

## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 51 They Were Up To Something



Fiona

It did not take long before I realized exactly what my coworker had meant when he told me that this project would be impossible to get off the ground.

The concept behind the project was simple. Our biggest client, a real estate developer, had all the resources in place to support a rapid expansion into the residential housing market. The only problem was a competitor that was leasing similar properties at unbeatable rates.

Alexander had left the palace for the afternoon, leaving me to my research. I was in bed, propped up against a nest of soft pillows and sipping tea

absentmindedly while clicking around online, looking for information about the rival development firm when, suddenly, a familiar face was smiling up at me from the screen.

It was Scarlet. Alexander's stepmother, the Alpha King's Luna. The reigning queen.

And the very same ruthless, conniving woman who tried to turn me against my fiancé, attempted to frame me for theft, and then wickedly disparaged us both before Alexander's vicious father.

I gasped involuntarily as the pieces clicked into place in my mind, and wound up briefly choking on my tea as a result. Once I caught my breath, I continued reading and confirmed the daunting situation that lay ahead of me.

Scarlet was the primary shareholder in the rival

development company, which had cornered the market on residential housing across the nation. The further I researched, the more connections I found. All roads led back to Scarlet. She had a nearly complete monopoly on the industry.

It was not until my legs and hips began feeling achy that I realized I'd been reading for hours. I closed my laptop and eased my way out of bed. Stopped into the restroom and freshened up. Began to tidy up all my work clutter. All the while, thinking...

About what the future was going to look like, when my new job was requiring me to start a war with a powerful woman who already viewed me as an enemy.

"Is everything alright?" Alexander was looking across the dinner table at me questioningly, his honey-gold eyes full of concern. He reached out for my hand and

gave it a squeeze.

“Oh, yes, I’m fine.” I smiled, enjoying the warmth of his touch and relaxing my hand into his. “It’s just work. I keep thinking about the project I was telling you about this morning. I’m sorry that I am so distracted.”

Alexander nodded understandingly. “You don’t need to apologize,” he said, letting go of my hand. “Were you able to get your research done this afternoon?”

“Well, I would not call it done. But yes, I did some research and reading. And, well, I actually came across something interesting I wanted to tell you about... about your stepmother.”

“Oh? What about her?” Alexander filled his mouth with a forkful of steak and potatoes and looked away. I had been expecting him to be more alarmed, I guess, at the mention of Scarlet. But he looked as

cool as ever, and even, strangely, almost disinterested.

“Well, it looks like I am in for some more conflict with her soon,” I continued. “As it turns out, she is a part owner of the real estate company that we will be competing with once we begin the expansion project and break ground on new developments. I will have to go head-to-head with her at some point, competing for a share of the market that she’s currently dominating.”

Alexander swallowed down his food and cleared his throat. “I did know that she invests heavily in real estate.” He shook his head, looking down the length of the long dinner table contemplatively. “She will not be an easy opponent to challenge.”

“I don’t expect so.” I studied Alexander’s face, trying to read the complicated expression that had just

appeared on it. “I have only just begun my research, but her company’s profit margins seem tremendous. Competing with their rental rates will be our greatest challenge. I will have to figure out how they’re keeping their building costs so low.”

I could tell that this piqued Alexander’s interest. “Hmm. And how do you think you will be able to figure that out?”

I laughed. “Honestly,” I admitted, “I have no idea.”

I wound up thinking about Alexander’s question all that evening, and all throughout the following day as well.

How was I going to figure out what Scarlet and her company were doing to pull off their massive profits?

All I could do was simply get started. Research,

research, and more research. Find out everything that I could and see where the information would lead me.

Nina texted me Sunday night, asking if she was ever going to see me again now that I was working all the time. I wrote out a reply promising we'd hang out soon, but then deleted it slowly, thinking about my project. I simply had to devote all my time and energy to my work right now.

I wrote her back: The next month is going to be a beast for me. I'll have to keep you posted.

She replied: Ok. Just promise you'll take care of yourself while you're working so much, alright?

I found myself holding my phone to my chest for a moment, missing my best friend. I was grateful for her concern. I reassured Nina I was okay, then silenced my phone and flipped it over. And went right back to

work typing search queries quietly under the dim blue glow of my laptop screen, with Alexander fast asleep at my side.

I didn't plan to pull an all-nighter, but my mind would not have let me rest, even if I'd tried to sleep. I clicked every link I could find and learned everything I could about my competitor, from the founding of the company to every detail of their current public records, and everything in between.

Sunday night became Monday morning, and three a.m. found me dressing quickly, wired with adrenaline, and then I was seated in my office on the eighty-ninth floor less than an hour later. The pitch-dark sky and distant city lights beyond the wall of windows made it feel more like night than morning. Most of the floor was dark, but light and sound from Conrad's corner office told me that my boss was also here early.



The longer I thought about it and the more I learned, the more my mind was desperate for an answer to the question of how Scarlet's company was making the kinds of profits they were reporting quarter over quarter for the past ten years. The numbers simply did not add up.

Something was missing from the public record. Something that this company did not want anyone – not just their competitors – to know about.

The incongruities I was finding between what they should have been spending on construction and material costs and the business's gross revenue could not be chalked up to business strategy or trade secrets. They were up to something. Something illegal.

And I was going to find out what it was.

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 52 Voracious



Fiona

Monday at work rushed by in a blur of data compilation and catered meals that I devoured with an unusually voracious appetite.

Spending more time with Alexander was keeping me in better shape physically. And I had decided that I was done overthinking our relationship. Sure, I enjoyed Alexander's touch and found the sight and smell and feel of his body mouth-watering. But the

bottom line was that I needed his body close to mine for practical reasons. I had, after all, moved into the palace with him for the express purpose of sleeping beside the father of my child, whose strength our cub needed nearby to survive – without killing me in the process.

I wolfed down my breakfast, lunch, and dinner in my office, for the first time in weeks declining all meeting invitations, keeping my office door locked, and bossily telling all my colleagues that I was too busy to chat, consult on the projects, or endure their presence for any other reason at all. And I spent the day pulling all the data that I could find about Scarlet's development company. In the evening, I printed all the reports I'd compiled and brought them home with me to look them over later.

I was exhausted, nearly falling asleep in the car on the way back to the palace. I fully intended to get the

rest that I needed as soon as I returned to our room.

But I found that Alexander was still out in the training field with his soldiers, and though I could certainly eat without him, I wanted to wait to have dinner with him later. The more time we could spend together, the better. And waiting on Alexander for dinner also provided me with some time to kill. Time that I could use to do just a little more work before my Alpha was back here, narrowing his eyes at me and demanding that I take a break from my workaholism.

I looked over at our huge bed covered in golden silks, with all the plush pillows that were fluffed and arranged neatly by the maid staff daily in our absence. It looked much too comfortable right now, as sleep deprived as I was. I set myself up at the table in the corner of the room instead, sitting upright in front my open laptop with a stack of reports beside me, ready to start reading and taking notes.

I didn't let myself change into more comfortable clothes or even take my shoes off. I was sure that doing this would help keep me awake. I pulled my hair up into a tight bun, drank down a glass of water, and blinked at the computer screen determinedly.

Alexander

Returning to our room after an evening training session with my men, I expected to find Fiona working on her laptop as she always was these days. Probably in bed with pillows all around her.

I often admonished my pregnant Luna about needing to rest at home and leave work behind in the office, but I was wasting my breath. Fiona was going to do what Fiona wanted to do. And I was the one who had given her this job, after all, and I had a huge stake in her success, too.

Entering our bedroom, I found her passed out at the table, looking absurdly uncomfortable. My eyes widened and I could not help but laugh aloud at the scene, which was like a poster warning against overworking yourself. She was dead to the world, snoring loudly, with her face flattened sideways on her laptop keyboard.

I came around beside her and gently lifted her head, cradling it in my hands. She stopped snoring but remained limp, deeply unconscious. I smiled, trying to stifle my laughter so as not to wake her, and gently lifted her body into my arms, holding her against my chest and carrying her to the bed.

I got her head set comfortably on a pillow and sat down on the bed beside her, then started undressing her. I was quite sure that I would wake her up at some point and continuously shook my head in disbelief as

she remained fast asleep, out cold. I removed her shoes, jacket, dress, and stockings, then finally covered her over with a blanket, taking a strange pleasure in having an opportunity to take good care of her while she was in such an uncharacteristically vulnerable state.

Papers were scattered all over the floor around the table, obviously having been shoved off the surface by the sleeping Fiona as she crashed down into them, unconscious. I went over to pick them up. As I collected all the loose papers, I noticed that they were all one type of document. Spreadsheets full of data.

Once all the papers were back on the table in a big, clumsy pile, I looked over at Fiona in bed. She was still dead asleep. It did not seem like she would rouse anytime soon.

I took the opportunity to rifle through her

spreadsheets, studying the headers and sources and quickly ascertaining that Fiona was digging into my stepmother's rival real estate company. She was looking for something. I recalled our brief conversation over the weekend, when Fiona told me she was going to figure out how exactly Scarlet's company was dominating the market.

Just as I was about to get up and head into the shower, something on one of the reports stood out to me suddenly, catching my eye. The name on a vendor account.

I recognized the company name from somewhere, which was not surprising. I was, after all, the controlling owner of Crescent Ventures, and though my other responsibilities leading the King Pack and fighting in the vampire wars kept me away from my work in the business world for stretches of time, I was well versed in the affairs of my company. I had been



keeping tabs on Scarlet's property development and management companies for many years.

And this vendor listed on Fiona's report... My instinct told it was fraudulent. Not a real company.

Maybe it was a shell corporation, a front that Scarlet or her cohorts were using to launder income from other activities. I had never heard of the business, and if it had been legitimate, that would simply not be true. Its name was also strangely familiar, though I couldn't pinpoint where I had heard it.

I wished that I could tell Fiona about my suspicion. Tell her why this data point was relevant and worth further investigation. But how would I be able to explain how I knew anything about her work without revealing that I was secretly her boss, the one who hired her and set her up with this project? I simply could not.

I jotted down the name of the company in the notes app on my phone, then placed the report back on top of the stack of papers and straightened it out. I closed Fiona's laptop quietly and plugged it into a charger she kept plugged into the wall near her bedside table.

Standing beside the bed, near her where she lay still fast asleep, propped like a ragdoll in exactly the place I'd positioned her, I could not help but reach out and touch her. I ran my fingers across her soft silver hair and brought my lips to her face...

I did not kiss her lips – I had promised – but kissed her cheek instead. And endured an unexpected pang of longing for the sweet flavor of her mouth and the incredible rush that had overtaken me the one and only time I'd tasted it.

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 53 She's Better On Your Side

Fiona

“There she is,” Conrad said, a broad, toothy grin on his face as he rounded the corner into my office. “My superstar.”

I squinted at my boss, looking for a trace of sarcasm on his face. But he seemed to be acting genuinely. I didn't reply, waiting for an explanation for this sudden effusion of praise and suspicious cheerfulness.

“I just got off the phone with the escrow company.” Conrad sat across from me at my desk. It felt odd. He

had never sat down in here before, and his large frame looked out of place in a chair designated for visitors. “I don’t know how you pushed that paperwork through so quickly, but it’s already been approved, and we are ready to break ground on the first site next week.”

My usually well-controlled professional demeanor faltered for a minute, a huge smile breaking across my face. “Really? I tried to pressure them into moving up the close date, but I didn’t actually think they’d give me the first date that I asked for.”

Conrad pressed his fingertips together in front of his chest, making a steeple with his big hands. He looked to the right, studying a spot on the wall or perhaps visualizing something in its place. “Whatever you did,” he said, turning back to me, “it worked. Keep doing it.”

“I heard you’re breaking ground on the first building

project already.” Gerald, my coworker who had laughed in my face the day he learned that I was trying to launch this project within a month, was looking sheepish. His eyes were flicking up and down from me to his coffee and then back again.

“Yep.” I held back a smug smile. There was no need to gloat. I could see in his eyes that my colleague was already eating crow. I rinsed my mug in the sink and set it upside down to drip dry while my tea water boiled.

Gerald’s head bobbed up and down. “It’s impressive,” he said quietly. “How are you pulling it off?”

I took a seat in a cushioned armchair across the table from Gerald, who was eating his lunch alone in the break room while reading a newspaper.

“Relentless badgering,” I answered with a sigh, a

combination of fatigue and newly emerging confidence making me recklessly honest for the moment. “Wildly lowballing negotiations just to see what would happen. Weeks of sleep deprivation and a total lack of work-life balance. Ha.”

Gerald froze, a forkful of steak tartare suspended in the air about an inch away from his half-open mouth.

The tea kettle started to whistle. I stood, crossed the room, and fixed my tea.

“I’ll see you later, Gerald,” I said on my way out, flashing him a polite smile.

He looked at me with his lips closed over a mouthful of food, chewing slowly, his eyes still looking stunned, and nodded once before I slipped away.

Third person

Scarlet was pacing the length of the empty boardroom, shaking with anger.

She had been working for so many years to ensure that Lucas would inherit the throne and become Alpha King. But that infuriating, relentless Alexander just could not be killed, no matter how many plots Scarlet devised to put him in harm's way. Her son's rival seemed to survive everything, always coming crawling back, like a cockroach.

And even more of Scarlet's hard work had gone into her business dealings. For years, she labored over strategic acquisitions and investments, working toward a long-term plan that had only just begun bringing in that beautiful, endless influx of cash she'd been waiting on. And now, Alexander and his pregnant whore were again interfering in her business.

As if it weren't bad enough that Alexander had revealed to the King that Scarlet had been embezzling from the royal accounts. His accusations had not yet been definitively proven, but they did leave Scarlet scrambling to hide evidence before it could be found by investigators. And it could still possibly land her in prison, or worse, if the King found anything he believed incriminated his wife beyond doubt.

And now, Fiona was suddenly working for Alex's uncle's investment firm, and leading the cause to expand one of their client's businesses. A client that would directly compete with Scarlet's company. Scarlet had only just heard about Fiona's involvement with the firm, but then within days, Crescent Ventures announced they already had a series of housing tracts under construction and would be leasing them within a month.



It was unbelievable. The world of real estate was notoriously slow-moving. Buyer delays, seller delays, and escrow delays were the norm. Somehow, Alexander's pretty, young Luna fast-tracked her deals.

If Crescent's project was successful, they were set up to directly squeeze out a third of Scarlet's market. And something about it being Fiona's doing just made it so much worse.

Fiona not only got herself knocked up and then moved, unwelcomed, into Scarlet's palace, but also had the nerve to defy the queen in public. Not once, but twice. And now the bitch was coming after Scarlet's money. That was the line. It had been crossed.

A woman cleared her throat behind Scarlet, catching the queen's attention. "I am SO sorry," the assistant

said, taking more steps into the room than Scarlet considered to be necessary. “But are you ready to start the meeting? I have the board of directors waiting. They’re all here, Ma’am. I mean, Your Highness.”

Scarlet raised a thin black eyebrow at the young woman, silently judging everything about her. “Send them in,” she said, pleased when the girl went away without further awkward chatter.

The board president, sitting nearest to Scarlet, made a constricted, groaning sound in his throat before he spoke. “However effective your plan could be, the amount of money you are asking to invest in this price war, on top of the ad campaign, is simply beyond the realm of possibility.”

“Thank you for your opinion,” Scarlet replied, giving the man a stern look. “But while you may lead the

board, you do not speak for all members.”

She moved her gaze to the next board member beside the president. He hesitated a moment, then stated, ambiguously, “It’s a risky move.”

“A calculated risk,” Scarlet replied confidently. “We cannot sit idly by while a new competitor begins to build an empire on our backs. We cannot let Crescent Ventures encroach on our target market and do nothing to counter-attack.”

After challenging each of the board members individually in turn, Scarlet then ordered an official vote. Again, they moved around the table in a circle, with each person now saying only “Aye” or “Nay.”

“The ayes have it,” the queen said in summation, smirking at the board president after all the votes had been cast.

His only response was a slight, resigned shrug of his shoulders.

“I will assemble a team right away,” Scarlet continued, addressing the room at large. “The advertising campaign will make all the difference. We’ll be sure everyone knows they can’t trust Crescent Ventures and remind them of their loyalty to our brands.”

The energy amongst the group was mixed. Those who knew Scarlet well, even if they were not thrilled about investing company resources in a blatantly unethical smear campaign, knew better than to oppose her outright. The board had an obligation to voice dissent to their CEO when necessary, but they only ever did so meekly, never supporting that dissent with their votes.

They knew that it was, simply, better to have her on

your side.

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 54 Betting On Myself



Fiona

I was already standing in front of the TV, mouth agape in shock, watching one of the ads as it played live, when Nina called.

“Yeah, I’m looking at it now,” I answered, scoffing.

“How can they even air something like this? It’s totally baseless.”

Nina snorted. “You can put anything on TV. And on the internet. And people really do.”

I took a huge breath in and out, trying to calm myself. But the voice on the commercial kept droning on, unnerving me more with each over-enunciated word. It was basically a smear campaign against Crescent Ventures and our development partner, warning people against what the ad claimed was a dishonest business that would swindle them out of their hard-earned money.

My body suddenly felt shot, depleted of every ounce of energy.

If people really believed these ads, my project was going to tank. And I had already allocated every dollar in my operating budget, with a team preparing our new construction sites as we spoke. I suddenly regretted not budgeting for a contingency plan.

I turned the TV off and sat down on the bed, feeling queasy. I put my phone on speaker and set it on the pillow next to my head.

“You okay, Fiona?”

“Yeah, I’ll be fine.” I sounded breathless and exhausted all of a sudden.

Nina growled quietly. “You haven’t been doing what you told me you would, have you, Fi? You promised me you were gonna take care of yourself.”

“I know.” I groaned, frowning.

“When’s the last time you ate?” she asked. “When’s the last time you slept?”

“Not that long ago,” I answered honestly.

“Okay, well did you eat enough? Sleep enough?”

“Alright, you got me Nina. Yes, I need more food and more sleep. I’m lying down in bed right now if that helps you. What else do you want me to do?”

Nina paused, contemplating. “Can I come over?” she asked. “I know you’re busy, but I won’t stay long. Just want to drop in and give you a hug, and make sure that you eat something. Can I?”

“Let me guess. You’re already with Kayden as we speak.”

“Uh, no. I’ve put him on ice, actually. He was getting a little clingy.”

I laughed. “Oh, poor Kayden. How are you planning on getting here, then?”



“Oh, I’m gonna call him. I’ve been keeping him waiting for a few weeks, so I’m sure he’s thirsty. He’ll come running.”

“Nina,” I said with a tone of mock reprimand. “You are evil!”

She giggled innocently. “Nah. He likes it. Listen, I’ll call you back after I talk to him, okay? Don’t go falling asleep before you can eat anything.”

I got up and changed out of my work clothes while I waited for Nina, my body moving slowly while my mind raced. I could still hear the annoying voice from the TV commercial playing in my mind, warning people not to rent or buy our new properties.

But I could not give up on this project, even if it was dead in the water. I had put so much of my life force

into it already.

Everything I told Gerald about my early successes with the project was completely true. I was working myself to the bone for this venture. I absolutely could not let all that effort be in vain.

When Conrad hired me, he gave me an initial salary offer that just about made my heart stop. It was far beyond what my father had ever paid me. But I swallowed my surprise and excitement and negotiated with Conrad for an even bigger number. He would have been turned off if I didn't.

I was proud of my salary, but the strangest part was that I didn't even need the money. Not now, at least, while all my needs were taken care of at the palace. So far, my income only ever went directly into my savings account, and nowhere else.

I headed into the bathroom to wash my face, trying to revive my energy before Nina came over, and thinking over the facts at hand.

The smear campaign was out there, wreaking havoc on our brand. It required a response. A response would cost money. And I had nothing left in the budget for new press and advertising. I could, of course, simply ask Conrad for an increase in the budget, but there was no telling how that would go over. At a minimum, it would give him a reason to doubt that I could handle unexpected obstacles on my own.

I finished touching up my makeup and brushed out my hair, then went back to sit in bed, where I opened my online banking app and checked the balances in my accounts. There was a substantial amount there to work with.

It was a gamble, throwing my own resources into fighting our competitor. But I had a feeling it was going to pay off, and betting on myself was the only move I had.

Alexander beat Nina to the palace, arriving a few minutes ahead of her. I told him I'd invited her over and he smiled in response.

"I'm glad you're making time for something other than work. How long has it been since you've seen Nina?"

"A few weeks, I think. I miss her a lot."

"Let me guess," he said with a knowing smile. "My Beta is already on his way to retrieve her?"

I mumbled mm-hmm, pressing my lips closed tightly. I didn't feel like I could speak to Alexander on this topic without revealing too much about my wild friend's

gameplay with his second-in-command.

Alexander narrowed his eyes at me questioningly, looking like he was trying to hold back a smile as well. I got the feeling that maybe Kayden had been confiding in Alexander about Nina, too. For whatever reason, thinking about this made me burst into uncontrollable laughter.

“I’m sorry,” I said, doubled over and trying to catch my breath.

“No, I get it.” Alexander never really laughed, but I heard in his voice a hint of a chuckle. “They’re quite a pair.”

“And you really don’t mind her joining us for dinner?”

Alexander shook his head, his brow furrowed. “Of course not. I’ll ask Kayden to stay and eat with us,

too. It'll be fun.”

My phone chimed with a text from Nina, confirming they were at the palace already and heading through the West Wing now. I conveyed this to Alexander, and we took a few minutes to ready ourselves separately.

“Wait,” he said from behind me when I touched the doorknob, just about to leave.

“What?” I turned and found Alexander approaching with one hand outstretched. I placed my own into it and he pulled me in close, wrapping me up in a big hug. I let my face fall comfortably against his chest, breathing in his scent. His energy started flowing into my body immediately, reviving me.

Alexander bent to press his mouth and nose to my neck, sniffing my skin compulsively. His beard tickled, making me start giggling again.

“Sorry,” he said, pulling away with an amused smile. He stroked my cheek lightly and tucked a loose strand of hair behind my ear. “Let’s get going. We probably should not leave those two alone and unsupervised for too long.”

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 55 She Doesn’t Fight Fair



Fiona

My press release went out in morning, and though it was just one step of many toward recovering our public image, I felt like I was at least making progress.

But then, only hours later, the other shoe dropped.

The first domino to fall was a phone call from one of our suppliers, from whom we sourced wood, stone, and other natural building supplies. The company abruptly terminated their contract with our developer, offering no explanation. This would be a significant setback on its own, but it should not have been too debilitating. I expected it would cause a delay while I found another supplier to work with.

But the worst was yet to come. I began to look for another vendor, but quickly found it was not going to be easy. I ended up contacting just about every building supply company and lumber yard across the country, and every single one of them refused to sell us any materials.

“Our entire inventory was bought out just yesterday. We will have more wood available next month.” That



was the reply from one vendor – the only one willing to speak to me for longer than two seconds.

“We can’t accommodate on short notice.” That was the most popular answer.

One woman simply hung up on me when I asked why I could not place an order with her. And many more vendors did not even take my call or return my messages at all.

I was sitting in my office, watching big white clouds blowing by outside my window and contemplating just how much money it must take to monopolize an entire nation’s supply of a basic resource like wood, when my phone rang. It was Scarlet.

“Queen Luna,” I answered through gritted teeth. “I see that you have been busy.”

She laughed mirthlessly. “You are one to talk, Fiona. That silver tongue of yours must be useful to you in the workplace, in addition to making you so very insufferable. You have managed to make some impressive deals for Crescent Ventures over the past few weeks.”

“What is it that you want, Scarlet?” I snapped, growing impatient.

“Ooh. That’s right, you have a lot to do. No time for chit-chat.” She chuckled once again, then dropped the cocky sarcasm when she continued. “Your path forward is simple, Fiona. Cancel your project, sell the properties you have been acquiring, and be grateful that you are not looking at a much larger loss than whatever measly startup investment you have already thrown into this ill-advised enterprise.”

I was furious. “This is criminal extortion,” I snapped.

She chuckled. I could practically hear the smug smile on her lips and see it in my mind. “You and your fiancé have a bad habit of accusing me of crimes without any real evidence to back up your claims. You should be careful about that.”

I paused, taking a long but quiet breath. I did not want Scarlet to think that she could bait me into an emotional outburst with her taunting. “You would really stoop to such a low,” I asked calmly, “just because you’re afraid of a little business competition?”

“I am simply protecting my assets, and I am afraid of nothing.” Scarlet’s voice became hoarse, almost a growl as she added, “And you would do very well to remember that.”

I was exhausted when I got home. I was lying in bed

awake, just staring at the wall, lost in thought, when Alexander came in.

“Hey. Are you okay?” he asked immediately, looking very concerned.

“I’m fine.” My voice came out sounding raspy, and I realized that my throat was sore from talking on the phone all day as I tried to sort out the crisis at work. I cleared my throat and sat up, resting my weight against the headboard. I wanted to put Alexander’s mind at ease. He was always anxious about my health lately. “I’m sorry, I don’t mean to worry you. I’m alright. Just had a tough day at work.”

Alexander nodded. “Conrad called me, actually. He told me all about what happened.” He jutted his chin at a glass of water on my nightstand, reminding me to take care of myself. I took a sip.

I was glad I did not need to explain the whole thing to him. Living through this workday was hard enough. I did not want to have to repeat the whole awful story. “I feel like I am almost at my wit’s end,” I confessed. “Scarlet doesn’t fight fair. And she has all the power in this situation. I have no leverage against her.”

He shrugged, frowning. “That may be true. But my stepmother has also never had such a tough opponent before.”

The vote of confidence felt nice, but I could not be sure if Alexander was just trying to make me feel better or if he really believed this sentiment. “Either way,” I said, dismissing the compliment, “all I can do is keep trying. Keep showing up and doing everything that I can, until someone tells me that it’s over.”

A half-smile crept up one side of Alexander’s mouth. “That is a good attitude,” he said. “Persistence is an

underrated virtue. People like Scarlet often get their way not by force, but by intimidation. She's a bully. She expects that when she puts pressure on someone, they will eventually give up and give in."

"You might be right then, that I am not the type of opponent she is used to fighting. Giving up isn't something that I do. I'll fight her until I can't anymore."

Alexander grinned. I suspected it was because he liked hearing me say that he was right. Then it looked like he was just about to say something, but he stopped himself.

I took the opportunity to continue talking through my thought. "Right now, Scarlet is just throwing everything at the wall to see what sticks. She can't keep doing that forever. Even she will run out of lies and money to tell them with, at some point. Maybe somehow, I can outlast her."

Alexander approached my bedside and held out his hand. I slipped mine into it, and he tugged gently, encouraging me to get up.

“You need to eat something,” he said. “And all this business with Scarlet is not going to be resolved tonight. You can take a break from worrying about her to take care of yourself. Or at least, to let me take care of you.”

I let him pull me out of bed and was a little surprised when he pulled me in close to his body, hugging me tightly. But it felt amazing. Every time he touched me, it was a reminder of how necessary it was for us to be together like this. I felt my strength returning, his energy warming the blood in my veins.

Pulling back to look at me, Alexander stroked my cheek and neck gently, making my spine tingle. I

couldn't help that my eyes fluttered closed, and I purred a little at the pleasure of his touch.

“Let's go get you some food,” he said, dropping his hand. “Before we get too distracted.”

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 56 Nda



Alexander

I opted not to use any of my Crescent Ventures contacts or resources as I searched for information, not wanting word to get back to Fiona that I had been digging into Scarlet's company. I needed to help her



in her war against my stepmother, but it would be tricky to let her in on my plans without revealing the ways in which I was already involved with everything.

A private investigator I'd worked with years ago was happy to help me out, hardly asking for any information once I gave him the name of that odd, seemingly imaginary company that I had seen on Fiona's copies of the competitor's expense reports.

"Anything strange at all about this business, I'll find it out," he said. "I'll update you asap."

And I did not have to wait long on an update. I started some work in my office, but hardly got anything done before my phone rang and I saw it was the PI calling me back already.

"I just texted you an address," he told me. "Meet me there now."

The investigator pulled into a nearby parking spot seconds after I got out of my car.

“What is this place?” I asked, approaching him.

We were standing in a square parking lot in the middle of a motel property. The building was in a U-shape around the parking lot, with a small lobby at one end. The room doors were painted in mismatched shades of red, with sun-bleached plastic numbers nailed over the peepholes. And there was graffiti on everything, including the filthy, reeking dumpsters located in the center of the parking lot.

“Let’s go and meet our new friend.” The investigator, an unassuming man in his fifties with a quiet voice but decisive manner, nodded in the direction of a rusty metal staircase on my left. “She can explain. Number twenty seven.”

Up the creaking stairs we went, and just as I held my fist up to knock on the brick-red door to room twenty seven, it flew open, revealing a short brunette woman in her 40s with one finger pressed to her lips, saying “SHH!!!” She waved us in frantically, then closed the door behind us quickly once we were inside.

“My apologies, ma’am. I was given to understand that you were expecting us.”

“No, no, it’s alright.” The woman shook her head at me and gestured to a small table, around which she had arranged three mismatched chairs. The only other furniture in the room was a twin-size bed, a small bedside table, and a narrow bookcase packed with piles of folded clothing. The PI sat in one of the chairs.

“Thank you, but I’ll stand,” I told the woman politely,

moving to a place in the room where I could keep my body facing the door.

“You can just never be too careful around here,” the woman continued. She peeked through a tiny gap between the curtains on the room’s sole window, which looked directly out over the parking lot.

Apparently satisfied that we had not been followed, she finally relaxed, changing her tone when she addressed me again. “Alpha Alexander, it is a great honor to meet you.”

“That’s very kind of you. My associate tells me that you have some information you want to share with me?”

“Yes.” She swallowed heavily and cleared her throat as she took a seat. “I just don’t know what will happen to me if I am caught talking to you. I signed a contract, you see. An NDA. And if you think I’m bad off now—”

she waved her hand around the motel room slowly—  
“Oh, it would be even worse to be on the street.”

“Someone is threatening to put you out on the street?”  
I asked. “Whatever you signed, it sounds exploitative  
at the least. Or it may not even be legal.”

The woman nodded again. “Oh, I’ve thought about  
this so much. I’m afraid I really have no legal  
recourse. The only way I can tell you what you want  
to know, and survive, is if you promise you will not tell  
them that I blabbed. Never make me go to court. They  
will ruin me if they find out. Please – tell me you won’t  
reveal me as your source.”

“I promise.” I looked the woman in the eye. “And I  
keep my promises. I will make sure that you are safe.”

“Alright.” She poured some water from a plastic  
pitcher into a paper cup and took a sip. “Are you sure

you don't want to sit down?" she asked, looking me up and down. "It's a long story."

Fiona

"What?" Conrad barked into the intercom on his desk. "I told you to hold all my calls."

He and I had been in his office strategizing for hours, trying to find a way to negotiate with the vendors that were still refusing to sell us materials for our construction sites.

"Sorry to interrupt," his assistant replied, his voice sounding urgent. "But there's something you should see on the news, Sir."

Conrad slid open a drawer and grabbed a TV remote, aimed it over my shoulder and pressed a button. I turned around and saw what I always thought was

just a wall opening up to reveal a huge flat-screen TV. The TV powered on while the apparatus continued pushing it forward into the room.

“More information,” an anchor was saying, “about this shocking scandal and how it all started. If you’re just joining us, we’re sharing breaking news about a property management company that allegedly bribed code enforcement officials to certify buildings with outdated electrical wiring. One of these buildings caught fire last year, and while no residents were killed in the blaze, eleven were injured and hundreds were left homeless.”

Conrad got up and crossed the room, folding his arms across his chest as he stood before the TV, watching. I went over and stood beside him.

“Now, a former resident has broken their silence,” the reporter continued. “The resident, who chooses to

remain anonymous, is speaking through a class-action attorney, claiming that after the fire, they were forced to sign non-disclosure agreements swearing to secrecy about the cause of the fire, which was an electrical short in one of the units. The attorney also claims that the property owners have failed to provide adequate housing for those who were displaced after the tragedy...”

I knew Conrad was listening intently, taking all the information in, but also had his mind going a million miles an hour already, deeply considering what it all meant. He was still as a statue, eyes glued to the TV.

“In a shocking twist,” the news report went on, “the owner and CEO of the company responsible is none other than the Luna Queen herself. A legend in the industry, Scarlet is a well-known investor in the real estate market. But this story could be changing things for our royal Luna, as more evidence comes to



light...”

Conrad sent me away, telling me we'd reconvene the next morning. He was on the phone with someone and yelling at them already before I could close his office door behind me.

The story was everywhere. TV, news websites, social media. I started reading press reports and articles while streaming a live news feed in a second browser window. Soon, more breaking news was announced: victims were coming forward, emboldened by the pending lawsuit, breaking their silence and speaking out. One after another, they told their stories about losing everything in the fire and then being intimidated by the property managers into signing the exploitative NDAs.

I shook my head, thinking how easy it would be to simply update the electrical equipment in an old

building before leasing it out to residents in the first place. Sure, electrical work was pricey, but it was necessary for safety.

What was even worse, though, was how the company responded after the fire. The non-disclosure agreements were given to the residents with the promise that if they signed, they would be set up with free housing the next five years. But when it came time to hold up their end of the bargain, they moved the residents into cheap motel rooms in an unsafe part of the city instead of proper, permanent homes.

I started packing up to head home and realized something. I had been very focused at first on catching up with the details of this story. But now I started thinking about the timing of it being revealed just as I was up against this problem with Scarlet and my project.

The secret about the fire had been kept quiet for so long. Why was the truth coming out today?

Conrad had nothing to do with it. He had been just as shocked as I was when he saw the news.

If it was a coincidence, it was a very lucky break for me indeed.

A lucky break, or something else going on that I was not yet privy to.

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 57 The Truth Always Comes Out



Back at the palace, I got my shoes off and feet up, then couldn't help but get back on my phone to see if there were any more updates on the Scarlet scandal.

Alexander walked in just a few minutes later. He gave me an affectionate smile when he saw me.

“Did you talk to Conrad today?” I asked.

He chuckled, unbuttoning his suit jacket and loosening his tie. “Hello to you, too. And no, I have not talked to Conrad today. I imagine he is very busy right now. But I did see the news. I think just about everyone in the world must have, by now.”

“It's insane, huh? I'm still reeling. And I can't stop refreshing my news feed, either. It seems like there are more victims coming forward every hour.”

Alexander hung up his jacket, then came and sat

down next to me on the edge of the bed. “Give me the phone.” He held out his hand and I passed it to him. He set it on my nightstand, face down. Then he took both my cold hands into his, pressing warmth into them. “I already knew my stepmother was a criminal,” he said, “but yes, this kind of crime of against innocent people is always shocking to anybody with a conscience.”

“There’s something else I keep wondering about, too,” I told him. Alexander raised a curious eyebrow. “I just keep thinking, why today? After all this time, why was this revealed right when Scarlet was about to take down my project? It’s weird.”

He shrugged. “I suppose it was only a matter of time before it was exposed.”

“Hmm. You might be right. I guess the truth always comes out at some point.”

Alexander lifted one of my hands to his mouth and kissed it. “How are you feeling, by the way?” he asked. “Ready for some dinner?”

“I am hungry, but my feet are killing me. Can we do dinner after I rest them for just a few more minutes?”

He frowned, then scooted down the bed toward my swollen feet. “Can I rub them for you?” He pulled one foot into his lap.

“I won’t argue with that.” He started kneading the arch of my foot with his thumbs, giving me immediate pain relief and eliciting an involuntary mmm sound from my throat.

My eyes flickered closed and I relaxed. This was an unexpected pleasure. But when my phone chimed with a text notification, I snatched it right up, wide-

eyed and alert. I may have been physically fatigued, but I was also still wired, high on adrenaline from all the excitement of the day.

Alexander raised his eyebrow again. “Is it Conrad? Something urgent?”

I shook my head. “Nina text.”

It read: Wyd rn? Can I come over?

“You should invite her over for dinner again,” Alexander said, setting my feet aside and standing up.

I texted Nina: We’re just about to eat dinner. Want to join?

Nina took a minute, then replied: You go ahead. I’ll meet you after if that’s ok.

Her timing was perfect. Alexander and I returned from dinner and he had just finished changing his clothes for evening training when Nina texted me and said she and Kayden were walking up to our room.

After some pleasant hellos and goodbyes, the two men left together, and Nina and I headed off in the other direction. I had told Alexander I just wanted to enjoy some fresh air while the sun was still out. He gave Nina a pointed look before we parted ways that I took to mean he was asking her to be careful and watch out for me.

As soon as we emerged out into a sunny courtyard, Nina leaned close to me and whispered, “I need to tell you something, Fi.”

“I figured. What’s going on?”



She hooked my arm through her elbow and led us across the courtyard, over a tiny wooden bridge that crossed a shallow creek, and into yet another rose garden. “Okay, first of all, I told Kayden the reason I needed a ride here was that you had something pregnancy-related to discuss. Men don’t ask questions about that kind of thing. So, if anyone asks, that is why I am here, alright?”

I narrowed my eyes at her and said, “Alright.”

We approached a wooden bench and I tugged at Nina’s arm to let her know I wanted to sit down. She kept her head on a swivel, glancing over the tops of the rose bushes as we did.

“Here’s the thing,” she said quietly, once she was sure we were alone. “Kayden let something slip to me. And of course, he begged me not to tell you, and of course I swore to him I wouldn’t, but of course I am

going to.”

“God, Nina, what is it?”

“Look, Alexander... I believe he cares about you a lot, Fiona. I see how he is with you, like when we were all together the other night at dinner. But there’s something he didn’t tell you about, and whatever the reason, you deserve to know about it. It’s just that he was the one that got the story going about the scandal with Scarlet’s company. But apparently he wanted to keep it secret from you that he had anything to do with it.”

I closed my eyes and kept them closed a moment. Of course, this made sense.

Alexander had gone digging into Scarlet’s business after all our conversations about my project and Scarlet’s war on his uncle’s company. He must have

done all this to help me.

But why keep it a secret? We had just been speaking about the whole thing. It would have been easy enough to tell me what he had done.

“You okay, Fiona?”

“Yeah.” I snapped my eyes open. “Ugh. Thank you for telling me about this, Nina. I am very glad to know. I wish he would have told me, though. I can’t understand why he wouldn’t have.”

“I know. I keep wondering about that, too.” Nina stood and started pacing the rows of rose bushes, looking around corners to check that we were still having a private conversation. “Maybe he was trying to be humble or something,” she said as she passed me by. “You know, not asking for credit for doing a nice thing for you? That was my first thought.”

I frowned, letting my eyes focus on a large bee that was crawling inside of a pink rose in front of me.

“Maybe.”

“Of course,” Nina added, “I also generally feel like you can never really trust men, especially ones you know have lied to you.”

“Ha. Just men?” I smiled at Nina as she walked back toward me. She and I had known each other for most of our lives, and I understood her to be the least trusting individual in the world.

Nina smiled back, taking a seat at the other end of the bench. She turned to face me and crossed her legs in front of her, briefly making me jealous of her lithe, non-pregnant body. “Nah, you’re right,” she said. “You can never trust anyone. Except, of course, for your best friend, if you’re lucky enough to have one of

those.”

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## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 58 Prove It



Third person

“I have been watching something rather interesting,” the King said. “Care to watch with me?”

Scarlet had not been surprised when she received word that her husband required her to come and speak with him urgently, knowing precisely what it was regarding. She hurried back to the palace from her office in the city and found her husband waiting

for her in their bedroom, alone, with the viral video queued up on the TV screen.

While he waited for her, the King had been watching the video over and over again, alternating between fantasizing about how he would punish his Luna for her treachery and wondering what role Alexander had played in promoting the news story about her.

“I have seen it,” Scarlet responded, quiet with fearful respect despite resenting the King’s condescension.

“Hm.” He looked over at the TV. The video was on pause, freeze-framed on an image of a crying old woman. “How about once more?”

He hit play.

Scarlet wanted to look away but did not, knowing that doing so would give her husband just the reason he

needed to throw her to the ground and begin punishing her without any further conversation. The right way to play this was just to play along while he toyed with her. And once she could think up something good enough, lie her ass off.

The video was about three minutes long. Scarlet had seldom before considered that to be a long duration of time, but as she stood there beside her husband, feeling the increasing heat radiating off his body, it felt like an eternity. The King stood perfectly still while watching the video, his facial expression neutral, with one hand tucked casually into his pants pocket. He looked very calm indeed. But he was getting angrier every second, making his wolf's blood run warmer and warmer, and speeding his heart rate up to a hammering pace.

"I would never expect to be treated like this by anyone," the old woman on the TV said between

sniffles. She was a commoner, with tough, tan, deeply wrinkled skin and translucent hair piled in a knot on top of her head. “By anyone. And what they did to us was very bad, but it feels even worse when you thought you could trust the person, you know? That’s why we moved there in the first place. We lived in one of her other buildings before and thought they’d treat us right. We thought the Queen would treat her people right. Yeah. That’s what we thought.”

The video switched focus to the interviewer, a young woman wearing thick black eyeliner. “And what can you do when the person who’s wronged you has so much power?” she asked the old lady.

The white-haired woman just shook her head helplessly and continued to cry.

Then the young woman addressed the camera directly. “How can we hold the Queen accountable for



what's happened here? There's one thing we all can do. Boycott Queen Luna's companies! You'll find a complete list below of all the companies she invests in. Stop giving Scarlet your money! And don't forget to like and subscribe for more of our—”

The King hit pause.

He tossed the remote up and down in his hand a few times, then pointed it at his wife. The tone of his voice was still playful as he said, “Would you care to explain what we are looking at, my dear?” The look in his eyes, though, was stone cold.

“A viral video,” she answered quietly, “in which I'm being blamed for something terrible that I had nothing to do with.”

The King growled, his lips quivering with the first hint of a snarl. Hot hair hissed out from between his teeth

as he said, “Try again.”

Scarlet swallowed. “I’m sure you’ve heard all about the whole story,” she said quickly. “And yes, the fire happened. But I swear to you, I was not responsible. The way the story is being portrayed is a deliberate attempt to disgrace me – Alexander’s whore Fiona is behind it! I even heard her admit it from her own lips. Please believe me.”

Before Scarlet brought up their names, the King had already suspected that Alexander, Fiona, or the both of them had something to do with inciting this media circus. So when his wife claimed that Fiona confessed to setting it up, he paused, considering whether it could be true.

The King was feeling quite sure, by now, that his wife was a criminal. He’d been fairly convinced of her guilt ever since the night that Alexander exposed what

appeared to be damning evidence of an active embezzlement scheme. But there was a chance, albeit a very slight one, that Scarlet was being set up.

The King did really despise and distrust Fiona. Circumstances with his eldest son had been tense enough already, before Alexander went and impregnated a pretty young Luna from a rival pack and moved her into the palace with him.

“As if it weren’t shameful enough that your son is dragging that trash into the gene pool,” Scarlet continued, taking advantage of the King’s hesitation. “She is treacherous, too. Don’t you see? Fiona is trying to destroy me to get to you.”

“You’re deflecting,” the King snapped. “Whether or not Fiona had anything to do with this, you do bear responsibility. And if you are lying about her, well...”

He lifted a hand to Scarlet's face. She tried to resist it, but flinched just slightly. He smiled, buried his fingers in her thick hair, and stroked her scalp gently. Then he balled his fist, clasping a handful of hair and pulling hard, and dragged her over to the wall. Threw her up against it and shoved her face to the side. Pressed his face to her neck and throat, smelling her furiously, trying to sniff out whether she was lying.

"I will divorce you, and I will be sure you are sentenced most severely for your crimes," the King continued, still pressing his huge, strong body hard against Scarlet's. She struggled to keep her breathing even, revealing as little of her fear as possible. The King brought his face to hers, then, so that they were eye to eye, only an inch apart. "But first, I will punish you myself."

"I swear to you that I am innocent." Scarlet's gray eyes were big and pleading. "You will see."

“Prove it, then,” he said with finality. “And do it quickly.”

Scarlet was back in the city as fast as her driver could get her there.

At her company’s headquarters, she ascended the elevator patiently, strolled into her office, locked the door behind her, closed the drapes over the windows, and quickly set about shredding any and all paperwork she could find that could possibly be used as evidence.

This was it. She had reached the end of all the scamming and scheming. There was no way to save her work anymore, no way to keep hold of her ill-gotten earnings. All she could do now was shift gears into damage control mode.

In the morning, she would declare bankruptcy and liquidate all her assets. All of her businesses would be destroyed. But at least it would muddy the waters for investigators, making it more difficult to trace where the money for all her initial investments had come from.

Scarlet just needed to be sure that, even if some of her crimes might be proven true in court, the worst of them could still remain hidden. Because if the King ever found out her worst crime, he would not only beat, divorce, and imprison her. No, her fate would be much worse.

Trading military secrets with vampires was not an infraction that the Alpha King would pass off to the courts.

He would kill his treasonous Luna if he found out she had done that.

He'd probably even kill her in public. With his bare hands.

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 59 I Needed Him Close



Fiona

I hung up the phone just as Gerald walked into my office.

“Hey,” I said, gesturing to the chair across from me at my desk. “What can I do for you, Gerald?”

“Actually,” he replied, “I came in here to ask you that very same question. The boss wanted me to check in with you about the expansion and see what I can do to help. We’re putting all hands on deck, he says, to get the project back on schedule.”

“Really?” I couldn’t help but glance in the direction of Conrad’s office. My active mind ran quickly through a few different reasons that our boss might assign Gerald, someone who held a title senior to my own, to join my project. I hoped he was not second-guessing my performance.

Gerald must have read my thoughtful pause, because he said, “Don’t worry – I’m not taking over any part of your project. You’re lead on this and I don’t think anyone would expect that to change. You’re doing an awesome job, Fiona.” He smiled tightly. His eyes appeared sincere.



“Thanks,” I replied with a polite smile, controlling my facial expressions as I am so practiced in doing. If I didn’t have that skill, I would have been blushing.

Compliments always caught me off-guard. Something I don’t have practice with is accepting praise. It’s just not something that I was offered when I worked for my father, who never trusted me and always accepted the credit for my accomplishments for himself.

My current boss did sometimes offer me effusive positive feedback. I had grown to expect it, even, when I handed in work I knew he’d be pleased with, or if I had good news to report. But something in my gut told me that these words and actions – when the CEO called me “superstar,” for instance – were bits of well-rehearsed playacting, not sincere expressions of true gratitude. Conrad Knight was a highly experienced businessman who had dealt directly with thousands of subordinates over the years. Every word

he spoke to his employees was carefully thought out and delivered in just the right way, targeted to incite his desired response.

Conrad was good at that – keeping inside whatever it was that he really thought and felt, and projecting a highly controlled image. It's not like I could read those thoughts that Conrad was holding in, but I did recognize what he was doing. It takes one good actor to spot another, I suppose.

“Anyway,” Gerald said, “I’m here to see what I can do for you, for the expansion, like I said. Just tell me what I can take off your plate and I’m on it.”

“Okay.” I tilted my head at my coworker for a moment, considering. “My throat’s gone a bit hoarse from all the phone calls I’ve been making. Since all of the... recent events...”

Gerald nodded, widening his eyes and raising his eyebrows, his lips pressed together against a smile. Very barely holding in his delight with the Luna Queen's misfortune.

This morning, we learned that Scarlet had declared bankruptcy and closed down her property management company. The business was going to be dissolved, all its assets liquidated, and the resulting funds would be distributed amongst the fire survivors as a quick and decisive settlement for the pending class action lawsuit.

"...we are now finally able to get all the materials that we need," I continued. "I'll send you a list of orders that still need to be placed, and you can handle those for me."

"I'm all over it." Gerald rose to stand. "Email me the list and I'll get started right away."

I glanced at the clock and frowned. It was already late afternoon, and most of my coworkers headed out every day around five p.m.

“Something wrong?” Gerald asked, pausing on his way to the door.

“It’s just that I wanted to get all the orders in tonight. Do you think you can stay late to make sure they are all done before close of business? And I’ll need you to send me copies of all the POs, confirmations, and the info for your contacts, too.”

“Not a problem,” he replied, bowing his head slightly. “Whatever you need.”

Gerald left and I got the task information sent over to him right away, then opened up my planner and reviewed my to-do list. With the dedicated assistance

of a competent colleague, I could get a lot more done tonight.

I breathed a sigh of relief and a fresh surge of energy and motivation washed over me. It felt very nice to be given adequate support when so much was expected of me right now, and it made me feel like I could really do this. Not just get the project done eventually, now that Scarlet could no longer stand in our way. But get it done on my original timeline, despite the setback. That was my new goal.

Conrad never said anything to me about wanting to stick to that original deadline, and I was sure he wouldn't be surprised if we needed to delay the construction start date. He may not even care if we did. But I cared. I wanted to make the impossible happen. To prove to myself that I was the best, maybe. Maybe to prove that to everyone else, too. Or maybe because I just thrived under pressure and

lived for a challenge.

I sent Alexander a text to let him know I was going to be home very late. He replied right away, saying we could eat a late dinner together whenever I got home.

That was a relief. Nights when I didn't have much time with Alexander turned into mornings when I woke feeling dreadfully exhausted. The cub needed him close as much as possible, and so did I.

Alexander was waiting for me in our room when I finally returned to the palace.

He was looking delicious, wearing a deep blue shirt with the sleeves rolled casually to the elbows and the top few buttons undone, revealing his strong forearms and a glimpse of his muscular, golden chest. His hair was still damp from his post-training shower. His energy felt light and easy, edging on cheerful. That

was new.

“Hey,” he said, with a knowing smile. I felt my cheeks go warm and dragged my eyes away from Alexander’s body. I had been staring.

Not that he minded.

“Hey yourself,” I replied, passing by him as I made a quick trip in and out of my dressing room to hang my briefcase in its place. “You ready for dinner? I’m hungry.”

“Yes.” He met me at the door, but once again paused at the threshold, taking a moment to give me some physical attention. He swept my hair to the side and stroked my neck as I melted into his chest, breathing in his scent with pleasure.

Some strange, docile part of me wanted to close my

eyes and whisper, “I missed you.” But I chuckled at the fleeting thought. It was only chemical, I reminded myself, the way being with this man made me feel. The physical effect of his body on mine, a reaction of my hormones while I was in heat.

Nothing more.

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## [THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

### Chapter 60 Loving The Lust



Alexander hardly waited until we were seated in the dining room before asking, “So how are things going at work?”



“Well, my project is back on,” I answered. “Scarlet’s company was effectively destroyed by the scandal. An activist got a boycott started just yesterday and I suppose the pressure was too much, because Scarlet announced already that she’s going to liquidate the company in order to settle the class-action suit.”

I watched Alexander’s face carefully as I brought up this subject, studying his reaction. Ever since learning from Nina that my very own fiancé had been the one to uncover this scandalous story and bring it to the media, I had been wondering why Alexander would keep such a thing secret from me.

He nodded along as I spoke, keeping his eyes on his dinner plate. “I saw something about that on the news,” he replied between bites of food. “So Scarlet can’t keep trying to sabotage you anymore, right?”

“I guess that’s right.”

Alexander finally met my eyes. “I’m so glad,” he said, reaching out to touch my hand. “I hated that she put you through that. Your job is hard enough without someone directly targeting you like that.”

I sipped my herbal tea, studying Alexander’s eyes as he gave me a sweet smile and squeezed my hand affectionately. I believed that he was being genuine in this sentiment. Nina had suggested that Alexander was working secretly to help me fight Scarlet because he just wanted to support me without asking for any credit.

Of course, she’d followed that idea up with a warning to never trust anyone.

“So your big project is back on track,” Alexander continued, dropping my hand and returning partial attention to devouring his meal with haste. “Tell me

more about that.” It occurred to me, watching him demolish a steak in about a minute flat, that it had been challenging for him to wait so late to have dinner with me.

I started telling him about my day, but glossed over the details. I wasn't sure, at first, how much he really cared to hear any specifics, thinking that he was asking about my work just to be polite. But he was more interested than I expected, asking lots of follow-up questions that I soon began to tire of answering. He was hanging on my every word while I spoke about real estate and finance minutia, behavior I would have found odd from just about any person who did not work in the industry themselves.

“Why are you so interested in this?” I asked him outright, keeping my tone sounding casually pensive.

He looked away and shrugged. “I'm just excited for

you,” he answered a little too quickly.

The fact was, I was truly grateful for Alexander’s help. Without it, my project would be dead. But it was clear that he was hiding something from me. Of that, I was sure.

I resigned myself to put my questions aside for the rest of the night, though. At this point, I just needed to rest. A long day at the office had been exhausting enough, and managing this careful conversation zapped the last of my mental energy.

It was full dark when we left the dining room. The night had turned chilly, with blustery winds knocking on the palace windows. I was sleepy after eating, and the only energy I had seemed to be coming directly from Alexander’s touch. He held my hand as we walked through the cold palace halls that were teeming with deep shadows, making me feel safe in

the darkness.

He was still enjoying his suspiciously good mood, and once we were alone again with a locked door behind us, he was all over me.

His charming half-smile and the seductive look in his amber eyes had me melting already, when suddenly his hands were on my hips and slowly inching my dress upwards. The light touch and anticipation both had me tingling. I put my hands flat against Alexander's chest, feeling the ridges of his muscles. He grinned, looking down at me darkly.

He had the skirt of my dress balled up in one hand and slid the other between my legs, starting to tease me with a feather-light touch. I kept my eyes locked on his, loving the lust I saw in them, feeling how much he wanted me. At some point, my mouth had fallen open. I didn't bother to close it. I just grabbed the

loose collar of his shirt to keep myself standing while he increased the pressure with his fingertips.

“Take me to bed,” I begged. I was getting shakier by the second. He picked me up and carried me there like I weighed nothing, laid me down gently and then stripped off his own clothes. I shimmied my dress the rest of the way off, up and over my head, and threw it aside.

If I'd had more energy, I would have leapt on Alexander by then. But I'd been working myself into the ground all week. I was at his mercy, flooded with desire for him, desperate for his touch.

Finally he climbed into bed and hovered his big, strong body over mine, then started kissing me all over. My eyes were tempted to flutter closed, but I kept them open, taking pleasure in the sight of his perfect, golden body. He sat back on his heels, pulled

behind my knees to get me flat on my back, then gently stacked my legs to one side. I let him do what he wanted, my body limp in his hands. Alexander then buried himself inside of me with little effort, making me shiver and gasp.

A shock of pleasure went surging through my entire body. Alexander smiled, looking gratified, and started to pulse his hips against me. Slow at first, then faster.

I tried clutching at pillows and sheets for purchase, but it was nothing doing – eventually I found the edge of the mattress with one hand and kept a grip there while Alexander pounded our bodies together hard, making me scream with even greater pleasure and release than I'd been expecting.

I'd been spending so much time lately being the one in control. At work, I was running a big show, with hundreds of people reporting to me and millions of

dollars on the line. And I was always in control of my image, from the perfection of my clothes, hair, and makeup, to the polite, professional smile on my face.

It felt so good to let it all go.

After he made me come a third time, Alexander dug his fingers hard into my hips and pushed himself as deep inside me as he could, then enjoyed his own moment. Then he rolled me onto my side and sidled up behind me, pressing our sweaty bodies close together, and put his lips against my neck in a light, lazy kiss that brought an involuntary smile to my own. He stroked my neck and back so lightly, I could hardly feel the pressure of his hand, only the spark of warmth that rolled off his skin and into mine.

I thought briefly about wanting to take a shower before falling asleep, but then Alexander pulled a sheet around the both of us, cradled me in his arms,



and let out a low moan that sounded so content, I couldn't bear the thought of wrenching away from his sweet embrace.

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