

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 121 - Calm Threat - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 121 - Calm Threat

Chapter 121: Calm Threat

[Margaret's Perspective]

Elliot looked me straight in the eye with a sad expression and said, "She won't do anything like that again. Miss Margaret, I understand your anger, but she's the one who's leaving now. She really worked hard to get to her current position. Because of you, everything will be in vain."

Because of me?? I thought.

Is all this still my fault?

Did I let her use me, plot against me, and abuse me during training?

This is the biggest joke in the world.

"No matter what you say, it's impossible for me to persuade Donald," I said firmly.

I stood up and made a gesture of dismissal. "If there's nothing else, please leave."

Elliot lowered his eyes but did not step back.

The air seemed to have frozen at this moment.

Elliot said in a low voice, "What exactly will it take for you to do this? I'm willing to do it for you. Anything."

Although he was speaking in an abject manner, I felt the aura around Elliot change in that instant.

His aura became scary. He was no longer the usual gentle and harmless guard. He now exuded the aura of a beast, and a dark shadow hung over him.

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At that moment, I felt the same aura from Elliot as I did from the man who attacked me in the forest.

But it disappeared in less than a second, as if everything was just my imagination.

I shook my head. "Elliot, I won't tell Donald about this, but don't even think about asking me to plead for Angel. It's not just this. Even if it's something else in the future, I won't interfere with Donald's decisions for my own reasons."

Elliot gave me a wry smile and said, "Miss Margaret, you're as stubborn as Angel."

He looked at me with a thoughtful expression and said, "If I threaten you, will you agree to what I say?"

I looked at Elliot in shock. He had restrained all expression on his face at this moment. His tone was as ordinary as if he was saying, "I brought you lunch." I almost thought I misheard him.

"What did you say?"

Elliot suddenly reached out and grabbed my wrists, buckling them back together.

He was much taller than me and the position quickly made me feel uncomfortable. I struggled and shouted, "Elliot, what are you doing?"

Elliot didn't push harder but maintained the posture. I tilted my head to look at him. His expression was still calm and expressionless. He said, "Would you want to agree to my request if I do this?"

"Are you kidding me?!" I turned around and finally broke free from Elliot's control.

I ducked to the side and rubbed my wrist. I looked at Elliot warily.

"Miss Margaret, I didn't want to attack you." Elliot gave me an apologetic expression and said, "But I really don't know who else to look for. Can you reconsider my suggestion?"

I was speechless.

"Margaret, what took you so long!"

A loud voice suddenly rang out.

Elliot and I turned together and saw Elizabeth pushing the door and walking in.

"Margaret! Hey, why are you here too?" Elizabeth walked toward us with wide eyes and looked at us suspiciously. "Are you talking about something?"

[Angel's Perspective]

It was raining hard outside, which was good. It would erase all traces of my activities.

No one would notice my whereabouts now. Donald was about to exile me. I was originally someone everyone respected and admired, but now I had become the laughing stock of the entire assault team.

A deposed commander, thanks to that little bitch, Margaret.

I chewed the name between my teeth, wanting to tear her apart.

What was so good about this weak, ordinary, and vulnerable female wolf that bewitched Donald?

My self-esteem would never allow me to lose to someone who was inferior to me in everything. Wasn't she the mate that the Moon Goddess had arranged for Donald? What was the big deal? Everyone would have a mate. If your current mate died, you would have another one. At that time, Donald would forget her.

In the dim light of day, I slipped into the forest.

This was my second contact with 'Master'. This might not be accurate. I had heard of Master a long time ago. He was a genius with some shocking ideas, but we had never met each other.

However, recently, he had been seeking cooperation with me and lobbying me to join his camp.

I didn't consider his suggestion at first. Instead, I was wary of him. I had a feeling that his goal was not as simple as he said. More importantly, I had no intention of betraying the Lycans and Donald. I didn't want to leave the assault team.

Chapter 122: Master

[Angel's Perspective]

But now, I was disappointed in Donald. I had to reevaluate this matter.

The rain was muffled and the forest was silent.

When I arrived at the meeting venue, there was no one around.

My first reaction was that the other party was playing with me. I couldn't help but feel annoyed. Did I have to be so unlucky in everything?

Then I calmed myself quickly.

No, he's not like that, I thought.

He would not do such a boring and meaningless thing. Master seemed to have planned every step with precision. It was seamless and there were no omissions.

The Silver Moon Pack's patrol was set up by me. After repeated adjustments, anyone who walked into the range of the forest would be discovered. Without Donald's permission, it was not easy to meet me here.

Therefore, when Master chose the forest for our meeting venue, I was very suspicious of his identity.

Master initiated contact with me twice.

The first time was after I became the assault team's commander. He somehow got my contact information and extended an olive branch to me. I had thrown myself at Donald and felt that this person who tried to poach me from him was simply crazy.

During that time, Master didn't stop communicating with me. He shared many of his ideas and blueprints for the future with me. I had to say, some of them were very moving.

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It was then that I realized that the rumors about him were true. He was an out-and-out genius with an extremely fertile and magnificent mind.

But everything he said was out of my reach. I didn't think I needed to sacrifice everything I had for an illusory blueprint.

After I arrived at the Silver Moon Pack, Master disappeared for a while.

I thought that he had finally given up trying to rope me in, but I didn't expect him to contact me again the day after I was dismissed by Donald and arrange to meet today.

Master knew my whereabouts so well that I had always wondered if he was in the Silver Moon Pack. The choice of the meeting place deepened my suspicions.

"Is anyone there?" I tried calling out.

But the only response was the patter of the rain. The rain was slowing down. It was about to stop.

Five more minutes. If Master didn't show up, I would head back.

Just as I was about to give up waiting, I suddenly heard the rustling of something moving above my head. Thinking of the recent attacks in the forest, I immediately became vigilant. This person was really blind to dare to attack me.

I swept my gaze sharply above my head, but the movement was fleeting. Other than the sound of leaves, there was nothing.

“Sou—”

I heard something tearing through the air. I dodged to the other side at lightning speed and looked in the direction where the thing was flying. A figure flashed by. I gauged the distance in my heart and knew that I wouldn't be able to catch up no matter what. I lowered my head to look at what the person had thrown to me.

I expected some kind of weapon, but it was just a small sealed bag.

Curious, I opened it. Inside was a letter and a few small bottles. Out of caution, I opened the letter first. There were two sheets of paper inside. One was filled with words. There was a map on the back.

I looked at the short one first. There were only a few lines:

[Dear Angel:

I'm aware of your current situation. Join me and work with me. I'll give you what you want.

P.S. Hope these little bottles will help you.

Master]

It seemed that Master had no intention of meeting me. He had called me here only to make it easier for him to give me the items. The tone of his letter made it seem like he was certain I would choose to cooperate with him.

I snorted. I wasn't very happy with Master's sneaky behavior. His actions didn't show any sincerity in working with me. I wasn't his subordinate, and he might as well forget about ruling me.

I packed everything and walked slowly out of the forest, reading what was written on the long letter.

It was an introduction to the small bottles. It was very detailed. The different colored bottles contained different drugs. The time of use was clearly marked. Some side effects of the drugs were also written.

Some of these had common uses which were familiar to me, such as rendering people unconscious and incapacitating them. However, some of the other uses surprised me. They were simply unheard of.

If the drugs had been invented by Master, he was even more terrifying than I'd thought.

There was a marker on the map on the back of the letter. There was no name written on it. I guessed that was where Master wanted me to go.

I was actually hesitant about whether to join Master.

Chapter 123: Hesitation

[Angel's Perspective]

What Donald did to me might seem like he was just letting me leave the Silver Moon Pack, but in reality, I wouldn't have a place among the Lycans anymore.

No secret could be kept forever. Even if I didn't insist on staying here and went back on his order, everyone would know why I had gone back. I could imagine the taunts I would receive as a commander who was dismissed for angering the Lycan King.

After so many years of development, the Lycan royal family had some entrenched views about rank and status.

Along with the power struggle, everyone's eyes were fixed on their vested interests, and the competition was especially fierce. If you became worthless, you would be eliminated easily.

You would only enjoy dignity and status if you stood taller and stronger than everyone else.

Besides, he had sent me back now and he would have to go back sooner or later. At that time, would he chase me out of the royal family as well? Then I would be discarded like trash by him.

That was why I started to hate Donald. He was actually so heartless and did not consider me at all.

We had a tender relationship in the past.

Most of the things I told that stupid Luna that day were not true. From the beginning, the only person in my heart was Donald.

Donald and I had known each other since we were young. We grew up together in the royal family and had received an aristocratic education since we were young. I thought we were a perfect match.

In order to catch up to Donald and be worthy of his excellence, I had always worked hard to be outstanding among girls. We shared the same views on many things and had always hit it off well.

I believed the teasing of those people from the royal family. I was the only person in the world who could be with Donald.

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From the moment I saw Donald, I determined that he was mine. But I didn't expect Donald to think otherwise. When he rejected me the first time, my heart broke into pieces.

I had always thought that he loved me too. He must have reasons for not being with me. With such a thought in mind, I had never given up on Donald. I was sure that the Moon Goddess would see all this and arrange for us to be together.

But I didn't expect that the Moon Goddess would betray me. What kind of mate did she choose for Donald!

It was widely believed that a mate increased a werewolf's strength. But what if your mate wasn't strong enough in the first place? How was she going to provide you with power? She'd just devour that part of you, and then your power would be weakened.

With that thought, I made up my mind.

Even if it was not for myself, I couldn't let Donald be with Margaret for his sake.

Donald was the Lycan King. Whatever he did would bear upon the stability of the Lycan's rule. He could not become weak and incompetent. He had to be able to support the Lycans and lead us to prosperity.

Donald didn't want me now. It didn't matter. I still had time and patience.

I could leave first, but Margaret had to leave Donald's side too. Donald didn't need an incompetent mate like her.

As I mentally planned what I was going to do, I saw a familiar figure in the distance, in front of my residence. His figure stood out in front of my house. I recognized his signature bronze skin immediately. It was my cousin, Elliot.

I tucked the letters into my shirt and walked toward him as if nothing had happened.

Elliot saw me too. He turned to me and called, “Angel.”

I stopped and said, “Is there something Donald wants to tell me?”

Elliot shook his head.

“Then we have nothing to say.”

I looked straight ahead as I walked past Elliot. I didn’t care about any news about anyone now except Donald.

“Wait.” Elliot grabbed my shirt and felt the moisture on it. He frowned at me and said, “You’re all wet. It was raining earlier. Where did you go?”

“What? I’m not the assault team’s commander now. Do I have to report to you, the new commander, wherever I go?” I mocked.

I was already unhappy with Donald’s arrangement. Elliot had always been just Donald’s follower. What did he know about the assault team? Why did he have to fill my position?

“I didn’t mean that,” Elliot said, letting go.

“That’s good,” I said haughtily. “Then you can see that my clothes are wet. Will you let me into the house to shower and change?”

“Okay,” Elliot said, lowering his eyes. “Can you come out later? I have something to tell you.”

I looked at Elliot and easily saw what he was thinking. I flatly refused. “I have nothing to say to you.”

Chapter 124: Strange Feelings

[Angel’s Perspective]

Elliot stared at me blankly, stunned by my direct refusal.

For a moment, I couldn’t bear it. “If you have something to say, say it now.”

“But your clothes are still—” Elliot began.

“Are you going to tell me or not?” I was getting impatient with Elliot’s attitude.

“I…” Elliot said as if he had made a decision. “I want you to stay.”

I lowered my eyes and looked at him. "This is Donald's decision. I can't stay just because I want to."

"That's because you hurt his mate, the innocent girl," Elliot said.

"Innocent?" I sneered. "What right does she have to be Donald's mate? If Donald dares to bring her back, do I need to tell you how much trouble it will cause in the royal family?"

Elliot was silent for a moment. Then he said, "In any case, that's His Majesty's decision. It's none of our business. Angel, let's not do anything beyond our duty. Go apologize to His Majesty now and plead with him. He'll allow you to stay on account of your past."

I looked away and said, "Do you think I haven't tried? Donald wanted me to leave before what happened today. I explained it to him, but it was useless. I won't beg Donald for anything again."

"Angel..."

Elliot's persistence annoyed me. I couldn't control my temper and said, "Why do I always have to ask for his forgiveness? Just because he's the Lycan King? Why?! I didn't do anything wrong. If he can dismiss me now because of his mate, he can do other things because of her later. Does he remember his responsibility as the Lycan King?"

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Elliot looked at me but said nothing.

I continued, "Donald became unlike himself because of his mate. This is all his mate's fault. You shouldn't be thinking about persuading me now, but persuading Donald to return to his former self."

"But I don't want you to go," Elliot whispered.

I looked at Elliot. There was a struggle in his eyes.

I could see his feelings for me clearly in his eyes. I had long known that Elliot looked at me differently. I had seen that look in many boys' eyes. I was used to it. He was no different from other people who wanted to please me for various reasons.

Elliot might be an excellent fighter, but that was enough to make me despise him.

If a person wanted something, he had to work hard to fight for it. This had always been my principle in life.

Elliot, as a man, did not have as much courage as I did. He always looked at me with desire and struggle, always holding himself back.

I didn't appreciate this kind of forbearance. Competition, plunder, and possession were the signs of a man's guts.

Putting all this aside, his feelings for me were too strange.

I had no intention of continuing this conversation. I put on a disdainful expression and said, "So what do you want?"

I looked at Elliot's confused expression and repeated, "What do you want me to stay for?"

Elliot's mouth dropped open as if he understood the meaning of my words.

I had no such meaningless emotions as sympathy and pity. I said mercilessly, "Haven't your strange thoughts faded, cousin?"

I deliberately emphasized the last two syllables.

Elliot's face flushed and turned pale by turns. I ignored his dazed look and turned to walk into my house.

[Donald's Perspective]

The episode that happened in the morning did not affect my mood much.

Angel should have been dealt with a long time ago. I hadn't done enough to make her give up.

I thought about Margaret's smile when we parted. I couldn't help but smile too. I was already looking forward to the evening, but for now, I had to focus on my work.

I had an appointment with Armstrong and Dr. Benjamin this afternoon to interrogate the werewolf held in Armstrong's basement.

During this time that he was holding the werewolf, Armstrong's interrogation had not made any progress and he had not obtained any useful information.

Then Armstrong told me yesterday that the werewolf in the basement was about to collapse.

I asked him what was going on. Armstrong said that they didn't use any excessive methods on that werewolf, but yesterday, that werewolf suddenly foamed at the mouth, just like the dead werewolf in the ward before.

We all suspected that they had been injected with the same drug. However, the werewolf in the basement was physically stronger, so he lasted longer. Now, it was time to use the drug to extend his life.

Fortunately, after I told Benjamin about this, he said that based on his current research, he could make a replica of the drug the other party took. It might not be as effective as the other party's, but it could at least keep him alive.

Chapter 125: Insufficient Medicine

[Donald's Perspective]

When the three of us reached the basement, the werewolf was unconscious.

Benjamin stepped forward to check his breathing and nodded at us to show that he was still alive.

"Do you want to give him this drug now, Your Majesty?"

Benjamin carefully took a small bottle from inside his shirt. The liquid inside was orange-red.

Benjamin said apologetically, "My medicine isn't as pure as theirs. Perfect medicine should be pink, but to ensure effectiveness, I made some extra. It will definitely work."

Armstrong looked curiously at the small bottle in Benjamin's hand.

I groaned. "If we don't give him enough drugs, will he wake up?"

"As long as there's an effective constituent, it'll work. If there's not enough, it'll only wake him up for a short time. His life will be in danger soon."

"Then give him a little amount that will wake him up," I ordered.

Benjamin gave me a puzzled look but carried out the order.

I turned to Armstrong and said, "Didn't get any useful information out of him?"

Armstrong shook his head. "It's all irrelevant," he said. "He's very cunning. He was always trying to skirt the topic. He even tried to get information out of us."

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So far we don't know anything except that his name is Blackie. That's the name. We can't be sure it's his real name."

I turned my gaze to the werewolf who called himself Blackie, who had just been injected by Benjamin. "Maybe we'll get more answers today," I said.

Benjamin had said earlier that the enemy was using the drug to control them, and that the drug was extremely addictive.

Benjamin's drug could have the same effect then.

A person's willpower might be able to fight pain and torture, but it was difficult to fight a physiological reaction. That was the scary thing about this drug. It drove the werewolf's physical reaction, making human nature submit to bestiality.

This captive in front of me had hurt Margaret and almost killed her. Whatever I did to him was reasonable.

In fact, it was a mercy that he was still alive. If he hadn't been useful, I would have torn his throat out in the forest and made him pay for his sins with blood.

And I had to admit that although this behavior was cruel, it was extremely effective. Because of this, the use of this drug should never be extended. Once more people knew that such a thing existed, someone with ulterior motives would use it for evil. It would cause social unrest and affect the stability of all werewolf packs.

"It'll take some time for him to recover," Benjamin judged, flipping Blackie's eyelids. "About 10 to 15 minutes. The dose I gave him will keep him awake for an hour, but I'm afraid he'll only be able to communicate effectively for half an hour. The second injection has to be done within 12 hours at the latest, or he'll be dead."

"We have enough time." Armstrong and I looked at each other.

I asked Benjamin, "How much of this drug did you make?"

"Because it's only in the experimental stage and I didn't make much. I only used it for research and didn't think that it would be useful. At the moment, there's only a sufficient amount. If I inject all of it into him now, it can probably last until his next attack. It'll be about a week."

Benjamin hesitated, then said, "But I'm not sure that the current method of multiple injections in small doses will affect him. If the cycle is shortened, then the timing is still uncertain."

"A week... Given our situation, we might not keep him alive until then," Armstrong said.

I did a mental calculation and asked, "Benjamin, you didn't take long to make this drug, did you?"

Benjamin nodded and said, "They're all common materials. It's not complicated. The difficult part is how to improve the drug."

"That's enough for now. You can continue your research, but don't make any more drugs. If there are any failed experiments, you have to destroy them," I said solemnly. "I told you before to keep this a secret. Do you remember?"

Benjamin said quickly, "I haven't told anyone about this."

I nodded slightly. "That's good. You have to keep it a secret in the future. This drug is too dangerous. It can't be used by someone with ulterior motives."

"I understand, Your Majesty," Benjamin said.

"Ah—ah—!"

There was a sudden muffled roar in the room. All three of us turned to look. Blackie slowly opened his eyes in front of us. His blood-colored wolf eyes glared at us.

Chapter 126: Do You Think So Too?

[Margaret's Perspective]

After Elliot left without a word, I saw Elizabeth look strangely at his departing back.

"What happened to him?" Elizabeth asked.

I didn't know how to answer Elizabeth. What Elliot had just done to me was completely unexpected. In my mind, Elliot wasn't like that. He shouldn't have said such rude things to me and acted so abruptly.

I wanted to tell Donald what Elliot did to me, but I was a little afraid of what Donald would do to Elliot.

His attitude toward Angel more or less frightened me. In any case, Elliot was a good person in my heart, and he was Donald's right-hand man. I didn't want Donald to lose his beta because of me. Something must have happened to Elliot, but from my perspective, I couldn't ask him or anyone else.

I scratched my head irritably and began to change the subject. "What did you say you were going to do?" I asked.

"Margaret!" Elizabeth shouted, staring at me with round eyes.

I sighed. "Do you still want to know about Angel?"

Elizabeth looked nervous again. She grabbed my arm to check and tried to lift my shirt to look. I stopped her quickly.

"Are you physically okay?" Elizabeth asked with a frown. "When I came back, I saw the two of you rolling on the ground together. It looked intense. Then she threw you out. Why would you think to fight her? You're definitely not her match."

Elizabeth's words were really awful.

"But you guys looked terrible like that. It's nothing like the way Anthony usually trains with us. You look..."

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Elizabeth seemed to be choosing her words carefully. Finally, she chose one she felt was appropriate and said with certainty, "Violence. These are all acts of violence."

"Battles aren't always like that," I said. "We're like this because Angel hates me. Does she think I've taken something from her?"

Elizabeth looked surprised. "You took something from her," she said. "How?"

"Don't you understand now? The person she likes is Donald."

"Lycan King?! Your Mate??? How is that possible? That's not what she told me," Elizabeth said.

I sensed something sharply. "What did she tell you?" I asked.

"No, that's impossible," Elizabeth muttered.

I gave up on pressing Elizabeth and followed what she had just said. "From what I know, it's very likely that she and Donald had a past, and Angel has been brooding about it. So, that's what you see."

Elizabeth's eyes widened and she covered her mouth with both hands.

"Oh my God, what a stupid thing to do then." Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/v/e/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](http://n/o/v/e/l/bin(.)c/o/m)

"You're not to blame," I said with a shrug. "After all, you didn't know about this. I didn't want to tell you before because I didn't want you to know that I was troubled by Donald's past. That would make me, uh..."

I paused and said, "A little petty and weak? But now that it has happened, I don't have to hide it from you."

"I ran into Angel last night. She told me that she liked the people she grew up with. She even said that she wanted to apologize to you. That was why I agreed to come with her."

Elizabeth explained, sounding depressed. "I really didn't expect this, Margaret. I'm sorry about this."

It was my turn to stare. I hadn't expected Elizabeth to apologize to me.

Elizabeth took my hand and continued. "So the reason she did such a terrible thing was all because she thought you'd stolen her Mate?"

I nodded. 'That's probably what she thinks,' I replied.

Elizabeth blinked and was silent for a moment. Then she said softly, "What about you?"

"Me?" I asked Elizabeth, puzzled.

"Was that what you thought when I was with Armstrong?" Elizabeth looked uneasy.

"You didn't do anything crazy like Angel, but do you hate me in your heart like she does?"

I never expected Elizabeth to mention this to me.

I looked at Elizabeth's expression. She was indeed looking depressed. She had obviously never thought too deeply about this before. She had never even known that it would hurt me. But now that she realized it, she cared about my feelings, which surprised and comforted me.

Perhaps after becoming Luna, she had really grown up a lot. She had started to think from the perspective of others and learned to take on her responsibilities.

Chapter 127: I Never Hated You

[Margaret's Perspective]

Elizabeth seemed to get the answer from my silence. Her shoulders slumped visibly.

"Oh no..." Elizabeth cried softly.

Should I lie to Elizabeth? Those things were in the past after all, and I had walked away from them. There was no point in pursuing anything from the past. It was more

important that the people who mattered to me were happy, and that the things I cared about would go smoothly in the future.

I shook my head. “No, Elizabeth,” I said.

Some hope rekindled in Elizabeth’s eyes. She looked straight at me, her mouth still pursed, and said, “Don’t lie to me, Margaret. How can you not be sad?”

I took her hand and said to her seriously, “But I can’t hate you anyway, Elizabeth. You’re my sister. We’re family. Have you forgotten? We’ve been one since before we were born.”

Elizabeth looked a little better, but she still looked at me worriedly, waiting for me to continue.

“I was indeed very sad about this during that period of time. I was in a bad state. But I never hated you. If I did harbor hatred, it might have been toward Armstrong. After all, I really loved him.”

At this point, I watched Elizabeth’s expression carefully, afraid that this remark would upset her. However, she did not react.

“But how could I hate you? You didn’t do anything wrong. He’s just the mate that Moon Goddess arranged for you. You didn’t choose him, did you?”

I stroked Elizabeth’s hair and said, “And I don’t hate anyone now. I have Donald. This is the best thing that has happened to me in my life. Speaking of which, these fates are destined. I don’t blame you. I sincerely wish you two a good life together.”

Elizabeth’s body relaxed bit by bit with my words. Before I could finish, she hugged me.

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I was stunned for a moment before patting her back to comfort her.

Then I heard Elizabeth’s slightly rapid breathing against me. Immediately, I felt my shoulders become wet. I realized that it was Elizabeth’s tears.

This realization stunned me.

“Margaret, you’re so kind!” Elizabeth sobbed. “But even if you don’t hate me, I know Armstrong hates me. I know it! He doesn’t want me to be his Mate. All he’s ever wanted is you. He doesn’t talk to me or touch me. I’m like the air in his house. I moved out because I felt too awkward.”

I didn't know what to say. I just kept patting her back gently and running my other hand down the back of her head to touch her hair.

Elizabeth had never opened her heart to me like this. I felt Elizabeth's body in my arms and realized that she had indeed lost a lot of weight. Her back felt like a skeleton. There was almost no flesh covering it.

I felt my heart ache. Elizabeth had always been the most favored one at home. I didn't expect her to suffer so much with Armstrong.

I knew what Armstrong had always thought of me. I thought I had warned him. Elizabeth was good at sugarcoating things. I thought they were trying to get better together. What could I do to help Elizabeth?

I racked my brains but couldn't think of a suitable solution.

Maybe separate them? If Armstrong wasn't a good Mate, and Elizabeth and Anthony got along... No, the pain of rejecting a Mate wasn't something Elizabeth could accept. I dismissed the thought from my mind. Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/v/e/l/bin\(.\)/c/o/m](http://n/o/v/e/l/bin(.)/c/o/m)

Then we could only let them be together. Elizabeth still looked like she wanted to do that. That left us with Armstrong. How could we get him to change his mind and realize that Elizabeth was the one and only person who belonged to him? I was even beginning to regret saying too many bad things about Elizabeth to Armstrong in the past.

"Margaret..." Elizabeth's voice sounded weak after the crying. "Can I ask you to talk to Armstrong?"

Elizabeth sat up beside me and wiped her tears. "He never listens to me properly," she said. "But he will listen to you."

Elizabeth pursed her lips and looked stubborn for once. "I just want to know what he thinks of me. And..."

Elizabeth turned her head to the side. Her voice became barely audible. "Would he choose to reject me?"

I felt that Elizabeth was being ridiculous for saying such a thing.

How could Armstrong refuse Elizabeth? How could a pack's Alpha refuse to let his mate become Luna?!

I couldn't imagine the sense of failure Elizabeth felt. What had Armstrong done to turn my sister, who had always been arrogant to the point of overbearing, into this! I would never allow anyone to do this to Elizabeth.

Chapter 128: I Can't Resolve It

[Margaret's Perspective]

I nodded at Elizabeth and said firmly, "I'll go now. He can't refuse you, Elizabeth. Perhaps you'll help me prepare my clothes and makeup for tonight? I might need your help when I get back later. I have a date with Donald. You've always been the best at this."

Elizabeth's eyes lit up at my words, and she nodded quickly.

"I'd love to do it. Thank you so much, Margaret. You've always been the best sister."

Elizabeth wrapped her arms around my neck. I felt her thin arms and my heart ached.

It was still drizzling outside. I didn't find an umbrella, so, full of fury, I went straight to Armstrong's office.

This was one of the places I used to come often. But the last few times I came, my frame of mind was completely different each time.

Standing at the office door, I took a deep breath and thought about what I was going to say to Armstrong when I saw him.

The door was quiet, which meant that Armstrong wasn't discussing matters with others. It was a good time for me to go in. But maybe Armstrong wasn't there either. If that happened, I would sit there and wait for him. I would catch him off guard when he came in.

Making up my mind, I pushed open the door and entered.

Armstrong was sitting at the desk I knew so well. There was a stack of documents in front of him, but he didn't open them. He was leaning his head on one hand and staring at the ashtray on the table.

He heard me come in, but he didn't look up or even move. He just said, "What happened now? Didn't I tell you not to come in and disturb me unless it's important?"

He sounded tired. It was a heartbreaking sight.

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But I told myself that these things shouldn't be a reason for him to neglect Elizabeth.

"It's me."

I slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

I stood in front of Armstrong's desk and looked at him with a straight face.

"Margaret?" Armstrong looked up with a puzzled expression.

Armstrong looked as bad as his voice. Although he was dressed appropriately and his hair had been carefully styled, it was obvious that this was just an image that he had to maintain as an Alpha.

There were dark circles under his eyes. He looked like he hadn't had a good night's sleep in a long time. Moreover, his eyebrows were almost knitted together, and he looked bitter.

"Why are you here?" Armstrong asked.

I made a fist to avoid focusing on anything else.

"I'm here about Elizabeth," I said. "What did you do to her? Why did she come home instead of staying in your house? Did you ever really care about her?"

She's your Mate now. You should focus on her instead of caring about me for no reason. I have my Mate. Don't do anything stupid again!"

Armstrong looked up and met my eyes. He said nothing.

I took a step forward and slapped his desk with both hands. "Armstrong, did you hear me?" I shouted.

Armstrong looked at my hands and extended his as well. I thought he was trying to pull me, and instinctively pulled back, but Armstrong only gathered the papers on the desk that I had shaken loose.

He glanced up at me and said in a weak voice, "I understand, Margaret."

"Then go settle it," I said. "I don't want to see Elizabeth like that again."

"I can't resolve it," Armstrong said.

"What? How? No way," I shouted at Armstrong angrily.

"Elizabeth is your Mate. She can give you power, and you can give her power. Everything between you is mutual. If she can't be happy, you won't be in a good state. Look at you now. Doesn't that explain everything?"

You have to deal with the problem of the pack. You're Alpha, and your pack is Luna. You can only lead the pack to do better if you're together."

I simply did not understand why I had to tell Armstrong these reasons.

"It's because I'm an Alpha that I can't." Armstrong let out a long sigh and said, "When I was with Elizabeth in the beginning, I thought she was great. But I'm an Alpha, and she can't help me. That's why we became like this."

"Why can't she help you...?" My voice trailed off.

"You know what I'm talking about, don't you?" Armstrong said. "Normally, I would have taken my time with her. I wouldn't need her to do anything. But things are different now. I need a Mate who can keep up with me, not a little girl who needs me to teach her everything. I don't have the time for that."

Chapter 129: Starting a War

[Margaret's Perspective]

"But she's your Mate. You're meant for each other. This meaning doesn't just exist in the pack..."

"Stop it, Margaret." Armstrong suddenly became irritable. "I just don't have the time to care about my Mate. I don't care. Do you know what your Mate, your good Lycan King, told me today?"

We interrogated a captive in my basement and pried some things out of him that we didn't know before. I'm not at liberty to tell you, but these things made the Lycan King decide to attack the enemy."

I was shocked by Armstrong's sudden emotion.

Armstrong glanced at me, his eyes filled with conflict and pain. "The Lycan King had sent new people over. I knew about this. I thought these people would just be setting up defenses, but he told me today that these support people would be deployed to attack. Attack? That's starting a war."

I was shocked by Armstrong's choice of words.

War?? I thought. What's that? Donald has actually decided to do something like that...

Armstrong waved his hands agitatedly and said, "We've been under attack all this time. These are enough. But once we attack, there will only be more casualties!"

“This might not mean much to the Lycans. They were originally a team nurtured for battle, but our pack is different. How can we fight the enemy? Once the war starts, no one can avoid it. Our pack will lose people. Those who die will be our people!”

“We are initiating an attack...?” I repeated Armstrong’s words softly.

“Not us. The Lycans,” Armstrong said stiffly.

I didn’t understand what was going on, but if Donald made such a decision, something desperately serious must have happened. However, he didn’t tell me anything, so I had no way of knowing.

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War. The word was too remote from me.

What I had experienced in the forest was already the most terrifying thing that had happened to me. *What would a real war be like?*

Would Donald go and fight? Would he be hurt? Would he die?

Just thinking about this possibility made my heart ache so much that I felt like I was suffocating.

Armstrong looked at me and his eyes regained their composure. His gaze dropped and he stared at the table as he apologized to me. “I’m sorry, Margaret. I shouldn’t have told you this.”

Armstrong smiled bitterly at me. “You’re right. I should treat Elizabeth well. You have no need to digest my negative emotions.”

I didn’t answer Armstrong. I just tapped my fingers on the table and thought about this.

“How do you plan to attack the other party and when?”

“I can’t tell you that,” Armstrong said.

I looked at the calm Armstrong and suddenly said, “Actually, you approve of such an operation, don’t you?”

I said quickly, “At the speed that we’re being attacked, it seems that the opponent won’t stop. Instead of waiting for death, it’s better to take the initiative to attack. Staying where we are and trembling will only wear down everyone’s will and tire us out. This state won’t last long. The best defense is attack. This is the best solution.”

“That’s hard to say, Margaret.”

Armstrong sighed and sat back in his chair.

“Of course I don’t want to be passive and get beaten. We would be done for then. And as you said, this isn’t a long-term solution.”

Armstrong frowned and said, “But I’m the Alpha. I have to think about the entire pack. I initially hoped that the Lycan King would come up with a solution to minimize the loss of lives in the pack. Now it seems that I’ve been too simplistic.”

Armstrong rubbed the space between his eyebrows and said, “The opponent is more intractable than we expected. And if we start attacking first, whether we succeed or not, it will mean casualties and losses.”

“Maybe these losses won’t be on you or me, but they’re losses nonetheless. I can’t ignore the lives of the people in the Pack just because I want to resolve this matter quickly.”

Armstrong had always been a responsible Alpha. Even when I was at my saddest, I never doubted that.

I wanted to go and discuss this with Donald now.

I turned to leave, but this time Armstrong grabbed my hand.

He raised his eyebrows at me and asked, “Where are you going?”

“I’m going to find Donald.”

“What do you want with him?”

“Of course I’m going to ask him about the attack.” I shook off Armstrong’s hand and looked at him unhappily.

Armstrong didn’t care about my reaction. He just said slowly, “Then how are you going to explain how you know about this? I haven’t informed the people in the pack. This is just a plan for now. I won’t even let everyone know.”

“What do you mean?” I looked at Armstrong in confusion. “Isn’t the attack an important matter?”

Chapter 130: Meeting

[Margaret’s Perspective]

Armstrong sighed and shook his head. “Why are you still the same?” he said.

Suddenly, I understood what he meant.

“Donald knows about our past,” I said.

The surprised expression on Armstrong’s face remained for a moment, then turned thoughtful. “Now I finally understand something.”

“What?”

Armstrong smiled and said, “You don’t need to know that, Margaret.”

“Is he upset about you?” I asked.

“No, he isn’t,” Armstrong denied. Then he said, “It’s just that sometimes I sense a little hostility. I didn’t know where that hostility came from before, but now I do.”

Armstrong took a step back and said, “But my advice as a friend is that it’s best if you don’t ask the Lycan King about this. And don’t let him know that you found out from me.”

“I don’t understand...”

Armstrong sighed and said, “I don’t mean to be rude, Margaret, but you’re an idiot at this sort of thing sometimes.”

He reached out as if to pat my head, then stopped awkwardly in midair. Then he scratched his head. “No man likes his mate to interact with other men in private. The more he cares about you, the angrier he will be about this.”

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“Then perhaps you should learn how to treat your mate from Donald.”

I succeeded in startling Armstrong with my words.

“Treat Elizabeth well. Don’t make me come looking for you again.”

Throwing down the last words, I turned and left Armstrong’s office.

Now I had to go to the dinner that Donald had prepared for me.

While Elizabeth was applying makeup on me with hands that could work magic, I received the address of the restaurant from Donald via Mindlink.

I tried to invite Elizabeth to go with me, but she refused on the grounds that she didn’t want to ruin our date. Besides, she said she was going to see Anthony tonight, so I let it go. And to be honest, I didn’t want a third person present on my rare date with Donald.

As I followed the route Donald had given me to the restaurant, I saw Donald's tall figure from afar.

He was always the most eye-catching anywhere. Be it people or scenery, they all paled in comparison to him. Even though it was getting dark, he could still catch my eye at the first moment.

I saw him raise his eyebrows at me. I gave him a big smile.

As the Lycan king who had always been at the top of the food chain, he might not be able to experience the fear of an ordinary werewolf.

Elizabeth would flinch at the mere mention of battle, let alone others. And I was certain that there were many like Elizabeth.

We had all been in a peaceful environment for too long and were completely unprepared for war. We didn't even feel that war would really come.

Donald and his subordinates might be able to kill the opponents easily, but there were only a few people who could fight like them.

What topic should I start with to effectively make Donald understand this? I thought of Armstrong's advice. Perhaps he was right. I shouldn't bring it up.

As I approached Donald, he wrapped his arms around my waist and picked me up. I wrapped my arms around his neck and leaned myself against his firm chest.

"Is everything going well?" His deep and sexy voice vibrated against my eardrums. I felt my heart tingle at his voice.

"Great." I stared at his lips and wanted to kiss them.

As soon as I saw Donald, I seemed to have forgotten everything.

"But I don't think it's good," Donald said, sniffing.

"Huh?" I tilted my head and looked at him. He smelled delicious.

Donald raised my hand to his nose and frowned. "Why do you smell like that Alpha?"

I hadn't expected Donald to have such a keen sense of smell. This was the hand that Armstrong had pulled in the afternoon.

"Uh, because of Elizabeth, I went to see him..." I thought about it and felt that it would be difficult to explain in a few words. Moreover, it would be easy to let slip about launching an attack. I was very worried that this discussion would ruin our evening.

I decided to play dumb. I pressed my lips to Donald's ear and said in a breathy voice, "Do you really want to talk about this tonight?"

I felt Donald's fingers scratch my body. His tense expression cracked because of my actions. He looked away unnaturally and said, "Don't try to fish in troubled waters. Tell me the truth."

"How do you want me to explain?" I bit Donald's ear.