

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

Chapter 8

I pressed a fist against my chest, trying to force my heartbeat to slow, fearful that my weak, human heart would stop.

I struggled to return to my desk, wanting to quit as soon as possible.

There was no way I could bear to see the two of them so happily in love in front of me every day. My few remaining days on Earth would not be spent watching that.

I was afraid I might even lose it and walk right up to Griffon in front of everyone at the office, weeping and asking him why he couldn't love me like I loved him.

After I finished writing my resignation letter, I went to ask Lila to approve it.

Lila had never really liked me. She didn't try that hard to convince me to stay, and only said a few words before agreeing to approve my resignation.

The whole process would take a month, and I couldn't leave immediately, so I had to take two weeks of annual leave first.

I had worked at the Midwest Packs Association for five years, and the annual leave I had was fifteen days. It would make sense for me to take a break before resigning.

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Seeing that I was in a hurry, Lila couldn't help rolling her eyes.

"I can approve your leave, but as soon as it's over you'd better come back and finish your work before your last day."

"Okay," I replied. Then, I picked up my bag and left.

As I hurried out of the company, I saw Roman Starke, Beta of the Starke Pack.

He was a well-known creep in Arcadia, and he loved to play with women-regardless of whether they wanted to play, too.

I was scared when I saw him walking toward me, a wolfish smile on his face, so I quickly turned around.

But Roman was quicker. He grabbed my hand and pulled me into his arms.

"Where are you going in such a rush, baby?"

He lowered his head, leaned close to my ear, and gently blew against me.

His warm breath on my ear made goosebumps rise, and I shivered in disgust.

I pushed Roman away desperately before I could think about any possible repercussions of resisting an Alpha in public, but he held my waist tight.

“You smell so good...”

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He pushed his nose into my hair and inhaled deeply, his hands moving upward to my breasts.

While Griffon had always wanted me to smell nothing like myself, Roman’s wolf was the opposite.

Had Roman not been such a creep, I might have actually appreciated that Roman wasn’t trying to make me something else in order to be attracted to me.

I pressed down on his hand and hissed out, “Beta Starke, please behave yourself.”

“Behave? Why should I? That defeats the purpose of being an Alpha,” Roman said mischievously, nibbling on my carlobe.

Roman may have looked una*suming, nothing like most of the other gruff Alphas and Betas in the Midwest region, but he was far worse.

I turned my head, disgust shining in my eyes as I looked at him.

But Roman didn’t care. In fact, it excited him even more.

The more a woman resisted, the more his wolf wanted to conquer her.

And the fact that I was so resistant to him turned him on even more.

Everyone knew this about Beta Starke.

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Though, the fact that I had no wolf to bow down to the

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dominance of an Alpha was probably why it was easier for me to tell him no, despite the fact that he could kill me with one slash of his paw.

Roman lifted my chin with one hand and caressed my cheek with his fingers, letting his claws come out just slightly.

“Beta Starke, please. We hardly know each other.” I dipped my head, shying away from his touch.

Roman had first targeted me when I went to deliver documents to the Starke Pack a month ago.

Since then, he had often come to the Midwest Packs Association offices to harass me under the guise of business.

Whenever he met me, he touched me inappropriately or harassed me with rude words. I needed this job, needed to keep the Alphas and Betas as happy as possible due to my lack of wolf. I couldn't afford to offend Roman, and so I'd always endured his harassment.

But now that I had nothing left to lose, I was no longer afraid of him.

Unexpectedly, although I treated him coldly, Roman was not fazed. He gripped my face. "Maybe we aren't close," he growled, "but if you accepted my

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offer to spend the night with me, we could get to know each other much better."

He was persistent, I had to give him that.

I pushed him away.

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The more I resisted, the tighter his grip became. I was sure that the points of his claws would be indents in my skin; hard enough to leave a mark but not hard enough to bleed. He kissed my cheek, forcefully. The feel of his ice-cold lips on my skin almost made me puke.

Just as I was about to punch Roman in the face, I heard a voice behind me.

"Griffon?"