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Chapter 166 Deep Love

At least she made her grand arrival quickly. Our baby girl.

It happened in what felt to me like minutes, but Alex told me later it was almost two hours. First there was pain, and then worse pain... but after that, our beautiful baby was here, and it was all worth it. She was a treasure.

She was perfect. Tiny, but healthy and safe. With big, bright blue eyes and a full head of light blonde hair. An adorable combination of my and my husband's features.

The fight he and I had been having... of course it had been put on hold.

Our daughter was here at last, and I was just so glad.

She was perfect.

And Alexander was over the moon. He got to hold her first, and I was jealous. But he brought her right up to me. And then when the three of us were together, his big hands still on the baby, cradling her carefully, while I took hold of her... it was so wonderful, but also, something strange happened...

I became distinctly aware of exactly what both our child and Alexander were thinking.

No... that's not it. Not what they were thinking.

What they were feeling. I could feel it for myself, all of a sudden. Their emotions.

It was pure love and joy that emanated from Alexander. That was the first thing I picked up on, and it floored me. The depth of it.

And then, from the baby, I felt something about her interior world too, and that sensation was stranger... less distinct, but still intense. It was wonder. Absolute amazement and wonder.

"Alex," I breathed, looking into our child's gleaming eyes. I could hardly think of how to tell him what I was experiencing, though.

Maybe I was just tired. Maybe I was... hallucinating?

"Are you okay?" Alexander moved closer and stroked my hair with one hand. The other, it seemed, he just could not pull away from the baby.

I nodded, verklempt.

"I hope these are happy tears," he whispered. And as his thumb moved across my cheek to catch the drops that had fallen from my eyes, I was overcome with another sudden rush of his emotions.

"Oh my god," I whispered, letting the tears fall freely now; there was no more holding them back.

I was not sobbing, or weeping, I was just feeling. Feeling how deeply Alexander loved me and our baby. It was tremendous, his love for us. It was overwhelming.

"This is weird. Something strange is happening, Alex."

"What's going on? Are you sure you're okay?"

Alexander took his hand away from my cheek, and that helped. I breathed a sigh of relief. I could still feel his energy, but it was less intense, less bodily, when he wasn't making skin-to-skin contact with me.

"I think since I gave birth, I... have developed a new ability."

He did a double-take. He'd been looking at the baby for a second, distracted by her. Until he realized what I had just said. And then he straightened his spine, intrigued. "What kind of ability?"

"Just now, when you were touching me, I... perceived your emotions."

He smiled. And chuckled, once. "Really?"

I nodded.

The baby began darting her big blue eyes back and forth from me to Alexander while we talked. She looked very curious about what we were saying.

"And... what did you perceive that I was feeling?"

"It was only... love. Deep love."

I always believed Alexander when he said, recently and frequently, that he loved me. I believed him. But I could never have known just how much. Not until I felt it for myself.

"Hm. Yes, that was what I was feeling..." He was looking at me very seriously now.

"I'm not really sure what to do with this."

"Can I touch you? Can I hold your hand? Or... you looked overwhelmed, earlier. I don't want to..."

"You can touch me. I think I'm okay now. But I can't take my hands off this lovely little girl."

We grinned at each other, and then down at her.

The baby's pale, tiny eyebrows furrowed questioningly in response to our gaze, making Alex and I both burst into laughter. Her

eyes darted back and forth between us again, apparently intent on figuring out what exactly she was looking at.

She was something else. Quiet, so far. And so attentive.

When I touched her skin again, stroking her little face ever so gently with my fingertip, I got another rush of feelings from her. A much softer one than before. She was sleepy.

"I have an idea," I whispered to Alexander. "For her name."

He lit up. "Okay. Let's hear it."

"I would love to honor your mother," I told him, watching his face change at the mere mention of her. "And name our girl Alexis." She would be, like you said, her own person... have her own identity, but with a little piece of her grandmother's legacy."

"Oh, Fiona. That's..." He swallowed hard. "Yes. I love that."

"I thought that perhaps you could call her Lexi if you like. You had some similar sweet, pretty name ideas. That's what made me think of it."

He swept in to kiss me, and oh, that feeling was strong...

I was going to have to find a way to control this new power of mine, because I could hardly handle touching Alexander right now. His emotions were all wild and surging, like an ocean in storm. He loved, loved, loved me and Lexi, and also, he was feeling... lonely. Like he had been missing me.

So he had felt that chasm, too. The sudden gap that had eroded between us when we were fighting earlier.

"Alex."

He pulled away. "I'm sorry. Was that... really intense for you, with the emotions thing?"

And then the tips of his ears turned red, and his neck flushed red, too. Suddenly self-conscious about my having accessed his emotions, that time around.

"I understand," I assured him. "I had been feeling the same way, actually. Like I'd lost you. I didn't like that, Alex."

Baby Alexis had fallen asleep. She looked more comfortable in the crook of my arm, bundled in her sweet little yellow blanket, than any creature I had ever seen.

"I'm so sorry, Fiona," Alexander whispered. "For everything."

"I know you are."

"You were right, though. I am responsible. I wish that I could take it all back, Fi. If I could, I would..." He hung his head and I felt his energy go deep blue. It was heavy as lead.

It was difficult to stay mad at him when I could literally feel exactly how sincere and sorry he was. I did not want my husband to be in pain. I loved him.

"Thank you for saying that. But I don't know if I really was right. I am still processing those things that we were talking about..." I looked down at the angelic bundle in my arms. "But it doesn't matter so much to me right now. We have more important things to focus on."

"We do." He beamed down at our sweetly sleeping baby. "I love her so much, Fi, I can hardly handle it."

"I know. Me too."

While we had been in the hospital wing, Nina and Kayden had apparently been renovating our bedroom suite.

What used to be Alexander's office, the room that adjoined our bedroom, had been converted into a nursery. His office items, I was told, had been moved to the Alpha King's study.

Now the only things in the room were a beautiful crib, a changing table, a dresser, and a very expensive and comfortable looking rocking chair.

It was a lovely surprise.

We introduced our best friends to baby Alexis. They were both so excited, of course; it was smiles and congratulations all around. And they both hugged me.

And that brief contact with each of them let me in on a whole mess of information about both Nina and Kayden's emotional lives.

Wow. This new power of mine was going to be a whole thing to deal with.