

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover by Caesar Erickson

Chapter 301

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Harper understood. Jackson caused her heart failure,
and now Griffon reduced her life even more.

In Taya's short life, the two men she fell in love with
were responsible for ending it.

And after hurting her, the two men disappeared without saying a word.

Harper's wolf and heart were resentful, and she wished she could tear those two
arrogant men apart.

Taya was not as angry as Harper. She seemed to have let go of it a long time ago.
"Don't blame Silas. He doesn't know anything about it. Besides, he worked hard to earn
the operation fee for me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have survived until now..."

Seeing that she was still speaking up for Silas, Harper suddenly felt that it was not worth
it. "Taya, you're so stupid..."

Taya didn't take it seriously. She lowered her eyes
and didn't say anything, but the scene of Griffon
slapping her flashed through her mind.

The more she went there with Silas, the more she

missed Griffon. However, it was one-sided for her to love Griffon. It was stupid.

Harper couldn't bear to hurt Taya, so she didn't mention the past again. She just asked, "Are you feeling unwell anywhere?"

Taya shook her head. It didn't matter where she felt uncomfortable now, so she didn't want to bother the doctors.

Harper touched her face. "You're sweating all over. I'll get a cool washcloth..."

Taya replied very softly, "Okay." Then, she didn't have the strength to speak anymore.

Harper released her hand and left to find a nurse.

As soon as she left the ward, she bumped into

Jackson, whose face was pale.

His whole body was trembling, and his eyes were red. It seemed that he had been standing here for a long time.

Harper looked at him in surprise and asked indifferently, "Didn't you return to Wolverly Capital? Why are you here?"

Jackson did not reply. He raised his eyes, which were shining with the emotion of his wolf.

Seeing him like this, Harper immediately understood. "Did you hear what I said to Taya just now?"

Jackson nodded like a marionette and remained silent. Perhaps he was too ashamed to know the truth.

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Harper said nothing else, just went to find a cool washcloth.

Jackson stood at the door and looked at the petite, weak body on the hospital bed. Tears filled his eyes.

He steadied his trembling body, clenched his fists, and walked to the bed slowly.

Taya felt that someone was approaching. She thought that it was Harper, so she reached out to grab their clothes.

"Harper..."

Before she could touch anything, a large hand caught hers.

The hand was trembling slightly. He seemed to have much to say, but he couldn't. He could only hold Taya's hand and didn't let go.

The image of Griffon's handsome face appeared, but she felt it couldn't be him.

Taya tried to call out, "Silas..."

Jackson didn't expect her to recognize him and didn't let go of her hand.

This made him feel a little guilty. He clenched Taya's hand tightly and sat before the hospital bed.

He didn't say anything, just touched Taya's cheek and carefully traced it from top to bottom.

She didn't push him away, and her heart was calm.

After a few minutes, Jackson said hoarsely, "Taya..."

He gently called her name as if he was calling his beloved.

Taya asked softly, "Why are you back...?"

Jackson smiled bitterly. "I felt like something was wrong, so I came back to see you..."

He had been very agitated in the past two days, and his heart kept beating as something had happened. All he knew was that his wolf was on edge more so than ever before, urging him to go back to Arcadia and find Taya.

He went to her house and waited for a whole night.

No one came or went, and Taya and Harper did not answer the phone. He had to find Stella to learn that Taya was in the hospital.

He was glad that he was here. Otherwise, he would regret it for the rest of his life. Unfortunately, he was the one who caused her illness...

He held her hand, put it to his lips, and kissed it gently. "Taya, I'm sorry..."

Taya guessed that he had heard her conversation with Harper.

Now in the face of his apology, she no longer felt anything. Perhaps she had let go of many things when she was close to death.

In the past, she could not see through life and death, but now she felt that there was nothing to be persistent about in life.

Taya smiled and comforted him. "I have a bad heart. It's not your fault..."

Jackson shook his head, his bloodshot eyes full of

self-blame. "Taya, let me..."

Hearing such emotion in his voice that he couldn't finish speaking, Taya frowned slightly.

Although she didn't know what he wanted to say, it didn't matter anymore.

Taya tried her best to squeeze his palm. "Silas, I can't see you now... But I'll always be able to picture you when we were younger, when we were our best selves. Remember my best image, too, okay?"

Jackson's eyes were red, and Adam's apple bobbed.

"Okay."

"Go back to Wolverly Capital. I don't want you to see me dead."

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Jackson seemed to understand why Taya said what she did.

It turned out that her feelings for him and the way she thought about him never changed. She was going to die soon, and she was still thinking about him.

But he thought she was cruel to him because she had fallen in love with Griffon.

A deep sense of guilt swallowed him, and his wolf pawed at him.

Sensing his helplessness, Taya squeezed his hand again. "Silas, can you go back?"

Jackson touched her pale face and said softly, "No matter what you say this time, I won't leave. I want to stay by your side forever..."

The word "forever" was too heavy for her to bear, but she didn't want to hurt him.

She took a deep breath of oxygen to ease the oppressive feeling. "I don't have the strength to speak. Can I sleep for a while?"

Jackson's heart ached. He nodded. "Okay, go to sleep. I'll stay by your side, okay?"

She nodded in response and closed her eyes.

Jackson sat motionlessly by the bed, staring at her pale face.

After she had fallen asleep completely, he took out his phone and called Eric.

Eric, entangled with Stella in the office, was stunned when he saw Jackson's call.

After sending Jackson a message last time to explain, Jackson hasn't spoken to him again. Now that Jackson had taken the initiative to approach him, Eric was a little happy.

Eric immediately let go of Stella and picked up the call. "Hello, Jackson. What can I do for you?"

"Can you cure heart failure?"

When Eric heard his question, he knew who he was referring to. "Do you have a donor?"

Feeling powerless, Jackson loosened his clenched fists. "No..."

Eric pondered momentarily before replying solemnly,

"Without a donor, even if an immortal were to come,

they wouldn't be able to save her. The only answer would be to try to turn her, and that's never worked

for others. Forgive me for being powerless."

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Jackson replied in a resigned tone. "I understand." He hung up the phone and looked back at the bed.

He'd heard rumors of shifters being able to turn humans. But they were just that. Rumors and legends, likely made up by desperate humans.

He heaved a sigh and sunk back into his chair, watching Taya sleep.

Harper had found a cool washcloth, but she was not in a hurry to return to Taya since she knew Jackson was there.

She leaned against the wall in a daze. Her phone vibrated several times, but she

ignored the calls and wouldn't answer.

It wasn't until she received a text message that she took it out to look.

It was from Damian. He sent a message when he saw that she didn't answer the phone.

He asked her when she would return tonight.

If he cared about her, he should have asked her why she went to the hospital instead of asking when she would return tonight.

He was obviously going to do something with Michelle-likely in Harper's own bed-but was worried that Harper would suddenly come back.

Harper was disgusted with him from the bottom of her heart.

Thinking of the possible situations in the future, she resisted the urge to vomit and replied, "I will stay somewhere else tonight and come back tomorrow."

After sending the message, she put the phone into her pocket, and her wolf gave her an idea.

She would install a nanny cam when she got back tomorrow. If she could get the adulterous couple on video, she would have proof of how awful they were. She could then get out of the mating and ruin Damian and Michelle in the process.

Harper returned to the ward with the

washcloth. Her face darkened slightly

when she saw that Jackson sat motionless beside the hospital bed. She thought for sure Taya would have sent him away by

now.

"You can leave now. I've got her."

Jackson's eyes were fixed on Taya's face. He didn't look back or respond, as if he was determined to stay here.

Seeing him like this, Harper sighed deeply, she handed the washcloth to him.

"If you don't want to leave, you can help wipe her forehead and cool her down."

Jackson took the towel, carefully avoided the wound on Taya's forehead, and gently wiped her cheek.

“Why does she have a wound on her head?”

“She had an accident.”

Harper still wasn't sure about Jackson and his intentions. Although he didn't know much about it, he was indirectly involved in Taya's heart failure, and Harper couldn't put that out of her mind.

Moreover, Harper felt that even if she told Jackson the truth, he would not be able to defeat the Knight pack. There was no need to get him involved.

Griffon was the strongest Alpha in the Midwest, and now, Jackson was even working for him, thanks to winning the project bid.

Harper would avenge Taya herself sooner

or later. As Stella said, she would plan and take her revenge slowly...

One day, she would make Shelly, Tara,

and Griffon learn what happened to

bullies.

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Over the next few days, Taya spent more time sleeping than being awake.

Even when she did wake up, she only said a few words and fell asleep again.

Jackson sat by the hospital bed and didn't move. His pale face and beard made him look exhausted. It was important for wolves to shift to maintain their vitality, and since Jackson would only leave Taya's bedside to use the restroom, he definitely hadn't shifted.

Harper advised him to go for a run, but he refused. In the end, she decided to leave him alone and go find some soup for Taya to have when she woke up.

Not long after Harper left, Taya woke up. Her limbs were so weak that she couldn't move.

She could guess that her face was probably swollen and must look terrible. Taya felt Jackson's grip on her hand. It was so tight that her heart skipped a beat. She asked in a hoarse voice, "Has the sun... risen?"

Jackson nodded, but then he remembered that she couldn't see, so he quickly replied softly, "Yes..."

He looked out of the window. It was snowing heavily, and the sun could not be seen.

But over the past few days, the first thing she did when she woke up was to ask him if the sun was out. She must really want to see it, but she couldn't.

Hearing that the sun was out, Taya slowly turned her head. Through the glass window, she seemed to see a beam of sunlight coming in, which warmed her heart...

"Silas, was it the same weather as the day you found me?"

"Yes, the sky was blue, and the clouds were white. The sun was shining brightly. You were lying in the grass."

When Silas was five, he was flying a kite outside the orphanage. When he saw her in the grass, he picked her up and took her back to the orphanage without hesitation.

When Silas picked her up, he was destined to love her for the rest of his life...

Hearing Jackson's description, Taya couldn't help but smile.

In her dream, she saw a woman standing in the sun and reaching out to her. She seemed to say, "Taya, Mom is here to pick you up."

She felt that it might be her mother. Just like when she came, she put her in the sun and left reluctantly...

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Perhaps it was not her mother, but she was so eager to have a mother, she created one in her dreams.

After all, she had never experienced maternal love or paternal love in her life. Seeing her bitter smile, Jackson felt a thorn had pricked his heart. It hurt all over his body.

He couldn't help but hug her tightly and didn't dare to let go of her...

Frustrated, she patted him and said, "Don't be sad. I'll see you next time..."

Jackson buried his head in her neck like a child. His hot tears fell on her skin silently.

Taya's heart skipped a beat. She was moved by his persistence, and her burned with her own tears...

eyes

They snuggled tightly together as if only each other remained in the heavens and the earth, and they were as pure as they were when they were young.

She leaned to one side and looked out of the window. Unconsciously, she thought of that chiseled face.

Jackson had felt uneasy in Wolverly Capital and hurried over to see her because he felt something was wrong.

It was not until now that she realized that if someone didn't love someone, they wouldn't rush to another city the way he did for her.

Taya smiled again. She had pushed him away because she didn't want him to see her dying. But why did that matter?

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Her jaw suddenly clenched, and she coughed violently. Pink foam and blood instantly filled the oxygen mask.

"Taya!"

Jackson's face turned pale. He hurriedly pressed the button to call the doctor and knelt on one knee. He pulled out a tissue, tore Taya's oxygen mask off, and caught the phlegm she had coughed up.

He raised his other hand and wanted to wipe the blood from the corner of her mouth, but more blood flowed out..... It rolled down her cheeks, wetting her clothes and pillow.

He had no idea what to do, and his wolf

raged and paced inside him with the need to do SOMETHING.

When the nurse heard the alarm for

Taya's room, she immediately called the director and another doctor.

Stella ordered the doctor to push Taya into the emergency room.

The people in the ward came and went out in a rush to take care of Taya. Only Jackson remained kneeling, quiet and still.

It was as though the entire world had fallen silent. Jackson was the only one left, staring blankly at the blood all over his hand...

Like a black hole, the darkness devoured him bit by bit, making him finally realize that the person he had taken care of since he was a child was really dying.

He didn't know what fell on the back of his hand, but it didn't take long for it to wet Taya's dried blood on his skin.

When Harper came back and saw Jackson like this, the resentment in her heart gradually dissipated...

She had seen how much he had loved Taya since he was a child. If not for the fact that they had missed five years, they would have lived together peacefully for the rest of their lives.

However, the world was unpredictable.

The goddess let them miss it and now wanted to take Taya's life...

Thinking of this, Harper couldn't help shedding tears as well. She propped herself up and stepped forward to pat Jackson on the shoulder.

“Let’s go to the emergency room and wait for her...”

Before entering the VIP ward, the nurse had told her what had happened. Harper was about to turn around and run to the emergency room, then stopped when she saw Jackson kneeling motionlessly on the ground.

Jackson acted as if he hadn’t heard anything. He lowered his eyes and stared at the pair of bloody hands...

Knowing he couldn’t face it, Harper sighed heavily and walked to the emergency room.

The lights in the emergency room were on, indicating they were under emergency treatment. Harper wondered if Taya could survive this.

Leaning against the wall, Harper squatted in the corner and stared at the door. It was not until the emergency light turned green that Harper stood up straight. The emergency room door slowly opened, and Stella came out with a group of doctors in white coats.

Stella suddenly didn’t know what to say when she saw the red-eyed Harper.

“Stella... Stella, how is Taya?”

Leaning against the wall, Harper

struggled to ask this question tremblingly.

Stella looked up at Harper and took a deep breath.

After a few seconds of silence, she said to Harper, “It’s time to say goodbye to her for the last time...”

Jackson, who had just arrived at the emergency room, almost fell when he heard this. His face was so pale that it was almost

He staggered in front of Harper, who was limping in Stella’s arms and could not breathe.

Jackson clenched his fists and told Stella tremblingly, “I’ll go see her first...”

Stella nodded, helped Harper sit on the bench, took out a sedative, and pushed it into

her palm.

The dose was not much, but it could calm Harper down and send Taya to the afterlife...

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Jackson leaned against the wall and walked into the emergency room.

Taya's petite body lay on the operating table, looking lifeless.

If it weren't for the fact that her eyes, which were covered by her long eyelashes, were still moving, she would have look dead.

The blood on her face had been wiped clean, revealing her sickly pale complexion.

She was as beautiful as ever, like spring flowers under the sunlight.

Jackson knelt on one knee before the operating table and whispered in her ear.

His gentle voice pulled her back to reality.

She slowly opened her tired eyes and wanted to look at him last, but she still couldn't see anything.

"Silas..."

She struggled to utter the word. Her consciousness was unclear, and her voice was indistinct.

He moved closer to her lips and heard her call his name.

"I'm here."

Jackson held her hand tightly, giving her a little strength.

Taya took in the last breath of oxygen and told him in a stuttering whisper, "Take good care of Harper."

Taya had nothing else to ask for.

Jackson lowered his head and kissed her forehead. He replied softly, "Okay."

Taya smiled. "Silas... in your next life... don't forget me....."

Jackson felt a sharp pain in his heart, as if he was suffocating, making him unable to breathe.

Indescribable pain shot through his body

as if he had been tortured. Every cell in his body was torn apart.

He'd heard the mates felt like this when

one of them died.

He took a deep breath, and his chest was slightly relieved. However, the regret still wrapped him tightly, making him guilty and unable to extricate himself.

He grabbed the pair of cold, trembling hands and put them over his heart. As if he were making an oath, he solemnly promised, "Wait for me."

Taya had promised to wait for him in his next life, which was the best ending or the latest beginning. He hoped that they would not miss each other again in the next life.

Now that Taya had done what she was supposed to, she should close her eyes and sleep well.

However, she was unwilling to give up. She rolled her dim eyes and looked in the direction of the emergency room as if she was waiting for someone...

"Are you waiting for Harper?"

Taya smiled. "Yes..."

Harper walked in with Stella's help as soon as she finished speaking.

Seeing the weak woman lying on the operating table, Harper's mood collapsed again.

"Taya!"

Harper rushed over and cried her heart out. Her sister, her only family member, was about to leave this earth. What should she do in the future?

She wanted to touch her face, but she had no strength at all. She couldn't even open her eyes...

She breathed in the oxygen to prolong her life and used all her strength to comfort Harper. "Don't... be... sad... take care of yourself..."

She had tried her best to speak with just a few words, so she had no strength to speak again.

Harper's cry gradually disappeared from

her ears in a trance, replaced by a gruff voice.

"Taya..."

She struggled to open her eyes again and looked in the direction of the voice...

Chapter 308 hand tighter.

The blood stilled in Taya's body, her heart stopped, and the breath in her lungs froze.

Part of her thrilled at the thought of a union with her true love, and the other part was so very angry that it took her dying to make it happen.

She wanted to punish him and tell him no, to make him pine for her the way she had pined for him for so many years.

But at this point, she had no reason to hold onto those old resentments. The young girl from so long ago took hold of her heart.

If she had to die so young, so unfulfilled

in life, why not end this life on a happy

note? Perhaps in the next life, the goddess would be kinder to her, and this blip of content at the end would transfer into her reincarnated self.

"Yes," she whispered and squeezed his hand back. "Yes. Hurry, before I'm gone."

The sound of Harper's hushed weeping grew a bit louder when Taya spoke, and then she could feel Harper's hand grasping her other hand.

A rustling came from across the room, and then Taya could feel the presence of another person near her bed.

“I am Elder Stiln, Taya,” came a gentle, older man’s voice. “I know this won’t be a standard mating, so I have modified a mating ceremony.”

Taya nodded, tightening her grip on both Jackson and Harper’s hands.

This was how she’d always dreamed it would be. The three of them, together. Her sister and her mate by her side through the end of life.

In a matter of minutes, the elder had performed the mating ceremony and then quietly left the room to leave them alone.

Jackson caressed Taya’s forehead and cheek, then softly kissed her lips, as if he was afraid he might hurt her.

What she was afraid of was how much he was going to hurt when she was gone.

She couldn’t bear the weight of it.

So even though Taya wanted to spend her last moments with him, she wanted him to remember his last moment with her as those of them being mated, not of her dying.

“I don’t want you to remember me dead,” Taya whispered.

“I know,” he whispered against her cheek.

A tear dropped onto her face, and then he
was gone.

She lay there after Jackson had left, sobbing silently, Harper clutching her hand and caressing her forehead while
she wept.

Taya’s chest ached, and breathing became harder. She couldn’t force out any words.

Her time was almost here, and panic
started to overtake her.

She wasn’t ready.

Oh goddess, she wasn’t ready to die.

“Wait! I’m here to save her!” a woman’s
voice screamed out as someone ran into
the room.

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“Wait! Don’t let her die!”

The voice sounded eerily close to Taya’s, and she was sure she was hallucinating in
her mind.

“Who...who are you?”

Harper’s voice sounded startled, and Taya could tell that something was off.

The little bit of adrenaline from the

moment kept her hanging onto her last thread of life.

“I’m here to save her,” the woman said

again.

“What do you mean? Do you have a heart?” Stella asked. Taya had forgotten

she was still in the room.

“No, I have something better.”

That...made no sense.

“I’m afraid the only thing that can help her at this time is to receive a new heart,”

Stella said.

“Who are you?” Harper asked in a gruff

voice.

Taya didn’t need to see her eyes to know that Harper’s wolf was on edge and that something was wrong. In a silent request to fill her in, Taya squeezed her hand.

“She looks just like you,” Harper

What? That made no sense. How could she look like Taya? Her brain spun in circles as she tried to contemplate what that could mean. As she was trying to figure it out, the woman answered.

"I'm her older sister," the woman said. "I'm here to save her."

"You aren't going to give her the heart out of your own chest, so how do you plan to do that?" Stella challenged.

"I'm so glad I found you in time."

Taya felt the air change beside her, and then two hands were clasping her other hand that Harper wasn't holding. A low warning growl came from Harper's side of

the bed, and Taya could almost feel her stiffen beside her.

"You're..." Harper's whispered word

trailed off.

"Yes. I'm a wolf," the woman confirmed. "You must do exactly as I say. Quickly. I can change her, and then her wolf will heal her."

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"Where have you been all these years? How did you find her? Was she always supposed to be a wolf?" Harper rattled off questions until the woman cut her off again.

"I'm telling you, we have to do this NOW! We're running out of time. I'll answer all of your questions later!"

Stella cut in. "What do we need to do?"

The woman started barking orders, and while Taya could sense that Harper didn't like what was happening, she was giving over control of the situation to Stella and the woman.

Harper's wolf was wary as it paced just below the surface, and she eyed the other woman as she spoke to Stella.

Stella was going along with it, so Harper decided to see what would happen. She'd never heard of someone being able to change someone else. Human bodies were too weak to go through a transformation

like that.

Did that mean Taya truly was a shifter but something had kept her wolf at bay?

Harper definitely believed that the woman was Taya's sister. They looked just alike; there was no way it was just a coincidence. She had so many questions, but right now, if there was any way Taya could be saved, that was most important.

"I need a knife, wolfsbane, holy water..."

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Harper couldn't believe it.

She stared at both women, lying next to each other in the hospital room.

They looked damn near identical. Which was a good thing because it meant that color was starting to come back to Taya's cheeks.

The sisters' hands were stretched across the beds, their fingers entwined and palms pressed together where Taya's sister-who had finally told them her name was Rosalie-had cut used the knife to slice them open.

At first glance, it was hard to tell which sister was which. If Harper didn't know better because Rosalie had told them she was five years older, she would think they were twins.

Stella was equally entranced by the scene before her. She'd never seen or heard of anything like this, and as the Knight pack doctor, she had millions of questions to ask once Rosalie was recovered.

Knowledge like this had the potential to unlock unheard of healing abilities for shifters not only in the Knight pack, but everywhere. Of course, opening this door could lead to a world of problems, but she didn't want to think about that right now.

She'd save those worries for later.

And that was if this crazy thing even worked. It was still too unreal to believe until she saw Taya shift into a wolf with her

own eyes.

"He's...coming..."

Rosalie's words pulled Stella from her thoughts.

"Who?" she asked.

"Change...back..." Rosalie gasped out.

"What is she talking about?" Harper asked, rushing over to Stella's side and looking down at Rosalie.

"I'm not sure," Stella answered.

Rosalie's eyebrows were pulled together, and her eyes were squinted closed as if she were in pain.

Was the process supposed to hurt like this? Was this normal?

Stella wrung her hands, wishing she'd thought to ask about what would happen. But Rosalie had been in such a rush, there hadn't been time to get any more information out of her. All the woman had done was bark out orders, and she'd completed the transformation ritual in a blur of muttered words and movement.

"Sir! Stop!"

Shouts came from the hallway outside the hospital room, and Stella recognized the voice of one of the hospital guards.

"I said stop!"

Stella prayed to the goddess that Griffon hadn't shown up or that Jackson wasn't doing something stupid. But her wolf perked up when she heard the commotion, her wolf's sixth sense immediately knowing that something was wrong.

"Here..." Rosalie stuttered out, furrowing her eyebrows even more.

She muttered more words in a language Stella couldn't make out, and then Stella watched as both women's bodies went completely rigid and still, even their toes pointing downward as though they were ballerinas on point.

At that moment, the doors of the hospital room burst open, and a group of men that Stella had never seen before came rushing