

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover by Caesar Erickson

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She took great care of her appearance all her life. Even the medicines prescribed before her death were all to prevent edema, for fear that she would die ugly.

Right then, however, her back was no longer as flawless as before...

Seeing her in such a state, Griffon's heart stopped beating instantly, his handsome face turned pale.

He threw away the umbrella in his hand and fell to his knees before Taya, barely able to stop his trembling hands. He wanted to hug her, but he didn't know where to start.

The wedding dress on her back had been corroded into ashes, her skin scorched, and her bones clearly visible.

Griffon's heart ached at the sight of such a severe injury, along with tears streaming down his face.

At a loss, he raised his trembling hand and touched her face...

Taya was in so much pain that she was dripping with cold sweat. "Don't, don't touch me...it hurts..."

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Griffon hurriedly let go with his mouth slightly agape. His thin lips parted, but not a word came out of it.

A pair of eyes that reflected her pale face was full of distress.

Helplessly, he looked at Stella who was rushing towards him in the distance. "Quick! Stella, come and save her!"

His voice was so hoarse that it trembled. He could never understand how much pain she was in at the moment.

All he knew was that seeing him in such a state distressed him, so distressed that he couldn't breathe. "Why, why are you so stupid..."

With the last bit of strength, Taya looked back at the pale-faced Silas, her eyelashes slowly lowering...

When she looked back at Griffon, a faint smile appeared in her eyes. "I... owe you too much..."

In her life, she owed kindness to two male wolves.

Silas took care of her for half of her life, took his life for her,

and ended up having his legs crippled. She was at a loss of repaying his favor.

Griffon loved her for few years, spent so much money, and did everything for her sake.

Nor was she able to return the

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kindness.

She wanted to spend the rest of her life with Silas and

compensate Griffon with the money she worked so hard to

earn...

3/5

No matter what she did, no matter what she chose, she'd hurt them.

In fact, all the faults originated from her. In the past, she should have died and should not have survived. Only then was

fair to both of them.

Yet, she survived against God's will. That was why she owed

so much debts. What her master said was right. If she owed a debt, she would have to pay it back...

It began pouring with rain, washing her back. As the scorching temperature rose, Taya could no longer hold on from falling to the ground.

Looking at the red-eyed anxious men in front of her lifeless eyes, a sense of helplessness gradually emerged...

"Griffon, although I've repaid your favor as I did, I... don't want to see you get hurt," Deep down, she muttered to herself.

"I'm sorry. When I knew about everything you've done, I promised Silas, and I can't let him down."

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Griffon knelt before her. His tall and straight body drenched,

his eyes filled with a deep sense of powerlessness.

Watching as she lay prone on the ground, about to lose consciousness, he suppressed the heart-piercing agony in his heart to comfort her with a trembling voice.

“You paid it off. You don’t owe me anything, but Taya, behave and don’t fall asleep, will you?”

Taya resisted the continuous burning pain in her back and obediently answered, “Okay...”

After the word left her mouth, she broke her promise nonetheless. The severe pain prompted her to close her eyes unbearably.

When Griffon saw her losing consciousness, he lost his mind to pick her up, intending to rush to the hospital.

With just one touch of his fingers, that petite body started squirming in pain.

It hurt so much even in a coma, just to show how much she was in at the moment...

Griffon no longer dared touch her again...

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Just as he was so helpless that his whole body trembled, the sanitation worker unsheathed a knife to come rushing toward him again!

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When the knife was about to pierce his neck, Griffon raised his eyes, grabbing his wrist with his backhand.

One forceful snap broke off the sanitation worker’s hand before he snatched the knife from his hand to stab the worker in his chest.

He used all his strength to plunge it in. Bright red blood spurted all over, staining his sleeves red.

Without batting an eyelid, he plucked the dagger out to stab it down once again...

“Alpha Knight!”

Andre, who rushed over before Stella, stopped him in time

sensing his murderous intent. "You can't kill anyone. Leave it to me."

The sanitation worker subdued on the ground burst out maniacally laughing. "Griffon, kill me if you dare do so. With a criminal record, let's see if you'll still be in power of the Knight pack!"

Griffon's eyes burst out with a hint of sudden frostiness.

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Ignoring Andre's obstruction, the knife in his hand raised and fell, aiming for the neck...

Andre thrust his hand forward to block the attack. A deep wound appeared on the back of his hand.

Without even a look at it, he endured the severe pain to try his best to persuade Griffon. "Alpha Knight, don't be provoked, hurry up and save Ms. Palmer."

Stella rushed over and knelt on the ground. Seeing Taya's back corroded by sulfuric acid, her face flushed pale.

Her frantic gaze scanned her surroundings. In the empty park, not a single piece of first-aid equipment was in sight, and nor was there even a place to wash the wound, only rain was all over the sky.

Sitting in a wheelchair, Silas, paralyzed, only seemed to have returned to himself. He told Stella in a trembling voice, "There's water in the orphanage..."

Hearing this, Stella forced herself to calm down and gave

Griffon an anxious look. "Alpha Knight, hurry up, take Taya to the orphanage!"

Griffon threw away the knife in his hand, carefully picked up Taya, and sprinted towards the orphanage.

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Stella, too, ran over. When brushing past Harper running over, she shouted, "Harper, call the hospital for an ambulance!"

Harper's steps came to an immediate stop before she reached for her phone with trembling hands and ran to the orphanage.

When they were in a mess, the sanitation worker cackled once

more.

“Hahahahahahaha...”

“Taya, you b*tch, never would you have thought of this day, would you?!”

Silas, who had pushed the wheelchair around, stopped his fingers hearing those words. He looked back at the sanitation worker lying on the ground, wearing a mask that completely covered his face.

He thought the sanitation worker was there to take revenge on Griffon, but little had he expected him to know Taya...

He turned to Andre, and before he could speak, Andre speedily ripped off the sanitation worker's mask.

“Beta Starke...”

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Silas 's brows drew to a frown, as if he hadn't expected it to be him.

Beta opened his scarred mouth, saying through his gritted teeth, “Jackson Sterling, I wanted to take revenge on Griffon before dealing with you, but I didn't expect that b*tch, Taya, to rush out!!!”

Ignoring the pain in his chest, he clenched his fists and roared hysterically. “It's all thanks to Griffon for the past few years that he sent Joe to deal with me and throw me into prison!

“If I hadn't been lucky enough to be able to think of a plan to escape, I wouldn't have been able to avenge myself!”

“It's just a pity...”

He turned his head to shoot Silas a vicious glare. “It's a pity that I didn't manage to kill you and Griffon!”

Silas stared at him coldly, without answering.

Andre's face darkened as his eyes fell on Beta's hand. “Didn't your hand have a tendon cut off?”

Beta threw his head back for a wild laugh. “When the blonde guy ripped my tendon off, I found a doctor to connect it back. Why? Do you want me to stay paralyzed all the time?”

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When he said so, his eyes widened as he cursed like crazy

5/5

once more. "That b*stard who broke my tendons, don't let me find out who you are, else I'll make sure you die an unburial death!"

Seeing that he didn't know Greyson's true identity, Andre heaved a slight sigh of relief.

"You won't have the chance!"

As his voice died away, he sent a punch in Beta's face, knocking him unconscious before getting up to order the bodyguards standing at the ready.

"Get him back to the police station. After he enters prison, send an a*sa*sin to kill him in secret."

Anyone who puts Greyson in danger must die!

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In the orphanage, Griffon hugged Taya, and with Stella's help, placed her on the carpet.

Stella went searching for the authorities in charge of the orphanage, brought a hose, and used a lot of clean water to repeatedly rinse the sulfuric acid on her back.

While running water streamed through her back, Taya lying on the ground was still shaking unconsciously in pain.

Seeing her in such pain, Griffon's heart ached to the point of suffocation...

Filled with guilt, he came to kneel before her again.

He raised his pale fingers and touched the bloodless face.

What the fingertips came in contact with was the skin cold without the slightest warmth.

His heart suffocated. The panic and fear of losing her once few years ago roared overwhelmingly over...

He placed his trembling hand under her nose, and when he couldn't feel her breathing, his whole body went limp.

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"Stella... She's not breathing..."

2/4

Hearing Griffon's trembling voice, Stella's hands that were

running water over the sulfuric acid paused before she reached out to feel Taya's breathing and pulse.

"There's still a faint breath, but Taya has undergone major surgery, and with such a severe injury, I'm afraid she might not be able to survive..." Hearing the words, Griffon seemed

to have lost control. "No, nothing will happen to her, I'll never allow anything to happen to her!"

Like a lunatic, he grabbed the water pipe, regardless of whether his fingers touched the sulfuric acid, and desperately helped her rinse her wound.

At the sight of the scene, Harper burst into instant tears, begging God over and over again for Taya to survive.

Silas, who was outside the door, wanted to help, but all he could do was remain in his wheelchair, incapable of being of any help...

Such a deep sense of powerlessness prompted him to strangle his legs, as if falling into an abyss. It gradually devoured him.

Stella wanted to stop Griffon, fearing that the acid would ruin

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his hands, but seeing how her persuasion fell on deaf ears, she got up and continued to make emergency calls.

Before she could make the call, the sound of an ambulance rang at the gate of the orphanage.

She wanted to remind Griffon to carry Taya to the hospital, but she turned to see that Griffon had picked Taya up and rushed out before she could say a word.

3/4

As if he could see no one, he hugged the petite woman in his arms and spread his leg to climb up the ambulance.

After handing Taya over to a group of doctors, he ordered in a chilling voice. "No matter what you do, you must save her!"

The doctors knew that he was the biggest boss of the hospital, so they replied in a

respectful manner, "Got it!"

The doctor swiftly connected the patient to the ventilator before treating the wound with sodium bicarbonate solution.

Griffon clutched Taya's hand the whole time, his scarlet eyes fixed on her pale face.

"Taya, you must come through. Your Silas is still waiting to marry you. You must not let him down..."

He whispered in her ear, but the lying woman showed no

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response, as if dead, lifeless.

4/4

Griffon's eyes welled with tears, and he couldn't stop tightening his grip on her hand, as if grasping the last ray of hope.

The ambulance soon came to a rushed stop at the entrance of the hospital, followed by Stella, who directed the doctor to push Taya into the emergency operating unit.

Griffon wanted to follow in but was stopped by Stella. "Alpha Knight, if you go in, you'll only be hindering our operation."

With that, she pushed Griffon away and closed the door of the emergency room.

The moment the door closed, Griffon slumped to the floor, leaning against the wall in weakness.

He collapsed onto the cold floor, with his hands propped on his knees, his eyes dull, staring at the red light at the door of the emergency room...

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When Harper, Andre and the others rushed over, all they could see was the limp Griffon.

Andre walked up to him and noticed his black fingers, he hurriedly offered, "Alpha Knight, I'll go find the doctor!"

Andre soon found a doctor who treated the wound.

All the while, he remained on the floor, allowing the few of them to mess around...

Harper didn't have the effort to care about Griffon. With fingers interlaced, she locked her stare on the closed door.

As the clock ticked by, the door of the operating room slowly opened...

In a sterile suit, Stella exited the room with her head covered in sweat.

Before Harper could walk over, she saw a black figure rushing past her.

"How is she?"

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2/5

Griffon's whole body was soaked, a few strands of thick hair on his forehead hung down on his eyelashes, dripping slightly.

Yet, he failed to realize so. A pair of dull eyes stared at Stella without blinking.

"She's survived for the time being, but she's still in critical danger and is in a coma..."

Griffon stepped forward to rush in, but Stella said, "She's been transferred to the intensive care unit."

He stopped his steps and turned to Stella. "Take me to her.""

Stella nodded before leading him and Harper to the ward.

"This is the ICU, you can't go in for fear of infection. You can just look at her standing at the door!"

Griffon's eyes were red-rimmed once more when he saw the pale woman lying on the hospital bed through the glass.

After staring at her for a while, he slowly shifted his gaze to Stella. "She's in the intensive care unit, which means she's still in life-threatening danger. How long will it take?"

Stella replied to Griffon's question while wiping the sweat from her forehead. "Alpha Knight, it'll take about one to two weeks, depending on the situation, to see if she'll be able to escape

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life-threatening danger during this period."

Griffon' tense body froze again.

3/5

The eyes staring at that petite back were filled with boundless. guilt.

“Griffon, look, everything you insist on doing will hurt her,” He scowled to himself.

“If you hadn't insisted on mating her off and attending the wedding, how could she have blocked the acid for you?”

“You've killed her once, and now you're the cause of her ending up in such a state. What right do you have to appear in her life again?”

He raised his gauze-wrapped hand and placed it on the gla*s as if he was stroking her face from a distance, the infinite affection melting from his fingertips.

“Taya, as long as you wake up, I promise you that from now on, I'll never bother you again...”

Stella eyed Griffon before glancing at Harper who was crying silently behind him, saying, “Go and get some rest. There are doctors and nurses keeping watch, don't worry.”

Harper cried and shook her head. “No, I want to stay here until

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Taya wakes up...”

4/5

Stella appeared to be somewhat helpless. “You can't just stand here on guard all the time, can you?”

With that, she returned her gaze to Griffon. “Alpha Knight, it'll take more than two weeks. Your bodies won't be able to hold on.”

Griffon didn't respond, his beautiful face was shrouded in paleness, as if his soul had been locked up, adding a lifeless look to his dispirited self.

Seeing that he couldn't be persuaded, Stella stopped. After a deep sigh, she turned and walked to the dressing room.

The two of them stood guard at the door like wooden stakes, motionless, after two full days, Harper was the first to faint from exhaustion.

Stella rushed to rescue Harper. After the rescue, she gave Griffon a tranquilizer while he was not paying attention. Very calmly, she sent Andre to drag Griffon into the ward and infuse him with nutrient solution.

With all that dealt with, Stella turned around and reentered the intensive care unit to observe Taya's condition in person...

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Taya in the intensive care unit was repeatedly infected by extensively burned skin tissue on her back. Throughout the weeks, the doctors repeatedly carried out rescue operations on her.

Finally, two weeks later, she survived, but after she woke up, the heart-piercing pain sent her blacking out once more.

With all her strength, the flustered Stella pulled her back from the gate of hell once more...

Griffon, who was guarding outside the door with an IV pierced into the back of his hand, had his heart aching to the point of suffocation at the sight of the scene.

He would rather have the acid splashed on him than Taya to block it for him.

To repay his favor, she actually chose such a tragic way...

He looked at Taya through the gla*s with sad eyes, who had fainted from pain several times, so distressed that he wished he could bear all the agony for her.

Time flew. Stella's deathly stare was locked on the

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electrocardiogram, and when the frequency returned to normal, she was deeply relieved.

She exited through another door to tell Griffon and Harper who was squatting on the ground. "Taya is out of danger!"

Hearing so, Harper's body went limp, sending her fall to the ground. The suppressed pain for two weeks erupted in a volcano of emotions, allowing her to wail with her face covered, gasping.

2/6

Stella stepped forward and hugged Harper. While comforting her silently, she raised her eyes to look at the tall and straight figure standing at the door of the ward.

She had no idea how Griffon was feeling right then, but she figured that he must be as relieved as she was...

Taya stayed in the intensive care unit for another two days before being transferred to the general ward.

Harper bought tons of necessary daily items to keep Taya company by the side of the hospital bed, but when she saw Griffon holding a towel, carefully wiping Taya's cheeks...

She set the items aside, turned and walked out.

She retrieved her mobile phone and called Silas, receiving an automated voice in response instead.

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3/6

Harper felt a little uncomfortable at the thought of how Taya had stayed in the intensive care unit for two weeks, but Silas had never once paid a visit...

When she lowered her phone with a deep sigh, she turned to look at Griffon, who treated her as the center of his world.

It was then realization dawned upon her about why Silas hadn't appeared.

Griffon wiped her cheeks before moving to her hands like caring for a rare treasure.

After placing the towel by the side, she took out a cotton swab, dipped it in clean water, and applied it on her dry lips.

He stood in front of the hospital bed without saying a word, caring for her, waiting for her...

Taya found herself in a thick mist, with Griffon and Silas appearing before her eyes.

Standing on the edge of the cliff, they simultaneously held out their hands to her, offering her a choice.

If she chose Griffon, Silas would jump off the cliff.

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If she chose Silas, Griffon would jump off the cliff.

4/6

She didn't know who to choose, so all she could do was retreat and choose to jump off the cliff herself...

Her body descended along with the gravity, and it was only when she was caught by a pair of hands that she slowly opened her eyes.

What came into view was a pair of bloodshot eyes with a thin and haggard face.

Her gaze slowly lowered to find that he, who had always been clean and kept a tidy appearance, had his face covered in stubble, in a wretched state.

The man's eyes were full of exhaustion. Seeing her wake up, he hurriedly let go of her hand and said, "You just had a nightmare."

With a slight nod, Taya's gaze scanned her surroundings. It was only then that she remembered what had happened...

She parted her dry lips, failing to make a sound. Her throat was tight, and she could only look at Griffon with her eyes widened.

With just one look from her, he knew what she wanted, got up

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and brought a glass of water to dip a cotton bud in before placing it in her mouth.

5/6

Eager to drink the water, Taya forcefully sipped the cotton swab before a pang of bone-deavouring pain struck her from her back, sending her bursting out with cold sweat.

Griffon's face turned pale as he hurriedly took out the cotton swab and stroked her cheek with distress written all over his face. "Taya, don't use force."

Taya endured the pain, grabbed the bed sheet, and gritted her teeth. "Water..."

She was parched, desperate for water,...

While she lay on the hospital bed, Griffon tried to bring her water, but she couldn't drink it. Using a straw would, too, stretch the wound if done with force.

After a few seconds of hesitation, he raised his fingers and moved her sideways head slightly to the front...

Kneeling on the ground with one knee, he picked up the glass of water before throwing his head back for a mouthful and lowering his head to kiss her lips.

With his tongue, he pried her jaw and fed her water little by little...

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6/6

Taya opened her eyes wide, looking at the man in front of her, slightly dazed.

To desperately drink water, however, she couldn't care less and frantically sucked for more water.

She turned her head sideways. Although she did manage to drink water, most of it spilled onto the pillow.

She had only tasted it, so it was natural that she hadn't had enough. After Griffon fed her, she remained to stare at the glass of water in his hand. "More..."

Griffon twitched the corners of his mouth hearing the words, a faint smile appearing from the bottom of his eyes.

He raised his head again and took a big sip of water, before lowering his head and continuing to pry open her white teeth, passing the water to her.

Outside the ward, sitting in a wheelchair, a pale smile gradually appeared on Silas's thin face at the sight...

Write your comment

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After Griffon fed the water, he asked her softly, "Do you want more?"

Taya shook her head lightly, just in time to see burn marks on his knuckles.

She raised her eyes to look at him. "Your hand..."

Griffon curled his fingers slightly to avoid her sight before reaching for a clean towel with his other hand to wipe her lips.

He didn't answer her, so Taya decided against asking more questions. Then she looked around the ward. "How long have I been in a coma?"

Griffon replied after applying some water to her lips. "More than half a month."

She thought it would be a few days at most, but little had she expected it to be more than two weeks.

What she saw when she opened her eyes was Griffon, where were Harper and Silas?

She wanted to ask Griffon, but seeing him gently holding the

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side of her face, helping her change a new pillow, fetching toiletries, cleaning her cheeks, mouth, and exposed skin, he did it all naturally, as if he was the one who had taken care of her when she had been unconscious.

Taya felt a little uncomfortable. Her slender and slightly curled eyelashes were lowered as she stared at the ground in a daze.

After Griffon helped her tidy up before looking at her silently for a few seconds, getting up and entering the bathroom in the ward.

Taya's gaze looked in the direction he had left to see him. pa*sing by the closet and taking a suit from it.

Only then did she realize that the closet was full of his clothes, along with a pile of toiletries.

Griffon was a wolf who would always make sure his belongings were clean, so he would usually not allow his clothes to be left in such a place.

Right then, he broke his own rules by storing so many sets of clothes in the ward.

As the thought crossed his mind, Taya frowned slightly. Just as her thoughts were in a mess, Griffon walked out of the bathroom.

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The black expensive suit, worn on him, set off his tall and straight figure, with a cool and noble demeanor.

He combed his thick hair meticulously, and his well defined face was without a trace of stubble.

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His flawless features were well defined as usual as indifference reappeared in his once fatigued hawk eyes.

When Griffon came out of the bathroom, he immediately saw the man outside the ward.

The man seemed to have been around for a long time, but with his presence, he had never stepped into the ward.

Griffon's heart felt clutched before he walked up to Taya

calmly.

He raised his fingers to stroke her hair, showing his reluctance to part.

“Taya, everything you owed me, including Si las’s, has been paid off. Both of you should stop thinking about paying me back.”

“Also, I’ll hire the best plastic surgeon in the world to help you in repairing the skin on your back. You’ll never be disfigured.”

With all that, he slowly traced his fingers along her hair to her

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face, his infinite attachment melting away at his fingertips.

4/5

“Taya, I’ll leave Mr. Johnson and Ms. Duke to take care of your from now on...”

He had promised that when she woke up, he would never disturb her again. Even if he was reluctant to do so, he would let her go.

He stared at her tiny face, and after a few last glances, released her fingers and turned to leave.

Taya’s eyelashes trembled slightly. Staring at her from behind, her red lips parted to say, “You...”

Griffon stopped in his tracks and turned to look at her, his cold eyes glowing with hope.

Taya put her fingers together little by little, as if to say something but failed to get a single word out of her mouth when she finally chose to remain silent.

Seeing that she said not a single word, the light in Griffon’ eyes dimmed as bitterness spread across his lips.

“Taya, take care of yourself.”

After muttering ‘goodbye’ in his heart, he forced himself to turn around and stride out of the ward.

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Taya faced the window, unable to turn her head, but well aware that things were completely over between them.

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From then on, Griffon and Taya would neither owe nor meet

each other...

Write your comment

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Griffon opened the closed door of the ward and walked away after a glance at Silas sitting in a wheelchair.

Silas couldn't hear what they were saying in the ward. When

he saw Griffon leaving, he hadn't overthought, assuming that an emergency might have come up.

After he glanced at Taya who was lying on the hospital bed from a distance, he pushed the wheelchair into the ward...

Taya had her head tilted, staring out of the window in a daze. It was only until a figure entered her sight that she returned to herself.

"Silas..."

Seeing that it was him, Taya forced the corners of her lips slightly to a raise. "You're here..."

Silas gave a slight nod. At the sight of layers of gauze wrapped around her back, shades of color faded from his face.

"Taya, it hurts, doesn't it..."

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Taya wanted to smile and reply that it didn't hurt, but with a slight movement, the heart-piercing pain struck her, causing

cold sweat to flow out from the pain.

Silas stretched out, wanting to touch her shoulder, but seemed

to have thought of something when his hands froze in mid-air,
not daring to touch her again.

With his gentle gaze on Taya, he persuaded her. "Don't move around, you might hurt the wound..."

Taya blinked her eyes as a form of response "Okay..."

With that, she scanned Silas from head to toe. Seeing that he seemed to be much thinner than on the day of the wedding, she couldn't help feeling deeply sorry.

Her lips parted as she softly apologized, "Silas, I'm sorry that at the wedding..."

Halfway through her words, Silas cut her off, "Taya, you don't have to apologize to me. I can understand whatever you do."

Hearing so, guilt swarmed in Taya's heart. She was at a loss of what to say, looking at her pale face.

Silas, seemingly unbothered, told her, "Taya, I'm here to give you a gift!"

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Taya shifted his gaze to her, with puzzlement in her clear eyes.

What?"

He took out a divorce certificate, handed it to Taya, and went on to apologize, "Taya, I went to the Marriage Registry to apply for our mating certificate without your consent, and now I'm doing the same for a unmate certificate, again, without your consent. I'm sorry."

Taya looked at the unmate certificate, stared blankly for a moment before looking at him, confused. "Silas, didn't we agree to start over?"

A relieved smile slowly appeared in Silas's eyes which was full of reluctance. "There's no way to start over between us."

Taya felt briefly suffocated before she questioned him with a frown, "Is it because I helped him block the sulfuric acid, that's why you..."

Silas shook his head lightly, saying in a soft tone, "It's because I know that no matter how long I wait, you won't fall in love with me again."

Taya opened her lips to deny, "How would you know if we haven't tried it yet?"

Silas curled the corner of his mouth, and instead of answering her words, he picked up the water gla*s next to her and

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asked, "Taya, are you thirsty?"

Taya wanted to say that she wasn't thirsty, but before she

could reply, she heard Silas say, "I'll feed you."

After raising his head to drink a mouthful of water, he suddenly lowered himself down.

When her lips were about to touch her red lips, Taya's eyelashes twitched.

Although she didn't dodge, Silas noticed all the subtle expressions on her face.

4/5

He stared into her eyes, where his pale face was reflected, but there was no place for him ever again.

He swallowed the water in his mouth, slowly sat up straight,

and looked at Taya as he put on a bitter smile.

“Taya, you didn’t resist him feeding you water that way, because you still love him...”

Taya’s face turned pale when she heard the sentence. She tried to explain, but she was powerless to refute.

It was true that she had indeed not resisted Griffon’ touch, but

as for Silas, she subconsciously tried to dodge...

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Seeing how she had nothing to say, a relieved smile revealed itself in Sila s’s eyes.

“Taya, I’ve seen what it’s like for you to love someone.”

“Reckless, willing to give everything, even life, for the person you love...”

“So I know very well that protecting him from sulfuric acid is not just to repay him, more of it is because you love him...”

Sil a s’s eyes were on the girl he had loved for half his life, tears began to well up in his eyes...

“The way you love him is just like the way you loved me back then. It’s just that I lost the precious you, and I can’t find her again...”

Taya felt pain in her heart, instantly welling her eyes with tears. “Silas, I’m sorry, I was the first to betray you...”

Silas shook his head, without blaming her at all. “I set you off, and that’s the cause of the car accident. I’m the one who caused it all.” In fact,

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Go d told him few years ago with a car accident, the fate between them was over, but he remained clinging to the past.

The more Silas thought about it, he raised the corners of his warm lips, looked at Taya, and smiled faintly. “Taya, forgive me, I lost five years of memory. When I think about it, I can only remember memories of our past youthful years. I couldn’t bring myself to let go of the past. If I let go of my obsession with you and the past earlier, you won’t have to choose to stay with me because of guilt.”

Taya looked at him with sad eyes. “Silas, I...”

Silas shook his head and interrupted her. “Taya, you said that you want to start over and fall in love with me again, but you’re just like me, obsessed with the past. Our friendship has lasted for more than twenty years. There’s too deep of an entanglement between us that causes you not to be able to let go, but I know that you’ve lost all for me...”

With that, he looked to the rows of men’s suits in the closet. “Now that there’s a man, who loves you just as much as I do, even more than I do, why should I cling to you, and I...”

He paused, a relieved smile gradually appeared in his eyes. “It’s enough that I once enjoyed the love he has. How could you expect you to love me all the time...”

Taya heard his words, feeling the sudden urge to burst into

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tears. Before she knew it, tears started streaming down her cheeks. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Just like when they were young, Silas raised his fingers to dotingly tousle her hair. "Fool, you should never feel sorry. It's between you and me that we're destined to miss out on each other after fate is depleted between us. No one is to blame..."

Filled with guilt, she couldn't face Silas. Instead, she buried her head in the pillow, tears streaming down her face.

Silas was afraid that she would pull on the wound with force, so he comforted her in a soothing voice. "Taya, don't cry, and don't feel guilty. I've let go, so from now on, you have to let go too."

Taya took a long time to calm down before turning her head to the side, her eyes red and swollen, to look at him. "Are you leaving?"

Silas nodded at her. "Taya, get Griffon to take care of you in the future..."

Taya raised the corners of her lips to a helpless smile. "Silas, have you thought it through?"

He nodded as usual. "Taya, when I'm not by your side, please take care of yourself, and..."

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Silas took out a contract, going on to say, "Griffon saved me, sent his men to care for me, protect me, and now he's brought the Sterling pack back to me, not to mention eliminating my enemy for me. Everything he has done has paid off your debt, so there's nothing owed between you and me again. You don't have to feel guilty about me again..."

Hearing so, Taya finally figured out the underlying meaning behind the cliff dream.

It turned out that she wasn't meant to choose them, instead, they left her...

The debt she owed was paid off the moment they turned and left...

B

Write your comment

Gifts Chapter 469

Silas put down the contract in his hand with a faint smile. spread across his gentle face.

Taya was lying on the hospital bed, looking at him quietly from the side, as if seeing the boy from before.

He sat in the last row of the cla*sroom, with one hand on the desk, looking at her pa*sing by the window.

He had been just like he was right then, gentle and elegant.

They looked at each other as if saying goodbye to the regrets they missed out on when they were young.

After a long time, Silas withdrew his gaze to glance down at his watch before looking up at Taya, as if to have left it all to

go.

"Taya, at a quarter past four, I'll be returning to Wolverly Capital."

Taya was still full of guilt, but when she saw the relieved look in his eyes, she swallowed the

words that were at the tip of her tongue.

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She looked at him, as gently as she did when she had sent him off the competition, and replied, "Silas, be careful on the road..."

Silas's hands that were gripping the contract tightened a little. "Taya, do you still remember what a quarter past four means?"

Taya gave it some thought before slightly shaking her head at him after finding that she couldn't remember what it meant.

Silas let go of the hand that was holding the contract, bitterly holding on, praying for the hint of a miracle. After an embittered smile, he pushed the wheelchair away.

Taya still couldn't turn her head back. All she could hear was the sound of the wheelchair rolling on the ground, gradually disappearing into the distance...

She looked at the white clouds outside the window, recalling in a daze the scene when Silas had confessed to her with a bouquet of flowers back when she had been seventeen.

His words lingered in her mind, "Taya, the time I confess my love for you is exactly a quarter past four. You have to remember the time. Don't forget."

She vividly remembered her response was, "Okay, I'll never forget."

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It turned out that a quarter past four was the moment he had confessed his love to her back at the age of seventeen...

Enduring the severe pain, Taya got up from the bed to look back at Silas. "I'm sorry, Silas, I forgot..."

Silas paused, but he didn't look past his shoulders. "Taya, it's okay, it's enough that I remember it."

Taya's tears rolled. The severe pain in her back sent her forehead dripping with cold sweat.

"Silas, will I be able to meet you again?"

Silas was holding back tears, but he didn't look back. "Taya, in the future, we won't meet again, and...let's not keep in touch..."

Only by completely withdrawing from her life could he let her go forever.

Else, what could he do to forget the person he had loved for half his life?

Silas pushed the wheelchair, and without looking back, left the ward, leaving her...

Staring at the determined figure, Taya couldn't hold back tears from brimming in her eyes,

"Silas, goodbye..."

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"Goodbye, my boy, goodbye, the Silas I owe for half of my life..."

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The man in the wheelchair, with red-rimmed eyes, had the corners of his lips tugged. "Goodbye, Taya..."

Camille stood guard in the corridor. Seeing him leaving the ward, he hurried over.

“Mr. Sterling, Master Sterling is waiting for you at home, let’s go home...”

Silas turned his head and looked in the direction of the ward before forcing himself to look away, saying, “Let’s first head over to the orphanage.”

Upon receiving the order, Camille pushed him into the elevator, and drove him to the orphanage.

Silas did not go to the orphanage. Instead, he arrived at the park where the wedding was held, staring at the bushes in the distance.

He had stumbled into Taya among the bushes, and that was where their fate started, and too, where their fate ended.

No one in the world would know that he would eventually be trapped in the past alone, unable to extricate himself forever.

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At the Knight pack, a dozen luxury cars were parked at the door.

With a cold face, Griffon exited the car and walked towards his office, striding his legs. Andre, who followed closely behind, keenly noticed that he was walking in a hurry, so he hurried to catch up with a group of bodyguards.

As Griffon walked, he gave Andre an order in a cold voice, “Get the private jet to Washington ready.”

Got it! Andre replied then he asked, “Alpha Knight, how long do you plan to stay in Washington this trip around?”

Griffon replied without emotion. “One year.”

Andre was stunned. He couldn’t help asking out loud, staring at Griffon blankly, “Alpha Knight, why are you staying there for so long?”

Griffon didn’t respond, but no light seemed to be able to penetrate his eyes.

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Seeing him in such a state, Andre seemed to have come to an understanding, so he stopped asking.

“Then I’ll get your personal belongings ready in advance tonight.”

Griffon nodded lightly and stepped into the president’s exclusive elevator.

Preston was sitting in Griffon’ office, scrolling through his mobile phone. Seeing Griffon entering the door, he hopped to his feet to walk towards Griffon.

“Griffon, didn’t we agree that Christopher shall head over to Washington to take charge

of the aerospace-related matters? Why are you going over by yourself?"

Griffon took off his suit, placed it on the sofa, and turned to sit at a U-shaped desk. He picked up the cup of coffee ready at the desk and took a sip before raising his eyes to give Preston an indifferent glance.

"Why are you asking so much, do you want to tag along.?"

Preston choked. "No, it's not that, I'm not interested in aerospace..."

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Griffon raised his fingers to turn on the computer, his eyes skimming through the latest financial report data.

After swiftly scanning it through, he sent a message to the group of executives for a meeting before turning off the computer.

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With that, he raised his frosty eyes to look at Paul. "During my absence, I'll leave the Knight pack to you. Now, come with me to the meeting. Within two hours, you'll take over all the projects of the Knight pack that runs in the next one year."

When Preston heard so, he held on to prevent himself from pa*sing out. "Griffon, is there still time for me to apply to go to Africa?"

There were countless projects of the Knight pack in the local region. In recent years, they were starting to enter the European and Canadian markets with overwhelming momentum that no one could compare.

How could it be possible for him to take over such a terrifyingly large organization as a mere programmer?

Griffon got up, and when he brushed by, shot him a cold glare.

With just one look, Preston obediently followed him. Wasn't it just a matter of project management? How could there be anything difficult about it?

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In a highly technological meeting room, Preston's eyes were on countless executives reporting on the progress of their respective projects, all dazed and not being able to understand a word.

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What puzzled him was not only the languages of countless

countries, but also the professionalism...

He averted his head to look over at the man sitting in the main seat, leaning back on the chair with his head slightly tilted.

He was staring at the screen, switching languages and communicating with a group of international professionals.

Preston gasped in his heart. As expected of Griffon, if it were him, he would never be able to switch languages so smoothly.

Yet, Griffon could not only do it at will, but also use extremely professional terms to raise the problems existing in each project and how they should be amended.

Sitting next to him, Preston felt pressure doubled. He deeply regretted visiting his office...

After Griffon completed the meeting, he looked sideways at Paul. "Do you remember?"

On Preston's handsome face was dullness. "Griffon, why don't

Chapter 470 you kill me?"

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Griffon glanced at him coldly before shifting his target to Joe. "You spend a month helping him sort out."

Hearing so, Joe cast a disgusted glance at Preston. "Preston, two months, I'm afraid you won't be able to remember it in a month."

Write your comment

Gifts Chapter 471

Provoked by Joe, Preston threw his phone away, rolled up his sleeves, and gave him a friendly punch.

"I'll get it done in a week!"

Joe took the punch but didn't say anything. All he did was scoff, put away the computer, and walk out the door.

Preston couldn't stand Joe's arrogance. He had wanted to catch up and add a few more punches, but Griffon stopped him.

Griffon's gaze was on the afterglow of the setting sun outside the window. His once bright eyes were only left with boundless darkness right then.

Seeing him in such a state, Preston withdrew his foolishness, took his seat beside Griffon, and asked in a soft voice, "Is there anything else you need me to do?"

Griffon lowered his thick eyelashes as he answered in a bland voice, "Help me take good care of her, don't let anyone pick on her."

Preston naturally knew who the "she" Griffon referred to was,
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but he couldn't help himself from saying, "Since you can't get her back, stop doing all this."

Griffon's eyes lowered to stare at the fingertips burned by sulfuric acid, and after a long silence, he replied, "I owe her."

His slap had killed her. Even if she forgave him, he would never be able to forgive himself.

To draw a line with him, she helped him block the sulfuric acid.

He owed her more and more...

Preston glanced at Griffon's hand. Griffon's fingers, which were without any flaws, were all destroyed right then. There was a burst of distress in his heart.

"In fact, you've done enough for her, let yourself go."

Griffon's indifferent eyes turned red in an instant. "I can't let go."

Preston didn't know what to say seeing him in such a state, so he could only nod helplessly. "Okay, I'll help you take care of her."

Griffon nodded lightly and added, "Don't disturb her."

Again, a helpless sigh was heard from Preston. "Okay..."

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Only then did Griffon get up and leave.

Looking at the lonely and proud figure, Preston shook his head.

Sure enough, in the emotional world, whoever loved deeply.

would suffer a complete defeat.

After Griffon dealt with his work, he returned to the manor. Before he got out of the car, he saw a figure having a fight with the security guard...

"Ms. Thorin, Alpha Knight has ordered you not to enter or leave the manor at will. Please leave."

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In the past few years, Tara would be stopped by the same security guard wherever she came over.

Tara had long been displeased, so she raised her hand and slapped him hard.

"You b*stard, can't you open your eyes to see who I am? I'm Griffon's fiancée, how dare you stop me?!"

Being slapped for no reason, the security guard's first instinct was to return a slap, but the moral training he received as a retired member of the special force reminded him to grit his teeth and endure it.

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"Ms. Thorin, if I remember correctly. The engagement has been annulled by Alpha Knight. How could you be so thick-skinned to say that you're his fiancée?"

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Tara burst into a rage hearing so. She wanted to add another slap, but the security guard grabbed his wrist.

He shook off Tara's hand, chiding, "If you continue to make trouble, don't blame me for not showing mercy!"

Tara trembled with rage. "Wow, great, now even a security guard can pick on me, right?"

Tara took two steps back to look at the French-style manor, shouting at the top of her lungs, "Griffon, you promised Simon that you'll marry me, how could you break your oath to Simon, for Taya, that b*tch!!!"

The man sitting in the Koenigsegg gave a cold snort before slowly winding the window down, revealing a cold and emotionless face.

He rested one hand on the car window, his fingers resting on his chin, his eyes, icily locked on the lunatic Tara.

→ Write your comment

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Seemingly aware of someone staring at her from behind, Tara suddenly turned her head. When she saw that it was Griffon, a look of joy appeared on her face.

“Griffon, you’re finally willing to meet me...”

She picked up her pace and quickly rushed to him.

“I have been rejected by you for the past few years, Griffon. Do you know how much I’ve missed you?” she murmured.

Griffon raised the corners of his lips and sneered, “You missed me?”

Tara cried desperately and nodded. “I told you that I’ve liked you since I was a pup. Why would I not miss you?”

Griffon raised his frosty eyes and looked at her icily. “What about Simon?”

Tara’s face turned pale. There was a flash of guilt in her eyes, but she firmly declared, “I don’t love him at all. The person I love has always been you. If it weren’t for the fact that you’ve

always been so hard to get close to, I never would have agreed to date Simon...”

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After saying that, she reached out to grab Griffon’s hand, but before she could touch his fingers, he quickly moved away.

His evasive actions left Tara embarra*sed, and then she felt overwhelming regret.

“I really shouldn’t have rejected your mating proposal in an attempt to avoid suspicion. I should have mated you immediately after Simon pa*sed away!” she lamented.

If she had mated him then, that b*tch Taya would never have gotten a chance.

She originally thought that Griffon was not interested in her because she wasn’t good enough for him, so she went abroad in an attempt to better

herself.

Who would have thought that the man who had always been indifferent would get with a bitch who looked like her after she left?

She had made all kinds of predictions, but she never expected that. She obviously looked like Taya, so why wasn't he interested in her?

When Tara thought about Griffon refused to even touch her, but was willing to hug another woman, she felt indignant.

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She looked at Griffon coldly and yelled hysterically, "No matter what you say, you promised Simon that you would mate me.

You must keep your promise!"

The smile on Griffon's thin lips grew icier. "You played with Simon's feelings just to get close to me, and you want me to mate you? Dream on."

Back then, he didn't know the reason, so he was able to mate Tara for Simon's sake. Right then, however...

Griffon raised his hand. He beckoned the security guard standing at the iron gate.

The security guard came over quickly.

He bent down and respectfully asked, "Yes, Alpha Knight?"

Griffon jutted his chin toward Tara, who was standing in front of the car door. "She just slapped you. Slap her back!"

The security guard was stunned for a moment. He didn't expect Griffon to give him a chance like that.

He was flattered. After saying yes, he straightened up and faced Tara before landing a harsh slap on her face.

It was an order from Simon, and it did not violate his training as a veteran.

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Tara was flung to the ground. She glared at Griffon in disbelief with her beautiful eyes.

“How could you... How could you let a lowly dog hit me?!”

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Griffon took out a wet wipe and handed it to the security guard as if he had not heard her at all. “Your hands are dirty. Wipe them clean.”

Initially, the guard was offended after being called a lowly dog. Unexpectedly, however, Simon indirectly defended him.

The security guard gratefully took it and wiped his hand, which he had just used to smack Tara.

The sight of that buried Tara’s dignity into the ground.

Griffon clearly knew that Tara looked down on these guards, but he still humiliated her like that.

By calling her dirty, he was clearly saying that she was no better than the guards. In fact, she was below them.

That made Tara so furious that she suddenly got up from the ground and rushed towards Griffon. The security guard quickly reacted and caught her with his fast hands.

While struggling desperately, Tara gritted her teeth and

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yelled, “You are too cruel. You canceled our mating and even bought the Thorin pack. If you won’t be kind to me, then I won’t either. Just wait and see!”

Griffon glanced at her for the last time with a bored look on his face. “You should be glad that Simon loved you while he was alive, otherwise...”

Write your comment

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He didn’t finish his sentence, but Tara understood.

If Simon didn’t love her, Griffon would have dealt with her long ago.

Even though Tara was so angry that her face turned pale, she also felt a chill in her heart.

If he were to find out about what happened back then...

She didn’t dare to think about it, nor did she dare to continue kicking up a fuss in front of him.

She clenched her fists, gritted her teeth, and stared angrily at the Koenigsegg as it drove into the minor.

She couldn't let him find out about the past, but she took advantage of his weakness.

Soon, he would pay the price for going back on his word.

Griffon returned to the villa, took off his coat. He handed it to the servant and ordered him to fetch a bottle of disinfectant.

The servant quickly got the disinfectant. After Griffon took it,

he sprayed it on the finger that Tara almost touched just now.

After disinfecting himself, Griffon walked towards the study. He opened up his drawer to sort out some work-related materials.

When he saw his personal phone, his heart felt suffocated. A painful choking sensation took over him, making it difficult for him to breathe.

He took a deep breath. He grabbed the mobile phone, opened it, and stared quietly at the only name in his contacts...

She had complained that he didn't even save her phone number, but nobody knew that he had already memorized it.

She was the only contact on his personal phone, too.

Griffon squeezed the phone, tightening his grip little by little, and finally released it reluctantly....

He got up and walked to the safe, put the phone in, and locked it.

From then on, he would stop touching everything related to her. That way, it wouldn't hurt so much.

After touching the safe, Griffon turned around and walked out of the study with the documents and his work phone.

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Andre had already finished packing his personal belongings.

Upon seeing Griffon coming out of the study, he quickly stepped forward and said, "We're ready for takeoff, Alpha

Knight.”

Griffon nodded subtly and handed him everything that he was carrying. He coldly instructed, “I’ve been at the aviation base for a whole year, and I haven’t been able to receive any news about what’s happening domestically. If the group encounters an emergency, let Preston make a decision. No matter what decision he makes, you must make everyone agree. Also, if anything urgent happens to the Knight pack, please contact Rebecca immediately.”

Andre respectfully replied, “Yes.”

After Griffon finished explaining, he got into the car, which quickly drove toward the airport.

While he was sitting in his private jet and flipping through financial magazines, he received a call from abroad.

He glanced at the number displayed on the phone screen, he didn’t want to answer it, but he remembered that he had owed the caller a favor.

He frowned and unlocked his phone with his fingers before icily saying, “What’s the matter?”

A gentle voice was heard from the other end. “I should be the one asking you that, Griffon.”

Griffon’ face was frosty like snow. He was expressionless as if he didn’t want to say a word to her.

The caller was familiar with his personality, so she didn’t beat around the bush and directly began negotiating. “If you want me to return to the country and help your people restore their skin, then promise me one thing.”

Griffon’ gaze revealed a look of disgust. “You can have as much money as you want, but don’t negotiate with me.”

The caller smiled, but her voice was still gentle and soft.

“That’s fine. Either way, the only person in the world who can fully restore their skin is me. We can talk about it if you want, but if you don’t then forget it...”

She wanted to hang up the phone, but Griffon suddenly piped

up in a bland tone. "What's the condition?"

She revealed a grin. "It's simple! Give me three years to try and win your heart."

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When Harper found out that Silas and Griffon had left, she hurried to the hospital.

Taya was lying on the hospital bed. There was medicine smeared on the wound on her back, but it was still festering.

She tilted her head. Her soulless eyes were motionless as she stared out of the window.

When Harper got closer, she realized that Taya was obviously in pain and dripping with cold sweat. Even so, she didn't make a sound.

Her small hands clutched the sheets tightly, as if trying to relieve the pain, but it didn't work.

Seeing Taya like that, Harper was so distressed that she shed tears. "Taya..."

Hearing Harper's voice, Taya slowly raised her eyelashes, gazing at the person in front of her with unfocused eyes. She looked at her for a long time.

When she saw Harper's vague figure, she parted her dry lips and softly called out, "Harper..."

Taya seldom called out to her like that. That usually only happened when she was in her most vulnerable state.

Harper felt distressed. She picked up the towel next to her, bent down, and wiped the sweat off Taya's forehead.

"Taya, Stella told me that no one was taking care of you, so I rushed over. I'm sorry for being so late," she blurted.

Enduring the severe pain, Taya shook her head lightly at her. She wanted to say something, but didn't know what.

As Harper wiped her forehead carefully, she saw the divorce certificate next to the

pillow out of the corner of her eye.

She picked up the envelope and opened it. When she saw the names written on it, she frowned slightly.

No wonder Silas wasn't picking up any calls. It turned out that he and Taya had applied for a unmating.

Harper looked at the pale Taya. The more she watched Taya, the more distressed she felt.

"Taya, Silas probably thought Griffon would be by your side, so he unmated you..."

Taya raised the corners of her lips and smiled faintly, as if she

was tired of everything. She didn't seem like she wanted to speak anymore.

Harper sat down in front of the hospital bed and held Taya's hand, squeezing it tightly as if she wanted to give her some strength.

"Taya, it doesn't matter. Even if they're gone, I'm still here with you. I will always be by your side, and I'll never abandon you," she promised.

Stella mentioned that Griffon chose to let Taya go so that she could be with Silas. That was why he hadn't come to take care of Taya.

She immediately called Silas, wanting them to maintain the relationship they had ever since they were young, but unexpectedly, he also chose to let Taya go.

Griffon had abandoned Taya once when he ended the agreement three years ago. This was the second time.

Silas had abandoned Taya once because of amnesia eight years ago. This was the second time for him as well.

They all chose to abandon Taya. Only she would not.

Harper would always stay by Taya's side and take good care of her.

Taya's heart felt warm, and color gradually appeared in

her dull eyes. "Harper, thank you for being with me all these years..."

Harper caressed Taya's sweat-drenched hair like a big sister. "You can thank me by recovering."

Her beloved Taya had such a hard life. She could never hold on to the things she

desperately wanted to, and in the end, she was still abandoned. Enduring the pain in her back, Taya responded obediently, "Okay..." Harper picked up the towel again and wiped her cheeks as well as her exposed skin. She also ma*saged her immobile legs. Standing outside the ward, Stella saw this scene with a look of envy in her eyes. All these years, she had been fighting alone with no one by her side. Taya was so lucky to have a friend who was always by her side. Stella didn't dare to hope for what wasn't hers. Thus, she looked away, took out her mobile phone, and called Griffon. Silas and Taya had unmated, which meant Griffon finally had a chance! However, even after calling him over and over again, his phone was still switched off. She had no choice but to call Andre. Despite that, Andre said that Griffon had gone out of town and would be staying at the aviation base for a year. Stella looked back at the direction of the ward, and told Andre, "If you can contact Alpha Knight, tell him that Taya has no shortage of suitors. Let's see what he's going to do when he comes back in a year..." After Stella said that, she was so angry that he hung up the phone. How could Griffon not be there when Taya needed him the most? Did he want others to take advantage of her?

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As soon as Stella put her phone into the pocket of her white coat, she saw a stylishly dressed and handsome man walking toward the VIP ward. When he saw her, he raised his eyebrows, and flashed her a blinding smile. "Is Ms. Palmer in this ward, doctor?" Hearing that he was looking for Taya, Stella's expression froze. Was it really a suitor who had come for Taya? Stella was dejected, but kept a smile on his face. "Yes. May I ask who you are?"

He took out a business card from his suit pocket and handed it to her. "My name is Neil Sherwood."

She looked at the bronze-plated business card which read "Chief Architect of Sumasa Construction Co., LTD". With a subtle smile, she replied, "Nice to meet you."

Neil grabbed her hand, putting the business card in her palm, and grinned. "Contact me if you're ever looking for someone

the ward. However, the moment he turned around, the smile on his face disappeared instantly.

Upon walking to the door of the ward, he paused and grinned. once again as he knocked on the door. "Ms. Palmer, can I come in?"

Harper, who was helping Taya ma*sage her leg, heard the voice and looked up at the man outside the door. "Who are you?"

Neil leaned on the door frame with one hand, and smoothed out the thin bangs in front of his forehead. "Neil."

When Taya heard that name, she recalled that Amon had mentioned that he would get someone to teach her about architecture.

She couldn't turn around, so she just answered, "Come in."

Neil simply walked in. Upon seeing that her back was wrapped in layers of bandages, his thick eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Despite that, he didn't ask her what happened. All he did was say, "I don't think you can even hold a pencil in that state."

Taya felt a little embarra*sed, and glanced at him. "Sorry. I don't think I'll be able to learn architecture from you for the time being."

Neil flashed a clean smile. "It's okay. I'll teach you theoretical knowledge first."

He took out his phone and looked at the time before telling her, "I will teach you for two hours a day."

Taya nodded lightly and replied, "Okay. Thank you, Mr.

Sherwood...”

Neil waved his hands indifferently, and the grin on his face remained the same. It looked rather stiff.

After adjusting his smile, he stated, “Before I teach you, I need to understand your basic situation.”

Taya was lying on her stomach, and didn’t notice the change in his expression. Thus, she just nodded and responded,

“Okay.”

Having obtained her consent, Neil didn’t hesitate to hit her in a sore spot. “Your sister graduated from Harvard. What about you?”

Taya’s expression froze for a moment. Feeling rather insecure, she lowered her gaze and murmured, “A university in Arcadia...”

Neil raised his eyebrows. “Arcadia University?”

Taya shook her head, and he figured out that it probably wasn’t a very good school.

There was a hint of contempt in his eyes, but he forced himself not to be hung up over her education. He quickly changed the topic.

“What field of design did you study?” he questioned.

“Brand design,” she answered.

“Have you won any awards?”

“I did for school-organized competitions. Does that count?”

Neil was speechless.

After making a mental note about Taya’s lack of talent, he stopped asking.

Neil forced a smile and told her, “The project your sister took on isn’t some ordinary interior design project. It’s a landmark building that can represent every country and every city. You don’t have any foundations, which means it’s almost impossible for you to achieve what your sister has done in such a short period of time. I suggest you first get to know her style, and then imitate it. Maybe nothing will go wrong.”

Naturally, Taya was aware of that. The pressure in her heart only increased, but she firmly nodded. “I will work hard, Mr. Sherwood.”

Neil maintained a kind smile, but his tone was mocking. “Sometimes, hard work is

useless when you have no talent.”

Harper, who was sitting next to her, had already been annoyed ever since Neil started asking Taya about her educational background. She couldn't help but chime in, “You haven't even seen Taya's drawing skills. How do you know she has no talent?”

Neil turned to glance at Harper. He couldn't maintain his grin, which collapsed. “I can tell you never made it past high school.”

Harper clenched her fists, but Neil turned back around and smiled again. Looking at Taya, he added, “A friendly reminder, Ms. Palmer. My lectures are rather brutal. You have to mentally prepare yourself.”

Taya nodded easily. “No problem.”

Seeing that she was cooperative, Neil got up and left.

After walking out of the ward, he raised his hand and rubbed his cheeks that hurt from smiling. He blurted, “Ugh. My cheeks hurt from smiling so much.”

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover

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Watching him leave, Harper angrily grumbled, “Who does he think he is? He has such a strange smile on his face, and he speaks in such a condescending manner.”

Taya was clearly exhausted after talking so much. However, she still tried her best to comfort Harper. “Architects tend to be a bit eccentric. Don't think too much of it...”

Harper was still furious. She took out her mobile phone and searched for Neil, wanting to see what he was capable of to

act so arrogant.

In the end, after reading Neil's resume, Harper chose to keep quiet. She decided to forget it, and couldn't be bothered to argue with such intellectuals.

Harper pretends to be nonchalant. Putting down her phone, she quietly asked, “Taya, are you hungry? I'll buy you something to eat.”

Taya gently shook her head. She couldn't focus, and her view of Harper was getting increasingly blurry. "Harper, when I moved to your villa, I brought a box of medicine. The next time you come, can you bring them to me?"

Harper subconsciously glanced at Taya's wolf spirit and

nervously questioned, "Is your wolf spirit in pain because you didn't take the preventive medicine?"

Taya blinked her exhausted eyes. "After crying a few times, I can't see clearly anymore..."

Upon hearing that, Harper felt distressed. She touched Taya's forehead and muttered, "I'll go back and get your medicine right now."

Taya wanted to tell her not to rush, but Harper had already got up and quickly left with her mobile phone.

As soon as Harper left, Taya was left alone in the empty ward, enveloped in an endless feeling of loneliness.

She glanced around, vaguely looking through the rows of men's suits in the closet as her expression gradually grew

glum.

He hadn't taken his clothes, so he probably didn't want them anymore. He never looked back at things he had already discarded...

When Stella came to check on her, she saw Taya staring at the clothes in the closet while in a daze. With just a glance, it was obvious that she still cared about Griffon very much.

Although she had promised Griffon that she wouldn't mention

him in front of Taya, Stella still couldn't help saying, "Taya, Alpha Knight thought Mr. Johnson would take care of you, so he left. If he knew that you and Mr. Johnson were unmated, he

would never have abandoned you."

Taya looked away and smiled at Stella. "We don't owe each other anything, Ms. Cobb. It's not right to say he abandoned

me."

Sighing deeply, Stella looked at the pale Taya. "Taya, I know you actually miss Alpha Knight a lot deep down."

Taya lowered her long and slightly curled eyelashes. She murmured, "Stella, don't mention him anymore, okay?"

After hearing that, Stella nodded helplessly. "Okay. I won't talk about him. Let me help you change your bandages..."

Taya nodded lightly, and Stella told her to bear with it before she began to change her bandages.

A huge wave of pain spread across her back. It made Taya sweat profusely. Her face turned pale, and tears began flowing uncontrollably, quickly gushing out of her eyes.

She gritted her teeth and clutched the sheets. Raising her chin slightly, she forced back the tears.

She still needed to help her sister draw those blueprints. She

couldn't lose her vision. She had to take care of her eyes.

With that belief in mind, Taya allowed her bandages to be changed again and again. Even if it was so painful that she fainted, she would never let herself cry.

Throughout that period of time, she also endured the pain and listened to Neil's lecture.

At first, she thought that Neil was just joking when he said that his lessons would be rather cruel.

However, after getting to know him, she realized that Neil was a severe perfectionist.

If she didn't answer the question exactly as she was supposed to, or missed out a keyword, she would be

severely reprimanded because he thought her answer was unbalanced.

Moreover, Neil pursued architecture to the ultimate standard of perfection and did not allow even the slightest mistake. If she miscalculated the formula, he would definitely insult her.

Even without cursing, he was able to bring her to tears with his scolding.

Taya endured the pain while clenching her fists, and secretly

swore in her heart.

When she recovered, she would absolutely torture Neil with

her projects, or else she would never be able to vent her

anger.

Under such mentally and physically stressful circumstances, she gradually recovered her will to live.

A month later, her back had gotten past the secondary infection period, and the pain was not as intense as before.

Despite that, Stella was very worried about the skin grafting. “I tried contacting an internationally famous plastic surgeon, but I didn’t manage to get through to her.”

Everything else aside, Jessica Simmons was highly skilled when it came to skin grafting. However, it was hard to hire her because of the price she charged, and it was difficult to even contact her in the first place.

Taya replied, “It’s okay. An ordinary plastic surgeon will be fine. Nobody will see the scars on my back, anyway. I’ll be wearing clothes.”

Harper, who was peeling oranges, said, “You shouldn’t have scars on your body, it’ll look so ugly...”

Taya didn’t care. “I have scars from when I got a wolf spirit transplant, too. It doesn’t matter if there are more.”

Harper felt a little distressed and glanced at her. “You are so beautiful. Having scars on your body would be such a waste.”

Taya grinned. “I’m not a celebrity, so why does it matter?”

Stella was just about to answer when there was a knock on the door.

She walked over and opened the door. When she saw the person in front of her, Stella was shocked, and then smiled happily.

“Dr. Simmons!”

Jessica was dressed in a white suit with an elegant and friendly smile on her gorgeous face.

“Ms. Cobb. I heard that you have a patient whose back was injured by sulfuric acid. Let me see if I can help,” she offered.

“That’s great! I’ve been trying to contact you recently, but it didn’t get through so I didn’t expect you to come to our hospital,” Stella exclaimed.

Compared to Stella’s excitement, Jessica seemed rather deadpan, “Let me see the patient first.”

Stella nodded easily and led her into the ward.

She was just about to introduce Taya to Jessica when Jessica walked up and stretched out her fair hand.

“Hello, Ms. Palmer. I’m Jessica.”

Taya and Harper were stunned for a moment. Stella was also a little confused. How did Jessica know Taya?

Out of politeness, Taya stretched out her hand to grab Jessica’s. “Hello, Dr. Simmons.”

Jessica didn’t explain how she knew Taya. She simply raised her hand and lifted the bandages on her back, seeing the severity of the injury.

After giving her a full check-up, she turned to Stella and stated, “We can’t delay any longer. Arrange for a skin graft

surgery as soon as possible.”

Stella readily agreed and nodded. “No problem. I will arrange an operating room. Do you need a few doctors to a*sist you?”

Jessica picked up the wet towel next to her and wiped her fingers before replying, “I brought a few doctors of my own

here. I don’t need any doctors from this hospital. You just need to provide me with an operating room.”

Her distinguished words made Stella feel a little uncomfortable, but she didn’t protest. “Okay.”

After throwing the wet wipes into the trash can, Jessica turned around and looked at Taya, scrutinizing her carefully with a

pair of dark yet glistening eyes.

“You’re beautiful, Taya. With your sickly yet delicate kind of beauty, it’s no wonder that Griffon personally called me to help you.”

The mention of Griffon made Taya’s slender eyelashes tremble slightly.

Before he left, he said that he would help her find the best plastic surgeon.

She hadn't taken it seriously at first. Unexpectedly, he actually did it.

Stella glanced at Jessica, who was standing in front of the hospital bed with her arms crossed as she looked down at

Taya.

Those who worked with Griffon would never dare to call him by his name directly.

Despite that, not only had Jessica done so, but she was also full of hostility towards Taya.

She had a bad impression of Jessica right then, and the feeling of discomfort in her heart only grew stronger.

Even so, Jessica didn't care. She even took a step forward

toward Taya, saying, "I went to the same university as Griffon." Taya understood.

She lifted her gaze calmly and looked at Jessica in front of her.

Her demeanor was graceful and elegant. She looked gorgeous and charming, with refined manners. She spoke in

a confident and calm tone. Undoubtedly, she was a high-class beauty.

No matter how beautiful Jessica was, though, it had nothing to do with Taya. The relationship between her and Griffon was

long over...

Taya pursed her red lips without replying. However, Jessica continued, "I've liked him ever since we were in university, but I never even had the chance to get close to him. This time, I have to thank you for giving me a chance to pursue him."

Although she had no idea where Griffon was, it didn't matter.

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Taya's fingers tightened a little bit, but there was no expression on her face. "That's your business, Dr. Simmons. It has nothing to do with me."

Jessica revealed a graceful smile. "Since you've said that, I understand."

After she spoke, she turned around elegantly and looked at Stella. "See you in the operating room, Ms. Cobb."

With that, she hurriedly left the ward in her high heels.

After she was gone, Harper was so angry that she gritted her teeth. "If not for the fact that I'm worried she'll sabotage your operation, I would have started cursing at her."

Stella was also a little angry, but didn't say much. She just took out her mobile phone and kept trying to call Griffon.

He had already been at the base for a month. No matter what, he would have to get out and check his phone at some point, right?

Despite that, his phone was still turned off. Stella was a little discouraged. She put down the phone and looked at Taya.

"Taya, don't take it to heart..."

Like Harper, she had stayed by Taya's side for the past two months. They had gotten closer, and she was no longer as formal as before.

Taya's tense fingers relaxed. She looked at Stella and Harper and smiled. "I should be the one saying that to you guys."

It didn't matter whether she took it to heart or not. Griffon no longer had anything to do with her.

Stella and Harper looked at each other. Both of them were familiar with Taya's personality, so they didn't say anything more.

After explaining the preparations that would have to be done before the operation, Stella went out to work, while Harper stayed in the ward to take care of Taya.

Time passed quickly. In the blink of an eye, it was the day of the skin graft surgery.

Although Jessica regarded Taya as her rival in love, her medical skills were truly excellent. She didn't sabotage the surgery in any way.

In fact, after the operation, she gave Taya some expensive

medicine that she had brought from abroad in order to relieve Taya of her pain.

Taya stayed bedridden for another two months. After enduring countless bouts of severe pain, she slowly recovered.

On the day she was discharged from the hospital, Taya stood in front of the bathroom mirror. She turned sideways and glanced at her back.

Although there would still be some scars, most of the skin had healed well, and it wouldn't look so shocking.

She was very satisfied with the result. Turning on the tap, she washed her hands and walked out of the bathroom.

Harper was packing her things. When she saw her come out, she asked, "Do you want to take the clothes in the closet?"

Taya glanced at the rows of men's suits and muttered, "I'll take them to Stella. She can return them to him."

Harper nodded, lowering her head as she continued to pack.

Taya stared at the clothes for a few seconds, and grabbed them one by one.

When she was taking the clothes to the dean's office, she bumped into Eric again. He had pushed Stella up against the

wall as they kissed.

Taya seemed unfazed. She put down her clothes and asked Stella to help return them before saying, "You guys can continue."

The moment the door closed, Stella was extremely embarrassed, but Eric was dissatisfied. He grabbed her waist with fierce desire for her.

Stella endured the pain. She grabbed Eric's shoulder and muttered, "Eric, I want a pup..."

Eric paused. His face went pale as if he was reliving a bad memory, which made him lose interest.

He pulled away, grabbing a few wet wipes as he cleaned his fingers slowly. "Adopt one."

Stella looked at his face calmly and continued to provoke him.

"I want to have one of my own..."

A look of guilt flashed in Eric's eyes, but he pretended to be unaffected. "It's better not to have pups. There won't be anyone to bother us."

Stella noticed the guilty look in his eyes, and she felt happy. She didn't say anything more after that.

After tidying herself up, she brought up the clothes that Taya put on the floor earlier. "I'm going to the Knight Manor."

Eric sat on the sofa without even looking up. "Come look for me at the hotel tonight."

Stella agreed before turning around and walking out.

After leaving, Eric was in a bit of pain. He held his forehead with one hand.

He couldn't stop thinking about how he had hired people to assault Stella back then, causing her to lose her pup, not to mention personally performing a hysterectomy on her.

That unsightly past had haunted him for the past three years, making him miserable. Even so, Stella kept proposing marriage and pups in front of him.

How was he going to repair Stella's uterus so that she could bear his pup?
After Taya and Harper finished packing, they went to the parking lot.
Before getting into the car, Harper realized that she had left her phone in the ward.
She hurried back inside while Taya opened the trunk and put
all the things inside.

The moment she was done and closed the trunk, a group of men wearing masks suddenly showed up in front of her.
The man in charge was leaning against the car door. He was wearing a gold-copper mask and holding a golden knife in his hand while staring at her with his head tilted.
He was tall and built, dressed in relaxed and casual clothing.
He had thick locks of hair that looked quite messy.
The moment Taya saw him, she was startled. "Greyson..."

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Through the dim light of the underground garage, she caught sight of the green dragon mark on his neck, further confirming her conjecture that he was Greyson.
Little had she expected Greyson to know that she was still alive and came blocking her way. What was odd was that why did he bring such a large crowd with him?
She remembered that Greyson had shown up twice, both by himself, but since he brought so many of his men along with him that time around, it seemed more like he was there to take revenge on her...
Sensing something fishy, Taya's footsteps shifted, trying to get around to the car door and hop in.
With just a slight movement, the two masked men swiftly blocked her way...
Taya's heart skip ped a beat. With a clenched fist, her alert eyes scanned her surroundings to see that a group of masked men had surrounded her, blocking her way out.
She could only force herself to calm down as she shifted her gaze to Greyson. Her instincts told her that Greyson would

never hurt her, but right then...

She had a faint feeling that something was amiss with Greyson but she couldn't tell what it was...

Seeing that she had nowhere to escape, Greyson straightened up, walking toward her while fiddling with a knife in his hand...

Without saying a word, he lifted her chin with the knife in his hand and scanned her face for a few seconds before waving at the men beside him.

Soon one of the underlings took out a drug-soaked handkerchief and wrapped it around her neck from the back to the front, aiming to cover her mouth and nose...

When Taya saw the stretched out hand, she turned her head and opened her mouth at lightning speed to sink her teeth into his arm.

Like a wild beast meeting its prey, she exerted all her strength and bit hard, causing the man to be dripping with blood with his flesh torn apart.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

The man was in so much pain that his free hand reached out to tug her hair in an attempt to pull her away, but she insisted and not let go as if she wanted to bite him to death.

Greyson hadn't seemed to expect her to be so bold, so he picked up the knife in his hand and sent it stabbing into her arm...

Once the sharp dagger came piercing through her skin, Taya subconsciously released the bite in pain...

The moment she let go, the bitten man immediately grasped the opportunity to pull her away and drag her some distance apart.

Enduring the severe pain, the man raised his other hand to send a hard slap over but was stopped by Greyson.

Still not speaking, Greyson stepped forward and grabbed Taya's wrist to drag her

toward his car...

How could Taya ever be willing to leave with him? As she desperately struggled, she tried buying some time for Harper to return to the underground garage...

Greyson seemed to lose his patience seeing how she refused to comply. He picked her up and threw her over his shoulders before stuffing her into the car.

When Taya was forced into the back seat, she had thought he was going to take her away, but little had she expected her to bend over and start tearing her clothes.

Her face drained of all its colors with fright as she turned and pushed the other door, but she looked up to see a masked man blocking the door...

Before she had time to come up with better ideas, Greyson had taken off his coat, pouncing for her once more.

Taya thrust her foot out, trying to kick him out the door, but he grabbed her ankle with one hand as if he had anticipated her move.

Clutching her foot, he dragged Taya towards him, until where Taya lay directly underneath him.

When the man leaned over to press her down, an icy chill ran down her spine as her entire body broke out with a cold sweat.

The pair of tiny hands didn't give up in trying to uncover his mask.

No matter what, she must know who the b*stard was!

Just as her hands came into contact with the mask, her wrist was instantly grabbed.

Without mercy, Greyson pressed her hand firmly against the car door.

With his legs pressing against her body and his one free hand clasping her, she could no longer move.

Her clear eyes overflowed with resentment as if she wanted nothing more than to scratch the man who had multiple times tainted her to death!

Chapter 480

Just when Greyson was about to rip her clothes, there was a burst of rumble from a sports car in the garage...

Instead of searching for parking, it seemed to be rushing straight for them instead!

When the masked men noticed the sports car speeding in their direction, they stepped forward one after another to force the sports car to a stop.

Yet, the sports car didn't have the slightest intention of stopping. It would crash into whoever it ran into, one by one, as if to kill them all!

Sensing how disadvantageous the situation was for him, Greyson wasted no time releasing Taya before he exited the car in a flurry and ran for his dear life after waving at the rest of the masked man.

Yet, the driver didn't give Greyson a chance to escape. To everyone's bewilderment, he drove straight toward him as if planning to send him to his death with a car hit.

Greyson was visibly panicked as he ran towards the elevator in fright.

Seeing him enter the elevator, the sports car stopped going after him.

Instead, he speedily reversed the car and came to stop in front of Taya who had just climbed out of the car.

The car window wound down, revealing Neil's half-smile. "Get in the car!"

Seeing him, Taya scrambled forward to open the door and got

1. "Why are you here?"

Neil focused on speeding in the direction of the garage exit as he replied, "I forgot that you'll be discharged from the hospital today and came to cla*s."

Taya was deeply relieved to hear so. She shot Neil a grateful look. "Mr. Sherwood, it's all thanks to you today..."

Neil seemed a little absent-minded as he took several constant glances at the rearview mirror, and looked away only when the car drove out of the underground garage.

Taya would never have imagined that after driving out, he turned the steering wheel swiftly around a corner, and drove the car back to the garage.

Taya stared blankly at Neil. "What are you doing?"

There are so many masked figures back there, so it wasn't a wise decision to drive back.

Neil drove in regardless and bumped into one of the masked men, safe and was about to go chasing after them.

After knocking him to the ground, Neil showed a satisfied smile. "Ten, finally."

Taya was at a loss for words.

She had a*sumed that he had driven back to take revenge, but it turned out that he had an OCD attack. The number of people was not complete, so he came back to make up for it!

After Neil felt relieved, he gave Taya a sideways glance, only to see her shouting all of a sudden. "Run!"

The group of masked people who suffered a blow got up from the ground and clambered into the car one after another to give Neil's car a bump.

Neil couldn't fight against several cars, so he slammed on the accelerator and sped away from another exit.

Neil's sports car driving skills are superb, just like a professional racing driver, wildly veering through the road.

After a period of wild driving, he slowed down the speed of the car and asked Taya who had been staring at the rearview mirror. "Have those idiots caught up?"

Taya resisted the urge to puke due to motion sickness before shaking her head at him. "No."

Neil breathed a sigh of relief, and with another look at the pale-faced Taya, frowned slightly at the sight of the blood on her arm.

"Just when your previous injury has just healed, a new injury is added. You're indeed ill-fated to live an exciting life."

Taya seemed to have long been accustomed to his sarcasm as she covered the wound and pursed her red lips, not answering.

Neil let go of her right hand gripping the steering wheel, opened the toolbox, took out a band-aid from it, and handed it to her.

"A band-aid, will it work?"

Taya glanced at her wound before shifting her gaze to the tiny band-aid he handed over, at a loss for words.

“Neil, you for sure are Amon’s apprentice...”

After getting along for three months, Taya learned that Neil was Amon’s apprentice. The two had similar styles and personalities.