

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 1 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Older Sister Must Give in to Younger Sister (1)

[Margaret's POV]

"Margaret, where are my pink shoes?"

"I don't know. Why don't you look under your bed?"

This was my sister, Elizabeth.

We had come out of our mother's womb, one after the other, but I had to bear the name 'older sister' because I was born a few seconds earlier. It was very unfair.

Ever since I was a child, no matter what happened, as long as I had a falling out with Elizabeth, I would hear my father or mother say to me, "Margaret, you're the older sister. You have to give in to the younger sister." Then Elizabeth would justifiably steal everything I had, including my beloved little bear, the pretty dress I took a fancy to, and the love of my parents.

Perhaps it was because of this that we were two completely different people in terms of appearance and personality. I hardly broke any rules and did everything properly and dutifully. As for Elizabeth, she never even called me 'older sister.' She just called me by my name, Margaret. It had always been like this since we were young.

I brushed my hair and studied myself in the vanity mirror.

Today was the day Elizabeth and I became adults. It was also the most important day for a werewolf. We would hold a coming of age ceremony in front of all the werewolves in our pack.

Our pack's Alpha was Armstrong. He was tall and handsome, and six foot five inches tall. Most importantly, he was my boyfriend. I'd been with him since I was 12 years old. I'd spent many important moments of my life with him, including his father's passing and his succession to the Alpha position of our pack.

I had never thought that I could have an Alpha as my lover. Compared to Elizabeth, I had always been an insignificant character in the crowd. But Armstrong was always there to comfort me whenever I was uneasy or indecisive.

One Halloween, when we were young, Elizabeth and I went trick or treating according to tradition. Elizabeth disliked the cold and refused to go on after asking for candies at two houses. She ignored my advice and ran home alone.

I went to a lot of trouble going to dozens of homes and collecting a bag of candies. When I got home, my hands and feet freezing cold, I saw Elizabeth pouting and clinging to our parents by the fireplace. Expecting their approval, I wanted to show my candy collection to our parents.

But my father reprimanded me for not taking good care of Elizabeth, for leaving her to cry her way home in the snow. I looked at Elizabeth and thought that she did not look like she was freezing at all. I was the one who was cold, and I was the only one who took the blame.

As Elizabeth wouldn't stop crying, I was forced to give her all the candies. Then she was allowed to sleep in the big bed with our parents, and I—because I couldn't take care of my sister—was ordered to reflect on my wrongdoing in the small bed in the attic.

I lay in bed alone, tired and hungry. I felt aggrieved.

Then I secretly climbed out of the window. The physique of a werewolf was far superior to that of ordinary people and I had always had the best physique among my peers. A two-story height was nothing.

I walked alone on the streets, looking for candies that other children might have dropped. It was then that I met Armstrong for the first time. He was still a teenager back then, not as tall and strong as he was now, but he already had the awe-inspiring manner of a future Alpha.

“What are you doing here?” he asked me, frowning.

“I want to find some candy to eat.”

“No one is handing out candies at this time.” He thought for a moment and took a piece of chocolate from his pocket. “I'll give it to you.”

When I took the chocolate from him, I felt like Armstrong was someone the Moon Goddess had sent to save me. I remembered that the moon was shining brightly and the stars twinkled that night. At that moment, I was moved by him.

After that, Armstrong and I often dated in the forest. I told Armstrong about our encounter that night. I told him how cold that night was, how aggrieved I was before I met him, and how happy I was after meeting him.

“You know what? My parents asked me to apologize to Elizabeth, but I refused. Elizabeth just kept crying.”

“And?” Armstrong asked me.

“Then I cried, feeling wronged. But they only cared about consoling Elizabeth and even asked me to give all the candies I collected. However, Elizabeth is not their only daughter. They are my parents and I am their daughter. Tell me, I still remember it after so long. Do you think I’m petty?” I said embarrassedly.

“Did you give her the candies afterward?”

“I did. They said that as the older sister, I had to give in to my younger sister.”

“You’re good. You’re the best girl I’ve ever met, but you could be more confident.”

Armstrong hugged me, his eyes meeting mine with complete trust. I felt a warmth in my heart I had never felt before. No one had ever supported me, praised me, or told me I was doing the right thing.

“I’m really grateful to you. You’re my savior. Meeting you must be the luckiest thing in my life. You’re better to me than all my family.” I snuggled up to him as he embraced me.

“I am your family,” Armstrong promised me. “You will be my wife and the future Luna of the tribe.”

I also believed that we would be fated partners under the arrangements of the Moon Goddess.

Chapter 2: Nightmare Birthday _ 1

[Margaret’s POV]

I checked my makeup again and applied a little more lip gloss.

“Margaret, I still can’t find my shoes!”

Elizabeth barged right in. She always did.

“Can’t you get a new pair?” I sighed.

“But those are the most beautiful ones. And they match my dress, or my whole outfit will be ruined.” Elizabeth was already rummaging through my room.

“They can’t be in my room.”

“Let me look around.”

“Stop, Elizabeth. You’ve messed up my things!” I was getting a little angry.

Elizabeth ignored me. Visit [v3lbn\(.\)com](http://www.v3lbn(.)com) for new *novels*

I couldn’t do anything to her. I really hated her and I hated myself for indulging her time and time again.

“You have a pair of pink shoes here too,” Elizabeth muttered.

“If you like, take them.” I just hoped she would get out of my room quickly.

Elizabeth took out the shoes and gestured at her feet. “The heels seem a little low,” Elizabeth grumbled as she sat on my bed.

“These are my only high heels,” I said calmly.

This pair of shoes was given to me by Armstrong on my previous birthday. He said I looked good in them. But since Elizabeth wanted them, I’d lend them to her. Anyway, whether I agreed or not, she had her ways of achieving her goal. My opinion meant nothing to her.

Elizabeth glanced at the flats on my feet and put on those shoes without saying anything else.

“This is probably just an inch? I haven’t worn shoes with heels that are less than three inches. These shoes will make my calves look less slender.”

Elizabeth tried to walk around the room.

“My breasts don’t look so full anymore. It’s all your fault.”

Without a word, I lowered my head and texted Armstrong.

[How’s the preparation going?]

[Almost done. The ‘princess’ is wearing the shoes you gave me.]

‘Princess’ was the nickname that Armstrong and I had given Elizabeth. He was on my side. Neither of us liked Elizabeth who had blond curls, blue eyes, and a face that always looked exquisite and beautiful.

Elizabeth liked to wear exaggerated, colorful clothes and shoes with sky-high heels. I had to admit that they were very attractive to boys. She dressed herself up like a fictional princess.

[I'll buy you something better. Today is your big day. Be happy. Love you.]

[I love you too.]

I felt better. Armstrong was always calm and collected. That was what I loved about him. As long as I was with him, I felt safe. I knew he'd always be my support.

After dilly-dallying, Elizabeth and I finally set off. Elizabeth was four or five inches taller than me, and with those shoes, she was a head taller than me. When we walked together, it was not obvious who the older sister was. It made me uncomfortable.

We arrived at the grounds. A lot of werewolves had gathered around us. In the distance, I could see Armstrong.

"Mate..." I heard Armstrong whisper.

I had never seen such an expression on Armstrong's face. His face was etched with fascination for his mate, and there was unsatiable desire in his eyes, as if he wanted to devour me. I had never known I was so important to him. He was needing me. The thought excited me uncontrollably.

He walked towards me, step by step, an unusual glint in his eyes. I could not help but hold my breath. *?Is he going to announce that I'm his mate here??* I wondered. But I didn't sense anything. My mind was blank.

Then I saw my boyfriend, Armstrong—whom I had spent six years with—walk past me in front of all the werewolves in the tribe, hug my sister Elizabeth, and exchange a long, hot French kiss with her.

At this moment, Armstrong was only two steps away from me, but I felt like we had never been so far apart.

"Elizabeth is my fated mate. She will be Luna of the pack."

Everyone cheered.

I couldn't believe what I had seen and heard. He had promised me that he would make me Luna. *?Is all of this fake??* I thought. *?I'm just a clown. I'd never have the chance to be a protagonist.?* Everything that had happened before was just an unrealistic fantasy.

I felt like my only emotional attachment was severed. No one had ever loved me. I couldn't even cry. I stared blankly at Elizabeth, who was immersed in happiness. I saw her give me a smug smile.

Chapter 3: Ex-boyfriend's Call _ 1

[Margaret's POV] Visit www.visitnovels.com for new *novels*

It had been a week since my coming of age ceremony.

From inability to accept to gradual numbness, I was starting to accept the fact that my boyfriend and my twin sister were destined to be mates.

My sister, a person who knew nothing except how to doll herself up, would become Luna of this pack.

Everyone thought that this was normal. After all, in the world of werewolves, it was natural for us to choose our life mate.

Moreover, Elizabeth has always been the center of attention. All the boys revolved around her like flies. No one cared about my feelings. My Beta father even came to tell me to support my sister well because she didn't know anything.

*F*ck!!*

Irritated, I swept away the things in front of me and collapsed onto the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling.

I was feeling overwhelmed. Whether it was in school or in battle, I'd tried my best and performed excellently, but I got nothing. Why! Father had always favored Elizabeth. He always said that Elizabeth was his pride. *Stop thinking, Margaret. Everything has been decided,* I thought to myself.

"Margaret!"

Only Elizabeth would barge in like this.

"What do you want?" I snapped.

"Next week Armstrong wants to hold a ceremony to officiate my succession to the position of Luna. I don't know anything about those things. Please help me."

I really couldn't understand how Elizabeth could always make such outrageous demands so self-righteously.

"I don't..."

"Father asked you to help me." Elizabeth added as the words got stuck in my throat.

Father. Father again. I scratched my head in frustration. Father was hoping to promote our family's status in the tribe through Elizabeth's marriage. Damn, he must also think that Elizabeth was better suited to marrying the Alpha than me.

"Fine," was all I could say. "I'll help you."

I got out of bed, sat at my desk, and turned on my computer.

"Anthony told me again that he wanted to ask you out." Elizabeth plopped down on my bed.

"I'm not going." I glared at Elizabeth.

Anthony was the Beta of the tribe. He had wooed Elizabeth before but was rejected by her. For some reason, ever since Elizabeth became Armstrong's partner, she had been trying to matchmake us.

And she suggested that the four of us go out on a date together. I guess she just wanted to watch me and Anthony make a fool of ourselves at the same time and show us that she now had an Alpha boyfriend.

"I already agreed for you." Elizabeth shrugged. "He's a good man. You should take a chance on him."

"I said I'm not going."

"Well, tell him yourself." Elizabeth was finally willing to get off my bed. She walked to the door and looked back. "Not that I want to tell you, Margaret, but you should start a new relationship."

I sat stiffly in my chair for a long time. *?New relationship. Damn it, who the f*ck ended my previous relationship?!?* My phone suddenly vibrated.

It was a call from Armstrong!

My heart skipped a beat. Why is he calling me at this time? I wondered. I pressed the answer button.

"Is it Margaret?"

Armstrong's voice was as steady as ever.

"It's me."

"I have something to discuss with you."

“Is it the ceremony for Elizabeth to succeed the Luna position?” I said stiffly. “I already promised to help her.”

“That’s something Elizabeth insists on doing. She’s my mate. I don’t want to upset her,” Armstrong explained. “I’m looking for you about something else.”

The ceremony is not something Armstrong wants to do?? I thought. The anger I was suppressing suddenly eased a little. Perhaps Armstrong had some feelings for me. Even if it was a little, I’d be satisfied.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Next week, Lycan King Donald will come to visit our pack.”

“Lycan King?” I said, shocked.

The werewolf royal family had an extremely high status. Every member of the royal family was very powerful and strong, comparable to the Alpha of the pack. They had the authority to command any tribe, but they would not interfere in the affairs of the packs easily. There seemed to be some kind of order or rule. When a conflict broke out between the werewolves, they would intervene.

“That’s right, the Wolf King,” Armstrong continued. “But I have something to do next week. I’ve already spoken to Lycan King Donald that there’s a good chance I won’t be with the pack when he arrives.”

I could vaguely guess what Armstrong was going to say to me.

“I’m worried that Elizabeth doesn’t understand these things, but she’s Luna. She’s the only one who can do these things. Margaret, you’re capable. Can you help her to host the reception for the Lycan King? ”

Armstrong’s tone was gentle, and the anger I’d been suppressing returned. He’d never been so worried about me.

“Are you still listening, Margaret?”

“I’m here.” I fought back the tears that threatened to fall. “I promise.”

Chapter 4: Preparation to Receive the Lycan King _ 1

[Margaret’s POV]

The next day, I told Elizabeth about receiving the Lycan King. Elizabeth was wearing revealing clothes at the dining table and dabbing butter on a piece of bread. She looked distracted.

I looked at her exposed flat stomach and snow-white skin and repeated, "The Lycan King is coming to visit our pack next week. We need to have a welcome ceremony. You are Luna of the pack. You have to preside over this. Are you listening, Elizabeth?"

"Next week? What about my succession ceremony?"

I mentally rolled my eyes. This was my sister, Elizabeth. She was always concerned about herself only. She had really been spoiled by our parents.

"Perhaps you can do it after we've received the werewolf royal family and entertained the Lycan King. That's the most important thing for us now. Besides, Armstrong should be back by then. I'm sure he'll be willing to attend Luna's inauguration ceremony with you." God knew how much restraint I had to use to say these words calmly. Rêad latest *chapters on no/v/e/l(b)in(.)c/o/m*

"Werewolf royal family? Are they coming? Will they attend my Luna inauguration ceremony?" Elizabeth was suddenly excited.

"Maybe," I replied.

"What about the Lycan King? Will he come too?"

I thought back to what Armstrong had said.

"I think so."

"Oh my god, it's the Lycan King!" Elizabeth's face was flushed with excitement, and her eyes shone with unusual emotion. "It's said that the members of the royal family are all tall and strong, and they're all very good in bed. He's everyone's dream lover! I heard that pure-blooded members of the royal family have special abilities. The Lycan King is actually going to attend my inauguration!"

I didn't comment. I didn't care about any of this. I just hoped this would make Elizabeth take the reception seriously and handle the welcome ceremony well.

"Then let's do that. I want to go pick out the clothes I will wear to the inauguration ceremony. I want the Lycan King to see me at first glance!" Elizabeth walked out hurriedly.

"Hey, Elizabeth..."

I wanted to call out to her, but I didn't have the time. "What do you mean by this? You're leaving it all to me? I'm not Luna of this tribe." I was a little angry. She had stopped me from discussing all the things I had in mind.

Suddenly Elizabeth walked back through the door. I thought she had changed her mind.

She ran her hand through her hair. It was an alluring gesture. There were countless men who would go crazy for her at this moment. The thought that Armstrong might do the same made me even more uncomfortable.

"Oh right, you and Anthony should host the ceremony to entertain the Lycan King."

"What?! I disagree, Elizabeth," I protested.

"Armstrong is not with the tribe now. Anthony is the Beta of Armstrong. I'm Luna. I have the right to assign anyone to do what I want."

I couldn't believe Elizabeth dared to boss me around like that.

"If there's any problem, you can discuss it with him."

Elizabeth left without looking back.

Anthony and I sat at the table side by side, discussing the program of the reception.

Armstrong only said that the Lycan King would be here next week, but he did not specify what time it would be. We had to be prepared at all times.

We prepared lunch, dinner, and afternoon tea and desserts to ensure an adequate supply of food all day. We prepared some rooms and left the biggest and most comfortable room for the Lycan King. We also lined up special cooks and servants to serve the royal family.

At the same time, Anthony suggested strengthening patrol operations and extending the picket line by a kilometer to ensure that we would be prepared for their arrival.

These were not easy tasks.

Anthony and I were exhausted and barely slept.

Elizabeth didn't help at all. All she did was come up with whimsical ideas to disrupt our planning process. I had to spend a lot of time explaining to her why things had to be done a certain way and why her inauguration ceremony and the reception of the Lycan King couldn't be held at the same time. In addition, I had to persuade her to change her mind about appearing at the inauguration ceremony in an ultra-short dress.

Putting aside these annoyances, Anthony was a good helper.

He was indeed the best Beta in the tribe. The two of us worked together and progressed quickly. But I had to do my best to ignore the way his eyes seemed to be fixated on Elizabeth every time she came over. I had a feeling that things weren't as Elizabeth had said. It was more like Elizabeth wanted Anthony to ask me out. Every time we discussed something, he would lap up some of Elizabeth's idiotic suggestions unconditionally.

Chapter 5: Humiliation in Front of Everyone _ 1

[Margaret's POV]

"The Lycan King might be here tomorrow. I'll check the reception area again," I said with heavy dark circles under my eyes.

"Oh, Margaret, you look terrible." Elizabeth feigned surprise.

"I know. I don't have a choice. Fortunately, the preparations are almost done." I could sense how bad I was looking. My eyelids were puffy, and I could barely keep my eyes open. I'd been relying on strong coffee these past few days to bolster my energy as I went from one venue to another. It had been three days since I'd showered and changed my clothes. Rêad latest cha/p/ters on no/v/e/l(b)in(.)c/o/m

"You should go back and rest."

"So are you going to check on the reception area?" I glanced at Elizabeth. "Anthony has gone to check on the frigate. Someone has to go to the reception area."

Elizabeth stopped talking. I knew she wouldn't go. Even if she did, it would be useless. She didn't know anything about the setup. I was the only one who made the arrangements.

"Alright, you should go back." I waved my hand and reminded her, "Remember to wear the dress I told you about tomorrow."

I arrived at the entrance of the venue and took a look at myself.

Oh yes, Elizabeth was right. I really looked terrible.

My grayish-white dress was wrinkled and there appeared to be food stains from the past two days on it. My shoes were also covered in dust.

I looked at my reflection on the polished pillar by the door. My hair was a mess, like a tuft of seaweed. My face was pale, my eyes glazed, and my lips were dry. I tried to straighten my hair with my hands. It was useless.

I sighed. After I checked out the place, I would go back and have a good shower and clean up. I couldn't be so sloppy anymore.

The venue was luxuriously decorated. Two rows of dining tables lined both sides of the hall. On the tables were wine glasses and cutlery, all of which were polished and sparkling. There were also bottles of top-quality red wine that had not been opened. When the Lycan King arrived, exquisite food and snacks would be served here.

"Margaret!"

I heard someone call me and looked back to see Anthony running over, panting.

"What is it?"

"The Lycan King is here early!" Anthony said. "I saw the royal family when I was on patrol. They will probably be here soon."

"What?" This was a full day ahead of our expectations.

"Fortunately, we've almost finished setting up the place. I've already gotten someone to inform Luna Elizabeth," Anthony said quickly. "I'll bring the Lycan King here with Elizabeth later. You'll be in charge of the reception here. Is that alright?"

"No problem."

I couldn't care less about my appearance. I first informed the kitchen staff to start preparing the dishes, then instructed the servants to go where they were supposed to go. Then I sent someone to inform the tribe that the Lycan King had arrived and tell them to come quickly.

I made the arrangements without stopping. It did not take long for the venue to be filled with a messy crowd. Even though the ladies came in a hurry, they dressed carefully before leaving the house. They were all dressed luxuriously and had exquisite makeup on.

I wished that I could look more presentable in front of the Lycan King. He was the most powerful and dignified man in the entire werewolf world. Elizabeth was right. No girl would not long for him. Even though I was a little humiliated to be the Luna's elder sister, I was glad to stand beside her so that the Lycan King would notice me.

But now I found myself standing quietly in a corner, not wanting to think too much.

“Yo, isn’t this Margaret?”

I heard a delicate female voice. I knew who it was. It was Elizabeth’s sworn enemy, Selena.

There was another very unfair thing that I had to endure. Elizabeth was very popular but her glory did not rub off on me at all. It only made me feel ashamed and inferior.

However, her arch-enemies would somehow shift their hatred onto me at the same time. Whenever they met me, they would mock me. I did not understand why. They could not hurt Elizabeth by hurting me, but they still enjoyed doing so.

I didn’t want to talk to her, but it was obvious that Selina didn’t want to let me off the hook.

“Look, what is Margaret wearing? Is this a rag?”

She teased loudly, attracting the attention of some people around her. They all laughed.

It was always like this. No one would speak up for me.

“You are going to meet the Lycan King in such tattered clothes. If the Lycan King finds out that the sister of the new Luna is like a maid, what will he think of our pack? You’re really embarrassing us.”

I clenched my fists and couldn’t help but retort, “Everything in this venue was arranged by me. I’m the one who contributed the most to the pack!”

“You set it up? Everyone knows that this is Luna’s job. Even if you did it, the credit would go to her. Oh, right, I think I’d forgotten. You always thought you were going to be Luna, right? Hahahaha,” Selina sneered.

“Let me think, who was it that bragged to us that the Alpha would make her the tribe’s Luna? As it turned out, on the day of her coming of age ceremony, her younger sister snatched her boyfriend away. Your younger sister is the pack’s Luna, the Alpha’s fated mate. Are you worthy of the Alpha of our pack?”

Chapter 6: A God-like Mate _ 1

[Margaret’s POV]

When Armstrong was my boyfriend, Selina would never have dared to mock me in public like this. Armstrong would protect me. But now, I was angry and sad. No one would be willing to stand up for me anymore.

At that moment, I heard a commotion outside. At the same time, I smelled a sweet fragrance that I had never smelled before. I felt the wolf in me stir restlessly, constantly expressing her excitement to me. I sensed something.

Can it be that my mate is among the werewolf royal entourage?? I wondered.

The fragrance changed gradually from faintly discernible to overpowering. I was almost knocked out by it.

If I were to describe it, it was probably a combination of everything I loved in the world.

The fresh air of the forest after the rain, the fragrance of plants, freshly baked pastries, white wine that aged well, sparkling and exquisite jewelry, the crackling sounds of a fireplace, and a man's broad shoulders and firm chest... I took a deep breath. It smelled so good.

Then I heard someone shout beside me.

A group of giants walked into the reception hall. There were about seven or eight of them. Werewolves were considered tall compared to ordinary people. Anthony, who was an outstanding member of the tribe, was slightly taller than ordinary werewolves. However, these werewolves who came in were all a head taller than Anthony. The tallest one was probably close to 8 feet. Anthony looked exceptionally petite beside him, and Elizabeth was like a doll.

"Heavens, he's so tall!"

"Look at his deep eyes. I think I'm about to be sucked into them!"

"The one beside him is not bad either. His shoulders are so broad."

"I wonder if the Lycan King has a mate. If only it's me!"

"Why would he find a mate from a small pack like ours? His mate must be a match for the royal family. It's said that the Lycan King already has a girlfriend. She's a female Beta."

"That might not be true. I think I still have a chance."

I heard the girls around me whispering.

I widened my eyes and looked at them. I could smell the pleasant scent coming from that group of people. I wondered if my mate was among them.

Which one of them will it be? Does he have the same strong feelings as I do?? My heart thumped wildly. The wolf in me was jumping for joy. I even felt that she wanted to break free from my restraint and transform into a pouncing wolf.

Calm down, calm down, Betty,?

I thought.

Something in me was screaming, I want him, I want him!

I could barely restrain my emotions. Like Betty, I wanted to rush out and hug my mate.

But not now, this is not a good time,? I warned myself.

As they walked closer, I sensed that the smell was getting stronger. I seemed to be intoxicated. I could not control my body and held onto the wall beside me. I almost drowned in the pleasant smell. I could barely breathe.

The cries of surprise from the people beside me grew louder. Their looks of surprise, anger, and jealousy were directed at me, but I couldn't care less. I saw a man walking towards me. His body was like a huge magnet, constantly emitting a pleasant smell.

I breathed rapaciously, and moved toward him involuntarily.

His handsome face was like that of an ancient god, and he exuded a noble and graceful aura. He had long hair that was as dazzling as a god's. His grayish-green eyes were deep and calm. He had a high nose bridge and plump, sexy lips. The source of this content n/o/v/(el)bi((n))

He stood tall and straight. He was wearing a navy blue suit that fit perfectly around his waist and perky butt. His arms were strong and muscular, and his shoulders were broad and flat. He exuded a beauty that I found irresistible. It might have come from his power over all living things, from his looks that were comparable to a god's, or from his charming soul.

I stared at him, mesmerized. I couldn't believe he would be my mate.

This was definitely the most wonderful man I'd ever met in my life. Armstrong was like a child compared to him.

"Mate!"

He and I spoke at the same time.

Gasps could be heard around us, but none of us could care less. We only had eyes for each other.

I met his gaze. His eyes were gentle as he looked at me, exuding the aura of a born king. I saw the corners of his mouth curl into a smile at our camaraderie. I smiled too.

I couldn't wait to run to him. The desire to be close to him and to have him took over everything in my mind at this moment. I'd lost all rationality, forgotten where this was, or who I was. I just wanted to run to my mate.

He reached out and caught me, lifting me over his head. I felt his strong arms as hard as stone. I felt some pain when he held me, but I liked it.

I liked the feeling of being owned by him like this, the feeling of us being one with each other in front of everyone. At this moment, I was the center of attention in the room. Happiness and contentment that I had never felt before welled up in my heart.

Chapter 7: Sexy, Pretty Girl _ 1

[Margaret's POV]

He spun me around a few times before putting me down.

I stood firmly on the ground and tried to calm my agitated breathing before I noticed the malicious gazes around me. After my rationality returned, I felt uneasy.

I instinctively went to shake his hand. The gesture seemed to please him. He shook my hand back.

I looked up at him and realized he was looking at me too, those dark gray-green eyes smiling with pleasure. Suddenly I realized I didn't know his name yet.

"You are..."

"You don't know me?" my mate asked, raising an eyebrow.

I was actually still a little confused. The excessive joy just now had produced too much dopamine. I was still in a daze.

"I'm a little dizzy. You're so cool," I explained quietly.

This answer made him smile even more.

"My name is Donald. I'm the King of the Lycans."

Donald?! Lycan King!

I was dumbfounded. My partner was actually the Lycan King!

I suddenly understood the gazes of everyone present. They weren't for me, but for Donald. Perhaps everyone was surprised that an ordinary girl like me could win the Lycan King's favor and become his partner.

Those people who used to trample me and look down on me must be feeling complicated at this moment. Even I found it unbelievable. I used to think that losing Armstrong would cast a shadow on my life like a permanent nightmare. Now I thought I might have gotten over it.

"Margaret!"

Elizabeth rushed forward and interrupted my reverie.

She looked at us holding hands and her gaze turned to my mate. She suddenly stuttered, "You, you..."

I looked at her. She was still not listening to me. She was not wearing the dress that I had prepared for her. Instead, she was wearing the clothes that she was familiar with. She was very beautiful, but it was not dignified enough to welcome the Lycan King dressed like this.

I suddenly realized something and turned to look at myself. A gray dress covered in stains, dirty shoes, messy and greasy hair, a puffy, lifeless face—what kind of image did I have in front of my mate!!

I was too ashamed to show my face. My mate was so noble and imperious, but I was like an ugly duckling. *Will he choose me??* My heart, which was filled with joy just now, suddenly felt uneasy. I tried to retract my hand and stand tall.

But I didn't succeed. Donald sensed my intention and held my hand tighter.

"Are you Luna of this pack?"

I heard Donald ask Elizabeth. His voice was so pleasant, like a pleasant cello, low and rich.

"Yes, I'm Luna Elizabeth."

Elizabeth looked terrified. I knew this sister of mine. She was all about dating men and had never hosted such a big event. Fortunately, reliable Anthony took over.

"Honorable Lycan King, welcome to our tribe. I'm Beta of the tribe. We've already prepared food and accommodation for you. Please follow me," Anthony said politely.

I saw Donald nod as he took my hand. We walked to the center of the reception area. We walked in the front, with Elizabeth and Anthony behind us. From the corner of my eye, I saw Elizabeth's surprised expression. Actually, I hadn't regained my composure yet. I just held Donald's hand passively and let him pull me wherever he wanted.

I noticed his gaze was lingering on me. I felt ashamed again.

"Look at me."

I heard him say and I turned my head toward him. From where I was standing, Donald seemed huge. The top of my head only reached his chest. I had to tilt my head back to see his face.

"Your name is Margaret?" he asked.

"Yes. Elizabeth is my sister," I whispered.

"Elizabeth?" He seemed to think for a moment. "Your Luna."

"Right." Every time I admitted this to people, it made me feel a little uncomfortable. But now I looked at my partner and I didn't feel uncomfortable at all. I had the best mate in the world now. I didn't want anyone but him.

But I was a little surprised that Donald didn't remember her. Ne/w novel chapters are p/u/blished on no/vel(/bin(.).c/o/m

"Yeah, she's the sexiest, prettiest girl in our pack."

"Really?" Donald lowered his head and bit my ear. "But I think you're the sexiest, prettiest girl in the room."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. In all my life, I'd never heard anyone say that I was sexier and prettier than Elizabeth. But my mate thought I was the better one in every way. Even if he was just trying to coax me, I was really happy.

"You're also the sexiest and handsomest person in the room," I told him.

Donald laughed softly, a pleasant buzz in his throat.

Seduced by him, I couldn't help wanting to kiss his face. I reached out, moving my hand from his thick chest to his vibrating larynx to his sexy lips.

"What do you want?" he asked, grabbing my hand.

[Margaret's POV]

I want you,?I couldn't help thinking.

I felt Donald's chest vibrate softly against mine. It was only when I saw that he was smiling that I realized what I had just said. And in this situation, what I said was very much like a form of courtship.

"I didn't. It's not..." I want to take my hand back. I didn't want Donald to think I was such an impatient person. We'd just become partners. We should spend more time together and nurture our relationship. I expected us to take things slowly, not do that kind of thing right away.

Donald didn't stop me this time, but I could tell from his eyes that he was a little sorry that my hand left his. *?God, he really likes me.?*The thought made my heart beat a little faster.

"It's alright, I want you too."

I jumped. The words appeared directly in my heart.

I kept staring at Donald's lips just now to make sure he didn't open his mouth. Donald blinked at me. *?It's him!*

*Is this telepathy???*I wondered. Armstrong had done this to me before. Some werewolves awakened special abilities after their 18-year-old adult ceremony. Telepathy was the most common one. Generally speaking, the tribe would choose werewolves with telepathy to form a patrol team because it allowed them to communicate with each other more quickly.

I felt Elizabeth and Anthony's eyes on me from across the room. Elizabeth's expression was still somewhere between surprise and confusion. She seemed to be still processing the fact that I'd become mates with the Lycan King. But I didn't have to explain anything to her.

"I have to go home tonight."

I tried to reply to Donald in my head. Before I became an adult, I had never succeeded in talking to Armstrong telepathically. But now I felt like I could try again. In fact, from the moment I had Donald, I felt more powerful. All the things that I used to think I couldn't do seemed less difficult.

I looked at Donald and wondered if he had received my message.

“Honorable Lycan King, I’ll take you to your residence in a while,” said Anthony.

“Tell Margaret to take me,” Donald said in a low voice.

I looked at him in surprise. Well, I didn’t want to be separated from him. I couldn’t bear to leave him, but I couldn’t live with him on the first day we met and became partners. I couldn’t do such a frivolous thing.

“Margaret!”

Elizabeth tried to speak. Donald’s authoritative gaze swept over Elizabeth, who immediately stopped talking. She looked at me helplessly. I had never seen such a look on her face. It was the first time I realized profoundly that she was my blood-related sister. She needed me at this moment.

I sighed inwardly. Elizabeth must be in a panic now. I was the one presiding over all the hospitality ceremonies. Without me, she would have no clue what to make of this mess. I thought I would take Donald to his room before I went back. Elizabeth was my sister, after all. I couldn’t leave her like this. Ne/w novel chapters are p/u/blished on no/vel(/bin(.).c/o/m

“Okay, I’ll take you there.” I looked up at Donald and mouthed ‘don’t worry’ to Elizabeth. I saw Anthony talking to her in a low voice. Oh right, she still had Anthony. He would definitely be able to arrange everything properly. Feeling a little relieved, I turned my gaze back to my mate.

For some reason, he looked unhappy. I thought perhaps he had received my telepathy and disapproved of my arrangements. But he held my hand tightly and used a lot of strength. I led him to the largest and most luxurious room. His entourage of werewolves followed behind. I looked particularly small among them.

Close behind us was a burly man with curly brown hair. He was very fit, with bulging biceps. His skin, a bronze color that had been exposed to the elements, made him look strong. He must be a good fighter.

He noticed my gaze and grinned at me.

“What are you looking at?” Donald’s displeasure was even more obvious.

“No, nothing.” I always felt ashamed of myself in front of Donald. I wondered if I really deserved him. When he pressured me, he made me feel exceptionally small.

Donald glanced at his subordinates behind him. I saw the man with curly brown hair instantly restrain his expression and become expressionless. A strange thought flashed

across my mind. *Is Donald jealous of him??* As soon as this thought came to mind, Donald's dark expression became less scary and even a little cute.

"We're here," I said, tugging at Donald's sleeve.

Donald ignored me. I was standing there awkwardly when I felt a force lift me up. It was Donald!

Before I could scream, I felt Donald grab me around the waist. I was like a doll in his arms. He held me like this in front of his subordinates.

Chapter 9: Frantically Kissing _ 1

[Margaret's POV]

My face burned red. Being carried into the house by Donald like a doll made me feel ashamed. I was like a person without dignity or soul. I was just something that belonged to him. But the person was Donald. Once I realized this, I felt another surge of heat in my stomach. My body ached for him.

"Hey, come on. Put me down."

I struggled in his arms. Even though we were already inside the house, I wasn't used to this. I'd rather walk on my own than be carried around by my mate.

Donald looked at me intently. Without blatantly ignoring my wishes, he gently placed me on the bed.

I looked at him, finding him charming.

My face flushed with shame and excitement, I fidgeted with the blanket.

"Why did you suddenly do this?"

I muttered.

"I don't like you looking at him."

Donald took my fingers off the blanket and pressed them to his lips.

"Looking at who?"

He began to suck my fingers. My eyes were completely on my fingers, watching them move in and out of his berry-colored lips. My mind was blank. I couldn't process what I was saying anymore.

“You were looking at Elliot, weren’t you?”

Elliot? Who is that? I looked at him with blurry eyes and saw that he had finally spat out my fingers. My fingers were very wet and slippery. They looked exceptionally lewd. My face reddened.

He was pleased by my reaction and took a step back to admire my delirious look.

I finally came to my senses because of the distance between us. *Is he talking about Elliot, the brown-haired man behind me?*

I couldn’t help asking the question I wanted to ask just now. The most up-to-date novels are published on Amazon.com

“Donald, are you jealous?”

“That’s right.” His voice was so deep, I felt immersed in it.

Donald leaned in again, and I felt a little nervous. But I was hot for him again, and I didn’t know what I was desperate for him to do to me. I wanted to have him completely, and I didn’t want us to make progress too quickly and lose the freshness. I wanted to give everything to Donald and let him make the decisions. I was willing to let him do anything to me.

His hand touched my face as if there was some magic to it. The places he touched heated up as if they had been lit on fire. It was comforting and calming. I was aroused by his touch. His hands were like catnip, luring me forward like a little female cat in heat. His pleasant scent was overpowering. I could feel Betty inside me stirring.

Donald’s hand stopped at last on my chin. His face was getting closer to mine, and I realized he was going to kiss me. I was breathing rapidly, trying to get more oxygen from the air before I suffocated.

I watched his handsome features come close to me. His grayish-green eyes were deep and focused. I could see my reflection in them. His eyelashes were feathery under the light, and his blond hair hung down the side of his face, highlighting his inherent nobility. From the moment he appeared in front of me until now, he had always been arrogant and domineering. However, his actions were extremely gentle, making me feel like I was an existence he cherished.

Our lips finally met in eager desire for each other.

It was the best kiss I had ever experienced.

At the thought that the person opposite me was Donald, my body felt numb and the feeling quickly spread throughout my body like sparks. We clearly hadn’t done anything,

but I already felt a pleasure I had never felt before. A strong sense of satisfaction welled up in my heart, but it was not enough. I could do more. I kissed him more intensely. Donald's lips were full and moist, and there were traces of his playing with my fingers earlier.

I felt Donald's hand on the side of my neck, rubbing behind my ear. His lips were on mine, and our lips were rubbing against each other as if we were devouring each other. The slight itch between our lips made me crave Donald even more. That feeling spread to my limbs, making me addicted.

I took in Donald's charming scent. He was so close to me, I could see him so clearly. His rich scent had a hint of cynicism in it, like a superior aphrodisiac. My lungs kept inhaling, making me dizzy.

I heard him gasp softly before he licked my mouth.

His tongue was hot and soft, like a dexterous snake slithering around inside. I felt my mouth melt from his touch, and I could hardly breathe. I had to put my hand on his chest to get some breathing space. Thinking I was going to struggle, he held my hand in dissatisfaction, taking more air from my mouth.

He seemed to treat me like a beautiful dish. He kept sucking my lips and using his tongue to sweep across every tooth. It was like an Alpha marking his territory. He repeated it until I stopped struggling and submitted to him.

Chapter 10: Untimely Knock on the Door_ 1

[Margaret's POV]

I didn't know how long we kissed. It seemed like a century.

When we pulled away from each other, I saw that his lips were swollen and bright red. I was sure mine were the same.

His heavy breathing filled the room. We both knew what was coming, and it seemed a logical thing to do. He focused on me, his eyes dark and intense as he worked his way from my lips all the way to my neck, my collarbone, my chest, my waist, and then further down. I felt his big hand on my private part. I was ready.

"Donald..." I muttered.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. I snapped out of it and realized what I was doing. I had wanted to send Donald to his room and go back to Elizabeth.

I tried to pull my gaze away from Donald. He was like a huge black hole that sucked all the rationality out of me.

I pulled away from him a little, trying to smooth the creases in my shirt. Even though it was a mess to begin with, Donald had been frantically groping my body when we kissed. It was only then that I realized the entire dress had been hitched up to my chest. It really looked like a rag now.

For a moment, the lingering lust, the shame of being toyed with, the embarrassment caused by my dirty clothes, and the inferiority complex in my heart merged together. I looked shyly at Donald. He looked very happy and looked at me with great interest. He seemed to have the intention of ignoring the knocking and continuing what we were doing.

“Someone is knocking on the door.”

“Do you really want me to open the door?” Donald teased.

I looked at myself, unsure if my image was suitable to appear in front of the person. As the Lycan King’s partner, it was too unbecoming of me to let others see me like this. But after what happened tonight, I probably didn’t have any dignity left. However, it was clearly inappropriate to ignore the person outside. I gritted my teeth and nodded.

“Alright, come in!” Donald ordered. His tone now was completely different from when he was talking to me just now. I felt my body heat up again. I patted my face to rein in my thoughts.

Then I heard a very familiar voice say, “Honorable Wolf King, I’m Alpha Armstrong of this tribe. I just came back from the neighboring tribe and want to report something to you.”

Oh my god, it’s Armstrong! Why is he back at this time?? I thought to myself. I didn’t dare to imagine letting him see me here. Fortunately, Donald had already gone out to talk with him. From that angle, he shouldn’t be able to see me.

“Alpha Amstrong. Nice to meet you.”

“Something shocking has happened to the neighboring tribe. I think we need to be very vigilant. I think the Wolf King needs to understand the situation.” Th.ê most uptod/ate novels a/re published on n(0)velbj)n(.)c/o/m

“This is not a place to talk. Why don’t we go somewhere else?” I heard Donald say. He must have known I’d be embarrassed here. I was touched by his thoughtfulness.

“Ah, of course. Please follow me to the conference room.”

“I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

“Uh, okay. I’ll wait for you in the conference room then.” Armstrong sounded puzzled. I saw that he seemed to want to look inside, but he was blocked by Donald. Armstrong left quickly.

I saw Donald walk in. He was no different from when he was at the venue. He was neatly dressed and had an outstanding aura. Other than his full lips, he looked like a god.

Why am I able to become partners with such a person?? I wondered.

For the umpteenth time this evening, I doubted myself. I looked at Donald and wondered when he would realize that being with me was a mistake.

“You look panicked,” Donald said.

“He—he’s the Alpha of our tribe,” I said evasively.

“Just the Alpha of the tribe?” Donald’s sharp gaze told me there was nothing to hide. But I didn’t want to explain this at this point. I sat on him fawningly and rubbed my full breasts against his muscular chest.

“Oh, Margaret.” He smiled at my fawning and unceremoniously massaged my breasts. I groaned softly.

“You know you won’t stay here forever,” Donald said. “You’re my mate. I’m the Wolf King. You’re the future Wolf Queen. You’ll always be with me. You don’t have to worry about anyone here.”

I was surprised.*?Am I leaving here??* I wondered.