

## Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 131

When Margaret heard the words sulfuric acid, she was so scared that her whole body trembled. She wanted to retort, but she couldn't.

Taya looked away and turned to Linda, who was standing to the side and didn't dare to make a sound. "How dare you slander me! Don't pretend we don't all know about your 'dates' with old men."

Linda didn't expect Taya to expose her privacy publicly, so she immediately got angry. "What do you mean?!"

"Margaret told everyone about your 'ability.' I don't need to tell you what it means, do I?"

Linda looked at Margaret in disbelief. "I thought you were my friend! Why would you betray me like that?!"

Margaret didn't expect Taya, who usually held back her anger, to reveal Linda's matter to so many people.

Margaret was so angry that she stepped forward and raised her hand to slap Taya, but Taya grabbed her wrist.

"If you slap me, I'll make you lose all your money!"

Margaret was so angry. "It's just a slap. How can you make me lose all my money?!"

Taya moved closer to Margaret and sneered. "Didn't you say that I have a lot of financial backers? Any one of them can let you all over."

After that, Taya pushed Margaret away and left.

Margaret stared at Taya's back and growled, "Taya, you bitch, I won't let you get away with this!"

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I pretended not to hear anything and went straight into the bathroom.

Today, I had vented all the humiliations I'd suffered for so long.

I couldn't describe how it felt to finally put those she-wolves in their places. I should have done this a long time ago, but I'd been too afraid of what they might do to me.

Apparently, when you were dying, you didn't care about the consequences of putting people who deserved it in their places.

It was invigorating.

Turning the water on, I was about to wash my face when Brielle entered.

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"Taya, are you all right?"

Seeing Brielle's face made me feel a bit more comfortable, and my frustration slowly calmed down so I could get my racing heart back under control.

"I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

Brielle's face was full of disbelief. She knew me the best out of anyone here. She knew I didn't say anything about my grievances and silently endured them. But I saw the looks she

gave when things were said to me or about me.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me. You should get back out there. If Margaret can't find you, she'll get upset and call you lazy again."

Brielle was an intern, and she worked for Margaret. Before we fell out with each other, we could get along well on the surface. Now that things had turned out like this, if Margaret saw that Brielle was still close to me, Margaret would definitely play some tricks on Brielle behind her back.

It had not been easy for Brielle to enter Midwest Packs Corporation, and I knew she was looking forward to becoming a full-time employee. She needed Margaret's approval though, and I thought it better not to get Brielle into trouble.

Brielle seemed to have realized this as well. She hesitated momentarily, but in the end, she still nodded. "Okay, I'll get back to work."

I waved my hand and smiled. "I'm okay. Promise."

Only then did Brielle leave the bathroom.

When she left, the smile on my face faded.

ted me to be the one to entertain Jackson while he Arcadia.

Sometimes, when business partners came to the Midwest Packs Corporation for business trips, the company would indeed send people to “entertain” them.

For example, the people would arrange food, clothing, accommodation, entertainment, etc. This was the treatment that guests who came in to talk about large contracts would get.

And the bidding for the Weston City project was a very large contract.

I had such an unbearable past with Jackson. If I were to shamelessly try to please him again, I would probably be mistaken for still being obsessed with him and deliberately approaching him under the guise of work.

Griffon would also think that I was an ambitious woman who had dared to ignore his warning and continue to seduce his future brother-in-law.

Embarrassment flooded me when I thought about being misunderstood by Jackson and Griffon.

However, compared to the 1.2 million dollar penalty fee, embarrassment was nothing.

## **Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 133**

I took a deep breath, took out my phone, and searched for Jackson’s number.

His assistant had sent it to me when I booked the room for him yesterday.

Jackson answered after three rings. His calm and assertive voice came from the other end of the line, and a feeling I couldn’t explain washed over me.

“Ms. Palmer, what can I do for you?”

How did Jackson know it was me?

“I saved your number yesterday,” he said, answering my unspoken question.

I got straight to the point, not wanting to put the inevitable off any longer. “Alpha Sterling, Ms. Thorin has asked me to entertain you during your stay in Arcadia on behalf of MPC. Is there anything you would like to see or do?”

“Entertain me?” Jackson’s tone sounded like he was surprised.

After a few seconds of silence, Jackson seemed to have understood something. He replied, “Actually, I didn’t bring my personal assistant. Would you be able to help me do something like serving tea?”

Damn. I'd thought he would refuse—had hoped he would refuse. I didn't expect that he would ask me to act as his assistant. Wasn't he afraid that I would have ulterior motives?

Still, I replied obediently. "Absolutely, Alpha."

Jackson raised his watch and glanced at it. "I have a meeting later. When do you plan to come over, Ms. Palmer?"

After asking for the address, Taya replied, "I can be there anytime."

Jackson replied with a "well" and hung up the phone.

As soon as he put down his phone, his assistant Chloe asked worriedly, "Alpha, Ms. Palmer obviously has an ulterior motive regarding MPC. Why did you agree to let her be your personal assistant?"

Jackson remembered that Taya had been indifferent last night; today, she had taken the initiative to entertain him. It was indeed a little strange.

But he was more willing to believe it was because of that photo. Tara mistakenly thought Taya had something to do with him, so Tara sent Taya to entertain him.

And that was why he asked Taya to be his assistant just now. He didn't want her to be put in a difficult position by her boss.

However, Chloe, a blockhead, couldn't understand what Jackson was saying, so he didn't explain further. He only said, "I'm short of people."

## **Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 134**

Alpha Sterling had brought a lot of people to Arcadia.

Although Chloe was the only assistant who had come along, she alone could handle all the trivial matters.

It was apparent that the Alpha had some sort of feelings for that Taya woman. Otherwise, he wouldn't have saved her and then invited her to dinner.

If she became his personal assistant, what would happen to Alpha Sterling in the future...

Thinking of this possibility, Chloe was so anxious that she started to sweat. "Alpha, Ms. Palmer is very dishonest. She was involved with Beta Starke, and now that he and his pack have fallen from grace, she is trying to find another pack to marry into for protection and status. You are her biggest target now, and I think you should stay away from her."

Jackson pinned Chloe with an “Alpha” look. “You are allowed a certain amount of leeway as my employee, but do remember your place, Chloe.”

Chloe’s face flushed, and she nodded meekly.

Alpha Sterling had always been kind to her. This was the first time that he had been angry with her.

Chloe’s heart sank. “Please accept my apologies,” she said, then quietly and quickly fled the office.

Jackson rubbed his temples as soon as Chloe left.

Why did he have a headache at the mention of Taya?

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When I arrived at the branch office of the Sterling pack, I happened to meet Chloe, who was coming out of the elevator.

I recognized that she was Jackson’s assistant and quickly walked over to say hello.

“Nice to meet you. I-”

“Don’t talk to me.”

Before I could finish, Chloe interrupted me. She glared at me, turned around, and walked over to make herself a cup of coffee.

I was speechless.

The woman just stood there drinking her coffee and ignoring me.

I didn’t mind Chloe’s rudeness. Chloe must have thought I was trying to hook up with her boss, so she didn’t like me.

Just like everyone else.

### **Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 135**

After checking in with the receptionist, I went to the Alpha’s office.

Jackson was rubbing his forehead, looking extremely tired.

I knocked on the door lightly. "Alpha Sterling."

Jackson glanced at me. "You've come."

I nodded, then asked him, "What can I do for you?"

In the past, when the MPC entertained visiting pack leaders, they would directly arrange for them to eat, drink, and have fun.

However, if Jackson wanted me to be his personal assistant, I would have to ask him what he needed me to do, since this was outside of the norm.

Jackson lowered his hands from his forehead, then sat back in his chair and looked at me. "There's nothing to arrange right at this moment. Just help me make coffee in my meeting later."

"Yes, Alpha."

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After saying that, Taya left. Jackson looked at her back and gradually became lost in thought.

Watching her walk away gave him a sense of familiarity, as if he had seen her many times, watched her walk many times.

"I can't remember. My head hurts..." he whispered to himself.

He shook his head and picked up his phone to send a message to Eric.

Eric answered back right away. [Why do you have a headache again? Do you remember something from before?]

Jackson typed back: [No, I don't remember anything specific. It's just that when I saw someone, it felt very familiar, and my head started to ache.]

[Who did you see?] Eric immediately asked.

Jackson didn't want to reply to that specific question. He shouldn't have said he saw someone; he should have known

Eric would want to know who it was. But the headaches made it harder to think clearly.

Somehow, Jackson had always felt that if Eric knew about the headaches that happened whenever he saw Taya, Taya would

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The thought flashed, but he didn't take it seriously. He casually replied, "It was a stranger."

He put down his mobile phone and left his office to go to the meeting.

Although the branch company of the Sterling pack in Arcadia was not as big as Wolverly Capital's Sterling pack headquarters, it still occupied a full building on East Street.

Today, Jackson was holding a general meeting. Dozens of people in professional attire and carrying laptops went upstairs one after another.

In a short while, the large conference room was full of people who were waiting on Jackson.

His head had better get itself right, and fast.

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I sat in the reception area outside of the huge conference room. I was a little envious when I saw the group of elites through the glass.

My plan had been to go to school for design, and then find an internship and work my way up.

But at that time, I couldn't fulfill my dream. I had to find a job that paid a monthly salary right away instead of school and an unpaid internship.

While thinking of the past and my plans before, I gazed at Jackson.

He sat at the head of the conference table, in an impeccable suit. One ankle rested on his knee in a casual pose, and his head was tilted slightly so he could look at the presentation on the big screen while listening to the executive's report on what was happening at the Sterling pack's Arcadia offices.

He looked put together and relaxed, with a strand of dark hair falling down over his forehead, but he also radiated the powerful presence of the Alpha he was.

As I was staring at him, Jackson glanced at me through the glass.

He picked up his phone, and my phone dinged with a message a second later.

[Ms. Palmer, please bring mea cup of coffee.]

I quickly got up and went to the break room to make coffee.

After making it, she knocked on the conference room door with the mug of steaming liquid.

Everyone in the conference room looked at the door—at me.

The senior executive explaining PowerPoint in front of the screen also stopped, dissatisfaction on his face.

I was a little embarrassed until Jackson waved at me.

“Come in,” he said.

Only then did I walk up to him with the cup of coffee. I placed it beside him and was about to leave the meeting room when Jackson said, “Ms. Palmer, please sit down and listen.”

All of the executives were speechless.

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Jackson ignored everyone’s expressions and raised his chin at the senior executive explaining the PowerPoint. “Continue.”

The executive had no choice but to continue. However, I noticed that he skipped over one of the income slides. Instead of giving all of the figures, he gave more general percentages. I’m sure he was afraid I would share the information.

It was clear that the Sterling pack execs weren’t pleased with my presence in the meeting, so I sat still and quiet during the duration of the presentation.

When the meeting ended, I ran out and asked Jackson, “Why do you want me to listen?”



Jackson looked down at me, who was a head shorter than him, and replied in a gentle voice, “When you were sitting outside the room, you looked interested, so I decided to let you listen.”

I wasn’t prepared for that answer.

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll take the information elsewhere?”

“They are all unimportant numbers that anyone could find in a public earnings report, and...”  
Jackson paused for a moment, then smiled. “I believe in you.”

His smile was no different from before...before everything. It was genuine, and it had the power to brighten a room.

It was as if he was still Silas, not Jackson, the man who had broken my artificial heart with two strong kicks.

“Ms. Palmer, you’ll need to go get ready. I’m going to a banquet tonight.”

I came back to my senses. “A banquet?”

Jackson nodded. “The Wilton pack is holding a banquet. I need a female companion, and I’d like you to attend with me.”

Was it a personal assistant’s duty to be a temporary female companion? And would it be appropriate for Jackson to take a non-shifter with him?

The Wilton pack was not particularly prominent or powerful, and I wasn’t sure why Jackson would feel the need to attend.

The Wiltons were wealthy, but that was about it.

And that wasn’t really saying anything. Most wolf shifter packs were wealthy if they weren’t a newer pack. Longer life spans equaled more time to build wealth to then pass on to the next Alpha.

This wasn’t my concern, though. My concern was doing what Jackson wanted me to do so I could get this whole thing over with.

Jackson would return to Wolverly Capital as soon as the bidding was over. It was only a few days. I had to endure it for a while, and then everything would be over.

“Alpha Sterling, I would love to attend with you. Unfortunately, I don’t have anything suitable to wear to a formal banquet.”

Maybe, if I was extremely lucky, he might let me off the hook...

“That’s of no importance. I’ll have my schedule cleared and we can go shopping right now.”

### **Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 138**

Harper and I had been to this mall before. Once, we wanted to go in and have a look, but as soon as the sales associates saw our clothes, they wouldn’t let us in.

Only the wealthiest were allowed into these stores, and each store employed a security guard wearing a black suit to stand at the door. Every store here was for a luxury designer, from Chanel to Hermes to Louboutin.

Jackson took me straight to a specific store, and everyone there gushed over him. I wasn’t sure if they actually knew him or just knew who he was. He had them fit me with a custom-made dress, a pair of hand-made crystal-encrusted shoes, and a complete makeup set.

He’d brought Camille with us, and her eyes widened when he saw Jackson spending so much money on me.

I endured Camille’s glare; I would have my own price to pay for all of this tomorrow at the office.

After the salesgirl completed my makeup and made sure my dress was adjusted just right, she opened the curtain with a swoosh.

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Sitting on the sofa and looking down at his phone, Jackson subconsciously looked up when he heard the sound of the curtains being slid open.

The custom-made strapless dress fully displayed Taya’s exquisite figure; it clung to her waist and outlined her perfect curves.

Perfectly rounded breasts were perky in the dress, and his eyes were drawn to her cleavage.

The exposed skin was so white that it was glowing. There were no flaws at all.

Her delicate makeup made her look refined and elegant, accentuating her lips, eyes, and cheekbones.

However, the look in her eyes was indifferent, with a trace of... despair?

Yes, despair. This was the feeling Jackson felt every time their eyes locked.

He'd finally found the word to describe her eyes. It turned out that she was desperate.

What on earth had happened to her that made her feel so

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"Alpha, it's time to go."

Jackson was mesmerized by Taya. It was not until Camille coughed softly that Jackson returned to his senses.

He nodded and led Taya out of the store.

As they were leaving the store, they were seen by Khloe, Preston's mistress, who was shopping with her friends.

She looked at Taya in disbelief.

When she saw Taya for the first time, she'd thought there was something beautiful about her.

But this time, when Khloe saw Taya, she felt that Taya was even more gorgeous and looked more refined than any shifter or human socialite she'd met.

Khloe looked back at the luxury designer store that could only be entered with a VIP card.

Only then did she realize that the man Taya had found this time was even richer than Roman.

What Taya was wearing must have cost a small fortune. Even Preston wasn't willing to spend so much money on her.

Thinking of this, Khloe found herself getting irritated. They were both selling themselves. Why should Taya get better things than her?

Annoyed, Khloe took out her phone, recorded a video, and sent it to Preston.

[Preston, look, Taya has hooked up with another rich man, this one much richer than before. Look how much he spent on her to change her appearance.]

Khloe had studied all the rich people—shifter and human alike—in Arcadia. She knew who was who. But she'd never paid attention to the higher-ranking packs in other cities, so she didn't know who Taya was with.

He was gorgeous, looked to be fairy young—though you couldn't always tell with shifters, and that guy had “wolf” written all over him. He must be new on the scene here in Arcadia.

Preston was out playing golf with a friend. When he finished playing and sat down to look at his phone, an hour had passed since Khloe had messaged him and sent the video.

When he saw it, he gritted his teeth in anger.

Taya had actually asked Jackson to buy her a custom-made dress?!

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Preston threw the golf club to the side and forwarded the video to Griffon.

[Look at this bullshit.]

Griffon was distracted by his phone vibrating in the middle of a meeting.

When he picked it up and saw the video, his jaw clenched and he glowered at the phone.

Was Taya trying to provoke him, or did she like Jackson so much that she couldn't leave him alone?

That she dared to ignore his warning and was with Jackson made his blood boil.

Her disobedience was completely unacceptable, and there was no way his wolf would allow him to let it go unchecked.

Without a word, he picked up his phone, got up, and left.

The people in the conference room were stunned when they saw the Alpha suddenly leave, and with a terrifying expression on his face on top of it.

Then, they all looked sympathetic at the shifter presenting his report.

Everyone felt that Mr. Chilton must have offended Alpha Knight due to negligence in his work.

Mr. Chilton, covered in a cold sweat, thought, "I'm done. I'm going to be fired! Or even worse, banished from the pack.

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The Wilton pack banquet was held in the pack manor mainly to celebrate the return of the youngest daughter of the Wilton pack Alpha after finishing her studies.

Jackson typically would not have attended an event like this.

However, he was a good friend of the Wilton pack's Alpha that was next in line. They often had gotten together in Wolverly Capital, so naturally, since he was in Arcadia, he would attend.

However, this event had a deeper meaning: to select a qualified mate for the youngest daughter.

Once Jackson had learned that tidbit, there was no way he would be attending alone. He needed to make it clear that he wasn't available, since he certainly wasn't interested.

On the way over to the Wilton pack manor, Jackson gave Taya instructions on how he wanted her to act, and told her his plan to use her as a shield.

He asked her to hold his arm, and he led her into the manor.

The people who came in were all rich and about the same as the Wilton pack.

The older ones drank wine and talked business in the banquet hall.

The younger ones held glasses of wine laced with wolfsbane and gathered outside in small groups.

After Jackson and Taya entered, they drew the stares of everyone.

Those who knew and those who didn't all cast amazed looks at them.

The next Alpha of the Wilton pack, Henry Wilton, was chatting with a few young she-wolves when he heard quite a commotion outside. Only then did he realize that Jackson was here, and he hurriedly greeted his friend.

“Jackson, you’re here,” he said with a warm smile. When

Henry’s gaze landed on Taya, he paused for a moment. “Who is this?”

“This is Ms. Taya Palmer.”

Henry seemed to be deep in thought. He glanced at Taya and politely stretched out his hand. “Hello, Ms. Palmer. I’m Henry.”