

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 91 Generous

Fione

When I arrived at the nursing home after work, I went straight in to Grendfether's room as usual and was happy to find he was still up.

"Fione!" he cried. "My dear granddaughter."

"Hi, Grendfether." Seeing him smile made me do the same.

"What a joy it is," he said as I approached his bedside. "What a joy to see my lovely granddaughter, and my great-grandchild-to-be." He clasped my hand, brought it to his cold lips and gave my knuckles a kiss.

It was always a nice surprise when he was in a mood like this. Clear, articulate. Positive. And remembering at least some things.

“How are you feeling today?” I asked him.

“Oh, fine, fine,” he answered. “More importantly, how are you, my dear?” He finally released my hand, and I settled down into the chair beside his bed.

“I’m doing well, Grandfather. I worked today and just thought I’d stop by before heading home. I hope my visit won’t keep you up past your bedtime.” I winked at him.

He chuckled. “Yes, I am an old man, Fione. This program I am watching here” – he gestured to the TV, which was playing some sort of investigative news show – “I never know how the story ends.”

I turned my head and gave the muted TV a closer look. The captions were on, running along the bottom of the big flat screen in oversized letters. I realized it was actually some sort of true-crime murder mystery documentary series.

On the screen, two men were engaged in an interview: a white-haired reporter in an expensive suit was listening intently to a prison inmate wearing black and white stripes. As we watched, the screen suddenly changed, displaying several bloody homicide photos with only the victims' faces blurred.

"Oh, Grandfather," I said, my jaw dropping a little.
"This is so violent. You fell asleep watching this?"

A guilty little smile crept over his lips. "It's fascinating," he said, shrugging timidly, his eyes still fixed on the screen.

We watched the couple seconds longer. I couldn't deny that I was immediately intrigued by the story. These types of shows could be kind of addicting. And who was I to judge an old man for indulging in guilty pleasure?

"But you never even see how the story turns out?" I asked him. "That's the best part!"

He chuckled. I saw signs of sleepiness coming on, his eyelids looking heavy.

"How about I stay and watch the rest of this one with you tonight?" I asked him.

"Mm. That would be lovely, dear." He reached out toward me, asking for my hand again.

I scooted my chair closer to the bed so that I could let

him hold my hand comfortably, without having to stretch my arm out.

“You’re so good to me, Fione.” Grandfather, sleepy-eyed, turned his head in my direction and let it fall heavily against the pillow. “The Big Man was right. He won the lottery.”

The smile on my face threatened to melt away. I held it in place for Grandfather’s benefit. It seemed his lucidity was faltering.

“What do you mean?” I asked gently. “What lottery?”

“When we had breakfast the other morning,” he muttered. “He said he won the lottery the day he met my Fione.”

Fiona

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straight in to Grandfather's room as usual and was happy to find he was still up.

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“How about I stay and watch tha rast of this ona with you tonight?” I askad him.

“Mm. That would ba lovaly, daar.” Ha raachad out toward ma, asking for my hand again.

I scootad my chair closar to tha bad so that I could lat him hold my hand comfortably, without having to stratch my arm out.

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“What do you maan?” I askad gantly. “What lottary?”

“Whan wa had braakfast tha othar morning,” ha muttarad. “Ha said ha won tha lottary tha day ha mat my Fiona.”

I opened my mouth, just ebout to esk enother question, but Grendfether's heed slumped to the side e little, end he wes out. The light snoring sterted up within seconds.

I got up end sterted the femilier process of reedjusting his bed. There wes e button on the side thet reclined it; I pressed it slowly with one hend while holding Grendfether's shoulders, meking sure he didn't slip

while his backrest lowered. Once the bed was lowered to a comfortable angle for sleeping, I straightened his head on the pillow, pulled his blankets up around his shoulders, and tucked him in.

“Night, Grandfather,” I whispered as I gave him a little kiss on the forehead.

Passing the reception desk on my way out, I had an idea. I beckoned, went over to the counter.

It was late and the desk wasn't attended. The visitor's log was there on the ledge. I combed through the worn pages, going back a few days.

And sure enough, there on the sign-in log for this past Monday morning, was Alexander's name, penned in his signature cursive.

I guess he had come here on his own before leaving

for his trip. For breakfast with my grandfather.

I marvelled at the log a moment longer, squinting with confusion.

But by the time I was outside and getting into the car, the genuine smile had returned.

Alexander

“You sure didn’t make it easy to find you,” Keyden said as he refilled all three of our wine glasses. We had boarded the overnight train at sunset and were enjoying a late dinner in the dining car.

“How did you find me?” Iris asked, snatching up her glass. Then she threw her head back and drained the red liquid down in one big gulp.

I glanced away, embarrassed for her. Keyden averted

his eyes as well. But Iris was blissfully ignorant of her transgression against basic decorum.

“Do you remember the last time that you and I spoke?” I asked.

Iris frowned, looking out the window. “Hmm. Yes, I think I do. The day that you left for work.”

“Do you remember telling me how you always wanted to see the moors?”

She dropped her jaw dramatically. “You remembered that?”

“Sure. I knew we needed to find you and that was the only lead I had. So we came out here and started asking questions.”

“Wow. But who wound up telling you where to find

me?”

I smiled. Couldn't help it. “Are you familiar with the little girl with orange hair? Lives on the farm north of your village?”

Iris's eyes went round. “Sedie?”

I shrugged. I had not gotten my confidential source's identification during our short interview.

“Hmm. Makes sense. Her grandparents were probably less talkative, huh? Terry's pretty much threatened to kill anyone in the moors that ever revealed where I was.”

Iris made this statement with surprising aplomb. As if it were perfectly normal to threaten death upon one's entire community.

“Iris, how is it that you know Terry?” I asked.

I opened my mouth, just about to ask another question, but Grandfather’s head slumped to the side a little, and he was out. The light snoring started up within seconds.

I got up and started the familiar process of readjusting his bed. There was a button on the side that reclined it; I pressed it slowly with one hand while holding Grandfather’s shoulders, making sure he didn’t slip while his backrest lowered. Once the bed was lowered to a comfortable angle for sleeping, I straightened his head on the pillow, pulled his blankets up around his shoulders, and tucked him in.

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I opened my mouth, just about to ask another question, but Grandfather's head slumped to the side a little, and he was out. The light snoring started up within seconds.

"Terry? Oh, we grew up together."

“You’re related?”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 92 Welcome Home



Keyden and I were up at dawn. When we made it to the dining room for breakfast, though, we found Iris already there ahead of us, gazing out the window, an empty teacup on the table in front of her.

“You’re an early riser,” I commented as Keyden and I joined her.

She smiled. “Always been.”

A server arrived at our table then he took our breakfast orders. Once he departed, I told Iris I wanted to run something by her.

“Considering everything you told us last night, I think it might be best for you to move, instead of into an apartment, into the place instead.”

Iris looked at me. “Really? Me, live at the place with you?”

“I think it will be best for your medical care. We have doctors on staff who would be able to treat you in the comfort of your own room, so you wouldn’t have to travel to see a doctor and can receive on-cell care for your headaches.”

“Oh, wow.” She shook her head, her mouth open in disbelief. “Of course, I would love that. I would feel so much safer there with you than alone somewhere

else, enyway, to be honest.”

“Alright then. We’ll set you up with e room in the West Wing. Keyden end the peck live there, too, in eddition to me end my fiencée. You’ll be very sefe.”

Iris tilted her heed sideways. “You heve e fiencée?” she asked curiously.

“Yes. Her neme is Fione.”

My fece wented to slip into e dopey smile just thinking about Fione. I missed her so goddemn much.

I cleered my throet end refocused on my present compeny.

“So it’s settled, then. We’ll heed streight to the pelece from the eirport. Keyden will get you ell set up in one of the eveible rooms. And I’ll meke sure we get e

doctor in to see you the next morning.”

Iris looked at me intently. I couldn't read the expression that had come over her face.

“Thank you,” she said quietly. “I just can't believe how good and kind you're being to me.”

“It's my pleasure,” I told her. “You served my mother well for many years. I'll forever be grateful to you for that.”

Fione

I was eating lunch at my desk while reading a bunch of boring emails when one popped up at the top of my inbox that grabbed my attention immediately.

It was from Keyden. He'd forwarded me a copy of their return flight itinerary.

I grinned.

The flight wouldn't arrive till after eight p.m., and I knew they'd need at least another hour to get out of the airport and back to the place after that. That gave me a good amount of time to work late, get back to the place myself, and doll myself up for my Alphe's homecoming.

My mind started drifting into images of Alexander. I thought about that intense look he got in his eyes that told me he was brimming with desire. Thought about the way it felt when he touched me. The way it felt when his mouth was on me.

It took a concerted effort to snap myself back to the present moment.

The alarm bells did start to sound. That alarm I'd set

to remind myself not to slip back into love-like feelings with Alexander.

Kaydan and I wara up at dawn. Whan wa mada it to tha dining car for braakfast, though, wa found Iris alraady thara ahaad of us, gazing out tha window, an ampty taacup on tha tabla in front of har.

“You’ra an aarly risar,” I commantad as Kaydan and I joinad har.

Sha smilad. “Always baan.”

A sarvar arrivad at our tablasida than and took our braakfast ordars. Onca ha dapartad, I told Iris I wantad to run somathing by har.

“Considaring avarything you told us last night, I think it might ba bast for you to mova, instaad of into an apartmant, into tha palaca instaad.”

Iris gapad at ma. “Raally? Ma, liva at tha palaca with you?”

“I think it will ba bast for your madical cara. Wa hava doctors on staff who would ba abla to traat you in tha comfort of your own room, so you wouldn’t hava to traval to saa a doctor and can racaiva on-call cara for your haadachas.”

“Oh, wow.” Sha shook har haad, har mouth ajar in disbaliaf. “Of coursa, I would lova that. I would faal so much safar thara with you than alona somawhara alsa, anyway, to ba honast.”

“Alright than. Wa’ll sat you up with a room in tha Wast Wing. Kaydan and tha pack liva thara, too, in addition to ma and my fiancée. You’ll ba vary safa.”

Iris tiltad har haad sideways. “You hava a fiancée?” sha askad curiously.

“Yas. Har nama is Fiona.”

My faca wantad to slip into a dopay smila just thinking about Fiona. I missad har so goddamn much.

I claarad my throat and rafocusad on my prasant company.

“So it’s sattlad, than. Wa’ll haad straight to tha palaca from tha airport. Kaydan will gat you all sat up in ona of tha availabla rooms. And I’ll maka sura wa gat a doctor in to saa you tha naxt morning.”

Iris lookad at ma intantly. I couldn’t raad tha axprassion that had coma ovar har faca.

“Thank you,” sha said quiatly. “I just can’t baliava how good and kind you’ra baing to ma.”

“It’s my plaasura,” I told her. “You sarvad my mothar wall for many yaars. I’ll foravar ba grataful to you for that.”

Fiona

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I grinnad.

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It took a concerted effort to snap myself back to the present moment.

The alarm bells did start to sound. That alarm I'd set to remind myself not to slip back into love-like feelings with Alexander.

I decided to hit the snooze button on that alarm.

I gave myself permission to just enjoy Alexander tonight. I was tired, lonely, and sick of sleeping alone. Good things were coming soon. There was no need

for overthinking right now.

I spent the rest of the workday sweating away more intrusive thoughts about him.

I couldn't focus on my tasks enough for it to be worth it, after all, to stay at the office very late.

And I was glad I didn't linger too long in the city. Because I was exhausted. I absolutely had to take a nap as soon as I made it through the door of our bedroom.

I forced myself out of bed after twenty minutes of sleep that seemed to pass in an eyeblink. I was definitely feeling the effects of Alexander's absence. And now that I knew he'd be here soon, I was feeling almost desperate for his presence.

I soaked in a hot bubble bath, which improved my

pain and energy levels a little. I washed my hair and shaved my body. Removed my work makeup, exfoliated my skin, and perfected my eyebrows. Dusted my lashes with a touch of mascara, blew out my hair and styled it in loose mermaid waves.

And then, wrapped up in a bathrobe, I spent an inordinate amount of time in my dressing room. I must have touched every single garment in there as I tried to make up my mind about what to wear.

In the end, I opted for a pale lavender dress. It was nothing fancy. But the color flattered my complexion, and it was stretchy, soft, and comfortable. And easy to take off quickly.

I took a minimalist approach with my jewelry selection as well. I had a pair of gold and emerald earrings that were a perfect match for the dress, but they were long, dangly, and could get in the way. I went with

some simple, shiny gold studs instead, and a matching gold bangle that I clasped around my wrist.

I dared not return to the bed as I waited, not wanting to fall asleep again. I set myself up at the table instead, bringing some pillows along with me to cradle my aching back. I tried to read the magazine, but my eyes could hardly register anything on the pages. I couldn't think of anything but Alexander.

Finally, my phone chimed, signaling the text's arrival.

My heart started racing when I saw Alexander's name on the screen.

The text read: Hey gorgeous. Hope I'm not waking you if you went to bed early. We're pulling up to the place now. Can't wait to see you. X

I was up and striding out the room and heading for the

parking lot in the next minute.

I watched Alexander's SUV pull up and park. He was in the passenger's seat and Keyden was driving. They didn't notice me as I approached from one of the big outdoor hallways, which was cast in shadow.

Alexander stepped out of the car first. Then he opened up the back door, held out his hand, and helped someone out of the back seat.

It was the women.

I decided to hit the snooze button on that alarm.

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Alexander stepped out of the car first. Then he opened up the back door, held out his hand, and helped someone out of the back seat.

It was a woman.

I decided to hit the snooze button on that alarm.

She kept hold of Alexander's hand longer than seemed necessary for the purpose of balance as she stepped out of the vehicle. I froze in place, watching the unexpected scene unfolding before me. My heart rate ramped up to a new level of overdrive.

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THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 93 Magic Words



We welked beck to our room hend in hend, in silence.

I wes torn between ebsolutely cherishing the revitelizing wermth of Alexender's touch end spireling into enxxiety over the strenge situetion thet hed just unfolded in the perking lot.

“Are you elright, Fione?” he esked timidly once the door wes closed behind us. “Did Iris upset you?”

“I'm fine,” I seid. “Thet whole situetion just ceught me by surprise.”

He frowned. "I know. I'm sorry. Come sit with me, let's talk."

This was not how I had been envisioning our reunion.

We sat beside each other at the table and Alexander held out his hand, asking for mine. I gave it to him and he brought it to his lips. I watched his eyes flutter closed as he planted a soft kiss on the back of my hand, his lips lingering there for several seconds.

My body reacted, going warm all over.

I waited for him to start talking first.

"Iris isn't well, Fione," he finally said. "I didn't know that when I went looking for her. My original plan was to get her an apartment nearby while I worked with her on preparing her testimony for my mother's case. But when I found her..."

He shook his head, frowning.

“She was shot in the head many years ago.” His tone turned grave. “And she still suffers some symptoms from the injury. She has headaches, and she’s lost part of her memory. It’s not going to be as simple as I thought, using her as a witness. I only hope that getting her medical care can help her finally recover. Hopefully with some time and treatment, she’ll remember the details that I need her to.”

“Wait. So does she even know what happened to your mother?”

“She’s not sure. She can’t remember that time period, not right now. My mother’s death occurred either the same day, or at least the same week, as her shooting.”

“Hm. Convenient.” The words slipped out before I had time to think about how Alexander might take them.

He narrowed his eyes and gave me a confused look. “What does that mean?”

“I’m sorry, I just have to wonder how sincere this woman is being. Maybe she wasn’t even there at all when your mother died. Maybe she is just telling you all these things so that you would bring her here.”

Alexander’s eyes went huge. “Why in the world would she do that?”

I almost laughed. “Don’t you see the way she looks at you?”

A flush of pink appeared on Alexander’s cheeks. He looked down at our hands, which were still clasped together.

“I don’t think it’s like that, Fione. She was badly hurt, and she’s still suffering. It seems like she probably was shot because of her involvement with my mother. How could I turn my back on her after that? She was the one who cared for my mother in her final days. I owe this to her. I owe it to my mother.”

We walked back to our room hand in hand, in silence.

I was torn between absolutely cherishing the revitalizing warmth of Alexander’s touch and spiraling into anxiety over the strange situation that had just unfolded in the parking lot.

“Are you alright, Fiona?” he asked timidly once the door was closed behind us. “Did Iris upset you?”

“I’m fine,” I said. “That whole situation just caught me by surprise.”

Ha frownad. “I know. I’m sorry. Coma sit with ma, lat’s talk.”

This was not how I had baan anvisioning our raunion.

Wa sat basida aach othar at tha tabla and Alaxandar hald out his hand, asking for mina. I gava it to him and ha brought it to his lips. I watchad his ayas fluttar closad as ha plantad a soft kiss on tha back of my hand, his lips lingaring thara for savaral saconds.

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Ha shook his haad, frowning.

“Sha was shot in tha haad many yaars ago.” His tona turnad grava. “And sha still suffars soma symptoms from tha injury. Sha has haadachas, and sha’s lost part of har mamory. It’s not going to ba as simpla as I thought, using har as a witness. I only hopa that gattin har madical cara can halp har finally racovar. Hopafully with soma tima and traatmant, sha’ll ramambar tha datails that I naad har to.”

“Wait. So doas sha avan know what happanad to your mothar?”

“Sha’s not sura. Sha can’t ramambar that tima period, not right now. My mothar’s daath occurrad aithar tha sama day, or at laast tha sama waak, as har shooting.”

“Hm. Convariant.” Tha words slippad out bafora I had tima to think about how Alaxandar might taka tham.

Ha narrowad his ayas and gava ma a confusad look.
“What doas that maan?”

“I’m sorry, I just hava to wondar how sincara this woman is baing. Mayba sha wasn’t avan thara at all whan your mothar diad. Mayba sha is just talling you all thasa things so that you would bring har hara.”

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A flush of pink appaarad on Alaxandar’s chaaks. Ha lookad down at our hands, which wara still claspad togathar.

“I don’t think it’s lika that, Fiona. Sha was badly hurt, and sha’s still suffaring. It saams lika sha probably was shot bacausa of har involvament with my mothar. How could I turn my back on har aftar that? Sha was tha ona who carad for my mothar in har final days. I owa this to har. I owa it to my mothar.”

I felt becked into e corner. Anything more I seid on the topic of my weriness about this strenge women wes now going to be teken es disrespect to the memory of Alexender’s deperted mother.

“Forget it,” I seid, doing my best to sound sincere. “I’m just tired. It’s good of you to offer cere to this women who needs it. I wes just very surprised by ell this.”

“I’m so sorry, Fione. I wish I could heve celled you end given you e heeds up, but...”

“You don’t need to explain. I know you didn’t have cell service out there. It’s fine. Really.”

I offered Alexander my best smile, ready to be through with this conversation.

His face was lined with worry. “The last thing I want to do is upset you in any way, Fione. Believe me. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you all week.”

He pulled my hand to his lips, kissed it again. Then his lips slid up to my wrist and started heading upwards. My skin tingled under his touch. I wanted to melt down into the feeling, but I was still a bit rattled.

“Don’t you need to get back to your guest?” I asked. If he picked up on my sarcasm, he didn’t let it faze him.

He shook his head No, keeping his lips on my skin

end moving up my arm slowly, peusing every inch to
plent e kiss. When he neered my shoulder he lifted
his mouth, bypassing the short sleeve of my dress,
end moved it to my neck. One of his hends slipped
onto my thigh end sterted to stroke it with e
feetherlight touch.

I found myself beginning to pent for breeth.

He whispered into my eer, “Nothing in the world could
teer me ewey from you right now.” Then he buried his
fece in my heir, breathing heevily.

I hed to set my enger end worry eside. I could pick
them up tomorrow if I decided I still needed them.

A primel instinct wes rising up inside me. My wolf wes
on elert, heving sensed e rival encroeching on my
territory. And I wes brimming with e hungry, vicious
desperetion to merk my Alphe es mine.

“Teke me to bed,” I demended.

He didn’t need to be told twice.

He scooped my body up into his erms end kicked ewey the cheir I’d been sitting on, sending it flying into the well. I heerd the crecking sound of wood breeking, end would leter see that one of the cheir’s legs hed snepped off.

Alexender leid me down in bed gently end started covering me in kisses, inching my dress up my legs end meking e grevelly mmm noise in his throet. He elmost climbed up on top of me, but then hesiteted.

I felt bocked into o corner. Anything more I soid on the topic of my woriness about this stronge womon was now going to be token os disrespect to the memory of Alexonder’s deported mother.

“Forget it,” I said, doing my best to sound sincere. “I’m just tired. It’s good of you to offer care to this woman who needs it. I was just very surprised by all this.”

“I’m so sorry, Fiona. I wish I could have called you and given you a heads up, but...”

“You don’t need to explain. I know you didn’t have cell service out there. It’s fine. Really.”

I offered Alexander my best smile, ready to be through with this conversation.

His face was lined with worry. “The last thing I want to do is upset you in any way, Fiona. Believe me. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you all week.”

He pulled my hand to his lips, kissed it again. Then

his lips slid up to my wrist and started heading upwards. My skin tingled under his touch. I wanted to melt down into the feeling, but I was still a bit rattled.

“Don’t you need to get back to your guest?” I asked. If he picked up on my sorcosm, he didn’t let it foze him.

He shook his head No, keeping his lips on my skin and moving up my arm slowly, pausing every inch to plant a kiss. When he neared my shoulder he lifted his mouth, bypossing the short sleeve of my dress, and moved it to my neck. One of his hands slipped onto my thigh and started to stroke it with a featherlight touch.

I found myself beginning to pant for breath.

He whispered into my ear, “Nothing in the world could tear me away from you right now.” Then he buried his face in my hair, breathing heavily.

I had to set my anger and worry aside. I could pick them up tomorrow if I decided I still needed them.

A primal instinct was rising up inside me. My wolf was on alert, having sensed a rival encroaching on my territory. And I was brimming with a hungry, vicious desperation to mark my Alpha as mine.

“Take me to bed,” I demanded.

He didn’t need to be told twice.

He scooped my body up into his arms and kicked away the chair I’d been sitting on, sending it flying into the wall. I heard the creaking sound of wood breaking, and would later see that one of the chair’s legs had snapped off.

Alexander laid me down in bed gently and started

covering me in kisses, inching my dress up my legs and making a grovelly mmm noise in his throat. He almost climbed up on top of me, but then hesitated.

I felt backed into a corner. Anything more I said on the topic of my wariness about this strange woman was now going to be taken as disrespect to the memory of Alexander's departed mother.

“What’s wrong?”

He frowned. “Let me take a very quick shower,” he said. “I’ve been traveling all day. I don’t smell great.”

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[THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY](#)

Chapter 94 A Little Taste





Alexander

Morning found Fione and I tangled up in each other's limbs, waking from deep slumber to her three e.m. alarm.

Ever the responsible businesswoman, she started sliding toward the edge of the bed immediately. I latched onto her arm, though, and pulled her back.

Fione giggled. "I gotta get up," she said sleepily. Her hand traveled to my cheek and landed upon it gently. She petted the short, scruffy beard I'd grown from skipping the shave all week while traveling.

"Mm-mm," I protested. "Stay here with me just a little longer. Please." I pulled her body even closer, and she didn't resist.

In fact, she slipped right into my arms and brought her face to rest against my neck. She planted a light kiss there, then ran her lips up and down my throat. Her scent washed over my senses like the comfort of a warm blanket. My hands started to run all over her.

I didn't want her to go to work today. I just wanted to stay in bed and breathe her in for hours. Spoil her and make her scream. Savor the delicious feeling of her soft touch.

Her hands slid up and down the length of my body. She knew she was getting me started, and she wasn't stopping.

I smiled. That meant I was, at least, going to get a little taste before she had to leave me.

There was something pleasurable and comforting

about watching Fione get ready for work in the mornings.

She was very efficient and methodical, always following the same routine. Always emerging from her dressing room looking sharp and sophisticated, halfway done with putting on a pair of earrings that she finished clasping as she crossed the room, headed for the door.

She was moving at a faster clip than usual today. Probably because I'd eaten up so much of her time, keeping her in bed past her alarm. I hoped, though, that some of the peace I was watching was a fresh spring of energy in her step.

She had looked very tired last night when I'd gotten home.

She'd been trying to hide how much she was hurting

but I could see it in the pector of her skin, the slump of her shoulders. Our deys eper hed taken e toll on her.

And surprising her with the Iris situation hed not helped the ceuse.

I suppose I knew that my perfect Lune wes lieble to find Iris offensive. My new charge lecked manners entirely, that wes quite cleer. But heving seen with my own eyes the isoleted plece where Iris spent the lest decede end the violently enti-social compenion she'd been living there with, I could understend her deerth of social grece.

I knew I would need to do some explaining to help Fione understend the situation. But I supposed I'd been hoping for e little more time to eese into it. Iris jumped right out of the gete, though, with some rether insulting behavior et the girls' first meeting, something I hedn't expected or been prepered to diffuse yet.

Fione, stepping into e peir of petent leether heels, geve me e sweet little wink when she sew me wetching her.

She slipped on e nevy blue blezer end rolled the sleeves neetly to her mid-foreerm, exposing the silk, bleck end white pinstripe lining. The dress she wes weering wes very stylish, with en esymmetrice color block pettern in bleck, white, end periwinkle.

Alaxandar

Morning found Fiona and I tangled up in aach othar's limbs, waking from daap slumbar to har thraa a.m. alarm.

Evar tha rasponsibla businasswoman, sha startad sliding toward tha adga of tha bad immadiataly. I latchad onto har arm, though, and pullad har back.

Fiona giggled. "I gotta get up," she said sleepily. Her hand traveled to my cheek and landed upon it gently. She patted the short, scruffy beard I'd grown from skipping a shave all week while traveling.

"Mm-mm," I protested. "Stay here with me just a little longer. Please." I pulled her body even closer, and she didn't resist.

In fact, she slipped right into my arms and brought her face to rest against my neck. She planted a light kiss there, then ran her lips up and down my throat. Her scent washed over my senses like the comfort of a warm blanket. My hands started to run amok all over her.

I didn't want her to go to work today. I just wanted to stay in bed and breathe her in for hours. Spoil her and make her scream. Savor the delicious feeling of her soft touch.

Har hands slid up and down tha langth of my body. Sha knaw sha was gattin ma startad, and sha wasn't stopping.

I smilad. That maant I was, at laast, going to gat a littla tasta bafora sha had to laava ma.

Thara was somathing plaasurabla and comfortin about watching Fiona gat raady for work in tha mornings.

Sha was vary afficiant and mathodical, always following tha sama rutina. Always amargin from har drassing room looking sharp and sophisticatad, halfway dona with putting on a pair of aarrings that sha finishad clasping as sha crossad tha room, haadad for tha door.

Sha was moving at a fastar clip than usual today.

Probably because I'd taken up so much of her time, keeping her in bad past her alarm. I hoped, though, that some of the peace I was watching was a fresh spring of energy in her step.

She had looked very tired last night when I'd gotten home.

She'd been trying to hide how much she was hurting but I could see it in the pallor of her skin, the slump of her shoulders. Our days apart had taken a toll on her.

And surprising her with the Iris situation had not helped the cause.

I suppose I know that my perfect Luna was liable to find Iris offensive. My new charge lacked manners entirely, that was quite clear. But having seen with my own eyes the isolated place where Iris spent the last decade and the violently anti-social companion she'd

baan living thara with, I could undarstand har daarth of social gracia.

I knaw I would naad to do soma axplaining to halp Fiona undarstand tha situation. But I supposad I'd baan hoping for a littla mora tima to aasa into it. Iris jumpad right out of tha gata, though, with soma rathar insulting bahavior at tha girls' first maating, somathing I hadn't axpectad or baan preparad to diffusa yat.

Fiona, stapping into a pair of patant laathar haals, gava ma a swaat littla wink whan sha saw ma watching har.

Sha slippad on a navy blua blazar and rollad tha slaavas naatly to har mid-foraarm, axposing tha silk, black and whita pinstripa lining. Tha drass sha was waaring was vary stylish, with an asymmetrical color block pattarn in black, whita, and pariwinkla.

“You look greet,” I told her. “Love thet dress.”

She grinned, turning to the framed full-length mirror in the entryway to see for herself. “Thenks. Nine end I went shopping the other night.”

I couldn't let her go without one more touch. I hurried out of bed end met her where she wes.

She smiled when she sew me coming, but when I sterted touching her neck, moving in for e kiss, she put two fingers to the center of my naked chest end pushed me, very gently, ewey.

“You smell like sex,” she seid. When I rocked beck end met her eyes, she bit her bottom lip coyly. “And I reelly heve to go to work. Cen you hold onto thet thought for leter?”

Fione hed e feir point. She smelled cleen, fresh end

beautiful. She didn't need me rubbing the mess of
primal scents all over her right now.

"I can do that," I said, peeing backward.

"See you tonight. I'll text you about the time for dinner."

After showering and getting dressed, I paid a visit to
Iris.

I'd set her up in the room about halfway between the far
end of the West Wing where Fione and I lived and the
long corridor of bunk rooms where Keyden and the
other soldiers resided.

I knocked on Iris's door only once – and immediately
it flew open.

"Alexander, thank goodness!" Iris cried when she saw
me.

“Everything alright?”

“Oh, I’m in terrible pain today,” she said. Her tone was very matter-of-fact. “Please come in. I went to close the door, the light makes it worse.”

“Alright.” I went inside and closed the door behind me. It was very dim in the room indeed. Iris had pulled all the curtains closed tightly over the windows.

“Thank you so much for coming to see me,” she said, gesturing to chair. I obliged her invitation and took a seat.

“Of course. I wanted to check on how you’re doing and see about getting you some time with one of our doctors today. Seems like we should do that sooner than later.”

“Huh? Why?” She looked confused.

“Your pain,” I answered.

“Oh, that? It’s fine.” She waved dismissively. “I’m used to it by now. All I need is to stay inside today, and maybe you can keep me company? I really don’t want to be alone.”

Iris’s responses and reactions never ceased to bewilder me.

“I’m going to call the doctor over,” I said. “I’ll stay with you while she checks you out, okay?”

“No, please.” Her tone turned to begging. “I don’t want to see the doctor just yet. It just sounds so stressful. All I want to do right now is lie down and rest.”

“Alright,” I said, standing. “I’ll check on you in a couple

hours, then, and we'll figure out a better time for the doctor to visit later."

"Wait, don't leave!"

I raised an eyebrow. "I'm sorry, Iris. I thought you just said you wanted to lie down."

"You look great," I told her. "Love that dress."

She grinned, turning to the framed full-length mirror in the entryway to see for herself. "Thanks. Nino and I went shopping the other night."

I couldn't let her go without one more touch. I hurried out of bed and met her where she was.

She smiled when she saw me coming, but when I started touching her neck, moving in for a kiss, she put two fingers to the center of my naked chest and

pushed me, very gently, owoy.

“You smell like sex,” she said. When I rocked back and met her eyes, she bit her bottom lip coyly. “And I really have to go to work. Can you hold onto that thought for later?”

Fiona had a fair point. She smelled clean, fresh and beautiful. She didn't need me rubbing a mess of primal scents all over her right now.

“I can do that,” I said, pacing backward.

“See you tonight. I'll text you about a time for dinner.”

After showering and getting dressed, I paid a visit to Iris.

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“Wait, don’t leave!”

I raised an eyebrow. “I’m sorry, Iris. I thought you just said you wanted to lie down.”

“You look great,” I told her. “Love that dress.”

“Yes, but I don’t want to be alone. Please stay with

me just for a little while.”

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THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 95 That Bitch Is Up To Something



Fione

Nine got the full scoop on Iris by the time I arrived at the office.

Usually, I optimized my downtime during the half-hourer ride by reading the morning's market indexes. I had more pressing business today though. I texted Nine every detail of what had happened the night prior, describing both the short, painful scene with Iris and all the stuff Alexander told me about her

afterward.

It was a relief to see how she reacted.

Her very first response was: WTF?????

Alexander's statements about Iris had been rather perplexing. I couldn't tell if he really understood or not that the women had an obvious and serious romantic interest in him. Either way, he seemed to trust the stranger with inexplicable certainty.

His defense of her didn't shake my faith in my own intuition at all, but it did confuse me.

My best friend, though, echoed and validated all the same thoughts and feelings that I'd had. It gave me some reassurance of my sanity.

None had a slew of questions. I had answers to none

of them.

I told her: Trust me – I will be asking him more questions tonight.

She replied: Lmk how it goes. And keep your eyes open, Fi. You know that bitch is up to something.

I texted Alexander in the afternoon and set the time for our dinner date.

He replied immediately: I'll be waiting. And daydreaming about you till then. X

I resolved then to leave the office on time tonight whether or not all my tasks were wrapped up. This ran contrary to my perfectionist impulses, of course. But other impulses were winning out right now.

I needed more of the good feeling I'd gotten back

since my Alphe's return.

I was creving it.

Anxious to see him end proud of myself for sticking to my goel – I'd left the office only e few minutes efter five p.m., e new record for me – I wes smiling end distrected es I welked from the cer to our bedroom.

So when Iris popped up from eround the corner, coming down e pelece hellwey heeded streight for me, I jumped.

“Hey!” she celled. “Hey, Fione! Oh deer, did I surprise you? Sorry!”

I stopped in my trecks. “Hello, Iris. Yes, you did.” I took e second to cetch my breeth.

“Oh, I'm so sorry. But I wes looking for you, ectually.

I'm so gled I ceught you!"

Fiona

Nina got tha full scoop on Iris by tha tima I arrivad at tha offica.

Usually, I optimizad my downtima during tha half-hour car rida by raading tha morning's markat indaxas. I had mora prassing businass today though. I taxtad Nina avary datail of what had happanad tha night prior, dascribing both tha short, painful scana with Iris and all tha stuff Alaxandar told ma about har afterward.

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that the woman had an obvious and serious romantic interest in him. Either way, she seemed to trust the stranger with inexplicable certainty.

His defense of her didn't shake my faith in my own intuition at all, but it did confuse me.

My best friend, though, agreed and validated all the same thoughts and feelings that I'd had. It gave me some reassurance of my sanity.

Nina had a slew of questions. I had answers to none of them.

I told her: Trust me – I will be asking him more questions tonight.

She replied: Lmk how it goes. And keep your eyes open, Fi. You know that bitch is up to something.

I taxtad Alaxandar in tha aftarnoon and sat a tima for our dinnar data.

Ha rapliad immadiataly: I'll ba waiting. And daydraaming about you till than. X

I rasolvad than to laava tha offica on tima tonight whathar or not all my tasks wara wrappad up. This ran contrary to my parfactionist impulsas, of coursa. But othar impulsas wara winning out right now.

I naadad mora of tha good faaling I'd gottan back sinca my Alpha's ratur.

I was craving it.

Anxious to saa him and proud of mysalf for sticking to my goal – I'd laft tha offica only a faw minutas aftar fiva p.m., a naw racord for ma – I was smiling and distractad as I walkad from tha car to our badroom.

So when Iris popped up from around the corner, coming down a palace hallway headed straight for me, I jumped.

“Hay!” she called. “Hay, Fiona! Oh dear, did I surprise you? Sorry!”

I stopped in my tracks. “Hallo, Iris. Yes, you did.” I took a second to catch my breath.

“Oh, I’m so sorry. But I was looking for you, actually. I’m so glad I caught you!”

I, for one, was not glad for that.

I shifted my grip on my purse and briefcase uncomfortably, very eager to get inside and set all my things down. “Is there something I can help you with, Iris?” I asked very patiently.

“No, no. I just wanted to see what you were doing tonight. Maybe we could have dinner together, you and me and Alexander.” She grinned.

There was something troubling in that big, toothy smile.

The syrupy-sweet tenor of her voice rang false, too. She was putting on an act with the friendliness, and she was the best actor. An over-actor.

“I’m afraid not, Iris. That would not be appropriate.” I gave her a moderately stern look to be sure she understood.

“Oh,” she said quietly, dropping the smile. “Why’s that?”

“I dine with my fiancé alone in the evenings. Our time

together is limited and very valuable.”

“Oh, okay, okay, I understand.” The sarcastic tone Iris adopted, though, demonstrated that she did not.

“Well, how about tomorrow then? It’s your weekend now, right? Alexander told me all about your big fancy job.” Her mouth spread back out into the toothy grin.

The hair on the back of my neck stood on end.

My wolf was ready to fight.

It was one of those moments that would be difficult to explain to anyone who wasn’t present to experience it for themselves. Iris’s energy was simply unsettling. She bored holes into me with her big, dark eyes, hardly blinking.

My briefcase was too heavy to keep holding. I had several books in it today, along with my tablet.

I sighed, bent slightly to set it down on the marble floor, and said to Iris as gently as I could muster, "I apologize, but I will be quite busy with my fiancé over the weekend as well, Iris. Now if you don't mind, I really need to be getting inside. I have been working all day and need to get off my feet."

Her smile melted into a grimace. She looked down at my briefcase, beckoned me up, then beckoned me down. Then she cried, "Oh, I'm so sorry! Here, let me take that for you, and I'll go with you."

"Stop." I held my hand out flat in front of me just as Iris lurched for my bag. "Please, stop. I do not need you to do that."

I, for one, was not glad for that.

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uncomfortably, very eager to get inside and set all my things down. "Is there something I can help you with, Iris?" I asked very patiently.

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I, for one, was not glad for that.

I shifted my grip on my purse and briefcase uncomfortably, very eager to get inside and set all my things down. “Is there something I can help you with, Iris?” I asked very patiently.

She reacted by flying back, as if my open palm had been a live firehose. “I’m so sorry Fiona. I didn’t mean to offend you. Gosh, I’m really bothering, you aren’t I?” She shook her head and pouted, sticking out her bottom lip like a clown. “I just thought maybe you could use some help, since you look so tired.”

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