

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

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I had thought that Roman was familiar with Griffon, not that it was Preston who had introduced them.

It seemed that Roman's plan wasn't just to take me to meet a few friends. He also wanted to talk business with Griffon.

However, I wasn't too worried, since discussing whatever the project was would take time. That meant I still had a chance to figure out how to get away. With this in mind, my tensed body began to relax.

But as I breathed a sigh of relief, Roman suddenly raised his chin and said, "Drink it." Damn, I couldn't play dumb anymore. So I picked up the glass and drank it with one gulp.

I seldom drank alcohol. Griffon didn't like the smell of it, so I did not drink at all. Instead of just drinking the wine down, I managed to choke on it, not used to the taste of any alcohol. Tears streamed down my face. Roman saw I was choking and held me in his arms, patting my back to help me breathe.

Griffon's cold gaze fell on the hand that was holding me.

Through my teary eyes, I sensed Griffon's killing intent in his

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eyes.

Finally, his wolf was showing a possessive streak toward me. There was hope...

But when I looked again, I found nothing in his eyes except indifference and alienation.

I laughed at myself for expecting more from him.

Seeing me calm down, Roman hugged me and explained to Preston, "She's not the kind of girl who parties and sells her body. You'll have to forgive her for being a little...green."

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Preston smiled and didn't say anything, but the woman next to him suddenly became angry. "Beta Starke, what do you mean by that?"

Roman raised his eyebrows and said mildly, "Ma'am, I wasn't talking about you. Why are you so worked up?"

The woman exploded in an instant. I was pretty sure she was a human woman, one of the types that was a groupie for wolf shifters. "I'm so much younger than you. How can you call me ma'am?"

"You may be younger than me, but you look older than me. If I don't call you ma'am, what else can I call you?"

"You..."

The woman was forced into silence. She stomped her foot and

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turned around, pulling at Preston's sleeve and acting cute,

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I was surprised she felt comfortable enough in a room of male shifters to act this way.

"Preston, look at him. How can he say such mean things to me? Let's go."