

Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 21 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 21

Chapter 21: Suspicious Pack _ 1

[Donald's POV]

After parting reluctantly with Margaret that morning, I went to see Armstrong.

He looked even more haggard than he did the night before. Perhaps he had been busy all night and had not slept. He was a dutiful Alpha and cared for his pack. I admired him. I might have admired him more if nothing had happened between him and Margaret.

"I've redesigned the patrol of the tribe in the forest. We've doubled the manpower and shifts. We haven't found anyone suspicious," said Armstrong.

I nodded. "I've already sent word to the royal family to be on the alert for any unusual activity. They'll send a dozen people to support us. They'll be here in a few days."

"More than ten?" Armstrong frowned.

"These people are enough."

I glanced at Armstrong but didn't elaborate. These ten or so people were an assault team, one of my best forces.

The combat power of each of them was not something that ordinary warriors could compare with. Most importantly, they completely obeyed my deployment and orders. Many people in the royal family did not even know of their existence. They could obtain information about the enemy as quickly as possible, learn about their strategy, and even destroy the enemy directly.

"Lycan King, I don't mean to offend you, but if the enemy really launches a large-scale attack, I'm afraid the people of my pack won't be able to withstand it."

"If necessary, I will send more people. But as long as possible, I will avoid a war here. You should not suffer any casualties in battle."

Elliot walked in and reported, "Lycan King, we have news."

Starry Sky Tribe?? When our people expanded the patrol area, we met people from the Starry Sky Tribe. They were timid and suspicious. They were not here to communicate with other tribes or to trade. But they looked very weak. They were definitely not from the werewolf royal family.

I handed the information to Armstrong and asked, "Do you know about this pack?"

"I've never heard of such them. This is not a tribe nearby."

Is it just a coincidence that a new pack has appeared in our patrol range at this time??? I thought.

I ordered calmly, "Investigate and see what they do."

"Yes, Lycan King."

"Also, your partner went out with her sister this morning."

I heard Elliot speaking to me telepathically.

I was not happy when I heard the news, even if it was with my permission. I knew that Margaret was worried about her sister, and that I had asked her sister to deliver something to Margaret.

But Margaret left just like that. Leaving our room was not what I expected to see. I wanted to see her stay at our house, every moment, waiting expectantly for me.

"Did our people follow her?"

"They did."

This made me feel better. My mate was still within my grasp.

"Where is she now?"

In her own home.

I didn't maintain my communication of thoughts with Elliot anymore. I turned to Armstrong and said, "When my people find out something, I'll let you know. We'll come back for a meeting."

I asked Elliot to lead the way to Margaret's house.

It was just one morning, but I was already missing her scent like crazy.

Even though I knew that the tribal matters were urgent and that the attacks wouldn't stop, that there were too many things to deal with, I couldn't control my emotions. I tried to find time to hug Margaret and be with her at every opportunity.

I heard Margaret's voice before I reached her house.

“Don’t talk nonsense, Elizabeth.”

“If you think Donald is bad, you can consider Anthony. I know you had ties with Armstrong previously... but Anthony is a good person.”

It was her sister, Luna Elizabeth. Now I heard my name.

Also, Armstrong. *Anthony, who is that??* I wondered.

“I think you two had a good chat. You had a lot in common before,” I heard Elizabeth say.

I didn’t like Elizabeth’s tone, and I didn’t like hearing Margaret’s name put together with other men. I knew it was irrational. It was not good to be jealous, but I was really angry about it.

I let Elliott leave first. I was still angry even now at the way Margaret used to look at Elliott. Damn it, I really didn’t want anyone to see her. I didn’t want her to leave that room. Ne/w novel chapters are p/u/blished on no/vel(/bin(.)/c/o/m

I did my best to control my emotions as I walked in. Then I saw a man setting plates on the table. *Is that Anthony??* I thought. I narrowed my eyes, then saw Margaret and Elizabeth on the side. They looked surprised, as if they did not expect me to be here.

Chapter 22: Happy From the Heart _ 1

[Margaret’s POV]

I saw Donald. He did not look happy.

I didn’t know what happened. *Did something go wrong this morning, or did something terrible happen??* I wondered. I regretted not changing into my dress earlier. I was wearing only a black T-shirt and jeans. I must be looking unattractive.

Donald was expressionless. His eyes were a little scary as he stared at me. I understood what Elizabeth meant. When Donald wasn’t smiling at me, there was something scary about him.

Or perhaps he had already realized that becoming my mate was a mistake and was starting to regret it.

The thought stopped me from walking toward him. I looked at him helplessly, wanting to do something to please him.

“Uh, do you want to have lunch together? Anthony is done.”

His expression darkened. *So it's me??* I thought.

But Donald was already walking toward me. No one in the house was talking.

All I could do was stare at the tall figure walking toward me. *He's not going to reject me here, is he??* I thought dejectedly. We'd been mates for less than 24 hours. I wondered if I was going to be rejected by him in front of my sister and Anthony. I was afraid I'd become the biggest laughing stock of our pack.

To my surprise, he picked me up.

I couldn't help but feel excited at his touch.

"What are you going to do?" I asked quietly.

Donald just kept breathing into my body with his nose, as if he was taking in my scent to confirm my identity. I was tickled by his actions. Being held up like a child in front of my sister and Anthony also shamed me.

"Put me down, Donald." I tapped his back without using much force.

Donald gave me a warning slap. I stopped moving.

I was hanging on to him like a sloth, my naked calves wrapped around his waist. I suspected that the slap he gave me had made my skin turn red. I was a little afraid that Donald would do something worse here.

"Aren't you hungry? I want to eat."

I saw Donald's expression soften. He looked at Elizabeth and Anthony, who were dumbfounded. Then he pulled a long face and said, "Let's go eat in your room and get them to send the food over."

Donald didn't give me a chance to argue. He turned to Elizabeth and asked, "Where is her room?"

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Elizabeth pointing upstairs. I groaned inwardly as Donald half carried me back to my bedroom.

Donald closed the door and sat in a chair, but he had no intention of letting go of me.

In my own familiar bedroom, a small, confined space, the atmosphere quickly changed.

"You panic every time you see me. Why?"

Donald ran his fingers over my lips. He really liked touching my lips. With his fingers. With his mouth. And with his part.

I blushed.

He seemed to know what I was thinking. I wasn't good at hiding what I was feeling, and Donald was particularly good at reading my thoughts, especially in bed.

"You have very sexy lips," he praised. "But why panic? Answer me, Margaret."

I looked at him and wondered if I should say it.

"Tell me." He deliberately used a bewitching voice. "We should be honest with each other. Tell me, what are you panicking about?"

"I—I have a reaction whenever I see you. I'm embarrassed," I whispered.

This was so embarrassing. I didn't want Donald to think I was promiscuous, but I didn't want to lie to him.

I saw a moment of shock on Donald's face. Then he laughed.

I didn't think that was funny. The funny thing was, probably, that even his laughter made me weak. I could barely wrap my legs around his waist.

He looked genuinely happy. If my words made him happy, then they made me happy too. His influence on me was unbelievable. I would react differently to every look on Donald's face.

"I..." I wanted to say something to defend myself.

But Donald pressed his lips to mine and stopped me.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about." Donald sounded amused. "We're partners. You should let me help you if you need anything."

I felt even more ashamed.

But Donald's other hand was already there. I felt a force tugging at my denim shorts.

"I'm happy to help, Margaret."

I gasped at his touch. I felt his palms pressing on my body, about to break through the barrier of the last layer of clothing.

Suddenly, Donald stopped moving. I saw him frown as he retracted his hands and put me on the bed.

Chapter 23: Calm and Restrained Love _ 1

[Margaret's POV]

I half lay on the bed to calm my breathing. My black T-shirt had just been pushed aside by Donald and was resting on my stomach, exposing it. The zipper of my shorts was undone. With my shorts hanging on my thighs, my legs were still in the same position they had been—resting on him, opened in his direction.

And Donald was standing in front of me, looking at me with an inscrutable expression.

His sudden stop made me feel uneasy. It seemed as if I was always the one who desperately wanted him, and he was always calm and elegant. It was as if we were worlds apart and I'd never entered his world.

"Baby, I'm sorry. I have something to do."

I saw the apology in Donald's eyes, but I couldn't believe he was leaving at this moment.

I looked at him, trying to make him stay. "Stay. Please."

I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was struggling too. He got down on one knee and took my hand to kiss it.

I looked at the back of my hand where his lips had touched and couldn't help wrapping my arms around his neck and kissing his lips. Donald didn't reject me. He put his arms around my waist. I thought we had reached an agreement to continue what we were doing.

Then Donald put on my jeans for me and ended the kiss.

I looked into his eyes and saw only determination.

"Put on your clothes and wait for me in the room tonight, alright?"

I knew there was no room for negotiation, and I couldn't hide the disappointment on my face.

"Must you leave?" I asked.

Donald had already taken out his phone and was looking at the screen solemnly.

I fingered the patterns on the bedspread, once again questioning our relationship.

I was completely obsessed with Donald, and I'd told him truthfully how I felt about him. We still had a strong attraction to each other as mates. Couldn't I have made Donald stay for me?

I loved how calm and restrained he was, but if he loved me, could he still be so calm and restrained?

I hated myself for being such a bore to him.

After Donald left in a hurry, I went downstairs for lunch.

I didn't want to say anything in response to Elizabeth's questions and Anthony's sympathetic gaze.

All afternoon, I excused myself from planning the ceremony for Elizabeth and sat listlessly in my room.

From the window, I saw Elizabeth and Anthony go out together. I sensed that there was something going on between them, but I didn't want to think about Elizabeth at all.

It was almost evening. I thought I should go to Donald's place. He had asked me to wait for him there.

I changed into my dress anyway. I hoped this would arouse Donald's interest in me so that he would not be called away by a phone call during our intimate moments. After cleaning myself up again, I left the house with two werewolf guards. I was starting to get used to the two of them.

On the way, I met Armstrong.

"Margaret?" He looked surprised to see me. "It has been a while."

This was true. I'd been avoiding meeting him since he and Elizabeth became mates.

"Would you like to have a chat with me?" Armstrong invited.

I hesitated a little. I didn't know if it was appropriate to have a private conversation given the current situation. But if I refused, it would look like I cared about what happened between us.

"Sure," I agreed.

"Then let's go to my office."

I followed him to the Alpha's office. This was not my first time here. After Armstrong took over as Alpha, I would always come here to help him with things. In fact, I was the one who talked to him about many of the big things in the tribe. Armstrong always said I was his most capable assistant. I wondered if Elizabeth had ever been here.

"Would you like something to drink?" Armstrong asked.

"No, thanks," I refused.

"A caramel macchiato? You used to love it. We even bought a good coffee machine."
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I frowned, not understanding why Armstrong was deliberately bringing up the past. What happened between him and me was over.

We did have some beautiful, sweet times. I couldn't forget them before, and that was my fault. Now that we'd both found our respective mates, we had our own responsibilities. Reminiscing the past would only affect the present and the future.

"Okay, thanks."

I answered politely.

"I heard about the reception. You're as capable as ever, unlike Elizabeth."

Armstrong sat behind the table as he spoke to me.

I didn't know what he meant. Did he want to thank me on behalf of Elizabeth? But I left with Donald in the middle of it and didn't do the job well.

And there was a hint of slander in his words about Elizabeth. Although I was also unhappy with my sister, I was not happy to hear Armstrong judge her like that.

"Elizabeth is my sister. It's only right that I help her," I replied cautiously.

Chapter 24: The Victim of Love (1)

[Margaret's POV]

The way Armstrong was staring at me made me feel a little uncomfortable.

I looked away, pretending to be interested in the potted plants on his desk.

"I miss you, Margaret." I heard Armstrong sigh softly. "A lot has happened in the tribe. I'm the Alpha, but I feel powerless. Elizabeth, she's not as good as you used to be."
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Armstrong's words pierced me.

Many times back then, I thought about what Armstrong would say to me. He would tell me that he thought I was better. That I was the best one. That he needed me and missed me.

Even if it was just one sentence!

It would have made me feel less miserable and pulled me out of my endless self-doubt and struggle.

But he had to say it to me now. After Donald and I became partners, I was as needy as I was back then. Some people, some things, some words—I had to let them go. I couldn't start over.

Everything Armstrong said now faded with time. Like a charcoal fire delivered in the summer, or a code book after the war, it might still mean something, but it was useless.

I couldn't respond to Armstrong. I used to miss him every night after I lost him.

But it was all in the past.

Armstrong understood my silence. He had always understood me and my emotions. At the thought, my heart ached again.

"But you already have the Lycan King. It's useless for me to say these things, right?"

Armstrong said nonchalantly. His eyes followed mine to the potted plants.

"I heard that the neighboring tribe was attacked."

I changed the subject stiffly. I didn't want to discuss my current partner with my ex or listen to him reminisce about our past. I didn't like this.

"Yes, a very serious attack," Armstrong replied. "The Lycan King said that it might be someone from the werewolf royal family. I've been deploying reinforced patrols, but I know that might not work. I've seen those injuries with my own eyes. We're not strong enough to withstand them, but I still have to do this."

"From the werewolf royal family?" I frowned. Donald had never mentioned this when he told me about the attack.

"I take it the Lycan King didn't mention it to you." Armstrong saw through my thoughts again easily. "That kind of power isn't something ordinary werewolves can have. We suspect now that they may have some other special abilities, but we don't know exactly what they are. But there's no doubt that's scary."

“Are you okay?” I blurted out.

“Me? Yes, I’m fine, Margaret.”

I realized that what I just said sounded like concern for him. But we had a six-year relationship, after all. How could I look at Armstrong like he was a stranger? I realized that Armstrong and I should see each other less before we could better deal with each other.

But Armstrong didn’t think so. He looked at me affectionately. In this office we were both familiar with, we had just talked about the tribe. Everything seemed like it was before he and Elizabeth became partners. I felt like we had reversed time and nothing had happened between us. The feeling suffocated me.

I saw Armstrong walk around his desk toward me. His expression was one of love that I was familiar with. I wasn’t sure what month it was now. He held me and touched my back gently, like the way he used to comfort me every time.

I came to my senses and pushed him away.

“What are you doing?!” I looked at him in disbelief.

“You were worried about me just now, right? I was worried about you too. From the moment I found out that the neighboring tribe was attacked, I was worried about your safety. I was afraid that if our tribe was attacked, you would be hurt too, so I rushed back as quickly as I could. I wanted to make sure you were safe. Then I saw you in the Lycan King’s room. That was when I knew that you had always been the one I loved. I had actually been regretting what happened on the day of your coming-of-age ceremony. I was too impulsive. Elizabeth shouldn’t have been my partner.”

This must be the most ridiculous thing I’d ever heard in the world.

With just a few words, he had written off everything that happened previously and even made himself look like an affectionate and innocent victim.

“You mean that everything is the Moon Goddess’s fault?”

No, no! It’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have been so impulsive, and I shouldn’t have been so cowardly afterward. The thought of rejecting my partner hurt me, and I didn’t know how to face you. But I love you, Margaret. You’ve always been the person I love the most. ”

Everything in the world was so ridiculous. When I lost Armstrong, it was like I lost the whole world. Nothing belonged to me.

But after I had Donald, it seems that I could have Armstrong again. Even my friends, my sister, everything belonged to me. Good luck and bad luck always came at the same time. They couldn't be distributed to make you feel better.

Chapter 25: Ambiguous Confession _ 1

[Margaret's POV]

Armstrong's sudden confession made it difficult for me to think.

"No, this is wrong."

I couldn't even tell if he was telling the truth. If he really loved me as he said, how could he watch me suffer and be unmoved? He knew I cared about this, but he still asked me to help Elizabeth prepare the ceremony. Was this his love for me?

And he only told me this after I became partners with Donald. Did Armstrong love me or was he uneasy about me becoming partners with Donald? Did my becoming partners with the Lycan King challenge his self-esteem?

I didn't want to speculate about Armstrong, but I couldn't trust him, let alone question him.

"I know that's not right, but I still want to tell you. After all, we were so in love, right?"

Armstrong took my hand without going any further.

"We used to be so compatible, talking about everything. I wouldn't hide anything from you, you remember."

"Life has to move forward. I have Donald, and you have Elizabeth. It's time to let go of the past."

I was not moved by what Armstrong said about the past. From the day of the coming-of-age ceremony, I had been trying to cut Armstrong out of my emotional world. If he had told me these things then, our relationship might have been salvageable.

But he didn't. From the moment Donald and I became partners, Armstrong was completely out of my world. I still had feelings for him, of course, but it was definitely not love.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door.

Before we could say anything, someone outside walked in. It was Anthony.

"Alpha, oh, you guys..."

Anthony stopped short when he saw our faces. Armstrong was still holding my hand as we stood together at the table. The scene looked a little odd.

I quickly pulled my hand back.

“Margaret, why are you here?” Anthony asked.

“Uh...”

“I asked her to come,” said Armstrong.

“I wanted to talk to Alpha about my sister,” I said.

Anthony’s eyes darted between me and Armstrong.

“Who initiated the talk?”

“We both wanted to talk to each other,” I replied quickly. “Now that we’re done, I’m leaving.”

I felt his eyes on my back, but I just wanted to get out of here. I hoped Anthony hadn’t heard the ridiculous things Armstrong said earlier. I was afraid if he did, he’d tell Elizabeth.

I had experienced the sadness of being betrayed by my own sister. I didn’t want this to happen to Elizabeth too. If there was anything wrong with their relationship, it should be their own conflict, not mine.

I felt the surge of love for Donald in my chest. I walked quickly to his room. Now I desperately wanted to see Donald.

[Donald’s Perspective]

I noticed Margaret’s obvious disappointment. She was like a dejected puppy. Strictly speaking, she was a little female wolf. Her lowered head made her eyes look even bigger. Her amber pupils were like gentle dusk.

“Stay, please.”

I heard her pleading voice and couldn’t help but lean in to kiss her again. Why did I come to her?

Damn it, I always lost my mind in front of her. I kept wanting to kiss and touch her, and I couldn’t think of anything else. I wanted to have a good talk with her, but she always charmed me with her seductive scent.

I had to restrain myself from being controlled by her.

“Put on your clothes and wait for me in the room tonight, alright?”

I heard my own voice. I didn't know why I said that. She was just under me. Her skin was a cute pink color, and her jeans were hanging off her pale thighs. I just had to give a little tug and she would be in full view, letting me do what I wanted to do.

What the f*ck was I doing? I couldn't believe I was putting her jeans back on.

I scowled, disappointed in myself.

I had received very important news. I had to go and deal with it immediately, I told myself repeatedly.

At that moment, I hated my status as the Lycan King. Why did I have to be the Lycan King and have so many responsibilities that I had no choice but to take on? I couldn't even have a good time with my mate. I would definitely be back tonight. No one could disturb us anymore.

Chapter 26: Responsibility _ 1

[Donald's POV]

The assault team we deployed was attacked on the way. The other party didn't succeed, but that was unusual. Only a small fraction of people knew about the assault team. This meant that our information system had been infiltrated by the enemy. They knew more about us than we thought, which made the situation complicated.

“Where did the attack happen?”

I communicated with Elliot telepathically.

In the Ambly Forest, there were no packs around.

Ambly Forest was the only way to get to the Silver Moon Pack from the werewolf royal residence. We passed by it when we arrived. It was a very wide forest.

“Do you have any clues?”

They were still investigating. After this incident, the members of the assault team were very cautious. The opponent did not appear again.

“Get them to be careful and report to me at any time. Get our people to gather in the conference room immediately.”

“Yes, Lycan King.”

When I arrived at the conference room, everyone I had brought with me was there. Elliot stood at the front, looking nervous.

“We can’t stay here anymore! They’re obviously here for us. We can’t fight them with our current manpower.” The one who spoke was Mark. He was a good fighter, but his personality was a little impatient.

“Don’t worry,” Elliot said. “I don’t think the people who launched the attack know the identity of the visitor. They might just be patrolling or they wouldn’t have retreated so easily.”

I nodded, agreeing with Elliot.

The combat power of the werewolf royal family is not on the same level as that of ordinary werewolves. Any warrior can compete with the Alpha of the tribe. Only the werewolf royal family can attack the werewolf royal family. Moreover, I’m deploying the most elite assault team of the werewolf royal family. The only possibility is that they don’t know our identity.

“Then their patrol area is too big,” Mark muttered.

“This is what we really need to be vigilant about,” Elliot said. “I don’t think their real target is us, or even the Silver Moon Tribe or the Red Sun Tribe. They want to attack a tribe nearby. Our encounter with them is just a coincidence.”

“You think they want to do more than just attack a tribe—a premeditated mass operation?” I asked.

“I think the possibility is high, Lycan King.”

This was a thorny problem. If the enemy did not just want to cause strife in a small tribe but wanted to cause greater chaos, what was their goal?

“Why don’t we go back? We can’t perform here at all. Once they start a large-scale battle, we won’t be able to deal with them,” Mark said.

“It will indeed be much easier to mobilize people when we return,” Elliot said.

All eyes turned to me, waiting for my decision.

“It might be easier to go back, but have you thought about what will happen to the Silver Moon Pack?” I asked slowly. Fôll0w current novÉls o/n n/o/(v)/3l/b((in).(c/o/m)

“The enemy has already targeted the Red Sun Tribe. The Silver Moon Tribe is right beside it. Once a battle begins, the Silver Moon Tribe will not have the ability to resist and might even be destroyed directly.”

My gaze swept across everyone present. “The Silver Moon Tribe is also our territory. We can’t give up on anyone. This is not something the werewolf royal family should do. Our responsibility is to protect the safety of everyone in our territory.”

“But they’re just a small pack...” Mark whispered.

“Enough!” I looked at him sternly. “There is no essential difference between nobles and civilians. Who do you think you relied on to become a noble? Protecting every small tribe is the duty of the werewolf royal family. Elliot, continue to be in charge of intelligence work. Tell the assault team to come here as soon as possible and hide your tracks. Don’t get into conflicts with people unnecessarily. Everyone else, join the patrol of the Silver Moon Tribe. Report to me immediately if there are any abnormalities.”

“Yes, Lycan King.”

The others dispersed, leaving Elliot and me alone in the house.

“Lycan King, you know it’s dangerous to stay here,” Elliot said.

I looked at him, wondering what he would say.

“I completely agree with the viewpoint that you shouldn’t give up on the Silver Moon Tribe, but you shouldn’t stay and take risks with us. You’re the Lycan King, and you shoulder the hopes of the werewolf royal family. If anything happens...” Elliot said hesitantly.

“That’s why I have to stand with you,” I said firmly. “The location of the Silver Moon Tribe is very strategic. This place can’t become an opening for the enemy.”

“So, what about your mate? Do you want her to stay here or send her to safety?”

I pulled my hair out with a wry smile. Elliot knew me well enough to always be able to talk about the crux of the problem. This was actually what I was hesitant about. I wanted to do my best to keep Margaret safe, but I also didn’t want her to leave me. And judging by her attitude, she didn’t want to leave home.

“It’s safe here now. Let her stay here. But be prepared. If necessary, I’ll send her away immediately.”

Chapter 27: The Most Moving Terms of Endearment (1)

[Margaret’s POV]

On the way, I received a telepathic message from Donald. I could already master this skill.

He invited me to lunch in the cafeteria. I had actually almost reached the door of his room. When I got his message, I was a little depressed. I thought I could spend some time alone with him.

I was about to turn around and go to the cafeteria when I heard the door open. It was Donald!

I threw myself at him in surprise, wanting to hug him. He looked surprised, too, and opened his arms to hug me. Only then did I see that Elliot was behind him. In hindsight, I was ashamed. I quickly let go of Donald.

Elliot smiled at me, and I smiled back.

I still had a good impression of Elliot. He had always been polite and discreet and did not do anything unnecessary or annoying.

But I felt Donald standing in front of me, glaring at me.

After my talk with Armstrong that afternoon, I reassessed my relationship with Donald. I became even more determined to love him. We might not know each other as well as Armstrong and I used to, but I loved him more than anyone now. I wanted to spend every day with him.

I should have been more confident in our relationship, more honest with him. If I had any questions, I should have asked him directly instead of speculating and getting into a rut.

I didn't understand why I only understood this now.

Donald's angry gaze no longer made me feel uneasy or afraid. I believed that everything he did was out of love for me. We just needed to communicate more. We were close physically to begin with. What we needed to do now was get closer in our hearts.

"Before we eat, I want to talk to you, okay?"

Donald nodded and pulled me toward my room.

Passively, I let him pull me along. Then I stopped and said firmly to Donald, "Not here. Let's go outside and talk."

Donald looked at me in surprise, not really understanding why I was acting like this.

I could hardly resist his gaze and was about to give in. I pinched my arm with my hand. *No, be rational! I can't do this. After I go in, I'll definitely forget everything and fall into Donald's rhythm again.*

"We need to have a good talk," I murmured.

Donald seemed to understand. I heard his muffled laughter from his chest again.

My ears were red as I looked up and glared at him. From his expression, I could tell that my glance was not intimidating. His smile became even more obvious.

"Come on, let's go out and talk." Donald took my hand. I wanted to say this was against the rules, but I couldn't bring myself to say it. I was also attached to the warmth of his palm. I liked all physical contact with him.

Before I could think of a way to say anything, I heard Donald say first, "Actually, I want to talk to you, but I don't think we always have time."

Donald winked at me. My ears reddened even more at the thought of what had happened in our room together.

He squeezed my hand. "But I'm willing to listen to you first."

Donald was usually very gentle with me. This was very different from his noble and domineering image.

"I wanted to talk about us. We haven't gotten to know each other better," I said.

"I thought we already knew a little about each other," Donald laughed.

"I'm not talking about that!" The source of this content n/o/v/(el)bi((n))

"I know, I know." Donald strokes my back. "I just think you look a little nervous. Relax. You don't have to be nervous with me, okay?"

"You're the Lycan King. How could I not be nervous?"

"But I'm also your mate." Donald's affectionate eyes looked at me, and the feeling that my soul seemed to melt came back to me. This felt completely different from the way Armstrong looked at me this afternoon, I thought somewhat inappropriately.

"You're too nervous in front of me. Most of the time, you don't tell me what you really think. This will make me think that I'm not good enough for you to trust me."

“Of course not!” I couldn’t believe I was hearing this from Donald. All this time, I thought I was the only one who was trembling in fear and treading on thin ice. Was Donald nervous because of me?

“You’re the best person in the world. I’m the one who thinks too much and always feels that I’m not worthy of you. I want to work hard to make you like me more.” I voiced my concerns and looked at Donald uneasily.

“I don’t want you to think that.” Donald hugged me. “I already like you, Margaret. You don’t have to be better because you’re good enough now. I even think that because of you, I’ve become less like myself.”

These were simply the most moving terms of endearment in the world. I didn’t know if there were any more beautiful words.

I was so excited that I couldn’t speak. I could only express my joy to him with my eyes.

Chapter 28: Uniquely You _ 1

[Margaret’s POV]

An urge rose in me. I wanted to tell him about Armstrong. I thought I needed to tell him about my past. Before, I always thought our relationship wasn’t at that stage, but now I thought it was.

Donald was my mate. He had a right to know this.

What I liked and disliked, what I hated and loved. My past should be open to him. My future should have his involvement.

“Actually, I have something else to tell you.”

I looked at Donald and suddenly lost the courage to say anything.

Donald saw my dilemma and reassured me, “It’s okay, Margaret. You don’t have to be so anxious.”

Donald pondered for a moment, as if he was thinking about what to say. “We can all take our time. In the future, we’ll be together all the time and will have a lot of time to understand each other. It doesn’t matter what you want to say. I can wait until you have no qualms about saying it.”

Donald was always so thoughtful, but I didn’t want to give up this opportunity.

“I wanted to tell you.”

Donald waited quietly.

But I still did not know how to start.

'I want to tell you about my ex?' That would be silly.

'Did Armstrong say this afternoon that he still likes me?' I'd be crazy to say this to Donald.

'I don't like you letting people follow me?' What's this!

Unconsciously, I twined my fingers. This was easy whenever I was nervous.

"Why don't we play a game," Donald said suddenly.

"What?"

"Each of us will say something that the other party doesn't know. If the other party already knows about it, he will be punished."

Donald glanced suggestively at a few parts of my body, and I knew what he meant. When he was with me, he seemed to have improper thoughts about me, and I enjoyed it. It was satisfying to be able to get on the Lycan King's nerves all the time.

"Alright, I'll go first. I'm very good at math. I get an A+ on every test in school."

I saw a hint of pride in Donald's appreciative gaze.

"I became the Lycan King when I was 17."

At the age of 17, I was shocked. Werewolves underwent an adult ceremony at the age of 18—Werewolf Awakening. After the awakening, the entire body of a werewolf would be strengthened. Only then would they be considered a complete werewolf and be recognized by the adult world. Previously, they were treated like children.

"Because I beat all my competitors at seventeen, including adult werewolves."

Donald sounded smug. "I guess I said two things. Your turn."

"On my 17th birthday, someone made a cake out of my face and I cried in the bathroom alone," I admitted, feeling a little embarrassed. I felt like I was inferior to Donald.

"Why?"

"Well, Elizabeth and I were born on the same day, so that day was our birthday. Someone disliked Elizabeth and came to bully me."

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“It’s alright.” I looked up and smiled at the Lycan King. “It was all in the past.”

Donald looked pained. “I wish I was with you then.”

I laughed out loud. “If I had the young Lycan King back then, no one would dare to bully me.”

I couldn’t help but imagine the 17-year-old Donald. He must be indescribably noble and smart.

Donald scratched my nose. “Stupid. When you were 17, I was already Lycan King for a long time. I was an adult.”

“Yeah.”

“Is there anything else I don’t know about you?”

“My wolf is named Betty. She was particularly excited to see you the first time. She almost wanted to pounce on you and mate with your wolf.”

I thought back to our first meeting. It still felt sweet.

“What about you?”

Donald looked down at me.

“Me? Didn’t I already pounce on you” I deliberately avoided the topic.

“Don’t play dumb, you sly little she-wolf.”

“It’s your turn. It’s your turn!” I changed the topic. “How did your wolf react?”

“Wolf? He was talking about dragging you back and locking you up so he could be with you day and night.”

“Your wolf’s name is Wolf?” I grinned like a fool. “That’s a strange name. A wolf’s name is Wolf. It’s like your name is Wolf King.”

“He told me his name. He said he was the one and only.”

I found Donald particularly charming when he said this.

“You’re unique to me too.”

Before I knew it, we had arrived at a relatively quiet meadow.

This place was deserted, and the weeds had grown tall because no one was taking care of them. This was usually a place for couples to date. I'd seen people fooling around here more than once.

This scene was really suitable for something to happen.

Chapter 29: The Inevitable Results _ 1

[Margaret's POV]

When Donald pushed me down onto the grass, all sorts of confusing thoughts raced through my mind before condensing into one—we still hadn't escaped this.

And a remorseful thought. If that was the case, why did we have to come out? If it was meant to be this way, I'd rather be in the house than on the grass in the wild.

But it was too late to say anything now.

The grass on this side was really tall. When I lay down, I saw that the grass was taller than me.

Donald's arms were on either side of me. His tall frame covered almost everything I could see. All I could see was his chest rising and falling from his breathing. I could feel his hot, masculine scent.

The grass beneath me felt prickly. My dress was thin, not enough to cushion the impact. I felt the tip of the grass prick my skin through my clothes. It was itchy and slightly prickly.

All my senses seemed to be magnified infinitely. My naked arms and legs were numb from the pricks of the grass, which quickly spread throughout my body. I couldn't help but twist my body. I felt uncomfortable, but it was useless. The numbness in my body seemed to be getting stronger.

I didn't know when my hair had become undone, but my carefully styled hair was now scattered across the grass, and some of it brushed against my face. It tickled. I looked up slightly and hooked my arms around Donald's neck. This was better.

I saw the wind ruffling my flaxen hair, tangling with Donald's.

I'd never liked the color of my hair. It wasn't golden like Elizabeth's. Most of the time, it was like a clump of dry autumn grass.

Did I have something to say to Donald previously?

What problem should we solve?

I thought hazily.

I knew my rationality was starting to crumble all over again. Betty was starting to clamor inside me. She never wanted Donald's wolf in the first place. It was easier to be driven by desire at times like this. And I'd be influenced by her, to a large extent.

From this angle, I could see my situation with Donald more clearly.

My dress was pushed up to my stomach. Donald had one arm propped up by my side and the other was constantly exploring my body. Wherever his fingers went, they made me shudder.

Donald's head was buried in my chest, rubbing and sucking my breath.

I looked down at him and saw his blond hair refracting in the setting sun, almost translucent.

Well, he looked a little like a puppy.

No, this was an imposing golden retriever.

I couldn't help but kiss his golden hair. Donald looked enticing and beautiful like a handsome god, but at this moment, he was leaning on me and indulging in me. I suddenly felt a sense of pleasure.

Donald looked up. His eyes were full of animal lust.

I moved closer to his face and kissed his eyes, his eyelashes, his nose, and then his lips.

We pressed our lips together and bit each other, wanting to devour the other person.

I felt Donald's fingers working their way down to where they ended up. It was wet there.

I looked at him. I felt I was ready. I loved Donald. What we needed to do was what all couples and people who loved each other should do.

"Ah!!! Howl—"

A shrill cry suddenly broke the charming atmosphere.

I felt Donald stop abruptly.

It was a werewolf scream. And it was close.

Before I knew what was happening, I saw Donald's expression turn very cold. He quickly pulled down my dress, helped me straighten my clothes, and ran to the center of the camp with me in his arms.

A terrible thought rushed into my mind.

There was an attack just now! In our Pack!

Donald was fast. I could see the scenery on the side of the road flashing back several times as fast as we came.

Who was attacked? Could it be someone I know? What were the people who attacked us doing? Will they continue to attack our pack?

Numerous questions flashed through my mind. I wanted to ask Donald, but I saw a hint of white in his gray-green eyes. I knew that he must be having mind-link with someone. *Is it with Elliot? What are they discussing? Can I help?*

If there was really an attack just now, what are we doing now? Shouldn't we hurry over and see what happened? Why is Donald walking towards the center of the camp?

I didn't have time to sort through all of this. We were already at the entrance to the cafeteria when Donald put me down. It was only then that I realized how many people had seen him holding me all the way here.

This belated sense of shame didn't linger in my heart for long. I saw Elliot and Armstrong, who were also walking over with serious expressions, as well as Elizabeth and Anthony, who came out of the cafeteria with blank expressions.

"You all know?" Donald said.

Elliot and Armstrong nodded.

"I've already called the nearest person over," said Armstrong.

Chapter 30: Overprotective Strategy _ 1

[Margaret's POV]

I saw Donald frown and say rudely,

"Your men might not be enough."

Armstrong's expression changed, obviously thinking that the other party might be a werewolf royal.

“You came from that direction. Why didn’t you go just now?”

I could tell that Armstrong was starting to get angry. He was worried about the safety of our people.

“I was with Margaret just now. I had to get her back first,” Donald said to Armstrong.

I felt guilty, like I was a burden. If anyone else got hurt because of this, it was my fault. But I didn’t understand why Donald insisted on coming back. I could fight.

“Our people just received the news that it’s over. They can guarantee the safety of the others,” Elliot said.

Armstrong glanced between me and Elliot. His face softened a little, and he said nothing more.

“Wait, what are you talking about?” Elizabeth asked, her eyes wide.

At this point no one bothered with her. Elizabeth looked defeated, and I saw Anthony take her hand. This was a little strange, but no one noticed them except me.

“We’re going there now,” Donald said. He turned his gaze to me. “Margaret, get back to my house now. I’ll send someone to send you food. Make sure you’re safe. Don’t leave the place.”

“No, I want to be with you guys,” I protested. “I want to help too.”

“That’s impossible, Margaret. Go back,” Donald refused flatly. There was no room for discussion.

Being treated like this by Donald in front of so many people made me feel very ashamed.

“You should stay in a safe place, like Elizabeth.” Even Armstrong said that. I knew there was no way I was going with them.

“Then at least let me stay with Elizabeth.” I stepped back and looked at Donald.

“All right,” Donald said. “I’ll get the guards, but you can’t leave the camp.”

“I’ll stay here too,” Anthony said suddenly.

Donald, Armstrong, and Elliot left in a hurry. Now it was just me, Elizabeth, and Anthony.

Donald's strategy of overprotecting me always made me feel bad. He always wanted me to stay in the house, in a place he thought was safe. But I was an adult, and I wanted to fight. I reasoned that I should use my power to protect my people. We should have talked about this.

"So, what happened?" Elizabeth asked.

She looked like she just ate. But Anthony, why was he with Elizabeth again? Didn't he just go in when I left Armstrong's office? I realized that I'd seen Elizabeth with Anthony too many times recently.

And just now, Armstrong didn't say a word about caring for Elizabeth or explained things to her. Something might really have gone wrong between Armstrong and Elizabeth. What Armstrong said to me in the office this afternoon made me feel a little guilty about her when I faced Elizabeth. I didn't want to be the bad guy who ruined their relationship.

I let myself turn my attention to the matter at hand to avoid thinking about the terrible thing Donald had to handle. I sensed my responsibility as a sister. I should calm Elizabeth down first.

"It should still be about the patrol," I said in a deliberately light tone, not wanting Elizabeth to get too nervous. "The neighboring tribes are all not very peaceful. They would tell us when they get back."

I wasn't sure Elizabeth had heard the scream. It was still a long way from where Donald and I had been. If Elizabeth hadn't heard it, I wasn't going to tell her. I didn't think Elizabeth could digest the terrible fact that someone from our tribe had been attacked.

The biggest battle she had ever encountered in her life was probably those girls in school who scolded and spat at each other. Real battles were too remote for her.

"Have you eaten? Do you want something to eat?" Elizabeth asked.

I didn't have an appetite, but I didn't want to show too much abnormality, so I followed Elizabeth inside.

The dining room was clearly set up. A white silk dishcloth lay on the table, and the glasses sparkled. Everything was in order. I looked at Elizabeth in surprise.

"Don't make such a fuss, Margaret." Elizabeth looked calm. "I'm Luna of the tribe, after all. And as I said, I was the one who tidied up the venue that day."

"Uh, you did well, Elizabeth. This is perfect."

I suddenly realized that I might not know Elizabeth as well as I thought I did. I thought she was a beautiful piece of trash who knew nothing but how to dress up. In fact, she

had many redeeming qualities. Perhaps I had indeed been biased against her previously.