

THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

Chapter 14 He Is Charming

Fiona

Alexander's words splashed over me like a bucket of cold water. The desire coiling in me pulled painfully at my core. I tried to ignore the strange aching in my limbs, making it impossible to move. I needed passions release. But unfortunately, it didn't appear as if that was going to happen. I cursed.

“Why will I not let you kiss me?” I tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. My body was flushed, and I fought to focus. “I was letting you kiss me. You kissed me everywhere.”

Alexander's golden eyes narrowed, and he pushed off the bed. “That is not what I meant, and you know it. So why will you not kiss my lips?”

Crap! Did we have to talk about that now? I bit my lip, trying to find a way out of this without upsetting Alexander. Nothing came to mind, so I went with the simple truth.

“I have always wanted my first kiss to be one out of love. This is not love. This is an arrangement.” I pointed at him and then at myself. “This is lust, not love, and I will not pretend it is anything other than that.” I lifted my chin, preparing for any comments Alexander would make against the argument.

He didn't. He only tugged off a blanket from the bed, grabbed a pillow, walked naked into his office, and slammed the door. I watched in complete bewilderment. Was he furious? How could he be mad? This was an arrangement, and kissing was sacred to many werewolves.

Although I couldn't choose someone of my own for

marriage, I didn't want to break this principle. It seemed fair enough. I flopped back onto the bed and stared at the ceiling. I thought about pleasuring myself to show Alexander, I didn't need him, but I was too stubborn and irritated.

After a sleepless night, I got up early to work on the project I was collaborating on with Alexander for my new business. As I researched and took notes for about four hours, I had made good progress on where to spend the remainder of the money he had given me after paying my father's debts.

When I peered at the time, I jumped to my feet, remembering I had etiquette class in the imperial hall with that mean butler. I wasn't looking forward to it at all. I rushed into the dressing room to see if I could find something to wear of Alexander's when I found the entire right side of the dressing room was filled with a variety of woman's clothing all in my size.

I had never seen so many clothes. I ran a hand down them on the hangers and did a little dance. Then quickly picked out a conservative outfit—a white blouse paired with black straight-legged slacks and Mary Jane style flats. Then I pulled my long hair into a high ponytail at the back of my head. I did my best to push back all the flyaway strands, but it was pointless with so many curls.

I arrived on time, but as soon as I entered the hall, I saw the Steward standing on the side with a malicious smile. Many others were paired up around the room, looking younger than me. They must have been some of the noble's children. And here I thought I would be in class by myself.

“You’re late,” scolded the Steward. “All the practice partners have been assigned. So you will have to practice with me.” He half smirked, and I wanted to

trip him then, yet I remained composed and gave him a regal nod.

During the dancing portion of the etiquette class, the steward intentionally tripped me several times. I did manage to save my step by being light on my toes. Only the first time did I stumble because I didn't think him capable of such petty behavior. He was trying to make me look bad in front of the young nobles.

On the surface, I was relaxed and calm. The Steward didn't know I had been through three years of etiquette classes when I was in school. There wouldn't be much the Steward could throw at me that I hadn't already been exposed to.

I completed the remaining tasks assigned by the teacher and received praise. The Steward was so angry that his face turned red, but he couldn't do anything to me. I pressed my lips holding back a smile

and turned away from him. I was pleased with myself.

The maid Susan, who had seen the steward fail miserably at making me look bad, laughed heartily. Then, when everyone exited the hall, I waited for Susan. Her brow was furrowed, and she pulled me down the hall away from the others.

“Ms. Fiona, that steward was petty and might go to the Luna Queen to complain. This might affect Alexander.”

We strolled down one of the many halls. It was nice to be out and about. I didn't know where we were going, but I didn't mind.

Curious, I asked about the Luna Queen. “Is she a mean kind of woman?”

The maid's face showed apparent fear. “The Luna

Queen was very unkind to Alexander. She always complained to the King about him, and the King didn't care for him either after the death of his mother. So he sent Alexander to fight when he was young and doesn't care about his life.”

Alexander had said things were not glamorous in the palace, and he had been right. I just didn't expect them to be so bad. He looked so powerful, yet he had a difficult situation here. Things were complicated for him and me. My home life had not been ideal either, coming from what used to be a powerful pack. Yet Father had seen it slowly diminish. My heartstrings pulled when thinking about it all.

“Come, I will walk you to your next class. Next on your agenda is training to handle diplomats when Alexander is away.”

As Susan and I walked along, we came upon the

soldiers practicing martial arts training in one of the courtyards, and I wondered if these were Alexander's men.

As we passed, I saw him leading his troops in training. Unlike his calm and relaxed appearance, he was now shirtless, and stone faced while giving feedback and corrections. I couldn't help but pause and admire him.

Moments later, Alexander saw me and immediately stopped and turned his head away, still angry about yesterday's incident with the whole kissing debacle. With a sigh, I continued to follow Susan to the next destination.

A soldier not more than a few meters away missed his target with his javelin, and it zipped toward me. I could have easily avoided it, but the weakness I was experiencing from pregnancy caused me to become

disoriented and hesitate.

Then, just as the javelin should have struck, a large golden wolf caught it between its teeth and snapped it in half. My heart beat loudly in my chest, and Susan screamed. I staggered back and fell onto the ground. I wasn't hurt, but I was disappointed that I could not react at all.

When the golden eyes met mine, I knew Alexander had saved me. Looking at the beautiful giant wolf, I couldn't help but admit he was charming. Even if he was angry with me. He still chose to protect me.

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