

The Alpha King Call Boy

Chapter 208 Tread Lightly

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Fiona

“Heeey, it looks nice in here.” Nina noticed the work I’d done in our room the second she stepped inside. My friend was looking flushed and happy, with her purple hair pulled back in a long, loose braid.

“Thank you. I had a lot of help. Thanks for reminding me to make better use of all the resources available to me here at my palace.”

“There you go. Now you’re sounding a little more like a princess.” She gave me a playful wink.

“And you look great, Nina. I take it you had fun today?”

She put a cool hand on my face, patting my cheek before pulling me in for a hug. “So, so much fun. I really needed that.”

My best friend had spent her day in the city at the dance studio where she practiced. Today, the studio had hosted some sort of community exposition. Nina had been asked to perform a routine

as well as lead a Q&A about her prowess on the aerial hoop.

I encouraged her to tell me more about the event while she got settled in for an evening of

babysitting. It was a relief to see her looking excited about her work again, after learning recently that she had been feeling a bit lost lately.

“I’m rambling,” Nina concluded after describing several acts she’d watched at the exposition.

“How was your day? Is lil’ b feeling better?”

“Yeah, the baby’s been good today.”

“And yet... do I see some worry on your face? Something wrong, babe?”

I arched an eyebrow at my friend. “And here I thought I was the one with the intuitive abilities.”

She rolled her eyes. “I just know you. What’s going on? Everything okay?”

“Yeah, just something came up that has me a little rattled. Here, I’ll show you.”

Nina already knew that I’d quit my job at Alexander’s company, not wanting to go back and work with Conrad after the mess with my father. I led her to my computer and pulled up the email my former boss had sent me today.

“Interesting,” she mumbled after reading it. “Are you gonna reply?”

“I don’t really want to. But my work brain is telling me it’s unprofessional not to answer at all.

Even given the circumstances.”

Nina grimaced, turning back at the computer screen and squinting at the email, as if studying it for a hidden clue.

“What do you think I should do?”

“I don’t know, Fi. It is a really strange situation. But listen, Conrad isn’t expecting you to respond right away, anyway. Look, he said, ‘at any date you find yourself ready.’ He knows you don’t want to talk to him right now. Maybe just give it some time, babe. Think a bit before you do anything. I don’t know this guy, but from everything you’ve told me, he seems like someone you want to be careful with. The phrase ‘tread lightly’ comes to mind...”

It was late evening when Alex finally called it quits on working for the day. He met me at our room, wanting to stop in and say hello to Lexi, before we snuck away to enjoy a couple hours of alone time.

As we walked upstairs hand in hand, I discovered that tonight my husband was feeling tired and preoccupied, much like I was myself. The vibe, as we entered our hideaway together, was certainly different than it had been the night prior when we met here for a spicy rendezvous.

Alexander did still drop his keys and immediately kiss me as soon as the door was closed behind us. The touch of his lips on mine was a relief, flooding me with comfort. But he did not get too crazy with the kiss, pulling away after a couple seconds and giving me a somewhat serious look

as he asked, "Is everything alright, Fiona?"

I shrugged. "I'm fine, though there is something weighing on my mind. I was going to tell you later, after we enjoyed a little distraction, but..."

Alex took my hand and guided me over to the bed.

"Tell me," he said, kneeling at my feet. He touched one of my ankles, indicating I should lift it so he could start removing my shoes. I smiled and complied, feeling well cared for.

"Conrad sent me an email today."

"Did he? What did it say?"

"Something about, he was sorry to hear of my resignation, and hoped I'd consider meeting him in person for a 'conversation.'"

"Huh." Alex took a seat next to me while I adjusted into a reclined position on the bed. He looked at me with patient, slightly narrowed eyes, as if waiting for me to continue. But I'd told him the whole story. It was a short one.

"Do you know what he wants to talk to me about?"

Alexander shook his head, running a hand through his thick golden hair. It was very looking long and fluffy today. (I thought it looked sexy like this, but he was probably thinking he was overdue for a haircut.)

"I don't," he answered. "But if I had to guess, he may want to offer you some sort of apology. I

don't expect you to want to see him, Fi. Just know that you don't owe him, or the company, anything. It is completely up to you if you would like to speak to Conrad or not."

Now that he'd removed his own shoes as well as his jacket, Alexander got up into the bed properly and lay down flat on his back. His blond tresses splayed out around his head on the ivory silk pillow beneath him. I snuggled up close beside my Alpha, capturing his hand in mine and enjoying when he brought our clasped hands up to his mouth and placed light kisses on my knuckles.

"I have a question," I announced quietly.

"Hm?"

"How do you feel about your uncle, Alex, after all that happened? Regardless of my feelings, do you believe that Conrad could ever be trusted again?"

Alex closed his eyes and scrubbed his free hand roughly up and down his face.

"That is a good question, Fi. The answer, right now, is no. I don't trust him anymore and see no reason to. But to be honest, I hope to again someday. This hope runs counter to logic, of course. My relationship with my uncle will never be the same as before. I've had to change the way I deal

with him, knowing now what he's capable of. But I struggle to imagine him trying something like this ever again. Then again, I never would have imagined him crossing me at all, before this happened."

I nodded, processing Alexander's words. It made sense, from his perspective, that he would hold out hope for true reconciliation and a restoration of closeness and trust with his family member.

Even if it was illogical.

"What else is on your mind, baby?"

I sighed, nuzzling into the crook of Alexander's neck and taking a long, comforting inhale of his woodsy scent. "Only a million worries." My vague confession came out as a faintest whisper.

He rolled his body in toward mine and wrapped his arms around me. His lips found the top of my head and planted a kiss there, then lingered while he soothed himself by rubbing his face in my soft hair.

"I have an idea," he said out of the blue. "I know what you need right now."

"I like this idea." I nodded approvingly as I watched Alex pour lavender-scented bubble bath into the steady stream of hot water filling the tub. He smiled, pleased with himself, then disappeared into the bedroom while the water continued streaming into the big, clean bathtub.

I turned off the faucet when it seemed about time and started to strip. Before I could climb into the bath, Alex returned with some candles. He gave me a once-over, licking his lips, and then quickly lit the candles and killed the overhead lights. "Oh, yes. This was a very good idea," I said as my body slipped under the hot, soapy water. The heat pressed deep into my muscles, instantly loosening them, and soothed the tension in my joints.

I rolled my neck and felt my spine pop slightly to align itself.

Alex disrobed quickly and climbed into the bath behind me, taking a seat with his back to the tub wall and his long legs around either side of my body. I scooted my bottom into his lap, unsurprised to feel his growing erection stirring against my backside, and leaned my back against his big, strong chest.

As soon as he was settled, Alexander's warm, wet hands began to stroke and pet my neck and shoulders, trailing hot, fragrant water everywhere they went.

He continued to massage my neck with one hand while the other found its way down to my inner thighs. And then the hand on my neck drifted forward to my throat, and the one that was

underwater moved from my thigh upward and inward. He used his thumb to press on my clit while hooking two fingers inside my core, and I went absolutely limp in his arms.

When he started finger fucking me in earnest, he matched the increasing pressure and intensity with his other hand as well, choking me just enough to spike my pleasure with hot little surges of exquisite pain. The way he went back and forth between light, tender touches and hard, frenzied ones shot me quickly up into the stratosphere. Alex kept up his expert handling of my body while I moaned and trembled, seeming intent on keeping me coming as long as possible. He didn't let me come back down to earth until the bath water started to cool.