

## THE ALPHA KING CALL BOY

### Chapter 15 Someone Wants To Kill Her

Alexander

The soldier who threw the javelin rushed to Fiona and Susan's side and apologized many times for almost hitting her. Anger and fear tore through me in a red wave of heat, and I couldn't think. Everything was red, and I wanted to tear everyone down.

Peering at Fiona on the ground, I took a deep breath and pushed the anger down. Once I shifted from my wolf back into a man, a soldier tossed a pair of pants at me. I quickly put them on and picked up the two halves of the javelin. Susan helped Fiona up, eyes wide with fear.

Susan fussed over Fiona, dusting her off. "Oh my, are you okay?"

I stared at the javelin pieces, felt their weight, and scented them. Something was off. I stared at Fiona for a long moment without a word. I could have lost her and the baby in one blow. My face turned ugly, and rage rooted deep within me.

If I hadn't tried to shame her, she wouldn't have been in the way of the javelin because I would have spoken with her and the maid. I could have asked her about her second day in the palace and where she was off to next, even though I knew the answer.

Yet I had been as ill-behaved as a schoolboy, making me sick. I was no schoolboy. I was a future King, and Fiona was my responsibility.

"Kayden, come," I bellowed, my gaze still locked on Fiona who was running a hand over her shirt and hair.

Kayden moved with an effortless grace to then stand

tall and grim beside me. I handed him the pieces of the javelin.

“What do you think?” I asked.

Kayden tossed the pieces one by one into the air. Then quickly tossed them and twisted to jab high into the air with each.

“Their weight is off. It is lighter than it should be. I believe it has been tampered with,” replied Kayden.

“As do I.” I turned on the maid who was leading Fiona. “Why did you come this way? Isn’t it faster to travel the East Wing when heading to diplomate training?” Yes, I knew every class Fiona had to take and where all the training took place. I knew her schedule even if she didn’t know mine.

The maid touched her bottom lip as it trembled.

Scared she took small retreating steps away from me. I stepped closer, not letting her escape if she tried to run. She swallowed hard and wiped her hands on her uniform dress. I could see fear in her eyes and smell fear from her pores.

“I don't know anything,” she whimpered.

I heard her deceit. “You can tell my stepmother if she comes to see you in jail that she will have to do better than tampering with weapons to get under my skin.” I snapped my fingers, and two of my guards stepped up. “Take her to the jail cells. Then call my specialist to inspect the scene and question the staff.”

“Alexander, is this really necessary?” Fiona asked, touching my arm lightly, blue eyes pleading for me to reconsider. “I’m fine. I wasn’t hurt.”

Her reassuring touch helped me calm down. First, she

needed to understand the palace was never safe. “If I hadn’t shifted in time, you would be lying in a pool of blood.”

She frowned at me lifting her chin. “I would have shifted in time.”

I put my hand over hers. “I don’t think you would have. I will have two of my men walk you to your next training lesson.”

Fiona nodded stiffly and was flanked by two soldiers. Once they were gone, a few of my men thought it wise to express their thoughts on Fiona and that it was the first time they had seen me lose my temper. I narrowed my gaze.

“For that insubordination, another hour of hand-to-hand combat. Each round ends at first blood.” The men groaned loudly. I ignored them, knowing deep

down they were right. Yet I would never admit that out loud. They would be far too pleased with themselves to see that I had a fondness for Fiona.

When the soldiers began to train once again, Kayden stood beside me. “You know it is only a matter of time before your stepmother either physically hurts Fiona or sets her up to get into trouble with the King.”

I nodded with a frown and clutched my hands behind my back. “You are right.”

The sun was hot on my skin, and sweat dotted my brow. I peered at Kayden. “I didn't expect her to retaliate so soon against mine and Fiona’s arrival.” I glanced in the direction Fiona had left, hoping the rest of the day would be uneventful.

After dealing with the maid's matter, I was still worried and planned to check on Fiona. At the end of the day,

knowing her schedule, I headed to the council chamber where she was dealing with affairs.

When I arrived, the door was open, and Fiona gazed intensely at the papers in front of her while sitting behind a large oak table.

Papers were scattered everywhere, as well as two open laptops. Her skin was pale, and the shine of her silver hair was gone. Her cheekbones were more prominent and gave her a ghostly feel as if she could drift away at any moment. How had I not noticed that before?

My heart beat a little faster with worry. I strolled into the chamber silently, moving along the outer wall, not wanting to disturb her.

She pressed her forehead as if she had a headache now and then. Walking up behind Fiona, her heavy

scent of lavender fragrance enveloped me, and my body hardened.

I noticed she was refining the business plan we had discussed earlier. This one was more detailed than the last and had many clever ideas. I was beginning to understand that Fiona enjoyed a challenge and hard work. Both were qualities I wanted in a Luna and a mate.

I didn't expect to make any money in this endeavor with her, but I agreed to invest and spend more than expected to help Fiona's family out of difficulty even though it was not her debt to worry about.

Fiona was so absorbed in her work that she didn't notice me quietly watching her from behind her chair. For being a Luna known for good instincts in a fight, I was surprised she had not heard or scented me when I entered. It made me concerned.



Several minutes passed when she stood up to gather her materials on the table; looking exhausted and depleted of energy, she stumbled backward from her chair.

Instinctively, I reached out and pulled her body tight against mine. She didn't fight or cry out. I drank her scent in and brushed her hair away so that I could place a gentle kiss on her neck. She sighed and let her body mold against mine.

Her head dropped against my shoulder, and she rested her hands on my arm around her waist. She let me hold her there in the silence.

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