

The Alpha King Call Boy –

#Chapter 2 A call boy

Fiona

The door clicked closed behind me. The rigid plate of muscle under my fingertips flexed, and my wrists were firmly clamped by large hands and pulled away from the beautiful body I wanted to lick. A deep rich voice caused my blood to hum with delight.

“Hold on there. Who are you?”

The Call Boy held my arms out wide, and his warm honey gaze slowly and seductively glided downward, lingering at my breast and then hips.

A whistle sounded smoothly into the air, and I shivered.

“You’re something to look at, aren’t you. But I think you are in the wrong room.”

I twisted against his hold instinctively, sidestepped him, and shoved him back over my leg. Surprised, he stumbled to the floor and peered up at me. A handsome smile broke across the sharp plains of his face making him look young and playful.

I gasped and covered my mouth. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that.” The words came out in a slur hiccup, and I blinked. *Wow. I’m drunk.* I giggled to myself and then snorted. I shook my head, the remaining pins fell free, and my hair tumbled down my back.

The Call Boy on the floor rose to an elbow. “That is the sexiest thing I’ve ever heard and seen.” He reaches a large hand toward my thigh and caressed it.

Sexy? Baron never called me sexy or even tried to put the moves on me. Anytime I wanted to show him an interest in having sex, he refused me. A girl can only be rejected so many times before she starts to think something is wrong with her.

The Call Boy's hand skimmed under the edge of the short blue sequined dress from Nina. His rough hand caused my heart to jolt and my pulse to pound. I ran a hand through my hair and licked my lips. My wolf was just under my skin, urging me to act. Encouraging me to feel everything.

I shoved the call boy to the floor with my bare foot. He didn't resist. He placed his hand behind his head and watched me. I liked it. I knelt and straddled his waist. Shimmying the dress up.

"I don't know who you are, but I am happy to assist you in any way." The Call Boy's smile grew larger, taking up his entire face. It made my toes curl, and I melted a little.

I touched his lips, wondering if they were as soft as they looked. A fire ignited in his eyes, and I wanted to feel all of him. I leaned down and placed a kiss on his chest.

Then I realized his chest and torso were littered with scars resembling fang marks and slashes. Just as I began to wonder how he had gotten such wounds, he pulled off his towel and then gripped my hips, rubbing the strength of his desire between my legs.

All thoughts vanished only to reveal the heat of passion. I rocked my hips against him. He sat up and unzipped my dress, pulling it over my head. Breast freed, he placed light kisses over them.

Next, he rolled me onto my back, where he gently pulled off my panties. He leaned back, watching me again. My body arched toward him, needing him.

Slowly he covered my body with his. He went to kiss me, and I turned my head so then he kissed my neck, moving lower and lower.

I moaned as he left trails of fire under my skin. My core tightened, and I pressed into him, needing more than he gave me. I gripped his hips and placed the tip of his passion where I needed him most.

Slowly he entered my wet heat, and I moaned.

Initially, the rhythm was slow and seductive, but desire rose swiftly and forcibly. I held on to his broad shoulders as he lifted me from the floor and leaned me against the wall driving deep.

My nails dug into his skin, holding him firmly in place. I met his thrusts with my own desire. Together we tumbled over the edge of ecstasy and release.

Panting, I leaned against him, all my energy spent. He carried me to a large bed covered in golden silks. He really was a golden God. Stretched out beside me, he grinned. “Did that meet expectations?”

“Oh yes.”

My eyes grew heavy, and sleep was a breath away when a faint voice entered my mind.

“What is your name?”

A smile tugs at the corner of my mouth. “Fiona.”

Sunlight baths my skin, and I wiggled against the sheets. Every part of my body screams at me not to move. I blinked against the light and tried to work through the fog in my mind.

Where the hell am I, and why am I naked? I carefully sat up and rubbed my eyes. As the room came into focus and the large golden male next to me, I bit my lips and remembered our time together.

I wanted to reach out and touch him to make sure last night was real, but the day's weight hit. My wedding day. I didn't tell my parents about Baron calling off the wedding.

I prayed he told everyone, so I didn't have to. *Where is my phone? Everyone is going to be freaking out. What was I thinking coming here? Oh, that's right, I wasn't.*

I slipped off the bed, tiptoed to the bathroom, cleaned up, and dressed. When I came out, a sigh took hold. It was a great night. I put a pile of money and a note on a small table by the door. That read, "Thanks for all the fun. Keep the tip."

Careful not to be seen by anyone, I got to my room, where I found Nina lying on the bed reading a magazine wearing tight jeans and a crop top. Her short blue hair is now fire red.

"So, how was the call boy I set up for you?"

An unwelcome blush crept into my cheeks, and I searched for my phone. There are over fifty-five texts from my family and Baron's. *Crap.* I hurried into the bathroom, stripped, and jumped into the shower, not wanting to discuss my bad choices.

The toilet lid dropped, and Nina's voice rang out. "Your sad, pathetic fiancé told the Blue and Red Moon packs this morning at the wedding breakfast he was calling off the wedding. Told everyone he was in love with some Omega, Lily. Can you believe he really thinks he can call off the wedding?"

I peeked past the shower curtain. "At least he told everyone, so I didn't have to. My father is going to skin me alive."

Nina's heart-shaped face grew serious. "So, how was the top male escort I picked? I was going for the opposite of Baron, large and muscular, not tall and skinny?"

An image of the call boy's well-developed body took hold, and I sighed. He was beautiful.

Suddenly, there was a commotion coming from outside the hotel room.

Nina popped up to have a look. She opened the room door to see what was happening. With a towel wrapped around me, I glanced down the hall behind her. The hotel manager rushed past, looking disoriented. Nina leaned against the door frame and whispered, "I wonder if it is Alpha Alexander. I heard he lives here."

"Really? I thought he was off fighting the vampires that were trying to take over the outer rim of King Pack. He is never seen in public unless he is fighting with his wolves. He is supposedly wild, grotesque, and terrifying."

"Or maybe for once, your father has your back, and he is beating the crap out of Baron for calling off the wedding."

I rolled my eyes. "Wishful thinking," I say.

"I met this sexy guy yesterday in the lobby, and he accidentally let it slip that he is Alexander's beta and best friend. The Alpha King is getting old and weak. So Alpha Alexander will announce that he is returning to take the throne."

Nina closed the door, and I dug for a change of clothes. I needed to read all the texts and see how much trouble I was in.

Nina held up her phone. There is a photo of a side profile of a large man that is very blurry. I stared at it, feeling like I had seen this person somewhere before, but I was too worried about my family to care about the picture.