

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 181

“You...”

Tara was so angry that her chest heaved up and down.

She stood there, debating whether or not to just throw herself past the guard and through the door. There was no way they would physically harm the Alpha’s mate-to-be, right?

When Preston turned down the hallway, he saw Tara arguing with Griffon’s personal pack guards and hurried over.

“What’s wrong?”

When she saw that it was Preston, Tara’s expression softened slightly.

Tara restrained her temper, pointed at the guard, and said, “Preston, I want to see Griffon, but he won’t let me in.”

Preston indeed looked familiar with the woman, the guard mused.

Could this woman really be Alpha Knight’s mate?

Didn’t that mean that he had offended his Luna just now?

The guard looked at Preston and saw that Preston was looking at him with a grin on his face. He thought to himself, “Well, I’m about to be demoted to a lower position within the pack.”

Unexpectedly, Preston raised his hand and patted him on the shoulder. “Good job. I’ll see that you get a bonus at the end of the year!”

“Preston, why are you-”

Before Tara could finish her words, Preston interrupted her.

“He didn’t let you in because he followed my brother’s orders. That’s literally his job. And instead of understanding the position he’s in, you were rude to him and yelled at him. Is that how a Luna behaves?”

Preston had known Tara’s character since they were children.

She tended to look down on the lowest-level pack members but always pretended to be kind and generous.

He'd had a problem with Tara for a long time. If it weren't for Griffon, he wouldn't have bothered to talk to her. She wasn't a she-wolf who was meant to be a Luna, and he didn't feel she would make a good one for the Knight pack.

"Preston, why do you have to go against me?"

Tara thought that Preston was here to help her, but it turned out that he was helping an outsider. She was already angry, and now she was being called rude by Preston in front of a lowly pack guard. How embarrassing.

"I'm not going against you. I'm just following the rules. If you feel something is wrong, I'm sure Griffon will gladly hear your complaints...when he's accepting visitors."

"Preston!" Tara roared in anger, her rageful wolf coming to the surface. She took her purse and threw it at him.

Preston easily avoided the bag.

When she missed, it incensed Tara even further, and she started to shift.

"Be careful, you might ruin your pretty dress," Preston mocked.

"Just you wait!" she yelled.

When she became Griffon's true mate, once she was the Luna of the Knight pack, she would take revenge on Preston. As the Luna, she would be higher ranking than him, and she'd be able to do whatever she wanted

Tara glared at Preston, then turned and huffed off.

As soon as she left, the guard looked at Preston worriedly.

"She said she's the Alpha's mate. Will your involvement in this cause trouble for you with the Alpha?"

"His mate?" Preston sneered. "Griffon hasn't even gotten engaged to her yet, but she's already calling herself his mate. Shame on her. And don't worry. Even if she marries Griffon, she won't pose any threat to me."

Griffon didn't want to marry Tara to begin with. If it weren't for Eldest Brother...

Thinking of his elder brother, Preston's expression changed.

He quickly collected himself, patted the guard on the shoulder, and walked toward Griffon's office.

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Jackson wasn't surprised by the results of the bidding.

After he signed the contract, he left the auditorium and returned to the lounge where he'd left Taya. When he saw that Taya was still asleep, he frowned slightly.

He stepped forward and gently nudged Taya, only to find she had fallen into a deep sleep.

Jackson called her name a few more times, but she didn't respond.

He had noticed that she could fall asleep quickly, but now he felt like something was wrong.

This felt like more than just a nap, she was sleeping so soundly.

He quickly took out his mobile phone and called Eric.

"Eric, do people with heart failure sleep more?"

Eric didn't need to ask who Jackson was talking about.

"People with heart failure are more prone to exhaustion, yes."

"What about not being able to wake them up?"

Eric wanted to tell him what was going on, but he also felt that the young lady didn't seem to want Jackson to know the truth.

"She must just be really tired. And some people sleep more soundly than others. It's nothing serious. She'll be fine when she wakes up."

Eric hesitated for a few seconds, fighting the urge to tell his friend what was really happening. But if he divulged Taya's medical information, he could lose his license.

Jackson heaved a sigh of relief when he heard what Eric said.

Taya had been busy accompanying him to banquets and biddings during the past two days, so that made sense that she was just a bit more over-exerted than normal.

Jackson hung up the phone and looked at Taya, sleeping on the sofa.

He clearly remembered that he had put a coat on her before he left, but it was gone.

Looking around, he saw the edge of his jacket sleeve hanging out of the trash can.

What the hell?

Did she really hate him that much?

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Jackson didn't have a chance to ruminate on Taya's actions.

There was a knock on the doorframe, and his Beta walked in.

"The Knight pack is urging everyone off-property now that the bidding has concluded."

The Knight pack never allowed outsiders to stay in their headquarters for long. They had too much going on, especially given the nature of their private contracts with the government. A leak of any kind could ruin them.

Jackson withdrew his gaze from Taya and nodded to his Beta. "Go get the car and bring it around."

Beta Smith nodded and quickly turned around to leave.

As soon as he left, Jackson stepped forward, picked up Taya, and walked out of the lounge.

Anger filled him. That she would so callously just throw his jacket away was completely unacceptable. Who the hell did she think she was? The fact that she had disrespected him and clearly wanted nothing to do with him made him all the more determined to touch her, brand her, force her to be near him.

Everyone was stunned when he appeared in the lobby with Taya in his arms.

The stubborn desire in the Alpha's eyes was a little scary...

As Preston walked into his brother's office, he saw Griffon standing in front of the French window with his hands in his pockets, looking down at the lobby below.

“Griffon...” Preston called out to him, but Griffon didn’t respond.

He walked over and followed the Alpha’s line of sight to look down just in time to see Jackson carefully carry Taya into the car.

Preston wanted to laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation. Were the two of them thumbing their noses at the Knight pack on purpose?

One was a lowly human woman Griffon had kept as a mistress, and the other was a man who had talked about mating with his sister.

Not only did the two of them get together, but they even dared to embrace each other in the territory of the Knight pack!

“Do you think Jackson will mate her?”

Just as Preston angrily gnashed his teeth, Griffon asked this question.

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Preston was stunned for a long time before Griffon realized he had asked if Jackson would mate Taya.

“How is that possible? With Ms. Palmer’s background and lack of a wolf, how could the Sterling pack allow Jackson to mate her?”

“Is that so?” Griffon asked blandly.

Before discovering their past, Griffon was sure Jackson would not go against the Sterling pack for Taya.

But now, he felt that Jackson, who had regained his memory, would do anything for Taya. After all, they used to love each other so much.

“Griffon, you... What’s wrong?”

Realizing that Griffon seemed morose at the possibility of Jackson and Taya together, Preston was worried.

Why was the Alpha paying so much attention to Taya? Did he harbor feelings for her?

“I’m fine,” Griffon bit out.

When Griffon saw the Rolls–Royce drive away from the building, he looked away from the window and toward Preston.

“What do you want from me?”

Seeing that his cousin slash brother had returned to his usual gruff, right to the point self, Preston stopped himself from saying anything further about the Taya and Jackson situation.

“Artificial Intelligence 7 has passed its initial testing, and the press conference will be scheduled for next month. I think it’s ready, but do you want to send someone to test it again before the press conference?”

“No.”

Preston had been studying computers for many years and had made countless outstanding achievements in artificial intelligence, so Griffon was very confident in him if he said it was ready.

“Just be sure to monitor news and the stock after the press release and inform me of any data of note.”

As Alpha, Griffon was in charge of all pack operations. It was a lot to handle, and their businesses had steadily grown over generations of Knight wolves. One of the biggest things he had learned as the leader of his pack was to trust his pack members and let them do their thing the best way for them. He never cared about the process, only the result.

“No problem,” Preston replied, nodding.

After they were done with the business, Preston brought up Tara.

“So, Tara had a quarrel with your pack guards downstairs just now. Did you happen to see that?”

Griffon nodded, showing no interest in it, but Preston couldn’t help pressing further.

“Not only was she disrespectful and rude with the guard, she also claimed to be your mate. How could she-

“Tomorrow, I will go to Elder Thorin to discuss when Tara and I’s mating ceremony will be.”

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“What, what?”

Preston was dumbfounded.

“Go back to the pack manor and ask Mr. Sheridan to prepare the mating ceremony gifts.”

It took Preston a few minutes to take in what Griffon had said and to regain his ability to speak after the shock he'd been delivered.

“You can't be serious. Are you really going to mate Tara? Her character is questionable at best for a Luna. Our pack needs someone kind, someone full of light and love...someone who respects other people.”

Griffon didn't reply. His vacant eyes were filled with a dim light.

He felt as if he had fallen into a lonely abyss.

Preston's eyes were full of sympathy and helplessness.

“Griffon, we can wait a little longer. There's no need to-”

“What's there to wait about?” Griffon snarled.

Preston opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but it was useless.

No matter if they did it immediately or waited, the outcome was still the same.

Instead, Preston simply nodded and said, “I'll have Mr. Sheridan prepare the mating gifts.”

The Rolls-Royce stopped at the entrance to Taya's neighborhood. Taya, lying in the back seat, had not woken up yet.

“Alpha, should I wake Ms. Palmer?” the driver asked.

Jackson turned his head to look at the peacefully sleeping Taya, feeling a bit reluctant to disturb her.

“Call for one of the men to pick you up. Leave the car to me.”

The driver nodded and handed the keys over to Jackson before getting out of the vehicle.

Jackson didn't know which house Taya lived in, nor did he know when she would wake up.

After hesitating for a few minutes, he started the car and took her to his villa.

He had planned to stay there when he came to Arcadia for the bidding, but Ms. Thorin had insisted on arranging a hotel. for them, so he had never been there.

One of the many perks of being a rich Alpha was the ability to have someone purchase real estate for you and take care of getting it set up.

After he parked the car, he carried Taya into the villa.

How was she still not awake?

"Alpha, you're here." Cora, who was waiting in the villa, hurried over when she saw Jackson.

He nodded and instructed, "Prepare a set of clean pajamas."

Cora glanced at the girl in his arms and dared not ask any more questions. She replied with a "yes" and went to find pajamas.

Jackson put Taya on the bed in the second bedroom. Looking at her peaceful and beautiful face, the sense of paranoia that had been plaguing him eased slightly.

He raised his hand and caressed her hair.

For a long time, he sat by the bed and watched her before asking Cora to help her change into the pajamas.

Then he went to the bathroom, washed up, and returned to the bedroom to look at Taya.

Seeing that she had turned over and changed her sleeping position, he heaved a deep sigh of relief.

It was as if she had passed away silently when she fell asleep.

Now that Taya was safe and sound, he gently closed the door and turned to the main bedroom.

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When I woke up, it was the next day.

I looked around the unfamiliar room in a daze.

Vaguely, I remembered crying on the sofa yesterday. I'd cried so hard that I was out of breath and fainted.

But...I was at the Knight pack's headquarters yesterday. How and why was I waking up in such a strange place?

I struggled to sit up, only to find that my legs were sore, and I couldn't move.

Glancing around the room, I saw my purse on the sofa across the room. I needed my medicine from it...but the sofa was so very far away.

I was about to crawl over to get the medicine, when the door opened and Jackson came in.

Goddess, he looked amazing. The sunlight coming in through the window behind him made him glow, and I felt like I was looking at seventeen-year-old Silas.

"You're awake."

Jackson's gaze was gentle as he looked at me.

"Yeah." I felt uncomfortable and nodded before looking up at him. "Where am I?"

"This is my villa in Arcadia. I didn't know where you lived, so I brought you here."

"You have a home here? Then why didn't you refuse the hotel room?"

"Ms. Thorin insisted that you arrange a hotel for me. If I refused, she would have blamed you and said you messed up, right?"

He was right. "Thank you," I said quietly, nodding. "What was the result of the bidding?"

"The Sterling pack won the bid. And the Knight pack will be directly managing it, which means you'll be off the hook with Ms. Thorin."

My eyes widened. Griffon wasn't going to have the MPC handle project management?

But, what about Tara? Wasn't Griffon aware of just how bad this would make her look?

I couldn't quite figure it out, but I didn't ask anything further. "Congratulations."

Jackson's brows narrowed, and he opened his mouth like he wanted to say something, then closed it.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

I shook my head, looking everywhere but at Jackson. This was too intimate. I noticed my clothes lying next to my bag, then looked down to see that I was wearing unfamiliar pajamas.

My gaze shot up to Jackson's face.

"It was the maid who helped you change."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

I needed to leave, to get away from Jackson, but my legs...

They were still frozen. I was trapped here.

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I needed Jackson to take me home, but he would expect me to get out of bed...and I couldn't.

As I was thinking about how to get my pills without alerting him to the fact that I couldn't move my legs, he turned toward the door and called for someone.

"Cora."

A middle-aged woman in her 40s or 50s came in with a plate.

The woman—Cora, I presumed—looked kind. She had a gentle smile on her face, and her figure was plump. She looked like... a mother.

After placing the food tray on the table, she smiled. "Miss, I don't know what you like to eat, so I prepared some breakfast according to Alpha Sterling's tastes. Later, I can make you lunch according to your tastes instead."

Her kindness made me feel a little less uncomfortable. “Thank you.”

Cora waved her hand. “You’re welcome.”

She walked out and closed the door behind her.

My heart stuttered when she closed the door. She must think we needed privacy, that there was intimacy between.

Now I felt even more uncomfortable than before. I struggled to sit up in the bed, only able to use my arms to shift around.

I leaned against the headboard, a little embarrassed, and asked Jackson, “Can you take me home?”

Jackson didn’t respond right away. After a few seconds, he frowned, heaved a sigh, and asked, “Do you have any other disease besides your heart issue?”

Crap.

“I’m not sick.”

“Then why do you have to struggle to sit up?”

I sighed internally. No matter how well I pretended, Jackson could see through me.

I have an insufficient blood supply, so I feel weak when I’m tired.”

“Insufficient blood supply?”

His tone was full of skepticism.

“Do you have to hear the words ‘terminal illness’ from my mouth before you believe me?”

Jackson quickly explained. “That’s not what I meant. I just think

I interrupted him. “It doesn’t matter what you mean. I don’t have to report my physical condition to you. Or has something changed that I don’t know about, and I’m required to?”

He looked taken aback for a second. No one spoke to an Alpha the way I’d just spoken to Jackson. And humans? Hell, “regular” humans probably rarely spoke to him at all.

He quickly recovered, and a glower slid over his face.

I was treading on thin ice with him, but right now, I didn’t care.

“Would you like to rethink the tone you’re speaking to me in?” he growled.

“No,” I said matter-of-factly. “Especially regarding our history where my heart condition is concerned. And I’m not some simpering she-wolf who will flatter you, if that’s what you’re looking for.”

I stared at Jackson without blinking.

Did he have a conscious? Even remotely?

He was the one who had damaged my transplanted heart and caused my current heart failure.

How dare he tone police me.

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Jackson looked at me and took a step forward, then stopped abruptly. It was as though I had pricked him.

If only I could.

If only I were a porcupine shifter or something—if those even existed. All those little needles to protect myself from all these Alphas and their tempers.

He let out a huff. “I don’t need you to flatter me. I just want to make sure you’re okay.”

I’d readied myself to fight with him; I didn’t expect him to say such a thing.

It threw me off-kilter.

And now he was smiling, which threw me off even more.

He seemed genuinely concerned about my physical condition and asked a few more questions.

Jackson turned around, picked up the plate on the table, and handed it to me. “Eat something first.”

I did not respond, just stared blankly at the food on the plate.

“Taya?”

When Jackson called my name, I slowly raised my head to look at him.

I tried to keep my expression bland and indifferent, but I couldn't help the tears in my eyes.

My hopes that he didn't see them were dashed when I saw his chest heave and his eyes soften.

He was about to speak, but I didn't want his pity. How dare he.

"If you want to make sure I'm fine, then why did you treat me like that five years ago?"

Jackson didn't have an answer.

Five years ago, he had just lost his memory and was unfamiliar with everything and everyone.

Every single thing in his life was strange, was a struggle. And Taya came to him every day and explained over and over again. It didn't matter how many times she said it—he didn't remember.

In the midst of that, he received information about her, and it didn't show her in a great light. It made her appear to be conniving and scheming.

He'd snapped.

That was why he ordered the security guard to throw her out, even though she was still kneeling at the door then.

It was the worst thing he could have ever done to her, and the guilt was unbearable.

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"I'm sorry. I didn't mean... I was so overwhelmed..."

Jackson couldn't find the right words to continue. A strange feeling spread through him, and he struggled to try to figure out what it was. His wolf nudged him, and his realization took him aback.

Embarrassment. That's what it was.

Definitely an emotion that Alphas didn't tend to have a lot of experience with...

Even if Taya had bad intentions at the time, he shouldn't have ordered pack guards to physically throw her out.

His thoughts had gone off track, and he hadn't directly answered her question. She didn't care that he was overwhelmed and confused five years ago; she cared about how he'd physically hurt her.

Subconsciously, he probably didn't want to discuss it, so his wolf had derailed his thoughts and made him deflect.

Taya didn't ask any more questions, and Jackson was puzzled by her silence after being so forthright with him just a few minutes ago.

When she came to the airport to pick him up, he had apologized. It didn't matter and she'd blown him off, still didn't like him.

Now, when he apologized to her again regarding having the pack guards throw her out, she still didn't respond.

What more did she want from him? He'd already given her two more apologies than any other Alpha would offer up.

He couldn't figure it out and wanted to ask more questions, but Taya said lightly, "Alpha Sterling, please take me home."

Jackson set his jaw, his eyebrows narrowing a bit.

It was clear they weren't going to get anywhere with this conversation. She'd shut him down and shut him out.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you, Alpha."

Where was this demure, quiet woman coming from? It was a drastic change in tone from her previous words to him.

She must be desperate to get home, to get away from him.

And he wasn't sure how he felt about that.

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Jackson handed the plate of food to me. "I'll take you home after you eat something."

I didn't have much of an appetite, and the last thing I wanted to do was eat. But when he promised to take me home after I ate, I obediently took the plate.

After breakfast, it took some effort to change into my clothes.

I'd worn a professional suit to attend the bidding conference yesterday, and thankfully, the loose-fitting trousers covered up my swollen legs.

After I changed, Jackson came in again as I was thinking about how to ask him to help me get downstairs. My legs were so stiff, I didn't think I'd be able to manage on my own.

As if Jackson had read my mind, he walked over and gathered me up in his arms.

He took me by surprise, but he said lightly, "If you could leave on your own, you wouldn't have asked me to take you home."

I dipped my head, a bit embarrassed that he could see through me so easily.

The woman in his arms was too light.

No matter how much she weighed, it wouldn't matter given his wolf's strength.

But this...she felt like a feather in his arms.

It seemed that a slight gust of wind could blow her emaciated body away.

Jackson's heart ached to see Taya like this.

"Taya..."

After he carried her out of the villa, he called her name softly.

Taya looked up at him and waited quietly without saying anything.

After a moment of silence, Jackson lowered his head. "I'm sorry I forgot you. Please don't hate me."

She searched his face, and he hoped she could see the sincerity in his eyes.

Frowning, her eyes furrowed in thought, she asked, "Did you really... lose your memory?"

Jackson nodded. "I tried to regain it, but whenever I fought to remember something, I would be overcome with migraines."

Especially when he thought of her.

That was when his head hurt even more.

It was like his brain was preventing him from recalling anything related to Taya.