

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 16 This Is A Contract Marriage

Fiona

My vision went blurry, and the black spots blinked in and out of my vision. Every ounce of strength seemed to puddle at my feet, drained and gone. I felt myself swaying, and I could not stop myself from falling. The day had been long and full of adversity. I just wanted to go to bed and rest.

As I braced for the fall, a strong arm reached around my waist and pulled me against a rigid body. A body I was familiar with and its sleek heat that ran into me.

I reveled in the euphoria of it needing his strength just then. His heat moved through my veins in a tantalizing caress to gather in my womb. The ache in my body gradually lifted. I collapsed into Alexander's hold, allowing all of my weight to be held by him.

I was so tired I wanted to crawl up his body and have him carry me to our room.

When he brushed my hair and kissed my neck, I wanted to moan in its loveliness. I was confused by Alexander's behavior the night before and became irritated with him. My body quickly betrayed me, rousing to his touch.

"Are you okay, my Dear?" he whispered against my ear.

I shivered with "my Dear." There was such tenderness in it I could almost think he cared about me. I almost smiled but didn't want to get my hopes up. There was much to learn about each other.

Unable to resist or play the cool, calm Luna I was trained to be, I wiggled around to face him, resting my

fingers at the edge of the collar of his shirt, skimming his skin lightly. The gold in his eyes lightened, and a low growl vibrated from his chest. I half smiled, pleased to see I could cause his body to arouse just as quickly as mine.

“I’m only tired,” I said, resting a cheek on his broad chest. His arms wrapped around me then, and we stood holding one another. I listened to his heartbeat and the much faster, quieter one in my womb. I wondered if Alexander was doing the same. For the first time since we had been together, the thought of being a family anchored deep down to my very essence. Could we, in time, become a family? I shook the thought away, knowing the odds were slim. Though it was an excellent thought, one I would hold on to.

He ran a hand over my hair. “Did you eat at all today?”

I bit my lip at that question. Had I? Looking back through the day, I realized I hadn't.

"No, I don't think I did. Now that you ask."

Suddenly, he scooped me up and walked with long strides to where I didn't know, and I didn't care. Being in his arms felt so good I began to fall asleep when he whispered into my ear. "Fiona, we are here."

I blinked open my eyes. Alexander sat me at a worn-out-looking table and bench. People hurried here and there, chopping sounds echoing all around. There were pots and pans of all sizes sprinkled here and there. The room smelled of spices and fresh vegetables, causing my mouth to water. I knew this must be the kitchen. I perked up and watched in wonder. In my family home, we only had two cooks who fought constantly. I only liked going there if they

had gone for the night.

But here, everyone was bowing and excusing each other and laughing. It was a warm and friendly place.

“What would you like to eat?” Alexander asked.

“Everything,” I said, sitting up straight, hands folded in front of me.

He laughed a rich, full sound, and I smiled happily. You need more protein because of the baby and carbs from vegetables and fruit. I will see your diet adjusted to support your needs. I don't think the main cook knows your condition.

It was a small diet for a stronger me and the baby, but it touched my heart, and I was grateful for such kind thoughts.

Alexander found a large plate and strolled around the kitchen, peering into pots, pans, and items on the countertops. He was popping food into his mouth along the way. “Yum”-ing, here and there. All the workers appeared to enjoy him as much as he enjoyed them. It didn’t surprise me to see such loyalty toward him.

Once he circled the room for the third time, he plopped the fullest plate of food I had ever seen in front of me.

“Come, eat up,” he said, popping several grapes into his mouth.

“I can’t eat all that?”

He raised a brow. “You can try.”

I laughed out loud for the first time in months. I almost

didn't recognize it.

Then he handed me some utensils, though he picked at the plate with his fingers. I watched him in a bemused appreciation that he did not apologize for what he was or lacked. He would be a King one day, proud and strong on the throne of King Pack, yet I could see him by a campfire shoveling food into his mouth with his fingers surrounded by men he had fought with and bled with. I couldn't do anything but like this man.

"So, how was your day? Outside of me almost being impaled," I asked with a grin.

He frowned at my joke, and I thought better of it. He was quiet for a moment, so I took the opportunity to apologize to him.

"I want to say I'm sorry for not shifting into my wolf or

even dropping to the ground when the javelin came at me. I have much better instincts than that. I was disappointed in myself for performing so poorly in front of your men. I don't want your men thinking I am a weak Luna. I just haven't been feeling myself lately."

"It is the baby, don't be hard on yourself. It is my fault as well. I know you need my strength near to keep you from going weak. I have done a poor job as an Alpha in that respect. I will do better to make time for you during the day."

I stopped chewing the rice in my mouth and stared at him. I had never heard an Alpha be so accountable for his actions. I swallowed.

He looked away from me and said, "The best time for you to gather strength from me will be at night when we are together."

I reached over and touched his arm. He looked at my hand. “I know. It would be nice to have you sleep beside me tonight. I didn’t like our fight yesterday.”

“I should not have reacted to you that way. It is your right to hold back parts of yourself since this is a contract marriage.”

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