

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 144 She Loves You

Alexander

I couldn't get Fiona off my mind all day.

I led the pack on a ruck march and spent the entire hike thinking about her.

Not just about our morning activities, which did keep floating back to the front of my mind. But also...

The past few months that we had spent together, I'd changed. I was surprisingly easy to admit this to myself after hours of contemplation on the subject.

Fiona had made me change my mind about what I wanted out of our arrangement. And also what I wanted out of my life.

I'd always seen myself alone when I envisioned my future. Stoic and singularly focused on ruling the kingdom to greatness, earning my place in history as a feared and fearsome warrior King.

But Fiona had given me a new picture to visualize. She had made me see that I could be an even better King with a proper Queen at my side. One that was smart, savvy, clear-headed and poised, who supported me through the rigor and strife of my tremendous responsibilities, and ruled beside me.

Now that I knew what Fiona's support felt like, I couldn't imagine going a single day without it. Let alone a lifetime.

I needed a partner if I were going to be the best Alpha King that I could be. And the ideal partner, the perfect Luna that I needed was Fiona.

And on top of all that...

I just loved her.

It was high time I told her so.

I checked my phone when we got back to the palace, after dismissing the men for a half hour break. Fiona had texted me about dinner plans. I replied quickly to confirm.

And then scrolled up to steal another glance at the photos she sent this morning.

I was staring at the one where she was running a hand through her beautiful silver hair when I realized something. Her wedding finger was bare. I still hadn't given her an engagement ring.

She deserved one.

And perhaps, with it, a fresh proposal. A real one.

“Everything okay, boss? You look kinda serious.”

I nodded. “Yeah. But actually, I could use your help with something.”

Kayden arched a curious eyebrow. “Anything. What’s up?”

I found myself gazing off in the direction of my and Fiona’s bedroom. “I need to cut out a little early. Get into the city to run an errand.”

“No problem. Something going on?”

“Yes.” I huffed out a deep exhale. “I want to offer Fiona an engagement ring tonight. And I guess... make a gesture. Propose a real marriage to her. Tell

her I want her to stay.”

Kayden beamed. The smile that flashed onto his face in an instant stretched from ear to ear. “Buddy,” he said, patting me on the shoulder. “It’s about time.”

I laughed at his reaction. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. You know, when I talked to Nina the other day...” He chuckled, then took a sip of his water. Laughed again and met my eyes. “Listen, if you’re nervous about this, I gotta tell you... Fiona will love it if you tell her how you feel. It sounds like she cares about you a lot. An awful lot.”

Now I was the one beaming. I didn’t realize how much I needed that reassurance till I heard it. “What exactly did Nina say?”

Kayden sighed. “We talked for a while. I don’t know if I could recount a transcript. But she did say you’re all Fiona ever talks about, and that she’s never happier than when you’re together. I mean, honestly, it’s not just what Nina said. Alex... anyone with eyes can see that you two are crazy about each other. She loves you. I really believe that.”

When the guys got back, I gave them a little pep talk before I took off.

I put them on notice as a group. Made sure they all knew that I knew about the Hellhounds, and that I’d cleaned up their mess, but wasn’t about to forget it. Then I left them in Kayden’s hands for the rest of the afternoon.

I texted Fiona again on my way to our room to clean myself up.

I asked her how her day was going and how she was feeling. And told her I couldn't wait to see her tonight.

Fiona

The texts I saw from Alexander when I next checked my phone were heartening and made me feel hopeful.

Maybe Nina was right.

He had sure put in a lot of effort to please me, especially lately. The irritation I'd been feeling earlier started to disappear when I started chatting with him again. Maybe, like me, Alexander was just... not good at accessing his emotions, putting words to them, opening up...

I answered his considerate questions. Told him I was feeling quite well today. (He could infer the why.) And

said I was really looking forward to seeing him, too.

His next question surprised me a little.

Alexander: How about I pick you up from work tonight? I need to run an errand in the city anyway.

Me: I would like that. Let me know when you're arriving. I'll come down to meet you so you don't have to park.

Alexander was right on time, and so was I.

I'd told him I'd be ready to go at five p.m., and he texted just a few minutes before that to tell me he was downstairs.

I made a quick stop at the ladies' room before the elevator. Brushed my hair out with the travel brush I kept in my purse and touched up my lipstick.

When I finally got out of the building, I found my fiancée right out front, standing beside his shiny black Bentley. He cracked a big, handsome smile when he saw me, and strode over to take my purse and briefcase away and then place a delicate kiss on my cheek.

I found a single white rose lying on the passenger seat when he opened the door for me.

“Thanks for this.” I smelled the rose and relished its fresh, light floral scent. “Not just the flower. Thanks for the ride. This is a really nice surprise.”

Alexander looked sexy behind the wheel. Especially when we merged onto the highway and I got to see, for the first time, what a skilled driver he was. A little aggressive, but I never felt unsafe.

He only winked at me in response to my thanks. And asked me to tell him about my day.

I caught him up on the whole talk I'd had with Conrad. Alexander of course had known about the fact that I was up for a promotion, but I guess he'd left all the details to his uncle, so some of what I shared about the conversation was actually news to my fiancé, who owned the company and was my boss's boss.

“Congratulations, Fiona,” he said, smiling. “You deserve it. You work really hard, and do an incredible job.” He placed his right hand on my thigh, keeping the left one on the steering wheel, and gave my leg a squeeze.

It felt very nice. I was glad he left his hand there for the rest of the drive.

My mind did drift, at times when my handsome driver

was focused on making turns and exiting the highway, to the things I'd been thinking about earlier in the day. I'd sworn to myself I would broach some challenging topics with him. We needed to discuss our marriage plans.

But I just didn't know how to get started on that. I could not be pushy about this. I didn't want to come across sounding accusatory, or desperate or demanding.

Maybe it was best I just continue to let it lie for now. And wait for my Alpha to take the lead.

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