

The Billionaire's Baby Bargain Chapter 8

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Chapter 8 My Saving Grace

Almara

Hours had passed since the interview had aired. I honestly couldn't remember most of the day. It was all a blur. And now the day was over.

I quickly changed out of my waitress uniform. I just wanted to go home. I felt so drained, even though I'd been off of work for a week. But the vacation hadn't really been a vacation.

"Almara..."

I froze. I hadn't expected to hear that voice ever again. Much less in the employee break room.

"Almara, please just hear me out," Robert begged and I pulled in a breath. My hands started shaking and I balled them into fists. I didn't want him to see how much he affected me.

I slowly turned, taking in Robert's disheveled appearance. His normally coiffed strawberry-blond hair was sticking out all over the place. He had a five o'clock shadow when he was usually clean shaven. And his sapphire blue eyes were bloodshot.

I would be lying if I said I didn't feel any satisfaction from looking at him. He'd hurt me. He didn't get to feel or look good about it.

"What do you want, Robert?" I asked, my voice wavering just a bit. I locked my jaw. No weakness.

"Sweetheart, I fucked up. I know I did. What I did with that woman was the biggest mistake of my life," he said as he took a step forward. I took a step back and he stopped, his eyes wary.

"Then why did you do it? Why did you say all those hateful things?" I asked and Lily growled. Her anger was feeding into mine. It was making me stronger.

"I don't have any excuses. Maybe it was the stress of our wedding coming up. I was drinking a lot and I started to panic. I don't know how I'll ever forgive myself and maybe I won't. But I'm asking for your forgiveness," Robert answered and dropped to his knees. He tilted his head up, showing me his neck. It was an act of complete subordination.

I let out a hiss of breath. Wolves only did this when they were well and truly sorry for something. Giving me his neck meant that I could kill him if I wanted to. I never expected this from him.

"What about all the money that you spent? It's in my name. I'm in a serious

amount of debt because of you,” I said, but I could feel my resolve wavering. All I wanted for things to go back to the way they were.

Robert slowly stood and came over to me, taking my hands. “We’ll pay it off together. I promise. I love you, Almara. I can’t lose you.”

I stared into his eyes, like I had done so many times before. And there it was. The love he claimed he had for me shining brightly through that deep blue.

The more I stared into them, the more I could feel myself falling. We would get married, have children, and be happy. If I could have everything I’d ever dreamed of, nothing else mattered. I guess I had more in common with Sofia than I thought.

But before I could go completely over the edge, Lily gave me a little nip. Look above his head, Almara!

I tore my gaze away from his stare and looked. It was a deep beige. Robert was completely bored and everything he’d said was a complete and utter lie. He really didn’t love me.

How could I have been so blind?

Love makes you blind. There were times when you couldn’t see his true emotions. I tried to tell you so many times, but you wouldn’t listen. It doesn’t matter now. You’re free, Lily answered.

I was about to respond, but Robert cupped my face and leaned towards me. He was going to kiss me.

“NO!” I screamed and shoved him away. I wrapped my arms around myself, trying to hold myself together.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Robert asked, eyebrows raised. He tried to reach for me again, but I jumped away.

“I’ve been so blind. You don’t love me. I don’t think you ever have. And I will absolutely never forgive you. We’re done,” I told him and I was surprised at how cold my voice sounded.

“Sweetheart-”

“Don’t call me that!” I growled and I let my fingers grow claws.

Robert scoffed. “You’re not going to hurt me, sweetheart. You can’t. You’re not strong enough.”

I took a swipe at him and he dodged. He was right. I wasn’t strong enough to hurt him. And I honestly didn’t want to. I just wanted to show him how serious I was.

“I’ve got to say, Almara. This is kind of turning me on. Maybe I do want to marry you after all,” Robert taunted and I took another swipe at him. He laughed as I missed again.

“Pay me back the money you owe me!” I yelled at him and lunged at him. He deftly stepped to the side and I crashed into the break room table.

“What’s going on in there?” my boss asked from the outside and I could hear

coming closer.

Robert cocked his head. "Well, that's my cue to leave. I'll be seeing you, sweetheart. I'm not going to give up." And then he turned tail and ran out the back door.

"You have got to be freaking kidding me," I muttered before shifting and running after him.

As a wolf, our senses are heightened more than that of a human, but it isn't until we truly shift that we gain the full extent. Robert would be fast in his human form. I would be faster. I'd be able to track him easier too.

I followed his scent down a few back alleys before coming to an empty main street. Luckily our sleepy little town didn't have much in the way of traffic and most people would have been asleep by now. Getting hit by a car was so not on my to do list.

I put my nose in the air. Robert was close. Very close. I swiveled my head to the left and there he was, just finished crossing the street.

I charged full speed ahead. Focusing solely on my prey, I never saw the headlights.

The shock of the impact caused me to shift back into a human. I lay on the ground, stunned...and naked. Unfortunately when we shift, our clothes don't come with us.

Lily, are you okay? Are we okay? I asked since she had taken most of the hit. She would also be better at taking stock of any injuries I had gotten.

Yeah, I'm fine. Just embarrassed. What kind of wolf gets hit by a car? Oh, and you're fine too by the way. Nothing is broken, Lily grumbled. But I'm going to bite whoever hit us in the ass.

I should probably get up, but I can't bring myself to do it. I'd lost everything for real this time. Maybe if I just stayed here, the driver would finish the job and I wouldn't have to feel anything anymore.

Tears began to fall freely. I heard a car door open and close, but I didn't care. This was all just too much.

Footsteps came closer. A tall figure stood in the headlights. I couldn't make out any of his features.

"Almara, we have to stop meeting like this," a familiar deep voice said from above me. He bent down and threw a suit jacket over me before scooping me up into his arms. Pine and campfire smoke surrounded me. It was Arthur.

"Meeting like what?" I ask, my tears somehow stopping immediately now that I was in his arms.

"You crying. Me coming to the rescue," he answered as he brought me to the car. Only he didn't open the passenger side door. Instead he kept walking and the car kept going. I realized it wasn't a car at all. It was a limo.

He gently put me down on the seat before getting in. I clutched his jacket to

me, trying to keep myself as covered as possible.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, wiggling around on the nice leather. I couldn’t get too comfortable. Otherwise I’d start sticking in awkward places.

“I’ve come to get your answer,” he replied smoothly, leaning back and throwing an arm across the back of the seat. His right foot came to rest on his left knee, green eyes glittering in the dark.

“You said I had a week to give you an answer!” I protested and gave a little moan of pain as one of the awkward places stuck to the seat.

Arthur suddenly leaned forward, taking my face in both of his hands. “I’m a very impatient man, Almara. And if you keep making noises like that, the contract be damned. I will get you pregnant here and now.”

My body went still as I stared at him from inches away. I could have easily closed the distance between us. But I didn’t.

Instead I looked down as I signed my life away. “My answer is yes.”

Moon Goddess, please let Sofia come back soon.

When we arrived at our destination, my mouth dropped open. The house before me was enormous. I wasn’t even sure if it could even be called a house. Maybe a mansion or even a castle.

“Welcome to your new home, Almara,” Arthur whispered before climbing out of the limo. I quickly followed him and was met by a woman that looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn’t place her.

“Almara, this is Dana, my beta. Dana, this is Almara, my new fiance,” he introduced us and if Dana was surprised by his announcement, she didn’t show it.

“It’s nice to meet you, Almara. Could I get you a coffee?”

Her doe brown eyes regarded me with kindness, but the ugly green cloud above her head told a different story. She was jealous. Very jealous.

I could guess what she wanted to do me. Her hands twitched and I knew that she was probably keeping her claws from coming out. She definitely wanted to rip me to shreds.

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