

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 141 Seeing Stars

Fiona

“Monday already.” I silenced my first alarm and rolled back into Alexander’s arms.

He laughed quietly.

“What’s funny?”

“I’ve never heard you complain about getting up for work before.”

I sighed. “That’s because I love my work. But this weekend just went by too fast.”

Alexander pressed his lips to my forehead. “I know. How are you feeling this morning?” His hand slid down to my stomach and rested there. I could feel my

Alpha's strength and energy pulsing into me under his touch.

"I feel... fine."

"Hmm." His morning voice was deep and grumbly. "I would rather you feel... good."

"Well, I did set my alarm early so that we'd have some time together."

One of his hands was on my rear almost immediately. His body slipped close to mine, sliding easily over our gold silk sheets, and he pushed my legs apart with one of his knees.

"You have twenty minutes," I told him sternly.

My "must-get-up" alarm would go off in half an hour. I was factoring in a few minutes for recovery.

He smirked. “I can work with that.”

“And remember...”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be gentle.”

Then he disappeared under the covers and positioned himself between my legs. He eased my hips open gently with a pleasurable stretch, and I felt his hot breath panting on my inner thigh.

I closed my eyes, lying back and scooting my hips down into a comfortable position, and soon with a little jolt I felt his lips on my skin, laying gentle kisses that trailed from my thigh down to my center.

I moaned, and my hands drifted into his hair. It was tangled from sleep, the texture soft and rough at the same time, and felt good between my fingers.

I was aching with impatience by the time he finally placed his tongue where I wanted him to. And shortly after he did, my hips lifted of their own accord and started grinding into his face. The pressure felt so good it had my core tightening and my limbs shivering.

Alexander growled and tensed his grip on my body, extremely aroused by my behavior. He let me press his face against myself as hard as I wanted, and started moving his tongue in a counter rhythm as best he could. Then he found my center by touch and pressed his tongue as far as it would go inside me.

I was vaguely aware that my feet were on Alexander's back, my thighs contracting involuntarily around his head. I worried for a second that I'd suffocate him, but also felt like I had no control over what my body was doing.

He just kept giving and giving to me though, till an electric shock of pleasure struck me hard under his mouth. My back arched convulsively and I screamed out something about him being a god.

Then, after who knows how long, I had to suddenly push him away forcefully, so overloaded on sensation I was about to start seeing stars.

My intercom beeped once; the front desk was paging me.

I pressed the button to open the line and greeted the receptionist.

“Hello, Fiona,” she replied. “Your seven o’clock is here.”

“Thank you. Send them in, please.”

I glanced at the time on my smart watch. It was two minutes till the hour.

I’d scheduled my assistant interviews for the early morning, starting them only an hour after I got into the office. It was a test for punctuality and preparedness. I had two of my candidates coming in this morning and the other two scheduled tomorrow at the same hour.

I saw my interviewee nearing as she paced down the hall. She was a young woman with a short blonde ponytail, wearing an olive green skirt suit and some cute, eccentric costume jewelry.

“Hello.” I stood and met the young woman at the door and shook her hand. “I’m Fiona. Welcome in and please take a seat.”

“Thank you. I’m Halley. I’m so, so grateful for the chance to interview with you.”

Her voice warbled with nerves.

I gave Halley a polite smile. It was fine that she was nervous, I thought to myself—as long as she also could show me that she could overcome the nerves quickly.

Unfortunately, her voice only got shakier every second she sat in my office. Halley did not answer my questions to my satisfaction, either. It wasn’t so much that her answers were wrong... she just constantly hedged and second-guessed herself.

I felt like I was putting her out of her misery when I wrapped up the interview after only about ten minutes.

This was a nice young woman with good qualifications, but she did not have the confidence I was looking for. I needed someone who was ready to hit the ground running in a fast-paced job and did not need to be coddled.

I walked Halley to the door of my office and kept a professional smile plastered on my face until she was out of sight.

Back at my desk, I took the resume pile out of my top drawer.

I took Halley's off the top and tossed it in the wastebin under my desk.

Hopefully the next candidate was about to be more impressive.

“Your seven-thirty, Miss Fiona.”

“Send them in.”

And here came contestant number two, arriving a full five minutes early: a tall, thin, solemn faced and soft spoken man I'd place in his mid-twenties.

When he shook my hand, he gave me a once-over. Looked me straight up and down, head to toe. If he'd tried to be subtle about it, he did not succeed.

Maybe he had not been expecting the person in this executive position to be so young?

Maybe he found my pregnancy of interest?

In any case, his lack of discretion in that first moment did him no favors. I could not help but feel biased against him for the remainder of our interaction, even

though he righted his behavior and kept his eyes firmly focused on mine for the rest of the interview.

The applicant answered my questions competently, demonstrating more confidence than his predecessor. But there was a distinct lack of enthusiasm in his voice as we discussed the position. I had a strong feeling this was directly related to a lack of respect for me personally as his potential employer.

Perhaps he'd been hoping for a more "senior" executive to serve under when he applied for the job.

Once he was gone, I tossed his resume into the bin on top of the other.

People really were disappointing. I meant it when I said that to Alexander.

If the next morning's interviews were not more fruitful,

I would just have to go back to the start. Re-post the job and hope for better candidates in the next round.

Thinking about that started giving me a headache, though.

Finding the right person for this job might be more tedious than I expected.

I needed a break.

I did a lap around the room. Locked the door, closed the blinds. Poured myself a cool glass of water and took a drink.

Then I took my phone out and checked to see if I had any word from Alexander.

Nothing so far... But it was still pretty early.

I glanced at my watch.

Was it too early for sexting?

I think it might have been Nina's voice in my head answering, no.

I opened the camera on my phone and gave myself a look.

My makeup was still fresh, perfect and pristine. My cheeks were rosy from the strong dose of satisfaction that my Alpha had treated me to this morning. It was kind of the perfect time to take some pictures for him.

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