

Chapter 186 I'll Shut Your Mouth

Fiona

I woke to the bedroom door opening. I thought I'd only closed my eyes for a few minutes and almost asked Alexander why he was back so soon.

But when I peeled my tired eyes open I found the room was dark. I'd slept longer than I realized, and still felt very groggy. I tugged on my bedside lamp and saw Alex across the room.

"Sorry to wake you, sweetheart. Have you both been out this whole time?"

I glanced at the baby monitor. "Guess so. Wow, I really needed that." I sat up and shivered; it'd grown cold since the sun set.

"I bet." Alex made his way over to the bed, shrugging off his jacket. He wrapped it around my shoulders.

I let out a comforted moan. The jacket was full of Alexander's warmth and scent. I slid my arms inside and pulled the gigantic garment tight around my body.

He smiled, amused, and took a seat on the edge of the bed. His hands found my legs and started rubbing them.

It'd been a while since I enjoyed one of his massages. I eased back down onto the bed and let Alex pull my feet up into his lap.

I'd lain down to rest in comfortable clothes—a t-shirt, sweater, yoga pants and warm socks. Now Alex was reaching up the legs of my pants and pulling off my socks. I thought he was planning to massage my feet, but instead he surprised me. He pulled one now-bare foot up to his face and kissed the bottom of it.

The surprise of this act, the warmth of his lips, and the little rush of erotic energy I received from the touch contact with Alexander—that all combined into a blast of sudden arousal that surged through the center of my body. My other foot felt some movement under his pants, which further fueled my growing desire.

Alex exhaled heavily, his hands now kneading the arch of one foot while the other lightly wandered over his lap.

"This is a rather pleasant way to be woken up," I muttered dreamily.

Once again he pressed his lips tenderly to the bottom of the foot he'd been massaging. Then he licked the length of it, from heel up, and finally caught a toe in his mouth and sucked on it. The surprisingly strong, almost unbearable sensation forced a gasp from my lips. "Alex..."

He chuckled, a smug smile playing on his lips as he released my toe. He was feeling arrogant right now. Confident and cocky.

He had a right to be. I was loving how sexually aggressive and creative he'd been with me these past few days. He kept finding new ways to please me at every little opportunity we could find to touch each other.

Now he was rubbing my foot all over his face, the stubble of his beard scratching softly at my sensitive skin. My breathing got heavy when he returned to sucking my toes. I reached one hand between my legs to apply some pressure where I was starting to ache; Alex's eyes watched this eagerly.

Then he took hold of my ankles, threw them behind his head and dove between my legs face-first, mashing his lips all over me through the light layer of my now-damp yoga pants. I bit back the scream I would've liked to release, but a moan escaped in its stead.

I believe that was what woke the baby.

She started crying.

Alex pulled away, rocking onto his heels.

"I'll get her." He frowned. "Sorry."

Alex tended to the baby while I freshened up then moved around starting some tea, turning on lights, and tidying up. When the water was ready, I stood by the window steeping the tea and sort of lost myself in thought. I looked out and studied the late evening sky, which was now hastening into the deep blackness of true night.

"Everything okay?" Suddenly Alex, holding Lexi, was right beside me.

"Oh. Yes." I shook my head, tearing out of a reverie.

It was impossible to look at little Lexi when she was bright-eyed and smiling and not smile back. "Hi, baby," I whispered, leaning in to kiss her soft little cheek. She babbled quietly.

When I met Alexander's eyes, he gave me a critical look. Then he darted his eyes to the window. "I don't think we will hear from them tonight," he said, quickly ascertaining what I'd been thinking about so deeply. He moved over to the table and beckoned for me to follow.

I took both teacups with me and set them down at our places. He passed the baby to me when I asked him to; I needed to feed her. And then he elaborated a bit, finally, about what had happened last night.

"We killed a lot of them. It's hard to say exactly how many, since..."

His eyes flicked to the baby. He didn't want to get too gruesome with his story in front of her. I appreciated that.

"I don't know how many more of them have infiltrated our borders and are lying in wait. We must assume the worst, of course; we must assume there are many more. But you don't sustain a loss like that—they lost dozens from their side, while we sustained no casualties—and then run wantonly back into battle the very next day. They are regrouping tonight, I am sure of that. Especially since they are so disabled during the day."

"That make sense. Thank you." That thanks was for the peace of mind he'd given me about our security, at least for tonight. "And... thank you for protecting us, Alex. Not just me and Lexi. Our entire nation. I'm so proud of and grateful for you. Our world would be lost without you leading us. Truly."

Alex's eyes glimmered. He stared into mine and I didn't need to touch him to know what he was feeling. He was aglow with deep satisfaction, my expression of gratitude for his service to our kingdom striking a tender chord. Being a good Alpha King was very, very important to Alexander. That wasn't why I said what I said, though. I said it simply because it was true.

Rather than responding with words, Alex got up and came close to me, bending to press his lips to my forehead.

It was a late night for our little family, but that seemed to be the norm for us. Alex and I gave Lexi a bath, played with and read to her, till finally after midnight she became tired again and we decided it was bedtime for us, too.

It had been a pleasant, even lovely few hours the three of us spent together. But as I changed and moved through my nighttime routine, something began to nag at my mind. I'm not sure what got me started thinking about it, but when I met Alexander in bed and he put his hands onto my body immediately, I had to stop him, because I needed to get this off my chest first.

"Something wrong?" he asked. His voice was quiet – the "baby is sleeping" timbre.

"Sort of." I peeled his hand off my breast and brought it to my face. I planted a kiss on his warm palm. "Just something unpleasant I just started thinking about, something I think we should discuss."

"What is it?"

"Alex, what is your plan for Iris? I did assure her we would not kick her out immediately just because she finally told the truth about your mother's death. But, she also said something that started to make me a little... Well, she said she felt 'comfy' here, and didn't want to leave for that reason. Now, I can understand if it's her special care that you want to provide for her, if that's the reason for her residing in our home right now. But she seems fine, Alex. I have to wonder if she only wants to stay here because she wants to... I don't know, be like a part of our family? And I am not good with that. I don't want her here any longer than is necessary. She clearly has feelings for you, Alex. She cannot stay here forever..."

"Fiona." Alex was looking at me with soft eyes. I'd been rambling, and he was gently trying to stop me. "I understand, baby. I'm sorry about Iris. I will call the doctor and ask her recommendations for Iris's continued care. Then we'll make a plan to get her that care and get her on her way home. Okay?"

I nodded. "Thank you."

He kissed me. Softly, at first. Then he pulled my body in close and moved his tongue into my mouth.

The pleasurable sensation made me moan. Alex pulled back, narrowing his eyes.

"What?"

"You need to watch that," he whispered. Then he pressed his lips to my ear and added, "If you can't be quiet, I'll have to shut your mouth for you."

I really didn't mean to groan, but his words and dominant attitude turned me on. He made good on his promise and roughly clamped a heavy hand over my mouth.

"Shhh!" he hissed. Then he nibbled the edge of my ear and darted his tongue in and out of it, as if daring me to disobey.