

## The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover Chapter 1 - 10

### Chapter 1

The day I found out I was dying, Alpha Griffon Knight broke up with me.

Our relationship was a contract, but when his true love came back, he didn't need me anymore.

He canceled our contract and told me to get lost.

I thought that after five years, his frozen heart would thaw for me. How wrong I was.

So I packed my things and left.

Without telling him... I only had three months left to live.

Taya

Griffon Knight's private jet landed at the airport at 7:00 p.m., just as the sun was starting to set, vivid orange and red giving way to the bright light of the moon. Within a half hour of his arrival, he requested that I be brought to his downtown penthouse.

Per our contract, I must be thoroughly cleansed "inside and out" without any traces of perfume or makeup.

As an Alpha, his senses were more perceptive than most other wolf shifters. I strictly followed his preferences and requirements, changed into freshly washed silk pajamas, and then went to the bedroom on the second floor.

Griffon was sitting in front of the fire in his leather wingback chair, one ankle resting on his knee in a relaxed manner, flipping through a stack of documents. When I entered the room, he gave me a glance before placing the papers on the side table next to him.

"Come here," he demanded, his wolf flashing amber in his dark eyes for a second as he narrowed his gaze at me.

A chill ran over my spine.

His voice was gruff and emotionless, weighing heavily on my heart as it always did. I longed, just once, to hear something in his tone when he spoke to me. But he always maintained his powerful and mysterious aura, never giving an indication of what he was thinking or feeling.

I didn't dare to hesitate for a moment, worried that any delay might anger him. Keeping my head tilted down in deference to his formidable presence, my bare feet were silent on the plush carpet as I rushed over to him. As soon as I was at his side, he pulled me into his arms and onto his lap, lifting my chin with his large hand. He lowered his head and kissed my waiting lips aggressively, without any traces of the warmth I longed for. His tongue delved into my mouth, twisting around mine, and desire flowed through my body, pooling in my nether regions. Griffon might seem noble and restrained to his pack and other pack elites, but he showed no such thing when it came to sex. He was never restrained, never tender with me. No sweet talk, no soft kisses. Just hunger, desire, sex. With me, he was always the animal. Always the coarse Alpha, never the cool, calm, and collected leader that others saw. He had been away on pack business for three months; he probably wouldn't let me go easily tonight. As I had expected, he was rougher than usual. It was as if he was all feral wolf instead of just mostly wolf like he typically was. Griffon didn't stop his thrusts until I was too exhausted for more, his wolf shining in his eyes and his face twisted in a snarl the entire time.

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When I woke up, I found myself alone in bed. Instead of the usual silence I typically wakened to, I heard running water came from the bathroom. I frowned in confusion and looked in the direction of the sound, surprised to see Griffon's tall and muscled form reflected in the glass door of the shower. He usually left immediately after our encounters. No goodbye, no waiting for me to wake up. I struggled to sit up, my body spent from hours of lovemaking, and I quietly waited for the man to come out. A few minutes later, the water stopped, and Griffon came into the room, a towel wrapped around his waist. Water droplets from the tips of his dark hair fell onto his bronze skin, slowly sliding down his well-defined abs. His face was finely chiseled, exquisitely handsome, with sharp, distinct features. His eyes, almond-shaped and hazel in color, were aloof and distant, deep and unreadable. Even in his human form, his dark wolf side showed through, creating even more of an enigma surrounding the Alpha. To everyone else, he was charming yet distant, friendly yet aloof and unattainable. With

one glance, people could tell he was not an easy man to get along with, but not completely impossible.

To me, he was simply cold, harsh, and unreachable even when he was inside me. Seeing that I was awake, he gave me a stony look and said, “You don’t need to come anymore.”

## Chapter 2

I blinked, clutching the covers tightly around my body, my knuckles white as a sliver of panic raced through my heart.

What did he mean?

Griffon turned around, went to the side table, to the papers he’d been looking through last night. He shuffled through them, then tossed one onto the bed in front of me.

“I’m canceling our contract. You’re fired.”

I felt the blood drain from my face, and my heart stopped for minute.

Fired.

Not “we’re breaking up.

Fired.

”

Regardless as to how our relationship had started, regardless of how I’d come to feel about him, I knew this day would come.

Because in reality, we had no “relationship”. We were employer and employee, and I served only one purpose for Griffon.

Nonetheless, his words stung.

I’d never expected that he would end things so abruptly. I’d thought I’d have more time.

Sure, I’d expected his typical unemotional coldness, but this was beyond that.

After being with him for five years, he gave me no reason or explanation.

He didn’t think I deserved that, and it was painful to think about.

Suppressing the sharp pain in my heart, I slowly raised my head from staring at the document on the bed and gazed at Griffon. Enough time had passed with my being frozen by his words that he was now fully dressed in his typical dark suit.

“But...the contract will expire in six months. Can’t we wait for a little longer?” My voice was somewhat pleading, and I struggled to keep it from cracking.

The doctor said I only had three months left, and the only thing I wanted was to stay with

him until the end of my life.

Griffon remained silent, staring at me with his stoic, vacant expression, as if he were kicking away a toy he had grown tired of playing with.

His silence was all I needed. His decision was final.

After five long years of trying, I had failed to thaw Griffon's frozen heart. It was time to wake up from my illusion.

I took the contract and plastered on a fake smile, attempting to feign indifference. "Don't be so serious. I was just joking." Then, I added, "I'm glad this is over. I get six months off. How perfect!"

Griffon paused as he adjusted his shirt sleeves, then lifted his gaze to me.

It took everything in me to make sure there was no sadness in my eyes, to make sure the only emotions he might see were excitement or relief.

The absolute last things I felt.

Griffon narrowed his eyes and frowned. "You're glad it's over?"

I nodded and shrugged one shoulder as if I hadn't a care in the world.

"Yup. I'm not the little girl I was when I agreed to this. It's time for me to get married and have children. I can't always be your contract lover, can I?"

Inside, I laughed at myself. It was impossible for me to get married or have children, but I'd be damned if I ever let Griffon know that.

I would leave with dignity and grace.

I forced another smile and asked, "Does that mean I can finally have a normal boyfriend once I leave here?"

Griffon's eyes were filled with deep and unidentifiable emotions.

After staring at me for a while, he looked at his watch and turned to leave.

"Do whatever you want."

Looking at his back as he turned and walked away, my smile faded.

Griffon hated it when other people touched his things, including his woman. His wolf would push through, his eyes flashing amber and his claws coming out. But this time, there was no reaction.

He truly was done with me.

### Chapter 3

After Griffon left, his assistant walked in.

Andre handed a morning-after pill to me and said respectfully, "Ms. Palmer, please take it

as usual.”

Griffon would never allow me to get pregnant.

Not only was I just his contracted lover, I wasn’t even a wolf shifter. I’d always grown up around wolves, and had spent time in the shifter orphanage, but I’d never gained her wolf at puberty.

No one knew where I came from, though the assumption had always been that at least one of my parents had to have been a shifter in order for me to be dropped off at the shifter orphanage.

Staring at the small pill in the palm of my hand, my heart started to hurt even more.

I wasn’t sure if the pain was caused by my heart failure or Griffon’s cruelty, but regardless, it was so intense that I struggled to take a breath.

“Ms. Palmer...”

When I didn’t immediately take the pill, Andre urged me along with a nervous expression. He was probably afraid that I would cause trouble since it had been my last night with Griffon.

I swallowed through the pain in my chest and tossed the pill in my mouth. I didn’t even bother with water, forcing it down dry.

Andre let out a sigh of relief, then took an apartment deed and check from his briefcase and placed them in front of me.

“Ms. Palmer, this is Mr. Knight’s compensation for you. In addition to the real estate and cars, he had also placed five million dollars in your account.”

How generous.

Too bad, he never knew what I truly wanted.

“I don’t want it.” I set her mouth in a grim line and shook my head.

Andre was stunned and confused. “Do you think it’s not enough?”

My heart shattered beyond what I’d thought possible.

Even Andre thought I was doing it for the money.

It was too much. So much money, plus an apartment and a luxury car. Was he afraid I would ask him again for more money in the future?

I picked up the bag beside me with a bitter smile, took out a debit card, and handed it to Andre. “This is all the money

Griffon paid me over the years. I never spent a single penny, and I don’t want it. The pin number is his birthday.”

Andre was dumbfounded, a confused look making his brows furrow.

I didn’t care whether he believed me or not. I placed the card on the pile of documents.

Then I left the penthouse without another word.

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Winter was cold in Arcadia.

I walked the empty street, alone and shivering.

The shadow of my thin figure was cast on the ground by the streetlight, gaunt and fragile.

I tightened my beige coat, gritted my teeth, and walked back to my apartment in my high heels.

I pushed the door open. It was huge inside, taking up an entire floor.

Despite the warmth inside and the luxurious decor, the apartment couldn’t dispel the chill that flooded me.

I sat on the sofa, staring blankly at the surroundings for a moment.

Then I began to pack.

Griffon had purchased this apartment for me to live in so that I would be close to his penthouse, able to rush over at a moment’s notice.

I had loved that he wanted me close by, wishing and praying to the goddess above that somehow it meant more than what it really did.

Since he didn’t want me anymore, I didn’t want anything that came from him.

Taking out my suitcase, I opened the closet and pulled out all of my clothes.

I hadn't brought many things with me, and it didn't take me long to pack up everything and leave.

I packed quickly and efficiently, with no outward emotion, nothing like the girl from five years ago. The desperate, crying girl who'd begged Griffon to purchase my virginity.

After getting into the car, I sent a text message to Andre.

[The key code to the Hudson Apartment is 0826.]

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Andre returned to the Knight Pack headquarters, handed the documents to Griffon, and told him what Taya said.

With an indifferent gaze, Griffon glanced at the items on his desk. His stoic gaze fixed on the debit card.

"You checked the balance?"

"Yes, Alpha."

"There is additional money in there?"

"Yes, Alpha." Andre nodded.

The exact amount Griffon had paid Taya for her virginity.

Griffon frowned, and Andre heard his wolf rumbling. After a moment of staring at the card, he stretched out his hand, picked up the piece of plastic, and snapped it in half, his claws starting to extend.

He pushed the pile of documents toward Andre, his fingers curled and starting to crumple the papers. He was clearly resisting his wolf's urge to shred them. "Get rid of it then."

Andre opened his mouth and wanted to say something nice for Taya, but the Alpha had already turned away and was looking at his phone, a snarl on his face.

He knew better than to speak when his Alpha was like this, so he picked up the pile of documents and left the office.

## Chapter 4

I took my suitcase to my best friend Harper Duke's.

I gently knocked on the door and waited.

Harper had grown up with me in the same orphanage, and we were like sisters.

Except Harper had her wolf.

"If anything happens, come home," Harper had said when Griffon took me away five years ago.

It was because of Harper that I could leave everything from Griffon behind.

As soon as Harper opened the door, a wide smile appeared on her face when she saw me.

"What are you doing here?"

I tightened my grip on the suitcase. "I need a place to crash," I said quietly.

Only then did Harper see the suitcase, and the smile on her face disappeared, a look of worry replacing it.

"What's wrong?"

"I just broke up with him." I forced a smile to hide my pain.

Harper looked closely at me and saw past my pretense in a matter of seconds. Her eyes narrowed, then she frowned.

I knew how I looked. I was thin and pale, my eyes sunken.

Harper hugged me tightly. "Don't worry. I'm here for you."

I couldn't help but tear up at her words. I hugged Harper and patted her gently on the back.

"I'm fine. Don't worry."

Harper knew how much I liked Griffon, how much more I wanted with the powerful, distant Alpha.

We shared everything.

Over the past five years, I had worked hard to earn the amount Griffon had paid me so I could give it back to him. I was so naive and innocent, I believed that if I returned the money, his feelings for me would change. Maybe then we could be something more than just "employer and employee."

But I couldn't have been more wrong.

Harper remembered that rainy night five years ago just as might as I did.

If it weren't for Silas Johnson, I wouldn't have met Griffon

If the accident never happened, I could have had a happy life.

I didn't want to burden Harper with my sorrow. After gently pulling back from the hug, I smiled and said, "Girlie, aren't you going to let me in? It's freezing out here!"

I stood there, forcing myself to believe that I would soon recover from this. For orphans



like us, who had no one to rely on, being abandoned was just another day, right?

Harper took my suitcase and led me into the house.

“You don’t need a place to crash. This is your home, too.”

After that, she turned around, fetched clean pajamas, and handed them to me. “Go take a shower. I’ll make you something to eat, and you can get some sleep. Don’t think about anything else, okay?”

“Okay.” I took the pajamas and nodded.

Harper had always been like this. She was unconditionally good to me, like a beam of light that sliced through the darkness.

Most other people didn’t know what to do with me. I lived in a gray area...raised by wolves yet not a she-wolf.

It was a pity that I suffered from terminal heart failure, and my life was soon coming to an end. Had I been blessed by the goddess with my wolf, there would be other options, other treatments. But with no wolf to help me heal...

If Harper found out that I was going to die soon, she would be devastated. And the last thing I wanted to do was burden her with that knowledge.

I gazed at the busy figure in the kitchen and slowly walked over. “I want to quit my job.”

Harper nodded in agreement and said, “You should. You’ve been working so hard for so long. God, you must be exhausted. Quit your job and take some time to yourself. Don’t worry about anything; I’ve got your back.”

I wrapped my arms around my best friend and squeezed her tightly, filled with too many emotions to verbalize them. Then, I turned around and went to the bathroom with tears in my eyes.

Fate had never favored me.

If Harper and I were meant to be apart, I should use the last three months of my life to be with her.

To be with someone who truly loved me.

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The next morning, I applied makeup to conceal my pale face and lips and went into the office to quit my job.

Just as I sat down and was about to turn on the computer to write my resignation letter, my colleague Brielle came over.

“Have you seen the email?”

I shook my head. I’d spent the whole weekend in Griffon’s penthouse; I hadn’t had time for anything else other than him Band...recovering from him.

“Lila sent a letter saying that Elder Thorin’s daughter is taking over today,” Brielle said.

I had no impression of the elder’s daughter, so I wasn’t interested. Plus, I was about to

quit anyway.

Brielle, on the other hand, was very intrigued. “I heard she had just returned from studying abroad in one of the European pack cities, so she doesn’t have much work experience with pack politics and business. Is she even qualified?”

Another colleague, Margaret, sneered and said, “Who would dare question her? She’s the long-lost love of Alpha Knight.”

## Chapter 5

“Oh em gee, REALLY?” Brielle’s jaw hung open in shock.

She pulled Margaret close and whispered excitedly, “Didn’t you say that Alpha Knight wasn’t interested in women? Sounds like he might have a secret love! AND she’s the future head of our firm!?”

Margaret patted Brielle’s hand with a smile. “You really should try to be more informed about these things, Brielle. How can you work here and not know all this hot gossip? Our jobs literally revolve around pack politics.”

“Well, c’mon, hurry up and tell me now. I’m all ears!” Brielle said, tugging on Margaret’s sleeve.

Margaret lowered her voice. “Alpha Knight and Elder Thorin’s daughter were childhood sweethearts. Rumor has it, the Alpha asked her to be his Luna five years ago. But she turned him down to focus on her studies, said she didn’t want the responsibility of that, so they split up. They haven’t spoken since. But as soon as Ms. Thorin returned to the country, Alpha Knight personally went to the airport to pick her up. That’s enough to prove that he still has strong feelings for her.”

Brielle covered her mouth, her big, round eyes wide. “Oh my god! It’s like the perfect romance!”

My heart spasmed, and misery spread through me.

So, the truth was that Griffon had terminated our contract early because his long-lost love-his real love-had come back.

But if he was already in love with someone, why did he force me to sign a contract to continue our “relationship” after sleeping with me only once?

And whenever he touched me, he went so crazy that he couldn’t control his wolf. He couldn’t keep his hands off me, and we’d spend hours and hours in bed.

Those weren’t the actions of a man who didn’t want someone.

Just as I was about to ask Margaret where she’d heard this, the elevator opened with a ding.

The executive assistant to the head of the firm, Lila, and several department managers walked out first. Right after, a man with a face and body carved and chiseled by the goddess herself walked

out.

He seemed almost unreal, like he'd stepped out of an oil painting, a mix of power, refinement, and indifference, always keeping a distance from others.

Unlike other Alphas who were warm and friendly while maintaining their position of authority, this Alpha was aloof, stoic...unattainable.

I would recognize him anywhere.

Lila gestured to the shifters who'd stepped off the elevator. "Alpha Knight, Ms. Thorin, this way please."

Why is he here? I thought, watching Griffon turn and offer his hand to someone in the elevator. Then, a delicate, fair hand was placed in his, and a woman stepped out.

The moment I saw her face, I understood why Griffon bought me for the night and drew up that contract five years ago.

Except for a few minor differences, I had almost the exact same face as Griffon's former lover, the woman he'd wanted to make

his Luna.

I used to think Griffon would return my feelings one day and love me for who I was, despite the fact that I had no wolf and could never truly be his Luna, but now I knew...

I was only a temporary substitute.

My chest tightened almost to the point I couldn't breathe, and pain swept through my body, turning my face pale even despite the makeup I wore.

Brielle immediately asked with concern, "Taya? What's wrong? Are you feeling sick?"

I shook my head, and before Brielle could say anything else, Lila led Griffon and Ms. Thorin over.

I quickly lowered my eyes and didn't dare look Griffon or the woman in the eye. I couldn't stop my hands from trembling on the keyboard as Lila introduced them.

"The assistants here are available to help you with anything, you need, Ms. Thorin."

Ms. Thorin nodded, looked at us, and said softly, "Good morning, everyone. My name is Tara Thorin. Starting today, I'll be the new CEO of the Midwest Packs Association."

Tara...

I couldn't seem to get enough air into my lungs, and I felt lightheaded.

Memories started flooding back of me and Griffon, our bodies writhing and entwined in bed.

Every time, he'd softly call out my name. So softly I could barely hear it.

Only now did I realize that he wasn't calling out to me, but to

Tara...

I clenched my fists. My long nails dug into my flesh, but I felt no

pain.

Suffocating feelings of humiliation and abandonment overwhelmed me, and I couldn't fight back the tears.

I was so stupid to have fallen in love with Griffon, the wolf who would never love me back.

## Chapter 6

After exchanging pleasantries, Tara took Griffon's arm and followed Lila to the CEO's office.

Brielle craned her neck and looked at their backs with envy. "Alpha Knight personally picked her up and escorted her into the office on her first day of work? That HAS to mean he still loves her!"

Margaret patted her shoulder and said, "It's not just that. She's only just returned to the country and she's already taking over as CEO. The rest of the elders may not be completely convinced she's up to the task. By personally escorting her on her first day, Alpha Knight is warning everyone that she has the backing of the Knight Pack."

"He's so quick to show his love and support for her. Alpha Knight really is the perfect mate." Brielle sighed.

Margaret's eyes were also full of jealousy. "If she weren't Elder Thorin's daughter, she wouldn't have been chosen by the most powerful Alpha in the Midwest Packs," she said. Brielle shook her head disapprovingly. "I don't think so. Ms. Thorin is accomplished too. She's highly educated and refined, and she'd obviously be beautiful. She'll make a perfect Luna for him. Speaking of her looks..." Brielle looked at me. "Taya... don't you think you look kind of similar to our new CEO?"

Margaret came over to take a closer look. "Goddess. You do look a bit like her, Taya. But honestly, I think you're way prettier!"

"Don't be ridiculous," I said abruptly, and then I got up and went to the bathroom.

I heard Brielle behind me. "What's up with her?"

The Margaret chimed in. “Maybe she’s jealous because she thinks Tara is so much luckier than her, even though they practically have the same face. After all, Tara is a true she-wolf.”

Mortification washed over me at her words, and I walked faster.

I entered the bathroom and quickly took out my heart medication, turning on the faucet and scooping up a handful of water to swallow it down.

After calming down for a few long moments, I splashed my face with cold water and looked up at my reflection.

It was clear that illness was ravaging my body; my cheeks were sunken, my skin dull. But Tara...

While I was in a daze, the bathroom door opened, and in came Tara, her high heels clicking with each step.

Her face was soft and delicate, with a rosy glow, and she exuded an effortless elegance. It was like Brielle said. She wasn’t just beautiful. She was educated, classy, successful... The perfect she-wolf who would make the perfect Luna. Everything that I wasn’t.

When her eyes met mine, inferiority pierced through me. I quickly lowered my head, pulled out a tissue, and turned to leave.

“Wait a minute,” Tara called out.

## Chapter 7

A strange sense of shame flowed through me, after spending so many years as this woman’s “substitute”.

Tara walked up and smiled gently. “You’re an assistant in the CEO’s office, right? Was it Taya?”

I tried to calm my pounding heart, lowered my head, and nodded. “Yes, that’s right, Ms. Thorin.”

“Nice to meet you, Taya.” Tara looked at the time on her watch. “I’m going to hold a board meeting in half an hour. Can you make me a coffee and bring it to my office? I need a little pick-me-up.”

I was a little hesitant. Griffon was still there, after all. But I hadn't resigned yet, so I had to do whatever Tara asked.

I had no choice but to nod, thinking I would ask Brielle to bring the coffee in my place.

"Thank you." Tara walked out with her head held high, the textbook image of a confident, powerful she-wolf.

Her self-assurance and brilliance were a stark contrast to me.

I was a counterfeit Tara.

Useless, something to be discarded once the real thing was attainable.

I stood there motionless for a while before I collected myself, exited the bathroom, and went straight to the break room.

I made a coffee and went to ask one of the others to take it to Tara's office.

However, they had already been called upon to perform other tasks, so I had to deliver it myself.

Timidly, I knocked on the office door.

"Come in, please." Tara's gentle voice came from inside.

After taking a deep breath, I summoned the courage to enter.

When I opened the door, I saw Tara sitting on Griffon's lap.

Although I was mentally prepared to see Griffon, I hadn't expected this sight. My hands trembled, and I struggled not to spill the coffee all over the floor.

Afraid that the two of them would notice my discomfort, I quickly lowered my eyes and pretended nothing was wrong.

"Ms. Thorin, here is your coffee."

"Just leave it here, thank you."

Nodding, I put the coffee on Tara's desk then turned to walk out. I managed not to look at Griffon once the whole time.

After leaving the office, my legs buckled. I leaned against the wall to regain my balance.

The way Tara sat so comfortably in his lap... It reminded me of how Griffon would pull me into his lap the same way, how he would position me like that when we would have sex.

Although Griffon and Tara weren't doing anything explicit, my mind was flooded with images of them together before, moaning and grinding and making love to each other. I imagined Griffon's hands touching Tara's body while she sat in his lap, the same way Griffon had touched me first.

No... that wasn't correct. It wasn't me that Griffon touched first. He had definitely made love to Tara in that position, and so many more, long before I ever came along.

Because I was just his replacement lover.

## Chapter 8

I pressed a fist against my chest, trying to force my heartbeat to slow, fearful that my weak, human heart would stop.

I struggled to return to my desk, wanting to quit as soon as possible.

There was no way I could bear to see the two of them so happily in love in front of me every day. My few remaining days on Earth would not be spent watching that.

I was afraid I might even lose it and walk right up to Griffon in front of everyone at the office, weeping and asking him why he couldn't love me like I loved him.

After I finished writing my resignation letter, I went to ask Lila to approve it.

Lila had never really liked me. She didn't try that hard to convince me to stay, and only said a few words before agreeing to approve my resignation.

The whole process would take a month, and I couldn't leave immediately, so I had to take two weeks of annual leave first.

I had worked at the Midwest Packs Association for five years, and the annual leave I had was fifteen days. It would make sense for me to take a break before resigning.

Seeing that I was in a hurry, Lila couldn't help rolling her eyes.

"I can approve your leave, but as soon as it's over you'd better come back and finish your work before your last day."

"Okay," I replied. Then, I picked up my bag and left.

As I hurried out of the company, I saw Roman Starke, Beta of the Starke Pack.

He was a well-known creep in Arcadia, and he loved to play with women-regardless of whether they wanted to play, too.

I was scared when I saw him walking toward me, a wolfish smile on his face, so I quickly turned around.

But Roman was quicker. He grabbed my hand and pulled me into his arms.

"Where are you going in such a rush, baby?"

He lowered his head, leaned close to my ear, and gently blew against me.

His warm breath on my ear made goosebumps rise, and I shivered in disgust.

I pushed Roman away desperately before I could think about any possible repercussions of resisting an Alpha in public, but he held my waist tight.

"You smell so good..."

He pushed his nose into my hair and inhaled deeply, his hands moving upward to my breasts.

While Griffon had always wanted me to smell nothing like myself, Roman's wolf was the opposite.

Had Roman not been such a creep, I might have actually appreciated that Roman wasn't trying to make me something else in order to be attracted to me.

I pressed down on his hand and hissed out, "Beta Starke, please behave yourself."

"Behave? Why should I? That defeats the purpose of being an Alpha," Roman said mischievously, nibbling on my carlobe.

Roman may have looked unassuming, nothing like most of the other gruff Alphas and Betas in the Midwest region, but he was far worse.

I turned my head, disgust shining in my eyes as I looked at him.

But Roman didn't care. In fact, it excited him even more.

The more a woman resisted, the more his wolf wanted to conquer her.

And the fact that I was so resistant to him turned him on even more.

Everyone knew this about Beta Starke.

Though, the fact that I had no wolf to bow down to the dominance of an Alpha was probably why it was easier for me to tell him no, despite the fact that he could kill me with one slash of his paw.

Roman lifted my chin with one hand and caressed my cheek with his fingers, letting his claws come out just slightly.

"Beta Starke, please. We hardly know each other." I dipped my head, shying away from his touch.

Roman had first targeted me when I went to deliver documents to the Starke Pack a month ago.

Since then, he had often come to the Midwest Packs Association offices to harass me under the guise of business.

Whenever he met me, he touched me inappropriately or harassed me with rude words. I needed this job, needed to keep the Alphas and Betas as happy as possible due to my lack of wolf. I couldn't afford to offend Roman, and so I'd always endured his harassment.

But now that I had nothing left to lose, I was no longer afraid of him.

Unexpectedly, although I treated him coldly, Roman was not fazed. He gripped my face.

"Maybe we aren't close," he growled, "but if you accepted my offer to spend the night with me, we could get to know each other much better."

He was persistent, I had to give him that.

I pushed him away.

The more I resisted, the tighter his grip became. I was sure that the points of his claws would be indents in my skin; hard enough to leave a mark but not hard enough to bleed.



He kissed my cheek, forcefully. The feel of his ice-cold lips on my skin almost made me puke.

Just as I was about to punch Roman in the face, I heard a voice behind me.

“Griffon?”

## Chapter 9

When I heard that name, my body stiffened.

I slowly turned from Roman’s unwanted embrace and looked toward Griffon, who was standing at the elevator.

I couldn’t see his expression clearly because I was too far away, but I felt his eyes staring at me without blinking, could see the glow of his wolf in them.

The coldness emanating from his gaze seemed like it could devour me in an instant.

As soon as Brooks Thorin, and elder and the chairman of Midwest Packs Corporation, walked in, he saw Griffon. He quickly walked over. “Griffon, why are you here today?”

Only then did Griffon look away and reply to Elder Thorin. “I brought Tara here.”

Gone was the cold wolf, and instead I watched as his “mask” came on and his demeanor changed.

Elder Thorin nodded satisfactorily and said, “Thank you for your time. Tara hasn’t even been back twenty-four hours and already has you running her around.”

“It’s my pleasure to escort your daughter, Elder Thorin.” Griffon

nodded his head politely.

“Go on ahead. Don’t delay your important pack work. I’ll bring Tara to visit you officially in a few days,” Elder Thorin said.

Griffon nodded again and left.

The pack bodyguards behind him quickly divided into two groups to protect him.

He didn’t even spare me a glance when he passed by.

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He had been so focused on Taya, Roman hadn’t realized that Alpha Knight was there. He quickly let go of Taya and chased after Griffon to greet him.

However, Griffon entered his car and slammed the door shut. Dozens of luxury cars parked outside followed him and drove away.

Having failed to catch him, Roman had no choice but to turn back and look for Taya, only to see her fleeing toward the guest elevator.

Roman touched his lips, where he had just pressed them against Taya’s skin.

The scent of her lingered, and his wolf prowled inside of him at the excitement of hunting his prey.

“Mason, go and find me Taya’s address,” Roman ordered his  
Chapter 9  
man.

“Yes, Beta,” Mason immediately replied, following behind  
Roman.

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I returned home, put down my bag, and sat on the sofa in a daze.

I didn’t come to my senses until the phone rang.

When I took out the phone from my bag, I frowned at the caller  
ID.

Why would Andre call me?

After hesitating for a beat, I answered. “What’s the matter, Andre?”

Andre’s respectful voice came through. “Ms. Palmer, I found your things here while  
cleaning the apartment just now. When  
have time to come and pick them up?”

do

you

I’d hoped that perhaps Griffon might be requesting to see me.

My heart sank.

“Please throw away whatever you find.”

I hung up without waiting for a reply.

Then, I quickly deleted Andre and Griffon’s contact information.

I turned off the phone and fell asleep on the sofa.

After sleeping for a while, a knock on the door woke me up.

Recently, Harper had been working the night shift and coming back late, so she’d given  
her key to me. It was probably just her coming home from work.

But when I opened the door, Roman was standing there.

Chapter 10

“Beta Starke?”

How did this creep find me?!

I tried to shove the door closed, but Roman stretched out his large, powerful arm and  
pushed to keep it open.

Frightened, I took a step back.

I was no match for a wolf shifter. Not with my current health, and not without a wolf of  
my own to protect me.

Roman stood in the doorway, using his foot to hold the door open and placing his hands

on either side of the doorframe. He looked at me with his head tilted, a shi t-ea ting grin on his face.

“What are you afraid of, little girl? I won’t bite.”

His eyes were jet black, with a hint of his wolf’s amber glow. When he stared at her, he exuded the excitement of a predator that had cornered its prey.

“Ms. Palmer, are you not going to invite me in?”

His question was polite, but his tone didn’t fo ol me.

I knew what kind of person Roman was and what he would do. There was no way I was willingly letting him in.

“Sorry, this is my friend’s house. I’m not allowed to have guests without her permission.”

I tried to close the door again, but Roman stepped in farther and closed the door behind him.

Now that he was inside and the door was shu t, there was no escape, no one to hear my cries for help if I screamed.

Steeling my spine, I was determined to exude any amount of control and confidence I could muster

up.

“Beta Starke, what the f\*c k are you going to do?”

“To f\* c k you. Am I clear?” Roman growled.

As he spoke, his eyes were fixed on my chest, not hiding his purpose.

I had changed into a silk pajama with a lower neckline before bed.

Roman was taller than me, so he could see everything from above.

I quickly closed my pajamas and covered my chest.

However, I’d made a tactical error-I’d wrapped myself so tightly that my curvy figure was now fully displayed.

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## Chapter 10

Taya was breathtakingly beautiful. Her charm could not be ignored although she appeared sic k and weak.

Her features were delicate and flawless, with clear and dewy eyes that were as pure as crystal.

Her wavy hair was thick and glossy, spilling down over her shoulders and framing her full chest. Her slender waist and long legs stirred Roman’s desire, stirred his wolf’s need to claim her.

Her sexy figure could arouse anyone with just one glance, and Roman was no exception.

When she came to deliver the documents that day, he couldn’t help but want to take her

right then and there.

Now she was standing in front of him in her sexy pajamas. How was he supposed to stand it?

Heat suffused his body, and the groin of his pants tightened. He felt like he was losing his mind, and he pushed Taya against the wall. With his hands pressing her shoulders back, he pressed his body against hers and leaned in to nuzzle the soft, sweet spot between her neck and shoulder.

“One million. Give yourself to me tonight.”

\*\*\*

I trembled, desperately pushing against Roman’s chest to force him away.

“Get out! I’m not a prostitute!”

I had just stopped being one man’s kept mistress, and now here was another man offering money to get between my legs. It was ridiculous!

“Five million, plus a mansion.”

“Even if you give me 100 million dollars, I won’t accept it. You’d better let me go, or I’ll call the police!”

“Go ahead and call the police. Let’s see who dares to arrest me, the Starke Pack Beta!”

Roman was not afraid at all, instead dropping a kiss on my shoulder.

I tried to dodge away, but he moved to kiss me on the forehead.

I felt as if I were being licked by a snake, and nausea rolled through me.