

# **Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 11 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 11**

*Chapter 11: Unexpected Imprisonment \_ 1*

[Margaret's POV]

It was common for werewolves to choose to live with their mates, but I had never thought that I would marry the Wolf King and naturally never thought that I would leave the pack.

In the past, I had always thought that I would marry Armstrong and become the Luna of the tribe. I even fantasized about giving birth to a bunch of wolf cubs and living with them. Later, when Armstrong and Elizabeth became mates, all my thoughts about marriage disappeared. I thought that I would marry a certain Beta of the tribe, but I would not leave this place.

But now, my mate was the Wolf King. *Should I live with him? Follow him to a place I don't know, surrounded by people I don't know??* I wondered.

Instinctively, the thought of such a future made me panicky. *I have my parents and sister. What will happen to Elizabeth? She won't do anything to be a Luna. She still needs my help with the race.*

*What should I do about my tribe??* I wondered. Armstrong had just said that there was a situation that needed to be guarded. If I left with Donald and someone came to invade our place, I could do nothing. I could not tolerate that.

I looked at Donald in confusion. He kissed the corner of my mouth as if he knew what I was thinking. "You don't have to worry so much. I'll stay here for a while. Now I'm going to go discuss something with your Alpha. Stay here and don't go out, okay?"

I nodded automatically. I was willing to do whatever Donald wanted me to do.

I watched Donald leave and fell weakly onto the bed.

Everything happened so quickly tonight. I needed time to sort myself out.

When Donald told me just now that he would make me his wolf queen, I was puzzled by the concept. If it had in the past, I might have been lost in pure joy. But after what happened with Armstrong and Elizabeth, I doubted all promises.

Armstrong had also promised me that I would become the Luna of the tribe, but he followed his instincts and chose Elizabeth as his mate. *Then will my instinct to become mates with Donald be enough to support us??* I wondered.

With Donald's power, status, physique, and looks, he should have countless sexy and beautiful female werewolves by his side. *What's so special about me??* I thought. The Silvermoon Wolf Tribe I belonged to was just a small tribe. Usually, we didn't even have the right to meet the royal family. They were royalty after all!

Frustrated, I searched for my phone to contact Elizabeth and ask her how she was doing. She must have had a big shock tonight. Although she was my annoying sister, we were family after all. If there was a problem, I would be the first to think of her.

His phone rang for a long time but no one picked up.

I dug my laptop out of my bag and tried to find something else to distract me. I saw the documents that Anthony had sent me previously on the computer desktop and remembered that we had discussed setting up a patrol squad. My proposal was ready, but now that Armstrong was back, it was probably redundant.

*But perhaps I can go back and take a look at the situation first??* I thought.

As soon as the thought hit me, it invaded my mind quickly. I didn't know how long it would take Donald and Armstrong to discuss things. I couldn't stay here and wait for him. That would be stupid.

Elizabeth should still be with Anthony now. I thought I could head home and look for them. I planned to give Anthony the proposal and discuss it with Elizabeth again.

The Wolf King's residence was not far from my house. I could go home and change my clothes while I was at it. My current outfit was really terrible.

Having made up my mind, I headed for the door. To my surprise, two werewolves were standing outside. They stopped me.

"I just want to go home. I want to see my sister, Elizabeth," I explained to them.

"The Wolf King said that the person inside is not allowed to go out," one of the werewolves answered.

"I won't be gone long. I'll be back."

"You can't."

I couldn't believe Donald had dared to imprison me like this. This was my tribe, this was my home. He actually restricted my freedom.

“You can’t do this.” I tried to reason with them. “This behavior is completely unreasonable.”

Now neither of them could be bothered with me. They just dutifully refused to let me out.

As it happened, I saw a familiar figure. It was the burly, curly-haired man. Donald seemed to have mentioned just now that his name was Elliot.

“Elliot!” I called.

Elliot turned around and looked at me in surprise.

“Are you calling me?”

“Yeah.” I explained the situation to him, stating that I wanted to go out and emphasizing that I would definitely be back.

Elliot listened to me patiently. “If the Wolf King told you to stay here, then you’d better.”

I felt that I was wasting my breath with him. I didn’t understand why I had to stay here. *?I’m not a prisoner!?* I thought.

“But...” I said indignantly.

“We can only abide by the L King’s orders. Forgive me for being powerless.”

*Chapter 12: Cruel and Bloody Massacre \_ 1*

[Donald’s POV]

When I left Margaret’s room, I couldn’t help smiling when I thought about the expression on her face.

She was such a cute little girl. I couldn’t help but be obsessed with her.

She seemed to be a little timid and inferior when facing me, but in my eyes, everything about her was so cute. What she did not know was that no matter what clothes or accessories she wore, they could not hide her facial features that moved me.

From the moment I entered the venue, and even before I walked into the venue, she was the only person in my heart. Like a fruit left behind in the Garden of Eden to tempt the human race, she enticed me to go to another world.

But I had to keep my mind clear. I didn’t come here for my mate.

Margaret was a gift from the Moon Goddess. An unexpected gift.

There was something else I had to do.

When I arrived at the conference room, I saw Armstrong and other werewolves.

They looked serious. When they saw me, they were all a little reserved, except Armstrong. I was better at reading people's emotions than the average person. I could feel his subtle hostility toward me, which was infused with many other complex emotions. This makes me wary. There shouldn't be any conflict between us.

But I was used to everyone looking at me in all sorts of ways.

"Tell me what happened."

"I went to have a routine meeting with the Alpha of the Red Sun tribe next door, but they were attacked," Armstrong said gruffly.

"This is not an ordinary attack. The few packs here have always been harmonious and did not have much conflict. However, this attack happened very suddenly, catching the neighboring tribe off guard. Their entire tribe is in a panic now."

"Anything unusual?" I asked.

"They don't act like ordinary werewolves." Armstrong pulled out a few photos and handed them to me.

The scene was very bloody. The werewolf's head in the photo had fallen to the ground, and there were a few huge wolf claw marks on his back. The marks were very deep and very long, almost cutting through his entire back, causing the skin and flesh on his back to split open. This was something only a werewolf in wolf form could do, and it had to be a particularly strong werewolf.

"He was a member of the patrol team. He had training every day and was a warrior with good reflexes. When he encountered problems, he could communicate telepathically with others. But when he died, he didn't even have time to send any information. This means that the person who attacked him was far faster and stronger than ordinary werewolves," Armstrong added.

"This could be someone from the werewolf royal family," I mused.

"What?" Armstrong was shocked. "Werewolf royal family, didn't you all come here?"

I gave him a hard look. That was precisely why I was here.

The werewolf royal family was not as united as the outside world thought.

Although I was the Lycan King, I knew that there were a few covertly rebellious forces among my subordinates. I just hadn't found out who they were. However, it seemed that they couldn't hold back anymore and were about to attack.

"If it's people from the werewolf royal family, I'm afraid our people will have a hard time fighting them."

Armstrong looked uncomfortable.

The werewolf royal family members were much stronger and faster than ordinary werewolves, and they were often taller. The tribe that Armstrong belonged to was just a small pack scattered in the forest. They had never even seen the werewolf royal family before, much less had the power to resist them. Armstrong and I were well aware of these things.

No one knew if the next attack would happen again, when it would happen, and where it would happen. If that group of people had the intention to attack Armstrong's Silver Moon Pack, he would definitely not be able to resist. My people could fight them, but I came out this time to assess the situation. I had no intention of fighting. I only brought seven or eight experts.

It was not wise to start a war without knowing the enemy's scale and size. I pondered over countermeasures quietly.

"The werewolf royal family won't sit back and do nothing about this, but we need more information. My people will be in charge of gathering information. Armstrong, you'd better mobilize people to protect your pack and strengthen your patrols. I'm not sure if they will attack you. In fact, because I'm here, it might be even more dangerous for you all," I said.

Armstrong nodded and quickly started dispatching men to step up patrolling.

I activated my telepathy and asked Elliot to come over.

Elliot had grown up with me. He was my trusted aide and the Beta of the tribe. He was an excellent player with sharp ears, meticulous and thoughtful. He was very good at tracking and scouting.

I needed to discuss this with him.

*Chapter 13: Ridiculous Hostility \_ 1*

[Donald's POV]

I told Elliot about the situation and he looked grim.

“We don’t have enough manpower to make adequate arrangements. We need more manpower,” said Elliot.

“I think so too.” I nodded. “We need to gather more people from the pack.”

“Are we going to fight here?” Elliot looked incredulous.

If we left the Silver Moon Pack, they might suffer unimaginable losses. However, the terrain here was not conducive to fighting. I understood Elliot’s concerns.

The Silver Moon Pack was just a small tribe. Their camp was not big, and there would not be enough space to engage in real combat. The forest around them could not provide enough cover or allow them to set up traps.

Moreover, they had many elderly people and children with no combat ability. If we wanted to ensure their safety, it would be difficult for our people to do anything.

“Lycan King, there’s a high chance that they will be attacked because of us. As long as we leave, the people here might not be attacked,” Elliot advised.

I thought so too. We were only here to patrol the various tribes. We wouldn’t want to cause too much trouble for them.

But the situation was different now. Since Margaret had become my mate, her pack was destined to be the focus of the enemy. Whether it was out of my own subjective will or not, I’d already pulled her into this maelstrom of power.

Obviously thinking the same thing, Elliot suggested, “You can take your mate away. That will keep her and her tribe safe at the same time.”

I thought about the look of realization on Margaret’s face when I offered to take her away.

There was no doubt that Margaret liked me. But I wasn’t sure if she liked me enough to abandon everything and return to my pack with me. She clearly wanted to stay with her family.

Her sister, Elizabeth, was Luna of the pack, and her sister’s mate was Armstrong, the Alpha of the pack. My heart twitched at the thought. Was Armstrong also Margaret’s family?

Did they have something going on before? Otherwise, why would Margaret’s expression be so different from others when she mentioned Armstrong. And there was his inexplicable hostility toward me. From this perspective, the thought made me irritable.

I didn't like my mate to cast her eyes on other men, or hang out with them, even though I knew it was probably inevitable. We'd only just met, and she inevitably had a past, but I wanted us to be honest.

"Oh right, Lycan King. Just now, Margaret said she wanted to go out and meet her sister."

I heard Elliot say.

Before I left, I had left an order for Margaret not to leave that house. I wanted to see her when I got back. Why couldn't she wait a little longer? Did she have to leave the house?

Did she want to see her sister or Armstrong—the Alpha of the pack? I didn't want these jealous thoughts to fill my mind, but I couldn't stop thinking about Margaret.

"Did you let her out?"

"No. We followed your orders and asked her to stay in the house. But she seemed unhappy."

Putting these personal matters out of my mind for the moment, I said to Elliot, "Go ahead and send word to our people. Get them to send more men. Even if we have to leave, it won't be anytime soon. At least for now, we need some power to ensure our safety."

"Yes, Lycan King." Elliot obeyed and left.

I headed over to my room, eager to see Margaret.

I thought we needed to be honest with each other.

When I almost got to Margaret's room, I heard some people whispering.

Normally, I wouldn't have bothered with such gossip, but I heard Margaret's name being mentioned.

"How is an ordinary-looking person like Margaret fit to be the Lycan King's mate?"

"That's right. Did you see the rags she was wearing? It was disgusting."

"Could she have used some method to seduce the Lycan King?"

"The two of them are up to no good. One is seducing the Alpha and the other is seducing the Lycan King. They might be using the same cheap tricks."

“Didn’t you see how Alpha treats Elizabeth? She definitely won’t become Luna. Margaret can’t become the Lycan King’s mate. When they wake up, they’ll reject them sooner or later!”

This malicious slander angered me. No one had the right to slander my mate like this.

I looked out the window of Margaret’s room where the voices had come from. There was a good chance they had come here on purpose to let Margaret hear these things.

“Don’t let me see you here again!”

I growled and charged at them, shouting angrily.

Startled, the girls ran away.

To be honest, if it weren’t for the fact that they were women, I would have slapped them a few times. Those who slandered the Lycan Queen behind her back would be punished severely by the royal family.

*Chapter 14: An Indecent Answer \_ 1*

[Margaret’s POV]

From the window, I saw Donald warning Selina and the others.

I could only say that they brought it on themselves.

Saying these words at this time was no different from challenging the authority of the Lycan King in person. They were really a bunch of fools.

Actually, I didn’t care about Selina and the others anymore. They couldn’t do anything but mock me. That wouldn’t really hurt my feelings. Instead, it would make me feel sorry for them.

However, I was still very touched to see Donald stand up for me like this. Many a time, I could protect myself, but I still hoped that a man could protect me and support me with his strong arms.

So when Donald walked in, the anger and grievance I felt from being locked up here immediately subsided.

Being held here like a prisoner by him made me feel humiliated, and the way the keeper outside the door looked at me made me feel like I had no dignity. I wasn’t even standing here as an equal. I was just Donald’s plaything.



However, I had to admit that my irresistible physical attraction to Donald made me infatuated and full of adoration for him. These feelings outweighed all other negative emotions.

“You’re back.”

Donald’s response was to wrap his arms around me. He was tall enough to lift me up, and when my gaze met his, my legs were barely above the ground. To keep my balance, I had to struggle to stand on my toes and put my feet on his.

“Will I hurt you?”

“Of course not. You’re as light as a feather.”

Was this a compliment? I didn’t know. I always fell so quickly into his arms that I blushed. Damn, I always blushed easily in front of him. Did this make me look unhealthy? Only people with a fever would keep blushing. My imagination ran wild.

“I’m sorry to leave you here alone,” I heard Donald say.

“It’s okay. You just shouldn’t have stopped me from going out.”

I fussed with the buttons on his chest.

“I want you by my side all the time. I don’t want anyone to see you.”

I was speechless. I thought the same thing. I didn’t want anyone to see Donald. He should only belong to me, but that was impossible.

“You can’t do that.” I look intently at Donald. Although I said no, he could see in my eyes that I also desired a world with just the two of us.

“Maybe I can,” Donald says, looking back at me intently.

“I just want to look for my sister and give something to Anthony, the Beta who is with Elizabeth. Previously, he and I were in charge of the pack’s patrol. I haven’t given him my plan.”

“A patrol plan? Let me see.”

I didn’t know why Donald was interested in the patrol, but I handed him the computer.

“You did well,” Donald said admiringly.

“Can I go out now?” I asked.

“But we don’t need this now.”

“Why?” I wondered. “I know Armstrong is back, but my proposal might not be useless.”

I felt Donald’s eyes darken when I mentioned Armstrong. Did he know what was going on between me and Armstrong? But he was my mate now. I was devoted to him, and I only had eyes for him. He should feel it.

“Your plan is very good. But the news that your Alpha—Armstrong—brought back said that the neighboring race has been attacked. Now, all your tribe’s patrols will have to be redesigned. I will also send people to help you.”

“The neighbor was attacked. How could that be?” I cried out in surprise. In my entire life, I had never heard of an attack. The tribes had a peaceful relationship with each other and had no grudges. How could an attack happen?

“Which tribe was attacked? Who attacked them?” I asked.

Donald set me down and we sat on the bed. I could tell he was deep in thought, like he was trying to figure out how to tell me.

“Tell me, Donald. Please.”

Donald glanced at me and said, “It’s the Red Sun Pack. We’re not sure who the enemy is now.”

The Red Sun Tribe was very close to us! I had previously gone there to help the people of the pack buy things. The people of that pack were very kind and friendly. I couldn’t believe that they had actually been attacked. This was too scary!

“Will they attack us too?”

“That’s hard to say,” Donald said ambiguously. “So I’ll stay for now, Margaret. I’ll make sure you’re safe.”

*Chapter 15: Wavering Mind \_ 1*

[Margaret’s POV]

I realized something. “You mean you’ll stay?”

“I’ll stay for a while,” Donald said, rubbing his nose affectionately against mine.

It was undoubtedly good news that Donald could stay. I had more time to be with him and deal with the pack.

I still had time to explain everything to Elizabeth. I could help her host the Luna ceremony as promised. Also, I didn't have to think about whether I should leave the tribe and go with Donald to the werewolf royal family.

However, this also meant that our tribe was endangered. A danger that even Donald, as the Lycan King, had to take seriously. Otherwise, he would not have disrupted his original plan and stopped here.

"The tribe might not be very peaceful recently. I've already discussed with your Alpha, Armstrong. We'll rearrange the patrol and sentry posts of the tribe. I'll be a little busy and can't be by your side all the time. I'll get my subordinates to protect you. For your safety, don't leave the camp or approach the forest, alright?"

Donald's gray-green eyes looked at me affectionately. I knew that he wanted to protect me. But I was already an adult and not a child. I could also pick up a weapon to protect my home. However, facing Donald's gaze, I could not retort. I could only nod.

"Good Girl." Ne/w novel chapters are p/u/blished on no/vel(/bin(.).c/o/m

Donald kissed me lightly on the forehead. I looked at Donald, wanting to know more. But Donald didn't look like he wanted to go on discussing this. He seemed more interested in me.

I had to put my worries about the race out of my mind and focus on dealing with Donald. He was still wearing that dark blue suit. The fact that he had been traveling back and forth all night didn't make the suit dusty or creased. He looked perfect and classy.

And I realized I had not changed or showered since we met. In fact, I had not changed in three days.

"I need to find Elizabeth."

The intention was strong in my mind. I couldn't be with Donald like this. We should have a more perfect first time. I couldn't resist saying that.

"It's already very late."

Donald pressed his lips to mine and we clung together again, continuing what we wanted to do before he left.

This was unbelievable. A few hours ago, we didn't even know each other, but now we both thought that the other party was a part of our bodies. I couldn't imagine being separated from this man.

The kiss was not as intense as before, but it felt amazing.

“Your Alpha has gone back. Your sister will be fine. Can you go tomorrow?”

Donald’s tone was exceptionally gentle. I couldn’t believe that he could still maintain his logical thinking and say these things at this time. Why was there nothing in my mind?

He pulled me close and wrapped his strong arms around me. I pressed myself tightly against him. I could feel him getting excited because of me. It made me nervous. I wrapped my arms around his waist tentatively. Donald was like a hard rock. I couldn’t find anything to hold on to. All I could do was wrap my arms around him. As his hardness pressed against me, I felt bashful.

“We want...” I stammered.

“Are you willing, Margaret?” Donald looked at me. He was still a gentleman at this time.

I shook my head. What I wanted to say was that I didn’t know.

My body was clearly craving him. I even felt that my bottom was drenched, but my rationality was tugging at me again. Random thoughts raced through my mind, but I couldn’t grasp any of them.

It wasn’t until I looked down at Donald’s spot that a thought overcame me. Now I really wasn’t sure. Could I do this? There was something scary about him.

“Don’t be nervous. I won’t force you.” Donald clearly misunderstood me.

I shook my head again and looked up at him.

I felt his breathing quicken, and his arms tightened around me.

“What do you mean? Baby, what do you mean?”

“I...”

“You’re torturing me.” I could hear the exasperation in his voice, but I couldn’t respond to anything except shake my head. I didn’t want to torture him. I wanted him to be happy and give him everything in the world.

Donald pressed my hand and guided it in his direction. I followed his hand obediently and felt his other hand touch my body.

“Help me, baby. I’ll help you too.”

His voice was so low and hoarse that it was ridiculously sexy.

I felt the fireworks explode in my head and a warm surge through my body.

This was joy and enjoyment that I had never experienced before.

*Chapter 16: Gentle and Indulgent Morning \_ 1*

[Margaret's POV]

When I opened my eyes, Donald was sleeping beside me.

This experience was new. His arm was around my waist, and my hand was pressed against his strong chest. In front of me was his tall nose and handsome face. I saw that he had opened his eyes too. I liked Donald's eyes. He always had eyes for me.

"Morning, Margaret," I hear Donald say vaguely, with a hint of laziness that he hadn't regained consciousness in the morning.

"Morning, Donald."

Morning time was always precious. We knew we couldn't stay in bed too long. Especially Donald. He had things to do the entire day. In fact, I had a lot to deal with. I left with Donald like that last night. I couldn't leave the rest of the preparations to Elizabeth. Elizabeth would kill me.

"Oh..." I looked at the clothes I removed yesterday and fell into a predicament. Yesterday, Donald refused to let me go back. I didn't have clothes I could replace now. I couldn't wear that rag anymore. It really looked terrible. I even thought that even if I went back wrapped in a sheet, it would be better than wearing the clothes from yesterday.

"Well, I'll get someone to bring you some clothes." Donald obviously saw what was going on with me, but damn, he didn't look guilty. He didn't seem to realize at all that it was all his fault that I was stuck in my room like this and couldn't get out.

I looked at him angrily. I had no choice but to wrap myself in the blanket. Thanks to him, I only had a camisole and a pair of panties on me now. There was no way I could get out of here.

"Oh, Margaret, don't look at me like that." Donald, who had already changed, winked at me. "I can't not go today. You'll delay me."

I saw a big bulge under his pants and quickly turned to look out the window. Okay, I had to admit, I kind of wanted it too. How could I reject Donald? But we couldn't be in bed all day. We couldn't.

I felt a kiss on my cheek. It was Donald.

"Don't worry, I'll take good care of you."

Donald said to me.

When there was a knock at the door, I put on the clothes I had worn yesterday to open the door for the other party. I had no choice. I couldn't meet a stranger in a camisole and underwear. But I didn't expect that the person Donald had sent to give me clothes was Elizabeth.

I did keep telling him yesterday that I wanted to see Elizabeth. But meeting Elizabeth in the house where it was obvious what Donald and I had done was embarrassing.

When Elizabeth saw me, she frowned. "Oh my god, why are you still wearing this?!"

She strutted into the house and looked around. She looked at me in disbelief. "You and the Lycan King really...? Oh my god!"

I knew she was going to say this. Before I could figure out how to answer her, I reached for the things she had brought me. I opened the bag and rummaged through the contents.

I was thankful that she didn't bring me her over-the-top clothes. They were all my usual style. But before I could finish talking, I saw something that didn't belong to me in the bag.

It was a pair of four-inch pink high heels! Their pink diamonds reflected a different color under the light, and they were dazzling. I looked at them like I was looking at a devil.

"What is this!?"

I shouted to Elizabeth.

"I brought you shoes." Elizabeth shrugged. "The Lycan King asked me to bring a set of clothes. I thought you needed shoes too. I also brought you some toiletries. It took me a while to find my shoes. If I had found them yesterday morning, I wouldn't have had to wear your pink flats. Aren't they much better looking than yours?"

I looked at her in disbelief. She had actually given me her shoes. What the hell was she thinking?

"I'm not going to wear these shoes," I replied stiffly. I began to change into the clothes Elizabeth had brought for me. I took out the cleansing milk, skincare tonic, and moisturizer she had brought for me and went into the bathroom to wash up.

"Alright, do as you wish. Then wear your Cinderella straw sandals and wait for the Lycan King to turn them into crystal shoes." Elizabeth said angrily, "You know how busy I've been since yesterday. I've had to handle so many things that came my way, but I still have to deliver clothes here and listen to your nitpicking."i

“So what did you deal with?” I asked as I applied the cream on my face in a circular motion with my fingers.

“Nothing! I don’t know anything. I didn’t interfere with anything from the beginning to the end. Now everyone is asking me, how would I know what to do?” Elizabeth was as self-righteous as ever. “Margaret, you have to go back and deal with these things. You can’t throw them to me like this.”

*Chapter 17: Excited Elizabeth \_ 1*

[Margaret’s POV]

I knew it, I thought helplessly.

“Didn’t Anthony do anything for you?” I asked.

“Ah... he—he did help a little.” Elizabeth’s voice suddenly fell silent. Puzzled, I looked back at her. Elizabeth seemed to be lost in thought as her gaze drifted. She noticed my gaze and quickly focused on my business again.

“But you should come back. I have the inauguration ceremony.”

I thought about what Donald had told me yesterday. If there really was an attack and our safety was not guaranteed, all the rituals would probably be postponed or canceled. However, as I looked at Elizabeth, I thought I’d better not tell her about this yet. She’d freak out.

Elizabeth had been looking forward to showing up with Armstrong at the Luna succession ceremony to slap the faces of those who usually didn’t get along with her, including Selina. My sister never cared about the tribe or anything. She just wanted her to be the most beautiful, popular, and respected person in the pack.

“I’ll help you. I’ll do what I promised. Yesterday was just...” I was at a loss for words, not knowing how to explain what happened between me and Donald.

Fortunately, Elizabeth did not mind. When she heard that I would help her, her expression softened and she interrupted me.

“What’s going on between you and the Lycan King?! He took you away just like that yesterday. He looks tall and powerful, and the girls in the pack are about to go crazy. But he looks a little scary, right? I mean, he’s shockingly strong. He can crush you.”

Elizabeth sounded odd, but I was used to not bickering with her.

“He is very tall, and he is very nice.”

I thought about how he had locked me up in the house yesterday and felt a little uncomfortable, but I insisted on speaking up for Donald.

“So he’s really your mate?! Oh my god, you’re actually the Lycan King’s mate. Oh my god, oh my god! I still can’t believe it from yesterday until now. There is countless speculation outside, but most people are guessing that you two are mates. Many people don’t believe that this will happen, so is it true? You two are really mates!”

Elizabeth screamed.

“I think so.” I started to giggle too. Even now I couldn’t believe it. Donald and I were really mates. Whenever I was alone, I would wonder if this was just a dream I had.

“Oh, Margaret, do you know? Selina is going crazy with jealousy. She’s spreading rumors about you and the Lycan King everywhere, but anyone with discerning eyes knows that she’s just jealous. No one pays attention to her. She’s like a clown. When you and the Lycan King show up, you’ll slap her in the face.”

Elizabeth was agitated. She and Selina had been enemies for a long time because Selina liked Anthony, but Anthony was nice to Elizabeth.

The two of them had been fighting openly and covertly over the past few years, and neither of them had an edge over the other. Elizabeth had been showing off in front of Selina for a long time because she had become mates with Armstrong.

It seemed that using my relationship with the Lycan King would suppress Selina until she could no longer make a name for herself. However, I didn’t want to be involved in their battle. In their previous battle, I was often the only victim.

I tried to change the subject.

“I heard from Donald—”

“Donald?! Is that the name of the Lycan King? You’re already calling each other by first names? Oh my god, Margaret, you really became mates with the Lycan King. How does that feel?”

Elizabeth cut me off again. She never thought it was rude.

“I was going to say that Armstrong came home yesterday.”

I continued what I had not finished.

I felt surprisingly calm at the mention of Armstrong.



Just yesterday, this name brought me endless disappointment and pain. But after just one day, he wouldn't cause any more waves in my heart. I could already accept the fact that he would become my sister's mate and give him my blessings sincerely. This was the power that Donald had given me.

"Oh, I think so. I saw him at the venue yesterday."

I looked at Elizabeth in surprise. She did not look interested.

"You only saw him at the venue? Didn't he come home at night?"

Ever since Elizabeth and Armstrong became mates, Elizabeth had moved to live in Armstrong's place. If Armstrong wasn't home, or if they had any arguments, Elizabeth would run home and stay for a few days. But Armstrong had just returned, and Elizabeth should have missed him. They shouldn't be apart.

"He didn't come back last night. He was probably dealing with tribal matters. I don't care about his Alpha business. In fact, I couldn't even do Luna stuff. As soon as I got up this morning, the Lycan King notified me to give you something. Now I'm here."

Elizabeth was talking about things that didn't matter, but she looked depressed. She always wanted to talk to me about Armstrong before, but I didn't want to discuss him. It seemed like she and Armstrong weren't getting along as well as I thought.

*Chapter 18: Lovers Are Friends Too (1)*

[Margaret's POV]

I suddenly felt sorry for my sister. I always thought that she was doted on and could have whatever she wanted. I had never done my part as an older sister. I didn't think she needed me at all.

But from the looks of it, that was not entirely true. Perhaps Elizabeth's life was not as good as it seemed.

He might really be up to something.

I thought about it and tried to comfort Elizabeth.

"Something happened to the pack next door. They were all nervous. Armstrong is the Alpha of the pack. He has to care about these things."

Elizabeth waved her hand.

“I don’t understand any of this. But Margaret, I think Armstrong treats me differently than he treats you. You always had endless things to talk about. I mean, you two were good friends before, and even now, you have a lot to say to each other.

He and I are mates, but I don’t know if all mates are like this. Of course we desire each other. But other than that, I feel that Armstrong doesn’t value me. At least, not like how he valued you before. I don’t understand what went wrong. Are you and Donald like this too?”

I had not expected this. When Elizabeth and Armstrong stood together, they had always been a perfect match. They looked happy together.

“I don’t know. Uh, Elizabeth, do you love him? Do you love Armstrong?” I asked, holding Elizabeth’s hand.

“Of course I love him.” Elizabeth didn’t look as determined as she sounded. “He’s the Alpha of the pack. Every girl in every tribe wants to marry him. He’s tall, handsome, smart, and strong. He’s still the mate the Moon Goddess chose for me. When I saw him show up that day, I felt hot all over. Doesn’t that mean I love him?”

I didn’t know how to answer Elizabeth. Listening to Elizabeth tell me how she felt about Armstrong made me feel complicated.

I was sure I wouldn’t be moved by Armstrong anymore. All my love was tied to Donald alone now, but hearing my sister talk about what happened between her and my ex still made me feel weird.

I realized pathetically that I couldn’t fix relationship problems for my sister. I didn’t even know what to do with Armstrong myself. We were lovers and friends.

Later we weren’t lovers, but I thought we could still be friends. Now I wasn’t sure about this anymore. If he really hurt my sister’s feelings in the future, or if there was a conflict between them, should I support my sister? Could we still be friends? This was really a mess.

“You guys might just need time,” I managed to say.

“Maybe.” Elizabeth did not immerse herself in her emotions for too long and pointed her finger at me. “You haven’t told me what happened between you and the Lycan King. Anthony and I were walking towards the venue with the Lycan King when he suddenly walked towards you and announced in front of so many people that you were each other’s mate. After he took you away, I could not contact you anymore!”

Elizabeth glanced at me questioningly, as if her relationship problems had never existed. Her gaze made me uncomfortable.

But I knew that if I didn't tell her, she would keep asking.

"It's what you saw. I wanted to contact you yesterday too. I called you, but you didn't answer," I explained.

"Is that so?" Elizabeth looked down at her phone. Her attitude was still annoying.  
"Maybe. There were too many people looking for me yesterday. A lot of people wanted to ask me about you. I couldn't handle them."

"Then I'll go back with you to deal with those things now." I sighed. This was what I had planned. I had only gotten back on track after being pestered by Elizabeth and asking a lot of questions.

"You should have come back yesterday."

I ignored her and put on my pink heels.

I felt like I was stepping on stilts. I took two tentative steps. It could only be described as treading on thin ice. I would definitely fall if I wore these shoes! I began to hate Elizabeth again.

But I had no choice. I didn't know where my shoes had gone yesterday. They probably fell when Donald picked me up.

I looked over at Elizabeth. She was wearing a pair of blue shoes that were about the same height. Even if I exchanged shoes with her, it would have been useless. Visit [www.vsitnovels.com](http://www.vsitnovels.com) for new novels

*Forget it, I thought. It's not that far. I'll be fine walking home,* I reassured myself. I followed Elizabeth out like a child who had just learned to walk.

*Chapter 19: Protect Her Closely (1)*

[Margaret's POV]

As soon as I stepped outside, I saw that the two werewolves who had been guarding me yesterday were still standing at the door.

I was stunned. I had forgotten about this. Donald didn't want me to leave this room.

He had no right to do this, and I did not like being locked up here. However, when I was in front of him, I could not reject him. This was what really troubled me.

My footsteps faltered. I told Donald about this yesterday. Donald asked Elizabeth to send me clothes this morning. I should be able to get out.

But then my gaze went to the two werewolves in the doorway. I remembered their rough attitudes yesterday. The bulging muscles in their bodies scared me, too.

I didn't want to argue with them in front of my sister and show my conflict with Donald. Actually, it was not really a conflict. I couldn't help thinking that I'd have a conflict with Donald over this. Perhaps it was just a small difference in opinion.

"What are you doing? Hurry up, Margaret."

Elizabeth urged. She was already several meters away from me.

I braced myself and walked forward, hoping to hear that Donald had told them I didn't have to be treated like a criminal and ask for permission to go out. I was relieved that they didn't stop me and kept walking, but the two werewolves followed and I had to stop.

At that moment, Elizabeth walked back. She looked very impatient. She looked at me and then at the two werewolves. "What is this, Margaret?" she asked curiously.

I wanted to ask the same question. I could only turn to them both.

"What are you doing?"

"The Lycan King ordered us to protect you until you return whenever you leave this place," one of them answered seriously.

Elizabeth looked at me in surprise. I was very embarrassed. It made me think I was being watched.

"This is my pack. I won't have any security issues." I was a little annoyed. I was an adult. The way Donald handled things made me feel like a little kid who had to be looked after by his guardian at all times.

"This is an order from the Lycan King. We have to abide by it."

*Oh, f\*ck. That sentence again.*

I looked at Elizabeth helplessly. I knew they wouldn't say anything more. If I wanted to solve the problem, I'd have to talk to Donald. But that was between me and Donald. I didn't want Elizabeth to know that I couldn't handle these two guards.

"Can we let them follow us first?"

"I don't like this."

*I don't like it either, ?* I echoed inwardly.

But I couldn't say it out loud. I tried to talk Elizabeth out of it. "There are usually people who follow Armstrong when he goes out. They'll do the same thing when you become Luna. You should probably start trying to get used to it now."

This was not a good reason, but Elizabeth accepted it.

"Alright, then let them follow."

I heaved a sigh of relief and said to both of them, "Can you step away from us a little?"

Seeing that the two of them were about to reject me again, I quickly added, "Just a few steps away from us. It's too strange to follow us closely."

They nodded.

"They're from the Lycan King?"

Elizabeth asked.

I nodded. Elizabeth glanced back and asked quietly, "Do you and the Lycan King really get along?"

Elizabeth was always so sensitive to people's relationships that it was a little annoying. She had relied on this ability to gain the favors of people since she was young. She knew what everyone was thinking.

"We're good," I replied firmly.

My heart was clearly not as certain as my answer. In this regard, perhaps Elizabeth and I were really biological sisters, choosing to be stubborn about something we didn't want to admit or believe.

I was unhappy with Donald's strict watchfulness and worried about his feelings for me. We had only known each other for less than a day. Was I just someone new to him?

"You're like his prisoner now."

This hurtful statement was the truth. It hit me like a whip. I couldn't refute Elizabeth's words.

"Real mates shouldn't be like this." Elizabeth continued, "Will you really be mates forever?"

Elizabeth asked the question that had been echoing in my mind. We were just getting to know each other now, both lost in the joy of finding a mate.

Physically, we longed for each other, but once this wave subsided and we got used to our situation, I wondered if we would still find each other attractive.

Other than physical love, could my soul and Donald's reach some level of integration? Would there be true love between us?

All of this was unknown. Donald and I didn't have time to understand each other. We knew nothing about each other's past.

But his guarding of me made me feel that, as Elizabeth had said, this was not true love. He was taking care of me as the Lycan King. Or rather, just taking care of his mate was not true respect for me.

*Chapter 20: Delicately Dressed Up \_ 1*

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[Margaret's POV]

"We just—we need more time together." I said the same comforting words for myself.

I saw Elizabeth's obvious disapproval. "Margaret, many times I don't know what you're thinking."

I glared at Elizabeth. She said that as if she had always cared what I was thinking. I was starting to regret missing her yesterday. She was still that annoying sister.

We walked to the door of our house. Elizabeth yawned and said, "Alright, you can go handle your work. I woke up early this morning to give you something. I'm going back to sleep."

Speechless, I looked out at the sky. It was almost noon. I bet it was after 10 am when Elizabeth came over. Was this the result of her 'getting up early'?

But I didn't expect her to do anything.

I went back to the house first and changed into a pair of comfortable shoes. I took another shower, combed my hair, styled it into a slightly more complicated hairstyle, and put my hair clip on. I needed to dress up. I couldn't go see Donald like I did yesterday.

I looked at myself in the mirror with satisfaction. My eyes were set off by eyeliner and eyeshadow. They were big and vivid. I covered some of the small flaws on my face with powder. My skin looked smooth and delicate. I looked healthy and charming.

Next, I needed to go deal with what Elizabeth had asked me to do. I hesitated in front of the closet. The dress was not easy to move in. I'd better change when I was done and ready to meet Donald.

As we walked to the small conference room downstairs, I was surprised to see Anthony.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

"Elizabeth asked me to come over and help."

Oh, Elizabeth. Of course it was her. I slapped my forehead in frustration.

"Aren't the patrols busy? I heard that something terrible happened to the neighboring tribe."

"The Lycan King told you, right?" There was a teasing note in Anthony's voice, and I blushed a little. Had my affair with Donald become everyone's topic of conversation now? And the tone of his voice made me feel a little relieved and unconvinced, like I was just an accessory to Donald.

"Uh, yeah," I replied. "So how's the patrol going?"

"Alpha took over all the patrols, so I have nothing to do now," Anthony said. "I think Elizabeth needs help, too. Alpha is busy now and probably won't have time for her."

"Okay, then it's just the two of us." I smiled at Anthony. "What did you do at the back of the venue yesterday?"

"Thanks to your previous arrangements, everything was basically done according to the procedure. Nothing went wrong. After the guests left, the venue was cleaned up."

"That's good. The way Elizabeth came to me, I thought something terrible had happened."

"She's probably just unhappy that you're not here." Anthony's words trailed off.

I knew what he wanted to say next. Elizabeth had always outshone me since we were young. She was used to this, and I was used to giving in to her. Now that I had outshone her, and she was left behind, it was normal for her to feel unhappy.

"Anthony, you're here?" Elizabeth's voice came from the top of the stairs. She had changed again. It seemed to me that she was not sleeping as she had said. Perhaps she was just being spiteful with me.

"Yeah, I was talking to Margaret about yesterday."

“What is there to discuss? Haven’t I dealt with everything?” Elizabeth walked down with an arrogant expression. “I’m hungry. Anthony, go get something to eat.”

Anthony walked obediently to the kitchen. I could never be more surprised by her ability to manipulate men.

“What is that look on your face?” Elizabeth asked, giving me a sidelong glance.

“Nothing?”

“Are you thinking about Anthony?”

I was shocked.

“Don’t talk nonsense, Elizabeth.”

“If you think Donald is bad, you can consider Anthony. I know you had one with Armstrong previously... but Anthony is a good person,” Elizabeth said softly. “I saw you two having a good chat. You have a lot in common.”

*A lot in common??* I thought to myself. *Are you referring to the time we held the ceremony together??* I looked at Elizabeth speechlessly. At that time, Anthony’s gaze was almost glued to her. How did Elizabeth know that we had common topics?

I didn’t understand why even now, Elizabeth still wanted to set me up with Anthony. Did she really think that Anthony and I were more suitable for each other, or did she just not like the idea of me being with the Lycan King? Whatever it was, it was ridiculous.

“Stop messing around. I already have a mate.”

“A mate doesn’t represent everything.”

I didn’t expect to hear this from Elizabeth, who had become mates with the Alpha, Armstrong. I thought she would be the one who most appreciated a mateship.

I tried to overcome the little knot in my stomach and said calmly, “At least for now, I will choose to be with my mate.”

*If he’s willing to choose me, too, then we’ll always be together,* I thought silently.