

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 156 Speechless

A half dozen servants appeared at the snap of the Alpha King's fingers, all of them carrying bottles of champagne (some were non-alcoholic, for my bride and myself).

The servants performed a little show, popping the bottles in perfect unison, then filled five tall crystal flutes and hurried them into our hands. The extra open bottles were plunged into golden ice buckets, then the servants stood at attention beside them, ready to refill the glasses at a hat's drop.

Unfortunately for Fiona and myself, our party of five immediately split into two groups.

Kayden and Nina took off to walk around the atrium together, sipping their champagne while strolling the various garden paths and chatting like old friends

catching up.

Nina, I noted the few times I caught sight of the pair as they ambled around, kept reaching out to idly stroke the leaves and fronds of exotic plants they passed by, while my Beta, gods have mercy on his soul, watched the movements of her delicate hands in jealous rapture.

This left me and Fiona alone with my father.

“Well, Fiona...” A mild slur was starting to melt the edges off my father’s words.

He’d downed about a whole bottle of champagne already.

If Fiona was appalled at this behavior, like I was, she didn’t let it show. She just looked up at him attentively, with a polite smile. Waiting patiently for him to slurp

down another drink and then continue.

“You have performed a miracle today, Fiona.” My father clapped a big hand to my shoulder and flashed me an unpleasant smile. “I never thought I’d see the day this son of mine made such a commitment.”

I would have relished grabbing that hand and wrenching it off my body, then using the grip to throw the Alpha King into the ground. Or worse. A vision of all this flashed vividly through my mind’s eye while in the real world I offered my father a practiced smile, instead.

Sometimes it seemed my father and I were making progress toward respect and a peaceful transition of power. And other times, he was drunk.

“That hardly seems fair,” Fiona replied, her tone perfectly neutral.

“You think so?”

“I do. I may not have known him for a very long time, but I am well aware of Alexander’s past.” She looked at me; her expression was nothing but calm poise.

“I’m sure spending nearly his entire adult life at war has previously left him little opportunity for relationships. But a decade of serving his country is, in my opinion, clear evidence of a great ability to commit. His deep commitment to this kingdom is very impressive to me.”

The Alpha King smirked, a strange look passing over his eyes that I did not recognize.

I wondered, hopefully, if what I was seeing was begrudging respect for Fiona’s imperviousness to intimidation. Whatever it was, the old man appeared, for the first time before my eyes, speechless.

And then he quickly bid us goodbye and congratulations, polished off another glass of champagne, and left.

But not until he'd gotten one last, long look at Nina, at whom he'd been shamelessly stealing impious glances all morning.

I had less respect for him every day.

I grabbed Fiona's wrist and began to pull her toward the door.

She came along easily but eyed me with a curious smile. "Where are we going?"

I paused to face her. And give her another kiss. "To bed," I said sternly, then dipped down to kiss her neck.

“Already?”

I pulled back and saw Fiona’s blue eyes dart over to our friends. A servant was pouring another round of bubbly for Kayden and Nina, who lifted their glasses to clink them together then locked eyes as they drank.

“They don’t care, Fiona. And I can’t wait another minute. I am close to taking you right now, if we don’t get out of here soon.”

I was going dizzy with desire. The satisfaction of knowing Fiona was really mine now, now that we had pledged our lives to each other, was turning out to be a bigger and stronger feeling than I could have imagined. And seeing her shut down my drunken father as he endeavored to disparage me – that had been wondrous to behold.

I had longed for this woman a great deal already, but I'd never wanted her this desperately before. I needed to be alone with my Luna. Immediately.

“Okay, okay,” she said, grinning. “Just let me...”

Fiona was most certainly about to say, “let me say bye to Nina.” Because she looked back in the direction of our friends again. But what we saw there rendered that idea moot.

Kayden was now sitting on a wrought-iron bench under the shade of a fig tree, and Nina was seated in his lap. He was holding her small, shapely body with one hand on her low back and the other cradling her ass, and was staring hungrily at her pink lips. Nina was trailing a light finger up the length of Kayden's throat and looking down at him with an amused smile.

Fiona muttered, “Never mind,” and then we were

gone.

Fiona

The ravenous look on Alexander's face had only gotten more intense since we left the bright atrium, and now, in the flickering candlelight of our bedroom, his eyes no longer glowed gold; they smoldered like hot, molten amber.

While we were at the ceremony, our room had been decorated. Tall white candles and white roses everywhere. And some other things I hardly had time to notice, because my husband was all over me as soon as we were inside.

On the center of our bed, there was a gift. A flat, square silver box tied with a gleaming gold ribbon.

"For me?" I asked in a tone of innocence.

Alexander followed my eyes and nodded seriously, oblivious to the rhetorical nature of my question. He was devoutly focused on working the buttons on the back of my dress, while intermittently kissing and sniffing my neck. Once the dress was gone, and I had been lifted up into our bed, I picked up the box. Not even thinking to open it, only planning to move it aside.

“After,” Alexander commanded, I suppose fearing I was about to become distracted.

The depth and intensity of his voice made me shudder. I set the gift on my nightstand.

If I had not been in my current condition, I'd have wanted to undress him myself. The idea of slowly peeling all those layers off of him sounded delicious. But I was content, today, to lie back and watch him

strip instead.

He left all the pieces of his expensive tux in a forgotten heap on the floor.

And then at long last he was in bed with me, wrapping his arms around my body and grasping at my soft flesh. He kissed me roughly, making me moan and making me wet. And, thank god, he didn't fool around, and quickly was easing his hard length inside of me.

"Fiona," he murmured. He sounded intoxicated, repeating my name over and over like he was reciting a prayer.

Irresistibly, I answered back. "Alex." And then I found myself spelled into the same trance. Stuck on calling out my mate's name again and again.

"I love you, Fiona," he whispered hoarsely, starting to

stroke in and out of me faster. I clutched his hair, scratching his scalp with my long fingernails and he groaned, arched his head back, and thrust into me so hard I gasped.

“I love you too,” I said, as soon as my breath returned.

Gratefully, this time, I managed to say these words clearly, loudly, and with confidence.

Losing all control, Alexander cried out in agony and clutched my body hard. I felt him coming inside me and it forced me to shatter, too. My core gripped and squeezed him tight. Fireworks flashed behind my eyes and all my nerve endings crackled with exquisite pleasure.

My heart was beating so fast, it felt like it might stop.

“Are you okay?” Alexander had just recovered his

own breath and was looking over at me with concern.

I panted. My limbs were still shaky. Every muscle in my body felt heavy as lead. “I am okay,” I answered, with a lazy, love-drunk smile. “And then some.”

Alexander stroked my face, his touch light as a feather, then gave me a soft, tender kiss. “Be right back.”

He returned with a glass of water and a golden bowl full of ripe red strawberries. Water, he insisted on first. And then he fed me a few strawberries as I lay back against our gold silk-covered pillows and felt some strength returning to my body.

It was “after,” now. Alexander reminded me about my present.

I opened the box and found inside a beautiful

diamond necklace. The style was undeniably antique, but the gold had been well-kept and polished to a shine, and the diamonds sparkled dazzlingly bright.

“It belonged to my mother,” he said as I began to lift it out of the box.

“Oh, wow.” I draped the length of the glimmering necklace over the palm of one hand, admiring both its beauty as well as the touching sentiment behind my husband gifting me such a cherished item. “Alex, I love it. Thank you. I will take good care of it.”

One corner of his mouth slipped up into a grateful smile, his eyes gleaming with happy pride.

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