

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 157 Anything

When we reached the parking lot, I found a limousine was waiting for us. I glanced up at Alexander to find a smug half-smile on his lips.

“Very nice,” I said approvingly as I slid in with his assistance.

After a terribly fun and exhausting wedding day and night spent almost entirely in bed, lost to the world in a cloud of love, my new husband had made me an elaborate breakfast in the kitchen this morning. It was predictably delicious, and he was predictably pleased when I told him so. My mood was soaring, and the very comfortable limo ride was a nice little cherry on top.

But now we were on our way, not to a honeymoon destination, but rather to visit my grandfather in the

nursing home. So I knew my blissful mood might soon be meeting its end.

I never knew what I was walking into when I crossed the threshold into Grandfather's room. It was just as likely I'd have a mostly pleasant time with him as it was that I'd come away feeling sad and heartbroken. But he was my family either way, and all I had left of it; and I was all he had, too.

The visit with Grandfather turned out to be brief. He was already sleepy when we arrived, and it did not take much conversation to make him even more tired.

But he didn't nod off until he'd first caught sight of and made a comment about my new rings.

"Fiona, your ring—it fits again, huh? It's beautiful, so beautiful, like you... Have I really seen that before? My gods, I don't remember, that diamond, your

husband must be wealthy, he must be... oh, there he is, the Big Man, yes...”

I replied to all Grandfather’s comments casually, lying my behind off as usual.

When he heard me assuring Grandfather that yes, the ring was fitting again, and of course he’d seen it long ago, Alexander looked at me questioningly. I darted my eyes away and hoped he would let it go, and not ask about this later.

I didn’t want to have to tell him about the interrogation I’d recently received from my confused grandfather. Or speak aloud at all about my horrible habit of spinning web over web of intricate lies to the poor old man, a necessary but distasteful habit of mine that I really tried not to think about too much.

I left Grandfather with his eyes drifting closed and

head heavy on the pillow, placing a kiss on his forehead and promising I'd be back to check on him again soon. Alexander flicked the lights off and held the door for me, then closed it carefully behind us, turning the knob slowly so as not to make a sound.

We were in the elevator alone, the doors rolling closed, when hurried footsteps click-clacked in our direction and then the doors reversed directions. A young, red-haired woman in smart business-casual attire, wearing a visitor sticker on her slim jacket and breathing heavily from a rushed pace, lifted her finger from the call button and darted inside.

My fiancé was at my side, now standing between me and the stranger, and though we'd been holding hands as we walked through the hall, he was now checking something on his phone. It had buzzed several times in his pocket during our time in Grandfather's room.

As the doors rolled closed once more, the woman looked up at Alexander, then did a double-take; her dark eyes went wide and locked on him. They did not deviate to glance at me once.

I hated her immediately. And found myself growing angry with Alexander, too, when he showed no reaction to her attention at all. The energy that was emanating from the redhead was a mix of fear and lust; I could practically smell her longing for my Alpha, and it did not seem possible that he did not notice her at all.

But that was how he acted. Like he didn't notice anything. He just finished what he was doing on his phone and then put it back into his pocket.

This all transpired within the ten seconds or so that the three of us rode the elevator down to the lobby in

silence. When the doors opened, the woman got out first, pausing in the hallway to continue watching Alexander as he and I turned and headed for the exit.

The last time something like this happened, I had taken matters into my own hands, tempting Alexander into a public display of affection in order to claim him as mine.

But I didn't want to have to keep doing that. My husband was terrifically sexy, with an intensely dominant air and uncommonly large frame – it was impossible not to notice him. I started to imagine a whole lifetime ahead of me in which strange women kept drooling over Alexander like that, right in front of me, while he shrugged it off and let it happen.

That sounded intolerable.

Alexander knelt at my feet, motioning for me to allow

him to take my shoes off, and asked, “Is something wrong, Fiona? You’ve been quiet since the nursing home.”

I took a slow breath, trying to decide where to begin. He finished with my shoes and took my hand, leading me over to our table, where we sat facing each other.

“What’s going on?” His eyebrows pressed together in concern.

I hadn’t meant to ice him out and make him worried. “I just... I didn’t know how to say this, especially with other people around, but, yes, something is wrong.”

“Tell me, please. What did I do?”

Alexander’s earnestness was deflating my irritation, making it seem almost silly. “You didn’t do anything. But I suppose, actually, that is what is bothering me.”

He gave me a blank, uncomprehending look.

“I don’t like the way other women look at you. And I don’t like that you simply ignore it.”

“I’m sorry,” he said, pronouncing the words carefully. I couldn’t read his expression. “I guess I just don’t really notice that anymore.”

“I believe that you do,” I retorted icily.

Seeing his eyes widen with shock, I immediately regretted saying that so quickly and accusingly, even if it was true. My anger was unpredictable right now, coming and going. I felt bad. I closed my eyes and conjured up as much rational patience as I could before continuing.

“Look, I get that you are used to ignoring it. But you

have eyes; you have to know it's happening. I am trying to tell you that ignoring it is... not helpful. I don't like it."

"Okay. What would you like me to do instead?"

"Do something," I answered firmly. "Anything. Claim me as yours. Show them that you are only mine."

Understanding passed over Alexander's eyes. Then his breathing started getting heavier, making his big chest heave. He liked me acting possessive, and he liked that I was telling him to do this.

Alexander leaned over and slid his hands around my waist, taking me with him as he rose to stand.

"I'm sorry, Fiona," he said, looking down at me with serious eyes and using gentle fingers to angle my face up to his. "I will pay more attention to you when

we are in public. I guess I'm still... adjusting to how things are with us now. Thank you for telling me. I'll do anything for you, Fi. Anything you ask."

"Kiss me," I said demandingly, like it was a test.

On the way down to meet my waiting lips, he whispered, "Yes, ma'am," in a supplicating tone.

"Take me to bed," I ordered next.

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated, this time with a strangled groan of enjoyment.

More commands started coming out of my mouth with less and less thought behind them. And Alexander complied eagerly to all, responding with alternating yes-ma'ams and mumbled curses.

Maybe because I'd been home lately, not working,

bossing no one around—maybe that’s why I enjoyed this game so much. I had some pent-up boss bitch energy that needed release.

But I also liked it because he did, and I loved turning him on. I loved being the only person in the world that my Alpha would indulge in submitting to. He gulped back saliva with a hungry, desperate look in his eyes while I teased him and commanded him to please me with his hands and his mouth.

He whispered into my ear, “I love you, Fiona. You are a goddess.”

“I love you, too, Alex.” I dragged my nails across his scalp while playing with his thick hair. “And you have done a good job taking care of me.”

“...do anything for you, Fi,” he muttered groggily, licking his wet lips.

He was drenched in sweat, still fully dressed, with a huge bulge straining against his pants. At some point I'd ordered him to remove my clothes, but I hadn't yet given him permission to disrobe himself. I could see that he was in pain.

"You can fuck me now," I said, as if this were a prize I was offering, not something that I wanted just as badly as he did.

And with that, Alexander took over.

I had pushed him to the limit, turned him on quite severely while denying him release. And he restrained himself impressively, until I told him he could stop.

Then, he went wild.

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