

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 121 Ruck March

Fiona

I was alone in my office preparing some final notes right before the morning meeting when I received another text from my fiancé.

Alexander: How are things going over there so far? You have an idea yet of what time I should expect you back tonight?

I hesitated, thinking over my options.

If I let myself, I could work here all day and all night. There was always more to do. But I had to resist the workaholism and take care of myself at some point.

Before I could stop myself, I texted back and said I'd try to leave by five, so he and I could have dinner together.

I badly needed an evening off. I simply could not be in this office for fifteen-plus hours, two days in a row. Not in the shape I was in right now.

And I was sort of the boss here for the time being. I did not have to do all this work on my own. There was a different approach that I could try.

I asked Gerald, Tavis, and Emmie to stay behind after the meeting was done. These were my three colleagues who had helped me get started on triage yesterday when we first learned about the problems with the project.

"I can't thank you enough," I told them once the rest of the group was out the door. "I couldn't have gotten

back to the client so quickly without your help last night. Thank you for staying so late here with me.”

They all shrugged it off, but I knew that was just professional courtesy.

“Now, I want to talk to you about something before we jump right back into working on the project. The thing is, I am going to continue needing extra help with this, at least until Conrad gets back. I can’t do it on my own. The three of you are all qualified to work directly with this client, you’re all in the know about the project already, and I trust each one of you to make good decisions.”

I saw that I had my colleagues’ rapt attention. I could tell they were pleased with the specific compliments I was paying them.

Hopefully that was enough to butter them up for what

was coming next.

“I need to ask you to stay late again tonight. I understand you have families, and personal lives, and this is a last-minute request. But if you agree to do a few hours of overtime tonight, and each night for the rest of this week, I will make sure that you are compensated for the extra time and effort.”

Gerald was interested immediately. “I’m up for it,” he said. To my surprise, he also added, “Does this mean you, yourself, will do a little less overtime? Because you are here way too much, Fiona.”

“I agree,” Emmie said loudly, totally serious in her tone. “You work too much. Go home on time tonight, please. If we’re staying, you don’t need to.” Tavis bobbed his head up and down.

“That is the idea, yes.” I smiled at the bunch of them.

It was a strange feeling, thinking about my coworkers being concerned about my well-being. I hadn't really realized that they cared.

The four of us worked together in the conference room for the next three hours. The front desk secretary found us there and took our lunch orders. The catering cart arrived, it seemed, mere seconds later.

In theory, a working lunch with four people at a big conference table should work just fine. There was plenty of space for us all to work on our laptops and keep our takeout containers tidy and separate. But this day I found the situation absolutely deplorable.

The smells of all the different hot foods came together into a sickening mixture. Emmie was eating a bowl of chili-spiced noodles, Gerald was slicing into a lemon-scented chicken breast that was plated with several

miscellaneous side dishes, and Tavis had a hot sandwich piled high with pickles and onions. Add to that the slightly fishy smell of my own salmon salad, a dish I ate for lunch almost every day and usually loved, and I was clean out of appetite or any desire to ever put food in my mouth again.

My coworkers were all happy to be eating. I envied their appetites. They continued to talk strategy amongst themselves, sharing information and asking questions and collaborating, in between sometimes-sloppy bites of their lunches. I had to quietly excuse myself.

I walked to the ladies' room at a casual pace. I never wanted to arouse attention around this kind of thing. I made sure all the stalls were empty first, then locked the main door. And then hurried over to a toilet just in the nick of time.

I threw up as quietly as I could, hoping against hope that no one happened to be standing right outside the door while I heaved. When I was sure I was empty I cleaned myself up and made a beeline for my office.

My hands were shaking as I twisted the cap off the prescription bottle. Vomiting sure could make you feel dead tired on a dime. I shuffled out one pill and downed it with some water. And then rested in my desk chair for one minute only, before I forced myself to stand and walk back down the hall and into the smelly conference room, where I simply had to get back to work.

Alexander

“We’re ruck marching today,” I told the pack. I’d met them in the gym instead of the field.

I felt the energy of their reactions. Most of the men

were excited. A ruck march was a good challenge, one that had a tendency to make you feel weightless and powerful by the time you were done.

But it was a punishing and painful activity. I caught a couple guys fighting a grimace as I paced back and forth at the front of the group, scanning their faces, reading their reactions. Maybe those soldiers had woken up in rough shape and weren't ready for such a grueling workout today.

Those were the ones that needed this the most. They'd probably be sick a few hours in. They'd remember this morning later and wouldn't want to duplicate it in the future.

We stretched first, then loaded up and strapped ourselves into our rucksacks. They were full of weights and water. At least fifty pounds on each man's back. We headed off across the length of the

training field in the yellow sun of morning, all the way out into the damp shade of the pine forest.

The feeling of all the weight pulling on my body, trying to drag me down into the earth, daring me not to give way underneath it—that was a good feeling for me. I loved it. I thrived under pressure, and this was as literal and direct pressure as you can get. A hundred pounds of pressure that I had to fight with full awareness with every single step I took over the rough terrain of the forest.

Yes, my own rucksack was a lot heavier than those all the others were carrying. That was to accommodate for my larger mass and greater lifting strength, so that we were all feeling a pretty equal challenge as we marched on through the woods laden with desperately heavy packs on our shoulders.

We marched through the thickest, densest part of the

forest, uphill most of the way, for three hours.

We took only one short break. The men rehydrated with water from their packs. I had them replace the lost weight with stones collected from the forest floor.

Once we were back in the training field, I called the King Pack to a halt.

They moved quickly into formation, expecting an address.

“Caldwell. And Jacob. Stay behind. Everyone else, you’re dismissed.”

Those were the two men with whom I needed to intervene. The ones that supposedly wound up beating each other in public a couple weeks ago.

Caldwell was a strong soldier who had served with

me and Kayden for eight years. He was a Gamma warrior, one of the lieutenants I trusted to assist with training new recruits. Kayden and I had both been quite surprised to learn that he'd been involved in the incident.

The other man, Jacob, was a young warrior who had joined the pack only the year prior. One of the two men I had interviewed months ago regarding that letter from Fiona's father that he and another soldier delivered to me, after allegedly stumbling upon it on the palace grounds.

"You two are going back out," I told the pair. "Refill your water and then get your packs back on. March that same trail we all just walked together one more time, just the two of you. Head out now. We'll talk when you get back."

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Chapter 122 Heart Eyes



Fiona

I was back in my office already when Conrad called.

“You still doing alright over there?” he asked, loud and fast-talking as ever.

“Yes and no,” I answered. “Things are fine, yes. We’re handling it. But we hit a snag with the expansion project. And by snag, I mean a dead stop. It’s a huge problem, actually.”

“Yes,” he said. “I heard.”

I wondered if he heard about this from my fiancé, the owner of the company and the man with whom I'd chatted about my work problems over breakfast this morning. Could just as easily have been any of the other, many people the CEO regularly communicated with here. It didn't really matter either way. But I wondered.

"I'm coming back earlier than I told you last," Conrad continued. "I will be back by Friday. I still need you running the meeting that morning, of course. I'm not sure what time I will be able to get into the office, and I wouldn't be prepared anyway. But I will see you in the afternoon and we can debrief then."

What a freaking relief.

"That's great." I did my best to hide how deeply I meant that, trying to sound flatly professional instead.

“Anything you need from me in the interim?” he asked.

“Actually, yes.”

Here it was. I’d been a bit daring when I offered my coworkers monetary compensation for their pledged overtime. It was not something I had been authorized to do. And now I just needed to actually make it happen.

I just hadn’t been able to stomach the idea of standing before my equals – salaried employees with no incentive to work fifteen, sixteen hour days – and demanding they put their personal lives on hold simply because I was telling them to do so. I had to reward them for their labor. It was the right thing to do as a person in a leadership position, temporary or otherwise. After all, I very well knew how physically

punishing it could be to work such long hours day over day. And how badly it felt, sometimes, to know that you were not actually being compensated for all that extra effort.

I summoned all my confidence and told Conrad what I needed, as directly as I could.

“I created a task force to deal with the problem,” I said. “Gerald, Emmie, Tavis. They stayed late with me last night so that we could get a plan in place and draft a proposal, which I was able to deliver to the client by sunup this morning.”

“Great.”

“And I asked them to commit to working some long nights for the rest of this week as well. They all agreed. We’ve got a lot of work to do but the client is as happy as they can be, and I intend to keep it that

way.”

“Sounds like you have a handle on it. What is it that you need from me?”

“I need to get the team a bonus, or something like that. They need to be rewarded for all the extra time they’re putting in. They’re doing a great job, by the way. And I am sure they will continue to do so.”

“Great. I’ll write the checks on Friday. Anything else?”

Well. That was easier than I expected.

“Thanks. No, that was all I needed. I guess I’ll see you Friday. You have anything else for me?”

“Yes...” His voice sounded distracted and far away for a moment. I got the feeling he was in the car and had me on speaker. “You should consider hiring yourself

an assistant,” he said. “Why don’t you go ahead and get the ball rolling on that?”

I was alone in my office, so I let my face do what it wanted. My eyes went wide with a feeling of bewilderment. I wanted to say, “Really?”

Instead I said, “Okay.”

“Call HR. They can get a posting up and assign a recruiter to screen applicants.”

Conrad was gone the second I said goodbye to him. I wondered if he meant to hang up without bidding me any farewell in response, or if he’d accidentally hit a button on his car dashboard too soon. He was a little hit-and-miss with tech savviness. And patience.

The medication worked well enough. I was able to retrieve my salad from the breakroom fridge a couple

hours later and managed to choke it down and keep it down.

I felt cold, though, and tired. Just still not quite right. I was drafting a boring email when I spaced out for a moment and had a vivid fantasy of my and Alexander's big, comfy bed... sliding underneath the silky sheets and curling up with my big warm Alpha.

Which reminded me...

I decided to take a little break. I got up and locked my office door, then took out my phone to check and see if Alexander had sent me something yet.

Yes. He had sent me a picture of himself. And what a picture it was.

He was fresh out of the shower in a bathroom mirror selfie. His long hair was damp. His sculpted golden

body glistened with moisture. He was naked save for a towel slung low on his hips.

I could tell he had just been working out, because all the chiseled muscles on his big arms and chest were swollen, positively bulging. He wasn't looking at the camera or smiling. His freshly shaved jawline looked impossibly angular, like the profile of a god sculpted out of marble.

I no longer felt cold. In an instant I was warm all over instead.

Looking at the unbelievable picture he'd just sent me, my wolf brain could only think one thought: Alexander really was a god.

I'd thought that the very first time I ever saw him, too. Come to think of it, he actually looked a lot like he did in the photo, that first time we met in the hotel...

squeaky clean, half naked, coolly confident, impossibly gorgeous.

I had no idea how to reply to this. I loved the image and quickly typed out a crude one-word response that seemed like the only way to summarize my honest reaction. He sent a winking face back, and then said it was my turn.

I tried not to think of it as a competition – how could I match his offering? – and finally did the damn thing. I touched up my lipstick, ran my hands through my hair to give it some extra volume, and snapped about a dozen selfies. I scrolled through and deleted the great majority of them. And then sent the two that felt acceptable, before I could overthink it.

He responded first, to my great amusement, with a string heart-eyes emojis.

Alexander: Absolutely gorgeous. Thank you for this. I needed it.

And then came an unwelcome knock on my door that snapped me right back down to earth.

I told Alexander I had to go and that I'd text him later, flipped my phone upside down and crossed the room to open the door. I held a hand to my cheek; I was flushed.

"Just a moment," I called out calmly. I paused to retrieve a bottle of water from my desk and took a couple sips, trying to cool down.

Fortunately it was just Gerald at the door, and he didn't look suspicious at all about my delay when I finally let him in. He was apologetic for interrupting me, got to his question quickly and out of my hair just as fast once I'd given him a decision on the matter

with which he'd needed my help.

I resisted the temptation to look at the photo of Alexander again when I was alone in my office once more. I put my phone away in the drawer instead. I could pick up with that fun distraction later, after I got some more things done. It was good to have a treat to look forward to later, anyway.

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Chapter 123 Rage



Alexander

I heard a familiar chuckle and looked up to find

Kayden smirking at me. “Should I ask?”

My Beta had caught me looking down at my phone while walking over to meet him. I’d been setting one of the pics Fiona sent me as her contact photo.

“You should not.” I locked my phone and slid it into my pocket. “Ready for this?” I jerked my head in the direction of Iris’s room, and we started walking that way.

Kayden shrugged. “Let’s just hope she’s in a good mood today.”

She was.

Iris beamed when she answered the door. Her “hellos” were light and cheerful. She was ready to go and quick to scoot out of her room for our lunch appointment.

Earlier in the week, I'd asked the palace staff to bring her some new clothes. I figured she could use them. I kind of forgot that I'd done that until I saw her standing there in a still casual but much smarter outfit than I'd ever seen her wear before. I almost did a double-take at the sight.

"You look great today," I said. "How are you feeling?"

"I feel good." She blushed and looked away.

For a split second there, she reminded me of the old Iris. The quiet, innocent Iris I remembered from long ago, when we were teenagers.

"Real good," she continued. "You guys... you're so smart. I was being dumb before, and I'm real sorry about that. It's just cuz I was in pain, you know... But anyway, I did wind up doin' what you said, Kayden."

“And what’s that?” he asked.

“I went to the library. I still can’t read, of course! But I thought maybe it’d be pretty to look at. Before, you see, I never got to explore the palace. Took me a minute to feel like I was alright to do that now, you know? Different, living here, not being a servant anymore... Anyway, I went to see what the library was like, just to finally do that—explore.”

“And how’d you like it?”

“Oh, it was beautiful! So nice. And a worker, a nice lady I met in there, she showed me all these books about art. They’ve got pictures, you see. Of paintings, statues, all kinds of things. I been sitting and looking at those for some of the time.”

“That’s wonderful, Iris. I’m glad you’re settling in.” I

offered her an encouraging smile.

The difference in both her appearance and affect today was staggering. I was grateful to see her like this, but cautious not to be too hopeful. It remained to be seen if this change would be lasting.

“You know,” she said, her voice going quiet. “I really like these nice clothes you sent me, Alexander.”

“It’s no trouble at all.”

“Mm-hmm. And I was thinking, if it’s not too much trouble, could I ask you for another thing, too?”

“Sure.” We reached the dining room and went inside, meeting the fragrances of the meal I’d asked the staff to prepare for the three of us. “What do you need?”

“I was thinking, looking at all the art books, that

maybe I could try doing that myself. Painting, I mean. Is that something you could get me, some painting things?”

I smiled. “Of course. I’ll have some art supplies ordered right away.”

“You are wonderful,” she said, grinning. I noticed that she often skipped over the simple words “thank you” when it seemed apparent that’s what she was trying to say.

Iris having a hobby seemed like a good thing. And it occurred to me that painting was often employed as a therapeutic activity. Maybe this could help my charge calm her troubled mind, in addition to keeping her hands from falling idle.

Kayden and I escorted Iris back to her room after lunch, and then he and I headed into the city together.

I had three meetings this afternoon at three different locations, and I'd scheduled them, ambitiously, in rapid succession. The idea had been to handle these obligations quickly and get back to the palace with time to spare for pack business and Fiona.

I wound up running late coming out of the very first of the three meetings. But Kayden made the impossible happen and still got me to the second on time. I even got to the third one a few minutes early.

"The kid needs a break," Caldwell said. "And you and I should speak alone, anyway."

I'd met him and Jacob in the center of the training field. Cal had reached out, mindlinked me when they were close. Kayden and I were just pulling up in the palace parking lot at the time, and I'd headed straight to the courtyard to wait on their arrival.

Caldwell had a fighting look in his eyes. This full day of forced marching had my Gamma warrior channeling a kind of strength he hadn't needed to access in a while. The younger soldier at his side was his perfect foil, standing upright but only just barely and pale-complexioned like he'd been ill.

But Jacob was looking over at his superior officer with clear respect and gratitude. The energy between the two men had changed a great deal. That's what I had been hoping for when I'd sent them back into the forest this morning to suffer a few hours of punishment together.

“Dismissed, Jacob.”

He inclined his head to me, as much of a bow as he could muster with his weighted pack still strapped to his back. His legs were shaking, making his whole

hulking frame tremble.

Caldwell held out his hand; Jacob unstrapped his pack and handed it over.

“So, let’s have it,” I said, once Jacob was growing small in our view, crossing the length of the courtyard on unsteady feet. “What the fuck happened, Cal? And why didn’t you bring it to me immediately?”

His mouth was a flat line. “I’ve got no good excuse for that. There’s a reason, but it’s no good. I should have talked to you the day you got back.”

“And what’s that reason?”

“I think it’s best I start from the beginning... answer your first question first.”

I took Jacob’s rucksack from him, motioned for Cal to

follow and started slowly back toward the palace.

“Some of the guys, when you and Kayden weren’t here... they got all excited over this idea. Someone got the message started that we should all go out for Alder’s birthday—that was the day this all went down—and they got all riled up about it... a few of us tried to turn it around, but in the end I went along, thinking I could be some kind of chaperone. That obviously didn’t work out the way I thought it would.”

“Was it Alder’s idea to go out?”

“No, sir...” Cal paused to clear his dry throat. “I don’t know where the idea first came from. But it was this whole thing about ‘everyone’ has to go, everyone’s gotta be there. Sounds dumb, a bunch of grown men giving in to peer pressure, but it was almost like a mob mentality. A few of the other Gammas, they were pushing just as hard as the young guys, saying this

was our one chance to cut loose.”

I interrupted to get specifics; I wanted to know who said what exactly. Cal answered my questions as best he could.

“And then what happened at the club?”

He sighed. “Drinking, first of all. A fucking lot of drinking.”

“You included?”

He looked away and tightened the straps of the heavy pack on his back. “Yeah. I didn’t go as hard as most of the other guys, I was still kidding myself that I was keeping an eye on them. But I got distracted, had a few more than I should’ve.”

His upper lip twitched. Cal was trying hard to keep his

face firm despite the temptation to frown or indulge in some other display of emotion.

“Then what?”

“Then... some of the guys were at the bar, the rest were upstairs at a table with some girls. I'd just gotten a beer and was going up to join the guys in the upper level. I don't think Jacob would've kept running his mouth in front of me, if he'd seen me. But I was behind him.”

Cal was getting slower to speak. I could feel fear in the air around him.

“Jacob was loaded. Drunk out of his mind. And saying, well... he was talking some shit on you.”

Instantly the match was lit; my anger was aflame. I let the fire start to burn inside, but kept my cool on the

outside. For now.

“Tell me what he said.”

“He said... that you’re keeping a girl on the side. And, uh, made some crude remarks, some... speculations of a sexual nature... both about that... alleged... girl... and about your fiancée as well.”

This was why he hadn’t reported the incident to me sooner. And why he’d insisted on telling me the story without Jacob nearby. He didn’t want me to hurt him.

I guess Cal knew me pretty well.

I was already visualizing dragging Jacob out here by the neck and beating the shit out of him.

He’d challenged my authority and undermined me in front of the pack. That would have been enough of a

problem on its own.

But hearing that one of my own men had disrespected Fiona like that... that fell like gasoline onto the licking flames of my anger and made it rage.

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[THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

Chapter 124 Tell Me How You'll Touch Me



“And then what happened?” I heard my voice changing, getting louder and deeper. My skin was flushed, hot with anger.

Cal blew air out the side of his mouth. “I had him pinned on the ground, next thing I knew. I was telling

him off. But he fought me pretty good. Kid may be dumb as a box of rocks, but he's built like an ox."

"Who won?"

"I did. I had him half choked out by the time the bouncers were on top of us. We're lucky they didn't call the cops. We all got the fuck out fast after they intervened."

"I heard there were members of another pack involved. What about that?"

"I heard about that, too. Afterwards. Sounds like some other wolves that happened to be at the club saw the fight breaking out and wanted to get in the mix. I didn't see any of that, though. I was pretty wrapped up with Jacob. Some of the others kept those guys from getting up to where we were."

He was skirting around telling me which pack the other men were from.

“Which pack, Cal?”

Finally he met my gaze again. His eyes had gone small. “Hellhounds.”

I needed a few seconds before I could respond.

The Hellhounds were a pack that I would sure as shit rather not have anything to do with.

They were nothing but trouble. Filthy rich but low-class lovers of mayhem with a long lineage in organized crime. Their Alphas were notorious for shuffling in and out of prison. They ran the show inside the prisons, too—mob bosses, you might call them.

I ran a hand down the length of my face, trying to find my bearings. I felt like I'd suddenly learned I was aboard a ship at sea.

“And you didn't think I needed to know this, Cal?”

“I fucked up. And the more time that passed, the harder it got to know how to tell you.” The broad-shouldered Gamma warrior started to shiver slightly. An effect of fear pressing in on fatigue.

“What else do you know about that? How things left off with the Hounds?”

“Nothing. That's all I know.”

I still had Cal on his feet, strapped into his rucksack while I shouldered Jacob's. We were some fifty yards off from the palace when I brought us to a stop.

I could see now that I had an even bigger mess on my hands here than I could have imagined. My mind started making a list of clean-up tasks to do.

First priority was figuring out where things stood with the Hellhounds. And doing whatever damage control that situation required.

And I needed to find out, too, which of my men's wildfire idea it had been to pressure the whole pack to go out partying like that in the first place. Leaving our fortress unguarded was an act that on its own was reckless, needless and indefensible.

Someone had set that scheme in motion. I needed to find out who.

Fiona

I was running late for dinner with Alexander, and for

no good reason. I'd just lost track of time doing an end-of-day email check.

I texted him when I was finally in the elevator heading downstairs, told him I was on the way and gave him my ETA. Then I switched my phone off silent and turned the ringer up, so I'd hear when he replied.

The notification chimed a few minutes into the drive.

He said: Good. I can't wait to see you.

I smiled. The truth was that I was itching to see Alexander, too. But I'd never admit something so cloying.

Instead I wrote: You just want to... see me? Nothing else?

I bit my lip while waiting for a response.

It came quickly.

Alexander: I want to see you. And smell you. And touch you and tease you...

I held back a sound that wanted out of my throat, but my mouth fell open anyway.

I glanced at the driver. His eyes were on the road as we merged into highway traffic. He was paying me no attention.

I'd delayed, giving my Alpha time to send another line.

Alexander: I want to push your legs apart and sit between them...

He was killing me with this.

And my guard was dropping now that I was out of the office. I might not have been completely alone in the car, but the dim light of the backseat and the distracted chauffeur offered at least an illusion of privacy.

I texted: Yes please to everything.

Alexander: I want to taste you, too.

Me: I want to touch you all over.

Alexander: Yeah? Where?

I found myself running a hand through my hair. Then down my throat.

I scrolled back up to study the pic he'd sent earlier.

Me: I'll start with that big strong chest of yours.

Alexander: ...and then?

Me: And then your arms

Alexander: Tell me how you'll touch me.

Me: Soft at first... then harder...

Alexander: You know I like that.

Me: I know some other places you like me to touch you, too...

Alexander: Touch me anywhere you want, baby.

I could not explain why that – him calling me “baby” – sent an electric shock right through my body. But it did.

Me: Tell me more things you wanna do to me... I was enjoying that...

Alexander: I want to make you come.

My heart started pounding.

Alexander: I'll make your whole body shake.

Somehow, that seemed close to happening already. I was wildly aroused. I cracked the window, needing some cool air on my face.

“Everything alright, Miss?”

Great—I'd caught the driver's attention.

“Fine,” I told him. “Just a little warm.”

When we finally arrived at the palace, the driver

parked and got out, ready to come around and open my door.

But the door opened surprisingly fast.

That was not the driver.

Alexander held one hand out, all formal and chivalrous. I took it and let him guide me out of the car.

“Hi,” I said, surprised.

He smirked. “Told you I couldn’t wait.”

Alexander carried my briefcase with one hand and held my hand with the other as we walked to our room. He kept bringing my hand up to his mouth and nibbling on my fingers, forcing me to smile.

I got myself settled in fast once we were inside. Freshened up in the bathroom and ditched my work clothes in a hurry, and changed into a silky black slip-style nightgown.

Alexander got the message when he saw me walking back out into our room, dressed for bed early. He started sloughing off the layers of his suit right away. I climbed into bed and relaxed back against the pillows.

“So you liked the picture, huh?” He slid his tie off and starting unbuttoning his shirt.

I got lost gawking at the live version that I now had in front of me, watching as Alexander’s muscular chest was becoming visible in increments. “Did you do some kind of crazy workout today?” I asked.

“I asked you a question first.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yes. I liked it very much. But I think you already knew that.”

One side of Alexander’s perfect lips curled up proudly. He unbuttoned the sleeves of his crisp white shirt and peeled it off. It looked unusually snug on his swollen arms.

Then he leapt up into the bed in a flash, pouncing on top of me playfully. He was so strong, but so careful. So expertly in control of every one of those tremendous muscles.

“I did get a decent workout this morning,” he said dismissively. His body was thrumming with power and energy. “Why? You think I look good?”

“Mm-hmm.” His golden skin was hot to the touch. I ran my hands all over his mountainous chest, starting my touch feather-light like I’d promised. His strength

and heat coursed into my body with a shiver. “You look huge,” I murmured dreamily.

He had his arms wrapped all around me in the next second. His big hands touched and squeezed me all over, his grip strong and edging on painfully tight. He kissed my neck, burying his face in my hair and sniffing at it greedily.

I stroked the round muscles of his shoulders, tracing their shape. I was getting wetter, the muscles of my own body becoming tenser with every touch on his. Then I dug my nails into the hard flesh of his biceps and pulled down hard—scratching the full lengths of his arms.

The sound that came from his throat was halfway between a growl and a purr. He let himself enjoy the feeling for only a second. Then he grabbed my hands and swiftly pinned them over my head.

“You want to touch me?” he asked, his face an inch from mine.

“Yes...” My eyes lingered on his lips.

“How badly?”

I groaned, frustrated. “Very badly...”

He smiled down at me wickedly, still holding me immobile. Then he returned his lips to my neck. Light kisses gave way to harder kisses. And then to little nips with his sharp teeth. Each bite had me gasping.

“Why do you always tease me so much?” These words just came out, breathy and senseless. I wasn’t expecting a good answer.

Alexander chuckled. Then he pressed his lips against

my ear and said, “Because it makes you come harder.”

Suddenly I was not just wet; I was drenched. And trembling down to my bones.

I had a feeling he was about to prove himself right.

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[THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

Chapter 125 Black Eye



Alexander had reduced me to begging.

I tried my damndest to wrestle my wrists free, an effort I knew would be unsuccessful. He laughed

darkly under his breath. And tightened his grip on my wrists.

“Don’t forget,” I said between heavy breaths. “You’ve already been teasing me all day.”

“Are you saying you’ve had enough?”

He brought his mouth dangerously close to mine. I could feel his breath on my lips.

The look in his honey-gold eyes was serious and intense. The smirk had fallen off his lips. His eyes flicked daringly back and forth from my lips to my eyes, then down and back again.

A different kind of shiver rattled through me now. He was threatening to break our rule and kiss me on the mouth.

I'd left a question unanswered...

"Yes..."

"Yes what?"

"Stop teasing me. I've had enough."

"You sure?"

"Yes. I want you inside me. Now."

He growled quietly, saying, "hmm..." and finally released my wrists. My hands flew back to his body, feeling him up like it was their purpose for existence.

"I don't know," he said. "I think you could take a little more."

He pushed my nightgown up the length of my body. I

put my arms back up over my head to let him pull it off. Then he sat back on his heels, unbuttoning his pants and looking my body up and down. He licked his lips.

Now I could see, as he finally stripped his last layers of clothing off, how ready Alexander was for this torment to end as well.

“God, fuck me already,” I demanded, once he was naked and returning his hands and full attention to my body.

“Let me just see if you’re really ready,” he said teasingly. He cradled one of my breasts, running his thumb across the hard nipple. My back arched reflexively with the pleasure of the touch. He met my eyes and gave me more of that wicked smile. Then he performed this same test on the other breast. And grinned while he watched me react.

“Please, Alex...”

He brought his lips back to my ear while sliding a hand between my legs. He trembled when he felt how wet I was.

“Please what?” he whispered. “Say it one more time.”

“Fuck me. Please.”

I watched his mood turn serious again as he brought his hand to his mouth and licked his fingertips, tasting me.

“Okay baby,” he said. “How do you want it?”

“Hard.” I was done playing around.

He rolled me onto my side and sidled up behind me,

pressing all light and air out from between my backside and his front. And then, with one hand gripping my thigh and the other pulling my hair, he pressed his hot, wet lips to my neck and gave me what I'd been asking for.

I decided that he had been right. All that teasing and torture felt worth it when I came, screaming; it did hit me hard tonight, and it lasted a long time. My limbs decided they didn't work for me anymore. All they did was shudder and try to make me levitate.

I was still riding out what could have been called multiple orgasms but really felt like one very long, ebbing and flowing experience of deep pleasure, when Alexander had his own big finish. He slid out of me and collapsed at my side when he was done, his touch going tender as he laid a lazy arm across my stomach.

I kept twitching all over with little aftershocks for several minutes longer.

“You okay, Fiona?” Alexander whispered, stroking my hair. Actually, maybe he was trying to untangle himself from it. I was in a daze.

I laughed. “Yes. I am very okay. I just might need another minute before I can function again.”

It felt good to feel famished.

Ever since I'd gotten pregnant, my relationship to food had gotten complicated. My appetite was always up and down. And lately so many smells made me unreasonably revolted.

But I guess satisfying sex can work well to rustle up an appetite.

We had dinner delivered to the room so that I wouldn't have to get dressed again. I just slipped back into my nightgown after taking a quick rinse in the shower.

Alexander set dinner places at our café table.

Mysteriously, he'd also somehow acquired a white rose; that resided in a slender vase in the table's center.

"How was your day?" I asked, after I'd droned on and on about my own day for so long I was tired of the sound of my own voice.

"It was fine," he said. "Busy."

There was certainly more. He hesitated, reflecting.

"I wanted to tell you that I saw my lawyer yesterday. I met with him to review a summons to testify against Scarlet in her embezzlement trial."

“Oh. And when will that be?”

“I’m not sure. The trial starts next week. I also talked to my attorney about something else while I was there, though. Your idea about going after some publicity. I wanted to get his opinion.”

“And what did he have to say?”

“He thinks I should wait till the trial’s over. He’s worried if I do an interview before then, they’ll try to press me for information about the case.”

“Hm. Well, it makes sense that he would say that.”

Alexander looked surprised. “You agree with him?”

I shook my head. “Not particularly. But I’m not your lawyer.”

He raised an eyebrow, asking me to say more.

“Risk aversion is that man’s job. Lawyers would love it if their clients never talked to anyone. I’m exaggerating, but you know what I mean. Your attorney is doing what you pay him for, giving you that advice. But it doesn’t mean he’s right. He doesn’t know you like I do.”

Alexander considered this. “And what exactly is it you know about me that my attorney does not?”

I pursed my lips against a smile. “I know you to be capable of great restraint,” I said. “I can’t see you being tricked into slipping up in an interview. But if you are not sure, just wait on it for now. When the timing is right, you’ll know.”

Alexander

It didn't take long after eating for Fiona to curl back up into bed, get cozy, and crash out.

I was pleased with myself. For pleasing her so well, and then getting her to eat a good meal and go to bed early.

I tucked the covers tightly around her shoulders and made sure Fiona was sound asleep. Then I got dressed and crept out of the room as quietly as I could.

I met the pack in the weight room.

"We're done working out for today," I told the group. "No p.m. run or strength training tonight. But you've got homework. Stretch. Take an ice bath if you're hurting from the march. I expect you all in fighting shape tomorrow morning. Get to bed early tonight if you need the rest. Hydrate. And absolutely no

alcohol.”

The mention of alcohol started some of the men looking squirrely. They knew what I had been digging into these past couple days.

“Jacob, stay behind. The rest of you are dismissed.”

The others couldn't flee the room fast enough. I exchanged a quick glance with Kayden, and then he also left. Leaving just me and Jacob alone.

The young soldier made his way to the front of the room, approaching cautiously. He stopped his feet when he was about three yards away from where I stood. And dropped, heavily, to his knees.

“I'm sorry, Alpha Alexander,” he said to the floor.

“What for?”

He dragged his eyes up to meet mine. “The disrespect I showed you. It’s no excuse, but I hope you know deep down I didn’t mean any of it, it was the booze talking. And that’s my fault, I shouldn’t have—”

I held a palm up to stop him.

“Tell me what you said.”

“I—uh, I thought maybe Caldwell had told you already, Sir...”

“I want to hear it from you. I want to hear exactly what you said. Tell me. Word for word.”

He looked back down to the floor, his mouth opening and closing soundlessly a few times.

“Stand up and look at me.”

He jumped to his feet and met my gaze. His eyes were wide with fear.

“I won’t say this again. Tell me exactly what you said about my Luna.”

Jacob’s face flushed crimson. “I don’t remember exactly cuz I was drunk, Sir...”

“You remember. Stop stalling.”

“I said... I said I bet she, that your Luna, since she’s pregnant, maybe she can’t take it so rough anymore...” Jacob paused, looking like he might vomit. “And I said, maybe that’s what you need the other girl for.” His Adam’s apple jumped up and down in his throat as he swallowed anxiously.

I held some still silence. Let him get a little more

scared.

And then I hit him. Just one good punch. A right hook to the left eye.

He went down. Hit the floor, making it shake.

I stepped close and crouched down. Looked the man squarely in his good eye.

“Pull yourself together, soldier. Make yourself into something I can be proud of, and we’ll call this finished.”

“Yes, Sir,” Jacob answered eagerly.

“If I find out you’ve said another word about Fiona, though,” I added quietly, “you will be learning the real meaning of pain. This is your one and only warning. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Sir.”

His eye was swollen shut already. Red and purple swells bloomed out around the socket as I watched.

That eye would be black for a good long while.

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