

The Billionaire Alpha's Contract Lover by Caesar Erickson

Chapter 781

Chapter 781

Seeing Amon regret so much that he'd rather choose to die, Casey felt extremely happy. He lightly open his mouth and continued to boil the frog.

"I always know how to break your heart. So, after you got out of prison, I arranged a reality show for you."

Casare clapped again, then the screen switched to another video.

It was the scene Rosalie and Casare were making love on the bed, and Amon was tied to a chair being forced to watch it!

The veins on the back of Amon's hands suddenly bulged. He clenched his fists, leaned forward and punched Casare's face fiercely.

But he was firmly locked by the chain, and he could only reach the hair on Casare's forehead without touching any of his other parts.

With his eyes red, he gnashed his teeth and yelled at Casare,

"I'm going to kill you! I must kill you!"

Casare snorted coldly, "Amon, if I was still a tr amp, you can crush me to death just like crushing an ant. But, I was just lucky. Who would have expected that I was adopted by the royal pack? Even your father was very surprised, wasn't he?"

With that, he stretched his neck forward, letting Amon touch his face with his hand.

Even though Amon tried his best to scratch Casare's face, Casare didn't move at all.

It was not that Casare gave Amon a chance to vent his anger, he just wanted to tell him, "Look, the best you can do to me is nothing more than that. Now, you can't kill me at all..."

After Casare finished speaking with a smile, he leaned back against his chair and crossed his legs. Then, he looked back at the screen.

The scene of the two making love was still playing on the screen. Casare was

involuntarily fascinated as he watched.

“No wonder you fell in love with Rosalie, she was so good in bed. I just f*cked her once and I became addicted!”

“Shut up!”

Amon was so irritated that he trembled all over. With his ferocious face, he looked like a demon from hell.

“How dare you insult her! How dare you!”

Chapter 782

Seeing Amon defending Rosalie’s dignity so desperately with angry eyes, Casare couldn’t help but smile.

He ignored Amon and continued his speech, “It’s a pity that after Rosalie woke up, she never let me touch her again. She always wondered if I was the one who drugged her.”

With that, he turned his head and looked at Amon who was trembling with anger but held him helpless.

“Can you guess if I drugged her?”

Clenching his fists tightly, Amon raised his red eyes and stared at Casare.

However, the panting and lovemaking sound of the two came from the video kept striking his eardrums and nerves.

Those soul-stirring and flushing voices...

They were repeatedly played and lingering in his ears like a nightmare that he had nowhere to hide from.

Amon wished he could strangle Casare to death with the iron chain that locked him.

Casare touched his woman and even recorded a video to provoke him!

He must kill Casare, he must do it!

Seeing Amon gnashing his teeth and staring at him, Casare couldn’t hold his laughter.

“I think you should have guessed it. I did drug her, and I also sent someone to kidnap you.”

He paused for a while and asked Amon again, “Did you think that it was someone from the royal pack who kidnapped you to watch it for revenge?”

“Let me tell you, it’s not at all. I did it in the name of the royal pack, and I poured the potion into Rosalie’s cup.”

He pointed at Rosalie on the screen and praised her without reservation.

“Rosalie was much more vigilant than you. In the beginning, she refused to drink no matter what. If it wasn’t my woman to force her to drink it, I wouldn’t be able to touch her.”

He stared at Rosalie on the screen. When he saw her snuggling up in his arms, his eyes which were filled with ruthlessness suddenly became gentle bit by bit.

“After she woke up, she crazily asked me whether I was the one who drugged her.”

“I put on an innocent look and told her that I was also drugged.”

“She looked at my innocent expression and couldn’t bear to beat me, even though she had suspected me.”

“I was thinking at that time, does Rosalie love me a little bit?”

“You were just dreaming!”

Amon’s roar made Casare put away the only softness in his eyes.

“That’s right, I was dreaming!”

“But, I was still looking forward to...”

“I was looking forward to her falling in love with me.

If I was

the one she loved, then I wouldn’t have used her!”

“But she didn’t love me. The man she loved from the beginning to the end is you. So, don’t blame me for being ruthless!”

Chapter 783

Casare looked away from Rosalie and threw a cold stare over his shoulder at Amon, who was tied to a chair and couldn’t move.

“I tricked her into mating me, and then lured her into having S** with me, just to upset you!”

“You really fell for it. You started to go crazy, tormenting Rosalie and targeting me...”

“At that moment, I knew that you were going crazy, but it was far from enough!”

“In order to make you lose your mind completely, I deliberately ran away with Rosalie...”

“When she left you, you lost it. I was so happy seeing you acting like a madman!”

“When I learned that the Yardley pack gave up on you and appointed your nephew as the heir, I was especially overjoyed!”

“But I didn’t expect Rosalie to choose to transfer her wolf spirit...”

When Casare said it, his face fell.

“Do you know why Rosalie chose to transfer her wolf spirit?”

Straightening up, Casare seized Amon’s pale face and yanked it upwards.

Casare lowered his head and stared into Amon’s bloodshot eyes as he said with a sneer,

“Rosalie was not afraid of the suffering caused by disease, nor was she trying to escape from you.”

“It was because she felt she betrayed you and didn’t deserve to live, so she chose to die-”

When Amon heard these words, he was in such agony that he could hardly breathe.

Overwhelmed by anguish, he started to twitch all over as he fell into a state of madness.

“Rosalie wanted to die, not because she was afraid of the suffering brought upon by disease, nor was she trying to get away from me.” He thought in misery as he realized.

“It was because she felt that she had betrayed me and did not deserve to live...”

“I was the reason Rosalie did what she did from the beginning to the end!”

“But because of misunderstandings, I tortured her like a madman during her sick days!”

Thinking of how Rosalie cautiously begged him to spare their second pup when she was pregnant with it, Amon was overwhelmed with grief.

She was on her knees when she pleaded with him in tears, “Amon, Grace is your pup, so is the one I’m carrying. Please don’t make me abort it. Please!”

However, he still refused to believe her, thinking that Casare must have fathered the pup since she and the man had met secretly.

He insisted on forcing her to have an abortion, but Rosalie refused. Threatening him with death, she was able to make him budge.

Chapter 784

However, when the fetus was five months old, Rosalie and Casare met again and seemed to be planning to escape.

In a fit of anger, he kicked her, and she had a stillbirth.

At that time, Rosalie held the fetus and rushed over like a mad she-wolf.

“Amon, the doctor has examined it and said it’s a boy. Grace has always wanted a younger brother, and here he is...”

Rosalie didn’t even cry and just looked at the bloody fetus and poked it with her finger. Seeing it lifeless, she suddenly smiled.

Like an innocent pup, she smilingly asked, “Amon, he’s fallen asleep. Let’s bring him home, okay?”

Thinking she was sick, Amon snatched the fetus and threw it into the trash can.

When Rosalie saw their son being thrown into the trash can, she suddenly broke down.

As if she had lost her mind, she rushed to the trash can, hunched her atrophied back, and frantically rummaged

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through the garbage for her son with her scrawny hands.

She muttered, “He was just thrown in. Why couldn’t I find him now...”

She still didn’t cry until she found the fetus covered in garbage. Holding him in her hand, she looked at her dead pup and wept.

“Amon, I’m dying and can no longer bear pups, so I wanted to give you another pup. I just didn’t expect... that he would die earlier than me.”

Chapter 785

When Amon heard that, he felt a sharp pang of sorrow.

However, it couldn’t make him throw himself over and embrace her from behind.

Instead, he blurted out, “Those who don’t deserve to live should just die, shouldn’t they?”

Holding the fetus, Rosalie froze.

She slowly looked over her shoulder at him in disbelief.

Amon couldn’t remember what kind of expression he had at that time.

He probably was just staring at her coldly.

Anyway, after Rosalie saw his expression, the astonishment in her eyes gradually turned into disappointment.

In the end, she didn’t say anything and just lowered her head to stare at the fetus in a daze.

He was far away before he heard her faint voice coming from behind...

“So I should just die, shouldn’t I?”

Halting in his path, Amon looked over his shoulder at Rosalie, who was standing beside the trash can with a pale face.

She was so skinny that she looked like a dying person, and her appearance filled him with regret even now.

He didn't even dare to recall these memories for fear that he would be consumed by guilt. However, he knew he already was.

What was he now?

He was just a walking dead who dared not to meet Rosalie in the afterlife.

"Rosalie must have thought about killing herself because of what I said." He thought miserably.

"I'm the one who caused her to die before her time. I'm the one who killed her!"

Overwhelmed with grief, Amon fell against the back of the chair as if a huge hand was clutching his heart, making him tremble all over in agony.

"What have I been doing all my life? How could I push away and kill someone who loved me so much?"

"I'm worse than a monster! I deserve to die, and even if I pay the ultimate price, I don't deserve to see her again in the afterlife!"

Chapter 786

Seeing Amon in such torment, Casare smiled.

Euphoric, he enjoyed seeing Amon suffering as he felt he had avenged himself.

Casare took a gun from his waist, pressed it against Amon's injured thigh, and then thrust it hard into the bloody wound.

Covered in a cold sweat, Amon's face was pale from the pain, but he gritted his teeth and stared at Casare with his bloodshot eyes.

Staring back, Casare smiled condescendingly, and then spoke casually.

"Amon, do you know that I had hoped you would kill yourself after Rosalie's death? But you didn't, so I could only use your daughter to plot against you..."

He sighed regretfully.

"I actually liked Grace very much, and I treated her well. But she is not my daughter, and she now cares about you after only spending eight months with you, even though I took care of her for five years!"

The one who raised her, but she likes you more. It was the same with Rosalie, who ended up loving you even though I met her first. But why? You weren't even good to them!"

Casare's eyes also gradually turned red, "I really don't get it..."

He wondered why they had liked Amon more, even though he treated them so well.

And in his mind, the same goes for the Yardley pack, he was already a nobody who lived in a small cage.

Why did they have to chase him away when Amon was born? If he refused, he would have

been beaten to death.

Didn't he deserve to live and be loved?

Thinking of this, Casare's bloodshot eyes gradually turned gloomy.

He snapped his fingers, and the giant screen went dark, and the theater lights were turned on again.

A bodyguard carried Grace through the door from outside.

Withdrawing his gun, Casare looked condescendingly at Amon who had lost his will to live.

"Now that you're clear about the past, it's time to play a game of life and death with your daughter!"

Chapter 787

Grace saw the scary sight of Amon tied to a chair with gunshot wounds on both legs, dripping with blood.

She quickly struggled off the bodyguard, ran to Casare with her short legs, and tugged at his trouser leg.

"Daddy, I've asked the doctor to come over. Can you let him take a look at Strange Uncle's legs?"

She saw Amon was pale and trembling all over, but had no idea if it was because he was upset with her father or was hurting.

She only knew that seeing him so made her sad and distressed.

The Strange Uncle she knew always had his hands in his pockets leisurely and looked cool, and he had never been so helpless before.

She hoped that her father would spare him and let the doctor treat his wounds. If not, she feared that he would lose blood to death.

Casare lowered his head and glanced at the little girl as she on his face.

leg, and a gentle smile gradually formed

"Grace, play a game with Daddy, and I'll let the doctor treat his legs, okay?"

"Okay."

Grace nodded obediently.

Casare picked Grace up and handed her the gun in his hand, "Do you still remember how to shoot?"

Grace nodded again, "I do."

Casare reached out his hand and scratched Grace's nose, "Smart girl."

Praised by her father, Grace raised her chubby chin and tried to ask for a reward from him.

"Daddy, since I'm a smart girl, can you spare Strange Uncle?"

Casare smiled and nodded, "Yes, but you need to play the game with Daddy first."

Grace cocked her head and asked innocently, "What game are we playing?"

We took Grace's small hand, put her finger on the trigger, and said with a smile, "You always practiced shooting with a target and never shot anyone before. How about you try shooting with him as a live target?"

Although Grace was young, she could understand what her father meant. She couldn't bear to do it and shook her head, "No, I don't want to kill Strange Uncle..."

The smile on Casare's face deepened instead, "Grace, if you take a shot, Daddy would spare

Strange Uncle. If not, Daddy won't show him any mercy..."

Wallowing in regret, Amon heard their conversation and looked up in disbelief.

"You taught her to shoot?"

Grace was not even six years old, yet Casare taught her how to shoot a target!

"You can't expect me to teach her to study, do you?"

Casare snorted coldly, then turned to look at Grace, "Do you like studying?"

Grace quickly shook her head, "I don't like studying, but I also don't like..."

She didn't say the word "killing", because she was afraid that she would upset her father.

Chapter 788

"No wonder she refused to go to school no matter how George tried to coax her!" Amon thought as he realized.

"Casare instilled the idea of not studying in Grace since she was a pup!"

"I thought Casare loved Rosalie, so he would at least treat her pup well!"

"And yet that's what he has taught Grace!"

"He is so sick that he even tried to lead a pup astray!"

In disbelief, Amon looked at Grace who was holding the gun.

"This is all my fault! I shouldn't have doubted Rosalie."

"If I hadn't doubted Rosalie, Grace would not have been raised like this by Casare."

Filled with regret, Amon lowered his proud head toward Casare, his eyes red-rimmed.

She's just a pup."

go ahead. Just don't make her do it.

Casare still maintained a kind smile in front of the pup.

"Grace, see? I never want to kill him, and yet he asked me to do it..."

Grace glanced at Casare, then at Amon, and finally lowered her head without saying a word.

Having witnessed countless situations like this with Casare, she knew full well that he wanted to kill Amon.

It was just that she didn't expect her father would want her to do it.

"But why? Why does Daddy hate Strange Uncle so much?" She wondered.

Grace couldn't understand, and her chubby face fell in despair.

Seeing that she was unhappy, Casare took the gun from her hand, pulled out the magazine, and removed three bullets

from it.

He reinserted the magazine and handed the gun back to

Grace.

"Daddy took out three bullets, and there are only three left in the gun. If you fire one shot, it may be empty, but if you don't take the shot, then I'll have no choice but do it myself."

Casare gave Grace a kiss on her cheek and let out a benign smile.

"You know that Daddy can shoot well."

Grace knew he was telling the truth.

Once, a bodyguard almost lost her, and when Casare found out about it, he simply threw him a glance before pulling out his gun and downing the man with one shot.

At that time, blood spurted from the bodyguard's heart and splashed on her face, causing her to have a nightmare all

night.

Chapter 789

"If Daddy were to take the shot, Strange Uncle would surely end up like the bodyguard and close his eyes forever after splashing his blood on me." Grace thought in fear.

"If I take the shot, perhaps it would be empty, and Strange Uncle could still live."

Thinking so, Grace pointed the gun like a well-trained shooter, and decisively pulled the trigger...

"No!"

Having moved all the way here from the basement, George saw what she was doing and screamed, "Grace, you can't kill your birth father!"

However, Grace had already pulled the trigger...

Fortunately, no bullets were ejected, and it was empty!

Holding the gun, Grace heaved a sigh of relief.

So did George, who was lying on the floor.

However, the man on the seat stared at Grace, ashen-faced.

My daughter has ended up as a tool for Casare's revenge." He thought sardonically.

"What a joke!"

"I could have given Grace a better education and a better life, but because of my stupid presumptions, I've ruined her!"

"What's happening to me now must be karma."

"However, I deserve this, but Grace!"

"How could he make Grace play such a game?"

Amon struggled to get up from his seat.

However, the pain from the wounds and the restraint by the chains made him fall back into the chair.

Clenching his fists, he riveted his glare on Casare's hypocritical face.

"Casare, if you don't kill me today, I'm going to make sure you suffer a fate worse than death."

Playing with Grace's hair, Casare snorted again but continued to look at her.

"See? It's not that I don't want to show him mercy, but he's asking for his own death. Also, if I spare him, he's going to kill me."

"Grace, Daddy is in a difficult situation. Tell me, what should I do?"

Still trying to figure out what George meant just now, Grace slowly recollected herself.

Her grape-sized eyes moved as her gaze alternated between the faces of Amon and Casare, and she suddenly had no idea what to do.

Holding the gun in one hand and Casare's shirt in the other, she softly pleaded for Amon.

"Daddy, you promised me just now that you would spare Strange Uncle if I took the shot."

Casare raised his hand and pinched Grace's chubby cheek.

"Silly girl, that's just the first round of the game. There are still second and third rounds that you need to go through."

Chapter 790

By now, Grace knew that her father didn't plan to let Strange Uncle go, and he was just using the game as an excuse.

She struggled to get out of Casare's arms, but he didn't let her and walked down the steps carrying her.

He placed Grace by the giant screen, then squatted down before the sad-looking girl.

“Grace, Daddy still has to test your marksmanship.”

Casare pointed to the position under her feet and then to Amon, who was chained to the seat. As Grace looked in the direction his finger was pointing, she heard Casare say:

“There is enough distance between these two positions. Try shooting from here and see if you can hit him, okay?”

Grace’s gun-holding hand trembled a little as she stared at the man in the auditorium.

Seeing him smiling faintly at her, Grace threw away the gun and took a step back.

Her small body leaned against the screen and shook her head at Casare with a look of panic.

“No, I don’t want to kill Strange Uncle...”

“Daddy, don’t force me to kill Strange Uncle, okay?”

“I really like Strange Uncle. I don’t want to kill him!”

Grace burst out crying, and her pale face was covered with tears.

Heedless of Casare’s reaction, she ran over to Amon as she cried, then threw her arms around his feet.

“Strange Uncle, say sorry to my father and ask him to spare your life, okay? I don’t want you to die...”

Feeling a pang of sorrow, Amon shed his tears.

He reached out his hands and carried her into his arms.

He gently wiped the tears off her face with his fingertips, then tried to calm her down with his quavering voice.

“Grace, don’t cry...”

However, she didn’t listen and shook her head as she palmed her face with both hands and cried.

She wouldn’t stop crying even when her voice became hoarse and her body shaking.

Feeling bad for her, Amon held the chubby girl tightly between his arms.

Just as he parted his thin lips to say something, a gun suddenly was held against her head.

Chapter 791

Grace shuddered, and her teary eyes turned toward the man holding the gun to her head.

“Daddy, are you going to kill me?”

“No, Dad just wants to play the game with you.”

Casare reached out his hand toward her.

“Grace, come on. Let’s continue the shooting game.”

Shaking her head, Grace wrapped her arms around Amon’s neck.

Clinging onto him, she was unwilling to shoot again.

Seeing this, the smile in Casare’s eyes faded.

“Grace, you’re being a bad girl. All misbehaving pups would be punished, okay?”

Grace turned pale with fright at the thought that her father would lock her up in a small, dark room every time she disobeyed him.

Sensing she was shivering, Amon felt as if his heart was stabbed.

The tumultuous surge of emotions – resentment, sympathy, grief, and remorse – suffocated him.

After hugging Grace tightly, he let her go and reached out his veiny hand to snatch the gun

from her head.

He wanted to take it and shoot Casare dead!

However, Casare was swifter. He took another gun from his waist and shoved it against the man's head.

At a disadvantage and chained to the chair, Amon could do nothing but bow his head to Casare again.

"Kill me if you like. Just don't use the pup. Please!"

"Grace still has no idea that I'm her birth father." He thought grimly.

"If she ends up killing me today, and she discovers who I am in the future, how is she going to handle the blow?"

Amon didn't want Grace to live in regret for the rest of her life.

He hoped that Grace would always remain innocent, happy, and healthy.

However, it was obvious that Casare would not let him die easy

Casare bent over and let out a half-smile as he stared at Amon's falcon-like, bloodshot eyes.

"Well, how about Grace be the target, and you take the shot?"

Chapter 792

At that moment, Amon thought Casare had gone truly mad.

He was infuriated because he had pleaded again and again, and yet the man insisted on using his daughter!

He clenched his fists and roared hysterically, "Casare! What the hell are you trying to do?"

"What am I trying to do?"

With a cold snort, Casare yanked back the gun caught by Amon, then straightened up, and stared at him coldly.

"I want your daughter to kill you with her own hands!"

He poked Amon's head and then Grace's with the gun.

"Or you kill your daughter with your own hands!"

"Whichever it is, only one of you shall make it out alive today, and I'll let you choose."

Casare then let out a mysterious smile.

"This is the game your father forced me to play back then."

Thinking he's somebody, Baird Yaedley abandoned my mother and even forced me to kill her."

Casare thought bitterly.

"Somebody has to pay for what he's done, right?"

He felt that it was only reasonable to take his revenge on Baird's most beloved son.

As Amon was never interested in the affairs between Casare and his father, he didn't know what happened between them.

Hearing what Casare said, he was stunned for a moment, but said nothing and only lowered his gaze to Grace.

Grace was also looking up to him. Her pinkish lips were quavering, but she pursed them eventually without asking him the question.

Chapter 793

The relationship between biological father and daughter was always magical. They only needed to look at each other to know what the other was thinking.

Amon gently held Grace's chubby cheeks and said seriously, "Grace, what your father said just

now is all false. He's playing a game with you."

He could feel that he might not be able to walk out of this villa alive today.

If he was destined to die today, he would rather Grace never find out that he was her father.

He had never fulfilled his responsibilities as a father, nor had he taken care of Grace. He was not worthy of such a good daughter calling him dad.

Amon's fingers touched Grace's eyebrows all the way to her shoulders. He was very reluctant but knew he had to let her go.

Feeling that Strange Uncle wanted to let go, Grace panicked and hugged him as she cried, "Strange Uncle, quickly say sorry to my daddy! He'll spare you. I'm sure of it!"

HPMly Believed that her father, Casare, would show Amon mercy for her sake.

Not wanting to distinguish who was her father, she only knew that her father and Strange Uncle were equally important to her.

After Grace persuaded Strange Uncle to apologize, she turned and pleaded with Casare in tears.

"Daddy, can you spare Strange Uncle for my sake?"

She wanted her father and Strange Uncle to live in harmony and stay by her side when she grew up, as it would make her very happy.

But her father didn't respond. He just stood aside and looked at her coldly.

As Casare had always been gentle to her, she had never seen him look like this before.

This was the first time Grace had seen him look so disappointed in her that he seemed no longer like her.

Grace suddenly didn't dare to speak anymore. If her father didn't like her, there would be no one to save Strange Uncle.

In order to be a well-behaved and obedient pup, Grace took the initiative to let go of Strange Uncle. She got off his lap and walked to Casare.

"Daddy, I'm willing to be the target. Give the gun to Strange Uncle..."

After she finished speaking, she lowered her head and walked down the steps with her short legs.

Chapter 794

Seeing that Grace chose to be the shooting target without fear, Amon's eyes turned sad again... Whenever he was in danger, his daughter always came to save him regardless of her own safety.

"It's worth dying for her, isn't it?" He couldn't help thinking.

Amon reached out his hand and looked at Casare calmly.

"Give me the gun."

Casare didn't do so but raised his chin at the bodyguards.

The bodyguards got his message and immediately pulled out their guns to aim at Grace and George.

Casare patted Amon's face lightly with the gun that Grace had fired.

"Amon, obey the rules of the game, okay? If you shoot me after you get the gun, the two of them will be killed

immediately.”

Amon slightly curled the corners of his mouth into a resigned smile, to Casare’s disbelief.

However, Casare was only taken aback momentarily. He went around behind Amon, then threw him the gun.

The moment Amon got the gun, he indeed thought about turning around to fire several shots at Casare. However...

It took time to turn around, and this gun only had three bullets. The first shot could be empty, and it would take time to fire several shots.

During that short period of time, those bodyguards could have taken their shots.

He couldn’t risk Grace and George’s lives.

After all, Casare only wanted to kill him.

If he died, Grace and George would be safe.

Chapter 795

After Amon thought this through, he gently stroked the gun with his fingers and gazed up at Grace as she waited obediently by the screen for him to take his shot.

Her chubby little face, eyebrows, and facial features resembled his, but her eyes were bright and innocent like

Rosalie’s.

Such innocent eyes shouldn’t witness a bloody scene.

Looking at Grace, Amon smiled gently.

“Grace, promise Strange Uncle something...”

“Okay.”

Grace didn’t even ask what was it and nodded obediently.

Seeing her so, Amon was very reluctant to part with her but still spoke despite himself.

“Turn around first.”

Grace turned around as she was told.

Looking at the chubby little figure, Amon’s eyes turned red again.

“Grace, don’t look back when you hear the gunshots unless I call your name, okay?”

“Okay!”

Grace responded loudly, and her childish voice echoed throughout the whole theater.

Her warmth touched Amon’s heart, and he lowered his gaze as tears welled up in his eyes and fell onto the back of his hand.

After gently wiping away those tears with his fingers, he suddenly raised the gun and fired four shots at the wall.

Casare took out three bullets from this gun, and there were three left in it. Grace fired it once, and it was empty.

Now of the four shots fired in a row, two were empty.

There was only one left now.

Amon saved it for himself.

Without hesitation, he withdrew his hand, aimed at the direction of his heart, and fired the gun.

The fact was that he had long believed that he did not deserve to live, but he never had the courage to meet Rosalie in his afterlife.

Now, the shot would set him free, but...

He couldn’t bear to part with his daughter.

Chapter 796

Looking at Grace with his teary eyes, he saw she had not turned around and curled his lips into a smile.

His daughter had obeyed his instruction. Even though they had only spent eight months together, she had grown fond of him.

At this moment, Amon suddenly wanted to hear Grace call him dad...

He wanted to know what it would be like to have an adorable daughter chasing after him and calling him daddy.

But he knew he didn't deserve it.

He was destined not to hear her call him so.

Just like Rosalie didn't hear him say "I love you".

He thought at least he could now feel what Rosalie was feeling when she passed away.

Only then he could die in regret toward her, knowing what she had experienced.

"Amon!"

When George saw the blood gushing from Amon's chest, he screamed anxiously on the floor.

"Let me go! Hurry. Let me save him!"

Keeping her back toward the scene, Grace heard George's wail and seemed to realize something.

She wanted to turn around, but as Strange Uncle hadn't called her name yet, she didn't want to disobey his instruction lest he would dislike her.

Thinking that everyone liked an obedient pup, she wanted to follow Strange Uncle's instructions so that he would like her forever.

Amon grunted, and a mouthful of blood spilled from the corners of his mouth.

Not bothering about it, he gently wiped the blood off with his hand.

Then, with both hands, he covered his bleeding wound.

He then looked at that chubby little figure.

He called the little girl, and she immediately turned around and ran toward him.

However, the bodyguard behind her lifted her up with a signal from Casare.

Held by the bodyguard, Grace struggled to get down, throwing punches and kicks.

She saw blood flowing between Strange Uncle's beautiful fingers.

There was so much blood that his clean white shirt was stained red.

Chapter 797

Seeing so much blood, Grace quickly caught on.

Strange Uncle did not fire at her but chose to shoot himself.

In order to protect her, the man had turned himself into the target.

Grace wanted to see if he was all right. She had to!

However, she was unable to break free from the bodyguard.

Helpless, Grace suddenly burst out crying.

"Strange Uncle, get up! Come over and give me a hug, okay?"

Amon sat on the chair, still maintaining a calm and nonchalant posture.

He looked at Grace from a distance and struggled to calm her down as his lips quivered.

"Grace... don't cry..."

When he spoke, blood surged out from his mouth.

The gushing blood made Grace's face turn pale with fright.

"Daddy, please save Strange Uncle! Hurry..."

The man whom she called daddy didn't respond. He walked up to Amon in military boots and sneered at him coldly.

"Amon, I didn't expect you would end up like this."

Casare touched the blood flowing from the corners of Amon's mouth, rubbed it between his fingers, then bent down to look at him.

"Do you still remember what I told you the day you and Rosalie were together?"

He said that sooner or later, he would make Amon kill himself and take everything away from the Yardley pack.

With Amon dead, his next target would be the entire Yardley pack!

But he planned to take his time.

Casare reached out his hand and patted Amon's bloodless face.

"Amon, I'll take good care of your daughter."

After letting out a sly smile, he straightened up and stepped down the steps in his military boots.

Chapter 798

Seeing that Casare was leaving, the bodyguard immediately followed him out of the theater, carrying Grace.

Being carried away, Grace twisted her small body and craned her neck as she shouted, "Strange Uncle!"

Amon, who was gradually losing consciousness, heard her cry and forced out a soft reply, "Grace... study hard in the future... don't play with guns..."

Even though his voice was soft, Grace heard it, and answered in tears, "Strange Uncle, I promise you that I'll study hard in the future and stop playing with guns. Promise me that you must live happily, okay?"

Amon's tears rolled down uncontrollably.

He looked at Grace as she was carried out of sight and let out a slight nod.

"Okay."

"If there is a next life, I'll live happily..."

Lying on the ground, George cried desperately.

However, he was tied up and couldn't save Amon.

He could only look on as the man gradually lost his vital signs.

This was the most helpless moment since George became a doctor!

He didn't expect Casare would be so heartless as to let him, a doctor, watch his friend die before his eyes!

Amon looked at George as the man broke down in tears.

He wanted to tell him not to cry, but he no longer had the strength to speak.

When Griffon rushed over, he found Amon lying lifelessly on the chair in blood.

Despite having seen countless bloody scenes, he still frowned upon seeing this.

He crossed the steps, hurried over to Amon, and reached out

his hand to check his breath.

Before he could feel his breath, a bloody hand gently touched his suit pants.

Barely hanging on, Amon opened his dull eyes and parted his lips as he looked at Griffon.

“Taya...”

He wanted to see Taya.

Chapter 799

In Harper’s study, Taya used a ruler to create her drawing. Although she was focused, the line she drew was still crooked.

She felt uncomfortable deep down, as if something was about to be lost and was somehow affecting her emotions.

Feeling restless, she put down her pencil and flopped onto her chair, then rubbed her brow.

The mobile phone placed next to the desk rang at this moment.

Seeing the caller was Griffon, Taya reached out her hand and tapped the answer button, putting it on speakerphone.

“Griffon, how is it? Have you found Amon?”

There was silence for a few seconds, and the cold yet magnetic voice came.

“Taya, come to see Amon for the last time.”

Stunned, Taya felt suffocated, as if her heart had stopped.

This emotion was not hers, but she was influenced by it despite herself.

Picking up the phone, she frantically got up and accidentally knocked against the corner of the desk.

She hissed in pain, and the man on the other end knitted his thick eyebrows slightly. Guessing that she was anxious, he didn’t say much.

“He has been sent to Stella’s hospital, and I’ve sent someone to pick you up.”

When Taya arrived at the hospital, Griffon’ tall figure stood at the door of the ward with one hand in his pocket.

“Griffon, how is he?”

Panting heavily, she ran over to him. Overly anxious, her forehead was covered with tiny beads of sweat.

Griffon took out a handkerchief from his suit pocket and answered her question as he wiped her sweat.

“He stopped bleeding, but the bullet struck his heart, and he won’t be able to make it.”

On the way here, Taya had already asked about Amon’s situation on the phone and knew it was Casare who did it.

Having not told him Amon was in the cemetery, she didn’t expect Casare to be able to find Amon so quickly.

“That f*cking liar told me the eight months were up and wanted Amon to return Grace to him even though he was here to kill him!” She thought angrily.

“Fortunately, I didn’t tell Casare where Amon was, or else I would be the one who caused this!”

Thinking that she was almost used and that Grace was forced by Casare to shoot her biological father, Taya trembled in

anger.

"I'll make sure Grace is safe. Go see Amon."

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Chapter 800

Griffon' soothing voice calmed Taya. She nodded at him, then stepped into the ward.

The man lying in the hospital bed was covered in blood, which had stained the sheet and blanket red.

The doctor must have just declared he was beyond saving, and there wasn't time to clean him up yet.

Sitting aside, George held Amon's hand as he wailed.

"Amon, I'm sorry for failing to save you. I'm truly sorry..."

Hearing George's words, Taya's eyes turned red.

When she saw the bloody sight on the bed, her sister's wolf spirit couldn't stop throbbing with pain.

She palmed her chest and walked stiffly up to Amon.

Lying in bed, the man moved his eyes with difficulty and blearily looked at the woman as she neared.

He saw her wearing a red dress. With shoulder-length hair, she let out a radiant smile as she waved at him.

"Amon, if I win this competition, you promise to be with me, okay?"

Struggling to stay alive, Amon replied softly, "Okay."

It was the answer he owed her, and he finally said it. "Coming to see me for the last time, Rosalie should have heard it, right?" He wondered.

After George offered his seat, Taya sat down by the hospital bed and heard Amon say "Okay" while looking at her.

She realized Amon had thought she was her sister and stopped herself from calling him "Amon".

Amon exerted all his strength to lift his trembling fingers and touched her face.

"Rosalie... are you my Rosalie?"

Taya's heart throbbed so hard that she shed tears.

She wiped her tears off and nodded.

"Yes, I'm Rosalie."

It had been four years since she put her wolf spirit into her body.

For the past few years, he had forced her to be Rosalie's substitute, and she either refused or went with it reluctantly.

Only this time, she willingly pretended to be her sister just to see him off for the last time.

When Amon heard her answer, he smiled knowingly, "So... my Rosalie is not dead yet."

"How nice it would be if I could survive this and live happily ever after with Rosalie and Grace?"

He thought wistfully.

"It's a pity that I'm dying..."