

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 161 - Kidnapped - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 161 - Kidnapped

Chapter 161: Kidnapped

[Margaret's Perspective]

I turned my attention to Elizabeth and said, "Turn around. I'll see if I can untie you."

I tried to find a gap in Elizabeth's knots, but I didn't have any experience with ropes. It was hard. In the end, I had to admit that I had to give it up for some other plan.

I directed Elizabeth to bring her hands around from behind as I had done. It would make the body feel better.

Elizabeth also tried to untie the ropes on my hands. She tried to use her sharp and long nails to create some space between the knots on my wrists, but they were tied too tightly.

I closed my eyes and tried again to find a connection to Donald in my mind. Our special senses as mates allowed us to bridge the distance between us. I felt the wall again, but it didn't seem as strong as before. This meant that the potion's effect on me was weakening. When the wall disappeared, I would be able to connect with Donald.

Thinking of this, I finally saw a glimmer of hope in this helpless situation.

I turned to look at Elizabeth. She was sitting in the shadows as if she was in a daze. I couldn't see her expression, but she was definitely panicking. Elizabeth had never even been properly involved in training. She must have been terrified to be kidnapped like this.

I moved closer to Elizabeth and touched her calf with my knee.

"Elizabeth!" I whispered.

I had to get her to pull herself together. I couldn't leave here on my own. Even if I could get a message to Donald, it would take time for him to get here. And until then, no one knew what would happen. Elizabeth couldn't remain in a daze like this.

Elizabeth didn't react to my words. She continued to sit there in a daze.

“Elizabeth!” I raised my voice slightly.

.....

Elizabeth finally turned her head toward me, as if she had just heard my voice.

“Are you calling me?” Elizabeth’s voice was sharp with shock. “I thought I heard something else. Margaret, where are we? Why are we here?”

“We were kidnapped by Angel,” I said.

Recalling the scene where Elizabeth appeared in front of me after being controlled by Angel, I asked curiously, “Why were you with her?”

“I—I was packing at home, and then I went down the stairs. I saw that Anthony was down, and I was terrified... and then, then I was knocked unconscious,” Elizabeth said incoherently.

I was confused. Elizabeth had been with Armstrong, and then Armstrong had appeared alone. Why was Anthony there too?

I reached out and pressed Elizabeth’s hand, which had been pulling at the rope around her wrist. I said slowly, “Tell me slowly. What happened?”

But Elizabeth burst into tears. “I really don’t know what’s going on,” she cried. “Margaret, you have to find a way to get us out of here. I don’t want to stay in this hellhole anymore.”

“Keep your voice down.” I raised my arm to wipe the tears from Elizabeth’s face.

“She probably just wants to capture us and won’t do anything to us,” I comforted Elizabeth. “We have to find out what’s going on first. I’ll ask you questions. Answer me, okay?”

Hearing that Elizabeth had finally stopped crying and responded softly, I asked, “After Donald and I left, you and Armstrong parted ways, right?”

Elizabeth’s sobs suddenly became louder again. My arm that was against her face was wet with her tears.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry,” I coaxed, already guessing what happened between her and Armstrong.

I sighed inwardly and let the matter drop. Then I made a guess. “Then Anthony went to our house to look for you, didn’t he?”

I felt Elizabeth's head move. I couldn't tell if she was nodding or shaking her head.

I was about to ask her again when I heard Elizabeth's slightly hoarse voice. "Yes."
Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

"And then you guys—"

"Then Anthony helped me pack. We heard the doorbell downstairs." Elizabeth followed my lead. "He went down alone for a long time. All I could hear in the room was that he was talking to someone. I thought the other voice sounded familiar even then. I was about to go out and take a look when I saw Angel and Anthony, who had fainted."

I listened in silence.

Elizabeth continued, "Then I screamed loudly and tried to run back to my room. But before I could reach my room, I saw Angel in front of me. She was faster than a ghost. After that, I was lying here."

Chapter 162: Failed Transformation

[Margaret's Perspective]

Elizabeth said pretty much what I thought.

I just didn't know how Anthony was doing now. A vicious person like Angel probably wouldn't let go of someone who might expose her.

However, if Anthony was still alive, he might not understand the internal strife among the Lycans. However, he had seen Angel before. He would definitely tell Armstrong what happened.

Then even without my cry for help, Donald would know that I had been kidnapped by Angel.

Using the weak light source by the door, I began to look around the room again.

The place looked like it had been abandoned for a long time. The smell of dust was everywhere. There had been no activities around here for a long time.

"What do we do now, Margaret?" came Elizabeth's helpless voice.

I took a deep breath of the stale air and suggested, "We need to find a way to free our hands first. We'll look around here and see if there's anything sharp that can help us do it."

“Are we going to have to escape on our own now?” Elizabeth said in horror. “We can’t do it. Where’s your mate?! He’s the Lycan King. Why hasn’t he come to save you?!”
Fôll0w current novÊls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

“I’m trying to contact him, but there’s something here that’s blocking our connection. We have to work on it ourselves before I can reach him,” I said.

Elizabeth stopped talking.

“Here, I’ll look this way, you go that way. Be careful not to get scraped by anything on the ground.”

.....

Elizabeth and I split up. I was hoping to find some loose screws and steel bars on the ground or on the wall. Any piece of metal would grind the rope off our hands.

However, to my disappointment, there was nothing in this house except dust. I found nothing after being covered in dirt.

I turned to look in Elizabeth’s direction and saw that she had not budged.

“Why aren’t you moving?” I asked in annoyance.

Our situation was bad enough, but Elizabeth was still holding us back. However, when I thought about how I had dragged her into this dispute, I couldn’t vent my anger. If it hadn’t been for me, Elizabeth could have stayed at home in peace and waited for arrangements to be sent away.

I moved myself back to where Elizabeth was and heard her say, “There’s nothing here. We’re wasting our energy.”

“You didn’t even look,” I pointed out.

“It just looks like there’s nothing,” Elizabeth muttered. “And I’ve got dust all over my hands. Is there anything I can wash my hands with? I hate the air. It has a strange smell. I feel dizzy.”

I felt that this was all an excuse for Elizabeth not to do anything. After coming to this room, I didn’t smell anything but dust. She just didn’t want to deal with dust.

I didn’t bother to pick a fight with her. I continued to feel my way through the area that she didn’t search.

After combing the entire area, I had to admit that Elizabeth was right about at least one thing. There was nothing here.

Exhausted but not gaining anything, I leaned against the wall to rest and continued to think of ways to escape.

Other than Donald, who else could I ask for help? Who else was close to me?

My wolf, Betty!

How could I have forgotten her? I couldn't believe I'd forgotten that I was a werewolf.

Betty's claws would definitely cut through these ropes. I called out to Betty in my mind.

[Betty? Betty?]

Betty took a long time to respond to me.

[Margaret, I'm here.]

[Are you all right now? I need your help to cut these ropes.]

[I'm not sure, Margaret. That potion you drank cut off a lot of connections. It's difficult for me to receive your messages, but we can try.]

I calmed my heart and sensed the power in my body, stimulating it to adhere to my body.

This transformation felt more difficult than any previous one. I channeled a lot of power into it, but it dissipated without any response.

Under my constant urging, I finally saw some fur on my arm. However, it was only for a short moment before I felt exhausted. The fur instantly disappeared and I regained my smooth human skin.

[Betty? Betty!]

This time, no matter how hard I called out in my heart, Betty didn't reply.

"Elizabeth, what—"

I stopped mid-sentence.

If I couldn't even succeed in transforming myself, then it would be even more impossible for Elizabeth, who had never participated in training. Moreover, this would obviously consume a lot of stamina. There was no need for Elizabeth to make such a meaningless attempt.

Chapter 163: 'Mist'

[Margaret's Perspective]

"Huh? Were you contacting the Lycan King just now?" Elizabeth was obviously still pinning her hopes on Donald.

I shook my head. "I was trying to transform, but I failed."

I realized that the light coming through the doorway was weakening, and the room was getting even dimmer. I realized that it was probably already night, which meant that Elizabeth and I had been missing for hours.

Because we were held in such a dark environment, I didn't know how long we'd been here. An hour or two probably. And it was hard to estimate how long we'd been unconscious. I had no way of telling how long it had taken Angel to transfer us here.

I only hoped that the potion that prevented us from contacting each other would fail as soon as possible so that I could send a message to Donald.

Elizabeth and I leaned against the wall together. Because so much time had passed, our hunger had disappeared from our bodies. Only our thirst lingered. I licked my dry lips and endured silently.

When can we contact the others? How will they find this place?

Betty had just said that it was the potion I drank that stopped the connection between the werewolves. Then what did the potion Angel sprinkled on me do?

Normally, other than Mindlink, werewolves had a rather outstanding tracking ability because of their excellent sense of smell. And the person with the strongest tracking ability under Donald was...

My heart sank again at the thought.

It was Elliot.

At this point, I didn't dare trust anyone easily.

.....

Elizabeth had said that Angel had gone to the house to look for her first, which meant that Angel thought that I was there too. If I hadn't left with Donald, I really would have been in the house packing with Elizabeth. But who had told Angel this news?

There had to be a mole around Donald.

Based on what Elliot did to me earlier, he was a strong suspect.

I had another theory in mind. The liquid Angel had sprayed on us was probably to cover our auras.

I'd heard of a banned drug called the 'Mist'. It was very effective at masking scents. It was also very long-lasting, but very rare.

Armstrong had once wanted to obtain some to hide the traces of our patrol team and do more active reconnaissance in the forest, but he gave up because it was too difficult to obtain.

However, the Mist had a flaw. Its range of effect was limited. It moved with the person.

This meant that once the carrier of the Mist was far enough away from the tracker, the tracker would be able to sense the other party's aura. However, at that time, the carrier of the Mist would have already run far away and would not be easily caught again.

However, if the tracker was outstanding enough, he could use this method to determine the exact range of the Mist carrier and form an encirclement which he would gradually shrink to close in on the carrier.

After Donald and I marked each other, it became easier for us to sense each other's auras. And we hadn't told anyone about this yet, so Angel definitely didn't know.

If Angel had used the Mist on me, even if Elliot was a traitor and Elizabeth and I stayed in this place, Donald had a good chance of finding us.

I closed my eyes and tried to regain some strength by resting.

"Margaret..." Elizabeth's voice sounded in my ear. "Can you tell me why we're like this? What happened between you and Angel that made her bring us here?"

I licked my lips again. I knew the action would make them even drier, but it would make me feel better now.

"It's hard for me to tell what she's thinking." I smiled bitterly. Angel did things completely beyond my expectations. "But I guess her goal is to keep me away from Donald."

"Away from the Lycan King?" Elizabeth's voice trembled. "In what way does she want you to leave?"

"I really don't know. She's even crazier than we thought. I even thought she wanted to kill me before, but I reckon the death of a mate will affect the other party too. Angel definitely doesn't want to kill Donald."

I continued with my analysis. "I think she might just want me to leave. If I refuse to leave of my own accord, she'll force me to leave in some way, like she's doing now. Or she wants to find a place to imprison and torture me to begin with. She must have planned this. I suspect she'll have other ways to make Donald hers later..."

"She's trying to snatch your mate. That's vicious," Elizabeth said.

"No, it's more than that..." I muttered.

Chapter 164: Traitor

[Margaret's Perspective]

Once again, I recalled seeing Angel enter the forest the night before and thought of another possibility.

That night, first Donald left because of the attack, then Angel entered the forest. According to Anthony, there was more than one attack that night. Donald had already removed Angel from her position. It was impossible for Angel to be looking for Donald.

So who was Angel looking for in the forest at that particular time, and what was she planning?

And the werewolf who had appeared beside Angel today...

Whether it was his outfit or his aura, he looked very similar to the person who attacked me in the forest. It was as if they were carved out of a template. If I hadn't seen that person being killed by Donald with my own eyes, I would have suspected that they were the same person.

Angel standing with him meant that they were working together. That meant that at some point, Angel had started working with the people who had attacked us. Working with our enemies!

I began to feel annoyed that I hadn't been highly vigilant about this.

I simply thought that Angel could not stand me and hated me, but I never thought that she would do anything because of such hatred, let alone choose to betray us.

If I had been more vigilant, even if I had been able to put these things together when I learned of the attack this morning, I might have been able to conclude that Angel was colluding with the enemy then. Then I would have reminded Donald to control Angel before she really acted. She would not have had the chance to attack Elizabeth, and we would not have been reduced to our current situation.

It was too late now.

I didn't know how many people were involved. Did Elliot, who was beside Donald, know? Was he helping Angel's plan when he asked me to plead for her?

But didn't he think that was too risky? He could see that I would probably not agree to this, and his threat to me would only make me suspicious and wary of him. He didn't have to expose himself like this.

.....

Or rather, he deliberately attracted my attention to him so that I would completely ignore what Angel was doing during this period of time and think that she was really desperate and could only follow Donald's arrangements to leave this place.

I didn't dare dwell on it. Follow current novels on Amazon.com

If Elliot was involved, he would be like a time bomb planted around Donald. Donald trusted him so much. If Elliot decided to harm Donald, his life would most likely be in danger.

If Donald was in danger, so was the Silver Moon Pack that I grew up in.

I felt my heart tighten. My breath came in ragged gasps.

Elizabeth sensed my abnormality. In the darkness, she tightened her grip on my hand and called out, "Margaret, are you okay?"

I composed myself a little and reached back for her hand.

The only thing I could be thankful for was that I had told Donald everything I knew when we parted. Donald would be more or less wary of Elliot. I hoped that this would help him.

I struggled to speak. "I'm afraid Angel is a traitor. She's working with the people who attacked us."

Elizabeth let out a strangled scream from her throat.

"How... How can you be sure?" Elizabeth said in a small voice. "Did she really work with the enemy? Those people could kill us easily."

I nodded. Elizabeth couldn't see what I was doing. It was more like I was trying to convince myself to accept the truth.

"I'm ninety percent sure of that."

“Isn’t... isn’t she from the royal Lycan family?” Elizabeth stammered. “You even said that she likes the Lycan King. Why would she choose to work with the enemy to betray us?”

This question also troubled me. If a person loved another person, why would they do such a thing?

As someone who loved Donald so deeply, I wouldn’t have the heart to do anything that might hurt him. If I could do something for him, I wouldn’t mind sacrificing my life.

All I could say was that Angel’s concept of love and hate was different from ours. Her love was plunder and possession. When she couldn’t have someone, her love would turn into hatred. It was just as passionate and crazy.

Although she exuded a cold aura and even her wolf was the color of snow, I felt like she was a crazy flame that would burn everyone around her.

I sighed and said, “It’s hard to tell if people love or hate each other. I have a feeling that Angel didn’t do it just because Donald and I became mates. She has other reasons. There’s a greater motivation pushing her to do it.”

Chapter 165: The Person He Loves Is You

[Margaret’s Perspective]

Elizabeth let out a small animal whine and curled herself into a fetal position. This was what humans did when they were still inside their mother’s womb. When humans were nervous, they instinctively turned into this position.

I wanted to say something to reassure her, but I didn’t know what I could say.

I still couldn’t contact Donald, and there was no way I could escape on my own. We had to stay here and wait for Angel’s arrangements.

This aimless waiting was the most torturous. I could clearly feel my mood becoming more anxious with every second.

Where exactly is this place?? I wondered.

Have we left the Silver Moon Pack?

Will there be any patrols around here?

Donald must already be sending people to look for us. If we scream loudly here, is it possible that someone outside will hear us and come to save us, or will we alert the guards and get knocked unconscious?

What is Angel trying to do? If we are no longer of any value to her, will she just walk in and kill us?

One thought after another flashed through my mind, but I couldn't get any answers.

"Margaret... are we going to die here?"

Elizabeth immediately asked the question that was troubling me.

.....

I clasped my wrists with my fingernails and pretended to be calm. "Don't think like that. The fact that we're still alive means that she won't do anything. Elizabeth, the first thing we have to do is find a way to untie ourselves and get out of this place."

I tugged at the knot in my hand again. It showed no sign of loosening.

I heard Elizabeth sigh in frustration.

"Cheer up, Elizabeth," I encouraged. "We should maintain a positive attitude and trust our mates. Donald and Armstrong are trying to save us. We can't give up on ourselves."

"Donald might be thinking of a way, but Armstrong wouldn't do that," Elizabeth said in a muffled voice. "He might just find someone to handle this and focus on the Silver Moon Pack."

"Of course not!" I said. "Elizabeth, you're his mate. You must be the one he cares about most at all times."

"Don't you know who he really cares about?" Elizabeth said, keeping a little distance from me.

Before I could say anything, Elizabeth continued, "Armstrong didn't want to be with me. When you and Donald were making love next door, Armstrong refused to be close to me. He looked like he was going to reject me. Then he said that Pack had something on and left. The person he loves has always been you, Margaret. He never loved me."

I didn't know what Elizabeth was feeling when she said that, but I felt terrible when I heard it. I had hurt my sister in it, even though it was completely against my will.

Armstrong, that bastard!

Why can't he learn to treat his mate properly?!

I leaned my head against the back wall and said, "Elizabeth, Armstrong won't reject you. I've talked to him about all this. Donald and I are mates, and we love each other deeply. What happened between Armstrong and me before is in the past."

Elizabeth said nothing. All I could hear was her soft breathing.

"Besides, Donald and I have already marked each other. We belong to each other. No one can separate us again."

Elizabeth's head came up and turned in my direction.

"What?!"

"Neither of us was willing to part with the other, but Donald insisted on sending us away. So we thought of Marking, which would allow us to sense each other from a long distance and ensure our safety."

I shook my head. Now that seemed like an irony.

Our marking hadn't achieved the desired effect. Neither of us could contact the other now. Check out *latest novels* on [n/o/v/e/l/bin\(.\)c/o/m](http://n/o/v/e/l/bin(.)c/o/m)

"When did you guys get marked?" Elizabeth asked.

"Today."

"In your bedroom?! You marked like this... I mean, where's your ritual?"

Elizabeth spoke in a tone of voice that was difficult to understand. "This is something worthy of everyone's witness. And your mate is the Lycan King. You should have the grandest ceremony. You should be the most dazzling one of them."

"Of course I will look forward to that." I lowered my head and said, "But I think the ceremony is less important than the other party being the right person. Since I've already decided on Donald, nothing else matters. At that moment, being one with Donald is the only thing I want to do."

Elizabeth was quiet for a long moment before she said slowly, "I still can't believe you guys have marked."

I smiled and said, "To be honest, I didn't think about it either. But I didn't expect to meet Donald before. Perhaps there are many accidents in life. Before they come, no one knows what the future will be like. Only when we really face it can we know if this accident is good or bad. Before the outcome is decided, everything is possible."

Chapter 166: Door Opened

[Margaret's Perspective]

I reached out to touch Elizabeth's hair, then realized I was still bound and gave up.

"There might still be some estrangement between you and Armstrong, but that will change. Sooner or later, he will learn to cherish you."

"If Armstrong can love me as much as Donald loves you, then I might not care about the ritual..." Elizabeth muttered.

Elizabeth's tone made my heart ache. I wished there was something I could do to help her.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps coming from the door.

Elizabeth and I looked at each other. We moved in each other's direction and linked our fingers.

Footsteps approached us. Then I heard a key turn.

Someone was coming in. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

Is this person good or bad? What's his purpose in coming in?? Elizabeth and I were completely unaware. We were like prisoners waiting for the judgment of fate.

The door creaked open.

A flashlight beam shone in first. After being in the dark for so long, the sudden white light was especially blinding. Elizabeth and I subconsciously closed our eyes.

First, we felt the beam of light sweep through the house before finally settling on Elizabeth and me.

.....

Immediately, I heard a rough voice say to the outside, "They're both inside. They look fine."

Someone outside answered him. The gruff voice swore and shifted the flashlight. From the sound of his footsteps, he seemed to be taking a few steps outside.

I felt myself getting used to the light and opened my eyes slightly.

The door was still open at this moment, and there was a little light coming from the outside.

This was not natural light. It seemed that my estimation had been correct. It had been hours since we left. It was already dark outside.

I saw a tall dark figure behind the door with his back to us. He was holding that flashlight and talking to someone outside.

Is this an opportunity?? I wondered

I looked down at my bound limbs. I still didn't know how many people were outside. Even if I tried to rush to the door, there was a high chance that I would only be captured and brought back. My situation might not be as good as it was now.

But if I didn't do anything and they closed the door again, Elizabeth and I would be faced with darkness again and we wouldn't be able to do anything. That would obviously be bad too.

As I hesitated, the werewolf at the door turned around.

He put away his flashlight, took something from the others, and walked over to us.

"Why is this damn place so dark?" he complained as he lit a candle, then leaned close to it to take a breath of air.

My attention was drawn to the source of light on his hand. It looked different from the white and red candles we usually used. The candle was black, but the flame that ignited it glowed with a faint purple light.

This bit of light allowed us to see each other's faces. Our eyes met. I took a quick breath.

"Yo, you're awake." There was a stench in his breath.

I noticed Elizabeth duck backward. I sat where I was without batting an eyelid. I looked up and asked, "Where are we? Why did you bring us here?"

The other gave a malicious smile and continued in that rough voice. "You don't need to know this."

He raised his hand and lifted my chin to look at my face. The stench hit me immediately. I had to endure it.

He was still commenting, "You're the Lycan King's Mate. You don't look like much."

“Don’t you touch her,” Elizabeth protested weakly from beside him.

This attracted his attention. He released his grip on my chin and looked at Elizabeth. He licked his lips and said, “You do look a little more delicious than her.”

I couldn’t take it anymore. I bent my legs and kicked at him, wanting him to stay away from Elizabeth.

However, the other party noticed my movements. He snorted and raised his arm to grab my legs. As I was tied up and couldn’t do anything else, he took the opportunity to push me back. I rolled to the side and my head hit the wall with a loud bang.

“What is it?” a gruff voice shouted from outside.

My head hit the wall. For a moment, the world spun. I could only lie on my side and curl up.

Judging by the footsteps, I heard another person enter the room.

“Didn’t I tell you not to fight them? He wants these two she-wolves to live well,” the rough voice said.

“She attacked me first,” the werewolf who had come in first argued.

“Don’t be a f*cking idiot. I know what you’re thinking, you horny piece of shit,” the gruff voice swore.

Chapter 167: I Remembered Something

Fôll0w current novÊls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

[Margaret’s Perspective]

“I’m warning you, Dick, don’t have any ideas about these two p*ssies.” This person directly blocked Dick and walked over. He stared at us fiercely. “You two behave yourself too, do you hear me?”

I stared into his eyes and tactfully kept silent. My heart sank.

He looked even more dangerous than Dick. With just these two people, Elizabeth and I had very little hope of escaping. There was still no telling how many people were out there. *Could we really only wait here passively for Donald’s rescue??* I thought.

“Those two b*tches aren’t going to do as they’re told,” Dick said bitterly. He pointed a finger at me. “Chief, she’s the one who tried to kick me.”

Their dangerous gazes were on me. His gaze went from my face down to my bound hands.

He frowned at Dick and asked, “Did you tie them up like this?”

Dick shook his head and said, “I haven’t touched a finger on them yet.”

“But I don’t remember tying it that way at the time.”

He reached out to grab my wrist. I tried to dodge to the side. I heard Elizabeth scream.

However, he only brought it over to take a closer look at the knot that tied my wrists and muttered, “These are indeed traces of my tying, but I clearly remember that I tied their hands behind their backs.”

“I told you the two of them were dishonest. They must have done it themselves.” Dick fanned the flames.

“Oh?” He forced me to the same height as him, forcing my eyes to meet his. He asked me fiercely, “Did you do this yourselves? Or did someone come in and help you?”

.....

“I haven’t seen anyone since I entered here.” I only saw livestock, I added silently.

“Then you’re playing your own games,” he snorted.

‘We did nothing,’ I retorted.

“Tell me the truth.” He kicked me, forcing me to my knees, forcing my arms back as an unbearable pain shot through my shoulders.

“Ah... Ah, it hurts. Let go of me!” I struggled and shouted.

The other party stopped applying force on my arm. My arm was half hanging in the air. This was an angle that allowed me to feel pain without being unbearable.

“Are you willing to tell the truth now?”

“Yes, it’s us...” I was forced to say.

“How?” The man was still pressuring me.

“It’s... ah, we moved our hands around,” I said as I struggled.

The other party finally let go of my hand and threw me to the side. Elizabeth quickly came over to check on me. I saw that she was about to cry again and quickly shook my head gently at her in pain, indicating that I was fine.

“Why don’t we give them some of that?” Dick said maliciously.

I saw the man who came later glare at him and say, “You’re forgetting who wants her. She—”

The other party noticed my gaze and stopped talking. He walked over and squatted down. He took out a small bottle and waved it in front of me.

My pupils contracted sharply. This was the same black liquid that Angel had fed me earlier.

Drinking it would turn me from a werewolf to an ordinary person. It would block my last hope of contacting Donald.

“No, don’t,” I said, resisting.

“Good girl. You don’t want to drink it, do you?”

He pressed the bottle to my lips. I clamped my lips shut and looked at him fearfully.

This small black bottle had left a deep impression on me because of its indescribable and extremely disgusting taste. It was also because of it that I had completely fallen into Angel’s trap.

“If you don’t want to drink, you have to behave well. Stay here quietly and obediently. Don’t try to be smart again, understand?” The other party patted my head like a child.

I didn’t dare say more. I nodded.

He shifted his gaze to Elizabeth again. “Do you feel the same?” he asked sarcastically.

Elizabeth hurriedly nodded dozens of times.

The other party smiled in satisfaction. This smile made my blood run cold. I couldn’t help but shiver.

“That’s a good girl.”

He took another bundle of rope from Dick and tied me back to back with Elizabeth. Then he turned to leave.

This time, the house wasn't completely dark, because Dick had placed the candle he had just lit on the ground by the door. Neither Elizabeth nor I could see each other. We were fixed to the ground like conjoined twins. Even moving was difficult.

How are we going to get out of here now?

"Margaret..." I heard Elizabeth say in a panicked voice. "That person's voice reminded me of something..."

Chapter 168: Margaret Who Disappeared

[Donald's Perspective]

No matter what this chaotic group of people were saying now, I didn't listen at all, even though I looked like I was listening intently.

Nothing would stop my determination to get Margaret out of here. She couldn't stay here any longer.

Unfortunately, even if I wanted to make her leave in a hundred percent safe manner, such a provision didn't exist. Besides, we didn't have the manpower to escort her now.

I laughed at myself at the thought.

Even as the Lycan King, there were many things I wanted to do but couldn't. A large portion of those things that I couldn't do were related to Margaret.

I saw Alpha Armstrong and his Beta, Anthony, appear at the top of the stairs. They had something to tell me.

The others at the table noticed that I was distracted. Before they could focus all their attention on me, I retracted my gaze and said, "There's nothing more to discuss. This battle should end as soon as possible. The Silver Moon Pack can't afford to delay for too long. We don't want to take unnecessary losses either. Besides, I have other things to do."

"The Lycan King is right." Alpha Armstrong said as he came up the stairs.

I noticed that Anthony's face was frighteningly dark. Not just dark, but there was a hint of desperation.

"But Your Majesty..." Christian pointed to an area on the map. "If we attack from this direction, there will be a gap to the north. We don't have enough men to make a defense—"

While Christian was still talking, I felt my stomach shift uncomfortably. Something was churning up inside me, and I felt like I was losing something. A thin numbing current stimulated my heart. It was weak but there, and a vague sense of unease surged through me.

What's wrong?? I wondered.

I examined the area Christian had pointed out. This was indeed a problem. Was I worried about the battle?

No, that was not it.

Margaret's name popped into my head.

[Donald, come and save me.]

[I am being held by A...]

My head jerked up. It was Margaret's voice. It was faint, but she was trying to connect to me with her mate's senses.

My mate, she must have encountered something.

I looked up and saw Armstrong's extremely ugly expression. Then I looked at Anthony beside him. I immediately understood that they were not looking for me because of the battle.

"We'll do it your way," I said without thinking. "I have some things I have to deal with now."

"Your Majesty!" Christian shouted.

Everyone looked at me in shock, but I looked at Armstrong. We exchanged a look and started running out of the door.

"Where are they?" Armstrong asked in the wind.

"Let's go to Margaret's room," I replied urgently.

The tension inside me was rising. Something had happened to Margaret!

Armstrong's presence here meant that he also sensed an anomaly about his mate.

Someone has attacked Margaret and Elizabeth together, I thought. What's their goal? Do they want to use this opportunity to threaten Armstrong and me? Then what will they do next? We have to stop them before they succeed.

My heart sank completely as I ran up the stairs and stopped in front of Margaret's room.

Margaret wasn't in the house. I couldn't smell anything of her.

A fear that radiated from the bottom of my heart gripped my body. My heart was beating fast. I kicked open the door and Armstrong walked in behind me.

I looked around the room. It was empty. There weren't signs of violent destruction.

"Margaret? Margaret?"

I searched every corner of the house with my last shred of hope. For all I knew, the cry for help was just a nasty joke Margaret had played on me. She had just gone out without telling me. She had liked to run around before. If someone had taken her by force, she wouldn't have followed and there would have been signs of a struggle in this house.

I tried to comfort myself, but this did not eliminate the nervousness in my heart at all.

I made myself calm down. If they were taken, there would be clues here.

I felt something strange under my feet. I looked down and saw an imperceptible water mark on the ground. There were also traces of water droplets around.

This is a bedroom, I thought. Where did the water come from?

I keenly grasped this clue and squatted down to take a closer look. Just as I squatted down, I smelled something unusual.

My eyebrows twitched. It was the smell of the Mist.

Chapter 169: Someone Knocked Me Out

[Donald's Perspective]

I stood up, knowing we'd never get any more clues from the smell. Follow current
novels on n/o(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

Margaret had been taken. There was no doubt about it.

The Mist was able to hide the scent of the werewolves for a long time. I couldn't sense Margaret now because she was still in the Mist's range. They must not have gone far, but the key was that I didn't know the direction they had gone.

I tried to activate my Mindlink. Margaret's last attempt to contact me had been interrupted by something. As long as I could contact her and get a bearing, I would act immediately.

[Margaret, where are you?]

[Margaret, this is Donald. Tell me your location.]

The messages I sent sank into the ocean.

I looked toward the door. Christian had followed me. He looked around the room and said, "Your Majesty, what happened?"

"Margaret is missing," I replied in a low voice.

"Oh—" Christian made a long sound. "Let Eric take a look. He's good with details. Where's Eric?"

A breathless figure appeared from behind Christian. It was Eric.

"Captain, are you looking for me?"

"Where did you go just now?" Christian reprimanded him unhappily.

"Sorry, Captain," Eric said.

"Okay, come and see what you can find," I ordered in a low voice.

Eric walked in. He walked around the room like I did, opened the door that connected to the balcony, and went outside to observe.

He sniffed at Margaret's clothes scattered on the bed and closed his eyes. Soon he opened them again and walked to a corner of the room. Eric leaned down, reached under the bed, and found something.

I recognized it as Margaret's phone.

I took it from Eric. It wasn't cracked or broken. I pressed the screen. There was no message left on the phone either. This looked like it had been randomly kicked into a corner by her abductor.

Where exactly was Margaret taken?

Armstrong and Anthony walked in together. Their eyes were fixated on the phone in my hand.

Armstrong looked around the room and looked at me with grief in his eyes. Our eyes met.

“Margaret is missing too?” Armstrong said.

“Too?” I repeated. “What do you guys know?”

Armstrong ran his hands through his hair in frustration. He gave way to Anthony who stepped in front of me.

“Someone knocked me out and then took our Luna Elizabeth,” Anthony said.

“Elizabeth was taken too?” Then I asked quickly, “Who was that?”

“I... I don't know.” Anthony bowed his head. “I was helping Elizabeth with her luggage when someone knocked on the door downstairs. I went downstairs and was knocked out by someone.

When I woke up, I saw two werewolves trying to kill me. I fought them and ran out. But I can't remember what happened before. I can only vaguely remember the voice of a werewolf talking before I woke up.”

Anthony's gaze swept over all of us, pausing briefly with a puzzled expression.

“What about the person who knocked you out? Can't you remember anything?” Armstrong asked.

“My last memory was when I opened the door,” Anthony said. “The first thing I did when I woke up was go and check on Elizabeth. Then I found her missing and came looking for you.”

I closed my eyes for a moment and began to go over the whole story in my mind.

The attackers first went to Margaret and Elizabeth's house to take them away, but Margaret and I happened to have left at that time. For some reason, Armstrong also left.

Therefore, the other party only encountered Elizabeth and Anthony, who were still in the house. The other party chose to knock Anthony unconscious and take Elizabeth away. They also wanted to kill Anthony, but Anthony escaped.

They had a clear goal and purpose. It was my mate and Alpha Armstrong's Mate. They were also very determined to attack irrelevant figures.

They'd also used the Mist on Margaret and Elizabeth to hide their scents. That meant it was all premeditated.

And I now had no way of contacting Margaret through Mindlink.

There were several possibilities for not being able to contact Margaret.

The first possibility was she had arbitrarily and unilaterally cut off the connection. However, this was very demanding on the person who actively cut off the connection. He or she had to be proficient in the skills of Mindlink and have enough strength to suppress others.

In fact, if one party was more powerful, he could forcefully establish a Mindlink with the other party and the weaker party would have no chance of resisting.

However, putting aside whether Margaret really had the ability to stop me from contacting her, this was impossible if my relationship with Margaret was anything to go by.

There was no way you could stop your mate from contacting you. After we marked each other, we were fused together in all aspects. Just as there was no way we could reject ourselves, there was no way we could reject our mate.

This possibility was ruled out by me.

Chapter 170: The Enemy's Purpose

[Donald's Perspective]

The second possibility was that the other party had used a special method to block this connection. Based on their usual methods, I thought it was some kind of drug.

Since the opponent was able to develop a pink liquid that could stimulate the potential of the body, it was very likely that they could develop a drug to block the internal connection between werewolves.

They cut me off from Margaret, Elizabeth from Armstrong, and used the Mist. That made it difficult for us to find our mates.

There was a third possibility...

No, I didn't want to imagine that outcome.

Although my connection to Margaret was severed, because we had marked each other, I knew that Margaret was alive and in reasonably good condition. If Margaret had been seriously injured, I would have been aware of it.

I blocked out my emotions and began to analyze the situation rationally.

Margaret and Elizabeth were still alive. That meant that the other party's goal was not vengeance or to directly take revenge on me. Otherwise, they would have taken Margaret immediately to a remote place to finish her off and leave. We would have had a hard time finding them.

However, the opponent did not go too far with the Mist. Instead, they maintained a range.

They needed to use Margaret to achieve certain results.

Were they trying to restrain us or confuse us? I connected this matter with the overall situation and thought about it. I wanted to deduce the other party's true motive.

They had kidnapped Margaret and Elizabeth together, but not Anthony. Logically speaking, Anthony was a valuable figure as the Beta of the Silver Moon Pack.

No, this was different.

Anthony's value was reflected in the Silver Moon Pack, but Margaret and Elizabeth's value was completely reflected in me and Armstrong. The Lycan King and the Pack's Alpha. We were enough to determine the direction of this battle.

I wasn't their target. Otherwise, they wouldn't have needed to kidnap Elizabeth at all. Their target was the upcoming battle! Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

I gripped the headboard tightly. With my strength, I cracked the wooden headboard.

Damn it, they had me by the throat.

It was impossible for me not to save Margaret, but that would mean having to split our forces. The frontal battlefield would become difficult.

I looked at the crowd. Christian would not approve of me doing this.

Margaret was someone I cared about, but every one of our warriors was also someone their parents, loved ones, and loved ones cared about. If they sacrificed themselves, someone would be sad and hysterical for them.

In the face of life, no one was more noble than anyone else.

What if I commanded my men as the Lycan King? Could I do that?

Having power is such a charming taste that I begin to waver between my responsibilities as the Lycan King and a Mate. A voice is reminding me that power comes from the

people, that I cannot turn public power into private privilege; another voice is roaring that I have to save my Mate, whatever it takes to get her back to me.

I fixed my gaze on Alpha Armstrong.

He was watching me too. I could tell he was anxious to find his own mate.

“We’re going to send an additional team to find them.”

I saw Christian frown and say, “At this time, with all due respect, Your Majesty. I don’t think this is a wise decision. Our men have been fully assigned. There are no more men to do this.”

“What did you say?!” Armstrong took an emotional step forward and waved his fist at Christian.

Christian put out his hand to block it, but he did not retaliate further. He just looked at me and said firmly, “Your Majesty, I think the person who attacked is very likely to be in the same group as the enemy we’re facing. We might as well focus our energy on the battlefield. As long as we finish this quickly and defeat the other party, we’ll naturally find your...”

Christian paused and looked at Armstrong. “And the Alpha’s mate.”

Anthony took a step forward and took Armstrong’s hand. At the same time, he glared at Christian and said, “That’s just an ideal situation. Don’t say we can’t confirm that the Lycan King and Alpha’s mates are really in the hands of the other party.

Even if they are really in their hands, what if the battle doesn’t go well or the other party moves them away after their defeat? What if the other party directly uses them as chips to negotiate in the battle? We are being too passive.”

“Stop arguing and listen to me,” I said.

Everyone fell silent and turned their gazes to me.

I took a deep breath and said, “I can’t reach Margaret right now, but we can’t leave them alone. Anthony’s right. They’re in the hands of the other side, which is a wildcard in our frontal battle. We have to make sure we’re not disturbed by this.”