

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 131 - Take Off Your Clothes - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 131 - Take Off Your Clothes

Chapter 131: Take Off Your Clothes

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald carried me straight to the dining room.

Obviously, Donald had it specially decorated for our dinner. There were flowers on the table, and music was playing on the restaurant's stereo. The ambience was great but not a single other guest could be seen. It seemed that Donald had cleared the restaurant in advance.

Since Donald and I were together, we rarely had the chance to enjoy a quiet and beautiful evening together. I was surprised and happy when he sat me down. As he sat down opposite me, I couldn't help but ask, "Why did you have time to set up these things today?"

He smiled at me and said, "I think we should do what ordinary mates do."

I almost melted under Donald's gaze. I didn't want to think about anything else. Only Donald occupied my thoughts.

Snatching a moment of leisure like this gave me a kind of indulgent pleasure.

No matter how bothersome the outside world was, I cherished the people around me. I wanted to temporarily put aside my adult responsibilities and just follow my heart.

Naturally, the dishes for the dinner were prepared with utmost care. When the plates for the dessert were cleared, I rubbed my stomach in satisfaction.

This date was perfect from every angle.

"Alright, shouldn't we settle the score now?" Donald's lips curled into a sinister smile as he licked his lips.

"What score?" At this moment, I still didn't realize the danger I was in.

"How dare you flirt with me before dinner when you brought someone else's scent here?" Donald put on a cold expression.

.....

“I was...” I met Donald’s gaze and couldn’t help but gulp. “How do you want to settle the score with me?”

“What do you think?”

“I’m your mate. You can do whatever you want.”

Donald looked at me teasingly. “If you can do anything... take off your clothes.”

“What?” I was stunned by Donald’s sudden move. “Here?”

“Yes, now, here.” Donald’s gaze was fixed on me, and his tone was urgent and unyielding. “You said yourself that you’re my mate. So listen to me and take off your clothes.”

“I...” Donald’s lustful gaze licked me inch by inch. I felt that my body was fired up because of his order. I also wanted to indulge myself and do something exciting with him.

“Why? Are you unwilling?”

I stood up shyly and reached for the strap on the back of my dress. Halfway through, I said to Donald, “Can you draw the curtains?”

Although this restaurant was on the top floor and there was only an empty space outside the window, the open window and the contrast between the bright interior and the dim exterior made me feel a little uneasy.

Donald didn’t say anything. I knew that it meant that he didn’t agree, so I simply took off the dress. When I was only wearing my underwear, I felt a little ashamed.

Donald was neatly dressed, and he was even wearing a standard formal suit for a banquet, while I was only wearing two thin pieces of fabric.

I rested my fingers on the strap of my bra and began to hesitate. I raised my eyes to observe Donald’s reaction.

He was sitting in a chair. Part of my clothes was piled at his feet. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking.

He looked at me with no expression in his eye and gave a brief order, “Continue taking off your clothes.”

For a moment, I was aroused by Donald’s attitude.

I threw my underwear to the floor and looked at him provocatively.

Donald's eyes darkened again, which made me feel a little smug. I tried to take the initiative, recalling the poses of models I had seen in the past as I walked towards him.

"Then what? What else do you want me to do?"

I put my hand on Donald's shoulder and showed him my body.

Donald raised his eyes. His gaze swept down from my face and fixed on my chest. His shifting gaze turned me on and my body was fired up.

"Closer."

I moved two more steps forward. Now my legs were tightly pressed against his thighs. My breasts were almost touching his chin.

"Closer."

Our bodies were already next to each other. I didn't know how else to get closer.

I stood in front of Donald while he sat. This made my head slightly higher than his. However, it was enough for Donald to have to look up at me. This angle was novel to me.

However, even though Donald was shorter than me, his gaze was not weakened at all. Instead, it was deep and scary.

Chapter 132: Sit Up

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald's gray-green eyes focused on me, and his full lips parted slightly.

"Ah..."

Donald bit my nipple. I wanted to retreat, but Donald reached out and pressed my body down, imprisoning me in his arms.

I felt the most sensitive part of my body instantly wrapped up in a warm and damp place. What followed was continuous and powerful sucking. I felt a hot numbing sensation spread from my nipple to my entire body. My body trembled as if I had been electrocuted.

I looked down and saw Donald's head pressed against my chest. From my angle, I could see his slightly red lips pressed tightly against my breasts. He kept licking and circling them with his rough tongue. I could almost hear him swallowing.

Momentarily, I felt my ears burning as if I was being roasted by a fire. Donald's actions made me feel comfortable and ashamed. Even the depths of my body reacted. Shame and pleasure came, wave after wave. I couldn't help but let out a low moan. I subconsciously clamped my legs and sent my chest into Donald's mouth.

However, Donald let go at this moment. I looked down at him in confusion.

I saw that my nipples had been sucked red by Donald's actions. They were erect and had sparkling saliva on them. On the other hand, my breasts were still white, but they were also slightly perky because of my excitement. It was as if they were waiting for someone to take a bite. It was simply obscene.

I gripped Donald's shoulders and steadied my breathing in front of him.

I heard him whisper, "Baby, sit up."

My eyes widened slightly and my face began to burn.

"Don't..."

.....

Donald seemed to have lost his patience. His hand behind me pressed me even harder toward him. I lost my balance for a moment and cried out. I almost fell directly onto Donald and placed my elbow on his shoulder to steady myself.

My chest hit Donald's rough collar. It felt numb and itchy. I could barely suppress the moan that was about to escape my mouth. For a moment, I was extremely embarrassed. I was the one who wanted to seduce Donald, but I got into such a passive position so easily.

I struggled to stand up straight, but Donald's hands were already on my thighs. He exerted a little strength and pressed me down. I was sitting on him with my legs wide open.

Although I was stark naked, Donald was still fully clothed. My bare skin pressed tightly against his well-made suit pants. At first, I felt my warm flesh touching the slightly cool fabric. The fine wool was rubbing against my softest skin.

I didn't dare to sit down forcefully. I had to raise my butt slightly and grip Donald's shoulder tightly.

“Donald...”

“Yes?”

This position made me uncomfortable. I was too embarrassed to tell Donald what was wrong.

In my nervousness, I found a lame excuse. “Is it heavy for me to press on you like this... put me down...”

My voice trailed off as Donald watched me. I hung my head and started to unbutton his shirt.

Donald reached out, lifted my chin, and leaned over to kiss me.

I placed my hand on his shoulder and raised my chin slightly to accommodate him. This allowed my butt to leave Donald’s thigh. There was a soft touch on my lips. Donald pecked lightly twice, then pried open my lips and probed. I saw his fluttering eyelashes and my heart raced.

At first, when our lips touched, it was a cool touch, but Donald’s tongue was extremely hot. He swept around my mouth wantonly and domineeringly. My upper jaw was repeatedly licked by his tongue. I couldn’t stand his actions and wanted to shrink back, but I was restrained by his hand.

I had nowhere to run and had to endure this deep kiss that was a little too much for me.

However, this was not the end. Even my tongue was sucked by him. I could hear the sticky sound of saliva as our lips and tongues interlocked. The feeling of being invaded by Donald was especially strong. My heart was beating faster and faster.

When I finally felt that I couldn’t take it anymore, Donald let go of me.

I smelled the unparalleled delicious scent on Donald’s body. Looking at his handsome face, I felt inexplicably comforted. The tough possessiveness in Donald’s kiss made me feel at ease.

“Are you okay?” Donald whispered.

“Not so bad.”

Chapter 133: The Table Under the Moonlight

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I had just recovered from the intense kiss, but Donald was already kissing my neck. When he kissed, it was decidedly erotic. He rubbed his lips down my body, inch by inch, kissing in a meticulous and painstaking manner. From time to time, he would leave red marks in some places. The tip of his tongue slid across my shoulder, leaving a trail of saliva. Its stickiness filled the air.

“Well... Donald...”

I tilted my head back and wriggled against him, as if I wanted to avoid his kiss and cater to him at the same time.

Donald spread his legs slightly. I sat on him with my butt in the air. He grabbed my butt with his fingers and rubbed it hard. I couldn't help but grab his body. I wanted to undo his clothes, but I couldn't.

Donald saw what I was up to. With a low laugh, he grabbed my hand and pressed it against his lower body.

I was shocked at first by what I was holding. Then I blushed and pulled Donald's hot, hard thing out of his pants.

Donald adjusted his posture and used his knees to separate my thighs even more. He pressed his erect penis up against my lower body in a rather obscene manner. He said in a low and hoarse voice, “Are you ready for sex?” *Cheêck out latest novels on n/o/ve/l/bin(.)c/o/m*

The base of my thighs felt hot. My face was burning. Before I could answer him, Donald had already picked me up and pressed me against the dining table where we had just eaten.

Some of the decorations on the table were swept aside by him.

Donald chose a spot by the window. From this angle, we could see the bright moonlight.

I wanted to cover my eyes with my hand in an ostrich-style escape, but Donald took my hand off and looked at me affectionately. His eyes were both wolfish and human.

Donald had one hand between my waist and hip. His fingers pressed back and forth against my waistline, occasionally going below to knead my buttocks. I shivered at his movements and raised my eyes to look at him.

.....

An indescribable throbbing rose in my heart.

The person in front of me was Donald, the Lycan King, and my mate. A wave of happiness washed over me. Gradually, the sense of happiness turned into a stimulating electric current that flowed through my body, finally converging in my lower body.

There was a strange look in Donald's eyes. I realized what was happening. We looked down at the same time and saw the fluid flowing out of my body onto the top of Donald's sex organ, like a lewd stream.

I felt a little embarrassed. I was in heat naked and in heat, but Donald was still neatly dressed. Only his penis was exposed.

Panting, I asked, "Why didn't you undress?"

Donald narrowed his eyes. "Don't you like this?"

I was speechless. This setting, with a fully dressed Donald, indeed turned me on more than usual.

Donald smiled knowingly. He stroked his sex organ unhurriedly and said, "Besides, I want to f*ck you in my clothes."

I stared at his movements and hooked my bare legs around his waist to seduce him. Donald had been teasing me in various ways today, but he did not interrupt me.

But I was tired of waiting.

As expected, Donald noticed my actions. He stopped what he was doing and stared straight at me. My heart skipped a beat under his gaze. For some reason, I felt flustered. I hooked his leg and pulled back.

As soon as I moved, Donald grabbed my calves and hooked them around his waist again. He pressed them even harder.

"Why are you hiding? Wrap around me properly."

Donald pulled me up again to get me closer to him. This time, the lower half of my body was suspended in the air. Half of my weight was hanging on his body, and the wet little hole under me was firmly rubbing against his ready sex organ.

"Uh-huh...!"

The hot hard object rubbed heavily against my swollen flesh and sank into the wet and soft hole. Although it was brief, it was very stimulating.

The lust in my body surged. I couldn't help but cry out. I felt my lower body contract twice and I discharged a small amount of fluid.

Before I could recover from the unexpected pleasure, I felt an obvious soreness in my lower body. I hurriedly said, "Wait... Ah... Ah...!"

Donald's response to me was a hiss as he plunged his thick penis deep.

My vagina, which had been empty for a long time, was suddenly filled. The throbbing meat stick was firmly embedded in the small hole, bringing comfort to every inch of my lewd, itching body.

The words I wanted to say got stuck in my throat.

Chapter 134: Climax

[Margaret's Perspective]

I felt like a fish that was impaled on a chopping board suddenly. All my muscles tensed up in response, and my breath choked in my throat. After a long while, I let out a hoarse throaty sound as if I were choking. Then my entire body trembled uncontrollably. I felt the inner walls of my vagina squirming crazily, oozing out slippery warmth.

As soon as I was inserted, I had an orgasm.

However, Donald did not stop moving. He leaned down and kissed me while pushing his penis deeper into the most sensitive part of my body. I could feel Donald's bulging tendons rubbing against my inner wall. His movements made me gasp again.

I hurriedly said, "Don't, ah... don't move first..."

The sound I made was faint and muffled, like a weak plea.

Donald bit my lip and responded with an even more intense kiss. Now I didn't even have room to breathe, let alone speak. The base of my tongue hurt from his sucking. Saliva slowly flowed from the corner of my mouth, forming glistening water marks on my chin.

I was stunned by this sudden kiss and had to grab the front of Donald's shirt. I didn't know if I should push him away or hug him tighter.

The intercourse of our lower bodies did not stop when we kissed.

Donald hugged me tightly and pressed against me. His strong arms were both protecting and restraining me at this moment. I was firmly imprisoned in his arms. His back kept moving and he kept f*cking me.

Every time he pulled out half of his penis, he couldn't wait to insert it again. It was a pure ferocious collision. His penis pushed deeper into my body each time, causing the wet little hole to surge. Soon there was a sizzling sound of fluid.

I felt the pleasure pressing down on me, and my legs were sore and numb.

After a while, I couldn't take it anymore. My legs, which were wrapped around him, were already drooping weakly. They hung on both sides of the table and were merely swaying along with Donald's movements.

.....

I groaned and tried to raise my waist and push out the foreign object that had invaded my body too deeply.

However, everything I did was useless. This posture made my legs lose their strength. If I wanted to exert strength, I could only wrap them around Donald's waist again. However, this would only allow Donald to go deeper.

I felt like an offering on the altar, giving everything I had for Donald to sample.

I didn't know how much time had passed, but I felt that my consciousness was about to become blurry. Everything around me was fuzzy. Only Donald's sex organ in my body kept pumping. It was firm, fast, and tireless. It continued to bring me unbearable pleasure.

"Can you still take it?"

It took me a moment to realize that Donald was speaking.

"Oh... too much... too deep..."

"Are you feeling unwell?"

As Donald was asking a question, he didn't stop what he was doing. His lower body slowed down slightly as he used his hand to squeeze the breast that he hadn't taken care of just now.

I let out another low moan due to the pressure of his fingers, and then Donald f*cked me several times. My lustful mind finally reacted slowly to what Donald was saying.

I couldn't help but look embarrassed. I bit my lip and wanted to hook Donald's neck.

Donald leaned down cooperatively. I wrapped my arms around him softly. Actually, I didn't have much strength, but I tried my best to get up and kiss Donald on the chin.

I whispered, "No. It's comfortable."

Donald looked at me in surprise.

Immediately, his movements became vicious again. Silently, he rammed his penis in, faster and more forcefully. I moaned as I followed his movements. I wondered how many times he had pulled out and thrust.

Finally, I felt a warm current being released in my body.

I opened my eyes and looked at Donald. There was a little sweat on his forehead. I placed my hands on his shoulders and we exchanged a hot kiss.

After a good time, Donald was the first to move.

He picked up a dishcloth from the side and began to wipe off the various stains under us.

I watched his movements in silence. After the satisfying sex, these details made my face burn. I gave up on the underwear I had just taken off and put on the dress I had come in.

When Donald saw me putting on my clothes, he grinned at me and said, "I also booked a room upstairs."

Then why did you have to do it here? I glared at him, trying to convey dissatisfaction with my eyes.

Donald smiled evilly and shrugged. He threw away the napkin and walked over to me. I wrapped my arms around his waist. I couldn't help but think of how I had wrapped my legs around him. I was so shy that I buried my head in his chest again.

Chapter 135: Sending You Away

[Margaret's Perspective]

"So, do you still want to go upstairs with me and spend the night together?" Donald invited me.

I listened to his deep, sexy voice. Suddenly, I asked that question.

"Will you be starting a war?"

"War?" Donald's playful expression disappeared. His gaze calmed down and he said, "Did Alpha Armstrong tell you this this afternoon?"

I nodded. "Donald, I—"

Donald waved his hand and sat down at the table. He tapped it and said, "Listen to me first."

I looked at him uneasily.

Donald said, "Even if you didn't mention it, I have something to tell you. Do you remember what we talked about before? If the situation here gets serious, I'll consider sending you back to the royal Lycan pack."

I was stunned by Donald's words.

We did discuss this, but that was a long time ago. Then we went through so much, and I thought Donald would want me to stay with him more than before.

"Margaret, I hate to say this to you, but I think it's time." Donald pulled me into his arms and said, "I don't have any intention of starting a war, but I suspect it's inevitable. If we have to start, it's better to strike first than wait for death. At least we won't be passive. I'll do everything I can to avoid conflict and casualties, but I can't guarantee that this place is safe. Can you understand me?"

I felt my lips go dry and couldn't speak for a moment. I could only nod slightly at Donald.

.....

"I talked to Elliot before. He's always prepared." Donald thought for a moment and said, "You can take Elizabeth with you. You'll feel more at ease."

I thought about what Elliot did to me in the ward and couldn't help but want to tell Donald about it now.

No, everything wasn't settled yet. I didn't have to leave the Pack yet. I couldn't tell Donald now. If Elliot was still a reliable person, that day would have been a spur-of-the-moment thing. I'd ruin their relationship.

I gently extricated myself from Donald's arms, took his hand, and looked up at him.

"But as far as I know, the current attacks are all in the forest. It's safe inside the Pack. And didn't you say that you also sent for more people? We still have so many people patrolling. Doesn't this guarantee my safety?"

Donald shook his head. "It's not just what you see. Things are escalating. No one knows what's going to happen tomorrow."

"Then tell me the truth."

"No, I can't," Donald said, looking at me. "It's not good for you to know too much. I want you out of here, out of danger."

"Do you want me to leave you too?" I asked softly.

“I don’t want to! I just—”

Donald clenched his fists. I wrapped my palm around his fist and said to him gently but firmly, “Then I don’t want to either.”

Looking helpless, Donald’s eyes softened as he said, “I just want to guarantee your safety and the safety of your family. I want to do anything for you that I can. You deserve the best protection.”

“It’s not the best protection,” I said.

“What?”

“This isn’t,” I said, shaking my head. “You’re the best protection I have. Not just physically, but mentally.”

Donald’s eyes darkened. He didn’t look like he agreed with me.

However, I insisted, “If I leave you, I’ll be afraid for your safety every day. I’ll wonder if you’re injured and bleeding. These scary imaginations can crush me. If you’re not by my side, I won’t be fine.”

There was silence between us for a moment. As before, neither of us could convince the other.

It was Donald who spoke first. “How much did you hear from Alpha Armstrong?”

I didn’t expect the topic to circle back to the beginning. I instinctively explained, “There’s really nothing between us. I went to look for him because of Elizabeth. He didn’t mean to mention this to me. I was worried about you, so...”

Donald cut me off and said, “Tell me, how much do you know?”

“He said that you interrogated a captive, which made you decide to attack. He was worried about the safety of our Pack. He also asked me not to tell you that I knew. It was probably at that moment that he pulled me and left his scent behind...” Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/ve/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](#)

I gulped, my voice growing softer as I spoke. “The point is that you won’t tell me anything...”

Donald snorted and pinched my face. “You met another man in private, but you’re blaming me,” he said fiercely.

“I, um... I won’t dare to blame you,” I mumbled as I was pinched.

Donald let go and sighed. "Didn't I tell you that if you really want to know anything, you can come over and ask me? I don't want you to find out about me from someone else."

Chapter 136: Let's Mark

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald said, "Besides, one of the main reasons I want to send you away is that there will be many times in the future when I will be away from you. I can't save you every time like I did in the forest."

I thought again about my stupid trip to the forest and lowered my head in silence.

Donald looked at me and continued, "We did interrogate the captive this afternoon. The captive revealed that there was an organization behind them, but he was only a very small part of that huge organization. He did everything according to orders from his superiors. This made us realize that they had a rigorous superior-subordinate hierarchy within their organization and were not a mob. Moreover, he also mentioned that they were only the vanguard. This is just the beginning of their plan.

This makes the whole thing dangerous. Premeditation and lack of premeditation are two different things. I chose to stay here because the people here know their opponents the best. And even if we leave, there's a high chance that the opponents won't let your pack go. If we really fight, we won't rely on your pack warriors for manpower. I'll send the Lycan army from the royal family.

Apart from the reasons I mentioned, there's another reason why I want you to leave." Donald reached out and touched my head. "Margaret, you're my weakness. As long as you're here, you'll distract me and I'll be focusing my energy on you. If I can make sure you're in a safe place, I'll be able to concentrate on the overall strategy better."

Donald's reasons all sounded solid. I couldn't think of a rebuttal.

But in my heart, I just didn't want to be separated from Donald at this time.

I rolled my eyes and didn't say anything. Donald looked at me and sighed. "Okay, if you insist on staying here, then I'll send for a team of special people to ensure your safety."

I got up from the chair and wrapped my arms around Donald's neck. I stood on my toes and half hung onto him. Donald wrapped his arms around my waist to support me and looked down at me with a helpless doting expression.

"Let's Mark," I said.

"Yes?"

“Mark me, Donald.” I looked at Donald seriously and said, “Didn’t we agree before? Perhaps to many people, marking is something that can only be done on the day of marriage. But I feel that as long as our hearts are together, those rituals are not important. After we mark each other, we can communicate and understand each other better. This way, you can stop worrying about me.”

.....

Marking each other. This was what we’d wanted to do for a long time. Now was the best time.

“Margaret, have you really thought this through?”

Donald pulled me closer to him. Our faces were pressed together. His voice was almost breathy.

Had I thought about it? The question lingered in my mind for less than a second. Before I met Donald, I didn’t even know that werewolves could be mates with the Lycans, let alone mark each other.

But every second after I met Donald, I never doubted that I would eventually mark with him.

Donald was the best Lycan. He was perfect. What was there for me to think about?

The answer was yes. My breath was coming in short gasps because we were going to mark. I wanted to be Donald’s, completely his, forever tied to this powerful and sexy man.

“I want you to stay here, Margaret.” Donald pecked my face. “I want to mark you, but I’m afraid you’ll regret it later. It’s not fair to you. You deserve a formal ceremony, and I’m sworn to give you the best of everything.”

“Your intentions are more precious than those things.”

I saw Donald’s lips curl up. I smiled back.

“Then it’s decided. I’m so glad I booked the best room here tonight.”

Donald picked me up by the waist, and the sudden flight startled me. I grabbed Donald’s neck tightly. His embrace was solid and warm, and I was so glad that we had solved this problem together. Even if we had arguments and disagreements later, I was sure we could resolve them by ourselves.

Suddenly, I saw Donald's eyes turn lifeless. That was the sign that he was communicating on Mindlink with someone else. I had a bad feeling. Donald's eyes only took 10 seconds to return to normal, but his expression became serious suddenly.

Before I could say more, Donald released me from his body.

"I'm sorry, Margaret. I have to leave now," Donald said urgently, reaching for the jacket he had taken off earlier.

"Did something happen?" I asked.

"There's been another attack, and it's worse than before." Donald looked at me with an apologetic expression that was immediately replaced by worry.

He strode out the door and said, "Stay here. There's a room up there. Don't leave."

Chapter 137: Attack of 100 People

[Margaret's Perspective]

I took two steps in his direction to find out more, but Donald had already left in a hurry.

Something serious must have happened to make Donald leave in such a hurry.

With a heavy heart, I went to the room Donald had booked upstairs. There were roses arranged by Donald in the room. I took one and placed it on the tip of my nose to smell its fragrance. I felt a little lonely. This was supposed to be a perfect 100-point night, but unfortunately, there were only 80 points left.

I stood by the window and stared blankly in the direction Donald had gone.

It was the forest again. When would such attacks end? When would we be able to resume our peaceful lives? When would Donald and I be able to be together without any apprehension?

Suddenly, I saw a furtive figure at the edge of the forest. She was dressed in the familiar assault team tight outfit. And there was no one else in the team but Angel who had that tall, graceful build.

Just as she was about to enter the forest, she looked around warily. When she swept her eyes in my direction, I instinctively shrank back behind the curtains. Then I realized that the lights were not on in my room. Angel could not see me.

She didn't notice me. In a flash, she walked straight into the forest.

Donald had already told her not to leave her place. What was she doing in the forest at this time?

I didn't sleep well that night, because before I slept, I kept thinking about Donald's departure and Angel's appearance in the forest.

The next morning, I woke up just as the sun was shining into the room. I subconsciously touched the bed beside me, but it was empty and there was no sign of having slept on it. It seemed that Donald had not returned all night.

I sighed softly and looked at the roses by the bed. They looked fresh despite the night, but the drops of water that were on them last night were gone.

.....

I touched the petals of the rose sympathetically. This was the first time Donald had sent me flowers. I wished that Donald could be with me.

I tidied myself up and prepared to go to the restaurant to eat before checking on the situation. After all, the restaurant was a place where people liked to gather. It was suitable for getting some first-hand news.

But before I could reach the dining room, I was drawn to a large group of people in the clearing. They were gathered in a group, discussing noisily. Some of them looked visibly agitated and were gesticulating and shouting.

I saw Anthony in the crowd. He looked like he had just been discharged from the hospital. He was still bandaged, but he looked fine. He was standing in the middle of the crowd with a serious expression.

I squeezed through the crowd curiously. What was it that left Armstrong with no choice but to deploy Anthony, who had just recovered from his serious injuries? Armstrong had wanted Anthony to recuperate. He had always treated his subordinates well. Perhaps this matter had to be handled by Anthony.

Anthony saw me and frowned at me. He said, "Why are you here, Margaret?"

"I saw you here. What happened?" I looked around at the crowd. I didn't know many of the people here.

"This is none of your business," Anthony said. "I've been notified by the Lycan King and the Alpha at the same time. Both have asked me to make sure you're in a safe place. So, you should go back now."

"So, what happened now?" I insisted, ignoring Anthony.

“It’s obvious there’s been a new attack.” Anthony gestured toward the forest.

I had already learned about this from Donald last night, but it was obvious that this attack was unusual.

“Was it our people?”

“No.” Anthony shook his head, then denied what he’d said. “Not entirely.”

“Any deaths?” I felt like I was holding my breath when I asked.

Anthony’s pained gaze turned to me. “There weren’t any deaths,” he said. “More than a hundred people were attacked. It’s likely that more than half of them were killed or injured.”

What?!!

I looked at Anthony with my mouth open. More than half, that was 50 people. Some of the smaller, family-style packs might only have 50 people. That number of casualties would make these packs extinct.

“How many of our people died?” I could barely find my voice.

“None for now,” Anthony said. “It’s the Red Sun Pack next door that’s taking a serious hit. They don’t have Lycans’ help like we do. They’re much less resistant to attacks, so there are a lot of casualties.”

“There’s also a small reinforcement group that the Lycan King had sent for. These people are of high caliber. At most, they would sustain some injuries. Our Pack patrol had a few small-scale surprise attacks last night. We’re still doing a tally.”

The Red Sun Pack??? I hadn’t heard that name in a long time.

Chapter 138: Retching

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

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I took a deep breath and asked the question that was uppermost in my mind. “Where is the Lycan King now?”

Anthony shook his head and said, “I don’t know. That’s not my concern. Go back now. Take Elizabeth with you. Stay in a safe place and don’t come out again.”

After Anthony said this, he turned around to deal with the large group of people. No matter what I asked, he refused to talk to me anymore. He just firmly asked me to go back.

It took me a while to recover from the shock of the number of casualties. I had to admit that Anthony was right. There was nothing I could do here. I should return to safety and not cause trouble for the others here.

However, as soon as I turned around, I saw Elizabeth trying to squeeze through the crowd.

“Elizabeth!” I called.

It was very chaotic here. I noticed that Elizabeth was looking at Anthony and waving her arms in an attempt to attract his attention. She couldn’t see or hear me at all.

I struggled through the crowd toward her. There seemed to be more people here than when I first arrived.

Finally, I grabbed her arm. Elizabeth turned to me, looking surprised.

“Margaret, what are you doing here? I—”

Her voice was drowned out by the noise of the crowd behind her. I grabbed her arm and tried to pull her out of the crowd. But Elizabeth was pushing in the other direction. She looked like she was thinking of Anthony.

“Let’s get out of here,” I said to Elizabeth.

.....

“What?”

“Get out!” I shouted at Elizabeth. I felt like my fingers were about to be broken by the jostling crowd.

Seeing that Elizabeth was still a little confused, I gave up communicating with her and pulled her to the empty space at the side.

“Hey! Margaret!” After being pulled out, Elizabeth was glaring at me. She said unhappily, “What are you doing? I barely got in.”

Elizabeth looked down at her dress and busied herself wiping the dust off her high heels. Under those circumstances, I was impressed that she could keep her heels from being stepped on.

I looked at Elizabeth, wondering how to tell her about this. The attack of a hundred people. The horror of it was something I still couldn't accept.

But then I saw Elizabeth's eyes widen in horror. She pointed behind me and asked, "What... what is that?"

I turned around and looked toward the forest. Many people were coming out of the forest. The noisy crowd around me quietened down suddenly. There was dead silence all around.

Most of the people who came out of the forest were covered in blood. Many of them were lying on stretchers. I recognized some of the people from our pack patrol who were supporting the casualties .

I thought about what Anthony had just said. These injured people were probably from the Red Sun Pack.

I felt queasy, even though I hadn't eaten anything that morning.

I took a step forward and blocked Elizabeth's view. She was even less used to this bloody scene than I was. I had more or less seen the cruelty of real combat last time because of my stupid actions. I could take this, but not Elizabeth.

I took Elizabeth's hand and whispered, "Let's go back."

Elizabeth didn't contradict me this time. I felt her palms getting sweaty.

We walked back to our own house in silence, away from the blood and sweat-filled area, and I felt a lot more comfortable breathing.

I went through our fridge. While Elizabeth lived alone, she obviously hadn't stocked it with anything. I got the eggs I'd bought before from the preservation layer and started frying toast and eggs for our simple breakfast.

I tried to push the scene at the forest out of my mind. I stared at the fried egg in front of me, trying to focus on it.

But this wasn't working very well. I doubted that the people on those stretchers would survive. There was also Donald. He was the one who led the overall situation. He had to see many deaths every day.

It wasn't until the pan began to smoke that I realized I'd burned the toast and eggs.

I scrambled to turn off the stove, then dumped the black mass in the trash.

If a person died in the end, would they be burned to charcoal and then turned to ashes by the high temperature? This was the end of the people I had just seen. For a moment, I felt my stomach churn. I propped my hands on the bar countertop to adjust my breathing.

Suddenly I heard the sound of retching. I thought I had vomited. After a moment of dizziness, I saw that the charred mess in the trash was still there, emitting a nasty smell.

I heard a door open to one side and saw Elizabeth coming out of the bathroom. Her face was pale and there was a trace of water at the corner of her mouth. She looked frightened.

Chapter 139: I'll Take You Away With Me

[Margaret's Perspective]

Elizabeth saw what I did just now.

I poured a glass of water silently and handed it to her. Elizabeth took it and drank it all in one go. I filled another glass for her. She waved at me to indicate that she didn't need it.

I lowered my head and took a sip to calm myself down. Then I turned around and took new eggs out of the fridge.

These were the last two. I couldn't screw up again.

Elizabeth was already in shock. I couldn't let her think that I was the same. One of us had to be able to remain calm. I could show my uneasiness to Donald, but I had to take on the responsibility of an older sister with Elizabeth.

"What are you doing?" came Elizabeth's weak voice.

"Making breakfast."

"Stop cooking. I don't want to eat."

I paused in the kitchen, not listening to her. I needed an omelet to keep myself calm.

"Margaret, will you talk to me? I'm scared."

I put down the utensil in my hand and looked at Elizabeth, who was showing her vulnerable side to me. I walked towards her and she held my hand firmly, as if I were her lifeline.

I sat next to her. She leaned against me gently. I patted her back with my hand.

.....

“I saw what they were like. Did you see it, too? I was so scared.”

Elizabeth’s voice sounded like she was crying. I closed my eyes and opened them again. I looked at Elizabeth in my arms and really didn’t know what to say to comfort her, because the panic and fear in my heart were no less than hers.

“This won’t be the last time, will it?” Elizabeth asked, looking up at me. “Something like this will happen again. What are we going to do?”

What Donald had said to me flashed through my mind.

If the situation here becomes serious, I will consider sending you back to the royal Lycan pack.

I have spoken to Elliot before. He’s always prepared.

You can take Elizabeth with you. That way, you’ll feel more at ease.

At the thought of Donald, I felt energized again.

“Donald told me that he wanted to send me to their Lycan royal pack,” I said slowly. “He even asked me to bring you along.”

Elizabeth sat up straight and said, “Are you taking me with you?”

I nodded.

Elizabeth thought for a moment and said, “Is it just us going? What about the rest of the Pack?”

I shrugged and said, “We won’t be able to take care of them. Donald is actually still asking for my opinion. I haven’t thought about leaving the Pack. This is our home, after all.”

“Oh, Margaret,” Elizabeth said disapprovingly. “How can you refuse such a kind offer from the Lycan King? So, where exactly is their pack?”

I was stumped by the question.

Because I had never seriously considered leaving, I didn’t even ask this question. As a pair of mates who planned to mark, it seemed unbelievable that I still didn’t know where Donald lived.

“Uh, somewhere in the north,” I said awkwardly.

Elizabeth looked at me quizzically.

“Well, I don’t know.” Defeated, I admitted the annoying truth to Elizabeth.

“Margaret, what—”

I could tell that Elizabeth was trying to control the curve of her lips, but she was obviously not doing a good job.

“You can laugh if you want,” I said helplessly.

Elizabeth stopped controlling her expression and giggled. “Pfff. I’m not mocking you, Margaret. But that doesn’t sound like something you’d do.”

“What would I do?”

.

Elizabeth blinked and said, “You always act perfect. You’re at ease with everything and then you make everyone around you look like an idiot.”

I had never heard such an assessment of me from Elizabeth.

“Sounds like a compliment,” I said.

Elizabeth’s eyes shifted and focused on the kitchen next to us. “But your cooking is really awful,” she said. “Anthony’s much better.”

I curled my lips slightly and was about to say something to refute her.

At this moment, we heard chaotic footsteps outside the door. Elizabeth and I looked at each other, our gazes becoming nervous.

Someone was knocking on the door.

For a moment, neither Elizabeth nor I moved. Only when Elizabeth said shakily that she smelled Armstrong did I go to the door and open it.

As soon as it was opened, Donald and Armstrong walked in together. They both smelled strongly of blood. It almost covered Donald’s smell.

I was shocked by this scene and quickly let them in. I wanted to get something for Donald to wipe the blood off his body, but Donald grabbed my hand.

Chapter 140: Shower

[Margaret's Perspective]

I looked up at him. He was frowning and all his features were tense. I knew that what I had to do now was obey him.

Donald pulled me straight into my room. This was Donald's first time in my room. Before I could feel ill at ease with the messy furnishings, Donald pulled me into the bathroom again.

As he turned on the shower to wash himself, he took off his shorts. I stood at the side, not knowing what to do. He quickly pulled me over and began to peel my clothes off. He covered my face with his kisses. I looked up in response.

I knew that something must have happened to him, but at this moment, all my questions were unimportant. Donald needed me, and I only needed to respond to him with action.

My clothes were half-hanging from my shoulders. They were stuck to my skin because they were wet. After making no progress up there, Donald began to eagerly remove my dress from the bottom. I raised my hands cooperatively.

Soon the two of us were facing each other stark naked. Donald's body was perfect. Water droplets flowed from the contours of his inverted triangular muscles. His chest muscles were jumping from the violent breathing, and there was still some blood on his arms.

I put my hand on his shoulder and felt the bulging muscles. Gently, I wiped away the blood. I observed that there were no wounds on Donald's body. The blood on his body was from elsewhere.

Donald reached for my hand and pulled me into the tub with him. The warm water surrounded us at the same time. I sat on Donald's lap. Neither of us spoke for a few minutes. We just looked at each other and communicated with our minds and bodies.

Then his thing reared up and pressed against my abdomen.

I reached out to touch him. From this angle, I could see what a shocking size Donald's toy was. I felt it become harder and hotter in my hand. Donald stroked my back with his hand. His urgent and hot breath hit my ear, and he kept pushing his p*nis into my palm.

I looked down and saw that Donald's sex organ had already turned purple from the heat of lust. The muscles on his solid p*nis were coiled up, and the turtle head at the top was wet with thick fluid. It looked sinister and scary.

I hesitated for a moment before raising my hips slightly. I wanted to take the initiative to swallow Donald's fluid.

.....

"Wait," Donald said hoarsely.

I looked at Donald. His hand moved from my back to the front. One hand grabbed my breast. The other reached under me and probed inside, poking in deep and shallow spots.

I couldn't help but moan at Donald's actions. His fingers easily awakened my lust, and the familiar heat coursed through my body.

"That'll do." Donald withdrew his hands and placed them both on my breasts to knead.

I blushed. I couldn't tell if it was because of the sex or because of the steam. I raised my butt as I had just done and touched Donald's erect p*nis with the hole below.

This was the first time I had taken the initiative in sex.

Although we had just had intimate contact last night, I felt at this moment that the thing that was throbbing vigorously under me was frighteningly hot and hard. This posture seemed ambiguous and lewd. The tightly pressed private area below was also a little numb, which produced an indescribable itch.

I was too embarrassed to look down again, so I held Donald's p*nis in one hand, spread my legs in that direction, and slowly sat down.

I kept twisting my waist and hips back and forth to adjust my position. It looked like I was actively rubbing against that thick sex organ.

I quickly felt the place where we touched become slippery. It wasn't the touch of water, but it was quickly washed away by the water in the bathtub. I panted softly, feeling a growing and lingering pleasure from below.

Donald urged his crotch upward. He almost pushed it in.

I adjusted my posture one last time and used my one hand to open the hole that was oozing with fluid from under me. I held Donald's sex organ in the other hand and stuffed it in.

"Uh-oh..."

I felt my body expand. Donald had gone in very deep at this angle. His sex organ invaded my body as irresistibly as he did. I couldn't help but moan as he moved in, and my eyes were covered with a thin layer of moisture.

I saw Donald's Adam's apple move. He panted heavily and kept moving his body up and down, trying to get deeper. I followed his movements and moved my body up and down. I felt my v*gina constantly rubbing against Donald's p*nis, arousing waves of electric pleasure in my body.

There was a shameful gurgling sound from below.

...

This love affair ended with our deep kiss.

At the last moment, we climaxed at the same time and let out a moan of release. I felt that Donald had given vent to his emotions.