

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 321

He didn't believe that Taya was lying inside. He had to expose their lies!

Andre waved her hand at the pack guards, who immediately moved forward, shovels in hand.

Harper rushed to stop them while Jackson grabbed Griffon by the collar of his white dress shirt.

"What are you trying to do? She's dead!"

Griffon growled and started to shift into his lycan form, reaching up to grab Jackson's wrist with a clawed hand.

He dug his fingers into Jackson's skin and suppressed his own pain.

"Why are you hiding her from me?"

Jackson snorted and looked at Griffon as if he were looking at a lunatic. "The mighty Alpha Knight." He snorted again. "You're so pitiful. You don't even have the balls to face her death."

Griffon shoved Jackson away.

He pointed to the fresh dirt and snapped his fingers at his men.

The man was completely irrational.

Everything that Harper had been feeling rose to the surface and poured out of her in a rush. She ran forward, placed her palms on Griffon's chest, and shoved him as hard as she could.

"This is all your fault!" she yelled. "You're the one who caused her to die, and now you're putting us through this because you won't believe she's gone! She called you the day she passed away, but you didn't answer. That's on you! Why can't you just leave us alone?!"

Seeing that this woman dared to put hands on his Alpha, Andre stepped forward to restrain her, but Griffon stopped him.

He stared at Harper. "Ms. Duke, I would just want to ensure if the person inside is her..."

Harper gaped at him. He truly was crazy. How many people had to tell him that Taya was dead for him to finally believe it?

Jackson looked like he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

“What’s lying inside is just a handful of ashes, so if you think that’ll help, go right ahead.”

Jackson and Griffon stood there, glaring at each other, chests heaving. The air was thick with the pheromones each of the Alphas was putting off, and everyone there wasn’t sure what to do other than to stand back and let the two of them sort through it.

No one wanted to get between two angry Alphas, that was for sure.

What Griffon didn’t know was that Jackson had had a mating ceremony performed at the end. Griffon had zero rights to anything regarding Taya, but right now, he didn’t feel like that was the man’s business.

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Jackson’s words made Griffon clench his fists so tightly that his claw dug into his palms.

It was as if an electric current had struck him, causing his entire body to ache.

But even if it hurt so much, he didn’t believe Taya was dead.

How could she die before he could say goodbye to her? After everything, wouldn’t she have wanted to see him one last time?

He shook his head, then narrowed his eyes at Harper. “No, if she died, you wouldn’t have cremated her so quickly...”

Harper looked at him indifferently and suddenly felt sorry for him. How could he be this far in denial?

After a moment, Harper said flatly, “Taya asked to be cremated after she tried and tried to call you and you had Tara answer the phone instead.”

Griffon froze.

Seeing his pale face, Harper thought he was ridiculous. “I’m still not sure why you’re so upset about this. She was your mistress, your substitute lover for the woman you always wanted to mate. This is disrespectful to your future Luna.” Griffon blinked. “I’ve never regarded Taya as a substitute...”

Harper snorted. “Okay. She wasn’t a substitute...she just happened to have a similar name and look just like Tara.

Sure.”

Darkness enveloped Griffon, and he fell into silence. He hadn't thought of it that way, and suddenly, his view of everything shifted and he saw things from Taya's perspective.

After a long time, he opened his mouth and did not make a sound. When he opened his mouth again, he said, "When... when did her heart fail?"

"You've been sleeping with her for five years but didn't even know. How would I know?"

Harper thought momentarily, then added, "I know she's had it since before she signed the contract with you."

Anything she could do to twist the knife in a bit deeper, she was going to take the opportunity to do so.

Griffon's body stiffened.

How had he not noticed something so monumental?

No, he had discovered it once...

He remembered that night when he couldn't bear to leave and fell asleep with her in his arms; he heard her call out

Silas's name in her sleep.

He'd been so angry that he pushed her away. Perhaps it was because he pushed her too hard that she choked and woke up, and then her breathing became rapid.

She reached out to him with difficulty and asked him to take her to the hospital...

But he was angry and didn't know she had heart issues, so he didn't. He even deliberately humiliated her with money to vent his anger.

Harper continued. "Stella said that if she hadn't been beaten, she should have been able to live for another two months with the help of medicine, but you killed her. In that two months, we might have been able to find a heart for her."

He slowly lowered his head and looked at his right hand...

This hand slapped her and caused her to fall and hit her head.

It was he who had killed her...

His heart ached when he thought of how helpless and desperate she was under her peaceful and beautiful smile. She cared for and hid her weak heart, accompanied him for five years without complaint or regret, but what had he done?

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Harper pulled a letter from her pocket and thrust it at Griffon.

“If Taya hadn’t left you this, I would never have told you anything.”

After stuffing the letter into his hand, Harper walked away from the gravesite.

Griffon stared blankly at the paper, then unfolded it.

[Today, Griffon said, “Don’t think I’ll love you.” It turns out that he really doesn’t love me.]

Regret filled him.

He remembered that night. He had said such harsh words because he had been angry and didn’t want her to leave with Silas, but when he was about to ask her to stay, he suddenly changed his mind.

If only he had known...

He would have let go of his pathetic and ridiculous Alpha ego and told her...

The truth was, he had fallen in love with Taya the moment he saw her.

It was not quite midnight, and it was raining heavily.

He was covered in blood and sat under the shade of a tree near Arcadia University, waiting for Preston.

Taya had probably come to the school to look for someone; she didn’t look old enough to be in college. When she saw Griffon was injured, she kindly gave him a bottle of water and asked if he needed help to get to the hospital.

His response was to turn his back on her. She had put down the water behind him and hurried into one of the buildings.

Later, when they met again, it was the night she was selling herself. He passed by the nightclub door and saw her kneeling on the ground.

Her entire body was drenched, and her eyes were swollen from crying and filled with despair. Seeing her like this, Griffon couldn’t help but walk over and hold his hand out to her.

From the moment he was inside her, he was addicted to her. He wanted her crazily and was afraid she would walk away, so he shamelessly forced her to sign a lovers’

agreement to tie her him. Perhaps he could make her fall in love with him, perhaps someone would see through the shield of armor he had to wear as an Alpha...

But when he heard her crying and calling out to Silas in her sleep, it wrecked him.

Later, when Tara returned to the country, he had no choice but to terminate the relationship agreement with Taya.

Griffon thought that he could let her go and forget about her, but he didn't expect that he couldn't let her go at all.

Instead, he had used Tara to test her many times.

He was even crazy enough to approach her as Greyson.

He didn't understand why he would do such a thing.

It wasn't until Jackson appeared that he could no longer suppress the feelings in his heart.

He couldn't help looking for her and testing her.

All he wanted to know was if she had ever fallen in love with him in the past five years.

If she had, he would get rid of everyone in his pack who stood in their way. He didn't care if she was a human with no wolf- he would have ripped everything apart for her, gone against ock law

No, he didn't expect her to love him as much as she loved Silas. It was enough for her to fall in love with him just a little bit.

But the only answer she ever gave was that she would never love him...

Only then did he realize that he was obsessed with her.

But his ridiculous Alpha ego and loyalty to pack laws and traditions prevented him from expressing his love.

And now, she'd died thinking that he hated her.

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He clenched the letter and looked out at the horizon.

As the light of life faded away, he followed the afterglow into the night.

At the moment when the sky wholly darkened, the whole world was quiet.

He stood in the darkness by Taya's gravestone, searching for any light.

But he had pushed the light away a long time ago...

Jackson watched quietly from the side, something inside of him—and his wolf's intuition—telling him to let things unfold naturally right now.

He'd been right all along—Griffon had feelings for Taya, but he had never shown them.

Jackson looked at the letter in Griffon's hand. He couldn't help stepping forward and grabbing it.

When he saw it was from Taya, something that she'd written specifically for Griffon before she died, he pretended to be calm, but inside... inside he was dying of a broken heart.

It turned out that Taya had really fallen in love with Griffon.

Even though the last thing she had done in this life was to mate Jackson, she had loved Griffon.

Taya had left something behind for Griffon but not for him.

Griffon snarled at Jackson and snatched the letter back. It was all he had left of her.

Both Alphas stood by the gravestone, hackles raised, claws and fangs out, growling low at each other.

It was as if they were both stuck somehow, frozen in place with grief and by their animosity toward the other.

Andre and the pack guards stayed back, not wanting to get in the middle of whatever was happening. It was best to let Alphas sort things out on their own.

Surprisingly, Griffon was the first to back down. He knelt on one knee in front of the grave and raised his hand to gently touch her photo. The more he looked at her, the more he missed her. His longing for her was deep in his bones, as if it were a living, breathing entity inside of him as much as his wolf was.

"I'm sorry..." he whispered to her picture.

He had been afraid his family would discover Taya's existence, that she would end up like Cici. Once Shelly had become involved, threatening to involve her mother...he'd felt he had no choice but to turn his back on Taya and slap her.

It was funny how these things worked...he was the most powerful Alpha in Arcadia and beyond, yet when it came to his mother and his family, he was utterly useless. Those familial bonds and the way your family could hurt you, ruin your life, was no match for his Alpha strength.

And it didn't help that since his mother had given birth to him, she was practically immune to any of Griffon's strength or power. His "Alpha-ness" was nothing in the face of the woman who'd given him life.

So he'd hurt Taya in the name of "protection."

They were right. People like him had no right to fall in love.

He deserved to suffer all the pain of losing everything.

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"Alpha, Madam is here. She's waiting for you downstairs..."

Griffon opened the safe in his home office and put the letter from Taya inside. The bottom compartment of the safe also contained a beige scarf and a photo he'd taken of her.

On the day Griffon had terminated their contract, Taya had left the scarf behind.

He had asked Andre to call her and ask her to come and get it, but she told Andre to throw it away.

She was the most resolute, determined person he knew. Once she made up her mind about something, that was that. He

knew that from the moment he ended things, she would never come back to him.

He reached out to touch the scarf. Her scent infused the fabric, and his wolf whined inside him as he closed his eyes and took in her smell.

"Alpha, Madam is coming upstairs. Please hide the photo..."

Frank urged Griffon with a panicked expression.

However, Griffon took his time and caressed the photo.

She was already dead, so there was nothing for him to worry about anymore.

The sound of a wheelchair rolling on the ground come from the hallway as his mother got closer.

Every time the wheelchair made a noise, Frank was so frightened that he didn't even dare to breathe. He was terrified of Madam Knight.

The woman in the wheelchair was pushed in by a tall and strong man.

They were followed by a group of professional human bodyguards who used to be special troops for the military. Knight pack guards weren't good enough for Madam. She wanted to be protected by people loyal only to her and not to any pack.

Since they were human and didn't have the strength of a wolf shifter, they were armed with guns containing silver bullets.

When they came in, Griffon didn't bother to turn around and look at them and continued looking at the photo.

The face of the woman in the wheelchair darkened when she who did not acknowledge her even though he knew that she was here.

"Give me the thing in his hand."

Griffon snorted.

He put the photo into the safe on the bottom shelf and took out a gun from the top shelf.

When then man pushing his mother walked behind him, Griffon flipped the safety off. Then, he turned around, raised the gun, and aimed it directly at the man's forehead.

Sure, he could shift, but they would expect that. And he knew how armed his mother's men were. A gun of his own would make more of a statement to them.

He was startled by Griffon's action, but he maintained his composure. "Griffon, is this how you treat your family, your uncle?"

"Uncle?" Griffon sneered. "Would an uncle hold his five-year-old nephew's head underwater in the pool to drown him to death?"

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The man didn't expect that Griffon would remember what had happened so long ago. He changed his face and defended himself. "I just wanted to teach you how to swim."

The smile on Griffon's face became more and more sarcastic.

Instead of answering the man's question, he put his finger on the trigger.

As he was about to fire the gun, Madam Knight ordered someone to throw a woman covered in blood in front of Griffon.

The moment Griffon met the eyes of the woman who was lying on the ground and dying, his eyes narrowed.

He lifted his cold gaze and looked at his mother. Her back was to the light, shrouding her face in darkness. She raised her chin at him.

"Will you let your uncle go, or will you bury him with your men?"

Choose one."

Her voice was hoarse and unpleasant.

The woman lying on the ground couldn't help shivering when she heard this voice, but she looked fearlessly at Griffon.

"Alpha Knight, don't worry about me. Just do what you've always wanted to do..."

The corner of Stella's mouth had split open due to the beat she'd been given. It was not enough to break her, though.

"Good puppy..."

The woman in the wheelchair played with the belt in her hand while looking at Stella with a mocking smile.

"What spell did he cast on you to make you so loyal? You even dare to pretend to be his woman. Don't you know that since he was a child, the people he cares about will be destroyed by me..."

When she said the last sentence, her tone was light as if she was playing a game, as if everyone around her were her playthings.

This was the most sinister and terrifying woman Stella had ever seen. She didn't have tenderness of motherhood at all, only cruelty.

When Griffon was younger and saw that his childhood friend was having a hard time, he'd asked someone to take care of Cici a few times.

Then Madam Griffon heard and sent someone to torture Cici to death.

By the time he found out, Cici was already dying. She was lying in the bathroom and covered in blood, just like Taya had been...

The only difference was that Cici had been raped before she passed away.

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When Stella saw what Cici looked like when Cici was dying, she had nightmares for several months...

Stella didn't understand how a mother could be so cruel to her son.

No matter if it was a person or a thing, Madam Knight would use any means to destroy whatever Griffon cared about.

When Stella pretended to be Alpha Knight's woman, she was also afraid of being tortured to death like Cici.

But she still plucked up the courage to do so. Someone like her should have disappeared from this world when Eric sent someone to rape her.

It was Griffon who saved her. He told her not to take revenge in a hurry and to take it slow. And she would eventually succeed.

Only then did she have the courage to live. With his support, she went abroad to study medicine and returned.

He gave her the power to be reborn, so she was loyal to him, but she didn't expect...

Originally, she wanted to protect Taya and prevent the ruthless, heartless wolves from discovering Taya's existence.

In the end, it hadn't mattered. Griffon's family had still discovered her.

Stella lowered her eyes, suppressed the guilt in her heart, and looked up at Griffon.

"Alpha Knight, just do it!"

At worst, she would lose her life. But there was nothing to be afraid of.

Griffon glanced at Stella and shifted his cold gaze to the woman in the wheelchair again.

“She’s not a woman I care about. You can’t threaten me,” he said to his mother.

When the woman heard this, she stopped playing with her belt, looking up at him and smiling.

When she smiled, the burnt skin on her face split open, making her look sinister and ugly, like an evil spirit from hell.

“She’s just a shield. Of course, you don’t care...” The woman’s smile turned playful. “However, you actually managed to secretly keep a woman right under my nose.”

If it weren’t for the people she sent to keep an eye on him telling her the cemetery incident, she wouldn’t have known about the woman.

She didn’t know how he had managed to avoid her men and hide that woman for five years...

However, none of that was important. What was important was how to make use of that dead woman—and make him wish he were dead.

When the woman thought of this, the smile on her face became wider, and there was a hint of excitement in her eyes.

“The woman you care about is the dead person called Taya, isn’t she?”

The word “dead” made Griffon wince before he could hide it.

Seeing this, the woman smiled even more sinisterly. “You used to be the best at hiding your emotions in front of me, but now you don’t even pretend anymore. It seems that you really care about that woman, but unfortunately...” After a pause, the woman let out a long sigh. “She died before I could have a good time with her. I didn’t even get see you in pain. What a pity...”

Her words pierced deeply into the depths of Griffon’s heart, making him tighten his grip on the gun.

“One more word and I’ll kill him!”

His uncle’s face turned pale. He was afraid that he would be shot if they provoked Griffon.

“Sister...” he called out to the woman.

“Don’t forget that the woman you care about has a best friend and her first love... Just because she is gone doesn’t mean I can’t still have some fun.”

Griffon snarled and raised his bloodthirsty eyes to stare at the woman in the wheelchair.

“If you dare to harm her friends, I’ll kill you myself once and for all.”

The woman raised her chin fearlessly.

“Try it.”

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After a few seconds that felt like that stretched to eternity, Griffon slowly loosened his grip on the trigger.

The people Taya cared about the most in this world were Silas and Harper.

He couldn’t involve the people she loved just for the sake of his own revenge. It wasn’t fair to them to involve them in this hell.

After fighting his urges and working to get his wolf’s bloodlust under control, he slowly lowered the hand holding the gun.

His mother seemed to have expected that he would put down his gun for the sake of the person he cared about, and her smile was even more smug.

“That’s why you can’t ever defeat me. You might be an Alpha, but you have a weakness that I don’t have.”

Griffon clenched his jaw and let out a low growl.

It wasn’t that he had a weakness she didn’t have...it was

that by pack law, he couldn't do anything to her. She was his mother, therefore untouchable. If he were to ever do anything to her in retaliation and it got back to the elders, he could be stripped of his title.

And though Preston was like a brother to him, he was just his cousin. Which meant that according to pack law, if Griffon was stripped of his title, it would fall back to his mother as next of kin.

Which would be disastrous for the Knight pack.

At his low growl, Madam Knight rubbed her thumb along the belt she held.

"Your threats are empty. You cannot kill me. The elders will come for you. And if you dare cross me, I will destroy everyone you remotely hold dear. Of course, they won't be tortured to death like Cici, but I have other means at my disposal. Or..."

The woman raised her chin and smiled at Stella, who was lying motionless on the ground. "I can do the same thing to them as I do to her."

Griffon narrowed his eyes. He was tired of his mother's sick games. "Since you hate me so much, what holds you back from just killing me and taking over?"

The woman played with her belt and smiled playfully. "I haven't had enough fun with you yet."

That's all anyone was to her. Playthings for her to torture. And after his father and brother passed away, she'd tortured him even more.

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The belt in her hand had whipped him countless times when he was a pup.

When he was a young pup, he thought that if he withstood her abuse, he would prove to her that he was strong and worthy. Instead, her not being able to break him only made her try harder.

Not all mothers who had given birth to children could be called mothers.

He'd always thought that when he became Alpha, it would change. But it never did, and he'd learned there wasn't anything he could do to stop it other than to avoid her and make sure he didn't allow anyone else he cared about to get caught in the crosshairs.

People from the Knight pack treated him extremely well, but people from the Leiner pack—which had joined with the Knight pack when his mother mated his father—wanted to torture him to death. They wanted a Leiner to take on the role of Alpha.

But the result was the opposite of what they wanted.

And the more he fought, the longer he lived, the harder they tried to bring him down to gain control of the pack.

And his mother couldn't just have him killed because the elders would look into the death of an Alpha. There was no telling what would happen to Madam Knight's position and the position of the pack and all their wealth and power then.

He smiled bitterly. He had once hoped for maternal love.

Now... Griffon looked at the woman in the wheelchair, hate for her seeping through his pores.

He was truly in a lose-lose situation with her, but it ended today.

"From today onwards, I will repay all the pain you have inflicted on me over the years," he snarled in a low, threatening voice.

Griffon had spent his whole life trying to gain her favor, trying to keep those he loved safe. He'd spent his whole life simultaneously chasing down her approval while also hating her but not wanting to upset the elders.

He had been the bigger person and treated her as his mother and had never been ruthless to her. Even when he fought with her, he had given consideration to their relationship.

But she had never treated him as a human, so why should he care anymore?

He couldn't kill her, but he could play her game against her.

The woman carelessly raised an eyebrow upon hearing this.

"Let's wait and see."

Her eyes were full of disdain, but she didn't say anything more. She said to the man behind her, "Let's go."

Griffon's uncle nodded and pushed her out of the door, followed by her group of bodyguards.

Although Georgia Leiner Knight could not let her son die, she would definitely hurt him badly.

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As soon as his mother and her people were gone, Griffon looked at Frank, who'd been standing quietly in the corner.

"Get a doctor for Stella."

Frank nodded and hurried out of the room.

Stella struggled to look at Griffon. "I'm sorry, Alpha..."

"It's not your fault," he said in a gentle manner that he didn't usually show.

But his eyes weren't gentle in the slightest. The darker it got outside, the deeper the hatred in his eyes.

It was not until Frank came in with the doctor that he got up and left.

He opened a locked drawer in his study and took out a golden bronze mask and a set of ink and brushes.

He picked up the brush and traced the shape of the green dragon stroke by stroke...

After that, he picked up his phone and made a call.

The other party quickly answered and asked respectfully, "Sir, what can I do for you?"

He stared coldly at the darkening night outside the window and said coldly, "Nox, tonight's targets are Shelly and Tara."

"Yes, sir. I'll pick you up right away."

After hanging up, Griffon stared out the window into the dark distance.

"Georgia, I promised my father that I wouldn't kill you, but if you want to play, then let's have some fun..."

He took out a pair of black leather gloves and put them on.

Then he went to the cloakroom, took a set of casual clothes, and put them on. After that, he combed his hair meticulously.

After making all the preparations, he picked up his mask and slowly walked down the stairs...

Frank saw him leaving and was slightly worried, "Alpha, are you really going to declare war on Madam?"

Frank was afraid that he would declare war on her and cause another bloody battle, like what had happened when Griffon was young.

Griffon looked back at him. "It's not me. It's him."

After saying that, he slowly shifted his gaze to the mask in his hand. As Greyson, if he destroyed the people she cared about, he would not implicate him or anyone he cared about.

He hadn't dared to go after her before, but now nothing had broken inside of him, and the world was full of possibilities to exact his revenge.

And he'd been holding onto that need for revenge for a very long time.

He looked at Frank and ordered coldly, "Break the legs of the person who followed me and send him to the Leiners."

Although Frank was worried about Griffon, he would do whatever his Alpha asked him to do. "Yes, I'll arrange it right away."

Griffon looked away and walked straight out of the manor with a stony face.