

The Alpha King Call Boy

Chapter 206 Nefarious Intentions

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Fiona

I'm sure it wasn't a coincidence that I woke up feeling energized and motivated the morning after Alex and I enjoyed our steamy date upstairs. He had satisfied me very thoroughly and when we finally got to sleep, I slept like a log.

I was feeling good in my body, but when I glanced around my bedroom while getting myself and Lexi started on our morning routine, I discovered I was not feeling good about our home.

It'd been a while since I let the staff come in to do a deep clean of our suite, generally just preferring to do the daily chores myself, since I was home anyway. But it was looking a bit dusty.

Suddenly I became obsessed with the idea of giving our living space a full refresh today.

I called for maid service and wound up delegating tasks to a trio of servants who arrived quickly at the doorstep. While I cared for the baby, the maids dusted, vacuumed and changed all the linens. They cleaned the kitchenette and bathroom, washed the glass and screens on all the windows, and polished every bit of wood, metal and glass until every surface gleamed. I also had

them remove all the curtains and replace them with fresh ones in a heavier fabric.

The maids were just finishing up when I received a text. I shifted the baby in my arms, fetched my phone from my back pocket and opened the notification.

Alexander: Did you already eat lunch? Sorry I didn't check in sooner. I'm going to take a break soon though.

Confused, I looked at the time and was shocked to see it was almost two p.m. already.

I had kept myself quite busy and didn't notice the time passing. I replied to tell Alex as much and invited him to meet for a late afternoon meal. My stomach growled at the thought of food, reminding me that I'd been feeding the baby but not myself so far today, having been very distracted with my homemaking.

My husband arrived for our lunch date looking rather depleted himself. I opted to wait until he had devoured half of a rather large steak sandwich and polished off two cups of coffee before I asked him how his work was going.

He caught me up on all that he had been doing with Kayden this morning, then delved into detail about something that he wanted my help with – finding allies out near the casino, with whom the

King Pack could hide before their strike on the vampires.

“Diplomacy is not exactly my area of expertise,” Alex said, shrugging. “But you are an exceptional communicator. Can you take the lead with the initial outreach?”

“Of course. Are we just feeling these people out, at this stage?”

“Yes. We know absolutely nothing about them right now. Not all citizens are liable to feel positively about their monarchs, especially in a time of war. For the first conversations with these pack leaders, we will need to be very careful.”

I nodded, understanding. “Obviously we can’t tell them what we are planning. Or what kind of help we’re looking for at all. Just starting a dialogue, and sniffing out where their loyalties may lie.”

“Exactly. Kayden is already working on identifying packs local to the area. He will run some initial background checks on them, too. Then he will send you their information. From there... however you want to begin these communications, I will follow your lead.”

Once Lexi was fed, changed, and down for her afternoon nap, Alex returned to working in his study. I found myself feeling inspired as I sat down at my sparkingly clean desk to begin my new

project.

An hour slipped by fast while I typed out my first drafts for the letters to the pack leaders in the valley. A growing ache in my spine broke my focus on my task, requiring me to pause a moment to stretch. Leaning back in my chair and lazily rolling out my neck and shoulders, I noted that the room was peacefully quiet and remarkably clean, but a little too cold for comfort. I got up to turn the heat on, retrieve a warm sweater and start a fresh pot of tea.

I was steeping my tea and gazing out the window for a moment, noting the gray clouds hanging overhead that looked heavy with imminent rain, when I heard a sound from my computer. It was the new email notification sound.

Back at my desk, I resumed my seat and glanced at the screen. My email inbox was already open; my eyes fell right on the bolded sender name and subject line of the new message.

It was from Conrad.

Subject: Following Up Re: Your Resignation

I guess my hands had started shaking, because suddenly hot tea spilled from my cup and ran down the sides to bite at my thumb and index finger with its burning heat. My yelp came out as a very quiet whisper-shout. I'd been training myself lately not to make noise that would wake the baby,

and in this moment I was grateful for that practice. I put the cup down carefully and grabbed a bunch of tissues from a box nearby, then mopped up the mess as quickly as possible, before any of the honeyed tea could drip down onto the rug. My mind was racing all the while. I was both eager to open and read the email, and also did not want to open or read it at all...

Tea mess hastily cleaned up, finally I sat down and double-clicked Conrad's email to open it in a new window.

Dear Fiona,

I was very sorry to receive word of your resignation. You will be greatly missed by the Crescent Ventures Executive team. If you are seeking work elsewhere, I would be happy to provide you with a reference.

I also would like to extend an invitation to meet in person for a brief, informal conversation, should you be amenable. I can be available at any time that suits your schedule, at any date that you find yourself ready.

Thank you, Fiona, for all of your many contributions during your tenure at our company. And congratulations on your new arrival.

I wish you all the best.

Respectfully,  
Conrad Knight

“Well, shit,” I heard myself say aloud.

Surprise was at the forefront of the whirlwind of emotions I was feeling. Surprise and curiosity. What could Conrad possibly have to say to me? What did he want to have a “conversation” about?

Perhaps he wanted to try to explain himself. Or convince me to come back to the firm. Or maybe he wanted to say “I’m sorry” for having used me in his plot to kill my father. Did any of those conversations really need to be had? I was not interested in listening to Conrad’s overbearing voice reciting excuses for a vile act that I was trying very hard to just forget about.

When the surprise ebbed away, anger took its place. I still could not shake the sting of betrayal that I felt every time I thought about my boss having had me cover for his time off while he did what he did.

It simply had not been necessary. Conrad could have found someone else to pull overtime while he was “on leave.” When I thought about the way he laid all that responsibility on me, under the guise of preparing me for a promotion, while he was secretly using my labor to allow him opportunity to kill my father and “destroy” his corpse... that just made me feel sick to my stomach.

Because there was no way he did that on accident. It had been purposeful and sadistic.

Perhaps Conrad had even taunted my father with his closeness to me as part of his torture. What if he'd even called me on the phone to chat about work, while my bound and gagged relative lay bleeding to death nearby, listening?

It was not even really about my father's fate. It was about the deception and betrayal, the way that Conrad had used me. That's what I was truly angry about.

My wolf's instincts had always warned me to be wary of Alexander's uncle, and I felt angry with myself, too, for having let him play me anyway. Something about Conrad's crocodile smile and the way I'd watched him thrill at opportunities to make his subordinates uncomfortable... I always knew he was a sadist, and not someone to be trusted.

But then I had gone and trusted him anyway.

I trusted Conrad because Alex trusted him. And I came to rely upon my boss for mentorship and guidance, and I worked hard to earn his approval. I respected his expertise and cherished his praise. And when he asked me for help, I gave every ounce of my energy to show up and be there for him, naïvely blind to his true, nefarious intentions.

I had nothing to say to Conrad. And over the past few weeks, I had convinced myself that I could get away with just ignoring him for the rest of our lives. It seemed like the best way to bury all my bad feelings about him and just move on.

But then, the email arrived. And I realized that ignoring Conrad forever was not going to be as simple and easy as I had been hoping.