

## Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 311

“Why don’t we kill her?”

Taya listened to the strange men’s conversation, widening her eyes in disbelief.

If she guessed correctly, this man had saved her. But if he had saved her, why did he want to kill her after she woke up?

She was confused, but she had just woken up from a coma and couldn’t make a sound. She could only look at them with her eyes open.

Even though she was staring right at them, they didn’t care.

They just continued on talking about if they should kill her.

For some reason, the more they wanted to kill her, the more she wanted to live.

She tried her best to open her mouth, but she could only make a hoarse sound.

When the man heard this voice, he waved at George in disgust. “Kill her. I’m not going to be bound to Rosalie’s stupid. decision. And no one has come looking for her, so they clearly haven’t figured it out.”

Figured what out? she thought.

George turned around and went out. Was he going to get something to kill her?

Taya felt that she could be saved, didn’t feel as weak as she had before, so she desperately screamed at the man a few more times.

The man raised his hand to cover her mouth.

He pressed his body down and placed his index finger on his lips, gesturing for her to shut up. His eyes were calm, as if he didn’t care about her at all and that he was just looking at an unfamiliar object.

Something inside of her...moved...when he touched her.

It was the oddest feeling, and she had no idea what it was. It felt as if something inside of her was trying to get out, and it was a feeling she’d never before experienced.

It's your wolf, something in her head said.

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My wolf?

Taya blinked, then blinked again, trying to process what was happening in her body and in her head.

This all was completely foreign to her.

How had this even happened?

She could vaguely remember something with a woman and a knife in the hospital, but it was all so very fuzzy, so very far away.

Had the woman...said she was Taya's sister?

Wait, had she tried to turn Taya?

Taya's heart started racing, and she moved to sit up in bed, panicked by the memories and realizations flooding in.

"Ah, I see some of the puzzle pieces are starting to click," the strange man said.

His gaze slowly roved over her body, his expression was filled with something that looked like...affection?

After staring at her for a long time, he said to George, who had come back in with a vial of some clear liquid and a syringe. "I was just kidding. You take things too seriously."

George looked just as confused as Taya felt.

The sound of George grinding his teeth was somehow audible to Taya, and he put down the medicine and needle, turned around, and stomped out angrily.

After the man sat down on the single sofa by the bed, he said to Taya, "Since you've woken up, you can take her place."

Taya didn't know who he was talking about. She blinked at him in confusion, hoping that he would explain.

But he didn't.

He simply picked up something he had just placed by the bed, then reached out with one hand and raised her head.

Just when she didn't know what he was going to do, a buzzing sound came from above her, then the feel of something moving across her scalp.

Was this man shaving her hair? But, why?

The man seemed to have noticed the shock in her eyes. "The nurse said that your hair was too long, and it was troublesome to wash it. Shaving it saves us a lot of trouble."

Then she noticed that there were no massive chunks of hair coming off of her head as he shaved; she had been bald before she woke up.

Emotions that were a cross between grief and anger washed over her, and a jolt shot through her body.

How dare they?

She glared at the man in front of her, who was still shaving her head, and wished she could kill him with her eyes.

However, the man ignored her.

After finished, he took a mirror and held it in front of her face.

"See? It's not so bad."

When Taya saw herself in the mirror, she didn't recognize the woman staring back at her.

She reached up, grabbed the mirror from him, and threw it across the room, shattering it.

Seeing her reaction, the man suddenly smiled as if he had found a fun toy.

He leaned back on the sofa, crossed his legs, looked at her with a smirk on his face. "Why, Ms. Palmer, you're quite interesting."

How did he know her name? She had no idea who he was.

The man leaned over slightly and stared at Taya's face with his deep black eyes.

"Remember my name. My name is..." He paused for a moment as if drawing out the anticipation. "Amon Yardley."

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Amon Yardley, Amon Yardley....

Taya searched for this name in her mind, but she still couldn't recall anything.

She stared into his eyes. She was full of doubts and eager to know more information.

But it appeared Amon didn't want to talk to her anymore. He got up and walked out.

Not long after he left, a blonde nurse with blue eyes came in.

As she helped Taya clean up her body, she whispered a few

words in Taya's ear in a language Taya didn't understand. French, maybe?

She didn't say anything else and left after cleaning Taya up.

After she left, Taya looked around what she could see of the house. It was decorated in a simple French style.

So, French was probably correct for the language.

Did that mean she was no longer in the US?

How long had it been, and how had Amon—or whoever helped him—gotten her out of the country if that was the case?

Judging from George's words, she seemed to have been in a deep coma.

Why hadn't Harper and Silas come to find her?

Could it be that they knew that she was being treated here, so they didn't disturb her?

Frowning, Taya closed her eyes and fell asleep as exhaustion overtook her.

When she woke, someone was lying on top of her.

To be exact, that person's head was resting over her heart. It seemed that he was listening attentively, or maybe he was feeling her heartbeat...

From this direction, she could only see a head of thick hair.

She didn't know what he wanted to do, and she couldn't move, so she could only stare at the top of Amon's head.

He seemed to sigh softly and murmured, "The wolf I gave you wasn't your gift to give someone else. You were supposed to be my mate forever."

His voice was very sad and full of grief.

More pieces started to come together. Had the woman who claimed to be her sister truly transformed Taya into a werewolf? But...where was that woman?

Amon lay prone on her body and could feel that her heart was beating faster than when she was asleep. He guessed that she had woken up.

He raised his head slightly. The moment their eyes met, a trace of hostility suddenly appeared in his dark and deep eyes.

"I don't like it when you open your eyes. When you open your eyes, I can tell that you aren't her."

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Before this, Griffon had just ended a closed-door meeting lasting several days and nights in Houston with NASA.

When it was finally over, he left with Andre and went straight to the luxury car waiting for them outside.

Once in the car, Griffon leaned tiredly against the back seat and rubbed his eyebrows.

"Is anyone from the pack looking for me?"

It wasn't typical for Griffon to be out of touch for so long with his pack. And while he knew he had people in place to take care of things in his absence, it wasn't the same as their Alpha.

NASA had been very strict about their no—electronics policy when Griffon and Andre entered the building. Their phones had been confiscated and locked up immediately.

“I haven’t had a chance to check my phone yet.” Andre quickly took out his phone and turned it on.

He hadn’t expected that this meeting would last for so many days, but there’d been a lot to go over regarding the new technology the Knight Pack was presenting.

Griffon took out his phone as well. Nothing other than a pile of work messages.

He put down his phone and slowly looked out the window with tired, bloodshot eyes.

For some reason, he had been feeling uneasy recently.

Especially over the past two days, which made him absent—minded several times during meetings..

He rubbed his forehead. It was probably because he was too tired. That’s all.

The car soon stopped in front of the Knight pack’s house in an affluent area of Houston. Since they had so many contracts with NASA, the shifters preferred to have their own home to stay at when they were in town.

And it meant Griffon didn’t have to deal with the overwhelming scents of everyone he encountered when staying in a hotel.

After taking off his coat and handing it to Andre when they walked in, Griffon immediately went to his bedroom.

He was so hurried to get to the meeting that he forgot to bring his private phone. Perhaps a clue to his uneasiness would be on that device instead.

When he entered the bedroom, it was messy and smelled strongly of perfume.

Before he could yell to the staff to question the situation, Tara exited the bathroom wrapped in a bath towel.

“Why are you here?” he demanded in a dangerously low growl

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Before she could smile at him seductively, Tara was stopped in her tracks by Griffon's warning tone.

She approached him and looked at him slightly disappointedly. "Griffon...aren't you happy that I'm here?"

There was no expression on his handsome face. He stared at Tara and repeated his question.

He did NOT like repeating himself.

"Why. Are. You. Here?"

This was the pack's private residence. Almost no one knew it existed.

And that's the way Griffon liked it.

Had the she-wolf been following him?

Tara was frightened by his gaze. She stepped back, wrapping herself tightly in the bath towel.

"Your mother knows your whereabouts like the back of her hand. She asked me to come here because she thinks we should be making more progress since I've returned from my studies..."

She plucked up her courage, stepped forward, and lifted her hand to touch the Alpha's cheek. He leaned away to evade her before her fingers could make contact with his skin..

As usual, he avoided her.

Tara smiled in despair. "Griffon, how long do you want me to wait?!"

He looked down at her, not wanting to talk to her anymore.

"Get out," he growled, his claws starting to poke out of his fingertips as his irritation level rose.

If it were any other time, Tara would have left obediently and never dared to disobey him.

But right now...she was wrapped in a bath towel, revealing practically everything she had to offer as a mate.

Not only was he unmoved, but he didn't even want to look at her. How could she bear it?

Tara clenched her fists, her own claws extending and stabbing into her palms, and growled back, "You promised him you would mate me. Have you forgotten?"

The anger in his eyes increased. "If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be mating you. You forget yourself and your place. We are not mated, and you are not my Luna." Griffon unleashed his full Alpha voice to command her now. "I said, leave!"

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Griffon's face darkened.

He quickly typed back. [That's not a funny joke.]

The response was almost immediate. [It is not a joke. I don't know who you are, but based on the messages I read on here, you don't sound like a great guy. If you want to find her, you can go to hell do it.]

His heart stuttered. No that wasn't possible. He opened the door and looked at Andre, who was visibly flustered and upset, a rare occurrence for his assistant.

"What happened?" he demanded, the gruffness and worry his wolf was feeling infusing his typically rigid tone, though he managed to keep the rest of his reaction calm.

"Alpha... Stella just called to tell me that Ms. Palmer passed away at 2:19 p.m. yesterday..."

After Andre finished speaking, he looked up at Griffon.

He didn't know if Alpha Knight didn't hear him clearly or if he didn't care. Why wasn't he reacting?

After standing awkwardly at the door for a while, Andre said uneasily, "I won't disturb your rest."

Andre turned to leave, but a brusque voice came from behind him.

"Who did you say passed away?"

Andre frowned. He had made it quite clear when he spoke.

He turned around to face his Alpha again, speaking slightly slower and carefully.

"Ms. Palmer, Alpha. Taya Palmer"



Griffon furrowed his eyebrows as if confused. “She’s fine. How could she have passed away?”

Andre froze, not sure what to do. He couldn’t speak to his Alpha as if he were feeble-minded, but he wasn’t sure how he could make it even more clear that Taya had indeed died.

“Ms. Palmer was suffering from heart failure.”

The Alpha blinked once, then blinked again...and slammed the door in Andre’s face.

Griffon steadied his hands, grabbed his phone, and dialed a familiar number.

A number he constantly thought about calling but always kept himself from calling.

No. Absolutely not. Taya hadn’t passed away. She was punishing him for what happened at the mall when he’d been forced to slap her or else show weakness. She was intentionally lying to him, and she’d somehow managed to rope other people into her ruse.

He just had to hear her voice. Once he heard her speak, he’d be able to calm the nerves going haywire inside of his body, and he’d be able to ease his wolf’s deepest fears.

He called her several times, but she didn’t answer. Just as he was about to lose patience, someone finally picked up.

Oh, thank the goddess.

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Taya had answered his call. She wasn’t dead. Andre and Stella were lying to him, playing their parts in her game to punish him.

And they would pay dearly for taking part in this whole scheme Taya had gone through so much effort to concoct.

Once his irrational fear was eased, he schooled his voice to remove any unnecessary emotion in it. He was a freaking Alpha, after all.

“Taya,” he said, somewhat gruffly despite his best efforts to sound composed.

Hearing the voice on the other end of the phone, Harper heaved a deep sigh in her heart.

She hadn't wanted to answer it, but...

There was a folded piece of paper in the drawer where she had found Taya's letter to her.

This one was to Griffon. It didn't say much, but it told Harper everything she needed to know what Taya had been thinking and how she felt.

Now, she felt it was her duty to answer the phone and speak to Griffon herself.

After taking a deep breath, Harper managed to speak the awful words out loud. "Taya is gone."

Griffon had been waiting for Taya's reply but didn't hear her voice. Instead, it was an unfamiliar female voice.

Ignoring the sentence, "Taya is gone," he said in a deep voice, "Tell her to come to the phone and speak with me. Enough of this nonsense."

"She's dead. She can't come to the phone."

This was the third time today that he had been told Taya was dead. How hateful.

He tightened his grip on his phone. "Who the hell is this?"

"This is Taya's sister, Harper Duke."

He knew of Harper and who she was to Taya, but he still did not believe what she said. If anyone was going to help Taya punish him and play along with it, it would be her.

"Ms. Duke, you can tell Taya that I'll just continue to call until she answers. I'm not going to give up until she stops with this

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Harper was so angry that she laughed.

"You think she's playing a trick on you? Are you out of your mind? Have you forgotten how you, your mate-to-be, and your cousin beat her? She was in the late stages of heart failure, and you inflicted a massive head wound on her. Did you think she would survive that?"

Harper almost roared and shifted into her wolf, the rage and grief and disbelief was flowing through her so much. In the end, all she could do was choke down her sobs.

When she thought of how Taya had been beaten up before she left the world, she couldn't handle the despair she felt.

The angry and resentful cries on the other end of the line made Griffon's chest tighten uncomfortably.

He wanted to control his emotions and his body's reactions to them, but right now it was not as easy as it usually was.

The more he tried to control his heart and body's responses, the more flustered he became. He tried to ignore the panic that was spreading, but his wolf seemed unable to regulate anything right now.

Clenching his phone, Griffon ground out, "What massive head wound?"

"When Stella arrived at the hospital after you beat her, she had a head wound from hitting the corner of something when she fell. it's all your doing. How dare you play dumb here? If it weren't for you, she would still be alive."

After that, Harper hung up the phone and blocked him.

He looked at the black screen in silence for a few minutes.

Griffon stood before the floor-to-ceiling window, his body starting to shake as his wolf struggled to force his body to shift into his animal form. Griffon was unable to support himself, and he began to go limp as the change took over him.

Griffon held on to the glass with one hand to steady himself, trying to hold his wolf back so he wouldn't give into his primal instincts in this moment, but all he could think of was the scene of Taya lying on the ground in the bathroom at the mall.

Thinking of her lying alone in the bathroom in despair, he couldn't help but feel...too much.

The sense of guilt that swiftly invaded his heart wrapped tightly around him, making it hard for him to breathe.

It was impossible. Griffon had read Taya's examination report. Except for a heart attack, there was nothing wrong with her. How could she suddenly have heart failure?

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No, you didn't suddenly get heart failure.

Everything still pointed to a scheme.

Taya had lied to Griffon several times before, so this type of treachery wasn't beyond the scope of her character.

He tried to comfort himself by telling himself this, but the uneasiness wouldn't go away, and he could make himself fully believe in the story he was trying to spin in his head.

He put down his phone, walked to the door, and opened it.

Andre was worried about his Alpha, so he hadn't left, had stayed outside the door.

When he saw how Griffon looked when he opened the door, he couldn't help but gasp.

"Alpha Knight, what's wrong?"

Griffon narrowed his blood-red eyes and ordered, "Call Stella."

He wanted to ask her what was happening, but he couldn't bring himself to make the call. It was as if somewhere, deep inside, he knew what she was going to say. His wolf's intuition was rarely wrong, and there was definitely a reason why his wolf was so upset.

Andre quickly took out his phone and called Stella on speaker. She picked up after only one ring.

"Andre. Have you told Griffon?"

Without waiting for Andre to reply, Griffon said, "The medical report you gave me regarding Taya. There was nothing on there other than a minor heart attack. Why would she suddenly have congestive heart failure?"

Stella began to panic a bit. She wasn't prepared for Griffon's line of questioning. "At that time, Taya did not give me permission to release her medical records to you, or the results of my tests. You were insistent, but I cannot break privacy laws, so I made a fake report for you."

Griffon flew into a rage.

"I am your Alpha! My wishes and commands supersede all others! Especially those of a human," he roared. "Human laws do NOT take precedence over pack law when it comes to these issues."

It was the first time that Stella had heard Griffon so angry.

She lowered her voice and said calmly, "I was going to go against the patient's wishes, but when I asked if you cared about Ms. Palmer, you said..."

Stella paused and admitted her mistake, addressing him formally now. "Alpha Knight, I'm sorry. I made the wrong decision."

A deep sense of powerlessness hit him.

"Stella, I expect that others don't know the real me and how I feel, but you? Couldn't you see my true feelings?"

The mere fact that he'd had his pack doctor work on a HUMAN should have said it all.

How could he show that he cared?

Was he supposed to go around voicing his emotions? No. That absolutely wouldn't do for an Alpha.

And it absolutely wouldn't do for him.

When he loved someone, they were used against him as leverage.

He'd showed love openly to someone once, but they tortured her to death...

Now, he hid his true feelings so well that even the people closest to him couldn't figure out his thoughts. How could he blame them?

He could only blame himself for this prison he was in, had always been in...

He clenched his jaw and hung up the phone, turning his gaze on Andre.

"Prepare the plane."

He needed to return home immediately and see Taya with his own eyes. Otherwise, he would never believe that she had passed away.

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Jackson picked a cemetery that overlooked Arcadia.

He stood with Harper, both staring silently at the gravestone that had been erected. A photo of Taya had been set into the granite, and Jackson squatted down to run a thumb over her face lovingly.

After a long time, Jackson stood and said, "I'm going return to Wolverly Capital tomorrow.

Harper nodded.

When they turned around and were about to leave, a small private jet rumbled and stopped on the lawn not far away...

After the private jet stopped, Griffon got off, dressed in a black suit.

His face was pale, and his eyes were bloodshot, He walked swiftly towards them.

At the same time, multiple cars pulled up and stopped at the cemetery gate. The car doors opened, and Knight pack guards in black uniforms poured out of the cars.

Griffon stopped in front of Jackson and Harper, his fists clenched tightly at his sides.

"Where is she?" he snarled.

This was the second time Harper had seen him. The first time was when he came to pick Taya up in person.

At that time, he was sitting in the car and did not get out, so Harper could only see his profile.

At that time, she thought he was good-looking, but couldn't make out much more than that and didn't see what the big deal was surrounding him.

Now, standing face to face with him, Harper was more than a little intimidated.

She could see why this wolf was one of the most powerful wolves in the world.

Sure, he was attractive. But he was also massive, built like a towering mountain with a barrel chest, broad shoulders, and huge arms. His size was daunting, as well as the powerful aura that surrounded him.

Imposing was an understatement.

Jackson, however, didn't feel the same intimidation Harper did. He looked at Griffon, his face twisting into a mocking sneer.

“You want to see her?” Jackson pointed to the grave behind him. “Right there.”

Griffon looked in the direction of Jackson’s finger. When Griffon saw the photo on the tombstone, his face turned pale.

“Impossible!”

Griffon turned his head and ordered Andre, “Open the grave!”