

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

Chapter 18

"Let's draw lots now. Each pair that draws the same number has to switch seats. And no sitting next to each other!"

Khloe put the paper balls on the table and paired up those who drew the same number automatically.

There were four players in the first round, and the others would line up. Those who got the numbers 1 or 2 played first.

Unfortunately, I got the number 2.

I raised my eyes to look at the other side. It turned out that Griffon had gotten the number 1, which meant we were in a hostile situation.

Khloe, who had also gotten the number 1, raised her eyebrows at me as if to say, "Wait and see."

"What about the other 2? Who got it?"

After hesitating momentarily, Preston opened the paper ball in his hand.

He smiled at me and said, "I'm not good at playing cards. I have to count on you."

I responded with a smile that was uglier than crying.

Chapter 18

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I was a well-behaved girl who always listened to the orphanage director when I was young, listened to my teachers in school, listened to my boss, and listened to my man in relationships. Therefore, I had never played card games until now.

When Khloe explained the rules earlier, she spoke so fast that I didn't remember them at all. And even Preston, who often played such games, seemed clueless about how to play. Was this intentional? I couldn't help but suspect that Khloe had cheated during the drawing lots.

Khloe flipped her fingers a few times and handed me the last card. "Ms. Palmer, it's time to start."

This new charming voice of hers made me feel uneasy.

My heart raced as I realized that if I lost a game, I would have to take off my dress completely-it was the only thing I wore. It felt like being stripped naked in front of

everyone like a pros titute. Khloe was using the game to vent her anger on me after Roman had insulted her.

I knew what was happening, but the cards in my hand were terrible. In addition, coupled with Preston's sloppy play, I was getting anxious and starting to sweat. However, Griffon remained stubborn and refused to back down. Even if I played the smallest card, he would use the much bigger number to beat me.

Frustration boiled inside of me, turning my face blue. Seeing this, Roman quickly put me on his lap and comforted me. "Don't worry, I'll teach you."

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