckline and a rather extreme slit on one side of the skirt that went so far up it betrayed the fact that she was wearing zero undergarments. She had shown up at my door already elaborately made up, looking like Sexpot Barbie with thick black lashes and neon pink lips and nails, her holographic hair straightened to shiny perfection.

Alexander texted to tell me that he, Kayden, and the Alpha King were ready for us. With some red heart emojis and a note not to hurry.

But I had no desire to delay. Nina and I headed right out, walking toward the center of the palace where

there was a bright, beautiful atrium that my fiancé had promised to decorate for the ceremony.

I already loved this room; it was a partially enclosed indoor garden full of tropical plants and other lush green foliage. But today it was extra beautiful.

The elaborate gold and white decorations only existed in the background, though. My eyes focused on Alexander the second that I saw him. I could not have pulled them away if I wanted to.

My big, broad-shouldered Alpha was as stunningly handsome as ever, his golden skin and hair gleaming in the bright sunlight that flooded the room. And he was so exquisitely polished today, with a fresh haircut and clean shave, and clad in a tuxedo that probably cost a small fortune.

Alexander licked his lips when he saw me, wiped his

mouth with his hand and shook his head from side to side. I understood this familiar gesture to mean something along the lines of, “Wow.”

We reached the trio of men where they stood under a warm sunbeam, and Nina released her hold on my arm. I hardly expected her to do this, but being the one to give me away, she took loose hold of Alexander’s forearm and said, looking up at him sternly, “Remember what I told you.” He bowed his head agreeably and pressed his lips against a smile.

It took me a moment to realize what was happening, as far as who was officiating this ceremony.

Alexander had handled all the details; I’d just gotten dressed and shown up. But a quick glance around had me realizing there was currently no one else in this whole room besides the five of us.

It finally clicked that Alexander’s father was going to

be the one to marry us. It did actually make some sense. He was, after all, a judge and more than qualified for the job.

After some gratefully brief introductory remarks by the Alpha King, he invited us to recite our vows to each other, offering Alexander the first turn.

“Fiona.” Alexander brought my hand to his mouth and kissed the knuckles, then took a deep breath with his lips still on me, unabashedly sucking in the scent of my skin.

He was looking at me intensely, as if we were alone. A beam of sunlight was streaming right down into his golden eyes. They glowed.

“My mate. My beautiful and perfect Luna. I will never stop thanking the gods for bringing you into my life. I’m addicted to you. I’ve never wanted anything as

much as I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I'll never stop loving you, or our child—I promise you that. I will love you until my dying day.”

I could have cried if I let myself. As it was, I had to take a deep breath, trying to slow my racing heart. But I have very good control of my facial expressions, and kept myself together. If not to appear strong in front of the Alpha King, then for the sake of my mascara.

I started on my own vows when Alexander's father instructed me to, not letting my thoughts linger on the devastatingly beautiful things my Alpha had just said. I wouldn't have been able to speak if I did.

I'd written and studied some notes for my vows over the past days. Public speaking was easier for me when I was prepared but not overly scripted. Not that we were in public. But the nerves of this moment matched—no, far exceeded—the butterflies I always

felt when facing a crowd.

“My entire life, I prepared to be married for the benefit of my family’s pack. I never considered I might stumble upon something better. I worked hard to become the best Luna I could be. I knew that I would be married, but I never imagined a marriage like this. An Alpha like you. You have changed my life forever, Alexander. Thank you for taking such good care of me; of us.”

He dropped his eyes to my stomach, then moved one of his hands onto it before meeting my gaze again.

“I am yours,” I finished. It was not what I had planned to say. But somehow I suddenly knew that it was actually all Alexander wanted to hear right now, the only thing that mattered.

Next we performed the ritual of exchanging rings.

Alexander slid a platinum band onto my wedding finger, one that matched and sat neatly beside my engagement ring. I traded him for a thick platinum band of his own, feeling an odd flicker of pleasure as I pressed it onto his big finger.

It felt like it took forever for the Alpha King to finally say, “I pronounce you husband and wife.”

And then, “You may now kiss...”

I was frozen again; I don't know why. I felt awestruck in a way, watching golden light shimmering behind Alexander's eyes, watching him swallow heavily like his mouth was watering.

Then he bent to me and brought our lips together, and I slipped into an altered state of consciousness.

Alexander

It was the most satisfying kiss we'd had yet. And that was saying something.

Fiona's words had already struck something deep inside me, riling up my wolf and tempting me to lose all control of my body. And now she was kissing me ferociously. The pleasure may have made me deaf and blind for a split second. I had no awareness of anything around me. Fiona pressed her tongue into my mouth and dragged the tip of it forward along the roof, forcing a growl from my throat.

Every second she kept on kissing me, gripping the back of my neck like she was holding on for dear life, I loved Fiona even more. For the nerve it took to indulge in this long, sensual kiss right in front of my father. Kissing her like this at our wedding had been no plan of mine, but I was happy to go along with it.

My Luna may have been in her human shape, but she was never more wolf than in that moment. Making a bold display of our intense connection before the Alpha King, disregarding civility for the sake of making her place in my pack perfectly clear to the figure of authority that stood beside us, watching.

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