

# **Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 101 - Who's the Mastermind? - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 101 - Who's the Mastermind?**

*Chapter 101: Who's the Mastermind?*

[Donald's Perspective]

Coming out of Benjamin's dimly lit lab, I was still trying to figure out who was behind this.

Although progress on the study of drug ingredients was not very helpful to us at the moment, it unexpectedly opened up a new line of thought, allowing us to get to the root of the problem.

Who was the person behind all this? And why was he doing this?

I'd discussed this with Elliot before. It wasn't as if we hadn't suspected that the ultimate goal of whoever was behind this might be me.

After all, there were too many people who could have designs on me. However, it was precisely because of this that we were unable to deduce the murderer from any angle. There were too many people with motives.

Benjamin's discovery made me realize that if there really was such a genius master who was good at medicine, would he be willing to fall behind others? And he would not easily hand over such a confidential and exquisite formula to others. If there was a conflict between them and the other party wanted to kill him to silence him, how could he protect himself?

Then the most likely possibility was that the mastermind was the person who made the drug.

This was the only way he could ensure that he would hold sway over everyone. As long as he used the drug, he could easily control his subordinates. Then he would build a distinct hierarchical structure and distribute power and drugs accordingly. He did not need much force to command thousands of troops.

I had a lightbulb moment.

Force!

What kind of person would want to research such a drug? Typically, the original intention of researching medicine was to treat illnesses and save people. Therefore, be it the content of a professor or the content of voluntary learning, it was mainly about treatment.

But this drug ran contrary to treatment. According to Benjamin, it was just stimulating or even overdrafting a person's physical fitness. Did this person choose to study such a drug because he was not very strong himself, or even weak?

Werewolves were a race that advocated power. This was even more so among the royal Lycans.

If the person behind the scenes had excellent intelligence but a relatively weak body, this would explain why he studied this drug.

Previously, because of the ferocity of the attackers and their ruthlessness, we had imagined them to be an organized and armed group. However, from the current discovery, most of the attackers who had escaped the drug were not very strong.

Only the weak would desperately want to become stronger and use abnormal methods to seek strength. However, the strong were always in the minority, and most of us were ordinary people. If the other party used such a method to win over the hearts of the people, he could indeed quickly gather a group of supporters.

As I pondered the implications, I looked up and realized that I had unknowingly walked back to Margaret's room.

From outside the door, I heard a gasp, then a conversation between three people.

"Anthony... How is he? Where is he?" I heard Margaret's sister say.

"Elliot." It was Margaret's voice.

My little wolf, my stubborn and willful mate, seemed to be struggling to keep her composure.

She always acted like an elder sister in front of her sister, wanting to protect everyone. This kind of behavior was a little silly and even a little overestimating herself, but it was also a little cute.

"Can we go see Anthony?" Margaret asked.

"That depends on His Majesty's approval," Elliot said.

At this, I pushed open the door and saw the three people in a stalemate.

Margaret had got out of bed, still standing a little unsteadily, and was holding her sister. Elliot was standing to one side, looking anxious and helpless.

From where Margaret was, she was the first to see me. I saw her eyes light up as if she was about to walk over.

I quickly took a few steps forward and held her. I scolded her in a low voice, "You're still injured. Why are you moving? Who told you to get off the bed?"

"Why are you back so early?" Margaret asked, her eyes sparkling.

Elliot saw me now and called out, "Your Majesty."

I nodded and pulled Margaret back to bed. After a quick check, I turned to Elliot and said, "What happened?"

"Well, the Beta of the Silver Moon Tribe has just been attacked. They want to visit, and I'm in a difficult position. Your Majesty, it's good that you're here. I'll go over there and look at the situation first," Elliot replied.

I waved him off and looked down at Margaret. "You want to see that Beta?" I asked.

Margaret's eyes rolled and she stammered, "Ah, yes. We... knew each other before. I wanted to see him when I heard he was injured."

I raised an eyebrow, sensing she was hiding something.

*Chapter 102: Trio*

[Donald's Perspective]

I felt Margaret's soft little hand squeeze my palm. I looked down at her hand and immediately felt Margaret writing on my palm with her fingers.

[It is Elizabeth.]

Only then did I notice that Margaret's sister, Luna Elizabeth, looked exceptionally pale and distraught.

"Okay." I nodded and frowned at the spot where Margaret's wound was. "But you're still injured..."

"I'll be fine," Margaret said quickly.

I glared at her warningly. She began to use her cunning schemes on me again, looking at me innocently and aggrievedly with her beautiful eyes. I always gave up my principles and surrendered to her. I hated to admit defeat to anyone, but strangely, I always enjoyed it in front of Margaret.

“Just for a moment. It’ll be fine,” Margaret said, blinking.

“Then I’ll come with you,” I said.

[Margaret’s Perspective]

This was the first time I had walked out of this room in days.

Even though I was still indoors, I felt freer outside the ward than inside.

Donald insisted on coming with us, so our three-person team seemed a little strange.

Elizabeth, who was obviously out of sorts, and I, who was a half-patient, walked in front while the tall Donald walked behind us. Elliot had been called away by Donald earlier.

It was a little disrespectful to say that, but Donald looked like our bodyguard. However, even if he was a bodyguard, Donald must be the most handsome one, I added in my heart.

When I arrived at Anthony’s ward, I didn’t expect to see an unexpected person, Armstrong.

I hadn’t seen him since I was injured. It could even be said that I hadn’t seen anyone other than Donald, Elliot, and the medical staff before today. Armstrong didn’t look much different, but he looked a little more haggard. He had probably been busy with the Pack’s affairs recently.

Armstrong was obviously surprised to see us. He greeted Donald first, then looked at me and said, “You look much better, Margaret.”

“I’m much better,” I said politely.

However, I noticed that Armstrong did not look at Elizabeth at all. This made me think their relationship was not harmonious.

Then again, Elizabeth wasn’t looking at Armstrong either. From the moment she entered the ward, her gaze had been fixed on Anthony, who was lying on the bed. Maybe they both had problems between them, I thought to myself.

I didn't know when Donald started holding my hand. He was standing behind me, supporting me with his arms. Looking at Armstrong and Elizabeth, I increasingly felt how good it was to have Donald.

"Uh, how are his injuries?" I asked.

"Not very good, but not too bad," Armstrong said. "Because we increased our vigilance, and Anthony is our Pack's best fighter, his injuries are not life-threatening. He has two deep wounds inflicted by the other party. He should regain consciousness soon. I've sent someone to inform his family."

The ward Anthony was in was different from mine. Because I had almost recovered, I was transferred to a normal ward sometime ago. However, Anthony had just survived the critical phase. His ward was sterile and had various instruments set up. It was filled with the smell of disinfectant, which gave a sense of oppression.

I noticed that Elizabeth was sitting by Anthony's bed, looking at his unconscious face.

I sighed to myself.

Elizabeth was my sister. Of course, more than anyone else, I wanted her to be happy. But in all fairness, I didn't think it was a good thing for her to be in such a relationship.

Suddenly, I didn't want to stay here any longer.

Armstrong's undisguised gaze kept resting on me. I knew what that meant.

I felt Donald's hand tighten around mine. I looked at him and instantly knew that we were thinking the same thing. Mates always had this tacit understanding.

Donald obviously felt it too. He grabbed my hand and placed it on his lips. I enjoyed this small intimacy in front of others.

Donald said, "I think you should go back, Margaret."

I nodded, then turned my head toward Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth, go back with your Mate Armstrong, okay?" I deliberately mentioned Mate to remind Elizabeth and Armstrong of their relationship.

Elizabeth didn't seem to hear what I was saying at all. She remained sitting by the bed like a statue.

Instead, Armstrong's expression darkened a little. He said, "Don't worry, I'll send her back."

I didn't say anything else. I walked over to Donald and took his hand. We left together.

*Chapter 103: I Didn't Protect You*

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald escorted me back to my old ward, but he didn't come in. I stood at the door and looked at him. He gave me an apologetic expression.

"Do you have anything else to do?" I asked, pretending to be relaxed.

Donald nodded. His eyes were still on me.

"It's okay. I'll stay here and not run away again," I promised Donald as I took his hand.

Actually, I really wanted Donald to stay, but from his expression, I knew that he had other things to do.

Donald was the Lycan King after all. I had already caused enough trouble and couldn't add to it. Even if I wanted to participate in the protection of the Pack rather than stay in the ward, I had to endure it for Donald's sake.

To my surprise, Donald took my hand and walked into the ward with me. We sat down on the bed.

"Are you staying?" I asked.

"No, I have to go," Donald said.

I fell silent.

I understood why he stayed. His mood must be the same as mine. Neither of us wanted to be separated from the other. We were still holding hands. I felt the heat from where our skin touched spread through my body. It felt like sparks burning inside me.

I had an urge to beg Donald to stay, but I had to bite my tongue.

Donald turned around and hugged me. I couldn't control myself anymore. I leaned my head on his shoulder and snuggled into his arms, enjoying his scent that intoxicated me and this moment of happiness.

"Margaret."

I heard Donald's voice in my ear. I thought he was going to say that he needed to leave. I wrapped my arms around his waist again, wanting the moment to linger, even for a second.

I felt Donald hesitate, but he was still hugging me with his strong arms. I felt his reassuring strength behind me. I would always be proud to have a Mate like Donald.

“Margaret, there’s something I want to talk to you about.”

Donald’s hand stroked my back from top to bottom. I felt comfortable because of his touch. His other hand held my head, bringing me closer to his shoulder.

“Huh?” I made a sound with my nose.

“I’ve seriously considered what you said before,” Donald said slowly but clearly.

“What?” I pulled myself off his shoulder and raised my eyes to his.

“What happened this time was caused by you running out by yourself,” Donald said. He tapped my forehead with his fingertips and revealed a mesmerizing serious expression.

I rubbed my nose in shame and didn’t dare speak.

“However, I’m also responsible for this. I didn’t protect you well.” Donald’s gray-green eyes revealed a trace of self-reproach.

Since I woke up, we had never seriously discussed my escape. It was mainly because I felt guilty and thought that Donald was still angry with me.

Donald didn’t take the initiative to mention it, and I didn’t dare to mention it at all. I just kept praying in my heart to the moon goddess that he would let me off this time.

The look in his eyes at this moment made me realize that I had not considered Donald’s feelings. I only thought that he would be angry, but I didn’t care what he really thought.

‘No, not your fault. It’s all my own fault,’ I said hastily.

“Your problem is my problem.” Donald pressed a finger to my lips to stop what I was about to say.

Donald continued, “I used to think that as long as you stayed in the pack, you wouldn’t face any danger. But now I realize that things won’t go as we expected, and the danger won’t only come when you’re ready. Just like that day, when I was clearly by your side, but you still got seriously injured.”

I looked at Donald and said, “That day, it only happened because I insisted on going into the forest. I won’t do it again. If I want to do anything, I’ll tell you.

I won't go anywhere dangerous without your permission again. I meant what I said this time. I didn't like it when you always controlled me, but I understand now that you did it to protect me."

Our eyes reflected each other. At this moment, I felt like our hearts had drawn even closer.

We kissed, so very naturally.

People were always like this. The closeness of the heart was often expressed by the closeness of the body, and vice versa. Physical contact would bring two souls closer.

The kiss didn't last long, but when we separated, we saw attachment and affection in each other's eyes.

#### *Chapter 104: Participating in Normal Training*

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald said, "Margaret, let's just let bygones be bygones, okay? You don't have to apologize for what happened. As long as the two of us are here, that's all that matters."

I felt my heart beating faster. This was even more exciting than when I heard him say that he wanted to mark me this morning. Although I had set my heart on Donald and decided to give him full authority over me at that moment, that feeling couldn't compare to what I felt now. I knew now that we were kindred spirits.

Donald continued, "So, I've thought about it. You really need to have the ability to protect yourself. After you recover from your injuries, you can go to your pack's normal training, but there's only one thing. You have to be careful."

I couldn't believe what my ears were hearing.

Donald actually agreed to let me participate in the training after I sneaked into the forest. I was even prepared to be locked in the house by him. Although I didn't know how long I would last in that sealed room, at least I had the mental fortitude to do so.

Donald looked at my expression and sighed. "That's what you've always wanted, isn't it? I'll try to listen to your thoughts more in the future, but you have to do what you said. You're not allowed to do anything dangerous in secret anymore. You have to communicate with me more. If you want to know anything, you can ask me. I'll tell you anything I can, okay?"

Hearing Donald's words, I felt my eyes water.



I had always known that Donald was the Lycan King. Due to his status and the power he held, he must have always been high and mighty.

It was precisely because of this that I had never thought of changing Donald's mind. He was the decision maker and the person everyone relied on. If he couldn't make a timely judgment at a critical moment, many people would suffer.

That was why I always hid my thoughts from him. I instinctively thought that Donald would not agree or compromise. The outcome of every previous dispute was that Donald would give the orders and I would make adjustments to accommodate him.

I thought that this was the only way we could get along. But Donald made a concession for me now. I really realized that I was the one who belonged to him. My influence on Donald was stronger than I imagined.

We cuddled together for a while longer. Without saying too much, we both enjoyed the quiet time.

When Donald had no choice but to leave, he stood up. I let go of him, my eyes still focused on him.

"Wait for me to come back tonight," Donald said.

I nodded and watched him leave.

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

When I saw Armstrong in Anthony's ward, I realized that I hadn't seen him in days.

After returning from the forest that day, he had been sleeping in the office while I lived alone in the empty house. In the past, our house had housed four people, my parents, Margaret, and me, but now I was the only one left.

Fortunately, Anthony would visit me often. I couldn't help but hang out with him for comfort because I didn't know what else I could do.

My senses as Armstrong's mate made me take an involuntary step in his direction the moment I saw him again. His scent would always be attractive to me.

I could feel his tired spirit. I wanted to go and take his hand and stand with him. I still missed Armstrong after not seeing him for so long. My heart was racing because of him. This was something Anthony couldn't give me, even if he was good to me.

However, I quickly noticed that Armstrong's gaze was not on me. The first person he looked at was Margaret, even though she was already standing so obviously beside the Lycan King.

I tried to ignore the small discomfort I felt. I turned my steps and walked in the direction of Anthony's bed.

No one in this room noticed me at all, and no one cared about Anthony.

Anthony looked a little pale in bed, but overall he didn't look too bad.

I sat down beside him and listened to Armstrong tell the Lycan King about Anthony's condition. I was secretly relieved to hear that Anthony's injuries were not serious.

I didn't want to think about who I could rely on if something happened to Anthony. Did I have to do everything on my own? No kidding.

Armstrong obviously didn't care about me. Our Mate relationship was in jeopardy.

Mates were sensitive to each other's states. Just as I could sense his exhaustion, he must be able to sense my uneasiness. We could soothe each other down with simple contact. However, Armstrong was unwilling to do so.

He kept his attention on Margaret. We'd been in this ward for so long, but he hadn't taken a good look at me. I kept my eyes on Anthony's face and blinked hard, trying to hold back the tears that were about to fall. I didn't dare look back. The slightest movement would make me lose control of myself.

*Chapter 105: Now Is Not the Time*

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

I was really working hard on my relationship with Armstrong, but it was a fact that Armstrong didn't care about me. He cared about everyone around him, about the Pack, but not me.

Suddenly I saw Anthony's arm move.

I realized something and my eyes widened. I said, "Anthony..."

Anthony's arm moved again. I turned to call them to look, but was surprised to find that the ward had emptied.

I looked back at Anthony again and saw that his brows were twitching. I hesitated and decided to get a doctor to take a look at him.

I had just opened the door when I found Armstrong standing outside. His hand was still on the doorknob, and he looked like he was about to come in.

We bumped into each other in the doorway, and our bodies almost touched.

The smell of Armstrong undoubtedly intoxicated me. I could barely remember the last time I was so close to Armstrong's aura. He was clearly my Mate, but we were now like the two most unfamiliar people in the world. I felt helpless about this.

At this moment, his hard chin was above my hair. I reached out and gently hugged his waist. I needed so much for someone, anyone, to comfort me. However, I felt Armstrong's body stiffen. Then he pushed me away. I stood rooted to the ground and looked at him, at a loss.

Armstrong frowned at me and said, "Elizabeth, now is not the time for this."

I didn't understand what he meant by that. What did he mean by bad timing?

I hadn't done anything yet. Even if I tried to take on some of the Pack stuff and do my part as Luna, in his eyes, I would never be as good as Margaret.

That was why he let me live on my own. As Mates, we didn't live together at all. Was his indifference to me the right thing to do at the right time?

Armstrong's gaze swept over me. He sighed and said, "There are always enemies around our pack now. I have a lot of things to deal with everyday. Elizabeth, I'll do my best to take care of you, but I really don't have the time or energy to play those little girl's romantic tricks with you again. Do you understand?"

I took a few seconds to digest his words before I understood what Armstrong meant.

Did he think that I was deliberately wheedling and begging him for sex now? Yes, I was longing to stay with him, longing for the comfort of his soul and body. But why didn't he think about who had caused this? Was it me?

My Luna succession ceremony had been postponed, and it was still too soon to hold it. Armstrong didn't care. I heard the news from Margaret.

In the days Margaret had been in the hospital, so many things had come to me, the future Luna, to deal with. No one had come to help me except Anthony, and Armstrong had completely not considered my feelings.

And now, even when I just wanted a little comfort from his aura, he said that it was not the right time.

I felt a flame of anger ignite from the bottom of my heart and then burn in my blood.

I couldn't control my emotions anymore. I shouted at Armstrong excitedly, "Little girl? You've always looked at me like this, haven't you? You've never seen me do much. What right do you have to say that to me? How can you do this to me?"

As I spoke, I felt even more aggrieved.

*It was always Margaret you loved, wasn't it?*

The words rolled up in my throat twice before I swallowed them back.

All of them thought I was a child, willful and doing whatever I wanted. But I knew that Margaret and I were fundamentally different people.

I couldn't be Margaret, so I could only rely on everyone's favor to survive. I knew that nothing would be more glorious than if I relied on myself, but this was my code of survival.

I always knew what to say and do to be loved, and the things which must never be done because they would lead to irreparable consequences. I was always good at grasping the boundaries.

I knew that if I said this in front of Armstrong, I would very likely lose him forever.

Armstrong's expression didn't change at all because of my agitated emotions. He leaned back against the wall a little tiredly. I could tell that he didn't take what I had just said seriously at all. This was his usual attitude towards me. I was a burden that was dispensable but needed to be pacified at the same time.

*Chapter 106: I Want to Stay*

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I knew it would be difficult for me to control them this time. Armstrong would definitely see my tears. It would also make him think that I was a fragile little girl and not Luna, who had the right to stand beside him.

At this moment, a violent cough came from the ward.

Armstrong and I both looked at the room. Only then did I remember why I had come out. It was because of Anthony. I was about to explain, but Armstrong had already walked past me and entered the ward.

I followed him in and found that Anthony was indeed awake.

When I entered the room, I wiped the corners of my eyes with the back of my hand and wiped away the tears that were about to flow. I whispered, "I saw Anthony's fingers move just now. I thought he might be waking up soon, so I came out to look for someone."

Armstrong grunted in agreement, which was a yes.

Anthony leaned against the hospital bed and cranked the joystick to raise the bed backrest to support himself.

"I heard voices outside the door just now. Is that you?" Anthony said weakly.

Armstrong nodded and said, "You're finally awake. You scared us all this time."

Anthony flashed a smile and said, "I'm fine. I'm the one who should be ashamed. I wasn't careful enough. Did they catch the person who attacked us?"

"Don't worry about these things. It's more important to recuperate," Armstrong said.

"I'm not badly hurt," Anthony said. "I should be back on patrol in less than two days."

Anthony did seem to be in good spirits. After he sat up, he was not as pale and weak as he had been in the hospital bed. I felt a weight finally lift from my heart.

"Kid, don't show off." Armstrong looked much more relaxed. He reached out and punched Anthony's shoulder.

"Ouch!" cried Anthony, holding his shoulder.

"What are you doing?" I was suddenly nervous. I took a step forward from behind Armstrong and squeezed past him.

My movement stunned both of them.

Armstrong, on the other hand, was fine. When Anthony saw me just now, his expression suddenly became unnatural. He said, "It's nothing. The Alpha didn't use any force."

Anthony dropped his hand from his shoulders as he spoke.

I knew that I had made a mistake. Armstrong had always been on good terms with Anthony, so of course he wouldn't really use force. I lowered my head and didn't say anything. I stood beside Armstrong and gently grabbed the corner of my shirt with my fingers.

I thought I understood which of the two of them was really important to me. That person was not Armstrong, but Anthony.

The moment I saw Anthony sit up, the joy in my heart far exceeded what I had felt from my contact with Armstrong. To be able to see him joke with people as usual and say that he was fine was the thing that made me feel the happiest at the moment.

"I didn't expect Luna Elizabeth to visit me. I'm really flattered." Anthony smiled at Armstrong but didn't look at me.

Armstrong explained, "Lycan King and Margaret came just now. They were the ones who brought Elizabeth over, but you weren't awake then, so you didn't see her."

"Lycan king?" Anthony seemed to be chewing on the words.

After a while, he looked up with an apologetic expression. He said to Armstrong, "Although my injuries are not serious, I'm afraid I can't protect Luna Elizabeth for the time being. Since I'm awake, I'll resume my normal duties."

"Don't worry about such a small matter. What you have to do now is to recuperate," Armstrong said.

*Small matter.*

I bit my lower lip.

Everything about me was a small matter with Armstrong.

"I want to stay here and take care of him," I blurted out.

Now, all eyes in the room were on me. I saw Anthony shake his head imperceptibly at me. I lowered my head and stared at the white blanket, pretending not to see it.

Before Armstrong could speak, Anthony spoke first. "This isn't appropriate. How can Luna come to take care of me? You should stay with the Alpha."

Anthony rarely used the honorific on me like this. He was giving me a no.

But I didn't want to listen to him. I didn't want to stay unhappy with Armstrong anymore. I wanted to be with someone who could make me feel comfortable, whether he was my Mate or not. Even if we couldn't be together in the end for other reasons, I at least had the present.

"Indeed, Elizabeth, it is not appropriate for you to stay here," Armstrong said. "Anthony will have someone to look after him. And you—"

Armstrong paused. I knew what he was trying to say. It had to be that I couldn't do these things well.

In Armstrong's eyes, I had always been just a pretty face. As he had said to Margaret earlier, an otherworldly "princess."

*Chapter 107: Decided*

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

"And I promised Margaret that I would take good care of you. How can I let you take care of the patient?" Armstrong changed the topic.

"Yes," Anthony said. "Don't worry about me. You should go back."

"I can do it." I tried to speak for myself. I turned my gaze to Armstrong and said, "I want to do something too. Otherwise, I'll be alone in the house. Margaret and the Lycan King live together. I'm scared to live alone."

"You can move back to my place," Armstrong said. "You were the one who wanted to move back then. You can come back anytime you want."

"You don't live there. What's the point of me going back?" I couldn't help but mock Armstrong.

Armstrong looked a little angry and said, "I already said that there are a lot of things to do at the Pack, and you can't share the burden with me at all. I told you not to do anything, and you're still dissatisfied. I'll get someone to send you back later."

Anthony sensed that the atmosphere was a little tense and tried to smooth things over. "Armstrong, Elizabeth is actually concerned about the Pack's affairs these days. I even helped her deal with some matters before patrolling. She has improved a lot in this aspect."

Then Anthony turned his gaze to me and said, "You don't look too good. I think your eyes are swollen. Have you not rested well these past two days? Elizabeth, go back. I'm fine here."

I saw Anthony's concerned look and stopped talking.

This matter was decided by them.

My opinions were always easily rejected for a variety of reasons by others and my Mate. I wasn't in charge. And now, even Anthony no longer supported me.

"Then can you send me back?" I asked Armstrong.

Armstrong was gazing blankly at me. I knew that someone was having a Mindlink with him. I waited quietly for his reply.

"What did you just say?" Armstrong asked.

“Can you walk me back yourself?” I repeated.

“No, I have too many things to do,” Armstrong said without hesitation.

Sadly, I was beginning to get used to Armstrong’s contempt for me.

“I’ll have Richard drive you back,” Armstrong said.

I didn’t even know who Richard was. I’d never heard of him before. But I nodded and agreed to the arrangement.

I held Anthony’s gaze for one last moment. I felt the sparks fly where our eyes met. He understood what I was feeling now. I knew it.

When I left through the hospital gate, I was still wearing the same inappropriate clothes I had worn when I came to see Margaret.

I hardly appeared in front of others looking like that. In the past, I would have wanted to die. But I was changing myself. I didn’t care about my appearance as much as I used to. I hoped that I would be valued beyond my appearance.

Unfortunately, Armstrong couldn’t see any of this. He didn’t give me another chance to grow.

By the time I arrived home, I was finally able to shed the tears from my eyes.

I hadn’t known until now that other people’s looks and so-called approval weren’t as important as I’d once thought. In the past, I’d thought that with the Alpha as my Mate and becoming Luna, I would be the most eye-catching person in this pack, and I would derive a lot of pleasure from it.

However, that was not the case. Armstrong’s indifference to me defeated me. He shattered my fantasy of being a Luna. I was not suitable for that position.

It was Armstrong himself who pushed me towards Anthony, making Anthony the most important person to me now.

I hated this feeling of being alone. I liked being with a lot of friends.

I reached for my phone to send a message to Margaret. I needed someone to talk to. But I couldn’t reach her on her phone at all. There was no reply on Margaret’s social media app either.

She was probably with her Lycan king.

Her Mate.



We both had Mates, but their attitudes towards us were completely different.

Even though Margaret made such a stupid mistake, the Lycan King's feelings for her had not changed. It was obvious from their eyes that they were passionately in love.

Margaret wasn't perfect either, but the Lycan King had a tolerant attitude towards her. As for Armstrong, he'd never given me a chance.

I sighed, tossed the phone aside, and let myself fall onto the bed. I hugged a pillow and stared out the window.

It was very late now. Even though it was almost seven o'clock, the sky was not completely dark. The sun was about to set. It hung low on the horizon, and the clouds took on a red color. Check out *latest novels* on [n/ovels/bin\(.\)c/m](#)

*Perhaps I could look for Margaret in her room.*

The thought popped into my mind.

I hugged my pillow and thought for a while. There was always someone guarding Margaret's room. The Lycan King didn't like Margaret moving about, but he didn't stop me from visiting her.

*Chapter 108: Shadow in the Forest*

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

My mind made up, I jumped out of bed and quickly picked out clothes in the closet.

My sloppy appearance in the afternoon was an accident.

I began to fiddle with my scattered bottles in an orderly fashion. I carefully applied foundation to my face and applied loose powder to my makeup. Then I added some shadows and highlights to make my facial features more defined.

From top to bottom, I first used an eyebrow pencil and eyebrow powder to paint my eyebrows into a perfect shape. Then I applied eye shadow to outline my slightly raised eye lines. Finally, I brushed on mascara and placed some glitter at the end of my eyes.

The makeup process made me feel better. I enjoyed the process of making myself beautiful. I liked giving myself a makeover with these magical bottles and jars. It gave me a sense of self-worth.

If only Luna's job was just to teach others how to put on makeup. Looking at myself in the mirror, I thought regretfully that if that was the case, I would definitely be the best Luna.

I hesitated for a moment over the choice of lipstick for the finishing touch.

Due to my personal preference, I was biased towards bright eye-catching colors. I hoped that everyone would see me at first glance. However, it was almost dark now, so I couldn't see any color clearly.

I finally chose a color somewhere between red and brown, with a hint of orange. There was very little brown. With the watery texture, the prints looked like flowers blooming in the mountains.

By the time I walked out of the house, it was completely dark. In the night, there was only some light coming from the scattered houses. There were some ground lights on the road, but they were a little dim. Not only did they not help, but they added to the scary atmosphere.

I was a little hesitant, but when I thought about the makeup I had just put on, I was unwilling to go back.

Without Anthony by my side, even the familiar road made me feel a little uneasy.

I braced myself and walked forward for a few hundred meters. I felt that the two rows of trees by the side of the road were even more alarming. After being frightened by the shadows of the trees on the sides of the road again, I decided to go back and wait until tomorrow to see Margaret.

At that moment, I saw a dark figure in the woods not far away.

At first, I thought it was another illusion caused by the wind, but the shadow kept moving in my direction, and the silhouette was getting clearer.

That was definitely a person!

I sucked in my breath.

My previous trip to the forest with Armstrong cast a deep shadow over me. I decided then that I would never go to the forest again before the matter was over.

Therefore, I couldn't understand why Margaret would take the initiative to go to the forest. However, this was the center of the pack, and there were werewolves who had lived here for many years nearby. After Armstrong ordered that no one was allowed to walk around at night, the streets were almost empty at night. This was also the reason why I had walked all the way here.

I couldn't understand why such bad luck seemed to follow me.

The shadow moved very quickly. There was no one beside me now. Anthony was in a hospital bed. Armstrong obviously wouldn't care about me suddenly in the night.

I felt like my brain was spinning faster than ever. At my own speed, I definitely couldn't compare to this black shadow, not to mention that I was wearing 10cm heels. The black shadow would probably reach me before I could run back to my house.

*What now?*

My mind went blank. My legs seemed to be nailed in place.

This was too sudden.

My mind was even starting to imagine the other party pouncing on me and tearing me apart.

As the shadow approached, I closed my eyes and prayed that he would move quickly and let me die a quick death without causing me too much pain.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... ten seconds.

A minute passed.

I still didn't feel any pain.

But I could sense the other party walking up to me and standing right in front of me.

*Does he have to hesitate about where to start??* I thought.

I clenched my fists at my sides, secretly hoping that I would look better when I died. I had specially changed my clothes and put on makeup to go out this time. Although I wasn't looking for death, if I had to die now, this appearance would be much better than the sloppy appearance in the afternoon.

On the other hand, if Armstrong had sent someone to drive me back in the afternoon, I wouldn't be at a loss in the face of death here.

"What are you doing with your eyes closed?" I heard a feminine voice say.

I opened my eyes in confusion and realized that the person standing in front of me was not the assassin killer I had imagined. Instead, it was a tall woman with perfect facial features.

She was wearing a tight-fitting uniform that revealed her curvaceous figure.

I recognized this person. She was the woman beside the Lycan King!

*Chapter 109: Friendly Angel*

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

The other party narrowed her eyes at me. She had a pair of very beautiful but extremely invasive green eyes.

"You're Luna of this pack?" She suddenly smiled kindly and said briskly, "I remember you. We met last time in the forest. Your name is...?"

"Elizabeth," I replied.

"Hello, Elizabeth. My name is Angel."

Angel gave a rather saucy smile that softened her overly large green eyes.

She held out her hand to me and I shook it.

I remembered that the last time she appeared in the forest, Margaret introduced her to me as the commander of the Lycan King's assault team. At that time, my impression of her was that she was a powerful woman with a beautiful face and an excellent figure.

Besides, I thought that she would have a high and mighty personality. Even in school, any girl who was slightly prettier would be more arrogant.

However, compared to those girls, Angel was much stronger in appearance and figure, but she was also approachable.

Not to mention, she was the commander of the Lycan Commando. She was a perfect combination of beauty, intelligence, and ability.

I remembered that every time I went to find Margaret, the bodyguards at the door were fierce and expressionless.

The Lycan King had kept Margaret locked up again. I thought all Lycans were like those people who didn't care to be confused with ordinary werewolves.

But Angel seemed different from all of them. She had a unique charm that made people feel like there was no distance between them and her. I couldn't help taking a liking to her instantly.

"Why are you here alone? It's not safe in the pack now. It's dangerous for a girl like you," Angel said.

“I want to find Margaret,” I answered truthfully.

“Margaret?” Angel said after a moment’s thought. “Is that the girl who became our Majesty’s Mate?”

“That’s her. We’re twins.” I nodded.

“Twin sisters? Then you really don’t look alike.” Angel studied me and said, “I noticed the first time I saw you. You’re much prettier than the other girl.”

*First meeting?*

My heart skipped a beat. It was in the forest. Many of us were there. Me, Margaret, Armstrong, and the Lycan King.

I suddenly remembered what Margaret told me earlier in the day. She said that she was injured because Angel had schemed against her.

But Angel didn’t look like the kind of person who was mean and calculating. She was so beautiful and kind. Could there be a misunderstanding between them?

Angel sensed my hesitation and smiled. “I see you’re confused about me.”

I looked at her hesitantly but said nothing.

“Did Margaret tell you?” Angel said. “I interacted with her a few times. I sensed that she was a little hostile to me. I didn’t mean to offend her, but I think there might be a misunderstanding.”

“Margaret did tell me something about you,” I admitted.

“Did she tell you she was hurt because of me?” Angel asked, shaking her head with a smile. “I’m just a lowly commander. I don’t have the power to hurt the Lycan King’s Mate. Not to mention that I have no reason to do so. Hurting the future queen is a felony among the Lycans.”

Angel lowered her head and looked a little melancholic. “However, I’ve been dismissed now. Donald thinks very highly of his Mate. This time, she got injured, and Donald took it out on me. I’m leaving here in two days.”

“You’re leaving?” My eyes widened. “Why?”

A thought struck me.

When I first met Angel, I reminded Margaret to be careful of her snatching the Lycan King. At that time, Margaret had acted very strangely. Moreover, Angel had always called the Lycan King by his first name. So far, I had only heard Margaret call him that.

This also meant that Angel and Donald must have had an extraordinary relationship before. If my guess at the time was correct and Angel and the Lycan King really had something going on before, then it was reasonable for Margaret to be hostile to her.

“Is this about the Lycan King?” I blurted out.

“Donald, huh...” Angel gave a half-smile and asked, “Is that what Margaret told you?”

I shook my head. “I just have a feeling your relationship isn’t ordinary.”

“Donald is indeed a special person to me, but we don’t have the kind of relationship you think we do,” Angel said.

“What’s going on between you two?” I pressed.

“Never mind. I’m leaving anyway. There’s no point in talking about these things. Since you and Margaret are sisters, I hope you’ll tell her I mean her no harm.

I didn’t mean to hurt her before. I was the commando captain in charge of security. I had responsibilities after all. Please pass on my message to her. I’m sorry about this.” Angel revealed a lonely expression.

*Chapter 110: Angel’s ‘Secret’*

[Elizabeth’s Perspective]

I looked at her in confusion. Angel looked a little pitiful.

She looked like she had some unspeakable difficulty.

“If you have anything on your mind, you can tell me if you don’t mind,” I said, weighing my words. “I might not be able to help much, but I can be a listener.”

Angel looked at me with a slightly complicated expression.

After a silence, she said, “Aren’t you going to see Margaret? I don’t want to hold you up.”

I looked up at the sky and said, “It’s so dark here. I’m actually planning to go back. If you don’t mind, can you send me back later? It’s too scary to walk alone.”

“Of course. Protecting you was what I came here for in the first place,” Angel said, nodding. “Unfortunately, this will never be my job again.”

I looked at Angel, sensing that she was about to tell her story.

Angel met my gaze and smiled bitterly. “Okay, I’ll tell you,” she said. “Actually, these words have been stuck in my heart for a long time. I haven’t been able to find anyone to say them to. But when I see you, for some reason, I feel an urge to confide in you.”

“I feel the same way about you. When I see you, I feel very close to you,” I said sincerely.

At this moment, I had completely forgotten the cold and dangerous aura that Angel had when I first saw her. I only felt that she was a poor girl who had been dismissed by the Lycan King.

“I don’t even know where to start.” Angel pushed her hair back and looked nostalgic. “Donald and I have known each other since we were young,” she said softly. “We were both raised in the royal family and received an aristocratic education. Donald had always performed well. I was also the best among the girls.

From then on, people in the royal family would deliberately or unintentionally tease us like we were a couple. However, you might not believe it, but Donald and I didn’t have any feelings other than friendship.”

I listened in silence.

“I thought life would go on like this. Even if I didn’t love Donald, it was very likely that because of benefits or suitability, we would be together. Until I met my Mate.”

At this point, Angel tilted her head slightly and looked away at the grass. *Check out latest novels on [n/ovels/bin\(.\)/com](http://n/ovels/bin(.)/com)*

I couldn’t see her expression, but I thought she might be shy. I didn’t expect an omnipotent Lycan warrior to have such a sentimental side. I immediately felt the distance between us shrink.

“It’s normal to meet your Mate. Isn’t that good?” I asked.

Angel shook her head from side to side and said, “But that person has to be my cousin.”

I covered my mouth in shock. This was actually a forbidden love!

I’d never heard of people with blood ties becoming Mates. It was just ridiculous.

“It’s incredible, isn’t it?” Angel said. “But sometimes there’s just no way around it. I don’t know why the Moon Goddess would arrange something like this. From the moment I saw him, I fell madly in love with him. But our identities made it impossible for us to love each other.

We both struggled with it for a long time. I was unwilling to give him up, but he couldn’t withstand the pressure from all sides. In the end, he rejected me.

Both of us were broken-hearted. I could feel that he loved me too. The only reason we were separated was because of worldly pressure. But why did I have to endure this? It was unfair. I had found a Mate, but I couldn’t be with him. Why did I have to give up my happiness because of someone else’s judgment?”

For a moment, I was speechless. It was hard to tell who was right and who was wrong in such matters.

“And?” I pressed.

“Later, he became Donald’s subordinate. He was also a very good warrior. He quickly gained Donald’s trust and was entrusted with important tasks.”

Angel’s emerald eyes flashed as she said, “But I wasn’t happy about it at the time. I’d done everything I could to get the best of everything since I was young. I couldn’t accept that I was rejected by my Mate. Then I did something stupid.”

Angel’s gaze went up to the sky to the right. I followed her gaze and saw stars filling the sky. The light of the Moon Goddess shone indiscriminately on the earth, as gentle as water.

“He had already become Donald’s guard by then. In order to make him jealous and regretful, I pretended to be with Donald. I hung out with Donald so I could show off in front of him.”