

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover by Caesar Erickson

Chapter 311

Chapter 311

Complete chaos followed.

Stella's wolf didn't recognize the scent of any of the shifters that stormed into the room. There were so many of them.

Two huge male shifters grabbed Stella and pulled her out of the room and into the hallway. She struggled and shifted into her lycan form, but even partially shifted, she was no match for two males that were twice her size.

A couple of other massive males grabbed Harper. Harper partially shifted as well, claws slashing and fangs bared.

Harper almost managed to fight her way out of their grasp, slicing one of the males across his forearm.

He didn't even blink, and the men quickly grabbed hold of her even tighter, picking her up off the ground and carrying her out of the room and into the hallway with Stella.

Harper's wolf was desperate, but there was no way she could defeat the two males holding her. Especially after another one put a bag over her head as they carried her away.

She listened for what she could, trying to hear if Taya screamed out, but it was no use. They took her away too quickly, and all she could make out was the sound of crashes and clanging metal coming from the room.

She thrashed and thrashed, but the hands on her only tightened their holds. Claws poked into her arms, though she barely felt

the pain as she tried to get away and get back to Taya.

Who were these shifters?

Just what kind of mess had Rosalie gotten them into?

And then, just as abruptly as they came, they left.

Harper was dumped onto the floor, and by the time she reached up to take the bag off of her head, they were gone. There was no sign of them anywhere.

She looked over to see Stella in a heap on the floor beside her, looking just as dazed and confused, her eyes wide with fear and adrenaline. They were both still in their lycan forms, and their chests heaved as they tried to regain their breaths from struggling so hard.

Without a word, they both looked at each other, then looked in the direction of the hospital room where Taya and Rosalie were. Harper jumped up first and reached the doorway a second before Stella.

Harper gasped as she took in the room.

It was a disaster.

The beds where the women had been laying were overturned, and all of the medical equipment had been smashed.

Stella rushed past Harper and ran into the room, her eyes taking in the scene. She looked back at Harper, panic on her face, when both women realized that they didn't see anyone in the room.

But then, they both saw a foot at the same time.

They raced to where the woman was lying behind one of the overturned beds.

Taya and Rosalie had been dressed identically for the transformation ritual, naked other than a hospital gown.

For a second, Harper couldn't tell who was there, but when she got closer and sniffed, she realized it was Taya.

It had to be.

Because this was a human.

The ritual hadn't worked.

They'd been interrupted too early, and the stranger shifters had taken Rosalie away. Perhaps as a punishment for what she was trying to do.

Stella kneeled down next to Taya, felt her wrist then her neck, then looked up at Harper and shook her head.

Chapter 312

Taya's head was pounding.

It felt like a dozen little people with jackhammers were inside of her skull.

And words couldn't even begin to describe the disoriented feeling that had overtaken her.

She stretched her arms and legs out a bit, her limbs aching with the movement and causing a wave of nausea to flow through her.

Forcing her eyelids open a little, she almost cried when she realized she could see light. Everything was blurry, so she blinked multiple times, praying to the goddess that she would be able to see more than just light and shadowy blobs.

Then again, even that was better than the total darkness from before.

From before...

She'd been in the hospital before. And this was most definitely not the hospital. The sheets beneath her felt silky, not stiff and scratchy from over-washing like at the hospital.

Had Harper or Jackson taken her home with them?

Taya blinked a bit more, and the shadowy blobs started to take

Until she found herself being stared intensely at by a penetrating pair of almost-black eyes.

Taya immediately felt flustered, and she quickly lowered her eyelashes to block his burning gaze.

He stared at her for a long time. When he was sure that she had really woken up, he straightened, turned around, and walked out without saying a word. Soon, he came in with an old man.

The old man had blue eyes and white hair. He was wearing a dark suit with a white doctor's coat, looking polished and professional.

Taya had never seen either of these men before.

After the first man brought the old man in, he pointed at Taya. "George, how did she wake up?"

George? As in Dr. George?

Taya froze for a moment.

Stella said that Griffon had contacted a world-famous cardiology expert for her named Dr. George. Could it be him?

George did not reply to the man. He turned on the equipment and began to give her a full-body examination. He looked very focused, and his eyes were full of disbelief.

His expression was the same as that of the man. It seemed he was also surprised that she had woken up, as if she shouldn't have.

George couldn't wait to finish her examination. He looked up at the man and said, "This is extraordinary. Absolutely extraordinary. Of course, I'll have to run more tests to determine the full scope of her condition, but her heart sounds healthy."

Hearing this, a trace of impatience appeared on the man's handsome face. "You said that she wouldn't wake up. What's going on now?"

George scratched the back of his head. "When I diagnosed her before, the results were inconclusive. It would appear that Rosalie's transformation ritual indeed worked, and it has healed

her heart."

The man seemed to roll his eyes at him and looked a little annoyed. "What should we do now?"

George helplessly spread his hands. "I don't know, either..."

Holding his chin with one hand, the man thought for a moment and said to George, "Why don't we kill her?"

Chapter 313

Jackson was numb.

None of this felt real.

There was a part of him that had hoped there was some possibility of Taya living, of something happening at the last minute to keep her with him after they mated.

But that wasn't to be.

When Eric heard the news of Taya's death, he immediately rushed over. However, he did not expect to see such a scene.

Jackson had always been a composed Alpha, and the wolf Eric was seeing right now was anything but.

Eric watched as Jackson paced around his condo in Arcadia in his massive wolf form. He couldn't describe him with words. He only felt that Jackson had gone mad.

He looked at Jackson's bloodshot eyes and couldn't help but feel emotional for his friend. Even in his wolf form, the grief Jackson was experiencing was coming off of him in waves.

"Jackson, pull yourself together... Your pack needs you."

Jackson's body went limp, and he laid on the floor. His desperate amber eyes were empty as he stared off into nothing.

Night fell, and there was a knock on the door. Eric answered it to see one of Jackson's pack guards standing there with an urn.

"I've brought the remains of the Alpha's mate," he said, trying to

look inside to see Jackson.

Eric shifted his body to keep the man from seeing Jackson in such a state. It wouldn't do for anyone to think there might be a weakness to be exploited, that there might be an opening to challenge the Sterling Alpha.

After taking the ashes, Eric sent the pack guard on his way and

closed the door.

Jackson's blood-red gaze slowly moved to the urn when Eric turned around.

The second he saw it, he lifted his snout and let out a bloodcurdling, mournful howl.

When Jackson asked Eric if he could cure Taya's heart failure, Eric suspected that Jackson had regained his memory, so he asked Camille about what had happened back then.

Only then did he find out about Jackson and Taya's past. How Jackson's brother Stephen Sterling had behaved in order to keep them apart to protect the Sterling pack.

Jackson had jumped out of the car for Taya's sake and lost his memory. The depth of that kind of love was not something others could easily measure...

Eric suddenly thought of Stella lying on the ground covered in blood and reaching out to him for help. His heart couldn't help but tighten.

If Stella hadn't held on to it back then, would he have been like Jackson, holding on to her urn and utterly ruined?

He shook the thoughts away.

Jackson shifted back into his human form and took the urn from

Eric. His housekeeper, Cora, was shocked when came in and saw Jackson holding an urn, his face pale and eyes blank.

Although Cora didn't know who was in the urn, she thought it must be one of the Alpha's relatives.

"Alpha, I'm going to prepare the mourning hall..."

Jackson did not respond, but when Cora turned around, he stopped her.

“I want you to have a tombstone made for her.”

“What is her name, Alpha?” Cora asked softly.

Jackson looked down at the urn and replied affectionately, “My mate, Taya Palmer.”

Chapter 314

Harper cried for days.

She stayed at Taya’s house-her old house before mating with Damian-just to try to be near Taya’s spirit in some way.

It was so hard to think about Taya not being here anymore, and she had to sort through all of Taya’s things.

Harper walked to Taya’s room with heavy steps.

Tears fell again when she saw all of Taya’s things and no Taya.

She shook herself off, wiped away the fresh tears, and began to sort through everything.

After packing her belongings, she turned around and was about to leave the bedroom when Harper suddenly stopped and looked back at the desk.

As if sensing something, she walked to the desk and then pulled open the drawer.

There was a notebook and an envelope with the words “Posthumous Note.”

Seeing the note, Harper’s eyes turned red again.

It turned out that Taya had been ready to leave this world for a

She could have spent more time with Taya if she had found out earlier. Instead, Harper was standing here full of regret.

She took out the note with trembling hands, opened the envelope, and slowly unfolded the letter inside.

[Harper, my dearest sister,

When you read this letter, it means that I'm no longer in this world. But it's okay. Please, don't be sad for me.

Some things cannot be changed, and this was my destiny.

I'm so grateful to have had you by my side during this life. You have always been my family, my protector, my best friend. I wouldn't be where I am and who I am without you.

My only wish is that I had my wolf so I could still be with you, and so that you wouldn't have been burdened with having to take care of me so much.

The only thing I have to give you to thank you for being you is my savings account.

Even though it's just a drop in the bucket compared to

everything you did for me, I hope that when you need money, this can help.

This money, you can use as you will; it is not the money I received for selling myself. It is the money I worked to earn.

The pa*sword is your six-digit birthday, and the account should have \$250,000 in it.

I love you to the moon and back, forever and ever.]

After reading the letter, Harper choked with sobs.

"Taya, I don't need your money. I just want you to come back..."

Harper held the envelope in her hand. A longing that she had never felt before overcame her, making her wolf cry out.

Harper stared blankly at the ceiling with swollen eyes. The whole world was quiet as if she were the only one left.

A cell phone ringing pulled her out of her stupor.

The ringtone came from the hospital bag of Taya's belongings.

Harper was stunned for a few seconds and struggled to pick up the phone.

When she saw Griffon's name on the screen, her fingers paused.

Taya had wanted to see him before she died. Even if she could have just heard his voice, it would have been enough.

Instead, he had Tara answer his phone.

Such a man wasn't worthy to know the news of Taya's death.

Harper didn't answer the phone. He called several more times, but she refused to answer.

She was about to put the phone down to gather up the bags of Taya's things when she saw countless messages from a man called "Greyson."

Whoever this was, he clearly knew Taya and was desperate to get ahold of her.

She picked up Taya's phone and sent a message to Greyson.

Chapter 315

"Why don't we kill her?"

Taya listened to the strange men's conversation, widening her eyes in disbelief.

If she guessed correctly, this man had saved her. But if he had saved her, why did he want to kill her after she woke up?

She was confused, but she had just woken up from a coma and couldn't make a sound. She could only look at them with her

eyes open.

Even though she was staring right at them, they didn't care. They just continued on talking about if they should kill her.

For some reason, the more they wanted to kill her, the more she wanted to live.

She tried her best to open her mouth, but she could only make a hoarse sound.

When the man heard this voice, he waved at George in disgust. "Kill her. I'm not going to be bound to Rosalie's stupid decision. And no one has come looking for her, so they clearly haven't figured it out."

Figured what out? she thought.

George turned around and went out. Was he going to get something to kill her?

Taya felt that she could be saved, didn't feel as weak as she had before, so she desperately screamed at the man a few more

times.

The man raised his hand to cover her mouth.

He pressed his body down and placed his index finger on his lips, gesturing for her to shut up. His eyes were calm, as if he didn't care about her at all and that he was just looking at an unfamiliar object.

Something inside of her...moved...when he touched her.

It was the oddest feeling, and she had no idea what it was. It felt as if something inside of her was trying to get out, and it was a feeling she'd never before experienced.

It's your wolf, something in her head said.

Chapter 316

My wolf?

Taya blinked, then blinked again, trying to process what was happening in her body and in her head.

This all was completely foreign to her.

How had this even happened?

She could vaguely remember something with a woman and a knife in the hospital, but it was all so very fuzzy, so very far away.

Had the woman...said she was Taya's sister?

Wait, had she tried to turn Taya?

Taya's heart started racing, and she moved to sit up in bed, panicked by the memories and realizations flooding in.

"Ah, I see some of the puzzle pieces are starting to click," the strange man said.

His gaze slowly roved over her body, his expression was filled with something that looked like...affection?

After staring at her for a long time, he said to George, who had come back in with a vial of some clear liquid and a syringe. "I

was just kidding. You take things too seriously."

George looked just as confused as Taya felt.

The sound of George grinding his teeth was somehow audible to Taya, and he put down the medicine and needle, turned around, and stomped out angrily.

After the man sat down on the single sofa by the bed, he said to Taya, "Since you've woken up, you can take her place."

Taya didn't know who he was talking about. She blinked at him in confusion, hoping that he would explain.

But he didn't.

He simply picked up something he had just placed by the bed, then reached out with one hand and raised her head.

Just when she didn't know what he was going to do, a buzzing sound came from above her, then the feel of something moving across her scalp.

Was this man shaving her hair? But, why?

The man seemed to have noticed the shock in her eyes. "The nurse said that your hair was too long, and it was troublesome to wash it. Shaving it saves us a lot of trouble."

Then she noticed that there were no massive chunks of hair

coming off of her head as he shaved; she had been bald before she woke up.

Emotions that were a cross between grief and anger washed over her, and a jolt shot through her body.

How dare they?

She glared at the man in front of her, who was still shaving her head, and wished she could kill him with her eyes.

However, the man ignored her.

After finished, he took a mirror and held it in front of her face.

“See? It’s not so bad.”

When Taya saw herself in the mirror, she didn’t recognize the woman staring back at her.

She reached up, grabbed the mirror from him, and threw it across the room, shattering it.

Seeing her reaction, the man suddenly smiled as if he had found a fun toy.

He leaned back on the sofa, crossed his legs, and looked at her with a smirk on his face. “Why, Ms. Palmer, you’re quite interesting.”

How did he know her name? She had no idea who he was.

The man leaned over slightly and stared at Taya’s face with his deep black eyes.

“Remember my name. My name is...” He paused for a moment as if drawing out the anticipation. “Amon Yardley.”

Chapter 317

Amon Yardley, Amon Yardley...

Taya searched for this name in her mind, but she still couldn't recall anything.

She stared into his eyes. She was full of doubts and eager to know more information.

But it appeared Amon didn't want to talk to her anymore. He got up and walked out.

Not long after he left, a blonde nurse with blue eyes came in.

As she helped Taya clean up her body, she whispered a few words in Taya's ear in a language Taya didn't understand. French, maybe?

She didn't say anything else and left after cleaning Taya up.

After she left, Taya looked around what she could see of the house. It was decorated in a simple French style.

So, French was probably correct for the language.

Did that mean she was no longer in the US?

How long had it been, and how had Amon-or whoever helped him-gotten her out of the country if that was the case?

Judging from George's words, she seemed to have been in a deep coma.

Why hadn't Harper and Silas come to find her?

Could it be that they knew that she was being treated here, so they didn't disturb her?

Frowning, Taya closed her eyes and fell asleep as exhaustion overtook her.

When she woke, someone was lying on top of her.

To be exact, that person's head was resting over her heart. It seemed that he was listening attentively, or maybe he was feeling her heartbeat...

From this direction, she could only see a head of thick hair.

She didn't know what he wanted to do, and she couldn't move, so she could only stare at the top of Amon's head.

He seemed to sigh softly and murmured, "The wolf I gave you wasn't your gift to give someone else. You were supposed to be my mate forever."

His voice was very sad and full of grief.

More pieces started to come together. Had the woman who claimed to be her sister truly transformed Taya into a werewolf? But...where was that woman?

Amon lay prone on her body and could feel that her heart was beating faster than when she was asleep. The guessed that she had woken up.

He raised his head slightly. The moment their eyes met, a trace of hostility suddenly appeared in his dark and deep eyes.

"I don't like it when you open your eyes. When you open your eyes, I can tell that you aren't her."

Chapter 318

Before this, Griffon had just ended a closed-door meeting lasting several days and nights in Houston with NASA.

When it was finally over, he left with Andre and went straight to the luxury car waiting for them outside.

Once in the car, Griffon leaned tiredly against the back seat and rubbed his eyebrows.

"Is anyone from the pack looking for me?"

It wasn't typical for Griffon to be out of touch for so long with his pack. And while he knew he had people in place to take care of things in his absence, it wasn't the same as their Alpha.

NASA had been very strict about their no-electronics policy when Griffon and Andre entered the building. Their phones had been confiscated and locked up immediately.

"I haven't had a chance to check my phone yet." Andre quickly took out his phone and turned it on.

He hadn't expected that this meeting would last for so many days, but there'd been a lot to go over regarding the new technology the Knight Pack was presenting.

Griffon took out his phone as well. Nothing other than a pile of work messages.

He put down his phone and slowly looked out the window with tired, bloodshot eyes.

For some reason, he had been feeling uneasy recently.

Especially over the past two days, which made him absent-minded several times during meetings.

He rubbed his forehead. It was probably because he was too tired. That's all.

The car soon stopped in front of the Knight pack's house in an affluent area of Houston. Since they had so many contracts with NASA, the shifters preferred to have their own home to stay at when they were in town.

And it meant Griffon didn't have to deal with the overwhelming scents of everyone he encountered when staying in a hotel.

After taking off his coat and handing it to Andre when they walked in, Griffon immediately went to his bedroom.

He was so hurried to get to the meeting that he forgot to bring his private phone. Perhaps a clue to his uneasiness would be on that device instead.

When he entered the bedroom, it was messy and smelled strongly of perfume.

Before he could yell to the staff to question the situation, Tara exited the bathroom wrapped in a bath towel.

“Why are you here?” he demanded in a dangerously low growl.

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Before she could smile at him seductively, Tara was stopped in her tracks by Griffon’s warning tone.

She approached him and looked at him slightly disappointedly. “Griffon...aren’t you happy that I’m here?”

There was no expression on his handsome face. He stared at Tara and repeated his question.

He did NOT like repeating himself.

“Why. Are. You. Here?”

This was the pack’s private residence. Almost no one knew it existed.

And that’s the way Griffon liked it.

Had the she-wolf been following him?

Tara was frightened by his gaze. She stepped back, wrapping herself tightly in the bath towel.

“Your mother knows your whereabouts like the back of her hand. She asked me to come here because she thinks we should be making more progress since I’ve returned from my studies...”

She plucked up her courage, stepped forward, and lifted her

hand to touch the Alpha's cheek.

He leaned away to evade her before her fingers could make contact with his skin.

As usual, he avoided her.

Tara smiled in despair. "Griffon, how long do you want me to wait?!"

He looked down at her, not wanting to talk to her anymore.

"Get out," he growled, his claws starting to poke out of his fingertips as his irritation level rose.

If it were any other time, Tara would have left obediently and never dared to disobey him.

But right now...she was wrapped in a bath towel, revealing practically everything she had to offer as a mate.

Not only was he unmoved, but he didn't even want to look at her. How could she bear it?

Tara clenched her fists, her own claws extending and stabbing into her palms, and growled back, "You promised him you would mate me. Have you forgotten?"

The anger in his eyes increased. "If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be mating you. You forget yourself and your place. We are not mated, and you are not my Luna." Griffon unleashed his full Alpha voice to command her now. "I said, leave!"

Tara held her breath. In the past, as long as she threatened him with these words, Griffon would compromise, or at least treat her a bit kinder.

She glared at him angrily, her wolf unable to resist the command of an Alpha. She picked up the clothes outside the bathroom, turned around, and ran downstairs.

Griffon quickly walked to the bedside and took his private phone from the drawer without looking back.

When he opened it, he found that Taya had called a few times yesterday around two p.m.

Someone picked up the last call. It ended in a few seconds, and Taya never called again.

Frustrated, he quickly called Taya back. He was eager to hear her voice, but she didn't answer.

He remembered that it was the weekend. Taya liked to sleep in, so he didn't call again.

He put down his phone and was about to lie down to rest when he got a WhatsApp message.

There was only one friend on his account, and that was Taya...

He quickly picked up his phone and opened WhatsApp, only to hear Andre's anxious voice outside the door.

"Alpha, open the door. Something happened to Ms. Palmer!"

At the same time, he saw the message: [Greyson, she has pa*sed away. Please don't message her anymore.]

Chapter 320

Griffon's face darkened.

He quickly typed back. [That's not a funny joke.]

The response was almost immediate. [It is not a joke. I don't know who you are, but based on the messages I read on here, you don't sound like a great guy. If you want to find her, you can go to hell do it.]

His heart stuttered. No that wasn't possible. He opened the door and looked at Andre, who was visibly flustered and upset, a rare occurrence for his a*sistant.

"What happened?" he demanded, the gruffness and worry his wolf was feeling infusing his typically rigid tone, though he managed to keep the rest of his reaction calm.

"Alpha... `Stella just called to tell me that Ms. Palmer pa*sed away at 2:19 p.m. yesterday..."

After Andre finished speaking, he looked up at Griffon.

He didn't know if Alpha Knight didn't hear him clearly or if he didn't care. Why wasn't he reacting?

After standing awkwardly at the door for a while, Andre said uneasily, "I won't disturb your rest."

Andre turned to leave, but a brusque voice came from behind him.

"Who did you say pa*sed away?"

Andre frowned. He had made it quite clear when he spoke.

He turned around to face his Alpha again, speaking slightly slower and carefully.

"Ms. Palmer, Alpha. Taya Palmer."

Griffon furrowed his eyebrows as if confused. "She's fine. How could she have pa*sed away?"

Andre froze, not sure what to do. He couldn't speak to his Alpha as if he were feeble-minded, but he wasn't sure how he could make it even more clear that Taya had indeed died.

"Ms. Palmer was suffering from heart failure."

The Alpha blinked once, then blinked again...and slammed the door in Andre's face.

Griffon steadied his hands, grabbed his phone, and dialed a familiar number.

A number he constantly thought about calling but always kept himself from calling.

No. Absolutely not. Taya hadn't pa*sed away. She was punishing him for what happened at the mall when he'd been forced to

slap her or else show weakness. She was intentionally lying to him, and she'd somehow managed to rope other people into her

ruse.

He just had to hear her voice. Once he heard her speak, he'd be able to calm the nerves going haywire inside of his body, and he'd be able to ease his wolf's deepest fears.

He called her several times, but she didn't answer. Just as he was about to lose patience, someone finally picked up.

Oh, thank the goddess.