

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 31

Preston quickly turned to face the back seat and stopped me, his voice low and gentle. "Don't worry about it. It's just water. It'll dry."

For a moment, I almost forgot that the person sitting in the passenger seat in front of me, who had rescued me from the rain was related to Griffon, was part of the powerful Knight family and pack. A pack known more for its ruthlessness and power than its kindness.

I shoved the remainder of the tissues in my bag, then looked at Preston uneasily and whispered, "Thank you."

Preston waved his hand casually. "Where do you live?"

I gave him the address, and the car quickly started and drove in the direction of my home.

Glancing at Preston, I felt a little less embarrassed when I saw him looking out of the window, his attention elsewhere. All I had to do was get through this short car ride. And thankfully, he wasn't sitting in the back seat with me. I wasn't sure why he was sitting in the front seat, but I hoped it was because he was trying to be polite and give me space...not because he would have been disgusted to sit next to me.

I'd had plenty of shifters in my life who'd wanted nothing to do with the human girl raised by wolves.

Preston looked at the thin figure in the back seat through the rearview mirror.

It was a cold day for a human, and she had no coat. Yet she was still out in the rain trying to hail a taxi, which made Preston curious. Why hadn't she called someone or tried to find shelter until the rain passed?

"Ms. Palmer, why didn't Beta Starke take you home?"

A look of confusion crossed her face for a second before she erased it.

My wolf knew she was coming up with a lie...he could smell it in the pheromones coming off of her.

She clenched the purse in her hand and said casually, "We had an argument, and he threw me out of the car."

Preston nodded slightly. "I see."

He noticed she was shivering, so he turned up the heat and didn't ask any more questions. She clearly wasn't going to tell him the truth anyways.

The temperature in the car rose, and Taya gradually stopped shivering—while Preston was burning up. Wolves ran hotter, and he couldn't wait to turn the A/C on once she was out of the car.

She gave a grateful look to Preston and explained in a cautious tone, "I was originally planning to call an Uber, but my phone died. Everything was closed, so I was trying to get a taxi. I'm really sorry to trouble you, but I'm thankful you stopped."

Preston looked at the embarrassed Taya again in the rearview mirror before saying gently, "It's okay."

Only then did Taya seem to relax. She leaned her head against the car window and closed her eyes wearily.

She soon fell asleep.

Not long after, the car stopped at the gate leading to Taya's neighborhood.

Preston said without looking back, "Ms. Palmer, we're here."

After a few seconds without a response or hearing any movement from the back seat, Preston turned to look at Taya.

His eyes widened slightly when he saw her leaning against the car window and sleeping soundly.

How utterly careless. How dare this little unprotected slip of a human sleep in a strange wolf's car so easily?

Did she think just assume that he was a good person?

Frowning, Preston gave his driver a meaningful look.

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I was jolted awake by someone pushing me, and I struggled to open my eyes. All I could see were dark shadows, making it difficult to determine where I was.

I knew my illness had worsened due to being drenched in the rain, but thankfully my thoughts were still clear, and I remembered that I was in Preston's car.

Quickly, I sat up straight, thanked Preston again, then pushed open the door and exited the car.

“Ms. Palmer...”

Preston stopped me, took an umbrella from the back seat, and handed it to me. “It’s still raining. Take it.”

The logo on the umbrella was designer, and there was no way I was taking something so expensive from him. Especially since I didn’t know if I would have the chance to return it. I softly declined, “Thank you, but it’s only a few steps away. I’ll run.”

Preston seemed stunned for a second. He seemed to have read my mind, and he threw the umbrella at me. “You don’t have to return it.”

I hated being in this position. I hated taking things from people, and I really hated that it was Griffon’s cousin who was being so nice to me. But as a human of lower standing, the last thing I could afford to do was offend a man from such a powerful pack.

“May I please have your contact information? I’ll return this to you tomorrow.”

Preston looked at me with a raised brow and a bit of a frown on his handsome face. “I don’t like it when people show up uninvited.”

But...all I wanted to do was return his umbrella. I didn’t want to visit him, and I wasn’t look for anything more. Hell, I didn’t even have to see him in order to return the damn thing. “I didn’t mean-”

“Ms. Palmer.”

Preston interrupted me abruptly, his eyes full of warning and glowing a bit with his wolf. “It does not matter what you mean. I brought you home out of kindness. If you have any other ideas, put them out of your head immediately.”

His words made me uncomfortable. I didn’t say anything more. Just put down the umbrella and turned to leave. In two steps in the rain, I felt dissatisfied and turned back to look at Preston.

“Mr. Knight, thank you for bringing me home, but I require nothing more from you. The last thing I want to do is take something that belongs to you without returning it, and I don’t want to be indebted to you.”

Looking at the petite figure as she ran into her neighborhood, Preston was a bit stunned.

In his experience, women like Taya would do everything they could to seduce rich powerful wolves from dominant packs such as the Knight pack. And if Taya wasn’t like

that, she wouldn't have started dating Roman immediately after things ended with Griffon.

Taking the umbrella would have been a perfect opportunity for her to work out a way to see him under the pretense of returning it.

Perhaps Preston had misunderstood the little human girl...

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After I ran home in the rain, I removed my dress and the diamond necklace and threw them into the box they'd come in.

Tomorrow, I would send them back to Roman. His "gifts" disgusted me, and I would never accept them.

After closing the box, I went to the bathroom and turned on the faucet in the bathtub. I desperately needed a hot soak to warm me up. The chill from the rain had set deep in my bones, and my illness didn't make it better.

Once the tub was full, I sank into the water with a sigh.

I held the bath ball and scrubbed my face and body, rubbing my skin red before looking at myself in the mirror, sans of my armor of makeup. My face was left with a sickly pallor, devoid of any vitality or energy, and my eyes were dimmed to the point of lifelessness.

I couldn't see the light, couldn't feel the warmth.

Tonight I'd been treated as if I were no better than the dirt under someone's shoe. But I was a person, dammit. And I deserved to be treated with dignity.

"Dignity."

I snorted and gave myself a self-deprecating smile in the mirror. From the moment I'd sold myself to Griffon, I had lost whatever little bit of dignity I'd possessed.

I dried my hair and lay down on the bed, extremely tired, and fell deeply asleep again.

After getting drenched in the rain, my condition worsened significantly. I buried head in sleep until the afternoon of the next day.

Harper had been on duty all night, so she slept from morning to afternoon. When she got up and prepared dinner, Taya was still asleep.

She had no choice but to knock on Taya's door. She called out to her, but there was no response. Only then did she realize that something was wrong.

Harper quickly pushed the door open and walked in. When she saw Taya's flushed face, she quickly reached out and touched her forehead.

She was burning up!

Harper quickly lifted the quilt to help Taya up. "Taya, you have a high fever. Get up quickly. I'll take you to the hospital."

Taya, in and out of consciousness due to the fever, resisted when she heard the word "hospital."

"We're not going to the hospital

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Harper didn't allow Taya to refuse. Thanks to her wolf's added strength, Harper was easily able to carry the small woman, get her into the car, and drive to the hospital.

As soon as Harper carried Taya into the emergency room, staff rushed over.

"She's not a shifter," Harper hurried to tell them.

Harper knew that Taya had congenital heart disease, and if the hospital assumed she was a shifter, they wouldn't give her the proper treatment. It was easy for her to run short of oxygen if she caught a cold or fever, and her body wouldn't work to heal itself the way a wolf shifter's would.

Taya was quickly settled into a room, given an IV and oxygen,

and monitors were set up to keep an eye on her.

It wasn't until midnight that Taya's high fever slowly subsided.

Harper sighed in relief, picked up her phone, and took two days off. Then she leaned against the bed and silently waited for Taya to wake.

They'd both been dropped off at the orphanage when they were about a year old, within days of each other. They had become each other's everything, and the only other person they'd had any relationship with growing up had been the orphanage director.

Harper raised her hand, touched Taya's pale face, and sighed.

Taya was unlucky in every way. From the orphanage, to never getting her wolf, to her heart issues.

And the two men she had met and fallen for were both scumbags.

I fell in and out of a fevered sleep.

In a daze, I saw a young man reaching out his bloody hands to me.

His face was full of pain. He opened his mouth as if he had said something, but I was too far away to hear him.

I subconsciously walked toward him. "What did you say?"

The young man suddenly stopped talking. His clear eyes were fixed on me.

It suddenly rained heavily from the night sky, washing the youth's blood-stained face clean.

Only then did I see his face. I rushed forward and shouted,

"Silas!"

The scene changed, and the young man disappeared. I saw myself kneeling at the door of a nightclub.

A man with a black umbrella walked up to me and asked condescendingly, "Are you clean?"

I nodded with a blush and shyly put my hand in his palm:

When he held my hand, I saw that the hand holding mine turned into a pair of bloody hands.

The man in front of me also turned into that ferocious young boy. His eyes were red with the ire of his wolf. He grabbed my neck, squeezing, and roared at me.

“Taya! Why did you sell yourself to him? Why did you betray me? Why did you do this?!”

shook my head desperately. “No, no, it’s not like that...”

I shouted and explained, but the man still pushed me away and turned to leave.

I managed to catch up with him and grabbed his clothes, crying and shouting, “Silas, don’t go!

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 35

“Taya! Taya, what’s wrong?”

I felt someone nudging me awake.

Gradually, I came back to my senses. I slowly opened my eyes, only to see that Griffon and Silas had disappeared, leaving only a worried Harper standing over me, a distraught look on her face.

Only then did I realize it had just been a nightmare. It wasn’t real, and I wasn’t with Silas and Griffon. I was safe.

At least, I had to be if Harper was here, right?

I cleared my mind and swallowed my saliva. I raised my hand to get some water, only to find an IV attached to it.

“You had a high fever, so I brought you to the hospital.”

Seeing that I was in a daze from the fever, Harper spoke softly, explaining, then picked up the glass of water next to me and helped me drink it.

After a few sips of water, I slowly regained a little life.

“Harper...”

“I’m here,” Harper responded gently. She lifted the hair on my forehead that was wet with sweat, put it behind my ear, and asked softly, “Are you hungry?”

I shook my head—slowly and with difficulty—and asked, “Did the doctor tell you anything?”

I still hadn’t figured out how to talk to Harper about what was wrong with me. Now that I’d fell ill and Harper had to take me to the ER, I was t ‘fied she would now know everything:

“The doctor didn’t say anything. When he saw that you had a high fever and were in and out of consciousness, he gave you fluids and antibiotics. They’ve done a blood draw, and we should have the results any time now.” Harper got up and looked around. “Actually, I think it might be in your chart in here already.”

I quickly stopped her. “I’m a little hungry. Can you get me something to eat first?”

Harper nodded. “I’ll go see what they have for you. Maybe some Jell–O.”

After watching her leave, I struggled to get up, looking around the room.

There. At the foot of the bed. My chart.

Maybe the results would be in it?

I slid the IV pole over enough to give me room to reach the folder and picked it up.

The blood test would show my heart failure, and the last thing

I wanted was for Harper to see it. She would be devastated. We had grown up together and relied on each other for survival.

If Harper knew I was about to die, she wouldn’t be able to bear the blow.

I wanted the rest of my time with her to be

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I tore the blood results into pieces without looking at the paper, then threw it into the trash can so Harper wouldn’t see it. I’d make up something to tell her about why they weren’t in my file if she asked. Hopefully, getting me food would distract her from it.

I turned around to push the IV pole back to the spot it was in before I'd moved it glancing out the window as I did so. The window in this room looked out over the parking lot, and I saw a few luxury Town Cars driving in and heading toward the ER entrance.

When they came to a stop, a group of wolf shifter bodyguards in black suits exited the cars and escorted Griffon out.

He hurried into the hospital with Tara in his arms.

When I saw his anxious look, my heart sank.

I'd come to the emergency department because of a heart attack when I was with him.

What kind of reaction did he have then?

I remembered him standing by the bed and looking down at me while I was curled up in pain.

He'd thrown an AMEX Black card at me as if I were a beggar.

He'd thought I was pretending to be sick to gain his sympathy and get more money from him.

There was a clamor of footsteps coming down the hall, getting closer and closer to my room. Since this was the ER ward of the hospital, the rooms weren't private. The walls facing the hallway were glass, and Griffon would be able to see me as he passed.

But when Griffon rushed by my room, he didn't even look my way.

Harper chose that moment to come back, holding a tray with red Jell-O on it. When she saw that I had moved around in bed, sitting up at the edge of it, she hurried over.

"You just recovered from a high fever. You should be laying down, not trying to get out of bed." Harper set the tray down and then came over to gently push me to lay down again.

"Don't be so careless with your health right now."

Warmth spread through my heart at her concern for me, though all the concern and care-taking in the world wouldn't help me get any better. I pursed my lips and smiled.

Harper peeled the top off the Jell-O and said, "I'll go see if your blood test results are in. Why were you trying to sit up? You weren't going to get up and get it, were you?"

When I hemmed and hawed and didn't answer, she furrowed her eyebrows, and I could see her nose wrinkle up a bit as she sniffed.

Damn her wolf's abilities to scent out my nerves and know I wasn't telling her something.

"Where's the report Show it to me," she demanded, putting her hands on her hips.

Shit. I didn't want to lie to her, but...it was for her own good. "I was going to find the doctor, but then he came in and told me the results."

"And?"

"It's just a blood test. I'm fine," I replied calmly.

Harper stared at me, a serious expression darkening her face.

I rarely saw the super protective nature of her wolf take over, but it was written all over her right now. "You're different from everyone, Taya. You've had a heart attack before, and you're not a shifter. You can't just get better like most people can. You have to take this seriously."

For the millionth time, I wish werewolves could be created like they were in books. You mated someone and they could turn you, make you like them so you could be together much longer than the average human's lifespan. It would be so much easier than...this.

I mustered up a smile I didn't feel. "I know. The doctor said that I was fine. My heart is fine. Don't worry."

Harper's eyes narrowed a smidge more, and then what seemed like a look of relief touched her face. She handed the Jell-O to me. "I managed to find red for you, instead of gross lime green." She me a disgusted face.

I took the wiggly food and the spoon, then took a bite.

Crisis averted.

For now.

Harper looked at Taya's pale face. She wanted to say something but stopped herself after thinking over it for a second longer.

She was pretty sure she'd heard Taya call out to Silas.

After so many years, it was the first time she'd heard Taya say his name. Harper wanted to ask about it, but she didn't want to reopen Taya's deep scars.

Especially now, when Taya was in the hospital. It was probably better to leave the dead buried...right where Silas belonged.

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 37

Somehow, that small amount of Jell-O managed to fill me up.

I put down the spoon, and asked Harper, "Shouldn't you be getting to work?"

"I've taken two days off to take care of you. You can't just be in the hospital alone."

Harper lay down on the empty hospital bed next to me. "Plus, I can take this opportunity to get some rest."

I smiled gently, knowing better than to argue. "Thank you, Harper," I said softly.

Harper waved her hand and yawned. "I'm gonna take a nap. Yell if you need anything."

I nodded. "The nurses are here if I need anything. Don't worry, and go to sleep."

Only then did Harper close her eyes.

Harper worked in a nightclub. Most of the time, she was on the night shift. Since her hours were awful and she had to cram her daytime chores and errands into a few hours after she woke up, she was always very busy and tired. She had been adopted into a pack, her life would have been different. I'd always hoped for that for her. Once I didn't let my wolf at puberty, I knew there was no hope for me. But Harper? She had her wolf, and she was so smart.

Without a pack and a family, she wasn't able to go to college, and without a bachelor's degree, there wasn't much else she could do other than a service industry job.

After graduating high school, she didn't find a good job, but she wanted to settle in Arcadia. So, the nightclub it was.

At first, she worked bartle service. It didn't take her long to be promoted to a management position, though, because she was damn good at her job. She was great at everything she did, and I was super proud of her.

She was even able to buy a house and a car after a few years, which was a huge achievement for an orphaned she-wolf with no pack.

To top it all off, Harper had met the man she was going to spend the rest of her life with, and their mating ceremony was next month. After she mated, she'd finally belong to a pack and have the family she'd always dreamed of.

No more struggling for her. She'd finally have everything she wanted.

Unlike me. I'd never have the chance for that.

But I wouldn't have any regrets as long as I could live until Harper's wedding and see her get married.

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 38

After staying in the hospital for a night, my high fever had completely subsided. I was still weak, but I could go home.

As soon as we got home, Harper went straight to the kitchen. I wanted to help, but Harper refused.

"Go to bed and rest. You need it. I'll take care of this."

Harper waved her hand and drove me out of the room.

Sure, my fever had subsided—but my heart failure had worsened.

My chest felt tight, and I was in a lot of pain. Because my heart wasn't pumping enough blood throughout my body, which meant everything wasn't getting enough oxygen, I was weak and dizzy. I couldn't even stand without swaying.

Even though I want to help Harper, I couldn't. There wasn't another choice for me but to go lie down.

After getting in bed, I fell right to sleep.

Almost.

Until my phone dinged with a text message. Entertainment news.

I knew so little about Griffon's schedule even when I was staying with him, so I'd started paying attention to some of the "celebrity entertainment" accounts after seeing that they occasionally covered the Knight pack Alpha.

I opened the text and clicked on the link. The paparazzi had snapped a picture of Griffon carrying Tara into the emergency room. The content reported that their old relationship had rekindled.

I scrolled down to the comments, and they all praised Griffon and Tara, from their looks to their money to their powerful pack standings... They all said that they were a perfect match.

And even I had to admit...they were. Griffon was like a gorgeous statue in a museum...close enough to touch, but you'd get your hand slapped if you did. While Tara was elegant, beautiful, and kind. They were indeed a good match that balanced each other out.

I smiled bitterly and swiped the text message to delete it. When I went to turn off the phone, I saw a text message from an unknown number that I'd missed while in the hospital.

I clicked on it.

What did you go to the hospital for yesterday?

I was stunned for a moment. How did this person know that I had gone to the hospital?

I looked at the time. It was sent last night after I woke up in the hospital...

I read the message again and again, feeling disbelief.

The only person I had seen in the hospital last night was Griffon. Did he send it? But...he hadn't even looked at me. He'd been focused on Tc

My hands trembled as I typed, Who is this?

I hadn't thought that the other person would reply so quickly, but in the next second, there was a new text.

Answer me, it said.

My heart was pounding. The cold tone was similar to Griffon's.

However, intuition told me that he'd never text me like this.

Frowning, I typed, Who the hell are you?

This time, silence. Until almost an hour later.

Roman, it read.

I took a deep breath, almost relieved it wasn't Griffon.

Though...this wasn't Roman's phone number...

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 39

Something seemed off.

I lay in bed thinking about it, but I couldn't figure it out. Why would Roman have a different number?

Screw it. I decided to call it.

It rang and rang with no answer. Instead, he texted: I'm in a meeting.

I rested my chin on my hand, pondering the situation and what to do.

Picking up my phone again, I called the Starke pack offices- where Roman worked for his family.

This time, he answered quickly. His voice was low and carried a hint of impatience. "I'm in a meeting. What's the matter?"

I hadn't actually expected him to be in a meeting, so I quickly replied, "Nothing," then hung up.

What a psycho! Texting me with a strange number during a meeting. Did he have nothing else to do? If he was so busy in his meeting, what the hell was he doing texting?

Then again, he'd changed his number before when I'd blocked him. Maybe he'd had to change it because he'd been harassing some other woman who'd blocked him.

I put down the phone, planning to ignore him, but I didn't expect to see another text message.

He returned to the first question: Answer me. Why did you go to the hospital?

Goddess, he was crazy. He wouldn't speak when I called, but he'd just continue to ask the same question over text. What the hell?

I didn't want to talk to him, but I was afraid that if I didn't reply, it would just irritate him. So I gritted my teeth and typed: I had a high fever and went to the hospital for IV fluids and antibiotics.

I was prepared for more questions, but he didn't text back. So I put down my phone and fell asleep.

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 40

My phone vibrated on my nightstand, waking me up.

I peeled open my tired eyes, struggled to pick up the phone, and answered.

"Baby." Roman's voice came from the other end of the line. "I heard you had a high fever yesterday. How are you now?"

Good lord, this guy was strange. Did his wolf take over sometimes and make him forget things? We'd already been over the fact that I'd had a high fever and gone to the hospital.

Plus, why did he care? He'd only wanted to sleep with me, so why the questions about my health?

Could it be...he knew I was dying?

I managed to shut that thought away and replied calmly, "I'm fine."

"Okay, good, good. That's great," Roman said mechanically. Then his tone changed, grew more eager. "So, did you finish that thing?"

And there it was. His real reason for calling me.

I sat straight up in bed, supported my forehead with one hand. "I went to Alpha Knight, and he said he would think about it."

The excuse I'd used to get away from Roman wasn't one I could do...and the last thing I was going to do was actually talk to Griffon about Roman. I had no videos or pictures, and no way would Griffon ever listen to me and give the Starke Pack the Westen City project.

All I had to do was delay with Roman until after Harper's wedding was over

Then, I would give my life in exchange for peace for the rest of Harper's life.

Roman seemed impatient. "The bidding conference starts on the tenth of next month. When is he going to consider it?"

Shit. Harper's wedding was on the ninth of next month.

I had wanted to wait until Harper got mated before going to die with Roman.