

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

Chapter 7

A strange sense of shame flowed through me, after spending so many years as this woman's "substitute".

Tara walked up and smiled gently. "You're an assistant in the CEO's office, right? Was it Taya?"

I tried to calm my pounding heart, lowered my head, and nodded. "Yes, that's right, Ms. Thorin."

"Nice to meet you, Taya." Tara looked at the time on her watch. "I'm going to hold a board meeting in half an hour. Can you make me a coffee and bring it to my office? I need a little pick-me-up."

I was a little hesitant. Griffon was still there, after all. But I hadn't resigned yet, so I had to do whatever Tara asked.

I had no choice but to nod, thinking I would ask Brielle to bring the coffee in my place.

"Thank you." Tara walked out with her head held high, the textbook image of a confident, powerful she-wolf.

Her self-assurance and brilliance were a stark contrast to me.

I was a counterfeit Tara.

Useless, something to be discarded once the real thing was

Chapter 7 attainable.

I stood there motionless for a while before I collected myself, exited the bathroom, and went straight to the break room.

I made a coffee and went to ask one of the others to take it to Tara's office.

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However, they had already been called upon to perform other tasks, so I had to deliver it myself.

Timidly, I knocked on the office door.

"Come in, please." Tara's gentle voice came from inside.

After taking a deep breath, I summoned the courage to enter.

When I opened the door, I saw Tara sitting on Griffon's lap.

Although I was mentally prepared to see Griffon, I hadn't expected this sight. My hands

trembled, and I struggled not to spill the coffee all over the floor.

Afraid that the two of them would notice my discomfort, I quickly lowered my eyes and pretended nothing was wrong.

“Ms. Thorin, here is your coffee.”

“Just leave it here, thank you.”

Nodding, I put the coffee on Tara’s desk then turned to walk out. I managed not to look at Griffon once the whole time.

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After leaving the office, my legs buckled. I leaned against the wall to regain my balance.

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The way Tara sat so comfortably in his lap... It reminded me of how Griffon would pull me into his lap the same way, how he would position me like that when we would have sex.

Although Griffon and Tara weren’t doing anything explicit, my mind was flooded with images of them together before, moaning and grinding and making love to each other. I imagined Griffon’s hands touching Tara’s body while she sat in his lap, the same way Griffon had touched me first.

No... that wasn’t correct. It wasn’t me that Griffon touched first. He had definitely made love to Tara in that position, and so many more, long before I ever came along.

Because I was just his replacement lover.