

Chapter 189 The Quiet Game

Alexander

Kayden traced an imaginary line with his finger, running it between two circled points on the map. “I think there’s a good chance we’ll find their nest in one of these places. Or close to one of them.”

He had been feeling a lot better, though I forbade him from participating in outdoor training this week. His neck wound was on the mend, but the weather had been cold and damp and the last thing I needed was for my Beta to get sick with an infection before his injury was completely healed.

This gave Kayden more time, anyway, to work on studying and marking up maps of the natural areas that surrounded Blackout Casino. Clearly our enemies were passing their waking nights at the hotel-resort. What we needed to figure out was where they were burying themselves by day.

“You taking proper care of that?” I asked Kayden, using my eyes to point at his neck.

He stared at me, clearly resisting the impulse to roll his eyes. “Yes.”

“When do the stitches come out?”

“Actually, I have an appointment with Dr. Carlsen tomorrow morning.” Kayden’s mouth flickered in and out of a smile.

I knew why. Dr. Carlsen was the emergency room doctor who had sewn up his neck. She also happened to be a rather beautiful woman, who I did observe flirting with Kayden while she was treating his injury at the hospital.

My friend swiveled in my desk chair and rolled away. He covered his grin with one hand and pretended to busy himself on the computer.

“Something going on there?” I asked.

“Nah.”

“Kayden.”

He met my eyes, smiled and shrugged. “I’m just getting my stitches out, Alex.”

“Why can’t you just have the palace doctor do it here?”

“Carlsen put the stitches in, and she made a follow-up appointment to take them out.” He gave me a quizzical look, narrowing his dark eyes. “Seriously, what’s the big deal, Alex?”

The air in the room suddenly felt tense.

Nina was like a sister to Fiona, and she’d become like family to me, too. I was discovering in this moment that I did not enjoy my best friend’s currently cavalier attitude toward his hot-and-cold relationship with her. I was suddenly, rather irrationally, worried he was going to hurt Nina and felt protective of her the way a brother might.

Which was strange—and I’m sure this is what was going through Kayden’s mind right now—because I had pretty recently advised him not to fuck around with Nina at all, believing then that she was playing him.

“Never mind.” I shook my head.

What Kayden and Nina were doing with each other, or with other people, was really none of my business. I decided to leave it alone.

The sounds of Fiona’s and Lexi’s voices were music to my ears. I heard them coming from the nursery as I entered our bedroom.

Fiona had the baby lying on her back on a mat on the floor. She was holding a tiny stuffed bear in one hand and hovering it over the baby, apparently trying to tempt the little one to reach up for her toy. Lexi’s little hands fluttered up and down while she babbled and smiled and focused her big blue eyes on the object of interest.

“Are we playing a game?”

Fiona turned to me and smiled. “Sort of. I hope she sees it that way.” She returned to engaging with the baby but continued talking to me. “I read about this in one of the parenting books. We are practicing hand-eye coordination and developing spatial reasoning.”

Of course. Fiona continued playing her educational game with the baby, finally indulging little Lexi’s desire to hold the bear when it appeared she could no longer tolerate being teased into reaching up for it. I knelt on the floor beside my wife and daughter and joined in the activities with them.

Fiona caught me staring at her and asked, “What?”

“Just admiring you,” I confessed. “You are a very smart and devoted mother. I’m so lucky to have found such a wonderful woman to raise my child with.”

She blushed and averted her eyes, apparently opting against any reply. Fiona was good at many things, but accepting compliments was not one of them.

She put the baby down a little while later, after feeding her. I waited till my wife closed the nursery door carefully behind her and then swept her up into my arms. She pressed her lips together firmly, trying not to laugh at the surprise.

I laid her in bed and covered her body with my own.

“If you want me to be quiet,” she whispered reprovingly, “perhaps you should stop startling me.”

“Oh, but you like my surprises so much.” I trailed my open mouth over the sensitive areas on her neck while greedily breathing in Fiona’s scent. I could feel her throat vibrate with a suppressed sigh of enjoyment. “Good girl,” I whispered into her ear, praising her for swallowing down the sound.

Silently, frantically, she grasped at my shoulder with one hand and the back of my head with the other, digging her fingernails into my skin and scalp. When she pulled hard on my hair, wrenching my head back, I became the one resisting the urge to vocalize with pleasure. I clenched my teeth and gritted through the agony. When I met Fiona’s eyes again, she was smiling up at me wickedly.

We wound up playing a risky little game. Trying to bait each other into making a sound, even though ultimately we both wanted the same result—*notto* wake the baby. I guess with the opportunity to tease and tempt each other, we simply could not resist and got competitive with it. It became a whole thing.

I was determined to win the quiet game. I was sure I could keep a hold of myself longer than Fiona could, and I was going to prove it.

When she sat up to allow me to lift her shirt up and off of her, Fiona took the opportunity to trade me places, abruptly shoving me down to the bed and topping me. Her swollen breasts hung down between us. I reflexively reached around her back and unclasped her bra. She leaned back and shrugged it off.

Her breasts were gorgeous—and larger than ever right now, since she was breastfeeding. I wanted so badly to touch them, but Fiona had told me that her nipples were extremely sensitive right now, to the point of pain, and she’d rather I avoid too much contact with them.

But our game of tease had me feeling daring. I sat upright, easing Fiona’s legs around my waist so that she was straddling my lap. “Do you trust me?” I asked quietly.

My Luna’s pale blue eyes went skeptically narrow. Then a smile tugged at one corner of her lips and she gave a little nod to indicate yes.

Very slowly, I caressed one of her milk-filled breasts with both hands. Fiona began to shake her head at me and winced in expectation of pain. This was just because she found feeding the baby uncomfortable, but I knew that I could provide her with a very different sensation.

“Trust me,” I whispered. I flattened my tongue and pressed it to the rounded inside of her breast and pulled my mouth outward toward the nipple. She pulled my hair, tearing my head back. I stifled a growl as my body started going rigid.

“Careful,” she hissed.

“I’ll be so, so gentle,” I promised.

She glared at me, biting her bottom lip. “Okay. Just don’t suck on them, or I’ll start lactating.” Then, in response to my intense bodily reaction to that last statement, she added, “Oh.”

“If it doesn’t feel good, just tell me and I’ll stop. I think you might enjoy it, though.”

Finally she nodded, agreeing to let me love on her breasts for the first time in a while, and it turns out that I was right. When I started fingering her while continuing to kiss and lick and lightly suckle on her sensitive nipples, she came so hard she couldn’t help but release a half-strangled scream.

I left her in bed to recover, washed my hands quickly and then went to quiet down the awakened baby.

“Where is our babysitter when you need her…” Fiona mumbled into a pillow.

I licked my lips, still tasting her sweet vanilla flavor on my tongue. And I couldn’t help but smile smugly when I glanced over my shoulder and saw my wife crumpled in bed, looking spent from the fast but intense orgasm I’d just given her. I was pleased to have won our game.