

## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 153 I'll Take Care Of You

Fiona

“I missed you,” I mumbled sleepily.

My hands slipped all over Alexander's hard body, acting of their own free will. I was half asleep. Minutes ago I'd been dead to the world, deep in a dream. I hadn't even processed yet what day or time it was. All I could think about was waking to the feeling of my Alpha's big, warm body sliding up against me.

“I missed you too, beautiful.” He rubbed his face into my hair, sighing and tickling my scalp with his hot breath. “How are you feeling?”

“Better now.” Everywhere my skin touched Alexander's, I felt warmth and energy pulsing from his body into mine.

“I’m sorry I was gone so long.”

I tried to say, “It’s fine,” but I was so sleepy, it came out as an unintelligible grumble.

I didn’t want to keep talking. Alexander had slid a hand down to feel my wetness, and now the fingers of that hand were roving under the hemline of my panties, starting to inch them down my hips in slow increments.

My heart was pounding, making all my pulse points throb. “Fuck me,” I murmured between heavy breaths. “Please, Alex.”

He growled quietly, finished his task and threw my soaked undergarments off the bed. I could feel his erection swelling against my leg, feel his heart racing too. But he was restraining himself for some reason.

Touching and kissing me extra gently, like he was afraid I might break.

“Lie back,” he said hoarsely. “Just relax.”

I was trembling with need, but I did what he said and lay flat on my back. I was feeling more aroused every second, and was close to the edge already.

“Don’t tease me,” I whined. “I need to come.”

Alexander groaned at the sound of that, thrusting his hips against me reflexively. Feeling his hard length against my thigh made me shudder. “Don’t worry, baby,” he whispered into my ear. “I’ll take care of you.”

Finally his hand trailed up my leg, heading in the right direction. I clutched his neck with one hand and the bedsheets with the other, bracing myself for what I

knew was about to hit me fast.

As I expected, the moment that his fingers started their delicate work, a shock of pleasure struck me like lightning. The cry of relief that came from my throat was raw, almost a sob.

Alexander kissed my neck, my ear, my cheek, my lips while I rode out the orgasm, still treating me with the lightest of touches everywhere. My body shook violently, like a heavy bell had been rung hard inside me.

As the sharp, heart-pounding rush of ecstasy started to melt down into relaxation, I thought about saying something like, “How do you do these things to me?” But my lips wouldn’t work. Even they were quaking, along with every other part of me.

“What’d you set an alarm for?” Alexander asked, his

voice gravelly in the early morning.

I hit snooze and rolled back into his greedy arms. “I’m going with you today, of course. You said you needed to be at the courthouse by seven, right?”

“You don’t need to do that. You should stay home and rest.”

I shook my head against his chest. “No. I should be there to support you. It will be good for your father to see me there, too. Plus, all I did yesterday was lie around watching movies with Nina. I need to get outside and do something with myself today.”

He kissed the top of my head gingerly, then said, “Okay. As long as you feel up for it. You’re right. It would be great to have you there.”

My jaw fell open as we approached the courthouse

and I caught sight of the undulating swarm of people filling the entire city block outside it.

“Oh my god.”

Alexander looked unfazed, but his eyes followed mine as I gaped at the media crews buzzing all around, frantic and fast-moving like flies. We were together in the back of a chauffeured car that pushed its way through the traffic and brought us right up to the bottom of the wide steps that led up to the building.

“I’m going to get out first,” Alexander said when the car rolled to a stop at the curb. “Don’t open your door. Wait for me to come around.”

I was very grateful he did this. Because camera crews and reporters were all over us as soon as we were outside. They only kept a moderate distance as we moved up and into the courthouse because

Alexander, with his arm around my shoulder, gave the encroaching strangers stern looks that seemed to make them just scared enough to stay out of his arm's reach.

“Alpha Alexander!” they cried. “What do you expect to see in today's proceedings?!”

“Alpha Alexander! Have you spoken with your stepmother since bringing these allegations against the Luna Queen?!”

“Why was this trial delayed for so long, Alexander? What can you tell us about—”

Never in my life have I been so happy to see a lawyer. Alexander's attorney appeared on his other side when we reached the top of the courthouse steps, and immediately began answering back to the pressing crowd. His voice was a crisp, clear bark. “My

client has no comment. He cannot answer your questions before he provides his testimony, as you well know.”

The tall, gray-haired man ushered us inside quickly and steered us toward the security checkpoint. Behind us, the doors swung closed on the horde of reporters, and Alexander gave my shoulder a squeeze. I hadn't realized I'd tensed up so much; I dropped my shoulders way down and let out a huge breath I didn't know I'd been holding in.

I was a bit rattled by the experience, but Alexander appeared calm as ever. He was, though, looking down at me with some concern in his golden eyes. I didn't have time to try to convince him I was fine. His fast-walking lawyer brought us to the back entrance of the courtroom, which led to the spectator gallery, and told me this was where we parted ways.

Alexander retracted his arm from around my shoulder and brought his hands to my face, then bent to give me a quick kiss. “Save me a seat,” he said, taking one last sniff of my hair. “When I finish testifying, I’ll come and join you in the gallery.”

It was a public hearing, and the gallery was packed already. I found a space near the center aisle that I deemed large enough to accommodate my pregnant self and my giant fiancé, and claimed it by lying my jacket over the empty space between my body and the end of the wooden bench. There was press inside the courtroom, too, but unlike the camera crews outside, these media professionals were quiet and well-behaved, adjusting their equipment and whispering to each other as we all waited patiently for the trial to begin.

I could only see Scarlet from the back, in glimpses. People were still moving around in the gallery,

intermittently blocking my view of the attorney tables. But she was there, seated facing forward beside her lawyer, a big, round-shouldered blond man who was whispering into her ear with one doughy fist closed around the tiny microphone that was attached to the table. Scarlet was unmoving, still as stone.

Finally, a door swung open at the far end of the courtroom, behind the judge's bench. And out came the Alpha King. All the voices that'd been filling the air suddenly went silent.

The King called out a command for all to be seated, and those standing in the gallery clamored to obey. Soon, court was in session.

The formalities of the start of the trial took over an hour. Scarlet was sworn onto the record, repeating and confirming her plea of "Not Guilty." Then the prosecution gave their opening argument, and the

defense followed suit.

Scarlet's attorney was not going to be fun to listen to. He spoke excruciatingly slowly, with long, pseudo-thoughtful pauses punctuating every sentence, and asked nonstop rhetorical questions in between the actual statements he had to make.

Finally, the prosecution's first witness was called to the stand. Alexander appeared from another door behind the empty jury box. (This was a bench trial; the outcome would be decided solely by the Alpha King.)

Alexander crouched to clear the doorframe and made his way up to the witness stand. A few whispers ran through the gallery, triggering the Alpha King to slam a wooden gavel on his podium and demand quiet in the courtroom. The sharp crack of wood on wood reverberated through the resulting silence.

A bailiff came forward and got Alexander sworn in. My Alpha looked cool as a cucumber, as if this were just another ordinary day in his life.

He looked up into the gallery just once, and looked right at me, like he'd known where I was sitting. I offered him an encouraging smile and saw one corner of his lips tugging upward in response. Then the prosecutor rose and approached the stand, and Alexander tore his eyes away from mine. His slight smile was gone in a flash.

He didn't look at me again until the cross-examination was over, nearly three hours later, when Scarlet's slow-talking lawyer finally said, "Nothing further," and the Alpha King announced the court would break for lunch.

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