

The Alpha King Call Boy –

#Chapter 1 the Betray

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Fiona

I hurried down the corridor toward Baron's hotel room, dragging my wedding dress's heavy layers. Irritation rolls off my skin like a thick fog. Who disappeared before their wedding rehearsal? Especially with all the guests the wedding had attracted. It wasn't every day the daughter of the Alpha from the Red Moon pack married the son of the Alpha from the Blue Moon pack.

I reached Baron's hotel room, and a female voice rose to my sensitive ears.

"Oh honey, you're awesome. I'm going to be pregnant with your cubs!"

I blinked hard with confusion. Was I at the wrong room? I tugged my dress up and pulled my phone out from the silk garter on my thigh, and checked the email with all the hotel rooms and who they were assigned to. I looked at the gold plate with thick black numbers reading 505 on the door. It was Baron's room. I put my phone back and p

ushed the handle down, and to my surprise, the door opened without a key card. I peered in, and there on the sofa was my fiancé exercising his passion vigorously with another woman. Her hair was in long waves the color of sunlight, and her skin was smooth and unmarked, like a caramel treat. Baron was eating her up.

My jaw dropped in disbelief. He was having an affair the day before our wedding. Betrayal cooled my blood from my head to the soles of my

feet. The walls that held my emotions fell, and anger heated the blood in my veins.

I clenched my fists, snapped my jaw closed, and straightened my spine, doing my best to hold back my anger. I was a Luna.

Baron and I belonged to a family marriage, or what some called an arranged marriage. We grew up together, and I knew very early that I would be his wife.

As the daughter of an Alpha, my marriage was a tool to develop a stronger pack.

Like many aristocrats, I received an elite education with no fun and no friends. Nevertheless, I was a perfect Luna. In fact, I outscored many males in school, in class, and in combat. Clearly, that meant little to Baron and afforded me no respect.

I did not choose my groom but I was going to have the perfect wedding and Baron was trying to take that away from me. I poured over all the details of this wedding to ensure it would be perfect. And he was mess it up with his disappearing act to play with another woman.

I don't make a scene; too many guests are attending the wedding rehearsal in the main hall. So, I silently closed the door, having not been seen.

I glanced down the corridor to see who was mingling near the main hall. No one was there.

If I don't arrive with Baron soon, people would ask questions. I fidgeted with the top ruffle of my dress, trying to figure out what to do when the door opened. I dropped the ruffle and crossed my arms under my chest. I leaned into my right hip.

My fiancé was topless, with bruises, bites, and scratch marks covering his body. His black hair was loose and skimming his shoulders.

"Don't you think you should explain something to me?" I said, cold and calm, raising a thin eyebrow at him. I pointed to a bite mark on his shoulder. "But let's face it. There's no good explanation for that."

Baron's black eyes looked at me in disgust, his tone impatient, "I'm tired of your cold attitude toward me. We have known each other since childhood. I thought by now, with our wedding tomorrow, you would show some hint of fondness toward me. But look at you. Even now," He ran a hand over the marks, "with this before you, you're a cold, emotionless robot. It disgusts me."

"You want me to care about you? To desire you when I was never given a choice." I run a hand over my silver hair pinned up in curls. "How can I care about you when you have an affair the day before our wedding?"

"Wedding?" Baron sneered, "There will be no wedding. I won't marry you. Lily is the one I love. Not you."

I exploded with anger and slapped Baron across the face as hard as I could without full-on punching him. "You bastard!" My teeth clenched. "You can't do this to me. It will bring me dishonor. This wedding is about our packs becoming stronger. Not if we love each other."

His eyes grow round, astonished. I heaved my long skirt up and turned to leave.

The wedding has captured so much attention for the strength the union would bring, but now the nobles would talk about it for an entirely different reason now.

I held back the tears that stung my eyes, maintained my composure, walked past the main hall, and finally returned to my hotel room.

I grabbed the whiskey provided by the hotel for every room and chugged. First, it burned my throat, and next, my stomach. I never drank. I didn't know how to face my father.

Lying on the bed in a sea of ruffles, I watched the room slowly spin. My leg vibrated several times before I realized it was my phone in the garter. I blinked at the phone. It was too bright, and I could hardly focus on it. It was a text message from my only friend, Nina. I sat up and read her text.

Nina: Where are you? Everyone is looking for you.

I tried to get my thumbs to work right.

Me: Drunk in my room.

Nina: Without me! Not cool. Why are you drunk?

Me: Baron called off the wedding.

Nina: What for?

Me: I am cold and heartless.

Nina: What a jerk. I didn't like him anyway. You are better off without him. Hold on. I have to text someone else quickly.

I dropped the phone and peered at myself in the room's wall mirror. Half my curls had fallen around my face. The silver of my hair made the blue in my eyes glow. I glanced at the dress, squeezing my body too tight. I pushed to my feet and swayed. My fingers searched for the stupid zipper, and I yanked it down. The dress fell to the floor, and I kicked it. "I didn't really like you anyway, so there." I sighed, again looking at myself.

Why didn't Baron care about me? Am I not desirable? My body was lean, with tight cords of muscle. I worked out every day fighting males in my pack. Every day I showed them I was worthy of being their Luna. I ran a hand over a few of my scars. My body wasn't smooth and unmarked like the woman that had been with Baron.

My phone vibrated and lit up.

Nina: I called a Call Boy for you? He has an eight-pack of abs and skin the color of wheat. He can give you everything you want! He is right here in the hotel. Room number 705! Go have some fun.

Unlike other nobles, Nina was a deviant, and I love her for it.

Usually, I would have ignored this message.

But after what Baron said today, I picked up the phone and replied to the message.

Me: Okay.

I wore the sexy dress Nina forced me to bring and walked toward room 705.

Bumping into a wall here and there, and then a table I finally made it to the Call Boy's room, where the door was partly opened.

Curious about what a golden God looked like, I opened the door further and poked my head in. The wooden door creaked loudly, and I paused.

A moment later, a half-naked man wrapped in a towel appeared.

As Nina said, the man was very handsome. He was a foot taller than me and powerfully built. My body hummed with desire. *Wow. He is way sexier than Baron.*

I smiled and tiptoed my fingers up his hard chest to lace them into shaggy golden hair. His eyes were as golden as the rest of him, like warm honey I wanted to lick. Unable to resist my growing desire, I pushed him deeper into the room.

“Time to do your job, boy, make me fun.”