

The Alpha King Call Boy –

#Chapter 4 Pregnant for a call boy

Fiona

I spent my days leading to the eve of my wedding clearing up grievances among the pack or in combat training with Nina. Desperate to work off my frustration about being forced to marry a man that didn't respect my Luna status.

I shot in low at Nina's hips, lifting her off the ground and onto her back. I circled and pinned her shoulders to the mat, but I felt weak.

She wiggled and kicked out of my hold. She spun into a roundhouse kick and landed it squarely onto my jaw. I went down hard. The world blinked in and out around me. I rubbed my jaw.

Ouch. Nina had never gotten the drop on me before. I was faster and stronger than her, so why was I laying on the mat disoriented? I tried to remember if I had eaten breakfast. No, I had felt sick. I sat up. *Sick!* Werewolves rarely fell ill.

I recalled the last few days and realized my energy levels were in a slow decline. I ran my hands over my hair. *What is happening?*

Nina bounced over and sat beside me. She shoved me in the shoulder. "I nailed you. You didn't even duck or try to. What's that all about?"

"I . . . I don't know. I feel so tired. And . . . I think I'm sick."

Nina's gray eyes went round. "Sick. Werewolves don't get sick." Nina was quiet for a minute, then turned to sit directly in front of me. She took my shoulders in both hands. The look of concern on her face caused me to frown.

“Come on, Nina, I’m not going to die. I’m just off. I’m sure it’s because of the wedding.”

“Don’t freak out. But . . . by chance, did you use protective measures with the call boy?”

“Of course,” I said. “Maybe. I was drunk.” I swallowed hard, recalling the events of that night. I buried my face in my hands. “No. No, I didn’t. *What is wrong with me?* I know better than that. Oh, God. Do you think I could be pregnant?” Fear struck hard and fast.

Nina rubbed my back and looked away.

Nobles pursued pure bloodlines and did not allow the existence of illegitimate children. Unwed pregnancies were considered a shameful existence. Only children born to married couples who had undergone the marking ceremony could be considered blessed by the Moon Goddess. I can’t be pregnant, it would ruin me. No Luna status would help me. My heart beat fast, and my wolf pushed under my skin. I want to shift. I want to run away. But I don’t. I had to stay calm. *I’m a Luna.* I don’t know anything yet, so no reason to panic.

Nina rose and pulled me with her. “Come on. We have to go to a doctor.”

“How? My father has been watching me. He thinks I will run off at any moment and dishonor him.”

Nina and I walked toward the main house of the villa.

“It is the day before the wedding. I’ll tell him we’re going to get our nails done. A Luna must look perfect on her wedding day, right?”

To avoid suspicion, I wore a loose dress, pulled my recognizable hair into a high bun and placed a large hat over it. Nina did the same.

Before we walked out the front door, she slipped glasses onto my face as well. My father sat on the living room couch reading the newspaper. He peered over the top of it and stared questioningly. I smiled sweetly and hurried out, surprised he didn't stop us.

Just to be safe, Nina and I entered the Half Moon pack territory that neighbored my families territory to the east. Scheduling an appointment, I used a false name to see the doctor.

Alone in the closet size room, I sat on the table not able to breathe.

“Congratulations, you're pregnant,” said the doctor with a smile.

I didn't look up. “Run another test.”

“But we already ran two tests?”

I looked up, tightening my fingers on the edge of the table. “Do it again.”

The doctor nodded and walked out.

I couldn't keep this child. Once my father found out, I would be expelled from the pack. The power of the Red Moon pack was great, and if I offended my father, no pack would accept me.

The doctor came back in. This time his enthusiasm was gone. “You are pregnant.”

A tear ran down my cheek, and I wiped it away.

“Do you want to abort the child?”

I tried to reply, with a “yes,” but it was impossible to get the word out. I knew it was what I should do. Had to do, yet, I could not take the life of a child that had done nothing wrong.

“No. I will keep the baby. Thank you.”

“You can get dressed,” said the doctor and left.

There had to be a way to hide the pregnancy long enough to have the baby and take it somewhere safe to find a home where I could be part of its life. But how could I do that?

When I walked out to the waiting room Nina popped up out of her seat. We locked eyes and she hurried over and gave me a hug.

“It will be okay. We will figure it out,” she says.

On the way back to the car, I caught a glimpse of someone that seemed to be following us.

I got into the car. “Nina, back there.” I pointed over her shoulder. “That blonde woman. See if she follows us. Sure enough, when we pulled out of the parking lot and onto the road, the woman followed. Nina took a right, then sped through two lights and took a left. The car with the woman was gone.

“Who do you think that was?” Nina asks.

“I don’t know. But whoever it was, she knew I was at the doctors. We have to go to the hotel. I want to talk to the Call Boy.” My stomach rolled and I fought the urge to get sick. I rolled down the window for fresh air.

“Why? How is it going to help? He is a call boy. You can’t marry him. You’re a Red Moon Luna.”

My head dropped back, and I growled. “I know that. But if I keep this baby and anyone finds out I wouldn’t be a Red Moon Luna anymore. It wouldn’t matter who I married. I have to have a plan B. Maybe he is it.”

Nina stared at me, and I knew she knew I was right.

“There will be people we know at the hotel. The wedding is tomorrow,” she said, looking grim.

“I have to talk to him.”

“Fine. But I think it is a bad idea.”

At the front desk, Nina asked for the same call boy she had requested before. As they walked to the room together, I started to shake. What was I doing? Talking to this guy wasn't going to help anything.

At the door, Nina knocked loudly and the door swings open. “Hello, ladies. How can I serve you?”

The young man had golden hair but was the same height as me. There were no scars on his upper body at all and his eyes were dark brown.

I'm stunned into silence.

Nina pokes the man in the chest. “Listen here, buddy, don't you use protection when dealing with drunk women?”

I took her finger off his chest. “That's not him.”

“What do you mean? That's not him. This is the guy. Look, abs, gold hair, nice shoulders. Just like I said.”

I moved Nina behind me. “I'm so sorry for bothering you. Have a good day.”

The guy shrugged and then closed the door.

“If he isn't the guy who is?”

“Not him,” I said confused.

We walked toward the elevators and I rubbed my temples trying to remember how I had gotten to the Call Boy's room. "I must have gone to the wrong room."

"Great. What do you want to do? We can't just wander around. One of the guests for tomorrow will see us."

Frustrated, we got in the elevator, and I hit the next level.

"I have to find something familiar."

It wasn't until they reached the top floor of the hotel that the decor seemed to match my memory of that night.

"I remember bumping into that table. I stubbed my toe because I didn't have shoes on."

Finally, we stood in front of a dark door. The room number was 905, and then it clicked.

"I mistakenly took the 9 for a 7." I took a deep breath, trying my best to remain calm, and then knocked on the door.

"Coming, wait a moment!" came a voice from inside the room, and the door handle began to turn. The door opened slowly.