

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 331

Nox was waiting outside in a black Lincoln.

After Griffon got in the car and sat down, Nox quickly started the car and drove away, followed by pack guards. other black cars.

A white car hiding in the corner moved to follow them, but the driver was scared by Frank, who suddenly appeared in front of the car.

The driver slammed on the brakes, and before he could react or figure out what was going on, several pack guards in black opened the driver's side door and pulled him out.

After they pressed the driver to the ground, Frank raised the iron rod in his hand and smashed it hard on the driver's legs...

In the past, when people followed Alpha Knight, they simply lost the tail and evaded the follower.

This time was different.

This wolf would be dropped off at the Leiners' doorstep, his legs mangled to the point of not being able to shift unless a doctor took care of re-aligning his bones first.

Griffon's Lincoln drove in the direction of the mall at an extremely fast speed and soon stopped in the underground parking lot.

Griffon rested his chin on one hand on the window and looked at Shelly as she walked out of the elevator.

She was chatting and laughing with a man, ha n hand.

Before getting in the car, they hugged and kissed for a moment.

Staring at them, Griffon was seized with anger and jealousy.

Shelly could be with someone she liked, could openly show them affection, he had never had that privilege.

What made her worthy of being able to find love and be happy but not him?

Why had everyone turned a blind eye to the fact that Georgia had tortured him? Why had the elders never stepped in?

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When Griffon thought of this, hatred overtook his wolf.

He picked up the golden mask, put it on, pushed open the door, and quickly got out.

After he got out of the car, his pack guards followed him, all wearing masks as well.

The sudden crowd of men shocked the couple, who were still hugging and kissing.

Especially Shelly.

When she saw the man in a golden bronze mask leaning lazily against the car door, her face instantly turned pale.

“Greyson...”

She had never been afraid of anyone in her life.

However, just Greyson’s name was enough to make her tremble with fear.

Every time she did something bad, he would come to her and ask his men to take turns dealing with her.

She had tried to figure out who he was, what pack he belonged to, but she couldn’t find anything.

“Sir, how should we deal with her this time?” Nox asked while the pack guards grabbed the man with Shelly and knocked him out cold.

Griffon narrowed his eyes, his wolf rumbling th demanding blood.

gh him and

He thought back to what Shelly had said she would force Taya to do.

“Lock her up in Nightshade and make her a prostitute.”

He would let her try it herself and see if she liked it.

When Shelly heard the order, her body went limp. She collapsed to the ground and looked up at Greyson in disbelief.

“I’ve done nothing to you. I don’t even know you! Why are you doing this to me?”

Nox waved his hand, and a man immediately stepped forward and grabbed Shelly.

She writhed around and tried to resist, but it was useless. She was no match for a bigger and stronger shifter. The wolf shoved her into a car, and it took off, headed for Nightshade.

Griffon watched the car drive away, satisfaction causing a k. He turned back to Nox and nodded.

x understood and immediately ordered a man behind him, Take a few men to deal with the surveillance in the parking lot.”

The man nodded, waved his hand, and led a small group of people into the mall to the security office where the camera footage would be.

After that, the rest of the people got in the cars again and quickly went to the next place.

Tara had just finished a call with Shelly and found out that

Stella was not who Griffon cared about.

The woman Griffon cared for was Taya, the lowly assistant.

Tara had grown up with Griffon and had never gotten close to him. How could he fall in love with a b*tch who looked like her?

She was trembling with anger. She grabbed the car keys from the table, took a car from the garage, and went straight to Griffon’s house.

On the way, cars suddenly surround

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They cut her off, forcing her to pull over.

She immediately locked the car doors and did not dare to get out.

But she didn’t expect them to smash her car window with their elbows after they couldn’t open the door!

Tara screamed in fright. Before she could think of a way to escape, the car door was pulled open, and a black sack covered her head.

After she was dragged out, she was thrown into the trunk of a car.

No matter how hard she shouted and struggled, no one answered her.

When they finally stopped, she was pulled out of the trunk. She felt like she was about to be suffocated to death, and she hurriedly tore the sack off her head, gasping for air.

She didn't have a chance to catch her breath. Two wolf shifters grabbed her arms and dragged her over to a watering trough on a farm. It reeked of manure.

Before Tara could process what was about to happen, her head was shoved under the water.

When she was let up, the man who seemed to be in charge sneered and waved his hand. "Tie her up and throw her into the woods over there."

She screamed and struggled with all her might

However, she was too weak to resist the group of strong wolves. Soon, she was tied up and thrown into the woods by several men.

After doing all this, the man washed his hands and tidied up before walking towards a black Lincoln parked in the distance.

He knocked on the window. "Sir, I've dealt with her according to your instructions."

Griffon fiddled with the mask in his hand and nodded. "You can go back now."

The man replied with a "yes" and left quickly with a group of people.

After they left, Griffon tilted his head and looked at Nox, who was focused on driving. "Can you find any evidence of Georgia's murder?"

"I'm afraid it's been difficult because she hasn't done it herself. The group of people working for her won't expose her. In addition, she has a history of mental illness. Even if we find any clues, it will be difficult to get the elders to punish her."

Griffon nodded thoughtfully. "It doesn't matter. One day, I'll make sure she's locked up for the rest of her life."

He looked out of the window. Before the storm came, he wanted to see Taya again.

"Take me to the cemetery."

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A week after Taya died, Jackson returned to Arcadia.

He went directly to see Harper and handed a thumb drive to her when she answered the door.

"This is everything I have. I've transferred it all to you...money, real estate, the whole enchilada!" speechless. She stood there staring at him blankly, her mouth hanging open.

Jackson smiled calmly. "I promised Taya I would take good care of you. And I don't want to come back here; I need to

focus on being the Sterling pack's Alpha."

A trace of guilt flashed in his eyes. "I should have taken better care of you before..."

Harper regained her thoughts and handed the thumb drive back to Jackson. "No. I can take care of myself."

Jackson's wolf rose to the surface, and the Alpha command was heavy in his voice. "You will take it," he growled.

Harper didn't know what to say after hearing that, and the Alpha command in his voice wouldn't let her refuse.

He turned to leave.

"Where are you going?"

Jackson looked back and smiled at her. "I'm going to the cemetery to see her."

For some reason, Harper felt uneasy when she saw his smile.

She looked at his back and blurted out, "Silas, you're my only relative in this world. Don't do anything stupid."

When he heard this, his eyes darkened with sadness.

He didn't look back and just waved his hand at Harper.

Jackson bought a bouquet of flowers on his way to the cemetery.

When he arrived, a figure was kneeling on one knee in front of Taya's gravestone.

The wolf shifter looked so haggard that Jackson almost didn't recognize him.

Griffon's appearance took him so much by surprise that Jackson gave the Alpha a minute before walking up and placing the flowers in front of the stone.

The two men stood in front of the gravestone and looked at the photo of Taya on it. They did not speak, nor did they drive the other away.

After a long silence, Jackson asked, "Did you love her?"

Griffon felt a sharp pain in his heart and didn't reply.

Jackson continued. "Do you think she loved you?"

Griffon finally raised his head and looked at Jackson with bloodshot eyes, his irises changing to amber with his wolf.

Jackson took out a wedding photo from his suit pocket and placed it in front of Taya's tombstone.

When Griffon looked at the photo, his face turned paler. "You... Did you mate her?"

Jackson couldn't help but smile. "She's mine. An elder performed the mating ceremony before she passed."

Griffon picked up the picture. When he saw Taya and Jackson's happy smiles, something snapped.

He tore the picture to shreds while Jackson calmly looked on.

“When she was with you, you had so many opportunities to make her yours, but you only let her be your mistress. You missed out, and you only have yourself to blame.”

Jackson was done with the niceties, and he waved Griffon away.

“I want to be alone with my mate.”

Griffon didn't move.

“I said you can leave now.”

Griffon looked as if he was going to say something, but then stomped off with a low growl.

Jackson dropped to his knees in front of the gravestone and

rested his forehead on it.

“I've taken care of everything for Harper like you wanted me to. She's strong, and she'll be okay. I... I can accompany you now.”

He took out a gun filled with silver bullets and looked at her picture with a smile.

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Everything was confusing.

Taya had no idea where she was, how long it had been, how she was alive, who this strange man was...

Amon seemed to have noticed the doubt in her eyes. He put down the medicine, sat up straight, leaned against the back of the sofa, and looked at her.

“Do you want to know why you're still alive?”

Taya really wanted to reply to him, but she didn't feel like she could force the words out, so she just blinked in response.

“The person who saved you was my mate, your sister.”

Taya blinked again.

“I found a way to change her into a wolf shifter so I could mate her, so she could be with me for so long as I lived. But then she decided she didn’t want it, felt that so long as she was a wolf, she wouldn’t be able to get into heaven.”

Amon snorted.

“She was desperate to find a way to...pass her wolf on to someone else. When George was contacted about finding a heart for you, my mate figured it out and saw an opportunity.

She could save you and save herself. At least, she thought she was saving herself, thanks to her religion.”

Amon leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees.

“I found her, chased her down and tried to stop her. But it was too late, apparently. One of you was already dead, and we thought the dead one was you... The other body didn’t smell like wolf, like my mate. So we took you and left that body.

“Unfortunately, the ritual had been completed. Her wolf is in you. You’re healed, and she’s dead, her ashes in the grave meant for you.”

Amon didn’t say anything else for a long time.

“Have you ever loved anyone deeply?” he asked out of the blue.

There used to be, but the moment Griffon asked Tara to answer her phone before Taya died, she had completely given up...

“Is it that man named Silas?”

Taya was surprised, thinking, How does Amon know about Silas?

“I have bad news for you. He thought you were dead and shot himself in front of your grave.”

Taya was stunned. Her pupils dilated as she stared at Amon in disbelief.

Seeing that she didn’t believe him, Amon took out his phone, opened a news article, and handed it to her...

[Breaking news! Alpha Jackson Sterling commits suicide in cemetery!]

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“I thought dying for love was something just in the movies.”

Amon gave a little laugh.

Taya was completely floored. She struggled to get up from the bed, but she couldn't move.

No, he would never do something like this. She couldn't believe it...but Amon had showed her the news article.

Her heart cracked, splintering into pieces inside of her.

She didn't believe it at all, but tears welled up in her eyes and kept falling uncontrollably.

She struggled to support herself. “How... long... will it take... for... me to... recover?”

“I'm not a doctor. How would I know?”

She pursed her lips and stopped bothering him.

After sitting for a while, Amon felt bored, so he got up and left.

No one came in to check on her. All she could do was lie on the bed, unable to move.

In the afternoon, after the nurse gave her a sponge bath, George came in with a medical bag.

“Ms. Palmer, how are you feeling today?”

“Confused,” Taya managed to say. “Do you... know about... my sister?”

George sat down by her bed and began to examine her arms and legs. “Your sister was a stupid, stupid girl. She had the greatest gift of all given to her, and she somehow figured out how to throw it away.”

He shook his head as he spoke.

Taya stared at George and remained silent, hoping he would say more.

Seeing the look in Taya's eyes, George sighed and continued.

“Your sister was five years older than you. When she was a child, you were escaping abroad, but she lost you on the way. She had been looking for you, but there was no news about you.

“Later, she met Amon. The Yardley pack is secretive and elite, keepers of the old ways that no one believes in anymore.

Because they have clung to those old ways, others have brushed them off, and it’s been a detriment to all of wolf-kind.

But that’s a different story.

“The ritual knowledge the Yardley pack holds is vast, and difficult for many to comprehend. Somehow, your sister managed to learn. Though, I believe her ridiculous desperation to rid herself of her wolf was a motivating factor.”

George wrapped up his exam and sat back.

“When Alpha Knight reached out to me regarding your situation, I was shocked to find that you were a match for Amon’s mate. I relayed the information to him, and your sister found out and seized the opportunity. The rest, as they say, is history.”

One thing kept replaying over and over in her mind: She had an elder sister...

However, she still didn’t understand why her sister had taken her and escaped abroad.

Her eyes were full of questions. She struggled to ask George, but he couldn’t give a specific answer.

“I don’t know much about what happened to your sister when she was a child...”

“After I realized Amon had taken you from the hospital and not his mate, I planned to inform Alpha Knight. After all, he asked me to help you find a heart donor. But Amon forbid me from doing so.

“Now that you’re awake, I think you have the right to decide whether to tell Griffon Knight...”

When Taya heard Griffon’s name, her expression was pained.

Such a cold and heartless wolf would not care about her life and death.

“Don’t tell him...”

She would take her death as a farewell to the unbearable past.

From now on, she would have nothing to do with him.

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George thought for a moment and decided to tell Taya the truth. “Actually, Alpha Knight...”

Taya didn’t want to hear anything about Griffon anymore, so she interrupted. “My sister... What’s... her name “Your sister used to be called Ginger Moore, and then she changed her name to Rosalie Carmine. I’ll get her photo and show you what she looks like...”

After saying that, George turned around and walked out. Soon, he came back with a photo frame and handed it to her.

Taya looked at the picture. The woman in the photo looked very similar to her.

To most people, they probably looked almost identical, but not to Taya.

This woman was gentler and more elegant than her. The woman in this picture exuded the aura of a mature woman.

She wore a red dress and stood under the Eiffel Tower. The setting sun cast a layer of soft light on her.

After seeing the woman’s face, Taya’s heart warmed. It was as if she could see her biological mother’s appearance through the woman.

She had always thought that she was abandoned. She never expected that she was accidentally lost instead.

If she hadn’t gotten lost back then, she would have grown up with her sister.

Her life would have been completely different.

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“Your sister also told me your name...”

Hearing this, Taya looked away from the photo and looked at George.

“Your name is Elizabeth Carmine. Your mother named you that.”

The corners of Taya’s mouth curled into a faint smile.

Elizabeth Carmine...

It was a beautiful name.

When her mother gave her this name, what had her mother hoped for her baby's future? Warmth and love?

But in her whole life, except for Harper and Silas who treated her well, she seemed to have never felt any warmth from anyone else.

She thought of how she had leaned against the wall of the orphanage since she was a child and watched other children outside being held by their parents.

Her smile faded away, and tears welled up in her eyes uncontrollably. The momentary warmth in her heart was also overwhelmed by sadness and loneliness.

Seeing her like this, George took out a few tissues like a gentleman and wiped the tears from her eyes.

Taya blinked her eyes in response and asked again, "My mother..."

George's blue eyes showed a look of regret. "I'm sorry, Rosalie said that your mother passed away when she was a child."

In fact, Taya already guessed the result.

If her mother hadn't passed away, Rosalie wouldn't have had to carry her and escape abroad.

Something must have happened to her mother and sister.

When thinking that George had never mentioned her father, she could not help but ask, "My father..."

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out waiting for her to finish, George spread out his hands plessly. "Sorry, that's all I know."

Taya stopped making things difficult for George and just sized him up a little more.

George was a world-famous heart disease expert, but he was busy working for her sister and her sister's mate. What was the relationship between them?

George put the photo on the bedside table and saw Taya looking at him, so he guessed what she was thinking.

"Rosalie, Amon, and I have been friends for many years..."

He gave a simple explanation, but he didn't mention the conflict between Amon and her sister.

George put the photo frame on the bedside table, sat down, and started to massage her.

When he was massaging her, he told her that the first few days of rehabilitation massage were more important, so he came in person. After that, he would hand it over to the female doctor to give her a massage, and then the rehabilitation training would be more difficult.

He also told her that they were on Jersey Island of Aronland. They lived by the sea. When she could walk, she could go for a walk by the sea.

As they chattered on, more than half of the time had passed. Seeing that it was almost time, George ended today's massage.

When he was about to leave with the first aid kit, Taya couldn't help but ask, "When... will I... recover?"

George glanced at her and frowned. "I'm not sure. This is a unique situation. Not only were you on the very brink of death, I've never treated a patient who was almost dead but then transformed into a wolf shifter."

She was in a hurry to go back and find Harper. How long would she have to wait? Could she even wait for long?

George was afraid that her anxiety would affect her recovery, so he immediately comforted her. "I'll try my best to shorten it as much as possible."

"George... Can you take me back first?"

She couldn't move, but she could go back home to Arcadia with someone's help.

Hearing this, George realized that she was in such a hurry to recover because she wanted to go back home.

He turned to look at Taya with a serious face and said, "Amon won't let you go. For him, you are Rosalie now. How can he let you go back? You'd better give up on returning home as soon as possible."

Taya was stunned for a moment. She had almost forgotten about Amon...

Now that she had taken on her sister's wolf, the wolf that Amon had given to Rosalie, Amon naturally wouldn't let her go so easily.

If she wanted to go back to find Harper, she could only recover first and then think of a way to avoid Amon when returning home...

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In order to recover as soon as possible, Taya cooperated with George's treatment.

A couple of weeks later, she could get out of bed and do some simple movements.

Sometimes she heard her new wolf speak to her, but she could never hear her clearly. She didn't know the first thing about shifting, about connecting with her wolf, and she didn't know if she ever would.

But that wasn't concerning to her.

She'd gone her whole life without a wolf, and if all she got now was that her heart was fixed and she wasn't ill anymore, she would accept that and be happy with it.

Taya was even more happy that she'd regained her sight. If she was going to live, she kind of needed that.

Since waking up, she had been constantly calling Silas and Harper.

She even contacted them through WhatsApp, Twitter, email, and any other communication method she could think of, but she did not receive any reply.

Amon knew that she was doing these things, but he did not stop her.

However, when she mentioned that she was going back home to Arcadia, his face darkened and he warned her not to leave him with Rosalie's spirit, as he'd begun to refer to it.

She tactfully didn't mention returning home again, but she had never stopped planning to leave.

During these weeks, Taya would wake up to find Amon's head resting on her chest, listening to her heartbeat.

At first, Taya was frightened by his actions. But after so many times, she got used to it.

Sometimes, when he was in a good mood, he would push her to the beach for a walk.

But most of the time, he put her on the side of the road. And then he sat on the beach, staring blankly at the sea in the distance.

Every time she saw this kind of Amon, she felt that he loved her sister very much.

She just didn't know why her sister would rather die than face him.

After getting familiar with him, she asked him several times, but Amon didn't answer her.

Even when he heard the name "Rosalie", he would break down a little.

It seemed that he could not accept Rosalie's death or that he felt guilty about her and did not want to hear her name.

They got along with each other in such a strange way...

Until Taya's hair was long enough to reach her ears. Then the way Amon looked at her changed.

He seemed to be looking at Rosalie through her because Rosalie had short and neat hair, which was somewhat similar to her current appearance.

Many times, when Taya saw the change in his eyes, she would deliberately cough to remind him, and Amon would no longer stare at her.

But somehow, the clothes he bought for her were all red dresses, which were her sister's favorite as Taya had learned.

When Taya saw that she looked more and more like Rosalie in the mirror, she was a little panicked.

She had been someone else's substitute, so how could she be another one's substitute again? Moreover, it was her sister this time.

Taya went to the hair salon with the nurse. She asked the hairstylist to help her get hair extensions. Then her hair became waist-length long and curled, which was her former hairstyle.

Amon did not say anything when he saw this. After she fell asleep, he cut her hair with a pair of scissors.

Taya was frightened out of her wits. However, he rested his chin on one hand and said casually, "You are disobedient."

Taya looked at him in a daze. "Amon, are you crazy?"

Amon snorted. "Did you just notice?"

Taya was speechless.

She took a deep breath and tried to communicate with him.

"I'm not Rosalie. I'm Taya. Can you not dress me up as her?"

Amon tilted his head slightly and looked at her thoughtfully.

Then he said, "In my eyes, you can only be her."

She clenched her fists tightly.

This made her even more eager to escape from Jersey Island.

Amon seemed to have read her mind. He raised his eyebrows at her. "Since you've taken her spirit, then be her and stay by my side forever..."