

The Alpha King Call Boy

Chapter 214 Lick Me Clean

Chapter 214 Lick Me Clean

Fiona

“Where will you have them stay?”

I’d been pondering this question for a while. After our tryst in the watchtower I returned to Lexi while Alex continued to work in his study. A little over an hour later, he met me back at the room.

I’d spent that whole hour thinking about plans for hosting the pack leaders from the valley.

Alex smiled, clearly excited to share an idea. “It’s about time we redecorate in the East Wing,” he said. “When I find Scarlet and Lucas, they’ll be answering for war crimes. They will never move back into this palace.”

“That’s perfect. Perhaps we can even transform that wing into a devoted area for diplomatic visitors. Guest rooms, plus some comfortable meeting spaces for work.”

Alexander nodded, smiling. “I like the sound of that.” I hesitated only a moment before adding, “Could I take the lead on the redecorating?”

I’d been wrestling with my identity a bit lately, sort of feeling like an imposter with all the people calling me by royal titles. My helpful best friend was hellbent on pushing me through this doubt

and insecurity, reminding me often that I was a princess, and would be queen...

Nina's voice drifted into my head while Alex and I were talking— "this is your palace," she'd said so many times—and I realized this was a perfect opportunity. Dismantling Scarlet's spaces and claiming them for my own would feel great. Finally, I had a real opportunity to make this palace my own.

"Of course," Alex answered quickly. "That would be great. I'm sure you will do a wonderful job."

Third person

Nina was lying flat on her back in her big fluffy bed, studying the gold tiled ceiling and thinking.

About all the things she and Fiona had discussed today. About Kayden.

The way she saw it, Nina had three options moving forward.

One: keep doing what she was doing. Spending almost every night with Kayden, but never talking about what they meant to each other. Doing this was starting to make her feel crazy though. All this stuff she was getting into her head about... This was exactly why she didn't usually let romances go on for so long. Things just got complicated after too much time.

That led to option number two: end it before it could get even more complicated. This was

starting to sound like an attractive option, even though a kind of dread swept through Nina's chest at the thought of no longer hearing Kayden's knock on her door, no longer having his big warm body in this bed at night, no longer enjoying the spark of sexual chemistry that kept drawing the two of them back together in the first place.

And option three: have that damned "talk." Ask Kayden how he felt about her, confess she had big feelings for him, and figure out what to do if he did, too.

Fiona had been right. This would be the best course of action.

Nina rolled over to retrieve her phone from the nightstand. She texted Kayden and asked if he could come over.

For the moment, she was seriously considering option three. But she knew she'd probably fall right back into the status quo when it came down to it.

He replied pretty quickly.

Kayden: I was just about to hit the gym. Any chance you want to come with me?

Nina didn't even have to think about that. A workout sounded great. Moving her body always helped to clear her mind; exercise was exactly what she needed right now.

She changed her clothes and was just tying up her fuchsia hair when she heard Kayden's familiar knock on the door.

He gave her a quick up-down, taking in her tight white tank top and her black leggings with the sheer panels down the sides. He nodded in approval, pressing his lips together against a smile. "You look great."

"You too." Nina traced the ridges of Kayden's arm muscles with a light touch, trailing her fingers up to his round shoulders before leaning in to beg for a kiss.

"This may be different from the type of workout you usually do," Kayden said, holding the door open for Nina. "But I bet you can keep up."

"And what is it that you know about my workouts?" Kayden chuckled. "Well, nothing, I guess." He led her toward the climbing ropes in one corner of the gym. "Ever do a rope climb?"

Nina snorted. "Oh, I can climb a rope."

They decided to race.

Kayden knew that Nina was athletic. He knew she danced for a living, and that certainly explained her banging body. He didn't doubt her upper body strength. But he doubted that she could actually beat him up the rope. He was strong, fast, and about foot taller than her.

But she did beat him. Nina rang the bell at the top of her rope first. She only won the race by about a millisecond, but she won.

“Impressive.” Kayden gave her a congratulatory high-five. She followed up with a smug wink.

She was not surprised she’d won. She was in her element off the ground.

They continued through more of Kayden’s workout routine, getting competitive with everything.

Nina crushed it, wowing her beau, but after about an hour, she had to call it quits. Since she

wasn’t working out regularly right now while taking time off work, her endurance wasn’t at its

best. That was the big area where Kayden was outshining her. He didn’t even look tired, but her energy was completely shot.

“I’m done,” she mumbled, perching on a weight bench and chugging the last of her water. “That was really fun, though. Thanks for inviting me. I really needed that.”

“No problem. We could start doing this more often, if you want.”

Nina nodded, smiling. “For now, do you want to come back to my room and lick me clean?” She ran a finger across her chest, demonstrating how very sweaty she was.

Kayden grinned. That glisten on her skin did look delicious. “Or I could just do it here.”

There were several entrances to this gym, which all the guys in the King Pack used regularly. The doors were all unlocked.

Neither Nina nor Kayden cared if anyone saw them. Kayden was just removing Nina's shoes and then peeling her leggings off in the next second. He took her little sheer black thong right along with them and pushed her to lie flat on the bench with her knees draped over his shoulders. He licked across Nina's thighs first, loving the salty flavor of her sweat, then moved inward and started teasing her clit, tonguing and blowing on it lightly.

Nina groaned, arching and stretching her back to cope with the needy sensation. "Eat it, baby," she whimpered. "You said you were gonna lick me clean."

"And I will." Kayden's voice had deepened to a sexy-serious timbre. He opened his mouth wide and gave Nina's thigh a quick bite, making her squeal in surprise. And then he gave her what she asked for and went to town eating her out.

The sounds of men's voices and a door opening did not disturb the couple. Kayden felt perversely proud of taking a beautiful woman in public, and he figured his men respected him enough to make themselves scarce once they'd gotten a peek of the pornographic show.

And that is almost what happened.

Three men entered the room. They saw and heard Nina right away, then quickly noted it was their Beta's head her legs were wrapped around. They lingered just long enough for Nina to turn her head and look right at them. Two of the three went full red, turned on their heels and made for the door immediately.

Nina recognized the third guy, the one that stayed an extra second longer and didn't flinch or blush or flee. She recognized him from the mission at Bad Wolf. He was one of the Gammas that went into the club with her.

Eventually the man – Nina could not remember his name – did leave the room. But he didn't go far. He paused outside the nearby window and caught Nina's eye again.

A shiver ran down her spine as her arousal reached a new height. She held eye contact with the Gamma while Kayden continued his expert work, kissing and sucking and licking all her most sensitive spots. What he was doing felt incredible; she considered Kayden a pro at giving head, and by now he knew just what she liked. But it was the other eyes on hers that started hurtling Nina to her edge at a breakneck speed.

"Yeah, Kayden, don't stop. That feels so fucking good, Kayden." She wasn't really sure why she

repeated and drew out his name, while continuing to look at the other guy. “Fuck, I’m gonna come, Kayden! Make me come, baby...”

He moaned encouragingly, humming a vibration into her clit.

The Gamma kept watching. Nina kept watching back.

And then suddenly she was coming.

She screamed, cursing out a blue streak.

She didn’t want to close her eyes. She could see now that the Gamma she was eye-fucking had one hand on his crotch, stroking an erection under his pants. His lustful attention was driving her crazy. Just as she thought her orgasm was about to wane and fade away, the Gamma licked his lips hungrily, his eyes going very dark, and Nina’s body broke down into a positively earth-shattering second wave of ecstatic pleasure. She couldn’t help but throw her head back and let her eyes finally fall closed.

Kayden rocked back onto his heels when Nina’s convulsions eased up. He kissed her thighs, then the crease of her hip, then her stomach. Nina looked down, met Kayden’s sweet eyes and smiled.

When she flicked her gaze quickly back to the window, it was empty. Her audience was gone.

Previous

Next

The Alpha King Call Boy

Chapter 215 The East Wing

Chapter 215 The East Wing

Fiona

The interior decorator was a slight woman with shiny, shoulder-length black hair pinned back on one side with a neat bronze hairclip that matched her stylish blazer. She greeted me with a gigantic smile. “I’m sorry,” she said instead of hello. “I am quite nervous about meeting you, Your Highness.”

“Please, call me Fiona.” I could see those nerves in the way the woman’s hands were slightly trembling. I hoped she was not about to try to shake my hand. I did not need to catch a dose of her energy, though it is difficult to be polite about declining an offered handshake.

Fortunately, the woman gave me a small bow instead. I still felt awkward when people did this, but in this moment I was grateful for the alternative to handshaking. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Fiona. I’m Isabel.”

I’d woken up today very excited to start on my new project of redecorating Scarlet’s old rooms in

the palace. The baby had roused me only once throughout the night, a new record. And a good night's sleep had allowed me to open my eyes in the morning with a rush of inspiration for my new endeavor. I read up on some top interior decorators online and found one with pictures on her website that excited and inspired me, and I reached out to her right away.

Now I took my newly hired decorator on a little tour of the East Wing. It was a place I was not familiar with myself, having never traveled to this part of the palace while it was occupied by Alexander's father, stepmother and stepbrother, so Isabel and I were sort of finding our way around together, just exploring. She took rapid handwritten notes in a little moleskin journal while I talked through my ideas, writing in some sort of personal shorthand that looked to me like loopy scribbles.

It was very odd indeed to set foot into Scarlet's now long-abandoned bedroom suite. Everything in here was crimson and gold, from the wallpaper to the furniture to the floors. The décor was cluttered; the theme of it all was needless opulence. After our walk and discussion about the big-picture planning for the East Wing renovations, Isabel and I moved our meeting to my and Alex's dining room, where we enjoyed some coffee

and treats while talking about next steps for hiring contractors, painters, and all the many other professionals that would be participating in the project.

Then we split up; I went to check on and feed the baby, whom Nina had been watching, while my decorator returned to the East Wing to take measurements and do more planning. A couple hours

later, I headed back over there to check on her progress.

It turned out that Isabel had gotten junk haulers hired and started working quickly. I rolled up on the scene just in time to enjoy the sight of all Scarlet's furniture being carried out of what used to be her bedroom. "Make sure this all gets donated," I told the man in charge of the group. "We won't be needing any of it here, but it is all usable, of course."

The man confirmed he had a church where he could take donatable items. And boy, his employees made very fast work of clearing out all the rooms. I had a big smile on my face as I surveyed the empty spaces left behind. There was so much potential here, and I couldn't wait to bring my vision to life.

I had brought the baby with me this time. She was wrapped to my chest in her sling. Isabel was

smitten with Lexi the moment she saw her. For the second time today, I found myself appreciating this woman and happy I'd chosen to hire her. She was friendly but courteous and respectful of boundaries, content to smile and wave at and compliment my adorable baby without making any inappropriate attempts to touch her. There was so much planning to be done for this project. The more I talked with Isabel, the more I realized that supervising the renovation could be a full-time job of its own. I was just going to need to hire a few more people to help out, I determined. So I called Alexander's chief of staff, Brandon, and spoke with him about hiring me some sort of executive assistant.

The word Brandon had used was "secretary," but assistant sounded better to me. Hiring an assistant was something I'd been planning on doing at Crescent, before I left, and I'd been excited about it. I no longer worked in an office, but as Alex's Luna I still had a big job to do. An even more important one than I'd been doing at the firm. While chatting on the phone with Brandon, I'd been idly pacing around the East Wing. Now that the junk removal guys were gone, the rooms were all empty of both furnishings and people. It was just me and Lexi meandering around big open spaces, my voice echoing on the bare walls and

ceilings. I hung up with Brandon but kept wandering, because now I was turning over a new idea in my mind...

With all the resources available to me, and all these open rooms... If I wanted to, I could move Grandfather into the palace with us. We could make him a space fully equipped for all of his needs and hire on-site medical staff for his care. It made some sense. I needed to see more of my beloved grandfather before his time ran out, and that could happen at any moment now. And visiting him in the nursing home had gotten increasingly complicated. It would be so much easier to spend time with him in his final days if he were here in the privacy and security of our own home.

But was it wise to move an already chronically confused man into an unfamiliar environment? I'd have to consult with Grandfather's doctor about that to be sure, but I suspected it may not be the best move. I sighed heavily and took hold of Lexi's little hands. She was wrapped to my chest facing outward. When I slipped my index fingers under her tiny fingers, she gripped tightly with both hands and babbled happily, making me smile. "Oh, Lexi," I mumbled. "I just don't know what is the right thing to do. I wish there was an easy

answer. What do you think, hmm? Would it be better for your great-grandfather to come here and live with us? Or should we keep him where he is? They take good care of him there. They know his routine. I don't want to cause a disruption to his life if it's just not necessary. Perhaps my idea is a selfish one. I just miss Grandfather so much. I wish my opportunities to see him, to hold his hand and tell him I love him, were not so limited..."

A gentle, comforting voice sounded from behind me. "Feel like sharing with someone who can answer back?"

I startled a bit. Alex's approach had been so stealthily silent. I swiveled around to find him pacing slowing into the empty room Lexi and I were wandering. He had a small half-smile on his lips, and I knew he was amused at the way I'd been talking to the baby.

"Hi," I said, meeting my husband in the middle of the room.

"Hi." He kissed me on the lips, then Lexi on her forehead. "You doing okay, Fi?"

"Oh, yes. Just thinking. And overthinking."

[Previous](#)