

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 150 I'm Always Right

Fiona

I woke in the morning with a jolt of panic, thinking I'd overslept my alarm.

But after checking the time on my phone, the realization dawned: there was no alarm. Because I didn't have to go to work today. Or tomorrow. Or for a while.

Alexander's hand appeared, latching onto my wrist.

"You don't have to do that." I let him drag me close to him, though. He wrapped his limbs all around me, encasing me in his body heat. "I'm not going anywhere this morning," I said into his chest.

"Remember?"

“Sorry,” he mumbled. I heard the sleepy smile on his lips. “Force of habit.”

I stretched – as much as I could within Alexander’s lazy embrace – and took stock of how I was feeling.

I’d napped all the afternoon prior, while my fiancé worked; then we had dinner together in the evening, and after that he shared with me, as promised, the story of his investigation into his mother’s untimely demise. It was very illuminating, to say the least, and sure gave me a lot to think about.

I felt Alexander falling back asleep within seconds. His arms became very heavy as his muscles all relaxed and his body went slack. I wouldn’t have been able to extricate myself without waking him up again, and that would have been cruel – he was so comfortable and peaceful. So I stayed where I was and let myself drift back off to sleep, too.

It was his alarm that woke us next, telling him it was time to get up for training.

And then it was my turn to make him hit snooze and stay in bed for just a few minutes longer. That did not take much convincing.

I spent the rest of the morning reading reviews for parenting books, and wound up ordering a small library's worth of titles. Alexander had left me with his credit card, telling me to get whatever I needed. So I ordered a bookshelf as well, somewhere to keep all the other stuff I was buying.

It wasn't like I was going to read everything before the baby arrived. But I could get through a fair few books in a couple weeks. And I'd start at the beginning, learning first about newborn care, and then move on to the early childhood education titles later.

I passed hours curating this new parenting-themed library of mine, and was surprised at how much time had passed when Alexander stopped by our room to change after working out and found me still lying in bed scrolling on my tablet.

Some might call me a perfectionist, and I don't mind that label—it doesn't mean I am perfect, but that is what I strive for. Once I got started down the rabbit hole of educating myself about motherhood, I found I had a new obsession.

I had already, of course, wanted to be the best mother that I could be for our child. But now I was thinking that perhaps Alexander and I could endeavor to raise a truly exceptional child, too; if all these books were right and targeted educational programs for babies and toddlers really could increase a child's IQ, then I was going to do my best to make that happen.

I heard my phone chiming from the other room, once I'd finally gotten myself up and into the shower around noon. I figured it was Alexander checking in on me and didn't hurry to the phone. A few minutes later I regretted that, because it had actually been Nina, and the second that I read her text I was suddenly all haste.

Nina: I got some news for you, babe. When can we meet up? We're due for a hangout. Someplace we can talk.

I realized that I hadn't even told my best friend yet about the fact that I'd started my maternity leave. So I filled her in on that, and asked what she was doing this afternoon. If she could come pick me up right now.

She said she'd be right over.

I let Alexander know that I was going to lunch with Nina and then got dressed in a hurry.

She arrived at the palace very quickly.

That unsettled me. It made me think that the news she was bringing was either very bad or very urgent.

Her energy, though, was light when I opened the passenger door of her always shiny Mercedes Benz. (She really cherished that car and treated it with great care.) And Nina and I both immediately got distracted when we saw each other.

“My god!” she cried, removing her designer sunglasses and snatching up my left hand, bringing it close to her face. “That thing is huge. Wow. He did a

good job.”

“I know. But Nina—your hair! It’s amazing!”

She grinned, glancing into the rearview mirror before putting the car in gear and starting toward to the palace exit. “You like?”

“I love. What is even happening, though? Am I hallucinating, or is your hair... glowing?”

She giggled. “You are not seeing things. It’s actually just got a lot of different candy-colored highlights in it, but in the right light, it does look holographic, huh?”

I was enamored. Her hair was still mostly white, but it also appeared to be refracting rainbows.

“Yes. It’s surreal.” I shook my head. “How are you so cool, Nina?”

She blew air out the side of her mouth, as if to say she hardly knew where to start with answering this question. “It’s hard,” she said, her tone a mockery of seriousness. “But I make it look easy, huh?”

At the diner, Nina and I took our usual places in our regular booth. I had to push the table in her direction a little in order to be comfortable, though, making me quite aware that I was considerably more pregnant today than the last time I’d sat here.

“Been a while,” I said. “I missed coming here with you.”

“I know. Hey—let me see the ring again.”

“You saw it in the car.” I gave her my hand, though, and let her study the precious gems.

“Yeah, only for a second. Then I was driving. Fi, this is beautiful as fuck.”

Her choice of words made me giggle. “I know. I still kind of can’t believe the whole thing actually happened...”

“I can.” Nina rolled her eyes at me dramatically. “When will you learn, Fiona, that I am always right?”

When a waiter appeared, we placed our order. Nina watched him disappear into the kitchen before leaning forward and saying quietly, “So—about that thing.”

“What’d you find out?”

She gritted her teeth. “I’m sorry, Fi. But apparently, your dad never came back from that trip or whatever. He’s still M.I.A.”

My stomach sank, like a brick had fallen into it.

My intuition told me right away: something bad has happened to him.

“Are you sure?”

“That’s the word on the street, at least. I didn’t, like, go by his house to check or anything.”

Somehow I just knew that Nina wasn’t wrong. That my father was still missing. That my mother was alone in our family home right now, likely worried sick about him. And about herself.

“Uh, there’s a little more I found out about the pack, too.”

Nina looked hesitant. I egged her on, pleading for her to spill all she knew.

“Well, apparently in his absence there’s been a lot of activity in the Red Moon Pack. A few different Alphas vying to take over. Others are insisting your father will be back, scared of what’ll happen if he does and finds someone else has assumed his place. I don’t know what’s going to happen, but it sounds like a lot of fighting and tension.”

I closed my eyes, processing all of this information. And heard myself whisper, “Shit.”

It was bad enough that my father had dragged our family business into financial ruin. Had destroyed that part of Grandfather’s legacy. But now, either something had happened to him, or he’d abandoned the pack, and it was all in disarray. Grandfather’s life’s work, all his efforts—they’d been smashed to pieces.

“I’m sorry to have to tell you about this,” Nina said,

shifting in her seat. “I wish it’d been better news.”

“Me too. But it’s fine, Nina... I’m fine, really. That part of my life was already over, anyway.”

She frowned deeply. But then, gratefully, changed the subject.

“So tell me more about the wedding plans,” she offered. “You said Saturday, right?”

“Mm-hm.” I loved my friend for her well-tuned ability to distract me when she knew that was what I needed.

“And... it’ll be just you, me, Alex, Kayden?”

“Yes.”

She giggled mischievously. “Great. That’ll be fun.”

“What happened to Ryker?” I asked, giving Nina a sideways glance.

She shrugged. “He’s around.”

I shook my head at her reprovably. “Please tell me you’ll behave this weekend. Okay?”

Nina folded her hands delicately under her chin and blinked at me innocently. “Whatever do you mean, behave?”

“Never mind,” I said, doing all I could not to laugh. “I forgot you don’t even understand that word.”

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