

# **Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 141 - Lie Here - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 141 - Lie Here**

*Chapter 141: Lie Here*

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald kept stroking my body. The water was flowing all around us, and the temperature was already a little cold.

Donald lifted me out of the tub and bent his head to kiss my forehead. I felt droplets of water run from his hair to my shoulders, raising a shiver in my skin with the coolness of evaporation. Donald lifted me firmly with one hand and grabbed a towel with the other to wrap us both.

Donald carried me to the bedroom. The towel fell to the floor, but neither of us was in the mood to care. I already had a premonition of what would happen to us later.

Mark, we've discussed this so many times, and now it's time to really do it.

And inside, I was more excited than nervous.

This was not only reflected in his mind, but also in his body.

"Lie here," Donald said.

I obeyed his order.

Donald gave me a rude tug. I lay on my waist on the side of the bed and my legs barely touched the ground.

Donald pressed my thighs tightly. I couldn't resist his grip at all. I could only feel his warm breath getting closer. I started to feel my face heat up again.

Donald's movements were very slow. His lips pressed against me bit by bit. First, it was my inner thigh. His gentle kisses covered every inch of my thigh.

He would occasionally hold the tender flesh of my v\*gina with his teeth and bite it gently. I could not tolerate such grinding in a place that never saw the light and gasped for breath.

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Being kissed by Donald so carefully, the tender skin of my v\*gina felt as if tiny sparks had exploded. From time to time, I felt a numbing sensation. I could feel his warm breath over my private part, once, twice... After many times, my thighs couldn't help but tense up. I felt my body stir again.

But he didn't even touch that really important part.

I bent one leg and pushed gently against Donald's shoulder with my foot. "Stop kissing me and come quickly," I urged.

Donald didn't stop moving. It was as if he was deliberately opposing me. He bit my inner thigh and I cried out in surprise. Donald looked up at me, and the movement of his head caused his tall nose to rub against the soft flesh under me. My body opened up to him even more passionately because of his touch.

However, Donald still ignored that place. He bit the tender flesh of my leg and slowly ground it between his teeth. He also licked it with the tip of his tongue. My breathing became heavier, but I heard Donald's mischievous words.

"Why the rush?"

Before he finished speaking, as if he was afraid that I wasn't embarrassed enough, he gently blew hot air at my private area. The moist air brushed past the slightly open gaps in my flesh and entered my hole. It hit the red and swollen wall of my hole, which had already been f\*cked by Donald.

I was so shocked that my legs trembled and I almost broke free from Donald's grip.

"Don't do this..."

As I spoke, I felt my private part being alarmed by Donald's blowing just now. It contracted violently a few times and fluid flowed out uncontrollably. I wanted to clamp my thighs to block Donald's scorching gaze, but it was all in vain.

Donald's eyes crinkled in a silent smile.

He pressed my thighs firmly, forcefully stopping me from retreating. But his tone was gentle. "It's okay. I like you like this."

I had expended a lot of energy in the bathroom just now. Now that I was being teased by Donald, I felt sore all over. My body was extremely sensitive, and I could climax at any time. Check out latest *novels* on [n/ovels/bin\(.\)c/om](http://n/ovels/bin(.)c/om)

I was too embarrassed to admit this to Donald. I clumsily found an excuse. "We just took a shower. This is going to dirty the bed."

Donald said in a low and hoarse voice, "How are you going to dirty it? Are you going to use the water here? Don't worry, I'll lick it clean for you."

I blushed at Donald's nonsense.

Donald's kiss finally approached the important part. He kept his promise. First, he used the tip of his tongue to sweep away the water around him. His actions were gentle and meticulous. Then he buried his head in it. I felt the top of his tall nose rubbing up and down, making me blush. I wanted to retreat again, but Donald tightened his grip on my butt.

From my angle, I could only see half of Donald's handsome face buried under me, rubbing against my private part.

For a moment, I felt like my heart was about to jump out. The sound of it vibrating in my chest was like thunder. I felt as if my soul had left my body as I stared blankly at Donald's actions under me. I felt a heat sensation in my lower body as Donald's tongue licked me.

His movements were unhurried, as if he was about to fulfill a promise he had just made: Lick it clean.

*Chapter 142: Before Marking*

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald first stuck out the tip of his tongue. Once, twice. It was both a test and a tease.

I felt ashamed of this, but at the same time, I became more sensitive. The tip of Donald's tongue was clearly only circling the v\*lva, but I had the illusion that the entire v\*lva had been sucked in by Donald. My cl\*toris became extremely aroused, and heat condensed on it, causing soreness.

I kept my gaze focused on Donald.

There was no embarrassment on his face. Instead, he was engrossed.

While this was extremely stimulating to my mind, it also caused my body to lose control. I felt that there was more and more fluid there, almost covering Donald's face.

Donald obviously noticed it too. He stopped moving and let go of me slightly. He looked up at me and said in a muffled voice, "Why can't I finish it?"

I looked into his eyes in a daze. My heart was beating wildly, and I was no longer able to hear what he said. Driven by surging lust, I subconsciously straightened my back and brought my lower body to his mouth.

Donald's face was extremely close to my v\*gina. If I moved slightly, the two would touch.

However, because of the change in angle, it didn't manage to touch Donald's lips. Instead, it rubbed against Donald's chin, and my swollen cl\*toris brushed against his hard jawbone. In an instant, I trembled like I had been electrocuted. The sudden burst of pleasure drowned out all my rationality and shame.

So I instinctively shook my butt gently and rubbed it against Donald's chin a second time, a third time...

"Oh, oh..."

The cl\*toris was the most sensitive sexual organ in the body. Even if I didn't use much force, such a moderate stimulation was enough to give me pleasure.

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Donald narrowed his eyes slightly and raised his chin a little higher.

I hooked my legs around his neck and arched my back in a daze. I tried harder to deliver the hole to him.

The force of this blow was completely unexpected. I collided with Donald's hard lower jaw. The round spot on the cl\*toris caved in and exploded with sharp pleasure. I was caught off guard and cried out, "Ah!" I finally came back to my senses.

At this moment, my little hole was pressed tightly against Donald's chin. My cl\*toris trembled and released residual pleasure.

This posture was so shameful that it made me want to run away.

But where could I run?

Donald lowered his head and slowly breathed hot air into my hole before burying his face in it again. He pushed my labia away with his tongue and squeezed into the gap between my flesh. He slid his tongue up and down and sucked in every drop of the fluid inside.

I felt that his tongue was even hotter than before. It was agile and powerful like a snake as it crawled back and forth in that crack. His slightly rough tongue tirelessly scratched my tender flesh, licking the fluid until his tongue clicked, as if it wanted to eat me.

"Donald... ahhh... ah!"

I panted from the licking. I was both happy and inexplicably uncomfortable. I clamped and spread my legs alternately.

As I drifted in and out of consciousness, I thought it was really as he said. I was licked clean from the inside out.

However, this did not seem to satisfy Donald. He immediately took a bite there. Then he aimed his mouth at my gaping hole. I saw Donald's cheeks sink slightly as he sucked hard.

"Ah... Ahhhhh!!!"

My body reacted strongly to this. I tensed up from the unprecedented stimulation, and sticky fluid poured out of my v\*gina.

Donald's mouth was pressed tightly against it. I saw his Adam's apple move and a gulp came from under my body. My mind was in a mess and my body was weak from the suction. I let out intermittent moans.

My mind was spinning with only one thought: *?Donald. How could Donald do such a thing? He...*

Before I could think further, Donald's actions became even more intense. His hands pressed firmly against my thighs and pushed them apart again. He kept sucking at the hole below me. I felt that the circle of soft flesh was red and swollen. When I finally got used to such strength, Donald stuck out his tongue and forcefully squeezed it into the small v\*gina, repeatedly licking the sensitive spot on the wall of the hole.

"Urgh! ... Mmphm..."

The sensitive spot was attacked, and immediately, double the numbness spread in my v\*gina. My eyes became unfocused, and my hands were trembling. I kept panting and moaning lewdly.

"Ah, Donald... please.

Ah... there, please... Ahhh!"

My pleas for mercy went unheard. They made Donald lick even more violently. His tongue kept probing and probing until I climaxed.

*Chapter 143: Marking*

[Margaret's Perspective]

I lay on the bed with lifeless eyes. Donald rubbed against me.

His handsome features were still the same, and there was a sheen of sweat on his body. His gray-green pupils were slightly dark, and he looked like he was still feeling aroused.

His eyes were bright. He stared at me for a moment and whispered, "Let's mark each other now, okay?"

I propped myself up slightly and wrapped my arms around his neck to give Donald the most direct reply.

Donald took this position and kissed my lips slowly and gently, then my ears and neck.

"I will give you my Mark. I promise that from now on, I will only love you. I will not let you down in this life, Margaret. We will walk hand in hand until the last moment of our lives." Donald's deep voice sounded in my ears.

"I'm the same. I'll always be by your side. I'll never be separated from you for the rest of my life."

I kissed Donald back and gave my promise.

Our wet tongues intertwined, and we kissed, making sloppy sounds.

Donald's teeth wandered to the back of my neck. The sharp sensation made me wince. Donald felt my nervousness and kept licking the spot where he was about to bite.

"It might hurt a little. I'll be careful," Donald said softly.

I grunted softly, waiting for Donald's teeth to tear my skin.

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But after a while, Donald's teeth were still wandering on the back of my neck. He didn't bite down on my neck.

"What is it?"

"This is the first time I've done such a thing."

Donald didn't finish his sentence, but I already understood—Donald was nervous about marking me.

A subtle sense of pride and satisfaction surged in my heart.

Donald had always been confident in his planning and command. I had never seen him nervous about anything. He always had everything under control. I had seen him angry because he was worried about me. I felt deeply guilty those times.

At this moment, he was nervous because of an ordinary Mark. I felt both amused and happy.

This meant that Donald really cared about me. Actually, there was nothing strange about this. Putting aside all our identities, we were just a pair of ordinary happy mates. This was the only Mark in most werewolves' lives. It was a wedding night for werewolves. Everyone would be nervous because as long as there was love, there would be anticipation and yearning. Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/v/e/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](#)

Often, the more you wanted something, the more intense your emotions would be.

I felt privileged to be able to affect Donald's emotions. It was my honor.

Finally, Donald's sharp teeth bit the back of my neck. The pain was much lighter than I expected.

In an instant, the pain disappeared. What followed was Donald's aura pouring crazily into my body, from the back of my neck to my heart, and then to the end of every inch of my limbs. Every cell in my body was encouraged. The aura flowed through my blood, and the last place it reached was my brain. Then it returned to the back of my neck and completed a cycle.

I never thought marking would feel like this.

The moment Donald's teeth broke the skin on the back of my neck, I felt like my soul was about to be sucked out.

All the feelings felt brief yet endless at the same time. It was as if I had experienced everything, but also as if nothing had happened.

I was no longer myself. The smell on Donald's body that captivated me fused into my bloodline and occupied half of my body and soul.

This might not be accurate enough. It was more like I had finally found my other half. I was originally incomplete and now I became full and complete.

I could feel Donald's being more clearly than before. I could empathize with his every move and emotion. From now on, I would forever carry the Mark that Donald had given me. I was his.

I wrapped my arms around Donald's neck. He was observing my expression.

I gave him a big smile, indicating that nothing about me could be better. I snuggled into his arms, pressed my teeth against his skin, and gently bit down.

Donald's face stiffened slightly, and then I felt the connection between us become clearer.

If I could sense what Donald was thinking before, now I knew with certainty that Donald could also sense my thoughts.

We did it.

Donald had marked me, and I had marked him.

The happy thought sent my brain into a frenzy.

I hugged Donald's neck tightly. Our lips quickly touched, and there seemed to be flames burning where our lips touched.

We were both so desperate to have every possible physical contact with each other. Donald was slightly stunned by my sudden movement, then he quickly turned the tables and sucked my lips harder.

My breath, tongue, and even my soul were overcome by Donald's delicious breath. I could even taste sweetness from this kiss, and it was as intoxicating as wine.

*Chapter 144: After Marking*

[Margaret's Perspective]

I couldn't help but press my thigh against Donald's p\*nis. I squirmed crazily in his arms.

At this moment, lust completely dominated my mind. I only wanted to melt into Donald's body. We were supposed to be one.

Donald reached out and rubbed my lower body vigorously. I was almost hanging off Donald's body. His hard and hot thing was pressing against my thigh. I wriggled my butt in that direction and kept moaning in my throat.

I heard Donald gasp. His big hand pressed against my waist and he bit my lower lip in punishment. "Don't move," he said in a low voice.

"I—I want you—"

"I know." Donald licked the place where he had just bitten. 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 stuck out my tongue to hook his. He accepted it all with a smile and silenced the moan I was about to make.

Donald rolled over with me in his arms and pressed me under him.

He looked down at me as if he was looking at a prey that he had to kill. I wanted to say something, but his overwhelming kiss stopped my lips again.

“You smell like hell,” Donald whispered.

I looked at Donald’s strong body in fascination and straightened my back to get closer to him. Donald’s embrace was the most reassuring thing in the world. In front of him, I didn’t need to do anything to hide myself. He would accept and protect me.

Donald’s sex organ was filled with blood to a purplish-red color. The bulging tendons revealed an uneven surface.

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It was this thing that could bring me the most primitive and unparalleled pleasure.

Donald growled and used his knee to push my thighs as far as they would go. His erect sex organ thrust straight in.

“Aaaaaaaa—Aaaaaahhh!”

I screamed. This feeling of pleasure was rapid and refreshing.

I grabbed Donald’s steel-like arms with both hands, and my vision exploded like fireworks.

I gasped for air and stared at the ceiling in a daze.

Donald’s sex organ was rough, hot, and burning. Not only did it not ease my burning desire, it made it burn even more.

It was Donald in my body, Donald in my blood, and Donald in my soul. I only wanted Donald to give me a stronger impact and a more violent stimulation.

Donald lowered his head and kissed me again. He lifted my waist with one hand and stuffed a pillow under my waist. This made it easier for me to spread my legs.

He pulled his sex organ out gently and pushed it back hard. After a few rounds, my body seemed to have been completely connected by him, and Donald’s movements became fast and urgent.

At some point, my voice started to sound like I was crying.

Our posture evolved into me hugging my legs while Donald supported them as he frantically entered and exited my body.

Every time Donald pulled his p\*nis out, he would push it in ruthlessly. He would only stop after pushing all the way in. I even felt his p\*nis pushing against my womb. He wanted to completely invade my body.

I kept hearing the sound of flesh colliding.

It was undeniable that every time Donald entered and left quickly and forcefully, he brought me endless stimulation. My body felt as if it had been electrocuted. From my hair to my toes, my wolf, Betty, was so excited that she couldn't control herself.

This was our most enduring sex.

When Donald finally pulled his d\*ck out of my body, my limbs were limp on the bed. I felt that my lower body was still shamelessly leaking sticky bodily fluids. Donald lay on his side beside me and panted heavily. He carried me into his arms like a beast declaring its territory.

The tip of his nose rubbed against my chin, and he kissed his way down my chin to the side of my ear.

"You smell good," Donald whispered in my ear.

I nestled in Donald's broad shoulders. The tip of my nose was filled with the fused aura of our Mark. It was intoxicating.

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I was in him and he was in me.

The thought of it filled me with endless contentment.

"You smell good. Really good. You're mine. You'll always be mine."

Donald used his tongue to gently lick the back of my neck that had just been marked. The slightly rough mossy surface brought about a tingling sensation. I retracted my neck, but Donald chased after me relentlessly. I felt myself being hugged even tighter.

"You're mine. From now on, you're my wife, my queen." Donald's voice sounded hoarse and exceptionally sexy.

I was infected by Donald's emotions and repeated after him, "I'm yours."

“I really want to stay with you like this forever.” Donald’s voice sounded a little muffled.

I heard the unspoken implication in Donald’s voice. I turned around. Now that we were face to face, I could see Donald’s beautiful gray-green eyes with my reflection in them.

I wrapped my arms around Donald’s neck and gave him a kiss.

“Margaret, I hate to say this. But you know you have to leave now, right?” I said.

*Chapter 145: Give Me a Hug*

[Elizabeth’s Perspective]

After the Lycan King pulled Margaret away, it was just me and Armstrong.

I looked uncertainly at Armstrong, who was covered in blood. I couldn’t give my mate a straight hug like Margaret. We weren’t as close as Margaret and Donald were.

But Armstrong took my hand of his own accord. His palm was dry and warm and full of strength. I had never felt so needed by my mate. He held my hand tightly. Where our skin touched, I felt a soul-stirring comfort. It made it less difficult to accept the smell of blood on his body.

“Can you show me to your room?” Armstrong said.

I nodded and led him in the direction of the stairs.

As we passed by Margaret’s bedroom, I heard her moaning faintly from inside.

I couldn’t believe Margaret was doing this with Donald when she couldn’t be sure if Armstrong and I had left. A lot of what she’d done after she got together with the Lycan King wasn’t like her. But that wasn’t a bad thing. She wasn’t as rigid as she used to be. She was much more lively.

Thinking of this, I couldn’t help but sneak a glance at Armstrong.

He suggested going to my bedroom. Did he want to do these things in my bedroom like the Lycan King did?

I pursed my lips and opened the door to my room for Armstrong. He walked in.

My bedroom was styled pink. I was worried that Armstrong wouldn’t like it, but he didn’t comment on it. Instead, he sat on my favorite pink sofa.

I saw that the fabric of the sofa chair was stained with his blood. I bit my lower lip and said nothing.

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Armstrong opened his arms to me and said, "Will you give me a hug?"

I stepped closer to him and hugged his shoulders.

The sweet scent of my mate with his arms wrapped around me was something even the smell of his blood couldn't hide. Armstrong wrapped his arms around my waist and moved his hands up my arms. Then he patted my hands and held them in his palms.

I trembled slightly. Armstrong's touch aroused me. This jolt of electricity coursing through my body was something no one but my mate could give, and Armstrong rarely did this to me because he didn't want to be with me in the first place.

This thought calmed my slightly heated emotions. I pulled my hands out of his and asked softly, "What happened?"

Armstrong glanced up at me and looked hesitant.

I understood all at once. What he needed now was a mate, only a mate, and not me.

He still hadn't allowed me into his world. He was only willing to share the things in his world with Margaret. There was a lack of communication between us. There were many things that prevented us from doing that.

I turned around and started packing my bags as if nothing had happened. I said, "Margaret said the Lycan King will be sending us away. I think I'd better start packing now.

"You're leaving here too?" Armstrong's surprised voice came from behind.

"Yes," I replied.

There was silence for a moment. I could feel Armstrong's gaze on me from behind, but there was really not much to say to each other.

We never found appropriate ways to communicate with each other. Maybe sometimes there were opportune moments, but we missed them.

At this point, it was too late for anything. Some things were irrevocable. It would require a breakthrough to bring our hearts closer.

I threw a few pieces of my clothes into a suitcase. I hesitated when I came to some of my favorite clothes in the closet. I couldn't take them all, but even though I was going to the Lycan's pack, I hoped I could be the pretty one there.

It was only then that I truly realized I was leaving home, leaving my familiar pack for an unfamiliar one.

Margaret would still have Donald there, but I would have no one but Margaret. I stopped what I was doing as fear of the unknown gripped me.

*What will happen to my pack when I leave?? I thought. Will everyone here survive?*

Armstrong hugged me from behind. I stiffened, then relaxed my body and leaned back against Armstrong.

His strong arms were in front of me. His warm breath was on my hair. I felt him take a deep breath and then kiss the top of my head.

Armstrong sighed and said, "It's good to get out of here. We were all worried that it would become unsafe."

I had a sudden premonition in my heart. Then Armstrong released his hold on me and turned me around to face him. The premonition became stronger.

"Elizabeth..."

I looked into his eyes which were filled with hesitation.

He slowly released the hands that had touched me. I didn't want him to do that, so I grabbed his arm.

But Armstrong pulled away easily.

I felt my heart sink.

Yes, he would do that.

*Chapter 146: A Heavy Hammer*

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

Armstrong wanted to reject me before I left. This way, he could break his ties with me and not let me affect him anymore. He was always so ruthless to me.

Tears welled in my eyes involuntarily. I couldn't control my emotions.

I looked up at the handsome man in front of me. His rejection of me would mean that all my previous efforts were in vain. I felt like a piece of trash who couldn't do anything right.

Margaret could have Armstrong's love when she didn't have a mate, and after she had a mate, she could easily capture the Lycan King's heart. But I couldn't. No one wanted to love me.

Armstrong's somewhat rough hand touched my face. He looked surprised and confused. He wiped away my tears with his fingers and then stopped at my chin.

I tilted my head slightly and inhaled Armstrong's delicious scent. I thought in despair that this might be the last time I would smell my mate. I would probably die because my mate rejected me.

"What happened to you?" Armstrong asked.

"Do you not want me to be your mate?"

I didn't want to say no, but we both knew that was what it meant.

I saw Armstrong's pupils dilate for a moment, then he frowned and stared at me with a complicated expression.

"Elizabeth, I—"

He looked like he wanted to deny it. I looked at him with my last hope, but he kept his mouth shut and started avoiding my gaze by looking the other way.

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I understood.

The fact that I'd been fooling myself the past few days was laid bare for all to see. My mental defenses were crumbling. That was what Armstrong was thinking. He wanted to end the relationship with me. Even though we both knew that Margaret wouldn't accept him now, he still wanted to do it.

I was angry at myself for feeling sad. I had been taking it slow with Armstrong to make him feel better, but at this moment, it seemed that this was obviously useless. Then why did I still do this?

I was longing for contact with Armstrong and didn't want to be separated from him. My repeated retreat made me not like myself, but I couldn't get the outcome I desired. This was my last chance to express my feelings for Armstrong. I didn't care about anything else.

I stood on tiptoe and hooked my arms around Armstrong's neck. This was what I had always wanted to do.

I let Armstrong move closer to me and pressed my lips to his, taking in his delicious breath. We were mates. We should have done this a long time ago. I enjoyed being surrounded by Armstrong's aura, even if he wasn't taking the initiative at all.

I had been afraid since I saw those people coming out of the forest. Just now, when Armstrong and the Lycan King came knocking on our door, we were afraid when we didn't know who was at the door. Armstrong's aura could calm my fear very well. This was the function of the mate, to support the other party at special times. It was just that Armstrong never wanted to do this.

Armstrong remained motionless in front of me, neither responding nor stopping me.

I closed my eyes and delved deeper into his mouth and tongue, hooking his tongue.

Just as I was about to wrap my thighs around his waist, Armstrong finally moved. He hugged my waist and our kiss deepened.

This triggered a stronger reaction in my body. Armstrong's response made me touch his body even more passionately, from his strong chest muscles to his slim and strong waist.

This ignited a long-lost passion between us. Touching Armstrong made me happy.

He growled and lifted me up, so that I was completely wrapped around him.

I pressed both hands against his soft, muscular chest. My heart was racing. Armstrong's scent had turned fiery. He was excited because of me.

But to my surprise, Armstrong gently placed me on the sofa he had been sitting on. He reached out to scrape my face which was wet again from fresh tears. His movements were gentle.

I spread my legs wide and looked up at him. It was an invitation. There was no way Armstrong couldn't understand the meaning.

However, Armstrong only lowered his head and kissed me gently. His hands were on the sofa. He looked very gentlemanly, which was disappointing to me.

Then he stood up and walked towards the door.

"Armstrong..."

“Follow Margaret and get out of here. It’s safe there.” Check out *latest novels* on [n/ovell/bin\(.\)c/o/m](http://n/ovell/bin(.)c/o/m)

Armstrong looked back at me. His eyes looked as if nothing had happened, as if the distance we had closed in that instant was just my imagination. His eyes told me that we were living in two different worlds, and I was very far from his world.

*Chapter 147: Ambushed*

[Elizabeth’s Perspective]

“I still have some things to take care of.”

Armstrong pulled the door open and walked out.

I stayed alone in the room, feeling dazed. I felt like a heavyweight had smashed into my heart.

Armstrong didn’t reject me directly, but I felt as if my heart was being torn apart by intense waves of pain. I threw myself onto the bed and started crying into the pillow.

Half the pillowcase became stained with my tears. I had wanted to use my body and our mates’ ties to make Armstrong change his mind, but he still rejected me. He was unwilling to stay. I didn’t know what else I could have done to prevent this outcome before leaving the pack.

[Donald’s Perspective]

Over 50 casualties in a night of attack.

These tragic numbers made me physically and mentally exhausted. Fortunately, I still had Margaret.

When I arrived at Margaret’s side, covered in blood, she accepted me without reservation and gave me support after my initial handling of matters relating to the injured. I really should thank the Moon Goddess for giving me such a good mate. This was the luckiest thing in my life.

After we marked each other, we didn’t have much time to enjoy the intimacy.

“Margaret, I hate to say this. But you know you have to leave now, right?” I said.

I thought that she would protest as she had done before. I was even mentally prepared to persuade Margaret.



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But Margaret accepted the situation without complaint.

I wasn't sure if this was because our relationship had grown even stronger after the Mark, but after we had marked each other, I did feel that I could understand her emotions and know her thoughts more deeply.

I kissed her forehead. She carried my scent with her. At this moment, touching her was as natural as touching a part of me. It also made me worry less about her safety.

After the Mark, even if we were out of the Mindlink communication range, I would know her state through special perception. This was much more convenient than any communication method. After all, words could lie, but the mate's perception allowed you to have the other party's heart.

I got out of bed and sat up, my thoughts drifting to last night's attack.

The attack on the Red Sun Pack the day before did not take place inside the pack. In this grim situation, all the packs were on high alert.

However, because the Red Sun Pack was constantly attacked like the Silver Moon Pack, and their patrol was not as powerful as the Silver Moon Pack, many of the werewolves who lived there were thinking of leaving the Red Sun Pack and going to the relatively safer Silver Moon Pack.

There were very few warriors among these people, and on the way to the Silver Moon Pack, they were attacked. It was difficult for a team on the move to defend themselves. Coupled with their scattered formation and lack of combat preparation, almost half of them died the moment the enemy launched a sudden attack.

Fortunately, the support team I had dispatched happened to bump into them, and they managed to save the rest of the people and bring them back to the Silver Moon Pack. In the middle of the combat, some patrol warriors from the periphery of the Silver Moon Pack joined in, and some of them sustained light injuries.

The enemy attack came faster than I thought. I needed to talk to the reinforcement troops I had deployed.

Margaret's soft hand rested on my body. Her beautiful flaxen hair rested against my chest, emitting a seductive fragrance. Her presence at my side calmed my heart even more. I wouldn't be so easily overtaken by anger. At the same time, my mind became calmer.

I looked down at her and stroked the smooth skin on her back from top to bottom. I would definitely miss her after I sent her away from here. If I was entirely selfish, I really

wanted her to stay. She could comfort me well and make me whole and strong with her body and soul.

But this was unfair to Margaret. It would put her life at risk. I preferred to see her safe and well.

The other undeniable fact was that as long as Margaret was within the range of my senses, I couldn't stop myself from focusing some of my thoughts on her. It would affect my judgment and fighting. It would be unfair to the lives of the warriors who supported me.

We quietly enjoyed this last moment of silence.

Margaret had to get out of here. She had to prepare to leave. I wanted her to leave today. I would send my best warriors to protect her and make sure she was safely out of this dangerous area. And I needed to make the next deployment plan once I knew more about the situation.

The enemy had blown the war horn. We had to unite whatever forces we could use and meet the enemy head on. At this juncture, the Silver Moon Pack needed to join forces with the Red Sun Pack to defend their homes.

#### *Chapter 148: Hiding Something*

[Donald's Perspective]

I let out a long breath and took my hand reluctantly off Margaret's back.

Margaret seemed to know what I was about to say to her. She hugged me and silently made room for me.

"Do you need me to come with you?" Margaret said.

I thought about it and nodded. I had to hand Margaret over to someone I trusted to be at ease.

We walked downstairs hand in hand, and I kept Margaret in my arms the whole time. Her presence made me feel stronger, and the physical contact between us would strengthen that. We went to the council hall together. I began to hate this place, because every time I came here, it meant new bad news.

There were already a lot of people gathered here, both from the Silver Moon Pack and the Red Sun Pack. There were also some people I had brought with me. We were starting to unite more forces.

I saw Alpha Armstrong and Beta Anthony of the Silver Moon Pack in the crowd, along with my Beta, Elliot.

I was surprised that Luna Elizabeth was not standing beside Alpha Armstrong. They were supposed to be here together like me and Margaret.

I noticed that Margaret paused in her stride as she entered, as if she had seen someone who displeased her.

And the only candidate I could think of was Armstrong. What had he done to my mate? Thinking of this, my expression darkened.

Alpha Armstrong had changed into proper clothes and was standing at the front, looking down at some documents.

As we got closer to the crowd, I felt Margaret tense up in resistance. She tightened her grip on the corner of my shirt, a gesture she often did when she was nervous. She would unconsciously exert force on her hand. I wrapped my hand around her small hand and pried her fingers apart one by one, linking my fingers with hers.

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Margaret looked up at me and gave me a slightly forced smile.

*She's hiding something from me, ?I thought.*

*What's going through her mind?*

I turned my eyes to where her gaze had lingered. In that direction was only Alpha Armstrong and his Beta Anthony, and Elliot with my men.

Angel had been dismissed from my team. I couldn't remember her ever having any conflicts with anyone else in my team.

Armstrong.

I sighed inwardly. This was always a problem.

However, he was the Alpha of the Silver Moon Pack after all. He had done nothing wrong. I had to maintain a good working relationship with him to fight the enemy.

Fortunately, Margaret would be leaving soon, and so would I, once we'd sorted this out once and for all. They wouldn't have another chance to interact, and all their problems would be solved.

I smiled at Margaret and kissed her forehead, wanting to give her some comfort and support.

This worked well between mates. Margaret's body relaxed a little, but I could feel that she was still avoiding my gaze. She seemed to be hesitating about telling me something she knew, and she was stumped by it.

I leaned down close to her ear and was about to ask her when I heard Alpha Armstrong speaking up.

He began to explain the attack last night and the reason for the Red Sun Pack's presence in our pack. He announced new plans to the people. As I had suggested to him earlier, we would give up on defending blindly and start attacking instead.

The discussion became noisy suddenly. Voices were everywhere as people exchanged views. But they were all worried about the battle that was about to happen.

After all, there were so many casualties so far. I could understand everyone's feelings, but this was the time for me to speak up.

I took a step forward, but I was still holding Margaret's hand.

"Everyone, listen to me. I'm the Lycan King, Donald. I know that everyone here has put in extraordinary effort, and this has also achieved a certain result before. However, the battle is escalating. We can't always be like before. The painful fact that happened last night has already educated us with blood. We have to raise the weapons in our hands and counter attack."

I was satisfied to see the hall quiet down. I continued, "Last night's casualties might have made everyone worried about this battle. You think that the enemy is stronger than us, but that's not the truth. They've been hiding in the dark and ambushing us. What does this mean? They don't dare to fight us head on. They're not as strong as us, so they can only keep doing this shady business. They're nothing to be afraid of."

A voice of disapproval cut in to say, "But Your Majesty, I am told that a Lycan of the royal family is in the enemy camp."

*Chapter 149: Chess Player and Pawn*

[Donald's Perspective]

"That's right, but their numbers are far inferior to ours," I said in a low voice. "The reinforcements I sent have already arrived at the Silver Moon Pack. The reinforcements are nearly 100 people. Each of them is a warrior who has undergone strict training and can fight 10 people alone. In terms of combat strength, we are definitely superior to them."

And I'm on your side. I'll throw myself into battle with you. This is our common home. We should fight for the freedom, health, and equal rights that each of us was born with!"

I looked around at the people in the hall. No one spoke now. I saw the fighting spirit in their eyes and knew that they were mentally prepared to fight.

Armstrong looked at me in agreement and said, "The Lycan King is right. We will win this battle. The other party is not our match at all.

We'll gather all the men we have now into five groups. One group will act as a safeguard and support at the rear. We'll divide the reinforcements from the royal Lycans into four other groups. We'll take the initiative and try to sniff out the enemy behind the scenes and destroy them within three days."

Everyone began to talk again. Most of them agreed, and some were still digesting the fact that we were going to launch an attack.

Armstrong stepped off the stage and walked toward us.

I put my arm around Margaret tightly, but Armstrong just looked at me and said, "Your Majesty, that was an inspiring speech."

I turned to Margaret. She was looking at me with admiration. I felt more proud than ever of the affirmation I'd received from my mate.

I reached out and touched Margaret's hair. As this speech ended, it also meant that I was counting down my time with Margaret.

"If you don't need me here for the time being, I'll leave first," I said to Armstrong.

Armstrong glanced at Margaret and me and nodded.

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I pulled Margaret to a slightly less crowded corner in the hall and kissed her. Then I said, "I have something on later. I think we need to part ways now."

I looked at Margaret with some reluctance and said, "I'll call Elliot over and ask him to help with your packing. Then he will take you and Elizabeth with him."

The hesitant look on Margaret's face reappeared.

I realized at once the root of the problem. It wasn't Armstrong who had put Margaret in a difficult position. It was Elliot. Had they had some kind of conflict that I didn't know of? I needed to get to the bottom of this.

I grabbed her hands and pressed them against my chest. I wrapped my hands around her and gave her some comfort with this physical contact.

I asked, "What happened?"

"What?" Margaret was still trying to act dumb, but her tactics were so clumsy that it was obvious.

Where I grew up, every royal Lycan was extremely good at hiding his true emotions. It was hard to know what they were really thinking from their words and actions.

We had more complicated interpersonal relationships and more bloody battles, so we lived very tired lives. We always needed to constantly speculate about someone's true thoughts and intentions before deciding if the other party was a good person or a bad person and if he could be used by me.

The so-called Lycan King actually had to abandon his personal emotions to consider the entire pack.

Everyone around you could be used as pawns. My duty was to put them in the right position step by step so that the entire system can operate reasonably. I felt that I was a chess player, but I was also being manipulated by the chessboard.

I glanced at Margaret. Her face was a lovely pink from lying. And she was completely unaware of it.

This was one of the things I liked about Margaret. Her emotions were always written on her face, even if she wanted to hide them most of the time. She looked innocent like this, giving me a freshness that was different from the other royal Lycans.

"What happened between you and Elliot?" I asked directly. Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/v/e/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](#)

Margaret's eyes widened. She tightened her grip on my hand again.

"How can I entrust you to Elliot when you're like this?" I sighed. "You know that your safety is the most important thing to me. Besides, we agreed not to hide anything from each other."

Margaret was silent for a moment. She seemed to be debating whether to tell me about this. Just as my patience was about to run out, I heard Margaret's faint voice.

"Elliot seems to be very familiar with Angel."

*Angel. Why is Angel mentioned again??* I wondered.

I suddenly remembered that Angel was Elliot's cousin. The two of them didn't usually seem close. Even when I'd been relatively close to Angel in the past, Elliot had been at my side. He would simply greet Angel whenever he met her. I rarely heard them communicate with each other.

*Chapter 150: I Don't Want to Make Things Difficult For You*

[Donald's Perspective]

It was also because of this that I always overlooked the fact that they were related.

I frowned and asked, "What did Elliot tell you?"

"It's nothing," Margaret whispered, looking down. "I'm just a little surprised that the two of them know each other. They don't look like the same kind of people."

I kept looking into Margaret's eyes.

Margaret finally told the truth. "Elliot came to me earlier to plead for Angel, but I didn't agree. He also... threatened me."

"What did he do to you?" My eyes suddenly sharpened.

Margaret waved her hand and said, "No, he didn't do anything to me. I could tell that he didn't mean to hurt me. He was just too concerned about Angel and said something outrageous to me in a hurry."

"But it affected you," I said.

Margaret began to twist her fingers in front of me. "But he didn't hurt me," she said. "I know he's important to you. If you hadn't said you wanted him to send Elizabeth and me away, I might not have talked to you about it. I don't want to cause you any more trouble."

"When did this happen?"

"When I was still in the hospital." Margaret thought for a moment. "The day I went for training in the morning and met Angel."

I remembered that day. I had gotten very angry with Angel.

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I closed my eyes and tried to calm my emotions.

Elliot had always been my best right-hand man, but if even he would hurt Margaret, who else could I trust? For the first time, I felt that I had failed as the Lycan King. Was there something I hadn't done well enough to win the loyalty of my subordinates?

After meeting Margaret, some problems that had never bothered me surfaced. Perhaps because I had feelings, I had a weak spot. And because I had feelings, nothing could be solved simply with reason and correctness.

From the bottom of my heart, I began to examine my problems in dealing with Margaret. As Margaret's mate, what I should do was offer her protection and support, and not expose her to more suffering.

"Donald?" Margaret asked me anxiously.

"Why didn't you tell me about this the same day?" I rubbed my eyebrows and tried to make my tone gentle so as not to scare her.

"I don't want to put you in a difficult position," Margaret said quietly.

"No, baby, not at all," I said, meeting Margaret's eyes. "I'll only be troubled if you don't tell me your thoughts. I'll solve any problem for you if you tell me."

Margaret smiled a little sheepishly. "That sounds a little difficult," she said. "I was used to solving problems myself."

"You can try to rely on me. Trust me." I touched Margaret's hair and said, "Baby, is there anything else you haven't told me?"

Margaret shook her head first, as if remembering something. She nodded hesitantly.

I didn't think there really was more. "Who did something to you now?" I asked.

"Not this time, really. It was last night. You left after we had dinner, and then I went up to the room alone and saw Angel in the forest."

Margaret said, "I wanted to tell you about this, but I didn't have time today. I just remembered."

Angel. Sure enough, she wouldn't stay where I told her to.

Elliot had probably done something to intercede for her. I couldn't underestimate or ignore this woman anymore.

Her methods always surprised me. I had to send her somewhere far away from Margaret as soon as possible so that her hand could not reach Margaret no matter what.



“I see.” I nodded. “I’ll go back and take care of these two things. I’ll send you back to pack, okay? Then I’ll find someone suitable to send you and Elizabeth away.”

The two of us headed back to where we’d been living.

Margaret had moved most of her things to my place earlier, so it was easiest for her to pack there.

When we reached the bedroom, I wasn’t in a hurry to leave. Instead, I grabbed Margaret and sat on the sofa with her. She sat on my lap. Her soft long hair brushed against my face, tickling my heart.

If nothing else, this should be our last intimate moment here.

“You’re the most beautiful girl, Margaret.” I kissed Margaret’s face. “My mate, the only one in my life. You’re mine.”

Our lips touched, and our mingled breath was like melted honey or a cool breeze in the forest, fresh, sweet, and wonderful.