

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 301

Over the next few days, Taya spent more time sleeping than being awake.

Even when she did wake up, she only said a few words and fell asleep again.

Jackson sat by the hospital bed and didn't move. His pale face and beard made him look exhausted. It was important for wolves to shift to maintain their vitality, and since Jackson would only leave Taya's bedside to use the restroom, he definitely hadn't shifted.

Harper advised him to go for a run, but he refused. In the end, she decided to leave him alone and go find some soup for Taya to have when she woke up.

Not long after Harper left, Taya woke up. Her limbs were so weak that she couldn't move.

She could guess that her face was probably swollen and must look terrible.

Taya felt Jackson's grip on her hand. It was so tight that her heart skipped a beat.

She asked in a hoarse voice, "Has the sun... risen?"

Jackson nodded, but then he remembered that she couldn't see, so he quickly replied softly, "Yes..."

He looked out of the window. It was snowing heavily, and the sun could not be seen.

But over the past few days, the first thing she did when she woke up was to ask him if the sun was out.

She must really want to see it, but she couldn't.

Hearing that the sun was out, Taya slowly turned her head. Through the glass window, she seemed to see a beam of sunlight coming in, which warmed her heart...

"Silas, was it the same weather as the day you found me?"

"Yes, the sky was blue, and the clouds were white. The sun was shining brightly. You were lying in the grass."

When Silas was five, he was flying a kite outside the orphanage. When he saw her in the grass, he picked her up and took her back to the orphanage without hesitation.

When Silas picked her up, he was destined to love her for the rest of his life...

Hearing Jackson's description, Taya couldn't help but smile.

In her dream, she saw a woman standing in the sun and reaching out to her. She seemed to say, "Taya, Mom is here to pick you up."

She felt that it might be her mother. Just like when she came, she put her in the sun and left reluctantly...

Perhaps it was not her mother, but she was so eager to have a mother, she created one in her dreams.

After all, she had never experienced maternal love or paternal love in her life.

Seeing her bitter smile, Jackson felt a thorn had pricked his heart. It hurt all over his body.

He couldn't help but hug her tightly and didn't dare to let go of her...

Frustrated, she patted him and said, "Don't be sad. I'll see you next time..."

Jackson buried his head in her neck like a child. His hot tears fell on her skin silently.

Taya's heart skipped a beat. She was moved by his persistence, and her eyes burned with her own tears...

They snuggled tightly together as if only each other remained in the heavens and the earth, and they were as pure as they were when they were young.

Ultimately, he feared she would be exhausted, so he gently put her down...

She leaned to one side and looked out of the window. Unconsciously, she thought of that chiseled face.

Jackson had felt uneasy in Wolverly Capital and hurried over to see her because he felt something was wrong.

It was not until now that she realized that if someone didn't love someone, they wouldn't rush to another city the way he did for her.

Taya smiled again. She had pushed him away because she didn't want him to see her dying. But why did that matter?

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Her jaw suddenly clenched, and she coughed violently. Pink foam and blood instantly filled the oxygen mask.

"Taya!"

Jackson's face turned pale. He hurriedly pressed the button to call the doctor and knelt on one knee. He pulled out a tissue, tore Taya's oxygen mask off, and caught the phlegm she had coughed up.

He raised his other hand and wanted to wipe the blood from the corner of her mouth, but more blood flowed out...

It rolled down her cheeks, wetting her clothes and pillow.

He had no idea what to do, and his wolf raged and paced inside him with the need to do SOMETHING.

When the nurse heard the alarm for Taya's room, she immediately called the director and another doctor.

Stella ordered the doctor to push Taya into the emergency room.

The people in the ward came and went out in a rush to take care of Taya. Only Jackson remained kneeling, quiet and still.

It was as though the entire world had fallen silent. Jackson was the only one left, staring blankly at the blood all over his hand...

Like a black hole, the darkness devoured him bit by bit, making him finally realize that the person he had taken care of since he was a child was really dying.

He didn't know what fell on the back of his hand, but it didn't take long for it to wet Taya's dried blood on his skin.

When Harper came back and saw Jackson like this, the resentment in her heart gradually dissipated...

She had seen how much he had loved Taya since he was a child. If not for the fact that they had missed five years, they would have lived together peacefully for the rest of their lives.

However, the world was unpredictable. The goddess let them miss it and now wanted to take Taya's life...

Thinking of this, Harper couldn't help shedding tears as well. She propped herself up and stepped forward to pat Jackson on the shoulder.

"Let's go to the emergency room and wait for her..."

Before entering the VIP ward, the nurse had told her what had happened.

Harper was about to turn around and run to the emergency room, then stopped when she saw Jackson kneeling motionlessly on the ground.

Jackson acted as if he hadn't heard anything. He lowered his eyes and stared at the pair of bloody hands...

Knowing he couldn't face it, Harper sighed heavily and walked to the emergency room.

The lights in the emergency room were on, indicating they were under emergency treatment. Harper wondered if Taya could survive this.

Leaning against the wall, Harper squatted in the corner and stared at the door.

It was not until the emergency light turned green that Harper stood up straight.

The emergency room door slowly opened, and Stella came out with a group of doctors in white coats.

Stella suddenly didn't know what to say when she saw the red-eyed Harper.

"Stella... Stella, how is Taya?"

Leaning against the wall, Harper struggled to ask this question tremblingly.

Stella looked up at Harper and took a deep breath.

After a few seconds of silence, she said to Harper, "It's time to say goodbye to her for the last time..."

Jackson, who had just arrived at the emergency room, almost fell when he heard this.

His face was so pale that it was almost transparent.

He staggered in front of Harper, who was limping in Stella's arms and could not breathe.

Jackson clenched his fists and told Stella tremblingly, "I'll go see her first..."

Stella nodded, helped Harper sit on the bench, took out a sedative, and pushed it into her palm.

The dose was not much, but it could calm Harper down and send Taya to the afterlife...

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Jackson leaned against the wall and walked into the emergency room.

Taya's petite body lay on the operating table, looking lifeless.

If it weren't for the fact that her eyes, which were covered by her long eyelashes, were still moving, she would have look

dead.

The blood on her face had been wiped clean, revealing her sickly pale complexion.

She was as beautiful as ever, like spring flowers under the sunlight.

"Taya..."

Jackson knelt on one knee before the operating table and whispered in her ear.

His gentle voice pulled her back to reality.

She slowly opened her tired eyes and wanted to look at him last, but she still couldn't see anything.

“Silas...”

She struggled to utter the word. Her consciousness was unclear, and her voice was indistinct.

He moved closer to her lips and heard her call his name.

“I’m here.”

Jackson held her hand tightly, giving her a little strength.

Taya took in the last breath of oxygen and told him in a stuttering whisper, “Take good care of Harper.”

Taya had nothing else to ask for.

Jackson lowered his head and kissed her forehead. He replied softly, “Okay.”

Taya smiled. “Silas... in your next life... don’t forget me...”

Jackson felt a sharp pain in his heart, as if he was suffocating, making him unable to breathe.

Indescribable pain shot through his body as if he had been tortured. Every cell in his body was torn apart.

He’d heard the mates felt like this when one of them died.

He took a deep breath, and his chest was slightly relieved. However, the regret still wrapped him tightly, making him guilty and unable to extricate himself.

He grabbed the pair of cold, trembling hands and put them over his heart. As if he were making an oath, he solemnly promised, “Wait for me.”

Taya had promised to wait for him in his next life, which was the best ending or the latest beginning. He hoped that they would not miss each other again in the next life.

Now that Taya had done what she was supposed to, she should close her eyes and sleep well.

However, she was unwilling to give up. She rolled her dim eyes and looked in the direction of the emergency room as if she was waiting for someone...

“Are you waiting for Harper?”

Taya smiled. “Yes...”

Harper walked in with Stella’s help as soon as she finished speaking.

Seeing the weak woman lying on the operating table, Harper’s mood collapsed again.

“Taya!”

Harper rushed over and cried her heart out. Her sister, her only family member, was about to leave this earth. What should she do in the future?

She wanted to touch her face, but she had no strength at all.

She couldn’t even open her eyes...

She breathed in the oxygen to prolong her life and used all her strength to comfort Harper. “Don’t... be... sad... take care of yourself...”

She had tried her best to speak with just a few words, so she had no strength to speak again.

Harper’s cry gradually disappeared from her ears in a trance, replaced by a gruff voice.

“Taya...”

She struggled to open her eyes again and looked in the direction of the voice...

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“Silas?” Taya said weakly.

“It’s me, love. Silas, Jackson...whoever you want me to be. My wolf...my wolf wants to be sure we find each other in the next life.”

Jackson’s hand grabbed Taya’s and squeezed.

She wasn't sure what he meant and was struggling to find the words to ask him, but he spoke before she could open her mouth to try.

"I've brought an elder. He's right here. I want...mate me before you leave me, Taya. Please," Jackson begged and squeezed her hand tighter.

The blood stilled in Taya's body, her heart stopped, and the breath in her lungs froze.

Part of her thrilled at the thought of a union with her true love, and the other part was so very angry that it took her dying to make it happen.

She wanted to punish him and tell him no, to make him pine for her the way she had pined for him for so many years.

But at this point, she had no reason to hold onto those old resentments. The young girl from so long ago took hold of her heart.

If she had to die so young, so unfulfilled in life, why not end this life on a happy note? Perhaps in the next life, the goddess. would be kinder to her, and this blip of content at the end would transfer into her reincarnated self.

"Yes," she whispered and squeezed his hand back. "Yes. Hurry, before I'm gone."

The sound of Harper's hushed weeping grew a bit louder when Taya spoke, and then she could feel Harper's hand grasping her other hand.

A rustling came from across the room, and then Taya could feel the presence of another person near her bed.

"I am Elder Stiln, Taya," came a gentle, older man's voice. "I know this won't be a standard mating, so I have modified a mating ceremony."

Taya nodded, tightening her grip on both Jackson and Harper's hands.

This was how she'd always dreamed it would be. The three of them, together. Her sister and her mate by her side through the end of life.

In a matter of minutes, the elder had performed the mating. ceremony and then quietly left the room to leave them alone.

Jackson caressed Taya's forehead and cheek, then softly kissed her lips, as if he was afraid he might hurt her.

What she was afraid of was how much he was going to hurt when she was gone.

She couldn't bear the weight of it.

So even though Taya wanted to spend her last moments with him, she wanted him to remember his last moment with her as those of them being mated, not of her dying.

"I don't want you to remember me dead," Taya whispered.

"I know," he whispered against her cheek.

A tear dropped onto her face, and then he was gone.

She lay there after Jackson had left, sobbing silently, Harper clutching her hand and caressing her forehead while she wept.

Taya's chest ached, and breathing became harder. She couldn't force out any words.

Her time was almost here, and panic started to overtake her.

She wasn't ready.

Oh goddess, she wasn't ready to die.

"Wait! I'm here to save her!" a woman's voice screamed out as someone ran into the room.

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"Wait! Don't let her die!"

The voice sounded eerily close to Taya's, and she was sure she was hallucinating in her mind.

"Who...who are you?"

Harper's voice sounded startled, and Taya could tell that something was off.

The little bit of adrenaline from the moment kept her hanging onto her last thread of life.

“I’m here to save her,” the woman said again.

“What do you mean? Do you have a heart?” Stella asked. Taya had forgotten she was still in the room.

“No, I have something better.”

That...made no sense.

“I’m afraid the only thing that can help her at this time is to receive a new heart,” Stella said, “Who are you?” Harper asked in a gruff voice.

Taya didn’t need to see her eyes to know that Harper’s wolf was on edge and that something was wrong. In a silent request to fill her in, Taya squeezed her hand.

“She looks just like you,” Harper whispered.

What? That made no sense. How could she look like Taya?

Her brain spun in circles as she tried to contemplate what that could mean. As she was trying to figure it out, the woman answered.

“I’m her older sister,” the woman said. “I’m here to save her.”

“You aren’t going to give her the heart out of your own chest, so how do you plan to do that?” Stella challenged.

“I’m so glad I found you in time.”

Taya felt the air change beside her, and then two hands were clasping her other hand that Harper wasn’t holding. A low warning growl came from Harper’s side of the bed, and Taya could almost feel her stiffen beside her.

“You’re...” Harper’s whispered word trailed off.

“Yes. I’m a wolf,” the woman confirmed. “You must do exactly as I say. Quickly. I can change her, and then her wolf will heal her.”

“Where have you been all these years? How did you find her? Was she always supposed to be a wolf?” Harper rattled off questions until the woman cut her off again.

“I’m telling you, we have to do this NOW! We’re running out of time. I’ll answer all of your questions later!”

Stella cut in. “What do we need to do?”

The woman started barking orders, and while Taya could sense that Harper didn't like what was happening, she was giving over control of the situation to Stella and the woman.

Harper's wolf was wary as it paced just below the surface, and she eyed the other woman as she spoke to Stella.

Stella was going along with it, so Harper decided to see what would happen. She'd never heard of someone being able to change someone else. Human bodies were too weak to go through a transformation like that.

Did that mean Taya truly was a shifter but something had kept her wolf at bay?

Harper definitely believed that the woman was Taya's sister. They looked just alike; there was no way it was just a coincidence. She had so many questions, but right now, if there was any way Taya could be saved, that was most important.

"I need a knife, wolfsbane, holy water..."

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 306

Harper couldn't believe it.

She stared at both women, lying next to each other in the hospital room.

They looked damn near identical. Which was a good thing because it meant that color was starting to come back to Taya's cheeks.

The sisters' hands were stretched across the beds, their fingers entwined and palms pressed together where Taya's sister—who had finally told them her name was Rosalie—had cut used the knife to slice them open.

At first glance, it was hard to tell which sister was which. If Harper didn't know better because Rosalie had told them she was five years older, she would think they were twins.

Stella was equally entranced by the scene before her. She'd never seen or heard of anything like this, and as the Knight pack doctor, she had millions of questions to ask once Rosalie was recovered.

Knowledge like this had the potential to unlock unheard of healing abilities for shifters not only in the Knight pack, but everywhere. Of course, opening this door could lead to a world of problems, but she didn't want to think about that right now.

She'd save those worries for later.

And that was if this crazy thing even worked. It was still too unreal to believe until she saw Taya shift into a wolf with her own eyes.

“He’s...coming...”

Rosalie’s words pulled Stella from her thoughts.

“Who?” she asked.

“Change...back...” Rosalie gasped out.

“What is she talking about?” Harper asked, rushing over to Stella’s side and looking down at Rosalie.

“I’m not sure,” Stella answered.

Rosalie’s eyebrows were pulled together, and her eyes were squinted closed as if she were in pain.

Was the process supposed to hurt like this? Was this normal?

Stella wrung her hands, wishing she’d thought to ask about what would happen. But Rosalie had been in such a rush,

there hadn’t been time to get any more information out of her. All the woman had done was bark out orders, and she’d completed the transformation ritual in a blur of muttered words and movement.

“Sir! Stop!”

Shouts came from the hallway outside the hospital room, and Stella recognized the voice of one of the hospital guards.

“I said stop!”

Stella prayed to the goddess that Griffon hadn’t shown up or that Jackson wasn’t doing something stupid. But her wolf perked up when she heard the commotion, her wolf’s sixth sense immediately knowing that something was wrong.

“Here...” Rosalie stuttered out, furrowing her eyebrows even more.

She muttered more words in a language Stella couldn’t make out, and then Stella watched as both women’s bodies went completely rigid and still, even their toes pointing downward as though they were ballerinas on point.

At that moment, the doors of the hospital room burst open, and a group of men that Stella had never seen before came rushing in.

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Complete chaos followed.

Stella's wolf didn't recognize the scent of any of the shifters that stormed into the room. There were so many of them.

Two huge male shifters grabbed Stella and pulled her out of the room and into the hallway. She struggled and shifted into her lycan form, but even partially shifted, she was no match for two males that were twice her size.

A couple of other massive males grabbed Harper. Harper partially shifted as well, claws slashing and fangs bared.

Harper almost managed to fight her way out of their grasp, slicing one of the males across his forearm.

He didn't even blink, and the men quickly grabbed hold of her even tighter, picking her up off the ground and carrying her out of the room and into the hallway with Stella.

Harper's wolf was desperate, but there was no way she could defeat the two males holding her. Especially after another one put a bag over her head as they carried her away.

She listened for what she could, trying to hear if Taya screamed out, but it was no use. They took her away too quickly, and all she could make out was the sound of crashes and clanging metal coming from the room.

She thrashed and thrashed, but the hands on her only tightened their holds. Claws poked into her arms, though she barely felt the pain as she tried to get away and get back to

Taya.

Who were these shifters?

Just what kind of mess had Rosalie gotten them into?

And then, just as abruptly as they came, they left.

Harper was dumped onto the floor, and by the time she reached up to take the bag off of her head, they were gone. There was no sign of them anywhere.

She looked over to see Stella in a heap on the floor beside her, looking just as dazed and confused, her eyes wide with fear and adrenaline. They were both still in their lycan forms, and their chests heaved as they tried to regain their breaths from struggling so hard.

Without a word, they both looked at each other, then looked in the direction of the hospital room where Taya and Rosalie were. Harper jumped up first and reached the doorway a second before Stella.

Harper gasped as she took in the room.

It was a disaster.

The beds where the women had been laying were overturned, and all of the medical equipment had been smashed.

Stella rushed past Harper and ran into the room, her eyes taking in the scene. She looked back at Harper, panic on her face, when both women realized that they didn't see anyone in the room.

But then, they both saw a foot at the same time.

They raced to where the woman was lying behind one of the overturned beds.

Taya and Rosalie had been dressed identically for the transformation ritual, naked other than a hospital gown.

For a second, Harper couldn't tell who was there, but when she got closer and sniffed, she realized it was Taya.

It had to be.

Because this was a human.

The ritual hadn't worked.

They'd been interrupted too early, and the stranger shifters had taken Rosalie away. Perhaps as a punishment for what she was trying to do.

Stella kneeled down next to Taya, felt her wrist then her neck, then looked up at Harper and shook her head.

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 308

Taya's head was pounding.

It felt like a dozen little people with jackhammers were inside of her skull.

And words couldn't even begin to describe the disoriented feeling that had overtaken her.

She stretched her arms and legs out a bit, her limbs aching with the movement and causing a wave of nausea to flow through her.

Forcing her eyelids open a little, she almost cried when she realized she could see light. Everything was blurry, so she blinked multiple times, praying to the goddess that she would be able to see more than just light and shadowy blobs.

Then again, even that was better than the total darkness from before.

From before...

She'd been in the hospital before. And this was most definitely not the hospital. The sheets beneath her felt silky, not stiff and scratchy from over-washing like at the hospital.

Had Harper or Jackson taken her home with them?

Taya blinked a bit more, and the shadowy blobs started to take shape.

Until she found herself being stared intensely at by a penetrating pair of almost-black eyes.

Taya immediately felt flustered, and she quickly lowered her eyelashes to block his burning gaze.

He stared at her for a long time. When he was sure that she had really woken up, he straightened, turned around, and walked out without saying a word. Soon, he came in with an old man.

The old man had blue eyes and white hair. He was wearing a dark suit with a white doctor's coat, looking polished and professional.

Taya had never seen either of these men before.

After the first man brought the old man in, he pointed at Taya. "George, how did she wake up?"

George? As in Dr. George?

Taya froze for a moment.

Stella said that Griffon had contacted a world-famous cardiology expert for her named Dr. George. Could it be him?

George did not reply to the man. He turned on the equipment and began to give her a full-body examination. He looked very focused, and his eyes were full of disbelief.

His expression was the same as that of the man. It seemed he was also surprised that she had woken up, as if she shouldn't have.

George couldn't wait to finish her examination. He looked up at the man and said, "This is extraordinary. Absolutely extraordinary. Of course, I'll have to run more tests to determine the full scope of her condition, but her heart sounds healthy."

Hearing this, a trace of impatience appeared on the man's handsome face. "You said that she wouldn't wake up. What's going on now?"

George scratched the back of his head. "When I diagnosed her before, the results were inconclusive. It would appear that Rosalie's transformation ritual indeed worked, and it has healed her heart."

The man seemed to roll his eyes at him and looked a little annoyed. "What should we do now?"

George helplessly spread his hands. "I don't know, either..."

Holding his chin with one hand, the man thought for a moment and said to George, "Why don't we kill her?"

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 309

Jackson was numb.

None of this felt real.

There was a part of him that had hoped there was some possibility of Taya living, of something happening at the last minute to keep her with him after they mated.

But that wasn't to be.

When Eric heard the news of Taya's death, he immediately rushed over. However, he did not expect to see such a scene.

Jackson had always been a composed Alpha, and the wolf Eric was seeing right now was anything but.

Eric watched as Jackson paced around his condo in Arcadia in his massive wolf form. He couldn't describe him with words. He only felt that Jackson had gone mad.

He looked at Jackson's bloodshot eyes and couldn't help but feel emotional for his friend. Even in his wolf form, the grief Jackson was experiencing was coming off of him in waves.

"Jackson, pull yourself together... Your pack needs you."

Jackson's body went limp, and he laid on the floor. His desperate amber eyes were empty as he stared off into nothing.

Night fell, and there was a knock on the door. Eric answered it to see one of Jackson's pack guards standing there with an urn.

"I've brought the remains of the Alpha's mate," he said, trying to look inside to see Jackson.

Eric shifted his body to keep the man from seeing Jackson in such a state. It wouldn't do for anyone to think there might be a weakness to be exploited, that there might be an opening to challenge the Sterling Alpha.

After taking the ashes, Eric sent the pack guard on his way and closed the door.

Jackson's blood-red gaze slowly moved to the urn when Eric turned around.

The second he saw it, he lifted his snout and let out a bloodcurdling, mournful howl.

When Jackson asked Eric if he could cure Taya's heart failure, Eric suspected that Jackson had regained his memory, so he asked Camille about what had happened back then.

Only then did he find out about Jackson and Taya's past. How Jackson's brother Stephen Sterling had behaved in order to keep them apart to protect the Sterling pack.

Jackson had jumped out of the car for Taya's sake and lost his memory. The depth of that kind of love was not something others could easily measure...

Eric suddenly thought of Stella lying on the ground covered in blood and reaching out to him for help. His heart couldn't help but fighten.

If Stella hadn't held on to it back then, would he have been like Jackson, holding on to her urn and utterly ruined?

He shook the thoughts away.

Jackson shifted back into his human form and took the urn from Eric. His housekeeper, Cora, was shocked when she came in and saw Jackson holding an urn, his face pale and eyes blank.

Although Cora didn't know who was in the urn, she thought it must be one of the Alpha's relatives.

"Alpha, I'm going to prepare the mourning hall..."

Jackson did not respond, but when Cora turned around, he stopped her.

"I want you to have a tombstone

"What is her name, Alpha?" Cora

Jackson looked down at the urn and said "My mate, Taya Palmer."

"I want you to have a tombstone made for her."

"What is her name, Alpha?" Cora asked softly.

Jackson looked down at the urn and replied affectionately, "My mate, Taya Palmer."

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 310

Harper cried for days.

She stayed at Taya's house—her old house before mating with Damian—just to try to be near Taya's spirit in some way.

It was so hard to think about Taya not being here anymore, and she had to sort through all of Taya's things.

Harper walked to Taya's room with heavy steps.

Tears fell again when she saw all of Taya's things and no Taya.

She shook herself off, wiped away the fresh tears, and began to sort through everything.

After packing her belongings, she turned around and was about to leave the bedroom when Harper suddenly stopped and looked back at the desk.

As if sensing something, she walked to the desk and then pulled open the drawer.

There was a notebook and an envelope with the words “Posthumous Note.”

Seeing the note, Harper’s eyes turned red again.

It turned out that Taya had been ready to leave this world for a long time.

She could have spent more time with Taya if she had found out earlier. Instead, Harper was standing here full of regret.

She took out the note with trembling hands, opened the envelope, and slowly unfolded the letter inside.

[Harper, my dearest sister, When you read this letter, it means that I’m no longer in this world. But it’s okay. Please, don’t be sad for me.

Some things cannot be changed, and this was my destiny.

I’m so grateful to have had you by my side during this life. You have always been my family, my protector, my best friend. I. wouldn’t be where I am and who I am without you.

My only wish is that I had my wolf so I could still be with you, and so that you wouldn’t have been burdened with having to take care of me so much.

The only thing I have to give you to thank you for being you is my savings account.

Even though it’s just a drop in the bucket compared to everything you did for me, I hope that when you need money, this can help.

This money, you can use as you will; it is not the money I received for selling myself. It is the money I worked to earn.

The password is your six–digit birthday, and the account should have \$250,000 in it.

I love you to the moon and back, forever and ever.]

After reading the letter, Harper choked with sobs.

“Taya, I don’t need your money. I just want you to come back...”

Harper held the envelope in her hand. A longing that she had never felt before overcame her, making her wolf cry out.

Harper stared blankly at the ceiling with swollen eyes. The whole world was quiet as if she were the only one left.

A cell phone ringing pulled her out of her stupor.

The ringtone came from the hospital bag of Taya's belongings.

Harper was stunned for a few seconds and struggled to pick up the phone.

When she saw Griffon's name on the screen, her fingers paused.

Taya had wanted to see him before she died. Even if she could have just heard his voice, it would have been enough.

Instead, he had Tara answer his phone.

Such a man wasn't worthy to know the news of Taya's death.

Harper didn't answer the phone. He called several more times, but she refused to answer.

She was about to put the phone down to gather up the bags of Taya's things when she saw countless messages from a man called "Greyson."

Whoever this was, he clearly knew Taya and was desperate to get ahold of her.

She picked up Taya's phone and sent a message to Greyson.