

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

Chapter 13

Just as I was done with my preparations, Roman sent his assistant, Mason, to pick me up.

Sitting in that Maybach, I thought Mason would drive me to Roman's place, but I was taken to a mall.

Stylists and makeup artists surrounded me, curling up my waist-length hair and applying exquisite makeup to my face.

I was dressed in an expensive evening gown, tailored to fit me perfectly.

A diamond necklace that was worth millions was placed on my neck.

I looked at myself in the mirror.

Noble, elegant, and refined. But I didn't feel like myself. I looked more like Tara.

If Griffon had seen me like this, he might have thought I was trying to mimic her.

I smiled bitterly.

Finally, I was all dressed up, and Mason took me to Nightshade.

It was the largest nightclub in Arcadia. The people who came

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here were either rich or powerful, both human and shifters alike. Species didn't matter...only money and power.

The place could guarantee these people their privacy. There were virtually no security cameras around here. And even if there were, it would be difficult to obtain any footage.

The rich loved to do their nasty things at Nightshade.

Roman probably also chose to bring me here for the same reasons.

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Thinking about what I was about to go through, I felt like my heart was going to explode. I followed Mason out of the elevator when it got to the top floor. He led me to the door of a private room.

Mason swiped a card, and the luxurious door opened slowly.

Dim light and soothing music spilled out from inside, and the decor was elegant and refined.

I was a bit surprised. I'd thought Roman would have a more vulgar taste than this.

Just then, a strong arm suddenly wrapped around my waist.

Roman pulled me close and leaned down to kiss me.

"You look stunning today, babe."

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I fought back the urge to throw up. I turned to avoid Roman's touch, but then I saw the man sitting on the sofa.

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He wore a white shirt, slightly open at the collar, revealing part of his chest, and his sleeves were rolled-up. He held a wineglass that looked small in his large, strong hand. The wine was shining like blood under the dim lighting, as intimidating as the gaze he was casting upon me.

I hadn't expected Griffon to be here.

I'd never thought he would be in the same circle as Roman.

The Knight Pack controlled the economic lifeline of not just the Midwest Packs, but the entire northern hemisphere, while the Starke Pack was only influential in Arcadia.

I didn't ever think they would have a reason to see each other privately.

Suddenly, I was glad that I didn't make that call to Griffon the other day.

Otherwise...not only would I lose my dignity, I would have been outright rejected.

After all, how could I expect Griffon to displease his friend for me?

But...why was he looking at me like that?

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Was he angry because he saw someone else kiss me?

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Yet Griffon had already withdrawn his gaze, as if he didn't know me.

My heart skipped a beat.

Of course. He wouldn't care who kissed me. His wolf felt no protective instincts for me, not an inkling of possession for the woman he'd practically owned for five years.

I looked away and turned to Roman, "Beta Starke, why did you bring me here?"

Roman caressed my face affectionately. "So you can meet some of my friends! Then we can make things more exciting."

A chill ran through me. I had to get away, as soon as possible.
But just then, Roman dragged me over to Griffon.