

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 191 - Unavoidable - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 191 - Unavoidable

Chapter 191: Unavoidable

[Margaret's Perspective]

There was no one behind Angel.

Her fur still looked as white and flawless as snow. She didn't look like she had just fought Elliot. She looked like she had just strolled here.

I blocked Elizabeth behind me, keeping my eyes on what Angel was doing.

What had become of Elliot? Had Angel defeated him? Speculation raced through my brain.

In front of me, Angel's lips curled into something like a smile.

"How long do you think you'll last under me, Margaret?"

"What about Elliot? What did you do to him?" I tried to remain calm.

"He's my dear brother. What can I do to him?"

Angel began to circle Elizabeth and me. My footsteps cautiously followed her movements, always keeping my eyes on hers.

Donald was on the other side of the battlefield. It was unknown if Elliot was dead or alive. Behind me was my sister, Elizabeth, who had no combat experience and was waiting for me to protect her. I knew that there was no way to avoid this battle.

I had to fight Angel face-to-face, not just because of our current situation, but because of my dignity and honor. Angel and I should have fought head-on like this long ago. I was going to defeat her fair and square, with all my courage and wisdom.

I did this not to prove it to anyone, but to prove it to myself. I had the right and the ability to stand by Donald, to be his Mate, to be his support instead of a burden.

I had to convince myself with a victory. Otherwise, I would always feel unconfident around Donald. This was also why I was injured by the gossip of various people.

Now, let me end this.

“Come on, Margaret. Let’s have a real fight between werewolves and use our wolves to fight,” Angel snarled from the side.

“Don’t go. Don’t fight her, Margaret.” Elizabeth grabbed my sleeve.

“Trust me.” I pried Elizabeth’s fingers from my grasp and gave her a reassuring smile.

I saw Elizabeth’s worried expression and leaned down to whisper in her ear, “After the battle starts, I’ll hold her back. Run in the direction we went before and find Anthony and Donald. They’ll definitely come to help me.”

“Then what will you do?” Elizabeth bit her lip uneasily.

“I’ll be fine, don’t worry,” I said.

Elizabeth still looked hesitant, but Angel was clearly getting impatient.

“Are you saying your last words after so long?” Angel’s mocking voice sounded.

I pushed Elizabeth in the direction we’d been traveling, turned to face Angel directly, and began to shift.

Because she had been with Donald for a while, Betty was well nourished in my body.

After Donald marked me, I clearly felt Betty’s strength increase with the infusion of Donald’s power. Even though I had been locked in the basement for the past two days, I was confident that Betty was stronger than before.

Betty was still light brown, and the color of her fur was very similar to my hair. However, at this moment, I realized that her fur had a faint silver color, just like Donald’s.

I observed Angel across from me through Betty’s eyes. She ground her front paws against each other. I covered Elizabeth’s departing back as best I could. I couldn’t let her catch up with Elizabeth.

I had to admit that there was still some fear in my heart when I faced Angel.

My body still remembered how painful it was the last time she knocked me over in the training room. Last time, because she underestimated me, I found an opportunity to roll to the side with her.

However, this time, her gaze told me that she would definitely take this battle seriously. This meant that my chances of winning were even lower.

There was something else that was important. I knew from Elliot that using the wolf form to fight was a very important part of Lycan warrior training. But there was little contact during werewolf combat. I had only learned a little bit from Elliot's training last time.

However, regardless of whether I was at a disadvantage in these objective factors, I would not lose to Angel in terms of fighting will. In fact, I was stronger than her.

I was fighting for justice. For love and protection. This inspired the ideals and endless fighting spirit in me.

I wanted to create conditions for my lover, Donald. I wanted to give my family, Elizabeth, time. I wanted to fight for the safety and survival of my pack. This spirit always motivated me and gave me the courage and confidence to face Angel head-on.

Chapter 192: Battle with Angel

[Margaret's Perspective]

"Come show me what you can do," Angel growled in front of me.

I looked at her warily. Her steps were steady. She looked flawless.

While I was still hesitating about how to attack, Angel kicked with her left leg and charged at me. She was like a fully drawn arrow, so fast that she left an afterimage in the air. I didn't have much time to react and could only dodge to the side.

But Angel was extremely agile. I didn't even see how she moved before I realized that she had changed direction. Her wolf claws were waving in front of me, looking like they were about to hit my chest.

Only then did I get a good look at Angel's wolf claws. Although her fur was white, the pads on her palms were black. At this moment, her claws protruded sharply from them. They were two inches long, like five sharp blades.

If I let them slash my body, I had no doubt that they would leave five bloody marks.

I knew I couldn't run away anymore. Betty growled in her throat and swung her claws to meet Angel's frontal attack.

For a moment, there was a sound as harsh as metal. I felt a strong force coming from my claws. Betty's front claws were quickly forced close to my chest from midair by Angel, and she was pushing them towards me step by step.

A savage light flashed in Angel's eyes. Her gaze was filled with hatred for me.

Betty reached out with her left claw and slapped the wolf claw that was approaching me. This direction clearly affected Angel's strength. Her approaching claw stopped moving forward and formed a counterweight with Betty's left front claw.

Angel's eyes flashed and she snorted, surprised that I had managed to avoid the blow.

She retracted her front claws at lightning speed. With Betty's strength, she could barely stop her from moving forward. However, it was impossible to stop her. Follow current novels on n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

I could only retract my movement with her, but Angel had no intention of stopping. This time, she jumped high, but her target was my neck.

Oh no!

The neck and heart were the most vulnerable parts of a werewolf at all times.

I concentrated on observing Angel's movements in midair. In terms of physical fitness and combat skills, I was inferior to Angel, but I had sharp observation skills. Under my intense concentration, I could feel that Angel's movements in midair had slowed down.

Attacking from the air was undoubtedly a powerful attack method, and it required the attacker to have extremely high leaping and explosive power.

But from another perspective, it was also a huge flaw.

This was because once she was in midair, she would lose the space to borrow strength from other things while having gravity as her strength.

After all, werewolves didn't have wings. When we were in midair, it would be difficult to change the target and direction of our attacks. We wouldn't be as agile compared to the people on the ground.

I half-squatted backward, my eyes fixed in midair. The moment Angel was about to pounce was the moment her body was about to make a turn and she would temporarily lose her balance. That was my chance.

I aimed at an empty spot and bounced up after gathering my strength. I attacked Angel's waist, which was falling. Angel's pupils constricted. She actually forcefully

changed her posture in the air, causing my charged attack to only land on her tensed hind legs.

The blow hit. Before I could rejoice, Angel reacted again. After being hit by my blow, Angel did not fly to the other side as I had expected. Instead, she changed her posture and borrowed strength from me to gain more room to maneuver in the air.

I only saw her whip her tail and Betty's front claws deviate from their original direction. Then Angel turned her head and opened her mouth to bite Betty's front claws. I wanted to break free and inevitably had to use force. Instead, Angel followed my strength and rolled to the ground with me.

We rolled into a ball on the ground. Angel kept biting Betty's front paws. In a few short moments, Angel turned her disadvantage into an advantage and put me in a passive position.

After hitting a few trees, I freed Betty's front claws from Angel's mouth. I looked down and saw that a few tufts of wolf fur had been bitten off. The flesh below was bleeding faintly, and I felt a tingling pain.

On the other hand, Angel had been using my body as a shock absorber since I fell. When I was rolling in the forest just now, she had wanted me to hit a big tree on the side several times.

At this moment, she stood coldly at the side. Other than some mud on her fur, she did not look injured.

I took a few deep breaths on the spot. The short battle had exhausted a lot of my strength.

Most importantly, fighting Angel consumed a lot of mental strength.

Chapter 193: Pursued

[Margaret's Perspective]

Angel might be able to hit me with ease, but for me, just going all out was not enough. I had to stimulate all my potential.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Angel charging at me again. My rational mind told me to jump to the left to avoid the attack, but my right claw was still hurting from Angel's bite. I couldn't muster any strength.

I had no choice but to stay put. Fortunately, this would also give me more time to anticipate Angel's movements.

I looked up and saw Angel's familiar disdainful gaze on her wolf again.

Seeing that her wolf claws were about to swing down again, I extended my two front claws and stood in a human posture, directly facing Angel's attack.

Compared to the last time, I had a more intuitive understanding of Angel's positive strength.

There was a loud bang where we collided. The force of Angel's front was surprisingly strong. This was a force without any speed augmentation. I felt as if a thousand kilograms of stone was pressing against my front. Angel's strength shook my front claws until they were numb, and I felt a slight numbness all the way down my front palm to my entire arm.

I had no choice but to leap back, avoiding a direct confrontation with Angel.

Angel continued her pursuit. With a brisk step, she tapped the ground with her front palm and rose into the air again. Check out *latest novels* on [n/ov/e/l/bin\(.\).c/o/m](http://n/ov/e/l/bin(.).c/o/m)

This time, she was wary of me doing the same thing as before. She didn't jump too high to avoid exposing her vulnerable abdomen to me. I couldn't catch up to her speed. When I heard the sound of her front claws swinging again, I could only hurriedly extend my front claws to block her.

There was another bang, and the scene repeated itself.

I had just jumped away when Angel came after me again.

She looked like she was angered by my attack just now. In her eyes, rolling with me was somehow hurting her dignity. Every move she made was extremely ruthless, and every move she made was aimed at taking my life.

Bang, bang, bang. The sounds continued in the forest, but I gradually calmed down.

My stamina was depleting, but Angel must have consumed more energy than me to maintain such a high-intensity attack. With the certain gap in our foundation, it was very likely that Angel would still be able to continue attacking when I was exhausted. However, there was nothing to lose out by making such exchanges.

Until I found a better time and means to strike back at Angel, keeping things the way they were might not be a bad thing.

And I noticed that the direction of our fight was in the direction of where Donald was. Elizabeth had already gone to ask Donald for help. The closer we were to Donald, the more advantageous it would be for me.

But Angel clearly realized that this kind of attrition was disadvantageous to her. Her attacks became faster and more urgent. What was even more terrifying was that she broke away from the somewhat crazy state she had been in. Her moves became calmer and more methodical.

I was already struggling to resist Angel's attacks. If this continued, I felt like I couldn't hold on anymore.

Angel's attacks were powerful and fast. I resisted them time and time again, but as time passed, the difference in our physical fitness became more and more obvious.

I had been worried about the pack's safety and my separation from Donald recently. I hadn't eaten or drunk anything in the past two days. I was able to fight with Angel for so long because of Donald's mark.

However, after fighting for a long time, some mistakes in judgment were inevitable. If I could completely fend off nine of Angel's attacks in the beginning, then now, I could only accurately judge seven out of 10 of her attacks. The rest of the times, I was relying on hard resistance whenever she sent me flying.

Every time I was swept by her wolf claws, I would feel a burning pain in my body which affected my judgment of her next attack. I would fall into an even more passive situation.

Perhaps the only thing that could comfort me was that when Angel sent me flying, it allowed me to be one step closer to Donald.

But this could not go on.

If this continued, I would be torn apart by Angel before Donald could find me.

Once again, as Angel sent me flying backward, I thought, *What should I do? Fight Angel head-on...?*

No, without a suitable opportunity, that would let her take the initiative again. This was different from the last time she had overturned me.

Last time, I still had the strength to break free of Angel, but this time, I didn't have the stamina like before. And if this continued, I would only lose.

In my dilemma, I suddenly thought of the last time I fought with Angel at the training ground. Although the outcome was a failure on my part, Angel was restrained by me the last time.

No matter how skilled she was, as long as I was completely pressed against her, there was no room for her to maneuver. Although I was inferior to her in terms of physical fitness, she had to pay a huge price if she wanted to hurt me when we were close together.

Chapter 194: Going Back on Her Word

[Margaret's Perspective]

Back then, it was like this when we were in human form. Now, it was even more so when we were in wolf form.

The most important thing Elliot had taught me about werewolf combat was to learn to fight with your body.

A werewolf's body was a werewolf's weapon. It was more aggressive than a human's and would use its abilities reasonably to defeat its opponent. This was the biggest difference between a wolf and a human in combat.

Due to our larger size when we were in wolf form, the wolf form was more suitable for close combat than skin-to-skin combat.

Close combat could give us more room to use our claws, tails, and teeth. It was also because our limbs were shorter than when we were in human form. When we were completely close to our opponents, the weapons in our bodies would lose the space necessary for their use.

With that in mind, I gave up on jumping to the side before Angel's next attack. Instead, I adjusted my posture slightly and sold her a flaw. I saw a smug look flash in Angel's eyes. I panted on the side and pretended to be powerless.

Angel thought that I no longer had the strength to hold on, and that my position would allow her to maul my shoulder. She swung her claws down without hesitation.

Suddenly, I raised my head and looked straight at Angel. I let out a roar.

Angel was shocked by my actions. She had been extremely cautious during the battle and instinctively thought that I had a back-up move. The claws that were about to strike down from midair stopped for a moment.

Of course, I wouldn't let go of such a good opportunity. I, who had been conserving my strength for a long time, kicked the ground with my hind legs and pounced at Angel.

Angel's sharp claws were still aimed at my shoulder. She thought I would retreat in fear of being injured, but I met her attack directly in midair. As her front claws dug into my shoulder, my outstretched limbs locked tightly around Angel's front limbs while I wrapped my lower limbs around her hind legs.

I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder. My mind blurred for a moment, but I knew that I couldn't let go at this time. If I did, all my previous efforts would be in vain.

I clenched my teeth and forced myself to stay awake in it. The initial wave of pain in the shoulder had become a long and sharp pain, but it wasn't like the initial pain that made me want to faint. Only then was I able to observe my and Angel's condition again.

Angel and I were in a huddle on the ground. My forepaws went under her forelimbs and then wrapped around her neck. One of her forepaws had just been pulled out of my shoulder. It was still stained with my blood. Both her limbs were waving in the air now. My lower limbs were intertwined with Angel's. I wrapped my limbs around her body and she kicked against my abdomen. Neither of us could do anything further. We could only stalemate the situation.

Angel's eyes were fierce as she bared her fangs and tried to bite the wound on my shoulder.

I tilted my neck back to avoid her attack. This posture inevitably affected the wound on my shoulder again. My grimacing action was like another provocation in Angel's eyes. Her front claws hooked fiercely at my face.

Fortunately, in a moment of desperation, I had already used my limbs to firmly hold Angel's body. Her route of force was blocked, and she could only hang in midair, unable to move an inch forward.

I couldn't completely subdue her, but as long as I prevented her from attacking me and gave myself some time to catch my breath, that was enough.

"You b*tch!" Angel cursed.

Angel and I were so close now that I could feel the vibrations in her chest.

"If you want to kill me and get Donald, I won't let you get away with it," I replied.

"Hmph, do you think I can't do anything about it?" Angel snorted, and her eyes burst with even more murderous intent.

"If you have the ability, break free from me!" I growled while breathing heavily.

At this moment, I felt a wolf claw that was tightly holding Angel's body loosen. I looked down and saw that Angel had actually shifted again. She had changed from wolf to human. Her human body was much smaller than a wolf's. She was about to break free from under me.

Previously, she was the one who said that she wanted to fight in wolf form. Now, she was the one who went back on her word.

I couldn't care less about my anger. I struggled for a second between fighting the human Angel in wolf form and in human form. I quickly chose to shift with her.

There was no other reason. My stamina couldn't last long in wolf form.

The wolf form would consume a lot of my stamina. Although I would have some advantage fighting Angel in human form while I retained my wolf form, Angel was very agile. Once my stamina ran out and Angel escaped my control, I would quickly be exhausted and defeated. Or if Angel changed back into wolf form then, she could directly tear me apart.

A werewolf's shift took a certain amount of time, and just changing our physical form didn't affect our posture.

Chapter 195: The Best Thing

[Margaret's Perspective]

I watched as the fur on our bodies faded and our limbs became slender.

Because Angel and I started shifting at almost the same time, I didn't give Angel much chance to break free. It was just that our current posture was different from when we were in wolf form.

I leaned over Angel and wrapped my arms around her neck. I wrapped my legs around her waist.

Angel's legs were curled up against my stomach, and her arms were on my shoulders. If it weren't for the way we were glaring at each other, this would have looked like the posture of two very close people.

I didn't let down my guard at all. It took all my strength to maintain this position to trap Angel. Her hands kept struggling. She bent her elbow and slammed it into my injured shoulder. I grunted and gritted my teeth as I pulled Angel closer to me.

Our faces were almost touching now. Angel's breath was on my face. I could see the eyelashes of her eyes clearly. In Angel's angry eyes, I saw my own twisted face.

'If I stick close to her, she can't do anything to me.'

I kept that thought in my head.

[Margaret?]

[Where are you? Are you okay?]

When Donald's voice sounded in my mind, I thought I was hallucinating. At this moment, my communication with Donald was magically restored.

[I... I'm fighting.]

I sent the message back with difficulty. It was not an easy thing to do while suppressing Angel.

[Who are you fighting? Angel?!]

[Yes.]

I kept my sentences as short as I could to make sure I was focusing mostly on Angel, who couldn't easily break free of me.

And I had no doubt that as soon as she broke free, she would knock me down.

Donald was silent for a moment. He didn't reply to me.

All kinds of guesses flashed through my mind. Had Elizabeth found Donald and the others? Had Donald defeated his enemies there now? Was he on his way to save me?

Fortunately, Donald didn't make me wait too long. Soon, his urgent voice came through Mindlink.

[Elizabeth is with me. I'm not far from you, but we still need some time here. Listen to me. Relax your senses. I'll pass my power to you so that I can also feel what you feel. Listen to my instructions and I'll tell you what to do.]

[What?]

Angel's elbow was pressed against my wound. I was in so much pain that I could barely maintain my Mindlink.

[Do as I say! Relax your senses and leave it to me.]

Donald's steady voice was like a shot in the arm. I stopped thinking so much and trusted my mate completely. As Donald said, I completely let go of my mind.

At that moment, Angel seized her opportunity. She pushed her legs up and at the same time, raised her elbows and hit me in the chest.

Due to the relaxation of my mental world, I suffered another sudden blow. My hands and feet lost some strength at the same time, and Angel broke free.

Angel used this opportunity to roll on the ground with me. While completely escaping my shackles, she also kicked me.

[Oh dear.]

I tottered in midair and crashed into a big tree. My body was so weak that I couldn't control my body at all. I was like a kite with a broken string.

I was half-lying under the tree, using my uninjured shoulder to push my elbow up, but it was only enough to make me half-kneel.

I looked at Angel on the other side. She was already on her feet. She was wearing a very different uniform from before. It was all black. It matched her emerald eyes and she looked like a ghost from hell.

I watched as Angel approached me, a dagger in her hand. I tried to make myself stand, but sadly realized that I didn't have any strength left.

Even so, I still raised my head and looked at Angel with unyielding eyes. I had done my best in the battle just now. If I was destined to die here today, I hoped that my last moments would be when I stood tall and straight and not dispirited like a loser.

Perhaps my life was short compared to many people, but I met Donald. I had people I loved and people who loved me.

We were meant to be together. We were marked to each other. My soul had passed through a sea of people and met another soul that was 100 percent compatible with me. This made my life complete. I felt happy about my life. Meeting Donald was definitely the best thing that had ever happened to me.

Seeing Angel finally walk up to me, I felt unusually calm and at peace.

Chapter 196: Wonderful Use of Mate Relationship

[Margaret's Perspective]

“If you kill me, you’ll never get Donald,” I said, looking up at Angel.

A cynical smile appeared on Angel’s lips. “Whatever happens in the future,” she said, “you’ll never know.” Fôll0w current novÉls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

That was the difference between Angel and me. She only sought the end result and didn’t care how anyone else felt in the process. I realized that I had nothing more to say to her.

Angel swung her dagger again, aiming for my throat.

I closed my eyes and waited quietly for that last moment to come.

The meaning of life was not about length, but the way you chose to spend it. The person I was thinking about at the last moment was still Donald.

I couldn’t help but smile a little as I thought,

Donald, I love you.

Suddenly, I felt a surging power pour into my body. This power had an inexplicable sense of familiarity. I suddenly opened my eyes and saw that Angel’s blade was only an inch away from me. My pupils constricted and I heard an angry shout in my mind.

[Tilt your head to the left.]

In an almost blind trust, I obeyed without hesitation.

The tip of Angel’s knife barely grazed the skin on the side of my neck. When the blow missed, a look of surprise appeared in her eyes. Then she flipped her wrist and quickly held the dagger horizontally, bringing a gust of wind to my neck. She pressed it ruthlessly towards my throat.

[Lean back and kick upward with your knees bent.]

The voice that commanded me was low and calm, giving me a sense of security.

I did as I was told again, and this time my attack landed on solid ground.

I heard a loud bang, the sound of flesh against flesh. Then Angel flew in the direction I’d kicked. I looked at Angel in shock, unable to believe that it was my own strength.

A moment ago, I didn’t even have the strength to stand. Now, with a simple bend of the knees, I kicked Angel more than ten meters away.

I remembered the voice that had just sounded in my head, and my body triggered an excited shudder.

I recognized the voice. It was Donald.

He suddenly contacted me and even helped me fight Angel. That magical power should have come from Donald. It had Donald's pleasant and familiar aura.

By transmitting one's power to another, one could even experience the other party's situation and provide guidance.

I didn't know if this was because of Donald's strength or because we had marked each other, but I had never heard of a way that could do this.

This was an incredible use of the mate relationship.

Angel was also looking at me in bewilderment. I slowly stood up. All the fatigue I had felt earlier had been swept away. I turned to look at my shoulder. The wound was healing at a speed visible to the naked eye. I felt full of strength.

I focused on Angel. I didn't intend to explain too much to her. Now it was just the two of us fighting again. I was completely back to fighting strength, and Angel was still exhausted. With Donald's support behind me, I was sure I could defeat her this time.

Angel's eyes darted around as if she understood something. She said in shock and anger, "This isn't your power. Donald, he must have helped you do something again. This isn't a fair fight."

"When have you ever been fair in a battle with me? You're just jealous," I said calmly. "It's time for us to settle this once and for all."

"Hmph, what do you know?" Angel raised her eyebrows and said, "Do you think Donald doesn't have to pay a price for passing his power to you like this? I was right before. Your existence will only weaken his power. Donald needs someone who can be on par with him, not a piece of trash like you who will drag him down."

I frowned at Angel. These words might have hurt my pride in the past, but now that Donald and I were one, what did Angel know? She was just using these words to hurt me.

I shook my head at Angel. "Let's not talk about whether you're stating the truth or not," I said. "So what if you are?"

Donald and I are mates. We should be bound together for good or bad. No matter what happens in the future, I'm willing to face it with him. Based on what you said, if Donald is

no longer the Lycan King one day, will you also think that he's dragging you down and then abandon him?"

"How could Donald not be the Lycan King? He will become the greatest Lycan King in our history. He has the ambition and the strength to conquer all the werewolf packs and become the king of kings," Angel said excitedly.

This time, it was me who looked at Angel pitifully and said, "You don't understand love at all. Your feelings for Donald are just a kind of morbid possessiveness and admiration of strength. That's not love."

Chapter 197: That's Great

[Margaret's Perspective]

Angel and I faced each other.

The look she gave me was no longer one of superior contempt, but one of wariness.

I knew that she was not afraid of me, but of Donald's power that had suddenly appeared in my body, but even so, I was still aware of the subtle change in our identities. In the past, no matter what I did, Angel had never really taken me seriously, but now, she began to look at me seriously and put me at her level.

Angel sneered and said, "Don't think you've won. You're standing here trying to teach me a lesson. I'll tell you that in front of true strength, all tricks are just clowns."

I hadn't expected it to come to this. Angel was still impossible to talk to.

I pursed my lips and thought that Angel was being unreasonable. I had thought that although she was not exactly kind, she was at least a smart person. I did not understand where her crazy and persistent hatred for me came from. There were no principles or boundaries to what Angel did. She always lived by her own standards.

"Then come." I didn't want to talk to her anymore. She had done that to me. I had no reason to let her go now.

Suddenly, her eyes flashed and darkened.

I kept a close eye on her movements, wary of when she would suddenly charge forward. I remembered that she was best at speed in previous battles. Her agile movements and unexpected attacks could easily catch the other party off guard.

"Damn," Angel muttered under her breath.

I gave her a puzzled look.

[Stop her. Don't let her get away.]

Donald's voice sounded in my heart again.

Before my brain could react, my body was already following his words.

I strode forward and attacked Angel first. She dodged to the side and avoided the frontal attack. I chased after her. This time, Angel didn't retreat. A fierce look flashed in her eyes. She stopped moving forward and turned around to pounce on me.

My body instinctively dodged, but Angel was only feinting. Her right hand pushed out and in the blink of an eye, she had completed the transformation of her wolf form. She was about to hit my shoulder again.

I could only retreat again. We exchanged a few blows and quickly pulled away a few meters.

Angel didn't want to fight. After pushing me back, her lips curled into a "so-so" smile. She turned and disappeared into the forest.

I managed to stabilize myself and was about to continue chasing, but Angel was nowhere to be seen.

I touched the wound on my shoulder. It was completely healed now. Only a bloody cut on my shirt proved that there had been an injury here.

I looked in the direction that Angel had left and hesitated. Even if I had recovered most of my strength, I might not be able to catch up to her. Moreover, even if I caught up to her, she would be able to escape from me again. But I was unwilling to let her go like this.

While I was in a dilemma, I heard hurried footsteps behind me.

I had a vague premonition, but I didn't dare look back, afraid that I would be even more disappointed if I had any hope.

The footsteps were getting closer and closer to me. I stood rooted to the ground, and my legs seemed to be nailed to the ground by something. I felt it. It was the most wonderful, intoxicating smell in the world, and it was the smell I missed the most now. It exuded a holy and noble aura, and at the same time, there was a hint of softness. I felt myself in it.

"Margaret!"

I turned my head slowly. Elizabeth's exclamation told me that none of this was an illusion. Check out *latest novels* on novebin.com

For a moment, I couldn't feel anything. I didn't even know if my heart was still beating. All I could see was the person standing against the light.

The light hit him from behind and a faint golden glow appeared on his body. His facial features were blurred by the light, but I could still see his excellent facial features clearly. Golden light flickered on his tall nose bridge. It reminded me of the first time I saw Donald. He appeared in front of me like a god.

Especially since I had just experienced a battle that brought me infinitely close to death, the joy of surviving and seeing my mate instantly swept through my mind.

I opened my mouth but realized that I couldn't make a sound.

A lot of emotions rushed into my brain at the same time. There was grievance, frustration, joy, anger, and too many things mixed together. I thought I would cry, but no, I couldn't think of any words to describe how I felt.

In the end, it was just a simple word.

Great.

It was great to see Donald alive.

Chapter 198: Missing Manpower

[Margaret's Perspective]

Donald reached out and hugged me. He didn't say anything more. I leaned against him longingly. This was more than a thousand words.

I sniffed and smelled blood on Donald.

I immediately became nervous. I wanted to distance myself from Donald to see how he was and if he was injured. However, just as I was about to move, I felt Donald hug me even harder in his arms. His strength seemed to crush me into his body.

I wrapped my arms around his back and patted him gently on the back, realizing that in this short day and night, I wasn't the only one who was afraid. Donald was. He must be even more nervous than I was.

“Don’t move.” Donald’s deep voice vibrated in my eardrums. “Thank God you’re okay. This is great.”

I was about to cry from Donald’s words. This was what I had just thought. We thought of the same thing. We were destined to be tied together. No external thing or tribulation could separate us.

“I’m fine. I’m fine, Donald.” I tried to give Donald a smile to prove to him that I was fine.

“How dare you say that you were almost killed by Angel just now.” Donald held my hand tightly and tensed up. With a serious expression, he said, “Why did you have to be so rash? Do you know how dangerous what you just did was? You haven’t learned your lesson from last time. Why didn’t you think about the consequences before doing anything?”

I opened my mouth to defend myself. I wanted to say that it wasn’t that I didn’t consider the big picture, but that I had no choice. Under those circumstances, only by staying would I be the most likely to save Elizabeth and my life. But when I looked up and met Donald’s sad gaze, I couldn’t say anything.

I did consider a lot at that moment, but the only thing I didn’t consider too much was my own life, so I ignored the impact this had on Donald. If I died, Donald would be as sad as he could be. I ignored his feelings. In this regard, I had let Donald down.

I lowered my head in embarrassment and gently pressed Donald’s palm.

Donald raised my hand and pressed it against his chest. He said softly, “It was so close. I’ve never been afraid of anything. But now, I’m even afraid to think about what would happen if I didn’t succeed in sharing my power with you just now. You’re not allowed to do such a thing again. Do you hear me?”

I nodded seriously at Donald’s affectionate gaze.

I remembered what had just happened and said doubtfully, “So that power was really yours. How did you do it?”

“That’s ‘Being There,’” said a voice nearby.

I turned to look and noticed a group of people behind Donald. Many of them were dressed as Lycan warriors. Standing at the front were Eric and Anthony, who had disappeared earlier. Elizabeth was standing beside Anthony. Anthony was talking to her softly with his head lowered. It was Eric who had spoken.

“‘Being There’?” I repeated Eric’s words doubtfully.

“‘Being There’ is a special ability between two parties. You can share your five senses with the other party and transfer a portion of your strength to the other party. This requires an extremely huge amount of mental strength. The longer you maintain it, the more strength it expends.”

Eric explained, “Usually, only those who have lived with each other for decades have this ability. I didn’t expect Your Majesty to master it so quickly.”

I felt that Eric’s words were a little strange, but I couldn’t find anything wrong with them.

Then I remembered something else and asked Donald, “How did you get together with Eric and the others?”

“They came over on their own.” Donald looked at Eric and Anthony and said with the dignity of the Lycan King, “I told you to find and protect Margaret. Why are you protecting me?”

“We chased a group of people all the way here,” Anthony said. “When we were at the cabin, Eric and I went inside to search and found traces left by the other party. We thought that with most of our men at your side and with Elliot around, there shouldn’t be a problem. We were afraid that the other party would escape, so we went after them together. In the end, we ran into the Lycan King.”

I realized that something was wrong and questioned, “Why were all the people at our side? At that time, the number of people were split into two and you took a portion of them away. There were only a dozen of us in the cabin. That’s why Angel got her hands on us.”

“Impossible,” Anthony denied flatly. “We let those people go back when we were in the house. Eric and I were indeed the only ones who chased them out.”

Anthony and I looked at each other and realized the crux of the problem.

There was a small group of men, and they had disappeared from our midst.

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!