

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 142 Sexting

Alexander

Fiona texted me as I was stepping out of the shower. My phone was on the bathroom counter by the sink.

I saw an image file attached to her text and was eager to open it up. A little too eager—my wet fingers didn't work on the touch screen; I had to dry my hands and try again.

Fiona: Just thinking about you and wanted to send some tokens of appreciation for this morning. Hope you enjoy...

And she sent pictures.

They were selfies taken in her office. Orange early morning light was pouring into the otherwise dim room

through the skyscraper's all-glass exterior walls, making Fiona's porcelain skin look flushed with a peachy glow.

In one pic she was running a hand through her silky hair. Her long fingernails were freshly manicured, painted pink with white tips.

Another pic showed Fiona leaning forward, tugging the neckline of her dress down and angling the camera for a good look at her pillowy cleavage. In all the pics her steely blue eyes and perfect, fuchsia-slicked lips were caught in expressions of coquettish taunting.

"Fuck," I mumbled. My mouth filled with saliva.

She was getting good at this.

I took a hard swallow and glanced up into the foggy

bathroom mirror. My cock was twitching. The pics triggered vivid memories from earlier this morning, and now sex with Fiona was all I could think about.

What I really needed to be doing right now was getting dressed. I had left Kayden and the team stretching and warming up; as soon as I could rejoin them, we were going to embark on another forced march. But I had to take a break from the day's workouts and clean myself up, because I had an urgent appointment with my father.

But I could steal away a couple minutes for Fiona. Her timing was good. I hadn't started getting dressed yet, anyway.

I wrote: You're making me want to fuck you so bad right now.

She came back right away.

Fiona: I wish you could. Wish you were here right now.

I owed her a picture. That was how we had been doing this. Even trades.

I stroked the length of my shaft till I was fully erect, turned to face the full-length mirror at the back of the bathroom, posed in front of it and snapped a pic.

I sent it to Fiona with the caption: This is how bad I want you.

Fiona: Oh, god. Now I want you even more.

Me: Tell me why.

Fiona: Cuz now I'm thinking about what it feels like to have all of that inside me.

That was the kind of thing I wanted to hear. I started taking care of myself while I wrote her back with my other hand.

Me: Keep going baby. You're gonna make me come.

Fiona: I want you inside me so bad it hurts.

Me: Are you wet?

Fiona: Very. It's a problem.

The fresh memory of tasting Fiona's sweet liquid while she fucked my face until she came filled my senses and threatened to push me over the brink.

Me: I want to make you come. Think about this morning when you were grinding on my face. How did that feel?

Fiona: Felt really good...

Me: Now imagine I'm coming inside you. Be a good girl and come with me.

Fiona: I just wish you could touch me right now...

My brain started going foggy. But I forced my attention back to the phone. I had to keep her going.

Me: I am touching you. I'm fucking you hard and playing with your pussy at the same time.

Fiona stopped typing.

I gave her a last push.

Me: My fingers are on your clit. I'm kissing your neck and fucking you harder than you thought was possible. Making your whole body shake from the inside out.

Finally...

Fiona: Omg... fuck. Alex, I can't stop shaking.

Me: Did you come?

Fiona: Oh, yes.

I smiled. And finally let myself finish, looking at her pics again and thinking about what Fiona had just done in her workplace.

A beat later...

Fiona: How did you just do that to me?

When I could, I wrote back: I know what you like.
You're not the only one who pays attention.

There was no booze in the Alpha King's coffee today.
I would have smelled it.

“Well, Father, what's new with you on this fine Monday morning?” I asked, taking a seat opposite him under the picture window in his study. The day was indeed sunny and clear, the air fresh with the scent of damp earth.

I picked up my own coffee, served moments prior by a nervous maid who had since vanished, blew on the steamy surface and took a sip.

The old man raised a curious eyebrow and squinted

at me. “An awfully cheerful tone,” he mused.
“Considering the subject of our business together.”

I shrugged it off. “I got the sense you are feeling somewhat less stressed this morning. Please forgive me for wanting to enjoy the lighter mood for a moment.” I felt my lips drift into an only mildly sarcastic smile.

Things between my father and I had been icy for a long time. But this past week, with him turning to me for guidance regarding the renewed threat of vampires in the kingdom, the balance of power between us was starting to shift.

I wasn't trying to accomplish anything by taking a blithe air with the Alpha King right now. I might have been just feeling a little cocky after my morning activities with Fiona. And also relieved by the sight of a ruling monarch who was sober in the morning.

I wiped my mouth and set down my coffee. “But I’m ready to get down to business whenever you are,” I said, shrugging.

Surprisingly, my father smiled. Only briefly. It looked like he did a single, silent chuckle.

Then he said, “Fair enough...” He sipped his coffee again, studying my face some more, then added, “And how is that pretty young Luna of yours? Is she due soon?”

I sure had not been expecting that. An attempt at socialization.

“Fiona is well, thank you for asking. I’m not sure how many weeks out we are now, but yes, she is getting along in the pregnancy.”

“Very well,” he muttered, instantly bored. “As you say, then, to business...”

My father confirmed that since last we spoke, he’d followed up with his contacts in the south and passed along my orders. The way he summarized his conversations with the village officials, it sounded as though those orders had been followed at once.

“Good,” I said, mulling over the next thing I was going to suggest to my father. “Tell me... did your contacts specify anything else about the villagers who reported the sightings—the witnesses?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean... what kind of people are they? Young, old? Men, women? And where have they been sequestered?”

He frowned, looking to the side. “I believe I recall something about one being an elderly woman. I don’t know if there was mention of who witnessed the second event. And... I am not sure where either is currently being housed. Why do you ask?”

“I would like to talk to them.”

“To whom?” The King’s eyebrows pressed in on each other. “The villagers?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

I shook my head. I couldn’t yet answer that question directly. “There may be something that we could do, potentially, to keep those villages safe... well, safer... without having to send a military presence down there.”

My father shifted his large body, leaning forward in the giant leather armchair he was occupying. “Go on.”

“I need to talk to the witnesses,” I said again. “There are specific questions I need to ask them. And I need to hear the way they answer those questions with my own ears. I can’t know if this plan is viable, or how it will work, until I talk to them.”

“Alright,” my father said slowly. “I’ll make the arrangements.”

He did not enjoy being left even slightly in the dark. It made him very uncomfortable. He was used to total control.

But he had put his faith in me recently when he asked me for military orders, knowing that I understood this threat to our kingdom a lot better than he did.

And he had no choice now but to continue following my lead.

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