

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover by Caesar Erickson

Chapter 1541

Chapter 1541

The next day, Taya sent a message to Edith, saying that she would go to see her later and took Griffon directly to the Knight' hospital.

She forced him to have a brain scan and anxiously waited for the doctor to finish the examination and confirm that the tumor had not recurred before she could finally relax. When hearing Taya repeatedly asking the doctor about precautions, Griffon couldn't help but smirk. At the sight, Andre shook his head helplessly. Alpha clearly wanted his wife's concern, but always pretended not to need it. How childish.

After leaving the hospital, Taya finally collapsed onto the car seat, exhausted. From yesterday morning until last night, Griffon had been making out with her non-stop, and now her legs were weak. If she wasn't worried about Griffon' illness recurring, she would probably be lying in bed, not wanting to move at all.

Seeing Taya's tired look, Griffon felt guilty and sorry for her. He wrapped his arm around her waist and let her lie on his lap. "Let's go there tomorrow. Today, let's go back home and rest."

Taya nestled her head in his arms and rubbed against him like a little kitten. "Your sister must be busy too. Don't waste her time."

Since they had made plans, they should stick to them. Griffon cursed himself for his as shole behavior yesterday, then patted her apartment. You should take a nap."

"Okay..." Taya nodded and snuggled closer to him.

"Honey, sing me a lullaby..." she said.

"...I can't." Griffon, who wasn't much of a talker, didn't know how to sing a song.

Taya opened her sleepy eyes and glanced at him. "I thought you could do everything..."

Griffon felt a sense of deja vu but couldn't remember it. He took out his phone and downloaded a music app.

With one hand holding Taya and the other scrolling through recommended playlists, he asked, "What do you want to listen to?"

“As long as you sing it, I want to hear it,” she replied.

After a few seconds of silence, Griffon casually played a song. Luckily, he had an exceptional memory and could remember the melody after hearing it once. Before clearing his throat, he hesitated and looked at the person in his arms. “Are you sure?” Taya nodded, knowing that she had put him through a lot yesterday, so now it was her turn. Griffon sighed. With a mix of helplessness and indulgence, he reluctantly began to sing.

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in five seconds of him starting to sing, Andre raised the partition in the car.

B

Chapter 1542

“Alpha, I never thought your singing would be worse than mine,” Taya said, barely able to control her laughter as she leaned on his shoulder.

Griffon, seeing Taya’s smile, ignored Andre’s rudeness and glanced at the dashboard. “You go,” he said.

Andre, for some reason unknown to anyone, whether it was because he heard that Alpha’s brain tumor hadn’t recurred or he was just in a good mood, suddenly started singing. He had always been serious, so this was quite unexpected.

Hearing his hoarse voice, Taya couldn’t help but burst into laughter again. Even Griffon, who was usually cold and expressionless, couldn’t help but crack a smile.

Andre was just trying to make them happy, so he didn’t really sing seriously. But that didn’t matter. What mattered was that they were all doing well, and that was the best thing.

Andre drove and quickly brought the two of them to Edith’s apartment. After they went up, Harper helped make coffee and brought some snacks.

Edith, on the other hand, spoke to Taya to find out about Silas’s situation. After getting some understanding, she started to analyze rationally.

“Taya, people with depression are afraid of being alone. What they need most is companionship. Since Silas’s depression originated from you, the best way to help him is to be there for him, to encourage him. But if he doesn’t allow you to be there, it means he hasn’t let go of you. If you were there, he would definitely hold on to you as a lifeline and climb out of the abyss. But his love for you would only deepen. If you weren’t there, he would be trapped in the past and unable to escape. It’s a dilemma.”

“However, by considering him as a brother, you can cut off his thoughts. The only way for him to come out of it is to let go of you, just like how I forced myself not to love Anthony in order to completely overcome my depression.”

They both suffered from illnesses caused by love. Only by letting go the beloved ones from heart could they overcome it. Otherwise, they would be trapped inside forever, unable to escape. The ultimate outcome might be suicide, as there seemed to be no other way. This kind of illness could manipulate a person’s mind and body, making it difficult to treat.

Taya naturally knew this, which is why she wanted to use companionship to reduce Silas’s sense of loneliness and help him

come out of it. Edith was right; the ultimate solution was for him to let go of the past from the bottom of his heart.

"But how do we do that?" Taya asked.

Chin, thinking for a while, then looked at

Taya again. "We need to shift his focus."

"Huh?"

"He's getting treatment for his leg, right? Let him concentrate all his attention on his leg. If he doesn't have time to dwell on the past, his days won't be so agonizing."

"But treating his leg requires surgery, involves risks, and will take a lot of time for recovery.

Won't that intensify his symptoms even more?" Harper, who was sitting beside them, expressed her

concern.

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After a moment of contemplation, Edith picked up her purse and took out a rehabilitation therapist qualification certificate, placing it on the glass table.

"I like to take certification exams in my free time, and I've also done volunteer work in rehabilitation activities. I understand the psychology of disabled people very well. By staying by his side and providing psychological support, I can encourage him to keep going. It's the most suitable thing to do."

"Wouldn't that take up too much of your time?"

"I have relatively flexible time, and coincidentally, my recently designed crafts are being exhibited in the capital."

Edith was decisive and immediately stood up with her bag.

"Let's go. Take me to see him first."

Taya wanted to say something, but Edith interrupted her.

"This is just my suggestion. Whether he agrees or not is another matter. Don't burden yourself with expectations for now."

Taya was just afraid of inconveniencing herself, but this was just a preliminary analysis and proposal. Whether it would ultimately

Work but depended on Sila s's cooperation. Sitting here and talking about it was just a pointless plan. It would be better to go and see Silas 's situation first.

After Edith said this, Taya didn't ask any more questions and

followed her to stand up, glancing at the man sitting beside her, propping his chin with one hand.

"Honey, are you coming with us?"

Griffon raised an indifferent eyebrow and shrugged slightly.

"No, I won't go."

He had already said that he wouldn't mind how she took care of Silas. Since he had decided to give her a great sense of trust, he should trust her completely.

"I'll be home in two hours."

Taya raised her wristwatch and shook it at him.

She broke her promise yesterday, but she definitely wouldn't today.

Griffon, with an indulgent smile in his eyes, nodded lightly.

After the four of them reached the ground floor, Harper, who was about to get in the car, was stopped by Griffon.

"Harper, can you do me a favor?"

Harper let go of the car door handle and turned to look at the tall, well-dressed man standing in front of the luxury car.

"What favor?"

Griffon, with a meaningful look, glanced at his phone and spoke indifferently.

"Anthony just messaged me saying that Preston got drunk in the capital last night and still hasn't woken up. Anthony is dealing with an urgent case and doesn't have time to pick him up, so he asked me to go get him."

Pausing for a moment, Griffon raised his fingers and pushed the gold-rimmed glasses up his nose.

"Coincidentally, I have to go to the branch office and don't have time. I don't know if you can help me bring him back?"

Harper's expression froze slightly. She felt like anyone could help with this favor, but Griffon specifically asked her, which made her feel a bit unsure.

"Well..."

BChapter 1544

Harper hadn't had a chance to refuse when Griffon had already sent her the address.

"Could you do me a favor?" Griffon put away his phone, said 'thanks,' and then got into the car. Looking at the luxury car speeding away, Harper stared at the address on her phone, standing still.

Inside the car, Edith saw Harper hesitating and locked the car before rolling down the window.

"Why don't you go pick up my brother? Taya and I will go see Silas."

"But..."

Before Harper finished speaking, Edith stepped on the gas and drove off.

These two siblings, they never even let people finish their sentences.

Watching the two luxury cars speeding away, Harper, who didn't have a car in the capital, stomped her foot in anger...

"At least drop me off at the subway station!"

By the time Edith realized this and turned back, Harper was nowhere to be seen.

Taya messaged her, asking where she was, and Harper quickly replied with an angry emoji, ignoring them afterwards.

"Great, I've offended my future sister-in-law."

Taya put down her phone and turned to Edith.

"How do you know Harper is your future sister-in-law?"

Edith, who was beautiful and glamorous, glanced at Taya through the rearview mirror.

"Women's intuition."

Resting her elbow on the car window and supporting her chin with her palm, Taya started to ponder.

Harper was her sister. If Harper mated Preston, what should Griffon call Preston?

Lost in thought, the car quickly stopped at Sila's villa.

Silas was still sitting in the flower garden, waiting for Taya's arrival.

When he saw Edith accompanying her, his expression stiffened slightly.

Unfazed, he led the two inside the living room and called Nora to make coffee and serve dessert for them.

After chatting in the living room for a while, Taya felt a bit embarrassed and spoke up, "Silas, you should know Miss Knight. She used to suffer from depression, but she has overcome it. I brought her here to see you."

Taya genuinely wanted to help him, and Silas could sense her goodwill. When he looked at Edith, his expression wasn't as cold anymore. "Miss Knight' situation must be different from mine, right?"

After taking a sip of coffee, Edith composed herself and said gracefully, "If my situation was different from yours, I wouldn't have come."

It was precisely because they had gone through similar experiences that she was confident in persuading Silas. But from the moment they entered, Silas's affectionate gaze never left Taya. It seemed like he was even more deeply entrenched in his feelings than she was. No wonder he had fallen into severe depression.

Silas didn't really mind his own depression. It was just a matter of not being able to sleep at night and constantly thinking about dying. He would tough it out, but this was Taya's concern.

No matter what, he wouldn't let her down. "So, does Miss Knight have any solutions?"

BChapter 1545

Edith nodded but didn't answer him. She looked at the tea set placed in the distance and asked, "Does Mr. Sterling still make tea?"

Silas followed her gaze and glanced, saying, "Occasionally."

Edith nodded again and fell silent.

This puzzled Silas, who occasionally glanced at Taya, who was eating dessert with her head down.

After she had visited yesterday, Silas had slept an extra hour and had a happy dream. In that dream, he and Taya fulfilled their pup period promise, got mated, had pups, and grew old together.

When he woke up, Silas looked at the moonlight outside the window and replaced the figure of himself in the dream with Griffon. Only then did he snap out of the dream.

Taya noticed that Edith didn't mention anything about the treatment plan. She glanced at her and received a reassuring look. Then she turned to Silas and asked, "Mr. Sterling, can you show me around your house?"

Silas didn't mind their silent exchange and nodded, saying, "Follow me."

p, she placed a hand on Taya's shoulder. "Taya, you didn't eat much for breakfast. Have some dessert first."

Taya immediately understood and nodded. "Silas, you take her. I'll eat something to fill my stomach."

Silas's lips curled slightly, a bitter expression on his face. "Tell Nora what you want to eat, don't hesitate."

Taya obediently agreed and lowered her head to continue eating dessert. She didn't dare to look up at Silas. Compared to yesterday, she seemed unusually distant today.

Silas, who observed this, seemed to have already guessed that she had argued with Griffon after leaving him and then made up. His expression couldn't tell whether it was happiness or sadness.

He led Edith through the corridor and arrived at the backyard. Although it was summer, he had many flowers planted there. The hot breeze brought a pleasant floral scent.

Edith breathed in the scent and felt at ease. "The environment in your house is like a beautiful botanical garden."

There were flowers everywhere, of various types and varieties, and it was evident that each one had been carefully tended to. Even in the summer, they were thriving.

Silas's gentle and refined face gradually turned cold after leaving Taya's sight. "If you have something to say, just say it."

Seeing his sudden change, Edith raised an eyebrow. "I didn't expect this to be your true nature." Silas, sitting in the wheelchair, rested his elbows on the armrests and clasped his hands together. Then he raised his cold gaze to look at Edith, who was sitting under the umbrella. "I have never changed."

Chapter 1546

He had always been this way, only being gentler when facing Taya and Harper. With women he wasn't very familiar with, he remained distant and disinterested.

Otherwise, when he met Griffon in the mating ceremony, how could he have warned Griffon not to use cold violence against Taya? It's because he and Griffon were the same kind of person, using his own experience to remind him to cherish her and not miss out.

Edith, who was only there to do charity work, didn't care about his temperament and directly addressed the topic, "I wanted to ask you, if I had a way to help you overcome depression, would you cooperate with me?"

Silas blinked indifferently, "I understand my symptoms myself, you can't help me overcome them, and I don't want to either."

If he were to overcome it, it would mean letting go of Taya. He had let her go once before, and they missed out on a lifetime with each other. Letting go of her a second time was absolutely impossible.

Edith, who seemed to understand what he was thinking, became serious, "I know you don't want to let go of Taya, but have you ever considered her feelings?"

Silas frowned, "My issues have nothing to do with her."

Edith sat up straight, looking at the stubborn man, "But your leg and your depression are related to her. Taya always blames herself for causing them. She carries guilt and remorse towards you, even when mentioning you, she is filled with self-blame. If you don't overcome it and start your own life again, she will carry this guilt for the rest of her life."

As these words were spoken, Silas's cold face gradually stiffened, "My disabilities were caused by myself, and I developed

depression on my own. It's not her concern. I will go and explain it to her..."

Seeing him about to turn around in his wheelchair, Edith extended her high heel shoe and blocked his wheel. Silas turned back, looking at Edith who raised her chin and raised an eyebrow at him, "You..."

After Edith stopped him from leaving, she crossed her arms and coldly said to Silas, "No matter how much you say it's not her concern, she will take it upon herself because you have given her so much. To the point where she can never repay it in this lifetime, she can only live with this guilt. You are an insurmountable obstacle in Taya's heart. Only when you let go can Taya truly relieve herself of the burden."

Chapter 1547

Silas understood and weakly raised the corners of his pale lips. "It's my fault for dragging her down."

Edith shook her head. "That's not what I mean. What I mean is if you really care about her, then live well for her sake. Your legs and depression are the things that make her feel guilty. If you

heal your leg, stand up again, and overcome your depression, once you recover, she will be able to let go..."

Silas turned his head and looked through the living room corridor at Taya sitting on the sofa, obediently drinking coffee. Soft light streamed in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a golden glow on her.

It was like the first time he saw her and felt his heart skip a beat. She was always sweet and quiet, like a clear stream flowing in his heart...

From pup period to adulthood, she was gentle and kind to everyone, sometimes overly obedient. To what extent? As long as someone liked her, she would like them back, and she would even give everything for that liking.

She lacked love, but she knew how to be grateful. If it weren't for her sense of duty and compassion, how could she forgive him after all the pain she had suffered? It's just that he came too late, otherwise, with her kindness, he could still have her again.

How could such a gentle person not feel self-blame for him? Even if his disabilities and depression were not caused by her, she would still shoulder everything because of their past friendship. It was his insistence on delving into the past that kept her living in guilt.

Silas's gaze slowly lowered to his own legs. It was because of her guilt that she had asked Griffon to find an expert to treat his legs, but he didn't want to be treated because of his depression. Did that mean she wouldn't find peace until he stood up?

Edith didn't know what he was thinking. She let go of the high-heeled shoe that was blocking the wheel and sat up straight. "We come to this world to experience the ups and downs of life, love and hate, and there's no obstacle we can't overcome. Just think of yourself as someone on a quest."

"If you reach the success, and when you meet again in the future, you can smile at each other. If you fail, then Taya will have to be trapped with you in your past, one in pain and one in guilt, living like that forever. So, which one will you choose? If you choose the former, I'll stay and help you. If you choose the latter, I'll leave now. Which one do you choose?"

Edith handed the decision over to Silas, but what she didn't know was that he had already chosen the former for Taya's sake.

"You're not an expert on depression, nor a therapist, and definitely not a doctor for legs. What can you do if you stay?"

Chapter 1548

Edith saw signs of him loosening up, and once again pulled out her rehabilitation therapist qualification certificate, as well as a bunch of other certificates, and handed them to Silas, "I've helped people with paralyzed legs stand up again before, and I believe that if you're willing to cooperate, I can help you too. But just one thing, we almost got mated before, so I hope you won't feel too awkward when we're together."

If she hadn't mentioned it, Silas wouldn't have remembered this at all. "That was a decision made by our elders, it has nothing to do with me."

He would never get mated in his lifetime. Even if he cured his legs and depression, he would only stay in the capital city and occasionally pay attention to Taya. That would be enough for his whole life.

Edith didn't care who he would mate or not mate. "Since you've agreed, remember to call me when you're ready to treat your legs."

She took out a business card and handed it to Silas.

Silas originally didn't want to get treatment. After all, he had gotten used to it. But Edith was right. If he cared about Taya, he shouldn't let her feel guilty for his disabled legs and depression. "I

surgery, but it might not happen so soon."

Edith waved her hand nonchalantly. "Call me when you're ready. Goodbye."

Silas stopped her. "How much will it cost?"

Edith had wanted to say it was pro bono, just a favor, no need for payment. But she was afraid he wouldn't accept, so she changed her tune. "One million, can you afford it?"

Other rehabilitation therapists would charge at most a few hundred thousand. Edith deliberately raised the price so that Silas would more easily accept her help without guilt.

Not understanding Edith's intentions, Silas found the number one million to be highly ironic. His face turned pale. "I can afford it."

Nowadays, of course he could afford it.

Seeing that he agreed, Edith turned around directly.

After staying in place for a while, Silas turned his wheelchair back to the living room. He probably wanted to say hello to him. Taya hadn't left yet.

"Silas, we'll go back today and come see you another day."

After nodding, Silas's lips curved into a faint smile.

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"Taya, I'm going to have surgery abroad next, so I won't be in the capital city for the next few months. You don't have to come see me."

Camille, who was waiting nearby, looked at Silas thoughtfully. The experts clearly said that the surgery could be done domestically, but he insisted on going abroad. What does that mean?

"That's what the experts said, that leg surgery needs to be done abroad?"

"Yes."

BChapter 1549

Silas's fingers on his lap tightened slightly, clasp into his palm.

"The experts suggest that I go abroad for surgery," he said, glancing at Edith standing nearby.

"After I finish the surgery, I will ask Miss Knight to assist me with rehabilitation therapy."

Edith seemed to understand Silas's thoughts and nodded at Taya.

"Mr. Sterling and I have already discussed it. When he returns from surgery, I will be the one to assist him."

Taya's gaze lingered on Silas's leg for a moment before shifting away.

"When and where will you have the surgery? Harper and I will visit you."

The expression in Silas's eyes revealed darkness and uncertainty.

"It's just a minor surgery. You don't need to visit, and besides, if you and Harper come, I will be distracted taking care of you. Let's wait until I come back, and then we can all be together as a family."

'm "family" drew a clear boundary, like going back to pup period, where siblings relied on each other and enjoyed each other's company. But as they grew up, they each went their separate ways, maintaining a distance while still caring for each other. They occasionally met when they had the time, and that's what family meant.

Silas's unspoken words made Taya, who had been keeping her distance, feel a bit guilty. Perhaps he refused her visit because he sensed her dilemma.

Seeing the heaviness weighing on her, Silas spoke again:

"Don't worry, Camille will take care of me. I'll be fine."

Silas looked over at Camille standing nearby, and she reluctantly spoke up.

"Taya, don't worry."

Taya lowered her eyes slightly, hesitated for a few seconds, and then slowly raised her clear gaze. As she looked at the man in the wheelchair, a serene smile appeared on her face.

"Okay, I won't miss your coming when you're healthy after the surgery."

She had promised to give him a big gift when he could stand up again.

me back healthy for your gift," Silas nodded with a smile, waving goodbye to her.

"Goodbye, Taya."

"Goodbye, Silas."

Watching his figure cross the threshold and leave the villa, Silas's hidden sadness burst forth, and tears blurred his vision in an instant.

As his sight became blurry, he couldn't even see that graceful figure clearly, but he dared not blink, afraid that tears would flow uncontrollably...

He had read many books when he was young, and he remembered the most profound line of poetry: "It's best not to meet, so there can be no love. It's best not to know, so there can be no longing."

At that time, he thought that he could understand the eight sufferings of life that Buddha spoke of: birth, aging, sickness, death, separation from loved ones, encountering enemies, not getting what one wants, and the five aggregates of grasping. Only then would his journey in this world not be in vain.

Now that he personally experienced the pain of separation and unfulfilled desires, he realized the ups and downs and the heart-wrenching agony involved, and he wondered...

longing?

el met in the first place, would he not feel this

BChapter 1550

In a bar in the capital, Harper picked up her phone to confirm the room number before pushing the door open.

It was pitch black inside, with no lights on and no curtains drawn. She couldn't see anything clearly, but there was a strong smell of alcohol that was quite overwhelming.

The staff member behind her helped her turn on the lights. "Preston is sleeping in there and we can't wake him up. Can you please take him away?"

After saying this, the staff member handed Harper a bill. "The total is 50,000 dollars, could you please pay for him in advance?"

Harper held her nose and took a glance at the bill. Preston always drank expensive alcohol, so this expense was not surprising.

After looking at it, she took out a card from her bag and handed it to the staff member. Then she turned around and walked into the private room, wearing high heels.

A tall figure was lying on the sofa, with a suit jacket draped over his stomach. The collar of his white shirt was slightly open, revealing a sexy and alluring Adam's apple, as well as well-defined collarbones.

The light reflected on Preston's face, giving it a faint blush and making his already fair skin look even more radiant.

Preston was already asleep at this point. His long eyelashes were closed, casting a fan-shaped shadow under his eyelids, like a butterfly in rest, half in light and half in shadow. His thick hair was combed back, exposing his smooth forehead. Perhaps due to rolling around in his sleep, a

few strands of hair fell down on both sides of his temple, giving him a messy and disheveled look.

As Harper looked at Preston in this state, she remembered why she had been smitten by him in the first place. She stared at him quietly for a while, then slowly crouched down and nudged his arm. "Wake up. I'm here to take you home."

The man who had drunk several bottles of wine seemed annoyed by the disturbance. He frowned, turned around, and faced the inside of the sofa. In his drowsiness, he grabbed a pillow and held it tightly in his arms, curling up like a pup who hadn't grown up yet.

Harper knew that when he got drunk and went crazy, he needed a deep sleep, and no one could wake him up.

Helpless, Harper went out to find the staff members and paid them some money to vacate the private room so that Preston could sleep to his heart's content.

Sitting next to Preston, Harper picked up her phone and texted Taya, asking if Silas had agreed to Edith's proposal. When she

received a reply saying that Silas had already agreed, she sighed.

She didn't know how much time had passed when Preston's hand moved, and his previously closed eyes struggled to open.

In that moment of soberness, his brain felt like it was exploding, causing him intense pain.

He furrowed his brows and uncontrollably pressed his fingers against his forehead.

"Harper, my head hurts. Do you have any hangover medicine...?"

BChapter 1551

After casually muttering those words, even Preston himself hesitated for a moment. At the same time, Harper was left

stunned in place. He was facing the couch, so it was impossible for him to see her.

Harper lowered her head, remembering that when they were together, the first thing Preston said after waking up from a hangover was to ask her for hangover medicine. It was her habit to feed him hangover medicine to relieve his stomach, and it was his habit to rely on her care. That was why he muttered such words.

After a moment of daze, Preston chuckled self-deprecatingly. Harper didn't pay much attention to him anymore, so how could she take care of him? It was just wishful thinking.

He threw the pillow in his hand and turned around, only to see Harper holding a glass of water appearing in front of him.

Startled after recognizing Harper's figure, Preston exclaimed,

"What are you doing here?"

"Griffon asked me to come pick you up," Harper replied.

After saying that, Harper bent down and brought the glass of water to Preston's lips. "There's no hangover medicine here. Drink some water to ease it for now."

at Harper, then at the water she

handed him. Feeling a mixture of surprise and joy, he opened his lips and slowly drank the glass of water.

And Preston found it strange that mineral water never had a taste, but at this moment, he could taste a hint of sweetness. Could it be that the water in the capital city was better than in Arcadia?

Seeing Preston finish the whole glass of water, Harper finally put down the cup and approached him. "Let's go, I'll take you home."

When her soft fingers touched his arm, Preston's heart trembled. A tingling sensation passed

through him like an electric current, making even his limbs feel weak.

After standing up, Preston lowered his gaze and saw that Harper was half a head shorter than him, yet she was exerting strength to support his tall body. "Thank you..."

Harper shook her head. "Where did you park your car?"

With a pounding headache, Preston turned to look at his coat, wanting to bend down and retrieve the keys from inside. However, due to his instability, he suddenly fell backward onto the couch, with Harper, who was supporting him, falling together.

Coincidentally, Preston was lying on his back, and Harper was on top of him. In that moment of falling, their lips brushed against each other.

It was just a light touch, fleeting, but it left both of them

dumbfounded in place. Harper was the first to react and tried to get up from him, but Preston grabbed her waist.

"Harper..."

He called her name, but didn't say anything. The desire that flickered in his eyes was undeniably obvious.

He had wanted her for two years, but there hadn't been a successful attempt. He could only suppress this desire deep in his heart.

Perhaps it was the accumulation of pent-up emotions, or perhaps it was due to drinking too much that Preston couldn't control himself. He held the back of Harper's head, slightly tilted her chin, and kissed her.

The moment his lips met hers, Preston's heart raced uncontrollably. He even tightened his grip on her waist instinctively.

Chapter 1552

Preston was both afraid and cautious as he kissed Harper, his fingers gently caressing the back of her head, occasionally touching her ears to signal his desire for her.

Harper stared at Preston, her eyes closed tightly. She was completely lost and scared. Her eyelashes drooped slightly, feeling overwhelmed and unsure of what to do.

His kisses were always gentle, and he knew how to flirt with skill. Not only did he never make the girl uncomfortable, but he also brought an incredible sense of pleasure.

They were very compatible in bed. Just one kiss would make them feel the joy of love, but Harper valued reason more than desire at the moment.

After silently staring at Preston for a moment, she gently pushed him away. "Please stop."

She got up from him, picked up his coat, placed it in her arm, and then reached out with her other hand to hand it to him. "You should go back home now."

Preston had only kissed her briefly, but he was so turned on that even his fingertips were scorching. However, when he saw her calm expression, the fire of desire inside him was extinguished.

He forced himself to sit up straight on the couch, rubbing his temples with his fingers. Then he grabbed Harper's hand and stood up with her help.

Harper supported the swaying Preston and walked out of the private room. The staff was grateful to see her wake him up and thanked her before returning her card to her.

"Please visit again," The staff said politely.

Minutes later, Harper helped Preston to the underground parking lot, opened the car door, and helped him into the passenger seat. After fastening his seatbelt, she walked around the front of the car and sat in the driver's seat.

Before starting the car, Harper turned her head and looked at Preston, who was lying in the seat and pressing his temples in pain.

"Where is your home address?" She asked.

Preston had a villa in the capital city, but he had never brought Harper there when they were together, so she didn't know where it was.

Preston, with his eyes closed, handed her his phone. "Open the navigation app, the address is already there."

He added, "The password is your birthday."

As she took the phone, her hand trembled slightly. Back when they were dating, Harper had been unreasonable and insisted that Preston use her birthday as the password of his phone. Preston didn't know if he enjoyed contradicting her or what, but he had never used her birthday as the password until now, two years after they broke up.

Frowning, she entered the password, and entered the address to drive to Preston's villa in the capital city.

Preston, with his forehead supported by one hand, dared not turn his head to look at her. He only glanced at the rearview mirror from time to time. After doing so dozens of times, he opened the storage box and took out a black card to hand to her.

"This card used to be yours."

He had given her a black card before, but she returned it after they broke up. Now, he gave it back to her. Perhaps Preston wanted to pay her back the \$50,000 spent in the private room.

"No need, I have money."

Money was the least of her worries right now.

BChapter 1553

Preston knew that she didn't lack money, but he still turned to the side and slipped the black card into her bag. "Better safe than sorry."

In fact, Harper had been with him for so long and had never used his money. The card he gave her was only for safekeeping.

She glanced at Preston, wanting to say something, but seeing him close his eyes again, she bit her lip and swallowed her words.

The car quickly stopped in front of the villa. The butler waiting at the door hurried to help Preston, but was quickly dismissed with a glance from Preston.

The butler immediately turned around and walked back without a word, pretending not to have seen anything. Even when Harper took Preston back into the house, neither the butler nor the maids appeared.

"Why don't you hire a nanny?"

"I don't live here often, so why would I need a nanny?"

If he hired a nanny, she could just leave him to the nanny and be done with it.

After placing her coat on the back of the sofa chair, she looked at Preston.

"Can you manage by yourself?"

Preston, who was already sitting on the sofa, propped his elbows on his knees and lifted his hands, desperately pressing his forehead.

"At least make me a sobering soup."

Couldn't she see how much pain he was in?

Couldn't she take care of him first before leaving?

Seeing that he was truly suffering, Harper turned and went to the kitchen. Through the glass, he watched her busy figure in the kitchen. Preston, lying on the couch, gradually curved his tightly pursed lips into a smile. After cooking the sobering soup, Harper carried it over to him. Preston, pretending he couldn't hold the spoon, asked Harper to feed him. With patience, she scooped a large spoonful and fed it to him. But Preston drank it slowly, sip by sip, dragging it out for half an hour before finishing the bowl of soup. When Harper put down the bowl, her wrist was stiff. As she rubbed her hand, a big hand reached out and massaged her joints. With all the kisses and the black card and the massages, what kind of relationship did they have? After a moment of silence, Harper pushed away Preston's hand, grabbed her bag, and stood up. "Rest well. I'm going back." Preston wanted to call out to Harper, but she quickly escaped, fleeing from his villa. Watching her hurried figure, Preston's eyes still held a hint of a smile. It wasn't until the butler appeared in front of him with a black card that his smile gradually faded. "This was left in the kitchen by the young lady." If she wouldn't take his money, did that mean she wouldn't accept his love either? As Preston clenched the black card, furrowing his brow, Anthony, who had helped Stella and Henry in court today, suddenly called. "Bring some people with you. Eric attacked my client and injured me. He also took Stella—"

Chapter 1554

Preston hung up the phone, struggling with a splitting headache. He rushed out of the villa and saw Harper still waiting by the roadside for a taxi. It was then that he realized she hadn't driven here. Blaming himself for not being more attentive, he quickly walked towards her. "Harper, something happened to Stella." Harper, who was looking down at the route of the Uber, immediately looked up at Preston when she heard that Stella was in trouble. "What happened?" "Get in the car first." Preston handed the car keys to Harper, then grabbed her hand and walked back. Once they were in the car, Harper found out that Stella had a court hearing with Eric today. After the first trial, Eric wanted to take Stella away, but Henry stopped them. Eric didn't hesitate and punched Henry, while Anthony tried to intervene and got injured by Eric's bodyguards. This was the capital city, the territory of the Sterling pack and the Simpson family, so Eric was quite audacious. He took Stella and got into a car. According to the people Anthony sent to follow them, they disappeared after getting on a helicopter, and nobody knew where they flew to. After explaining the situation clearly, Preston made a phone call and soon a group of luxury cars parked at the entrance of the

hospital.

Preston held Harper's icy hand and arrived at the hospital room, where they saw Anthony, who had a handsome face with bruises, bleeding lip, and blackened brows. Preston couldn't help but frown.

"Don't you bring bodyguards when you go to court?"

Anthony held his chest, which had been kicked by a bodyguard, enduring the intense pain. He looked at the two people and the group of wealthy young men from the capital who had just walked in.

"I don't have that spoiled young master syndrome."

The Carmine pack didn't acknowledge his existence. Calling him, the young master of the Carmine pack was just a face-saving gesture. To him, he was just a lawyer. Since he was just a lawyer, what's the need for bodyguards in court?

"I don't have any major problems. Mr. Brown, on the other hand, is seriously injured."

After wiping away the blood from his mouth, Anthony looked towards the opposite room.

"He just came out of the emergency room and is still unconscious."

Upon hearing that Henry was so badly injured, Harper quickly turned around and walked towards the opposite room.

Henry's head was injured, with bandages wrapped around his forehead. There were also visible marks from being punched on his fair face, making him look pitiful.

Despite being beaten like this, he still held a piece of off-white fabric in his hand. It was fabric from Stella's skirt.

It seemed that when Eric kicked him down, Henry grabbed onto Stella's skirt, trying to prevent her from being taken away.

Unfortunately, outnumbered, he couldn't match Eric's strength, and even the fabric of the dress was torn apart. He couldn't hold onto Stella...

Chapter 1555

Harper went to see the doctor to find out if Henry's head injury would have any lasting effects. The doctor reassured her that it didn't hit any vital areas and there would be no long-term consequences. She breathed a sigh of relief.

Mr. Brown's knowledge in the medical field was his most valuable asset. The medications he had developed not only earn him medical awards but also benefited patients. He was truly a rare and excellent doctor.

Henry needed to rest and recover. After a brief pause, Harper returned to Anthony's room.

Preston had instructed his friends to find Stella, but Anthony doubted their influence in the city compared to the Sinclair pack.

He was afraid it would be difficult to locate her.

"I heard Alpha is also in the city?"

Preston, leaning against the windowsill, frowned as he hesitated

whether to disturb Griffon. But this matter concerned Stella, someone under Griffon's authority. If something happened to his person, he most likely wouldn't just stand by and do nothing.

With that in mind, Preston took out his phone and called Griffon. After informing Griffon, Preston

put down his phone, intending to tell Harper.

To spare Griffon and Taya from worrying, Stella hadn't told them about her legal battle with Eric. Therefore, they were unaware of the situation.

Upon hearing the news of Henry and Anthony being attacked and Stella being taken by Eric, Taya felt a rush of fear and quickly got up.

When Griffon stood up, he glanced at Edith, who was still sitting on the couch, contemplating. "If you want to go, come along."

After sending Taya home, Edith had planned to leave. However, Taya invited her inside for a cup of coffee, and they ended up chatting together. Who could have imagined that they would come across Anthony's situation?

Edith understood Griffon's intention. He wanted her to accompany them to visit Anthony. But given her current relationship with Anthony, it seemed a bit inappropriate to go along. However...

Thinking about how her parents treated Anthony and caused harm to his grandmother, Edith, who always felt guilty, hesitated for a few seconds before standing up.

The three of them arrived at the hospital and saw Harper standing at the door of the room. Taya quickly approached her to understand the situation before going to see Henry.

Seeing Henry, who was already thin due to Jayden's slander, now beaten and covered in blood, Taya's heart clenched in pain.

It was unimaginable how Stella felt when she saw Henry in such a state. Eric was a bastard for laying his hands on him, and then there was Anthony...

BChapter 1556

Thinking of Anthony, Taya turned and walked towards the opposite ward. When she saw Anthony sitting by the bed with a swollen face, she couldn't help but furrow her brow.

"Don't worry, Mr. Brown and Mr. Carmine only have external injuries and no internal damage..."

Harper patted Taya's shoulder, signaling her not to be afraid.

"Don't worry about Stella either. Preston has sent someone to find her. Now that your husband is here, I believe it won't take long to locate Eric."

Taya nodded slightly and sighed in her heart, lamenting Stella's fate. It seemed that as long as Eric was around, Stella would live a difficult and unfortunate life.

With this in mind, Taya asked Harper, "What about the lawsuit?"

Did Stella and Henry lose or win?"

Harper sighed heavily, "The verdict of the first trial hasn't been announced yet. The incident happened a long time ago, and

Eric's lawyer is claiming that they were long-time lovers, trying to change the rape case into a lover's dispute. This has resulted in no immediate verdict. We have to wait for some time."

Hearing this, Taya furrowed her brow even more. "Eric just got out of the court and he already injured his lawyer and the other party, and even took Stella away. Isn't he afraid that the court

will sentence him directly?"

Stella shook her head, indicating that she didn't understand. But Taya felt that by doing this, Eric was undoubtedly confirming the rape incident involving Stella.

When the court found out, he would definitely be imprisoned. Yet he didn't seem to care and took Stella away without any regard for the consequences. Could he be trying to go down in flames?

With this possibility in mind, Taya became anxious and looked at Griffon, who was on the phone dealing with things. It helped steady her panicked state of mind.

With Griffon present, they should be able to find out Stella's whereabouts soon. Once they found her, they could go rescue her.

However, in the past, Taya wouldn't have been too worried if Stella was taken away by Eric because she always believed that Eric

wouldn't harm Stella. But this time...

There was an indescribable feeling, a deep sense of unease, just like when she found out about Amon's death years ago. It was eerie.

As Taya was feeling anxious, Griffon, who had sent someone to search for Stella's location, hung up the phone and turned to Andre, who had a resentful look on his face. "Do you want to go investigate yourself?"

Andre clenched his fists and shook his head. "Alpha, I need to go back to the Sinclair pack."

Some grudges needed to be settled, or else he and his cousin would forever be disturbed by the people from the Sinclair pack.

Write your comment

Chapter 1557

Griffon pondered for a few seconds, then sent a team of bodyguards to Andre to settle the old grudges with the Sinclair pack.

After Andre left, Griffon didn't plan to stay in the hospital for long. Holding Taya's hand, before leaving, he glanced at Preston sitting in front of the hospital bed and said, "I'll let you know once I find the person."

Preston, who was always worried about Anthony's condition, looked up when he saw Griffon about to leave. He happened to see Edith standing at the door, holding a bag, looking lost.

As if just realizing something, he quickly got up and followed, "Oh, by the way, I also have urgent matters to do. Edith, can you take care of Anthony for me?"

Without waiting for Edith's response, he picked up his coat and followed Griffon out.

When they reached downstairs, he stopped Harper and said, "I've been drinking, can you drive me back?"

Harper glanced at Taya, who was already sitting in the car and waiting for her, "You should let the bodyguards drive you. I'll go back with Taya and wait for Stella's news together..."

Preston, whose plan had failed, felt a little disappointed, but he didn't make a fuss at this critical moment. He called a bodyguard to get in the car with him and closed the window.

As the car passed by, Harper lowered her lashes. Taya sensed it and held her hand, but didn't say anything or ask anything.

Being friends also meant giving each other space in their hearts, it's better not to pry too much.

After everyone left, Edith walked up to Anthony, holding the bag, "Are you okay?" Anthony didn't expect her to come. Hope flickered in his eyes, but he was afraid she would feel uncomfortable, so he didn't show it, "Just a minor injury, it's nothing." Compared to the few stabs he took for her back then, this was just small injury. Edith looked at his bleeding lip and sat down in front of the hospital bed, "Your skills are not as good as my brother's, why did you go get into a fight?" She put down the bag and grabbed a sterilized gauze, handing it to Anthony, "Clean it up, your mouth is still bleeding." Anthony instinctively lowered his gaze and looked at the blood dripping on the sheets. He could guess that his current

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appearance must be bruised and swollen, extremely ugly. Afraid that Edith would see his bad side, he quickly reached out and took the gauze, wiping his mouth hastily. Seeing him wiping it messily and smearing it all over, Edith frowned and took the gauze from his hand, "Forget it, let me do it."

B

Chapter 1558

She took it and walked towards the sink, wet her hands, and then returned to sit down, carefully wiping away the blood at the corner of his lips.

Looking at the woman taking care of him, Anthony, who had put himself in a place of despair, saw a ray of sunlight shining through the dark door, warming his heart and lungs...

But he knew in his heart that Edith no longer loved him. The reason she came to visit him and stayed to take care of him was to make up for the mistakes her parents had made.

Although they had talked about it, Edith couldn't completely cut off contact with him because of this mistake. At least in situations where they had to interact, it was impossible to cut off completely.

Anthony thought it was nice to occasionally see her, unless she got mated, then he would completely disappear and spend the rest of his life in loneliness.

She didn't love him and he didn't force it, but he knew he would never get mated in his life.

Anthony buried this deep affection in his heart, not letting Edith know, as long as she was happy...

After Edith finished wiping away the blood stains, she put down the gauze in her hand and asked, "When can you be discharged according to the doctor?"

Anthony came back to his senses and gently replied, "Probably in about three days."

Edith nodded and then turned to look at the opposite ward, "Does Mr. Simpson have someone to take care of him?"

Anthony replied, "He was injured, so I have to notify his parents, but his parents are abroad and won't arrive until tomorrow."

After speaking, he added, "Griffon just left two people to take care of him."

Edith nodded again, then sat back in her original seat, somewhat silent, looking at Anthony....

Not knowing what to say, Anthony wanted to casually find a topic to talk about when a nurse walked in to measure his blood pressure...

Seeing someone coming, Edith casually chatted with the nurse, not as awkward as when they were alone together...

On the other side, Andre kicked open the door of the Sinclair pack and Thomas and Karen, who were sitting at the dining table, were shocked to see Andre entering.

Karen was Andre's biological mother, and they rarely saw each other after they separated. When Andre was young, Karen would occasionally secretly visit Arcadia, but she stopped going after Andre caught her once.

That time, Andre accused her of being a home-wrecker, causing the death of the other pup's mom and burdening him with the label of being a bastard. He called her a shameless bitch and told her never to come find him again.

At that time, Karen cried all the way back to the capital city from Arcadia. She never knew that becoming a home-wrecker would bring about her own son's hatred. She thought that mating into a wealthy pack and giving her pup the best life was the greatest blessing she could give him. Who would have thought that her pup's values would be so upright.

Even if she gained control of the Sinclair pack inheritance and asked Andre to deal with Eric, Andre would not be moved.

He seemed particularly afraid of getting involved with the Sinclair pack. He not only kept his distance, but also preferred to be someone else's underling rather than admit that he was the second son of the Sinclair pack.

Chapter 1559

Karen felt that her son Andre was difficult to tame. So she hadn't seen him again since then, until Stella returned to settle in Arcadia.

It was only through Stella that she learned a little about Andre's situation. Even when Andre got mated, Karen hid in the car and only dared to glance at him from a distance. She never dared to get close.

Now, seeing Andre suddenly return to the Sinclair pack, Karen was shocked. "Andre... why are you back?"

Andre, wearing military boots and accompanied by a group of people, walked step by step toward Karen. He pulled out a knife from his boot and slammed it into the wooden dining table.

The knife gleamed brightly in front of Thomas, causing him to tremble. "What are you planning to do, you traitor?"

At first, Thomas didn't recognize Andre. It was only when he heard Karen call him that he remembered Andre was the pup sent to Arcadia.

Years ago, Thomas knew that someone had been sent to bring

Andre back home, but he had refused and even declared that the Sinclair pack was corrupt and lacked any sense of justice. He said he wouldn't step foot inside the pack's door.

This deeply offended Thomas. Not only did he refuse to bring Andre home, but he also stripped him of his inheritance in the Sinclair pack and never considered giving him any property.

Thomas was so heartless because, in addition to this reason, Karen had given birth to another son for him at an older age. This son was more obedient than Eric and not as stubborn as Andre. He was also very intelligent, already excelling in the financial world at a young age. Thomas placed all his hopes on this third son and didn't care about the two sons before him. One had gone mad and the other became someone else's personal assistant.

However, there was one thing Thomas wouldn't allow, and that was for them to tarnish the reputation of the Sinclair pack. For example, Eric insisting on mating his sister, even if they weren't blood-related, would still be a disgraceful matter if it got out. How could he allow that?

So, Thomas united everyone in the Sinclair pack to suppress and imprison Eric, in order to prevent him from causing trouble outside.

If Eric hadn't been near death, Thomas wouldn't have let him out unless he completely destroyed that thought of his.

Before he could finish reminiscing about the past, Andre lifted him up from his chair. "Your son has kidnapped my cousin. Do you think I'm someone easy to mess with?"

Andre didn't know much about the relationship between Eric and Thomas, but he knew one thing for sure: no matter how much of a jerk Eric was, he was more important to Thomas than Andre was.

B

Chapter 1560

Thomas's face darkened as he heard that Eric had taken Stella away again. "That bastard!" he muttered through clenched teeth.

Looking up at Andre, who was a head taller than him, Thomas continued, "He's grown powerful now, and I can't do anything about it. There's no point in coming to me for help."

Andre sneered. "He took my cousin, so I'll take you. Let's see if that works!"

Andre grabbed Thomas and started walking towards the door.

The Sinclair pack's servants tried to intervene, but Andre's bodyguards quickly subdued them.

Thomas, witnessing Andre's brutality, silently cursed Karen for sending their pup to the Knight pack. Alpha had clearly influenced Andre in a terrible way, and it was infuriating.

"Andre, I am your father after all. Aren't you afraid of the consequences of treating me like this?"

"Did you ever think about the consequences when you cheated

on your wife with my mother?"

Thomas was speechless by Andre's response, and it deeply embarrassed Karen as well...

"Andre, you..."

Without even sparing a glance at Karen, Andre walked out of the villa, still holding onto Thomas. He then took out his phone and sent a message to Eric, demanding Stella in exchange for Thomas.

Upon reading the message, Eric scoffed at the foolishness of it all.

His father had betrayed his mother, so why should he care about his father's well-being?

It was laughable that Andre thought he could threaten Eric with his father.

Eric threw away his phone and finished cooling down the glass of milk. He brought it to Stella's lips and said, "There's nothing to eat here, only dairy products. Drink some to fill your stomach."

Stella, who had traveled a long way from the court to a foreign country with him, looked pale and distressed. It seemed like she had been through a lot and had lost all her spirit.

Stella vomited all the milk that Eric had fed her without saying a word or looking at him. She just sat in the cage with her eyes closed.

It wasn't that she lacked the strength to resist; she had been injected with a sedative and woke up tied in a large golden birdcage. Her hands and one foot were handcuffed, and she was locked near the bars of the cage, unable to move.

Seeing that she refused to drink, Eric showed no anger. He just grabbed her chin and forcefully poured all the milk into her mouth, causing Stella to cough repeatedly.

Eric watched coldly until she stopped coughing, then he fetched a handkerchief and calmly wiped the milk off her hand.

"You and Henry joined forces against me, even trying to have me imprisoned for rape. Do you really think that by putting me in jail, you can mate Henry?"

After wiping his hands clean, Eric slowly squatted down, his tall figure looming over Stella. He grabbed her hair and yanked her head forward, causing Stella to wince in pain.

"Let me tell you, even if I end up in prison, you won't be able to be with Henry."

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