

# **Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate #Chapter 31 - Read Abandoned by the Alpha, I Became the Lycan King's Mate Chapter 31**

*Chapter 31: Cunning Assassination (1)*

[Donald's POV]

When I heard the scream, I panicked a little.

I looked down at Margaret. This was ridiculous. How could I have done such a thing? Now, at such a dangerous time, I was actually having sex with Margaret in a desolate bush. If the attack had happened to us just now, would I have had enough focus to observe all of this and protect Margaret from any harm?

This thought made me shudder. I fell into a state of self-reproach.

If I couldn't even guarantee the safety of my mate as the Lycan King, then I was such a failure.

As I raced back to camp with Margaret in my arms, I activated my mind-link with Elliot.

There was an attack in the southwest of the Silver Moon Pack. They immediately sent some people to provide support.

I'd already heard about it and sent someone over.

Elliot responded quickly.

"How many people were sent? Who were they?"

"Jared and Louis have gone over. They'll be there soon."

"Well done. Where's the assault team that we dispatched?"

"They're expected to arrive tomorrow."

"Get them to speed up. It's best if they arrive tonight. The enemy is attacking faster. We don't have that much time."

"Alright, Lycan King."

"Where are you now?"

I met Alpha-Armstrong at the entrance of the cafeteria.

“Wait for me there, I’ll be right there. I’m sending Margaret back.”

“Yes, Lycan King.”

I quickly thought about the current situation. The enemy had started to attack the Silver Moon Tribe so quickly, and under our tight security.

This meant that their understanding of our situation was beyond our imagination. They knew that we didn’t have enough manpower and wanted to take the opportunity to weaken us. Before we completely consolidated our patrol, the entire tribe was in danger. The next attack could happen at any time.

I glanced at Margaret in my arms and began to seriously consider sending her back to the werewolf royal family. The Silver Moon Tribe was no longer safe. I might not have more time to watch over her safety.

At the entrance of the canteen, Margaret’s resistance infuriated me.

She had also heard the scream. She should be able to comprehend that something terrible had happened. Under such circumstances, she still dared to suggest leaving the camp to patrol with us.

Did she know that with her figure, she could be torn apart by an adult werewolf warrior in an instant? I felt that I had indulged her too much, making her feel that she had nothing to fear. She was doing things that made me uneasy.

At the same time, I felt Armstrong’s care for Margaret.

There must be something between them. I vaguely guessed that what Margaret wanted to tell me previously was related to Armstrong.

Armstrong and I were both men. I knew what men were thinking. There was something wrong with the way Armstrong looked at Margaret. I did not like the way he looked at Margaret. It was the way we looked at everything that belonged to us.

My mate only belonged to me. Any gaze that coveted her was a challenge to my authority as the Lycan King. Margaret was so sweet and charming. She should be mine alone.

I sent Elliot to gather the others. Armstrong and I turned into wolf form and raced toward the source of the screams.

Jared and Louis had already sent me some information. A terrible attack had indeed happened.

The only good news was that there were no more casualties in this attack.

We finally arrived at the place where the attack happened. I was a little puzzled. This place was not the same place where the scream Margaret and I had heard came from.

"This is where the body was found," Jared said.

"They were very cunning. They faked the location of the voice and carried out an assassination here," a werewolf from the Silver Moon Tribe said sadly.

"We rushed over when we heard the sound. That place was very close to where we were patrolling. But we did not see anyone or any corpse. After a careful search, we found this," Louis said, handing over a small gadget.

It was a mini speaker specially made in camouflage. It was not easy to find in the forest.

"That's where the sound came from. Then we widened the search and found the body," Jared added.

"Who is it?" I heard Armstrong's low and hoarse voice.

"It's Colin, a young warrior," the werewolf said.

"It's our fault," said Dennis. "We didn't notice anything amiss in time. I'm sorry."

I saw Armstrong's sad expression. This must have been a huge blow to him.

### *Chapter 32: Deep and Long Scratches*

[Donald's POV]

"He was only 20 years old. He was so young. He could have had a bright future," Armstrong muttered. "I recruited the patrol. I killed him."

Everyone present fell silent.

Behind the death of a young warrior was a family tragedy that would continue for many years and even completely destroy some people. I also felt guilty about this. This was partly my fault. In addition to being the Lycan King and failing to protect the werewolves under my jurisdiction, I also knew that the arrival of this tragedy was largely because of me. If I had not come to the Silver Moon Tribe, they might not have been attacked so quickly.

This thought made me uneasy and angry. I had a heavy responsibility on my shoulders. We had to catch the murderer!

“Let’s send the corpse to the hospital first.” Armstrong looked like he was quickly recovering from his emotions. He looked very calm. “Don’t tell anyone about this for now. Call Colin’s family over. I’ll talk to them first.”

Daniel, start informing all patrols that any solo operations outside the camp are prohibited. Everything must be done in pairs,” Armstrong said to one of his men, then looked at me.

“Lycan King, I know that the werewolf royal family has a special ability to investigate and track people. Before sending Colin back to the hospital, can you see if there are any clues about the murderer?”

Without a doubt, Armstrong’s actions were appropriate and reasonable.

I admired him a little. He was a young Alpha. If nothing went wrong, he could develop the Silver Moon Tribe very well.

“We’ve already checked, but they seem to have used a special ability to hide their scent,” Jared added.

I took a few steps forward to Colin. The poor kid was now covered in a blanket, with only his hair and feet visible.

“Was he found here?” I asked.

“Yes, we didn’t move his position,” Daniel answered.

I observed the trees and traces on the ground beside me. Unexpectedly, there were not many signs of battle or scraping. The ground here was not hard. One side was very messy because of our footprints, but the place where Colin fell was not very messy. He seemed to have been killed in a surprise attack.

Colin was a tall young man. To be selected for the patrol team, he must be more than six feet tall. And in a patrolling state, he must be highly focused. What kind of attack could kill him in one blow?

I wanted to find the logical clues. I lifted the blanket covering Colin and an extremely bad scene appeared in front of me. It was very similar to the photo Armstrong had shown me previously. Colin had fallen to the ground with his face down. There were also a few deep and long wolf claw marks on his back.

I felt that I had grabbed on to something. I looked up at the sky. The forest here was tall and dense. Every tree was thick. It was an old forest.

“Have you gone up the tree to take a look?”

“No.” The others looked at each other.

Werewolves were not good at climbing trees, especially since the trees here were smooth and slender. The claws of werewolves in wolf form were mostly tucked in their pads, which made us very used to running on flat ground. Although the claws were sharp enough to easily tear the throats of prey, they were not long enough to reach into the tree trunk to support ourselves. Moreover, there would be a huge increase in weight after wolf transformation, which provided an additional burden for the claws.

“My guess is that their claws have undergone some mutation.”

I mentally called Wolf out and partially wolfed my hand.

Now one of my hands was a wolf claw covered in silver-gray fur. I scratched the tree trunk beside me hard, leaving a few claw marks.

I motioned for them to look at the difference between the claw marks on the tree and on Colin.

“I used to think that the marks on their bodies were a little too deep and long. Even the werewolf royal family shouldn’t have caused such exaggerated injuries when they attacked at full force on flat ground,” I speculated. “However, if they jump from the sky and attack suddenly, it’s entirely possible to cause such injuries.”

“This, this is impossible, right?” Jared looked confused.

I looked at Armstrong and saw him take a deep breath.

This was the only reasonable explanation. It also explained why every attack happened in the forest. It also explained why the assault team I sent could not find any traces of the other party. If they left the trees the same way, it would be difficult to follow the smell and find them.

“This will complicate the situation. We need to meet to discuss this,” Armstrong said.

I agreed with him. We also needed more evidence to support my point of view.

Meanwhile, we couldn’t tolerate any more casualties.

*Chapter 33: Grave and Unfortunate News*

[Margaret’s POV]

It was hard to imagine that after hearing that scary voice, I had a rather peaceful dinner with Elizabeth and Anthony.

I still had no choice but to worry about Donald, but I could only wait here.

I had been trying to communicate with Donald telepathically, but there was no reply. I thought they must be busy with something.

I heard Elizabeth and Anthony discussing the Luna ceremony. That should be my job. Now that Anthony was involved, I was not sure if Elizabeth still needed me.

“Do you want to use the little magnolias as a decoration for the main flowers?”

“Everyone seems to use this. I want something more special.”

“Usually there are orchids.”

“What about the lily of the valley?”

“That kind of flower is too weak. Its stem is not even strong enough to make a shape.”

“Think of something, Anthony. I don’t want to use little magnolias like everyone else.”

“Yes, what if we change to another flower?”

“...”

Anthony’s patience with Elizabeth never ceased to amaze me. Other than when she was charming men, Elizabeth was not easy to get along with in her daily life.

I think this was also why every boyfriend of hers did not get along with her for long. She was indeed so cute and sexy that men couldn’t handle her, but her temper was also difficult for men to handle.

Most people would have broken up with her after they got to know her better, but not Anthony. Over the years, he was the only one who had been by Elizabeth’s side. He could handle everything about her.

I sized the two of them up. Perhaps they were more suitable as partners.

This thought came so naturally that it shocked me.

I thought of Anthony, whom I had seen outside Armstrong’s office. *How much had he heard?*

Anthony noticed my gaze and looked up to smile at me.

I felt that I did not dislike Anthony so much now. Now that I thought about it, my previous dislike of him made no sense. After Donald and I became partners, all my

hostility had faded. Donald had really made me a better person toward Armstrong, Elizabeth, and Anthony.

“We’re coming back soon. Stay where you are.”

I finally received Donald’s reply. *They’re coming back?*

“What happened?”

Are you alright?

I’m worried about you.”

I said in succession.

“Armstrong will explain to you. I’m fine.”

*Why did Armstrong have to explain? Will Donald come back with me? Why didn’t he mention me at all??* I felt uneasy.

I saw that Anthony’s expression had become serious too. I guessed that he had also communicated with Armstrong through mind-link. He must know more. My gaze met Anthony’s. We had strangely reached an agreement on one thing—not to tell Elizabeth yet.

However, Elizabeth noticed the unusual atmosphere and glanced at the two of us.

“What’s wrong with you guys? Hey, Armstrong, you’re back!”

I turned to look at the door and saw Armstrong striding in. He looked at us with indescribable gloom and grief. Some people were following him, including a few from the werewolf royal family, but I did not see Donald.

Anthony had already stood up and walked over to Armstrong to whisper to him.

“Armstrong, did something happen? I’ve been worried about you,” Elizabeth said in a sweet voice that was only for her mate.

“I’m fine.” Armstrong hugged Elizabeth, his actions perfunctory.

Armstrong walked to the front. Everyone’s eyes were focused on him.

“I’m here to deliver a somber announcement. During our daily patrol, one of our champions was attacked unexpectedly and we lost a young member permanently. His name is Colin Swarth.”

I heard everyone in the cafeteria gasp.

I was also stunned. We were really attacked and someone died because of it!

Something terrible had really happened with that scream!

“This is extremely unfortunate. As the Alpha of the Pack, I guarantee that we will definitely investigate with all our might and not let the murderer off. Now, I request everyone in the tribe, the old and the children, to stay in the camp and not go out without permission. All adults will participate in the training to protect themselves. We will add additional patrols to ensure the safety of everyone in the camp.”

I finally saw Donald at the door, followed by Elliot.

I noticed anger and fatigue in his expression. Then his eyes met mine.

Unable to contain my fear and worry any longer, I jumped up from my seat and ran in Donald’s direction.

#### *Chapter 34: Pitiful Tears*

[Donald’s Perspective]

When Armstrong took his men back first, I contacted Elliot and asked him about our assault team. One of the members of the team had extreme perception. His senses were extremely sharp. I needed him to confirm the direction of the enemy.

However, Elliot brought bad news. He said that the assault team would not arrive tonight. It would be tomorrow morning at the earliest.

I sighed. I had no choice.

I called Elliot back first. He looked hesitant, as if he had something to tell me.

“What is it?” I asked.

“I just heard that Angel came along,” Elliot stammered.

“What?!” I frowned. “Why would she come along? Let her go back. That’s an order.”

Angel was Elliot’s cousin and my ex-girlfriend. To be precise, we only spent a short time together, but I didn’t think we were suitable for each other. We broke up quickly and didn’t acknowledge our relationship to the public.



But she had always regarded herself as my girlfriend. And I already had a mate now. As everyone knew, the priority of a mate was above everything. The person I loved now was Margaret, and I had promised her the position of the Lycan Queen.

“Why is Angel here at this time? I’ll explain to her that we’re done. She shouldn’t be causing trouble now.”

“Uh, actually, she’s a member of the assault team now. In a sense, you asked her to come.”

“When did she become a member of the assault team?” I asked in disbelief.

“I think it was the day before the assault team left,” Elliot replied.

“This is nonsense!” I growled. “Are the assault teams for her to play house!”

“She passed all the tests of the assault team. Technically, she’s legal,” Elliot said calmly.

Angel had always been an outstanding female warrior, I knew that. However, I was surprised that she could pass the test for the assault team. I scratched my head in frustration. There had been enough work for one night, and now there was Angel. I did not want Margaret to know about this, but once Angel came, I knew that their meeting would be inevitable.

“There are so many people in the assault team. Why did she have to be the only one here? Get her to go back and get someone else.”

“I thought the reason was obvious, Lycan King.”

I glared at Elliot, but I had to admit that he was right. Angel had come on purpose and had used some means to add herself to this list.

“Alright, I’ll settle this.”

I saw Margaret at the door of the cafeteria. Her eyes were filled with shock.

Oh, my little mate. She had not experienced any hardships. She was just an ordinary girl who grew up in a peaceful environment. I didn’t dare to imagine the situation when she faced Angel.

I reached out and hugged Margaret.

“Let’s go back to our room.”

Margaret held my hand. I knew she was panicking about the attack. The thought of her relying on me after such a big thing happened in her pack was comforting. I touched her hair to comfort her. It was so silky and smooth, like good toffee. It was also fragrant. I wondered what brand of shampoo it was.

Back in the room, she pressed herself against my chest. Our scents mingled, making us both calm and peaceful.

Margaret's fingers were on the corner of my shirt. I had already realized that this was a small unconscious habit she had whenever she was nervous or anxious.

I pried her fingers apart one by one and held her fingers.

"Relax, Margaret," I said, looking her in the eye.

She looked at me like a lamb in adoration. There were tears in the corners of her eyes. I didn't know when she started crying.

I licked her tears. I didn't know why I did this, but in an instant, I wanted to do it.

There was a salty, bitter taste in my mouth.

"Why are you crying?"

"I'm scared, Donald." She raised her eyes, her eyelashes flickering. "Why did such a terrible thing happen? Will the attack happen again?"

I could not answer her question and could only comfort her by rubbing her back.

"No one wants this to happen. All of us are trying to avoid the next attack."

She wiped the corners of her eyes. "You're right, Donald."

"I was wondering if you wanted to retreat to a safe place first. I'm very worried about your safety after such an attack on your tribe."

"I'm thinking that I should become strong and fight like you to protect my tribe. I'll go for training tomorrow."

Margaret and I spoke at almost the same time and saw the surprise on each other's faces.

"That's impossible."

"I won't allow it!"

We spoke almost at the same time again. I didn't even know if I should call this our tacit understanding.

Our thoughts were completely different.

I gazed into Margaret's eyes but saw the same determination in them as mine.

*Chapter 35: A Real Dispute*

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

[Margaret's Perspective]

I realized that this might be the first real argument between Donald and me.

At such a critical moment, I could not believe that Donald actually wanted me to leave this place. This was my home. I was born and raised here. The people of the Silver Moon Tribe were like my family. What was the difference between me leaving now and being a traitor?

Donald wanted to protect me too much, but he should also understand that I was not a lamb waiting to be slaughtered. Before I met Donald, I also had a reliable role in my family. Even if I became his partner now, shouldn't I stand beside him and fight alongside him, supporting each other? In addition, there was another thing. I didn't want to leave him at this time. I wanted to stay with him and touch him every day and smell his scent.

Donald sighed. I felt him let go of my fingers.

He looked a little cold. When he was expressionless, he was clearly that noble and heartless Lycan King. This Donald felt a little unfamiliar to me, but I had to say what I wanted to say.

"You can't decide where I should stay. We're equal partners."

"There's no need to make it sound so serious, Margaret. I don't mean to disrespect you, but now, you should pay more attention to your own safety." Donald frowned.

"You're sending me away from here. Isn't the matter serious enough?"

"It's precisely because things have become serious that you should leave."

We looked at each other, neither wanting to compromise.

In the end, I was the one who lost first. For some reason, I was the first one to admit defeat every time.

For two people who were in love, the one who loved more would suffer more. I thought I had to admit this. I always loved Donald a little more than he loved me.

“Donald, I don’t want to leave you. Let me be by your side.”

I softened my tone and hooked his broad palm with my fingers.

I saw Donald’s expression soften a little. He grabbed my palm and pulled me over. Now we were close together again.

“Don’t make me leave, okay?”

The lines of Donald’s face were still tense. I reached out my other hand to stroke them, wanting to smooth out the hard lines and relax him. My clumsy actions seemed to have succeeded in fawning over Donald, and the tense atmosphere eased.

“I don’t want you to leave me, Margaret.” Donald looked at me intimately. He pressed my hand to his cheek and rubbed it gently. “But I’m really worried about you. I can’t imagine what it’d be like to lose you if those attacks happen to you. I don’t want to take any risks.”

After the argument, his words seemed even sweeter.

I thought I’d wronged him. I wondered if my words of criticism hurt him too. He was just loving me in his own way.

“I’m sorry, Donald. I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that.”

“It’s alright. I like it when you say what you think. If you’re so insistent, you can stay here for now, but you have to promise me that you’ll take your safety seriously.”

“No problem.”

“You’re not allowed to leave the camp. You’re not allowed to go out alone. Someone has to follow you wherever you go. In fact, I want you to stay in this room.”

*This sounds like house arrest!*

I was about to speak when Donald pressed a finger to my mouth.

“I’ve already made concessions, Margaret. You have to understand my feelings. I still have a lot of things to do. I don’t want to put all my energy into caring about your safety. Or you choose to listen to my arrangements and go to a really safe place.”

“Alright.” I compromised. “But I have to participate in the training. You can’t trap me in this room.”

“You won’t have to fight,” Donald said, staring at me.

“I want to train. I don’t want to be helpless and stay where I am when something really happens. I want to protect myself too.”

I saw the approval in Donald’s eyes. I felt that he would not want his mate to be a useless person who could not do anything. In the past few years, I had always thought that I would become the Luna of my race and work hard to master all of Luna’s skills. I was not like Elizabeth, who only cared about her own beauty. I thought that I could handle the responsibility.

“It’s a good thing that you want to improve yourself,” Donald said. “But you don’t have to go to the training ground. I can find someone to train with you. The combat skills of the werewolf royal family are much better than those of your tribe. If you really want to improve, they will teach you how to fight.”

*Chapter 36: A Crazy Night*

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I hesitated. Donald was right. The combat skills of the werewolf royal family were far more exquisite than our tribe’s. However, at a time when we were short of manpower, sending a member of the royal family to guide me in combat was an overkill.

“Either accept this or don’t train.” Donald ignored my hesitation. His big hands carried me onto his lap. “Forget it. I don’t want to find a man to train with you and leave you alone with him.”

“No, no, I accept.” Seeing that this opportunity was about to be lost, I quickly agreed. “When can we start?”

“Now is fine.” Donald’s hands were already unbuttoning my clothes.

“What?” Before I could react, the zipper at the back of my dress was unzipped. My shirt was pulled down from my chest and stuck under my breasts. My hands were also stuck in my shirt, so I could only accept Donald’s kisses passively.

“I said, we can start training now.” Donald’s kiss had already reached my chest. He used the tip of his nose to push my bra away and his lips lingered on my breasts. “I’m the Lycan King. I’m the person who knows the most powerful combat skills. Shouldn’t you learn from me?”

“Learn what?” My mind was spinning again.

“Learn combat skills.”

I felt the hem of my dress being lifted. Donald's hands moved up and down my abdomen. I kept panting, instinctively feeling that something was wrong. This was not as Donald had said, but it was difficult for me to really think.

"If you are restrained by your opponent like this in battle, do you know what you should do?"

"What?"

"You should have fallen on your side and used your legs to kick him."

I lay on the bed and raised my legs. My hands were still held behind my back by my clothes.

"That's right. You did a good job."

I heard Donald's low and hoarse voice.

I instinctively followed his instructions and bent my legs to kick him, but he grabbed them easily.

This was different from what he had said!

Donald's hands took advantage of the situation to support my thighs. My current position was completely open to him, like a clam that had been opened. His upper body was pressed against mine, and his blond hair hung on my cheek. It was like when we were on the grass during the day, but I was even more passive than before.

He kissed my face and asked, "Let's be together, okay?"

My hands were clasped tightly behind my back. I looked at his sexy and lustful face and saw faint beads of sweat on his forehead. The events of the day flashed across my mind quickly. Tomorrow and accidents—sometimes one wouldn't know which would come first. Donald and I liked each other. We should cherish the present and enjoy the moment.

I wrapped my legs around his waist. It was an acquiescence.

Donald was encouraged by my actions. His pants had been unbuttoned at some point, and he could not wait to straighten up. I felt my entire body fill up, and a sense of fulfillment and satisfaction that I had never felt before surged in my heart. It seemed like this was the complete me.

"Ah, Donald," I moaned, looking up.

Donald bit my neck. He was like a real wolf at this moment. I was his prey.

I had no choice but to compromise. This was not a f\*cking battle technique at all. I was surprised that I could still think of these things.

Donald heaved and panted wildly against me, and my body was fired up for him.

This was a crazy night. I didn't know how many positions we changed between us. From the beginning to the end, I was at his mercy. We poured out our love crazily in each other's ears, trying to show our affection, but no words could describe the feelings in my heart. We absorbed pleasure from each other and felt our souls surge.

That night, I forgot about time and space and everything in the world. All I could think about was Donald and my endless love for him.

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

I was getting used to seeing Donald every morning when I woke up.

I thought back to what happened last night. Everything was so unexpected. I didn't know how it ended up like this. This might be common between partners.

"Are you busy today?"

"Yeah, there's a lot to do. Our assault team is finally here. I want to meet them and discuss something with some people."

"Don't forget what you promised me yesterday."

I watched Donald get up and put on his clothes. His bare upper body still had some of the marks left from last night.

"I'll send the best warriors to guide you in battle."

"Even better than last night?" I provoked him.

"That's impossible." Donald grinned. "Only I can teach you that kind of battle, baby."

I thought of all the things he had done last night in the name of guidance and training and glared at him.

Donald leaned over and exchanged a kiss with me.

"I have to go. The person who is training you will be here after breakfast."

I watched Donald leave. I had to prepare for training.

*Chapter 37: Cousin Who's Good at Fighting*

[Margaret's Perspective]

I did not expect to see Elliot.

He was Donald's most capable assistant, Beta of the werewolf royal family.

I was flattered that Donald had sent him to guide me. Donald had not lied to me. He had chosen an excellent person for me.

Elliot instructed me on how to fight in wolf form.

A werewolf could only unleash his full combat strength in wolf form. We had to learn to use our teeth, claws, and even the weight of our bodies as weapons to fight. This was very different from fighting in human form. I'd just become an adult and had never undergone such training before.

What Elliot taught me was helpful.

I realized that what Donald said about combat teaching yesterday was complete nonsense. I actually listened to him at first.

At the thought of last night, I blushed again.

"Are you feeling unwell? Do you want to take a break?" Elliot asked considerately.

"It's alright." I took the water from him and took a sip.

"The sun is up at noon. You've trained long enough. Why don't we call it a day?" Elliot said.

"Yes, sorry to trouble you. You still have to coach me," I said awkwardly. Elliot must have a lot of work to do, but he still had to listen to Donald and find time to coach me.

"It's my honor." Elliot smiled. "You're a fast learner. You're talented."

"Before I became an adult, I participated in some training, but I never fought in wolf form."

I said, wiping the sweat from my forehead with a towel.

"I have a cousin who's also very good at fighting. You two are very alike in that regard."

"Is that so? What kind of person is she?"



Elliot smiled again and did not pursue the topic. I did not pay too much attention and continued.

“I probably don’t have the physical fitness of your royal family, but I’ll work hard to be as good as anyone.”

“Let me send you back to your room,” Elliot said. “The Lycan King said to ensure your safety, you must bring a guard if you want to go out.”

I sighed. Donald’s arrangement did not surprise me, but I wondered when he would stop treating me like a child.

I had lunch and planned to look for Elizabeth.

I should let Elizabeth learn the skills that Elliot had taught me. She should have some ability to defend herself. I did not intend to bring an escort. That would attract too much attention, and I did not think that I would be in any danger just being in the camp.

I went to Armstrong’s house and found Elizabeth packing her luggage. Anthony was there too.

“What are you doing?” I asked in surprise.

“Oh, I want to go home for a few days,” Elizabeth replied casually as she instructed Anthony to put her crystal-shaped decorations in boxes.

“Did you have a disagreement with Armstrong?”

“Oh, no, not at all.” Elizabeth glanced at me sharply. She did not look like she wanted to hear Armstrong’s name. “That’s my home. I can go back whenever I want. Margaret, what are you doing here?”

“I think you should learn some combat skills now that something like this has happened to your tribe,” I answered truthfully.

“What?!” Elizabeth looked at me in disbelief. “We won’t need to fight.”

“But...”

“No buts, Margaret. Fighting is not something we should worry about, and it’s not something you should worry about. What you should be concerned about is my Luna succession ceremony. There might be a ceremony for you and the Lycan King now,” Elizabeth said firmly.

I did not know how to explain to her that things were not as simple as she thought.

I looked at Anthony for help, but he shrugged and made no move to help me.

“Elizabeth, our people are under attack. If it’s serious, the Luna succession ceremony might be postponed. You need to have the ability to protect yourself.” I wanted to tell Elizabeth the seriousness of the matter.

“What? Put off the ceremony???” This news was clearly more shocking to Elizabeth. “That’s impossible.”

Elizabeth’s head turned to Anthony for a little support.

I shook my head firmly in Anthony’s direction.

This was the truth. Anthony could not lie through his teeth for Elizabeth’s sake.

“That’s possible, but there’s a high chance that it won’t happen,” said Anthony.

“Oh, my.”

Anthony’s words still dealt a heavy blow to Elizabeth. She leaned back on the comfortable sofa, her eyes glazed over.

I did not understand why Elizabeth valued this ceremony so much. She had put in a lot of effort and looked forward to it. However, she and Armstrong were already together. The ceremony was just a process, and there were clearly more important things to do now. I thought that as long as Donald was willing to be with me all the time, I did not care if I had a grand ceremony.

*Chapter 38: Abnormally Difficult Teaching (1)*

[Margaret’s Perspective]

I helped Elizabeth up. At this time, she should pull herself together. We didn’t have much time to waste. She had to learn to fight quickly.

“Elizabeth, listen to me. I’m not exaggerating. The entire tribe is on high alert now. The enemy is very powerful. You’re the future Luna of the tribe and might become their next target, but you don’t know how to protect yourself now. You don’t want Armstrong to always worry about your safety, right!”

Elizabeth’s eyes darted around. I didn’t know which of my words finally convinced her. She looked at me nervously.

“Yes, I’m Luna of the tribe. Margaret, you’re right. I’ll find time to train.”

“Right now,” I said firmly.

“Now?” Elizabeth looked around the messy room. “No, Margaret, I have unfinished business.”

“There’s time for these things.” I didn’t want to give her a chance to stall. “Let’s go train now. I might not be experienced enough. Let’s go find Armstrong. He’ll be willing to help you.”

“Oh no, I don’t want him. That’s impossible,” Elizabeth refused flatly.

I was sure that something must have happened between her and Armstrong.

Elizabeth’s eyes darted around the house and fell on Anthony.

“Anthony can do it too. He can help me train.”

I looked at Anthony, who nodded.

Well, now I was sure that something must have happened between Elizabeth and Anthony too.

However, Anthony was indeed a great beta warrior, even better than Armstrong. This was because he trained every day and did not have to deal with so many things like Armstrong.

I nodded and frowned at Elizabeth’s clothes. A miniskirt and high heels. I had to say something.

“Elizabeth, you can’t go to training like this.”

“Huh?” Elizabeth looked at me blankly and picked out a pair of hot pants decorated with ornaments. “Will this do?” Th.ê most uptod/atê novels a/re published on n(0)velbj)n(.c/o/m

I looked at her with a headache. It took me a long time to persuade her to wear my sportswear that was suitable for training.

We chose the backyard of our own house as the training ground because Elizabeth refused to go to the training ground no matter what. She said she did not want anyone to see her in this stupid sports suit.

Teaching Elizabeth was not an easy task.

She had no training foundation, and was full of complaints and unwilling to exert any strength.

She was unwilling to fight in wolf form because she did not want her hands to touch the soil. This was really the most ridiculous reason I had ever heard. Did she even remember that she was a werewolf?

We could only execute some simple moves. I asked her to retract her fist and punch, telling her how she should block attacks and use the force to grab the other party's wrist if I punched like this. Elizabeth complained that my fist hurt her and that her arm would bruise in a few hours. She would never be able to go out and meet people again.

She was completely on strike.

Anthony and I took turns to persuade her, but Elizabeth was very determined. She looked like she would cry if we continued. We really had no choice.

"Don't waste time on me," Elizabeth muttered. "I don't want to be in training anymore. It's not my place."

"Elizabeth, try again. I promise I won't hit you again." I refused to give up.

Elizabeth's eyes looked at me as if she was trying to decide if what I said was true. Her gaze shifted between Anthony and me as she said, "If I have to train, I think I can make the same moves by watching you. You guys make the moves. I'll watch and learn."

I knew that Elizabeth was just running away. I looked back at Anthony. He was already in a fighting stance. He would never disobey Elizabeth. A desire to fight welled up in me. I wanted to fight Anthony too. He was the best Beta in the tribe. I wanted to see how far I could go.

I faced Anthony and assumed the same fighting posture.

We paced the field, our eyes fixed on each other's actions, looking for an opportunity.

Anthony was the first to attack. He quickly stepped forward and threw a punch at me. I was already prepared and dodged it, but his next punch was already coming. I lowered my body slightly to avoid his punch and hit his abdomen at the same time.

Anthony took a step back. Before I could catch my breath, he quickly spun behind me and kicked at me. I rolled to the side, unable to dodge, and lay on the ground. At the same time, I instinctively stretched out my legs to counterattack.

Anthony blocked me with his arms. We were in a deadlock, but I could feel that my strength was far inferior to his. I was being suppressed, little by little.

"What are you doing?" I heard a voice say.

I turned toward the direction of the voice and saw a surprised Armstrong.

Chapter 39: Different Partnership (1)

[Margaret's Perspective]

I realized how awkward my position was with Anthony.

I was laying on the ground and raising my legs toward him with my knees bent. Anthony was almost on top of me, pressing his arm hard against my calf.

Both Anthony and I were shocked by Armstrong's voice and loosened our grip almost at the same time.

I got up from the ground in a sorry state, patted the dirt off me, and adjusted my clothes. Before I could explain, Elizabeth said, "I want to train my combat skills. I'm getting the two of them to teach me before doing a demonstration for me."

Armstrong turned to look at Elizabeth, who stood up and ran over to show Armstrong her nonexistent bruise.

"I was injured just now. It hurts here. My clothes look terrible," Elizabeth complained coquettishly.

I was a little puzzled. Seeing Elizabeth's attitude towards Armstrong now, it seemed like there was really nothing between them. But why did Elizabeth act so abnormally previously?

"Are you looking for me here?" I heard Elizabeth ask.

This was actually what I was concerned about. Why did Armstrong suddenly come here?

"I'm here to see Margaret." Armstrong looked at me.

*Me? What??* I frowned and thought, *Don't tell me Armstrong wants to say something strange to me here? Elizabeth is still here.* I looked at Elizabeth. She did not look surprised, as if this was the answer she had expected. I was getting more and more confused about their relationship.

"Actually, the Lycan King is looking for you. He heard that you weren't in your room and was anxious to know where you were. When I came home, I saw that the house was in a mess. I guessed that you and Elizabeth might be back, so I came here to look for you."

Now all eyes were on me again.

I believe that Elizabeth and Anthony understood what Armstrong meant. I was being watched over by Donald like a child, and I had to report my every move to him. I really felt very embarrassed.

Fortunately, Armstrong broke the awkwardness again. He looked at Elizabeth and asked, "I heard that you're moving out. What's going on?"

"Ah, that's it. I want to go home and stay there for a while."

Armstrong thought for a moment and said hesitantly, "It's safer staying at my place now. Do you really want to move back?"

"Do you want me to stay at your place?" I saw Elizabeth's eyes light up.

"Uh, Elizabeth, I don't want to interfere with your choice. You can do whatever you want."

"I want to move back."

I saw Elizabeth's expression turn cold again. It was impossible for Armstrong not to notice. He was so good at reading other people's emotions. He just pretended not to notice.

Now I felt that I could confirm that there was definitely a problem between them. The most updated novels are published on Amazon.

However, partners might have their own conflicts.

The two of them are completely different from Donald and me. I was dissatisfied with Donald controlling my life too much, but Armstrong seemed to be too indifferent to Elizabeth. We really should neutralize the two extremes.

"Let's go, I want to send you back. The Lycan King was about to go crazy just now."

Armstrong aimed his gaze at me.

I had just fought with Anthony and was covered in mud and sweat. I looked at myself and resigned myself to fate as I followed Armstrong back. I always had no image in front of Donald. I had been like this since the first time we met. Could this be the Moon Goddess's arrangement?

Along the way, I tried my best to remain silent.

I had nothing to say to Armstrong, whether it was about us or about him and my sister. I just wanted to go back and take a shower first to get rid of the dust on my body before seeing Donald.

“How are you doing with the Lycan King?”

Damn it, Armstrong still spoke.

My relationship with Donald was not something I wanted to share with him.

“Not bad.”

“He cares about you a lot.” Armstrong looked a little puzzled. “But is he caring too much?”

“That’s between us,” I replied stiffly. I had never spoken to Armstrong with such an attitude before. But he should get used to it. Our relationship was not what it used to be. Everything from the past no longer applied to us now.

Armstrong scratched his head. I was a little surprised that he did not feel offended.

“The last time we were in the office, I was impulsive. I’m sorry, Margaret. You were right then.”

“It’s alright, I didn’t take it seriously.”

“Then can we still be friends?”

I looked at him in surprise. I had found it strange to be friends with my past lover. But since Armstrong said so, I could not reject him.

“Of course. We’ve always been friends.”

“That’s great.” Armstrong grinned.

*Chapter 40: Girlfriend From the Sky*

[Margaret’s Perspective]

On the way, the atmosphere between Armstrong and I became much more harmonious.

If possible, I didn’t mind maintaining such a relationship with Armstrong. After all, he was my future brother-in-law. It wouldn’t do anyone any good if our relationship became too tense.

Just as we were about to reach the door, I saw Donald and Elliot in the hall.

I hesitated to greet him. Donald had been looking for me. It did not seem appropriate for me not to tell him. However, I was in a dirty state and not very suitable to meet him.

I saw a group of people following Elliot. They looked like trained warriors. Donald should be dealing with something important. I'd better go back to my room and explain to him.

At this moment, I saw a beautiful and sexy blond woman walking out from behind the group and holding Donald's arm.

My mind went blank. *?Who is that?*

She was wearing the same uniform, but it accentuated her perfect figure. She was tall and thin, but she had smooth and powerful muscles. She was a mixture of health and sexiness.

Her long blond hair was draped over her shoulders, perfectly curled. Her features were impeccable, and her big green eyes were like gems on her face. They matched Donald's gray-green eyes. She had a high nose bridge and a perfect mouth. She was the most charming woman I had ever seen.

My eyes were fixed on her arm around Donald.

Donald did not push her away.

Who is this woman and what's her relationship with Donald? I thought.

My gaze lingered on her for too long and she noticed me.

I saw her gaze turn to me. We looked at each other from a distance and I saw the smugness and arrogance in her eyes. I realized that she was targeting me. She knew me. She knew who I was. The thought made my heart ache. This woman was definitely related to Donald.

Donald had obviously noticed me too. His face was tense and his expression told me that he was not happy.

*I thought, ?I don't know what he has to be angry about. Just because I didn't tell him that I went to look for my sister? Then why is he being held by a woman now? Does he still remember that I'm his mate?*

I refused to look at Donald in a fit of pique and turned to leave.

Just like he said, I'd stay in the room. That way, he would be satisfied, right?

But Donald was already walking over. He grabbed my arm. His hand was as strong as a vice. Elliot and the woman followed. I felt the pain and humiliation at the same time.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going out?" Donald questioned.



I could not believe that Donald was talking to me like this in public.

*Has he ever thought of respecting me a little? I'm not his pet or his little lover. I'm his legitimate mate.*

I tried to pry his fingers away. He was too strong. I must have turned red from his grip, I thought.

Donald let go of his hand and looked coldly at Armstrong. He said, "You didn't tell me where you went, but you told him?"

"I didn't!" I was furious.

*What does Donald mean? Does he suspect that I have something going on with Armstrong behind his back? Why does he think of me like that? What kind of person am I in his heart?*

"I heard that you were looking for Margaret. When I came home, I happened to find that Elizabeth was not around, so I went to their house to look for her. They were all there, so I brought Margaret back," Armstrong explained in a few words.

"But you shouldn't have gone out alone."

Donald's expression softened a little, but he pursed his lips and maintained a dissatisfied expression.

I didn't want to argue with him in front of so many people. I just rubbed my arm and used silence to express my dissatisfaction.

The woman beside him suddenly said, "Is your name Margaret?" She smiled flawlessly.

"Hello, Margaret. I'm a member of the werewolf royal assault team and the Lycan King's girlfriend."

*Girlfriend?!*

Donald had never told me that he had a girlfriend!

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

I could smell this woman's perfume. She had already reached out to me. I reluctantly shook her hand.

I could not even think of anything to say to introduce myself.

In front of her, everything about me seemed ridiculous.

I saw Donald's expression turn even uglier. I didn't know why, but I just wanted to go back to my room and escape from all of this.

"Angel!" Donald shouted softly.

*So that woman's name was Angel.*

*But what was there to shout about? Wasn't what Angel said the truth? She said that she was Donald's girlfriend. How could they not have any past together??* I was tired of all this.