

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

## **Chapter 761**

### Chapter 761

Taya hesitated for a long time, but she eventually did not make the call.

When she was in a state of anxiety, the choices she made were always wrong, so she decided to wait until she had calmed down.

As she put her phone away and was about to return to her study, a man nearly 6.2 feet tall came strolling through the door.

The man was wearing a black coat with a white shirt underneath, and the collar casually open to reveal his white sexy collarbone.

The bottom hem of his shirt was wrapped by a black belt, and below his narrow hips were straight legs beneath the suit pants.

He was against the light, so she couldn't see his expression clearly. The chill emanating from him caused the temperature in the room to suddenly drop a few degrees.

Neil, who was leisurely peeling an orange while holding 'Nelly' in his arms, suddenly shivered.

"Hey, why is it suddenly getting cold?"

Neil clung to Nelly, trying to snuggle with the pug for warmth.

However, Nelly jumped out of his arms and with its short legs bounced a few times before scurrying into the kitchen and disappeared without a trace.

Neil scoffed at the pug, "You won't even let me hold you, yet you have the nerve to share my name? You don't even deserve it!"

As he was sarcastically commenting on the pug, a shadow loomed over him, reflecting on the glass tabletop and revealing an attractive figure.

Neil slowly turned his head, raised his eyes, and looked at the tall and straight man who looked like a god descending.

"Mr., Alpha!"

When Neil saw clearly who the person was against the light, he quickly rose from his chair and pulled the corners of his stiff lips into a symmetrical smile.

"What brings you here?"

What kind of wind blew this refined rascal over here?

Griffon lowered his thick eyelashes and looked down indifferently at Neil.

"I should be the one to ask you this question."

"Uhhh....."

Neil scratched the back of his head, as if he had just realized that he had been living in Harper's villa for several days.

"Ah, sorry, I got the wrong place. This is your territory, I'll leave right away, right away!"

Neil played dumb, grabbed the fruit plate and tried to slip out the door, but a cold and unfeeling voice came from behind.

"Andre."

Having been waiting outside the door, Andre received the order and stopped Neil.

"Mr. Sherwood, I'll take you home."

Neil, a head shorter than Andre, stood with his neck extended, looking up at Andre.

"Andre, Alpha didn't ask you to take me home!"

Andre lowered his head and looked down at the diminutive figure of Neil, who seemed like a pup in his eyes.

"They're the same."

Andre raised his hand and snapped his fingers, then

immediately two bodyguards in suits and sunglasses walked up to Neil.

Before Neil could react, his body suddenly flew into the air since two bodyguards picked him up left and right, and walked out of the villa.

Neil, sitting on a human swing, craned his neck and turned his head, grinding his teeth as he stared fiercely at Andre.

"Wait for me, big guy. I will definitely get revenge for the grudge you gave me last time and this time!"

The grudge last time?

Andre blinked twice, thought for a while, and slowly recalled the time when he pressed Neil against the wall...

It's disgusting!

Andre lifted his hand and waved it quickly, "Get him out of here quick!"

As the bodyguards picked up their pace, Neil gave up struggling and said, "Hey, fine, do whatever you want, just don't shake my fruit out of the plate!"

Seeing Neil being taken away but still clutching the fruit plate, Taya couldn't help but sigh.

Hey, another plate of fruit was taken away!

Beside her, Griffon lifted his bony fingers and squeezed the back of her head, causing her to turn and look at him.

"Mrs. Knight, I've been here so long but you haven't even looked at me."

Her eyes were on Neil all the time, so who's her husband actually?

Taya lifted the corners of her lips and smiled sweetly, "Why, is Alpha jealous?"

Griffon lowered his head slightly and stared at the smiling woman, not hiding his jealousy in the slightest, "Yes, I'm jealous."

#### Chapter 762

Taya tilted her head and asked softly, "Then what should I do to make Alpha not angry?"

Proudly, Griffon raised his well-defined chin and snorted coldly, "Figure it out yourself."

Taya was amused by him, but found such a Alpha inexplicably attractive.

She couldn't resist and reached out with her small fair hand and voluntarily hooked it around Griffon's neck.

Standing on tiptoe, she leaned forward and kissed the corner of his lip, "Is that, enough?"

Griffon's eyes narrowed and his Adam's apple moved slightly, but he remained standing in place without moving a bit, "Not enough."

Taya let go of one hand and slid it all the way down his broad shoulders, around his waist and onto his expensive belt.

Her little hand lingered on the metal lock for a few seconds, then snapped it open...

When she was about to put her hand inside his shirt, he grabbed her hand, "What are you doing?"

Taya stood on tiptoe, tilted her head again, leaned close to his ear and lowered her voice to ask, "What do you think?"

As the warm breath, accompanied by the fragrance of gardenia, sprayed on his ear, the man's lower abdomen tightened, and his cool and proud expression softened.

What a fox lady.

Griffon dropped his tense eyes, saw that she was pursing her pink lips and surrendered instantly.

His long fingers moved to her slender waist, he then held her tightly in his arms.

It was difficult for a woman to withstand the madness of a man in the throes of passion, like Taya at the moment, who was almost suffocated by Griffon's kiss.

She whimpered, making staccato pleas for mercy, before Griffon asked in a low voice, "Hmph,

you dare to molest me,  
but not do it?"

He did not leave her lips when he said this, rubbing and biting her lips.

In short, the touch of repeated strokes up and down made Taya feel numb and tremble.

She looked up at the man who had her pinned against the wall and begged for mercy, with eyes moist and watery.

"I, I've been a bit tired lately, I can't do it."

The sweet, sticky and delicate voice rang in his ear and hit his heart, bringing a faint smile to Griffon's face.

"Then you just touched my belt."

Taya blushed and lowered her head.

"Isn't that I'm trying to coax you?"

Griffon lifted her chin so she was looking straight at him and said forcefully, "Next time don't let another man in!"

Taya nodded quickly, promising not to let Neil in, and Griffon reluctantly let her go.

He took a step back, distancing himself from her, suppressing the heat that was building throughout his body, before stepping forward again and picking up the red-faced Taya.

Snuggled into his arms, still panting, Taya, the petite woman like a cat, asked in a low voice, "Didn't you just let me go?"

Griffon hugged her tightly and walked to the villa next door, "You're tired, you should go home and get some rest."

Taya struggled to get off him, "Wait a minute, I'm not tired now, put me down!"

If they stayed at Harper's villa he would at most kiss and fondle and not do anything, but if they went home there's no telling what would happen!

Taya was familiar with Alpha's routine, so with the strength out of nowhere, she grabbed him by the arm and leapt off him.

Griffon lightly raised his masculine eyebrows, and slightly bent down, pressing towards Taya, "You..."

He wanted to ask her where she got all that strength, but she suddenly took a business card out of her pocket and waved it in front of his eyes.

"Alpha, I've just come across a problem. Can you make a decision for me?"

Griffon's gaze shifted from her fair face to the business card,

"Casare?"

His good-looking eyes suddenly lifted at the sight of the name, "Why do you have his card?"

Taya did not hold back and said truthfully, "He just came to see me and asked about Grace's whereabouts, so he left me a card."

Griffon straightened up, took the card, looked down at it for a few seconds, then asked, "What did he say to you?"

Taya told Griffon exactly what Casare had said and asked him hesitantly, "Do you think I should tell Casare that Amon and Grace are in the cemetery?"

Griffon had already seated on the sofa, crossing his legs, he looked blandly at Taya, "When did you get in touch with Amon?"

## Chapter 763

Taya didn't expect Amon to be the focus of Griffon's attention, so she couldn't help but feel a little

amused.

"Why are you jealous of the men I come into contact with?"

Griffon on the couch had a tense expression, but he wasn't relaxed at all. His eyes were as clean as snow but tinged with complex thoughts.

He was so silent that Taya, sitting opposite her, slowly withdrew the smile from her lips and looked at him nervously.

"I didn't contact Amon. When I was on the phone with George, he interrupted me and told me to tell Casare that he was in the cemetery!"

She thought Griffon across the table would look better once she had explained herself, but to her surprise his expression.

became even more comber and sad.

Taya immediately got up, walked over to Griffon and raised her hand to touch the handsome face.

"Are you okay?"

Feeling her cautious touch, the tightly furrowed brows of Griffon gradually relaxed.

"I'm fine."

After speaking, he reached out with long, good-looking fingers and pulled her to sit beside him, turning sideways and staring intently at her face.

"Can Amon tell the difference between you and your sister?"

If Amon could not distinguish between her and her sister, it meant that the person he loved was still Rosalie.

If Amon could, then the way he looked at her was anything but innocent.

"He probably couldn't make it."

Taya herself had no idea what Amon was thinking, so she couldn't give an exact answer.

The innocent look in her eyes relaxed Griffon's tense expression a little.

"It's okay if she doesn't know." Griffon thought.

He then handed the card back to Taya, "You can make your decision when the result is in."

Taya took the card and asked in puzzlement, "Waiting for the result of what?"

Griffon whispered, "Amon and Grace's paternity test."

Taya was at a loss for words, and she did not understand. Just as she was about to ask, the vibrating sound of the mobile phone interrupted her thoughts.

The bodyguard waiting a short distance away immediately took the phone and handed it to Griffon, "Alpha, it's Zack calling."

Griffon reached for it and pressed the answer button, then Zack's voice immediately came through on the other end, "Alpha, the result is in."

With an indifferent "hmm", Griffon asked, "What is it?"

Zach glanced at the man beside him, hesitated for a long moment, then said through gritted teeth, "Mr. Davies says he wants you to pick it up in person at his hotel."

Griffon curled his lips into a cold sneer and said, "Does he have a death wish? How dare he come before me?"

On Zack's side, the man sitting on the leather couch lifted his delicate fingers and hooked his hand to Zack.

"Give me the phone."

Zack swallowed hard, and handed him the phone, using his eyes to frantically signal him,

"Please, please don't say anything foolish in front of Greyson, otherwise it will provoke him and cause unrest in the S!"

However, the man with a cold and frosty demeanor completely ignored Zack's signal, took the phone, and started to speak shamelessly, "Either help me kill Johnny Brook, or come and get the paternity report yourself, one of the two." Griffon turned on the speakerphone and Taya could hear all the conversation.

There was a low, husky voice on the other side of the call, extremely magnetic and with an indescribable charm.

It was as if one could imagine the man's appearance before met him, but only after hearing his voice.

"Holden, it's my last warning, don't provoke Johnny Brook."

The Brook pack had already obtained a list of thousands of people from S, and if there were any other lists implicated due to Holden's personal grudges, he would personally kill Holden.

Holden on the other end, however, was completely indifferent and flicked his glass of red wine, "Greyson, I've received your warning, but whether to listen or not is not up to you."

Griffon squeezed his hand on the phone a little tighter, as if he wanted to warn him again, but felt that Holden who was stubborn by nature would not listen, so he gave up what he wanted to say. Instead, he said, "Send me the result in five minutes."

Having said that, he hung up the phone.

Seeing his face turn blue and he seemed very angry with the man called Holden Davies, Taya quickly reached out and put her arm around his waist.

"Don't be angry..."

The soft and tender voice gently tapped on the man's heart, making his heart warm.

He lifted his hand and wrapped it tightly around the woman in his arms, dipping his head to kiss her forehead.

Taya lay in his arms and asked in a low voice, "Will he send it to you?"

Griffon raised his chin with a perfectly defined jawline and sneered coldly, "He dare not refuse."

Even if Holden was Mr. Davies's adopted son, but so what?

Griffon didn't care. Holden was still at his mercy now.

That was the rule.

Taya had heard Holden's rebellious tone, so she thought he would not send it.

Just as she was thinking this, the phone next to her vibrated again.

Griffon freed one hand and swiped the unlock button. It was a message from Holden.

There was a paternity test report and a paragraph of text:

[Amon's hair is very difficult to get, a commission of 10 million dollars has to be paid to my account.]

Griffon skipped the text and opened the report in front of Taya:

Father: Amon Yardley

Daughter: Grace

Paternity test result: 99.9999%

## Chapter 764

When Taya saw the report, she was not too shocked.

Because she always thought that Grace was Amon's daughter.

Now, the result of the paternity test was indeed before her, which further confirmed that she was right.

Grace was Amon's daughter, so her sister never betrayed him. For years, Amon had hated the wrong people.

And Casare knew that Grace was Amon's daughter, but he did not tell Amon, and even lied about Grace being his daughter.

Was Casare doing this because he loved her sister too much and wanted to monopolize the daughter her sister left behind, or was it to get back at Amon?

While Taya was pondering what Casare was up to, Griffon lifted his long finger and waved at his bodyguard.

"The document."

The bodyguard immediately understood, turned around to quickly leave the villa, took out a document from the car and

Griffon did not take it, but simply looked down at Taya, the bodyguard quickly understood and handed the document to Taya respectfully.

"Mrs. Knight, here is the information on Amon Yardley and Rosalie."

Taya replied "Thank you", took the document handed to her by his bodyguard, opened the file bag, took out a stack of papers. and looked through them carefully.

"I had already obtained this information a few days ago, but the DNA test results were not accurate enough, so I didn't inform you in time."

Griffon's low and pleasant voice rang in her ears, causing Taya to slowly look up,

"Griffon, thank you."

Despite the fact that Amon had hurt him before, he still helped her look up the information without considering their past grievances.

And the reason he sent someone to take a sample of Amon's hair for a new DNA test, despite already having the

information, was he knew that she firmly believed that her sister had not betrayed Amon.

He knew what her faith was. That's why he took her faith as his own. Everything this man did was for her.

Griffon turned his head slightly, and whispered in her ear, "If you're grateful, you don't have to say anything, just reward me at night."

Taya, who was being touched by his actions, blushed when she heard the indecent words, "I shouldn't talk to you."

She pretended to be angry and pushed Griffon away, but was pulled back by his broad hand.

Taya had to put the paper in his lap, snuggle into his arms, and continue reading about her sister's past with Amon.

After reading it, she put the document away and recalled what Casare had said.

Although some of what he said did match the information, for example, that Amon had been incarcerated.

But Casare lied about Grace's origins. This alone showed that Casare could not be trusted.

Since he could not be trusted, she should not tell him about Amon's location.

Taya's cloudy mind gradually became clear.  
again.

"Can I... can I call George?"

After Griffon removed the file from his lap, he picked up Taya and sat her on his lap.

His head gently leaned back against the couch, and he slightly lifted his chin, staring at the woman in front of him.

"The paternity report in the file was made by George. If you're not afraid that George is Casare's man, just call him."

George was a world-renowned medical expert, and there was no way he could be wrong about such a thing, but the paternity test result was...

Taya was also skeptical, but George was very nice to Amon and he did not seem like someone who would do something like that behind the scenes.

She had a feeling that perhaps George did not know the reason behind it all. After all, anyone could tamper with a report like this.

In fact, she would not have so many concerns if she had called



Amon directly, but she was afraid that Griffon would not like it, so she did not dare to ask.

#### Chapter 765

Taya stared at Griffon's unparalleled handsome face, and after a few seconds of hesitation, she took the initiative to wrap her arms around his neck to please him.

"Griffon, can I call Amon?"

"No."

Being rejected coldly by him, Taya's face fell, "Why?"

Griffon took her chin in one hand and said forcefully, "From now on, you are not allowed to see Amon, talk to him, or contact him."

Then how could she tell Amon that her sister had never betrayed him and that Grace was his biological daughter?

As she scrunched up her little face, Griffon reached out with long fingers, picked up the phone and made a call.

Taya glanced at the numbers displayed above and compared them with those on the document, and the corners of her lips slowly quirked up.

He would rather call Amon himself than let her call. This man was really always jealous of the men she was connected with.

Griffon dialed twice, but Amon did not answer, so he did not bother to call again, edited the two documents into a text message and sent it to Amon.

Then he put down the phone and looked up at Taya, "The information has been sent to him, you should not interfere in matters about him!"

Seeing that he was very concerned about Amon, Taya obediently agreed, but she was very uneasy and felt that things were far from simple.

Seeing her look of unease, Griffon's heart softened and he couldn't help but ask, "Are you okay?"

Taya lowered her head, not daring to say more, but Griffon lifted her chin again and made her look at him. "Worried about Amon?" He asked.

Taya quickly denied, "I'm not worried about him, I'm just... how should I say..."

She raised her hand and touched the location of her wolf spirit, "This is my sister's wolf spirit, and it seems to be feeling uneasy for Amon."

When Griffon looked at her heart, his eyes were filled with

He did not want to bother with Amon anymore, but...

"Forget it, if Rosalie had not put her wolf spirit in Taya's body, I'd probably be the one going crazy right now." Griffon thought.

He then picked up his phone and dialed Zack's number, "Take someone to the cemetery."

Zach, who was elsewhere investigating the truth about Simon Knight's death, received the order and hurriedly replied, "Alpha, I'm in Quezon City, I'll be right back."

Griffon frowned, it took four hours to rush from Quezon City to Arcadia.

He looked at Taya, thought for a moment, and made a decisive decision, "Forget it, I'll go in

person.”

Seeing him put her down and get up to leave, Taya hurriedly grabbed his hand, “I want to go with you.”

Griffon raised his fingers and fondled her hair, “Wait for me at home.”

At the cemetery, before George led Grace down the hill, he looked back at the man standing in front of the grave.

“Amon, the result of your and Grace’s DNA test came back. I’ll take Grace to the hospital to get it. Remember not to stay here too long.”

Amon in front of the tomb did not even look back, he just lowered his eyes and looked at the solitary grave.

After the sun went down, the dim light shone on him through the dappled branches, making him even more lonely.

The cold wind was blowing, it slowly seeped into his coat and penetrated his thin clothes, but he did not feel the cold at all.

He stood by the grave like a statue, remaining there for a long time. His face was full of gloom, shrouded in darkness and desolation.

“Rosalie, I did the test again. If she is not my daughter, then even if I die, I will not forgive you.”

He reached out and touched the headstone. He paused for a few seconds as his fingers slid to the photo on it.

“She has regained her identity and this photo should be replaced with yours...”

pocket.

The person on the photo, wearing a red dress, basked in the sunshine and gazed into the distance at the scenery.

When she took photos, she liked to pose like this because she had always been looking for freedom throughout her life.

Amon stroked the photo, curled the corners of his lips and snorted casually, “Brrr, freedom...”

Freedom to turn into a handful of ashes, lying in a cold, dark grave, is that the freedom she wants?

It’s ridiculous.

When Amon sneered at Rosalie coldly, there was a sound of footsteps behind him...

BChapter 766

“Amon, long time no see.”

With a bundle of chrysanthemum in hand, Casare led a group of bodyguards as they slowly walked towards Amon on the steps.

Amon, standing in front of the grave, did not even turn around, he just put the photo in his hand into a pocket close to his heart.

Casare had been dealing with Amon for years, and he knew Amon despised him, so he did not care if Amon paid any attention to him.

He walked straight up to Amon, placed the chrysanthemums in his hands on the front of the headstone, and looked up at the picture on the headstone.

“Ms. Palmer?”

No wonder he had been unable to find Rosalie's grave all these years. As it turned out, it was Ms. Palmer, not Rosalie, who was "dead".

Amon had really done everything to monopolize Rosalie. But so what, Rosalie had still betrayed him.

Casare curled the corner of his lips and said faintly, "Amon, eight months are up. You should give Grace back to me."

Amon who was silent lowered his eyes and glanced coldly at Casare, "What are her last words?"

Casare straightened up and stood side by side with Amon in front of the headstone, staring at the square on the ground and speaking calmly.

"She's dead, do her last words still matter?"

Amon slipped his hands into the pockets of his trousers, straightened his back arrogantly and replied casually:

"It didn't matter..."

Ca\*sie couldn't help but raise the hand covered by a leather glove and pat Amon's shoulder when he saw Amon speaking tongue-in-cheek again..

"Amon, you're really failing at life, and the problem lies in your mouth."

Casare's superior and omniscient demeanor was the very thing that irritated and disgusted Amon the most.

He pushed Casare's hand away and said coldly, "My name is not worthy to come out of your mouth!"

In contrast to Amon's blatantly obnoxiousness, the adeptly disguised Casare appeared extremely calm.

He did not care about Amon's attitude at all, instead he showed a gentle smile.

"Rosalie's last words are a rather long video, recorded especially for you."

When Casare said this, the smile on the corner of his lips gradually changed from calm to treacherous.

"Do you know what she said?"

The expression on Amon's face was as dark as the cloudy night.

"You can give it to me if you want, and if you don't want to, just leave. Don't pretend to be mysterious in front of me."

Beneath Casare's gentle exterior, the flesh of his body contained no blood. There was no one in this world more cold and indifferent than Casare.

No one in either Rosalie or the Aronland royal pack knew of the trickery behind Casare's mask, only Amon had witnessed it.

They had faced off so many times, they both knew what kind of person the other was, so why did Casare continue to pretend in front of him? Isn't he tired?

"I'll give you her video, of course, but before I do, I have a question for you."

Impatiently, Amon glanced at Casare coldly, "What's your question?"

Casare reached out and touched Rosalie's tombstone, then he asked unhurriedly, "Ms. Palmer said that Grace has been. with you for eight months and become attached to you, so she doesn't want to part with you. How about you?"

A sudden look of suspicion appeared in Amon's somber eyes, "Why do you ask that?" Casare tapped his fingertips on the headstone as he said faintly, "Oh, I just want to know, would you have taken Grace as your own daughter?" Amon snorted coldly, "Rosalie and your daughter, why should I think of her as my own?" When Casare heard this, his fingers, tapping gently on the headstone, paused abruptly. He did not say anything, just raised his hand and waved to the bodyguards behind him, "Bring them up..." Amon's face suddenly turned grim when he saw someone taking George and Grace up the hill. "Casare, what are you doing?!"

## Chapter 767

Casare pulled a gun from his belt and played with it in his hand.

"Amon, you must be very reluctant to part with Grace, right?"

Amon stared at Casare with his bottomless eyes.

"You let Grace spend eight months with me just to bet on my reluctance?"

He guessed what Casare was up to, but couldn't guess what the point of his doing so was?

"Threatening me with his own daughter's life? He's either sick or out of his mind!" Amon cursed in the heart.

Apparently, Casare did not think so, instead he looked victorious, looked at Amon and smiled.

"Amon, you know I've wanted you dead for years, don't you?"

Amon rolled his eyes.

"You can't kill me."

If Casare had killed him, the whole Yardley pack would definitely bury Casare with him.

Casare chuckled as he loaded the gun.

"I can't kill you, of course, but your daughter and the video Rosalie left behind can kill you."

Amon's dark and unreadable eyes slowly moved to Casare.

"What do you mean?"

Casare loaded the gun and moved his finger to the trigger, then looked up at Amon.

"I used to think that you loved Rosalie very much, and I thought that when she died, you would follow her in suicide. But you didn't. You really wasted my big plan, but it doesn't matter..."

Casare paused for a moment, the smile on his lips becoming deeper and more bizarre.

"Eight months ago, I found a chip on a necklace that Grace often wears. I don't know if God was helping me, or if something happened, that chip is Rosalie's last words to you.

It contains all the truth you want to know."

"It happened to be the time that you come for Grace, so I went along with it and let you take her. I thought maybe you would go crazy and torture Grace to death, and after eight months. I'll tell you the truth. Wouldn't it be more fun if you went completely insane?"

"But I didn't think that instead of abusing Grace, you had become attached to her. I find it quite dull to develop feelings. based on blood ties in a situation where one doesn't even know if the other person is his daughter!"

"But it's quite interesting to threaten you with your daughter's life, isn't it?"

Casare's words created a huge stir, as if a thunderbolt struck fiercely on Amon.

In disbelief, Amon stared into Casare's elegant and fierce eyes, "What are you talking about?"

Casare lifted Amon's pale face with his loaded gun, "You are both foolish and pitiful."

After he finished, he moved the gun, aimed at Amon's thigh and fired straight without blinking.

The pain of the bullet piercing through his skin and flesh made Amon break into a cold sweat, and he fell to the ground uncontrollably.

But he gritted his teeth and held on, not letting himself fall to the ground in a heap, but kneeling on one knee in front of the headstone and looking at the grave.

He seemed to see the former Rosalie through the tombstone, kneeling before him, crying and explaining to him, "Amon, Grace is your daughter, I'm begging you, go get a paternity test, okay?"

What did he do that time?

He slapped her hard!

He called her a slut, a shameless slut, cuckolded him and wanted him to take over the care of the daughter she had with her paramour!

At that time, Rosalie, as if awakened by his slap, fell to her knees and covered her face. From then on, she chose to remain silent.

It was because he always had no faith in her that she did not hesitate to pursue the freedom she wanted by death.

## Chapter 768

The corners of Casare's lips slowly curled as he looked at Amon kneeling before the headstone with a regretful expression on his face.

"Amon, I just said your life is a complete failure because of your mouth, but you still don't accept that, so do you accept it now?"

Why did Amon not know Grace was his daughter until now if it wasn't for his tongue-in-cheek and self-righteousness?

Amon, the heir to the Yardley pack, had always presented himself with an attitude of beneficence towards all creatures, as if he were above all others, as if the whole world belonged to him.

At that time, when Casare was locked up in a small cell, he was thinking: "Why am I, the eldest son of the Yardley pack, being locked up forever without seeing the sun, while Amon is shining brightly, just because my mother was a prostitute?"

Casare couldn't figure it out when he was a pup, and he still couldn't figure it out now.

He felt that everything was wrong because of the birth of

Amon since Amon had taken away everything he was supposed to have.

How could he have been kicked out of the Yardley pack and become a homeless man if it wasn't for Amon?

He still remembered that when he was a homeless man, he was almost beaten to death in order to snatch food for Rosalie.

However, Amon just sat in the car and said "stop" like a handout, and from then on, Amon was the only person in Rosalie's eyes.

Why?

Because he couldn't afford to fund Rosalie's education, because he wasn't the noble gentleman

sitting in his car looking down on everyone?

But...

But it was he who knew Rosalie first...

He was the one who spent terrible days and nights by Rosalie's side. Why did Amon take away his only spiritual anchor when Amon showed up?

Amon had already taken away his home, why did he even take away his spiritual anchor?

Huddled next to a bin, drenched in rain and shivering, Casare was again thinking...

One day he would take back Rosalie, reclaim his home and take away everything Amon owns!

See, it's time to take it all back.

Casare took the gun and crouched down beside Amon, with a strange expression in his deep eyes.

"I heard from Rosalie that you never said you loved her, even when you were with her. Why?"

Desperately studying to keep up with Amon, Rosalie wanted nothing more than to be closer to him, and closer still.

After many years of pursuing him, Amon remained unimpressed. Why did he later agree when he saw Casare actively pursuing Rosalie?

Casare thought Amon was going to be with Rosalie just to be against him, so Amon couldn't say "I love you" to Rosalie.

Later, he sent Amon to prison, but he heard the guards say that Amon asked every day if Rosalie had been there.

When the answer was no, Amon would sit very much alone by the window, looking out in silence, without saying a word.

The guards said they did not know what Amon was thinking, but they could tell he missed Rosalie terribly.

Casare also understood that Amon had fallen in love with Rosalie before, but Amon refused to admit it.

Casare thought that since Amon was in love with Rosalie, catching him in his greatest weakness might be able to kill him.

Sure enough, he only slept with Rosalie once, and Amon went completely nuts.

Love, it can actually be deadly.

After shaking his head, Casare took the gun in his hand and pressed it against Amon's head.

"Amon, I'll show you the video Rosalie left behind before I shoot you in the head, okay?"

Like a walking corpse, Amon seemed unable to hear Casare's words or feel the pain. He just stared at the grave.

His face was pale and full of remorse, which made Casare feel inexplicably happy.

Casare put away the gun, straightened up, and waved to his bodyguards, "Take him to the helicopter."

When Griffon arrived he only saw blood on the ground but not Amon.

He twisted his thick eyebrows, and told Andre in a cold voice, "Go and check Amon's location."

## Chapter 769

The helicopter landed in front of a villa and Casare ordered his men to throw Amon into the basement.

In the dark and damp basement, there was no light coming in and no signal.

Amon, who had several chances to escape, seemed to have given up hope of life this time and chose to remain silent.

George had been tied and kicked into the basement. When he saw Amon lying curled up in a ball on the floor, his eyes turning red.

"Amon..."

At the sound of George's voice, Amon, having been unresponsive, slowly lifted his deep eyes and looked into George's pale face.

"Why?"

Why would you lie to me with a fake paternity report?

He trusted George so much, why would George lie to him like that?

George had already been informed of the paternity test result, so he shook his head hurriedly when he saw Amon looking at him with such a disappointed look.

"Amon, I didn't falsify the report, I didn't lie to you!"

"You collected the blood yourself, you did the tests yourself, and you say you're not lying to me?!"

Rosalie had explained to him many times that Grace was his daughter, so naturally he would do a paternity test.

But, the paternity test showed that Grace was not his daughter!

He never questioned the report!

Because it was tested by George, his and Rosalie's only mutual friend!

Who would have thought that George would cheat him on such a matter?!

"I didn't!"

George still shook his head, refusing to admit it, and the way he was wronged made him look particularly aggrieved.

"Amon, a Stella came to me when I was doing the paternity test, maybe that's when the blood sample was tampered with."

George looked up at the man lying on the floor and looking woefully helpless.

"Amon, it's impossible for me to betray you, believe me!"

"What's the use of believing you now?"

His Rosalie wouldn't come back to hear his apology.

Amon's dark, deep eyes were filled with despair, without a shimmer.

Seeing him lose the will to live because of his guilt, George quickly moved towards him.

"Amon, you still have a daughter, you have to pull yourself together and take Grace back from Casare!"

"You want to take away my daughter?"

The door to the basement was pushed open and Casare came in from outside with Grace in his arms.

The moment he entered, the dark basement was illuminated by lights and it suddenly became brighter.

Amon took his eyes off George and looked at Grace, who was nestled in Casare's arms.

Why hadn't he realized that she looked so much like him?

If he had found out earlier, wouldn't Rosalie have left so quickly?

Amon's eyelashes drooped...

It was not that he did not notice, but he did not want to believe.

Casare was right, the failure of his life was due to his mouth. He was tongue-in-cheek and self-righteous, and that was why he would lose Rosalie forever. When Grace saw her Uncle Strange's leg bleeding, she covered her mouth in shock and stared at Amon with wide eyes.

"Strange Uncle, is your leg okay?"

Grace and George were already stuffed into the helicopter when Casare shot Amon, so they did not see or hear the shot.

Amon saw Grace worrying about himself, his heart warmed, spreading his wide palm to block the blood flowing from the wound caused by the gunshot. After preventing Grace from seeing the bloody scene, he raised the corners of his lips and smiled casually at Grace.

"Grace, don't be afraid."

It was the first time he had ever called her by her name, which made Grace raise an innocent smile in delight.

"Strange Uncle, I like it when you call me by my name, Grace sounds melodious..."

Amon's eyes shrouded in darkness fade to sad.

"Grace, I... I'm sorry."

Grace tilted her head, stared at Amon for a while, and then waved at him.

"It's okay. Dad once said, if you do something wrong, you can be forgiven as long as you say sorry."

After speaking, Grace turned her head and looked at Casare who was holding her.

"Dad, although Strange Uncle kidnapped me, he didn't hurt me during this time."

"He just did such a little thing wrong that he can be forgiven, so..."

"Can you spare him and Grandpa George?"

Casare lowered his head and glanced at the little girl who had her arms around his neck, and a gentle, affectionate smile appeared in his eyes.

"Grace, Dad has some personal grudges against your Strange Uncle, it doesn't matter if he kidnapped you or not, do you understand?"

Grace seemed to understand and nodded, but still pleaded for Amon.

"So dad, can you ask a Stella to look at Uncle Strange's leg first?"

Strange Uncle had lost so much blood, would he die of blood loss if left without treatment?

The thought of her Strange Uncle dying made Grace feel very uneasy, and she did not want him to die.

## Chapter 770

"Does Grace like your Strange Uncle?"

"Yes."

Without hesitation, Grace nodded heavily.

Casare raised his hand and touched Grace's nose.

"Very good."

Casare put Grace down and said to her, "Grace, you and the bodyguard go ahead and get the doctor over here."

When Grace heard her father tell her to call the doctor, she quickly ran off happily on her little short legs.

Amon stared at Grace's back running away, the tension in his



heart slowly eased.

Casare walked up to him and condescended to crush his hopes.

"Did you think that I intentionally kept Grace away because I didn't want her to see the bloodshed?"

Casare lifted his leather boots and stepped on Amon's wound, bending down slightly.

"After watching the video, I'll take you and Grace to play a round of life and death games."

Amon had seen Casare's means before, but he did not want Grace to experience them.

After all, Grace had called Casare dad for nearly six years and was really treating Casare as her father.

If it's because of hatred for him that crushed Grace's trust in a father.

Then Grace's pure heart would certainly not be able to bear it.

He would rather Grace not know that he was her real father

than to have Grace's heart broken.

With that in mind, Amon grabbed Casare's ankle and spun it hard, causing Casare to be dropped to the ground.

Amon braced himself and stood up from the ground. His clenched fists made him look like a ghost from hell.

Seeing Amon finally regained hope for his life, George's blue eyes showed a smile of relief.

With Amon's pure melee skills, Casare couldn't defeat him.

The only downside was that Casare had a gun.

However, as long as Amon took Casare's gun, dealing with Casare would not be a problem!

Unfortunately, Amon was injured.

He only dueled Casare for a while before he was shot in the other leg, again, by Casare!

"Amon!"

George screamed and struggled to save Amon, but Casare stomped hard on his back.

"Dr. George, don't struggle, today is Amon's day to die, no one can save him."

Hearing this, George looked up at Casare in disbelief.

"You knew he was the heir of the Yardley pack, and you dared to kill him?"

So what if Casare was the adopted son of the Aronland royal pack?

Amon was the heir to the Yardley pack. If Amon was killed, the Yardley pack would let Casare be buried with him, and even the Aronland royal pack will be retaliated!

In order to kill Amon, Casare did not even want the royal power and fame that he had worked so hard to obtain?

Of course Casare wanted the power, fame, and wealth of the royal pack, but that did not stop him from wanting Amon to die...

He stepped on George's back and looked down at him.

"Dr. George, do you know who tampered with the test?"

George raised his blue eyes and stared coldly at Casare.

"Who else but you?"

The corners of Casare's lips were raised, and a treacherous smile appeared in his eyes.

"You're so smart."

George paid no further attention to Casare, but looked up at Amon, who was on his knees and

his whole body trembling with pain.

"Amon, you should believe me now, I didn't lie to you."

He had always been honest and never deceived his patients in his Stella career.

Now he was very angry because he was set up by Casare.

He couldn't understand how there could be such a disgusting and annoying person like Casare in this world!

Casare could feel George's anger, and he raised the corners of his lips and smiled calmly.

"Dr. George, I can see the look of remorse on Amon's face now, and I must thank you for your paternity report."

George was so angry that his face was livid, and he wanted to get up and beat Casare hard.

However, he was tied up and couldn't move at all. He could only clench his teeth and stare at Casare.

"Casare, you'll get what's coming to you!!!"

Casey sneered, "People, always believe in retribution. When I was a good person, I didn't see God treat me well. When I was a bad guy, I didn't see God punish me either. Tell me, why would I want to be a good person for the sake of the word retribution?"

George couldn't agree with his fallacy, "It's just not the time!"

Casare smiled, instead of arguing with George, he walked up to Amon.

"Come on, I'll show you the video."

The pale-faced Amon didn't react in the slightest, as if he no longer cared what Rosalie's last words actually said.

Or rather, he was afraid.

He was afraid that he had wronged Rosalie.

He was afraid that everything he had found was false.

He was afraid...

He dared not watch the video.

Yet Casare ordered someone to carry him up and take him into the home theater at the other end of the basement.

Amon's waist was tied to the chair, but his hands and feet were not, which seemed to give him room to struggle.

The doors of the theater slammed shut. The lights dimmed and the huge screen slowly lit up...

## Chapter 771

Rosalie was wearing a red dress and sitting on a rocking chair on the terrace. The breeze blew by, bringing up her short shoulder-length hair.

Under the blue sky and white clouds, the dappled sunlight fell across her face through the tree branches, making her look calm and beautiful.

When the video started, she did not speak, just stared at the camera.

She seemed to see her lover through the lens, which made her a little excited and a little confused.

After staring for a long time, she slowly raised the corners of her lips with a gentle and elegant smile.

"Amon."

She called out his name in a trembling voice that she seemed to have a lot of reluctance.

When Amon saw her calling him, the tears he had been holding back suddenly rolled down his

face.

Rosalie, his Rosalie, the Rosalie who disappeared from this world and would never return.... Rosalie, on the screen, had her eyes red after calling his name, but she kept smiling while looking at the camera.

"I don't know if you can see this video. But I still want to explain it to you before I leave."

"Amon, I agreed to mate Casare, not because I love him, but because if I don't, he won't help me save you."

"The man you ran over with your car was Casare's brother."

"He's an orthodox royal member. I'm worried that if you go to prison, you'll never get out."

"I know you hate Casare, but I didn't know how to help you, so I had to ask him for help."

"I'm sorry..."

When she said this, Rosalie fell weakly onto the rocking chair, struggling for a while before finally catching her breath.

She looked at the camera with a pale face, and her red eyes were endlessly expressing her apologies to him.

"Amon, I've always wanted to visit you in prison, but the royal pack did not let me in, I'm quite useless, right?"

When Amon saw Rosalie, thin and weak, snuggled in a recliner, her muscles shriveled to the point of no strength, his heart suddenly hurt to the point of suffocation and his tears could not be controlled and kept falling down.

"Rosalie, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry..."

On the screen, Rosalie seemed to sense Amon's reaction and braced herself again, moving closer to the camera.

"Amon, Grace is really your daughter, the one I conceived before you went to prison."

"I wanted to tell you on your birthday."

"But that night, I was molested by Casare's brother, and it made you want to kill him."

"I haven't had time to tell you yet, and then I don't have a chance after that..."

Amon turned his head, unable to bear to look at Rosalie again, but her voice kept entering his ears.

"I have been sorry for you all along, Amon."

"What I'm most sorry for is that someone gave me something to drink that I shouldn't have."

"That night, I was completely unaware, so I took Casare who came in as you..."

"I betrayed you, so when you forced me to explain, I couldn't say anything, I could only admit it."

"Because I did betray you..."

Amon raised his hands, covered his eyes, covered his ears, and tried to stand up, not wanting to hear any more.

But he was tied tightly to the chair and couldn't escape no matter what. All he could do was to hear Rosalie saying over and over again that she had betrayed him!

The scene of her and Casare on the bed, like a nightmare, crazily drilled into his mind...

## Chapter 772

Back then, that was how he was tied to the chair, watching from afar through the floor-to-ceiling window, unable to do anything!

Amon felt like he was going crazy as he frantically struggled, but he couldn't break free of the chains he was locked in!

He could only fall back on the back of the chair in despair, with sad eyes, staring at Rosalie on the screen, who was also crying desperately.

"Amon, I've always been pursuing you."

"I've been pestering you ever since I fell in love with you when I was fourteen. My behavior must have been very distressing to you."

"Now, I have disease and may not live long. After I leave, no one will pester you again."

"If, I mean if, if you remember me, you can visit my grave."

Rosalie lowered her head to look at her hands, which had atrophied to yellow, raised the corners of her lips and smiled in relief.

"I remember that the first time I held hands with you, I was the one who took the initiative."

"At the time, I thought you would drive me away, but you didn't, so I dared to pursue you."

"I may have been influenced too much by liberalism and I always acted recklessly. I didn't know that one person's obsession could bring harm to another."

After she finished speaking, she raised her head, faced the camera, and smiled gently again.

"When I was a teenager, I was so ignorant that I still ran after you when it was clear that you disliked me so much."

"But I don't regret loving you. Life is so short. No one knows when they themselves will be gone. Why should I regret it?"

"Isn't it?"

Rosalie paused and turned her head to look away, crystal-like tears rolling down from the corners of her eyes.

"My only regret is that, I never heard you say you love me."

"Many times, I wonder, do you love me or not?"

"If you love me, why you never say you love me."

"If you don't love me, why did you agree to be with me?"

"Since we're together, why haven't you been lukewarm to me these past six years?"

"Amon, I really want to know the reason. I also want to hear you say you love me, but I can't wait for your answer..."

Rosalie lifted her skinny fingers, wiped away the tears that were unconsciously running down the corners of her eyes, and looked into the camera.

"Amon, I left nothing for you in this world, only Grace."

"If you can see this video, could you please give her a name?"

"If you don't want her to take your last name, then let her take mine."

Rosalie seemed to have finished what she wanted to say, and stretched out her finger, intending to stop the video recording.

But when it almost touched the screen, it suddenly stopped.

Rosalie looked at the camera with eyes full of reluctance.

"Amon."

She called his name again, still in a trembling voice.

"Sorry, I love you..."

Then the video was cut off and the entire theater went black.

Amon leaned back in the chair, staring at the screen with red eyes.

It was as if his soul had been drained away and he felt powerless, like a living dead. His Rosalie really betrayed him, and she really could not come back... The ridiculous thing was that he obviously loved her very much, but he never admitted it, leaving her to die without knowing that he loved her.

#### Chapter 773

In the video left by Rosalie, she didn't say a word for blaming him from the beginning to the end. Instead, she kept apologizing to him.

He's always the one in the dominant position between them. In contrast, she's always the petty one who begged for his love, even a little.

Amon remembered the first time he met Rosalie. He was sitting in the car with the windows half down, lowering his eyes and looking indifferently at Casare and her who were surrounded by a group of traffickers.

At that time, he was in the car which stopped halfway, feeling bored while waiting for the traffic light. With just a casual

glance, he saw Rosalie, who was crouching on the ground with her head in her arms, in the group of dirty traffickers.

When he saw her looking up at him, there was a clear and bright light in her eyes, which should not belong to such a messy environment. He was suddenly touched and shouted at those people to stop.

At that time, he didn't know that Casare protecting Rosalie next to her, was the illegitimate son of the Yardley pack as well

as his half-brother. If he knew that Casare and Rosalie were together, he wouldn't have helped her.

He heard from Rosalie that since he gave her financial aid, she always silently waited at the gate of the Yardleys' place after school. All she wanted was to wait for him to come out and thanked him. However, he was always sitting in the car. He never lowered the window and gave her a look.

Later, with the objective of saying thank you to him, Rosalie studied hard to enter his school and even became his classmate. She slowly approached him, but he was unhappy to see her. It was because he didn't know what actually love meant at that time.

He only knew that there was always a girl who put breakfast in his desk every morning and rode a bicycle to follow his

car after school. She always couldn't catch up to him after halfway. At that moment, she would smile while looking at the car which left.

When he was concentrating on painting in the studio, she would secretly stand by the window while propping her chin with one hand and looking at him holding a paintbrush in the sun.

Later, he often saw her sitting in the studio and using several kinds of paints repeatedly to draw strange shapes.

#### Chapter 774

None of the students in the studio knew about painting, only Amon could tell she was talented, so he paid more attention to her.

It was probably his few glances that made her find the

direction of her life. With that, she made a firm choice in studying architectural design.

Amon was indeed a person who cherished talents. When he knew that Rosalie was the little girl receiving his financial aid since she was a pup, he spent some money to hire many teachers to train her.

Indeed, Rosalie did not disappoint him. Soon, she became an architect with her talent, and even he was willing to take a backseat to her.

Rosalie once came to thank him after winning an award.

At that time, she took the initiative to hold his hand boldly. For some reason, Amon didn't shake it off.

He even felt her hands warm, even warmer than the sun

Noticing there was no refusal from him, Rosalie boldly stood on tiptoe and kissed him quickly.

Amon couldn't make any reaction back then, but saw Rosalie confessing her feeling to him with a blushing smile after the

kiss, "Amon, I like you."

Then, without waiting for his reply, she turned around and ran away while holding her trophy.

Right then, Amon looked at her back as he raised his hand to

touch his cheek and whispered, "I can't feel it at all, she should kiss longer next time."

It was at that moment he fell in love with Rosalie, wasn't it?

But he didn't know that his feeling was called "love" then. He always thought that was just a habit.

Because Rosalie had been with him all the time, it made him feel that she would never, ever leave him.

Just like the old housekeeper who accompanied him all the

time, he thought Rosalie would do the same, and that's why he never thought of taking the initiative.

## Chapter 775

The only time he took the initiative was when he saw Casare bring the members of the royal pack to pursue Rosalie frantically. He even dragged her out of the field.

They were running on the field in the afterglow of the sunset. Everyone around them cheered for them, as if they were in some kind of romance movie.

Amon put one hand in his pocket and snorted disdainfully. He thought Rosalie would not agree to Casare, so he didn't take it seriously.

Until George told him that Rosalie had not come home.

Back then, Rosalie rented a house outside the campus for the convenience of painting, and it happened to be George's house.

Amon was afraid that it would be unsafe for Rosalie to live alone. Hence, he asked George lived next door to visit her often.

One day, George came back and saw Rosalie's room remaining dark all the time, so he called Amon.

When Amon heard that Rosalie hadn't gone home, he paused for a while holding the brush.

Then, the scene of Rosalie kissing Casare's cheek while standing on tiptoe came to his mind. He thought that he might be crazy. Rosalie liked him, how come she would kiss Casare?

He comforted himself that it was impossible.

However, the more he thought about it, the more irritable he became. Then, he threw away the paintbrush in anger, picked up his coat and drove to find Rosalie.

He had been looking for her all night until he saw her coming out of Casare's house. He could feel the blood rushing all over his body all of a sudden.

He opened the car door and rushed up to them. Then, he grabbed Rosalie's hand and asked why she came out from

Casare's house.

Rosalie was a little surprised when she saw him, but she pushed his hand away without saying a word.

That was the first time Amon felt panicked, all because of Rosalie pushing his hand away. to leave. While gritting his teeth, he growled, "What are you hiding from?"

Rosalie lowered her head in silence. It was as if she had suddenly changed her mind and didn't care for him at all.

Amon was very angry. He pushed her to the car door, grabbed her shoulder tightly as he lowered his head and asked her, "What did you do with Casare last night?"

His angry look made Rosalie a little unclear about his mind as she asked, "Do you really care what I've done with Casare?"

Amon didn't want to listen to her nonsense as he was in a fit of anger, but the answer only, so he said, "Answer me!"

Rosalie sighed deeply and said, "Amon, I've been pursuing you for almost many years. I'm tired and I want to give up. Just let me go."

Amon tightened his hands grabbing her shoulders when he heard her words, as though Rosalie would not be leaving if he held her tight.

But at last, Rosalie pushed his hand away before she turned around and left.

## Chapter 776

Why she gave up on him once Casare started pursuing her even though she had been with him all the time before that?

Amon couldn't understand.

He drank wine for several nights but still couldn't figure it out.

He had no choice but to come to her door drunk and knocked on her door.

Rosalie didn't want to see him at first, but when she saw him lying intoxicated on the ground outside, she relented and finally opened the door.

Under the control of alcohol, Amon pressed her against the door as he lowered his head and asked her, "Rosalie,

didn't you say you would love me forever? Why did you stop pursuing me in such a short time?"

Rosalie grabbed his arms and looked up at him with helplessness in her eyes,

"Amon, I've been pursuing you for so long but you never responded. As soon as Beth came back, you go out with her like a couple. Plus, you even allowed her to hold your hand, not to mention that you didn't mind her kissing your face."

"What she does is the same as what I do, even the way I pursue you is the same, but obviously you love her more."

"I think I will be too ignorant to pester you if you already have a girlfriend."

Beth was his neighbor who lived next door. Two of them were pup-period friends, so Amon got closer to her.

Similarly, he was caught off guard when Beth held his hand forcibly and kissed his face.

After that two times, Amon never let Beth approach him again. He didn't expect Rosalie to see them.

Amon made no explanation for it. He was just staring at her lips while she was chattering, and he found it very attractive.

Without saying a word, he lowered his head and kissed her. When he held her lips, she finally stopped talking.

## Chapter 777

Amon felt that the way Rosalie didn't speak was more attractive than before. Involuntarily, he wanted to feel her deeper.

Rosalie's appearance back then was deeply etched in Amon's mind. Whenever he thought about it, he would smile knowingly.

With her big eyes, she stared at him in disbelief. It took a full minute for the expression in her clear eyes to change from shock to surprise and to joy.

In the end, when he let her go, she raised her chin and looked his neck, with a shy, bright and flamboyant smile she asked, "Amon, you like me more than Beth, right?"

Amon didn't answer her question but pinched her chin as he raised his eyebrows and said, "If you keep making noise, I'll kiss you again."

Boldly and cheekily, Rosalie stood on tiptoe, leaned close to his ear and said to him, "Amon, I like you to kiss me."

Her warm breath sprayed against his ears, causing Amon to turn his head.

a smile at her words.

That night, they didn't know who was the one that took the initiative, but they got together naturally.

Before their first time, Rosalie grabbed his collar and wanted to explain to him what had happened the day she came out of Casare's house.

However, Amon blocked her mouth and told her, "I'll know soon after I try it, you don't have to explain anything."

As for the results after his try...

Waking up the next day, Amon grabbed Rosalie's waist with one hand, pressed her onto his body, and stared at her flushed face while saying domineeringly, "Listen carefully, I will be responsible to you for having your first night, and you can only belong to me."

"If you dare to betray me in the future, I will definitely send



you to hell!"

Amon was different from other men. He had always been pedestaled, arrogant, carefree and even slovenly, and didn't care about anything.

Nevertheless, once he fell in love with someone, he would take death calmly for her. If the woman betrayed him, he would definitely not spare her easily regardless of the cause and effect.

He did what he said, and in the six years he and Rosalie were in love, he had been very responsive to her.

It's just that he used to be arrogant and proud, so he only enjoyed Rosalie's love towards him, but never bowed his head for her.

It must be the reason Rosalie never felt his love towards her.

However, Amon was the biggest support for her career, even making her a world-renowned architect.

## Chapter 778

When she topped the world, Amon stood backstage, putting his hands in his pocket and tilting his head slightly to look at her, who was standing on the stage confidently.

Seeing her wearing a red dress and receiving trophies with both hands, he suddenly had the idea of mating her and hiding her at home.

Once an idea came to his mind, he would implement it. Hence, he planned to propose to Rosalie on his birthday.

However, Casare rushed into the banquet hall with his brother Alan that night.

Because of Alan's pure royal blood, no one dared to provoke him. He then molested all the women present until he reached his dirty hand to Rosalie.

Amon didn't say anything at the time. He just sat on the sofa, tilted his head and looked up and down at Alan hugging Rosalie and teasing him frantically.

In the end, Amon called Alan out of the banquet hall. Then, without any hesitation, he drove towards him.

After knocking Alan into the air, Amon got out of the car, bent down and patted Alan's face lightly.

Alan, who was spitting out blood, could only hear Amon whispering in his ear, "You will die if you ever touch my she-wolf. Do you have the guts to do it again next time?"

Alan never thought that just hugging Amon's she-wolf would cause him to be crushed by a car.

But Amon remembered that Alan was just knocked out at that time, and he didn't die at all.

However, the police came to his house to arrest him and insisted that Alan was hit and killed on the spot by him.

To think about it now, all of that should have been set up by Casare. Using Amon's hands, Casare had wiped out the only son of his adoptive father. Then, he got royal power, and got rid of his rival in love at the same time. What a plot to kill two birds with one stone!

Amon smiled lightly as he thought, how could Casare be so cruel to use Rosalie, the woman he once loved?

In fact, Casare was ruthless. In his eyes, he loved Rosalie so much and treated her so well, but she only had Amon in her heart. Then, why did he continue simping for Rosalie? If Rosalie can be used as a weapon, then why not?

#### Chapter 779

As Casare kicked the door of the home theater open, the lights lit up instantly. Stepping on his military boots, he walked up to Amon step by step along the staircase. He pressed the button of the front seat with his hand in a leather glove. After the seat was slowly turned around, Casare sat down and looked up at Amon.

"You should have guessed it, it was all my setup that you were imprisoned."

Amon withdrew his thoughts as he slowly raised his dull eyes and looked coldly at Casare.

"Alan was nice to you since he was a pup. And he can be regarded as your elder brother. Why did you kill him?"

"Anyone who stands in my way must die, regardless of whether he is my brother or not. Besides, he is not even my biological brother. There is nothing to be merciful about." faintly. In his eyes, people's lives were simply for fun.

"Do you think that if you kill Alan, you would become the heir of the royal pack?"

How could the royal pack make an adopted son with no blood tie an heir? It was all his illusion.

"Of course they won't give me the right of inheritance. I did this just because of you."

He wove a net just for Amon long ago, waiting for him to throw himself on it.

Therefore, when Amon knocked down Alan and left, he would ensure Alan's death.

What he thought was that if Amon had been sentenced to death, then he wouldn't have to make the next move.

However, the Yardley pack would rather fight against the royal pack to defend Amon to death. As a result, he only got a penalty of one year's imprisonment.

The reason turned out to be that someone saw another person who drove Alan to death after Amon left.

However, whatever his plan was, heaven decided the end.

Casare didn't expect there would be a witness in that blind spot.

Moreover, he didn't expect the Yardley pack would keep collecting evidence to save Amon. Fortunately, the witness didn't recognize that he was the murderer.

"Do you know? When you were sentenced for only one year, I wish I could shoot you in court."

"But what I finally obtained cannot be easily destroyed by my impulsive emotions."

"So, I started to make the next move."

#### Chapter 780

Casare leaned forward, put his hands on his knees on both sides and looked up at Amon as he

smiled leisurely.

"I told Rosalie that you killed a member of the royal pack, you will either be executed, or you will never come out of prison."

"That idiot, who can't even enter the courtyard, believed it and beg me to help you."

"Since the fish has taken the bait, of course I have to seize the opportunity and continue my plan."

"I told Rosalie that if she agrees to mate me, I will help you."

When Amon heard his words, his pale face suddenly darkened.

He once didn't believe what Rosalie had said. He was only

sentenced to one year in prison, but Rosalie justified her

mating Casare with the excuse that she did it to save him!

How ridiculous! It was only one year's imprisoned, did he even need her to sacrifice herself to save him?

At that time, he didn't tell Rosalie about his penalty.

she went to Casare after seeing him become a prisoner.

Later, after he came out of prison, she felt she could approach him again and lied to him.

He didn't expect that all of this was set by Casare!

The person Casare wanted to target in the first place was not Alan but him, Amon Yardley!

"You should know that before you went to prison, she was pregnant with your pup and also suffered from wolf spirit injured."

"In order to give birth to your pup, she didn't even care about herself."

"Would you like to see how did she look like while giving birth to Grace?"

Stopping here, Casare raised his hands and clapped three

times. Then, the giant screen of the theater lit up again, showing on it was another video about Rosalie.

She was lying on the hospital bed with a big belly. Under her body was all blood that stained her pants, and stained Amon's

eyes red too.

He looked closely at Rosalie lying on the hospital bed. Next, he saw her stretch out her trembling hand to grab the doctor's

coat.

"Doctor... Please... You must keep my pup... Don't bother me at all..."

She was willing to give up her life just to give birth to their pups.

But after he was released from prison, he doubted her,

disbelieved her, and didn't even give the baby a few more glances when she held Grace and asked him to take a look.

He always believed that once a traitor always a traitor, any piece of her words was untrustworthy, not to mention she had betrayed him in his most difficult time.

His self-righteousness in the past made Rosalie bear

everything alone, but she didn't even blame him for the torture he gave her.

Amon raised his trembling fingers to cover his tear-streaming eyes. In the end, he did not even dare to look at Rosalie again.