

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 111 - You're More Outstanding Than Her - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 111 - You're More Outstanding Than Her

Chapter 111: You're More Outstanding Than Her

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

"You were with the Lycan King?" I asked in surprise.

"Margaret didn't mention this to you?" Angel looked annoyed. She said in a low voice, "I regret what I did now. But I didn't think too much about it at the time. I just wanted the person I loved to regret breaking up with me."

Angel sighed and added, "And Donald doesn't have any feelings for me. Look at his attitude towards me and Margaret. If we really had something in the past, why would he be so heartless to me now and want to chase me away from here?"

Everyone would have their own past. This did not mean anything.

More importantly, I was quite touched by her and what she shared.

Even Margaret had an ex-boyfriend she'd spent so many years with before she met the Lycan King.

Thinking of this, I felt a lump in my throat. I had tried my best to ignore these thoughts and start over with Armstrong, but Armstrong was obsessed with his ex-girlfriend.

It was all over now. Why didn't he understand? I had reason to make a scene with Armstrong because of this, but I didn't, because that person was my twin sister. But that didn't mean I wouldn't be annoyed.

"Did the person you like react to this?" When I asked the question, I already had a faint answer in my heart.

Angel gave a bitter smile and shook her head. "He didn't react at all," she said. "And because of that, Donald and I broke up not long after. I know that he's just unhappy about our relationship. I think I can ignore worldly views as long as I'm stronger.

That's why I joined the assault team and became the commander. When I heard that he followed Donald here, I applied to follow him. I just wanted to see if I still had a chance."

Angel looked into my eyes and said, "That's why I appeared by Donald's side. It's not for Donald, but for him. If there are some things that caused your sister to misunderstand, you can reassure her that I'm just doing my duty. And now, I also realize that it might not be just a taboo relationship that's stopping us. He probably doesn't have any feelings for me anymore."

Angel looked up at the sky and muttered, "Maybe this is an opportunity. It's time for me to leave..."

After hearing Angel's story, I felt a little sympathetic.

Although our experiences were not the same emotionally, we were both rejected by our mates for different reasons. It was just that I did not have the courage to keep trying to woo my mate after being rejected by him.

Even though my heart was already biased towards Anthony, I really didn't know what to do if Armstrong rejected me.

I could only do everything I could to stop this now. I didn't want to suffer the pain of being rejected by my Mate. I never wanted to be a weathered rose. I just wanted to be a delicate flower protected in a greenhouse.

Seeing that an outstanding female warrior like Angel was also troubled by matters of the heart, I felt that the Lycans were no different from us. They also had emotions. Thinking of this, I felt that there was nothing wrong with me saying this.

"Actually, I'm the same." I sighed. "My Mate doesn't care so much about me."

Angel's eyes narrowed slightly, and she said, "Is he your Pack Alpha, Armstrong?"

I nodded. "He's Margaret's ex," I said. "Margaret is better than me at everything. Armstrong always thinks I'm worse than Margaret."

Angel looked surprised. "How can that be?" she said. "When I first saw you, I thought you were much better than her. You're not worse than her. You should be more confident."

Encouraged by Angel's words, I thought about it and said, "In some ways, I don't think I'm bad. I'm trying to be a good Luna. But in battle, Margaret is much better than me."

A look of disapproval came over Angel's face as she said, "She might have trained a little longer than you, but her combat skills are not outstanding. To be honest, she shouldn't have been injured that day in the forest. Donald was standing beside her. If it weren't for her..."

Angel shook her head as she spoke.

“If you’re just upset about combat skills, I think I’d be happy to help.”

Angel actually offered to guide me in battle. She was one of the top warriors among the Lycans. I didn’t expect such a good thing. Then I thought of my own situation and hesitated.

I said timidly, “But I don’t know anything about fighting. Can I really?”

Angel gave a confident smile and said, “I believe that there are only failed teachers and no failed students. How can you know unless you try?”

Chapter 112: A Note

[Elizabeth’s Perspective]

“If you want, I can teach you two moves now. Combat isn’t that complicated and scary. You can definitely master the skills,” Angel said.

Before we knew it, we were at our door.

I looked at the gloom around me and wanted to retreat. I declined her offer. “Forget it today. Why don’t we go to the training room tomorrow?”

“That’s good.” Angel hesitated and said, “Can you ask Margaret to train with you? I still want to apologize to her personally before I leave. But as you know, Donald has surrounded her place like a metal bucket. I didn’t have a chance to approach her ward.”

I thought about how Margaret had been trying to find an opportunity to train, but now that Anthony was in the hospital, no one could help us anymore. If Angel was willing to help, that would be great. She was such a kind person!

“Of course,” I replied without thinking. “She must understand your difficulties.”

“That’s great,” Angel said. “But can you not tell her I’ll be there? I’m afraid her misunderstanding is too deep and she won’t want to see me.”

I thought about it and decided that Angel had a point. I agreed to go along with it.

We said our good-byes at the door of my house. As we walked up the stairs, I still felt very lucky tonight. Although I hadn’t seen Margaret, Angel had not only soothed my feelings about my Mate, but her story also made me feel that things between Armstrong and me weren’t so bad.

Most of all, I had found Margaret and myself a wonderful combat coach. Margaret would be so happy tomorrow.

[Margaret's Perspective]

I was woken up by my phone ringing.

I groped around the side of the bed with my eyes closed for a while and caught something hard. I opened my eyes and looked at it. I pressed the talk button and closed my eyes again.

Elizabeth's screaming voice came from the phone.

"Margaret, what are you doing!"

"Oh..." Cheêck out *latest novels* on [n/o/ve/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](http://n/o/ve/l/bin(.)c/o/m)

"Aren't you up yet? Come out quickly. I'll wait for you downstairs!"

Elizabeth's sharp voice woke me up completely. I sat up in bed sleepily and glanced at the time on my phone. It was nine o'clock.

I turned my gaze to the bed. Sunlight was streaming in through the curtains.

I had actually slept for so long. My mind was a little clearer. I reached out and rubbed my eyes before getting out of bed to wash up.

I had been waiting for Donald in the ward last night, but I didn't see him in the end. I don't remember when I fell asleep. There was no sign of Donald in the ward now. Did he come back last night?

I spit the toothpaste foam out of my mouth and splashed fresh water on my face, a little worried about Donald.

As I walked back to the bed, I found a note on the floor. It must have fallen onto the floor when I reached for my phone earlier.

The side of the note facing up had my name, Margaret. I recognized Donald's handwriting.

I leaned over and picked up the note. It read:

"Margaret:

You were already asleep when I came back last night. I didn't want to wake you up. I have a meeting this morning. I asked the doctor. Your injuries are fine. If you want to participate in training, you can leave the ward and go to the training room. But don't train for too long. Take care of your body.

If you want to go out, send me a message in advance. I'll arrange for someone to take you there.

I love you, Donald."

I felt an irrepressible leap of joy inside.

I quickly picked up my phone and found Donald's name. I was wondering if I should send a message to tell him that I was awake when I realized that Donald was calling.

I pressed the answer button and Donald's voice said, "What are you doing, Margaret?"

"I just got up," I said. "I saw your note. I want to go to training class today."

There was a moment of silence on the other end. I felt a little nervous. I didn't know if my words had made Donald angry again.

However, Donald's helpless voice came through the phone. "I don't want to stop you, but you have to take care of yourself, okay?"

"I will!" I replied.

After hanging up, I still couldn't believe Donald had agreed so easily.

I happily and excitedly changed into clothes suitable for activity. I felt energetic and fit.

I thought about the phone call from Elizabeth. Maybe we could have breakfast together and I can try to encourage her to train.

She didn't look too good yesterday. I hoped I could cheer her up.

With that in mind, I texted Elizabeth.

[I'll be right down.]

Chapter 113: Excellent Coach

[Margaret's Perspective]

[I'm going to the dining room for breakfast. Look for me there!]

I wasn't at all surprised to see Elizabeth's reply.

This was Elizabeth. I guess she was just like me when I called earlier. She hadn't gotten out of bed yet.

I got out of bed, picked a pair of sneakers from the shoe cabinet, and put them on. I simply packed my backpack and walked out. Donald's guards outside the door did not stop me. As I went downstairs, I texted Donald and told him that I was going to the restaurant to look for Elizabeth.

Donald was willing to give me the freedom I wanted, so I was unwilling to betray his trust from now on.

When I arrived at the restaurant, I walked around the hall. There was no sign of Elizabeth.

I wondered if she had left the house yet.

I thought for a moment and texted Elizabeth on my phone to remind her that we were going to train today and that she shouldn't come over in high heels. I knew that in all likelihood she wouldn't listen to me. There were times when I felt like the high heels had become a part of her.

Breakfast was served at seven to ten in the morning. By the time I got there, the food supply was winding down.

Fortunately, there was fresh coffee. I took two cups, some hot muffins, and doused them with some of the jam that Elizabeth liked. At the rate that Elizabeth was taking her time to come, I guessed that by the time she arrived, there would be nothing left to eat.

As I started on the second muffin, I heard Elizabeth's trademark high-heeled shoes.

I shook my head as I added more sugar to my coffee. Then someone slapped me hard on the shoulder. My hand shook. The coffee spilled out of the cup onto my white T-shirt, leaving a stain.

*Sh*t!*

I turned to glare at Elizabeth. She had obviously seen the brown stains on my clothes. She shouted without guilt, "Margaret, why did you come out wearing a dirty shirt?"

I had nothing to say to her. I pushed the plate with the muffins straight at her and tried to wipe the stains off my clothes with a tissue.

"I don't feel like muffins today," Elizabeth muttered as she sat down. "Is there anything else to eat here?"

"Then don't eat them," I said angrily. I couldn't erase the damn stains at all. I was starting to wonder if I should go back and change my clothes.

Elizabeth looked in the direction of the dining table and realized that there was indeed no more food for her to choose from. With a very indignant expression, she began to deal with the muffins on her plate. As she chewed, she said with her mouth full, "I asked you out to talk to you about participating in training."

I didn't expect we'd be going together.

I frowned at her super short skirt and top that only covered her breasts, not to mention her sky-high shoes. I held my forehead and said, "I told you to wear sports clothes during training."

Elizabeth looked down at herself. She didn't think there was anything wrong with what she was wearing. "My clothes are comfortable and easy to move around in."

"I think we should all go to my place to change," I suggested.

"But I've already made an appointment with someone," Elizabeth said.

"You have a training appointment?" I asked in surprise.

"I'm Luna. Don't always underestimate me." Elizabeth rolled her eyes at me. "I promise this is the perfect coach. Better than Anthony."

After arriving at the training ground, I never thought that the excellent coach Elizabeth mentioned would be Angel.

How did Elizabeth meet her?? I wondered.

If there was one person I definitely didn't want to train under, it would be Angel. Although I knew that she was an excellent warrior and might be better than anyone else, I would always imagine her with Donald. They might even have slept together. After all, Donald had never denied this.

"I bumped into Angel yesterday. She said she would help us train. Isn't that great? There's a Lycan to help us train!" Elizabeth said excitedly. I saw that she was still secretly winking at Angel. *When did their relationship become so good?*

There was also a clear coffee mark in front of my clothes, making it impossible for me to hide it.

The last time Angel and I met, I was in a sorry state too.

She was the one who harmed me, but she was also the one who wanted to save me. I couldn't figure out this woman's thoughts, but she was definitely hostile to me. Furthermore, she was so perfect. And moreover, I definitely was no match for her in battle.

Similarly, as a woman, no matter what Donald thought, I couldn't ignore the threat Angel posed to me.

Chapter 114: Deliberately Sending Away

[Margaret's Perspective]

"Uh, okay..." I was debating how to find a reason to get out of here.

Elizabeth was interested in participating in the training. I didn't want to dampen her enthusiasm, but it was definitely impossible for me to treat Angel the way I treated everyone else.

"Don't you want to join the training?" Elizabeth sounded sad. She rolled her eyes and pulled me two steps in Angel's direction. "I think you two have something to talk about."

I had to make eye contact with Angel. Damn, she was so much taller than me.

I looked at her exquisite curves, her wavy, smooth blond hair, her gem-like eyes that matched Donald's, and her impeccable facial features. It was difficult for me not to feel jealous when such a sexy stunner stood in front of me.

Angel gave me what looked like a kind smile, but I thought it was more of a challenge.

She held out her hand to me and said, "What happened before is over. I'm glad to see you recovering so well. I'd love to come and teach you how to fight."

Watch her words—teach me how to fight,? I scoffed.

This sounded like something you'd say to a three-year-old. Teach you how to talk and walk. Teach you how to use a knife and fork. Teach you to be polite to people.

My discomfort intensified. *She's a b*tch,* I thought.

"Angel is a good person," Elizabeth said, giving Angel a friendly smile.

I really had to resist the urge to roll my eyes at Elizabeth. She was so stupid about some things.

"Then let's get started." Angel clapped her hands, her eyes scanning Elizabeth and me. She said to Elizabeth, "If we're going to start training, I suggest you change your shoes and let Margaret and me get started, okay?"

"But I didn't bring any other shoes," Elizabeth said.

“I’ve got something for you guys. It’s in the lounge over there.” Angel pointed in a distant direction. “My lounge is behind that white door. I’ve got snacks and drinks there. You can help yourself to some too.”

“That’s very sweet of you,” Elizabeth said.

I glanced in the direction Angel was pointing. It was the locker room farthest from the training ground. There were closer ones on this side.

Now, Angel and I were the only ones left.

She had deliberately sent Elizabeth away just now. No one knew Elizabeth better than I did. She was the best at being lazy in training. If Angel had decorated that lounge considerably and comfortably, Elizabeth probably wouldn’t be back for a while.

“What do you want?” I looked at Angel warily.

Angel flexed her joints and said, “I just want to help you. Actually, you know that day, if you weren’t by Donald’s side, no one would have been able to attack him on their own.

He used his back to protect you, and you were injured because you were too weak. Let me tell you how to fight correctly. Then you don’t need anyone to protect you.”

Angel’s words made me feel sick.

She didn’t say a word about why I was there. Didn’t she plan all of this? She wanted Donald to see that I wasn’t worth it, but she had miscalculated.

“If you’re willing to teach me all your skills, then I’ll be happy to accept them. At that time, you won’t be the only one who knows these things. Anyone can do the same thing by learning,” I shot back.

Angel observed my expression. I wanted to tell her with a calm expression that I wouldn’t be affected by her.

She slowly smiled and said, “That’s great. You know, I was discussing this with Donald this morning. It’s a pity you missed it. You were sleeping then, right?”

I glared at Angel. I really wanted to punch her.

Angel said casually, “If we start teaching, do you want to warm up? Donald and I even sparred in combat skills this morning. We’d already warmed up. We were sweating and even took a shower together.”

This was no longer a hint, but a clear demonstration.

I hadn't seen Donald since last night. Could he really be with Angel? No, Angel must have said this to anger me. I didn't believe a word she said.

But the anger in my heart was still burning. My fingers were clenched into fists at my sides.

I had never hated someone so much. I used to think that my dislike of Armstrong was extreme, but Angel brought out much stronger feelings than that. She was coveting my Mate in front of me, and it was unbearable.

Angel looked pleased with my anger at that moment. Her smile widened.

She focused her arrogant gaze on my clothes and revealed a disdainful expression. She said, "If Donald isn't by your side, is this rag the only thing you can wear when you go out? I heard that your ex-boyfriend is the Alpha. Have you been relying on this means to escape your poor family background?"

Chapter 115: Come and Knock Me Down

[Margaret's Perspective]

This was already considered humiliating.

In an instant, I wanted to leave this place without caring about anything.

I wanted to stay away from Angel, stay away from the words that would hurt me.

But I knew that if I left now, Angel would definitely see me as a joke. She would humiliate me even more in the future.

Therefore, I could not retreat. I could only fight.

Besides, when she mentioned that she was with Donald in the morning, I wanted to punch her in the face.

Donald was my Mate. He belonged to me alone.

His body, his soul, and his heart belonged to me. Even if his relationship with Angel only existed in Angel's mouth, I was unwilling to accept it.

Moreover, deep down, I was afraid of another possibility.

Armstrong wanted to get back together with me shortly after he got together with Elizabeth. That period of time was not too long, and the time I spent with Donald was almost that long.

Would Donald be as bored with me as Armstrong was with Elizabeth? He might be starting to miss his ex-girlfriend.

I knew that our situations were not the same and Donald was good to me. His love for me was completely reflected in his actions. As for Elizabeth and Armstrong, they looked like they were about to reach the level of separation.

Angel was already taking off her coat across from me.

She was wearing a green sports bra. Two thin straps covered her collarbone. The bra only covered half her breasts.

Above the bra, two more half-curved straps passed between her breasts, accentuating the deep groove between them. Her breasts were so curvaceous, she looked like a knockout.

*If she really is a b*tch, she's going to be rich enough with what she's got, ?* I thought not unkindly.

I looked away and prepared for the event.

This training room was built a long time ago. Before, Armstrong, Anthony, and I would often come here to spar. There were no superfluous decorations here. There were only some thin blankets on the cement floor to divide up the venue. In the past, if we fell onto the cement floor, it would hurt for a long time.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that Angel was stretching too. I thought about how to defeat her. I had to make her pay for what she had just said. The sad thing was that I couldn't see any weakness in her.

Her center of gravity kept moving back and forth between her left and right feet. Her steps were steady, and she landed in almost the same spot every time. I could tell that her core strength was strong. Her muscles weren't just for show. They were filled with explosive power.

"Come on, did my words anger you? Come and knock me down!" Angel challenged.

I could feel my heart racing. I looked around. Elizabeth still hadn't returned.

Angel raised her eyebrows and sneered. "Do you need me to teach you the most basic fighting stance, Margaret?"

As she spoke, she struck a move.

She was a complete b*tch.

“No, I know what to do myself,” I said through gritted teeth.

“If you think you’re doing the right thing, then I have nothing to say.” Angel’s sharp eyes wandered over my body. Her expression was as if my current posture was wrong.

“Can we start now?” I cracked my knuckles and said coldly.

“If you want to start, of course.” Angel was still smiling. She said slowly, “Although your experience and skills are not worth mentioning...”

I couldn’t take it anymore. Before she could finish, I threw a punch.

A look of surprise crossed Angel’s face. She hadn’t expected me to act so quickly.

Immediately, her lips curled into a disdainful smile. She only made a simple move and took a step back with her left foot. It was too late for me to retract my fist. I was about to miss it.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Angel spin and raise her right elbow, about to strike me directly under the chin. Her timing was perfect, right when I hadn’t finished my last move and couldn’t gather my strength in time.

If she had hit me, I would have lost my balance and fallen to the ground. If she had used more strength, she might have shattered my chin.

Helpless, I could only raise my head to dodge this attack, but this exposed my fragile throat to Angel.

“Hmph. You have courage.” Angel snorted in my ear.

Unexpectedly, her raised right hand was only a feint. Before I could look up and see her movements, she had already regained her posture. Her left fist came straight up from below and hit me hard in the stomach.

I took a few steps back from her merciless punch and finally had to half kneel to maintain my balance.

Chapter 116: Counterattack

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I clutched my stomach and looked up at Angel. She didn’t take the opportunity to continue attacking me. Instead, she walked up to me and looked down at me.

Gasping for breath, I pulled myself to my feet.

“You’re as useless as I thought.” Angel stood in front of me with her hands cupped. She was taller than me, and even though I was on my feet, I had to look up to see her eyes.

I couldn’t beat her.

I recognized this reality more than ever before.

The difference between our combat skills was not small. I had already used all my strength just now, but Angel easily neutralized my attack. I felt that my heart was as heavy as my legs, as if it was filled with lead. I was indignant but helpless. I wanted to become stronger.

What exactly do I have to do to bring her down?? I wondered.

“You started it. Now it’s my turn.” Angel stretched her arms and looked at me sharply.

At this moment, she seemed to have finally removed all her pretense. Her eyes were filled with undisguised hatred.

“Your moves are too slow and there are too many flaws. Let me teach you how to do it.” Angel walked back and forth in the middle of the arena.

I also raised my fists and assumed a defensive posture as I looked at her warily.

We circled slowly in the middle of the field.

“Trying to defend yourself against me this way? That’s not enough.” Angel was still talking. A malicious smile appeared on her face. “You can only imitate my rhythm in a clumsy manner. You’ll always be on the defensive. I’m going to punch. Can you predict which direction I’m going to hit you in the face from?”

I concentrated on observing her movements. The rise and fall of her arm muscles would indicate the direction in which she was moving. As long as I could see the direction in which she was moving and dodge in time...

“Ugh!” I let out a muffled groan.

Instead of attacking me with her arms, as she’d said, Angel swept her leg to my waist.

Her angle was very tricky as it happened to be the side of my abdomen that she had just hit. This attack directly affected my muscles and triggered a pain in my abdomen.

I couldn’t react in time and staggered to the side from the unexpected blow. Fortunately, I didn’t fall this time.

I adjusted my breathing, mentally reassuring myself that this was at least an improvement.

Angel was still circling in front of me.

“This time, I’ll count down to three, then I’ll start the next attack.” Angel raised her eyebrows in her trademark high-and-mighty look. “Are you ready for a beating somewhere this time?”

I observed the movements of her entire body and the rhythm of her breathing.

I wouldn’t hear or believe a word she said. I recalled in my mind the details Elliot had taught me about combat.

The other party might disturb you with words, but no matter what the other party said, muscle reactions wouldn’t lie.

Any attack must be charged before it was launched. Otherwise, your attack would be weak and pose no threat to the other party.

As long as you carefully used your eyes and ears to observe your opponent and listened to the wind, you could predict what the other party was going to do.

“Three,” said Angel’s voice.

The muscles in her left calf were tightening. Is she going to use her left leg? I wondered.

“Two.”

No, she was just adjusting the center. Her body was leaning back. It was a left!

Sure enough, Angel didn’t count to one before she threw a punch.

I raised both fists in front of me and blocked it!

Before I could feel happy about this, Angel quickly changed her move. She didn’t seem to have a time interval between the two moves. The force on her left fist was real, and her right fist attacked with great force.

I was forced back by her swift and fierce punches.

Her punches became more and more powerful. In contrast, my parry became weaker. I knew that my next punch would not be able to keep up with her speed and I was immediately knocked to the ground.

I had to find a chance to counterattack!

I made up my mind and retracted my hands. I took the punch head-on. Taking advantage of the opening, I threw myself forward and grabbed Angel's waist, stopping her next punch.

Angel only paused for a moment for this change. She moved as fast as lightning. First, she retracted her arms and struggled out. At the same time, she bent her knee and aimed at my injured stomach.

My lower abdomen hurt, but I knew I couldn't let go now no matter what.

This was no longer combat training, but a brawl.

Although my posture was not good, it could restrict Angel's movements. After I grabbed her waist, she could not use her limbs for their usual attacks.

Since I couldn't beat her in combat techniques, I would increase the area of contact with her body. When you were tightly pressed against something, any exquisite technique would fail. This was the only way I could restrict her from using combat techniques.

Since Angel was taller and thinner than me, I expected to have an advantage in weight and center of gravity. I could drag her down by momentum and we'd have a contest of strength.

However, I had underestimated the stability of Angel's lower body. Even though I suddenly charged forward with inertia, I still failed to sweep her to the ground as I had expected.

Chapter 117: Tear Your Head Off

[Margaret's Perspective]

Her lower body was as steady as a rock, stopping my forward momentum.

At the same time, the toughness and explosive power of her muscles became apparent. I felt my head tilting back inch by inch. When she broke free of me, I would be as passive as before.

I mustn't be like this!

With a thought, I relaxed my grip on Angel and used her strength to push with my other arm. We rolled off the side and onto the ground.

My head hurt from the hard concrete surface, but I didn't think Angel felt good either.

I didn't care if I was injured anymore. Even if I couldn't win this battle, as long as I could keep Angel from being unharmed and maintaining that disgusting arrogant face, what I did was worth it.

We rolled a few times. I felt pain in my back. I wondered if the wound had been torn.

Angel looked like I'd finally gotten under her skin. She dropped the sarcastic smile she'd been wearing and stared at me blankly, as if I were dead.

I suddenly felt fear. She exuded murderous intent.

I had felt it from the person who attacked me in the forest. I began to regret agreeing to fight her. I had clearly promised Donald in the morning that I would protect myself. Why should I fight unnecessarily for vindication?

I exhaled, wanting to tell her I'd conceded.

But Angel reached out and pulled my hair. I felt a sharp pain in my scalp that made me speechless.

Angel had already taken the initiative in this battle. She pulled me up from the ground by my hair. I half crouched and tried to break free from her grip, but her grip was too tight. I could only passively follow her pace.

I tried to grab her hand to control my body, but before I could exert myself, Angel wedged me back onto the blanket.

I felt dizzy. Angel had hit me on the back of my head.

Something sticky flowed from my head. In my blurry vision, I saw Angel's figure approaching. I closed my eyes and hugged the vital parts of my head at the last moment, waiting for the beating and pain that would come.

"Margaret!"

"Margaret!!!"

I heard two different cries of alarm, the sharp one coming from my sister, Elizabeth.

And that other deep gorgeous voice.

I suddenly opened my eyes.

Who else could this angry figure be but Donald!

Donald looked even more terrifying than when he locked me in the ward. His face was ashen as he strode up to me and stood between me and Angel. His broad shoulders looked as reliable as a small mountain.

“Donald? I’m just helping her train. And I came at Luna Elizabeth’s invitation.” Angel’s defensive voice sounded in his ear.

“I...” Elizabeth finally said. She looked at the few of us helplessly.

I was about to get up from the ground to speak when Donald ignored the others and bent down to pick me up.

The muscles in his arms were firm and elastic and unexpectedly steady. I felt as if I was being lifted on a good stretcher. He held me to his chest and looked down at me. There was determination in his gray-green eyes.

“I’m sorry...” I whispered.

Donald shook his head at me and reached out to touch my forehead. I thought there must be blood on it.

I felt sorry and frustrated that I was hurt again. Donald must be angry with me again.

Donald turned his gaze to Angel and said coldly, “I thought I had warned you. I’ll tell you again, Angel, get out of here and go back to your own place. If you dare do such a thing again, I’ll tear your head off with my own hands.”

I saw Angel’s body start to tremble.

I buried myself deeper in Donald’s arms. This was my man. He had always belonged to me.

“I told you I was invited. We were much crueler when we trained as commandos. You—”

“Shut the f*ck up, Angel. Get out!” Donald growled.

Angel pressed her lips together and said nothing more, but her eyes were still defiant.

I saw it. I knew Donald saw it too.

Donald didn’t speak again until Angel walked past us.

Donald said sinisterly, “Besides, I don’t want to hear from Margaret that she runs into you again. If you appear in front of her through any means, I will banish you completely in the name of Lycan King.”

I saw Angel pause for a moment, then leave without looking back.

Chapter 118: Compensation

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald carried me all the way back to the ward.

When he picked me up, it was as if all the pain in my body had disappeared. After he put me down, the pain seemed to have returned.

I sat obediently on the bed and let Donald get a doctor to treat my wound.

It was as if just by looking at him, my pain could be reduced. It was said that a Mate's relationship could heal everything. I felt that this was true. As long as Donald was by my side, I could face the entire world fearlessly.

My body was covered in superficial wounds. They were not serious.

After the doctor left, Donald sat down on the edge of the bed with me and looked closely at the wound on my head.

"How are you feeling now?" Donald asked.

"Uh, I don't think there's anything else."

Donald lifted my chin with his hand. I was reflected in his eyes.

Donald said, "The wound on your back was almost healed, but now it's torn."

His stroking fingers seemed to have some kind of magic. I couldn't help but rub my chin against his fingers and say, "So do you want me to stay here until it's healed?"

Donald sighed. "I only let you out for a day and you're already causing this kind of trouble. Why are you training with Angel?"

"It wasn't me. Elizabeth called her over."

"Looks like your family is good at causing trouble."

Donald withdrew his hand. I couldn't argue with Donald.

I had thought that only Elizabeth was a troublemaker, but with what had happened, I was in a lot more trouble than Elizabeth.

"Did you mean what you said today?" I asked.

“What?” said Donald.

“You said you would tear her head off if she does something like that again. Is that true?”

“That’s what I thought at that moment,” Donald said.

“That would be cruel,” I said, frowning.

“I won’t let anyone who hurts you get away,” Donald said. “Besides, she’s already trying to kill you. Do you have to be kind to someone who did this to you?”

“It doesn’t make sense,” I said, tilting my head in thought. “We can’t treat people exactly the way they treat us. Besides, she’s your ex, isn’t she?”

Donald looked at me for a moment, then suddenly laughed. He scratched my nose and said, “What are you trying to find out from me, Coyote?”

“I’m not,” I denied. “But what happened today made me realize the difference between me and a real warrior. With my strength, if I go to battle, I’ll die for nothing.”

Donald’s smile faded. He looked at me quietly and said, “It’s for this reason that I was unwilling to let you get involved in any battles. You just have to stay here and be protected by me.”

“But you realize that this doesn’t solve the fundamental problem, right? Angel is right about one thing. If I don’t become stronger myself, I don’t have the right to stand by your side.”

“Margaret!”

I put a finger to Donald’s lips and said, “I know you think I don’t need anything to prove myself, but everyone else thinks I do. I don’t want everyone to look down on me.”

Donald opened his mouth and sucked on the finger I had placed beside his mouth. He placed it between his teeth and bit it gently. He said vaguely, “Alright, tell me what you want to do. I’ll support you.”

“Really?” I looked at Donald sideways.

“Anything if you don’t get yourself into more trouble.”

Donald released my fingers and cupped my face in his hands. He spoke seriously.

“Then I want—”

I ran the finger he'd taken teasingly over the back of his hand and let my body get close to his, burying my face in his neck.

I felt Donald's breathing intensify.

These days, I had been staying in the hospital. Donald rarely really inserted himself into me as I was convalescing. Most of the time, he did some borderline sex on the periphery. I knew that he must want me.

"Baby, what do you want to do?" Donald's low and charming voice sounded.

"I think I did something wrong. Can you give me a chance to make it up to you, Donald?"

I reached into his pants.

Donald's panting suddenly became sexy. He was still wearing a neat suit. I guessed that he had just pulled out of some meeting.

My body and hand slid down together. Feeling Donald's gaze, my body quickly felt a familiar rush.

"Make it quick," Donald ordered from above.

My fingertips trembled as I unbuckled Donald's belt. I couldn't wait to free Donald's thing from his underwear. I rubbed it twice with my hand. His proud and upright front end was already hard.

Donald touched my head and said hoarsely, "Shouldn't you apologize for what you did? Eat it."

"..."

"..."

Chapter 119: Affection

[Margaret's Perspective]

A hearty lovemaking session made me and Donald relax.

I lay on Donald. He was panting slightly as he stroked my hair behind me.

"Margaret..." Donald kissed the corner of my lips and called my name. His hot breath landed on my face, making my face itch. A numbing feeling ran through my body.

I put my lips to his face and kissed him intimately.

It was necessary to communicate our feelings in such a way after making love. There was no need for words. We could feel each other's hearts as long as our bodies touched. He needed me, and I needed him. We were the only one for each other, the irreplaceable one in the world.

If I could, I would stay with Donald like this forever. I didn't want to leave him. I felt incomparable satisfaction in Donald's arms.

"I need to go. I have things to do," Donald said softly.

I didn't look up at him. I ran my lips down his neck and kissed his chest.

"You always have a lot on your plate," I said a little desolately.

Donald sat me up in his arms. I straddled his lap. He smoothed my eyebrows with his fingers.

"Yeah, it's not my call," Donald said.

"Promise me you'll come back early."

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Donald smiled at me and said, "Is that all you want?"

"Can I ask for more?" I asked him.

"You can." Donald grabbed my hand and pressed it against his chest. "Do you feel it? This heart is beating because of you. You can ask anything of it."

My heart skipped a beat at Donald's words.

When I looked up, I saw Donald's affectionate gaze.

"Dear Miss Margaret, this evening, in honor of your discharge, would you do me the honor of joining me for dinner?"

As he spoke, Donald extended a hand to me.

Donald's offer sounded wonderful. It was like a date.

I put my hand gently on Donald's and said, "My pleasure."

Donald grinned and took my hand, bringing it to his lips for a kiss.

“It is my pleasure, my queen.”

Before Donald left, I was still staring at Donald’s body enviously. I was proud that I could have such a sexy man and felt pity that he had to put on clothes to cover his muscles that were like small hills.

Donald suddenly stopped putting on his clothes. He looked at me and raised his eyebrows. “If you continue to look like this, I can’t guarantee that our date tonight will go as scheduled. I think a more suitable venue might still be here.”

I rolled my eyes. “We’ll be back here after dinner anyway.”

“In that case, the former seems less important than the latter.”

I got out of bed and buttoned the last few buttons of his shirt.

Donald’s gentle gaze was fixed on me. After buttoning his shirt, I stood on tiptoes. Donald reached out and picked me up. Our lips touched.

“See you tonight,” I said.

“See you tonight.” Donald licked my lips and rubbed my butt with his hand before putting me down.

As I watched Donald leave, I maintained a smile and stood there for a long time.

I could leave the hospital. We had another date that night. How great was that?

What kind of clothes and shoes should I prepare? I wanted to show Donald my best side. This was our first official date. Everything should be perfect. This would become part of our beautiful collection of memories.

Should I prepare some kind of gift for Donald? We were progressing too quickly. There should be some ceremony for dates. Perhaps I should call Elizabeth over. She was very experienced in this area.

I sat thinking on the edge of the bed. I picked up my phone and saw the text bombardment Elizabeth had sent me earlier.

[Where did you and Lycan King go? Are you okay? What’s going on with that Angel?]

[I want to visit you. Give me a message when you see it.]

[Hurry up! Answer me! Message!]

I sighed and texted Elizabeth on my phone.

[I'm in the hospital's original ward. We'll meet in the dining room in the morning. I have something to ask you too.] Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/v/e/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](http://n/o/v/e/l/bin(.)c/o/m)

I had just sent the message when I heard a knock on the door outside the ward.

I looked at the door in confusion. I had just sent it out. Could it be that Elizabeth had already come to look for me? This was too fast. Or could it be that she couldn't hold back and came to look for me before I replied?

She was being too rash. If Donald hadn't left or if Donald and I were still doing something, was Elizabeth still planning to rush in and interrupt us?

” ”

Chapter 120: Pleading

[Margaret's Perspective]

I made up my mind to talk to Elizabeth about this. I had spent enough time with Donald. If I was always interrupted by others, no matter what Donald thought, I was unwilling to accept it.

I went to the door and pulled it open. I was about to put on a stern face and a lecturing stance when I was surprised to find that the person at the door was not Elizabeth but Elliot.

“That was you?”

I hadn't seen Elliot since this morning. I thought that Donald had transferred him away after he stopped watching over me. Now that I suddenly saw him, my first reaction was that Donald had changed his mind for some reason.

‘Has something else happened?’ I asked.

Elliot looked a little different from usual. He usually stood upright and was always full of fighting spirit and serious work. But at this moment, his head was lowered and I couldn't see his expression clearly.

“May I speak inside, Miss Margaret?”

I felt a little strange about this, but I stepped back and let him in.

Elliot did not speak directly after entering. Instead, he stood in the middle of the room and looked a little troubled. His expression made me nervous. The first person I thought of was Donald. I had just separated from Donald. Did something happen to Donald?

“What’s wrong? Say something,” I said anxiously. “Did something happen to Donald?”

“No, no.” Elliot looked like he had finally made up his mind. He looked up at me and said, “I want to talk to you, Miss Margaret.”

“You wanted to see me?”

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“Yes. I wanted to talk to you about Angel,” Elliot said.

Angel. The thought of that name made me feel suffocated.

I was relieved to hear that it wasn’t about Donald. I sat back on the bed and gestured for Elliot to sit too and let him speak slowly.

However, Elliot refused my kind offer. He stood there and said, “I know that Angel did something terrible to you. Her behavior was inappropriate, but Angel is not a bad person. Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/ve/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](#)

As I told you before, she’s just used to plundering and possessing. She sees you as an enemy now, but she doesn’t intend to hurt you.”

I frowned at Elliot and showed him the bruises on my body. “I’m already like this,” I said. “Are you still saying she didn’t hurt me?”

Elliot said hurriedly, “What she did was based on a desire to win. She didn’t do it with malice.”

I stared at him in silence.

Elliot continued, “Angel always had the best. She was the best. I used to think that no one deserved her favor, but the person she liked was His Majesty.

It was really not easy for her to get what she has today. Now that His Majesty has dismissed her because of you, I don’t know what our people will think of her if she goes back like this. She has always been arrogant and can’t bear such humiliation.”

Elliot took a deep breath and said, “I know I’m just one of His Majesty’s men to you, and I have no right to ask you for anything. However, I would like to ask you to plead with His Majesty to let Angel stay.”

I glared at Elliot, trying to see a hint of humor in it, but he looked serious.

This was what he really thought. He wanted me to plead for Angel in front of Donald. Putting aside whether I was willing to do such a thing, it was a question whether I could do it.

I took a deep breath and said, "What makes you think I can change Donald's mind?"

"If you can't do this, no one else can," Elliot said.

The stabbing pain in my back continued to assault me, reminding me of what Angel had done to me.

"I didn't make any of the decisions concerning Angel, and I never said anything to Donald about taking revenge on her. She's the commander of the assault team. This is a dismissal from your Lycan King. It has nothing to do with me," I said coldly.

"Yes, I know you're a good person, Miss Margaret."

Elliot took a step forward excitedly and said, "But you can do this, right? Miss Margaret, I've always respected you. I've done everything His Majesty asked me to do these days. I've done my best for you without any neglect. Please don't argue with Angel for my sake."

"She's the one who's been causing trouble for me!" I shouted at Elliot. "I didn't mess with her! It's her, coming to hurt me repeatedly. All the bruises on my body now are because of her!"

And now you're begging me to plead for someone who hurt me! Why would I do that? You shouldn't have come to me about these things. You should have gone to Angel and told her to behave."