

# **Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 151 - Guards - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 151 - Guards**

*Chapter 151: Guards*

[Donald's Perspective]

Margaret belonged to me. Although we were about to be separated for a short time, neither of us could change that. As long as there was still a bond between us, our hearts would be close even if we were at the edge of the world.

I felt the pounding of Margaret's heart. I put my hand on it.

"Are you worried about our separation?" I asked.

Margaret nodded.

"Don't worry. We'll definitely win. I'll come back victorious to you. Then we'll have a wedding and announce to everyone that we're the happiest couple in the world."

Margaret nodded again.

I knew that if I didn't leave now, it would be too late for what I had to do.

I lifted Margaret up and placed her on the sofa, laughing as I left one last kiss on her forehead.

"Promise me you'll be good, right?"

"I'll be waiting at your pack," Margaret said.

"Wait for me." I opened the door and walked out.

On the way, I pondered what Margaret had told me about Elliot.

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I didn't want to doubt Elliot's loyalty to me. Putting aside our family connections, Elliot and I had known each other since we were teenagers. He had been my guard until he became the beta of the pack. The guard had been by my side for almost 10 years.

If Margaret hadn't told me herself, I wouldn't have believed that Elliot would do anything to threaten Margaret on Angel's behalf.

I was sure Elliot had his reasons. He might have had a deal with Angel. I had overlooked Elliot's unusual behavior because of the busy days. I needed to talk to him.

But in any case, I couldn't leave this to him anymore.

My plan for the day was to first confirm the current situation with my personal guard captain, Christian, who had arrived with the reinforcement team.

Their group had arrived last night. Because they were attacked immediately, everyone was dealing with the injured and throwing themselves into the battle. Christian and I had not had time to meet.

The personal guard force was unlike the assault team led by Angel. Although the assault team also comprised the elites of the royal Lycans, they were under the unified jurisdiction of the military establishment.

But the personal guard force led by Christian was independent of any establishment.

For generations, the personal guards had belonged to the Lycan King alone. After each Lycan King left office, his batch of personal guards would disband and take on other official positions or join the regular army.

The new Lycan King would choose people he could trust to form his personal guard force. Everyone in this team would only obey his leadership. Every member had to go through a strict background check because in addition to having outstanding combat ability, they had to be absolutely loyal to the royal family.

And the most important thing about the personal guards being different from regular troops was that no one had the right to order these personal guards to do anything except the Lycan King. It was also for this reason that every personal guard would be trusted by the Lycan King.

At the same time, because the personal guards only accepted my vertical leadership, their existence was not known to many people like the assault team. Most of the time, they were even invisible. Ordinary people did not know how powerful they were.

I used my Mindlink to contact Christian and asked him to meet me at the office. He came quickly.

"Did you send for me, Your Majesty?" Christian stood straight before me.

"I have something I want you to do," I said. "I found my mate, Margaret, here. The overall situation at the Silver Moon Pack has become serious. I want to send her and

her sister away together. I want you to escort them back to our Pack and keep them safe the entire time.”

“Your mate? That would be our future Lycan Queen. Escorting them is indeed a very important thing, but do you want me to do it?” Christian frowned slightly.

“You won’t do it?” I asked.

“Of course not, Your Majesty,” Christian said. “I’m willing to follow all your orders. But I’ve just arrived, and a lot of things have just been set up. If you’d like me to leave now, I need to reassign some work.”

I frowned at Christian’s words. When I’d chosen to deploy my personal guards to the Silver Moon Pack, I hadn’t expected such a terrible situation.

Christian was a rare leadership talent. I’d chosen to get him here in the first place because of this. He could handle a team on his own and lighten my burden. If he was away, I would definitely have to spend more effort on the personal guards. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

However, at this point, Margaret’s safety was equally important. It was precisely because of Christian’s ability that he was the person I trusted the most among the personal guards. He would definitely give Margaret the best security.

*Chapter 152: Excellent Candidate*

[Donald’s Perspective]

Even if transferring Christian would make it harder for me, I was about to make up my mind when I heard Christian say, “Your Majesty, if it’s just the job of guarding, I have an excellent candidate to recommend.”

I looked at Christian.

Christian said, “We have a young man named Eric on our team. He’s excellent in every way. On the way here, we encountered several attacks and he performed very well.

Just last night. He was the first to spot the attack, and he killed several enemies swiftly. Most importantly, he looks less noticeable than the others. He’s definitely the best person to escort someone secretly without wanting to be discovered by too many people.”

*Eric??*The name didn’t ring a bell.

In theory, everyone in the personal guard force had to go through my review before they could be on the official list. Any promotion would also require my approval. I didn't remember promoting someone by that name.

"When did he join the personal guard force?" I asked.

"He's been in the personal guard force since he became an adult," Christian answered. "He just never joined before that because he was still in school at the time. He really got involved last year."

"If he still had to go to school, why did you let him into the personal guard force?" Fôll0w current novÉls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

"Because he's royalty," Christian said.

In order to consolidate the glory of the family, there was a rule in the royal family: Any Lycan who was the direct bloodline of the royal family could join the personal guard force.

However, most of these members of the royal family who entered were just for the sake of fame or as a springboard for a certain identity. They were more likely to work in better departments under the arrangements of the family and would not choose to work as the invisible guards. Many members of the royal family also felt that such a job was not honorable.

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Therefore, it was almost a tacit fact that the royal family members did not participate in the training after entering the personal guards. No one would pursue this matter and treat it as an honor for the royal family.

"So you don't have to worry about his loyalty," Christian continued. "When Eric first joined the team, we all thought he wouldn't last long here.

But quickly, his performance since joining the team has impressed all of us. He's smart, learns quickly, and is helpful. He's very good at discovering his opponent's weaknesses and seizing the opportunity to defeat them in one move."

Christian rarely praised his men like that, which made me curious about Eric. If what he said was true, Eric was a good candidate.

A long time ago, because of the powerful strength of the royal Lycans, our ancestors used their special abilities to set controls in our bloodline. Lycans with the direct bloodline of the royal family could not kill each other.

Because of this, there had been very few tragedies in our history where brothers fought each other for power. This mysterious power would make it difficult for us to raise our fists when facing people with the same bloodline.

And this bloodline restriction applied to our mates at the same time. After Margaret and I marked each other, no member of the royal family could hurt Margaret any more than they could hurt me.

I nodded. "Take me to him," I said.

Christian led me to where the personal guard forces were stationed.

Our people did not occupy the Silver Moon Pack's territory. Instead, they set up camp beside the forest to rest. I saw some people going through their daily training.

Christian explained to me, "Because there hasn't been a formal combat deployment, most of our people are still in the camp. Only a small number have been assigned to patrol. If the battle really starts, I plan to leave a tenth of my people to garrison and protect the Silver Moon Pack. Then there won't be so many people here."

My sharp eyes scanned the training crowd and became fixated in one direction.

I smelled something familiar. Christian was right. He did smell like royalty.

"Eric, come here."

A young man ran over from the group. He first bowed to Christian, then faced me, a look of surprise on his face. Then he bowed in a way that was neither servile nor overbearing.

"You're Eric?" I said.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Eric replied.

I sized Eric up. He wasn't tall, definitely less than six feet. He even looked a little thin among the tall royal Lycan warriors. But his eyes were bright and lively. He didn't look dispirited at all. He looked like a very capable person.

I immediately understood what Christian had meant. This person looked inconspicuous and wouldn't easily alert the others. He could even disguise himself as an ordinary werewolf to make people lower their guard. However, he was definitely not to be underestimated. I could tell that from his fearless expression.

*Chapter 153: Sketch*

[Donald's Perspective]

"I heard from Christian that you're from the royal family. You look familiar to me. Have we met before?" I said in an approachable tone.

"Of course I've seen you before," Eric said, looking relaxed. "But it was always at court banquets. You definitely won't remember me."

These words did not sound lowly coming from Eric. Instead, they sounded calm.

I couldn't help but have a favorable impression of him.

"I have an opportunity here," I said. "Christian recommended you to me, but you need something to prove your strength to me."

"What would you like me to prove to you?" Eric said.

"Anything. What's your specialty?"

Eric looked down and thought for a moment. "I can't think of anything at the moment," he said. "But I have something that I developed after seeing the way those people attacked yesterday."

Eric turned his attention to Christian and said, "I wanted to show it to the captain, but since you're here, Your Majesty, please take a look with the captain."

I looked at Christian questioningly, but Christian shook his head as well, clearly not knowing what Eric was talking about.

Eric took a roll of sketches out of his shirt and handed them to me.

I took the sketches and unfolded them. They were a series of drawings of werewolves. The faces were not very clear, but there were some battle movements drawn in detail, and there were captions.

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The next few pictures featured some weapons along with annotations of attack positions and angles. The sketches of these postures were very detailed and precise.

I could tell by the long, pointed wolf claws and not-so-tall build that these were portraits of the werewolves who attacked us.

Christian and I looked at each other in amazement.

Eric explained, "I discovered the difference between the enemy and us after the battle yesterday, and then I kept wondering if there was a way to deal with them. I made these sketches, trying to find some of their weaknesses."

Eric pointed to a position on the diagram with his hand and said, "Given the strength of the personal guards, we should be able to incapacitate them for a while if we insert a dagger at a special angle from this position. Then it will be much easier to defeat the opponent."

Christian was studying the diagram carefully. "Does it have to be a dagger? Using our familiar wolf claws, can we also attack from this angle?"

Eric shook his head and said, "At the moment in my research, this angle is a little tricky. It's difficult to penetrate deep enough with the fixed angle of our wolf claws. The best weapon I can think of so far is a dagger. It's short, sharp, and flexible. But this is only my initial research. There should be room for improvement."

I flipped through the pages as well. Eric was a genius to have been able to draw something like this in just one night. More importantly, it proved that Eric was not just a reckless brute. He could think critically and solve problems. Christian was indeed a first-rate judge of character.

"Where did you learn to draw?" I asked casually. Follow current novels on  
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"I studied medicine in university, and I know a little about anatomy. My analysis was based on anatomy. The opponents' abnormal wolf claws will definitely upset the balance of their bodies, so their overall centers of gravity and the way their bones move will also change slightly. From this perspective, I came to my current conclusion, but I still need actual combat to confirm it," Eric said.

I stared into his eyes, trying to decide from this whether he could be trusted.

Eric looked at me fearlessly. There was no evasion or guilt in his eyes. It was just as Christian had said. He was an excellent young man.

"Okay, I have an important mission for you," I said with satisfaction.

[Margaret's Perspective]

After Donald left, I started packing the room.

I looked at the messy room and sighed. Actually, I didn't have much to pack. I had only moved to Donald's place not long ago. I hadn't opened many of the things that Elizabeth had packed for me. Now, I just had to find them and take them away.

But I was worried about something else. Although Donald had promised me repeatedly that nothing would happen, the truth was that regardless of whether this battle was won or not, it might be difficult for me to return to my pack.

If we failed, needless to say, it would be a problem if our pack could exist. Even if everything went well and we defeated each other, Donald would return to his royal Lycan pack. We would hold our wedding there and settle there.

Now was not the time to think about such things.

#### *Chapter 154: A Glass of Warm Milk*

[Margaret's Perspective]

I shook my head to get the random thoughts out of my head and went to the closet intending to rummage through my packages.

But as I flipped through them, my mind started wandering again.

I really didn't want to leave here, leave my pack, and leave Donald.

I knew that Donald and I had already communicated about this matter. I shouldn't go back on my word, but was there any possibility that I could stay here and fight alongside Donald?

Even if I didn't stand on the frontline with him, I could stay in a safe place where I could get news of him every day, and kiss and hug him.

I couldn't bear to leave Donald. I didn't want to be separated from him.

I thought of Elizabeth again. Donald had said that he would send Elizabeth and me away from here. Shouldn't Elizabeth come to me first? Did Donald know Elizabeth's location?

Moreover, I wondered if her relationship with Armstrong improved. I only saw Armstrong at the meeting just now...

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

I heard the door being pulled open. For a moment, I thought Armstrong had returned.



But then I sensed from the scent he was emitting that it wasn't my mate. It was Anthony.

I sat up in bed with my back to him and wiped the tears from my face, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

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Anthony stopped at the door. He must have seen the blood on the sofa. He knew that Armstrong had been here. For a moment, I didn't know how to face him. In the same room, in the same bed, Anthony and I had done the most intimate thing.

I heard Anthony's footsteps leaving. Now, as I was about to be rejected by my mate, was Anthony, the only one who cared about me, going to give up on me too?

The tears that had lingered at the corners of my eyes were about to start flowing again. I got out of bed, tidied myself in front of the mirror, and walked out of my room, trying to pull myself together.

But I bumped into Anthony. He was holding a glass of warm milk and looking at me in surprise.

"You—you didn't leave?" I looked equally surprised.

"I saw you in bed and reckoned that you had not eaten. I went to the kitchen to make you something. But I only found milk, so I added some oats. See if it's what you like."

I reached out and took it. The milk was the right temperature. Oatmeal without sugar was the diet I'd been eating since I was 14.

In the past, Armstrong and Margaret would mock me for being a useless 'princess' who only knew how to doll herself up, but they had never thought about how much effort I had put into maintaining such an appearance.

The figure and face I had now were not a given. Being beautiful required time and hard work.

Could it be that only what they did was valued? Wasn't beauty itself of value?

I slowly finished my glass of milk. It was very good at tamping down my stomach, which had been empty since morning.

Anthony took the glass from me naturally. I felt my mood lighten.

I looked up at Anthony and said, "I saw you surrounded by people this morning. Have you finished your business?"

Anthony nodded and said, "I saw you in the crowd this morning and you left before I could say hello. I thought you might have gone home, so I came to look for you."

With that, Anthony looked around and said, "The Alpha has been here, hasn't he?"

The corners of my mouth twitched. I really couldn't smile, so I gave up. I lowered my head and said gloomily, "Yes. He came back and we talked for a while. Margaret said that the Lycan King would send me and her away. I'm packing my luggage."

"You're leaving here?" Anthony looked troubled.

"It's useless for me to stay here anyway. No one needs me at all."

I slammed the glass down on the table, looked at my open suitcase, and began to take out some of the clothes inside and stuff other clothes into it.

I now felt that the clothes I had put in earlier were not suitable to be taken to the royal Lycan pack. I should pack clothes for all the seasons. There was a chance that I would never come back.

"Elizabeth..."

I heard Anthony's voice behind me.

"I don't know if it's appropriate for me to say this, but I want to ask you nonetheless. Do you need someone to keep you safe on the road?" Anthony said with his head lowered.

"The Lycan King said he'd send an escort... Wait!"

I suddenly understood what Anthony meant. I looked back at him.

"Are you saying that you want to be my guard?"

"I can beg Alpha. You're the Luna of our Pack. You should be protected by the best fighter in the Pack."

*Chapter 155: A Familiar Female Voice*

[Elizabeth's Perspective]

"But you're our Pack's Beta. Will Armstrong let you go at this point?"

I almost ignored Anthony's last question and focused directly on whether he could really leave with me.

If Armstrong was destined to reject me, then with Anthony's company, I would be much better off with the royal family at the Lycan Pack.

"Escorting you can't be left to the Lycan King's men," Anthony said, shaking his head. "The Alpha will realize that. Even if it's not me, he'll send someone else to protect you as long as you're Luna of our pack."

"What if I'm not Luna?" I blurted out.

I expected Anthony to be surprised, or to ask me what had happened, but he did neither.

He just looked at me sincerely and said, "Then I'll still protect you. I want to know you're safe."

I looked at Anthony and wondered if I should tell him that I was about to be rejected by Armstrong.

Anthony stepped forward and took my hand. "Elizabeth, don't worry. You'll be Luna of our Pack. No one can replace you or take your place.

You don't have to worry about my work either. After the Lycan King's men arrive, the work in the pack will be reduced greatly. My men will be completely capable of doing it. I'll talk to Alpha. He'll agree to this."

Anthony always had an easy way of knowing what I was thinking and comforting me appropriately.

I was encouraged by him and said, "Then I'll talk to Armstrong about this and ask him to send you to me. Let's pack now. I'll contact Margaret first."

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"You really look like Luna now. I'll listen to you." Anthony smiled at me.

I instructed Anthony to go pack his bags and lowered my head to text Margaret.

[I'm packing at home.]

[When do we set off?]

[Is there a specific time and way to leave now? What arrangements has the Lycan King made?]

Margaret didn't respond after I sent her several messages. I didn't have to do the cleaning up now. I was spinning my phone in boredom when I heard a knock on the door downstairs.

Anthony heard it too. He paused in his packing and turned to look at me questioningly.

I checked my phone. Margaret hadn't replied. I shook my head at Anthony, indicating that I didn't know who was knocking.

"Maybe Margaret came straight here?" I guessed.

"I'll take a look first," Anthony said.

I nodded. I heard Anthony's footsteps on the stairs, followed by the sound of the door opening.

"And you are...?" Anthony asked the visitor at the door.

"I'm a friend of Margaret's. Is Margaret home now?" It was a female voice that sounded familiar.

I must have heard this voice somewhere, but I couldn't remember who it was.

She said she was Margaret's friend. I frowned and continued to listen to them.

"Margaret isn't here," Anthony said.

"Oh, I see," the other party said regretfully. "Then is it convenient for me to come in and have a seat? I want to wait for her for a while here."

"I'm afraid that's not very convenient." Anthony's voice became wary.

"Well, see you next time," the female voice said.

"Goodbye," said Anthony.

Then there was silence downstairs.

I waited for a long moment, but there was no sound of Anthony coming up the stairs again. Puzzled, I walked out the door. Everything was quiet. At that moment, I finally recognized the female voice.

The person who was talking outside the door was Angel!

She spoke to me for a long time that night. I remembered her voice well. There was no mistaking it.

I hurried down the stairs, wanting to remind Anthony not to believe her. She'd lied to me so much before to hurt Margaret. She wasn't Margaret's good friend. All she wanted to do was hurt her.

As I got off the last step of the stairs, I suddenly became aware of something else.

After Anthony's last words, I didn't hear the door close. Then his voice disappeared along with Angel's.

I realized something was not right and wanted to stop, but it was too late.

I could already see Angel's malicious smile and Anthony lying unconscious under her.

"Ah—!!!" I screamed involuntarily.

[Margaret's Perspective]

I had just turned on my phone when I saw the three messages Elizabeth had sent me. They were all sent more than 10 minutes ago. I could almost imagine Elizabeth freaking out on the other end of the screen.

I sighed and replied to her.

[I'm also packing my luggage. Donald said that he would send someone to send us off soon. He will bring your luggage to my place as soon as possible.]

I thought for a moment, then opened the Mindlink between me and Donald.

[Elizabeth is still packing her luggage. I asked her to come to me. When are you going to send us away?]

*Chapter 156: No Choice*

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald's reply came very fast. I felt that the mark between us had also strengthened our Mindlink connection. He could now sense the messages I sent him immediately.

[Very soon. I've found a new reliable candidate for you. I'll bring him back to pick you up.]

I checked my phone again after seeing Donald's message. Elizabeth still hadn't replied.

I really didn't know how long it would take her to pack those bags. She couldn't be thinking of moving her entire home to the royal Lycan pack, right? I felt a little helpless about my sister. I didn't know when she would stop her habit of only caring about her own priorities.

If Donald had already brought his man over and Elizabeth still hadn't arrived, perhaps I would have asked him to send his man to pick her up. This wasn't troublesome. If we were all at home, it would be troublesome if all her things were still spread out on the bed.

I sent two more messages to rush her, but there was still no response.

Seeing that it was almost time for my appointment with Donald, I walked to the closet and got my luggage ready.

At that moment, I heard a knock on the door.

I thought that Donald had returned, but I realized immediately that he didn't need to knock to enter this room. He would walk straight in.

It had to be Elizabeth. I could even hear her signature high-heeled shoes outside the door.

Thankfully, Elizabeth was punctual for once and had already packed her luggage before Donald returned.

I opened the door and spoke before I could see the other party's face. "You're finally here. Why didn't you reply to my..."

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I forcefully swallowed the word 'messages'.

Standing in front of me was not my familiar beautiful sister, Elizabeth, but another face that was equally familiar and beautiful, but one that disgusted me to the extreme.

It was Angel.

"It has been a long time, Margaret," Angel greeted me with a smile.

But my stomach only felt nauseous.

"What are you doing here?" I said coldly. "It seems that Donald had warned you not to appear in front of me again, or else..."

Angel cut me off.

“We’ve just met, and you’re already saying such hostile words? This isn’t like your usual delicate self in front of Donald.”

“I don’t have anything friendly to say to you.”

I reached out to close the door. Angel was like a poisonous snake. You never knew when she was going to bite you. The best way to protect yourself from her was to stay away.

But Angel reached out and pressed her hand against the door. She was very strong. I felt as if a thousand-pound stone had been pressed against the top of the door. It was difficult for me to push it back any further.

“What are you doing?” I said in shock and anger.

I couldn’t believe Angel would dare to attack me here. She must have used a lot of strength. This was Donald’s territory. As long as I made a huge commotion, I would definitely catch the attention of those around. Then Angel wouldn’t be able to leave this place easily.

“Don’t be so grumpy.” Angel raised a finger and made a shushing gesture with her lips.

I glowered at her, almost wanting to call out and draw people over.

But Angel gestured again, and an unfamiliar werewolf appeared beside her. I guessed from the size that he was a Lycan too.

The unfamiliar werewolf was holding a sharp dagger to someone’s neck. He exuded a cold, murderous aura. Check out *latest novels* on [n/ovels/bin\(.\)/c/o/m](http://n/ovels/bin(.)/c/o/m)

“Keep quiet now, okay?” Angel said with a smile.

I immediately shut up.

That someone was Elizabeth.

When had Elizabeth fallen into Angel’s hands?

Angel was actually holding Elizabeth hostage. *What does she want?!?* I thought.

Angel looked at me with satisfaction and said, “That’s the spirit. I want to come in and have a cup of tea. Will you invite me in?”

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“Let go of Elizabeth first,” I whispered. “Come at me if you want to do anything. I can be your hostage. Let Elizabeth go.”

Angel’s lips curved into an enigmatic smile. “What a good sister. But this is not the time for you to make demands. Let me in or I’ll have her throat slit.”

Towards the end, Angel’s tone became sinister.

“You can’t leave here if you kill her,” I said.

“Then we might as well give it a try and see if you’re willing to risk your sister’s life.” Angel chuckled and shot a look at the person next to her.

I saw the blade move a little further on Elizabeth’s throat, making a thin red mark on her neck.

“Don’t!” I hissed.

Angel blinked at me as if she were an innocent little girl, but in my eyes, her exquisite face was like a demon from hell.

I knew I had no choice. If I continued to hesitate, the knife would really cut Elizabeth’s throat. No matter what, I couldn’t risk her life.

“Come in,” I said.

## **Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 157 - Stalling for Time - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 157 - Stalling for Time**

*Chapter 157: Stalling for Time*

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I made some space for Angel and the others to walk in.

I kept my gaze on Elizabeth. She looked a little off.



She didn't seem to be able to support herself. She didn't seem to notice the sharp blade at her neck. She was almost dragged into the house by the tall Lycan.

I wanted to make eye contact with Elizabeth, but her eyes were glazed as she looked at the ground.

"What did you do to her?" I shouted at Angel.

"Don't talk to me like that!" Angel reached out and slapped me.

Her slap caught me off guard. I staggered and half fell onto the bed.

I touched my face and looked at Angel. She looked down at me arrogantly, as if I were an ant at her feet.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Elizabeth. She was still looking confused. I knew this was not the time to be angry.

I closed my eyes for a moment. "What did you do with her?" I repeated, humiliated.

Angel glanced back at Elizabeth. "She's fine. I just fed her some drinks."

"What did you feed her?" I asked.

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"Do you want to know?" Angel gave me a charming smile. She took out a small black bottle and waved it in front of me. "Don't worry," she said. "You have your share too. Drink it."

I looked warily at the vial in Angel's hand. It couldn't be good. Based on Elizabeth's reaction, the liquid might confuse my mind and incapacitate me. When that happened, I would be at Angel's mercy. I mustn't rashly drink what she gave me.

I thought about the little bottle I had picked up from Angel the last time. Where did she get these strange things? I should have told Donald then.

Donald... He just sent me a message saying that he would be here soon. What I needed to do was to stall for time. As long as I chatted with Angel for a while longer, I could turn the situation around when Donald appeared here. Then Angel wouldn't be able to escape easily.

Angel raised her eyebrows at me and said, "I don't mind doing you a favor if you don't want to drink it yourself."

She stepped forward, looking like she wanted to force it down my throat.

“No, I’ll do it myself,” I quickly reached out to take the small black bottle.

Instead of unscrewing it immediately, I observed it first. The appearance of this bottle looked very similar to the last one. Perhaps the style of bottles of this size was similar.

Like the bottle I had picked up last time, there were no letters or markings around it. Its glass body was very smooth and it could be held completely in the palm of the hand without being discovered by others.

“How much longer are you going to look at that bottle?” Angel said.

“What is it inside?” I avoided the topic.

“Would you believe me if I said it was Coke?” Angel scoffed.

“It doesn’t look like there’s gas in it.” I raised the small bottle to the light and said, “A Coke without gas tastes terrible. I think soda with ice in it in the summer is the best. What do you think?”

“It’s stupid of you to try to stall for time like this.” Angel stepped back and reached out to pull Elizabeth in front of her. “One more useless word from you and I’ll break her neck.”

“Don’t!” I knew my method had failed. I had to unscrew the bottle and put the content in my mouth.

I looked at Angel. She was looking at me too. She noticed my gaze and moved the blade closer to Elizabeth threateningly.

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I still wanted to make one last attempt. Donald might be on his way here right now. I just had to hold on for another two minutes, a minute, even 30 seconds. It might turn things around for Elizabeth and me.

I sniffed the liquid inside. It was clearly not Coke. It looked innocuous.

“Is this sweet?” I asked.

Angel was too impatient to talk to me again. She exerted force with her hand. I watched as the tip of her knife pricked Elizabeth’s skin a little. Soon blood seeped out from where she had been cut. Elizabeth still did not react.

Again, I had no choice.

I forced myself to take a sip. It was hard to describe the taste of this black liquid. It couldn’t be described as sour, sweet, bitter, or salty. It was closer to being tasteless.

It had a smooth texture, as if it had been mixed with talcum powder. After swallowing it, there was still a smooth aftertaste in the mouth, which gave one a strange sense of nausea. To be specific, it had a sweet but metallic, rusty taste.

I was so disgusted by the taste that I held onto the bed and retched.

I held the small bottle that was still more than half full of black liquid and couldn't help but feel a chill.

*Chapter 158: Pour It In*

[Margaret's Perspective]

Had Elizabeth just drunk the same thing? She couldn't have done it willingly.

If I drank it all like Angel said, no one would know where Elizabeth and I were taken to. Angel could even kill us both easily. She had wanted to do this to me before.

*Can I pretend to drink it and spit it out??* I wondered.

I couldn't. Angel was keeping an eye on me, and there was a Lycan beside me. I wouldn't get the chance. Besides, that would be too easy to spot. What other way is there? I wondered. Think quickly.

My mind raced. *Why isn't Donald here yet?!*

*I can't rely on Donald for everything,?* I thought. *We're mates. I can't always rely on Donald to save me.*

Mates! We marked each other. We would have a special soul connection. I thought of this, but then I realized that Donald and I had only marked each other for a short time. We had never tried these special abilities after the marking. I didn't know how to use it.

However, since it was all perception of the soul, it shouldn't be much different from Mindlink.

I hung my head and pretended to look at the small black bottle. I began to silently call out to Donald.

[Donald, come and save me.]

[I am being held by A...]

Before my message was sent, I felt a strong grip on my chin. I was forced to look up into a pair of dark eyes.

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Those eyes seemed to have been dyed black. I could barely see the white of his eyes. I was shocked, and the connection I had just established with Donald was instantly cut off.

The person holding my chin was the Lycan beside Angel. His palm was very big and long. I noticed that he looked very similar to the person who had tried to attack me in the forest.

“Pour the medicine into her,” I heard Angel give the order.

I struggled desperately, but to no avail.

This unfamiliar Lycan took the vial forcefully from my hand and poured it into my mouth. I choked and coughed at his rough movements. The disgusting taste instantly filled my nose and slid down my esophagus. I felt like I was suffocating.

My hand flailed weakly in the air until I swallowed all the liquid. Then the unfamiliar Lycan’s hand left my body.

I heard Angel’s smug laugh, and hatred and helplessness welled up in me at the same time.

“Soon you’ll be as obedient as your sister,” Angel said. “But we have some work to do with both of you.”

Angel took out another small bottle from her body. This time, she approached me personally. I thought she was going to do the same thing again and force me to drink it. But she just opened the bottle and spilled the liquid on me.

I wanted to retreat and escape. I couldn’t follow them out of here like this. Donald would definitely go crazy when he returned and found me missing.

I had never regretted not being able to protect myself as much as I did now. I was too weak in front of Angel. Every time we fought, the outcome was the same. It was as if she was a ferocious beast and I was just a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

Angel studied me for a moment, then nodded and said to the unfamiliar Lycan beside her, “That’s enough. Let’s go.”

*No! No!!!*

I felt my vision blur. In front of me, Angel's figure and voice seemed to be shrouded in a mist. I couldn't see or hear her clearly. I tried my best to bite the tip of my tongue with my teeth, trying to use the pain to retain the last of my consciousness so that I wouldn't become a marionette at Angel's mercy like Elizabeth.

I had to send a message to Donald and tell him that I had been taken. I also had to stay awake and make sure that I knew where I was to provide Donald with effective information.

I tried to turn on my special connection with Donald again, but this time there was no sign that we were connected. I felt like I had hit a wall. The message I wanted to send was intercepted by something.

That potion... and whatever Angel sprayed on me. What did they do?

They'd clearly cut me off from the outside world. I'd gone from a connected world to an isolated unit.

My consciousness was slipping from me bit by bit. I saw that the connection between my soul and my body was also being cut off.

I must contact Donald and tell him what happened to me.

Gradually that was the only thought left in my mind. I saw myself clawing uselessly in the air. There was no target.

I took a step forward and stretched out my hand to reach my phone, but my body had no way of keeping its balance anymore. Just as I was about to fall, the Lycan caught me.

Then I felt the world spin. Everywhere I looked, my vision went white.

*Chapter 159: Stay Here*

[Angel's Perspective]

I looked disdainfully at Margaret and Elizabeth, who had become delirious in the room. I directed the Lycan to lift the two of them.

These two idiots were actually the Lycan King and the Alpha's mates. Their ancestors must have given them some luck buff in their genes. Unfortunately, they were not compatible. They deserved what happened to them.

So far, our plan had worked.

After agreeing to work with Master, I also made my request to him.

We were on the same page in some areas. He wanted to create a new order for the Lycans and avoid those unqualified werewolves who could influence the Lycans' actions. I agreed with that completely.

A great Lycan king like Donald should not have been held back by a shallow and ignorant little she-wolf like Margaret. He could have led all the Lycans to a more glorious future.

So the only thing I wanted from Master was this: Margaret had to disappear from Donald's side, no matter what.

Master quickly provided me with a plan of action and the necessary tools. His efficiency made me feel he was reliable as a partner.

Next, I had to transport the two of them to the place I had agreed with Master.

What made me feel a little dissatisfied was that Master had only instructed me what I needed to do in the process without telling me the entire plan. I could sense that he had something else going on behind this.

Including this Lycan I met today. He was working for Master. And his scent made me feel strange. He was built and moved like Lycan, but he didn't have a Lycan's aura.

Master looked for me to collaborate with him, but he didn't trust me completely. He treated me more like one of his senior thugs.

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When the other Lycan and I arrived at the meeting place with Master according to the map, I realized that this place was not far from the Silver Moon Pack. This place was an abandoned cabin in the forest, like it had been inhabited by some forest ranger.

There were already a few people waiting for us in the cabin. Their outfits looked similar to the other Lycans'. When they saw us, they took Margaret and Elizabeth without any communication and opened a secret door, locking them in a rather hidden basement.

I had expected to see Master in this place, but no.

The feeling of being used intensified.

I walked into the house and said to someone who looked like their leader, "What are we going to do next?"

The man glanced up at me. The cabin wasn't well lit. Even in daylight, the room was dim.

The shadow under his nose made him look sinister. He said, "Stay here."

I looked around. I had seen the terrain here when I came here just now. The surrounding road was very flat, and I could see this small house from afar.

Moreover, this house was clearly very old, with used wooden doors that could not withstand a single blow. If Donald's men were to find their way here, they could easily snatch the two of them back and the few of us wouldn't be able to stop them.

This was definitely not a good place to hide someone.

I frowned. "Did Master say that?" I asked.

The man with the malicious eyes nodded.

This was not how I remembered Master doing things. My eyes darted around and I said bluntly, "This is not a good place. We have to move."

"I said, we have to stay here."

The commanding tone of the other party infuriated me. I shouted at him, "I hope you understand that I'm working with Master. I'm not his subordinate."

"That's the order we received. She needs to stay here." The other party's eyes were fixed on me. "If you have an objection, you can talk to him. If you want to leave, you can leave, but you can't take her away from here."

I tried to reason with him. "We're too close to the Silver Moon Pack. They'll find us easily. Then everything we've done will be for nothing. We have to move."

"She can't leave this place."

No matter what, the other party was insisting on this.

I secretly assessed their strength. There were seven or eight of them. If they were trash like Margaret, I wouldn't care if there were 20 of them, let alone seven or eight.

However, these people were clearly different. On the way over, I saw the movement ability of that Lycan. If I used this to estimate the strength of their attacks, I was not confident that I could subdue them all.

And it would be difficult for me to move both Margaret and Elizabeth without their help.

I decided to make an appropriate concession first. I narrowed my eyes and said, "Okay, I'll patrol outside and let you know if I hear anything."

*Chapter 160: Saving Ourselves*

[Margaret's Perspective]

My consciousness kept drifting between wakefulness and fuzziness.

At times, I could feel something hitting the wall that connected me to the outside world, but the wall was too thick. These hits were not enough to shake it, and I could not give the outside world any response.

Sometimes when I was awake, my eyes could see the scenery outside. I felt myself moving quickly. Sometimes the sky was in front of me and sometimes the trees were mixed into a blur of green and blue. I tried to remember something in the process that might be a sign.

I also saw Elizabeth. She was being carried on someone's shoulder. She didn't seem to have any intelligence. Her body swayed weakly as the other party moved.

Then I realized that I looked just like her now. Angel was transporting us to a strange place.

[Donald, Donald...]

I stopped trying to hit that hard wall and tried to send Donald a little emotion with my limited mind.

I tried hard to recall the scenes where Angel's humiliation had made me feel angry and indignant. I hoped that Donald could sense them and know who had taken me.

Once again, my consciousness blurred. Darkness enveloped me.

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When I opened my eyes again, I was in darkness.

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I blinked in the darkness, thinking I was still unconscious, but then I felt my body recover.

My heart was pounding. I was alive.



I tried to open my mouth and found it taped shut. All I could do was whimper.

*Where is this?? I wondered. Where is Elizabeth?*

I wanted to reach out and feel around, but my arms were tied behind my back with ropes. I could only reach my back.

*Calm down. Stay calm, Margaret.*

I couldn't blindly wait for Donald to send someone to save me. I had to fight for some way to save myself.

I opened and closed my eyes repeatedly, trying to get used to the extreme dimness here. Angel couldn't keep us in a completely enclosed place. It would suffocate us.

There must be an air vent here that was connected to the outside world. As long as there was an air vent, there would more or less be a light source and hope of escape.

Finally, when I opened my eyes for the umpteenth time, I could barely make out the outline of the room.

It looked like a warehouse that had been abandoned for a long time. There were bags and trash on the ground. I saw where the door was. A faint light came from under the door. The connection between the door and the frame was not tight. When the wind blew from the outside, it would make some noise.

I had no idea where we were. I had no recollection of our pack having such a place.

I looked around but didn't see Elizabeth. Maybe Angel had moved me somewhere far away and locked us up separately.

I tried twisting my wrists and limbs. My body didn't feel numb. I guessed I hadn't been tied up for long.

Did whoever was out there already know that I was awake? If I could attack him when he opened the door, did that mean I had a chance of escaping from here? I refocused on the rope behind me. I thought of one way of escape that I had seen before.

I pushed my wrists down hard, trying to get them around my ass.

This action was very difficult as I was restrained. I squirmed on the ground, trying to borrow strength. The intense activity made it difficult for me to breathe. I sucked a large amount of dust through my nose. I kept exhaling to expel the dust from my nose. I felt that my wrists were scraped by the rough ground.

It was so close. So close.

Then my foot hit something and I heard a short whimper.

I also finally managed to get my hands around to the front from the back. I reached out and tore the tape off my mouth, struggling to feel where the sound had come from with my bound hands.

I lowered my voice and asked softly, "Elizabeth?"

The low whimpering sound from before appeared again.

I touched her body. First, it was her warm thighs, then her miniskirt. At this point, I could almost confirm that the person in front of me was Elizabeth.

I touched her face all the way up. As expected, her mouth was sealed with tape like mine. I tore off the tape.

"Margaret, sob, sob, sob, sob," Elizabeth wailed as soon as she opened her mouth.

I glared at her, then realized that she couldn't see my expression clearly. I had no choice but to block her mouth with my hand. In the darkness, I couldn't see her position clearly. I could only feel that I had hit Elizabeth in the face.

She was stunned by my sudden reaction. She made a sound and closed her mouth.

Anyway, I had achieved my goal.

"Margaret?" Elizabeth said hesitantly.

"Shh—keep your voice down."

I began to continue fighting with the rope around my hands. Both my wrists were tied together by the knot, and I couldn't see the way it was tied in the dark, so I didn't know where to start.

The other party used a very professional binding method. It seemed that the more I tried to break free, the tighter it held me.