

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

Chapter 61

"Roleplaying and drugs. You two sure do like to live on the edge."

I kept my mouth shut. He seemed to believe me for now.

www

My silence must have angered him because he grabbed my chin forcefully.

Just when I was expecting him to strangle me to death, my phone rang.

The quiet and terrifying atmosphere in the room was instantly broken.

The man let go of my chin, and his weight on the bed was gone. He must have gotten up to get my phone.

"It's Beta Starke! He needs something from me. Let me answer!"

The man's hoarse voice suddenly became colder. "What's wrong? Are you afraid he'll find you in bed with another man?"

"No!" I tried my best to control my panic. "Please. Let me

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answer. If I don't, something bad will happen to my friend. I'll do anything you want!"

I begged shamelessly. What did I have to lose?

I thought maybe he would untie me; I felt no movement on the bed. Instead, he answered the phone and put it on speaker.

Before I could say anything, Roman's loud, growling voice came yelling from the other end.

"Taya, you b*tch, how dare you lie to me? I told you what would happen. Remember, this is your fault. I want you to imagine your little friend screaming for help as my men defile her, while her mate looks on, wrapped in silver."

I was so scared I could barely breathe, but if I didn't act fast, Harper and Damian were the ones most at risk. I didn't matter

anymore.

“Beta Starke, please! I was just about to send you the address when you called. I’ll be waiting for you in Room 2088 at the Windmere Hotel. Please, come now!”

I could hear Roman gnashing his teeth in anger, hear his low growls deep in his chest before he said, “I’ve already sent my men to your friend’s location. When I get to the hotel, if I don’t see the contract, the she-wolf will be raped, and the man will be wrapped in silver and forced to watch, and then they’ll

both be chopped into pieces. Do you hear me?”

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“I understand.”

I heard a beep as the masked man ended the call.

I couldn’t see him, so I could only beg him anxiously.

“Sir, you heard him. It’s a matter of life and death. You can do whatever you want to me by pretending to be Roman, but please allow me to save them first. I must see him tonight and give him the contract, or he will kill my friend!”

It was a long while before the man answered. I wished I could see him, wished I could get this awful blindfold off.

When he finally spoke, he asked, “What contract?”

There was no world in which I was actually going to tell him anything tangible. “It’s just a project contract.”

I heard the clicks of what sounded like him dialing a number on his phone, and then he said unhurriedly, “No worries. I can just call Roman back to go over the specifics.”

Shit.

1/4

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Double shit.

2/4

Damn these wolf shifters and their uncanny ability to sniff out half-truths. I was forever at a disadvantage without abilities of my own.

I let all of it out in a whoosh of breath-minus the part about my plan to kill Roman.

“I had no choice but to lie to him that I could get the Westen. City project for the Starke pack. My purpose was to hold him back in this way so that my friend could get mated smoothly, but he hasn’t been easy to deal with. I had to make a fake contract.”

After I spoke, the man was silent for a while.

Damn it, damn it, damn it. I wished I could see him. Tears.

welled up in my eyes behind the blindfold. “Sir, I’m telling the truth. Please...let me go,” I whispered.

“Haven’t you slept with Roman?”

“Of course not! He’s a monster. How could I sleep with him?”
Seemingly endless time passed, though it was only a matter of seconds, and then I felt the ties being cut off of my wrists. Once I was freed, I immediately tore off the blindfold.

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The lights in the room were still off, and the man still wore his mask.

At this point, I couldn’t care less about what he looked like. All I cared about was getting him out of here so I could deal with Roman when he arrived.

If I could get this man to leave, I could still deal with Roman according to my original plan.

“Sir, please. Leave now. Beta Starke is a tough person to deal with. If he sees you here, he will kill you! I don’t want to be responsible for your death at the hands of a powerful pack.”

The man snorted as if he’d heard a joke. “Why would I be afraid of him? What makes you think his pack is more powerful than mine? That HE is more powerful than me?”

As he spoke, he put his hands in his pants pockets and looked down at me.

He exuded Alpha vibes. They were practically radiating off of him, and I was surprised that hadn’t occurred to me before.

Goddess, he really looked like Griffon...

While I was staring at him, thoughts racing through my mind, the man sat on the sofa and played with the small golden

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knife in his hand that he must have used to cut me free.

He didn’t look like he was going anywhere anytime soon...

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Rising from the bed, I started walking toward him, wracking my brain for anything I could do to get him to leave.

I had almost reached him when there was a forceful pounding on the door. I instantly froze.

With pleading eyes, I stared into the man’s glowing eyes behind the mask. “Please. I’m begging you,” I said softly. “My friend’s life depends on it.”

My voice trembled and broke. I struggled to hold back a sob, my ears buzzing and my heart racing far faster than its poor damaged tissue should be able to.

Something I couldn’t place flashed in his eyes for a brief second, but he still got up and went to the bathroom, quietly closing the door behind

him.

I heaved a sigh of relief, trying to keep from breaking down.

You can do this, I told myself. You got this.

I quickly turned on the light, removed the fake contract from my bag, and walked to the door.

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2/2

As soon as the door opened, Roman stormed in. His face was twisted in a snarl, and his wolf had started to take over. His claws were out, his eyes glowed red, and the tips of his ears. were pointed.

If I'd thought he was scary before, he was even more so now.

He advanced on me until I was backed up against the bed, his hand raised as if he were about to strike me. Fighting the urge to cower, I kept my back straight, shoulders square, and maintained eye contact.

"You bi tch, how dare you-"

"Beta Starke, the contract!"

Before he could slap me, I raised the contract between us.

When he saw it, he slowly lowered his hand, then snatched the contract away from.

I didn't breathe while Roman read it carefully.

B

Write your comment

Gifts

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

C

"Well, it seems you're not useless after all."

Oh, thank the goddess.

Roman wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed me hard on the cheek. "Tell me, baby, what reward do you want?"

I swallowed down the bile rising in my throat.

With a calmness I didn't feel, I said, "Beta Starke, I don't need any reward other than you telling your men to leave Harper and Damian alone."

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Roman nodded, then immediately made a phone call to ask his men to withdraw.

Only then did I let out a full sigh of relief. I turned, picked up the drugged gla*s of wine, and handed it to Roman.

“Roman, would you like to have a drink with me?”

“Drink with you?”

2/4

Roman raised an eyebrow. Now this...this isn't what he had expected from the little spitfire human.

Perhaps she'd come to her sense after all...

He strode back over to her, leaning down to scent her hair above her ear. “Have you changed your mind? Are you willing to let me touch you?”

She bristled, and her body stiffened. “Beta Starke, I've already told you I don't want to sleep with you. Our deal was that I would get you the project and you wouldn't have s ex with me. Are you going back on your word?”

Ah, it was back to Beta Starke now. This woman was going to give him whiplash, her demeanor shifted so quickly.

“Then why do you want me to drink with you?”

“I wanted to thank you. After all, you let me go twice in a row.

Not only did you not touch me, but you also trusted me, a mere human. At the very least, I should offer you a drink as a gesture of my gratitude.”

She should be grateful, Roman thought, her words having worked to fluff his ego a bit.

“In that case, I'll have a drink with you.”

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3/4

He took the wine she held out to him, noticing that her fingers were trembling.

Narrowing his eyes, he took the gla*s but didn't drink it. Instead, he examined Taya.

Tapping into his wolf's senses, he perused her with his heightened vision. He took in the way her chest was rising and falling just slightly too fast. But what really betrayed her was

the sink of fear.

She disguised her emotions very well for a human. Not good enough for a wolf, though.

“You can drink it first.” Roman handed the wineglass back to Taya.

Roman watched as her pupils dilated ever so little, imperceptible to someone without his enhanced senses.

There was definitely something wrong with the wine.

The little human somehow managed to steady her beating heart and pretended as if nothing had happened. She took the wineglass, raised her head, and took a sip.

“I can’t afford expensive wine you’re used to, so I asked the hotel to send a bottle within my budget. It doesn’t taste good. If you don’t like it, I’ll ask the receptionist to bring a different one.”

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4/4

After saying that, Taya turned around, walked up to the phone, and made a call. Her action quickly dispelled Roman’s doubts. Before the receptionist could answer, he stopped her.

B

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“I don’t think I’ve ever had cheap wine. Maybe I’ll like pretending to be poor.”

Roman gently took the glass from her hand, lightly licked the lipstick mark on the rim, and then drank.

As he swallowed, he observed Taya’s expression.

This time the earlier telltale signs of deceit and fear were gone.

Nevertheless, he wasn’t a fool. He’d been around long enough to have gained a healthy distrust of everyone. When you were born into a leadership role in a powerful, you were born with enemies.

Roman was cautious, only taking a sip before putting down the glass.

I didn’t expect him to be so difficult to deal with. Appealing to his ego always did the trick, but I needed him to drink more.

If he didn’t drink enough of the sleeping pills, I wouldn’t be

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able to take him down.

2/3

Add to that...a stranger was hiding in the bathroom. If he saw that I had killed someone, I might

be unable to escape.

This was a mess.

And Roman had no intention of letting me go.

He put down the gla*s, grabbed my hand, and sat on the sofa. Once he was seated, he dragged me onto his lap, trapping me.

One of his disgusting hands reached out to touch my thigh, inching higher and higher.

I was no match for him unless the sleeping pills kicked in, and I was pretty sure he hadn't had enough.

"Beta Starke, didn't you promise not to touch me?"

I squirmed in his lap, trying to wriggle my way out of his arms so I could stand. All that did was cause him to smile, his wolf gleaming amber in his eyes.

"Why ever would I let you go?"

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Everything was going to sh it.

All of the plans I had so carefully made, thought out for so long...ruined thanks to the stranger currently hiding in the bathroom.

1/3

If he hadn't pretended to be Roman and stirred up trouble first, I wouldn't have been so nervous that my hands trembled. I was sure that was what had given me away. I'd been around wolf shifters long enough that I had learned to suppress many of my bodily reactions, their enhanced senses so good at picking up any little thing.

What should I do now?

Was Roman going to r ape me?

As I was starting to panic, Roman's phone vibrated and interrupted his hand's leisurely crawl up my thigh.

"Beta Starke, your phone is ringing. You should answer it in case it's something important..."

I took his momentary distraction as an opportunity to push Roman away and get off his lap.

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Luckily, he didn't say anything and didn't stop me, but the

2/3

look on his face told me that he wasn't done with me, and he wasn't worried about me getting away.

He took out his phone and looked at it. When he saw the number on it, he quickly answered.

His demeanor completely changed. Gone was the cocky, rough wolf and in its place was a formal, respectful tone.

Who had called that would elicit such a drastic change in him?

Never mind. I could use these moments to try to figure out my next move.

Roman glanced at the contract while speaking. "Is there a problem? Why didn't I find it?"

I couldn't hear what the person on the other end was saying, only Roman's responses.

“Now?” After a pause, he added, “Okay, I’ll be right there.”

No, no, no.

If I didn’t carry out my plan tonight, I’d be done for after the official Westen City project bidding meeting tomorrow!

Chapter 66

3/3

Before I could try to stop him from leaving, he picked up the contract, put his arms around my waist, and kissed me.

“I have something urgent to deal with. Wait here for me.”

Oh, this just might work.

Since he hadn’t slept with me yet, he’d have more reason to come back.

I could wait a little longer...

Write your comment

Gifts

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As soon as Roman left, I heaved a sigh of relief.

Until I heard the sound coming from the other room. Then I tensed up again.

There was still one more person to deal with...

I walked over to the bathroom door.

As soon as I put my hand on the knob, the door opened. A large hand grabbed my wrist and pulled me in.

The bathroom light was off, and only a faint yellow light shined through from beneath the door, allowing a glimpse of the tattoo on the man’s collarbone.

I wanted to look closer, but he suddenly turned around and pressed me against the wall.

God damm it, I was tired of men throwing me around tonight.

He hugged me from behind and again secured my hands with a zip tie.

Then, the blindfold was over my eyes again.

”

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Gah!!!!!!

2/3

Why did he tie me up again?

I opened my mouth to speak, but he grabbed my chin roughly, his fingers pinching as he positioned me.

A chill swept over me, and then his lips were on mine. Rough, hard, sensual...needy.

The moment he kissed me, I lifted my bound hands up to touch his face. He'd removed the mask, but since I was blindfolded it didn't matter.

I was pressed against the wall, and the man's hot body almost burned mine, the heat coming off him was so intense.

Wolf shifters ran hot, but this guy was like an inferno.

His kiss devoured me, like a hungry wolf that couldn't wait to swallow me whole. I was his prey.

And why did I like it?

"Hmm..." I let out a soft moan before I could think to hold it in.

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When he heard it, it was though a switch flipped, and his

3/3

actions were almost manic. He ripped my dress off, his strong hands and claws easily shedding the fabric from my body.

After he turned me around, he pressed me face-first against the wall again, lifting my bound hands above my head.

He moved with a sense of urgency and aggression as if he hadn't been with a woman in a long time.

It seemed the wolf would never be satisfied.

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Tears burned my eyes.

If Griffon had thought me dirty before...

A strangled sob broke free, and the man suddenly stopped moving.

He grabbed my chin, twisted my face to the side, and questioned coldly, "Who are you crying for?"

I pursed my lips tightly and did not say anything. My tears had soaked the blindfold and were streaming down my face.

Apparently, this wolf didn't like my silence.

His next...movements...were punishing. Designed to hurt, to

only take from my body and leave me with no pleasure. I'd thought he looked a bit like Griffon before, but even Griffon had never been like this. The way this man moved, his sheer strength... It was completely different. There was no comparing the two. Griffon had never been this...this desperate.

Oh goddess.

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What if Roman came back while this was happening?

2/3

I collapsed, letting my body go limp. He was too strong, too powerful, too determined. I would never be able to get away from him until he decided he was going to let me go. If he did.

It wasn't until this moment that I realized Roman had deliberately let me go before.

The recognition sent shockwaves through me.

If he'd really wanted to rape me, he would have done so by now. He could easily overpower me, especially given how sick I was. I had gotten away not because I was smart or strong, but

because Roman had allowed it.

"You can only be mine!" the wolf behind me growled menacingly.

He bit at my lips again, his clawed hand clutching roughly at my hip.

It took nearly two hours for him to let me go...

My body had long since gone limp, given up. Coupled with the fact that I had sipped the wine laced with the crushed

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sleeping pills, I felt a little dizzy.

3/3

The man did not leave immediately after finishing with me. Instead, he carried me to the bathtub and lowered me into it.

After washing me up with warm water, he carried me to the bed, laying me down and pulling the covers over me.

Despite everything that had just happened, I wanted to fall asleep the moment my head touched the soft pillow and felt the luxurious comforter wrap around me.

But when I thought Roman would return, I desperately bit my tongue to wake myself up. It wasn't until I tasted blood that I regained consciousness.

B

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"Now, can you let me go?"

My voice was so cold that it cut straight to the bone.

If I knew who the man was, I would kill him. Or at least try to.

The man seemed to be putting on his clothes and did not answer.

My entire body shook with rage, with the humiliation of what he'd put me through.

There was a rustle of fabric, the bed shifted with the added weight of another person, and the man pressed down on me again.

"You've already taken what you wanted from me. Are you going to kill me now?"

He dropped a surprisingly gentle kiss on my lips, then leaned over to hoarsely whisper beside my ear, "You lied to Roman. You gave him a fake contract. Aren't you afraid that he's going

to come after you, kill you?"

"What does that have to do with you?" I turned my head away

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2/4

from him and struggled beneath him, trying to shove him off of me.

I had been raped by this stranger, still being held by him, and

I was already dying. At this point, I had nothing else to lose; I was no longer afraid of Roman.

The man stopped talking. Then he began to untie me.

As soon as my hands were freed, I ripped off the blindfold.

Damn it all to hell!

The light was still off, and the man had already put on the mask.

He was too far away for me to see him clearly, to make out anything else about him that I might be able to recognize later.

If there was a later. His plans for what he was going to do next were still unknown. I had no idea if I was leaving this room on my own two feet or in a body bag.

Then again...a body bag had been my original plan.

But I wanted to go out on MY terms, not at the hand of my ra pist.

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3/4

With a jolt, I remembered the dagger I'd placed under the pillow. It had to still be there. I couldn't picture this guy finding it and not mentioning it.

I quickly shifted to sit at the head of the bed, positioning myself so that he couldn't see me reach under the pillow. Ever

so slowly, ever so quietly. If I was lucky, he was exhausted and his wolf was resting.

As soon as my fingertips touched the dagger, I grabbed it, jumped up from the bed, and rushed toward the man.

I crossed the room quickly, raised the knife in both hands, and stabbed it straight at his chest.

The chest that was no longer there.

He'd taken a step back and easily avoided any type of critical wound.

The knife only slashed shallowly into his arm as he raised it reflexively to defend himself.

With a primal scream, I pounced on him, trying to stab him. anywhere I couldn't. At this point, blood was blood, and rage had taken over me.

Fresh tears flowed from my eyes as I sobbed and tried to stab him.

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4/4

But it was no use. I was no match for a wolf shifter, no matter

how tired he might be.

He easily grabbed my wrist and took the knife.

“That’s enough!” he roared.

His rough, snarling voice brought me back to my senses, and despair settled over my body like a lead blanket.

2

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Without the knife, I was even more helpless than before.

I was out of options, out of energy, out of...everything.

Sinking into a pile on the floor, I covered my face and burst into hiccupping sobs.

“Don’t cry.”

1/4

His voice was gruff and cold, and I couldn’t tell if he was trying to comfort me or trying to get me to stop because it annoyed him.

It didn’t matter. Even if I wanted to, I couldn’t stop. I lay there, weeping and trying to breathe through my sobs.

The man let out a helpless sigh. He squatted down and touched my hair, running a hand through it.

I ducked away from his touch.

“I’ve been thinking about you for a long time, and I couldn’t help it. I’m sorry,” he said in a softer tone.

Huh? He’d been thinking about me for a long time?

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2/4

He knew who I was... He’d pretended to be Roman and texted me.

That meant he knew I was “involved” with Roman.

And Roman had declared that I was his woman that evening at Nightshade.

I wracked my brain to recall the men present that night. Men whose physical appearance matched.

In addition to Griffon, Preston and many other wolf shifters from prominent packs were there.

Griffon and Preston looked down on me, so they wouldn’t do such a thing. Neither of them wanted anything to do with me...and Griffon would have never gone to these lengths. Not when he could have me with a snap of his fingers.

That meant this man was likely someone who knew Roman.

And he must be familiar enough with Roman to know Roman was in a meeting when she called to confirm it.

This all made sense. Roman was scum, so he would associate with other scum. The type of scum who would do something like this.

Chapter 70 Oh goddess.

A chill ran down my spine.

I’d told him about the fake contract.

If he told Roman...

Frightened, I trembled all over. I couldn't breathe, couldn't think, couldn't move.

I was as good as dead no matter what.

The man picked up the dagger and looked at it, running his thumb over the hilt.

"Were you going to trick Roman into drinking that drugged wine and then kill him with this?"

3/4

clenched my fists and kept my mouth firmly shut.

He threw the dagger away. His eyes flashed with his wolf, with

anger. "Next time you find yourself in a position where you need help, come to me."

"Come to you?" I scoffed. "I don't even know who you are, what you look like."

The man did not reply. He picked up my phone, opened

4/4

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WhatsApp, and added his number.

After sending a message, he handed the phone back.

"I promise to come when you need me."

I looked down at my phone to see whatever fake name he'd entered.