

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 145 Surprise Me

Alexander

“Aww,” Fiona said when she walked into our bedroom and saw what I’d done to it earlier.

Our nightstands, her desk and the dining table all held small bouquets of blooming white roses in crystal vases. And the fresh gold sheets on our bed were dusted with white rose petals.

She sniffed the air, taking in the fragrance that filled the room, and smiled. “What is all this for?”

“For you, of course.”

Fiona looked up at me with doe eyes, shaking her head back and forth smally. “You do so much for me,” she said quietly. “You didn’t have to do this. But thank

you.”

“It’s worth it to see you smile.”

That forced her smile to widen. Which in turn made mine do the same.

I put Fiona’s bags away while she removed her jacket and hung it by the door, then I returned to her side. I had to indulge my wolf for a moment and take a good long inhale of her scent; I wrapped my arms around her middle and ducked under the soft curtain of her hair to press my mouth and nose to her neck.

I could not get enough of her smell. The sweet, soft, lavender-like fragrance comforted and centered me in a way I couldn’t explain. My lips began planting kisses on her neck of their own accord.

When I felt her throat vibrating with suppressed

laughter, I knew I was tickling her.

“You smell good,” she said when I pulled back, looking up at me a little shyly.

“I was about to say the same to you.”

I slid down to my knees then, on my way to remove her shoes. My hands lingered on her taut round belly, and I planted a little kiss a few inches above her navel.

And then the baby kicked. Right underneath one of my hands.

“Whoa,” I breathed.

Fiona’s eyes went wide.

“Has that ever happened before?”

She shook her head. “No. I feel it moving around all the time, but no, it’s never kicked like that before...” She placed her hands on top of mine and we waited a moment.

And we were rewarded when it happened a second time. A very distinctive kick, even bigger than the first, directly under where I was touching Fiona’s stomach. I chuckled in amazement and muttered, without thinking, “Wow. There is really... a baby in there...”

Fiona cracked up, laughing till she snorted. She covered her mouth with her hand till she regained composure, then said, “Yes. You put it there, remember?”

“Oh, trust me. I remember.”

After a little more waiting and no more kicks, Fiona

took her hands off of mine. She gently ran a hand through my hair, smiling down at me sweetly.

“Shoes,” I said, tapping one of her ankles. She lifted that foot, lightly touching the top of my head for balance. I took one of her high heels off, and then the other.

“Are you ready for dinner?” she asked. “I’m pretty hungry.”

My stomach growled at the mere mention of food.

Fiona heard it, arching an eyebrow at me. “I’ll take that as a yes?”

“Absolutely. What are you in the mood for?”

“Hmm.” She stared up into my eyes, looking like she was thinking hard. “I think I’d like to eat in here tonight. I’m in the mood to be alone with you.”

“Well, that sounds wonderful.” I tucked a lock of silver hair behind her ear. “I’ll go pick something up from the kitchen. What I meant, though, was what do you feel like eating?”

She shrugged. “I’m not feeling picky. Surprise me.”

I bent to give her a little kiss on the forehead before I made for the door. “I’m on it. You settle in and get comfortable, and I’ll be right back.”

I took the ring box out of the breast pocket of my jacket while I walked through the palace. Popped it open and admired the shiny object inside.

I’d looked at every single ring in the jewelry store.

This was one of the last ones that the jeweler showed me, and I knew the second I saw it that it was the right one for Fiona.

It was a thin, delicate platinum band with a flawless princess cut diamond in the center, flanked on either side by sapphires and then two smaller diamonds beside those. It struck me as her style. I only hoped she would not think it was too over-the-top. The center diamond was... kind of huge.

In the kitchen, I located the head chef and pulled him aside.

Fiona had told me to surprise her, and I intended to do just that.

It felt strange to hand over such a valuable item to a servant. But the look on the chef's face when he laid eyes on the ring told me that he understood how very

important it was that he took good care of it and followed my instructions exactly.

“You can count on me, Sir,” he had said with a low bow, holding the box tightly to his chest. I surely hoped that was true.

I heard Fiona moving around in her closet when I returned to our room. I took the opportunity while she was still changing to move the vase of flowers off the table and set out some cloth napkins, glasses and a carafe of water. I was filling the glasses when she came out.

“I like that dress,” I told her. I hadn’t seen it before.

“Thank you. It’s very comfortable. Too casual for work, though, I think.” She took a seat at the table and smoothed the soft pale blue fabric of her dress against her skin, running her palms over her pregnant

belly.

“Well, I think you look beautiful in it. The color is pretty.”

Fiona blushed, looking down and said, “I thought you might like the blue. That’s why I picked it out.”

I didn’t know what to say in response to that. But a knock at the door interrupted us anyway.

The head chef was delivering our meal himself, as I’d requested. I’d made him promise to stay with the ring and never lose sight of it while it was in his custody.

He grinned excitedly as he handed over the cart that held our fragrant dinners and fancy treats. I gave him a sharp look of warning, lest he say a word, and he understood—he turned on his heel and hurried away.

When I removed the gold cloches from our dinner plates, a stack of aromatic steam came pouring out of each. “Wow.” Fiona eyed the spread hungrily. “That smells amazing.”

I brought the plates to the table and Fiona bent her head to study the items in front of her – lemon glazed chicken breast, roasted root vegetables, rice pilaf, and a rather beautifully plated endive salad. She seemed pleased with my menu selections.

The second time I returned to the table with offerings from the cart, I was holding two stemless champagne flutes with a few inches of bubbly liquid inside them.

“Champagne?!” Fiona looked at me like I was crazy. “You do remember I am pregnant, right? We just went over this.”

“Yes.” I set the glasses down in front of our places

very casually. “It is non-alcoholic wine.”

“Oh. Oh, well that’s nice.”

She picked up her glass and held it in the air between us once I’d taken a seat across from her.

She hadn’t noticed yet.

I grinned and lifted my own glass to clink its edge gently against hers as Fiona said, “Cheers.”

“Cheers... to you.”

Fiona shook her head at me, pressing her lips against a smile.

Then she brought the glass to her lips. Before taking a sip, though, she looked down, perhaps preparing to smell the wine before tasting it.

“Wait, what is...” She froze, staring down into the glass.

I slid out of my chair and settled down onto one knee at Fiona’s feet. She was transfixed, looking at the ring in the bottom of her glass, and didn’t seem to notice that I had moved.

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