

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover,

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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.

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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.

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,

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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."

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