

## The Billionaire's Baby Bargain Chapter 13

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Chapter 13 The Perfect Gentleman

"Almara, say goodbye to William," Arthur commanded and I bit back the retort that was on the tip of my tongue.

"Bye, William. It was so nice meeting you," I said instead and I offered him a shy smile. I actually liked William. He might even become a friend.

"It was nice meeting you, too, Almara. I look forward to the next time that we get to talk. I'll have my people get in contact with you to set up a date," William said, giving me a devilish grin. My heart rate spiked a little. Arthur's grip tightened even more.

"I'm afraid that Almara will be very busy in the future. It might be a long while before you see her again," Arthur answered for me, voice strained slightly.

Ooh, he's so jealous, Lily purred and I almost laughed out loud.

I highly doubt that, I told her. The entire idea of Arthur being jealous over me was so farfetched. He was probably just worried I'd say something to ruin our whole agreement.

Arthur led me away from William and I gave him a small wave before the crowd swallowed us up.

"Don't even think about starting something with my nephew. As long as we are 'together,' I expect devout loyalty. Do you understand me?" Arthur growled into my ear and the sensation was just too much. The mental shield I had in place against Lily's urges slipped just a little. But it was enough.

I let out a small whimper and of course Arthur heard it. All wolves had superior hearing than humans, but alphas were a level above normal wolves. We had almost made it to the front entrance, but he rushed us into an alcove instead.

He pushed me against the wall, teeth grazing my neck before giving the sensitive skin there a small nip. I arched into him with a moan. Arthur slid a hand behind my neck, keeping my head still before claiming my lips with his. His lips moved against mine hungrily, his tongue demanding entrance. I happily obliged. Arthur groaned, the hand at my neck trailing down my body to my waist. His left knee parted my legs, hitting that spot with delicious pressure.

I rocked my hips, desperately seeking that friction. My mental shield was slipping even further, but I was far too gone to care. Lily was running the show now.

"That's it, little wolf. Move for me. Let me hear you come apart," Arthur whispered, trailing soft kisses down my neck.

Any other time, those words would have had me panting. But they broke through the spell Lily's needs had put me under. Wolves didn't talk.

I pushed him away, breathing heavily. I needed to build my shield back up and to do that I needed to do things wolves usually didn't. So I talked.

"I wanted to say thank you for selling my painting. Even though it was too much money. What am I supposed to do with all that money?" I asked, my voice getting steadier as I talked. Lily's influence was also getting weaker, but she wasn't happy about it.

"It was nothing. As for what you're going to do with it, any money that you make off of your paintings will go toward your daily expenditures," he explained and then his expression turned hard. "Like that dress you're wearing. It cost me six figures, you know."

I stared up at him. I had thought the makeover stuff had been a gift. A necessity so that I could fit into his world. But apparently not. I guess I was just going to owe this man money for the rest of my life.

Any goodwill I had felt, any feelings of desire that I had felt, were gone. "Fine." When we arrived back at Arthur's estate, he escorted me directly to the bedroom that we would be sharing. Being in this intimate space made me instantly nervous. Especially after what happened at the banquet. I didn't like Arthur, but that didn't mean my body (or Lily) would listen.

"I've had the closet fully stocked. Everything that you could possibly need is here. But don't worry. I won't count that against you," Arthur said with a smirk and I narrowed my eyes at him.

"By the way," Arthur added, "I noticed something during our impromptu make out session earlier. You, little wolf, are in your fertile window. It's time to hold up your end of the deal."

Of course I was. That piece of information was just the perfect topping for this night.

"Would you mind if I take a shower first? I'm covered in paint," I asked, obviously stalling. Logically I knew we had already been together on the cruise ship, but I could barely remember that. Just bits and pieces. If we had sex tonight, it would be like the first time all over again.

"Sure, but hurry up. I'm not a patient man. If you're not out in five minutes, I'll come to you."

With that threat hanging over me, I hurried into the connecting bathroom. I took the quickest shower of my life and wrapped myself up in a towel before going back out to meet Arthur. I didn't even bother to try and put clothes on. I guess I wouldn't need them.

"Very good, little wolf. You take directions so well. Now, come here." He crooked his finger at me and I went to him. My heart was racing so fast that I was worried it would break out of my chest. How was I supposed to do this?

Arthur cupped my face in his hands. I squeezed my eyes shut. He chuckled and placed a gentle kiss on my lips. "Let's go to bed, Almara. Go put some clothes on."

My eyes flew open. I gave him a questioning look.

"Contrary to what you might believe, I want you to actually enjoy this, Almara. I will not take you to my bed unless you want me to." He gave me a cocky smile. "I don't have to force women. You'll come to me eventually."

He pointed to a dresser to the left side of the bed. "You'll find pajamas and underwear in there."

I rushed over and grabbed the first things that I saw, which ended up being a pair of lacy red panties and a silk blue teddy. I rolled my eyes. Was it too much to ask for a pair of shorts and a comfy t-shirt?

I climbed into the king-sized bed, keeping as much distance between me and Arthur as I possibly could.

"Goodnight, Almara," he said, clapping his hands and plunging us into darkness. I pulled the blanket up to my chin as if it could protect me.

"Goodnight, Arthur," I murmured, but I wouldn't be able to fall asleep for hours. I was way too wired.

Get closer to him. His body heat will put you right to sleep. I know he would like if you did, too, Lily suggested and I bared my teeth at her. I did not want to get closer to him.

I highly doubt he would like it. He doesn't seem to be a cuddler, I told her, hoping she would drop the whole thing if I could convince her otherwise.

Once again, you're letting your feelings blind you to someone's feelings. I'm pretty sure he likes you, Lily argued and she raked her claw across my stomach. Not enough to hurt, but enough for me to flinch.

I groaned inwardly. She wasn't going to give up. She was like a dog with a bone.

Don't compare me to those mangy mutts, she snapped and raised a paw again. I threw up my hands in surrender and began to slowly scoot my way across the bed toward Arthur.

Before I could make it all the way across, Arthur's arm shot out and wrapped itself around my waist, pulling me flush against his body. He nestled his nose into my hair and made a contented sound. It was then that I realized he was already asleep.

His body heat encompassed me and I could feel myself relaxing. Despite his part in the literal craziness that had become my life, I felt safe here in his arms. Sleep began to pull at me and I gave in to it, drifting off to the sound of Arthur's steady heartbeat.

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