

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

Chapter 91

I answered the phone quickly, confused as to why Elder Thorin was contacting me directly.

"Ms. Palmer, I'd like to see you in my office." The elder's voice was gentle, but even a human like me understood the unspoken command underlying every word the elder ever spoke. Even Alphas obeyed the elders-typically.

After giving the order, he hung up the phone, leaving no room for me to refuse or ask any questions.

Crap. I was pretty sure Griffon was up there, since I'd seen him on the private elevator. The last thing I wanted to do was see him, but if Elder Thorin wanted to see me, it must be important.

Ever since I had started working for the Midwest Packs Corporation, the Elder Thorin had always been friendly and kind to me, so I forced myself to his office. Even though I'd quit this job, I still wanted to be respectful of him and treat him how he'd always treated me.

Many wolf-shifters weren't kind to humans, and certainly not in a situation like this, where I was directly working with all of the packs.

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I made my way to the private elevator, and then up to Elder Thorin's office, concentrating on putting one foot in front of the other and trying to keep my mind off who was likely in his office.

Just as I had expected, Griffon sat in Elder Thorin's office talking to him.

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And they were discussing the bidding of the Weston City project.

After what happened with the Starke pack, the Knight pack unexpectedly postponed the

bidding for a few days.

As a result, the bidding had not begun yet, which meant that the Starke pack had never doubted the contract's authenticity.

Moreover, Roman was injured and in a coma. He might not have time to hand over the fake contract to the Starke pack.

I was worried that when Roman woke up and discovered something wrong with the fake contract, he would come to me to get even. Had everything gone to plan, I would have never had to deal with the fallout from the fake contract.

Giving myself a mental shake, I tried to shrug off all these thoughts about what might happen. This was all in the future. When Roman woke up, he would face many problems, the fake

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contract only being a small piece of what the Starke pack was currently dealing with.

He was going to have to figure out how to get his father, Alpha Starke, out of jail. And then there were all of the pack's legal issues surrounding bribery and tax evasion...not to mention Roman's own issues regarding his treatment of women.

And that was all if Roman himself wasn't involved in the pack's legal issues right alongside his father. For all I knew, they'd end up in silver together sharing a cell. By the time he was done with the endless list of things he had to take care of, I'd probably be dead anyways. Even if he wanted to settle the score, he wouldn't be able to.

I composed my thoughts and was about to knock on the door before walking into the room when I heard a few people talking about the Sterling pack in Wolverly Capital.

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The blood drained from my face, and the young man from the past's face came back to my mind.

I tried my best to control my emotions. I knocked on the open door and asked respectfully, "Elder Thorin, you wanted me?"

Brooks put down the coffee cup and looked up at me. "Taya, you're in charge of the

welcoming of the Sterling pack, aren't you?"

I nodded. "Yes, sir."

Brooks glanced at his watch. "Please arrange dinner for this evening. You can book a high-end restaurant for six p.m., and I'd like for you to go to the airport to pick up Alpha Sterling."

"Pick up Alpha Sterling?"

We worked with packs from all over the Midwest, and most of them made trips into MPC to handle business with other packs on neutral territory, or to arrange projects between packs. Many times, a pack wouldn't have the labor force for new construction, roads, utilities, and the like, so they contracted other packs to do the work via MPC. We ensured everything was above-board and there were no side deals.

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being made that might have a negative impact on other packs.

But the Sterling pack Alpha had never come in.

And now Mr. Thorin wanted me to pick him up...

I blurted out, "Elder Thorin, I've actually resigned from my position here. I'm here to hand over my work today. Perhaps it would be better to have someone else attend to Alpha Sterling and dinner?"

The three people sitting on the sofa looked at me.

I accidentally met Griffon's deep gaze, and my broken, diseased heart skipped a beat. I pretended nothing had happened, quickly looked away, and turned to stare at Elder Thorin.

I had no idea how old he actually was, but he looked to be around fifty in terms of human aging. Wolf shifters aged differently, more slowly. I'd met wolves who were over a hundred and still looked like they were barely middle-aged in human years.

Elder Thorin always looked angry, with a hint of disdain on his face, and people either felt terrified, awed, or inspired by him. Of course, that might have something to do with the fact that

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he was a powerful elder.

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But I'd never been afraid of Brooks. Most wouldn't even dare to look into his eyes, but I did. Maybe because I was a human and didn't feel the same pull to obey that wolves did.

For me, it was as if Brooks was my family somehow. He'd never made me feel anything other than cared for, like he was somehow watching out for me to make sure I was safe as the proverbial-and almost literal-lamb among wolves. Now, I wondered if his treatment of me had all been because his daughter was abroad, he missed her, and I looked like her.

Brooks's noble face gradually darkened after being looked at so directly by an a*sistant. Taya looked a little like his daughter, and he was kinder to her than he was to others.

But right now, her stare was disrespectful in the presence of others.

Was it because she felt that he regarded her differently? Did she think that gave her room to behave so insolently?

How dare she challenge him in front of Griffon.

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But he must maintain the demeanor of an elder. And he especially couldn't lower himself to argue with a mere human.

Brooks maintained eye contact with Taya, and his wolf pawed at him, displeased with the show of disrespect from the girl. It seemed they were at an impasse, with both Brooks and Taya refusing to look away.

Tara broke the tense moment by saying, "Taya, I've seen your resignation letter. I haven't had time to approve it yet, so technically, you haven't tendered your notice yet. Why don't you complete the work assigned by Elder Thorin first and then talk to Lila about the handover?"

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Tara's words were very tactful, and it was clear she had chosen them carefully.

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First, she'd reminded me that I still technically worked for the company and that I was still their

employee. I still needed to follow my superior's instructions. Secondly, if I refused and made Elder Thorin lose face, I would have to do it even if I didn't want to.

I understood what Tara meant, even though I didn't like that she was right. I gave a deep mental sigh that I hoped didn't show on my face.

I had been too impulsive just now, and I had blurted out my thoughts without thinking them through as I would have done in the past.

In this case, it was not appropriate for me to refuse. It would make me look ungrateful and disrespectful, and it would show negatively on Elder Thorin for having someone like that on his staff.

I had no choice but to agree. Besides, this would be the last time I would do something like this at Midwest Packs

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I gave a small nod, turned around, and walked out.

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Brooks looked at Taya's back, clenching his jaw as he watched her walk away. Then he looked at Griffon.

"Griffon, do you want to attend dinner tonight?"

When Brooks talked to Griffon, his tone was different than when he spoke to others. There was a level of deference there.

Griffon leaned back in the sofa, rested his forehead on one hand, and held his phone with the other. His eyes were fixed on the phone screen the whole time, without looking up at Elder Thorin or Taya.

Seeing that Griffon didn't say anything, Brooks thought that he didn't want to go, so he quickly said, "Actually, never mind. We will mediate the conflict between the Sterling pack and MPC. As the organizer of this bidding, you should avoid arousing suspicion."

The leaders of the Sterling pack felt that since Elder Thorin's daughter had a close relationship with Griffon, Griffon would favor whatever the MPC wanted. The Sterling pack had secretly made trouble for the MPC to force them to withdraw

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from the bidding process.

Elder Brooks had been very specific in how he made

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Brooks wanted Griffon to go to dinner. He wanted Griffon to mediate the issues between the Sterling pack and the Midwest Packs Corporation. Only if Griffon handled the situation and explained things would the Sterling pack conform.

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With Griffon being the powerful Alpha he was, his word tended to be law, even over the elders. Otherwise, with Tara being the new CEO, smoothing things over with the Sterling pack would be her job, and Brooks knew that it would be impossible for her to do—given the fact that her relationship

with Griffon was the crux of the issue.

But right now, Griffon appeared to be unhappy, and that put Brooks on edge. After all, he couldn't figure out Griffon's feelings for Tara now that she'd returned, so he couldn't ask Griffon to do things as his father-in-law. He needed to be cautious with how he worded things and with what requests he made.

As an elder, Brooks wielded a certain amount of power, but Griffon and the Knight pack were a different beast altogether. Quite literally.

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They were powerful, strong, dangerous, feared...

Brooks needed to tread carefully.

Griffon put away his phone and glanced indifferently at Brooks, who was trying not to look as eager as he felt for

Griffon's answer.

"Send me the address," Griffon said.

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Brooks hadn't expected that Griffon would agree. He was overjoyed but said calmly, "I'll have Taya to send it to you after she makes the reservation."

After saying that, Brooks looked at Griffon with a smile and said, "I appreciate you attending tonight. Tara doesn't have much experience with situations of this nature. And since I'm unable to attend, I'll feel more comfortable with you there to... guide her."

As an elder, Brooks wouldn't attend business dinners between packs unless specifically requested.

And he was definitely not invited to the dinner tonight.

If it weren't for the fact that the Sterling pack was always making things difficult for his daughter, Brooks wouldn't have intervened with the dinner tonight. He wouldn't have had reservations made, and he wouldn't have secured

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transportation from the airport.

Fortunately, Griffon had agreed, and with the powerful

Alpha to support Tara tonight, Brooks was confident that the evening would go okay.

Brooks looked over at Tara, caught her eye, and then gave a subtle nod toward Griffon.

Tara quickly sat up straight on the sofa next to Griffon and leaned closer to him. "I'm so glad you'll be attending tonight. I do hope it's no trouble for you."

Griffon leaned slightly to the other side to avoid her touch.

In an indifferent tone, he answered, "He handed over the development rights to me, not for me to stand by and do nothing."

The "he" Griffon referred to was his grandfather. Though Griffon was the Alpha of the Knight pack, his grandfather was still alive and was still highly revered by his pack and others.

Brooks understood what he meant. Griffon mentioned his grandfather because he wanted to tell them he agreed to go, but not because of Tara. He just

wanted to deal with official pack business.

Although it would make Tara uncomfortable, for Brooks, it was enough that Griffon agreed to go.

The Alpha's reason didn't

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matter.

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"I have other business to attend to." Griffon abruptly rose and left without a backward glance.

Tara couldn't hide the disappointment on her face.

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Brooks leaned over and patted the back of her hand. "Griffon is an Alpha with a lot of responsibility."

Only then did Tara put away her desolate mood and nod. "I understand."

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After I finished booking the restaurant, I received another call from Brooks.

"Taya, send the restaurant address to Alpha Knight."

Brooks hung up the phone immediately.

I sighed, opened WhatsApp, and sent the address to Griffon's assistant.

The response was quick. [I'm unable to get in touch with Alpha Knight right now. Please message him directly.]

I was speechless.

Now I had to unblock him. I quickly sent him the address and then blocked him again.

I glanced at the clock; I needed to get the keys for one of the company cars and head to the airport.

As soon as I exited the elevator, the executive elevator next to me opened.

Griffon walked out, wearing a black coat that matched his

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wolf's dark fur.

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My heart skipped a beat. I quickly turned around as if I hadn't seen him.

I'd thought he would ignore me and continue on his way-not walk toward me.

My palms started to sweat, and I clenched my fists. I wanted

to walk away, but my feet were out of my control.

It was almost like I could feel the footsteps coming from behind me, then stopping.

He seemed to be staring at my back, boring a hole into me.

I didn't have to turn around and look at him to know his thoughts.

He would look indifferent, disdainful, and disgusted.

I clenched my fists tighter and held my breath.

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Write your comment

Gifts

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your

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Griffon walked around me, opened the door of the driver's seat, and got in.

He didn't even spare me a glance as he drove his sports car out of the parking lot quickly.

The moment he was gone and I couldn't see his car anymore, my tensed body relaxed. Goddess, I was so ridiculous. I needed to stop overthinking everything.

I walked over to the business car, got in, and drove straight to the airport.

It had been raining cats and dogs outside in the past few days. The weather reminded me of that night five years ago. Every time it rained or stormed like this, I was right back there.

That was the last night I wanted to recall, but when I thought of the person I was about to see, unwelcome memories poured into my mind.

That night, it was also raining heavily. It was so dark that the streetlamps couldn't illuminate the road.

The young man carried me on his back and walked back home.

I'd struggled and refused to let him carry me, so he could only put me down helplessly. I remembered being so angry with him that day, and I didn't want him to carry me. So he gave up.

He'd just followed me, silent.

I hated it the most when he was like that. No matter what I said, he wouldn't say anything.

I was so angry that I left him behind and ran forward, no hesitation.

As I ran, an out-of-control car raced up, and I had no time to avoid it.

Just as the car was about to hit me, the young man rushed forward and pushed me. Hard.

I fell to the opposite side of the road and only scratched my skin. However, the young man was hit. His blood flowed over the ground, mixing with the pouring rain.

He was about to lose consciousness but still struggled to crawl to me; I was scared out of my wits.

I still remembered what Silas Johnson had said before he fainted: "Taya, don't be afraid."

I used to be deeply moved by his words, but later, I never wanted to remember anything about him ever again...

After driving for two hours, I finally arrived at the airport.

I stood at the airport entrance and waited for about half an hour before the Alpha of the Sterling pack sauntered out, accompanied by a group of pack leaders and bodyguards.

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He was wearing a royal-blue shirt and a coat of the same color. Even from a distance, he exuded immense power. Everyone who walked by him gave him a wide berth, as if they were afraid of getting too close.

As he approached, I could see his face. The tenderness of youth had faded away, leaving a chiseled jaw and strong angles.

It had been so long, but when I saw him again—with the new name “Jackson Sterling”—I only felt calmness. Not even a single stutter of my heart.

I lifted a hand to wave at the group. “This way!”

When the man saw the woman waving at them, he was slightly taken aback.

His trip to Arcadia was primarily to attend the bidding for the Weston City project.

The last person he expected to receive him was Taya.

He was stunned for a few seconds before he returned to normal and led his men toward her. Even his wolf was thrown off kilter by seeing her.

He was a more than a foot taller than her when he stood before her, looking down at her.

“Ms. Palmer, long time no see.”

Taya’s response was business-like. “Alpha Sterling, please come with me.” Then, she turned around and left, as if expecting them to follow her.

Jackson frowned at her indifference toward him. Did she not like him? The other part of him was angered that a human would treat him this way.

He hesitated for a moment before walking up to her. “Ms. Palmer, you’re not still angry with me, are you?”

Hearing this, Taya stopped and turned her head to look at him. “What right do I have to be angry with you, Alpha Sterling?”

Jackson felt a little helpless, but he did his best to try to smooth

things over. "I do apologize for our last meeting. With my memory loss, I truly don't remember you."

I looked up at the face before me, exactly like Silas's. My calm heart was suddenly torn apart.

I wanted to ask him if he had truly lost his memory or if he was pretending not to know me.

Five years ago, after he woke up, he learned that I'd sold myself

He'd been unhinged, blaming me for betraying him. He'd thrown me on the bed and kissed me wildly, as if he was trying to reclaim me, then he'd strangled me.

Then, he suddenly lost his memory when the Sterling pack said he was their lost Alpha. If he had lost his memory, why did he say that when I went to the Sterling pack to beg him not to abandon me?

I closed my eyes. My heart ached when I thought of the two hard kicks he had given me.

At that time, I didn't believe Silas had lost his memory.

No, it was because I wasn't a virgin anymore.

And wolves didn't want tainted women for mates.

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After Silas was taken away by the Sterling pack, I visited the main pack house daily. I knelt in front of him, not caring an ounce for my dignity, explaining to him repeatedly that I'd only sold myself to save him.

Not only did he not believe me, he kicked my chest with his leather boot, shoving me away from him as if I were a mutt who was bothering him.

As he had done it, he'd growled fiercely, "Don't use saving me as an excuse. You're the cheap one!"

I'd refused to give up, even after being humiliated and kicked.

I cried and tugged at his trouser leg, hoping he would not abandon me, hoping he would remember how much we loved each other. I'd thought he viewed me as more than just human. As soon as he found out he was an Alpha, I was no longer good enough for him.

Then he broke my fingers one by one.

Oh, how he'd looked at me. His wolfish sneer was full of disgust and pleasure, as if his wolf was getting off on the revenge.

The pain in my dislocated fingers was almost nothing compared to the heartache.

I'd curled into a ball, opening my mouth to beg him to let me go.

But before I could say anything, he roughly slapped me again.

He used all his strength, and my cheek swelled up instantly.

It was as though he had forgotten I was a human, that my body couldn't take the same abuse a shifter's could.

I looked at the Alpha standing in front of me in a designer suit and shoes in disbelief.

"Why?" I asked, leaving everything it implied unsaid.

Why did Silas Johnson, who had doted on me so much in the past, want to beat me to death after taking the name Jackson Sterling and becoming the Alpha of the Sterling pack?

Was it because I didn't believe he had lost his memory and came to find him, a human daring to step on pack lands uninvited? Or was it because once he became an Alpha, a human mate wouldn't suffice?

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"Why?"

After I spoke, Jackson's calm face instantly turned sinister, his eyes changing color to the dark orange of his wolf's.

"You're still asking me why," he sneered. "Why was I lying unconscious in the hospital while you were fucking another man? After all that's happened, and you still want to be with me? You're ridiculous."

My breath caught in my throat.

With those words, I knew he hadn't lost his memory at all. He truly had only pretended it so he could abandon me.

Goddess, I was so stupid to think that the decent Jackson Sterling in front of me was still my Silas, who had promised to love me for a lifetime.

I regretted everything-going to beg for Jackson, kneeling before him...

I remembered that second kick he'd given me.

He'd used all of his immense strength to plant his booted foot in my chest.

He knew that I'd had surgery on my heart. He knew it was weak,

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that it shouldn't be able to take a blow to the chest.

After spitting out a few mouthfuls of blood, I'd finally understood that he wanted me to die...

There I was, trembling in a pool of blood, but he'd only looked at me with a snarl on his mouth.

"Taya, I don't love you anymore, and I don't want to be with you anymore, so don't bother me!

And remember this clearly: I'm now the Alpha of the Sterling pack, not Silas Johnson from the orphanage. If you or Harper Duke dare to expose my past identity or use it to threaten the Sterling pack, I will make you regret it."

I had seen Griffon's indifference, suffered through his moods, but Silas was much...much more than him.

Even if Griffon had only regarded me as a substitute, at least he had never lied to me.

Silas kept saying he loved me so much that he would give up everything for me. He said he didn't care that my wolf had never come, he would protect me. Said that he had wolf enough for the both of us.

But what did I get in return?

Nothing. He had even abandoned Harper, his older sister.

If it weren't for Silas's ruthlessness, I never would have agreed to become Griffon's lover.

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I had wanted to take revenge on Silas by doing so. He was

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looking down on me for selling myself. So I would do more of what he didn't like.

my

But it changed. I failed to control my emotions. And then physical reaction to Griffon made me gradually forget about Silas. I'd found it hard to believe that me, who had been hurt so badly by Silas, could fall in love with another man.

Griffon had brought me out of the haze I'd been living in with his occasional warmth...

I thought that it might have something to do with my orphan background.

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I lacked love. I lacked pa*sion so much that if someone treated me with the tiniest bit of kindness, I would hand over my heart without hesitation. I craved a partner, a mate the way I saw people around me have.

Not people...shifters. Shifters who would never choose a human as their mate.

Although the two men I'd loved had abandoned me, I didn't regret my love for them.

I had tried my best to love hard, but no one had ever loved me.

Maybe in my next life, the goddess would reward me for what I'd gone through in this one.

That idea was more than a little ridi culous.

When a person was dead, they were dead.

I put away my thoughts and looked up at Silas-er, Jackson Sterling.

Right now, I needed to concentrate on why I was here in front of him.

"Alpha Sterling, I've always treated business a*sociates of the Midwest Packs Corporation professionally. As for what

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happened five years ago, that's all in the past. Nothing to worry about."

Regardless of whether he was truly suffering from amnesia or pretending not to recognize me, it didn't matter anymore.

Time had taken away all the things that had happened, and it should not have been mentioned again.

I turned away from Jackson and walked toward the parking garage.

Looking at her petite frame as she walked away, Jackson could see that Taya had changed. Significantly.

It appeared that the young girl who had knelt at his feet those years ago was gone. She'd died and this new woman stood in her place.

Now, Taya was no longer glamorous, and she was indifferent.

Jackson pressed his hand against his chest. It felt like it was empty, as if he had forgotten something. But he couldn't recall anything.