

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

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S hit.

I had offered three months because I would no longer be in this world by then. And if Roman still wanted me...well, he could go and sleep with my ashes.

But three days? That was hard to accept.

As I was about to reply, Roman let go of me. I swallowed the words back.

In any case, I could at least get away tonight.

"Alright, babe." Roman bent down and kissed my cheek. "I'll leave you alone tonight, then. See you in three days."

I touched my cheek, resisting the urge to wipe it off, feeling disgusted.

I struggled to keep an obedient face as I nodded.

Roman seemed content and finally walked toward the door.

"By the way..." He stopped half-way and turned to give me a meaningful, pointed look.

"Harper is your friend, right?"

My mask of obedience cracked for a moment.

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"What about her?"

"Nothing. Stay home and wait for me, okay? Don't go anywhere." Roman chuckled.

He didn't say anything threatening, but I knew exactly what he meant.

If I dared to run away, he would go after Harper.

Powerlessness once again crept up my spine, making me let go of my clenched fists.

"Leave her out of this. I will stay here for you."

Roman blew a kiss. "That's my good girl!"

Disgust in g!

I slammed the door shut and locked it, then ran into the bathroom.

Getting in the bathtub, I picked up the loofah and scrubbed hard at the places Roman had kissed and touched.

Even when my skin turned red and bruised, it still felt like it wasn't enough.

I washed and washed, until I was too tired to continue, and I finally started to calm down.

If I didn't do what he wanted, Harper would be in danger. I had

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to find a way to handle this situation, or goddess only knew what he would do to her.

I quickly wrapped myself in a bath towel and returned to the bedroom. I picked up my phone, wanting to call the regional pack police.

But as I thought of Roman's power and influence...I gritted my teeth and thought better of it.

My life didn't matter that much. I was going to die soon, anyway.

But Harper still had a future in front of her. She was about to get married. She was going to have a mate and would have pups... The life I'd always wanted.

I couldn't get Harper into trouble.

I stood in the same place, completely still, and thought for a long time. Finally, I went to the Contacts on my phone, and my finger lingered on the number I'd blacklisted.

That familiar name had my heart beating hard and fast.

He was the only one who would stand a chance against Roman. But he didn't want to see me anymore. If I called him...would he

answer?

After a long hesitation, I still didn't dare to make that call.

I knew Griffon very well. When he got tired of something, he

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never gave it a second glance.

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He might think I was trying to pester him if I called to ask for his help.

I had chosen to walk away, with dignity... It'd be better not to bother him.

I went to make a spare key and picked up some meds.

The doctor said I should be hospitalized and wait for a suitable heart donor, but I refused.

My heart issue was congenital, and for a while, my condition improved after artificial bypa*s surgery.

But since the two hard kicks at my heart five years ago, I'd started to have relapses of heart failure. Treatments and therapies didn't seem to help much.

Of all the times I had longed to find my wolf... Wolf shifters my age didn't have problems like this.

A few months ago, I started having edema and difficulty breathing-which were late-stage heart failure symptoms.

I knew the end was near.

I no longer expected to find a suitable heart donor.

I no longer expected that I would ever be blessed with a wolf.

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The goddess had forsaken me, and I was doomed to remain human for the rest of my short, pathetic life.

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The meds I took were mainly painkillers and for controlling the edema.

One of the only things I'd ever had going for me were my looks, and I'd be damned if I died ugly.

I grabbed a handful of pills and took them with a gulp. Then, I put pepper spray and a laser into my bag.

I couldn't think of anything better, so I would have to fight Roman head-on.

One life for one life? Sweet deal!

I had nothing more to lose anyway.