

## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 154 Bad Idea

Alexander

Fiona looked extremely uncomfortable as the first day of the trial reached its end in the late afternoon. At least I was able to sit with her through the latter half, with my arm wrapped around her and letting her rest her head against me. But it was no secret that the day had taken a toll on my now very pregnant fiancée.

“Let me pamper you,” I told her when we finally got back home. “Can I draw you a bath? Or give you a massage?”

“Maybe. I think I just need to lie down for a minute first.”

I watched helplessly as Fiona collapsed onto our bed, closing her eyes the second her head hit the pillow. I

went to get her a glass of water while she groaned and stretched, trying to find a comfortable position to lie in.

I knew sitting in court all day would be difficult for her, but she'd insisted on coming. And she had not been wrong about my father. He had shared one single, knowing look with me after he spotted Fiona in the gallery, and I read his line of thought easily.

He was surprised to see her. And starting to understand that my "pretty, young Luna" was connected to me more closely than he'd thought.

I convinced Fiona to drink some water before letting herself fall asleep. Then tucked a blanket around her shoulders and sat beside her, massaging her hands and arms while she looked up at me with increasingly tired eyes, making little comforted moans that quieted gradually into the heavy breathing of sleep.

I waited about an hour, keeping busy with some business tasks in my office, until I called my father.

I'd been right about the timing. He had just returned to the palace, having lingered behind in the city only a little longer after Fiona and I departed.

"You know I can't speak with you about the case," he said curtly on the phone. "Not until the trial is over."

"That's not what I want to talk about," I assured him.

My father didn't ask if I wanted a drink. He just pressed a square glass of neat whiskey into my hand when I walked into his study, then turned and walked away.

There was a chill in the air tonight and he had a fire going in the big fireplace at the back of the room. I

met him where he'd paused, standing right in front of it and staring into the flickering orange glow.

"I came to tell you that Fiona and I are finally making things official tomorrow. We're having a very small wedding ceremony here in the morning. She doesn't want a large production. I just wanted you to know that's happening."

He had no reaction for the better part of a full minute, just continuing to stare forward into the fire. I almost wondered if he'd been listening to me at all.

"Quite the last-minute invitation," he finally grumbled.

I cringed internally. And found that I was glad to have a drink in my hand.

I threw about half of the whiskey back in one swallow.

I had not been inviting my father to our wedding, and I was pretty sure he understood that. He'd just decided to invite himself.

“What time is the ceremony?” he asked, still not looking at me. He took a long draw from his glass, draining it dry, then smacked his wet lips noisily.

There was no use fighting him on this. “Nine a.m.”

There were a great many things I could go to war with my father over. Ultimately, I had to let all of them lie. There were worse things than this that I had to grit my teeth through and let happen, simply because my father was who he was.

I hated to disappoint Fiona. But insisting against the Alpha King crashing our wedding was not the hill I was going to die on.

Fiona

I really thought I was lying down to rest my eyes for five minutes.

But when I woke up to the sound of my stomach growling, it turned out to be almost midnight.

Alexander had been beside me in bed, the edge of his body pressed against mine, reclined and watching the news on mute. He was happy when I got up for a bit, changed into proper sleep attire and had a bite to eat.

Then we slept a few hours together. Until my active mind remembered that today was my freaking wedding day, and I started getting wired and excited and simply could not bear trying to force sleep any longer.

After taking a long, revitalizing shower, a fresh spell of

sleepiness washed over me, and I had to take a little break reclined in bed. My hair was damp, just towel-dried, and I was clad in a fluffy bathrobe. I checked my phone; it was still plenty early. Nina would be here in an hour to help with my hair, makeup, and dress.

Alexander brought me a cup of coffee in bed. When I took it from his hands and thanked him, he got a funny look on his face, and I had the feeling he was preparing to say something unpleasant.

“What’s wrong?”

He sat down next to me before answering. “I’m sorry about this, Fi. But my father kind of invited himself to the ceremony.”

“Oh.”

“I told him last night that you and I were getting

married today. It was an announcement, not an invitation, but he seemed to decide that he needed to be there.”

“Hm.” I sipped my coffee and thought about this.

“Good,” I said, in what I hoped was a reassuring tone.

Alexander studied my face, sighing lightly with relief.

“You really don’t mind?”

“You wanted me to get to know your father. This seems like the perfect opportunity to get started on that.”

Alexander swooped in and kissed my cheek. I turned toward him and happily received a second kiss on my lips. “Thank you for understanding,” he said. “I know this changes the whole vibe we were going for. I could not refuse him, though.”



“And nor should you. This is a good thing.” I nodded encouragingly, till it seemed like my fiancé believed me at least a little.

I was disappointed, though. I didn't need to say it aloud or show it on my face, but I did feel sad. Once Alexander had gotten up and turned his back, busying himself with one of this morning's many tasks, I took a moment to privately mourn the loss of the sweet little intimate and casual wedding I had been expecting to enjoy.

But such is life. Things change. And the only acceptable way for a good Luna to move forward in the face of unpleasant changes is simply to push straight on through them, and to do so with quiet grace.

When Nina arrived, she and Alexander did a swap; he took off to meet Kayden in another room, where the

two of them would get dressed and ready together, and Nina, acting all-business, toted her big train case full of expensive makeup into our bathroom and set up shop like it was her new place of work.

Nina started on my hair, dividing it into sections and curling each one expertly. It was only after we'd chatted on a number of other topics that she brought up the subject of Iris.

“You seen that crazy girl lately?” she asked. “I keep wondering if I'm gonna stumble upon her someday when I'm here.”

“I have not. But, actually... Alexander and I were talking about meeting up, the three of us, sometime soon. I told him I would try to talk to her about his mother's case. He's getting really fed up with trying to coax information out of her, so I'm going to see if I can help.”

Nina hissed, sucking in a sharp breath, then met my eyes in the mirror. She clenched her jaw against a knee-jerk comment.

“What?”

My best friend squinted, looking at me sideways. “You really want to know what I think? I’m only gonna say it if you tell me you want to hear it.”

“Sure. Tell me.”

Nina set the curling iron down on the counter and turned to face me directly. She folded her arms across her chest and said, “Fi, I think that’s a bad idea.”

“You think she’s going to go crazy on me or something?”

Nina grimaced. “I don’t know what she’ll do. But she clearly wants your man. And that means she doesn’t like you. I just don’t see how any good will come from you spending time with her.”

I shrugged, pretending I didn’t share Nina’s concern. “If she acts wild, I’ll back off. But it has been a while now that she’s been giving us the space we asked for, respecting our boundaries. That’s something. Maybe she’s doing better.”

Nina was unconvinced, but she wasn’t going to press the matter. She picked the curling iron back up and resumed her work.

“Besides,” I added, “the sooner Alexander gets the answers he needs from Iris, the sooner she can leave. If there’s any way I could help that process along, why not try it?”

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