

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 181 - A Scary Conjecture

Chapter 181: A Scary Conjecture

[Margaret's Perspective]

My body relaxed after a short period of stiffness. If the other party was Elliot, I wouldn't be able to break free no matter what. I had seen Elliot's strength. He was Donald's most capable warrior. He was the beta of the royal Lycan pack.

"I'll let go of you now. Don't shout, okay?" Elliot whispered in my ear.

I nodded nervously.

Elliot slowly released his hand from my mouth. I turned my head and saw Elizabeth and Anthony standing beside her.

I breathed a sigh of relief and took a step toward Elizabeth. I looked at Elliot warily.

I still couldn't trust Elliot completely, but compared to the Lycans who kidnapped me, Elliot was clearly more trustworthy. And there was Anthony here. I believed that he wouldn't do anything to harm Elizabeth.

There was another stranger standing behind Elliot. Judging by the smell, he was a Lycan like Elliot. He noticed my gaze and gave me a kind smile.

"This is the new man from the personal guard team. His name is Eric," Elliot explained.

I nodded at Eric. Anthony was looking around warily. His arm was always around Elizabeth's shoulder. She was leaning against his chest. I turned my attention back to Elliot and the Lycan warrior behind him.

No, they weren't all Lycans. There were still some werewolves.

This was a team that had a mix of our pack and the Lycan pack. When I looked at them, they were also looking at me.

I was puzzled by this situation. *Are these people here to save Elizabeth and me or to carry out some special mission? Their combination is too strange. If they are here to rescue us, why didn't Donald come personally?*

A terrible thought crossed my mind. *Are they all traitors? Are all of them in league with Angel?*

“What’s our next plan?” I began.

Anthony, Elliot, and Eric looked at each other. It was Eric who spoke first.

“I’ve just sent someone to investigate the cabin. I expect we’ll have news soon. I suggest we decide based on the number of people in the cabin.”

“Our mission is to find them. Now that we’ve found them, there’s no need for us to pay attention to that cabin. Our first priority is to send them back.” Anthony disagreed.

“I want to go back too...” Elizabeth’s faint voice could be heard.

Elliot was looking from left to right, deep in thought.

Then I saw a figure emerge from the cabin Elizabeth and I had just escaped from. All of us stopped talking and focused on the figure.

The figure walked directly in our direction without any obstruction. Just as all of us were holding our breaths, Eric was the first to relax. He straightened up and said, “This is the person I sent, Damianos.”

Eric’s tone was slightly grim. “If he dared to come out like this, it means there’s no one left in that cabin. It seems we are too late. Everyone in the cabin has moved.”

“How is that possible?!” It was Elizabeth who cried out first. “Margaret and I just saw at least two Lycans there. One of them, Arthur, has been threatening us.”

Even if Damianos had not come close, I recognized that his attire was the same as the team behind Eric.

I straightened up as well and took a deep breath. “Well, Elizabeth and I only escaped because we knocked out a guy named Dick. He’s probably still in the basement.”

But Damianos shook his head. “There is no sign of any werewolf or Lycan there.”

“They used the Mist on us,” I said, remembering. “Could they have used the Mist to hide their scent? They’re actually still in this cabin.”

Damianos gave me a surprised look when I mentioned the Mist. Then he said, “The Mist leaves traces after it’s used. It doesn’t disappear completely. In fact, we can tell each other’s locations simply by its concentration. But the smell of the Mist in that house is already very faint. They can’t still be hiding there.”

“Actually, if they’re still in the cabin, they don’t have to do this,” Elliot added. “Their frontal assault power is no weaker than ours. There’s no need to create this illusion. In fact, if they’re still inside, we are the ones who need to worry.”

Chapter 182: Search the Wood Cabin

[Margaret’s Perspective]

Elliot gave me a complicated look and said, “They can attack with impunity, but we have more to worry about.”

“Could it be that they are trying to sneak up on us or have set some kind of trap inside?” Anthony asked, joining the discussion.

Eric shook his head. “This looks more like a premeditated retreat.”

Elizabeth and I glanced at each other in confusion.

“But we did escape on our own,” I said.

“How the hell did you guys get out?” Eric asked, frowning.

Because I’d been trapped for so long and hadn’t taken a sip of water, my voice sounded hoarse, but I insisted on telling them how Elizabeth and I had escaped.

“That’s it. We jumped out the window and saw you guys.”

“You didn’t meet anyone on your way out?” Elliot asked, resting his chin on his hand.

“No,” I said.

I was beginning to wonder about this matter. If the other party could tie us down with ropes in the basement to prevent us from escaping, why didn’t they set up any defenses outside and let us escape from the cabin so easily?

Besides, could the people outside really not hear the sounds we made in the basement?

I looked at Eric in bewilderment. Could it really be as he said, that the other party had done all this deliberately?

Did the other party deliberately release Elizabeth and me? Then what was their next step? Did they predict our movements and want to follow us to find someone, or did they use us to break Donald’s defense?

My mind was in chaos.

“In any case, since there’s no one inside, we’ll search the place again. We might find some clues. Even if they have a backup plan, it’ll be easier for us to resist them in the cabin,” Elliot said.

The others followed suit and nodded.

I was still vaguely uneasy about the cabin, but I didn’t say it.

I had no evidence that Elliot was the one who had betrayed us. Given the current situation, it made sense for us to search that cabin.

As a group, we walked toward the cabin. Eric led his men. I was behind Eric. Anthony and Elizabeth were behind me. Elliot was at the back.

I heard Anthony talking to Elizabeth all the time.

“Are you feeling alright?” Anthony asked Elizabeth.

“Not good.” Elizabeth’s hands clutched the front of her shirt. Her clothes were as dusty as mine. “I want to go back. I don’t want to stay here.”

“I’m sure we’ll get you back safely,” Anthony said.

“I—I believe you...” Elizabeth paused, then said, “Why did you come with them this time?”

“The Alpha asked me to come. He wanted to come over himself, but the Lycan King said he had to stay at the Pack,” Anthony explained.

I heard Donald’s name from the front and turned to look at them. I saw Elizabeth’s surprised expression.

“Armstrong... he wanted to save me himself?” Elizabeth and I looked at each other. Then she lowered her head dejectedly. “That’s definitely not what he said,” she whispered.

“You’re the one he wants to save.” Anthony glanced at me quickly, then looked seriously into Elizabeth’s eyes. “I’ve never seen Alpha look so nervous. He keeps saying ‘my Mate.’ He even wants to come straight to the forest to find you, no matter what.”

I couldn’t help but interrupt. “You were talking about the Lycan King just now. How is Donald now? Where is he?”

Anthony turned his attention to me. "The Lycan King is still in the Pack. He will fight on the front line. All of us are divided into three groups. The Lycan King and his captain of the personal guards, Christian, are holding off the main battlefield. Most of the Pack warriors are there as well. Alpha Armstrong is in charge of dispatch in the Pack. Eric and I came to you with an elite team."

"Then will Donald be in danger on the main battlefield?" I asked anxiously, "The other party is very good at using potions. I was forced to drink the potion and lost my ability to resist because they threatened me with Elizabeth's life. And Angel, they're all in cahoots. Are you wary of them?"

My head was suddenly bumped by someone in front of me.

I looked up and realized that everyone in the team had stopped and was looking at me with extreme surprise.

Chapter 183: The True Feeling of Being Saved

[Margaret's Perspective]

I was confused by everyone's gazes. I asked curiously, "What's wrong?"

"Who did you say colluded with the enemy?" Elliot asked.

"Angel," I repeated. "Elizabeth knows it too. I'm sure you remember, Anthony. Elizabeth said you were the one who opened the door when Angel arrived."

Elizabeth nodded at the side.

Anthony said in a solemn tone, "I was knocked unconscious at the time. Then, when I woke up, I lost my memory of this. I have no impression of seeing Angel yesterday."

"You don't know?!" Now I was the one who was surprised. "Then how did you find our trail? I mean, Elizabeth and I were both sprayed with the Mist. The forest is so big, you can't smell us. If you're not following Angel's lead, how did you target this area?"

"It's Elliot," Anthony said. "He says he smells unusual blood."

I remembered the blood I had left on Arthur.

However, it had only been an hour since I left the blood on him. It couldn't have been more than two hours. How did Elliot happen to smell me and be able to follow the direction smoothly?

They said that they found no trace of anyone else here. Is it too much of a coincidence that all these things are stacked together? I wondered.

I knew that I should be thanking Elliot for finding me at this time, but I really couldn't smile at him. There were too many doubts in my heart.

"Now, you answer my question," Eric said sternly. "How exactly were you taken that day? We didn't find any signs of a struggle at the scene. You all left with her willingly, right?"

"How could we have volunteered to go with her! I was packing to leave," Elizabeth said agitatedly.

"It was Angel who drugged Elizabeth first and then threatened me with Elizabeth's life. I had no choice then."

I took a step in Eric's direction, further away from Elliot, and said, "Then I was forced to drink a black potion that completely cut off my connection to Donald. I couldn't do my Mindlink with anyone, so I couldn't ask for help."

"Interrupting the Lycans' connection?" Elliot repeated from the side.

"After that, Angel scattered the Mist on me, and I lost consciousness. When I woke up again, Elizabeth and I were tied up in the basement. I tried using Mindlink many times and tried to transform, but I failed. I suspect that the black potion was specially designed for werewolves. The effect was to turn us into ordinary humans," I said.

Eric's eyes flashed brightly in the moonlight.

I couldn't help but look at him again.

Elliot looked thoughtful on one side. "Has the drug lasted until now... Have you tried to contact anyone since?"

"I've not," I said, shaking my head.

Before I knew it, we had reached the side of the cabin. As Eric's follower, Damianus, had said, it was empty. I glanced at the basement from where Elizabeth and I escaped. The door was still open, as we had left it.

"Why don't you try it now," Elliot said. "We'll pull you into our communications network. See if you can pick up the message inside."

I hesitated. When Anthony nodded slightly, I nodded back.

Of all the people here, the person I trusted the most was Anthony.

“Open your Mindlink and don’t resist my access,” Elliot said.

I felt a familiar wave enter my brain and connect. Everything was going well.

I was guided by Elliot to a larger space. It was like a huge network of neurons where all kinds of information converged. The feeling of being blocked by a wall had completely disappeared. I felt as if I could access the information as easily as I had before.

[Your Majesty, this is Elliot. Are you there?]

It was Elliot’s voice.

I tried to follow Elliot’s signal.

[Margaret?] It was Donald’s voice!

The moment I heard Donald’s voice, I felt my legs go weak. Fortunately, Eric held me.

When I was locked in the basement, how many times had I thought that I would never see Donald or hear his voice again?

At this moment, his voice in my heart was more pleasant than any voice. It was as if something heavy had finally been lifted from my heart. For the first time, I truly felt that I was saved.

Chapter 184: Who Is the Traitor?

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[Margaret’s Perspective]

I felt something begin to gather in my eyes. I remembered that I was in the forest now and that many people were looking at me. I tried to keep my eyes open so that they wouldn’t fall out.

[Donald...]

[Donald!]

I kept shouting Donald’s name in my heart to express my surging emotions.

[Margaret! Where are you? How are you!]

Donald sounded agitated too.

[I'm fine. I'm in a cabin and I don't know where I am.]

I looked around at the others blankly.

[Are Elliot and the others with you? I'll...]

Donald's voice stopped abruptly. I heard a noisy commotion.

[Donald? Donald!!]

I looked at Elliot with wide eyes. "What happened to him?"

Elliot looked a little grave. He and Eric whispered to each other and then they walked out of the cabin together. Anthony, who had been left behind, and Elizabeth looked at each other. The feeling of panic in my heart returned.

"Give me a minute," I said to Anthony and Elizabeth as I followed Eric and the others out of the cabin.

"What happened?" I looked back and forth between Eric and Elliot, trying to see something in their expressions. "Why did Donald suddenly lose contact? What happened to him just now?"

"Some kind of violent wave just hit our new communications system," Eric said.

"From our brief canvass earlier, it was an inside job," Elliot added.

My heart tightened further. Donald still had traitors around him.

"I want to contact him," I said without hesitation.

"If His Majesty is in any real danger now, you'll only disturb him," Elliot said to me.

"What are you going to do now?" I looked straight at Elliot and asked. "You can't stay here. Donald needs help. Hurry up and support him!"

"Our orders were to bring you back in one piece," Elliot said.

"But you're his beta. How can you not be by his side when something goes wrong?! If none of you are going, I'll go."

At this moment, I couldn't care less. I only thought that Donald's life might be threatened now. No matter what, I had to get to Donald's side.

Elliot grabbed my wrist and pulled me in the direction of the cabin. Anthony and Elizabeth came out because of our argument.

I pulled my wrist out of Elliot's grasp and stared at him.

I couldn't stay here and wait for news of Donald's death. I would definitely go crazy.

Elliot's expression didn't waver. I turned my attention to Eric.

"You're all Donald's people. Someone has to help him instead of just standing here."

"The duty of the personal guards is indeed to protect the Lycan King..." Eric said slowly. "But we came here under His Majesty's orders. This is what we have to obey unconditionally."

"F*ck!" I reached out and grabbed my hair, unable to stop myself from cursing.

How could the people around Donald be so inflexible and stubborn? Donald is the one in danger now. What are they hesitating about?! If something happens to Donald, does my existence mean anything to them?

"There's no need to explain, Eric," Elliot said. "We're not leaving here. For now, let's search this cabin. Once we're sure it's safe, we'll send them back."

"That's your decision? Are you the leader of these people?" I glared at Elliot and said, "Don't forget what Angel did. You helped Angel shake off her responsibility back then. Now look what happened! Angel kidnapped us. She might have planned all of this alone. How dare you say you didn't know anything about it? You also said that there was a traitor among us. I think you're the most suspicious person among us!"

A look of pain crossed Elliot's face. He gripped the dagger at his waist. "Lady Margaret," he said, "when we return, I am willing to prove my loyalty to the Lycans and His Majesty in any way I can. But now His Majesty has given me the task of protecting you. That is the only thing I have to consider."

Eric took a step forward, trying to ease the tension between Elliot and me. He changed the topic and said to me, "You were connected to our communication system normally just now. What was that about not being able to establish a Mindlink with anyone?"

"When I was still at home, I was forced to drink something that smelled very strange. Then I lost consciousness. Although I'm not good at Mindlink usually, I could still feel that some connection in me had been cut off," Elizabeth added.

Chapter 185: Giving Everyone Trouble

[Margaret's Perspective]

“What was it like to be cut off?” Eric pressed. “Was it like being trapped in a fog or blocked by something?”

I glanced at Eric in surprise, surprised by the precise state he described. I replied, “At first, it seemed to be blocked by something. I could feel the other party’s presence, but there was a wall standing there. Later, that feeling changed. Everything was covered by a layer of fog. It was the same wherever I went.”

“If that’s the case, it’s very likely that it’s not the same thing that trapped you before and after,” Anthony said.

Eric and Elliot looked at each other. They obviously agreed with Anthony. Follow current novels on n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

“If it’s not the same thing, then what is it?” I looked at them in confusion and said, “We haven’t eaten anything since Elizabeth and I were locked up. If something can affect us, then why isn’t the person guarding us affected?”

“It’s possible that they’re being affected, too. You just don’t know it,” Elliot said thoughtfully. “We found a special drug in them before. It’s poisonous to werewolves, but it has the effect of stimulating their own potential. The factors that are holding you back are likely to make the enemy stronger.”

Could something like that really exist?? It was hard for me to imagine this.

A medicine that could strengthen one’s body and weaken one’s opponent. If the other party had such a weapon, what were Donald’s chances of winning? My heart sank.

Why did they insist on staying here instead of helping Donald? Even though they knew that Donald was in danger.

I really wanted to try to contact Donald again with my Mindlink, but I was afraid that, as Elliot had said, I would really distract him. Besides, if he kept not answering me, what would I do? I didn’t know how many terrifying images would form in my brain.

I turned to look at Elizabeth. She was holding Anthony’s hand. She was not as worried about Armstrong as I was about Donald. Until now, I had not heard a word of concern from her. Her nonchalant look even made me wonder if I was really too nervous.

“Then for now, stay here. Anthony and I will search the house,” Eric said.

Wait, why is Elliot staying with us? Wouldn’t we be better off with Anthony?

Before I could object, Eric and Anthony were inside the cabin.

I looked uneasily at the forest around us. I had a feeling that Elliot had an ulterior motive for staying here. Perhaps in the next second, a large number of enemies would descend from the forest or from the sky and surround us.

I paced repeatedly on the same ground. I knew that Elizabeth was watching me, but if I didn't do this, I wouldn't be able to control my anxiety.

I wanted to shout and run from here.

Oh! What a stupid decision to stay where you are and wait for someone else to make arrangements!

If Elizabeth and I hadn't escaped on our own, we would have been taken by the other party. How could Elliot and the other two find us?

"How is the battle going? You haven't heard anything from Donald?" I interlocked my fingers and asked Elliot nervously.

Elliot shook his head, then looked steadily in one direction. This was the expression that would appear when he turned on his Mindlink. I saw his brows furrow and my heart tightened again as his expression changed.

"No news," Elliot said, his eyes clear again. "But I sense they're closer. This shouldn't be the direction of the battle we deployed. It looks like the battle situation has changed again."

"Is that good or bad?" I pressed.

"Once a war begins, there is only victory or defeat. Until the outcome is known, we have no way of reaching a conclusion, Miss Margaret," Elliot said.

"But if they're closer to us, we should go over and help." I looked in the direction of the forest, wanting to hear Donald's voice from inside.

Elliot sighed and said in a serious tone, "If that happens, what we have to do is escape in the other direction. There's no way I'm going to get you into the middle of the battle."

Elliot paused for a moment before continuing. "Miss Margaret, I don't mean to be rude. But as I said just now, your presence in the battlefield will not bring any help to the battle. Instead, it will be an obstacle. His Majesty has already sacrificed our combat power to protect you. Don't cause trouble for everyone else."

Chapter 186: You Admit It

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[Margaret's Perspective]

I never expected to hear such mean words from Elliot.

At the Silver Moon Pack, he was always polite and gentlemanly. He was at Donald's side like an all-round butler, helping him with all the tedious matters and meeting my needs.

But at this moment, he seemed to be displaying a completely different warrior image.

He was cold and rational. All the judgments he made were based on the current situation. There were no personal feelings involved. I was surprised by the contrast in Elliot. Which side of him was the real him? Was he all that stood before me now?

If he was a traitor... There was not a moment when I was more certain that he was capable of doing something terrible.

I have to stop him, I thought.

I stepped back and stood in front of Elizabeth. I looked at Elliot and said, "You knew Angel a long time ago, didn't you?"

Elliot looked at me and remained silent.

"I don't know what your relationship is, but you clearly have deep ties. And what Angel did has gone beyond her personal grudge with me. She's betraying Donald and your Lycan pack," I continued.

"I'll admit that what Angel did was very distressing," Elliot said.

"So you admit it." I took a deep breath and barely controlled my emotions. "You're in cahoots with Angel. You planned all this. What else are you planning to do later?"

"I don't accept your accusation that I'm a traitor in the team," Elliot said, lowering his eyes. "I don't have any thoughts about this at the moment, but I can guarantee that I've always been loyal to His Majesty. Perhaps you can't trust me completely because of what I've done to you in the past, but you should trust His Majesty. He allowed me to protect you. That means he trusts me."

"You could have lied to him," I said. "Donald trusted Angel, too. But what's the outcome?"

Elliot opened his mouth as if to speak.

Suddenly, his gaze sharpened. I tensed up, thinking he was going to attack Elizabeth and me.

However, his gaze turned to the forest and he shouted, "Who is it!"

The forest was silent. I followed Elliot's gaze in confusion and used my werewolf hearing to try to detect anything unusual over there, but there was nothing.

I looked at Elliot again, dubious, suspecting that this was some trick he was playing.

"Stop hiding. I can see you," Elliot said in a cold voice to the forest.

Then he took a pistol from his belt. I stared at him in shock and took another step back.

But Elliot kept his gun pointed firmly in one direction of the forest and spoke again. "If you don't come out, I'm going to shoot you. I promise I'll hit one of you."

"Pa, pa, pa."

From the forest came a sudden round of applause.

"I heard your speech just now. How affectionate. Unfortunately, this blind she-wolf can't see these things at all," a charming female voice could be heard.

My pupils constricted as I stared at the graceful figure walking out of the forest slowly.

I'd never forget that voice.

She was the one who kidnapped me and Elizabeth. She was the culprit behind all of this. She was also the one who committed the unforgivable sin of betraying Donald and the Lycan Pack.

Angel!!!

"Everything would be so much easier if he was really in my camp." Angel walked out of the forest and leaned against the front tree. Her S-shaped curves were perfectly accentuated. She was like a sinister, beautiful snake hissing.

Then a dozen Lycans walked out from behind her. I recognized some of them. I had seen these people in the Silver Moon Pack. These must be the ones Angel had defected with.

Some of them were bare-chested and covered in blood and scars. They looked like they had just ended a battle.

I looked at each of their faces to make sure that Arthur and Dick were not among them. They did not escape together. Angel's relationship with them was as shaky as Elizabeth had said.

It seemed that someone else was behind all of this. However, capturing Angel would not completely resolve this matter.

"So, did you see anything after so long?" Angel looked at me with interest. "Your suspicions about Elliot are interesting. It seems that my brother put in a good word for me in front of you."

Then she gave Elliot a rather bright smile. "Thank you anyway."

Elliot shifted his grip on the gun to protect Elizabeth and me.

Chapter 187: Always Loyal to His Majesty

[Margaret's Perspective]

I held my breath nervously, secretly praying that Eric and Anthony would hear the commotion and come out quickly from the cabin.

Angel stretched her arms in front of us. She tilted her head and looked sideways at Elliot. She said, "In this situation, do you want to consider joining us?"

Elliot looked at Angel in silence. He didn't say anything. Elizabeth and I stood behind Elliot, so we couldn't see his expression.

"What's the point of protecting them like this? Look at them. They don't believe you at all. And look at the situation now. You can't defeat me with two burdens. Brother, there's no need to make unnecessary sacrifices at this time. I know your ability. I'll give you my promise and complete trust," Angel lobbied.

I couldn't stand it anymore. I took a step forward and walked up to Elliot. "Don't try to sow discord. Donald gave you his trust. The person who betrayed Donald is you."

Angel's eyes turned to me and she laughed mockingly. "Haha, look who it is. Isn't this Lycan King's famous werewolf Mate? A useless piece of trash."

The Lycans around Angel laughed. I secretly clenched my fists and stared at her fiercely.

"But you're clearly wrong about one thing. Donald has never trusted me the way he trusted Elliot. That's why we're where we are today." Angel's expression suddenly

changed in front of me. She said gloomily, "Today, I will definitely kill you with my own hands."

"Angel, stop doing this," Elliot finally said.

Elliot stood stiff and straight as a tough tree.

He put me behind him again and faced Angel and the Lycans alone.

"Stop, come back with me, and beg for His Majesty's forgiveness. There is still room for redemption," Elliot said.

'You are naive, Elliot.'

I saw Angel shake her head and smile mockingly.

"Since I chose this path, I won't turn back. Those weak and ignorant werewolves are not worth protecting. All they have to do is submit. It's already a gift for us to rule over them and provide them with food and shelter. Now they have too much. We have to get it back."

Angel glanced at Elizabeth and me and continued, "You used to think the same way as me. You told me that you hated following Donald's orders to protect them. You should have been more valuable than just being a guard. But Donald never saw your worth. Come, join us."

Elliot hates protecting us? Does he also think the Lycans are born to rule the werewolves?

I looked at Elliot with some surprise. He didn't look like he was going to deny it.

"I told you this back then because I hoped you would stay, but you still betrayed us. I've always regretted that I didn't tell His Majesty about this sooner."

Elliot turned his head to me and said, "Miss Margaret, I said I was not a traitor. But I also have to admit that I did sense Angel's unusual actions before, because I did not want Angel to be punished any more than I had to warn His Majesty. It was my fault. But no matter what happens, I will always be loyal to His Majesty and to the royal family."

Angel narrowed her eyes and said, "I see you've made your choice. Protect the werewolves? I'm sorry about your choice, Elliot."

"I'm just as pained by your choice," Elliot said.

“Then we have nothing more to say.” Angel flexed her joints, and her eyes burned with the fire of battle. “It’s been a long time since I fought my cousin. I wonder how much you’ve improved. You were no match for me the last time we fought.”

So the cousin Elliot used to talk about was Angel!

I was enlightened and connected all the dots. Why didn’t I think of such an obvious fact before? Donald must have known this. Follow current novels on n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

All of Elliot’s previous actions suddenly had a logical explanation. I realized how cruel this moment was to Elliot.

“Back off!” Elliot hissed, stepping forward to attack Angel first.

I hesitated, thinking that I should join the battle to help Elliot as well.

But Elliot sensed what I was doing and shouted, “Get back in the cabin and find Eric and Anthony!”

Elizabeth also grabbed my hand and pulled me in the direction of the cabin.

Chapter 188: Duel

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[Margaret’s Perspective]

I took stock of the situation again and saw that the Lycans were rushing over from behind Angel. Elliot was barely holding on with our men in front.

“Go!” Elliot bellowed.

Without hesitation, I ran toward the cabin.

However, we were clearly too late. The Lycans from the other party were surprisingly fast. Just as we ran up the steps in front of the cabin, we were surrounded by several charging Lycans. Elizabeth and I had no choice but to lean against the wooden door and defend ourselves against them.

Why aren’t Eric and Anthony out yet?? I wondered. ?Couldn’t they hear the commotion outside? Where have they gone?!

[Angel’s Perspective]

I raised a flashing dagger and calmly circled the flat ground with Elliot.

In my peripheral vision, I could already see the men I'd brought surrounding Margaret and Elizabeth.

I came here at this time based on Master's information. He had promised me that I could deal with them with the help of the people I had with me.

"Seriously, Elliot? Are you really determined to protect these weak werewolves?"

I watched Elliot's footwork as I tried to distract him with words.

"I know about your grievances. You want the Lycan pack to become stronger. You should believe that I think the same way you do. We both want the Lycans to be better. But Donald is getting weaker because of his werewolf mate. Why else do you think we can restrict his movements? It's all because he chose the wrong kind of mate who doesn't deserve him."

"It is not advisable at any time to solve a problem through war and violence," Elliot said.

"As long as you give up resisting, I promise there won't be any bloodshed or unnecessary sacrifices here." I winked at Elliot and gave him a charming smile. I knew it had worked with him before.

"Donald has made so many bad decisions because of his mate. For our Pack, for our glory and dignity, we should pull him back from the wrong path. The Lycans should have more territory and dominance. The werewolves don't have the right to own this place. Think about why we came here in the first place. Think about what changed your minds."

I nimbly dodged one of Elliot's attacks.

He was indeed Donald's beta. Even though he was affected by my words, his attacks were still as sharp as ever. However, he was still lacking if he wanted to pose a threat to me.

I tried harder. "What we have to do is not blindly obey orders. In that case, we're no different from marionettes."

"Use your brain. Make your own judgment, Elliot. Which direction is right and which side is truly righteous. Everything I'm doing will lead us to a brighter future. You're helping a loser. That's the act of a coward."

Elliot made a rude growling sound in his throat, and I knew he was irritated by me.

His attacks became more violent, which meant more openings. I knew I was about to win.

“You’re not making sense,” Elliot said suddenly.

He slammed his fist into the tree behind me. I saw a crack appear in the trees.

“Werewolves do have a lot of weaknesses compared to us Lycans, but that doesn’t mean they’re worthless. If we are stronger, we would have a responsibility and obligation to protect them, not treat them as our slaves.” Elliot even looked at me with a hint of pity.

I was a little shocked by his transformation. I heard Elliot continue, “Angel, you’ve never understood these things. There are some things that are above pure power, but they often have another, greater energy. It’s enough to allow tiny individuals with no power to shake things up. Sooner or later, you’ll be defeated by what you think is weak.”

For a moment, I hesitated because of Elliot’s words.

This caused me to miss a moment in attacking, but Elliot was clearly more determined to strike.

I took a frantic step back out of the way. Suddenly, from the direction of the cabin came a scream.

Elliot and I stopped at the same time and looked in that direction. It was Margaret’s scream. They were completely surrounded by my people. Any faint resistance was futile. The people around Elliot were also suppressed by my people. The outcome of the battle was clear.

A sneer slowly appeared on my lips. “It seems that you’re just bluffing. You’re the one who’s defeated.”

Elliot’s face darkened.

“I’ll give you one last chance.” I let my wolf transform. Snow-white fur covered my palm. I licked the corner of my mouth and said, “We’ve already won. Surrender to me, Elliot. In the future, you’ll still be Lycans’ beta. Nothing you have will change.”

Chapter 189: The Family’s Glory

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I heard Elliot and Angel talking all the time, but I had no idea what they were talking about.

If Elliot chose to defect to Angel's side, I knew that Elizabeth and I would not have any chance of escaping again.

At this moment, I no longer doubted Elliot's loyalty to Donald. However, I was worried that he would be enticed by Angel's flowery but insincere words. Moreover, I had long sensed Elliot's special feelings for Angel. It was precisely because of this that I never thought that they were related.

Elizabeth and I were standing with our backs to each other. There were four or five Lycans around us.

Every one of them reeked of blood. Elizabeth and I couldn't open the door and escape into the cabin. I tried my best to peek out, wanting to pay attention to when the battle between Elliot and Angel would end. Elizabeth and I couldn't hold on anymore.

After forcing the Lycans back with my dagger again, my right arm was slashed by his wolf claws. If this continued, I would have to summon Betty to fight with me.

However, my stamina was weak now, and Betty wouldn't last long. If I couldn't defeat the other party, I would fall into a deeper weakness. I didn't want to call my wolf out unless I had no choice.

Behind me, Elizabeth grabbed my arm fiercely. From time to time, I could hear her exclaim.

I suspected that she was also injured, but I was in no position to care about her side.

Where are Eric and Anthony?? I thought.

Where's Donald?

I activated my Mindlink with Donald anyway.

[Donald, I need help.]

[We're at the cabin. Can you come over and help us?]

I sensed that our Mindlink was connected, but there was no response from Donald. *How is Donald now??* I wondered. *Is he in a good state??* I felt like my heart was being pressed down by a huge rock. I couldn't breathe.

"Margaret!!!"

Elizabeth called out beside me.

I snapped out of my dazed state quickly and saw a wolf claw slashing down from the sky.

My eyes widened and I let out a scream.

The other party moved too quickly. I only had time to lean in Elizabeth's direction and wait for him to brush past my shoulder.

At that moment, a dark brown figure pounced on me and Elizabeth and we rolled to the side with inertia. The huge wolf swept left and right twice, forcing the Lycans who had surrounded us to back off a few steps.

I pulled Elizabeth into a sitting position and saw that Elliot was bleeding from a gash in his abdomen.

"Elliot?" I said in a shaky voice.

"Get inside," Elliot's wolf said in a low voice, opening the wooden door for us with his front paws and blocking everyone else.

"Your injury..." I began hesitantly.

Elliot glanced down at his abdomen. "It's okay. You guys go ahead."

With that, he gave a warning roar.

I saw a huge snow-white wolf jump out from among the chaotic Lycan crowd. I recognized it as Angel's wolf. I had never seen a wolf with such dazzling fur before.

Elliot's people gradually gathered around us. I counted the people here.

There were still five or six people on Elliot's side who were still holding up. There were no less than ten Lycans on Angel's side. We did not have the advantage in numbers, but if we include Eric and Anthony, everything would be different.

Angel's wolf eyes scanned our people and then settled on Elliot's wound.

Elliot kept a wary eye on her.

"What a shame," Angel said. "You got hurt protecting a werewolf. Is that what you call loyalty?"

“As the Lycan King’s beta, it’s my duty to protect the people he wants to protect. This has nothing to do with me. I can’t betray His Majesty’s orders, and you shouldn’t. You’re ruining our family’s honor.”

“What can you do without protecting that meaningless glory?” Angel snarled.

Elliot hunched his shoulders. It was the position a werewolf would choose when attacking.

A lower center of gravity would make it easier for us to pounce on the enemy we were aiming at.

“If you must fight, I will fight you to the end. As the beta of the Lycan king, dying on the battlefield is a worthy death.”

“Stubborn.”

Angel looked finally irritated. She hunched down, too, but her eyes kept searching for me. She was clawing at the ground. Her eyes glowed a bloodthirsty red.

Elliot swept Elizabeth and me toward the door with his tail.

“What are you waiting for?!”

Elliot roared and lunged at Angel. I took one last look at the tangled fighting crowd, grabbed Elizabeth, and went straight into the cabin.

The cabin was empty. There was no sign of Eric and Anthony who went inside earlier.

Chapter 190: In A Dilemma

[Margaret’s Perspective]

[Escape through the back of the cabin and go find His Majesty!]

In my head, I heard Elliot’s message me in Mindlink.

Without hesitation, I climbed out through the cabin window with Elizabeth. Elizabeth’s movements were clumsy. I unlatched the window and pulled Elizabeth along as I stumbled forward.

The sounds of battle behind me gradually faded. Elliot asked me to look for Donald, but which direction should we go? I couldn’t confirm where he was, but I didn’t dare to stop. I could only run away from the front of the wooden cabin.

“Margaret!”

Elizabeth purred softly beside me.

“Where are we going?”

I pursed my lips. I didn't dare tell her that I didn't know the direction either. I could only say, “Let's go find Donald. He's right ahead.”

Elizabeth stopped talking.

I didn't know how long Elliot could hold out in the rear, but he certainly couldn't defeat so many people on his own. Angel had come prepared. She knew that we had brought capable warriors with us. All we could do was stay as far away from them as possible. As long as we could find Donald and join up with him, Angel was nothing to fear.

[Stay there! Margaret, stay in the cabin!]

I received a message from Donald suddenly.

My heart skipped a beat. Donald sounded anxious. He must be experiencing a battle over there too.

I looked ahead. Donald was definitely not far from me. Elizabeth and I were walking in the right direction. If we continued, would I be able to see Donald soon?

[Go back! Go back, it's dangerous here!]

Donald's voice came again.

I stopped in surprise. What should I do now?

[Donald, where are you?]

“Margaret!”

“Elizabeth,” I interrupted. “I know you're nervous. Don't worry. Now give me a moment. I'm trying to get in touch with Donald.”

“Anthony sent me a message just now.”

“That's not important... Wait, what?!” I turned to Elizabeth.

“Anthony sent me a message that he was with the Lycan King. He told us to stay in the cabin and wait for them to come and meet us,” Elizabeth said. “I don't know how to use

my Mindlink. I don't know how to reply to him. Perhaps we should tell them our location."

I looked down and thought for a moment. "What do you think we should do now?" I asked Elizabeth.

"Me?" Elizabeth looked confused. "I don't know. I want the Silver Moon Pack back. I don't want to stay in the forest anymore."

"If we continue forward, we might meet Anthony and Donald, or we might have to confront the other party. If we return to the cabin, we will have a place to defend. However, we don't know the situation with Elliot and Angel. It's very likely that we will encounter Angel on the way." I described the current situation to Elizabeth.

We were clearly sandwiched between two groups of people. I guessed that this was originally Angel's goal. However, for some reason, Donald and the group of people who had planned to outflank us from the rear met each other.

"Do you mean we need to fight no matter which direction we choose?" Elizabeth's faint voice asked.

My mind flashed back to what Angel had just said to me in a sarcastic tone. Follow current novels on www.fantasyfiction.com

"Two burdens."

"Weak and ignorant werewolves."

"Useless trash."

Every word stung my heart, and I knew that Angel wasn't the only one who thought that. Elliot, the warriors Donald had brought, and even Donald probably thought so.

Werewolves were a weak race that needed to be protected. They were not important compared to the Lycans.

I tried to prove myself more than once, but I failed again and again. In the end, I thought that I couldn't do it and could only accept Donald's protection.

But that shouldn't be the case.

Although we were weaker than them, we had the same unyielding will to fight. We did not lose to the Lycans in intelligence and strategy. As long as we put our hearts into it, we might have a chance to defeat them.

"This is our pack. Donald is helping us. We should help." I looked at Elizabeth.

“I still think we should follow their instructions,” Elizabeth said, biting her lip. “Have you forgotten the last time we were in the forest? Margaret, you are always on the front line of everything, but there are things that might not be suitable for us to do.”

I knew in my heart that Elizabeth had a point.

But I didn't want to admit defeat after what Angel had said. I just wanted to prove that I wasn't as useless as she said.

“Shall we find a safe place and then you can send a message to the Lycan King for them to pick us up?” Elizabeth suggested.

I looked up and began to seriously consider Elizabeth's suggestion. It was feasible, and it was probably the safest solution in the current situation. I was about to speak when my eyes suddenly focused on a snow-white giant wolf walking slowly toward us.