

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 111

Crap.

Looked like the goddess wasn't on my side right now.

I peeked around Jackson. To anyone else, Griffon looked flat and emotionless, ever the stoic Alpha.

But I knew better.

His eyes had that steely glint they got when he was trying to hide his wolf. That hint of silver.

Griffon glanced down at Jackson's hand and didn't make a move to extend his own, instead just raising an eyebrow and looking down to Jackson's hand and then back up to Jackson's face.

He didn't say a word.

Jackson took it in stride and simply shrugged and lowered his hand. I'm guessing he'd heard plenty about Griffon's coldness. Frankly, I was surprised Jackson had even attempted to shake his hand, given Griffon's arrogant reputation.

Griffon looked beyond Jackson—to me.

"Ms. Palmer."

Jackson. Especially since I'd noticed that other pack leaders were milling about the lobby.

I greeted Griffon respectfully. "Hello, Alpha Knight."

Griffon turned his body slightly toward me and looked me up and down.

"You're really something, aren't you?"

He pushed past me and walked into the elevator.

Clearly, he'd misunderstood what he thought he was seeing. But I didn't need to explain myself. We were over, and Griffon didn't want me anymore. Nothing I did was his business.

Jackson raised an eyebrow and looked down at me, seeing as he was over a foot taller than me.

“Well, Alpha Knight doesn’t seem very friendly to you. You and him…” He didn’t finish his thought, but I knew what he meant, and I wasn’t going to sugarcoat my answer.

“Everyone in this circle knows that I’m a prostitute.”

Jackson didn’t expect Taya to be so straightforward, and he was a little shocked by her answer.

However, after the photo of Taya and him made the rounds, several higher-level wolves from different packs in Arcadia sent him messages saying that she was Roman’s woman.

Even in Wolverly Capital, Jackson had heard of Roman’s antics. He knew Roman was ruthless with women—human and she—wolf alike. Any woman who was willing to be involved with him were doing it for his money.

And since Taya had been tied to Roman…

It seemed that the orphanage director hadn’t lied. She really did just want to marry into a wealthy family.

No wonder she disappeared five years ago when she hadn’t been able to fool him, deciding to move on to her next target.

But he’d never expected Taya to actually admit to what she was doing.

He hadn’t met a woman who was so brazen about her actions.

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Jackson’s expression changed, and I knew what he was thinking.

I plastered an indifferent look on my face.

“So, Alpha Sterling, do you still want to treat me a woman who sells herself—to a meal?”

Surely, Jackson wouldn’t hesitate to get out of being seen with me.

No such luck.

“Of course,” Jackson said firmly, his voice a bit rough with his wolf.

He turned and walked toward the hotel restaurant across the lobby.

Open-mouthed, I looked at his back as he strode away, his large Alpha form towering over everyone else.

Why did most Alphas have to be so...so big?

After hesitating for a moment, I followed him.

As Jackson, he hurried to

The manager led us to a quiet table in the corner. He pulled out our chairs and then handed us menus.

Jackson took a menu and looked over it. "What would you like to eat?"

"I'm not hungry, actually. Please go ahead without me."

My appetite had been steadily declining, as was normal for people in the end stages of heart failure.

Thankfully, Jackson didn't say anything or try to force me to eat. He just casually ordered a few things.

After the manager took our menus and left, Jackson picked up the water next to him and poured a glass for me.

Even with our horrible past and the current situation, he was still the epitome of perfect manners, ever the gracious host. He hadn't changed at all. He had always been different from the other children in the orphanage.

Silent, quiet, and polite. His responses were always measured, as if he was always thinking about all possible outcomes before speaking. Always the best grades, and always the biggest and strongest. He didn't encourage any conflicts, but he never shied away from them.

It came as no surprise that he was an Alpha. He'd always been one, even before he or anyone else knew who he really was.

Back then, I'd felt he was the best gift the goddess could have ever given me, and I was overjoyed.

But now... I touched my chest, which was still aching faintly.

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Jackson frowned when he saw the light in Taya's eyes turn dark.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"Just something I saw online."

Jackson raised an eyebrow and waited for her to share.

Taya said in a low voice, "The Man Who Dumped His Girlfriend When He Found Success."

"Ms. Palmer, you're not talking about me, are you?"

Taya didn't reply, just picked up her glass and took a sip of water.

Jackson was starting to feel a little suspicious that what he had investigated was wrong, but...he really couldn't remember her.

However, when he'd seen her slumped against the steering wheel last night, when he'd looked at her lying in his bed, so frail and weak... His wolf had pawed at him, and his heart had

cracked.

we authentic It made him

"No, I'm lying to you." Taya denied it quickly and looked away.

Something that felt a lot like disappointment settled over him. "Why did you lie?"

"I want to marry into a rich and powerful family."

Family vacation packages

I shrugged and met Jackson's gaze again.

He'd asked the question to test if I remembered my warning.

He would probably kick me again if I answered or explained. as truthfully as before.

When we'd seen Griffon, I'd panicked, not wanting Jackson to know how I really knew Griffon.

I figured my answer earlier would suffice for both Alphas and their needs regarding my past with them.

Something crossed Jackson's face right now as I lied about our past and what I'd wanted from him.

"Do you still want to attach yourself to me now?" he growled out lowly.

"I'm not worthy of you," I replied unemotionally.

I'd had enough.

He was testing me.

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Jackson curled his lip in a snarl, shoving his wolf's ire down at Taya's response.

He didn't even know why he'd asked her the question in the first place. It had just...popped out.

Apparently, it was time to have Eric make an appointment to have his head checked. Because he'd lost it.

He was saved by the waiter arriving with his food.

Jackson continued as if nothing had happened. He picked up his knife and fork, cutting into his steak. Right now, it was the last thing he wanted. He craved the hunt, tearing into something with his teeth rather than silverware.

After cutting the steak, he put half on Taya's plate, followed by a helping of brussels sprouts.

The Taya of five years ago was curvy. This Taya was so thin Jackson worried she would become transparent.

"You're too thin," he said gruffy.

I had zero appetite at all. I picked up a brussels sprout, twirled

I didn't even touch the steak that Jackson had served me.

The menacing glower on Jackson's face was intimidating, and I know he thought I didn't want to eat because of him. And that was fine. He could think that; it was better than the truth.

After dinner, Jackson wanted to take me home, but I refused. The less time spent with him, the better.

I had no idea why he was being so attentive, and it threw me off-kilter. Why did he care now? Why didn't he care when I'd come to him five years ago? I'd been "tainted" back then; and today I'd told him I was a prostitute, which was even worse than what I'd told him five years ago.

He had refused me before, when I was at my lowest point. No matter what, I would never return to him. I wanted to stay as far from him as possible.

After rejecting Jackson's offer to take me home, I went to the hotel garage and took the car keys out of my bag. I would drive the car I had driven yesterday, and then return it to the MPC offices tomorrow.

As I was digging for the keys, I felt my phone vibrating.

I looked down at the screen.

Greyson calling. Again.

He'd been calling nonstop, and I'm sure he wanted to see me.

But my body couldn't stand any more torture.

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I pondered for a minute about how to handle the situation with Greyson, and then replied to him on WhatsApp. The last thing I was going to do was return his phone call. [I'm exhausted. I'm going to rest, and we can talk in a few days, okay?]

I had to be careful with Greyson, had to make sure not to upset him in any way. If he told anyone about my plan to kill Roman at the hotel that night, I was screwed.

Sure, Roman wasn't an issue at the moment, what with being in the hospital still, but I didn't want to take any unnecessary chances.

If Greyson was unhappy and decided to expose me, Roman would find a way to deal with me. And Roman "dealing with me" wasn't how I wanted to die.

I didn't plan on seeing Greyson again, but I still needed to mollify him to make sure he kept quiet.

After sending the message, I turned off my phone, took out my car keys, and opened the car door.

Just as I was about to get into the car, a Bugatti stopped in front of me.

The car window slowly rolled down, revealing the side of a man's face in the dim light.

When I saw who it was, my heart skipped a beat. Why was he stopping here? He'd told me he never wanted to see me again, yet he was everywhere.

Not wanting to make Griffon mad at the sight of me, I turned around and hurried to open my car door to get inside and out of his view, my nerves causing me to fumble with the door handle.

A low, growling voice came from behind me. "Get in the car."

I froze.

Why would he want me to get in his car?

Surely, he meant for me to get in MY car, right?

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I stared at the man in the car, while he only glanced at me.

"I said, get in the car."

Power and anger radiated off of him. If I were a wolf, it would have had a much larger effect on me, but somehow, I still managed to feel his wrath coming at me in waves.

It was as if he would strangle me to death if I didn't obey him.

He definitely meant for me to get in HIS car, not mine.

I struggled for a moment before walking toward the Bugatti.

I wanted to sit in the back seat, but the door was locked, and Just. Great.

I couldn't open it. Only the door of the passenger seat was unlocked.

I was afraid to be so close to him, but I didn't dare to defy him.

Even a human like me could tell that his wolf was in dangerous territory right now.

Gritting my teeth, I opened the front passenger door and got in.

It was the first time I'd ever been in his car. Before, he'd always had one of his people pick me up, or he'd had me follow behind him in my own car. I'd never been in his personal car.

Hell, most of my memories of us were when we were in bed, and we didn't say much during those times.

Our "relationship" had been me coming to him when he wanted me, him using me, and then him sending me on my way. And definitely not being seen together by anyone, ever.

If it didn't make me so sad, I'd find the whole thing funny: Now that he'd ended our contract and told me he never wanted to see me again...here he was. Looking for me.

I didn't know where he was taking me, and I didn't dare ask, didn't dare speak without an indication that he wanted me to. I didn't want to poke the bear. Er, wolf.

Griffon drove to the lake.

The car stopped at a dark intersection. There wasn't even a single streetlamp anywhere near us.

The lake was vast, endlessly stretching out to the horizon. If you didn't know better, you'd think it was the ocean. The only thing missing was the scent of saltwater.

Griffon didn't get out of the car, didn't say anything. He just rolled down the window and let the breeze in.

He lowered his eyes and played with his lighter.

The whole thing was strange, and I couldn't help but stare at him.

At first glance, I saw that the corners of his eyes were scarlet as if he was trying his best to hold back something, and his eyes were the amber color of his wolf's.

My stomach twisted. Something was wrong with him.

I grabbed the seat belt tightly, gathered up all the courage I could manage, and asked in a whispered voice, "Alpha Knight, what's wrong?"

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When I spoke, I realized I'd made a mistake.

Griffon's expression changed, and his demeanor darkened even more.

I didn't dare to speak again.

Then I noticed the faint scent of alcohol in the car. My nose couldn't detect wolfsbane, but I could definitely smell the whiskey.

And Griffon wouldn't be drinking alcohol unless it had wolfsbane in it.

No wonder he'd taken the initiative to seek me out. He had liquid courage on his side. Or...liquid anger? I wasn't sure.

Since he wouldn't speak to me and tell me what he wanted.

I sighed.

While I was lost in my thoughts, Griffon startled me by tossing the lighter he was playing with against the dashboard and looked over at me.

"Did you sleep with Jackson last night?"

eyes weren't this...deadly.

I stared into his eyes, trying to find something else in them, but there was nothing.

Suddenly this all felt more than a little ridiculous. "Did you drive me all the way out here just to ask me that? Couldn't you have asked this in the parking garage?"

His lethal gaze bored into my soul. "Answer me," he growled.

This was all...exhausting. It was exhausting to be constantly misunderstood, constantly questioned about doing things I hadn't done.

When I didn't answer, Griffon pinched my chin between his thumb and forefinger and snarled, "Speak!"

His grip hurt, and his nails had started to turn into claws. His wolf was just below the surface, and I knew just how hard he was trying to keep it in check. I'd seen this side of him before.

But only in bed.

I took a deep breath before quietly saying, "Would you believe me if I said that I didn't sleep with Jackson?"

He sneered. "You stayed in his presidential suite for the entire night and didn't come out until the next evening. Why do you think I'd believe you?"

I nodded and bit my lower lip. "Since you already seem to know the answer, why are you asking me?"

He tightened his grip on my chin. "Did. You. Sleep. With. Him?"

Fuck this.

"Yes," I ground out.

His expression froze, and I couldn't read it.

"Why should you sleep with him?"

"Because he's handsome and rich, and he's the Alpha of a powerful pack. And I want to be with someone handsome and rich and powerful."

Griffon narrowed his eyes. "That's what you said before."

"What?" I didn't understand.

"You lied to me like this last time. I investigated you and Roman, and he never touched you. Why did you lie to me? And how dare you lie again?"

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How could Griffon have had something like that investigated?

Or...did he know based on my scent? I knew Griffon had senses that were even more heightened than other wolves, being the powerful Alpha he was. But is that something he would be able to detect?

I searched his eyes, waiting for something more, not knowing what to say.

He seemed to be waiting for my explanation.

However, I had indeed slept with someone. It just wasn't who he thought it was.

None of this would change anything. It didn't matter if I told him the entire truth, and it didn't matter if I lied to him. We would just continue to go around and around in circles.

“I lied last time because I was angry with you. But this time, it’s true. Jackson is different from Roman. He’s kind and gentle, and I like him very much.”

I met Griffon’s gaze, and I was careful to refer to Jackson without his Alpha title, to imply an intimacy that wasn’t actually there.

After a long silence, he asked, “Did you know him before?”

I shook my head. “No. Yesterday was the first time we met.”

Griffon was so angry that he laughed.

It was terrifying.

“You’re unbelievable. You’re really something, aren’t you?”

My lips curled in a wry smile. “Didn’t you say that before?”

My sarcastic remark caused Griffon’s face to darken.

His gaze bored into mine, and I was fairly sure he wanted to strangle me to death right now if the look in his eyes was any indication.

Then his large body pressed down on me, it was as if I’d actually been pounced on by a wolf, making it hard for me to breathe.

I’d been afraid this would happen, but I hadn’t thought it would.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t understand him. He’d broken up with me with me. Why did he care so much about what I did?

Or was it because he couldn’t stand the thought of someone touching what once belonged to him.

Before, he’d been adamant about no one else touching me.

He didn’t want me tainted. No one touched something that belonged to the mighty Alpha Knight.

No one.

I remained still, unmoving as I tried uselessly to figure out Griffon's motivations.

Then, he gently bit my earlobe, the tip of his wolf's lengthened canine lightly scraping across my flesh.

"Are you truly so needy?"

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Lightning shot through my body the moment Griffon bit my earlobe. An overwhelming electrified sensation spread throughout my body..

My face instantly flushed. I twisted my head, trying to avoid his touch, but he lifted a hand and cupped my head to stop me from moving.

He bit my earlobe again, lowered his voice, and asked,

"Hmm?"

The tone of his voice had an almost charming, sensual ring to it.

My heart instantly skipped a beat.

Griffon's voice was magnetic and sexy, and I was drawn to it like a moth to the flame.

His voice lingered in my ears, making it difficult for me not to respond to him—both with my body and my heart.

But I forced myself to calm down.

Griffon's actions were meant to humiliate me.

I pursed my lips, not saying a word, trying not to show any

He kissed me on the collarbone and asked in a low voice, "Tell me, how much do you need to satisfy you?"

His tone was a little gruff, as if he were scolding me for disobedience.

My mind was a mess, I was so flustered that I didn't even dare to look at him.

My body betrayed me and gradually went limp under his gentle kisses.

“I’ll give you a billion dollars. All you have to do is say no to Jackson.”

It was as if he was trying to seduce me, which made me tremble.

I grabbed the seat belt, clenched my fists, and slowly looked at Griffon, who was still kissing me.

“You...you don’t you think I’m dirty?”

His kisses stopped and his body stiffened. His grasp on my waist loosened.

It was as if he was suddenly a million miles away from here.

Just as I thought he was about to let go of me, he buried his face in my neck.

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His word was mumbled against my skin. “Why?”

His rough tone dripped with accusation, and his movements were still.

I knew what he was asking—why I’d been with Jackson. What I didn’t know was why he cared. He’d never liked me; all I’d ever been was a substitute until his true mate came back, until he could be with his Luna.

Perhaps it was because he was drunk that he couldn’t help touching me.

I couldn’t figure it out and didn’t want to try to figure it out anymore.

“Alpha Knight, we aren’t together anymore. Isn’t it normal for me to move on?”

He blamed me, but it was apparent that he didn’t want me. Why should I always keep my body for him alone?

When he heard this, his body became stiffer, and he pulled away slightly. There was a low rumble in his chest, and I feared his wolf.

I automatically distanced myself from him, pressing back against the seat as much as I could. I dared not lift my eyes to look up at him, fearing that his wolf would take it as a challenge.

A wolf shifter could be ruthless when you displeased them. I'd learned that the hard way with Silas.

I was afraid of being beaten, so subconsciously raised my hands to my chest to protect myself.

Fortunately—and surprisingly—all he did was hold me.

Only then did my tense body slowly start to relax...

I could feel his grip on me tightening, as if he wanted to pull me into his body even closer.

I was more than confused. Griffon hated me so much...but he was clutching onto me so tightly.

“Griffon...”

I said his name softly, and his body stiffened again. Then, he hugged me even tighter.

Perhaps he did care about me a little... But he had Tara. His mate, his Luna.

Gently, I pushed him away and said with a smile, “It’s not worth it for you to do this.”

I could be the mistress of a single man, but I would never be the mistress of someone who had a love.

And from the moment I was defiled by Greyson, Griffon and I were destined to have no chance together.