

# **The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover by Caesar Erickson**

## **Chapter 1611-1620**

### Chapter 1611

Stella was so scared by the scene that she froze in place and didn't dare to approach. Instead, she quickly turned around and ran out of the bathroom. She was like a madwoman, climbing the stairs without even taking the elevator, and ran all the way to the office...

She wanted to go back to the office and take a good rest, but when she arrived at the door, she saw Eric in a white suit, arms crossed, leaning against the wall. When Eric saw her, he slightly tilted his head and looked down at her...

"Stella, I never thought that after ten years, you would still be so charming..."

Stella suddenly broke down. She crouched down and tightly hugged her arms, tears streaming down her face like beads falling off a thread...

Who would come to rescue her?

No one came to rescue Stella. She could only save herself, taking medicine, desperately taking medicine, that was her way of self-help...

She thought she was a doctor, thinking that this was post-traumatic stress disorder, believing that it would pass after a while and everything would be fine, and Eric would disappear...

But what she didn't expect was that memories of Eric were everywhere, like his shadow, seen everywhere.

She pretended to work as if nothing happened, while peacefully interacting with the imaginary Eric, occasionally even arguing with him...

Every time this happened, Stella would think that if Eric were still here, their relationship would probably be like this, flowing smoothly.

Unfortunately, there were no “ifs”.

Stella thought she had it under control, until one night she saw Eric sitting in front of her bed, head down, not saying a word....

Stella had just finished taking a shower and regardless of whether it was an illusion, she walked straight over and half squatted in front of him, raising her hand to touch his face, “What’s wrong with you?”

Eric felt her touch and slowly lifted his eyelashes, looking at Stella, “You promised to accompany me for a month, but you only spent one day with me...”

Stella’s fingers stiffened, and her eyes, which had shed countless tears, quickly filled with tears at these words.

Eric didn’t care whether she was crying or not. He just grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms, then asked her coldly, “When will you come to accompany me?”

Stella remained silent for a few seconds after hearing this, then reached out and hugged Eric, “Do you want me to come and accompany you?”

Eric nodded, “I’m so lonely here, Stella, please come and accompany me. I’ll be waiting for you...”

Even though he disappeared after saying these words, Stella remained frozen in place, touching the spot where he had sat, feeling the coldness without any warmth. She knew he wasn’t real, just a product of her imagination, but Stella still cried uncontrollably...

She realized that it was only when someone truly left that she would understand how heavy the buried love in her heart was and how wildly it grew...

That’s how Stella was. She thought she no longer loved Eric, but she never considered that truly letting go of someone meant letting go of all the hate as well.

But she couldn’t do it. She had survived the past ten years by hating Eric, never achieving true release. It was because of that that she was entangled with him.

Stella looked out at the moonlight through the window and remembered what Eric had said before he died. He had wanted her to spend a month with him before letting her go. He had given her a gun with only one bullet...

He did this to tell Stella that if the deadline passed and he didn't

let her go, she should shoot him. He was restraining himself with a gun, while also testing Stella to see if she would shoot him in order to escape.

Eric lost the bet, or rather, Stella never let him win. So when he was shot in the heart, he didn't make a sound. He trembled, handed her the key to the handcuffs, and asked her to take Henry and leave...

Stella wondered what Eric wanted to say when he grabbed her ankle. Did he want to explain the past? Why didn't he say it in the end? Did he think she no longer loved him and only had Henry in her heart, so it was meaningless to say anything?

Stella couldn't find the answer. She just stood up, turned on the tap in the bathtub, and filled it with water. Then she lay down in it...

It was said that when water submerges the heart for a long time, suffocation occurs...

Eric asked her to accompany him, and she should have gone to accompany him, so he wouldn't be alone in a foreign country, feeling lonely...

With that thought, Stella closed her eyes and slowly sank into the bathtub...

## Chapter 1612

As Stella felt suffocated, she heard a series of urgent knocks on the door outside. Knock after knock, pounding incessantly... Stella didn't want to deal with it, but she faintly heard Taya's anxious voice...

"Stella, open the door!"

Taya and Harper had visited Stella many times after learning about Karen's situation, but Stella had always sent them away with the excuse of "I'm fine." Stella acted like a

normal person, going to work every day and coming home on time, making them believe that she could get through it.

But tonight, Taya couldn't sleep. She was restless and worried, thinking about Stella's experiences. She couldn't shake the feeling that what Stella had gone through wasn't just a normal annoyance, but being used by loved ones since pup period and then killing her beloved herself. How could she possibly handle

all of that?

She was afraid that Stella was pretending to be fine on the surface but secretly devouring all the pain alone. She feared that, in the end, Stella wouldn't be able to bear it and might do something foolish. So she quickly got out of bed, threw on some clothes, and went to find Stella.

Griffon also came. He leaned back in the car seat, his face

slightly turned, gazing at the knocking Taya. She knocked for a

while, but the door still hadn't opened. Under her stunning face, a hint of unease could be seen...

He raised his finger, about to get out of the car and push the door open, when the door opened. Stella, soaked and dripping wet, appeared under the streetlight. Her face was pale, devoid of color, as if she had just experienced a life-or-death battle. She looked sickly...

Stella came out wrapped in a towel. Griffon had some doubts, but he didn't delve into it. He simply looked away, not glancing at her, and stared straight ahead at the car...

Taya saw that Stella finally opened the door and quickly reached out to hold her hand. "You look so pale, are you sick?"

Stella had initially thought about dying, but she realized that there were still many things left unsaid. At the very least, she needed to let the people who loved her know not to worry about her, instead of silently leaving like this. So she got out of the bathtub...

She held Taya's hand and smiled, shaking her head. "I was just taking a bath in the bathroom. I probably soaked my face too long..."

After speaking, she patted Taya's hand. "I'm fine, don't worry."

Taya couldn't help but worry. "You didn't open the door for so long, I thought..."

Stella smirked. "You didn't think I would do something foolish, did you?"

Taya stared into Stella's eyes, not saying a word, but her expression gave a response.

Seeing that, Stella couldn't help but raise the corner of her lips and laughed. "Silly, do you really think I would do something foolish over such a small matter?"

Stella's apparent ease and indifference made it difficult for Taya to discern the truth. She could only open her arms and give her a hug.

"If you can't handle it, come to me or Harper. We will always be by your side, never leaving..."

Taya's embrace was always warm and comforting. Whenever she leaned on her shoulder, it was easy to be healed. But this time, Stella couldn't feel it. Her whole body was cold, making her feel like she was in the Arctic. Even Taya couldn't melt her.

Stella's inner self was already in hell, enveloped in darkness. No one could save her, not even light. In secret, she was

already crawling in the darkness, yet she still wore a mask of nonchalance on her face and patted Taya's back, pretending everything was fine.

"Don't worry, I'll be fine. If something happens, I would have already come to you and Harper to pour my heart out..."

While comforting Taya, she glanced at the man sitting in the luxury car. She knew Alpha had come for Taya, appearing here

in the middle of the night. She quickly let go of Taya.

“Alright, you’ve seen me. I’m not in trouble and I’m doing just fine. So go home and get some sleep, don’t keep your husband waiting...”

As they parted, she teased Taya, just like before.

Taya sighed with relief at seeing Stella like this, but she still worried. “Okay, let me tell Griffon and ask him to go back first. Tonight, I’ll stay with you.”

Stella was startled when she heard that and quickly stopped

Taya.

“If you stay here for the night, he will level this house...”

“He wouldn’t dare.”

“He would!”

Taya wanted to say something else, but Stella had already pushed her towards the door.

“You should go back quickly and stop bothering me. I need to sleep...”

Stella sent Taya away and closed the door. Leaning against it, she let her body go weak, sliding down to the floor. The room only had a dimly lit small lamp, casting a flickering light on her pale face. She was thinking about nothing, feeling that everything in the world had become meaningless. Yet, even

though there were still many people who loved her, why couldn’t she feel it anymore?

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Chapter 1613

Taya sat in the car and looked at the mansion. She felt that Stella was quite lonely, living alone in a big house without any servants or pack.

She thought her aunt, who had treated her so well, was her closest person, but she turned out to be someone who had used her as a pawn since pup period.

She thought the man she should hate the most would treat her the worst, but the man named Eric actually loved her deeply.

Her closest person had ruined her and she had killed the man who loved her deeply with her own hands. Even though there were

many people who cared about her, could she still feel anything in such despair?

Taya looked worriedly at Griffon and said, "Honey, can I bring Grace and Harper to accompany Stella tomorrow?"

Griffon held her hand and played with it in his palm, then nodded,

"Stella doesn't seem to be in a normal state. Pay more attention to

her mental condition."

He wasn't comfortable communicating with women, so he entrusted Taya to do it, hoping that Stella could feel that there

were still things worth remembering in this world.

After thinking for a moment, Taya held Griffon's hand and placed

it on her chest, slightly pouting, she asked, "Can I stay at Stella's

house?"

Griffon raised his tender eyes and glanced at her, "How long do you want to stay?"

Taya took advantage of the opportunity and said, "For a while..."

The specific duration would depend on the situation.

Griffon withdrew his hand and tapped her forehead, "No way."

Taya boldly approached him and said, "Honey, as long as you promise me, I'll do anything you want next time..."

Griffon refused to make empty promises, "You can let Harper or Grace stay at Stella's house, but you definitely can't."

Seeing Griffon's firm stance, Taya didn't bother to plead with him anymore. She hummed and let go of his hand, turning her head to look out of the car window.

This annoyed expression made Griffon couldn't help but curl his lips. He reached out and held Taya's waist, pulling her onto his lap.

Taya thought he would relent, but instead he hugged her and kissed her. Taya tried to struggle, but her man didn't give her a chance to catch her breath. Occasionally, even when they weren't doing anything, he would still kiss her for a long time, like on the way back, he had no intention of letting her go...

During this time, Taya stopped designing her sketches, and Harper stopped working the night shifts. They both came to accompany Stella with Grace, warming her heart in the most comforting way.

But Stella still saw Eric. After being amused by Grace countless times, when Stella was smiling, she would see Eric covered in blood coming towards her...

Many times, she would be in a daze until Grace grabbed her hand and said in her adorable voice, "Auntie, stop daydreaming and let's continue playing the game. This time, I will definitely beat you..."

Only then could she snap out of her trance, but the next second, she would see Eric sitting across from her, playing games with them and holding a pup, smiling at her.

Stella felt her heart breaking, but she had to maintain a smile on her face. Only then would the people who loved her not worry about her, even if her heart was shattered...

She felt that she couldn't hold on any longer. After hesitating for a long time, Stella suggested going on a trip, leaving behind a beautiful and warm memory for her best friend.

The place they traveled to wasn't far, just a seaside city next door. The three women, along with a pup, stayed by the beach. Griffon and Preston followed from a distance to protect them, but they didn't interfere.

In the early morning, Stella was the first to wake up and sat on the beach, watching the sunrise. She imagined Eric's ashes being scattered in the sea, whether it was at sunrise or sunset.

Taya opened the floor-length curtains and looked at Stella's lonely figure. Seagulls occasionally flew by, and a gentle breeze lifted Stella's long hair and her ethereal dress.

Taya stared at Stella's back and felt that this figure was the most beautiful scenery in the world, but also something she couldn't hold on to. This thought made Taya's heart race.

She couldn't help but try harder, do her best to be good to Stella, thinking that as long as she treated her well and made her feel

warmth, Stella would have something worth remembering. But it's hard to keep someone with a mental problem...

At that time, Taya only vaguely felt uneasy and didn't think in that

direction, especially when she saw Stella running and laughing with Grace on the beach. She thought Stella was coming out to

relax and would gradually get better...

Stella was very happy, taking many photos with Grace and leaving many videos with Taya and Harper. The videos were mostly filled with smiles, and even someone as attentive as Taya couldn't tell,

let alone Harper.

Everyone thought she was fine, especially after the trip, Stella returned to her normal work routine just like before.

## Chapter 1614

Apart from Taya and her companionship, Andre and Mia also often visit Stella. Even when Mia is pregnant, she still frequently goes to Stella's house to cook for her and chat with her, but they avoid talking about pups.

Everyone Knew that Stella didn't have a uterus, so even though pregnancy was a joyous occasion, Mia avoided the topic. However, Stella didn't mind and often touched Mia's belly, talking to the baby. The most common thing she said was that she would give the baby a big gift once it's born.

In her will, Stella wrote that all of her assets will go to Andre's pup. She found a lawyer to include the assets in her will and made clear arrangements for her affairs. Then she took out her phone and called Taya.

Taya, who was holding Grace's hand and about to go out, answered Stella's call with surprise, "What's going on?"

Stella looked at her watch and said, "Taya, I suddenly took on an

overseas medical mission and will be doing charity work abroad

for a month. I'm afraid I won't be able to accompany you guys

today.”

Taya stopped walking and frowned, “You’re going for a whole month?”

Stella nodded, “Yes, you know charity work takes a long time. A month is already short.”

Taya asked, “Why did you suddenly take on this kind of job?”

As the dean, Stella could just focus on management, but she always goes to the frontline and takes on all kinds of work. Now she even has to personally go on medical missions.

Stella replied, “Doing something meaningful is better than wasting time.”

Taya didn’t know how to respond. She couldn’t stop Stella from doing good deeds, so she asked, “Will someone accompany you?”

Stella nodded, “Yes, doctors from various departments have been assigned. It’s organized.”

Taya felt slightly relieved and said, “Remember to send me videos every day, call me every day, and let me know if anything happens.”

Stella smiled faintly, “Don’t worry, I will.”

After Taya gave many more instructions and Stella promised one by one, they hung up the phone. Stella picked up her luggage, which had been prepared long ago, and drove to the airport.

The medical mission was indeed real, and Stella’s name was on the list, but she didn’t actually go. It was just a little trick to deceive Taya.

After Taya finished reading the list, she felt relieved and sent a message to Stella, reminding her to stay safe on the road.

Stella, who was on her way to Panama, saw the message and replied with a smile, “Okay, don’t worry,” before turning off her phone and sitting in her seat, looking out the window.

She soon arrived in Panama and rented a boat to reach the island.

This small island had been in a state of lockdown since its owner was suspected of committing suicide, and the security line had not been lifted.

Stella lifted the security line, bent over, and entered. Inside, nobody had taken care of it, and it was overgrown with weeds. Everywhere showed signs of desolation, completely different from

when Eric was here.

Stella stood in the mansion, looking around at the scene before

her, feeling an indescribable emotion. She moved forward with

stiff steps, dragging her heavy suitcase, step by step, into the

villa...

Upon entering, she saw black footprints everywhere. These were left by people coming in and out, making the originally clean and smooth living room look dirty.

Stella put down her suitcase, took out the steak from inside and put it in the refrigerator. Then she went to the bathroom to get

Cl leaning tools and cleaned the living room thoroughly.

She cleaned from the first floor to the third floor. When she stood at the door of the birdcage room, her footsteps seemed to be nailed in place. She didn’t dare to take another step forward, as if she would witness a scene of collapse once she pushed open the door.

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Write your comment

Gifts

Chapter 1615

She finally mustered the courage not to go in and just stayed downstairs in the living room. She didn't do much, just kept Eric company, sitting on the couch, watching TV. When it was time for dinner, she got up and went to the kitchen to make a blueberry pie.

While making the blueberry pie, Eric stood by, arms crossed, silently watching her busy about. Only when she finished and brought the dish to the table did he sit down.

At this point, Stella would pick up a piece of blueberry pie and put it in Eric's bowl. "Try it and see if it tastes good."

Eric raised his eyebrows slightly and then parted his lips, motioning to Stella, "Feed me."

With a resigned smile, Stella picked up the blueberry pie again and put it in his mouth, watching him slowly eat it. Her resigned smile would then turn into a doting one.

Even if the piece of blueberry pie had fallen from a height and smashed on the ground, she still wouldn't have noticed and would continue to feed Eric the pie, as if it could make up for something.

At night, Stella would hold Eric's hand and go to the garden outside the villa. It was actually overgrown with weeds, but in Stella's eyes, it was a garden...

Would take a walk with Eric, from the garden to the beach, then lie on the lawn, look at the night sky, look at the stars, and talk to Eric.

Late at night, Stella would return to the master bedroom, take a clean bath, hug Eric's waist, snuggle into his embrace, close her eyes and sleep. Even though it was just a body pillow, she could feel the strength of Eric's presence, comforting and reassuring...

That's how she spent 29 days with Eric...

On the last day, Stella pushed open the door of the birdcage room...

Strangely, she didn't see Eric sitting by the French window. There was nothing there, only the remnants of bloodstains...

Because no one cared about Eric, he was dead. After they moved the body, no one would come to clean up the bloodstains. This place was like an abandoned wasteland.

The smell of blood was heavy inside, with a hint of decay. This scent tempted Stella towards death. It seemed that only in death could she find release...

Stella gripped the gun and walked step by step to the French window, then slowly sat down, in the same position and posture as Eric...

She killed him to repay her own life, so she should die in the same way he did. No one could escape the condemnation of their

conscience...

Before she pulled the trigger, she sent a message to the local police, admitting that Eric did not commit suicide out of fear, but that she shot him dead. It was a belated confession...

After sending it, she raised the gun in her hand, without any hesitation, aimed it at her own heart, and pulled the trigger fiercely –

At the same time, Taya's video call started on time, just like the last 29 days. If she didn't answer, that foolish woman wouldn't stop calling...

Blood poured out from Stella's heart, she could clearly feel it. The bullet pierced through her heart, leaving a dent on the window behind her. Whether it broke through the window, Stella didn't know...

She lowered her dark eyes, staring at the sweet profile picture of Taya on her phone, tears streaming down her face...

Taya, I'm sorry, I've let you down-

You wanted me to live, but I can't go on living.

My entire life so far has been a mistake. My existence since pup period has been a mistake.

Stella wondered, what meaning did her own life have? It seemed meaningless, so if it was meaningless, why lived on?

Chapter 1616

She didn't answer Taya's video call. Instead, she reached out her hand and muted her phone.

In an instant, everything fell silent and time seemed to have stopped. It was so quiet that she could only hear the chirps of birds outside the window.

She was in so much pain and her blood was slowly seeping out, just like that when Eric bled to death.

A faint smile appeared on her pale lips. She finally realized how painful it was to wait for the blood to flow dry.

Instead of struggling, she relaxed her body and leaned against the floor-to-ceiling window. Her clear eyes slowly shifted to the sea outside.

Eric must have seen her from this position and knew she wouldn't turn back. That's why he didn't finish writing his last words. He probably thought no one would bury him.

Tears gradually filled Stella's clear eyes, mixed with a sense of relief. Memories of her entire life flashed through her mind.

She thought she would remember most of the moments involving Karen, but instead, the images that flashed across her mind were all about Eric.

For example, back when they were still little, Eric would follow behind her, protecting her from falling with his small hands.

Or when Eric made her cry, he would secretly ask the old butler for macarons and place them on her desk.

And even when Eric grew up, he would come to her room after she fell asleep and sneakily kiss her without her noticing.

Even at school, Eric couldn't help but use a book to shield himself as he leaned down and stole a kiss from her on the desk.

It was only now that Stella realized her first kiss was taken by Eric, not by those thugs.

She smiled, tears streaming down her face.

Through her blurry vision, she saw Eric in a black suit, walking towards her against the bright light.

After standing in front of her, he knelt down on one knee and gently touched her face.

"Stella, I had your blueberry pie and it was delicious."

Stella nodded in a daze, saying, "In the next life, I'll still make it for you, alright?"

Eric lowered his long eyelashes, seemingly contemplating whether he wanted to meet in the next life. He didn't

immediately give an answer, but just pursed his lips and smiled faintly.

"You've already been with me for 29 days, that's enough," He replied.

In other words, he didn't actually want to meet her in the next life, if there was actually one.

A bit panicked, Stella tried to grab Eric's hand, but she only grabbed emptiness. There was no Eric, just a figment of her imagination.

Feeling disappointed, she let go of her hand. "Eric, if I say I still love you, can we meet again in the next life?"

No one answered Stella, not even herself, unsure if there would be a next life.

Stella's body gradually stiffened as her blood continued to drain. Soon, her eyes lost their focus.

Before falling into complete darkness, Stella saw her

eighteen-year-old self holding a love letter, blushing, and approaching the young boy.

"Eric, I like you. Can you be my boyfriend?"

The boy leaning against the tree beneath him glanced at the love letter in her hand with dissatisfaction.

"Gosh! You're so old-school, still writing love letters and stuff."

This made Stella's face even redder, even her ears turning red.

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"Well, yes or no?" She asked.

Eric took the love letter from Stella's hand and pulled her into his arms.

"I accept."

Finally, Stella smiled happily.

Stella thought, if it weren't for that incident when she was eighteen, this could have been her and Eric's ending....

Unfortunately, life didn't offer second chances.

The ending for her and Eric could only be one killed and one suicide because their love and entanglement were destined to end from the beginning.

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## Chapter 1617

Stella promised Taya that she would video chat with her every day, but on the 29th day, Stella didn't answer any calls.

Taya held her phone with a black screen, feeling increasingly uneasy and realizing that something was wrong. Eric seemed to have set a deadline for a month...

She quickly left the study and went to find Griffon, only to see him answering a phone call with a serious expression she had never seen before. She hesitated to approach, afraid of hearing bad news. She stopped in her tracks, silently watching his tall figure.

"No matter what, you can't give up, keep saving people," Griffon instructed, hanging up the phone and turning to look at Taya. He noticed the nervous and fearful emotions in her eyes and furrowed his brows slightly.

"Is something wrong with Stella?" Taya stepped on the soft carpet, slowly walking towards Griffon. As she got closer, she could see the regretful emotions in the man's eyes more clearly.

Griffon didn't want Taya to worry, but she would eventually find out about this matter. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded gently.

"She committed suicide."

The local police in Panama called and said that after Stella confessed and sent a message, she chose to shoot herself. By the time they arrived, she had already lost too much blood and showed no signs of life.

Griffon didn't want to give up and insisted that the local police continue to try to save her, but even the bullet pierced through the glass of the landing window, making it impossible to save her.

When Taya heard that Stella had committed suicide, her petite body suddenly stiffened in place. Even her feet on the carpet felt cold, as if she had been placed in an ice cave and couldn't feel the outside temperature. It was so cold...

Griffon quickly reached out and pulled her into his embrace. His large, comforting hands gently stroked her back.

"This was Stella's choice."

It was her choice, and no one could stop it, including Taya, who had tried her best to warm Stella. Because from the beginning, they had misunderstood one thing: Stella still loved Eric. It was because of that love that Stella felt life was unbearable and ultimately chose death.

If they had known from the beginning that Stella still loved Eric, they might have had a chance to save her. But there were no "ifs." Stella's actions from start to finish showed that she no longer loved Eric.

Taya, leaning against Griffon, tightly grasped his shirt as a wave

of self-blame, regret, and heartache overwhelmed her, causing her tears to burst out uncontrollably.

If she had gone with Stella to the free clinic, Stella wouldn't have had the time to do something foolish, and Taya wouldn't have had to hear about her suicide....

But Stella, she loved Eric so much. She loved him to the point that she didn't even show a hint of grief or anger after his death. She simply arranged everything calmly and then went to Panama to fulfill Eric's last wish, to be buried together with him.

At the moment when Taya's tears fell, she finally understood the meaning of the 29 days. But why didn't she guess it earlier? It was because she thought that Stella didn't love.

They all thought that, including Harper and Andre. Everyone around Stella thought she didn't love Eric, and some even hated him so much that they wished he would die.

Stella pretended very well, deceiving everyone, including herself. Because of this, even Eric thought before his death that Stella didn't love him...

Taya couldn't perceive what Stella felt when she realized this, but she could only feel the regret in this emotion.

The kind of regret that made her want to cry every time she thought about it. To think that someone Eric believed Stella didn't love him anymore, and died in such a tragic way. And to think that Stella pretended not to love Eric anymore, and died in such a miserable way.

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But they had never truly loved each other during their lives. Even during the few years they were together, Stella deceived Eric without a trace of sincerity. So how could they not feel regret?

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Chapter 1618

They hurried to Panama overnight and saw Stella sitting by the French window. Her posture, movements, and expression were exactly like Eric's. She was using this way to redeem herself and to tell Tom and Eric that she still loved Eric.

When Andre saw the lifeless Stella, he dropped to his knees in front of her. He, who had never shown his emotions before, was now crying uncontrollably.

“It’s all my fault. I didn’t care for you or protect you at all times. It’s my negligence as your cousin that led you to this, and it’s my existence that brought you disaster. I made you a scapegoat. It’s

all because of me.”

Full of self-blame, Andre raised his hand and slapped himself hard. Mia, who was beside him, quickly stopped him and then slowly squatted down, holding Andre’s arm and silently crying

with him.

Taya let go of Griffon’s supporting hand and walked up to Stella. She stared at that familiar face for a long time but couldn’t speak

a word.

Just a month ago, Stella was running on the beach with Grace, her radiant smile and the fluttering of her skirt in the breeze, all showing the vitality of life. How could such a vibrant life suddenly be gone?

She couldn’t believe it and squatted down, gently touching Stella’s face. It was cold and stiff, without the warmth it used to have.

She had cried all her tears on the way here, and now she could only look at Stella, feeling an indescribable sadness that made it hard for her to breathe.

Beside her, Harper held Stella’s hand and desperately rubbed it, trying to warm up the stiff body with her own body heat, but it was futile.

“Stella, you promised Grace that you would be her godmother forever, that you would be there as she grew up. How could you bear to leave like this?”

Harper held onto Stella, her voice trembling, unable to hold back her tears.

Stella was dead, following Eric, and that was a fact that could not be changed. They had no power to reshape time or bring back the dead. All they could do was helplessly watch as the police took Stella's body away.

Before the cremation, Stella's lawyer arrived on the scene and read out her will:

"Taya, I'm sorry. I can't continue to treat you, but my teacher's medical skills are better than mine. He will definitely help you conceive a pup. If you have a pup, I hope one day you can have them call me godmother too."

"Harper, I also want to apologize to you. Jayden, whom I

introduced to you, wasn't as good as I thought, and he almost hurt you like he hurt me. I've always felt guilty, I'm sorry. Also, I think Preston is actually a good guy..."

"Cousin, I'm also sorry to you. I left before your pup was born, but I believe you can understand. I've been using my whole life, and I killed the person I loved the most. How can I go on living? Death is my best release, so please don't cry. In my eyes, you're just a big block of wood, and wood doesn't cry, right?"

"Lastly, Alpha, thank you for saving me and raising me. Although you're only one year older than me, in my heart, you've always been like a mentor. I hope in the next life, I can still be your subordinate..."

"And, meeting all of you is the luckiest and most wonderful thing in my life. Even though I'm gone, you will forever be with my soul, living on and on..."

After the lawyer finished reading the will and handed over the property documents to Andre, he told everyone that Stella had requested her ashes to be scattered into the sea, any sea would

do...

Andre made calls everywhere and found out that Karen had scattered Eric's ashes in a deserted area, an uninhabited island, but they didn't know where exactly.

That's why Stella left such a will. She also wanted to become a lonely ghost, hoping that in her wandering, she might encounter Eric who was still lingering in the world...

4/4

Then, in a soulful reunion, she would tell Eric, "My love came late, but I've always been here. Please forgive my delayed follow-up."

B

## Chapter 1619

Taya held the letter left by Stella, crying uncontrollably. Even though Stella herself was in pain, Taya's concern was still for her family and friends.

She had promised Stella to be her family, to always be by her side and provide her with the warmth of a home, but she hadn't fulfilled these promises yet, and Stella had left like this...

In Taya's memory, from the moment she met Stella, she had been helping her, whether it was curing her illness or standing up for her in times of danger. Stella was always at the forefront. How could such a good person like Stella be gone...

She couldn't accept it. Kneeling in front of Stella, she tightly embraced her stiff body, thinking that if she held onto her, Stella wouldn't leave...

She held on tightly, not letting anyone get close, trying to warm up Stella's cold body with her own body heat, like what Harper did. But everyone knew that Stella had already died, she couldn't come back to life. Taya was just doing her best, trying to save her one last time....

Harper, sitting next to her, also kneeled and cried until her were swollen.

eyes

She remembered when she chased after Stella with a bank card, determined to pay back the money to her. Stella had promised

savings to Harper. It was foolish, but kind...

They didn't expect that such a kind person would end her own life. She was only in her thirties, the age of blooming flowers, yet she left in despair.

For Harper, this scene was the second time she had experienced the pain of losing a close friend. The first time was Taya, and now the second time was Stella. Harper's pain was no less than Taya's, but she didn't know what to do. She could only kneel beside Stella, covering her lips and silently shedding tears...

Among the people in the birdcage room, Andre cried the most heart-wrenchingly. Stella was his only family. He didn't understand why Stella would follow Eric. Did she feel guilty for killing Eric, or did she really love Eric so much that she was willing to abandon her family and friends to leave with her...

Andre didn't quite understand this passionate love, he only knew that Stella was very foolish and pitiful. Her once bright life was ruined by his mother. Stella's tragedy was all because of his mother...

Andre stared at Stella's pale face, tightly clenched his fists, and swore in his heart: Stella, don't worry, I will definitely make that old witch pay. I will avenge you...

Griffon looked at Stella's stiff face and said in his heart, Stella, rest in peace. If there is a next life, may you find the love you deserve and live a happy life without having to sacrifice for

anyone...

Everyone said their goodbyes to Stella but hesitated to move her body. They were waiting for someone to arrive. Only when that person arrived could they cremate her.

Even though everyone now knew that Stella didn't love Henry, Henry had given everything for Stella.

When Henry received the news, he was still unwrapping the bandage on his wrist and applying medicine. When he heard that Stella had passed away, his eyes turned red almost instantly.

He couldn't believe it, but he immediately boarded the private plane arranged by Griffon and hurriedly rushed to Panama, stumbling and falling along the way.

Almost crawling, he entered the birdcage room and froze when he saw Stella in Taya's arms. He couldn't believe that the person in front of him, who had no color in her face, was the same Stella who had been helping him change his bandages just a month ago.

She had been laughing and talking with him during the bandage changes. Even when he asked her if she would have dinner with him once he got better, she had smiled and agreed. At that time, Henry thought he still had a chance, that he could take it slow. Who would have thought that in such a short time, she would...

It was only at this moment that Henry realized that Stella loved Eric to this extent. If he had known that she loved Eric so much, he would never have come to the island and taken Stella away.

4/

Then Stella and Eric would have had a chance to reconcile, it was him...

It was because he thought Stella didn't love Eric that he impulsively came to Panama and took Stella away, causing Eric's death and indirectly causing Stella's death...

Henry couldn't bear it. He knelt on the ground, unable to approach Stella, just staring at her with his bloodshot eyes...

"I'm sorry, Stella. It's all my fault..."

He shouldn't have come to the island, shouldn't have disturbed her and Eric. If it weren't for him, Eric wouldn't have died, Stella wouldn't have died...

Henry blamed himself for everything, overwhelmed with guilt and remorse. It made him feel icy cold all over, even his blood.

Chapter 1620

His frail and weak body trembled uncontrollably, as if struck by thunder, the pain spreading from within, permeating every inch of him. Even the tips of his fingers throbbed with an unbearable ache.

His body was too weak to stand, so he had to crawl on his palms to reach Stella. He was almost afraid to touch her, but couldn't help but raise his hand and gently brush her face...

The icy coldness he felt confirmed what Henry, a doctor himself, quickly realized: Stella was truly gone, the woman he loved most

was gone...

Henry's face turned paler by the second, and tears poured down like raindrops on a window, uncontrollable and endless...

Not wanting anyone to see his despair, he kept his head lowered and silently, without a word, took Stella from Taya's hands. As he cradled her in his arms, his fingers tightened slowly, as if holding a priceless treasure, using every ounce of strength.

With his cheek pressed against Stella's lifeless face, he softly caressed it twice, reluctantly pulling away as if afraid to apply too much pressure...

When he lowered his gaze, tears fell onto her face, right into Stella's empty eye sockets. The glistening tear drops remained motionless, seemingly melding with her skin, as if to say, Henry,

don't cry....

But Henry couldn't help but cry uncontrollably, the pain in his heart causing his tear ducts to flow freely...

After confirming that Henry, the man silently shedding tears, was indeed Stella's lawyer, someone approached him and handed him a handwritten letter...

"This was written by Stella herself, asking me to personally deliver it to you."

Henry lifted his tear-filled eyes and glanced at the envelope. Slowly, he extended his hand and touched the smooth surface of the paper with his fingertips, feeling as if he had touched a heavy mountain that took his breath away...

He held the letter in his hand without immediately opening it, holding it tightly along with his emotions, as if it were his last chance, refusing to let go...

But he couldn't hold on any longer. The body needed to be taken away, and the police had given Griffon enough face by not moving the body without proper procedures. However, any further delay would be against the rules.

Normally, as a doctor, Henry should remain calm, but this time he was even more crazed than Taya and Harper. He refused to let go of Stella, holding on tightly

As a group of police officers desperately tried to drag him away, he remained unmoving like a statue, sitting by the

Hoor-to-ceming window, mieless, silently watching the person in his arms...

In the end, it was Griffon who approached, kneeling in front of Henry and patting his shoulder, saying, "Stella is going to find Eric. Don't let her wait too long."

It was this sentence that made Henry let go. It was a cruel sentence, enough to make him collapse, but it was also the truth. Stella had to wait for her ashes to be scattered into the sea, drifting along with the waves, to coincidentally meet Eric, who was also drifting. Everyone understood this symbolic meaning.

Stella had been sent for cremation, but Henry didn't go. He sat there, leaning against the spot, and opened the envelope in his hand. As he read the first few words, tears streamed down his face once again...

"Henry, I want to apologize to you countless times.

I promised to mate you, but I didn't fulfill that promise.

I also promised to send Eric to jail, but I failed to do that too.

It seems that since I met you, I haven't followed through with anything I said or promised.

I feel so sorry that being with me only brought you temporary happiness, without any real rewards. I truly apologize.

I also admit that I'm a failure. I said I hated Eric, but it seems that after he died, my hatred disappeared, leaving me empty

inside

Even though I know he's dead and I can never find him again, I still want to find him in my own way.

I know the person I hurt the most is you, Henry. But I don't want to deceive you anymore, and I don't want to deceive myself either. So, I can only apologize countless times.

However, when I promised to mate you, I was sincere. Except... except for falling in love with you...

If nothing unexpected happened, I would have already mated you. But life is unpredictable, full of unexpected events...

I hope you can forget about me and meet your true love on your next journey, while I am destined to fade away in this world. Please don't miss me.

Stella."

After reading it, Henry pressed the letter against his chest. Tears quickly soaked the back of his hand, his eyes red...

"Stella, from the moment I saw you at that lecture, my heart was already captivated. You said not to miss you, but how can I possibly do that?

And, Stella, you said that after Eric died, your heart became empty and you only wanted to find him. But have you ever considered that I only wanted to find you...

But now, Stella, you couldn't respond to Henry's words anymore. She had been sent to the crematorium, and the

moment the button was pressed, it meant that the once vibrant, generous Stella had left forever and would never return to this world...

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