

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 151 Send Pics

Fiona

I was already tired after trying on just three dresses, all of which I hated.

To my surprise, the bridal store actually had tons of options for wedding dresses in maternity sizes. But so far, none of them came close to looking any kind of flattering on me.

“We have a few days,” I whined. “Can’t we come back and do more tomorrow?”

Nina was behind me, zipping me into the next dress. “I promise we’ll get out of here in a few minutes. Just look at this one, okay? And if you don’t like it I only have one more. And if we buy you a dress today while we’re already here in the city, tomorrow you can just

chill and rest at home, right?”

I had to admit that was perfectly reasonable logic.

“Okay. Well...” I looked at my reflection as Nina fluffed up my hair and fidgeted with the dress. “I’m sorry, but this isn’t it.”

“Yeah. I know.” She frowned at me in the mirror.

“Okay, very last costume change, I promise.”

I hadn’t even wanted to start dress shopping today, but Nina insisted, saying it was crazy to plan even a small wedding in less than a week and that we needed to hurry. Perhaps it was also a ploy to keep me busy and distracted, after seeing how down I was feeling in the diner. Either way, I was very glad when the fifth dress I tried on actually made me a smile a truly happy smile.

“This is the one, right?” I did a turn in front of the mirror, looking over my shoulder to see what the fit looked like from all angles.

“Oh, yes.” Nina took several steps back, eyeing me up and down. “This is the one.”

Alexander

I quickly lowered the volume while the line rang, expecting my uncle’s gregarious salutation to come booming through the car’s speakers any moment now.

But he waited till I’d almost gone to voicemail—till the very last second, seemed like—to pick up. It just surprised me. Conrad always answered my calls immediately.

And he sounded rushed, almost frantic when he did

answer.

“Everything alright, Uncle?”

“Sure, son. Just working at a quick clip today,” he came back, sighing. “How are things by you?”

“Things are fine. I haven’t caught up with you in a few days, just wanted to check in. Fiona told me about your discussion regarding her promotion.”

“Mm-hm.”

“I could come by the office this afternoon if you want to start talking about that new position you’re creating for her.”

“Oh, no need to trouble yourself, nephew. We are feeling Fiona’s absence here already; I have a lot on my hands here. Don’t you worry about all that right

now. We have plenty of time to prepare while she is on her leave. Let's talk next week."

Now I was doubly surprised. Conrad had literally never—never—declined to meet with me when I requested a business meeting with him. Because he knew that ultimately I was his boss and I wasn't actually asking. It was the unspoken agreement between us, that I asked nicely and he always said yes.

There was a loaded silence on the line as I considered the angle I was going to take in response to this unexpected digression from our usual dynamic.

"Alright," I said coolly. "I'll cover the meetings with the accountants this week and next. That ought to help free you up. Let me know if there's anything else."

"Oh, that'd be great, Alexander. Thanks. Listen, I

have to run. Speak soon.”

And he hung up.

My uncle was hiding something from me. That was my best guess as to the cause of his unusual behavior. And I had an inkling as to what it might concern.

I was going to have to get the bottom of it, but confronting Conrad... I would need to be thoughtful about how I did that.

I could not intimidate him the way I could an enemy. Or even a subordinate soldier. This was my ally and business partner. And we were family. Blood.

I did have to ensure that Conrad respected my authority.

But I would have to choose my moment with him wisely.

I slid back into my Bentley and dropped onto the passenger seat a handful of finance magazines I'd picked up for Fiona on my way back through the city park. I turned the engine and let it start warming up, rolled down the windows to let the day's cool breeze blow through, and texted her.

Me: Send me some pics.

Both meetings I'd attended this afternoon had run longer than scheduled. I had to have Kayden cover me with pack training so I could stay in the city later than planned. I was running low on patience for overly chatty bureaucrats and also feeling irritated about that frustrating conversation with my uncle.

Seeing or talking to Fiona could always elevate my

mood. I needed the relief of a moment with her.

She was on her phone; three dots waved across the screen moments after I hit her up, telling me that she was typing. Then they disappeared. I squinted at the phone in rapt anticipation.

Finally, in came her reply.

Fiona: Hmm... I'm sorry, but I can't...

Me: Why? Doesn't have to be sexy. I just want to see you. Are you still out with Nina?

Fiona: Yes. I just don't want to spoil a little surprise I'm working on.

Me: A surprise? For me?

Fiona: Yes. You will just have to wait till you get

home.

She added a happy face wearing a halo to that last message, intimating feigned innocence.

My throat rumbled with a low growl.

I did not mind being teased. This surprise sounded like something that could only be good.

Me: Fine. I'll wait. When will you be home?

Fiona: Pretty soon.

Me: Where are you?

Fiona: Can't say... part of the surprise. ;)

All of the cars I own I bought because they were made to be driven fast, and that is the only kind of

driving I enjoy.

The highway was pretty clear by the time I finished the last of my meetings. I was able to zip through the light traffic and make it back to the palace in record time.

To say I was eager for my surprise was an understatement. It was the only thing on my mind.

And Fiona did a good job with her reveal.

I made it to our bedroom a few minutes after sundown and found it dim with the flickering yellow light of dozens of candles. I thought: that's sweet; her surprise was setting up a romantic scene.

But then Fiona appeared from around the corner, making an entrance, and I got a good jolt. There was the actual surprise. That's why she wouldn't send me

a picture of her.

She'd gotten her hair cut, and it looked absolutely gorgeous.

She was also wearing something slinky and exquisitely soft-looking that I wanted to touch immediately— a black silk nightgown with lace edges and a black satin robe that slid off one shoulder as she walked over to me and used the opposite hand to tousle her freshly cut hair.

I was slightly stunned. The change to Fiona's silver hair wasn't drastic, but goddamn did it look sexy. It had been long, very long before. Now it was just a few inches shorter, but cut with layers and expertly styled in perfect, glossy waves.

“Wow.”

She lit up, cheeks flushed and smiling. She pushed a lock of hair behind one ear and asked quietly, “You like it?”

Fiona didn't need to dress up to be beautiful. But holy hell, when she looked like this...

“I love it.” I closed the distance between us and had my hands in her hair the next moment. It felt even softer than usual. I made a big mess of it, but I couldn't control my hands. “You are a fucking goddess,” I whispered into her ear.

She shuddered and tightened her grip on the collar of my shirt.

I huffed at her neck, getting high off her scent, until she pulled my hair and used it to turn my face in close to hers, and kissed my lips greedily. My hands fondled the soft satin of her robe, feeling it from the

inside while removing it from her body, and she gave easily when I started steering her in the direction of the bed.

I helped her up onto it. And then began shedding the layers of my suit while Fiona lay back against the pillows and watched me with hooded eyes.

Before dropping my pants, I took my phone out of my pocket and set it on her nightstand. She glanced over at it, then up at me questioningly.

I finished stripping, leaving on only my black boxer briefs, and climbed up on top of Fiona, straddling her thighs. Then I retrieved my phone and swiped to open the camera.

“You owe me some pictures.” My voice came out sounding darker, more serious than I expected.

She bit her lip, looking both nervous and excited.

“Okay,” she breathed. “Tell me what to do.”

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