

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 81

Frightened, I immediately stopped talking.

My body couldn't take another go round of Greyson's sexual appetites.

I looked at him, feeling a sense of loss, though.

He wasn't angry, which meant that he wasn't Griffon.

For some reason, I was upset, so I turned my back to him and closed my eyes.

I didn't know why, but although this man wasn't Griffon, something told me he wouldn't hurt me, that he would keep me safe.

After she fell asleep, the man pulled her back into his arms.

He held her in his arms and gently caressed her back.

I was so tired that I fell asleep soundly. In a daze, I dreamed of the young man from before again.

In my dream, he raised his foot, aimed at my heart, and kicked it hard.

He also broke my fingers one by one, slapped me hard.

I was lying on the ground, curled up in pain, but I reached out to him and said, "Silas, it hurts. It hurts..."

Her murmurs reached the man's ears, and the hand rubbing her back froze instantly.

He stared at the woman in his arms for a long time, then pushed her away, got out of bed, put on his clothes, and left.

When the man closed the door, Taya muttered softly, "Griffon..."

I dreamed that Griffon hugged me to sleep and cared for me as if he were caring for someone he loved deeply.

When I woke up, the emotion from my dream lingered, warming me.

It was still dark in the presidential suite. I touched the space next to me and found that it was cold.

He had left. I heaved a sigh of relief, got up, and opened the French windows.

The moment the curtains slid to the side, the sun shined in, bathing the area in bright rays.

Only then did I realize how big the suite was.

It occupied the entire floor.

The bed we'd been in was a huge round bed, covered in white sheets, pillows and blankets that were softer than anything else I'd laid in.

The tub in the bathroom was huge.

There was even a kitchen and a study.

I'd expected something like a hotel room, but this was far beyond that. And every inch of it was dripping in luxury.

It seemed that Mr. Greyson was very rich.

After exploring the suite, I picked up my phone.

This time, I'd slept until four o'clock in the afternoon! Holy smokes! The day was practically gone.

I quickly went to the bathroom to freshen up and then hurried down to the receptionist so I could check out of the room.

However, the receptionist told me this suite was exclusive to

Greyson and there was no need to check out.

Once again, I was shocked. Nightshade was the largest, most luxurious, opulent entertainment resort in Arcadia. How could he have an exclusive presidential suite? Who the hell was this guy?

“Do you know the name of Mr. Greyson?”

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The receptionist politely shook her head. “I’m sorry, I don’t know.”

Even if she knew who it was, she wouldn’t dare to share information regarding a VIP. I knew better than to ask, but I was desperate.

There wasn’t anything else for me here right now, and I couldn’t ask any more questions, so I thanked the woman and left the hotel.

I grabbed my heart pills from my bag, but the bottle was empty. Sigh. Now I had to make a trip to the hospital. Joy. My favorite thing.

The attending doctor asked about my physical condition, as usual. When he asked about my sleeping habits and I told him, he frowned.

“Ms. Palmer, I’d like to admit you. I’m worried about the state of your heart, and I’d like to run some tests and see if we can’t find a new treatment option for you.”

I refused. Staying in the hospital was just waiting for death, and I wasn’t going to waste the last moments of my life in some cold, sterile room. Besides, what else were they going to do for me? It wasn’t like they were going to magically find some cure for my heart failure.

Thankfully, the doctor didn’t try to persuade me further. So far, this was one of the only benefits to NOT having a wolf- the doctors didn’t prioritize humans, so if I declined treatment, they didn’t push.

He just reminded me to rest as much as my body felt like it needed, and to not overdo it.

After leaving the hospital with my medicine refill, I went to the police station to have them close out the case and cease any investigating they might be doing.

Typically, they might push back, worried that someone’s abuser was forcing them to get the police to stop. But, again with the human benefits. I was low priority; they would be glad to rid themselves of the potential workload.

Plus, I’d willingly accepted the invitation last night. That... changed things.

I didn't have any idea who he was other than "not Griffon" and "not Roman", and given how secretive and locked down he was, I doubted anyone would be able to even trace anything to him.

There just...wasn't a point.

So, I went home and went to bed

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The next morning, my leave from work was over.

It was hard to believe that the time had gone by so fast, and so much had happened.

I still needed to go into the Midwest Packs Corporation offices to wrap things up, but I was struggling to get out of bed. I was so exhausted, and all I wanted to do was lie there and sleep more.

After breakfast and taking my medicine, I felt a little better, but my face still looked pale.

I slathered on heavy makeup to cover my sickly condition, grabbed my purse, and left for work.

As soon as I entered the office, Brielle and Margaret came over and asked, "Taya, did you quit?"

"Yup, I have."

Brielle's face showed her confusion. "But why? What happened for you to resign so quickly?"

Margaret also looked puzzled. "What are you going to do after this? No one else pays as well as MPC."

I forced a smile. "The salary and benefits are great here, but I have other plans."

Margaret narrowed her eyes. "Did the Knight pack poach you to work directly for their contracts team?"

"Oh my god!" Brielle's big eyes got even bigger. "That's the one place that pays more than here. That's HUGE to be able to work for them. They never hire non-shifters."

Brielle's cute look amused me. "No, I was talking about my personal plans unrelated to work."

Margaret's jealousy turned into information gathering—most likely so she was full of gossip to spread to everyone. "So, are you not planning to work anymore?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm not going to be working anymore."

Margaret was fishing for more, but I wasn't giving her what she wanted. And she wasn't a fan of that. When she didn't get the response from people that she wanted, she had a tendency to turn catty.

"It seems like someone's managed to marry above their station, apparently," she sneered. "Or...do you have a wealthy benefactor maybe?"

And that was exactly what I would have expected to come from Margaret.

But now, I didn't have to try to appease her, and it was about time I stood up for myself.

"My plans and who they do or don't involve aren't any of your business."

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 84

I couldn't stand Margaret. Her constant gossip was a source of problems for me. Especially since some of that gossip included telling people around the office that I had older men supporting me. Let's just say it didn't exactly endear me to any of my colleagues.

I had worked at MPC for so many years, and I couldn't count how many wealthy sponsors I'd been rumored to have thanks to Margaret talking behind my back and making things up.

In the past, I'd restrained from saying anything to her. I needed the job, and if someone pissed Margaret off, they didn't last for very long after that.

My patience for her bullshit was gone.

Margaret was stunned for a moment. She didn't expect Taya, who had always been well-behaved and weak, to dare to refute her. A human daring to talk back to her? How dare she.

She was so angry that she wanted to slap her, but Brielle stopped her.

“Margaret, Taya is leaving. Just let her wrap up her work to hand over to you.”

“She can ask someone else to do it. I don’t have any obligation. to take on her job!”

Margaret glared fiercely at Taya, twisted her slender waist, and sat at her office desk.

The sound of moving the chair was loud, and it wasn’t near enough to vent her anger. She picked up a file and slammed it hard on the desk.

The banging sound startled Brielle. She covered her mouth and whispered to me. “Lila told you to hand over your work to Margaret, and she agreed to take over because you have some key clients. But now...”

“I’m going to find Lila and see what she wants to do. Honestly, it’s not really my problem since I’ve quit,” I said indifferently.

I picked up the access card for the top floor and walked towards the elevator.

Lila was the person in charge of Elder Thorin’s office and was the personal assistant to the CEO. She usually worked on the top floor and would only come down occasionally when she had something to do.

I swiped the card and watched as the floor numbers ticked by, the elevator on its way. With a “ding,” the doors opened.

Two people stood side by side.

When I saw them, I couldn’t move.

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“Are you going to look for Elder Thorin?”

Tara, dressed in a professional suit that looked immaculate on her, saw that I was waiting for the elevator but did not step in. Her question pulled me out of my daze, and I came to my senses.

I hurriedly came up with a reason not to step foot on that elevator. “I’m sorry, I forgot something.”

Spinning on my heel, I turned around and left, not daring to look at the two of them.

Watching her run away, Tara couldn't help but turn to look at Griffon, who was standing beside her. "That was strange. How come she seemed so scared of us that she wouldn't get on—the elevator?"

Griffon didn't reply. His indifferent eyes showed no emotion, as if he was uninterested in anything around him.

Tara reached out her delicate hand, took his arm, and said softly, "Griffon, thank you for taking me to the emergency room the other night. I haven't had wolfsbane in so long, I didn't know it would affect me that way."

During a visit to the Knight pack with her father, they talked about the engagement, and she drank a few glasses of wine in excitement. Her wolf's reaction to it had been intense, and she'd never felt so sick.

She'd been trying to find an opportunity to thank him, but every time she went to the Knight pack offices to look for him, his assistant would say that he wasn't there. If it weren't for her father's business today and inviting him over, she probably wouldn't have had an opportunity to thank him.

Griffon lowered his gaze to look at the hand wrapped around his arm, glowering. "I didn't give you permission to touch me."

Tara quickly let go of his arm and lowered her head in disappointment. "Will it always be this way? Me needing permission to show you affection?"

Griffon raised an eyebrow, and the look on his face was pure snarling wolf. "Always."

Tara choked on her words.

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On Tara's first day at Midwest Packs Corporation, Griffon held her hand, and when she accidentally sat on his lap in the office, he didn't say anything.

The night the wolfsbane had made her sick, he carried her into the emergency room.

But since then, he'd been distant, like a block of ice. She knew he was avoiding her, punishing her for her past sins.

"Griffon, I'm sorry. I know I hurt you five years ago when I refused your proposal. I didn't think I was good enough for you, ready to be the Luna you deserve. I went abroad to study, to learn how to be the she-wolf you need. Please don't be angry with me anymore, okay? Let me love you."

Griffon's face softened a little. Just for a second.

Then he turned to look at Tara and said flippantly, “I’ve changed. I prefer physical contact to be on my terms.””

Tara deflated a bit but refused to admit defeat. Griffon had always been difficult, ever since he was a child. He’d eventually finish punishing her. Since she had chosen him, she would give him more time to get used to the fact that she wouldn’t let him down again.

When I returned to my desk, my face was more than a little pale.

Of all the moments for Griffon and Tara to be that elevator, it just HAD to be that moment. If I’d known there was a chance I’d see them, I’d have taken the stairs.

Though, given my heart, I’d likely have died on those stairs.

But that would be better than facing Griffon.

I had promised him he would never see me again, but it hadn’t taken long to break that promise.

When I saw Griffon again, it felt like a century had passed since I’d seen him.

I took a deep breath and turned on the computer. Just as I was about to sort out the handover documents, Elder Thorin called me.

I was stunned. He rarely wanted to see me. And when he did, he would inform Lila and have her send me up. Why would he call me himself?

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I answered the phone quickly, confused as to why Elder Thorin was contacting me directly.

“Ms. Palmer, I’d like to see you in my office.” The elder’s voice was gentle, but even a human like me understood the unspoken command underlying every word the elder ever spoke. Even Alphas obeyed the elders—typically.

After giving the order, he hung up the phone, leaving no room for me to refuse or ask any questions.

Crap. I was pretty sure Griffon was up there, since I'd seen him on the private elevator. The last thing I wanted to do was see him, but if Elder Thorin wanted to see me, it must be important.

Ever since I had started working for the Midwest Packs Corporation, the Elder Thorin had always been friendly and kind to me, so I forced myself to his office. Even though I'd quit this job, I still wanted to be respectful of him and treat him how he'd always treated me.

Many wolf-shifters weren't kind to humans, and certainly not in a situation like this, where I was directly working with all of the packs.

I made my way to the private elevator, and then up to Elder Thorin's office, concentrating on putting one foot in front of the other and trying to keep my mind off who was likely in his office.

Just as I had expected, Griffon sat in Elder Thorin's office talking to him.

And they were discussing the bidding of the Weston City project.

After what happened with the Starke pack, the Knight pack unexpectedly postponed the bidding for a few days.

As a result, the bidding had not begun yet, which meant that the Starke pack had never doubted the contract's authenticity.

Moreover, Roman was injured and in a coma. He might not have time to hand over the fake contract to the Starke pack.

I was worried that when Roman woke up and discovered something wrong with the fake contract, he would come to me to get even. Had everything gone to plan, I would have never had to deal with the fallout from the fake contract.

Giving myself a mental shake, I tried to shrug off all these thoughts about what might happen. This was all in the future. When Roman woke up, he would face many problems, the fake contract only being a small piece of what the Starke pack was currently dealing with.

He was going to have to figure out how to get his father, Alpha Starke, out of jail. And then there were all of the pack's legal issues surrounding bribery and tax evasion...not to mention Roman's own issues regarding his treatment of women.

And that was all if Roman himself wasn't involved in the pack's legal issues right alongside his father. For all I knew, they'd end up in silver together sharing a cell.

By the time he was done with the endless list of things he had to take care of, I'd probably be dead anyways. Even if he wanted to settle the score, he wouldn't be able to.

I composed my thoughts and was about to knock on the door before walking into the room when I heard a few people talking about the Sterling pack in Wolverly Capital.

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 88

The blood drained from my face, and the young man from the past's face came back to my mind.

I tried my best to control my emotions. I knocked on the open door and asked respectfully, "Elder Thorin, you wanted me?"

Brooks put down the coffee cup and looked up at me. "Taya, you're in charge of the welcoming of the Sterling pack, aren't you?"

I nodded. "Yes, sir."

Brooks glanced at his watch. "Please arrange dinner for this evening. You can book a high-end restaurant for six p.m., and I'd like for you to go to the airport to pick up Alpha Sterling."

"Pick up Alpha Sterling?"

We worked with packs from all over the Midwest, and most of them made trips into MPC to handle business with other packs on neutral territory, or to arrange projects between packs. Many times, a pack wouldn't have the labor force for new construction, roads, utilities, and the like, so they contracted other packs to do the work via MPC. We ensured everything was above-board and there were no side deals being made that might have a negative impact on other packs.

But the Sterling pack Alpha had never come in.

And now Mr. Thorin wanted me to pick him up...

I blurted out, "Elder Thorin, I've actually resigned from my position here. I'm here to hand over my work today. Perhaps it would be better to have someone else attend to Alpha Sterling and dinner?"

The three people sitting on the sofa looked at me.

I accidentally met Griffon's deep gaze, and my broken, diseased heart skipped a beat.

I pretended nothing had happened, quickly looked away, and turned to stare at Elder Thorin.

I had no idea how old he actually was, but he looked to be around fifty in terms of human aging. Wolf shifters aged different, more slowly. I'd met wolves who were over a hundred and still looked like they were barely middle-aged in human years.

Elder Thorin always looked angry, with a hint of disdain on his face, and people either felt terrified, awed, or inspired by him. Of course, that might have something to do with the fact that he was a powerful elder.

But I'd never been afraid of Brooks. Most wouldn't even dare to look into his eyes, but I did. Maybe because I was a human and didn't feel the same pull to obey that wolves did.

For me, it was as if Brooks was my family somehow. He'd never made me feel anything other than cared for, like he was somehow watching out for me to make sure I was safe as the proverbial—and almost literal—lamb among wolves.

Now, I wondered if his treatment of me had all been because

his daughter was abroad, he missed her, and I looked like her.

Brooks's noble face gradually darkened after being looked at so directly by an assistant.

Taya looked a little like his daughter, and he was kinder to her than he was to others.

But right now, her stare was disrespectful in the presence of others.

Was it because she felt that he regarded her differently? Did she think that gave her room to behave so insolently?

How dare she challenge him in front of Griffon.

But he must maintain the demeanor of an elder. And he especially couldn't lower himself to argue with a mere human.

Brooks maintained eye contact with Taya, and his wolf pawed at him, displeased with the show of disrespect from the girl. It seemed they were at an impasse, with both Brooks and Taya refusing to look away.

Tara broke the tense moment by saying, "Taya, I've seen your resignation letter. I haven't had time to approve it yet, so technically, you haven't tendered your notice yet. Why don't you complete the work assigned by Elder Thorin first and then talk to Lila about the handover?"

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Tara's words were very tactful, and it was clear she had chosen them carefully.

First, she'd reminded me that I still technically worked for the company and that I was still their employee. I still needed to follow my superior's instructions.

Secondly, if I refused and made Elder Thorin lose face, I would have to do it even if I didn't want to.

I understood what Tara meant, even though I didn't like that she was right. I gave a deep mental sigh that I hoped didn't show on my face.

I had been too impulsive just now, and I had blurted out my thoughts without thinking them through as I would have done in the past.

In this case, it was not appropriate for me to refuse. It would make me look ungrateful and disrespectful, and it would show negatively on Elder Thorin for having someone like that on his staff.

I had no choice but to agree. Besides, this would be the last time I would do something like this at Midwest Packs Corporation.

I gave a small nod, turned around, and walked out.

Brooks looked at Taya's back, clenching his jaw as he watched her walk away. Then he looked at Griffon.

"Griffon, do you want to attend dinner tonight?"

When Brooks talked to Griffon, his tone was different than when he spoke to others. There was a level of deference there.

Griffon leaned back in the sofa, rested his forehead on one hand, and held his phone with the other. His eyes were fixed on the phone screen the whole time, without looking up at Elder Thorin or Taya.

Seeing that Griffon didn't say anything, Brooks thought that he didn't want to go, so he quickly said, "Actually, never mind. We will mediate the conflict between the Sterling pack and MPC. As the organizer of this bidding, you should avoid arousing suspicion."

The leaders of the Sterling pack felt that since Elder Thorin's daughter had a close relationship with Griffon, Griffon would favor whatever the MPC wanted. The Sterling

pack had secretly made trouble for the MPC to force them to withdraw from the bidding process.

Elder Brooks had been very specific in how he made arrangements for tonight.

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 90

Brooks wanted Griffon to go to dinner. He wanted Griffon to mediate the issues between the Sterling pack and the Midwest Packs Corporation. Only if Griffon handled the situation and explained things would the Sterling pack conform.

With Griffon being the powerful Alpha he was, his word tended to be law, even over the elders. Otherwise, with Tara being the new CEO, smoothing things over with the Sterling pack would be her job, and Brooks knew that it would be impossible for her to do—given the fact that her relationship with Griffon was the crux of the issue.

But right now, Griffon appeared to be unhappy, and that put Brooks on edge. After all, he couldn't figure out Griffon's feelings for Tara now that she'd returned, so he couldn't ask Griffon to do things as his father-in-law. He needed to be cautious with how he worded things and with what requests he made.

As an elder, Brooks wielded a certain amount of power, but Griffon and the Knight pack were a different beast altogether.

Quite literally.

They were powerful, strong, dangerous, feared....

Brooks needed to tread carefully.

Griffon put away his phone and glanced indifferently at Brooks, who was trying not to look as eager as he felt for Griffon's answer.

"Send me the address," Griffon said.

Brooks hadn't expected that Griffon would agree. He was overjoyed but said calmly, "I'll have Taya to send it to you after she makes the reservation."

After saying that, Brooks looked at Griffon with a smile and said, "I appreciate you attending tonight. Tara doesn't have much experience with situations of this nature. And since I'm unable to attend, I'll feel more comfortable with you there to... guide her."

As an elder, Brooks wouldn't attend business dinners between packs unless specifically requested.

And he was definitely not invited to the dinner tonight.

If it weren't for the fact that the Sterling pack was always making things difficult for his daughter, Brooks wouldn't have intervened with the dinner tonight. He wouldn't have had reservations made, and he wouldn't have secured transportation from the airport.

Fortunately, Griffon had agreed, and with the powerful

Alpha to support Tara tonight, Brooks was confident that the evening would go okay.

Brooks looked over at Tara, caught her eye, and then gave a subtle nod toward Griffon.

Tara quickly sat up straight on the sofa next to Griffon and leaned closer to him. "I'm so glad you'll be attending tonight. I do hope it's no trouble for you."

Griffon leaned slightly to the other side to avoid her touch. In an indifferent tone, he answered, "He handed over the development rights to me, not for me to stand by and do nothing."

The "he" Griffon referred to was his grandfather. Though Griffon was the Alpha of the Knight pack, his grandfather was still alive and was still highly revered by his pack and others.

Brooks understood what he meant. Griffon mentioned his grandfather because he wanted to tell them he agreed to go, but not because of Tara. He just wanted to deal with official pack business.

Although it would make Tara uncomfortable, for Brooks, it was enough that Griffon agreed to go. The Alpha's reason didn't matter.

"I have other business to attend to." Griffon abruptly rose and left without a backward glance.

Tara couldn't hide the disappointment on her face.

Brooks leaned over and patted the back of her hand. "Griffon is an Alpha with a lot of responsibility."

Only then did Tara put away her desolate mood and nod. "I understand."