

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 171 - They Will Do It - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 171 - They Will Do It

Chapter 171: They Will Do It

[Donald's Perspective]

"There's no need to change the deployment of the frontal battlefield," I said. "Christian, I want you to take a team to find Margaret's trail. You have experience dealing with the Mist. I'll take over your job."

"Anthony and I can join in," Armstrong said.

"The Alpha can't leave the Pack." I looked at Armstrong. "The Silver Moon Pack needs someone to take charge."

"I can find Elizabeth by her scent." Distracted, Armstrong began raking his fingers through his hair.

"No one can smell another werewolf under the Mist, not even the mate," Christian said. "And the distance between you and the mate won't affect that. If you can't feel anything now, you still won't be able to feel her presence even if she appears to you."

"But Your Majesty..." Christian turned his head to me and scratched his head. "I'm not very good at tracking. Eric is much better at this. I'm afraid I won't be much help in this. I still want to join the front line of the battle. I know every one of my men. I think I can be more useful in battle."

I looked at him in silence. There was no way I was going to agree to let a young kid and a regular werewolf Pack Beta go looking for my mate. Christian might not be useful in tracking down his opponents, but he could be a leader, and he was someone I could trust.

Someone reliable and good at tracking...

My heart fluttered. A name came to my lips.

I heard Christian say, "If Your Majesty is looking for someone who can lead, I've thought of a better candidate—our Beta Elliot. He knows Miss Margaret better than I do, and presumably he can find her faster."

Yes, Elliot.

He was also the one I thought of. Upstodatee from n(0)/ve/lbln/.(co/m

But Margaret had made it clear to me that she had some reservations about Elliot. I had planned to have a chat with him after the meeting. Now that this had suddenly happened, should I continue to trust him unconditionally?

Things were imminent. There was no time for hesitation.

“Then Elliot, Eric, and Anthony will lead the team. Make sure you bring Margaret and Elizabeth back safely.”

I chose to trust my partner and my instincts.

“Whoever makes up this team, we need more people,” Anthony interjected.

“That’s right. I’ll organize the Pack’s people to gather here.” Armstrong lowered his hand and started to walk to the door. Anthony followed him.

I was about to follow them out when I heard Christian call after me.

“Your Majesty...”

I stopped and turned back to Christian.

“I still think this is more of a setup.”

“That’s not the point anymore,” I said. “Whether this is a trap or not, it could affect our plans.”

“I just wanted to remind you,” Christian said as he approached me. “Before we win, the other side will use this to their advantage. Perhaps Eric will send bad news to shake our determination to fight on. Your Majesty, you can’t leave the battlefield. They just want to scatter our forces.”

Christian had a point. I saw Armstrong stop in front of me at Christian’s words.

“We will not leave this position,” Armstrong snarled at Christian. “But you must also ensure that your men bring my mate back safe and sound!”

“Eric will do everything he can,” Christian said quietly.

“They’ll do it,” I said confidently.

Christian nodded as he followed, and we walked down to the hall.

Anthony had already called some people over. I saw Elliot at the edge of the hall. He was talking to his men, looking very dutiful.

I discarded those bad thoughts. As a leader, the first thing I had to do was trust my own judgment, which was to trust the people around me. They were all hand-picked by me and would definitely be loyal to me.

By the time Anthony had gathered the entire team, several minutes had passed.

Alpha Armstrong had been pacing anxiously beside me. He looked even more nervous than I was.

After Elliot and his group left, Alpha Armstrong's eyes remained on the backs of the people.

I could totally understand Alpha Armstrong's feelings, because my feelings were the same as his. I used a lot of self-control to stay here instead of going straight to look for Margaret in the forest.

Even though we had already sent two betas and a good tracker, I knew that my trip to the forest wouldn't be any better than the three of them now. However, I couldn't suppress the urge.

Calm down, I told myself. We need a more rigorous plan.

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 172 - Where Is Angel? - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 172 - Where Is Angel?

Chapter 172: Where Is Angel?

[Donald's Perspective]

Until the Mist disappeared and I could get Margaret's scent, our search was blind. The chances of finding her in the forest were slim.

More people had gathered. Alpha Armstrong and Christian began to brief the group on the current situation. The room became noisy again. Teams of people were arranged by them to go to different battlefields.

I scanned the crowd, silently assessing our forces and how many people the other side might have, how quickly we could win this battle, and whether Margaret could last until I found her.

When I scanned the crowd again, I suddenly felt that something was missing.

There was no problem with our numbers or our organization. The assault team that Angel had brought with her had also been well organized into the team led by Christian.

Angel. I didn't see her in the crowd.

I had ordered her to get out of here, but that was after the battle. She was still in the commando force. I didn't believe Christian would leave her behind.

Why isn't she here?? I wondered.

I watched as the last team was assigned by Christian to leave for their posts. I took a few steps forward and patted Christian's shoulder. "Where is Angel?" I asked.

"Angel?" Christian looked confused. "Is she here too? Her name wasn't on the list the assault team gave me."

I frowned. "So whose name is on the assault team's list?"

"Elliot," Christian replied.

I had given the order for Elliot to take Angel's place. Nothing sounded wrong.

Angel had given up her place to Elliot, so her name was naturally not on the assault team's list.

But the question was, where had Angel gone?

Could she just watch as the enemy invaded this place and not react? This was not my impression of Angel's personality. With her usual competitive personality, it was impossible for her to obediently stay in her room and reflect on her mistakes when the enemy was already at her door.

Or had Margaret left of her own accord when she saw Angel appear at the edge of the forest? But I didn't have time to find out where Angel was now. I could only say that her disappearance added a layer of suspicion about everything that had happened today.

I didn't dwell on that.

The one thing I didn't want to admit was that Angel's departure was indeed a loss to us. At this time of extreme lack of manpower, if Angel were here, she would be an excellent warrior no matter what she had done. She would be very useful in battle.

But if she had really left, it would be a good thing for Margaret and me.

"How many people are left in our base camp?" I asked Christian.

"An entire medical team. Benjamin will stay here with the others," Christian said.

Now the entire hall was left with only the most elite team of men Christian had led. The team was about 30 people in size. Each of them looked refreshed and completely prepared.

"Is it just the medical team?" I asked. "Once there are injured people who need to be dealt with, there will be no way to guarantee the safety of the villagers here."

"There were some people left, but they were just taken by Elliot and the others," Christian explained. "That's all we can do. In fact, if we get routed at the front, the people we leave behind won't be able to protect the people here."

I knew Christian was right. The deployment he had made had to be optimal.

However, I still felt a little guilty for transferring the people who were supposed to protect the Silver Moon Pack.

We had worked all day and night for this battle. More than that, we had spent days doing practises and planning for the upcoming battle.

This war must only succeed and not fail.

I would achieve victory and bring my mate back to me.

[Angel's Perspective]

I carefully surveyed the terrain around that cabin.

This location was indeed very hidden, but it was not so hidden that others could not discover it.

If Master really wanted to hide Margaret and Elizabeth from everyone, he wouldn't have chosen this place with his shrewdness.

I would even conclude that without the Mist, we would have been discovered.

However, even with the Mist, as long as Donald got involved, he would eventually find this place. As long as Master insisted on not moving Margaret and Elizabeth, it was only a matter of time before we were discovered.

I was lost in thought, trying to figure out what the ultimate goal of Master was, when I felt a familiar ripple in my brain.

It was Master.

I connected to Master's mind and said coldly, "You finally remembered to contact me."

"Hehe, I heard from my subordinates that you wanted to find me. Coincidentally, I have news for you."

Chapter 173: New Order

[Angel's Perspective]

Whenever Master contacted me, his voice was always altered. I couldn't tell who he was from his voice at all.

"The best information you can provide is for us to move. This isn't a permanent location," I said.

"No, you must stay there. This is a good place for me to make preparations. There is no better place."

"What exactly do you want to do?" I asked through gritted teeth.

An eerie laugh came from Mindlink, but he said nothing.

"Your goal is Donald, right?" I analyzed it. "You're just using me to get Margaret out and lock her up here to bait Donald. You're waiting for him to walk into your trap by setting up something around here."

"Use? Don't make it sound so bad. We're partners, aren't we?"

"I don't see any sincerity in you treating me as a partner. You won't even tell me the plan," I said.

A snicker came from the other end.

"The she-wolf itself is of little value. You're so smart that when we decided, you couldn't have failed to think a little about what really mattered to her. You sensed and

acquiesced to this behavior because you couldn't stand what Donald did either, could you?"

I fell silent.

After a moment, I said, "Don't treat me like a fool. When we were discussing kidnapping Margaret, you didn't say that this was to be used against Donald. Telling me and not telling me are two different things."

"I thought all we cared about was the outcome. We came together because of a common goal."

Master continued, "Follow the plan. We will establish a new order for the royal Lycans. Believe me, this will be an epoch-making event. We are fighting for our rightful power."

I took a deep breath.

Master was best known for his outstanding talent and superb pharmaceutical skills, but many people ignored his ability to bewitch people.

He was so good at convincing others. Even if I remained vigilant during my conversations with him, I could not help but be convinced and agree with him.

"What do you want to do next?" I whispered.

"Donald is already sending men to find his little she-wolf, but he hasn't given up on a frontal assault either. His personal guards will make things difficult for our people. My setup will take time. Until then, you have to keep those two she-wolves safe. They're like two pieces of candy. They'll attract any Lycan around who wants a taste of them, including the Lycan king."

"Do you want me to protect Margaret?" I taunted him. "You know my initial goal was just to kill her."

"When it's all over, you can do whatever you want with her. I don't care. But not now."

"I understand. I'll take good care of her." I enunciated every word.

"By the way, let me remind you that Donald has already marked the she-wolf. The mate's mark might strengthen the connection between the two of them. Remember to give them the potion I gave you in a timely manner. I'll also send someone to delay Donald's people as much as possible. Don't be discovered too early."

I involuntarily clenched my fists.

"He marked her?"

“Don’t be rash,” Master warned. “Don’t forget that if we fail, you’ll get nothing.”

“What do I get out of doing these things for you?”

Everything that had developed so far had been arranged by Master. Nothing was what I wanted.

If Master was just blindly asking me to work for him but was just giving me some empty promises, I would rather cancel my cooperation with him. I looked for his cooperation to find a shortcut, but even without him, I could achieve my goal by myself.

“When this is all over, you can have both the she-wolf and the Lycan king.”

“That’s just what we agreed on. I’m doing a lot more than what we did before. I want more payment.”

“What do you want?” The voice of Master on the other end of the line deepened. It was the first time he had taken me seriously in this conversation.

“I want the formula for the Mist.” I made my request.

The other party was silent for a moment before saying, “As a former member of the assault team, do you still need me to provide you with the formula for a conventional drug like the Mist?”

“The Mist you used on them is not the version we usually use. The usual Mist can only block werewolves, but not people among the Lycans who are good at sensing. However, after your special improvement, the Mist can prevent the other party’s scent from being smelled by mates that have marked,” I said slowly.

This time there was a longer silence.

Just as I thought that Master would reject me, I suddenly heard loud laughter from the other end.

“Hahahaha, very good. As expected of someone I like.” Master’s tone suddenly darkened, like a ghost from hell. “I promise you, if you can do what I ask smoothly, I will give you the formula.”

“It’s a deal.” My lips slowly curled into a smile.

Chapter 174: Using the Opponent

[Margaret’s Perspective]

“Actually, I felt a sense of familiarity from the moment the man spoke. The tone of his voice when he threatened you reminded me,” Elizabeth said. “Margaret, you’re right. They were working with Angel. We were betrayed by her.”

“What did you hear? When did you hear it?” I asked anxiously.

“I woke up earlier than you. At that time, I heard someone talking from above. Because it was not very clear, I thought I was hallucinating, but the person’s voice made me remember.”

Elizabeth took a deep, trembling breath. “I heard him and Angel discussing plans for afterwards.”

My stomach tightened. “What are they planning to do to us?”

I felt Elizabeth shake her head behind me.

“I don’t know. I didn’t hear that much. Angel and them seemed to be arguing. In the middle I heard a very abrupt word—Master.”

“Do you remember what they were arguing about?” I asked.

“I wasn’t really awake at the time. I just vaguely heard some words and ‘Silver Moon Pack’ and ‘Transfer’ and stuff.

It looks like they’re targeting not just us, but the entire Silver Moon Pack.”

I tried to analyze the situation. “We might just be part of their plan. My guess is that whatever they’re arguing about is the problem of dealing with us. Angel definitely wants to take us out directly, but the person behind this obviously has other ideas.”

“What does that mean?” Elizabeth’s confused voice asked. “Are we safe now?”

“From the looks of it, that’s the case. Angel is working with the other party. The other party must have something that can restrain her. She won’t dare to attack us directly.” I narrowed my eyes and said, “But since they’re not completely on the same side, this gives us a chance.”

“You mean we’re going to sow discord between them and take the opportunity to escape?” Elizabeth said.

“We have no reason to give up doing so.”

“But we’re tied up here and can’t do anything.” Elizabeth’s frustrated voice came from behind me. “If it’s to sow discord, I used to do a lot of those things in high school, but there’s no room for us to cast them now.”

“Then we’ll have to create our own opportunities.” I looked down and thought for a moment. “Where did the voices come from when you heard them before?”

“From above us.”

Up above... I looked up at the dark ceiling. After the effects of the black potion faded, I could easily see the material of the roof with my werewolf vision although I still couldn’t contact Donald.

There were gray walls all around, but the boards on them were wooden.

From the current signs and Elizabeth’s account, I could almost conclude that the other party’s goal was not to take our lives. That meant they had to send someone to monitor our safety. But the door was closed again. How would they know if we were safe inside?

The wooden boards didn’t have much soundproofing, and we were locked in an almost enclosed basement. If we shouted, someone outside would definitely hear us. As long as someone was willing to come in and communicate with us, we had a chance of using him to get out of here.

I tapped my fingers lightly on the ground, closed my eyes, and began to think about what I was going to do.

What reason should I use to call someone over?

We had been locked up here for a day. No one had brought us food or water. There was no place here to meet the most basic physical needs. If we used this as an excuse, would we have a chance to leave this house, even if we couldn’t escape for the time being? However, as long as we could understand the location, that would give me a little chance to try to contact Donald.

Thinking of Donald, I felt a nerve in my heart throbbing again.

Why didn’t I insist on staying with him? Why was I always so stubborn and refused to accept his meticulous protection?

The enemy had prepared a trap for him and was just waiting for him to jump in. What if he was trapped and injured or even killed by the enemy when he came to find me? At this moment, I hoped that he would come to save me, but I also hoped that he would be safe.

I shook my head to clear the thoughts from my mind.

I could only do what I could now and not just wallow in my imagination.

A plan appeared in my mind, but before I could implement it, I had to confirm something.

I whispered to Elizabeth, and her breathing quickened.

“I can’t, Margaret. I can’t do it.”

“You have to be able to,” I said firmly. “This plan needs both of us.”

Elizabeth’s voice was almost a sob. “I can’t, Margaret. You know I’ve never been good at fighting.”

Chapter 175: Provocation

[Margaret’s Perspective]

“But you’re good at this. Believe in yourself, Elizabeth. You’re the only one between us who can do this.” I pretended to be relaxed. “You’ll do it naturally. You’ve been like this since you were young. If it were me, I would be seen through at first glance.

Is anyone there? Is anyone there?” I began to shout loudly, and began to wrench myself free of the ropes that bound me.

Elizabeth was behind me, staggering from my movements.

“Yell with me, too,” I whispered to Elizabeth.

“Is anyone there?!”

Soon both Elizabeth and I heard angry footsteps coming from the door.

The door suddenly opened again. This time, because there were candles in the house, the light outside did not give me the same intense visual stimulation as the last time.

“I thought I told you to be quiet. What are you doing?”

This was the same Lycan, Arthur, who had just reprimanded Dick.

“We’ve been here too long. We want to go to the bathroom.” I looked up at him.

Arthur snickered. “Right here. What do you think you are, our honored guests?”

Arthur turned around and wanted to leave the room. He did not forget to threaten, “Don’t call me over for such a thing again. I’ll let you off this time. I’ll beat you up next time.”

No, we can't fail at the first step, I thought.

I rolled my eyes and said, "What are you afraid of? Are you worried that we'll escape from you? Don't worry, we won't run."

Arthur did stop in his tracks. He turned back and smiled with contempt. "Afraid? I'm afraid of you two little she-wolves who know nothing. Don't be ridiculous."

"Then let us go." I struck while the iron was hot. "It's just the bathroom. We're about to lose control. It won't do you any good if we make a mess here."

He just stood there. I could tell he was considering it.

I gave him a last helping hand at the right time. "If you can't make up your mind, why don't you ask Angel to come over? I'll talk to her. I'm sure she has the authority and will promise me, because I've been defeated by her every time. She never sees me as a threat."

"Can't I do what that twat can?" Arthur snorted.

He stepped forward and released the rope that bound Elizabeth and me together.

I smiled a triumphant smile to myself, but I still looked timid.

"You can only go one by one." The other party pulled me up from the ground and said, "Just now, you said that you were in a hurry, right? You go first."

Then he glared at Elizabeth and said, "In the meantime, hold it in. I don't want to come back and see a mess."

Elizabeth looked at me in panic. We hadn't planned to be separated.

I gave her a reassuring look and tried to talk to Arthur. "Or you can let us go together. That will save you another trip. With both of us tied up, you can completely control us with one hand."

"Cut the crap. Either we go now or we all don't f*cking go."

The other party no longer gave me a chance to speak and pushed me forward.

I had no choice but to shut up and follow him passively. The rope was still tied around my ankles, and it was difficult for me to walk while stumbling.

"Margaret..." Elizabeth's flustered voice came from behind me.

"It's okay. I'll be back soon." I turned back to Elizabeth.

“Margaret, don’t leave me here alone!” Elizabeth began to struggle with her rope.

“I’ll be back soon!”

Then I watched the door that held us closed behind me. Then Elizabeth’s voice faded.

“What a good show of sisterly love,” Arthur said with a fake smile as he brought me out. “Once you walk out of this door, don’t make any more noise, or I can guarantee that your good sister will stay in this room forever and never come out.”

His breath was on my face. I resisted the urge to punch him. I struggled and looked at the ground.

After leaving the room, I followed him down a long flight of stairs. The rope became the biggest obstacle to my movement, but the other party had no intention of helping me untie it. He would roughly pull me up when I was too far away from him. Several times, my head almost hit the steps.

By the time I finally reached the ground, I was panting, but I hadn’t forgotten what he had said to shut me up. I looked at him angrily as I secretly observed the furnishings in the cabin.

It wasn’t a big cabin, and since it was already night, I couldn’t make out the surroundings outside the window, but I guessed we were in the forest. In the forest at night, werewolves could sense direction through the moon. As long as I could find a way to escape, I could definitely find my way back.

Before I could take a closer look, Arthur, who had brought me up, kicked me.

I stumbled forward, but Arthur hooked me with the rope again and pushed me in the other direction.

“Stop looking around and leave quickly!” he reprimanded.

Chapter 176: A Screw

[Margaret’s Perspective]

Once again, I was hustled to a small room. It was an enclosed bathroom. I could see all the furnishings at a glance. The entire bathroom only had a toilet and a sink. Most importantly, there were no windows.

I showed Arthur my bound wrists and said, “How can I go to the toilet in this state?”

“I can help you.” He looked at me subtly.

I felt goosebumps rising all over my body. “No,” I refused.

Arthur grunted. He took a knife out of nowhere and cut the rope around my hands. I moved my wrists, which were sore from being tied up for so long. I looked at my feet and wanted to signal for him to untie me too.

“Just go,” Arthur said coldly. “The rope around your feet doesn’t affect you unless you’re running away.”

I stroked the ligature marks on my hands and bargained with him. “At least loosen it for me. I’ll trip over myself easily like this.”

Arthur grabbed my newly freed wrists. I felt the pain coming from above. “Don’t keep setting conditions. Do as I say. I’ll be outside. Don’t play tricks.”

With that, he pushed me inside and closed the door.

I heard him leaning against the door. He looked like he would stay outside until I got out.

I took a deep breath and examined the cabin again. There were boards all around. I tried to move over and touch them to see if there were any signs of loosening. There were no windows, so the only way out was through the door.

And even if there was a window for me to escape, I couldn’t do that. Elizabeth was still in their hands. After I left, they might not kill her immediately for some reason, but they would definitely torture her to vent their anger or warn her.

I sat down on the toilet and started thinking about what to do next.

The plan I told Elizabeth was:

The first step was to find a way out of the basement.

Step two. Observe our surroundings after we leave. Find a way to untie ourselves.

The third step was to seek an opportunity to leave.

I’d already done that step.

If we stayed trapped in the basement, we wouldn’t be able to do anything. But if we came out, we would possibly have more tools to choose from.

I had originally expected that by sowing discord between Arthur and Angel, I could pretend to cooperate with them and hint that we could do what Angel could. If the other party's goal was us, we could also actively cooperate with them.

After winning the other party's trust, we would make a request for the ropes to be untied. This way, we could find a chance to leave.

However, given the current situation, although it was useful to sow discord between them, he only allowed me to come out of the basement. After coming out, he refused to communicate with me. It seemed like he had no intention of untying me.

The lobbying trick was not going to work at the moment.

If we were to rely on ourselves... I had to do something before I went back to that basement.

I first tried to use Mindlink to connect with Donald again. I had tried countless times in the past half day, and failed every time. I felt that the effect of the black potion had almost been absorbed by me. I couldn't understand what was stopping us now.

I didn't eat anything or even take a sip of water. *?Did the other party attack Donald??* I wondered.

I became nervous again because of this guess. To be able to cut off the communication of an opponent on such a large scale was lethal in a battle. The rapid transmission of information was the foundation for the general to make the next deployment in time. Did the other party's technical level really reach this level? This was unbelievable.

"How much longer do you need?" Arthur was knocking on my door outside.

"I... I'll be done soon."

I knew that I couldn't delay much longer, but I wasn't willing to go back empty-handed.

I interlocked the fingers of my hands tightly, looking for something useful on the wood that was already turning a little black on the walls. Anything.

Suddenly, I observed that one of the wooden boards behind the toilet was corroded beyond recognition because of the leak and the years of wear and tear. The screws inside that held the boards together were showing.

Screw. It could be used to cut rope.

With effort, I crouched down and reached for the screw.

More than half of it was already showing, and a small half was still stuck in the wood.

I didn't have any tools on hand, so I could only use the strength of my wrist to twist it loose as best I could and try to remove it.

"Hurry!" Arthur urged again from outside the door.

I yanked it out with all my might. The screw was finally pulled out. I half fell to the ground from inertia. I had cut my fingers.

I saw the blood flowing from my fingers and suddenly had an idea.

The Mist was good at hiding most scents, including the special smells between the mates, because it was designed for werewolves. But blood was different. It wasn't just werewolves. Ordinary humans bled, and the smell produced by blood wasn't within the Mist's range.

Chapter 177: Cutting the Rope

[Margaret's Perspective]

Moreover, due to the special nature of blood, its fishy smell could spread very far. Perhaps werewolves, unlike vampires, could not distinguish a person by his blood, but they could smell it. From the smell of blood, they could easily tell if the other party was human, werewolf, or Lycan.

As long as I smeared my blood on Arthur outside the door, Donald's people would smell the blood on him if they came into contact with him.

I got up from the ground. First, I hid the screw carefully at my waist and covered it with my shirt.

As I went to the sink to wash my hands, the bathroom door was kicked open by the werewolf outside.

He looked around the cabin and said to me angrily, "What are you doing in there? Get out quickly."

I glanced at the bolt hanging precariously on that door. I was secretly glad that he hadn't broken in earlier, but I deliberately pretended to be afraid.

"Why—why did you suddenly come in?"

"Come out," he said impatiently.

I took a step toward him, slipped, and fell straight onto him.

He was caught off guard by my movement and took a step back. My knees were on the ground and my hands were at my sides for support. My hand that had a cut was by his shoe.

“What are you doing!” Arthur snarled at me. “Get up now.”

“My feet are tied. I can’t get up like this,” I said as I held on to his shoe and tried to exert force. I took the opportunity to rub my injured hand against the black fabric on the side of his shoe.

“What a pain in the ass.” He reached out and yanked me to my feet.

“Then untie me and I won’t fall so easily,” I said.

“There’s another way. I’ll tie you up and make you roll back,” he said darkly.

I was shoved back into the basement even more roughly than when I arrived. Before entering, he drew a fresh rope from the side and tied my hands together.

“Margaret!”

As I entered the basement, I heard Elizabeth’s relieved voice.

Arthur took Elizabeth out the same way. Once they were all outside, I began to take the screw from my waist. Because my hands were bound, it took a lot of effort to cut the rope. I had to be very careful not to break my skin.

I finally got the screw back in my hand before I heard their returning footsteps at the door.

Then I saw the door open and Elizabeth was thrown in by Arthur.

“I hope you don’t have any more unreasonable requests,” Arthur said, leaning against the door. “Stay here.”

Elizabeth and I were alone again.

“Come here,” I whispered.

Elizabeth inched toward me. I showed her the screw I’d gotten and motioned for her to hold her hands up toward me. Then I started using the screw to cut the rope around her hands. The process was slow, but it worked. After the screw made the first small cut, the rest of the repetitive work became a little easier.

Elizabeth’s eyes darted nervously between me and the door.

I didn't know how long it took me, but I finally finished cutting the first rope.

Things got easier after that.

After breaking the rope, Elizabeth's hands were much more relaxed. Now it was her turn to do the same for me. Elizabeth could move around more, so it was easier for her to do this. She quickly mastered the technique. My hands were freed as the rope landed on the ground.

I took the screw again. First I freed Elizabeth's wrists, then our ankles.

By the time all the ropes were untied, I felt my hands and forearms ache. We looked at the door together. There was no movement, and no one realized what we had done.

We moved our limbs silently. I walked around the room and carefully touched the corners that I couldn't reach because of the restraints to ascertain if there was anything else here that we could use.

This time, I felt another loose screw by the wall. I gestured for Elizabeth to come over and dig it out with me. This screw wasn't as loose as the one in the bathroom, but fortunately, we had tools this time. I used the screw to carefully dig at the wall around it, creating more gaps. Elizabeth was always listening outside the door.

After I dug this screw out, too, I handed it to Elizabeth, and now we were both armed.

I had already observed when I went out that the door that was closed to us was locked from the outside. If we wanted to go out, someone had to open it from the outside.

Chapter 178: Is He Dead?

[Margaret's Perspective]

"Remember what we discussed?" I whispered to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's eyes widened as she turned to me in horror.

"I don't think I can, Margaret."

"We only have this one chance. You can definitely do it well."

I tied a knot at both ends of the rope I'd just untied from our bodies and tied it loosely around our feet and hands, creating the illusion that we were still bound.

"Listen to me. When I went out just now, I looked around. There aren't too many werewolves in this cabin. I suspect that many of their guards are outside. If we shout like just now, there's a high chance that only one of them will come in. With our sneak

attack and him being unprepared, we're absolutely likely to succeed," I arranged in a low voice.

Elizabeth reached out and grabbed my hand. Her palm was sweaty. So was mine.

We could feel the tension in each other's hearts, but our expressions were solemn and firm.

"Help! Help!!!" I banged on the door with both hands and shouted.

"Someone, come quickly! My sister has fainted!" I shouted. My voice cracked because I was shouting with all my might. "Quickly save her! She can't breathe!"

I heard hurried footsteps outside the door. From the sound, I could tell that there was only one person I had estimated.

I turned to Elizabeth and gave her a look that told her to get started.

After a few seconds, the door was opened from the outside.

Standing outside the door was the Dick we had last seen. His whole face was dark.

When Dick saw me, he said in a very unfriendly tone, "You guys should keep quiet. What are you making a scene about now?"

I dragged out my voice. "Hurry up and see my sister. I think she's dying."

The other frowned, folded his arms across his chest, and said, "What happened to her?"

"I... I don't know," I stammered. "She suddenly started convulsing. I felt like she was going to die. Please save her. We don't want to die here. Please."

"Breathless?" Dick's eyes went to Elizabeth, who was panting violently on the floor inside.

Elizabeth's limbs were curled together now. She made a whining sound in her throat. She looked like she was about to die.

'Yes. My sister has had asthma since she was a child. The attack must have been triggered by all the dust here,' I added as an aside.

"Is it really that bad?" Dick asked suspiciously as he walked in and closed the door behind him.

He leaned over to Elizabeth to test her breathing.

“Mmmm... mmmm...” Elizabeth was still whimpering intensely.

I pretended to walk slowly behind Dick because of the rope. I saw that his attention was focused on Elizabeth. With a gentle struggle, I broke free of the rope.

Now!

I grabbed the candle behind me and slammed it into the back of his head.

“What? Damn!” The other party sensed the gust of wind that followed and quickly turned his head and reached out to resist.

Not good, I thought. Just as I was about to fight him face-to-face, Elizabeth kicked off the rope on her feet and hooked Dick’s ankle from below. Dick didn’t notice the sudden attack. His lower body was immediately unstable and tilted to the side.

Seizing the moment, I changed direction at the last minute and resolutely smashed the candle down on his head.

With a dull thud, he fell straight down.

The light from the candle had been extinguished by my forceful strike earlier. Now it was dark here. Neither Elizabeth nor I could see each other.

Elizabeth got up from the ground. I heard her shuffling to my side. She whispered, “Is he dead?”

“I don’t think so.” I didn’t think I was that strong. I was more inclined to think that he had just fainted.

Just to be on the safe side, I hit him over the head with the candle a few more times. Then, with Elizabeth, I tied his hands and feet with rope and stuffed a ball of basement trash in his mouth.

I didn’t know if it was psychological, but since I knocked Dick unconscious and saw hope of escaping this place, I felt like the air in this basement had become much more breathable.

“What’s our next move?” Elizabeth asked from beside me.

“Let’s get out first.” I reached out and touched Dick’s body, hoping to find a real weapon. “We don’t know if the sound we made just now will attract anyone else. We have to get out of here as soon as possible.”

I felt a key on Dick’s body, a small dagger, and several small bottles. I didn’t know what they were.

If I could get out of here alive and see Donald, these might be able to give him some clues.

Chapter 179: Colorless and Clear Liquid

[Margaret's Perspective]

I kept the dagger in my hand and my other hand on Elizabeth. "We're going to have a real fight," I told her. "Be ready."

Elizabeth nodded beside me.

Her performance just now stunned me. I believed that Elizabeth had greater potential. Perhaps we just hadn't given Elizabeth such an opportunity in our lives before. In the future, perhaps she could become an outstanding warrior.

I used the key to open the door that was closed to us. I moved carefully, trying to avoid making any noise.

I looked at the stairs straight ahead. There was no one guarding that side. When I went out just now, I had already confirmed that there was a small hall up there, and then the bathroom on my right. There were no werewolves guarding the entire small hall, and outside the small hall was the exit door. There would definitely be someone there.

If we didn't want to alert anyone outside, the best way was to go up the stairs. Everyone would think that if we fled, we would be heading for the front door of the house. They would overlook the windows on the second floor.

I opened the door wider so that Elizabeth and I could both get out through it.

I felt the pounding of my heart in my chest. The thumping made me suspect that Elizabeth could hear it beside me. I had never been so nervous. If I failed, it would not only be me who would suffer. I would implicate Elizabeth. She trusted me wholeheartedly at this moment, and with everything she had.

I avoided thinking about the possibility that I would fail.

As long as it wasn't Angel, as long as I wasn't drugged again, I believed that I could fight her.

Elizabeth and I walked up the stairs together to the small hall where I had just been.

The werewolves must all be outside. I could see the view out the window from here, although it was mostly dark. I guessed it was midnight. A lot of the people in charge of patrolling were probably sleeping too. This was a good time to run.

I gestured for Elizabeth to follow me. We slowly went up the wooden stairs. There was no carpet, so it was easy to make squeaking sounds.

We had to listen for sounds around us at every step to make sure no werewolf was alarmed by us.

By the time we reached the upper floor, I was genuinely relieved. We were indeed in luck. Up here was a small attic with some old furniture piled inside. No one was guarding it. And there was a window big enough for either me or Elizabeth to go through.

When I tried to open the window, I was slightly hampered.

There was an old-fashioned lock on the window. It looked like it had been there for a long time. Although we found a key right next to the window, the lock was rusty.

I tried to aim the key at its lock core, but it wouldn't fit.

If we just wanted to open it forcefully, it wouldn't be a difficult task. We could just find a heavy object to smash it. However, that would definitely make a lot of noise. We had no way of knowing how many people were here. If we alarmed a lot of people, it would undoubtedly increase the difficulty of Elizabeth and me leaving.

I stood still, thinking. We didn't have a lot of time. The other side could realize at any moment that Dick had disappeared.

Rust...? I remembered the relevant knowledge from my high school chemistry class. It took acid to remove rust.

"Acid... But how can there be acid here?" I realized I had given myself a difficult problem.

"Will the vials you found on the man be useful?" Elizabeth suggested.

How could I have forgotten about that?

I took out the small bottles from my clothes and examined them carefully. One of them was black. I recognized this as the kind of liquid that had been fed to us. Since it could be consumed, it definitely didn't have the strong acidity to react with rust.

I looked at the others. One of them was pink. A few bottles were transparent.

Some of the strong acids I remembered using in my experimental classes were colorless and clear.

With a last-ditch effort, I opened a small bottle at random. After making Elizabeth take a few steps back, I poured half the bottle of liquid onto the rusty lock.

Elizabeth and I waited in silence for a few seconds.

The liquid didn't react like water after it was poured on. Just as I was feeling disappointed, I suddenly heard Elizabeth gasp.

My first instinct was to look at the lock. It remained unchanged.

I looked at Elizabeth in confusion. She was pointing straight at the ground, her other hand covering her mouth to avoid making any more noise. I looked where she was pointing and my eyes widened for a moment.

Some of the liquid that had been splashed on the lock earlier had dripped to the ground. Because this place was completely made of wood, the floor was naturally made of wood. We could see the spot where the liquid had dripped. The wood was silently dissolving and the effect was spreading. The ground was about to cave in.

Chapter 180: Through the Window

[Margaret's Perspective]

I realized something quickly. I pulled a piece of rag from the discarded furniture on one side and covered the puddle.

The dissolution on the floor stopped. I suspected that if I let it spread, the entire attic would dissolve. It seemed that this liquid only had a special effect on wooden materials. Did the other party carry this thing with them because they had planned to erase all traces of this place after this operation? That was probably why they had chosen an all-wood cabin.

I couldn't help but shudder at the meticulous thinking of this mastermind again.

This must be a difficult opponent. I hoped that Donald could defeat him.

However, at the moment, this liquid could easily solve our problem.

I poured the remaining liquid onto the wooden frames around the window from different positions. I watched as the window frames around the window began to dissolve quickly after the liquid did its work. I instructed Elizabeth to use the abandoned items around

her to catch the falling glass and prevent them from falling to the ground and making a sound.

An entire window was quickly and silently removed by us.

Elizabeth and I looked at each other. I stuck my head out first and carefully looked out the window.

The moon was gentle and the stars twinkled. Tomorrow would be a fine day.

Although I had been locked up here for less than a day, I felt that I had not seen the sky for a long time. The feeling of freedom after coming out of the basement was even stronger.

I tore my gaze from the night sky and looked down to survey the guards around the cabin.

The front door of the cabin was the brightest. There must have been a designated guard there. But this was the side of the cabin. I didn't see anyone, not even anyone patrolling.

I didn't intend to observe any longer. Every second we delayed increased the risk of our being discovered. Our chances of escape would be slimmer.

I turned to Elizabeth and mouthed the instruction for her to go first.

She looked at me a little hesitantly. I gave her an encouraging look. I thought she was going to refuse to do this, I wanted to say something to tell her that we didn't have a choice. But her eyes suddenly became firm. She walked toward me. I gestured that she could hold me and let me lend her strength. She pressed my shoulder and climbed up to the window.

I took one last look at the staircase we'd come up. Then I took two steps back, took a running start, and leaped onto the window. I estimated the height we'd have to jump directly from here. It was about three meters. It wouldn't be much of a problem even for a normal human. Besides, we were werewolves. The only thing we needed to be careful about was not making too much noise in the process to alert the guards at the front door.

I looked at Elizabeth, squeezed her hand, and jumped down first.

I found a landing spot on the grass and rolled over to relieve the pressure of my descent the moment I touched the ground. Standing on the grass, I looked up at Elizabeth and opened my arms to signal for her to jump down as well. Elizabeth closed her eyes and jumped down. I quickly took a step forward to receive her.

I fell to the ground under her weight. Elizabeth knelt beside me and looked at me nervously.

I gave her a smile and felt a wave of relief.

Our escape plan seemed to be going well so far. I took Elizabeth's hand and slowly walked through the grass. We went around the cabin to the back.

I recognized the place as the outskirts of the Silver Moon Pack's forest. It didn't look like Angel had taken us too far away.

I took a deep breath and was suddenly grateful for the times I had spent with Armstrong. We had walked in this forest countless times. It made me familiar with everything about it. I could find my way back from anywhere in the forest.

I looked at the moon to get my bearings, and thanked the Moon Goddess again.

It was precisely because of the existence of the Moon Goddess that I always felt that my heart was filled with strength.

I turned around, but Elizabeth was gone.

I looked questioningly at the path we had taken. I didn't think Elizabeth could have lost me in such a short distance. *Why is she running around at this time??* I wondered.

Suddenly, a huge force came from behind me. Something pulled me over. Then a hand covered my mouth, preventing me from making any sound.

Busted!!!

I whimpered as my body began to struggle violently. I didn't want to be recaptured just as I was escaping.

Even if I failed to resist, I had to leave some marks here so that Donald could find me.

"Be quiet, Margaret."

I stopped struggling. I recognized this familiar voice. This person had personally instructed me on how to fight.

It was Elliot.

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