

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

Chapter 81

[I'll wait for half an hour.]

After sending this message, Greyson didn't send anything else.

He'd given his final word, and it seemed that was that.

I wished I knew who he was in the wolf shifter hierarchy of things. Was he an Alpha who was used to having what he wanted when he wanted it? Or was he someone who was a nobody and was enjoying exerting power over a human girl. Power he didn't have over anyone else.

Something told me he was powerful no matter who he was with. Especially if he truly had been behind what happened to Roman.

I handed over the text messages to the shifter police, mentioning Roman, since there was surveillance footage of him entering and leaving the hotel room.

The police would investigate Roman and collect any evidence they could.

But if Greyson told the police I wanted to kill Roman, that I had

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drugs and a dagger there to do it... the shifter packs wouldn't be lenient on me. They would charge me for attempted murder, and I knew how that would play out in a courtroom.

The little, frail, sick human girl versus the big bad wolf.

Unlike in the fairy tale, in this case it was the big bad wolf who would be the hero of the story.

Ro

And Roman was bound to know that I didn't intend to give him the contract but to kill him.

Anything that he could, Roman would pin the blame on me, and the Starke pack would jump at the opportunity to shift the focus from their laundry list of illegal activities.

Roman had only been exposed to a scandal so far. He wasn't imprisoned like his father, Alpha Starke. So if he woke up from his coma and learned the truth of everything, he wouldn't let me off easily.

And I was afraid of Roman. A sleeping wolf was still a wolf. Even if Roman had fallen from grace, it would still be easy for him to crush me-and Harper.

I wasn't afraid of death; I'd accepted it already given my condition, and accepted it earlier in my life, when I realized I had no wolf and wouldn't live as long as Harper.

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And Harper was my only weakness.

Pondering-and then pondering some more-I came to a decision.

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I obediently went to the presidential suite at Nightshade.

Right now, it felt like Greyson was the less dangerous option than Roman and what he could do to me or Harper.

On my way out of the house, I grabbed my taser. This time, I would be prepared.

I mustered up all my courage and knocked on the door of the presidential suite.

The door was quickly opened from the inside, but no one was standing there.

Greyson stood in front of the French windows, holding a remote in his hand that was pointed at the door.

He was still dressed the same. His face was hidden under the golden bronze mask, his hair messy, and he was wearing loose, casual clothes.

He had one hand in his trouser pocket, and he set down the

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remote on a side table, picking up a gla*s of red wine instead.

In a low, raspy voice, he said, "Come here."

His cold tone was similar to Griffon's, but the tattoo dispelled my doubts.

As soon as I stepped forward and onto the soft carpet, the door behind me slammed s hut.

I jumped, and a feeling of inescapable dread settled over me, like I was trapped with the

devil himself and I would be in his claws forever.

The man picked up the remote control again, turning off lights and closing the blinds of the windows.

The suite fell into darkness.

This room was even more tightly shut off than in Windmere Hotel.

Once again, I was at an immense disadvantage in the dark without wolf night vision abilities to tap into.

I lifted my hand, reaching out to feel for anything or anyone around me so I wouldn't be surprised if and when someone touched me.

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But instead of empty space, my fingers landed on what I immediately recognized as a chiseled set of abs.

Chapter 82

I retract my hand quickly.

I hadn't expected that he would be so close, let alone have his shirt off already.

Hopefully, it was just his shirt.

She quickly took a step back.

ww

However, Greyson reached out and wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me into his embrace.

Damn those fast, silent wolf movements.

And once I was pressed against his body, it was clear that he hadn't just removed his shirt. My face flushed at the contact of his naked body on mine.

I lowered my head in embarrassment, but he pinched my chin, making me raise my head and look into his eyes.

I couldn't see anything clearly, but I did see the sheen of his red and amber eyes, how his wolf was at the surface. I wished

I knew what he was looking at, especially since he could see everything I couldn't.

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His hands moved down my arms and toward my waist, and I knew he was going to try to undress me.

I'd deliberately worn a lot of sweaters this time.

There was no way Greyson wasn't surprised when I readily lifted my arms for him to remove my sweater; he would have expected resistance.

After he removed one, there was another right below it, and he grunted in frustration.

"Why are you wearing so many clothes?"

"I'm cold.."

He continued undressing me.

While he was taking off my shirts, I quietly put my hand into my jeans pocket, wrapping my fingers around the taser. I turned on the power supply, aimed at Greyson's abs, and then shocked him.

He stopped moving as though in shock, but I couldn't see his face to truly see what effect it had on him.

I was still hoping to knock him out, like I'd seen on TV, but after a second, he kept going, working on my bra now.

Chapter 83

My tactics only delayed the inevitable.

His movements were quick and domineering, and then I was pressed against the wall.

After hugging and kissing me for a while, he surprised me with a hard pinch on my waist.

"Ouch!" I yelped out.

As soon as I opened my mouth to speak, his lips were on mine, his tongue invading my mouth.

His kiss was still as wild as before, but the way he touched me was much softer than the last time.

As if he was very familiar with my body, he touched me in just the right places, just the right way. His actions were so skilled, they made me feel like I wasn't being forced...

I wanted to beat myself to death as soon as that thought entered my head. How could this be pleasure?

But...

Chapter 83

We had sex several times, and every time I sank into it.

It was no different from when I was with Griffon.

2/3

I even couldn't help scratching his back later as we lay in bed.
Was I completely crazy to think that this man's body was compatible with mine?
Greyson bit my earlobe and whispered, "Are you comfortable?"
I removed my hand from his back, clenched my fists, and forced myself to regain my senses.
What the hell was I thinking? "No, I'm not comfortable."
Perhaps to punish me, this time, his actions were not so gentle.
It wasn't until I couldn't stand it anymore that he let me go.
I thought he would leave after being satisfied again, but he carried me to the bathroom like he had the other night.
After helping me wash up, he lay on the bed with me wrapped in his arms. He rubbed my back with one hand, coaxing me to sleep.

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I wanted to ask Greyson what was happening, but he rubbed my hair gently and said, "Go to sleep."

Why did this dotting tone sound like he was comforting his girlfriend?

I looked at him, my eyes searching, peering into his mask, trying to see who he was, but I couldn't. And it frustrated the hell out of me.

"Are you so ugly that you dare not show your face?"

Was he too afraid to pursue me openly? Worried I would immediately turn him down?

"Don't tell me-you have a lot of zits on your face."

He remained silent.

Then he grabbed my hand, put it on his bare face.

Nope, no acne. Just smooth and firm skin, and an angular jaw.

Griffon was the only man with such a face.

Chapter 84

2/3

More and more, I couldn't help but suspect this Greyson man was actually Griffon. Everything about him reminded me of Griffon. Whether it was the way he touched me or the tone of his speech, he was so similar to the Alpha.

But Griffon had made it very clear that he never wanted to see me again. How could he...

I took a deep breath and plucked up the courage to ask, "You can't be Griffon, can you?"

The man patted me on the back and paused for a moment, "Do you want me to be him?"

He didn't admit it or deny it.

I lowered my head and thought about it, not wanting him to be able to see my face. If the man was Griffon and I admitted that I wanted it to be him, he wouldn't be angry, right?

Given his personality, he would probably be angry if I said I didn't want it to be him.

I wanted to test him, so I replied, "No, I don't want you to be him."

Greyson didn't react at all. Instead, he snorted and said, "If

you can't fall asleep, I have something to help with that..."
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Frightened, I immediately stopped talking.

My body couldn't take another go round of Greyson's S**ual appetites.

I looked at him, feeling a sense of loss, though.

He wasn't angry, which meant that he wasn't Griffon.

For some reason, I was upset, so I turned my back to him and closed my eyes.

I didn't know why, but although this man wasn't Griffon, something told me he wouldn't hurt me, that he would keep me safe.

After she fell asleep, the man pulled her back into his arms.

He held her in his arms and gently caressed her back.

I was so tired that I fell asleep soundly. In a daze, I dreamed of

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the young man from before again.

2/4

In my dream, he raised his foot, aimed at my heart, and kicked it hard.

He also broke my fingers one by one, slapped me hard.

I was lying on the ground, curled up in pain, but I reached out to him and said, "Silas, it hurts. It hurts..."

**

Her murmurs reached the man's ears, and the hand rubbing her back froze instantly.

He stared at the woman in his arms for a long time, then pushed her away, got out of bed, put on his clothes, and left.

When the man closed the door, Taya muttered softly,

"Griffon..."

I dreamed that Griffon hugged me to sleep and cared for me as if he were caring for

someone he loved deeply.

When I woke up, the emotion from my dream lingered, warming me.

Chapter 85

3/4

It was still dark in the presidential suite. I touched the space next to me and found that it was cold.

He had left. I heaved a sigh of relief, got up, and opened the French windows.

The moment the curtains slid to the side, the sun shined in, bathing the area in bright rays.

Only then did I realize how big the suite was.

It occupied the entire floor.

The bed we'd been in was a huge round bed, covered in white sheets, pillows and blankets that were softer than anything else I'd laid in.

The tub in the bathroom was huge.

There was even a kitchen and a study.

I'd expected something like a hotel room, but this was far beyond that. And every inch of it was dripping in luxury.

It seemed that Mr. Greyson was very rich.

After exploring the suite, I picked up my phone.

This time, I'd slept until four o'clock in the afternoon! Holy

Chapter 85

smokes! The day was practically gone.

4/4

I quickly went to the bathroom to freshen up and then hurried down to the receptionist so I could check out of the room.

However, the receptionist told me this suite was exclusive to Greyson and there was no need to check out.

Once again, I was shocked. Nightshade was the largest, most luxurious, opulent entertainment resort in Arcadia. How could he have an exclusive presidential suite?

Who the hell was this guy?

Chapter 86

The receptionist politely shook her head. "I'm sorry, I don't know,"

Even if she knew who it was, she wouldn't dare to share information regarding a VIP. I knew better than to ask, but I was desperate.

There wasn't anything else for me here right now, and I couldn't ask any more questions, so I thanked the woman and left the hotel.

I grabbed my heart pills from my bag, but the bottle was empty. Sigh. Now I had to make a trip to the hospital. Joy. My favorite thing.

The attending doctor asked about my physical condition, as usual. When he asked about my sleeping habits and I told him, he frowned.

"Ms. Palmer, I'd like to admit you. I'm worried about the state of your heart, and I'd like to run some tests and see if we can't find a new treatment option for you."

I refused. Staying in the hospital was just waiting for death, and I wasn't going to waste the last moments of my life in

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2/3

some cold, sterile room. Besides, what else were they going to do for me? It wasn't like they were going to magically find some cure for my heart failure.

Thankfully, the doctor didn't try to persuade me further. So far, this was one of the only benefits to NOT having a wolf- the doctors didn't prioritize humans, so if I declined treatment, they didn't push.

He just reminded me to rest as much as my body felt like it needed, and to not overdo it.

After leaving the hospital with my medicine refill, I went to the police station to have them close out the case and cease any investigating they might be doing.

Typically, they might push back, worried that someone's abuser was forcing them to get the police to stop. But, again with the human benefits. I was low priority; they would be glad to rid themselves of the potential workload.

Plus, I'd willingly accepted the invitation last night. That... changed things.

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and "not Roman", and given how secretive and locked down he was, I doubted anyone would be able to even trace anything to him.

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Chapter 87

The next morning, my leave from work was over.

It was hard to believe that the time had gone by so fast, and so much had happened.

I still needed to go into the Midwest Packs Corporation offices to wrap things up, but I was struggling to get out of bed. I was so exhausted, and all I wanted to do was lie there and sleep more.

After breakfast and taking my medicine, I felt a little better, but my face still looked pale. I slathered on heavy makeup to cover my sickly condition, grabbed my purse, and left for work.

As soon as I entered the office, Brielle and Margaret came over and asked, “Taya, did you quit?”

“Yup, I have.”

Brielle’s face showed her confusion. “But why? What happened for you to resign so quickly?”

Margaret also looked puzzled. “What are you going to do

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after this? No one else pays as well as MPC.”

2/3

I forced a smile. “The salary and benefits are great here, but I have other plans.”

Margaret narrowed her eyes. “Did the Knight pack poach you to work directly for their contracts team?”

“Oh my god!” Brielle’s big eyes got even bigger. “That’s the one place that pays more than here. That’s HUGE to be able to work for them. They never hire non-shifters.”

Brielle’s cute look amused me. “No, I was talking about my personal plans unrelated to work.” Margaret’s jealousy turned into information gathering-most likely so she was full of gossip to

spread to everyone. "So, are you not planning to work anymore?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm not going to be working anymore."

Margaret was fishing for more, but I wasn't giving her what she wanted. And she wasn't a fan of that. When she didn't

get the response from people that she wanted, she had a tendency to turn catty.

"It seems like someone's managed to marry above their station, apparently," she sneered.

"Or...do you have a wealthy benefactor maybe?"

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And that was exactly what I would have expected to come from Margaret.

3/3

But now, I didn't have to try to appease her, and it was about time I stood up for myself.

"My plans and who they do or don't involve aren't any of your business."

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1/3

I couldn't stand Margaret. Her constant gossip was a source of problems for me. Especially since some of that gossip included telling people around the office that I had older men supporting me. Let's just say it didn't exactly endear me to any of my colleagues.

I had worked at MPC for so many years, and I couldn't count how many wealthy sponsors I'd been rumored to have thanks to Margaret talking behind my back and making things up.

In the past, I'd restrained from saying anything to her. I needed the job, and if someone pissed Margaret off, they didn't last for very long after that.

My patience for her bullshit was gone.

Margaret was stunned for a moment. She didn't expect Taya, who had always been well-behaved and weak, to dare to

refute her. A human daring to talk back to her? How dare she.

She was so angry that she wanted to slap her, but Brielle stopped her.

—

Chapter 88

2/3

"Margaret, Taya is leaving. Just let her wrap up her work to hand over to you."

"She can ask someone else to do it. I don't have any obligation to take on her job!"

Margaret glared fiercely at Taya, twisted her slender waist, and sat at her office desk.

The sound of moving the chair was loud, and it wasn't near enough to vent her anger. She picked up a file and slammed it

hard on the desk.

The banging sound startled Brielle. She covered her mouth and whispered to me. "Lila told you to hand over your work

to Margaret, and she agreed to take over because you have some key clients. But now..."

"I'm going to find Lila and see what she wants to do. Honestly, it's not really my problem since I've quit," I said indifferently.

I picked up the access card for the top floor and walked

towards the elevator.

Lila was the person in charge of Elder Thorin's office and was the personal assistant to the CEO. She usually worked on the top floor and would only come down occasionally when she

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had something to do.

3/3

I swiped the card and watched as the floor numbers ticked by, the elevator on its way. With a "ding," the doors opened.

Two people stood side by side.

When I saw them, I couldn't move.

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"Are you going to look for Elder Thorin?"

Tara, dressed in a professional suit that looked immaculate on her, saw that I was waiting for the elevator but did not step in. Her question pulled me out of my daze, and I came to my senses.

I hurriedly came up with a reason not to step foot on that elevator. "I'm sorry, I forgot something."

Spinning on my heel, I turned around and left, not daring to look at the two of them.

**

Watching her run away, Tara couldn't help but turn to look at Griffon, who was standing beside her. "That was strange. How come she seemed so scared of us that she wouldn't get on the elevator?"

Griffon didn't reply. His indifferent eyes showed no emotion, as if he was uninterested in anything around him.

Tara reached out her delicate hand, took his arm, and said softly, "Griffon, thank you for taking me to the emergency

Chapter 89

room the other night. I haven't had wolfsbane in so long, I didn't know it would affect me that way."

2/2

During a visit to the Knight pack with her father, they talked about the engagement, and she drank a few glasses of wine in excitement. Her wolf's reaction to it had been intense, and she'd never felt so sick.

She'd been trying to find an opportunity to thank him, but every time she went to the Knight pack offices to look for him, his assistant would say that he wasn't there. If it weren't for her father's business today and inviting him over, she probably wouldn't have had an opportunity to thank him.

Griffon lowered his gaze to look at the hand wrapped around his arm, glowering. "I didn't give you permission to touch me."

Tara quickly let go of his arm and lowered her head in disappointment. "Will it always be this way? Me needing permission to show you affection?"

Griffon raised an eyebrow, and the look on his face was pure snarling wolf. "Always."

Tara choked on her words.

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Chapter 90

1/3

On Tara's first day at Midwest Packs Corporation, Griffon held her hand, and when she accidentally sat on his lap in the office, he didn't say anything.

The night the wolfsbane had made her sick, he carried her into the emergency room.

But since then, he'd been distant, like a block of ice. She knew he was avoiding her, punishing her for her past sins.

"Griffon, I'm sorry. I know I hurt you five years ago when I refused your proposal. I didn't think I was good enough for you, ready to be the Luna you deserve. I went abroad to study,

to learn how to be the she-wolf you need. Please don't be angry with me anymore, okay? Let me love you."

Griffon's face softened a little. Just for a second.

Then he turned to look at Tara and said flippantly, "I've changed. I prefer physical contact to be on my terms."

Tara deflated a bit but refused to admit defeat. Griffon had always been difficult, ever since he was a child. He'd eventually finish punishing her. Since she had chosen him, she would give him more time to get used to the fact that she

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wouldn't let him down again.

2/3

When I returned to my desk, my face was more than a little pale.

Of all the moments for Griffon and Tara to be that elevator, it just HAD to be that moment. If I'd known there was a chance I'd see them, I'd have taken the stairs.

Though, given my heart, I'd likely have died on those stairs.

But that would be better than facing Griffon.

I had promised him he would never see me again, but it hadn't taken long to break that promise.

When I saw Griffon again, it felt like a century had pa*sed

since I'd seen him.

I took a deep breath and turned on the computer. Just as I was about to sort out the handover documents, Elder Thorin called me.

I was stunned. He rarely wanted to see me. And when he did, he would inform Lila and have her send me up. Why would he call me himself?

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