

## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 12 You Will Share A Room With Him

Fiona

I wiggled in my seat, realizing Alexander had overheard my conversation with Nina. Werewolf hearing was directly related to strength, and Alexander's surpassed that of most alphas.

I cleared my throat to explain. "I was only trying to calm Nina down. She is my best friend, and she worries about me."

I picked at the lint on my yoga pants, not wanting to look at Alexander. He exchanged a smile with me, then shook his head.

"Do not expect those in the palace to be concerned about your wellbeing. If anything, you must always be cautious. The palace isn't safe for you now, and I am

sorry to have to take you. Royal life is not as glamorous as the Pack makes it seem. There is always the faint hum of treachery in the air.”

I looked out the window, then moved restlessly. An uneasy feeling settled in my gut. I may have traded one cage for another. I shook off the feeling as best I could and took Alexander's words to heart. I would be careful. I was soon to become the Luna of a mighty Alpha. There would be many Lunas that would kill to obtain such rank.

“I have done my best to secure the palace's, West Wing. Only those loyal to me are allowed there. But the rest of the palace is governed by my stepmother, who doesn't want me there.”

Alarm bells sounded in my head, and I swallowed hard. As disturbing as all of that sounded, I was thankful Alexander felt comfortable enough to talk

with me so openly, unlike my own family. Both of us remained silent for the duration of the drive.

I wondered what my life would be like for the next few months and when Alexander would want to marry, if only to divorce once the baby was born. I was going to need a plan for when that happened. Where would I go? Was there a pack out there that would take me in? And if there was, would they only want us because of the connection to Alexander?

I bit my lip. Having a child alone would be difficult, but a child with connections to the royal family may put us at more risk of harm. My mouth began to water as if I were sick. I leaned back and pushed the unhappy thoughts away. I had time to figure it out, or at least that is what I told myself.

As the car drove onto the palace grounds, massive statues of werewolves were scattered along the

private drive. Lush green grass reached forward. I spotted several ponds between towering banyan trees, roots rising and falling as wide as the tree top.

Quickly, the green landscape turned to pale gray stone. The large stone squares reached around a formidable building with red-glazed pillars and walls. The palace was trimmed in gold. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

It hit me hard and fast in the face that I was at the center of werewolf power. Only royalty and alphas from various packs could come and go from here. And now I was part of it. I was a little awe struck.

Several servants stood waiting to greet us when the car pulled up to the steps. Once I was out of the vehicle, a well-trained maid in a black dress with a pixie haircut offered to carry my luggage. "I'm sorry, I don't have anything for you to take," I said, feeling out

of place and instantly regretted not bringing a few items.

The maid took a step back looking at my clothes. I pulled at my jacket.

Alexander walked around the car and rested a hand on the small of my back. “This is my future wife, Fiona, from the Red Moon pack. Please help her prepare daily necessities. And see that she has the lavender aromatherapy in the room to help her sleep better.”

“How did you know I was having trouble sleeping?” I asked, liking the feel of his hand. Heat poured into me.

“It was a safe assumption with your family affairs over the last week and the baby.” Alexander stepped back.

“Humm. You’re right,” I said, zipping up my jacket.

“I am afraid I must leave you for now, but I will see you later tonight.” He gave a nod. “This is Susan. She will take you on a tour and then show you to your room.”

Susan bobbed a curtsy. “So happy to have you.”

The maid then took me on a tour of the palace, which was so large that it was easy to get lost.

When we arrived at the Imperial Hall, a thin, balding man in a black suit stopped us abruptly. He looked at me with disapproval and scolded Susan for letting an outsider wander around the palace.

“This is Alexander's future wife, Fiona. She will be Queen one day,” said Susan with her head down.

The butler sarcastically replied, “She is not part of the royal family until they perform the marking ceremony, and she will never be Queen because Alexander will not be King.”

I quickly responded with ease at his harsh tone. Sounding much like Father. “Alexander is first born, why wouldn’t he be King?”

The butler wriggled his nose as if smelling something foul.

Susan took my arm. “Excuse us. There is much to see.” And Susan led me away from the butler as quickly as she could.

“You will have to keep an eye on the butler. He is not a nice man. He thinks Lucas, Alexander’s half-brother, should be King. Even though he is second born. The butler will try to sabotage you in any way he

can. I am sure of it.”

“Because I asked him a question?” I recalled Alexander's warning about the harsh realities of royal life, and I bit my lip, having already made an enemy. Seriously, I have been here for like forty minutes. I sighed.

“As Alexander's future Luna, you will share a room with him.”

I blinked at her shocked. “Before the marking ceremony?”

“He wants to keep you close.”

“Oh,” I said.

“It is getting late. I will take you to the West Wing and show you the room. You can rest and I will have food



brought to you.”

After taking a bath and eating, I waited patiently for Alexander to come to the room. Yet with all the day's drama, I could hardly stay awake. I wanted to see Alexander, to get to know him now that we could be alone. My eyes were so heavy I had to close them. Though I was exhausted, I had a restless sleep being in a new environment.

A nightmare shook me awake and I cried out tangled in too many sheets. My heart beat hard in my chest. It was Grandfather being smothered with a pillow by Father. It was night, but a light shown in the corner. There was movement toward me and I almost screamed when I recognized Alexander. He sat at the edge of a too large bed, shirt soaked in sweat, revealing his toned abs. My inner wolf became restless.

“Are you okay?”

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