

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 17 A Royal Tea Party

Fiona

Several days had passed, and I was beginning to get used to the daily routine of the palace and Alexander. I had not met Alexander's family and hoped to do so soon. I missed Nina terribly and hoped to have her visit next week to start planning for the wedding. I wanted this to be different than Baron.

As I finished getting ready and was about to leave for etiquette classes, I heard Alexander's office door squeak, which was strange because he was already gone. I ducked behind the small sofa near the game table and pulled out my phone. The maids didn't come to clean the room until later, and Alexander had introduced me to every hand-picked maid he had screened so that I knew who to trust.

When I saw the short dark hair, I knew it was Susan. She wasn't supposed to be here in the West Wing. Alexander had thought she was loyal to him but knew now she worked for his stepmother. She had once worked for his mother and thought she would be devoted to him, but too many years had passed, and she had become corrupted by his stepmother Scarlet.

As Susan moved around the room, I began to record her to show Alexander she had been there. But I almost exposed myself when I watched her pull out a large diamond necklace and shove it into a box on the mantle above the fireplace.

I didn't know what was happening, but it didn't look good. Once Susan returned to Alexander's office, I heard a click; I stopped recording and went to see where she had gone. I walked around the room several times, pulling books out here and there, knowing it had to be a hidden passageway.

A shiver ran down my spine. Someone could come in while we were sleeping or watch us. I wondered if Alexander knew about this. Fear iced my veins, and my stomach rolled. I ran to the bathroom and vomited until my stomach was empty. This wasn't good.

Glancing at my watch, I shoved my phone into my pocket and hurried to the Imperial Hall. I could make my way around the palace now without getting lost. Alexander had taken me on countless walks, telling me where to go and where to stay away from. It was a help and eased his mind to know I wasn't going to end up somewhere I shouldn't.

When I arrived at the hall, there was plenty of chatter, and I paused at the door seeing a tall thin woman with peppered black and gray hair pulled tightly into a high bun laced with braids. Her eyes were a cold gray, but she wore a false smile. It was a smile I had worn

plenty of times in Baron's home.

She stood regal and appraising. The other nobles flocked around her, and I knew this was Scarlet, Alexander's stepmother, the Queen. I could see the beauty in her to lure a married man from his wife's bed and into hers.

I walked into the hall with my back straight and every ounce of grace I could call upon. Everyone turned to look at me and slowly backed away from the tall, elegant woman. Once I reached the woman, I curtsied, took her hand, and kissed it. Then, keeping my eyes downcast, I said, "Your Grace."

Releasing my hand, I cast an equally cold stare, pasting on the same fake smile she had worn. The woman pressed her lips and shot an icy glare at the rude butler near the hall door.

It appeared they had hoped to catch me off guard and embarrass me. Not today. I was getting better at playing my new role as Alexander's Luna and future queen.

"It is nice to meet you finally, Fiona. I have heard so much about you. I wanted to meet you sooner, but the life of a royal is so demanding, it is hard to find time to get anything done," Scarlet said, nodding friendly for show.

"I have heard much about you as well from Alexander." I returned her nod with one of my own. "The palace is lovely, and I am so happy to be here."

Scarlet pressed her lips. "I bet you are," she said cuttingly. She unpressed her lips and smiled again at the others in the room.

"I have come to invite you all to a royal tea party

tomorrow at two in the afternoon. In the East Gardens. The weather has been so nice I thought it would be a wonderful spot.” Scarlet threw her hands wide, doing her best to appear enthusiastic.

All the young nobles squealed in delight. Some jumped up and down. The teacher shook her head disapprovingly. Many folded their hands in front of them and bowed slightly.

“Please continue with your lessons,” said Scarlet, and then she left on a cloud of arrogance. The butler left with her as well, and the room relaxed. Even the teacher and we all laughed together. I was growing fond of all the young nobles. I was then surrounded by the girls and asked what I would wear. I listened to them all chatter away, but I remained keenly aware that Scarlet was up to something, and I needed to talk to Alexander.

That night I sat reading a book on the small sofa waiting for Alexander to appear from the bathroom. I kept an eye on the closed office door, wondering how Susan had gotten in and gotten out of jail.

Finally, the bathroom door flung open, and a puff of steam bellowed out behind a half-naked Alexander. In his towel, he paraded himself in front of me as usual. It was becoming a ritual of his trying to entice me into sex. It hadn't worked, but I was getting weaker every day.

I did enjoy the show, admiring his well-formed muscles flexing as he picked up items here and there around the room for me to admire him. I held the book over my face so he couldn't see me smile. My body wanted him badly.

When I put the book down, he flopped down next to me, putting an arm over the back of the sofa and

running a finger up and down my arm. I peeked at him.

“I met Scarlet today.”

He frowned and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. “And how did that go?”

“Well enough, I guess. She invited me to a tea party she is having tomorrow.”

“I see. That is why they were setting up tables in the East Garden.”

“Yes. Do you think I should go?”

“You have to.”

I didn't know when was a good time to tell Alexander about Susan, so I just jumped in and pulled out my

phone. I didn't say anything. I only handed it to him and played the video.

He was quiet, then he gripped the phone and cursed. He looked at the office door, marched over to it, threw it open, and then swept aside one of the long tapestries on the wall. There was an outline of a door.

“Damnit, I had it sealed off. Scarlet must have had someone tear it down.”

Next, he ran to the fireplace and opened the box.

“Did you touch the necklace?”

“No, I didn't want my fingerprints on it,” I said, standing beside him.

“Good girl.” He sighed, “I'm sorry you got drug into this.”

“What do you think she did this for? Do you think she will try and frame me for something?”

“Yes.”

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