

## Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 161

Initially, he wanted Beta Smith to present the Sterling pack bid, but now that Griffon was here, Jackson had no choice but to do it himself.

Griffon had always been a strict wolf. Jackson might lose the bid if his Beta made a mistake during the presentation.

While Beta Smith heaved a deep sigh of relief, Jackson had to sort out all his thoughts in an hour.

To concentrate, he needed a coffee to refresh himself.

Taya nodded and asked in a low voice, "Is there enough time?"

"We are the tenth in line to present. There is plenty of time."

I didn't ask any more questions. I bent down low, got up, and walked toward the back door.

I wasn't familiar with the building. When I came out, I only saw high-tech products, not even a single person.

I searched the whole building several times but couldn't find the break room.

It looked like I had to leave the building, but it seemed that I would need to swipe a card to get in and out. Except, I didn't have a card.

I would have to find someone in the Knight pack to let me out and then back in.

Just as I was about to turn around and give up, I saw Preston coming in.

The moment the door was opened, I almost took advantage of the gap to get out, but fortunately, I hadn't lost my mind.

I mustered up my courage and stopped Preston.

"Mr. Knight, please wait..."

Preston didn't expect me to dare stop him, and his face suddenly darkened.

“Ms. Palmer, what are you trying to do?”

He looked astonished that I had called out for him.

“Mr. Knight, do you know where the coffee is?”

I wanted Preston to help open the door, but when I saw his face, I quickly changed my words. I could always find a way to come in as long as he told me where the coffee was.

No matter what, I was going to upset someone, and right now, the person I needed to upset the least was Jackson.

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Preston tilted his head slightly and looked behind me. “Isn’t it here?”

I turned around and looked at the white wall in a daze.

Could it be that Preston was not of the same species as me, so he saw something different with his wolf eyes that my human eyes couldn’t see?

Preston glanced at me as if he was looking at a fool. He stepped forward and knocked on the door, which opened automatically.

Then he pointed at the letters on the wall and scolded me as if he was teaching a lesson to a primary school student.

“Isn’t it clear enough? Don’t you know English?”

I suppressed my anger and replied, “Yes, I do.”

I’d been so me blush, it seemed he couldn’t help mocking me again. “Ms. Palmer, beauty alone is not enough. Knowledge is also vital. Otherwise, it won’t be so easy to mate into the Sterling pack.”

His sarcastic tone was exactly the same as Griffon’s. They were indeed related.

Ignoring Preston, I walked into the break room, picked out some coffee beans, and put them in the coffee machine to grind.

It appeared Preston wasn’t in a hurry to leave. He leaned against the door and looked me up and down.

“You’re pretty good–looking. No wonder Jackson likes you. But you’re still a little lacking compared to my sister.”

I’d seen Edith’s photos online. She’d definitely inherited the best genes of the Knight pack, and I knew that I could never compare with her.

But there was no way I could say that. It didn’t matter whether I was good–looking or not. In the end, I was just a handful of ashes. And that would be much sooner than later.

Preston looked at me with a bored look on his face and raised an eyebrow. “Why don’t you talk?”

I glanced at him and said, “Beta Knight, thank you for telling me where the break room door is.”

“That’s it?”

“Is there something else you want?”

I put down the coffee and stared at him without blinking.

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Preston’s face stiffened slightly. He looked away and said, “Remember to close the door.”

After he left, I picked up the coffee and walked back to Jackson.

The bidding had already begun. The lights in the venue had been turned off, and only the big screen was on.

It was similar to a small theater, and there were hundreds of steps up to the front from the back door.

Now that the lights were turned off, it was dark inside. I couldn’t see the walkway clearly and could only fumble my way down, holding the cup of coffee in one hand and the backs of the chairs with the other.

I managed to make it to Jackson without falling on my face or spilling any of the coffee. Thank the goddess for small blessing.

I bent down and handed him the coffee.

Jackson nodded and took the coffee from me. He smiled and whispered, "Thank you."

Just as I was about to sit down, Griffon leaned his head back.

I held onto his seat and accidentally touched his thick black hair.

I was startled and quickly withdrew my hand, but the wolf turned around and glanced at me flatly, his wolf's eyes gleaming in the darkness.

Under the dim light, when I looked into his dark eyes, I felt as if his wolf had set its sights on me for dinner.

I whispered in a panic, "I'm... I'm sorry."

Griffon didn't say anything, looked away to focus on the big screen again.

I took a deep breath and fell into my seat.

As my heart pounded, Jackson whispered, "Darling, don't be afraid."

I looked at Jackson in disbelief. "What... did you just say?"

After Jackson finished speaking, his eyes widened in shock at his words.

When he heard Jackson, Griffon glanced at Taya and narrowed his eyes, looking between Taya and Jackson.

Why had he called her "darling"?

Jackson was surprised by his actions. It took him a long time to calm down before he pretended that nothing had happened and sipped coffee.

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After taking a sip of his coffee, Jackson asked, "How did you know I like this particular coffee?"

My attention from what he'd called me was diverted by his question, and I replied with a light shrug. "I just randomly picked one."

That was a lie.

I remembered from before the accident that he always liked to drink dark–roast coffee to perk him up when he needed to focus on something important.

Jackson looked at me thoughtfully, his eyebrows furrowing, and asked, “Have you been studying what I like?”

I quickly shook my head. “No. No, I haven’t.”

“Where’s the vanilla creamer?”

I took out a couple single serving packages of Coffee Mate and handed them to him.

Jackson raised an eyebrow smugly.

“It seems you know what I like to add to my coffee.”

Only then did I realize he was testing me, and I immediately wanted to take back the creamer.

But Jackson gently grabbed my hand and said, “I need your help.”

He was holding the cup of coffee and couldn’t tear open the lids of the little containers with just one hand. He could only signal to me with his eyes to help him.

I took them from him, tore off the film, and slowly poured them into the coffee.

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Jackson looked at Taya, who had her eyes lowered. She glowed with a different kind of beauty under these lights.

He couldn’t help but be mesmerized, and his voice became softer. “Thank you.”

Taya looked up at him and said, “Drink it before it cools.”

Sitting in front of them, Griffon couldn’t see their interaction but could hear it clearly.

His eyes darkened and his wolf clawed to get out.

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Jackson sipped on his coffee slowly. It wasn't until the host on the stage called out to the Sterling pack that he gulped it down.

Seeing that he was about to go on stage after handing me the coffee cup, I couldn't help but worry. "Have you finished reading the documents?"

Jackson hadn't even read any of the documents while he was waiting for his turn. How was he prepared for this?

Jackson tapped a finger lightly on his temple and said confidently, "Don't worry. I just needed to read them once."

I froze.

That's right. Jackson had a photographic memory. So...how could he lose his memory?

His words dispelled the last bit of kindness I had left for him.

He was putting on an act.

I had almost mistaken him for the previous Silas.

My stiff expression made him question me.

"What's wrong with you?"

Frustrated, I shook my head. "I'm fine. Hurry up and go on stage."

Once the bidding ended, I could part ways with Jackson and never see him again.

Jackson looked as if he was about to say something else, but after the host's second urging, he had to get up on the stage.

As soon as Jackson left, I collapsed back into my chair and looked expressionlessly at the stage.

Jackson was indeed brilliant. He had memorized everything after just looking at them once, and he also expanded on a lot of things that Beta Smith had not mentioned.

It was no wonder that such a man would choose to abandon me. Him being a shifter and my never getting my wolf aside, there was no way I could compete with someone with his level of intellect.

Today had only served to showcase our vast differences.

I had a brief thought that if I could survive my heart failure, I would break free from all restrictions and work my ass off to be influential like them. Somehow, some way

Unfortunately, there were no ifs. I wouldn't be able to hold on for much longer.

Death was coming for me. Soon.

### **Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 166**

After Jackson finished with his presentation, Griffon asked him questions.

He hadn't asked anyone else any questions.

And Griffon's questions were tricky, as if he were deliberately trying to make things difficult for Jackson.

Seeing this, the members of the other packs breathed a sigh of relief. They couldn't imagine being questioned by Griffon and were thanking the goddess it hadn't happened to them.

But Jackson wasn't afraid of Griffon. As he calmly answered all of his questions, never fumbling.

Griffon asked a dozen tricky questions before letting him go.

The morning biddings were almost over. Then they would break for lunch and continue in the afternoon.

Although the Sterling pack's presentation was over, they had to wait for the bidding results.

The Knight pack was responsible for entertaining them. After leading them to the leisure area, they could do whatever they wanted.

After Jackson sat down in the lounge, Beta Smith and a few executives hurried in.

“Alpha Sterling, you were amazing just now. You must have stood out, given that Alpha Knight didn’t have questions for anyone else.”

The higher–ranking members of the Sterling pack had suffered losses at the hands of Griffon in other projects. When the packs competed for projects with other packs, the Knight pack always came out on top, and the Sterling pack was left without.

Somehow, Griffon was always able to outbid them and outwit them.

However, their Alpha was able to fight against Griffon, and Jackson hadn’t even been their Alpha for very long.

Jackson waved his hand. After chatting with his pack for a while, he let them go to lunch.

Jackson looked up at Taya, who was standing respectfully beside him. “What would you like to eat?”

Taya shook her head. “I’m not hungry.”

Jackson thought she did not want to eat with him, so he said, “Don’t worry. You don’t have to accompany me. You can go by yourself.”

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Taya looked between Jackson and the door. She looked like she was deep in thought about something, possibly worried.

But over what, Jackson had no idea. Maybe it had something to do with her being in a human in a strange place that was filled with so many shifters from so many different packs.

She shook her head again, and Jackson looked at Taya helplessly.

He had no idea how to tell what humans were thinking.

Wolf shifters tended to be more straightforward, and his interactions with human were very limited.

“I’m going to get you something to eat.”

After that, he stood up and left, ignoring Taya’s attempt to stop him.

Jackson’s status differed from that of the other packs attending, and the Knight pack had given him access to areas that other packs hadn’t been given access to.



The restaurant Jackson went to was where Griffon was.

A dazzling array of food had been set out, and Jackson didn't know what to bring back for Taya, there were so many options.

He decided to call her. "What do you like to eat?"

"Truly, Alpha Sterling, I'm okay. I don't need anything. No need for you to worry about me," Taya said.

Jackson tried to persuade her. He didn't know what time everything would end and when they would have a chance to eat again. "You have to eat something. You need your energy to take care of me this afternoon."

Taya sighed through the phone. "Something light."

"How about a salad? Would you prefer chicken or salmon on it? What about some bread with it?"

"A salad with chicken is plenty for me. Thank you."

"Okay. I'll be right back."

Jackson hung up the phone with a smile, happy she'd given in and decided to eat something. He turned to grab food for them, and a snide voice came from behind him.

"Not only are you doing the work of your Beta and presenting your own bid, and you have to take care of your girlfriend on top of it?"

Jackson turned around and saw Griffon. He was casually leaning against a pillar, his arms crossed over his large chest, one of his eyebrows raised. The judgment practically rolled off him, on top of the Alpha power and strength that was always there, always oppressive.

Although Jackson's physical build and appearance was on par with Griffon's, something about Griffon made Jackson feel a bit small, though he would never admit that to anyone. Alphas didn't admit any type of weakness, ever.

Jackson looked at Griffon and said lightly, "Alpha Knight, – you must be joking. Why would I bring my girlfriend to the bidding?"

Griffon raised his eyebrow a bit higher. "If Ms. Palmer isn't your girlfriend, what is she?"

Jackson didn't like Griffon's arrogant tone, but he didn't dare reply with anything other than politeness. It wouldn't do to risk pissing him off and jeopardizing the Sterling pack's chances at winning the bid. "I don't actually have anything to do with her, but..."

“But what?”

Griffon’s tone was a bit defensive, and it made Jackson curious.

“You seem very concerned about Ms. Palmer and me. Why is that?”

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Without batting an eyelid, Griffon said, “I just want to see how the Sterling Alpha is going to deal with Roman’s leftovers.

Aren’t you afraid of being infected?”

Jackson’s face darkened. “I thought you were more of a gentleman than to slander a woman.”

Griffon pushed off the pillar and straightened his back. He walked up to Jackson and stared him in the eye. “And you’re the judge of what is ‘gentlemanly’?”

Jackson didn’t reply. Instead, he looked at Griffon with a scrutinizing gaze.

“Alpha Knight, you seem to have been targeting me.”

Griffon had singled him out at the bidding, here in the dining room, and even the first time they met.

Jackson had never seen Griffon before, let alone done anything to offend him. Why was the Knight Alpha so focused on him? Perhaps...did he think Jackson was a threat?

Something flashed in Griffon’s eyes, but it was gone too quickly for Jackson to place it.

“I was just afraid that you would be fooled.”

“Fooled in what way?” Jackson asked.

Griffon didn’t reply, and his expression remained neutral.

Jackson knew he had asked the right question when Griffon didn’t have a response. Just what was going on here? Was Griffon’s issue with Jackson...or with Taya?

“I’m afraid you’ve misunderstood. I’ve known Ms. Palmer for many years, and I know her well. She has no reason to lie to me.”

He emphasized the last sentence as if he was talking to himself.

In the past, when she knelt at the door of the Sterling pack manor and begged him to come out and meet her, he'd been annoyed at her and embarrassed for her.

Then, after he'd discovered information about her that made him think she was dishonest, he'd completely ignored her and pretended she didn't exist.

But after these few days of spending time with her, he didn't think Taya was the person he'd thought she was five years ago.

Jackson's words made a trace of anger appear on Griffon's face, and his eyes darkened like his wolf's, his brows furrowing.

"You've known each other for many years?"

"I've known her since I was a child."

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There was a sudden surge of hostility in Griffon's eyes.

Griffon opened his mouth and was about to ask Jackson something when Tara walked in.

"Griffon, here you are!"

Jackson looked at Ms. Thorin, then turned to Griffon. "I'll leave you to have lunch with your girlfriend."

Instead of schooling his tone, Jackson allowed the sarcasm out. After all, Griffon was the one who'd mocked him for bringing his girlfriend to the bidding.

At this point, it was more than clear Griffon held some sort of secret grudge against him, so nothing Jackson could say or do was going to affect the outcome of the bidding.

Jackson turned his back to Griffon and resumed getting food for Taya and himself.

Just as Tara was about to ask if Griffon wanted to have lunch with her, he walked out of the restaurant without even a glance at her.

Damn the wolf. He was infuriating.

For a man who had pined after her while she'd been away, he acted as if he couldn't stand the sight of her now. What had happened?

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When Jackson returned with lunch, Taya was sleeping on the single sofa.

Her fists were curled up under her chin, and her dark hair spread across the pillow. Long eyelashes rested on her cheeks, and her face looked serene, all of the worry lines that crossed over it while she was awake now erased.

Jackson didn't want to disturb her. However, he feared she would feel uncomfortable from the half-sitting posture. Surely, the position would put a kink in her neck. After thinking for a while, he picked her up to lay her on the larger sofa across the room.

Several images flashed through his mind as he held her in his arms. It felt familiar, like he had done this many times before in the past.

Jackson looked down at the tranquil and beautiful face in front of him.

He was struck with the feeling that Taya used to belong to him.

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But how could she have belonged to him when he didn't remember her?

Hell, he couldn't remember anything. And the more he thought about it, the more his head hurt.

The pain was gnawing, as if there were a thousand jackhammers all pounded at every crevice in his head.

He tried to grasp at the broken pieces of his memories, tried to flail out in his mind to clutch just the smallest sliver of something he could remember. All it did was make his head hurt even more.

No doctor he'd been to could figure out his memory loss, and no wolf shifter medical book or history book shed any light on what had happened to him and why he couldn't regain his memory. Something like this was so rare for shifters, no one knew what to do.

He was in so much pain that his face turned pale, and he broke out in a cold sweat. However, he held Taya tightly and was reluctant to let go.

It was as if he would lose her as soon as he let go of her, and a sense of dread, if impending doom flooded him.

It was not until there was a knock on the door that he came to his senses. He quickly put Taya on the long sofa as if he had a guilty conscience.

“Come in,” he said after he’d taken a second to straighten himself and re-focus his mind.

Beta Smith pushed the door open and entered.

“Alpha, the bidding has started early. We need to get back to the auditorium.”

Jackson glanced at his watch. “Isn’t it resuming two o’clock in the afternoon?”

“It was supposed to be two o’clock, but the Knight pack suddenly announced a change in plans.”

Jackson frowned. This was ridiculous and unprofessional.

“We need to hurry. The Knight pack said that anyone to arrive late will be eliminated.”

“Only they would do something so unreasonable,” Jackson snorted.

He was about to leave when he looked back at Taya.

“Do you want to wake Ms. Palmer up?” his Beta asked.

“No need.”

Jackson took off his suit jacket and covered her petite body with it.

Only then did he turn around and follow Beta Smith to the venue, quietly closing the door behind him so as to not disturb her.

As soon as I fell asleep, I fell into a daze and couldn’t wake up, no matter how hard I tried.

It was like something was pulling me down, and I was stuck in a weird limbo between waking and dreaming.

It felt like someone was patting my face, but I couldn't tell if it was happening in real life or in my dreams. I managed to pry my eyes open in a daze.

My vision was blurred, and I blinked multiple times, trying to clear the foggiest. After focusing for a long time, I still could only vaguely see an outline of someone standing over me.

"Is that you, Alpha Sterling?"

As soon as I asked the question, I was picked up.

As the sky and the earth spun, a man's face grew closer and larger. I could make out strong features and an angular jaw.

"Take a good look at me!"

My stomach dropped to the floor as I realized who had picked me up.

The person in front of me was not Jackson, but Griffon!