

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

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When I spoke, I realized I'd made a mistake.

Griffon's expression changed, and his demeanor darkened even more.

I didn't dare to speak again.

Then I noticed the faint scent of alcohol in the car. My nose couldn't detect wolfsbane, but I could definitely smell the whiskey.

And Griffon wouldn't be drinking alcohol unless it had wolfsbane in it.

No wonder he'd taken the initiative to seek me out. He had liquid courage on his side.

Or...liquid anger? I wasn't sure.

Since he wouldn't speak to me and tell me what he wanted.

I sighed.

While I was lost in my thoughts, Griffon startled me by tossing the lighter he was playing with against the dashboard and looked over at me.

"Did you sleep with Jackson last night?"

His eyes were a darker amber than I'd ever seen them before. I'd

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seen him in his wolf form a couple of times, and even then, his eyes weren't this...deadly.

I stared into his eyes, trying to find something else in them, but there was nothing.

Suddenly this all felt more than a little ridiculous. "Did you drive me all the way out here just to ask me that? Couldn't you have asked this in the parking garage?"

His lethal gaze bored into my soul. "Answer me," he growled.

This was all...exhausting. It was exhausting to be constantly misunderstood, constantly questioned about doing things I hadn't done.

When I didn't answer, Griffon pinched my chin between his thumb and forefinger and snarled, "Speak!"

His grip hurt, and his nails had started to turn into claws. His wolf was just below the

surface, and I knew just how hard he was trying to keep it in check. I'd seen this side of him before.

But only in bed.

I took a deep breath before quietly saying, "Would you believe me if I said that I didn't sleep with Jackson?"

He sneered. "You stayed in his presidential suite for the entire night and didn't come out until the next evening. Why do you think I'd believe you?"

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I nodded and bit my lower lip. "Since you already seem to know the answer, why are you asking me?"

He tightened his grip on my chin. "Did. You. Sleep. With. I him?"

F uck this.

"Yes," I ground out.

His expression froze, and I couldn't read it.

"Why should you sleep with him?"

"Because he's handsome and rich, and he's the Alpha of a powerful pack. And I want to be with someone handsome and rich and powerful."

Griffon narrowed his eyes. "That's what you said before."

"What?" I didn't understand.

"You lied to me like this last time. I investigated you and Roman, and he never touched you. Why did you lie to me? And how dare you lie again?"

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How could Griffon have had something like that investigated?

Or...did he know based on my scent? I knew Griffon had senses that were even more heightened than other wolves, being the powerful Alpha he was. But is that something he would be able to detect?

I searched his eyes, waiting for something more, not knowing what to say.

He seemed to be waiting for my explanation.

However, I had indeed slept with someone. It just wasn't who he thought it was.

None of this would change anything. It didn't matter if I told him the entire truth, and it didn't matter if I lied to him. We would just continue to go around and around in circles.

"I lied last time because I was angry with you. But this time, it's true. Jackson is different

from Roman. He's kind and gentle, and I like him very much."

I met Griffon's gaze, and I was careful to refer to Jackson without his Alpha title, to imply an intimacy that wasn't actually there.

Griffon let go of my chin, and it was almost as if I was watching

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the light go out of his eyes.

After a long silence, he asked, "Did you know him before?"

I shook my head. "No. Yesterday was the first time we met."

Griffon was so angry that he laughed.

It was terrifying.

"You're unbelievable. You're really something, aren't you?"

My lips curled in a wry smile. "Didn't you say that before?"

My sarcastic remark caused Griffon's face to darken.

His gaze bored into mine, and I was fairly sure he wanted to strangle me to death right now if the look in his eyes was any indication.

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Then his large body pressed down on me, it was as if I'd actually been pounced on by a wolf, making it hard for me to breathe.

I'd been afraid this would happen, but I hadn't thought it would.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't understand him. He'd broken up with me. Why did he care so much about what I did?

Or was it because he couldn't stand the thought of someone touching what once belonged to him.

Before, he'd been adamant about no one else touching me. He

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didn't want me tainted. No one touched something that belonged to the mighty Alpha Knight.

No one.

I remained still, unmoving as I tried uselessly to figure out Griffon's motivations.

Then, he gently bit my earlobe, the tip of his wolf's lengthened canine lightly scraping

across my flesh.

“Are you truly so needy?”

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Lightning shot through my body the moment Griffon bit my earlobe. An overwhelming electrified sensation spread throughout my body.

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My face instantly flushed. I twisted my head, trying to avoid his touch, but he lifted a hand and cupped my head to stop me from moving.

He bit my earlobe again, lowered his voice, and asked, “Hmm?”

The tone of his voice had an almost charming, sensual ring to it.

My heart instantly skipped a beat.

Griffon’s voice was magnetic and S**y, and I was drawn to it like a moth to the flame.

His voice lingered in my ears, making it difficult for me not to respond to him-both with my body and my heart.

But I forced myself to calm down.

Griffon’s actions were meant to humiliate me.

pursed my lips, not saying a word, trying not to show any response to him even though I was aching for him.

He slowly moved from my earlobe to my neck.

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He kissed me on the collarbone and asked in a low voice, “Tell me, how much do you need to satisfy you?”

His tone was a little gruff, as if he were scolding me for disobedience.

My mind was a mess. I was so flustered that I didn’t even dare to look at him.

My body betrayed me and gradually went limp under his gentle kisses.

“I’ll give you a billion dollars. All you have to do is say no to Jackson.”

It was as if he was trying to seduce me, which made me tremble.

I grabbed the seat belt, clenched my fists, and slowly looked at Griffon, who was still kissing me.

“You...you don’t you think I’m dirty?”

His kisses stopped and his body stiffened. His grasp on my waist loosened.

It was as if he was suddenly a million miles away from here.

Just as I thought he was about to let go of me, he buried his face in my neck.

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His word was mumbled against my skin. “Why?”

His rough tone dripped with accusation, and his movements were still.

I knew what he was asking-why I’d been with Jackson. What I didn’t know was why he cared.

He’d never liked me; all I’d ever been was a substitute until his true mate came back, until he could be with his Luna.

Perhaps it was because he was drunk that he couldn’t help touching me.

I couldn’t figure it out and didn’t want to try to figure it out anymore.

“Alpha Knight, we aren’t together anymore. Isn’t it normal for me to move on?”

He blamed me, but it was apparent that he didn't want me. Why should I always keep my body for him alone?

When he heard this, his body became stiffer, and he pulled away slightly. There was a low rumble in his chest, and I feared his wolf.

I automatically distanced myself from him, pressing back against the seat as much as I could. I dared not lift my eyes to

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look up at him, fearing that his wolf would take it as a challenge.

A wolf shifter could be ruthless when you displeased them. I'd learned that the hard way with Silas.

I was afraid of being beaten, so I subconsciously raised my hands to my chest to protect myself. Fortunately and surprisingly-all he did was hold me.

Only then did my tense body slowly start to relax...

I could feel his grip on me tightening, as if he wanted to pull me into his body even closer.

I was more than confused. Griffon hated me so much...but he was clutching onto me so tightly.

"Griffon..."

I said his name softly, and his body stiffened again. Then, he hugged me even tighter.

Perhaps he did care about me a little... But he had Tara. His mate, his Luna.

Gently, I pushed him away and said with a smile, "It's not worth it for you to do this."

I could be the mistress of a single man, but I would never be the mistress of someone who had a love.

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And from the moment I was defiled by Greyson, Griffon and I were destined to have no chance together.

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Griffon's demeanor immediately changed.

"Do you think I'm doing this for you?" he snarled.

He grabbed my cheek with one hand and swung my head left and right. "Look at yourself. What makes you think you're worthy of me?"

Goddess, this man was confusing and insufferable!

"Then why did you-"

"The man you're fucking is my future brother-in-law."

My stomach sank and bile rose in my throat.

The realization of two things at the same time made me ill.

One, Silas-Jackson, was going to mate someone else.

Two, Griffon didn't want to pay me to be his mistress; he wanted to pay me NOT to sleep with his sister's promised mate.

Any thoughts I'd had regarding Griffon acting differently toward me, acting with affection

were false. He'd simply been trying to steer me away from Jackson. I should be mortified. Or enraged. Instead, I relaxed.

I'd actually been a bit afraid that Jackson had other feelings for me. I couldn't bear it and didn't dare to accept it. Not with my current situation.

I looked at Griffon and smiled sweetly. "Well, that takes care of that. Since Jackson is mating in your pack and will be your brother-in-law, I'll refrain from...seducing him." Griffon's knitted brows relaxed slightly, and his wolf receded from his features a bit. After a stretch of silence, he reiterated, "Stay away from Jackson."

I nodded obediently. Even without his reminder, I would still stay away from Jackson. I wanted to live a good life for a while.

Griffon said nothing else, and his gloomy expression gradually returned to his typical distant one.

Seeing that he had completed his warning mission, it seemed he wasn't interested in me anymore.

"Alpha Knight, can you please take me back to my car?" I asked demurely.

Without looking at me, he started the car and drove at a breakneck speed back to the hotel garage.

Despite the terrifying drive back, I was grateful. "Thank you."

Aker Chamking doim, I quickly pressed the button to get out of the car, but the door was still boked

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"Alpha Knight, can you please open the door?" I asked quietly.

Griffon didn't respond. Instead, he took out a flask from his pocket, unscrewed the top, and took a swig.

Well, that answered the alcohol question from earlier.

When I'd been with him in the past, he didn't really drink. As a matter of fact, I'd seen him drink more in the past two weeks since we'd parted ways than I'd seen him drink during the five-year duration of our relationship.

Moreover, he seemed to have lost some weight, and if I looked hard enough, I could

see dark hollows under his eyes. It appeared that he wasn't sleeping well.

Did something terrible happen to him recently?

While I was secretly sizing him up, he looked over at me.

"Who is Silas?"

I was speechless. How did he know about Silas?

He answered, as if he'd heard the question I was asking in my head.

"You called this name in your sleep many times."

He stressed the words, as if he had been holding them in and wanting to ask me this for a long time.

I wasn't sure how to respond. I wasn't aware that was something I'd done, and Griffon never stayed around after having sex with me. He certainly didn't stay around long enough to hear me talking in my sleep.

Then, I remembered the night I'd signed the contract to be his mistress. Griffon had stayed that night, had slept beside me.

But that was the only time he'd done so.

I thought he disliked me. Or maybe that as a shifter, he didn't want to sleep next to a human. Or maybe even that it could be unsafe for me if he slept there, if his wolf came out.

I knew he shifted at night, and a couple of times, he'd shifted before leaving the bedroom, when he'd thought I was asleep. So I just assumed it had something to do with his wolfiness.

Instead, it was that he didn't want to sleep next to someone who called out for another man in their sleep.

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I stared blankly at him, not knowing how to answer.

For years, I'd thought about why he wouldn't ever stay the night with me, thinking there might be something wrong with me, something wrong with him..

My calling out for someone else would have meant so many things for an Alpha like him, none of them positive.

He must have hated looking at me after that...

After hesitating, I said tentatively, "Silas...is someone who once promised me that he

would be with me forever.”

Griffon’s expression remained unmoved. “It seems that you love him very much.”

I collected my thoughts before answering carefully. “I used to love him very much.”

“What about now?”

“Now?”

When I saw his pursed lips and chiseled face, I wanted to reply, “I love you now.”

But I didn’t dare to say it, nor did I have the right to say it. No.

matter how much I loved Griffon, I was not worthy of him. A girl without a wolf could never be worthy of an Alpha.

I clenched my fists, pasted a smile on my face, and lied. “I don’t love anyone now.”

His hand trembled slightly as he brought the flask to his lips. He took another swig, put the cap back on, and then shoved it back in his pocket.

He opened the car door and said flatly, “Get out.”

I suddenly wanted to tell him I loved him very much, regardless of if I was worthy of him or not. Regardless of if I could ever be with him.

But I never would. There might have been moments where I thought he might have feelings for me, but he’d never spoken any words of endearment or love. I would not profess my love for someone who did not feel the same.

I would never again place myself in that position. Words of love were for people who loved me back, not for people to laugh at the stupid human girl who thought they could be with a mighty wolf.

I used to love Silas so much and thought he would treat me well for the rest of my life, but what did I get in return?

In addition to being hurt, I almost lost my life.

Griffon was a man who was even more untouchable than Silas. I

couldn’t even think about touching such an untouchable person.

I knew who I was, and I was self-aware. I would never make such a stupid mistake.

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I looked away from Griffon, pushed the door open, and got out of the car. Without stopping, without turning around, I walked away.

The tires squealed, and Griffon left the garage at the same breakneck speed he'd driven here.

The moment the car pulled away, the screeching rubber ringing in my ears, I paused and looked back.

I wondered how he would react when he discovered I was about to die.

He would probably be just as indifferent as ever. How could a person like him pity me?

A faint sense of loss struck me, making me feel inexplicably sad...

After reviewing the handover procedures, I drove the company car home and planned to return it to the office tomorrow.

After showering, I picked up my phone and looked at it.

Greyson hadn't replied to my message or tried call me again.

I heaved a sigh of relief.

I went to put my phone down, but I remembered that Griffon had said that Jackson was his future brother-in-law. I'd been too caught up in my wishful thinking that Griffon might possibly have feelings for me or desire me, that the gravity of what he'd said was lost on me right then.

I googled Jackson's name.

It turned out that six months ago, the Sterling pack had expressed a desire to form an alliance with the Knight pack.

Jackson's chosen mate was Griffon's cousin, Preston's younger sister. Her name was Edith Knight. I knew Griffon thought of Preston like a brother, so it would make sense that he would think of Edith as his sister, hence the brother-in-law reference.

I searched for information on Edith. She was currently studying in Italy and staying with one of the neutral European packs. After graduation, she would return and get engaged to Jackson. There was already talk about what a huge event their mating ceremony would be and what a union between two powerful packs like this might mean.

I had blocked all news containing the name "Jackson Sterling". I hadn't wanted to see or hear anything regarding him. Thanks to that, I was completely oblivious to his mating plans.

Now that I had seen it, surprisingly, I didn't feel very emotional. Silas and I could never

go back to the past. No matter who he married, it had nothing to do with me.

I put down my phone and took my heart pills. After turning the

alarm up to the maximum volume, I dared to fall asleep.

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The alarm clock had been ringing for a long time before I could vaguely hear the sound.

Slowly, I regained consciousness from my deep sleep.

I looked at my phone. It was nine o'clock in the morning. At least it wasn't the afternoon.

My office hours began at ten a.m., so I still had time to get to work.

When I got to the office building, I didn't go to my office, instead going straight to the top floor. Lila had wanted me to do the handover yesterday, so I wanted to do it first thing today.

I knocked on the door of Lila's office. "Hi, Lila. I'm here to hand over my projects."

Lila's expression changed slightly when she saw me. "Come in."

I walked to Lila's desk. "Since Margaret is unwilling to take on any of my workload, who I should hand things over to?"

Lila paused for a second, and then her cheeks tinged red a hint before she said, "Taya, you've been working here for five years. You're going to be hard to replace, and everyone already has a full workload. Can't you work until I find a suitable person to take over?"

There were so many assistants in my department, I could easily hand things off to someone. MPC was always busy, but nothing was out of the ordinary in terms of workloads right now. Why did I suddenly have to wait until Lila found a suitable person? Something was off.

Frowning, I asked, "Didn't you send me a message yesterday morning and ask me to hand over my work? Why did you change your mind so quickly?"

Lila opened her mouth to speak, then gave a sigh before continuing. "Ms. Thorin approved your resignation yesterday morning, so I sent you that message. But not long after, she said that she didn't agree to your resignation."

Wait, what? That wasn't what we spoke about.

"Why did she come back and say that she didn't approve my resignation?" I asked.

Lila shrugged. "I don't know. You will have to speak to her. I was following orders."

I wanted to press Lila further, but it wouldn't matter. This was between Tara and me. Lila was just the messenger.

I pressed my lips together, turned around, and went straight to Tara's office.

She was sitting behind her large desk, answering a phone call. Her tone was gentle as she asked if the other party had

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When Tara saw me, she immediately put down her phone. "Taya, what can I do for you?"

I didn't bother to beat around the bush. "Ms. Thorin, didn't you say that you would approve my resignation as soon as you got back to the office? Why hasn't it been approved yet?"

Tara glanced at her cell phone and looked a little impatient. "You offended Margaret. She decided to go around to everyone and tell them not to take over any of your projects. She said you have so much information about the partner, and it would be impossible for one of them to learn it all on top of their other work. So now we have to wait until we find someone to replace you, and then I can approve your resignation."

I narrowed my eyes. Tara was the CEO. She could tell anyone to do anything; Margaret had no power at all compared to Tara. It was apparent that she was deliberately delaying my departure.

I couldn't understand what Tara was thinking. Why was she making things difficult for me?

"Ms. Thorin, I have something urgent to deal with, and it's imperative that I'm able to resign immediately. Everything had already been agreed to."

Tara put her palms together and placed her elbows on her desk. She looked up at me. "What is so urgent?"

Just as I was about to tell her that I was terminally ill and did not have the strength to work, I saw the disdain in Tara's eyes.

When I remained silent, Tara sneered. "Margaret told me that you wanted to marry into a rich and powerful pack, but I didn't believe it. You're just a human. I didn't expect that you would climb into Alpha Sterling's bed just because I asked you to pick him up from the airport yesterday. It seems you move quickly..."

Tara paused momentarily and looked me up and down, a sarcastic look on her face.

“Taya, you’re pretty, but it’ll be more than a little difficult for you to mate into a powerful pack.”

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Tara didn’t need to remind me of what I was lacking.

I had no wolf, I didn’t have a good education, and I certainly didn’t have a well-matched background or anything else to bring to a mating. Any pack, let alone a wealthy and powerful pack, wouldn’t have a reason for allowing me to mate into it.

Tara possessed both wisdom and beauty. Although she didn’t curse, she could pierce deep into a person’s inferiority-as she’d just done to me with only a few words.

My tone was flat as I responded. “Ms. Thorin, whether I want to marry into a wealthy pack or not is a different matter. Yes, you are my superior and the CEO of this company, but you can’t interfere in my private affairs, right?”

Tara didn’t expect me to dare to respond to her with anything other than subjugation. Her face darkened. “Of course, I don’t care. I’m just reminding you out of kindness. If you give up such a good job and go for it, don’t regret it and come back to Midwest Packs Corporation to cry.”

I didn’t say anything else. There was nothing to say. I’d gotten what I wanted. Part of me wanted to tell her there was no chance of me coming back to cry-seeing as I would be dead.

After Tara approved my resignation paperwork, I would find Lila to hand off my projects and leave as soon as possible.

Apparently, Tara had other plans. “Taya, I’ll approve your resignation, but not right now.”

I frowned, confused. “What do you mean?”

Tara sighed. “The Midwest Packs Corporation branch development in Wolverly Capital isn’t going as well as we’d hoped. The Sterling pack is powerful there and could help with getting things running smoothly. We need the Sterling pack to encourage the local packs there to cooperate with the proper procedures, but they have never given us any help. Now that you have Alpha Sterling’s attention, I hope you can stay.”

Once again, I was useful, ever the little human pawn.

Tara wouldn't approve my resignation paperwork until I gave her what she wanted. It was a pity that Tara had made such a mist

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I didn't want to deal with Tara anymore. I was too tired.

Looking at Tara, I said indifferently, "Since you won't officially approve of my resignation, forget it. I don't want your salary and bonus from last month, and I'll do without health insurance. Consider this my final notice."

Health insurance was only part of the reason I had wanted to go through the normal resignation process. When I was at the end of my rope, the hiring personnel at Midwest Packs Corporation had chosen me, a human with no work experience, as an employee. At that time, I'd sold myself for a large sum-enough to save Silas but not enough to cover the follow-up treatment expenses.

The Sterling pack hadn't found him yet, so he was just a poor orphan like me. All of his medical expenses were paid for by Harper and me from our part-time jobs.

But it was far from enough. I looked for higher-paying jobs everywhere, but there was nothing. No one wanted to hire me. Until Midwest Packs Corporation had accepted me. They had given me a stable job, and they had lent me the money I needed to cover Silas's medical bills. I was forever thankful for them and grateful they'd taken a chance on me.

That was why I had been working here for five years. No matter which company tried to poach me, I had never been tempted.

But I had no loyalty to Tara, and I'd never expected her to be so difficult. And I certainly wasn't going to allow her to use me the way she wanted to.

I took off my badge and placed it on Tara's desk. Then, I turned around and walked away without looking back.

Tara cleared her throat.

"Taya, when you signed the loan agreement with MPC, you signed another agreement. It was clearly written that you must get the approval of the CEO in order to resign. Otherwise, you will have to pay six times the penalty fee."

I stopped walking.

Five years ago, I was so desperate for the money, I signed the contract without putting much thought into it.

It had never ever occurred to me that I might want to quit one day.

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I slowly turned around and looked at Tara, who was leaning against her chair.

She was bright and beautiful, which made me look homely.

I had never felt wronged before, but suddenly I felt very, very wronged.

It was as if I had been crushed under the feet of a victor. No matter how hard I struggled, it was useless.

Because I had no background or power. I had no pack to protect me, so I could be threatened, trampled on, and humiliated at will.

I gave up fighting against my fate and asked Tara numbly, "What do you want me to do to get my resignation?"

The penalty of six times the amount I borrowed was 1.2 million -I had no choice but to compromise and do whatever it was Tara wanted.

Now that my hand had been forced and I'd been "put in my place", Tara became even more arrogant. "It's simple. Take good care of Alpha Sterling. I'll approve your resignation when he returns to Wolverly Capital."

"Alpha Sterling might not want me to entertain him."

Tara smiled. "I've seen that photo several times. Given how he's looking at you, I'd say he definitely wants you to 'entertain' him."

I was about to object, to tell her that he didn't feel that way about me, but Tara's face darkened and I clamped my mouth shut.

"Just do as I say," Tara said in a low voice.

I'd never seen an inkling of her wolf before...but there it was. The message was loud and clear.

Tara had already decided that I had a close relationship with Jackson, and she was determined to squeeze every last drop she could out of me before letting me go.

It was useless to say more, so I replied flatly, "I hope you won't break your promise again."

Tara crossed her arms over her chest and gave me a reassuring look. "I've always kept

my word.”

I couldn't be bothered to argue with her.

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When Margaret saw Taya return to the office, she deliberately raised her voice and said caustically, “Some people are shameless. This time, she took down the Sterling pack Alpha. In just one day, she climbed into Alpha Sterling's bed, and the photos have been spread all over their social media.”

When Linda, her colleague, heard this, she jealously looked Taya up and down and said, “She has a good figure, and no one has to answer to another pack regarding how they treat her. Of course, they all like her.”

“How good can she be? She must have been fooled. Otherwise, how could she have such a good figure?” sneered Margaret.

“Yes, she has been nourished by so many men. She is in good shape, and her skin is very smooth. It seems that thing is beneficial,” chuckled Linda.

Margaret stared at Taya, who was walking over and sneered. “The rich have a good time. Guess how she swallowed men's-”

Before she could finish her words, she was splashed with cold water by Taya.

Margaret, whose entire body was drenched with water, immediately shivered angrily. She slammed the table, stood up, pointed at Taya, and cursed,

“You bitc h! How dare you to splash water on me? Believe it or not, I'll... Ah!”

Taya splashed another gla*s of water on her face.

Margaret didn't expect Taya to do it twice. She was stunned for a moment.

Linda and the onlookers in the office were also stunned.

Taya looked at Margaret and said, “It's one thing for you to gossip in front of our colleagues. But now you're talking nonsense in front of Ms. Thorin. You've gone too far!”

After saying that, Taya picked up the gla*s and shook it before Margaret. “You should be glad I splashed water on you, not sulfuric acid. Otherwise, your old face would have been ruined.”

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When Margaret heard the words sulfuric acid, she was so scared that her whole body trembled. She wanted to retort, but she couldn't.

Taya looked away and turned to Linda, who was standing to the side and didn't dare to make a sound. "How dare you slander me! Don't pretend we don't all know about your 'dates' with old men."

Linda didn't expect Taya to expose her privacy publicly, so she immediately got angry. "What do you mean?!"

"Margaret told everyone about your ability." I don't need to tell you what it means, do I?"

Linda looked at Margaret in disbelief. "I thought you were my friend! Why would you betray me like that?!"

Margaret didn't expect Taya, who usually held back her anger, to reveal Linda's matter to so many people.

Margaret was so angry that she stepped forward and raised her hand to slap Taya, but Taya grabbed her wrist.

"If you slap me, I'll make you lose all your money!"

Margaret was so angry. "It's just a slap. How can you make me lose all my money?!"

Taya moved closer to Margaret and sneered. "Didn't you say that I have a lot of financial backers? Any one of them can let you all over."

After that, Taya pushed Margaret away and left.

Margaret stared at Taya's back and growled, "Taya, you bitch, I won't let you get away with this!"

I pretended not to hear anything and went straight into the bathroom.

Today, I had vented all the humiliations I'd suffered for so long.

I couldn't describe how it felt to finally put those she-wolves in their places. I should have done this a long time ago, but I'd been too afraid of what they might do to me. Apparently, when you were dying, you didn't care about the consequences of putting people who deserved it in their places.

It was invigorating.

Turning the water on, I was about to wash my face when Brielle entered.

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"Taya, are you all right?"

Seeing Brielle's face made me feel a bit more comfortable, and my frustration slowly calmed down so I could get my racing heart back under control.

"I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

Brielle's face was full of disbelief. She knew me the best out of anyone here. She knew I didn't say anything about my grievances and silently endured them. But I saw the looks she gave when things were said to me or about me. "I'm fine. Don't worry about me. You should get back out there. If Margaret can't find you, she'll get upset and call you lazy again."

Brielle was an intern, and she worked for Margaret. Before we fell out with each other, we could get along well on the surface. Now that things had turned out like this, if Margaret saw that Brielle was still close to me, Margaret would definitely play some tricks on Brielle behind her back.

It had not been easy for Brielle to enter Midwest Packs Corporation, and I knew she was looking forward to becoming a full-time employee. She needed Margaret's approval though,

and I thought it better not to get Brielle into trouble.

Brielle seemed to have realized this as well. She hesitated momentarily, but in the end, she still nodded. "Okay, I'll get back to work."

I waved my hand and smiled. "I'm okay. Promise."

Only then did Brielle leave the bathroom.

As soon as she left, the smile on my face faded.

Tara wanted me to be the one to entertain Jackson while he was in Arcadia.

Sometimes, when business partners came to the Midwest Packs Corporation for business trips, the company would indeed send people to "entertain" them.

For example, the people would arrange food, clothing, accommodation, entertainment, etc. This was the treatment that guests who came in to talk about large contracts would get.

And the bidding for the Weston City project was a very large contract.

I had such an unbearable past with Jackson. If I were to shamelessly try to please him

again, I would probably be mistaken for still being obsessed with him and deliberately approaching him under the guise of work.

Griffon would also think that I was an ambitious woman who

had dared to ignore his warning and continue to seduce his future brother-in-law.

Embarra*sment flooded me when I thought about being misunderstood by Jackson and Griffon.

However, compared to the 1.2 million dollar penalty fee, embarra*sment was nothing.

Chapter 137

I took a deep breath, took out my phone, and searched for Jackson's number.

His a*sistant had sent it to me when I booked the room for him yesterday.

Jackson answered after three rings. His calm and a*sertive voice came from the other end of the line, and a feeling I couldn't explain washed over me.

"Ms. Palmer, what can I do for you?"

How did Jackson know it was me?

"I saved your number yesterday," he said, answering my unspoken question.

I got straight to the point, not wanting to put the inevitable off any longer. "Alpha Sterling, Ms. Thorin has asked me to entertain you during your stay in Arcadia on behalf of MPC. Is there anything you would like to see or do?"

"Entertain me?" Jackson's tone sounded like he was surprised.

After a few seconds of silence, Jackson seemed to have understood something. He replied, "Actually, I didn't bring my personal a*sistant. Would you be able to help me do something like serving tea?"

Damn. I'd thought he would refuse-had hoped he would refuse.

I didn't expect that he would ask me to act as his a*sistant. Wasn't he afraid that I would have ulterior motives?

Still, I replied obediently. "Absolutely, Alpha."

Jackson raised his watch and glanced at it. "I have a meeting later. When do you plan to come over, Ms. Palmer?"

After asking for the address, Taya replied, "I can be there anytime."

Jackson replied with a "well" and hung up the phone.

As soon as he put down his phone, his a*sistant Chloe asked worriedly, "Alpha, Ms.

Palmer obviously has an ulterior motive regarding MPC. Why did you agree to let her be your personal a*sistant?"

Jackson remembered that Taya had been indifferent last night; today, she had taken the initiative to entertain him. It was indeed a little strange.

But he was more willing to believe it was because of that photo. Tara mistakenly thought Taya had something to do with him, so Tara sent Taya to entertain him.

And that was why he asked Taya to be his a*sistant just now. He didn't want her to be put in a difficult position by her boss.

However, Chloe, a blockhead, couldn't understand what Jackson was saying, so he didn't explain further. He only said, "I'm short of people."

Chapter 138

Alpha Sterling had brought a lot of people to Arcadia.

Although Chloe was the only a*sistant who had come along, she alone could handle all the trivial matters.

It was apparent that the Alpha had some sort of feelings for that Taya woman.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have saved her and then invited her to dinner.

If she became his personal a*sistant, what would happen to Alpha Sterling in the future...

Thinking of this possibility, Chloe was so anxious that she started to sweat. "Alpha, Ms. Palmer is very dishonest. She was involved with Beta Starke, and now that he and his pack have fallen from grace, she is trying to find another pack to marry into for protection and status. You are her biggest target now, and I think you should stay away from her."

Jackson pinned Chloe with an "Alpha" look. "You are allowed a certain amount of leeway as my employee, but do remember your place, Chloe."

Chloe's face flushed, and she nodded meekly.

Alpha Sterling had always been kind to her. This was the first time that he had been angry with her.

Chloe's heart sank. "Please accept my apologies," she said, then quietly and quickly fled the office.

Jackson rubbed his temples as soon as Chloe left.

Why did he have a headache at the mention of Taya?

When I arrived at the branch office of the Sterling pack, I happened to meet Chloe, who was coming out of the elevator.

I recognized that she was Jackson's a*sistant and quickly walked over to say hello.

"Nice to meet you. I—"

"Don't talk to me."

Before I could finish, Chloe interrupted me. She glared at me, turned around, and walked over to make herself a cup of coffee.

I was speechless.

The woman just stood there drinking her coffee and ignoring me.

I didn't mind Chloe's rudeness. Chloe must have thought I was trying to hook up with her boss, so she didn't like me.

Just like everyone else.

Chapter 139

After checking in with the receptionist, I went to the Alpha's office.

Jackson was rubbing his forehead, looking extremely tired.

I knocked on the door lightly. "Alpha Sterling."

Jackson glanced at me. "You've come."

I nodded, then asked him, "What can I do for you?"

In the past, when the MPC entertained visiting pack leaders, they would directly arrange for them to eat, drink, and have fun.

However, if Jackson wanted me to be his personal a*sistant, I would have to ask him what he needed me to do, since this was outside of the norm.

Jackson lowered his hands from his forehead, then sat back in his chair and looked at me. "There's nothing to arrange right at this moment. Just help me make coffee in my meeting later."

"Yes, Alpha."

After saying that, Taya left. Jackson looked at her back and gradually became lost in thought.

Watching her walk away gave him a sense of familiarity, as if he had seen her many times, watched her walk many times.

"I can't remember. My head hurts..." he whispered to himself.

He shook his head and picked up his phone to send a message to Eric.

Eric answered back right away. [Why do you have a headache again? Do you remember something from before?]

Jackson typed back: [No, I don't remember anything specific. It's just that when I saw someone, it felt very familiar, and my head started to ache.]

[Who did you see?] Eric immediately asked.

Jackson didn't want to reply to that specific question. He shouldn't have said he saw someone; he should have known Eric would want to know who it was. But the headaches made it harder to think clearly.

Somehow, Jackson had always felt that if Eric knew about the headaches that happened whenever he saw Taya, Taya would be in danger.

Chapter 140

The thought flashed, but he didn't take it seriously. He casually replied, "It was a stranger."

He put down his mobile phone and left his office to go to the meeting.

Although the branch company of the Sterling pack in Arcadia was not as big as Wolverly Capital's Sterling pack headquarters, it still occupied a full building on East Street.

Today, Jackson was holding a general meeting. Dozens of people in professional attire and carrying laptops went upstairs one after another.

In a short while, the large conference room was full of people who were waiting on Jackson.

His head had better get itself right, and fast.

I sat in the reception area outside of the huge conference room. I was a little envious when I saw the group of elites through the gla*s.

My plan had been to go to school for design, and then find an internship and work my way up.

But at that time, I couldn't fulfill my dream. I had to find a job that paid a monthly salary right away instead of school and an unpaid internship.

While thinking of the past and my plans before, I gazed at Jackson.

He sat at the head of the conference table, in an impeccable suit. One ankle rested on his knee in a casual pose, and his head was tilted slightly so he could look at the presentation on the big screen while listening to the executive's report on what was happening at the Sterling pack's Arcadia offices.

He looked put together and relaxed, with a strand of dark hair falling down over his forehead, but he also radiated the powerful presence of the Alpha he was.

As I was staring at him, Jackson glanced at me through the gla*s.

He picked up his phone, and my phone dinged with a message a second later.

[Ms. Palmer, please bring me a cup of coffee.]

I quickly got up and went to the break room to make coffee.

After making it, she knocked on the conference room door with the mug of steaming liquid.

Everyone in the conference room looked at the door-at me.

The senior executive explaining PowerPoint in front of the screen also stopped, dissatisfaction on his face.

I was a little embarra*sed until Jackson waved at me.

"Come in," he said.

Only then did I walk up to him with the cup of coffee. I placed it beside him and was about to leave the meeting room when Jackson said, "Ms. Palmer, please sit down and listen."

All of the executives were speechless.