

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 11

It seemed that Griffon was not interested in Roman's comparisons.

Roman said nothing more and led me to sit opposite him.

As soon as we sat down, a man in an expensive suit opened a bottle of wine and handed it to me.

"Taya Palmer, right? Can you drink?"

I didn't know who this man was, and the suddenness of his offer made me feel uneasy. I hesitated, unsure of what to do.

I wasn't sure if he was a wolf or not, so I didn't know if he was offering me regular wine, or wine laced with wolfsbane.

Wolfsbane would kill me.

Seeing me hesitate, the man suddenly smiled. "Don't worry. There isn't any wolfsbane in this

The man's gentle demeanor put me at ease.

He accented the wine and took a small sip. but I still felt uns

The woman sitting next to the man noticed my hesitation and began to sneer.

"Beta Starke, the girlfriend you found is awful. Preston kindly poured her a drink, but she's too scared to drink it. How rude."

Preston... This must be Griffon's cousin, Preston Knight, also a playboy but not as depraved as Roman.

When I was still Griffon's secret lover, I never met any of his family or friends couldn't help but take a few more glances at Preston. He looked a little similar to Griffon but not nearly as cold as him.

The woman's face darkened when she saw that I didn't bother to react to what she said.

If it were anyone else, they would have understood what she meant and apologized to Preston, then they would have drunk the entire glass of wine as to not seem rude. I knew what she meant, but the words were for Roman to hear not me, so I decided to play dumb.

Frustrated, the woman turned to Roman. "Beta Starke, without Preston, you wouldn't even have had the chance to meet Griffon, let alone talk about the project," she scolded. "But your girlfriend doesn't even want to drink a glass of wine. How are we going to have fun later?"

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I had thought that Roman was familiar with Griffon, not that it was Preston who had introduced them.

It seemed that Roman's plan wasn't just to take me to meet a few friends. He also wanted to talk business with Griffon.

However, I wasn't worried, since discussing whatever the project was would take time. That meant I still had a chance to figure out how to get away. With this in mind, my tensed body began to relax.

But as I breathed a sigh of relief, Roman suddenly raised his

chin and said, "Drink it."

Damn, I couldn't play dumb anymore. So I picked up the glass and drank it with one gulp.

I seldom drank alcohol, Griffon didn't like the smell of it, so I did not drink at all.

Instead of just drinking the wine down, I managed to choke on it, not used to the taste of any alcohol. Tears streamed down my face. Roman saw I was choking and held me in his arms, patting my back to help me breathe.

Griffon's cold gaze fell on the hand that was holding me.

Through my teary eyes, I sensed Griffon's killing intent in his

eyes.

Finally, his wolf was showing a possessive streak toward me. There was hope...

But when I looked again, I found nothing in his eyes except indifference and alienation.

I laughed at myself for expecting more from him.

Seeing me calm down, Roman hugged me and explained to

Preston, "She's not the kind of girl who parties and sells her body. You'll have to forgive her for being a little...green."

Preston smiled and didn't say anything, but the woman next to him suddenly became angry. "Beta Starke, what do you mean by that?"

Roman raised his eyebrows and said mildly, "Ma'am, I wasn't

talking about you. Why are you so worked up?"

The woman exploded in an instant. I was pretty sure she was a human woman, one of the types that was a groupie for wolf shifters. "I'm so much younger than you. How can you call me ma'am?"

"You may be younger than me, but you look older than me. If I don't call you ma'am, what else can I call you?"

"You..."

The woman was forced into silence. She stomped her foot and turned around, pulling at Preston's sleeve and acting cute.

I was surprised she felt comfortable enough in a room of male shifters to act this way.

"Preston, look at him. How can he say such mean things to me? Let's go."

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Preston patted her hand and tried to comfort her, "Khloe, you know Roman. He didn't mean it."

Khloe was unwilling to let Roman off easily. Although she used to be a top escort in Nightshade, she didn't want to hear the word "selling" again now that she was with Preston.

She couldn't argue with Roman, but she could deal with his woman.

“Let’s forget about it. We’re here just to have fun.”

“But sitting here is boring. Why don’t we play a game?”

Hearing the word “game,” everyone became interested.

“What game?”

Khloe took out a few decks of cards and placed them on the table.

“Let’s play a team card game. The losing team must take off one piece of clothing.”

“Interesting.”

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Roman was thrilled with the idea, and he agreed right away. And the other men would not resist the temptation either.

Concerned that Griffon might not be used to such activities, Preston turned his head and glanced at him. “Griffon, they often play like this. If you don’t want to…”

Before he could finish his sentence, Griffon took a card from Khloe. “How do we play?”

Preston was shocked. His cousin had always avoided such places, yet today, just because Roman invited him to meet a woman who looked like Tara, he had agreed to come and was now patiently playing games with them. That was odd.

Khloe didn’t expect Griffon, who was rumored to be

uninterested in women, to be so easygoing and willing to play with them. She immediately smiled.

“It’s very simple. Let me explain the rules to you.”

After explaining the rules, Khloe gathered everyone to draw

lots and form teams.

I sat stiffly on the sofa, not sure what to do.

Just as I was hesitating about how to refuse, Khloe seemed to read my mind and spoke up first.

“Everyone has to participate. Ms. Palmer, you’re not going to turn me down in front of everybody, right?”

All eyes turned to me, making me feel uncomfortable. As if not playing would ruin the fun for everybody.

I couldn’t afford to offend anyone here, so I forced myself to participate.

Seeing that I was willing to comply, Khloe didn’t say anything more.

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“Let’s draw lots now. Each pair that draws the same number has to switch seats. And no sitting next to each other!”

Khloe put the paper balls on the table and paired up those who drew the same number automatically.

There were four players in the first round, and the others. would line up. Those who got the numbers 1 or 2 played first.

Unfortunately, I got the number 2.

I raised my eyes to look at the other side. It turned out that Griffon had gotten the number 1, which meant we were in a

hostile situation.

Khloe, who had also gotten the number 1, raised her eyebrows at me as if to say, “Wait and see.”

“What about the other 2? Who got it?”

After hesitating momentarily, Preston opened the paper ball in his hand.

He smiled at me and said, "I'm not good at playing cards. I have to count on you."

I responded with a smile that was uglier than crying.

I was a well-behaved girl who always listened to the orphanage director when I was young, listened to my teachers in school, listened to my boss, and listened to my man in relationships. Therefore, I had never played card games until now.

When Khloe explained the rules earlier, she spoke so fast that I didn't remember them at all. And even Preston, who often played such games, seemed clueless about how to play. Was this intentional? I couldn't help but suspect that Khloe had cheated during the drawing lots.

Khloe flipped her fingers a few times and handed me the last card. "Ms. Palmer, it's time to start."

This new charming voice of hers made me feel uneasy.

My heart raced as I realized that if I lost a game, I would have to take off my dress completely—it was the only thing I wore. It felt like being stripped naked in front of everyone like a prostitute. Khloe was using the game to vent her anger on me after Roman had insulted her.

I knew what was happening, but the cards in my hand were terrible. In addition, coupled with Preston's sloppy play, I was getting anxious and starting to sweat. However, Griffon remained stubborn and refused to back down. Even if I played the smallest card, he would use the much bigger number to boal me.

Frustration boiled inside of me, turning my face blue. Seeing this, Roman quickly put me on his lap and comforted me. "Don't worry, I'll teach you."

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I was so focused on the cards that I didn't notice that I was already sitting on Roman's lap. I turned around and asked Roman, "How can I do this?"

Roman took the cards in my hand, quickly made up a set of numbers, and put them o.

When Khloe saw this, she rolled her eyes unhappily. "Beta Starke, you're cheating."

Roman raised his eyebrows. "Just tell me if you can beat this."

Khloe snorted, put away her cards, and leaned against the sofa.

When I saw Khloe like this, I knew the cards she held couldn't defeat me.

At this moment, her tightly furrowed brows slightly relaxed.

I was happy and looked back at Roman with a smile.

Roman grinned and kissed me again.

The cold touch instantly brought me back to reality. Only then

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did I realize I was sitting on Roman's lap.

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I struggled to push him away, but Roman was reluctant to let go. "If you move again, I'll have sex with you right here, right

now!"

I was too scared to move anymore. I turned around with a pale face, and my gaze again met Griffon's.

As I looked back at Griffon, I noticed the corners of his eyes were now scarlet,

and the bloodthirsty chill of his wolf emanated from him, causing me to tremble.

Was he...?

He played a pair of kings and beat me, followed by several bombs, not giving me any chance to fight back.

So much for that thought.

My expression darkened as I realized he had finished playing all his cards.

Khloe said excitedly, "I only have the last set of cards left."

Afterward, she threw a few cards on the table and raised her eyebrows at Preston and me.

“You lost. According to the rules, both of you have to take off one piece of clothing.”

Preston smiled helplessly, put down the unfinished cards in his hand, and took off his jacket.

Only then did Khloe turn to look at me. “Ms. Palmer, Preston has already taken off his clothes. It’s your turn now.”

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Preston was wearing a suit, so he could take off his jacket and still have a white shirt on, but if I took off a piece of clothing, I would be left with nothing on.

I lifted my gaze to the crowd. Everyone’s eyes were on me expectantly, and I felt like a rabbit surrounded by wolves:

Which...I essentially was. Minus Khloe.

Even Roman stared at me, waiting for me to take off my dress.

I knew that complying with their demand would mean sacrificing my dignity, but resisting would only make it harder for me to leave this private room. I felt trapped and helpless, my fists clenched with frustration.

But I was about to die in a few months. Why would I still clutch onto my dignity and reputation?

Just as I was about to give in and start unzipping my dress, Preston’s voice interrupted the tense silence.

“It’s because I don’t know how to play cards and got Ms. Palmer into trouble. I’ll take off another article of clothes for her.”

Preston removed his white shirt, revealing his strong, defined abs.

Why did all of these wolf shifters have to be so good-looking?

Seeing that Preston was protecting me, Khloe became even more dissatisfied.

She gritted her teeth and shot a glare toward me. I avoided her gaze and looked at Preston gratefully. “Thank you.”

Preston waved his hand lightly.

Just as everyone thought the game was over, Griffon, leaning against the sofa and looking disinterested, suddenly spoke up. “You have to abide by the rules of the game.”

Preston glanced at Griffon and felt that he was acting a bit strange tonight. He knew Taya was only wearing a dress. If she took it off, she would have to be naked. Griffon had never been a lustful wolf, so why did he feel the need to force her to remove her clothes?

Preston found himself in a state of confusion, but he had already committed to helping Taya.

“Griffon, I already took off my clothes. Let’s change and do another punishment. Don’t make her do the same one.”

Goodbye My Alpha Chapter 17

Roman took the opportunity to hand over a bottle of wine. “Alpha Knight, why don’t you let Taya pour a glass of wine for you.”

Roman had wanted to see me undress in front of everyone, but he quickly realized that I was his date and that he had publicly referred to me as his girlfriend. He would look like a fool if I took my clothes off in front of everyone—especially an Alpha.

And that was the only thing that saved me.

Preston reacted quickly and agreed with Roman. “Let her pour you a glass of wine as punishment.”

After that, he signaled me to pour wine for Griffon.

How...how was pouring him wine a punishment?

I looked up at Griffon. His face was blank, and I couldn’t figure out what he was thinking...if he was thinking anything at all.

He’d been holding a glass of wine all evening, but I’d yet to see him take a sip of it. I didn’t know what kind of wine was in his glass—if it was laced with wolfsbane or not,

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I mustered the courage to pick up the expensive red wine on the table, walked up to him, and bent down slightly.

I was about to pour the wine into his glass when he suddenly

raised his hand to cover the rim.

Griffon stared at me and spat out, "Dirty."

My heart sank, and the pain was almost unbearable. I struggled to catch my breath as my hand trembled, still holding the wine bottle.

My body stiffened, and I gazed into his eyes. There was no

trace of affection there, only disdain.

It was commonplace for shifters to think that humans—or those born to shifters but who never got their wolves—were tainted.

This was just ridiculous, though. If that's what he was thinking right now, how wasn't I dirty when he was sleeping with me for five years? No amount of cleaning myself "inside and out" was ever going to take away the fact that I wasn't a shifter.

My anger began to rise, and I stood up straight, handing the wine bottle back to Roman, upset.

"Beta Starke, since Alpha Knight thinks I'm dirty, why don't you pour a glass of wine for him instead?"

Her voice was soft, and when she called Roman "Beta Starke,"

it almost made his bones go limp.

Roman was burning with desire, and hugged her waist, comforting her. "Okay, let me handle it."

He took the bottle from her hand and poured wine for Griffon. "Don't misunderstand. Alpha Knight. She's not that kind of girl; she's clean."

Griffon snorted. "Is that so?"

The mocking laughter seemed to completely deflate Taya.

Roman gave him a suspicious look.

It was weird. Why did it feel like Griffon was making Taya feel uncomfortable on purpose? Was the Alpha playing some kind of game with her because she was human?

Worried that Griffon's misunderstanding would jeopardize

the project his pack was so desperately trying to get, Roman quickly explained with a smile, "Trust me, I've checked. She's clean."

Griffon's hand tightened, and it almost looked as though he would snap the wineglass stem in two.

He raised cold, narrowed eyes and looked at Roman. "And just how did you verify that?"

Roman didn't notice Griffon's strange reaction and said, proudly, "I've slept with her, of course."

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I hadn't expected Roman to lie, so I had no clue how to react.

Griffon was VERY particular and VERY possessive. I was not to sleep with anyone else, or to be involved with anyone else in any way during the duration of our contract. Even though we were not romantically involved—though I so desperately wished he had feelings for me—it didn't matter.

No one touched anything that belonged to Alpha Knight, and the Alpha was very particular about his things. How they looked, smelled, felt... To say that control was important to him was an understatement.

The urge to explain myself to him was strong right now, but our relationship was over, and it was unnecessary.

He also didn't deserve an explanation from me after so casually throwing me aside.

When I hesitated, Griffon nodded toward me and said, "Fine.

Let her pour the wine."

Roman quickly returned the wine to me and said, "Hurry up."

Puzzled by Griffon's sudden change of heart, I complied with Roman's urging, picked up the wine bottle again, and bent down to pour Griffon a drink.

Before the wine was poured out, the rim of the glass was covered by his hand again.

Griffon narrowed his eyes, and a borderline evil smirk crossed his lips. "Kneel," he growled out low, commanding.

I was taken aback by Griffon's request.

I might have been his secret lover, but I was not his servant.

He'd never asked something like this of me before.

Part of me wanted to immediately kneel at his feet, willing to do whatever it took to have him pay attention to me. I wanted him so badly, and just being near him had my insides twisting up with desire, nerves...lust.

But then I remembered how he'd tossed me aside as if I didn't matter, didn't have feelings. Treated me the same way so many people treated the girl without her wolf.

I straightened up again and said, "Alpha Knight, I don't know what I've done to offend you, but clearly, something is going on." I turned and placed the bottle back on the table, then grabbed my purse. "I'll leave now and won't disturb you anymore."

I turned to leave, taking a step toward the door, but Roman's hand gripping my arm stopped me.

"There's no need to leave. You'll stay and enjoy the rest of the evening." Then, he threatened in a low voice that only I could hear. "Don't forget your best friend."

I quickly composed myself. I had hoped that Griffon's anger would give me a chance to leave, but Roman's insistence on pleasing him for the sake of his project made me angry. But I couldn't drag Harper into this.

I turned around, picked up the wine bottle, and knelt before Griffon.

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As I kneeled, Khloe laughed with delight, while Preston frowned and the others looked on as if they were watching a show.

Roman showed no emotion, only ambivalence.

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Only Griffon, leaning back against the sofa with stretched across it and his legs spread wide, looked down at me with a smug look across his face.

There was no mistaking who the Alpha in the room was, and Griffon clearly knew it,

I couldn't help but think of the hundreds of days and nights we had spent together, but suddenly it all felt like it wasn't worth it.

I'd thought I could leave with dignity, to escape this place and these people, but I should have known better.

This was the cruel reality of our different social statuses. I had slept with him for five years, destined to be trampled under his feet. Stomped down by his status as an Alpha, wolf, and billionaire.

However, I had only a few months left to endure. With this thought, I found a sense of calm. I knelt down, poured the wine, and handed the glass to Griffon.

Griffon took the wineglass, his large hand practically engulfing it.

Just as I thought he would take a drink, he raised the glass and slowly poured the red wine over my head. As it slid down

the tips of my hair, it stained my pale face, thin neck, and long dress.

Frozen in place with shock and disbelief, I couldn't make myself do anything more than look down at the wine dripping off of my, blinking slowly in astonishment at Griffon's behavior.

"You are so cheap."

Griffon's voice was so cold that it made me shiver.

Clenching my fists and biting my lower lip, I looked up and met Griffon's gaze, staring him in the eye.

Any other time, this would have been seen as a challenge to an Alpha. However, Griffon didn't care at all. He simply picked up his handkerchief and wiped his fingers, as though touching the glass I had touched had dirtied him.

His actions were like a knife stabbing into my heart.

I wanted to sink into the floor, never to be seen again.

Even through my shock and mortification, I wanted to ask him why he even cared enough to act this way toward me. He was the one who had dumped me, who wanted nothing else to do with me.

But I didn't dare voice my thoughts out loud. I hadn't gotten rid of Roman yet. If I provoked Griffon again, I couldn't afford the outcome.

After tossing the handkerchief aside, Griffon got up and left without looking back..he Knight pack bodyguards in the room quickly followed him.

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Griffon..."

Preston, who had recovered from his shock, hurriedly called out to him, but Griffon didn't even turn his head.

Roman looked at Griffon's back and asked, "Something wrong with your cousin?"

Preston smiled tightly. "He's the Alpha of the Knight Pack, so he's under a lot of pressure. Occasionally, he lets his temper get the better of him. Please don't mind his behavior. He didn't mean offense. I'll drink a glass of wine on his behalf as a punishment."

After finishing it in one gulp, Preston put down the glass and said gently, "You two have fun. I'm going to check on my Alpha."

He maintained his politeness and manners throughout the conversation, and since there was no reason to keep him any longer, Roman nodded and said, "Until next time."

Preston nodded, put his shirt back on, picked up his suit jacket, and hurriedly left.

Khloe looked like she wanted to play another game. But seeing that Preston had left, she had no choice but to toss away the cards in her hand and follow him quickly out the door.

Then, Roman and Taya were left in the private room, the silence deafening. Roman was a little frustrated, and rubbed the space between his eyebrows.

He had originally hoped that after having some fun, they could discuss the project, but Griffon had abruptly left before he could even bring it

And there was definitely something going on between Griffon and Taya, though he had no idea what that could be. The Alpha's behavior toward Taya had been deliberate. Especially

after Roman had announced that he'd slept with Taya.

He was no longer in the mood to play. He waved his hand and drove the others out of the private room.

After everyone had left, he narrowed his gaze on Taya.

Taya sat still in her kneeling position, drops of red wine dripping down her face. The deep red of the wine running down her fair cheeks, almost like tears, made her appear stunningly beautiful, yet also deeply sad.

He didn't care about her feelings right now, though. All he cared about was figuring out just what the hell was going on that he wasn't privy to.

Roman's pack needed to get this project with the Knight Pack, needed to rise up in the ranks and become more respected among the Midwest packs.

One way or anything, he would get his answers. "Do you know Alpha Knight?"