

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover by Caesar Erickson

Chapter 1561

Chapter 1561

He grabbed her hair and pulled hard, like a madman, lowering his head to bite Stella's lip. With great force, he broke the skin in a matter of seconds.

After the blood oozed out, Eric licked it with his tongue, sucking in the fragrance from her lips like a storm. The metallic smell of blood made Stella extremely uncomfortable. She tried to push him away, but it had no effect. Instead, he tore her clothes and treated her like a caged beast, even though she was barely weak, he wanted to consume her completely.

Eric, who had pinned her against the cage, finished kissing her and then bit her neck. His fingers also gripped her thighs, giving her a sensation of both extreme pain and comfort. Eventually, he sat on top of her.

Eric, who hadn't touched Stella in a long time, felt a moment of her charm. His eyes suddenly turned dark red. "Stella, am I not good enough? Why do you have to join forces with other men and constantly provoke me?"

Eric felt inexplicably wronged. "Do you really want me dead that badly?"

If he died, would she feel any remorse or sadness? Would it be better if he could exchange it for even a bit of pity and regret from her?

Eric raised his hand, wanting to open Stella's eyes and make her see herself, see how she had turned him into such a pitiful state. However, Stella turned her head, refusing to let him touch her.

Even though they were in the midst of making love, Stella remained expressionless, devoid of any desire. She was like a stagnant pool, allowing him to go crazy.

Helplessly, Eric reached around Stella's waist and held her fragile body in his arms.

"Since you like Henry so much, how about I let him see how you look beneath me? Is

that okay?"

Upon hearing Henry's name, Stella suddenly opened her eyes and glared at Eric with anger. "How far are you going to go insane?"

Seeing the spark in her eyes when she heard Henry's name, Eric's anger and hatred grew deeper. "Isn't this your plan all along? Your ten years of scheming, making me fall in love with you. How far I go insane, it's all up to you, isn't it?"

As long as she loved him like she used to, he would never go crazy again. He would take good care of her, love her forever.

B

Chapter 1562

Stella wanted to make Eric suffer, but she didn't expect this revenge to backfire. Now she was facing the consequences of her own actions, but it had nothing to do with Henry. Why did Eric have to be so harsh on Henry? The image of Henry being knocked unconscious pained Stella's heart. "This is between you and me, don't involve Henry, let him go."

Eric was capable of anything. If he really brought Henry here, he might actually violate her in front of Henry. In that case, it's better for her to be trapped here, forever in darkness.

The man gripping her waist ignored her and coldly asked in her ear, "Is it more pleasurable to make love to me or to him?"

Stella knew that if she confronts Eric head-on, she would only invite more crazy retaliation. So, she lowered her gaze and gritted her teeth, "Henry has never touched me."

It was the truth. The only man who had touched Stella was Eric, but he didn't believe her. He thought Stella was lying to protect Henry, "You've been dating him for so long and haven't slept together. Do you think I'm a fool?" Stella didn't bother to indulge him, "Believe it or not."

After saying that, she closed her eyes again and ignored him. This made Eric so angry that he flipped her over and made her kneel on the ground, increasing the force from behind.

In a humiliating position, Stella knelt on the ground, holding onto the railing of the birdcage and biting her teeth, enduring the pain he inflicted on her...

She despised herself for being like this, wishing she could go back to ten years ago and wake up the version of herself plotting revenge against Eric with a slap. If she hadn't provoked him and didn't resent him, maybe she could still live with dignity abroad, but...

She also knew very well that if she didn't provoke him and didn't resent him, her past self wouldn't have survived. She was able to hold on until now because of her hatred for him.

If she had no hatred, she probably would have died in the

wilderness a long time ago. How could she be the person she is today? She just didn't understand why she had to be entangled with him instead of simply killing him directly...

Eric vented all his anger on Stella, tormenting her until she passed out before finally letting her go.

Leaning against the birdcage railing, Eric lowered his gaze and stared at Stella, who was lying obediently on his lap with her eyes closed.

He raised his fingers and brushed away the sweaty strands of hair on Stella's face, revealing a familiar and delicate face.

He stared at her brows and eyes for a long time, then lifted his fingertips and traced her features over and over again, as if wanting to etch them into his bones, with deep affection and longing, gently caressing...

It's unknown how much time passed, but when the night fell and moonlight shone through the scattered tree shadows on the island, Eric finally released the handcuffs that bound Stella's hands and feet, and carried her, still unconscious, back to bed...

He held Stella tightly from behind, as if holding the whole world, and kept her tightly in his embrace. "What should I do with you..."

In the quiet bedroom, where even the sound of a falling needle could be heard, there suddenly came a sigh of helplessness and powerlessness...

The next day, Stella woke up and saw herself naked, but wearing new clothes. The clothes fit her perfectly, tailored to her size.

However, even though she was wearing new clothes, she was still locked in the birdcage. It was strange because after being restrained all night, her hands and feet should be red and painful, but she didn't feel any pain, not even a hint of redness.

While Stella was puzzled, Eric walked in from outside the door. Towering over her, he looked at her like a trapped animal. "Let's put an end to this..."

Chapter 1563

For Eric, Stella didn't love him and didn't want to be with him again, so the whole world was dark.

Instead of being sent to prison by her own hands, it's better to end their relationship and save them both from suffering.

"How do we end it?"

Stella lifted her gaze and stared coldly at Eric. It would be good to end it, but Eric would never let her go easily. Before they end it, he would probably make her suffer.

Eric took a step forward and slowly walked into the cage. When his tall figure squatted down, it brought a shadow, heavy and oppressive, enveloping Stella.

One sitting, one squatting, two deep eyes, staring at each other, countless inexplicable deep affections in Stella's resentful expression, seemed worthless.

Eric's long eyelashes drooped, and after hesitating for a long time, he faintly spoke, "If you stay with me for a month, like before, after

it's over, I'll let you go."

If he let her go, Eric would be sent to prison by her. How could Stella believe him? "You went through so much trouble to bring me here. How could you kindly let me go?"

Someone like Eric, who didn't imprison her on a deserted island, can be considered merciful.

However, Eric, who lost Stella,

couldn't sleep day and night. He relied on swallowing drugs in his dreams and in reality to prevent himself from being so miserable. It was quite tiring.

He didn't make any solemn promises. He just took out a gun from his back and placed it in Stella's palm. "If I don't let you go after a month, you can shoot me."

Stella, holding the gun, remained silent for a few seconds, then suddenly raised the gun and aimed it at Eric's forehead, without any hesitation, she pulled the trigger.

It was empty, there were no bullets inside, and Eric was unharmed...

"So you really want me dead."

Disappointment emanated from Eric's deep and sinister eyes, enough to ignite Stella, but she shifted her gaze to the gun.

"You really deceived me."

What's the use of giving her a gun without bullets?

Eric, kneeling on one knee on the ground, seemed angry, but he restrained himself from erupting. He simply took the gun from

Stella's hand and opened the magazine.

When Stella saw a golden bullet lying inside, she hesitated. If she had fired six shots just now, Eric would have died. Unfortunately, Stella only fired one shot.

Eric stared at the bullet inside, hesitated for a moment, closed the magazine, picked up the gun, and placed it on the glass table outside the cage.

He turned around and looked at Stella sitting in the cage.

"If you agree, this gun belongs to you."

Stella didn't expect that Eric would still give her the gun. Wasn't he afraid that she would fire several shots after getting it?

Seemingly aware of her doubts, Eric's face revealed a hint of a dark smile.

"Do you agree or not?"

Stella didn't want to be with Eric as she did before, but that was

the only way to escape from here. After hesitating for a long time, she nodded lightly.

In any case, she had to get the gun first.

Seeing her agreement, Eric brought the keys and removed the handcuffs and leg cuffs for Stella. Then he held her and walked out of the cage. When passing by the gun, Stella frowned.

"Aren't you giving me the gun?"

Eric lowered his gaze, staring into her eyes, and spoke softly.

"After a month, I'll give it to you."

In other words, the prerequisite for getting the gun was to be with him for a month.

Eric raised his fingers and gently tapped her cold cheek.

"You have no choice."

Someone who had never intended to let her go would naturally not give her a choice. But if she took the gun from this place while he was sleeping, there was a chance of success.

With this thought in mind, Stella let Eric carry her downstairs. It wasn't until they reached the ground floor that she realized she was in a mansion surrounded by green grass. Looking into the distance, she could see the endless sea...

This was a deserted island that Eric had bought and trimmed and decorated. It had a touch of beauty.

When Stella was young, she had told Eric that her favorite thing was a small island by the seaside, and when she grew up, if she had the chance, she would find a small island and spend her life

With the person she loved. It would be a wonderful thing.

At that time, she liked Eric very much and said it on purpose for him to hear. But he didn't care, just glanced at her and said that girls like them had nothing in their minds except love and romance, utterly boring.

Eric didn't understand love. He never understood, from pup period until now. Even if he said he loved her, he treated her roughly,

completely unaware that this extreme love was a form of harm.

Through the sunlight streaming in through the window, Stella looked up at Eric, who was holding her. If her parents hadn't died, and her aunt Karen hadn't taken her to the Sinclair pack, she wouldn't have met someone like Eric in her life, and she wouldn't have embarked on such a desperate journey. But in life, there are never any "ifs"...

B

Write your comment

Chapter 1564

After placing Stella in the high chair, Eric crouched down in front of her and gently touched her hair, asking affectionately, "What do you want to eat?"

Stella still had a cold expression on her face. "I don't want to eat anything."

Eric paused for a moment, then ran his hand from the back of her head to her lips. "You promised to treat me like before, to be gentle with me."

You mean, I still have to be tender and loving towards you, always wearing a smile? Well, in the past, I did say "I love you" and have sex with you every night. And now you're telling me I have to do all this just to escape from you?

When Stella thought of it, a hint of disgust appeared in her eyes. But she still forced a smile on her face, saying, "I want Cheese bread, beef, orange juice..."

Finally, Eric showed a satisfied expression and stroked Stella's hair again, as if she were a pet.

"That's my good girl," He murmured.

She thought he would go to the kitchen alone, but to her surprise, he carried her there too.

After making her sit on the clean and tidy countertop, Eric closed the kitchen door and sealed them in a confined space. Only then did he roll up his sleeves and start preparing the food.

Perhaps he was afraid that she would grab a knife or something to attack him, so Eric only used very short and small utensils.

Stella wasn't foolish enough to use those small knives to fight against a tall, strong man like Eric. She would have no chance of winning even if she fought with her life.

Eric seemed to be in a good mood, cooking the steak and immediately cutting off a small piece to place it near Stella's lips. "Try it and see if it tastes good."

In the years when Stella deceived him, they had interacted in a similar way, but back then Stella didn't have hatred in her eyes. Now, she reluctantly opened her lips, chewed slowly, and remained silent. She would eat whatever was given to her anyway.

Eric wasn't annoyed either. He treated her like a playful pup, ruffled her hair, and then turned to squeeze some orange juice.

These foods aren't available on the island before. Eric must have bought them this morning when he went out. So, after we finish eating the food, he would have to go out again after a certain period of time. During this time, I can not only retrieve the gun but also escape.

At the thought, Stella turned her head and looked out the window.

There was a boat on the distant beach, but she knew Eric would certainly take that boat when he left the island. It was of no use to her.

If she wanted to leave, she had to take the gun first and then use it to threaten Eric to let her go. Of course, she could also wait for a month to pass before leaving, but she didn't trust Eric.

Thinking this, Stella slowly relaxed. She had to make Eric lower his guard before she could have a chance to escape.

Next, whatever Eric fed her, Stella ate with her head down, filling her stomach to gather strength for her escape.

The two of them didn't argue or have any conflicts. However, after they finished eating, the anti-tracking device hidden in a concealed place started to beep.

Eric's expression darkened as he stared in the direction of the anti-tracking device. After a while, he took out his phone and handed it to Stella. "Tell them not to come looking for your anymore."

Stella knew who "they" referred to.

Taya, Harper, and Alpha were all searching for her everywhere. However, Eric had installed an anti-tracking device, blocking the signal, so it was difficult to pinpoint her exact location. But now

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Stella took the phone and glanced at Eric. "With Alpha's skills, they will find this place soon. Why do you have to offend him?"

A cold smile appeared on Eric's lips. "That's why you have to make a call and tell him to come for you in a month."

Stella frowned. "Why do you have to spend a month with me?"

Eric lowered his eyelashes, concealing his tiredness. "I want to spend more time with you. Is that not possible?"

After saying that, he picked up Stella, who was sitting next to him, and placed her on his lap. Then he tilted his chin up and kissed Stella's lips. "If I told you that I really miss you, would you believe me?"

He missed her so much, to the point of agony, to the point where he didn't know what to do to bring her back to his side. So, Eric was dying to stay with Stella for a month.

Stella saw the intense love in his eyes but turned her head slightly, avoiding his gaze. "I don't love you."

Eric's body stiffened, and a wave of pain spread from his heart to his limbs, even his fingertips hurt. But he didn't say much, just nodded. "I know."

He let go of Stella, picked up the phone again, and placed it in her hand. "This time, I won't deceive you anymore. Give me a month."

After a month, he would let her go and stay on this small island, growing old alone, spending the rest of his life without disturbing her again.

Chapter 1565

Stella held her phone and hesitated for a few seconds before dialing Taya's number.

She only remembered Taya's number.

Taya, who had been sitting in the living room all night without sleep, suddenly answered a call from a stranger, causing her heart to pound. It wasn't until she heard Stella's voice on the other end that she could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"Where are you? Are you okay? Did Eric harm you?!"

A series of worries and greetings warmed Stella's heart. After she reassured Taya that she was fine, she looked up at Eric and, with his signal, began to speak slowly.

"Please don't come looking for us anymore. Eric and I will be on this island for a month and then

we'll come back. It's spring here, the scenery is beautiful, and it's perfect for sightseeing..."

She didn't know which country this was or what the name of the island was. The only information she could reveal was that it was a small island and she could judge it was spring based on the temperature.

Upon hearing this, Taya and Harper were puzzled, not understanding the meaning of Stella's words.

Griffon, on the other hand, reacted quickly and took the phone, speaking coldly, "Eric, let her go. Otherwise, when I find you, it won't just be a matter of going to jail."

Eric smirked and coldly replied, "This is between me and Stella. It's none of your business."

After saying that, Eric hung up the phone.

Preston, who had finally obtained the location based on the call, hadn't finished reading it when a red mark suddenly appeared on the screen.

"That bastard moves fast."

Preston cursed and stood up to take Taya's phone. He glanced at the number displayed on it, showing as unknown and not knowing where it was called from.

Griffon instructed Preston to continue investigating based on this number and coldly ordered Andre, "It's summer in the Canada now. Look into South American countries like Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and Colombia, which correspond to spring. Find out which small islands have been bought by Americans, including those undeveloped ones."

Narrowing down the search range would make it faster. Andre immediately nodded, "Got it!"

As he turned to do his work, he noticed Thomas, who was tied to a pillar, and asked, "What about him?"

He thought tying Thomas up would be of some use, but Eric completely disregarded whether his father lived or died.

Griffon gave a cold, snowy gaze and glanced at Thomas, who was sleeping soundly with his head tilted. "Let him go and release a news story to Imperial Capital's media. Say that Thomas Sinclair's son kidnapped his step-niece with malicious intent."

Thomas, pretending to be asleep, immediately opened his eyes, "I'll send people to find Eric. I will personally bring this traitor back and hand him over to you."

Griffon withdrew his gaze and ignored Thomas. Someone came forward to untie him, and Thomas understood that Griffon had agreed.

Thomas had originally thought that since he had escaped, he would let Eric and Andre fight it out. But as soon as he stepped

inside his house, someone called him and asked if he had sent people. If not, they would publish a missing person report. This angered Thomas, forcing him to use his own influence to search for Eric all over the world.

On Stella's side, after putting down the phone, she looked at Eric, who was operating the anti-tracking device. Although he was a genius in the medical field, he

was also a computer genius.

Despite being absolutely outstanding in his career, he insisted on being a perverted person.

Stella stared at Eric, who was completely focused on operating the codes. He not only adjusted the anti-tracking device but also

sent a fake location to Preston based on that unknown number.

Seeing the successful message on the screen, Eric smiled, and the golden sunlight shone on his face, making him look somewhat triumphant.

He closed the computer and picked up Stella, who was sitting beside him. "Didn't you used to love lying on the grass and

watching the sunset when you were little? Come on, I'll take you to see it."

Chapter 1566

He was very excited and brought Stella to the seaside, but instead of going to the beach, he just placed her on the nearby lawn.

Perhaps afraid that she would run away, at the moment Stella sat on the ground, a handcuff was placed on her right wrist, and another one was placed on Eric's left wrist.

Seeing this, Stella sneered, "Didn't you say we would be like before? Why do you still need to guard me like this?"

Eric didn't mind and smiled, "Don't you think this will deepen our feelings for each other?"

Stella's expression turned ugly to the extreme. In her mind, she wondered if she would also be handcuffed like this when she slept at night. How would she be able to get the gun then?

While she was thinking of a solution, Eric suddenly pressed her down, "There is no one on this island, only you and me."

Stella's eyes revealed a look of disgust, "I don't want to!"

As the man who kissed her while biting her lip, he said, "You told me before that when a woman says she doesn't want it, she actually wants it. I've always remembered."

Stella struggled desperately but couldn't resist his strength. When her clothes were taken off, the grass behind her pricked her skin, causing immense pain.

Whether it was because he noticed her pain or for some other reason, Eric flipped her over and made her lie on top of him.

Her wrist was still handcuffed to his, and she couldn't escape. His hand firmly held her waist, preventing her from breaking free, so she could only let him do as he pleased.

Sometimes, Stella hated herself. Despite her hatred for Eric, why did she still react when he touched her?

She closed her eyes, unwilling to show any expression related to this matter. However, Eric sensed from her subtle expressions that she did have a reaction.

In his dark eyes, when they met this kind of Stella, a hint of doting smile slowly appeared. Could they develop a new love for each other if they stayed together like this for a month?

With this thought in mind, Eric gently kissed her eyes. "Stella, I love you very much."

Stella turned her head and looked at the distant sunset. The golden light shone down, casting

warmth on her smooth back. Although the weather should have been warm, her heart felt extremely cold. What exactly was this entanglement?

In the late night, Eric fed her something to eat and then took her for a bath while the handcuffs remained on.

After lying on the soft bed, Stella raised her eyes and looked at Eric, who was blow-drying her hair. "My wrists hurt."

Ignoring her words, Eric continued blow-drying her hair before finally putting down the hairdryer and getting into bed to hold her while sleeping.

Stella, who slept with her back facing him, felt a bit uncomfortable. She rubbed her wrists, which had been cuffed above her head. After being handcuffed for so long, they did hurt.

Eric stared at her back for a few seconds, then took the keys, unlocked the handcuffs, and threw them aside. He then embraced her into his arms tightly. "Let's sleep."

Stella, unusually in a good mood, obediently nodded. Although she closed her eyes, she didn't really fall asleep. She waited for Eric to fall asleep before getting up and going upstairs.

After about half an hour, the man who held her gradually emitted steady breathing, indicating that he was asleep. Stella lightly pushed him after raising her hand, but he didn't respond. Only then did she uncover the blanket and quietly get out of bed.

Stepping on the carpet, she turned her head with each step and walked to the door. Before gently opening the door, she even held her breath, afraid that Eric would suddenly wake up.

Thankfully,

the man lying in bed didn't open his eyes until she opened the door.

She breathed a sigh of relief, tiptoed towards the cold floor outside, and didn't even dare to close the door. She moved towards the staircase.

The house was quite big. After walking out of the room and into the hallway, Stella quickened her pace, taking advantage of the moonlight pouring in through the window. She climbed up to the third floor...

When she arrived at the birdcage room, she found that the door was locked and couldn't be opened. As resentment grew in Stella's heart, a cold voice suddenly came from behind her, "You didn't follow the rules. You're going to be punished..."

Chapter 1567

Stella was startled by the eerie voice and turned around to see Eric standing next to the escalator, staring at her coldly.

In the absence of sunlight, only dim moonlight shone through the glass on the top floor, reflecting off Eric's face like a demon from hell.

Seeing Eric like this, Stella shivered and instinctively took a step back, pressing her back against the door of the birdcage house.

As Eric approached her, he unwrapped the white cloth from his wrist and held it up above her head.

His cold fingers trailed from her face down to her chest. He groped her chest and asked, "Didn't we agree that I would give you the gun after a month? Why are you so impatient?"

Stella, enduring the humiliation, gritted her teeth and said, "Eric, I don't want to be with you for a month."

Eric lowered his head and buried it in her neck, biting her forcefully. "But I do," he said in a warm and gentle tone, as if speaking to a lover.

As his warm tongue licked her skin, it felt like being stung by a venomous scorpion, causing her immense pain.

Stella endured the biting pain and tried to break free from his restraints, but her feet were held tight by him, and her body was pressed against the door, unable to move at all.

Eric continued to bite her intentionally while whispering in her ear, "I don't think you've ever tried BDSM. How about trying it as punishment?"

Hearing these words, Stella's face turned pale. "Don't mess around!"

Eric kissed her cheek gently, speaking softly as if talking to a lover, "So, are you going to escape or not?"

Despite her fear of BDSM, Stella shook her head, even though she didn't want to. "I won't escape..."

Eric's fingers brushed Stella's chest and moved downwards.

"Since you're not going to escape, obediently come back with me and sleep."

He was familiar with her body, and with just a simple touch, Stella reacted. She endured her disgust and the humiliation he inflicted upon her and nodded.

Instead of taking her back to sleep, Eric pressed her against the cold door and entered her forcefully.

It felt like a punishment as he used great force, causing her to faint only to wake her up again.

When Stella woke up, she found her wrists locked again, this time with both hands bound together, making it difficult for her to do anything, let alone move.

She sat in despair on the living room sofa, looking at the sunrise outside the window, hoping someone would come to rescue her...

Griffon narrowed down his search to three countries where Eric's private plane had been recorded, but he couldn't determine which one Eric was on.

Griffon, who had obtained information about Eric's purchase of islands around the world, stared at the places marked with a red pen for a few seconds before recalling Stella's words...

The one-month deadline seemed to be given by Eric.

It seemed like he wanted to use Stella's voice to request everyone to give him a month's time to settle this matter...

In fact, finding Stella now or finding her in a month wouldn't change the fact that Eric would end up in jail. After all, rape, illegal confinement, and contempt of court were serious charges.

Although the rape charge had not been convicted yet, there was a record of Stella and Henry reporting the incident to the Arcadia police on the day they got mated.

Even if the Imperial Capital court didn't give an immediate verdict, they would give a fair judgment after verification.

Eric must have known the outcome of this lawsuit, so he brazenly kidnapped Stella in front of

the courthouse, regardless of the consequences.

At first, Griffon thought Eric was extremely arrogant, but now he felt that Eric's actions were probably for the purpose of spending more time with Stella.

Griffon couldn't judge Eric's thoughts, but he could guess his mindset. He was like a trapped animal making one final gamble, disregarding all costs.

Did Eric love Stella? Very much, to the point of obsession and madness...

Although Griffon had already obtained the information and could quickly find Eric, he appeared hesitant at this moment, feeling a sense of foreboding that delayed his decision. Everyone in the hospital room, including Henry's parents, looked at him, their eyes filled with tears, and they gazed at the man sitting on the sofa. Henry, lying on the hospital bed, noticed Griffon's hesitation and his expression gradually changed from worry to gratitude. "Alpha, thank you for helping me find these countries. Leave the rest to me..."

Chapter 1568

Henry was the person involved, while Griffon was only Stella's boss. However, he expended a lot of manpower and resources to help find Stella.

When Henry's parents heard that he was going to find Stella on his own, their weak bodies trembled. "Henry, with your current condition, how can you go find Stella..." They didn't oppose Henry being with Stella, but they were extremely afraid of Stella being targeted by a pervert. Even if Henry wasn't afraid of anything, as his parents, they were extremely fearful. After looking at their tearful parents, Henry's eyebrows dropped with guilt. He patted his mother's hand and said, "Don't worry about me, Eric wouldn't dare to kill anyone..." Henry's parents, looking at the stubborn Henry, were unable to express their bitterness, but they still respected Henry's decision and didn't force him with words.

They simply turned to look at Griffon. Although they were born into a scholarly pack, they were far from being compared to the powerful Alpha of the Knight pack. They could only hope in him. Griffon received the expectant gaze of the elderly couple, blinked slowly with his thick eyelashes, and then focused on Henry. "Rest well, leave the search to me."

After speaking, Griffon stood up, took Taya's hand, and walked out of the hospital room.

Preston in the opposite hospital room saw Griffon leave and patted Anthony's shoulder, telling him to rest well before getting up as well.

After Griffon got into the car, they split into three teams. Andre led one team, Preston led another, and Griffon led his own team. They each took their respective groups and went to different countries to search for Stella.

After they left, Henry looked at the map and the information about the island Eric had bought overseas for a long time, feeling that something was off...

Eric's private jet had stopped in three different countries. At first glance, it seemed like they were deploying smoke bombs to confuse them and make them go to different countries. But upon careful thought, if Eric could use a counter-tracker to transmit fake locations to Preston, then why wouldn't they also use three fake smoke bombs to deceive them? Thinking of this, Henry quickly took out his phone and called them separately, but by this time, the three teams had already boarded the plane, and their phones were turned off.

Holding the map in his hand, Henry locked the location in the South American area, and then, based on the information that was transmitted back, he eliminated them one by one until his gaze fell on Panama...

On the globe in Stella's office, there was once a circle around this country.

When Henry, who was still an intern at the time, saw it, he asked Stella if she wanted to travel to this country.

Stella smiled and said that someone had promised to take her there when she was younger, but she never had the chance to go. So she circled it to commemorate it... Stella's pup period and youth were both related to Eric, so it must have been Eric who said he wanted to take her to Panama for her to circle it as a warning to herself, a reminder of her hatred for Eric.

So, since it was a place they had agreed to go to when they were younger, could they be in this country now?

Holding onto this speculation, Henry waited for his parents to go find the doctor, removed the IV needle, put on a patient gown, and hurriedly left the hospital.

He forcefully supported his injured body, swaying, and hailed a taxi. After returning home to get his passport, he headed straight to the airport.

Eric held Stella in his arms and placed a small piece of foie gras on her mouth. "You were tired last night, eat something to replenish your strength."

Stella was extremely hungry and opened her mouth, devouring the foie gras in big bites. After finishing, she wanted to get the utensils herself, but Eric stopped her. "Be good, don't rush. Eating should be done slowly to avoid stomach issues."

He fed her bit by bit, just like feeding a baby, and Stella, who had been hungry for a long time, glared at him impatiently.

Seeing her fierce expression, Eric's mood improved even more, and he even smiled more.

After he finished feeding her, he took out a wet wipe and wiped the corners of her lips, then carried her to the underground theater, randomly picked a movie, and forced Stella to watch it until the end. Then he made love to her while holding her.

As he did, he made her say "I love you" like she used to.

Stella was unwilling, so he pinched her, leaving bruises all over her waist.

In extreme pain, Stella had no choice but to grit her teeth and say, "I love you..."

B

Chapter 1569

She said "I love you" but there was no love in her words. However, to Eric, even though it was such a heartless lie, it still made him satisfied.

His fingers brushed the sticky hair off Stella's face, regardless of whether she was drenched in sweat or not. He lowered his head and kissed her forehead, "I love you too."

Stella smirked, "Eric, someone like you, do you even know what love is? Do you understand what love is?"

Feeling the intense pleasure, Eric kissed her lips, "I don't know, I don't understand, but so what?"

So what? He knew he wanted her, and that was enough. Who cares what love is, as long as he keeps her by his side, that is love.

Stella lay on the soft carpet, turned her head and looked at the embarrassing scene on the big screen. She felt that the intense performance in the movie was not as intense as what they were experiencing.

Her body was completely dirtied by Eric, there was not a single clean spot. No, it started from the first time Eric wanted her, she was never clean...

He held her and they did it over and over again.

At first, Stella could resist, but later she was too tired to fight back and just let him do as he pleased.

In the moment he put her in the bathtub, Stella felt nauseous and leaned over the edge, dry heaving a few times, but nothing came out.

Seeing her like this, Eric, leaning against the glass door, was slightly stunned. It seemed like a sign of early pregnancy, but Stella didn't have a uterus, so it was impossible for her to be pregnant.

He had often fantasized about Stella having his pup, and the three of them staying on this island, living carefree for the rest of their lives.

He also often dreamed that if they had a pup, Stella would slowly accept him for the sake of the pup. Then, he wouldn't need to force her to say "I love you" with lies.

But there were no ifs. Stella's uterus was taken out by him, she would never be able to have a pup...

After regret filled Eric's eyes, his brow furrowed deeply. He walked up to Stella, crouched down, and gently patted her back, "What's wrong with you?"

Stella covered her uncomfortable stomach and glared at him angrily, "The things you make are not only disgustingly bad but also undercooked."

Eric was taken aback for a moment, seemingly not expecting Stella to be as picky as before about the things he made. A pleased smile gradually appeared on his lips, "Then, will you make something for me tomorrow?"

Stella turned her head away, ignoring Eric, but he leaned over to her ear and softly coaxed her, "The blueberry pie you make is my favorite. Will you make it for me tomorrow?"

Stella, covering her stomach, somehow subconsciously nodded, "Hmm..."

It was for the sake of her own stomach. She couldn't just eat the junk food and dark cuisine Eric made for the whole month.

Seeing her agree, Eric was extremely happy. He cupped her face and kissed her several times, "You're so good."

After the kiss, he reached for Stella's wrist and said, "You're so obedient, you deserve a reward. I'll reward you by not using this thing tonight."

He threw the handcuffs to the side and picked up a towel, helping Stella take a bath. After washing her, he massaged her gently, his movements as gentle as if he was caressing the most precious treasure in the world.

Stella, leaning against the edge of the bathtub, occasionally raised her eyes and glanced at her reflection in the mirror. The face in the mirror was filled with an incredibly joyful smile, as if as long as she cooperated, he would be happy.

Stella didn't know what to make of this kind of Eric. She felt like she had succeeded in getting revenge, but at the same time, she hadn't succeeded because she was still entangled with him. Eric carried Stella back to the master bedroom and placed her on the bed. He turned to the side, propped his forehead with one hand, and stared at Stella who had closed her eyes.

Taking advantage of the soft moonlight, the man traced Stella's features with his fingers and softly spoke, "Stella, when you were young, did you only like me?"

Stella had answered this question before, but this time she didn't bother responding to him.

Eric didn't mind and continued to talk about the past on his own, "I thought you liked that guy named Mason..."

Back then, she had a close relationship with that guy named Mason. He would escort her to and from school every day, they would often joke and laugh together, and they even made plans to attend the same university. Eric pretended not to notice every time.

Karen really liked Mason and often invited him to their house even brought Mason into Stella's room to let them have some alone time. After spending so much time together, Mason was able to freely come and go in the Simpson family. Eric had caught them a few times, being all lovey-dovey. He couldn't stand it and scolded them a few times. Karen would come out to mediate, saying that Mason would be Stella's future husband and that he should be nicer to his brother-in-law

Write your comment

· Gifts

Karen really liked Mason and often invited him to their house. She even brought Mason into Stella's room to let them have some alone time. After spending so much time together, Mason was able to freely come and go in the Simpson family. Eric had caught them a few times, being all lovey-dovey. He couldn't stand it and scolded them a few times. Karen would come out to mediate, saying that Mason would be Stella's future husband and that he should be nicer to his brother-in-law.

BChapter 1570

Back then, Eric felt really uncomfortable when she heard those words, but she didn't understand why she felt that way.

On Stella's eighteenth birthday, Karen told Eric that Stella would be traveling to another country with Mason tonight.

The discomfort in Eric's heart gradually turned into resentment, as he always thought that if someone else touched his Stella, he

would be furious.

He sent people to intercept Mason's ship and had Stella pulled down from it, just to scare her a little. Little did he know that those people would actually act for real...

At that time, he was in the car, unable to see the dim environment under the thick car tint, and couldn't hear the distant cries for help. He thought his people were just scaring Stella, but he never expected...

Looking back, Eric deeply regretted it. It was his recklessness and immaturity, and he blamed the butler for calling him away with an urgent phone call, otherwise, in such a long time, he would have noticed that something was wrong...

When he was young, he thought that this was a way to punish Stella, but he didn't expect that the person being punished would be himself. Even though he later dealt with those people, he still couldn't forget the scene of seeing Stella covered in injuries when he returned...

Thinking back to that time, Eric's heart trembled. He instinctively held Stella tightly and whispered in her ear, filled with guilt, "I'm sorry..."

Each apology made Stella tighten her grip on his hand, even though she didn't know exactly what he was apologizing for. But no matter what it was, she couldn't accept his apologies.

Feeling Stella's hatred, Eric leaned in again and gently kissed her lips, saying, "I will treat you well, I promise to treat you well in the future..."

Stella still didn't open her eyes or respond to his words. She just pushed his hand away, turned to the side, and gazed at the moonlight outside the window.

Time passed, and Eric approached her again, embracing her. "If we could go back to the day of your eighteenth birthday, I would listen to your confession carefully..."

Stella interrupted Eric directly, "If we could go back to that day, I would stab you to death with a knife..."

Eric stopped speaking, slowly withdrawing his words. After about ten minutes, a sigh of helplessness came from behind him. "I'm sorry..."

Stella remained silent, staring at the sea outside the window, lost in thought for an hour, two hours, three hours, until she saw a brightly lit speedboat approaching the island in the distance...

Stella immediately realized that it was Taya and the others who had found her. A glimmer of hope rose in her heart, but she didn't want to wake Eric. She quietly uncovered the corner of the blanket and slowly moved towards the edge of the bed.

Perhaps because of the previous night's experience, Stella didn't dare to make any sudden movements. She stayed by the bed for a long time, then turned back and looked at Eric, waiting silently. Seeing that he seemed to be really asleep, she finally dared to get up.

She still didn't put on any shoes, quietly and slowly moved

towards the door. She didn't move until she walked out of the door, crouching in place, peering through the crack, looking at the man inside, waiting for a long time, but he never came out. Slowly, she stood up...

After she left the mansion, the speedboat also stopped. When Stella saw the figure coming down from the speedboat, she was startled. She didn't even care if she stepped on weeds or thorns, and quickly ran towards Henry.

Henry's heart hung in the balance until he saw Stella on this small island. He quickly approached her, wanting to embrace her, but Stella pushed him away. "Go quickly, you can't handle Eric alone,

go back and bring more people..."

Stella was very clear-headed, but Henry insisted on taking her with him after seeing her. "Stella, don't be afraid, come with me now. Eric won't catch up..."

He had specifically rented a speedboat to arrive faster. He had planned to sneak onto the island in the middle of the night and find Stella, but he didn't expect her to run out as soon as he arrived. This was even better, there was no need to search anymore, he could just take her away.

Henry pulled Stella and quickly ran towards the beach. Just as they were about to get on the speedboat, a gunshot rang out, followed by a bullet that swiftly passed through the speedboat.

Both of them, standing in the water, turned their heads at the sound of the gunshot, looking at the person who fired the shot...

Eric, wearing a white shirt, raised the gun in his hand. After blowing away the smoke from the muzzle, he walked slowly towards them...

Chapter 1571

The moment Stella saw Eric, she reacted first. She pushed Henry away and said, "You need to go!"

Stella was afraid that Eric would harm Henry. She grabbed Henry's arm and pushed him onto the speedboat. After all, Eric had a gun, and who knew if that lunatic would shoot Henry again...

Henry didn't want to be a coward. He stood tall in front of Eric and tightly held Stella's hand in his palm.

Eric's obscure gaze fell on their intertwined fingers. He used to not understand the uncomfortable feeling it represented, but now he knew all too well.

So, he had been jealous for a long time. If he had known earlier, would they not have reached this point today...

Eric slowly moved his gaze away, past Henry, and onto Stella's pale face. "We agreed on one month, and it's only been one day..."

He used the gun in his hand to lift Stella's chin. "Are you so eager to leave me?"

Henry pulled Stella away and stood in front of her. "Don't bully women!"

Eric completely disregarded Henry and heard his nagging voice. Only then did he move his

gaze away from Stella's face and look at Henry. "Do you want me to deal with you?"

Eric raised the gun in his hand and hit Henry's temple. With one punch, Henry's body went limp. Seeing Henry fall into the water, Stella hurriedly went to help him. Her anxious and panicked state was seen as ironic by Eric.

He also crouched down and grabbed Stella's hair, forcing her to look at him. "I just asked you a question, and you haven't answered me yet."

Stella originally wanted to continue arguing with him, but seeing the unconscious Henry, anger surged within her. "Yes, I can't wait to leave you. I don't want to be with you for even a second. You make me sick, so sick!"

The man crouching in the water gradually stiffened, and his blood ran cold. As the despair in his heart grew, he suddenly laughed coldly. "You feel disgusted with me, but you're happy with Henry, right?"

His malicious gaze slowly shifted to the man Stella was carefully holding in her arms. He had never felt such jealousy before, and it suddenly erupted from the depths of his heart, making him seem like a devil from hell.

Under the bright moonlight, amidst the surging waves, Eric grabbed Henry by the collar and lifted him directly from Stella's embrace. He then dragged Henry towards the deep sea.

Stella hurriedly followed, but the waves crashed down and the sand beneath her feet retreated. As she struggled to catch up, Eric had already thrown Henry into the sea.

Watching the rolling waves instantly swallow Henry, Stella was frightened. Without any hesitation, she jumped in as well.

Her actions undoubtedly stimulated Eric even more. He aimed the gun in his hand at Henry several times, but each time he saw the figure desperately trying to save him, he clenched his teeth and held back...

In the end, this lunatic threw away the gun in his hand and jumped into the water. He pulled the exhausted Stella out and, seeing that she refused to let go of Henry's clothes, Eric, despite his anger, freed up one hand and grabbed Henry's collar. He then carried both of them back...

At the moment they reached the shore, Eric collapsed tiredly on the beach, while Stella didn't even look at him once. She was only extremely worried and checked Henry's body from head to toe.

Henry was lucky because being unconscious allowed his body to float. So he didn't choke on water, but being unconscious for a long time was also not good for a person.

When Stella pinched Henry's acupoint, trying to wake him up, Eric grabbed her wrist. "Are you only worried about him?"

Stella scoffed coldly. "I'm not worried about him. Are you worried about him?"

Eric's finger paused, and then he tightened his grip. "Since you're so worried about him, you probably wouldn't mind if I make him suffer a little more, right?"

Stella, dripping wet, heard this and her already pale face became even more grim. "What are you going to do?!"

Eric didn't answer Stella. He just grabbed Henry's collar again and dragged him towards the mansion.

"What are you planning to do?"

Stella hurriedly caught up and stopped Eric, grabbing his hand and begging him.

"If you're angry, take it out on me. Don't hurt him, I'm begging you..."

Looking at Stella, who was pleading for Henry but being cold towards him, Eric felt his bleeding heart sink even lower...

With a cold face and no expression, he shook off Stella's hand and then pulled Henry, quickly walking towards the living room and then up the stairs to the top floor.

Stella followed behind, afraid that Eric would kill Henry in a fit of anger. She didn't dare to breathe and could only anxiously follow him.

BChapter 1572

After dragging Henry into the birdcage room, Eric handcuffed his hands and feet to the iron bars of the cage with four handcuffs.

Henry's face was facing inside the birdcage, able to see everything inside, but he had no idea what Eric was planning by restraining him like this.

Stella tried to move towards the gun on the table, but Eric grabbed her wrist and threw her into the birdcage.

As he took out the handcuffs, Eric stared into Stella's eyes and asked her, "Do you want to stay with me for another month, or stay here with him? Choose one."

Stella looked at Eric, his eyes bloodshot, and then at the handcuffs. She shook her head, "Don't do this. When they find me, you'll be sentenced for a long time."

Eric smirked, "If I cared about how long I would be sentenced, I wouldn't have brought you here..."

He used his cold fingers to lift Stella's chin, "Which one will you choose?"

Stella couldn't leave Henry alone in here, so she chose the latter, "Since you're not planning to let me go, then just tie me up here

No matter which option she chose, Eric would still have control over her. She might as well stay here and accompany Henry.

Upon hearing her choice, Eric's heart sank. The excruciating pain surged through him.

With his eyes turning red, he stared at Stella and gritted his teeth, "Do you love him that much?"

Did she love him so much that she would give up the chance of survival, willingly be locked in a birdcage, and stay with a half-dead doctor?

But wasn't she supposed to love him the most? She had loved him since they were young, even when he rejected her, mocked her, and bullied her. How did she fall in love with someone else so quickly?

Stella didn't answer Eric's question. She extended her hands and said coldly, "Just lock me up. Don't waste your breath. It's meaningless."

No matter how much they talked about love or not, it was all meaningless. It was ironic. When she loved him, he didn't love her and treated her that way. Now, what's the point of talking about love?

Eric's long eyelashes drooped. Stella looked at his fair hands and said, "Just say it. Let me give up..."

Hearing that he would give up, Stella didn't hesitate and blurted out, "If you really want to hear it, then I'll tell you. I love him, I love

him very much. If it wasn't for you, I would have mated him a long time ago..."

Eric suddenly smiled, "Yes, if it wasn't for me, you would have mated him, and you two would have adopted a pup and lived happily ever after. But Stella..."

After a pause, he raised his bloodshot eyes and stared directly at

Stella, "You were the first one to say you loved me."

You said you loved me, and that's why I loved you without hesitation. Why did you stop loving me just because you said so...

It was the first time Stella saw tears in Eric's eyes. The glistening teardrops, reflecting dim light in the dim room, carried countless grievances and the pain of unrequited love. All of it was visible in

his eyes.

For some reason, Stella didn't have the courage to meet his gaze and awkwardly looked away...

She didn't say anything, appearing cold and indifferent. It seemed like she didn't care whether he lived or died. Perhaps this was

exactly what she wanted.

Thinking about the icy heart that lay beneath Stella's cold exterior,

Eric couldn't help but chuckle.

He picked up the handcuffs and locked Stella in the birdcage. Standing up, facing Henry, he stared at that annoying face for a few seconds before taking out a folding knife from his pocket...

As he opened the knife, he slowly walked towards Henry with heavy steps. When Stella, who was behind him, saw what Eric held in his hand, her face turned pale.

"What are you going to do?"

Eric scraped the sharp edge of the knife with his fingertip. Under his calm and dark expression were eyes filled with hostility...

"I'm going to destroy the person you love—"

In the next second, the knife in his hand aimed directly at Henry's wrist. He raised the knife and swiftly cut the tendons inside...

"Ah—"

Henry woke up in pain. In his blurry vision, he saw Eric's extremely dark eyes. Before he could fully focus, another wave of intense pain hit him...

He realized that the tendons in his hands had been severed by Eric-

Henry was in too much pain to speak, but he could faintly hear Stella's heart-wrenching scream-

"Eric, Henry is a doctor, he's a doctor! He still has to perform surgeries for people! How could you cut his tendons!"

B

Write your comment

Chapter 1573

The sound of tearful screams tore through the air, causing Henry to slowly lift his head.

Beads of cold sweat dripped down, falling onto his eyelashes, obstructing his view.

But he still saw Stella, crying until she was exhausted, locked in a birdcage. She desperately struggled to break free from the handcuffs, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't escape. The feeling of powerlessness made Henry slowly smile...

"Don't be afraid, it's okay..."

Even though he was in so much pain, he still comforted her. This made Stella feel even more guilty and miserable. She went mad, tearing at the handcuffs, scraping her wrists and drawing blood,

but still couldn't break free...

Eric looked at this pitiful couple and suddenly burst into laughter, "You truly love each other..."

Eric threw away the knife in his hand and walked slowly towards Stella, looking down at her from above, "How does it feel to have your heart torn apart?"

Was it as agonizing as he is?

With her eyes

bloodshot, Stella stared at Henry's bloodied hands.

The light in her eyes suddenly dimmed, leaving only despair...

Her unwillingness to even look at herself intensified Eric's anger. The tall man quickly walked over to Stella and grabbed her face.

But even when he lifted her face, Stella still didn't look at him. Her colorless eyes seemed unable to focus, as if she was looking at him and yet not looking at him. This appearance clearly showed that she had lost all hope because of Henry's injury...

Seeing how much she loved Henry, Eric's jealousy deepened. He angrily let go of Stella, using too much force. The back of Stella's head hit the iron pole, making a loud noise...

Realizing his mistake, Eric quickly tried to show concern, but

Henry's voice came from behind him faster, "Are you okay?!"

Upon hearing that urgent voice, Eric's hand slowly retracted...

Stella, dazed from the impact, was about to shake her head in response when she heard Henry angrily berating Eric, "You rapist! You hurt Stella and kidnapped her, and now you're using violence against her! Are you even a man?!"

A strange smile appeared on Eric's handsome face. He turned his head slowly and

looked at Henry, who was locked in the birdcage, “Rapist.”

After uttering these words, he suddenly grabbed Stella’s hand and pulled her into his embrace. He raised an eyebrow and

tauntingly smiled at Henry, “Do you want to witness it?”

Stella, tightly held in his embrace, suddenly felt her numb heart freeze. Her whole body stiffened. She knew Eric was capable of anything. If it happened in front of Henry...

At this moment, her ears were filled not only with Eric’s heavy breathing, but also with Henry’s heart-wrenching screams –

“Eric!”

“You bastard, let go of Stella!”

Henry’s intense shouting caused Stella’s tears to flow

uncontrollably. She struggled and resisted with all her might but couldn’t match Eric’s strength.

Stella was pressed against the iron pole, her hands held above her head, her pants taken off, and then her waist lifted...

At this moment, Stella had no dignity left...

And Henry, who loved her so much, was tied to the birdcage, just like Stella before, desperately trying to break free but unable to.

Watching Henry struggle and cry in pain, Stella’s tears flowed uncontrollably. Her suffocating heart felt like it had died. She couldn’t feel any physical pain, only the overwhelming desire to cry, uncontrollably.

She cried like a pup, gasping for breath, calling out for her man.

Hearing both of them crying, Eric couldn’t help but sneer.

“You are mine. You’re not allowed to cry for any other man...”

His ice-cold fingers wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes, then he hooked her chin. “Say you love me, and I’ll let you go...”

Stella parted her pale lips, smiling like a flower, but didn’t say anything. She just looked at Henry, who was struggling and bleeding, silently shedding tears of despair.

Eric found her smiling-crying appearance extremely irritating. His deep brows furrowed for a moment, but he disregarded it and continued tormenting Stella in front of Henry...

Henry’s frantic screams, initially filled with anger, gradually turned into pleading.

“I beg you, let Stella go. Don’t do this to her. I’m begging you, please...”

BChapter 1574

Eric was unaffected by the pleas for mercy. In fact, they only fueled his hatred.

Once he hated someone, he would make them suffer even more...

Eric seemed to be punishing Stella, but in reality, he was punishing Henry.

He wanted to make this man, who had suddenly invaded the island, suffer tremendously.

At first, Stella struggled, but once her heart died, she became motionless, like a lifeless corpse, allowing Eric to do as he pleased.

After getting what he wanted from Stella, Eric calmly zipped up his suit pants.

He looked like a well-dressed beast, performing despicable acts. It was absurd that this beast cared about other men seeing Stella's body, as if he couldn't sink any lower.

After tidying up Stella's disheveled clothes, Eric released her from the iron bars.

Stella, weak and unsupported, slumped to the ground, her eyes ying, unable to even look at Henry...

Still bound to the birdcage, Henry watched Stella, whose face pale as paper. Instantly, tears streamed down his cheeks again.

After staring at Stella for a moment, Eric turned and walked towards the door. Just as he was about to leave the birdcage, Stella's hoarse voice rang out from behind, "Eric, take me away."

Hearing these words, Eric froze in place, seemingly not understanding what Stella meant. He slowly turned around, furrowing his brow as he gazed at Stella sitting on the ground.

Stella lifted her slender finger, wiping away the remaining tears from her eyes, and then raised her chin, looking at the tall and imposing Eric. "Didn't you say we would spend a month together?"

She extended her hand, the one that wasn't locked. "Take me downstairs, I'll make blueberry pie for you."

Eric's furrowed brow slightly relaxed. "Do you still remember what you promised me?"

"Hmm." Stella nodded and smiled gently. "I said 'I love you' first,

of course I remember what I promised you.”

Without hesitation, he picked up his pace and walked back to Stella.

Id

key, Eric locked eyes with her and asked,

“You’re not going to care about Henry anymore?”

Stella shook her head. “I’ll make blueberry pie for you, and you can help him with the surgery, okay?”

Eric’s gaze darkened, and Stella’s finger suddenly brushed against his face. “I don’t want you to spend your life in prison for murder. I still want to see you.”

Those deep, unfathomable eyes only reflected his figure at this moment. Despite knowing it was a trap, Eric still fell into it.

“Alright.” He agreed, releasing her hands and then lifting Stella up in his arms. “I’ll take you downstairs first and then come back to help him with the surgery.”

Stella nodded, her gaze dropping when she passed the incredulous Henry. “Can you put me down for a moment? I have something to say to Henry.”

“What do you want to say?”

Stella, nestled in his embrace, looked up with sincere eyes, staring into Eric’s. “I want to tell him that I don’t love him and that he shouldn’t come looking for me again.”

For some reason, Eric felt that Stella was telling the truth. “Then what about earlier...”

only said those things because I heard you say you would let go. It was just nonsense...”

The sincerity in her eyes disarmed Eric, and he released Stella, giving her a chance to explain things to Henry.

However, he didn’t expect that once Stella was free and unrestrained, she would swiftly move to the table, grab the gun that was placed there, and aim it at Eric’s chest without any hesitation.

She fired five shots in quick succession...

Eric’s body shook, but he remained standing, his dark red eyes slowly lifting to look at

Stella, who was holding the gun...

He thought she would deceive him for at least a few more days, find a way to escape with Henry, but he never anticipated that she would escape in this manner...

The pain of his heart being shattered cut off the blood supply to his system. His head spun, his vision blurred, but in order to see Stella one last time, Eric mustered all his strength, lifting his finger to press against his bleeding chest...

B

Chapter 1575

When Stella saw Eric's white shirt gradually stained red with blood, her hands holding the gun were trembling. She didn't know if it was because of the humiliation she had endured or because she was scared. In any case, she was in a state of panic.

"Stella..."

Henry's voice, mixed with surprise, sounded in her ear. Only then did Stella, trembling, throw away the gun in her hand and look at Henry.

"We're safe now..."

She didn't dare to look at Eric, just lowered her head like a madman and rushed towards Eric. She didn't say anything, didn't care if he was bleeding, just reached out into his pocket, searching for the handcuff key.

In her panic, she couldn't find the key no matter what. A hand covered in blood, trembling, held a key and handed it to her...

That bullet pierced Eric's heart. He couldn't speak, just stared at Stella's pale face...

Trembling, Stella took the key, still not looking at Eric, forced herself to turn around and run towards Henry...

At the moment she turned around, Eric couldn't support himself anymore and knelt on one knee, his hand covering his chest, weakly letting go...

He watched Stella unlock Henry's handcuffs, carefully supporting him and holding his hands. Eric couldn't see Stella's expression with her back turned to him, but he could feel her compassion through her actions...

She was feeling sorry for Henry. It seemed that her claim of not loving Henry was a lie. He had been deceived again...

Eric lowered his gaze, looking at the blood on the floor. Suddenly, he felt that it was for the best. If he died, Stella would no longer be disturbed, and she could live happily ever after with the person she loved...

But Stella, you still hadn't made the blueberry pie you promised me.

As Stella helped Henry walk out, she stepped on a pool of blood. The strong, sticky sensation made her stop in her tracks. It was

this momentary pause that allowed Eric, who had already fallen to the ground unable to support himself, to grab hold of her ankle... She didn't lower her head to look at him. Her tear-filled eyes gazed at the door. It was already dawn, and bright light seeped through the cracks... IR out, and she could leave hell behind. But for some reason, her feet felt as if they were nailed down and couldn't move... Eric held her wrist and weakly spoke, "Stella, I..." What should he say? Tell her that he had people rape her just to scare her? Tell her that he wanted her to abort the pup because it was unhealthy? Tell her that if he didn't help her remove her uterus, she would be infected and die? Tell her that it wasn't his rough surgery that caused her infection, but that she was already infected? Tell her that it wasn't him who abandoned her in the wilderness while she was seriously ill... But... It was all because of him that she had become like this. It seemed that at this moment, no matter how much he said, it would be meaningless. Stella wouldn't forgive him because of these reasons... had Caused her was substantial and irreparable. Thinking of this, Eric reluctantly released his grip on Stella's hand. "You go, Stella, don't worry about me..." Stella, still not turning back, tears filled her eyes. She didn't know what happened, but she just stood there, motionless.

B

Chapter 1576

As Eric watched the figure standing in the light, he thought Stella was scared. She forced herself up from the ground. "Stella, turn around." Upon hearing his voice, Stella couldn't help but turn her head. She saw Eric, who had put on a jacket and had a relaxed smile on his face. "You didn't kill anyone, so I won't be in trouble . " Afraid she wouldn't believe him, Eric, with his bloody body, walked towards her. "I'm a doctor, I can stop the bleeding myself..." He raised his large hand, filled with deep affection and reluctance, and touched Stella's face. "Don't be afraid, let's go..." Stella looked at him, stunned for a few seconds, then suddenly made up her mind. She turned around, grabbed Henry's hand, and quickly walked out of the room... As the door opened, Stella, covered in sunlight, felt no warmth, Held onto Henry and ran downstairs... When Henry left the mansion, he glanced in the direction of the top floor and happened to see the man standing in front of the French window. She couldn't make out his expression or whether he would die, but she felt that the gates of hell should no longer open to Stella...

As he watched the couple board the speedboat, Eric thought that Stella might turn back and look at him, but she never did...

It turned out that Stella really didn't love him anymore...

After realizing this, his body, which he had been forcing, suddenly slid down the glass.

The crimson blood stained his clothes, pants, and the carpet on the floor...

Eric leaned against the glass, raising his fingers covered in blood, and touched his shattered heart.

Stella, my heart is broken, it can't be saved, but...

You deceived me once, so I'll deceive you too, and we'll call it even.

He lifted his dull eyes and looked at the light refracting from outside the window, only to find that the light passed over him and shone elsewhere...

He wanted to crawl under the light with all his might, but he had no strength left. He could only stay in the darkness, slowly watching his blood drip away...

In the moment of feeling death, images of Stella flashed through Eric's mind...

Young Stella chasing after him, regardless of whether he disliked or despised her, she was always full of enthusiasm, calling him "Brother Eric"...

When she was young, Stella would hide in corners, under trees, in rooms, everywhere in the Sinclair pack, secretly watching him...

Even as an adult, Stella would deceive him with lies, always whispering in his ear, "Eric, I love you..."

Had Eric ever experienced love? He had, but it was a bit too late.

The images in his mind, after a dark lifetime, gradually returned to Stella's coming-of-age ceremony when she turned eighteen.

He saw Stella, holding a love letter, blushing and smiling, walking up to him.

"I like you. Can we be together?"

Eric saw the teenager leaning against a tree and frowned disapprovingly at the cliché love letter in her hand.

"What era is it? You still write such old-fashioned love letters."

At these words, Stella's face turned even redder, even her ears were red.

"So, do you accept or not?"

The teenager took the love letter from Stella's hand and embraced her.

"I accept."

The scene abruptly stopped, and Eric's vision turned pitch black. He couldn't see anything.

After a moment of silence, he extended his hand covered in blood and started writing on the ground.

But halfway through, he suddenly paused...

A person like him, even if he died, no one would come looking for him, right?

What's the point of writing these?

Slowly, he retracted his hand.

He didn't know how much time had passed, but the blood in Eric's body had completely drained.

With his last bit of strength, he turned his gaze towards the sea outside the window.

Stella, you still owe me a blueberry pie. In the next life, please remember to make it for me.

Stella, also please remember to spend another month with me in the next life, just 29 days will do.

As a smile of relief gradually appeared on his lips, his eyes suddenly stopped, and he lost his breath-

A voice deep within his soul asked him,

Eric, do you regret it?

Eric said, he regretted it, but he no longer had a chance...

Write your comment

Gifts

Chapter 1577

Before Eric passed away, Stella, who was on the speedboat, sat paralyzed on the ground with a blank mind, unable to gather her thoughts or even summon the courage to turn around...

Henry, with his hands completely broken, endured the pain and reached out to cover her hand, saying, "Don't be afraid. Once we're safe, I will send someone to save Eric..."

He could tell that Stella didn't want to use the gun, but Eric had pushed Stella to this point with his outrageous behavior.

Stella quickly got up and walked towards the speedboat.

"Are there any medicine, knives, or bandages on the boat?"

She had to act fast and not waste any time. She needed to find these medical tools and quickly help Henry or else his hands would be useless.

Restless and anxious, she frantically searched through the things on the boat, appearing as if she was madly looking for tools, but in reality, even she didn't know what she was looking for.

Henry's eyes focused on her panicked figure and after staring for a while, he asked inexplicably, "Do you still love Eric?"

Was it because of Eric that she felt so helpless?

Stella, who was rummaging through things, suddenly stopped. Without hesitating, she denied Henry, saying, "I haven't loved him for a long time."

After saying this, she stabilized her mind and finally noticed the medical kit stashed in the corner, which was always stocked on the speedboat.

She took out the useful hemostatic medicine and bandages, rushed to Henry, and quickly stopped his bleeding. Her trembling hands gradually steadied...

"After we reach the shore, we'll go to the hospital first."

Henry raised his gaze and looked at Stella.

"What about Eric..."

Stella's face turned even paler.

"He's very skilled in medicine. He'll be fine."

Eric, who was hailed as a medical genius since pup period, was already beyond comparison for both her and Henry.

Stella comforted herself, believing that such a large estate must have surgical tools and medicine prepared. Eric wouldn't be willing to die like this; he would save himself, he definitely would.

tlig herself, her heart sank, as if something was about to be lost...

She leaned against the edge of the speedboat, clutching her knees tightly, slowly turned her head and looked at the small island that had become a black dot in her line of sight...

The speedboat quickly reached the shore. Stella collected her thoughts and helped Henry onto the shore. She noticed a sign on the roadside.

It was then that she realized she was in the country Eric had promised to take her to when they were young.

He hadn't forgotten the promise he made back then...

When Henry's blood dripped onto her skin from his wrist, Stella suddenly came to her senses.

She called a car and quickly took Henry to the hospital.

Sitting outside the operating room, Stella stared blankly at the blood on her hands, unable to distinguish whether it belonged to Henry or Eric, but it was unsettling nonetheless.

As she blankly stared down, a pair of custom-made shoes suddenly appeared before her eyes.

She looked up from the

shoes, following the pants, and saw a flawlessly beautiful face. The owner of this face had a pair of cold, snowy eyes, looking indifferent at her...

"Alpha..."

Griffon nodded slightly, his gaze distant, beyond her, towards the operating room.

"Is his injury serious?"

Stella nodded.

"Henry's tendons in his hand were severed."

After saying that, Stella looked up at Griffon and asked, "Why are you here?"

Griffon blinked his thick eyelashes lightly.

Before boarding the plane, he had a vague sense of foreboding, feeling that something was going to happen. Eric, being as intelligent as he was, wouldn't have so blatantly revealed the locations of three countries for them to find. It must have been a smokescreen to deceive them.

But the private jet was already flying along the route and couldn't be changed. He could only wait until they reached their destination and then, with the information provided by Anthony, track Henry's flight and follow them to Panama.

He had already been fast enough, but he didn't expect to be one step too late. However, knowing Eric's nature, he wouldn't let

Stella go easily. Did they manage to escape after a fierce fight?

At this critical moment, Griffon didn't inquire about the details. He withdrew his gaze, lowered his eyes, and looked at Stella, who was covered in blood.

"Are you okay?"

Stella shook her head and helplessly wiped the bloodstains from her clothes.

Seeing her flustered and seeming to have something on her mind, Griffon couldn't help but ask, "Where is Eric?"

B

Chapter 1578

Stella stopped wiping the clothes and paused for a moment.

"He's still on the island," she replied, but couldn't bring herself to tell Griffon that she had shot Eric. It was like something was stuck in her throat, preventing her from saying a word.

Griffon stood outside the operating room with his hands in his pockets. After a moment, he coldly ordered the bodyguard, "Go to the island and bring him back."

Upon hearing this, Stella's tense body gradually relaxed. Bringing Eric back, whether to hand him over to the police or whatever, they would first treat Eric. That way, he would be safe and she could finally be rid of him.

"Stella!"

At the sound of Taya's voice, Griffon turned and saw Preston, Taya, and Harper rushing towards them.

As he saw the three of them, his brows furrowed. Taya hadn't slept since she found out Stella had been kidnapped. She had traveled to another country and now wanted to come to Panama. Griffon was worried about Taya's health, so he had come to Panama alone while she met up with Harper. He had instructed

Preston to take care of them, but who would have thought that he would bring them along.

Preston felt a shiver down his spine as he received Griffon's

cold gaze. In his clear eyes, there was a hint of innocence and helplessness.

Why did he have to listen to women? Besides, it wasn't too much for Taya to be worried about her best friend and come along. His brother was being too strict, wasn't he?

Preston inwardly complained about Griffon while putting on a pleasing smile and walking towards him. "Did you catch that bastard Eric?"

Griffon ignored him and turned his gaze to Taya, who had already reached Stella. "If anything happens to her on your way here, I'll hold you responsible."

Preston rolled his eyes at him in his mind. "With my skills, can't I protect Taya?" he thought.

Griffon seemed to think of something and his expression

darkened. "Just make sure you can protect her," he said in a softer tone.

Preston didn't understand and furrowed his brows. "What do you mean?"

Griffon didn't answer anymore. His indifferent eyes softened as they rested on Taya's worried face.

On their way to Stella, Preston had told Taya and Harper about her situation. Now, seeing Stella sitting in the chair covered in blood, their hearts clenched tightly.

They squatted down next to Stella and checked her up and down, relieved to find that she wasn't injured.

Taya looked at Stella for a few seconds, then straightened up and hugged her tenderly. "It's okay, we found you..."

Stella's restrained emotions suddenly overwhelmed her as she saw them. Her eyes reddened, as if she had seen her own family, and she couldn't help but reach out and hug Taya back.

She didn't say anything, just quietly leaned against Taya's embrace, while her other hand held Harper's.

"Thank you both..."

Dealing with Eric wasn't easy, yet they managed to find her location in such a short time. This meant that they had put in a great deal of effort in terms of manpower, resources, and finances. Stella felt insignificant, but the fact that so many people cared about her made her think that maybe her existence had meaning.

"Stella, you're family to us, no need to thank us."

Her actions gentle, her words warm,

warming Stella's heart. She couldn't control herself and hugged Taya tightly once again.

Like grabbing a lifeline, Stella held onto her desperately, finding redemption in that moment, despite her physical and mental exhaustion.

Harper, like an older sister, brushed the messy hair from Stella's face and tucked it behind her ear, her movements gentle, not disturbing the tranquility of the moment.

It was unclear how much time had passed, but Stella's anxious heart gradually eased with Taya's hug and Harper's gesture, and she no longer felt frantic.

Seeing her emotions expressed and her expression returning to calm, Taya finally took Stella to clean up the blood stains, while Harper went to buy new towels and clothes.

B

Chapter 1579

They helped Stella take a bath and wanted to take her to a hotel to rest. However, Stella insisted on waiting for Henry's surgery to finish because she was worried about him. When she heard from the doctor that Henry's surgery was successful, she finally felt relieved.

Henry was still unconscious from the anesthesia. Once Stella knew he was okay, with Harper's persuasion, she got up. But before she could leave the room, a bodyguard sent by Griffon suddenly came in with a phone call.

"Alpha, Eric is dead."

Griffon froze for a moment. Without waiting for the bodyguard to finish, he immediately hung up the phone and turned to look at Stella, who was slowing down her steps.

After hesitating for two seconds, he spoke, "Stella, Eric is dead..."

Stella's body suddenly stiffened. Whether it was fear or something else, she felt her hands tremble in an instant, followed by her legs weakening and her inability to stand steadily.

If it weren't for Taya and Harper supporting her on both sides, she would have collapsed on the ground by now.

Her face gradually turned pale, and her once sturdy back that refused to turn also visibly slumped down...

She froze in place, not knowing how long, until Griffon's cold voice came again from her ear, and she slowly turned her head...

"What?"

She didn't hear anything clearly just now, as if the whole world had become silent, leaving only the ringing in her ears and the explosive wailing in her mind, preventing her from hearing what Alpha said...

Griffon held his phone tightly and took heavy steps towards Stella.

"The police temporarily won't let anyone touch his body. If you want to see him, you can see him for the last time before they arrive."

Eric died from a gunshot, which was a criminal case and required the crime scene to be sealed. In addition, the American police were also investigating Eric's whereabouts, so the body couldn't be easily taken away.

Stella, still in a daze, heard the words "body" and finally realized that Eric was really dead. But he was so skilled in medicine, how could this happen...

When he was young, he had once survived a gunshot wound in the wilderness, performing the surgery himself. Back then, he managed to pull through, so why now...

Stella lowered her gaze to her hands, which were already clean with no traces of blood. But for some reason, she still felt like her hands were covered in blood...

After staring at them for a long time, she suddenly let go of Taya and Harper's hands, rushed out of the ward, and ran into the restroom. She desperately tried to wash off the "blood" from her hands, but no matter how hard she tried, it wouldn't come off.

Feeling powerless, she leaned her hands against the edge of the sink, looked up at herself in the mirror-pale face, lips devoid of color, dark circles under her eyes...

She told herself that she had become this way because of Eric. If he died, she could peacefully live the rest of her life without anyone bothering her...

Thinking of this, Stella's eyes unexpectedly turned red.

She raised her hand and slapped herself hard, feeling foolish. Why was she feeling upset and why should she be upset?

He's dead, so what? Why should she feel upset?!

However, her tears continued to flow uncontrollably.

Eric was the person she had loved with all her might when she was young. She actually shot and killed him...

Stella slapped herself hard again. She shouldn't be crying for a man who had bullied her since pup period and even took away her uterus. He deserved it!

She felt like she was being torn apart internally. After struggling repeatedly in her mind, she turned on the faucet, desperately splashing water on her face. After splashing herself awake, she grabbed a tissue and expressionlessly wiped the water off her face.

B

Chapter 1580

When she came out, Griffon, Preston, Taya, and Harper were standing outside the door, looking at her as if waiting for her response.

Stella clenched her fists and said firmly, "I was the one who shot him. Of course, I won't go see him one last time."

After saying that, she walked past the four of them and quickly entered the hospital room, sitting by Henry's bedside, waiting for him to wake up...

The local police officer who received the case asked Griffon, "What did she just say?"

Griffon's cold eyes, as if covered in frost, glanced at the police officer, who was intimidated by this look and didn't dare to ask any more.

Taya, who slowly recovered from the shock, looked through the glass of the hospital room at Stella, who seemed calm but was actually in a panic. Stella must have been pushed to the extreme to shoot the person she once deeply loved, right?

She had thought that Stella and Eric would be entangled in hatred for their whole lives, but she didn't expect that their ultimate ending would be paying with their lives to end it.

She remembered the look Eric used to give Stella, possessive, paranoid, deranged, and crazy. Underneath these emotions, there was intense and passionate love.

Eric loved Stella, but the love he gave was too extreme. However, whether this ending was good or bad, nobody knew...

Harper wasn't very sensitive when it came to emotions, so it was hard for her to tell if Stella still loved Eric or not. She just felt that Stella right now seemed to be trembling all over...

After standing still for a moment, she walked into the hospital room and placed her hand on Stella's shoulder, giving her a little strength.

Preston didn't have much of a feeling about whether Eric was alive or dead. The only regret he had was that Eric turned out to be a computer genius and was gone just like that, which was a bit of a shame.

Before the police arrived at the scene, Griffon's bodyguard called again, "Alpha, I just wanted to let you know that before Eric died, he wrote a will with blood on the ground. He also held a gun in his hand, and from his posture, it seemed like he wanted to make it look like suicide..."

After hearing this, Griffon immediately realized Eric's intentions and quickly instructed the bodyguard, "Get rid of any traces of Stella and Henry ever being here."

Even if it was self-defense, there would still be consequences. Since Eric wanted to protect Stella, it was as he wished to protect her even after his death.

The bodyguard replied and quickly hung up the phone. Before the police arrived, he cleaned up all the evidence, even wiping away the fingerprints on the gun.

After doing all this, the bodyguard put the gun back in Eric's hand and then raised his gloved hand, waving it at the others before swiftly leaving the scene.

Griffon stared at Stella in the hospital room and hesitated for a moment before telling her about the will and the staged suicide left by Eric. As for whether she wanted to go see Eric or not, it was her own choice.

After being stunned for a while, Stella looked up and asked Griffon, "What did he write?"

Griffon shook his head, "I didn't ask, I don't know."

Stella's clenched fists tightened uncontrollably in her hands.

Once the scene was secured, the body would be taken away by the police, and she would never see Eric again. Well, that was for the best, wasn't it? After all, he deserved it, right?

If he hadn't severed Henry's tendons, hadn't raped her in front of

Henry, how could she have shot him? He brought it upon himself, it had nothing to do with her.

Why should she go see him one last time? Why, on what grounds?

Stella weakly raised her hands, burying them in her hair, and her lowered chin hit the edge of the hospital bed, causing a sharp pain. But she didn't even notice...

Strangely, she could hear the ticking of the clock in her ears. Tick tock, as if telling her that if she waited a little longer, it would be too late, it would never come again...

When the ticking reached the last stroke, Stella suddenly sat up and, at lightning speed, rushed out of the hospital room...