

## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 152 Need You Badly

“Well, don’t you look sharp.” I gave Kayden an approving nod. “I’ve always said you clean up nice.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he muttered dismissively, fighting a self-pleased grin.

He ran a hand down the smooth surface of his face and throat, which had just been shaved as close as a razor can get. In recent weeks Kayden had been keeping a short beard, making this morning’s transformation dramatic.

We left the barber shop and started a short walk to our next destination. I’d gotten a shave too, as well as a haircut. My hair stayed longish—that’s just the way it likes to be—but the trim was overdue. It felt really good to run my fingers through my mane and tame it easily after a current of wind caught and played with it

on our way across an intersection.

The staff in the tux shop had been awaiting our arrival, and they were wildly eager to pay my Beta and I plenty of attention, providing snacks and offering bar drinks while bustling through efficient fitting services. It was a bit early for alcohol, but the staff acted distraught by my refusal of a beverage, so I finally accepted a cocktail and took a tiny sip just so that they would leave me alone about it.

I was halfway into a tuxedo when I heard my phone vibrating atop the nearby table where I'd left it. I immediately stepped away from the tailor that'd been just about to fasten a shirt button for me, leaving him with his hands in midair, and took a single big stride over to get the phone, of course hoping it was Fiona.

When I'd left this morning, she had been sound asleep. It was good to see her getting some real rest.

I'd left her a note to let her know where I'd gone and tell her that I'd try to meet her back at home for lunch around noon.

Unfortunately, the vibration had not been a notification from Fiona.

No—it was my lawyer calling me. I shooed the tailor out of the room before I answered.

Brandon had news about my stepmother's trial. After many delays, it was finally moving forward and I was being called in as the first witness to testify. First thing the next morning.

“We need to meet today,” my attorney insisted. “Your testimony for the prosecution will be straightforward. But we need to prepare for what the defense is liable to bring up on cross.”

The timing was bad. This was bound to eat up my entire day, and the following morning was when Fiona and I were supposed to get married. But there would never, I realized, be a convenient time to lose a day to a court appearance. At least I was finally getting this over with, though.

“I need a couple hours,” I told Brandon. “But I’ll meet you at your office as soon as I can.”

Then I called Fiona to let her know. I offered to come back and spend a little time with her before I’d have to spend probably the rest of the day with my attorney.

Ever unperturbed, my sweet Luna told me not to worry about our lunch plans. I didn’t like the idea of her being alone all day, but she assured me she would have Nina come over and spend the afternoon with her instead, and that gave me some peace of mind.

I texted Fiona when Kayden picked me up from Brandon's office, letting her know I was on my way back.

I was a little surprised to not hear back from her after a few minutes. Then I became actively concerned when I tried calling her ten minutes later and she didn't pick up.

I was just about to text Nina when she texted me first.

Nina: Stop blowing up her phone. She's napping. I'm here w her and I'll hang out till you're back.

I let out a huge sigh of relief. It was because we were so close to the due date, I realized, that I started panicking when I couldn't reach Fiona.

It was only a little after sunset when we reached the

palace. But the bedroom was mostly dark when I entered, because Fiona was asleep in bed and Nina had clearly dimmed the lights for her. The only light on was the stained-glass lamp on Fiona's desk, where Nina was sitting.

She had been reading a book. She closed it when she saw me and stood, stretching like she'd been sitting a long time. Behind her was a new bookshelf, and it was already packed full of neatly organized books.

Nina slid the book into an open space on the shelf, then met me near the door. Her movements through the dark room were catlike and nearly silent—and I have very, very good hearing. Her white hair caught the pale glow of the lamplight and shone like it was a light source of its own.

“Walk me to my car,” she whispered, slipping past me through the open door.

“Thanks for staying with her,” I told Nina once we were outside.

“Of course.” She shrugged. “I wanna tell you something, though.”

“What?”

She sighed. “Look, Fiona thinks this was absolutely nothing, and she’s probably right. But she started having some stomach pain this afternoon. And she hardly ate anything all day. She’d be pissed if she knew I was telling you this. Said something about, she doesn’t want to worry you, and she’ll feel better once you’re back. Like I said, it’s probably nothing, she’s probably right—I just wanted you to know.”

“Thank you, Nina. I really appreciate that. Thank you for telling me.”

“Just keep an eye on her. I know you already do. I just want to be sure she’s okay, you know?”

“I know. Fiona’s lucky to have a friend like you looking out for her, Nina.” I meant it. My gratitude for Fiona’s best friend was peaking to an all-time high.

“I’d do anything for Fiona.” Nina pressed a button on her car key and started toward the driver’s door.

The lights flashed on her shiny silver Mercedes Benz as the doors unlocked. My curiosity about Nina’s recent acquisition of this vehicle still lingered, but that line of thought wasn’t important right now; I set it aside for later contemplation.

Nina rolled down the driver’s window after she got in, then left me with one parting comment. “Take care of our girl,” she said. Then she winked at me, unsmiling,



and zoomed away.

I moved through the bedroom with slow, careful steps. I didn't want to wake Fiona, especially if she'd not been feeling well.

I knew the sounds of the shower might rouse her, but I did need to rinse off before bed. So I just hoped for the best, handled the bathroom doorknob delicately and continued through my nighttime ablutions with as much stealth as I could muster.

As soon as I climbed into bed beside her, though, Fiona stirred. Her body rolled in my direction till we were touching, like it had been drawn to mine by a magnet.

She moaned sleepily and nuzzled into my neck.

“Hey baby,” I whispered, wrapping my arms around

her. “I’m sorry I woke you.”

“Mm. I’m not.” She kissed the space just underneath my ear, then slowly ran the soft tip of her tongue around the edge of it.

I exhaled; it came out as a groan. My body started stiffening immediately.

Fiona’s breathing was loud and heavy, her energy drowsy and her movements slow, but what she wanted was quite clear. Her cool hands, featherlight and lazy, started feeling up the contours of my chest.

She was wearing a soft, casual dress, clearly having fallen asleep earlier than planned, before she could get ready for bed. The skirt of the dress was scrunched up and disheveled, having been under a blanket that she was now pushing aside.

One of my hands found its way between her legs. I trembled when I felt how wet Fiona was already. She shivered, too, under my touch, and whimpered.

Then she pressed her lips to my ear and whined, “God, I need you so badly.”

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